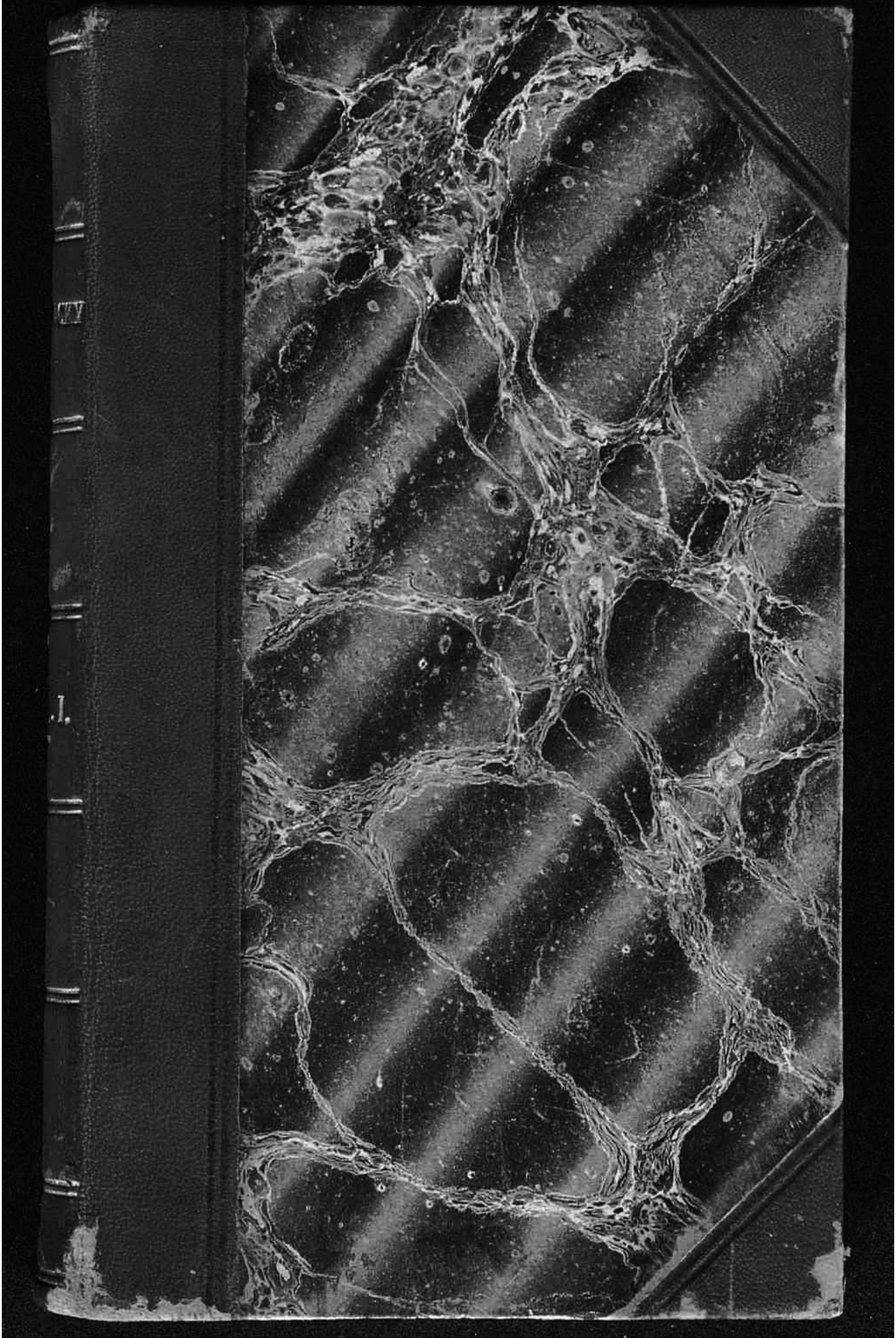


LUMEN DE LUMINE
ACCENDI
1761
SAMUEL M. WILSON

MS.
2 Vols.

KENTUCKY.

Printed by Darling & Son, 31, Leadenhall Street.

Delaware 49.

KENTUCKY.

A TALE.

BY JAMES HALL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1845.

KENTUCKY.

CHAP. I.

AT the close of a pleasant day, in the spring of the year 17—, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly winding his way along a narrow road, in that part of Virginia which is now called the Valley. It was nearly forty years ago, and the district lying between the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny mountains was but thinly populated, while the country lying to the west, embracing an immense Alpine region, was a savage wilderness, which extended to the new and distant settlements of Kentucky. Our traveller's route led along the foot of the mountains,

sometimes crossing the *spurs*, or lateral ridges, which push out their huge promontories from the great chain; and at others winding through deep ravines, or skirting along broad valleys. The Ancient Dominion was never celebrated for the goodness of its highways, and the one whose mazes he was now endeavouring to unravel, was among the worst, being a mere path, worn by the feet of horses, and marked by faint traces of wheels, which shewed that the experiment of driving a carriage over its uneven surface had been successfully tried, but not generally practised. The country was fertile, though wild and broken. The season was that in which the foliage is most luxuriant and splendid to the eye, the leaves being fully expanded, while the rich blossoms decked the scene with a variety of brilliant hues; and our traveller, as he passed ridge after ridge, paused in delight on their elevated summits, to gaze at the beautiful glens that lay between

tween them, and the gorgeous vegetation that climbed even to the tops of the steepest acclivities. The day, however, which had been unusually sultry for the season, was drawing to a close, and both horse and rider began to feel the effects of hunger and fatigue; the former, though strong and spirited, drooped his head, and the latter became wearied with these lonesome though picturesque scenes. During the whole day he had not seen the dwelling of a human being; the clattering of his horse's hoofs upon the rock, the singing of the birds, so numerous in this region, the roaring of the mountain stream, or the crash of timber occasioned by the fall of some great tree, were the only sounds that had met his ear. He was glad, therefore, to find his path descending, at last, into a broad valley, interspersed with farms. He seemed to have surmounted the last hill, and before him was a rich continuous forest, resembling, as he overlooked it from the

high ground, a solid plain of verdure. The transition from rocky steeps and precipices, to the smooth soil and sloping surface of the valley, was refreshing; and not less so were the coolness and fragrance of the air, and the deep and varied hues of the forest, occasioned by the rank luxuriance of its vegetation.

It might be proper, as it certainly is customary, before proceeding to narrate the adventures of our hero, to introduce him to the particular acquaintance of the reader, by a full description of his person, character, and lineage; but this manner of narration, supported as it is by respectable precedent, we must be permitted to decline. As we have no record before us, shewing that the gentleman in question ever passed under a regimental standard, we are not aware that his exact height could now be ascertained; and as he was neither a deserter from the service of his country, nor a fugitive from the protection of his guardian, we cannot

not think it necessary to set forth the colour of his hair and eyes, or to describe what clothes " he had on when he went away." To enlist the sympathies of our fair readers, whose approbation we would fain propitiate, it is enough to say, that he was a young and handsome bachelor, leaving each of them to fancy him the exact image of her favourite admirer; but as we do not admire the practice of peeping into gentlemen's hearts, or pocket-books, without any other warrant than the bare license of authorship, we cannot tell what precious billet-doux may have filled the one, or what treasured image might have occupied the other. These are questions which may be incidentally touched hereafter; and the curious reader will find ample materials in the following pages, for the gratification of a laudable thirst for knowledge on these interesting points.

The sun was about to set, and our traveller, having completely left all the

mountain passes behind him, could have enjoyed the serenity of the calm hour, and the bland landscape, had not other thoughts harassed him. He needed rest and refreshment, and knew not where to find the one or the other. While considering this matter, he reached a spot where two roads crossed, at the same instant when two other persons, advancing from a different direction, arrived at the same point. They were an elderly gentleman and a young lady, both of prepossessing appearance. The former was a portly man, hale and ruddy, with a gay eye and a profusion of grey locks, as if the frost of age had prematurely touched his head, without penetrating so deep as to chill the fountains of life. His dress was that of a country gentleman; it was not expensive, nor yet well assorted, but rather evinced the carelessness of one who, living secluded from the fashionable world, felt independent of its forms, or who adopted with reluctance the changes

which

which seemed every year to depart further and further from certain standards of gracefulness to which he had been accustomed in his youth, as well as from the peculiar notions of comfort that fasten upon the mind with the approaches of old age. He was mounted upon a fine high-bred horse, rather oddly caparisoned; for the bridle, though silver mounted, was broken in several places, and the fractures had been remedied, at one part by a hard knot, at another by a coarse seam, and at a third by a thong of buckskin; while a Spanish saddle, which might once have done honour to the best cavalier at a bull-fight, having lost the stirrup-leather on the near side, was supplied with an accommodation-ladder of rope, and the girth was patched with leather and linsey, until the original material was hardly discoverable. The worthy gentleman wore one spur, either because he was too indolent to put on the other, or from a conviction, founded on a well-established

philosophical principle, that the effect produced on one side of his animal, must be followed by a corresponding result on the other, and that consequently one armed heel is as effective as a pair; indeed, that gentlemanly weapon seemed to be worn more from habit than necessity, for the free-spirited steed needed no prompter; and the rider, who sat with the ease and grace of an experienced horseman, would have esteemed it a breach of the dignity becoming his age and station, to have proceeded at any pace faster than a walk. He was evidently a wealthy planter, accustomed to good living and good society, who had arrived at a standing in life which placed him above any merely outward forms that interfered with his comfort, and who felt privileged to think as he pleased, and do as he liked; while the frankness and benevolence of his countenance at once assured the stranger that his heart was alive to the best feelings

of

of kindness and hospitality. His companion was a lovely girl of eighteen, richly and tastefully habited; careless as were the apparel and furniture of the elder rider, that of the lady was studiously neat and appropriate; her palfrey had the fine limbs, the delicate form, and the bright eye of the deer, with a gentleness that seemed to savour more of reason than of instinct; his hair was smooth and glossy as silk, his harness elegant, and neatly fitted; and as the fair rider sat gracefully erect in her saddle, the proud animal arched his neck, as if conscious of the beauty of his burthen.

As the parties met at the junction of the roads, each of the gentlemen reined up his horse to allow the other to pass; the elder bowed and touched his hat, and the other returned the salutation with equal courtesy. There was a momentary embarrassment, as neither rider seemed disposed to take precedence of

the other, which was relieved by the young lady, who, slackening her rein as she touched the neck of her steed with a hazel switch, rode forward, leaving the gentlemen to settle the point of etiquette between them, which they did by silently falling in abreast, the road being just wide enough to admit the passage of two riders in that manner.

In our country, there is none of that churlish policy, or that repulsive pride, which in other regions forbids strangers who thus meet from accosting each other; on the contrary, our hearty old Virginian, on meeting a young, well-mounted, handsome stranger, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, felt bound to do the honours of the country; he accordingly opened a conversation, and was so well pleased with the stranger's frankness and intelligence, that he determined to take him home, and entertain him, at least for the night, and perhaps for a week or two; and the worthy

worthy old man felt no small inward gratification in the idea, that while he was discharging his duty as a true son of the ancient dominion, he should secure a companion, and enlarge, for a time, his own little circle of enjoyments. But the stranger anticipated his invitation, by observing—" I have business with major Heyward, who resides somewhere in this neighbourhood, and am glad that I have fallen in with you, sir, as you can probably direct me to a tavern near his house, where I may lodge for the night."

" That I cannot; but I will with great pleasure show you to the house itself," replied the other, who was the identical major Heyward; " I am going directly there, and will conduct you to the very door."

The stranger civilly declined this offer, under the plea that he was totally unacquainted with the gentleman alluded to, and that his visit was solely on business;

he wished, therefore, to lodge for the night at a public-house, and to dispatch his business in the morning as early as might be.

"I suspect," replied his companion, "that you will not do the one nor the other. Public-house there is none; you are now in Virginia, sir, where hospitality is not an article of trade, therefore you must, of necessity, lodge with a private gentleman; and you are under a mistake, if you think to dispatch your business to-morrow, or the next day, or under a week at least."

"Why so?"

"Simply because, in this country, we do not turn people out of our houses, nor treat a guest as if he was a sheriff's officer. There is to be a *barbecue* to-morrow, to which you will be invited; then you must hunt one day, and fish another, and after that——but see, there is the house."

The

The stranger halted—"I really cannot intrude——"

"Intrude, my dear sir! why, young gentleman, you were certainly not *raised* in Virginia, or you would have learned that one gentleman can never be considered as an intruder in the house of another, especially one who brings so good a letter of introduction as yourself."

"Pardon, me, sir, I have no such credentials."

"Oh yes, you have—yes, you have," returned the planter, laughing at his own wit, and bowing to his companion; "as a late writer hath it, a good appearance is the best letter of introduction; and your modesty, young sir, is an indorsement which gives it double value. Come along, I'll be answerable for your welcome."

"But I am a total stranger."

"True, and so you will remain until you are introduced; then you will be so no longer."

"But

"But it is so awkward to go to a gentleman's house just at nightfall, as if begging for a night's lodging."

"The very best hour in the world, for then you are sure to catch the gentleman at home, and at leisure to entertain you. Virginia, my dear," continued he, calling to the young lady, who rode a few paces before them, "will you not join me in a guarantee that this young gentleman shall be welcome at Walnut-Hill?"

"With great pleasure, if it were necessary," replied the lady; "but your introduction, my dear uncle, will be all-sufficient."

The stranger, who began to suspect the truth, and saw that he could not, without rudeness, decline the proffered kindness of his hospitable guide, now submitted, and the party entered a long lane which led to the mansion. On either side were large fields of corn and tobacco, lately planted, and exhibiting the distinctive characteristics of Virginia agriculture;

agriculture; the scale was extensive, but the manner of cultivation rude. The spacious domain, spreading for more than a mile on either hand, was covered with flourishing crops, which attested the fertility of the soil; and the immense worm-fences surrounding the inclosures, and dividing them into accurate parallelograms, were as substantial as they were unsightly. The corners and skirts of the fields, and every vacant spot, were grown up with weeds and briars. Stumps of trees blackened with fire, and immense tall trunks, from which the bark and smaller limbs had fallen, showed that not many years had elapsed since the ground had been cleared; but those sylvan remains became fewer and more decayed towards the mansion of the owner, which was in the centre of the opening, as if the occupant, after fixing his dwelling, had been gradually clearing away the forest from around it in every direction. An apple-orchard had

had been planted so recently as to be now ready for bearing its first crop, and peach-trees were seen scattered in every direction; wherever a kernel had fallen by accident, and the young shoot had escaped the plough, or outlived the nipping of the cattle, was a flourishing tree, promising a luxuriant harvest of this delightful fruit.

The mansion stood on a rising ground, overlooking the whole plantation, and was composed of a cluster of buildings, rather inartificially connected. A stone house, with two rooms, had been first erected; then a framed building was added; and year after year, as the family increased in wealth or numbers, subsequent additions had been made, consisting of single apartments, all on the ground floor, except the original building, which contained an upper story—the whole connected by piazzas, and being, in fact, a number of separate, though contiguous, houses, inconveniently

niently adapted for the residence of a single family. The offices were scattered about in the rear of the main edifice —the kitchen, the ice-house, the smoke-house, being each a separate building. Still further back were the negro-cabins, and beyond them the stables; so that, altogether, the place had more the appearance of a village than of the residence of a single family. The aspect of the whole was pleasing and respectable. Had it been surrounded by a wall and a ditch, it would have borne no small resemblance to some of the earliest of those old castles in which the barons resided with their followers, in patriarchal simplicity. The out-buildings were so disposed as not to intercept the view from the front of the mansion; and the latter, being painted white, looked well in spite of its structure. A beautiful lawn surrounded it, set with fine forest trees, the venerable and gigantic aboriginals of the soil; and on one side was a garden,

garden, laid out with taste, and highly embellished with flowers and ornamental plants.

As soon as the party entered the lane, droves of young negroes ran out to gaze at them, hiding behind the trees and fences, or peeping through the bushes; and the worthy host began to exercise his lungs, in speaking alternately to the negro children, to the blacks who were returning in troops from labour, and to his guest.

"Get away, you young rogues! what are you peeping at?—There's fine corn, sir.—Here, you Cato, tell Cæsar to come to me.—That corn has just been planted six weeks.—Pompey, come and take these horses.—There's the best tobacco in this country.—Luke, where's Peter and John?—Primus, tell Adam to get some fresh water; and go you, Finis, and help him. Virgil, you dog, come out of that peach-tree. I'll take you and Milton, and knock your heads together.

—These

—These plagues destroy all my fruit, sir, before it is ripe.—Open that gate, Moses—help him, Aaron. Come here, Cupid, and hold your young mistress's horse.—Run, some of you, and tell Venus to get supper.—Come, sir, alight; you are welcome to my house."

The stranger, who throughout this singular colloquy had found no opportunity to address his host, had placed himself beside the young lady, to whom he addressed his conversation during the few minutes that preceded their arrival at the house, where he assisted her to dismount; and the whole party were soon seated in one of major Heyward's spacious piazzas.

Walnut-Hill was the seat of plenty and hospitality; and in a few minutes servants were dispatched in different directions in pursuit of refreshments. The worthy proprietor himself, in respect of his age, and certain habits of reverence, to which his whole household had been

long

long accustomed, received the first attention. His niece placed his great arm chair, a little negro fetched his pipe, another brought tobacco, a third fire, a fourth a glass of water, a fifth slippers; and in a few minutes he was comfortably seated, enjoying his accustomed luxuries, while his guest retired to arrange his dress.

