

LEGENDS  
OF  
THE SOUTH.

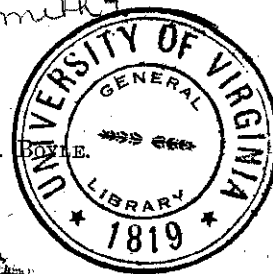
BY  
SOMEBODY

WHO DESIRES TO BE CONSIDERED

NOBODY.

*Nathan Ryno Smith*

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## LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.

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### I.

#### *LEGENDS OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.*

WHERE shall you go? Why, go to the White Sulphur. There is undoubtedly the most valuable medicinal water in the world, and where else can you find "a valley so sweet," or air so salubrious?

Nor are these the only attractions. The magnificent hotel, surrounded by a circle of cottages of classic beauty and neatness, is kept by the Peytons, well-known Virginia gentlemen, and so kept that no man languishes for his home. Nostalgia, or homesickness, is here cured by one draught from the spring, one sniff of the air, and one dinner at the hotel. The only circumstance which here makes one unhappy is the thought of the inevitable hour when he must go.

There are now here some eight hundred guests, but room for many more. The apartments are spacious and airy, the table supplied with every delicacy; the company is select, happy and joyous. Soft music

floats on the air, and beauty haunts the bowers and the groves. But if you will risk the loss of your senses, visit the magnificent ball-room, perhaps the finest in the world,

"Where youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

There you will behold every style of beauty in which our wide-spread country exults—the golden locks and azure eyes of the northern blonde, and the raven hair and black eyes of the southern brunette. But view them in motion, as "on gossamer pinions they float through the air" so buoyant, so sylph-like, that you do not realize that they are things of earth till, in the whirling mazes of the dance, you catch a glimpse of a foot and ankle

"That would set ten poets raving."

Do you remember how Tom O'Shanter beheld a dance of witches?

"How Tommy glowered, amazed and curious,  
While mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

This which I describe is far more truly a dance of witches; for, although they do not fly through the air on broomsticks, they are infinitely more bewitching even than Citty Sarr.

There is one thing that astonishes me, and that is the neglect, by poets and historians, of the wild and romantic legends which give interest to the hills, valleys and fountains of this wonderful region. One of these I must rescue from oblivion, since it explains, in a far more satisfactory manner than any geological hypothesis, the origin of the Sulphur Spring.

In days long gone by, about the time when the pale faces first appeared on the eastern coast, the valley of the White Sulphur was the favorite camping-ground of a powerful tribe of Indians. Here dwelt a noble chief

"Within these mountains blue,  
Whose streams his kindred nation quaff;  
And by his side, in battle true,  
A thousand warriors drew the shaft."

Where the hotel now stands was the council chamber of the braves, and the circle, now occupied by cottages, was crowned with the wigwams of the numerous tribe. The surrounding mountains, which still abound with deer, were their hunting grounds. Here, when the chase was done, and the shade of the mountain overspread the valley, the young braves and the Indian maidens engaged in their wild fantastic dance.

Among the maidens there was, at that time, one of surpassing beauty. "Her eyes were as black as the sloe in the hedge." Her skin was of the hue of, but by far brighter than, a copper cent new from the mint. Her coal black tresses fell luxuriantly over her lovely

neck and swelling bosom. O! what happiness, thought the young braves, even to look upon her! Her name was Coyahula, euphonious in poetry, but neglected. Her lover was the most glorious young brave of his tribe, and destined to be its chief. His name was Wyandola, which, in the Indian tongue, signifies the same as does "le plus brave des braves," in French. Wyandola was tall, of noble countenance and commanding presence. His name was a terror to the hostile nations, and was the battle-cry of his tribe. His wampum belt was adorned with the scalps of many a warrior, and, I regret to say, of many a papoose and squaw. This would be the greater stain upon the Indian character but for very modern instances of war waged cruelly upon women and children. Wyandola's shoulders were adorned with the skin of a panther slain by his own hand. But, alas! the caprice, the fastidiousness of the female breast! that causes her to turn from a Hyperion and gloat upon a Satyr. Coyahula responded not to the suit of her lover. At length, when, on one occasion, Wyandola stood before her, silent and motionless, with his hand on his heart, (for this is Indian eloquence,) she said to him with a frown, "Bring me the head of yonder panther that infests these mountains and destroys the game of the Indian." Away strode the brave, threw his quiver upon his back, seized his faithful bow, and disappeared in the forest.

After days and nights of vigilance he traced the monster to his lair and slew him as he issued to pursue

his prey. Wyandola cast the spoil at the foot of the stern beauty. She viewed the head of the monster with satisfaction, but rewarded her hero with no approving smile. Raising her head, she looked sternly upon him and said: "Bring me the dark scalp of the warrior who slew my father, and then"—

Again Wyandola strode silently from her presence. The enemy that he sought was the most renowned warrior of a hostile tribe. After days and nights of untiring pursuit, gliding like a serpent through brake and copse, he ambushed the hunting-path of his foe and slew him with an arrow from his bow. His scalp, still reeking with blood, our hero threw into the lap of the maiden. She viewed it a long time without emotion, and then bestowed upon our hero the first faint smile that had ever blessed his love. "Go once more, my brave," she said, "bring me the scalp of the fairest maiden of the pale faces, who, as our seers declare, are one day to be the destroyers of our race, and then, Wyandola, and then"—For a long time he stood motionless and silent, gazing upon her charms, but now irresolute from hope deferred and confidence impaired. "Dost fear?" said she, assuming a look of scorn and pointing to the east. Once more, with the look of one who dares even death, he went silently away.

Wyandola enfolded in his wampum belt a small store of dried deer's flesh, and cakes of honey and parched corn. He strung anew his well-tried bow and pointed again the flint of his arrows. His scalping knife of

obsidian hung from his left side, and his tomahawk adorned his right.

That very evening he plunged into the forest, and, guided by the polar star, directed his determined step to the rising sun. River and mountain impeded him not, he swam the one and surmounted the other. At length, toiling with hand and foot, he reached, one morning, the summit of an eminence, and then, there burst upon his astonished view the broad Atlantic, blazing with the glory of the morning sun. Sheltered by surrounding heights, a tranquil bay lay at his feet and, on its bosom, spreading its broad wings to the sun, like a vast bird of the ocean, he saw the wondrous ship which bore from another world to this, the stranger and the destroyer. By the side of a stream which here discharged its waters, he beheld the cabins of the stranger, and saw where he had subdued the forest and made the earth subservient to his wants.

For a long time, astonished and bewildered, Wyandola gazed on the scene below. It was the morning of the Sabbath, unknown to the shepherd of the forest, and, as he gazed, the deep and mellow tones of the church-going bell fell upon his ear. All that day, with his eagle eye, he watched the movements of the villagers. He saw the strangers and, among them, young men and maidens, seeking in the evening the shady bowers of the river side, where the path was here and there obscured by copses dense with green foliage, and adorned with the wild-rose.

When the sun descended and darkness concealed his movements, the savage, like the wily serpent, wound his stealthy way around the wooded border of the clearing, and made his night-lair in one of the copses by the river side. When the sun again rose he was astonished at the change of scene. He saw strange men and stranger animals toiling in their war upon the forest. The ringing of the woodman's axe and the crash of the falling oak, fell upon his astonished ear. "These men" thought he, "are truly our destroyers, for they make war upon our mother, the forest, 'Coyahula shall be obeyed.'" All day he remained so silent and motionless, that even the sparrow seemed unconscious of his presence, seen by none, but seeing all. When "came still evening on" the villagers desisted from their toil, and, after brief repose, sought the sequestered and shady path by the river side. Unconscious of danger, their garments brushed the very thicket in which lay the watchful savage. At length, as the deeper shades of evening fell upon the scene, the villagers sought their dwellings, all but one unhappy pair who lingered apart. Regardless of the beauty of the scene, and conscious of nothing but each other, their gentle steps sought solitude and silence. Not even Wyandola could look upon the pair without instantly learning what was the subject of their thoughts and what the sentiments which they breathed in whispers. The reader need know no more but that they were immigrants from a distant shore,—Stanislaus and Frederica.—Tall, agile and

graceful,—his face beaming with every generous and noble sentiment, Stanislaus seemed one on whom heaven "had set its seal to give the world assurance of a man." But his manly beauty would have passed unnoticed in presence of the glowing charms of the maiden who leaned upon his arm. Never did the blush of conscious love paint a fairer cheek, nor drooping eye-lids veil more brilliant orbs. The words of her lover manifestly wrought that gentle heaving of her breast, that down cast look, that tremor of her lips. Wyandola saw and was astonished at her beauty. The tableau before him, revealing at a glance the history of their loves, impressed even his savage heart, and, for a moment, he relented. But as the evening breeze gently waved the golden locks of Frederica, they reminded him of the price of Coyahula's love, and the fate of the lovers was decided.

At that moment, in the stillness of the evening air, a slight movement in the thicket was heard; it was like the rustling of the herbage as the serpent coils himself for his spring, or the crushing of the brake under the panther, couchant for his leap. In an instant resounded the fatal string, and, swift as the dark glance of Wyandola's eye, flew the deadly shaft. It pierced—it transfixed, the heart of Frederica.—One wild, agonizing shriek and she fell dead at the feet of her lover. Horror-stricken, stupified, Stanislaus had not a moment to rally from the shock, when, from the opposite thicket, burst the terrible form

of Wyandola. With tomahawk uplifted, uttering the fearful war-whoop, he sprang upon his prey.