On the return of the latter, he found his host in the same position in which he had left him; and approaching him, said—"I have perhaps been to blame in delaying so long to announce my name and business."

"Your name, my young friend, I shall be glad to hear, whenever you please; as for your business, we will talk of that when we get tired of every other subject."

"I am well aware of your hospitality, and that towards either a friend or a stranger, it would be cheerfully exercised; but neither of these characters can

can be claimed by *Lyttleton Fennimore.*"

The old man started as he heard this name; a cloud passed over his features, and his frame seemed agitated with painful recollections. These feelings he endeavoured to suppress, as he replied—"I had rather you had borne another name; but that is not your fault."

He then rose, extended his hand to his guest, and emphatically added—"Mr. Fennimore, pardon an old man, for not being able to forget, in a moment, that which has been a subject of bitter reflection for years. The antipathies of parents should not be entailed on their children. You are cordially welcome to my house—make it your home, and consider me as your friend."

Tea was soon announced; and major Heyward, as he introduced his guest to his niece, Miss Pendleton, resumed his usual courtesy of manner; but his gaiety had entirely forsaken him, and immediately after this meal he retired to his apartment,

apartment, leaving the young people to entertain each other. We need hardly add, that, predisposed as the latter were to be pleased with each other, the evening passed agreeably; and that when Mr. Fennimore retired, he could not but acknowledge, that whatever might be the character of the uncle, the niece was one of the most agreeable women that he had ever seen.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

On the following morning, Fennimore rose early, and sallied forth, but found that he had been preceded by major Heyward, who was bustling about, without his hat or coat, in the sharp morning air, giving orders to his servants. The cloud of the last evening had passed from his brow—the reflections of his pillow had been salutary—and he now met his guest, with his usual cheerfulness of countenance and kindness of manner.—"Mr. Fennimore," said he, "I did not receive you, perhaps, as I ought, and I ask your pardon. I must be frank with you, for I cannot be otherwise. Things have passed between our families which I have

I have not been able to forget. But the ways of Providence are always wise; it was necessary for my peace that you should come here. I am too old to cherish an unsettled feud. Let the past be buried. We are friends."

"I know so little of the particulars of the affair to which you allude," replied Fennimore, "that I can say nothing, except that I desire to stand in no other relation to major Heyward than that of a friend. I had not thought of introducing that subject. My business relates to a pecuniary transaction——"

"Well, we'll talk of that another time. Any time will do for business. We can settle that in five minutes. There is to be a *barbecue* to-day, Mr. Fennimore; we are all going—you must go with us."

In vain did Fennimore plead that his engagements required his attention elsewhere—that he had no time for parties of pleasure—that he had no taste for such amusements, &c.

"No

"No taste for a barbecue!" exclaimed major Heyward. "You surprise me, Mr. Fennimore; no taste for a barbecue! Well, that shews you were not raised in Virginia. Time you should see a little of the world, sir; there's nothing in life equal to a barbecue, properly managed —a good old Virginia barbecue. Sir, I would not have you to miss it for the best horse on my plantation! Talking of horses," continued the cheerful old man, "reminds me that I can shew you a sight worth seeing;" and without waiting for a reply, he led his guest to his stables, where the grooms were feeding and rubbing down a number of beautiful blooded animals. These were successively paraded, and the proud owner descanted upon the merits of each, with a volubility that excluded every other subject, until breakfast was announced.

"Has Mr. Fennimore consented to join our party to-day?" inquired Miss

Pendleton, after they were seated at the breakfast-table.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the major; "Mr. Fennimore would be doing injustice to us, and to himself, if he did not improve such an opportunity of witnessing a festivity peculiar to our State. I am sure he would not be deprived of it upon any consideration."

"I cannot resist the temptation," said Fennimore, with a bow which Miss Pendleton took to herself, while her uncle received it as a tribute to his favourite amusement; and after a hasty meal, the parties separated, to prepare for the excursion.

The horses were soon at the door, and the party proceeded, attended by several servants, to the place of meeting. It was a gay and beautiful morning. They passed over a high mountainous ridge, by a winding and rugged path, which at some places seemed impracticable; but the horses, accustomed to these acclivities,

clivities, stepped cautiously from rock to rock, or nimbly leaped the narrow ravines that crossed the road, while the riders scarcely suffered any inconvenience from the irregularities of the surface. Sometimes the path led along the edge of a precipice, and they paused, to look down upon the broad-spread valleys, that lay extended in beautiful landscape before them. The song of the mocking-bird arrested their attention, as he sat among the branches of a tall tree, pouring forth his miscellaneous and voluble notes, imitating successfully all the songsters of the grove, and displaying a fullness, strength, and richness of voice, which often astonishes even those who are accustomed to his melody. Upon reaching the highest elevation of the ridge, they wound along its level surface, by a path well beaten and beautifully smooth, but so seldom travelled as to be covered with a growth of short grass. Its width was sufficient only to

admit the passage of a single horseman, and its course so winding, that the foremost rider was often concealed from the view of the last of the train. Dense thickets grew on either hand, and the branches of the trees interlocking above the riders' heads, formed a thick canopy, giving to this romantic path the appearance of a narrow serpentine archway, carved with art out of the tangled forest. Virginia, when she reached this elevated plain, seemed to feel as if in fairy land, and, loosening her rein, bounded away with the lightness of a bird, gracefully bending as she passed under the low boughs, gliding round the short angles, and leaping her beautiful steed over the logs that sometimes lay in the way. Fennimore galloped after, admiring her skill, and equally elated by the inspiring scene; while major Heyward, who thought it undignified to ride out of a walk, at any time except when following the hounds, followed at his leisure, wondering at the

levity

levity of the young people, which made them forget their gentility, and ride like dragoons or hired messengers.

Suddenly the path seemed to end at the brink of a tall cliff, and far below them they beheld the majestic Potomac, meandering through its deep vallies, and apparently forcing its way among piles of mountains. The charms of mountain scenery were enhanced by the endless variety of the rich and gorgeous, the placid and beautiful, the grand and terrific, that were here embraced in one view. At one place the tall naked rock rose in perpendicular cliffs to an immense height, terminating in bare spiral peaks; at another, the rounded elevations were covered with pines, cedars, and laurel, always indicating a sterile soil and a cold exposure. The mountain sides were clothed with verdure, in all the intervals between the parapets of rock; and the clear streams of water that fell from ledge to ledge, enlivened the prospect. Far

below, the rich valley spread out its broad bosom, studded with the noblest trees of the forest, the majestic tulip-tree, the elegant locust, the gum, the sugar-maple, the broad-spreading oak, and the hickory. The numberless flowering trees were in full bloom, and their odours filled the air with a rich perfume. The river, with its clear blue waters, was full of attraction, sometimes dashing round rocky points of the mountain, and sometimes flowing calmly through the valley; at one point placidly reposing in a wide basin, at another, rushing over a rocky ledge whitened with foam.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Virginia, as she reined up her horse, and gazed, with a delighted eye, over the wide-spread landscape.

"How exquisitely beautiful!" re-echoed Fennimore, as his admiring glance rested on the form of his lovely companion. Her deer-like animal, smoking with heat, and just sufficiently excited by

by exercise to bring every muscle into full action, to expand his nostrils and swell his veins, his fine neck arched, his head raised, his delicate ear thrown forward, and his clear eye sparkling, stood on the very edge of the cliff. The light figure of Virginia was rendered more graceful by an elegant riding-dress, closely fitted to her person, and extending below her feet: she sat with the ease of a practised rider; but her chief attraction, at this moment, was the animated expression of her features; her bonnet was pushed back from her fine forehead, her eye lighted up with pleasure, her cheek flushed and dimpled, her lips unclosed; and as she extended her whip in the direction indicated by her glance, Fennimore realized the most exquisite dreams, that his fancy had ever formed, of female loveliness.

She turned towards her companion, as his expression of admiration met her ear, blushed deeply when she discovered that his impassioned glance was directed

towards herself, and then, with a little dash of modest coquetry, which is quite natural in a pretty woman of eighteen, laughed, and resumed her descriptions; but her tones softened, and her conversation, without losing its sprightliness, assumed the richness and vividness of poetry, from an involuntary consciousness that all the young and joyous feelings of her heart were responded in kindred emotions from that of her companion.

In a few minutes they were joined by major Heyward, and the whole party descended the mountain by a precipitous path, which led to a part of the valley bordering on the Potomac.

Arrived at the place of rendezvous, a novel and enchanting scene was presented to the eye of our stranger. A level spot on the shore of the river had been divested of all its bushes and trees, except a few large poplars, which were left for shade, whose huge trunks had risen

to

to a majestic height, while their spreading branches interlocked, so as to form a canopy impervious to the sunbeams. Having been the scene of these festivities for many years, the ground was trodden hard, and covered with a thick sward of short grass. On three sides the forest was seen in its native wildness, tangled and luxuriant as it came from the hand of nature; on the other flowed the river. At the back part of the area was a fountain of limpid water —the Virginians always congregate around a cool spring—issuing from the rock, and filling a large basin, which served as a wine-cooler, and in which a few trout, kept with great care, sported their graceful forms.

The company began to assemble at an early hour—a gay and miscellaneous assemblage, somewhat aristocratic, but by no means exclusive: it was all of the class of freeholders, but included every variety of that class: some were mem-

bers of ancient families, well educated, polished and wealthy, proud of their birth and of their estates, simple and hospitable, though somewhat stately in their manners: some were decayed gentry, a little prouder than the nature of the case seemed to require, in consequence of their poverty; and others were plain farmers and their families, stout built, well fed, well clad, an intelligent and independent race, who lived on their own farms, and justly considered themselves the peers of the best in the land. In the whole circle there was much of the sturdiness and simplicity of an agricultural people, together with a degree of polish, not often found among mere farmers, and resulting here from the hospitable customs of the country, which induced a continual round of social intercourse, and from the fact that the land proprietors, being the owners of servants, had leisure to cultivate their minds, and visit their neighbours.

Among

Among them were many gentlemen of liberal education, some professional men of high attainments, and men in public life, or of large fortunes, who, spending a portion of every year in large cities, had acquired all the elegance of manners, and cultivation of intellect, which is found in the best circles. One peculiarity which usually marks a fashionable, or, more properly speaking, an exclusive society, was wanting here, namely, that uniformity in dress, in manners, in thought, and in phraseology, which results from a servile obedience to the canons of fashion—that dismal monotony of taste, which forces every gentleman to furnish his house after a prescribed model, and a whole community to dress as much alike as a body of soldiers in regimentals; reminding one of Pope's description of a garden, where

> "No pleasing intricacies intervene,
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene,
> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other."

This neighbourhood being secluded, and distant from the sea-board, fashions, coming with a tardy step, and from different quarters, were partially adopted, and never generally acquiesced in, nor carried to excess. Manufactures of every kind were at that time at a low ebb, and mechanics were not to be found in country neighbourhoods. The southern people, too, are habitually indolent, and while they often exhibit on the one hand great fondness for show, as often betray on the other the most absolute carelessness for appearances—an apparent contradiction, which arises from the fact, that though lavish in the expenditure of money, they will not endure any personal labour, or discomfort, in the purchase of luxury. If a splendid dress, vehicle, or article of furniture, can be readily procured, it is eagerly bought, without regard to the price; but if it cannot be had, the nearest substitute is cheerfully adopted; and they are too independent

dependent either to value each other on such adventitious possessions, or to mar their own happiness by repining at the want of them. From these various causes it arose, that while one lady was rolled to the fête in an elegant coach, with four fat horses, and plated harness, another of equal wealth came in a sorry vehicle, which might have been very superb in the days of her grandmother, but was now faded and crazy, drawn by a pair of blooded nags, hitched to it with tackle marvellously resembling plow-gear. An ancient spinster, whose last will and testament was a matter of interest with all kinsfolk, and of curiosity with the rest of her acquaintance, rode in a sorry affair, which had once been a creditable chaise, but was now transformed, by repeated mendings, into something resembling a hangman's cart; having undergone the same mutations to which our ships of war are subjected, in which timber after timber is supplied, until none of

the

the original material is left; the only difference being, that in the case of the carriage, no care had been taken to preserve the model, or to adapt the last repair to the one which had preceded it. The horses were generally elegant, but such a heterogeneous assortment of equipments! How could it be otherwise? There was not a saddler within fifty miles, and a gentleman who had the misfortune to break a rein, or carry away a buckle, not being able to procure a new article, must necessarily submit the old one to a negro cobbler, or leave it to the ingenuity of his own groom: the most usual plan was to supply the rent with the nearest string. Thus it happened that many of the animals were nobly caparisoned; elegant saddles, dashing saddle-cloths, martingales, and double-reined bridles, were abundant; but when one of these spruce affairs had chanced to be broken, a knot or a splice, with a thong of rein-deer skin, not unfrequently

frequently united the several parts, while a rope, or a strap of leather, was sometimes substituted for a girth: some gentlemen rode saddles without girths, and some rode with blind-bridles; for among this equestrian order, any thing that could be ridden with, or ridden upon, was better than walking, and any thing at all was far better than staying away from the barbecue.

However odd all this might seem at first sight to a stranger, there was something in it that was remarkably pleasant —a something which showed that the most detestable of all pride, that which estimates an individual by his external appearance, was totally wanting: there was a cordiality, a confidence in being kindly received for one's own sake, which was cheering to the heart. The girls, too, looked charmingly; and it was marvellous to see them coming in pairs, two on a horse, or mounted behind their fathers and brothers, laughing and chatting,

ting, and just as happy as if they had ridden in coaches: and then the greetings! one would have thought that a single clan had peopled the whole neighbourhood; the stately old gentlemen, as they shook hands, saluted each other as cousin Jones, cousin Lee, and cousin Thompson, with here and there an occasional Mr. or Sir; but the girls were all cousins, and the old ladies were aunts to all the world—that is, to all that part of the world which was paraded at the *barbecue*.

It was a gay scene—the horses hitched to the surrounding trees, the ladies sitting in groups, or parading about, and the gentlemen preparing for the diversions of the day. Some dispersed into the woods with their fowling-pieces, some distributed themselves along the rocks that overhung the river, and threw out their fishing-lines, and others launched their canoes in the stream, and sought the finny tribes in the eddies of the rapid current.

current. A few of the ladies participated in the amusement of angling, whether to show their skill in throwing out a bait, or to prove that they possessed the virtue of patience, is not known; but it is certain that they broke quite as many rods and lines as hearts.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IMMEDIATELY opposite the spot at which our party was assembled, the river rushed over a series of rocky ledges, intersected by numberless fissures, affording channels to the water, which at the same time foamed and dashed over the rocks. A number of the youth were amusing themselves in navigating these ripples with canoes. By keeping the channels, they could pass in safety down the rapids, but it required the greatest skill to avoid the rocks, and to steer the boat along the serpentine and sometimes angular passes, by which alone it could be brought in safety through the ripples: sometimes a canoe, missing its course, shot

shot off into a pool or eddy, where the still water afforded a secure harbour; but if it happened to touch a rock, in the rapid descent, inevitable shipwreck was the consequence. The competitors in this adventurous entertainment soon became numerous; several of the young ladies, who loved sport too well, or feared the water too little, to be deterred by the danger of a wetting, engaged in it; so that some of the canoes were seen to contain, besides the steersman, a single female, for these frail vessels were only intended for two persons.

They first pushed their canoes up the stream with poles, keeping close to the shore, where the current flowed with little rapidity, until they reached the head of the ripple; then taking their paddles, they shot out into the stream, guided their boats into the channels, darting down with the velocity of an arrow, sometimes concealed among the rocks, and sometimes hidden by the foam,

foam, and in a few minutes were seen gliding out over the smooth water below, having passed for nearly a mile through this dangerous navigation: sometimes they purposely forsook the channel, and showed their skill by turning suddenly into the eddies on either side, where they would wait until the next boat passed, and dart after it in eager chase. Dangerous as this amusement appeared, there was in fact little to be apprehended; for the upsetting of a canoe, which seldom occurred, would throw the passengers into shallow water, or lodge them against a rock, with no other injury than a wetting, or perhaps a slight bruise.

Fennimore, who had walked with Miss Pendleton to the shore, and watched the canoes for some time, proposed to her to join the party.

"Can you manage a canoe?" inquired she, hesitating.

"Try me," said he, gaily. "I would surely

surely not venture to take so precious a charge, without some confidence in my skill. I have been a western ranger for several years, and am quite familiar with the use of the paddle."

Virginia stepped into the canoe, and having seated herself in the prow, while Fennimore took possession of the stern, exclaimed—"A ranger! I am surprised, Mr. Fennimore; why, you do not look like a ranger!"

"Am I at liberty to consider that doubt as a compliment?"

"Oh no—I do not pay compliments. But I always thought that a ranger was a great rough man, with a blanket round his shoulders, a tomahawk at his belt, and a rifle in his hand."

"Such indeed is a part of the equipment of the backwoods soldier; and believe me, Miss Pendleton, many of the most gallant men of this day have earned their laurels in such a dress."

"Oh, terrible! you will destroy some

of

of my finest associations. I never think of a hero, without fancying him a tall, elegant man, in dashing regimentals, with a rich sword-knot, and a pair of remarkably handsome epaulets."

"Add to your picture a powdered head, a long queue, a stiff form, and measured tread, and you have the beau-ideal of a soldier of the school of baron Steuben."

"Say not a word against that school, Mr. Fennimore; it has produced a noble race of heroes. What would have become of our country, had it not been for those fine old generals, who trained our soldiers to war in the late revolution, and who were models of that neatness and military etiquette, which I am afraid you undervalue. We have a dear old gentleman here, whom you will see at dinner, and who is an excellent specimen of by-gone times."

"Who is he?"

"General Armour, one of our revolutionary

lutionary veterans, a most excellent man, but one who seems to think that the highest degree of human excellence consists in looking and acting like a soldier. He continues to wear his three-cornered hat, his buff waistcoat, and his blue regimental coat, turned up with red, and would rather part with his estate than with his black cockade."

"I honour such men," said Fennimore; "but see, here we are at the head of the rapids."

Fennimore paddled his light canoe over the smooth water above the rapids, advancing towards the reefs and then retiring, describing circles with his little vessel, as if to try his skill before he ventured among the breakers. He was evidently quite familiar with this exercise; and Virginia, as she beheld with admiration the strength and dexterity with which he handled the paddle, felt no longer the slightest timidity, but enjoyed the exciting sport.

"Let

"Let me now acknowledge freely," said Fennimore, as he cast his eye over the ripple, "that I am unwilling to attempt a dangerous navigation, which is new to me, with so valuable a charge."

Virginia smiled.—"I have often passed these rocks," said she, "and feel no fear; but if you have the slightest desire to return, let us do so."

The stranger hesitated, his prudence restraining him, while the natural ambition which a young man feels in the presence of a lady, urged him on, until Miss Pendleton relieved him, by saying —"Let us run no risks, Mr. Fennimore; I should not relish a wetting; and I am in fault for not telling you sooner, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for you to pass through the rapids without knowing the channel."

At this moment a canoe darted past them, containing a young lady and a gentleman. Both were laughing; and the young man, proud of his skill, in attempting

tempting to flourish his paddle round his head, as a kind of salute to Miss Pendleton, unluckily threw it from his hand. An exclamation of affright arose from both parties; for the canoe was rapidly approaching the breakers, while the steersman had no means of directing its course.

"Shall I follow?" cried Fennimore.

"By all means," exclaimed his companion; and in a moment he was rapidly pursuing the drifting canoe. The latter kept its course for a little while, then swinging round, floated with the broadside to the current, rising and sinking with an unsteady motion, now striking one end against a rock, and whirling round, and now the other, and sometimes darting head-foremost through the spray. Fennimore pressed on with admirable skill, urging his canoe forward with all his strength, to overtake them, and guiding it with unerring sagacity. He had nearly reached the object of his

pursuit, when it struck a rock, and upset, throwing the lady and gentleman into the deepest part of the channel.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Fennimore!—guide the canoe!" exclaimed Virginia, rapidly, as with admirable presence of mind she rose from her seat, kneeled in the boat, and leaning forward, caught the floating lady by the arm, while Fennimore, at the same instant, by a powerful exertion, threw the canoe into an eddy where the waters were still. The whole was the work of an instant; but it was witnessed from the shore, and a burst of applause excited by the presence of mind shown by Fennimore and Miss Pendleton. The dripping lady was drawn into the boat; the drooping gentleman, who had crawled on a rock, was taken in as a passenger; and when they reached the shore, it would have been difficult to guess that any of the laughing party had met with a disaster. They were greeted with a hundred merry voices

voices as they ascended the bank, and Mr. Fennimore forgot, in the lively scene, that he was a stranger.

It was now nearly noon, when the arrival of a hunting-party, that had gone out at daybreak, attracted universal attention. At its head rode an elderly man, of large frame, whose face was browned by many a summer's sun: he wore a suit of plain home-spun; a handkerchief was bound closely round his head, instead of a hat, and his legs, from a little above the knee downward, were wrapped in buckskin, to protect them from the briars, in riding rapidly through the forest. Under one arm hung a large powder-horn; on the other side was suspended a square pouch; and a broad leathern belt, buckled closely round him, kept his dress and accoutrements confined to his body. A large buck, the noblest trophy of the morning's chase, was thrown across the horse, behind the saddle, and bound to the rider's back,

with the head and feet dangling on either side against the flanks of the steed. After him came a dozen hunters, mostly young men, variously equipped, some in gay hunting-shirts, with elegant rifles, and others in the plainer garb of ordinary woodsmen. Among them they brought several deer of a smaller size, and a variety of wild turkeys, and smaller game.

"What a fine buck!" exclaimed several voices. "Ah, colonel Antler, you always carry the day!"

"And so he should," said general Armour; "the veterans should set good examples to the new recruits. I congratulate you, my old friend."

"True enough," replied the hunter, "we ought to lead the young fellows; but, to tell the truth, I have trained these lads until some of them know almost as much as myself."

A loud laugh from the hunters followed this speech.

"Come,"

"Come," said general Armour, "do us the favour to make your report; tell us how the buck was taken, before you alight."

"Hard duty that," replied the leading hunter, "for I am as dry as a powder-horn. But the story is very short. We had agreed to *drive;* I had seen large tracks about the Cold Spring, up in the North Hollow lately, for several mornings in succession, and I knew that a big buck *haunted* about there. We determined to surround him, and accordingly stationed ourselves at different points. I placed myself behind a large tree, on a path leading across the hollow; a driver was sent in to start the game, and presently I saw this fine fellow stealing along at an easy gallop, treading as gently as a cat, and leaping over the logs so lightly as hardly to crush a leaf. There was a light breeze from the south, and some of the young men had gone up in that direction, ex-

pecting that he would run with his nose to the wind, and so he did, until he scented them, when he suddenly turned towards the place where I stood; I knew exactly where he would stop, and remained perfectly still. On he came at an easy *lope*, until he reached the top of a little knoll about sixty yards from me; there he halted, wheeled round, and stood perfectly still, with one fore-foot raised, the ear thrown forward, and his eye flashing, listening and snuffing the breeze. I fired, and down he fell. In a moment he rose and dashed off; but I knew I had *saved* him, dropped the but of my rifle, and began to load. A hunter, general, should never quit the spot from which he fires, until he loads up again."

"That's right, colonel, on military principles."

"I know it to be right, on hunting principles."

"It is mathematically and morally right,"

right," replied the veteran; "military rules are all founded on the immutable basis of truth: but I beg pardon; proceed, sir."

"The company all knew the crack of my rifle, and came galloping up; the dogs took the trail of the blood, and away they all went in chace, as hard as their horses could carry them. I mounted, rode quietly over the hill, and fell in ahead of them, just as the buck had turned to bay. Up came the young gentlemen, and slipped in between me and the game, but without seeing me. Charles Cleaveland had raised his gun to his face, and my nephew Will, the rogue, was taking aim, when I said, 'boys!' They both looked round, and at the same moment my bullet whistled between them, and knocked over the buck."

"Bravo!" cried several voices.

"That was not fair, uncle," cried Miss Pendleton; "you outwitted the

other gentlemen by your superior knowledge of the woods."

"Hey? cousin Virginia, not fair! Why, what's the use of an old hunter's experience, but to outwit the bucks—the old bucks of the woods, and the young bucks of the settlements."

"I have done, uncle," replied Virginia, laughing.

"Well, here's one who has nothing to complain of—George Lee; he found a fat yearling doe on the Pine Ridge, and brought her off. Henry Mountford has another, and the rest of them have shot small game."

The party now alighted, and the servants were soon employed in preparing the game for dinner.

A long table was now spread under the trees, and loaded with an abundant and not inelegant repast. Venison, poultry, hams, and rounds of beef, cooked on the ground, sent up their savoury vapours, while numberless huge baskets of

of cold viands, consisting of pullets, tongues, bread, cakes, and pastry, supplied that variety and profusion of eatables, which are supposed to have characterized the hospitality of our worthy grandmothers. The company took their seats with great decorum, and no small parade of etiquette; and the preparations for a general onset, like the breaking ground of a besieging army, advanced with system, and with a due attention to all the little details customarily observed on such solemn occasions. But as the scene became more lively, good things were said, and eaten, with a rapidity that would have defied the skill of even a modern reporter; and amidst the Babel of voices, a few only of the most prominent speakers could be occasionally heard.

"I'll trouble you, general Armour, for a slice of that venison; take it rare, if you please; pardon me for interrupting you——"

"I was about to remark, that when general Washington determined to cut off the supply of provisions from Philadelphia——"

"Bad business that—cutting off provisions," remarked the venison-eater.

"General, a morsel of the fat, if you please."

"—When general Washington, in '77, determined——"

"Allow me to recommend this fish, general."

"I am very well helped——determined to cut off——"

"Did you say fish, madam? With great pleasure. Let me add some of this butter, and a glass of wine. My father, madam, who was a very facetious old gentleman——"

"He detached six hundred militia over the Schuylkill, under general Potter——"

"Quite a wit; I knew him well."

"He intercepted their foraging parties,

ties, as directed by the commander-in-chief——"

"—Was very fond of fish, madam."

"Who, general Washington?"

"No, sir, my late father. He used to say that fish should swim three times——"

"On the roads leading to Chester, Lancaster, and——"

"Three times, madam; first in the water, then in butter, and then in wine."

"General Washington remarking that——"

"—Dancing was a popular amusement——"

"—Gave strict orders——"

"The fiddlers should be kept sober."

"What did you say about the tender passion, madam?"

"General Knox——"

"—Who played the first fiddle——"

"—Wrote the Essay on Man——"

"—Between sun-set and roll-call——"

"—So the leather affairs were sent to general Lee——"

"—A very pathetic story——"

"—Told in Hume's England."

"—For my father, you know, ma'am, was a witty man."

Buzz, buzz, buzz! all became a confused clatter, which continued until the cloth was removed, and the ladies retired. A separation of the three estates now took place; the elder gentlemen remained at the table—the matronly portion of the females betook themselves to the surrounding seats—and the youthful part of the assembly arranged themselves in sets for dancing. Mr. Fennimore had already discovered that Miss Pendleton was emphatically *the Belle;* and her title to this distinction became more evident, when the younger part of the company, relieved from the presence of their seniors, were enabled to act out their own characters more freely. The young ladies evidently yielded to her the

the precedence, and the gentlemen were emulous in paying her attention. As the acknowledged heiress of major Heyward, her expectations, in point of fortune, were of the brightest character, and in beauty she had no superior; while her vigorous understanding, the decision of her mind, and the playfulness of her conversation, threw an air of freshness and originality around her, as rare as it was captivating. Among her constant admirers, the most devoted was George Lee, a young gentleman, whose fine person was only equalled by the utter imbecility of his mind. He was tall, stout, well built, and easy in his deportment. His features, taken singly, were manly and handsome; but his face, as a whole, had not the slightest expression of any thing but good-nature. Amiable, kind, generous to prodigality, and simple as a child, there never lived a more artless, a better tempered, or a weaker man. His fine appearance, and

gentlemanly deportment, never failed to earn him respect, on a first acquaintance; and the goodness of his heart rendered him a general favourite among those who had known him long.—"Will you dance with me, cousin Virginia?" said he, as soon as he could plant himself at her side.

"I have almost promised not to dance to-day."

"But with *me!* I know you will dance with *me.* I have been trying all day to get to speak to you."

"I am glad you were so much better employed."

"No, that was not the reason; but you are always so surrounded. You know that I would rather talk to you than do any thing else in the world."

"Do not talk so, cousin George."

"Why not? You know I think so. I am not ashamed of it. You know that I have always told you so. But you do not know the half that I feel——"

"I will

"I will dance with you, Mr. Lee," said Miss Pendleton, willing to interrupt his silly courtship.

"Thank you; but don't call me *Mr. Lee*—you know I can't bear that;" and away they tripped.

The company separated at an early hour; and Mr. Fennimore was not displeased at having shared the festivities of this agreeable day, or at being destined to pass another night under the hospitable roof of major Heyward.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

As Mr. George Lee will come occasionally under the notice of the reader, during the progress of this history, we think it advisable to devote a few pages to some special details, relating to his parentage and character. This interesting young gentleman, the descendant of an ancient family, was the only son of a respectable planter, who lived and died upon his own estate, adjoining to that of major Heyward, to whom he was distantly related. The elder Mr. Lee was only distinguished among his neighbours as an industrious man, who superintended his labourers faithfully during the day,

and

and smoked his pipe contentedly at night. He pursued this life so evenly, for many years, that the only vicissitudes which marked his days, were those produced by the revolutions of the seasons, or the changes of the atmosphere —except, indeed, that he was occasionally induced to join a hunting expedition in the mountains, or allured to the lowlands, to participate in a feast of oysters. Having been reared on the borders of the Blue Ridge, he had been early instructed in the use of the gun; and long before he reached the age of manhood, could track the timorous deer through all the labyrinths of the forest. He had even ventured upon more dangerous enterprizes, and on more than one occasion had joined the gallant volunteers of his native state in repelling the incursions of the savage tribe. When he married, he hung up his rifle and laid aside his mocasins, but still cherished them

them as old acquaintances, and could be prevailed upon at any time, by slight entreaty, to resume them both. He had many acquaintances among the lowland gentry, who loved his society, because he had a good appetite and a hard head, was fond of oysters and apple-toddy, and was an excellent listener; and, what was perhaps not the least of his good qualities, he seldom made them a visit, without carrying with him a fat mountain-deer as a present; he was therefore an occasional, and always a welcome visiter, at those glorious fish-feasts, at which the gentlemen of Virginia display such consummate skill in catching, cooking, and consuming, the inhabitants of the deep. He was so well pleased upon such occasions, that he might have become a punctual participant in these festivities, had it not been for the frequent admonitions of Mrs. Lee, who observed that her husband, though rigidly temperate

at

at home, never returned from such merry-meetings without exhibiting a certain unnatural exhilaration of spirits, not exactly conforming with this good lady's notions of propriety; she therefore, more than once, hinted that oysters and toddy did not agree with Mr. Lee; and that gentleman, who had implicit faith in the penetration of his helpmate, as readily promised to eat fewer oysters and more trout, and to substitute brandy and water for toddy; but as this arrangement neither produced the desired effect, nor satisfied the lady, he at last compounded matters, like a good husband, by agreeing to go to the lowlands but twice a-year. Under this convention, which was kept inviolate, matters went on like clock-work; the plough and the loom were plied incessantly; the fields grew wider, and the tobacco crops more abundant; the negroes were fat and well clad; and Mr. Lee, as he ripened in years, increas-

ed

ed in substance. The lady, who was the moving cause of this prosperity, may be sketched off in a few words. Like her husband, she came of an aristocratic stock; but, unlike him, she was shrewd, sensible, active, and gifted with an uncommon knack for managing every thing, and every body around her: she managed the plantation, the dairy, the poultry, the household, the negroes; she managed her husband; and what was better than all, she regulated her own temper and conduct with great decorum, and managed to be the most popular woman in the neighbourhood. Of book-learning she had not much, for ladies, in that dark age, were not taught the sciences, did not visit lyceums, and had no souvenirs; but then Mrs. Lee had a mind of her own; her sensibilities were acute, and her ambition great; and as she carefully improved every opportunity for gaining information, she became

came as intelligent as a lady could well be, without the interesting aids above mentioned.

Such had been the prosperous condition of this family for several years, when the oppressions of Great Britain began to awaken her colonies to a sense of their rights. Mr. Lee, for a long time, turned a deaf ear to the murmurs which surrounded him. Having been in the habit of waiting on all occasions for Mrs. Lee to go foremost, it never occurred to him to be discontented, while she seemed to be satisfied; he was as happy as a clam; his horses thrived, and his corn yielded famously; and when his neighbours indignantly repeated their long catalogue of grievances, he quietly responded, that king George had never done *him* any harm; but no sooner did that good lady take the patriot side, and incautiously drop a rebellious expression in his hearing, than he began to examine the

the case with different eyes: by degrees, as the wrongs of his country were more clearly developed, a radical change was operated in his feelings and habits. He became a frequent attendant at public meetings, employed an overseer to conduct his business, and took to reading the newspapers; he lighted his pipe more frequently than usual, and walked to and fro, for hours on the lawn before his door, with the air of a person in great perplexity. His wife observed all this with silent anxiety, for she was not in the habit of crossing his humours, but rather of directing them skilfully to the accomplishment of her own purposes; and after some days she ventured to ask her husband what engaged his thoughts so busily. Mr. Lee, like a boy who is about to ask a boon which he expects will not be granted, had not courage to face the question when thus suddenly presented; and hastily replying that he hardly

hardly knew what he was thinking about, put on his hat, and sallied forth to his accustomed promenade. After marching about for several hours with unusual agility, he returned with the air of a man who has made up his mind, and sitting down by his good lady, said —" I'll tell you, Mrs. Lee, what I have been considering about. I think that king George is neither an honest man nor a gentleman; and if he sends any more of his soldiers to murder their fellow-subjects in these colonies, I'll be the first man to shoulder a musket against them." To his surprise, his excellent better half not only applauded this spirited resolution, but complimented his patriotism in the most flattering terms.