Though taken-with terrible surprise, courage with Stanislaus was an instinct, and, all unarmed, he sprang forward to meet the foe. He seized the wrist of Wyandola as the axe descended, averting the blow, and then occurred a terrible struggle for the weapon. Never before had Wyandola encountered his equal in strength and courage. Nerved by vengeance and despair, Stanislaus wrung the weapon from the grasp of the savage, and struck one terrible blow, gashing deeply the forehead of Wyandola, but, at the moment, the knife of his enemy was buried in his heart, and he fell dead upon the prostrate form of Frederica.

Dashing away, the blood which, from his own wound, obscured his sight, Wyandola seized the flowing locks of Frederica and, with one sweep of his knife, severed the scalp from that beautiful head. Raising it on high he uttered the terrific war-whoop, and, as the villagers rushed to the scene, alas! too late for rescue or revenge, he plunged into the thicket and was seen no more.

Wyandola, though weak from loss of blood and previous toil, made his way to the wigwams of a friendly tribe, and there "with fever balm and sweet sagamite" his wound was healed and his strength, in a measure, restored.

Thrice the moon waxed and waned and Wyandola returned not. His tribe prepared to celebrate his death, when lo! one evening, as the maidens were

assembled in the glade, and the warriors were smoking their pipes around, Wyandola rushed among them. Travel-soiled, wasted and haggard, with a hideous scar upon his noble brow, he presented himself before the maiden of his love. Into her lap he threw a scalp, covered with golden ringlets which might have graced the head of a princess, stained here and there with gout of blood. Silently Coyahula gazed on this trophy of his prowess; faintly she smiled when she saw the blood-drops, and raising her head she looked upon her lover. No smile beamed from her face to cheer and reward his devotion. She turned from him with an air of disgust, and bestowed looks of love upon a stripling that stood by her side. This youth was the zany of his tribe. His head was adorned with the tail of a wild turkey. His wampum belt exhibited no nobler trophies than the bright colors of a skunk's tail and the rattle of a snake.

Wyandola's hope departed, the bow-string of his spirit was slackened, his head sunk upon his breast, and he silently sought his cabin. It was evident that his mighty heart was broke, and that his end was approaching. Before his soul departed he prayed to the Good Spirit of the Indians for vengeance upon his cruel destroyer. But his prayer prevailed not. Then, in his despair, he called on the spirit of evil; he was heard and a compact struck by which he bartered his soul for vengeance. A few days after Wyandola was laid in the earth, with his tomahawk, scalping-knife and bow by his side, Coyahula, the

cruel, was dancing with other maidens on the green sward. Suddenly a terrible peal of thunder was heard, a dark cloud came rolling down the mountain, it was riven by a flash of lightning, and out burst the form of a fiend too hideous to look upon, reeking with brimstone and fire. He rushed into the midst, and seizing the unhappy maiden with claws of iron, bore her away.

For an instant all were astounded, but quickly the Indian youths sprang to their arms. A thousand arrows rebounded from the scales of the grizzly monster. At length one, feathered from a bird of Paradise, appeared to pierce his armor. The fiend uttered a yell which made the very mountains tremble, and smiting the earth with his cloven foot, a hideous chasm was opened. Down sunk the monster, bearing the wretched maiden, whose shrieks re-echoed through the mountains, and to this day are heard, on dark and gloomy nights, though mistaken by the unpoetic mind for the cry of the bird of night. The earth closed over them, leaving only a fissure, through which issues the Sulphur Spring, and thus undoubtedly did it originate.



## II.

### LEGEND OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.

"Some books are lies fra end to end,"  
"And some great lies were never pen'd,"  
"But this that I am gaun to tell,"  
"With other matters,"  
"Is just as true as the deil's in hell,"  
"Or Sulphur Waters."

WHOEVER has read, with faith, our legend No. 1 of the White Sulphur, will have no difficulty in giving credence to the following. The descent of the fiend through the earth, together with the qualities of the waters, clearly indicates the character of the region which lies beneath, and how it is peopled.

If the fiend descended through the fissure made by his awful tread, it is possible for him again to ascend, and an avenue of communication to be permanently established between the realms above and those below. As upon Jacob's ladder angels descended and ascended, so, through this avenue, do spirits damned visit the glimpses of the moon and exert their malign influences upon sublunary things.

When, on one occasion, it was demanded of the arch fiend "whence comest thou?" he replied, "from walking to and fro in the earth, and up and down in it."

Mark that, gentle reader, "up and down in it," clearly indicating that such avenues exist.

The fashionable watering-places, all the world over, are well known to be marts, where are held fairs for the bartering of beauty, hearts and fortunes; Cupid and Hymen are the presiding deities of these places. Prudent mamas bring to these lonely resorts their daughters, blooming with health and exuberant with life and spirits, ostensibly to drink the waters. The real motive is to exhibit her priceless charms, and to barter them away for fortune and position. This is all fair and right. How shall such an attractive piece of merchandise obtain its price, unless it be known, and where can it be effectually displayed as in those lovely resorts, where, from all parts of our broad land, the votaries of fashion and pleasure resort. Where such a vast variety of both sexes assemble, there must be many that possess natural affinities for each other. I believe in love, and true love too, at first sight. Hearts, by Heaven designed for each other, rush together, like the atoms in a chemical mixture, as soon as they are brought into proximity.

Why then should such gems the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear, when, like the Atlantic Cable, they can be rescued from such depths and made to electrify the world.

But where is your legend? says my fair reader. Have a moment's patience, my dear miss, I was merely anticipating my apology for hinting that your charms may be an article of merchandise.

Now for the legend. Not long ago there came to the White Sulphur a fond mamma, bringing with her a daughter of surpassing loveliness. She must have seen seventeen summers, but not half so many winters, for she shone with no borrowed light, and made around her perpetual spring and summer.

Her mamma, careful soul, brought her here not on account of any damaging infirmity, but on account of some trifling malady characterized by frequent sighing, and a sense of vacancy at the heart. The family physician thought that it might all arise from slight torpor of the liver and prescribed the waters. Ridiculous idea! that there should be any thing torpid about this damsel, who had life and spirit enough to diffuse vivacity and joy through a whole assembly.

I will not attempt, vain task, to describe her beauty. She was a lily and I will not attempt to paint her. Combine in your imagination, my dear reader, the loveliest features that you ever beheld and you have her portrait before you. She was a northern blond, with a high complexion, "perfectly natural" as her mother assured every body. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, and shot forth a lustre that would have been overpowering, but that her long silken eyelash absorbed the redundant light.

What is often too much neglected in the composition of beauty, she possessed a full and magnificent head, with well expanded forehead, her lips and teeth,—well! I forget always that I am attempting the impossible.

So remarkable was her beauty, that once seen, she never was forgotten, "but rose where'er you turned your eye, the morning star of memory."

When the ball-room filled, the night after her arrival, she rose like Hesperus before the admiring vision of all. Her empire was established in a moment. All other lights paled before her.

As she cast her eyes around the circle of admiring youths present, her attention rested on none. Her soul looked out in vain for the congenial spirit. She still sighed and felt the vacancy.

Some three or four days after her arrival, there came, among a throng of visitors, a young gentleman from the South. He caught my eye the instant that he sprang, with elastic step, from the top of the coach. We speak of a "commanding presence." Never was it more completely triumphant than in this instance. He was some six feet high, erect, with limbs like those of Apollo. There was unaffected grace in his every movement. His firm tread and confident air might have been those of Achilles.

His countenance accorded well with his general expression. It was not critically beautiful in every part, but there was a harmony of feature that gave effect to all. There was a joyous and benevolent expression beaming from his face, which gave evidence that there dwelt within a soul which stamped its character indelibly upon his noble countenance.

As he registered his name curious eyes were looking over his shoulders and read "Edw. Langley, Georgia."

His arrival was not unnoticed by brighter eyes, and no small flutter of excitement was the result. As he was conducted to his apartment, the porches, as usual at that hour of the day, were thronged with people. He gracefully doffed his cap as he passed them, and slightly bowed, recognizing the presence of ladies, as every refined gentleman should do. The fair ones seemed not to notice him while his eye was upon them, but as he passed, every eye furtively followed him in his retiring steps.

"Ah! there is a man for you at last!" said one; "What a fine figure," said another! "How gracefully he moves," said a third, "What a benevolent expression, so young and yet so manly an air!"

"Ah, my dears," said one of the mammas, "you know nothing of his fortune or position;" "those away men are but gilded loam or painted clay." The daughters did not hear mamma, though Shakespeare spoke through her mouth.

In the evening, young Langley visited the ball-room, he was attired in the most simple but tasteful manner, was a little abashed before so many unknown faces turned upon him, but presently was gracefully at ease.