As we design to write the history of the father only as introductory to that of the son, we shall not ask the reader to accompany the former through all his campaigns. Suffice it to say, that he

he was a brave, though not an active officer; and that after serving his country faithfully during the whole war, and attaining the rank of captain, he retired, when the struggle was over, to his beloved retreat among the Blue Mountains; besides some honourable scars, he brought back with him several new propensities. He rose at daybreak, and having swallowed a mint-julep, sallied forth bare-headed, in his slippers, and without his coat; and having cooled himself in the open air, repaired to his station in the chimney-corner. This, which he called "turning out at reveillé," he practised at all seasons. He had, moreover, learned several military and political maxims, which, as a soldier and a revolutionary patriot, he felt bound to live up to. One of these was, that a captain should command his own company, a proposition which he failed not to repeat to Mrs. Lee, whenever he suspected

pected her of intruding upon his authority; and another referred to the "indefeasible" right of *pursuing happiness*, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, which guaranteed to him, as he supposed, the privilege of entertaining as much company as he pleased, and of eating as many oysters, and drinking as much brandy, as he found pleasant and palatable. His pipe became his inseparable companion, and the management of all his affairs devolved on his wife. He was a diligent reader of the newspapers, and pored incessantly over the numerous political tracts which issued from the presses of that day. He became a great talker; and described the various scenes of the war in which he had been engaged, with a minuteness which nothing but their intense interest could have rendered tolerable. Of his own personal adventures, he spoke sparingly, and with great modesty, though

his merits had been great. Once or twice only, he informed a confidential friend, that he deserved to have been made a general for his exploits, and would undoubtedly have attained that rank, had it not been for his want of talents and education; but he ventured such remarks with great caution, and never until after dinner.

It will be readily imagined, that Mr. George Lee, junior, was an apt pupil in the school of so meritorious a parent: the heir of a large estate, he early learned that he lived only to enjoy it, and to spend it like a gentleman. The descendant of a revolutionary hero, he felt it incumbent on him to support the dignity of his family. Accustomed to see his father's table loaded with a profusion of the bounties of nature, and surrounded by crowds of welcome guests, hospitality became, in his eyes, the chief of the cardinal virtues. His father, doting upon the

the beautiful boy, who was said to be the exact image of himself, carried him with him, not only in his daily walks and rides around his own plantation, but to the numerous parties and carousals upon which he was now a regular attendant. Before he was twelve years old, this precious youth could follow the hounds at full speed through the woods, with the dexterity of a practised fox-hunter; at fourteen, he was a member of a fishing-club, and an excellent judge of cookery and madeira; and at sixteen, when his worthy progenitor was gathered to his fathers, the accomplished heir took his place in society, qualified in all respects to fill the void occasioned by this melancholy event.

To be brief—George Lee was a good fellow, a thorough sportsman, and a most hospitable man. His purse, his horses, and his wine, were always at the service of his friends. Too good-humoured to

make an enemy, too generous to envy others, and too feeble of intellect to lay any plan beyond the enjoyment of the present moment, he had no desires which extended farther than the next meal, nor any anxieties which a bumper of madeira could not dispel. His mother had long since abandoned the hopeless task of training his mind to any serious pursuit, or any solid excellence, because it was impossible to cultivate that which did not exist. But he had affections, which were easily moulded, and through these she obtained all that in such a case was practicable—the entire management of his estate, and the accomplishment of any temporary purpose on which she set her heart.

It was in consequence of a plan early matured by this politic lady, that George Lee attached himself to Virginia Pendleton. The latter was an orphan, the niece, not of major Heyward, but of his wife.

wife. She was adopted by them in her infancy, and as they had no children of their own, became the idol of their hearts, and the acknowledged heiress of major Heyward's fortune. When Mrs. Heyward died, Virginia was quite young, and Mrs. Lee supplied, to some extent, the place of a mother to the orphan girl, by giving her advice from time to time, and directing her inquisitive mind to proper studies, and correct sources of information; and often did she wish that she had found in her son a pupil of equal docility and intelligence. It therefore very naturally occurred to her, that if George was deficient in intellect, it was the more necessary that he should have a highly-gifted wife, who could manage his affairs, and by her talents and personal charms, acquire a decided influence over himself. For this office, Virginia was eminently qualified; and to this important station, Mrs. Lee had

the kindness to devote her, even in her childhood. They were thrown together continually; the affectionate appellation of *cousin* was used between them, and their intercourse was that of brother and sister. Virginia, grateful for the kindness of Mrs. Lee, the full value of whose friendship she had the discernment to see, and the sensibility to feel, became sincerely attached to George—but with an affection precisely similar to that which she felt for his mother and major Heyward. They stood to her in the place of relatives. And such also were the feelings of George Lee, until he was nearly grown to manhood, when the judicious hints of his mother, pointing out the eminent attractions of Virginia, the suitableness of their ages, tastes, and tempers, and the contiguity of their estates, opened his eyes to a new idea, which, once indulged, remained for ever implanted in his heart. Not that he,

for

for a moment, entered into the spirit of his mother's calculating policy; he was too careless of wealth, too improvident, and too generous, to form a sordid wish; but when the possibility of a marriage with Virginia was suggested to his fancy, her own matchless charms warmed in his heart a love as fervent as it was disinterested.

Virginia discovered this passion, in the altered manners of her young friend, with unaffected regret, and with a determination to discourage it by every means in her power. She continued to treat him with the same kindness and confidence which had always characterized their intercourse; while she endeavoured to withdraw herself from his society, as much as was practicable, without exciting observation. With Mrs. Lee she was more explicit; and when that lady, at first to feel her way, and afterwards to advance a project which

seemed feasible, threw out repeated hints, which at length became so broad as not to be misunderstood, she replied to them with a frankness, an earnestness, and a spirit, which convinced the female politician that she understood, deplored, and disrelished, the whole plan.

But Mr. Lee was not so easily repulsed: he was not sufficiently keen-sighted to discover the bearing of a gentle hint; nor were his sensibilities delicate enough to be wounded by a slight repulse. He remained true to his first love, following the idol of his affections into every company, besieging her at home, and urging his suit with pressing importunity, whenever a favourable opportunity—or an unfavourable one, for he was not very particular—occurred. More than once was his suit kindly and respectfully, but decidedly, rejected. After a repulse, George betook himself to his horses, his dogs, his gun, and his wine,

wine, with unwonted assiduity. No one discovered any evidence of despair in his voice or look; his laugh was as loud as ever, and his song as joyous—but the number of foxes that he took, and the bottles that he cracked, after each refusal, was marvellous. A few weeks, or at most a few months, brought him back to Virginia's feet. Such was the state of affairs at the period which we have chosen for the commencement of this history.

CHAP. V.

It was sunset when major Heyward and his party reached home. Never had Fennimore passed so delightful a day. The hospitality and politeness of his entertainment had taught him to forget that he was a stranger. Their free and joyous hilarity had excited his feelings, and given a fresh impulse to his heart. His conversational powers were naturally fine, and were rendered peculiarly agreeable, by a simplicity and frankness peculiar to himself; but under the influence of a high flow of spirits, his manner acquired a more than ordinary vivacity, his language became copious and brilliant,

brilliant, and the rich stores of his mind began to exhibit their exuberance. Two hours passed rapidly away; the parties, pleased with each other, conversed with that freedom which is the result of perfect confidence, and with a degree of wit and animation, which showed how highly they all enjoyed the intellectual repast. It was one of those happy moments which seldom occur, when persons pleased with each other, and surrounded by propitious circumstances, are happy without effort, and agreeable without design.

Major Heyward was in the habit of retiring early to bed, and when his servant appeared to attend him to his chamber, Mr. Fennimore desired an audience of a few minutes with so much earnestness, that he was invited to accompany the worthy old man to his sleeping-apartment. Here they remained some time engaged in business, and then all the parties separated for the night.

Mr. Fennimore, finding that it was still early, sat down to write a letter to his friend Charles Wallace, a young attorney in Philadelphia, in which the events of the day were alluded to, and certain characters described, in language which, the reader may well suppose, was quite as sentimental as the occasion required. We shall not copy this epistle, but will content ourselves with treating the reader to one or two of the concluding paragraphs.

"—— So much for Virginia Pendleton, the belle of the Blue Mountains, the fairest and brightest vision that has ever warmed by fancy! How faint until now were all my conceptions of female loveliness! How little did I dream of that concentration of attractions, that intensity of excellence, that combination of charms, which I have now witnessed! How many excellent qualities have I this day seen combined in the

the character of this extraordinary female—exquisite beauty, superior intelligence, elegant wit, and the utmost sweetness of disposition! Of the other attributes of her mind and heart I am ignorant; but with respect to those that I have enumerated, I cannot be mistaken."

If the reader will pardon us for the interruption, we suggest that the last averment savours of what the lawyers call *surplusage*. It is certainly an unnecessary averment; for how *could* a young gentleman be mistaken in such plain matters? We admire the argument of a love-letter, or of any letter treating of the mysteries of this all-pervading passion. Let us proceed:—

"You will, no doubt, now take it into your wise head that I am in love, or at least that I am rapidly imbibing the delightful, the dangerous poison. Let me assure you seriously, that nothing is farther

ther from my intentions. I have already wooed a mistress, under whose banner I am enlisted. Plighted to the service of my country, with the path of fame bright before me, I may not linger in the bowers of pleasure. Even Miss Pendleton has no charms, when weighed in the balance against my duty. But why should I speak of her? I, a pennyless man, unknown to fame—a needy soldier, depending on my sword, with an aged mother to support? And she, 'the observed of all observers,' the darling of her friends, the heiress of a noble fortune! It is painful to reflect on the disparity between us, yet dangerous to think of her in any other light. * * * *

"To-morrow morning I must bid adieu to Walnut-Hill, to Miss Pendleton, and to the generous-hearted major Heyward. When I left Philadelphia, to rejoin the army now encamped in the

the wilderness bordering on the Ohio, I was intrusted with dispatches for general Wayne. At my earnest request, I was permitted to take this place in my route, and to halt one day, to attend to my own personal affairs, but was admonished at the same time, that as the letters committed to my care were important, any further delay would not be allowed. I have therefore no choice; and perhaps it is well for me that I have none. Virginia Pendleton is not a common woman; and it would be madness for me to remain within the magic circle of her attractions."

At the very moment that Mr. Fennimore was inditing these amorous and heroic sentiments, Miss Pendleton was seated at her writing-desk, penning a note to her bosom friend, Mrs. Mountford, a young lady recently married. The ideas of the fair writer ran off in the following train:—

"I am

"I am sorry, my dear Caroline, that you were not with us to-day—we had such a delightful party! You cannot think how much I regretted your absence, nor how much you lost by it. The weather was very agreeable, and the scenery of the river-shore, and the mountains, was never more beautiful than at this moment. The arrangements were charming. I think I never saw a barbecue pass off so happily. There was no shower, nor any disastrous accident—except the upsetting of a canoe, by which nobody was hurt. Mrs. Lee superintended the preparation of the dinner, with her usual taste. General Armour had a new story for the occasion; the Peytons had new bonnets, and we had a new beau. The latter made quite a sensation among the girls, and I have no doubt I shall have a dozen morning visiters to-morrow—for he is staying with us. Can you guess who it is?

is? If you cannot, you must remain in the dark, for I can give you little assistance. He is a young officer, just dropped into our neighbourhood, from the moon, or from the frontier, or from some other parts unknown. He is at our house, so that I have the honour of entertaining him; he is not at all handsome, though I think him clever.

"I shall not be able, dear Caroline, to spend to-morrow evening with you, as I proposed, for my uncle cannot accompany me, and you know I am unwilling to leave him alone. Mr. Fennimore, our guest, will remain, I suppose, some days with us, and although his visit is entirely to my uncle, and on business, I must, as in duty bound, make my appearance as lady of the mansion, and do the honours, to the best of my poor ability. Mr. Fennimore has travelled a good deal, and is quite intelligent; I think you would be pleased with him.

"Do

"Do come and dine with me to-morrow—you and Mr. B——. If you are still determined on taking that dreadful journey over the mountains, it may be useful to you to see Mr. Fennimore, who is just from that country, and can tell you all about it. He is remarkably agreeable in conversation; I am very sure you will like him."

Having sealed this note, Virginia retired to repose, and was soon wrapped in that calm forgetfulness which attends the slumbers of the young and innocent. About midnight she was awakened by the terrific cry of "fire!" Springing to the floor, she hastily threw a cloak around her, and rushed to the chamber-door; but as she opened it, a thick volume of smoke burst in, and she beheld with affright a sheet of flame enveloping the whole staircase. Retreat in that direction was impossible. She had the presence of mind to close the door, and recollecting

recollecting that the roof of a piazza extended under her window, she determined to make her escape that way. But here an object met her view, more terrific than the devouring element: the shoulders and head of a man of most hideous appearance, occupied the window to which she was approaching. The face was larger than common, and, to her excited imagination, seemed of superhuman dimensions. The complexion was sanguine, and its redness heightened by the glare of the fire; the features were harsh and savage; a beard of several weeks' growth covered the lower part of the face, while the uncovered head displayed an immense mass of tangled coarse red hair. The malignant eye that scowled upon her, was full of savage ferocity; and a demoniac laugh, which distended the mouth of this human monster, conveyed to the affrighted girl a sensation of horror,

such

such as she had never before experienced. A single glance told her that the apparition was not imaginary, that the form was that of a stranger, and that the purpose of his visit was sinister. But Virginia was of an heroic mould; she neither screamed nor fainted, but summoning all her resolution, turned towards a window in the opposite direction, and was retreating, when Fennimore entered the chamber, having clambered up the blazing staircase at the risk of his life.

"Fly, fly, Miss Pendleton!" he exclaimed, as he caught her hands, and drew her towards the same window at which she had seen the object of her terror.

"Oh, not there! not there!" she cried; "stop, for mercy's sake, we shall all be murdered!"

Fennimore, attributing her incoherent expressions to an excess of terror caused by the fire, delayed not, but catching

catching her up in his arms, proceeded towards the window. Virginia uttered a piercing shriek, and struggled to release herself.

"Pardon me," said Fennimore—"excuse my rudeness," as he threw up the window, and passed through it with his lovely burthen. In a moment he stood on the roof of the piazza.

"See there!" screamed Virginia, as her eye caught a glimpse of the figure of a man stealing behind a distant chimney. "Oh fly, Mr. Fennimore! hasten from this dreadful spot."

Fennimore involuntarily turned his head in the direction indicated, and saw a man leaning against the chimney; he looked again, and the figure had disappeared.

The servants, who were filled with consternation, and crowded round the blazing pile, running to and fro without order, or definite purpose, now beheld them

them, and hastened to their assistance. One of the stoutest negroes, mounting on a table under the eaves of the low roof, was enabled to receive his young mistress in his arms, while Fennimore leaped nimbly to the ground.

No sooner was Virginia in safety, than she looked round for her uncle, and not perceiving him in the crowd that pressed round to congratulate her on her escape, eagerly inquired for him. The negroes, habitually indolent, timid, and thoughtless, stood gazing in terror on the conflagration, without thinking on the possibility of extinguishing the flames, or of rescuing either life or property; but they loved their master, and when his name was mentioned, made a general movement towards his apartment. In a moment the voice of Fennimore was heard, like that of one accustomed to command, leading and directing them. The passive blacks, used

to

to implicit obedience, followed him with alacrity; but it was all in vain. The fire seemed to have originated in major Heyward's chamber, and the flames were bursting from every window. Fennimore burst open a door and rushed in, but was speedily driven out by a volume of smoke and flame.—"Follow me," he exclaimed impatiently to the blacks; "rush in, and save your master!" and again he entered the apartment with some of the most intrepid of the negroes. Their efforts were herculean. Several times they had nearly reached the bed, and as often were driven back by the flames; and the negroes at last returned, dragging out Mr. Fennimore, who was struck down by a falling rafter. Exposure to the cool air revived him instantly, and he returned with desperate courage to the room, exclaiming—"Follow me! in there, in, my brave boys!" It was a forlorn hope, but

but the effort was gigantic. The negroes, attached to their master, and excited by the heroic bearing of their young leader, now worked as if in their native element. The side of the house, which was of frame, was torn away, and in a few minutes the lifeless body of major Heyward was dragged out of the ruins.

By this time the whole pile was in flames. There was no longer any occasion for exertions, except in removing the furniture from some of the apartments. The neighbours, who began to arrive, and the domestics, stood round in silence. Virginia hung, in mute agony, over the body of major Heyward, who had been to her more than a father. Nor was she alone in her sorrow. Though none of those around her were possessed of sensibilities as keen as her own, or had the same personal cause for grief, yet the respect and affection entertained

tertained by all for the worthy old man, and the awful manner of his death, caused universal sorrow. At length the flames began to sink; Virginia was torn almost by force from the spot, and carried to the house of her friend, Mrs. Mountford; the neighbours dispersed—darkness and silence settled over the spot, and a heap of smoking ruins occupied the place which was so lately the seat of hospitality and cheerfulness.

CHAP. VI.

THE whole neighbourhood assembled at the funeral of major Heyward; and it was a melancholy sight to behold the same individuals, who but two days before had mingled together on a festive occasion, now collected to pay the last sad duties to one of the most conspicuous of the number. The feelings excited by this reflection were rendered the more vivid, by the awful nature of the catastrophe which had occurred; and as the sad procession moved silently away to the family burial-place, an uninterrupted silence pervaded the company. The deceased had been universally

sally loved and respected. His age, his wealth, and his standing in society, had given him an influence over those around him, which had been honestly and kindly exercised; and although he held no official station, it was felt that his decease was a public loss. Another must inherit his wealth, and sway its influence; but would his conciliatory spirit descend to his heir, and his virtues be practised by the inheritor of his estate? Such were the mingled sensations of those who followed the remains of this excellent man to their last earthly receptacle.

But that intensity of feeling, which, on the occurrence of an unexpected and strikingly melancholy event, absorbs, for a while, all other subjects, and employs every faculty of the mind, is of brief continuance. The practice observed at military funerals, of marching to the grave with solemn music, and re-

turning from it with cheerful inspiring notes, is natural, and beautifully expressive of human character; for it is thus that the heart of man throws off the burthen of sorrow, and though bowed low for the moment, regains its cheerfulness, as the flower, weighed down by the morning dew, erects itself as the sun exhales the incumbent moisture. As the mourners retired from the grave, the silence which had prevailed among them began to be broken, and curiosity, which had heretofore been suppressed by grief and astonishment, became audible. A thousand surmises and reports, touching the fatal accident, were repeated and canvassed. Every one had his own version of the catastrophe, and its attendant circumstances.