Almost in a moment his empire was established, and he shone as a star of the first magnitude. As he entered, our heroine was dancing in the distant part of the room. Langley met with two or three acquaintances by whom he was introduced to others. With that vivacity of which his countenance gave promise he was entertaining all around him, but fixing his

attention upon none. A lovely married lady took his arm and conducted him through the room. Julia was standing, after the dance, and conversing with her partner. The eye of young Langley was glancing around with careless observation, when, in an instant, it became fascinated and his step arrested. He became fixed like one seized with catalepsy, a malady which arrests the movements and absorbs the attention of its subject. His interesting companion was addressing agreeable responses to his remarks and enforcing them with smiles,—he heard them not; beautiful forms were flitting before him—he saw them not—his vision was concentrated upon one object and that was the form of our heroine. She saw his ardent gaze and her eyes sought the floor, and beauty's ensign was heightened in her cheeks and in her lips. As she furtively raised them, they again met his admiring glance, and again fell.

Here was another meeting of Romeo and Juliet. "Her beauty hung upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," and to her was presented the image that had been painted by her imagination and seen in visions, but never realized till now. Their hearts rushed together in an instant, and they loved before they had spoken.

His companion introduced him. For a few moments they both seemed deprived of utterance. They stammered a few sentences of common address and reply, and were for a moment silent. But love will give

speech to the lips of the dumb, and utterance to "thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn."

When the spell was taken off and speech returned. I saw them conversing with the deepest interest. I heard in part, but will not betray their confidence. I saw him whispering in her ear as she hung upon his arm, words which called blushes to her cheeks and caused her eyes to seek the floor, and her bosom to heave with joyous emotions.

Presently music struck up and the dance was called. Our hero led her to the floor and the waltz began. In form, in beauty, in the poetry of motion, was there ever such a pair. They floated through the air as if the floor repelled their touch. All other dancers ceased their motion and, spell-bound, looked on in admiration. Every one was in despair, and looked on in silence. None thought of supplanting either. They were given to each other by common consent. They loved and were beloved. From that moment they entered upon a new being. Could anything but death interrupt such bliss?

But "hark, a deep sound strikes like a rising knell, did you not hear it? No! To them 'twas but the wind."

For a few days all went merry as a marriage bell. With them how "smoothly ran the current of true love"—rippling over pebbles of jasper and agate, its dimpling surface kissed by overhanging flowers. Alas! soon to be dashed into foam by opposing rocks,

and lost, with sullen plunge, in dark and loathsome glens.

But a few days elapsed, when there arrived a mysterious stranger, whose advent was to exert a great and disastrous influence on the fate and fortunes of these our lovers. He arrived in the early morning, no one knew by what conveyance, or by whom accompanied.

Never did an individual create a more profound sensation. The moment one looked upon him his attention was riveted, and he was inspired with anxious interest.

"Distingué" is a word scarcely strong enough to express the remarkable presence of the man. It has been said of a great English statesman, that no one could accidentally meet him under a shed, to escape a shower, without discovering that he was the greatest man in England.

So none could look for an instant on this man. I present, without *feeling* that he was an extraordinary being.

No sooner was he noticed by those who were watching for arrivals, than the register was eagerly inspected. He recorded his name as I. M. Seyton, of the Interior.

Strange! what could this mean, "Oh!" said a quidnunc, it is clear, he is Secretary of the Interior. "I was sure he was a man of note."

He was about six feet in height, erect and well developed. A finer figure of a man was never seen,

"in shape and gesture proudly eminent." His quick, energetic motions indicated enormous power.

But his face was the most impressive part of him.

His eye was "black as death" and shot glances upon a too curious crowd that it was impossible to endure. The most obtrusive were repelled by them.

His features were most strongly cut and capable of the most varied expression. It was a face which had apparently been once sublimely beautiful, but had been furrowed by the most agonizing passions. But still half its original brightness was there, and occasionally shone forth with extraordinary splendor.

His face had not yet "lost all its original brightness," "as when the sun, new risen, looks through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams."

When his attention was not excited, and he was left to reflection, his features settled into the most painful and anxious expression, caused apparently by agony of mind. But, when engaged in conversation with those who had influence to divert his attention from himself, there beamed forth from his face an ardor and beauty of expression which penetrated the very soul of the listener, and exerted a most extraordinary fascination.

Those who heard his conversation were astonished at the accuracy and amount of his knowledge. No subject came up of which he was not perfect master. All great historical events were as familiar to him as if he had been present at their occurrence. He spoke all modern languages with perfect fluency.

Various were the opinions expressed in regard to his nationality. French visitors claimed him as their countryman,—he had evidently been at home in Paris. The Italians were equally tenacious, for he spoke the pure Etruscan. He, however, spoke the English language without the slightest foreign accent. There was also great diversity of opinion in regard to his age, some thinking him to be twenty-five, some fifty.

As to his profession there was equal doubt. The person who kept the faro bank was sure he had seen him somewhere. An eminent lawyer present, distinguished for sharp practice, was confident that he had consulted with him and derived important practical hints from him, but who he was he could not tell. A reigning belle was sure she had flirted with him but had forgotten where. He manifested a decided aversion to doctors and clergymen. The venerable Archbishop, when newly crossed with holy water, seemed to agitate and repel him astonishingly.

His dress was elegantly simple, yet of the richest material. He wore but one ornament—a stone of remarkable lustre, which shone in his bosom. But for its extraordinary size no one would have doubted its being a diamond of the first water. A bet was made as to its quality, and a dealer in jewels who happened to be present was requested to notice it and decide.

He passed Mr. Seyton closely and the moment he had a near view of the gem, he started with astonishment—made a profound bow and passed on. "Gentlemen," said he, "it is not only a stone of enormous size,

but of the most perfect purity and lustre. It is larger than the Pitt diamond which shone in the hilt of Napoleon's sword. At the lowest estimate it is worth a million. None but a foreign prince, of fabulous riches, could possess such a stone." From that moment no one doubted that he was a scion of some royal stock, choosing to travel incog.

Such was the profound deference which he inspired, that few dared to approach or address him, and yet he was courteously affable.

Curious observers noticed a little halting in the walk of this remarkable person. There seemed to be a little imperfection in his right foot. The boot, near the toe, was not as full and well-shaped as the left. It was the more noticeable on account of the extreme elegance and grace of his person in all other respects.

It had been remarked by a distinguished lady, then at the springs, an authoress of great renown, who took great interest in the character of Lord Byron, and, ghoul-like, in exhuming his immortal remains, that he bore a surprising resemblance to that noble poet, not only in person but in genius and attainments. She thought that Seyton had, perhaps, heard this suggestion, and assumed the gait of Byron to render more striking the resemblance.

One audacious little gentleman from New York, the Paul Pry of the company, undertook to develop the mystery of his character. Having an opportunity to pick up the stranger's glove, which he dropt on the porch, he followed and presented it to him. This

gave him an opportunity to address the stranger and open a conversation. After noticing the beauty of the morning, he dropt a remark that perhaps his native skies abroad were even more beautiful than ours. The stranger replied that there were no skies abroad more, or longer, familiar to him than those of America, or more admired. Indeed! said Mr. Pry, we had conjectured that you were of some foreign land. I did not say that I had the honor to be an American, said he, and yet I can reach my own country without crossing the ocean. Here was a puzzler. Indeed! said our little Paul, some of us inferred from the register of the hotel that you were Secretary of the Interior. "A mistake," said the stranger, beginning to be impatient. Have I not seen you on the floor of Congress? said Mr. Pry. I doubt whether you have seen me there, though I fancy that I have had no small influence in directing its measures, replied Seyton.

Are you acquainted with the distinguished member from Massachusetts? said Pry. "Intimately, I am much with him and soon we shall be inseparable," said our hero.

"Indeed! well! whoever messes with him, one of the parties will require a long spoon."

The stranger started and from his dark eyes there flashed a glance, accompanied with an expression so scornful and withering, that our little inquisitor slunk away in terror.

Still it was settled that the stranger was a prince, choosing to travel incog. and no further intrusive enquiries were made.

His equipage arrived on the following day—magnificent black horses and an elegant coach, the whole turn-out remarkably "neat but not gaudy." As to his attendants, "his nearest follower or henchman," was a dark-skinned urchin, some sixteen years of age, who might have been the Scipio of Gil Blas, redivivus. He was continually at the heels of his master, and watched with heedful attention every movement and every look. His eye was as dark and watchful as that of the serpent in coil. A look from his master conveyed his commands without the uttering of a word.

I should have remarked that on the morning of the Seyton arrival, the fountain of the Sulphur was greatly agitated, and its waters for that day undrinkable. I do not pretend to account for this. I will merely remark that when he finally disappeared the same phenomenon was repeated.

A prince of unbounded wealth, "which outshone that of Ormus of Ind," of elegant person, of unlimited knowledge, eloquent and engaging! Conceive of the sensation which must have been created among the astonished and admiring fair. Such a flutter of excitement was never before seen. All agreed that he was a star of the first magnitude, not even the "Son of the Morning" shone with more brilliancy.

When he first appeared upon the esplanade it was thronged with ladies. In a few moments they nearly all disappeared as if shunning his observation. Strange!! But after a little it was manifest why. They retired to arm, to sharpen their weapons, to call up their charms, to dress for killing. By the way, I saw a little charmer chafing color into her cheeks with a rough towel, adjusting her curls and practicing attitudes.

After half an hour, and what a metamorphosis. Before their disappearance they had been as straight and erect as saplings; now, in the extravagance of the Grecian Band—they were all rectangular, their angles not sharp however. Baltimoreans! do you remember ancient Hagar, not she of the wilderness, (Mr. Seyton might,) but Hagar the chanter? who walked the streets of Baltimore some thirty years ago, leaning upon her broomstick. I shall not compare the attitude of these ladies to hers. Oh no! But perhaps I can give an idea, thus—



If any one present at the White Sulphur during these events should discover in this, our illustration, any resemblance in form, feature or expression to any

one of the reigning belles of that period, I beg leave to declare, that there is nothing personal in it. None but the spirit of ancient Hagar could complain.

Many of the gentlemen bachelors were slain outright; that is *sentimentally* slain, and were bagged by some of the fair; but Mr. Seyton, whose quick glances were not idle, seemed unmoved, and continued his solitary walk. The Son of the Morning had not yet seen the Evening Star—she had made her conquest, but alas!

I must relate a small dialogue which I overheard:

A dowager of ducal appearance had by her side a piece of merchandise, blooming in youth and beauty.

"What a wonderful and mysterious stranger we have among us" said she; "saw ever any one so distingué. What a figure! What a face! What vast riches! Hush! there he comes, speak of a certain person and you are sure to see \* \* \* \* \*"  
 "Ma'a'a!" said Maria. "I said nothing, child." "Yes, but you ——" "Hush, child, go to your chamber, brighten the color in your left cheek, adjust your hair and come to me. Remember your bend, and do not stand up as stiff as a poker."

As yet Mr. Seyton had not been introduced to any of the fair, and he was too refined a gentleman, and too sensible of the proprieties of life, to accost any one without introduction.

Some of the dowagers gave hints to the gentlemen with whom he was observed to speak, to present him, but they declared none knew him sufficiently well.

"Selfish and mean," said a dowager. "They know that they will be put out like stars by the sun."

But without any favors from the envious throng, his introduction soon occurred, and in this wise.

A distinguished belle, the second morning after his arrival, was about to mount her beautiful and high spirited horse for a ride, attended by her lover. When the horse was brought upon the path, near where Seyton stood, he became surprisingly excited, snorted, pranced and attempted to tear away from the grasp of the powerful groom. If he had seen the —— he could not have been more agitated. The brave girl, however, sprang into the saddle in a moment,—but before she had received the reins or adjusted her dress, the infuriated animal tore away from the groom and dashed like lightning around the circle. Her dress became entangled in the horns of the saddle, her foot missed the stirrup, and she was borne to swift destruction. A cry of horror burst from the throng. But with incredible swiftness Seyton rushed across the circle, met the horse in his swift career, seized him by the bit, and with superhuman strength pinned him to the earth in a moment. With his left arm he gently lifted the lady from the saddle, and gave her to the arms of her friends unhurt, but insensible.

The ice of ceremony was broken. The mother dropt at the feet of the —— of Mr. Seyton, seized his hand, and bathed it with tears. All the ladies present, overcome with emotion, forgot all ceremony, ran to him and thanked him for the wonderful



salvation of their friend. After this every body knew him, and exulted in his acquaintance.

And now I have a great mind to break off my legend and conclude, leaving this a mere fragment of a legend. I have often listened to a sermon when, after some progress, there has occurred periods in the discourse that seemed to me capital stopping places; but mine is not a sermon, though employing some of the machinery of clerical eloquence.

I will go on, my dears, though I warn you that your little hearts will be terribly wrung—that is, if I succeed in depicting the truth. If you would avoid such an infliction, throw down the legend at once. My own sensibilities, though not untried, as many of you know, will be terribly lacerated. I am almost sorry that I ever began. But I fear that some one will purloin this manuscript, and “faith! he’ll print it.” A friend of mine has pronounced this a “devil of a legend,” but insists upon my going on. So here it is.

You have not forgotten our hero and heroine, and the smooth current of their true love.

Seyton first saw Christine in the ball-room, effulgent in beauty and happiness. A woman is never so irresistibly beautiful as when she loves and looks upon her lover. He was by her side, and her beauty and her happiness were at their zenith. So was his.

After the first dance, Seyton was introduced to her by the lady that he had rescued. Of course she had heard of the wonderful feat of strength and courage,

and reflected the admiring looks of this remarkable person.

Till now, Seyton had manifested no particular interest in any one of the throng of beauty and fashion present. He was polite to all; complimentary to many, but concentrating his attention upon none. His courteous manners, his ready wit, his unbounded knowledge, made him the observed of all observers. He had begun to be regarded as altogether unimpressible. The blandishments of fashion and beauty and wit were entirely lost upon him. But now “a change came o’er the spirit of his dream.” Surprise was his first expression, admiration the second. He gazed upon her beauty with an eagerness which surprised and distressed her. Then, his look softened into wonderful sweetness of expression, and a gentle and respectful admiration. Nothing is so grateful to the pure in heart, nothing so likely to win a woman’s love. Presently she turned to engage in the dance. I watched him as his eye followed her. I saw the benign expression, like that of an angel of light, fade away. I saw it replaced by one ineffably sarcastic and scornful as he looked upon her lover. The changes in his remarkable face reminded me of those dissolving scenes in which there is presented to our view a picture of the richest hues and beautiful design. Presently it melts before your vision, and is replaced by a shapeless ruin, or an arid waste.

From day to day Seyton took every opportunity to do the agreeable to our heroine. She, all unsuspi-

cious, relishing in a high degree his taste and wit and knowledge, was delighted with his society. The idea of his becoming a suitor for her love never, at that time, occurred to her pure imagination.

Her apparently accepted lover was suddenly summoned away, on account of the extreme illness of one of his near relations. No positive engagement had yet been effected, but it was manifest that their hearts were pledged, though neither had in words plighted their troth. Just before the hour of his departure, he drew her aside for the purpose of avowing his love, and asking the pledge of hers. She heard him with extreme emotion, returned the pressure of his hand, received his farewell kiss upon her lips without chiding him, but was incapable of words. Just then they were interrupted, and he tore himself away.

After the departure of Langley, Christine was, for the first two or three days, scarcely seen except at the table. She avoided the ball-room and was rarely seen in the parlor, evidently shunning attention. This justified the general supposition of an engagement.

At her mother's command, however, she again shone forth in the gay circles, but she avoided particular attentions, deporting herself as would have done a married lady in the absence of her lord.

Seyton, however, and with the mother's approval, found access to her side, and it was impossible that he should not win her attention. A manner so refined and gentle; wit so ready—sparkling and pure; knowledge so comprehensive and interesting, could not fail

to deeply interest one so susceptible to all these accomplishments as Christine. Besides, whenever he approached her, whenever his piercing eye was upon her, she experienced an influence, mesmeric perhaps, which penetrated her inmost soul. She was like the charmed bird under the eye of the serpent, spell-bound, and incapable of flight.

It was impossible that his looks, his words, his eloquence should not be remembered in his absence. What a wonderful, what a fascinating person, she said to her mother, and sighed profoundly.

These assiduities continued day after day, the same gentle, unassuming, insinuating tone, giving effect to words of eloquence and poetry.

Alas! around the pinions of this charmed spirit the enemy of her soul was casting, thread by thread, unseen, the web which was soon to make her his helpless victim, struggle as she might.

She made one effort to escape the snare—recalled the image of her absent lover, and, conscience-stricken, confined herself to her chamber.

But the ambitious mother was not content. "Christine," she said, "are you aware of the impression you have made on the distinguished—the prince, as I may with truth style him."

"And if I have, am I at liberty?—are not my affections engaged?" "Your troth is not plighted, my dear, by any distinct declaration." "Yes, but I allowed him to infer it, and to leave me with that conviction."

"Consider, my dear Christine, what an opportunity to acquire position, wealth, and I trust, happiness. Is there a woman in America who would hesitate. You are free, my dear, and perhaps may never see Langley more."

Again she trusted herself in the presence of the charmer, again, with thrilling influence, he renewed the charm, again the spell was established. Seyton pressed his suit with ardor and eloquence. Need I say what was the result?

The next day the magnificent equipage of the prince was at the door, and Christine and her mother, escorted by Seyton, rode abroad. From this time they were seldom separate. In his presence she was happy and cheerful, made so by the eloquence and irresistible ardor of his love, but, when alone, conscience awoke and tears and sighs gave evidence of its stings.

On the third day after the new betrothal, young Langley returned. His eye, radiant with the joy of love and confident hope, sought the object of his admiration. Almost the first person on which his vision fell, was his beloved Christine hanging upon the arm of Seyton, and, with ear inclined, listening with manifest delight to his breathing thoughts and burning words. "Christine!" he exclaimed, "my Christine!" She started convulsively at the voice, but instead of responding, became pale and voiceless, trembling and so paralyzed that she fell into the arms of Seyton.

Langley rushed forward to support her, but the powerful arm of Seyton put him aside. "What is all

this?" he cried, "Christine, are you not true to me?" "Her silence replies to you," said Seyton, as she averted her face and allowed him to conduct her to her cottage.