"Have you heard the particulars?" inquired an old lady, in a tremulous tone, and conveying the remainder of the

the inquiry by a mysterious shake of the head.

The person addressed applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and only ejaculated the words—"Too shocking!"

"One hardly knows what to believe, there are so many stories," said an old maid.

"I am told," said a gentleman, "that our lamented friend has lately been in the habit of reading in bed; and it is supposed, that, having received some letters, which he had not had time to examine sooner, he had caused a light to be placed by his bedside——"

"All a mistake," cried colonel Antler; "no man of sense ever went to bed to read letters; my worthy friend rose at daybreak, and retired early to his pillow for repose."

"He was a man of plethoric habit," said a consumptive gentleman, who now intruded his ghostly form between the

last two speakers; "very plethoric; and you know, gentlemen, that such persons hold their lives by a very uncertain tenure. Your full-fed, lusty, corpulent men, are short-lived at best, and subject to very sudden attacks. There is very little doubt that this was a case of apoplexy, and that, in his struggles, a candle, that happened to be within reach, was thrown over——"

"That is all surmise," said another speaker.

"Mere surmise," rejoined yet another; "the truth seems to be, that when major Heyward was last seen by his servants, he was sitting at a table, covered with papers, in his arm-chair, with his spectacles on——"

"I am sure that you must be misinformed," cried a lady; "for Mrs. Lee, who is very intimate with the family, assured me that he had gone to bed fully two hours before the alarm took place."

"I spoke

"I spoke to the major's body-servant this morning," said colonel Antler.

"Oh, did you?"

"Then you know all about it?"

"Major Heyward, and Mr. Fennimore, the young gentleman who was on a visit there, had some private business, and retired to the major's chamber after tea——"

"There!" cried a lady, "that is just what I heard. The business was of a very mysterious character—was it not, colonel?"

"I cannot say as to that."

"But did you not hear that both the gentlemen became very much irritated, and got to such high words, that Virginia Pendleton, becoming very much alarmed, rushed into the room, just as major Heyward ordered the young man to leave his house instantly."

"No, madam, I did not hear that; and I am very certain that major Hey-

ward never ordered a stranger to leave his house in the night."

"But, my dear sir, if he suspected the stranger of a design to rob and murder him?"

"That indeed would alter the case."

"Well, I assure you, sir, I had it from a lady, who heard it from a particular friend of the Walnut Hill family, that when this Mr. Fennimore arrived, major Heyward received him with great coldness, and was very unwilling to permit him to stay all night."

"Yet he introduced him to us the next day as his friend."

"*That* was very singular," said the old maid.

"An act of wonderful imprudence in our benevolent friend who is gone," said the consumptive gentleman.

"It is quite mysterious, I declare," continued the lady; "but I am sure I cannot be mistaken—major Heyward and

and Miss Pendleton were sitting at tea, in the front piazza, when the stranger rode up—'Is your name Heyward?' said he.—'That is my name,' said the major.—'I have some business with you,' said the stranger.—'We will talk of business when I have nothing else to do. You must call again,' replied the major."

"I heard it a little differently," interrupted another lady; "major Heyward was walking on the lawn, and Miss Pendleton was sitting in the piazza, talking with George Lee (you know they are to be married soon), when the stranger rode up, and inquired where major Heyward lived? The old gentleman replied—'That is the house, and I am the man.'—On which the stranger remarked—'Not a bad-looking house, and quite a pleasant landlord; I believe I'll stay all night."

"The impudent rascal!" exclaimed the consumptive gentleman.

"He has a forward look," responded the old maid.

"I am sure *you* are mistaken," said one of the former speakers, "for Mr. Lee does not go there now: there is quite a serious coolness between the families."

"Dear me, cousin! I'm sure you are altogether wrong there; if you had seen them at the barbecue, you would not have said *that*. Virginia refused to dance with any one else; she refused several others, but danced with him as soon as he asked her."

"Straws show how the wind blows."

"I believe you are right there; there has always been a strong attachment between them."

"Say rather a powerful attraction between Walnut Hill and Locust Grove. The estates are large, and we all know what an excellent manager Mrs. Lee is."

"Did you not hear it surmised, that major

major Heyward has latterly entertained different views for Virginia, and that Mr. Fennimore is the son of a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia, and came by express invitation to see Miss Pendleton?"

"La, no!"

"Yes, indeed, it is more than suspected."

"Well, who would have thought it?"

"Then it was to marry Miss Pendleton, and not to murder and rob the family, that this young gentleman came?" said colonel Antler.

"Oh, I had forgotten that. I am sure that this Fennimore is nothing more nor less than an incendiary; for I am told that Virginia, who was in a high fever, and delirious all the next day, continually exclaimed—'Take away that dreadful man! protect me from that horrid wretch! He has mur-

dered my uncle! he would destroy us all!' and similar expressions."

"Very strange that; she certainly must know something."

"The evidence of a young lady, in a state of delirium, is quite conclusive," remarked colonel Antler, drily.

"It is certainly a curious fact," said one of the gentlemen, "that this Mr. Fennimore has entirely disappeared since the fire, and that no one can give any account of him."

Colonel Antler seemed puzzled, while the rest of the company united in considering this circumstance as one of a most suspicious character.

"The young man is a stranger to me," said the colonel; "he may be a terrible fellow, for any thing I know; but, at the same time, I don't believe a word of it. He looks like a gentleman, and no one ever heard of a gentleman committing arson."

"Then

"Then you do not believe that he fired the house purposely?"

"Believe it! no: why should I believe it? what object could the young man have?"

"His purpose, undoubtedly, was to run off with Virginia. Incendiaries often set fire to houses, in order to plunder them during the confusion. They say, that as soon as the alarm was given, he rushed into Virginia's apartment, caught her in his arms, and although she screamed dreadfully, attempted to carry her off."

"And what prevented him?"

"They say he forced her through a window, and succeeded in reaching the roof of the piazza, where one of his confederates was waiting to assist him in his villanous design, when the screams of Virginia drew the negroes to her relief, and they rescued her."

"Poor Virginia! screaming bloody murder

murder all the while," continued the consumptive gentleman.

"Poor Virginia!" echoed all the ladies.

"I am told, colonel Antler, that no will can be found."

"All exertions to discover any trace of a will, have, unhappily, been fruitless. Every gentleman who has been on such terms of intimacy with major Heyward, as to render it likely that a document of that kind might have been deposited with him, has been applied to in vain. Mr. R——, who has been his legal adviser for many years, declares, that a will was executed long since, which he is sure remained in the possession of our lamented friend, but declines giving any information as to the contents."

"Then Miss Pendleton will not be a great fortune, after all."

"Oh dear, what a pity!"

"Such a belle as she was!" exclaimed one

one of the old maids; "I wonder if she will be as much admired now."

"Poor cousin Virginia!"

"Dear Virginia! how I feel for her! But you know, colonel, she had no right to expect any thing else. She is not related to the Heywards, and there are a number of heirs at law."

"She *had* a right, madam!" replied colonel Antler, warmly; "if not related to major Heyward, she is niece to the late Mrs. Heyward, and their adopted daughter. Major Heyward's intention of leaving his whole fortune to her, has been declared so frequently, and is so well understood, that no man of honour will dispute her claim."

"There will be claimants, I suppose, nevertheless."

"Then they ought all to be——"

"Speak lower, colonel; there are some of them within hearing."

"I care not who hears me. The girl

was

was raised under Heyward's roof, and is entitled to the estate; and no true son of the Old Dominion would take it from her."

The conversation was here interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Lee's carriage, containing that lady and the unhappy Virginia. As the beautiful mourner passed slowly along, a common feeling of sympathy for the sudden and melancholy stroke of fortune, which had in a single moment blighted her brilliant prospects, and reduced her to sorrow and dependence, pervaded the whole party; and dropping off, one by one, they repaired silently to their respective dwellings.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

On the following morning, at an early hour, Mrs. Lee visited the distressed Virginia, who was now more composed; and the worthy lady successfully exerted her talents in endeavouring to calm the mind, and fortify the courage, of her young friend. Although artful and politic, she was really a benevolent woman, in all cases where the interests of others did not interfere with her own; and being sincerely attached to Virginia, she now devoted herself assiduously to the task of administering comfort to the mourner. Her common sense, her practical business habits, and that delicate perception

perception of propriety in matters of feeling, which all women possess in a greater or less degree, enabled her to do this with much effect; and after leading Miss Pendleton into the garden, where they could converse without interruption, she began to speak in a kind and rational manner of that young lady's prospects, and carefully avoiding those topics which would be merely calculated to awaken sensibility, soon engaged her in earnest consultation. Virginia acknowledged that major Heyward had more than once assured her, that, on his death, she would inherit his estate, but he had never mentioned his will in her presence, nor did she know whether he had ever executed such an instrument.

"On that subject," said Mrs. Lee, "my own information is more accurate. Knowing the determination of my excellent friend to make you the sole heiress of his property, I repeatedly hinted

ed to him the necessity of making a will, and the propriety of performing this duty without delay, and in the most careful manner. He afterwards informed me that it was duly executed. I have no doubt, my dear Virginia, that my evidence, with that of the gentleman who wrote the will, and of the witnesses to its execution, will restore you to your rights."

"Do not speak of that," replied Virginia, firmly; "owing every thing, as I do, to the benevolence of my uncle, I should be most ungrateful, to appear in a court of justice, engaged in a contest with his legal heirs."

"My dear Virginia, how often have I reminded you, that feeling is a deceitful guide in the serious concerns of life! You are no longer a young girl, protected by a fond guardian, and sporting in the beams of affluence, without any other care than that of imparting to

others

others a share of the happiness which you enjoyed yourself. You are now a woman, your own mistress, having duties to perform, and rights to assert; and you cannot, my dear, testify your respect for the memory of major Heyward more suitably, than by insisting upon the exact execution of his own views in relation to his estate. Besides, are you aware who your opponents would be?"

"Indeed, I do not know exactly—my uncle had no very near relations."

"He had not, but a great many who are very distant; and the embers will hardly be cold on his ruined hearthstone, before a number of claimants will be fiercely engaged in litigation for this noble estate."

Virginia melted to tears. Contending emotions of pride, and affection for the dead, swelled her heart. A number of affecting associations arose in her memory; and the thought that the spot which

which had so long been the abode of peace, happiness, and hospitality, was about to become the scene of bitter contention, filled her mind with sorrow.—"Dear Mrs. Lee!" she exclaimed, "I shall never be a party to so disgraceful a contest. Oh, no! never, never!"

"I venerate your affection for the memory of major Heyward," replied her friend, calmly; "it is natural, and perfectly right. But, my dear, what obligations do you owe to his relations?"

"None, particularly. They have always treated me with respect and cordiality."

"Except in a few instances," urged the politic Mrs. Lee, in an insinuating manner. "Openly they could not do otherwise, for the very stones would have cried out, at the slightest incivility to the dear girl that we all loved and admired so much. Besides, you were the presumptive heiress of a fine estate,

and,

and, as mistress of your uncle's mansion, dispensed its hospitalities. But you forget that you have sometimes been charged with holding your head higher than became you, and with having used some address in procuring the execution of this very will. Even I have been accused of interested motives, in my exertions on your behalf."

Virginia turned pale with emotion, and that spirit, which, on some occasions, animated her heart, and gave a surprising degree of decision and vigour to the conceptions of her mind, flashed for a moment in her eye. But the sensibility of a delicate mind overcame all other feelings. Unconscious of a sordid motive, she shrunk with indescribable repugnance from the thought of encountering a suspicion of that description, and begged Mrs. Lee to change the subject.

"You have now," said she, "given the

the strongest reason why I should not set up any claim to this property. The bare idea of having ever been suspected of entertaining the interested views at which you hint, is too shocking. Not for worlds would I do an act, or give the sanction of my name to any proceeding which might bring the disinterestedness of my conduct into question, or throw the slightest shade upon the purity of my affection for my dear uncle. Let his relatives take the estate. It will be happiness enough for me to be grateful for his goodness, and to love his memory."

Mrs. Lee knew well the decision of her young friend's character, and aware of her inflexibility on points which involved principle, or touched her feelings of delicacy, determined, like an able politician, to change her mode of attack, and to resort to arguments which she had before resolved studiously to conceal.

ceal. And the manner in which she opened her batteries anew, was after the following fashion:—

"There are two claimants to this property, of whose pretensions you are probably not aware, and it is right that you should be informed in relation to them. The first of these is my son George."

"Indeed! I heartily wish my cousin George success."

"Your wishes, my dear, are not his own. He has not the slightest disposition, or the most remote intention, to set up any claim, unless it may become necessary for your interest. With the exception of one person, whom I will presently name, my son is undoubtedly the nearest relative of our deceased friend. There are several others, however, who claim to stand in the same degree of consanguinity. Now, what I would suggest is, that as my son has never for a moment thought of placing his

his claim in competition with yours, you might, should your own right to the property be thought doubtful, or should you persist in refusing to assert it, avail yourself of his. Understand me, my dear; do not get impatient—all that I propose is the use of his name, agency, and friendship, to procure that which is undoubtedly your own; and when the intimacy between our families is considered—when you recollect that from infancy you have shared my affection with him, there can be no impropriety in his assuming towards you the place of a brother. I have surely some claim, my dear Virginia, to the privilege of discharging towards you the duties of a mother; and if George can never call you by a dearer title, you may, you ought to give him the confidence and affection of a sister. Confide to us the management of your affairs, and rest assured that your name shall

never be used in a manner that shall implicate your delicacy."

Virginia was affected and embarrassed. There was a mixture of policy, and of genuine affection, in the whole conversation of her friend, so characteristic of the woman, that it touched while it perplexed her; but she remained firm to her purpose, and decidedly, though with delicacy and feeling, declined the proposal.

Mrs. Lee was puzzled, but not defeated. She now artfully alluded to the magnitude of the estate, and to the almost unbounded influence which the possession of great wealth would give to a young lady, who was so eminently endowed with beauty, intellect, and accomplishments, as her young friend. Failing in all her appeals to the affections and the ambition of our heroine, she now determined to awaken, if possible, her resentment.—"The other name, which

which I have withheld out of respect for your feelings, is that of this Mr. Fennimore."

Virginia turned upon her friend a mingled look of surprise and curiosity, but made no reply.

"He is more nearly related to the late major Heyward than either of the other would-be heirs, supposing it to be possible for him to establish his identity with the person whose name he bears, which I suspect is rather doubtful."

"Can you suppose it possible that Mr. Fennimore would be guilty of an imposture?"

"I suppose nothing, my dear; the law will require him to prove that he is really the person he pretends to be; and this, I imagine, will not be in his power. It is hinted, moreover, that being aware of the disposition which your uncle had made of his property, the object of his visit at Walnut-hill was to induce ma-

jor Heyward to revoke his will, and that, failing in this, he has possessed himself of that instrument, by means of which we have all witnessed the dreadful effects."

Miss Pendleton became deadly pale, on hearing this insinuation. The allusion to the melancholy event, which had deprived her of a home and a protector, was in itself sufficiently distressing; but the foul accusation against the handsome stranger, whose image was associated in her mind with the recollection of a few of the most happy hours of her life, shocked and sickened her heart. Determined to listen no longer to what she could not consider as any thing but slander, unwilling to offend one whose schemes in relation to herself had been mingled with a long series of valuable kindnesses, and dispirited by the afflicting troubles which seemed to thicken in her path, and to add new embarrassments to her situation,

tuation, she now enjoined her friend to change the subject, in tones of such pathetic supplication, as left no room for denial. They returned to the house, and Mrs. Lee soon after took her leave.

To prevent further importunity on the subject which had so greatly distressed her feelings, Miss Pendleton addressed a note to Mrs. Lee on the following morning, informing that lady of her intention to accompany her friends, the Mountfords, in their proposed journey to Kentucky, to which country they were about to remove, and where Virginia had an uncle, who had more than once invited her to accept a home under his roof.

CHAP. VIII.

A FEW weeks subsequent to the transactions narrated in the last chapter, a heavy travelling-carriage was seen slowly winding its way among the mountains of the Allegheny chain, drawn by a pair of tall horses, whose fine eyes and muscular limbs bore testimony, to an experienced observer, of excellent blood and gentle breeding, but who now tottered along, galled, raw-boned, and dispirited, from the effects of a long journey. The heavily-laden vehicle bore also incontestible marks of rough usage, and resembled, in its appearance, a noble ship, which, having been dismantled in a storm,

a storm, is brought with difficulty into port. It had once been both strong and costly, and was, in truth, one of the most elegant of those cumbrous machines which were used by such of our ancestors as were sufficiently wealthy to indulge in such luxuries; bearing a coat-of-arms upon its panels, and being amply decorated in the patrician taste of that day.