Langley remained for a moment speechless and spell-bound, then rushing to Seyton, as he returned from the cottage,— "What means this," said he, "are you not aware that the love of that young lady is pledged to me?" "I am aware that it is not," said he. "'Tis false," said Langley, and aimed a blow at his enemy. Quick as lightning, the other seized the wrist as it descended, and held it as in a vice. In vain Langley struggled to disengage it.

After holding him at arm's length for a moment, and mastering the other wrist, he presently hurled Langley from him with a force that sent him reeling from his presence.

"Cease this ungentlemanly strife," said he, "there are more becoming methods." Langley was not slow to comprehend. He retired, and in a few minutes a note was presented to Seyton by one of Langley's friends, the purport of which may well be imagined.

The next morning, at day-break, they met in a retired spot near what is termed the Lover's Leap. Pistols were the weapons, the distance ten paces. They took their positions. Seyton was firm as a rock, and his fierce eye was fixed on his enemy. Langley, though not from fear, was tremulous and agitated by passion.

Before the word was given Seyton whispered with his second. At the dropping of a handkerchief both fired.

Poor Langley dropped, as if shot through the heart, and lay without sense or motion. "Fly," said Langley's second, "you have slain my friend, and you will presently be arrested."

"I shall not fly," said Seyton, "nor is the silly youth slain. My pistol was simply charged with powder, as my second will aver, and the report of pistols, too much for his delicate nerves, has struck him down. You will search in vain for a wound." They opened his dress—they searched his person. No wound was found, no drop of blood, no perforation of his clothing. He had, indeed, been struck down by some mysterious influence; he breathed slowly, he recovered his consciousness, and looked around with a bewildered air. "Where am I?" said he, "and what is all this,—Ah! I remember," said he, as his eye fell on the stern look of Seyton. "Am I wounded?" "No," said his second, "you fell at the report of the pistols, but are not hurt." "Then am I forever disgraced; better I had been shot through the heart. Load the pistols and place us again!" "That may not be," said his second, "your adversary's pistol was merely charged with powder, as his second declares. You are the challenger, he has exposed his person to your bullet, and he alone can demand another fire." "Which I do not," said Seyton, "therefore take away the silly

youth, and let him remember, that I have given him his worthless life."

Upon this Seyton and his friend walked quietly to their lodging. Langley was seen no more.

The particulars of the duel, of course, got abroad, and most persons praised the magnanimity of Seyton, while they spoke with pity and contempt of his unhappy antagonist.

Christine did not leave her chamber for several days, and when she did, yielding to the wishes of her mother and the importunities of Seyton, alas! how changed! It seemed almost impossible that a few days, unattended with any acute illness, should have effected such a result. The lustre of her eye, the fullness and bloom of her cheek, the joyous and sprightly expression of her face, were gone forever.

Let us hurry through this concluding and painful portion of our narrative. The marriage of Christine and Seyton, which soon followed, was as private as possible. Seyton would not consent to marriage or benediction by clergy. They were, therefore, united by civil process.

The bridal party left the hotel early the next morning, and in the most mysterious manner. Their equipage was at the door at early dawn, before any of the lodgers were abroad. The bride and groom walked toward the sulphur spring, the carriage slowly following. It was understood that the city of New York was their place of destination, but never, from that

moment, has any one who saw, or knew them, at the White Sulphur, seen or heard of them since.

The waters of the spring, the day after their departure, were so turbid and highly charged with sulphurous gas, as to be undrinkable.

A cynical old bachelor present remarked, "that there was nothing unusual or mystical about it.—That it was no uncommon thing for a lady to marry and go to the \*\*\*\*\*."

### III.

#### *LEGEND OF THE SWEET SPRINGS.*

WHEN you have sojourned for a time at the White Sulphur, fail not to visit the Sweet Springs. These delicious fountains are about seventeen miles from the White, the road excellent and the scenery magnificent.

How aptly is this lovely spot termed the "Sweet!" Sweet are the waters, sweet the air, sweet the valley, sweet the mountains; but sweeter far the naiads of the place, especially when issuing from the sweetest fountain in the world.

The valley of the "Sweet," embosomed in these "mountain's blue," is almost the exact counterpart of the valley of the White Sulphur. It is like the happy valley of Rasselas, out of which he was a great fool for scrambling.

The soil being exceedingly fertile, the herbage and shrubbery are the most luxuriant and deeply verdant that you ever beheld. The walks are shaded by the sugar maple, the most beautiful forest-tree in America. It is no wonder that the sugar tree should imbibe sweetness in this delicious spot.

But the hotel! This is one of the finest in America—not so large as that of the White Sulphur, but admirably adapted. The chambers are spacious and airy. The parlors are what they should be where everything is "sweet,"—the dining room is—well, I cannot say; for I was so occupied with my delicious dinner that I did not observe. While in it I exercised but one sense, that of taste; but a sick gentleman, who had no appetite, informs me that it is elegant.

The proprietor of this noble establishment is Oliver Beirne, Esq. of whom it is enough to say that he is a true-hearted Old Virginia gentleman, and if the rising generation would not have the race become extinct, let them take pattern after him. The host is Mr. Carroll, well known as a hotel keeper in New York and Baltimore, and all who have sat at his board will concur with me in saying that no hotel in America is better served. It is truly astonishing that, in such a far-off region, the wishes and wants of so many should be so perfectly supplied.

The water of the Sweet Spring is highly charged with carbonic acid,—slightly with iron and medicinal salines. It is almost identical with the Seltzer of Germany. Invalids drink these waters with the happiest effects, especially after the use of the White Sulphur. The spring is exceedingly copious and is thermal, of the temperature of 74 degrees, and supplies the finest bath, perhaps, in the world. There is a pool for the gentlemen and another for the ladies, each of some sixty by thirty feet. The depth is five feet, and

the water as limpid as crystal, the carbonic acid bubbling from it copiously. The fixed air excites the skin in the most agreeable and salutary manner.

Relating to these pools there is a legend which must not be allowed to become "to dull forgetfulness a prey." Shall the Rhine, shall Baden Baden have their legends and ours be forgotten? Since none worthier offers, I will myself relate it.

On one occasion, when the luxury of these baths was being enjoyed, an audacious youth clambered upon the high wall which separates the ladies' bath from that of the gentlemen, and struck with dismay, he lost his footing and fell plump into the ladies' pool. It is easy to imagine the consternation, but, in the twinkling of an eye, he became enchanted, (thus far I am ready to swear to the truth of the relation,) and was changed into a water-newt, or spring-keeper, which ever since has been occasionally seen lurking among the pebbles which form the bottom of the pool. His little wicked eyes are ever looking upward and ever open, for water-newts have no eyelids.

But yet the friends of this presumptuous youth are not without hope. It has been revealed to them that whenever he shall touch the foot of a maiden who never dreamt of love, he shall be instantly disenchanted. But alas! ten years have elapsed, and although he has nibbled at the corns of hundreds of damsels of from twelve to fifty, he still remains enchanted. Alas! will not some nun—some sister of mercy—repair to the place and restore him to his

human form? Some delicate ladies are reluctant to bathe in this pool on account of his supposed presence; some are totally indifferent about it, and many absurdly regard the legend as a mere fiction. I say "absurdly" because, of all the metamorphoses of Ovid, there is not one which is better authenticated.

## IV.

*LEGEND OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.*

SOME twelve years ago I visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, next to the Falls of Niagara, the most remarkable natural curiosity in America.

These vast and vaulted chambers, formed by some terrible convulsion of nature, seem as if formed for the nocturnal residence of a race of Cyclops or Titans. So vast are the caverns, and so profound their recesses, that no living person has ever explored their utmost depths, or determined their ultimate limits.

I engaged the services of an experienced guide, and, that I might commence my exploration properly instructed, I visited a very venerable person, living near the cave, for the purpose of obtaining any information, traditional or learned by himself, that might give interest to my researches.

At first the old man appeared reticent, and annoyed at my inquiries, but, when he learned that I took an interest in legendary and traditional lore, he gave me his confidence at once.

I have lived, said he, in the vicinity of these caverns, till age has impaired my memory of recent events, but left the impress of early occurrences more vivid than ever. I rarely converse with the idle per-

sons who visit the caves, knowing that what I might have to communicate would be unappreciated or received with contempt. You, however, manifested an interest which justifies my hope that I have a listener capable of appreciating and believing.

When I was a young man, more than sixty years ago, these caverns were visited once a year, at the same season, by a venerable Indian—the last remnant of a powerful tribe. His head was white as “Apalachian snows,” and his person so shrunk and wrinkled that he appeared more like an exhumed mummy than a living being. At each visit he entered these caverns, not for idle observation, but for some mysterious purpose known only to himself. He generally spent twenty-four hours in the earth, and, on issuing, was seen no more till the anniversary of his return.

At length, on that which proved to be the last of his visits, I accosted him as he approached the mouth of the cave, and in the most gentle terms I could employ endeavored to win his confidence and to learn the object of his yearly visit to the recesses of the Mammoth Cave. Arresting his steps, he turned upon me, with a look of surprise, and appeared to search my countenance for the motive which prompted me to interrogate him.

Lives there, said he, one of the pale faces who has any other feeling than hatred to the red man, and a desire to kill? They have, it is true, allowed me, as often as the sun returns to the northern forests, to revisit the haunts of my childhood, and to enter those

caverns into which my people were driven by the merciless cruelty of the pale faces. But, old and decrepid, they fear me not, and that they see that I am about to mingle my withered frame with the earth.

There was a time, said he, with indescribable pathos, when these mountains, these valleys, these rivers, these forests were ours. The red deer and the bison, in countless numbers, roamed through the fields. The Great Spirit gave them to us as our flocks and herds. We destroyed them not for the pleasure of destroying, as does the pale face. We took only what was necessary to our wants.

At length the destroyer came. His vast canoes brought from the rising sun, far beyond the flight and the vision of the far-seeing eagle, men armed with the thunder and lightning of the storm, and, what was far more fatal to the red man, the deadly poison of the fire-water. They brought also pestilence unknown before.

It would appear that the Great Spirit was angry with our unhappy race, and had armed and sent among us, for our destruction, the relentless children of the spirit of evil. The bravest of our tribes fell like unresisting grass before the unsparing weapon of the destroyer. Warriors and women—the helpless old, and the feeble young, fell before their unsparing vengeance. They called us savages and not men, and because we feebly attempted to defend our wigwams and our hunting grounds, they slew us with the same



spirit with which the red man had slain the wolf and the panther.

The bison and the red deer, terror-struck by the thunder of the pale faces, fled to the broad forests of the west. Many of our race preferred death to the abandonment of the graves of their ancestors and the haunts of their childhood, and perished in battle.

The last remnant of my once powerful tribe, composed of braves tried in a hundred battles, were at length driven by the countless multitude of the pale faces to this spot on which we now stand. Shut in on every side, their escape seemed impossible. At length the oldest Sachem called aloud to his tribe, My braves! we have done all that the Great Spirit has given us strength to do. The enemy surrounds us on every side, and we must perish. But let us not give to the cruel pale-face the delight of beholding our mangled bodies, and singing their war songs over our remains. The Great Spirit has opened the earth for our reception—let us plunge into its bosom where we may perish without giving the last triumph to our foes.

The Sachem strode forward and entered the mouth of these caverns. All followed, and soon the earth had swallowed the last remnant of our tribe except my unhappy self—a boy too feeble for battle or for flight. I was spared, perhaps, because to spare me was more cruel than to kill.

Strange to tell, there are among the pale faces some that are kind and good. Some of these gave me shelter and food, and I grew to be a man, never forgetting

the slaughter of my race, or their entrance into these gloomy caverns, there to perish and be forgotten.

All my life I have been an outcast and a wanderer. When I acquired the strength and resolution of a brave, I determined to enter and explore these awful chambers. From that time, each year, I have repeated my visit and explored their deepest recesses. What I have there discovered, the Great Spirit forbids me to reveal.

This is the last visit that I shall ever make to the tomb of my tribe. I shall enter, and you will see me no more.

Having thus spoken, he turned his feeble steps to the mouth of the cave, and was presently lost to view. Never was he seen to issue again, or to repeat his visit.

It may well be imagined that this narration of my venerable friend greatly increased the interest of my exploration.

I procured the best guide, as I stated, that could be had, and provided myself with every thing which might contribute to my safe and thorough exploration. I furnished myself with such food as I might require, and was especially careful to procure the best flambeau that could be obtained. It was something like a fireman's torch, containing a large quantity of oil, so contrived that, by removing a nut, I could at any time replenish it from a bottle which I carried in my pocket.

Several strangers availed themselves of the opportunity, and accompanied us into the cavern.

I shall not here describe what has been viewed and described by a thousand tourists. My purpose was to explore beyond the utmost limit of former exploration—not for the purpose of signalizing myself as a tourist, but to satisfy an insatiable curiosity. The feeling—the faith which impelled me, you may term superstition if you please, I accept the imputation.

We traversed, with ordinary interest and attention, the ante-chambers of these dark and silent caverns, but I soon left behind me the company with whom I entered, and with my especial guide, hurried on to the utmost limit of former exploration. Our progress was sometimes difficult from the narrowness and ruggedness of our path, rendering it necessary to aid the feet with the hand, and, with our torches extended before us, to anticipate our steps with the utmost care.

After toiling onward for nearly two hours, it became necessary to rest and refresh ourselves. Those who entered with us were left far behind and probably never reached the point at which we rested.

With renewed strength and unabated interest, I soon resumed my toil, and after what would have seemed to be a day's journey under the sun, we at last came to the dark and stygian stream which flows sullenly through these awful caverns. Its depth requires a boat for further exploration. This river is about eight miles from the mouth of the cavern. Its waters are generally limpid and wholesome.

A boatman that one might easily imagine to be "that grim ferryman that poets write of," transferred

us to the further bank. No water weed, no cress, nor moss, carpets the banks of this cimmerian stream. Not even "the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf," can here struggle into existence.

Neither vegetable nor animal life is developed in these dark abodes, except that in the stream are found a small species of eyeless fish. This is a fact of great interest to the naturalist. Eyes cease to exist where their offices can never be exercised.

After progressing some distance beyond the stream, none remaining with me but the guide, we came to a point where my conductor arrested my steps.

On raising my torch, I saw on the rocky wall before me, written in chalk, "Siste Viator!" Traveller Stop." My guide obeyed the mandate, and refused to proceed further. Beyond this, said he, it is perilous in the extreme to progress. A brave and inquisitive young man, who rashly attempted to explore beyond this point, fell, after advancing a few yards, into a fathomless abyss. We made every attempt to recover him, in vain, though his piteous groans were heard for many hours.

When I intimated to my guide my determination to proceed, even at the risk of my life, he seemed resolved to resist, even by force, my rash enterprise.

When he saw how determined was my purpose, he was obliged to yield, and proceeded to give instructions that might contribute to my safety. He gave me a large piece of chalk and instructed me to blaze the walls with an arrow, pointing outward, whenever

I made a turn. Never, said he, make a step without carefully exploring the surface with your torch, and never let it leave your grasp.

I made an arrangement with him and the grim ferryman, to meet me at the river on the next day at noon, to conduct me out of the cavern.

I had with me oil enough to supply my flambeau for twenty hours. I had also boxes of matches in case of accident.

Beyond the point where I left the guide, I soon discovered that the way was difficult and perilous in the extreme. The cavern was here a mere vertical fissure in the rock, furnishing no floor for the foot of the explorer, and threatening him below with its ponderous jaws. I was obliged to clamber along by stepping first to right and then to left, supporting myself by one hand against the wall, while I carried my torch in the other.

At length I passed this terrible strait, and entered another vaulted chamber, where the floor was level, and progress easy. I moved on with a free step, but, forgetting the caution of my guide, my foot encountered an object so abruptly that I had nearly fallen. Lowering my flambeau to discover the impediment, I saw prostrate before me, a human form. It was clad in a deer-skin tunic; the feet were enclosed in moccasins of the same material. I held the light close to the face, which was upward, and viewed it with amazement. There had apparently been no putrefactive decomposition, but merely a mummy-like desiccation.

The tawny skin was drawn tightly over the bones of the face, so as to present a hideously grim and repulsive appearance. The skin and muscles of the whole person were similarly shrunk and withered. The hair, which was long, white, straight and coarse, partially covered his head, and rested upon the neck and shoulders.

I saw at once, that there lay before me the venerable Sachem whose visits to the cave had been described to me. On the last visit witnessed by my informant, he had probably penetrated to this point, and, actuated by the instinct of the wild beast, which prompts him to hide his remains in the darkest recess that he can penetrate, he had here composed himself for death.

The reader may well imagine that my interest in these caverns, and their legendary lore, was not abated by this discovery, or my confidence in further revelations impaired.

On the breast of the mummy, suspended by a string from his neck, there rested a piece of bark from a tree, on which was inscribed what seemed to be two or three hieroglyphical characters. This I removed for preservation, and threw it around my own neck for its safe conveyance.

I now passed on to survey the walls of this vast apartment, and to search its avenues.

Nearly opposite to where I entered this chamber, I found a gallery leading onward. Here again the cavern greatly narrowed, and my progress became

difficult and perilous. I proceeded, however, with the utmost caution, carrying my torch before, and exploring every step.

Presently I came to a chasm, apparently perpendicular and fathomless, directly in my way. I carefully examined its walls, for such projections as I might use as steps to circumvent this terrible abyss. While thus exploring, grasping the projecting rock with one hand, holding the torch in the other, and trying the projections with one foot, suddenly the rock on which my weight rested gave way, and fell into the abyss below. I was only saved from immediate destruction by grasping instinctively the projecting rocks with both hands, and in doing so, unconsciously relinquished my grasp of the flambeau, when, horrible to relate, it fell into the chasm below.

I was left in total darkness, clinging to fragments of rock which might, at any moment, give way and precipitate me into the abyss into which my torch had fallen. At first, I dared scarcely move, lest by transferring my weight too much to one or the other part, its support might yield.

Terror, and the exertion which I was obliged to make, were exhausting my strength, and I almost gave myself up to despair, when a ray of light from the chasm below attracted my attention. Peering over the abyss, I saw that this cheering ray came from my own torch, which, my eye being more sensitive from the previous perfect exclusion of light, I saw still burning on some shelf of rock, or the bottom of the well.