A journey over the Allegheny mountains, then inhabited only at distant intervals, and whose best roads were mere bridle-paths, beaten by the feet of pack-horses, and occasionally travelled with difficulty by waggons, carrying merchandize, had left to the shattered coach but few vestiges of its former splendour. The tongue, which had been broken, was replaced by the green stem of a young tree, hastily hewed out of the forest for the purpose; a dislocation of one of the springs had been remedied by

passing a long stout pole underneath the body of the carriage; and a shattered axletree, which had been spliced repeatedly, bent and creaked under its load, as if every revolution of the wheels would be the last. In matters of less moment the havoc had been even greater. The curtains, by frequent and rather violent collision with the overhanging branches of the forest, had been rent and perforated in many places, and the straps within which they were usually furled, having been torn away, they now floated in the breeze in tattered fragments, or flapped against the sides of the carriage, like the sails of a vessel in a calm; while a bough had occasionally penetrated so far as to tear away the velvet lining and its gaudy fringe.

Two ladies, both of whom were young, and a female negro servant, occupied this weather-beaten conveyance; accompanied, as every experienced reader will readily

readily imagine, by a voluminous store of trunks, band-boxes, baskets, bags, and bundles. The husband of one of these ladies, a plain gentlemanly-looking man, of five-and-twenty years of age, rode in advance of the cavalcade, on horseback, encumbered with no other appendage than a brace of large pistols, suspended across his saddle in a pair of holsters.

Then came a train of waggons, some drawn by horses, and others by oxen, carrying household furniture, farming implements, and provisions. Behind these, a drove of horses and cattle, stretching along the mountain-path, strolled lazily forward, halting frequently to drink at the clear rivulets which crossed the road, or straying off to graze, wherever an inviting spot of green offered a few refreshing mouthfuls of herbage to the wearied animals. Mingled with the cavalcade, or lagging in its rear, was a large company of negro servants, men,

women, and children, of every age, from helpless infancy to hoary decrepitude, whistling, and singing, and laughing as they went, inhaling with joy the mountain air, and luxuriating in the happy exchange of daily labour for the lighter toils of the road.

Such were the retinue and appearance of a wealthy planter from Virginia, who was emigrating, with all his family and moveable property, to the newly-settled wilds of Kentucky; and who bore no small resemblance to some ancient patriarch, travelling at the head of his dependants and herds, in search of wider plains and fresher pastures than were afforded in the land of his fathers. Mr. and Mrs. Mountford, and the unfortunate Miss Pendleton, were the principal persons of the party which we have attempted to describe, and whose adventures will occupy the remainder of this chapter.

They

They had passed nearly all the ridges of those formidable mountains, and were now looking eagerly forward towards the land of promise, and imagining every cliff that rose before them to be the last. The day was drawing to a close, when they reached the summit of one of those numerous ridges which compose the Allegheny chain, and halted for a few moments to rest the animals, who were panting and wearied with the toilsome ascent. Looking forward, they beheld before them a deep valley, bounded on the opposite side by a range of mountains, as steep and as high as the one on whose crest they were now reposing. Its sides were composed of a series of perpendicular precipices of solid rock, clothed with stinted pines, laurel, and other evergreens, and which, at this distance, seemed to oppose an impassable barrier to the farther advance of the travellers.

On more minute examination, parts of the road could be seen winding along the edge of the cliffs, and surmounting the ascent by a variety of sharp angles. A troop of pack-horses, with their large panniers, were seen descending by this path, at a distance so great as to render it barely possible to distinguish their forms, and ascertain their character; sometimes stretched in an extended line along the summits of the elevated parapets of rock, then disappearing behind a projecting cliff, or a copse of evergreen, and again turning an abrupt angle, as if counter-marching to retrace their footsteps.

The sun was now sinking behind the western hills, and though still visible to our travellers, no longer shone upon the eastern exposure of the mountain which they were contemplating—a circumstance which gave a still more shadowy appearance to the descending troop, whose

whose regular array of slow-moving figures, impressed upon the perpendicular sides of the cliffs, resembled the airy creations of a magic lantern, rather than the forms of living beings. Now they were seen traversing the extreme verge of some bold promontory, where the sunbeams flashed from the shining harness, and afforded a momentary disclosure of a variety of different colours, which again were blended into one dark mass, as the cavalcade passed on into the deeper shades of the mountain-glens. As they gazed, the silence was agreeably broken by the inspiring notes of the bugle, with which the drivers cheered their lonesome way, and whose sprightly sounds, echoed from hill to hill, sometimes faintly heard, and sometimes bursting upon the ear in full chorus, gave a tinge of wild romance to the scene.

From the contemplation of this prospect,

pect, their attention was drawn to the western side of the mountain on whose summit they stood, and whose declivities they were about to descend. Looking downward, they saw from their dizzy height a series of precipices, with bald sides, and turreted and spiral crests, terminating in a dark valley, which seemed to be almost directly below their feet, although the distance was so great as to render it impossible to distinguish objects in the deep abyss. Here, as on the opposite side of the valley, the path wound from cliff to cliff, and from one natural terrace to another, like the angles of a winding staircase, but little of it was visible from the spot occupied by our travellers. In this direction the sound of voices was heard ascending, and approaching nearer and nearer; and presently a large drove of cattle, conducted by several men, was seen winding along the base of the precipice on which

which the party stood, at a short distance from them, and where the terrace traversed by the road widened into a plain surface containing several acres. Here a sudden terror seized the cattle; the foremost of the animals halted, and began to smell the ground with manifestations of violent agitation, and then uttered a low terrific yell. At this signal the whole herd, which had been loitering drowsily along, urged slowly forward by the voices of the drovers, rushed madly towards the spot, bellowing with every appearance of rage and affright. In vain the drivers attempted to force them onward. The largest and fiercest of the herd surrounded the place where the first had halted, roaring, pawing the ground, and driving their horns into the earth, while the others approached and retreated, bellowing in concert, as if suddenly possessed by a legion of demons. Foaming at the mouth, their eyes

eyes gleaming with fury, and all their muscles strained into action, they seemed a different race from the quiet, inoffensive animals, who but a few minutes before had been seen lazily toiling up the mountain-path. Those who were intimately acquainted with their habits, at once pronounced that blood had recently been spilt in the road. With the assistance of Mr. Mountford's negroes, the alarmed herd was at length driven forward, but not until one of the drovers, in leaping his horse over a log, at some distance from the road, discovered the corpse of a man concealed behind it, and partly covered with leaves. An exclamation of surprise and horror announced this discovery, and drew the other drovers to the spot, where Mr. Mountford soon joined them. The body, which was that of a young gentleman, was marked with several wounds, which left little doubt that a murder had been committed.

However

However men may have been accustomed to danger, or to scenes of violence, there is something in the crime of murder which never fails to alarm and shock them; even where the injured party is a stranger, and no particular circumstances occur to awaken special sympathy for him, or for those who may survive to mourn his fate, the dreadful act itself, stripped of all adventitious horrors, strikes a chill into the heart. When such a scene is presented in the solitary wild, where the gloom of the forest and the silence of the desert are all around, and the quick breathing of the terrified spectator is whispered back by the woodland echo, a deeper shade of solemnity is thrown about the melancholy catastrophe. The busy crowds, the cares and levities of life, are not there, to call away the heart from the indulgence of natural emotions; it has leisure to contemplate undisturbed

the

the cold image of death, and to reflect on the atrocities of man. Fancy spreads her wings, and looks abroad in search of the perpetrator and the motive of the crime, and the absence of every trace which might lead to discovery or explanation, involves the dark transaction in the shadows of mystery. The deceased seems to have been struck by some invisible hand, and a similar blow may be impending over the spectator, on whom the eye of the homicide may even now rest, as he meditates some new violence in the concealment of an adjacent thicket, or the gloom of a neighbouring cavern.

Such were the meditations of some of the party who were collected around the body of the murdered stranger. A consultation was immediately held, as to the course which ought to be pursued, when it was arranged that a party should remain with the corpse, while an express was sent to the nearest settlement,

ment, to apprize the legal authorities of the outrage. Both these duties were cheerfully undertaken by the drovers, with the assistance of Mr. Mountford's servants. The latter gentleman resumed his journey, and on reaching the bosom of the valley, and learning that his road still lay through un uninhabited wilderness for many miles, determined to encamp here for the night. It was an inviting spot; though surrounded by mountains as savage and sterile as the imagination can well conceive, the glen in which the party rested was beautiful and fertile; the rich soil was covered with a luxuriant growth of forest-trees and shrubbery. The sunbeams, which during the day had been reflected from the bare rocks and silicious sands of the mountain, afflicting the eyesight of the travellers by their intense brilliancy, or overcoming them with excessive heat, were now intercepted

cepted by the tall summits of the ridges lying towards the west; the foliage was fresh and green, and a delightful coolness pervaded the atmosphere. A wide clear rivulet, meandering through the valley, imparted an agreeable moisture to the air, and invited the thirsty herds to its brink, while it afforded more than one luxury and convenience to the travellers: by the margin of the stream, on a spot trodden hard by the feet of successive travellers, who had been accustomed to encamp here, and covered with a short green sward, the cavalcade of carriers had halted, and were unlading their packhorses; and Mr. Mountford, passing on, chose a similar place on the farther side of the rivulet: the arrangements for encamping were soon made: two large tents were taken from the waggons, and pitched for the accommodation of Miss Pendleton and her friends, on a plain of table-land, near the brink

of

of the water-course. In the rear of these, smaller tents, composed of coarser materials, were arranged for the sable troop of dependants. A large fire was kindled upon the ground, and the servants began to prepare a substantial meal for the hungry party.

CHAP. IX.

HAVING seen the tents pitched, the horses and cattle turned out to graze, and every necessary arrangement made for spending the night in as much comfort as circumstances would admit, Mr. Mountford, invited by the refreshing coolness of the evening, and the beauty of the scenery, proposed to the ladies a stroll upon the bank of the stream. They wandered slowly along, following its meanders for a short time, until its serpentine course brought them nearly opposite to the point from which they had set out; and they found themselves on a projecting point which overlooked the

pack-horse

pack-horse camp, and placed them within a few yards of its noisy inmates, from whom they were concealed by a clump of underbrush. The horses had been unharnessed, and were now grazing at large; the packs of merchandize which formed their lading, were piled up together, and covered with canvas. The men had thrown themselves lazily on the grass, except two or three, who were wrestling and playing, with a degree of hilarity which showed how little they were affected by the toils of the journey. At this moment the party was joined by a horseman, who addressed them with the frankness of an acquaintance, though he was obviously a stranger to them all. He was a young man, dressed in a hunting-shirt, carrying a rifle on his shoulder, and having all the equipments of a western hunter. His limbs were as stout, and his face as sunburnt, as those of the rough men around him, but neither his

appearance

appearance nor carriage indicated a person accustomed to coarse labour. He had the plainness of speech and manner, which showed that his breeding had not been in the polished circle, mingled with the freedom and ease of one accustomed to hunting and martial exercises. He threw himself from his horse, leaving the bridle dangling on the neck of the animal, who quietly awaited his pleasure, and seated himself among the carriers, with the air of one who felt that he was welcome, or who cared but little whether he was welcome or not. His dress, though coarse and soiled, was neatly fitted, and adapted to show off his person to the best advantage; and all his appendages were those of a young man who had some pride in his appearance. His features, though not handsome, were lively and intelligent—indicating a cheerful disposition, a good opinion of his fellow-men, and an equally good opinion of

of himself, arising, no doubt, out of his republican principles, which would not allow him to place himself below the level of others. There was a boldness in his eye, a fluency of speech, and a forwardness in his whole deportment, which, without approaching to impudence, gave a dashing air to his conduct, and a freshness to his conversation. His horse seemed much fatigued, and from his saddle hung the hinder quarter of a deer, recently killed.

"Gentlemen, good evening," said he, as he dismounted; "this has been a powerful hot day."

"Very sultry," replied one of the carriers.

"No two ways about that," said the hunter; "there's as good a piece of horse-flesh, to his size, as ever crooked a pastern, and as fast a nag as can be started, for any distance from a quarter up to four miles; but this day has pretty nearly used him up."

"You seem to have been hunting."

"Why, yes; I have been taking a little tour among the mountains here. I have just killed a fine deer, and as I felt sort o' lonesome, I turned into the big road, in hopes of meeting with a traveller to help me eat it."

This offer was, of course, well received; the venison was sent to the fire, and the stranger prepared to encamp with his new acquaintances.

The quick eye of the hunter was now attracted to two of the youngest of the company, who were engaged in a *tussle*, an exercise common among our western youth, and far superior to wrestling or boxing, as it requires greater skill and activity, and is far less savage, than either of those ancient games. The object of each party is to throw his adversary to the ground, and to retain his advantage by holding him down until the victory shall be decided; and as there

are

are no rules to regulate the game, each exerts his strength and skill in any manner which his judgment may dictate, using force or artifice according to circumstances. The two persons who now approached each other seemed each to be intent on grappling with his adversary, in such a manner as to gain an advantage at the outset. At first, each eluded the grasp of the other, advancing, retreating, seizing, or shaking each other off, and each using every artifice in his power to secure an advantage in the manner of grappling with his opponent. Then they grasped at arm's-length, and tried each other's strength by pushing, pulling, and whirling round, testing the muscular powers of the arm, and the nimbleness of the foot, to the utmost. Finally, they became closely interlocked, their bodies in contact, and their limbs twined, wrestling with all their powers; and after an arduous

struggle, came together to the ground, amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators. But the contest was not over; for now a fierce contest ensued, in which each endeavoured to get uppermost, or to hold his antagonist to the ground. Their muscular strength and flexibility of limb seemed now almost miraculous. Sometimes the person who was undermost fairly rolled his adversary over, and sometimes he raised himself by main strength, with his opponent still clinging to him, and renewed the struggle on foot; and often their bodies were twisted together, and their limbs interlocked, until every muscle and sinew were strained, and it was difficult to tell which was uppermost. At last their breathing grew short, the violence of the exercise produced exhaustion, and one of the parties relaxing his efforts, enabled the other to claim the victory. The tired parties, dripping with

with perspiration, ceased the contest in perfect good-humour.

"You must not tussle with me no more, Bill," said the victor; "you see you aint no part of a priming to me."

"That's very well," cried the other, eyeing his comrade with perfect complacency; "I like to see you have a good opinion of yourself. If I didn't let you win once in a while to encourage you, I could never get a chance to have no fun out of you."

It was now perceived, that while the attention of the company was fixed upon the sport, another stranger had joined them. He cautiously pushed aside the thick brushwood behind the merry circle, threw a quick jealous glance upon the party, and then advancing with circumspection, halted in the rear, and remained for a while unnoticed.

When the contest which we have described

scribed was over, the eyes of the whole party fell on the intruder. His appearance was too striking not to rivet attention. In size he towered above the ordinary stature; his frame was bony and muscular—his breast broad—his limbs gigantic—his clothing was uncouth and shabby—his exterior weather-beaten and dirty, indicating continual exposure to the elements, and pointing out this singular person as one who dwelt far from the habitations of men, and who mingled not in the courtesies of civilized life. He was completely armed, with the exception of a rifle, which seemed to have only been laid aside for a moment, for he carried the usual powder-horn and pouch of the backwoodsman. A broad leathern belt, drawn closely round his waist, supported a large and a smaller knife, and a tomahawk. But that which attracted the gaze of all the company into which he had intruded, was the

the bold and ferocious countenance of the new comer, and its strongly-marked expression of villainy. His face, which was larger than ordinary, exhibited the lines of ungovernable passion; but the complexion announced that the ordinary feelings of the human breast were extinguished, and instead of the healthy hue which indicates the social emotions, there was a livid, unnatural redness, resembling that of a dried and lifeless skin. The eye was fearless and steady, but it was also artful and audacious, glaring upon the beholder with an unpleasant fixedness and brilliancy, like that of a ravenous animal gloating upon its prey, and concentrating all its malignity into one fearful glance. He wore no covering on his head; and the natural protection of thick coarse hair, of a fiery redness, uncombed and matted, gave evidence of long exposure to the rudest visitations of the sunbeam and the tem-

pest. He seemed some desperate outlaw, an unnatural enemy of his species, destitute of the nobler sympathies of human nature, and prepared at all points for assault or defence, who, in some freak of daring insolence, had intruded himself into the society of men, to brave their resentment, or to try the effect which his presence might occasion.

Although there was something peculiarly suspicious and disagreeable in the appearance of this stranger, there was nothing to excite alarm, or to call for the expression of any disapprobation. He was armed like other men of that frontier region, and the road was a public highway, frequented by people of various character and condition. Still there was a shrinking, and a silent interchange of glances among the carriers, on discovering his silent and almost mysterious intrusion; one whispered—"What does that fellow want?" and another

another muttered—" Keep a red eye out, boys—that chap is not too good to steal."

The young hunter who had just joined them, was not of the kind of mettle to sit still on such an occasion. He jumped up, and addressing their visiter in a blithe, frank tone, said—" Good evening, stranger."

The person addressed turned his eye deliberately towards the speaker, and returned his salutation with a nod, without opening his lips.

" Travelling, stranger?"

" Yes," replied the other. The sound of his voice, even in uttering this monosyllable, was cold and repulsive, and any other than a resolute inquirer would have pursued the dialogue no further. But the young Kentuckian was not so easily repulsed.—" Which way, if it's a fair question?" continued he.

" West," was the laconic reply.

"That fellow's mouth goes off like a gun with a rusty lock," said the hunter, aside; then addressing him again—"To Kentucky, eh? well, that's right—there's plenty of room there—game enough, and a powerful chance of good living. No two ways about that. Come from old Virginia, I suppose?"

The stranger, instead of answering this question, turned his head in another direction, as if he had not heard it, stepped a few paces off, as if about to retire, and then again halted and faced the party.

"No, I'll be d'rot if ever that chap came out of old Virginny," muttered the young man aside; "they don't raise such humans in the old dominion, no how. I'll see what he is made of, however." Then winking at his companions, he approached the stranger, and taking a penknife from his pocket, presented it to him, with a civil bow.

The

The stranger was not to be taken by surprise: he received the knife, looked at it, and at the donor, inquiringly, as if he would have said—"What means this?" and then coolly put it in his pocket, without saying a word.

His tormentor did not leave him in doubt.—"It is a rule in our country," said he, "when a man is remarkably ugly, to make him a present of a knife. Keep that, if you please, stranger, till you meet with a homelier human than yourself, and then give it to him."

This practical joke would, in some countries, have been considered as a quiz; in Kentucky it was a kind of challenge, which the receiver might have honourably avoided, by joining in the laugh, or which, on the other hand, gave him ample cause to crack his heels together, and assert, that he was not only the handsomest, but the *best man* in company; which assertion, if concluded, as

the lawyers say, with a verification, would have been tantamount to calling for " pistols for two." The stranger did neither, but pocketed the knife and the affront, and quietly turned to walk away.

To a brave man, nothing causes more painful regret than to have given an unprovoked affront to one who is unable or unwilling to resent it. Had the stranger shown the slightest inclination to take up the gauntlet which had been thrown to him, the young Kentuckian, who viewed him with intuitive dislike, would probably have challenged him to instant combat, and have engaged him with the ferocity of a hungry brute; but no sooner did the latter discover that the person he addressed neither relished his joke, nor was disposed to resent it, than his generous nature prompted him to make instant atonement.

" Look here, stranger!" he exclaimed, drawing

drawing a flask of spirits from his pocket, and offering it; "you are a droll sort of a white man; you won't talk, nor laugh, nor quarrel—will you drink? Take a drop, and let us be friends."

This appeal was not in vain. The uncouth man of the woods took the flask, raised it silently to his lips, and drained the whole of its contents, amounting to nearly a pint, without stopping to breathe; then placing one hand on the shoulder of the young man, and leaning towards him, he said, in a low voice—"We shall meet again," at the same time grasping the handle of his long knife, and casting a look of defiance at the whole party. Whether he intended to strike is doubtful, for the young man, stepping back, stood on his guard, looking at his adversary with an undaunted eye, while the carriers started to their feet, prepared to defend him. In another moment the stranger had turned,

turned, and dashing into the thicket, disappeared.

"Well, if that ain't a droll chicken, I'm mistaken," exclaimed the Kentuckian. "I say, gentlemen, the way that fellow takes his brandy is curious. He is not of the right breed of dogs, no how. There's no two ways about that."

Before any further remark could be made, the attention of the party was arrested by an exclamation of terror from a female voice, the cause of which shall be explained in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Miss Pendleton had left the place of her nativity, under a melancholy depression of spirits. Reared in affluence, the favourite and only object of affection of a kind guardian, surrounded by friends, followed by a train of admirers, and accustomed to every indulgence, the sudden reverse of her fortunes afflicted her heart with keen anguish. She was too high-minded to mourn, with unavailing regret, over the blight of those advantages which merely elevated her above her companions. The truly generous mind estimates the gifts of fortune at something like their real value.

But

But the loss of the dearly-loved guardian of her youth, and the dreadful catastrophe which produced that melancholy bereavement, deeply touched her heart, and awakened all her sensibilities.

The measure of her grief seemed to be full; but when she came to the resolution of quitting the scenes of her childhood, and parting with her early friends, she found that her heart had still room for other afflictions, and she left her native land sorrowing, and bowed down in spirit. Possessed, however, of a strong intellect, and a buoyant temper, the exercise of travelling, the change of scene, and the kindness of her companions, if they did not diminish her sorrows, rendered them supportable. By degrees her mind began to assume its natural tone, and she reflected more calmly on the scenes through which she had lately passed. In these reveries the image of

Fennimore

Fennimore continually presented itself. His visit seemed to be intimately, yet strangely, connected with the death of her uncle. She had heard enough of the circumstances which we have detailed, to know that it had relation to a pecuniary claim against the estate of major Heyward, but knew nothing of its justice, extent, or character. Mrs. Lee had spoken of it as a demand which would absorb the whole of her venerable relative's vast fortune, and which placed the claimant in the position of a competitor with herself, and had thrown out imputations against his integrity of the darkest import. On the other hand, she remembered that he had been received not only with the hospitality extended to all visiters at Walnut-Hill, but with affectionate cordiality. Her uncle, who was a man of excellent discernment, had treated him with the confidence of friendship, and she was slow

slow to believe, either that he was deceived in the character of his guest, or that he had professed a show of kindness which he did not feel. Mr. Fennimore's appearance and manners were highly prepossessing; there was especially about him a frankness and manly dignity, which could hardly be deceptive. She passed in review the agreeable hours of his short visit, and a flush of maiden pride mantled her cheek, as she recollected his earnest yet respectful attentions, and confessed, that of all the homage which she had received in the triumph of beauty, none had ever been so acceptable as that of this handsome and gallant soldier.

We have little faith in the romantic doctrine of love at first sight; but on the other hand, we cannot think it strange that an intelligent and susceptible woman should readily draw a distinction between the commonplace civilities

lities of ordinary men, or the silly gallantries of mere witless beaux, and the enlightened preference of a gentleman of taste and judgment, nor that she should feel flattered by an appearance of partiality from such a source. She was at an age when the heart is feelingly alive to the tender sensations; and it would have been singular if she had not become interested in a modest and highly-gifted man, so nearly of her own years and condition, who had been her companion for several days; nor would it have been natural for one so accustomed as herself to the attentions of the other sex, to mistake the effect which her own attractions had produced on the mind of the agreeable stranger. Then the ready gallantry with which he risked his own life to rescue her from the flames, and his courageous efforts to save her uncle — these, though she never spoke of them, awakened a sentiment of

of gratitude which she felt could never be effaced. Again, when she recalled the circumstances under which he left the neighbourhood of Walnut-Hill, without any explanation to the friends of major Heyward, of the object of his visit, and without leaving any message for herself, his conduct seemed incomprehensible, and strangely at variance with what she supposed to be his character. But these mysterious circumstances, although they excited momentary doubts, and sometimes awakened a slight glow of resentment, only served in the end to render Mr. Fennimore more interesting to Miss Pendleton; for without inferring, as some ill-natured persons would do, that the mind of woman is made up of contradictions, it is enough to say that she exercised her ingenuity in imagining a variety of *possible* explanations, by which his conduct might be placed in a favourable light,

and

and his character even exalted, until she persuaded herself that such developments *would* undoubtedly be made in due time.

Mrs. Mountford, although she had never seen Mr. Fennimore, had made up her mind that he was an impostor, a mere fortune-hunter, who had visited Walnut-Hill in the prosecution of some desperate scheme against the person and fortune of her fair friend. Without having any definite ideas of that plan, or being able to trace its connection with subsequent events, she was charitable enough to attribute the catastrophe which had marred the fortunes of Virginia, to this source, and spoke of Fennimore as little less than an incendiary. Perhaps there might have been policy in this, for discovering that Virginia always defended her uncle's visiter with some spirit, she often introduced the subject, for the sole purpose of disturbing

turbing her reveries, and awakening her mind from the apathy into which it seemed to be sinking. In these discussions, Miss Pendleton, with her usual frankness, recapitulated all the evidence in favour of Mr. Fennimore, with some of the arguments which her own ingenuity had suggested, and thus became accustomed to defend his character. After all, there was but one argument which had any weight with the pertinacious Mrs. Mountford; it was the same which had appealed so forcibly to the genuine Virginia feeling of colonel Antler, namely, "that a gentleman would not commit arson."—"If he is really a gentleman, my dear," was Mrs. Mountford's usual conclusion, "that settles the question; but how few of those do we find north of the Potomac! and this Mr. Fennimore, you know, did not pretend to have been born in the Old Dominion."

The

The unexpected discovery of a murdered body in the road, had deeply affected our heroine, and had led her thoughts back to the most melancholy event in her own history. She was this evening unusually depressed, and it was in the hope of diverting her reflections into some other channel, that her friends, though much fatigued, had proposed the walk which led them to the vicinity of the pack-horse camp, and had been induced to linger, the concealed witnesses of the rude scene which was there enacted.

The events which we have described arrested her attention. It had so happened, however, that she stood in such a position as not to see the face of the person whose appearance caused so much curiosity, until the moment of his drawing his knife, when a movement of his body brought him full before her, and, to her utter dismay, she recognised the same

same savage countenance which she had discovered at her window on the night of the conflagration! Her alarm and agitation may be easily conceived. An involuntary expression of horror burst from her lips, which drew the attention not only of her own friends, but of the party on the opposite side of the stream. With some exertion she resumed her self-command, and returned immediately to the camp. She had heretofore described to Mr. Mountford the apparition which had so greatly terrified her on the occasion above alluded to; and that gentleman, as well as others, had supposed that she had been deceived by her imagination. But now, on her repeating that incident, the description which she gave of the supposed incendiary, corresponded so completely with that of the remarkable person they had seen, as to leave little doubt of the identity of the one with the other; and he hastened to

the

the encampment of the carriers, to acquaint them with his suspicions, and procure assistance to arrest the stranger. Their services were offered with alacrity, and all the adjacent coverts were carefully examined; but night coming on, any extensive search was impracticable.

Virginia spent a miserable night. In addition to the afflicting recollections that had previously depressed her mind, the events of the day had suggested a new and dreadful train of thought. Might not the unfortunate person whose remains had been found concealed by the mountain-path, have been one in whom she felt an interest which she could not conceal from herself? She had not seen the body, and the friend for whose safety she now trembled was unknown to Mr. Mountford. She knew that Mr. Fennimore was on his way to the western frontier, when he called at Walnut-Hill—his

presence there on the night of the conflagration had probably defeated to some extent the designs of the incendiary—and now a young gentleman, whose description answered too well with his, was found murdered in the very path that he had taken. She had seen the murderer of her lamented uncle; and circumstances had occurred to render it not unlikely that the same terrible assassin had waylaid Mr. Fennimore, and was now tracking her own footsteps! A dreadful mystery seemed to hang over her fate. In vain did she endeavour to find some clue to these dark transactions. Major Heyward had been the most inoffensive of men; she herself had no enemy, and why should she, now an unprotected and pennyless orphan, be thus persecuted? These thoughts tormented her already agitated mind, and drove sleep from her pillow.

Miss Pendleton occupied a tent, containing

taining her own bed and that of a negro maid-servant. Mr. Mountford's negro train were accustomed to spend their evenings in those festivities to which the whole of that careless race are so much addicted. They had now collected a great pile of logs, whose blaze illuminated the camping ground, and threw a brilliant glare for some distance into the surrounding forest. A grey-haired fiddler, whose musical abilities had contributed to the amusement of several successive generations of the Mountfords —white and black—sat on a log, scraping his merry violin, while his sable comrades danced on the green. Happy in the absence of all care, and under the protection of an indulgent master, who had grown up from childhood among them, and was endeared to them by the ties of long association, and the interchange of kindnesses, known only to those who are acquainted with the rela-

tion of master and servant, these thoughtless beings gave themselves up entirely to merriment. They had no property to care for, no want to supply, no peril in anticipation to excite their fears, no speculation in their eye to poison the enjoyment of the present moment; and although undergoing the fatigue of a toilsome march, their eyeballs glistened, their sable cheeks shone, and their snow-white teeth became visible, at the first note of the fiddle. Seated in a circle round the blazing log-heap, they ate their rations, told merry tales of "Old Virginny," and then joining in the dance, capered with as much vigour and agility as if their whole bodies were made upon springs and muscles, while streams of perspiration rolled from their shining visages. At length that part of the accompaniment, to which, not being a musician, I am unable to give a scientific Italian name, but which consists in certain

tain drowsy nods, and comfortable naps, on the part of the artist, interpolated between the tunes, and spreading off like the shading of a picture, so as to mingle insensibly with the brighter and gayer parts of the performance, began to preponderate; the heavy eyelids of the musician were raised less frequently and with a duller motion; the elbow lost its elasticity; the sable belles crawled away one by one to their pallets, and the hilarity of the night died away into a profound silence.

Our heroine, however, did not share the contagious drowsiness. She remained in a feverish state of excitement, sometimes wrapped for a few moments in abstracted thought, as ruminating on the past, and sometimes endeavouring to banish reflection, by listening with an ear acutely alive to the slightest sound. As the vociferous notes of merriment died away, other tones, more congenial

with her frame of mind, invaded the silence of the night. The atmosphere was clear and chill; not a breath shook the trees or disturbed the repose of the valley; the murmuring of the rivulet, scarcely perceptible during the day, now fell distinctly and pleasantly on the ear; an occasional and distant tinkling was heard, at intervals, from the bells attached to the cattle and the carriers' horses. "The wolf's long howl," reverberating from cliff to cliff, was answered by the bark of the travellers' dogs; but even these sounds ceased, when the faithful animals sought repose by their masters' sides. The owl hooted from her solitary den; and once, when every other voice was hushed, and nature seemed to repose in deathlike stillness, a huge tree, probably a majestic pine, which had braved the mountain storm for ages, fell to the ground with a terrific crash, which re-echoed from rock to rock, and from

one

one cavern to another, rolling along the valley like the prolonged reiterations of thunder, or a continuous discharge of artillery. The scared owl shouted in alarm —the dogs rushed howling from their beds—the wolf renewed his savage complaint, and again all was silent.

Miss Pendleton, exhausted by a variety of contending emotions, at last sunk into a feverish slumber, from which she was awakened by a slight noise. She raised her head, and the strong light, still brightly reflected from the expiring fires upon the white canvas, enabled her to see distinctly the figure of a man at the entrance of the tent; his head—that dreadful head, so strongly pictured upon her memory—already protruded within the opening, and one hand, which grasped a knife, was employed in cutting a number of strong cords, by which the entrance was closed. She uttered a loud scream, but the villain, nothing daunted,

continued his efforts, cutting and tearing the slight obstacles, with a violence which showed a determination to accomplish his dreadful purpose at all hazards. Accident, aided perhaps by the confusion of guilt, delayed him for a moment; his feet became entangled in some harness carelessly thrown before the tent: the screams of Virginia roused the watch-dogs; Mr. Mountford seized his pistols, and hastened to her relief, while the foiled assassin hastily retreated, leaping nimbly over every obstacle, pushing aside the bushes with gigantic strength, and disappearing in the gloom of the forest.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Two days after the occurrence of the events detailed in the last chaper, the inhabitants of the little village of Stanford, in Lincoln county, Kentucky, were surprised by the appearance, in their streets, of a singular group of travellers. Although emigrants of various descriptions were continually passing through this place to the newer settlements, lying still farther to the west, there was something about this party which attracted universal attention. The leader of the cavalcade was the ferocious individual, who has already been more than once brought under the notice of the

 reader:

reader: he was, as before, bare-headed, and carried on his shoulder a long rifle, while his belt supported two knives, a pistol, and a tomahawk: without turning to the right or left, and scarcely appearing to notice objects around him, he moved forward, along the middle of the street, with a firm and rapid step, and an air of audacious defiance; yet a close observer might have noticed, that although he neither turned his head, nor seemed to regard those who passed near him, his fierce eye rolled rapidly from side to side with suspicious watchfulness: behind him followed three women, two of whom were sunburnt, coarse, and wretchedly attired, and the other somewhat more delicate, and better dressed. The females led two horses, almost broken down with fatigue, on whose backs were packed a few cooking utensils, an axe, several guns, some blankets, and a small quantity of provisions.

sions. Three or four half-naked children, wild, sallow, and hungry-looking, with small fierce eyes, glancing timidly about, followed next; and lastly came a man, smaller in size than him who led the party, but similarly armed, having the same suspicious exterior, and a countenance equally fierce and sinister. The deportment of all the individuals of this company was that of persons who considered themselves in a hostile or an alien country, and who, accustomed to the apprehension of danger, stood ready to evade by flight, or resist even to death, any assault which might be made on them. Even their dog, a thievish-looking cur, resembling a wolf in looks and action, stole along with a stealthy tread, his tail drooped, and his malignant eye scowling watchfully around. Their determination seemed to be to proceed rapidly on without halting; but when they had passed the most populous part

of the village, and had nearly reached its farther limit, they stopped, apparently for the purpose of procuring some article of which they stood in need: the leader proceeded to a small shop, while the rest of the party stood in the middle of the road, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and showing no inclination either to seek shelter, or to hold intercourse with the inhabitants.

At this moment a different scene was presented in the other end of the village.

A horseman, mounted on a foaming steed, covered with dust, came spurring in at full speed, and dismounted at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, who was also a magistrate. He had brought tidings of the murder committed in the mountains, and had traced the supposed perpetrators to this place. Without disclosing his business to any other person, he sought a private interview with the magistrate; and in a few minutes

minutes a plan was prepared for the arrest of the suspected persons. Intelligence was secretly and rapidly passed from house to house, and the hardy villagers, accustomed to arm hastily for war, sallied forth with their rifles and tomahawks, and dividing themselves into small parties, came so suddenly upon the supposed murderers, that it was equally impossible for them to resist or escape. They expressed neither surprise nor fear, neither the shame of guilt, nor the courage of conscious innocence, but submitted to their captors in sullen insolence. Some articles were found in their possession, and a variety of facts proved, which rendered their guilt so probable, as to justify their commitment for further examination.