Recovering slightly from the paralysis of despair, I proceeded to test the firmness of my footing; and having found that I stood securely on both feet, I took from my pocket a box of matches and a newspaper. I then struck a light, and setting fire to a broad piece of paper, let it fall into the fearful well. It descended slowly, buoyed up by the ascending current, caused by its combustion, and illuminated the walls of the shaft.

The rocks which constitute the walls and floors of these caverns, are limestone, and are stratified horizontally. Wherever, they are broken vertically therefore, by any convulsion of nature, they present rugged and shelving margins. In this profound well, or natural shaft, I discovered that the fractured rock projected on every side, and presented precisely the appearance of an ordinary well dug for water, rudely walled up with stone. Such wells, I was aware, may be without much danger, ascended and descended, the stones being used as steps. The desperate expedient therefore, of descending the shaft, and recovering my flambeau, which still burned below, occurred to me.

I was aware that, if I reached the bottom in safety, my return might be impossible; but then, if I remained where I was without my light, death from starvation was equally certain.

I at once commenced my descent, relinquishing one foot-hold and carefully feeling for another below. I found no prejection for my foot, but was able to insert it in a crevice of the rock, the margins of which were firm. Finding that it would bear my weight, I disen-

gaged the other foot, and repeated the same process. At the same time I was clinging to the rock with my hands. Thus I continued, slowly and cautiously to proceed, my progress being less perilous and less difficult as I proceeded, because I approached nearer and nearer to the light of my torch, which burned below.

When I had reached within ten feet of the apparent bottom, I grew more bold and rapid in my progress. I grew less careful in testing my foothold, trusting too much to the projecting angles of the rock. This impatience had well nigh effected my destruction. A fragment to which I transferred my weight with a too sudden and confident impulse, gave way under my foot, so also did the rock to which I clung with my hands, and I was instantly precipitated to the bottom of the well.

Fortunately, I was so near the floor that the shock was not fatal, nor did it fracture or dislocate any of my members. The debris of the crumbling rock, however, was precipitated upon me in quantity. My torch, beside which I fell, was extinguished by the mass, and I was again in total darkness. I groped for its handle among the ruins, and fortunately disengaged it.

To re-light it with matches, which I carried with me, was not difficult, and I was able to determine my position.

Fortunately, the shelf on which my torch lay, was almost continuous with the bottom of a lower cavern. I advanced into it with cautious step, and found it to resemble in every particular the vaulted chambers

which I had traversed. In relation to them, this was a vast cellar.

By this time I had come to be extremely fatigued, stiffened and sore from great muscular effort, and from the shock of the fall. I found, on looking at my watch, that the night was well advanced, and here in this "double night of darkness and shade and silence," I felt my senses oppressed and drowsiness overtaking me.

Conscious of the need of rest, I took a little food and drink, and raking together the loose dry earth for a pillow, I lay down to rest, fearful of no intrusion. No natural cause could disturb my repose, but, as to the supernatural, the frame of my mind was promotive of no small concern.

Through the camera of my brain, strange visions were flitting and, among them were most conspicuous, the form of the withered mummy, and the tall and noble figure of the Sachem who conducted his tribe to their sublime death in these vast and solemn catacombs.

I slept, I know not how long, when at length I was roused by a touch upon the shoulder. As I waked, and looked upward, there presented itself to my astonished gaze, the tall and commanding form of an Indian chief. My flambeau, which I had fixed in the earth, and left burning, threw its light upon his face. The figure remained as motionless as if it had been cut out of the solid rock. The expression "was more in sorrow than in anger," more that of settled and calm reproach, than of vindictive feeling.

The but, of what seemed to be his lance, lightly touched my shoulder, as if to arouse me. I gazed upon him for some moments without moving, not terrified, as one would suppose, but struck with amazement. The awful silence was at length broken by the mysterious Sachem. Pale face! said he, in sepulchral tones, why come you here to disturb the last resting place of the chiefs of the red men. Are you not satisfied that your cruel warfare has exterminated us from the surface of the earth? must you follow us to these chambers of death to scatter our ashes?

But that I see on your breast a badge which indicates that thou art not the foe of the red man, I had plunged my lance into thy heart, and thus have punished your intrusion. I would not, said I, utter a falsehood to avert your spear, but I can truly declare that I have ever been the friend of the red man, though powerless to do him good. It was my interest in the fate of the Indian, and tradition in regard to the self-burial of your tribe, which drew me here.

Stranger, said the chief, with solemn air, the race of the pale faces are the offspring of the Evil Spirit, but some are the sons of Peace and Truth. Follow me, and you shall see what you seek to know.

At his bidding I arose and followed. After traversing a long and winding gallery, we entered a vast chamber, more lofty and capacious than I had yet seen. After advancing into it a few steps, he stopped and turned upon me. Behold, said he, the power and

goodness of the Great Spirit. Here rests the last remnant of my powerful tribe.

I raised my torch above my head, and peered into the gloom before me. At first I saw nothing, but soon, the eye becoming accustomed to the dim reflection, strange figures came forth from the dark back ground, which was before me. At first, I saw obscurely, human forms reposing on the floor of the cavern. A pale, unearthly light assisted that of my flambeau, and then the tableau was complete. Covering this vast chamber, further than the eye could reach, lay the warrior tribe, in their panoply complete. Supine—with their hands crossed upon their breasts, with their faces turned upward, as if acknowledging the presence of a superior being, they lay, like the marble effigies of the knights of old upon their sarcophagi.

So life-like, though motionless and silent, were those warriors of the past, with each his tomahawk, his bow and his quiver by his side, that I looked to see them rise in battle array. Presently my conductor turned upon me a stern and reproachful look. "Behold," said he, "the last remnant of my race reposing here on the confines of the spirit world, at last either to return to avenge their wrongs on earth, or to pass to their happy hunting grounds.

Our Seers, taught by the Good Spirit, foresee in the dim shadows of the future, great and terrible events, in the course of which the red man may have opportunity to recover his own, and re-possess the fair valleys and hills from which he has been so cruelly driven.

Stranger pale-face! listen to the voice of one standing where he looks forward into the world of spirits, and backward upon the affairs of earth. The wrongs of the red man shall one day be redressed. Though the Good Spirit may delay his vengeance, it is sure at last to be visited upon his enemies.

When the pale face came from the rising sun to these our happy shores, he was at first feeble—he needed and sought our friendship. We said to him, "Welcome English." When winter came, and his food was exhausted, we fed him with our venison and our corn. Yes, we fed the exhausted wolf that only needed strength to pursue and destroy us. When the pale faces had multiplied in number, and, from the fields which we gave them, procured their corn, then began the slaughter of our race. We were hunted from hill to hill, from valley to valley, like those beasts of prey, the wolf and the panther. Do you not know, pale face, that your people are now engaged in exterminating the last remnant of our race? The warrior, the squaw and the papoose, are alike the victims of their rapacious cruelty.

Will the Great Spirit forever delay? No! I foresee the approach of the avenger.

When their enemies grow weak, the wicked and the cruel divide the spoil. Then like beasts of prey they turn and rend each other. Thus shall it be with the cruel pale face. The bear of the North shall wage war with the panther of the South, and terrible shall be the conflict.

They of the North shall prevail. The young warriors of the South shall perish in battle. Their cabins shall be burned over the heads of their old men, their wives and their children, and their country shall be desolated.

Thus, for a time, the strife shall cease, and they shall smoke the calumet of peace, but never will the deeds of the cruel oppressors be forgotten, for never will they cease to oppress while power remains.

The injured sometimes forgive, but those who injure, never. They ever seek to destroy those in whose memory dwells the recollection of their crimes.

Years shall pass. The mother of the South, with the milk of her breast, shall impart to the infant of the cradle the memory of her wrongs.

At length another conflict shall arise, more terrible than the former. Nations from the rising sun shall make war upon the conquerors, and then shall the Southern panther rise from his lair, and avenge his wrongs.

Go back, pale face! to thy people, and proclaim to them the prophecy of the last of the Sachems.

Turning, with slow and solemn step, he conducted me back to the place where I had reposed. He stood on the spot where I had first seen him, and motioned to me to resume my position of repose, which, exhausted as I was, I promptly did, and again slept—slept I know not how long.

When I awoke my torch had burnt out, and the darkness was profound. I had the means, however, of

supplying it with oil, and re-lighting it: On looking at my watch, I found it had run down, and I had no means of determining how long I had been in the caverns.

I speedily made my way to the well which I had descended. Now occurred the last and most terrible peril—the ascent of the well. I secured to my back the stock of my flambeau, by means of strips of my handkerchief, which I tore in pieces, so that the flambeau blazed above my head.

Proceeding with the utmost care, and testing carefully every foot-hold, I accomplished my ascent, and once more stood upon comparatively safe ground.

I safely made my way along the galleries which I had blazed, and at last stood upon the brink of the dark river. Here I found my guide and the grim ferryman, almost in despair of me, for they had patiently waited for nearly four hours beyond the appointed time.

### LEGEND OF THE HOT SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

#### V.

THERE is probably no part of the world in which thermal and medicinal springs are more abundant and remarkable than in the mountainous regions of Upper Virginia. From the fact that many of these springs are hot and others charged with sulphur, it cannot be doubted that these regions have been at some remote period the subject of volcanic commotions.

The Hot Springs of Bath County, Virginia, are among the most remarkable of those which justify this remark. The water of these springs is of a temperature above 110°, and, as all such fountains are, copious and perennial.

For bathing purposes, therefore, the temperature is decidedly hot—not, however, near the point of boiling, as is that of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, but too warm for bathing without being tempered.

The reputation of these baths, in the treatment of chronic rheumatism and its sequelæ, and in chronic gout, is abundantly established.

But this lovely region has other attractions, which entice to these resorts the lover of the picturesque, as well as those who seek rational pleasure and a salubrious air. Mountains and valleys and rushing streams,



diversify the landscape, and furnish scenes on which the eye dwells with increasing delight.

Nor is this beautiful spot destitute of its mythical and legendary history. If there is any region on earth where

"Satyrs and Sylvan boys are seen,  
Peeping from their allies green,"

it surely is this.

How the surprising facts relative to the origin of the Hot Springs have been transmitted to me, I shall not at present reveal, lest I be charged with betraying spiritual confidence. If the narrative, when completed, does not wear the semblance of truth, why then, receive it only as a myth. I intend, however, not to be incredible, and I trust my readers will not be incredulous.

I hate a skeptic—one who believes nothing but the evidence of his own fallacious senses. How vacant would be the mind of the man who treasured up as true only what he may have seen, heard, or touched.

After all, if the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley and Mr. Mill be sound, the productions of the imagination are just as real as are the facts furnished by science or history. They tell us that the idea of all these things may exist in the mind, and yet nothing objective presented to the senses. This is undoubtedly true in certain disordered states of the understanding.

Recently, in reading a most interesting novel, my pleasure in the perusal was every now and then greatly

impaired by the continual recurrence of the conviction, that after all, the facts related were all untrue, mere fiction and nonsense. Plain, dull matter-of-fact common sense, was constantly saying to me, "don't be shocked at the terrible murder of which you are reading, for it never occurred."—"Don't waste your admiration on that damsel so bewitchingly described, for she never existed." I shut the volume for a few minutes, and finally determined to reject all this, and read with faith and interest, for, said I, if the ideal philosophy is true, the world of the imagination is just as true as that of so-called fact, and a thousand times more interesting and impressive.

Some people are so absurd in their incredulity as to doubt whether there ever existed such an individual as Napoleon Bonaparte, or such a conqueror as Cæsar or Hannibal. Some doubt even whether the witch of Endor ever existed.

Now, my dear reader, you may receive what I am about to reveal as a myth or a faithful narrative of facts, just as you please, only, I will reiterate that I hate sceptics, and believe that they are all going to —. This is not personal to you, my dear readers, for, if you have read as far in these legends as to this line, you give evidence of faith.

If Satyrs and Sylphs, and Naiads and Gnomes, have ever existed, in any nook or corner of the world, in ancient or modern times, it is easy to believe that they may have existed here, the more especially as I shall

point out some remarkable phenomena which have been brought about by their agency.

The Hot Spring was not always hot, but merely a limpid fountain of great beauty and sweetness.

Innumerable flowers drooped over its banks and kissed its dimpling surface, and it was shaded by the rich foliage of the witch-elm.

There dwelt in this fountain a Naiad, or water-nymph, of matchless and immortal beauty. The bubbling of the fountain was her voice, but unintelligible to mortal ears.

Fontinella, for that was her name, was beloved—O! intensely beloved, by a young dryad, one of the minor divinities of wood and dale. His name was Sylvio. Alas, for poor Sylvio! his wooing sped but poorly. The nymph was coy, and her heart as cold as the fountain in which she dwelt. Sylvio had heard her voice in the ripple of the spring, and had once or twice seen her by moonlight, rising in all her beauty, from the water, sparkling with the crystal drops which fell from her person.

Naiads, I must tell you, are amphibious. Though they never wander far from their crystal dwellings, they can survive in the open air.

Sylvio was a youth of surpassing beauty. Let your imagination, my dear Miss, summon up the image of the most beautiful young mortal that ever you beheld. Sylvio was like him.

At length, one day, when Sylvio was reclining mournfully on the grassy bank of the spring, peering

into the crystal mirror, and seeing nothing but the reflection of his own beautiful face, he thus addressed her. Fontinella, my beautiful naiad! must I forever sigh in vain, and not even know that you recognise my presence. For years I have sought your love, must I be doomed to perpetual disappointment? Shall I never behold you face—never hear your voice?

Presently the waters became greatly agitated—he thought he saw bright eyes flashing through the spring, the bubbling of the fountain became articulate.

Sylvio! she said, distress not me and yourself by your importunities. I love you perhaps as much as it is possible for me to love. We naiads are cold and impassive, like the fountains in which we live. We rarely marry, and never have our reputations been aspersed except, most falsely, by one Ovid, a poet of antiquity.

Go, my dear Sylvio! console yourself with the love of some wood-nymph, more congenial to your nature and sentiments, and think no more of me. If we were to marry, you, being a dryad, and the offspring of a gnome,\* could never live in my element, though I might breathe in yours. She ceased, and not all the eloquence of grief and love could elicit from her another word of response. --

Sylvio, broken-hearted and despairing, returned to his forest home. As, listless and dejected, he reclined

\* "Gnomes are elemental Spirits, supposed by the cabalists, to inhabit the interior of the earth, and to be guardians of quarries, mines, springs, &c.," including undoubtedly oil wells.

upon a bank of flowers, his mother, who was a gnome, seeing his unhappy condition, exclaimed, Alas! my Sylvio! what profound sorrow is it that oppresses thy gentle heart. Reveal to your mother the cause of your grief, and perhaps she can alleviate it.

Alas! my mother, not even you can comfort me. For a long time I have been a suitor for the love of Fontinella, the beautiful water-nymph. She has at length finally rejected my suit. She will never leave her cool and delicious fountain, nor wed the son of a gnome, and I am in despair.

What! said the gnome, does she presume to scorn my beautiful boy, because he is the son of a gnome? Who ever heard of such conceit and audacity in a pitiful pollywog. Perhaps she is not aware that I can dry up her puddle in a moment, or make the place too hot for her.

Alas! mother, said he, do not speak so reproachfully of her. She has acknowledged that she loves me, though she will not abandon her delicious fountain to become my bride.

I would be willing even to be metamorphosed into a water-newt, as was the unfortunate mortal at the Sweet, for the sake of being forever near her and to play around those tiny feet.

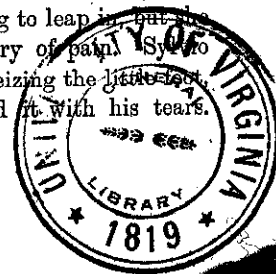
Hush, my son, said she, leave every thing to me, soothe your senses on this bank of poppies; but, in the morning, at early dawn, repair to the fountain of your love, and you shall witness that which shall make you happy.

The gnome departed, and plunged into the recesses of the earth, all the avenues of which are open to her progress; she descended to the very sources of those springs which rise to gladden the surface of the earth—down even to those regions of interior heat, where vapors are imprisoned and ever exerting their expansive force to reach the surface of the earth. With her magnetic divining rod, she cleft the crust of the earth at the precise point required. A limpid stream of boiling, bubbling water, gushed through the very bottom of Fontinella's spring. Then returning to her sylvan home where her boy slumbered, the gnome smote the earth with her rod, and there immediately gushed forth a fountain copious enough for a hundred naiads.

In the morning, at peep of dawn, Sylvio, anxious and curious, hastened to the spring, and what do you think met his astonished gaze?

There sat Fontinella, on the bank of the seething pool, now crowned with a cloud of vapor. She was clad in a mantle hastily formed from the rushes and sedge-grass which grew around. Her head was crowned with a willow wreath, and there she sat "mingling her tears with the torrents that boiled as they flowed."

The moment she saw Sylvio she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and stretching forth her tiny foot, she touched the water as if desiring to leap in, but she instantly drew it back, with a cry of pain. Sylvio rushed forward to her relief, and seizing the little foot, covered it with kisses, and cooled it with his tears.



She no longer shrunk from the touch of the beautiful dryad; she allowed her head to rest upon his shoulder. Alas! said she, Sylvio! some cruel enchantress has destroyed my beautiful home, and I am houseless.

Say not so, my beautiful Fontinella, come with me, become my bride, and occupy a fountain even more delicious than was this.

She obeyed, and as he conducted her to her new abode, he considerately and modestly averted his look on account of her remarkable and insufficient costume. She reached the home of Sylvio, and plunged into the new fountain, never again however, avoiding the presence of Sylvio.

In short, they were married under the green-wood tree. Satyrs, and sylphs, and fairies, and naiads innumerable, attending the wedding in costumes more varied and strange than those of the last fancy ball.

Excuse me if I say, my fair readers, that they became the parents of a numerous tribe of amphibious sprites, which, under the glimpses of the midnight moon, are sometimes seen flitting about those sylvan retreats.

But, the fissure which admitted the boiling jet into the naiad's pool was never closed, and thus originated this thermal spring, since that period under the auspices of the goddess Hygeia.