At that early period in the history of our country, jails were neither abundant, nor particularly well adapted for the safe keeping of prisoners. There

was

was none at Stanford, and it became necessary to send the culprits to Danville, where a wholesome institution of this kind had been provided. The men were therefore placed under the charge of a party of amed citizens, and marched off, while the women and children, who were left at liberty, followed at their leisure. The escort rested that night at the house of a farmer, a comfortable log cabin, in one apartment of which the prisoners, securely tied, were placed, under the charge of two sentinels, while the rest of the guard threw themselves down to repose, on the floor of the same room. Here I must introduce a new character, who came on the scene at this place.

Hercules Short, or, as he was more frequently called, Hark Short, was the only son of a poor widow, whose miserable cottage stood on the borders of an extensive swamp in North Carolina. It

It was a wretched abode, consisting of a single apartment, plentifully supplied with crevices, which admitted the light of heaven, and gave free access to the balmy airs of spring, as well as the rude blasts of winter. On three sides it was surrounded by a range of barren ridges, covered with a stinted growth of evergreens. In front was a dismal swamp, filled with huge trees, whose great trunks supported a dense canopy of foliage, which excluded the rays of the sun from the gloomy mass of turbid waters that covered the earth. An undergrowth of tall weeds and rank grass, nourished by the fertilizing ooze, but deprived of the light and warmth of the sunbeam, shot up into a sickly and dropsical luxuriance. Here the mocasin-snake might be seen gliding over the roots of the melancholy cypress, or exposing his loathsome form on the decaying trunk of a fallen tree. Here the tuneful

tuneful frogs held nightly concerts, astonishing the hearer by the loudness and variety, if not by the melody, of their voices. This, too, was the favourite haunt of that musical and valiant insect, the musquito, whose thirst for human blood is so distressing to all persons of tender feelings. The bear, too, loved to wander and repose in these solitudes, wading with delight among the flags and rushes of the ponds, in search of tender buds, or snoring securely in the hollow of a tree, where the sound of a human footstep never disturbed his pleasant slumbers. His neighbour, the owl, sometimes kept bad hours, screeching her untimely song at mid-day, when all discreet brutes should be sleeping; but this he had learned to consider as a pleasant serenade. Other innocent and playful animals tenanted these shades, but the spectator, who should have visited them at an hour while the sun was

above

above the horizon, would scarcely have believed that any living thing existed here. All around him would be motionless and silent. Even the humid atmosphere seemed here to have lost its elasticity and power of circulation. One animated being alone might occasionally be seen, winding his way through the morass, with the stealthy tread of the midnight prowler. It was a youth, whose slender and emaciated form, of dwarfish height, seemed a living personification of hunger. His diminutive skeleton was covered with a skin sallowed by the humid damps, and embrowned by exposure. His gait was slow, from caution as well as from indolence. His features were stolid, and the muscles of his face as immovable as if nature had denied them the power of expressing passion or emotion. A small grey eye alone, moving warily in its socket, and continually glancing from side

side to side, with the watchfulness of apprehension, indicated the existence of feelings common to the human animal. He was bare-headed and bare-footed; his tangled hair seemed never to have known the discipline of a comb; while his coarse and torn garments, which certainly performed no useful or agreeable office in relation to the comfort of his body, might have been worn in deference to the customs of his species; and this was probably the only instance in which he complied so far with the prejudices of society, as to identify himself as a member of the human family.

This promising young gentleman was Mr. Hark Short, the boy of the swamp, and the heir of the pleasant cabin described above. His father had, from necessity or choice, found it convenient to select a retired country residence; and after his demise, the widow, whose love of solitude seemed congenial with that

of

of her lord, continued to inhabit the family mansion. The earliest employment of our hero, was to gather for his mother the pine-knots, which not only constitute the fuel of that country, but are the most fashionable substitutes for spermaceti candles; his first amusement in life was to spear frogs and rob birds'-nests. His ambition, however, soon rose above these humble pursuits; and before he was twelve years old, he took to killing snakes, hunting opossums, catching fish, and finding wild pigs in the woods. His practice in relation to pigs was a little remarkable. The farmers in that country suffer their hogs to run at large in the woods, paying them little attention, except that of marking the ears of each generation of pigs while in their infancy, so that each owner may be able to distinguish his property. Our friend Hark, well aware of this practice, and of the care with which

which the farmers performed it, whenever an increase in their swinish families rendered it expedient, reasoned plausibly enough, that every pig which was not marked must be common property, or, as he expressed it, *a wild varment*, subject to be converted to the individual use of any one who should first appropriate it to himself. Whether he inferred this doctrine from the principles of natural law, or practised it as an instinct, is not important, and could not now be precisely ascertained. We deal only in facts, and the truth is, that although Hark never acquired a pig either by descent or purchase, he made it a rule to place his own mark in the ear of every juvenile animal of this species which he found running unmarked in the woods. Whenever the maternal care of a female swine, wilder or more cunning than usual, induced her to hide her litter in some unfrequented covert

of

of the woods, or in some solitary islet of the swamp, inaccessible to the owner's search, or when any unfortunate orphan strayed from the herd and escaped the owner's eye, Hark was sure to find them. His dexterity in accomplishing this feat was remarkable. He would lie at the root of a tree watching a herd for hours; but no sooner were the grunters nestled in their beds of leaves, than Hark commenced operations, crawling towards them with a noiseless and almost imperceptible motion, until he could place his remorseless hand upon an innocent pig, who never dreamt of being marked, until the knife was at its ear, while the left hand of the dexterous Hark grasped the snout with such skill as to stifle the cries of the affrighted animal. A whole litter would thus pass through his hands in the course of a short time.

If any should be so squeamish as to object to the propriety of this mode of gaining

gaining a livelihood, we must urge in its extenuation, the same apology which is considered as sufficient in most of the ordinary transactions of life, and especially in reference to its pecuniary concerns—that of necessity. Hark had been raised a gentleman—that is to say, he had never been taught to work; he had no fancy for agricultural pursuits, and the barren sands around his mother's cabin were ill suited to that employment. He therefore necessarily resorted to the woods for a support, where he sometimes shot a dear; but although he handled a rifle well, he disliked its use; the labour of carrying the weapon was irksome to one of his gentlemanly nature, and the noise of its report particularly uncongenial with his habits of privacy, and meditative turn of mind. Besides, gunpowder and lead cost money, which is not to be picked up every day in the swamps of North Carolina; and

and why should not marking a pig be considered as respectable as gambling, or as honest as overreaching a neighbour in a bargain? Hark could see no difference. He knew little, of course, of morality; but an intuitive greatness of mind induced him, early in life, to adopt the magnanimous rule of the Spartan, which attached no shame to any act, except that of doing it so awkwardly as to be detected. Hark had no ambition to make a noise in the world, but on the contrary, shrunk habitually from observation, and courted the society of his own thoughts. Like many great men, he seemed to have discovered that ingenuity is a nobler quality than brute force, and that discretion is the better part of valour. His mother's table, therefore, was tolerably well supplied with game, consisting entirely of the flesh of animals which might be taken without labour, or ensnared by art. In the spring

spring he caught fish, in the autumn he shook the stupid opossum from the persimmon trees and pawpaw bushes, and during the rest of the year he took whatever chance threw in his way. Sometimes the weather was inclement, and nothing stirred in the woods but the creaking bough or the trembling leaf; and sometimes Hark, who, like other persons of genius, had his dark days of despondency and lassitude, was disinclined to hunt, and he and dame Short were reduced to short allowance. But they were used to this, and it was marvellous to see with what resignation they could starve. They polished the bones which they had picked before, and when this resource was exhausted, passed whole days without eating; the goodwife croaking over the fire with a short black pipe in her mouth, and Hark nestling in his pallet, like some hybernating animal, who sleeps away the long months of winter.

Solitary

Solitary as was the life of Hark, it was not passed without amusement. Every intelligent mind is apt to become addicted to some pursuit, which soon grows into a master passion of the soul; and although we can hardly conceive that the practice of cruelty could ever afford enjoyment, yet, strange as it may seem, it is no less true, that *destructiveness* has been strongly developed in men of the most magnanimous souls. From Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," down to Black Hawk, the Sac warrior, the magnates of the earth have ever taken great delight in killing animals, and cutting the throats of their fellow-men. Setting down this remarkable thirst for blood as one of the undoubted attributes of high ambition, we see no reason why Hark should not be ranked with "Macedonia's madman and the Swede." The bent of his genius lay particularly towards the killing of reptiles: with a

slight spear, formed of a pointed stick, or slender cane, he would sit for hours by a pond, transfixing every frog which showed its head above the surface of the water, or, with a great switch in his hand, lie in wait for lizards by the decaying trunk of some great fallen tree. But his soul panted for higher exploits than these. He entertained a special antipathy for snakes, and like Hannibal, vowed eternal enmity against the whole race. Nothing delighted him so much as to encounter a serpent; no matter to what variety it belonged—the intrepid rattlesnake, the lurking copper-head, the insidious viper, or the harmless black-snake—he no sooner beheld his enemy, than he prepared for battle with the eagerness of an amateur, and the skill of an experienced gladiator. A martial hatred flashed from his eye, and his swarthy visage, flushed with a chivalrous intrepidity, assumed an unwonted animation.

mation. His mode of proceeding on such occasions was a little singular; for, either to show his contempt for the reptile, or his indifference to danger, or because he thought it the most scriptural plan of bruising his adversary's head, he invariably jumped upon the crawling animal with both his feet, and trampled it to death.

The world went quietly along with Hark until he approached his eighteenth year, when several untoward events occurred to mar his felicity. In childhood he had been an honest boy, with a character perfectly unblemished, except by certain little improprieties, such as sucking eggs, or milking the neighbours' cows, when he found them grazing in the swamps; and it was thought that the undue severity of the farmers, in flogging him for these little frailties of his nature, caused him to grow up with the shy and misanthropic habits, for which

he was so remarkable. But as he became older, his large herd of swine began to attract attention; the farmers, who believed in the adage of the civil law, *partus sequitur*, &c. which means in plain English, that the offspring belong to the owner of the mother, began to complain that the descendants of their hogs were passing frequently into the possession of Hark, the snake-killer, and threatened him with the visitation of Lynch's law. Indeed, it is rumoured that he was actually arraigned before a tribunal exercising this impartial jurisdiction; but as there is no report of the case, we suppose the allegation to be slanderous. Dangers, however, were thickening around him; he now spent all of his days in the deepest recesses of the swamp, and grew so wild, that whenever he heard the tramp of a horse, or the crack of a rifle, he crept into some hollow tree, or bounded away with the caution

caution of a startled fox. The fear of Lynch's law was continually before his eyes, and he would rather have crawled into a den of rattlesnakes, than have shewn his face in the neighbouring settlement.

But the longest lane will have a turning, and the time was arrived when the destiny of Hark was to be materially changed. One night, on returning home, he found his mother expiring. He would have gone in search of a physician, but she knew that the hand of death was upon her, and charged him not to leave her bedside. He lighted some pine knots, and as the blaze illumed the cheerless cabin, gazed in stupified wonder at the pale and distorted features of her who had been his sole companion through life. She was the only human being who had ever treated him with kindness. He had not been taught obedience by precept or example,

but had served and supported her from that kind of instinct which induces animals to consort together for mutual protection, or to follow the hand that feeds them. Blunted as his feelings were by his habits of life, he discovered for the first time an emotion of tenderness swelling at his heart. He watched for hours, in silence, the expiring taper of existence. Unable to render any assistance, and unskilled in those tender assiduities which soothe the pillow of disease, he felt how helpless and how hopeless is the sorrow of him who watches alone in the chamber of death, awaiting the departure of the soul of a beloved object, whose flight he cannot arrest nor retard. At length, when her breathing became indistinct, he leaned over the ghastly form, and sobbed in broken accents—"Mother, don't—don't die!" The dying woman recognised the voice of her son; she turned her eyes towards him—

him—a gleam of maternal tenderness passed over her face, and in the next moment her spirit passed from life to eternity.

Hark, who was naturally superstitious, would now have fled from the house of death, but a decent sense of propriety restrained him, and renewing the blaze upon his now solitary hearth, he sat with his face buried in his hands, giving unrestrained vent to his sorrow: these were new feelings, and, like all sudden impulses, they were evanescent. Grief soon exhausted itself, and when day dawned, and the beams of the sun began to dissipate the mists that hung over his dwelling, his wonted habits resumed their empire. The events of that day need not be told. The following night the moon shone brightly. A hunter, who had strayed far from home in search of game, returning at a late hour, discovered the diminutive form of

Hark, perched on the summit of a small knoll, not far from the cabin of the late widow. He sat motionless, with his head resting on his hand, unconscious of the hunter's approach. The latter, who knew the wary habits of the boy, was surprised at his remaining thus motionless, and supposing he was hurt, or had fallen asleep, drew near with a friendly intent to awaken or assist him; but the sound of his approaching footsteps soon broke the reverie of Hark, who no sooner became aware of being observed, than he started up, and after a cautious glance around, instantly fled in terror from the spot.

The astonished hunter, on examining, found that the boy had been sitting by a newly-made grave, over which the moist earth had been just closed. The spade lay there, with the fresh soil still clinging to the blade. Alone, and by moonlight, this singular being had performed

formed the melancholy rite of sepulture. On the following morning, some of the neighbours visited the cabin by the swamp, but found it deserted; nor was Hark ever seen again in that vicinity. Sometimes the hunter, when entangled in the mazes of that wild morass, fancied he heard a sound like that of a man striking his feet rapidly on the ground, and it was said that the form of Hark, the snake-killer, was seen gliding quietly over the turbid pools. But his fate remained unknown; whether in his solitary wanderings he had been stung to death by some venomous reptile, or sunk in a quagmire, or whether the Evil One, who seemed to have long since marked him for his prey, had carried him off, none could conjecture. It is said that a variety of noxious animals took possession of the deserted cabin, as if in triumph over their persecutor; and when it was visited long afterwards, it

was surrounded by a rank growth of weeds, and the entrance choked with thorns and briers; a she-wolf had hidden her litter under the ruins of the chimney, a numerous colony of rattlesnakes coiled their loathsome forms beneath the dilapidated floor; and the roof afforded a congenial solitude to the bat: from the hollow of a blasted tree hard by, the owl shouted a savage note of exultation; and a thousand voices arising out of the green and stagnant pools, proclaimed that the tenants of the swamp had increased in number and security.

CHAP. XII.

CONTRARY to all the conjectures which had been formed respecting him, Hark Short, the snake-killer, was still in the land of the living. Some months after his disappearance from the place of his nativity, he presented himself, nearly naked, and almost starved, at the house of a farmer in Kentucky, where he was received, in conformity with the hospitable usages of that country, without suspicion or question: it was enough that he was destitute and a stranger. He was fed and clothed, and continued to linger about the house, wandering off in the daytime to the woods to

hunt or kill snakes, and creeping quietly into the cabin at night, where he nestled in a blanket upon the hearth, with his feet to the fire. When called upon to assist in any of the labours of the farm, he complied with the most evident distaste. He could not handle any farming implements but the hoe and axe, and these but awkwardly; and evinced a thorough dislike against all domestic animals. If sent to ride a horse to water, or lead him to the stable, he was sure to pinch or prick the creature with a thorn, until those which were most sagacious and spirited, learned to show their antipathy for the unlucky boy, by laying back their ears whenever he approached. In short, he could do nothing useful, except to hunt raccoons and opossums, or to assist the farmer in catching his half-wild hogs, which, as in all new countries, ran at large in the woods. On occasions like the latter, his exploits

exploits were the subjects of wonder and merriment. It seemed to afford him an honest pride, to exhibit a genius superior to that of the swinish multitude. He was an overmatch for the fiercest and most bulky of these animals; evincing clearly, in his triumphs, the vast disparity between intellect and instinct.

Having selected the object on which to exercise his dexterity, he would lie for hours coiled upon a log, until his victim approached, or would drag his body along the ground towards it, so slowly that the motion was imperceptible, and at last, springing upon its back, seize the bristles with his left hand, and press his heels into its flanks, clinging with so firm a grasp, that the enraged animal could neither assail nor dislodge him, until he brought his prey to the ground by passing his knife into its throat. If he failed to alight on its back, or if his position

position was unfavourable for this exploit, he seized one of the hinder limbs, and when the animal happened to be large and strong, it would dart away on three legs, dragging the light form of Hark rapidly over the dried leaves and fallen timber. But it was impossible to shake him off; in vain did the enraged swine dash through the closest thickets, or plunge into the miry swamps, Hark retained his hold, until the dogs and men came to his relief. These feats gained him applause, and rendered his society tolerable to those who would otherwise have been disgusted with his unsocial temper and unamiable habits. The only brute that he could endure was the dog; even these he at first viewed with manifest symptoms of repugnance; but after witnessing their good qualities in catching hogs, and hunting, he admitted that if dogs would not bark, they might be made very useful.

There

There was one redeeming quality in the conduct of this singular being, which was, fondness for children. He had never until now associated with any of the human race but his mother; of men he had an instinctive dread, and seemed to hate the whole brute creation; towards children alone did he evince a show of kindness. It was a kindness which displayed itself in mute and almost negative actions, like that of the faithful dog, who watches the playing infant with a complacent eye, and suffers it to sport with his paws and teeth, to pull his ears, and even to torment him, without the least show of resentment.

It was to the house of the farmer, with whom Hark had found a temporary home, that the prisoners taken at Stanford were brought, on the evening succeeding their arrest. On their approach, the boy, who sat in a corner, in his

his accustomed moody silence, was the first to hear the tramp of horses. Without speaking to anybody, he rose, stole cautiously out, and under the shade of an out-house, watched the dismounting horsemen. With his usual stealthy habits, he continued to linger about, listening to all the conversation he could catch, without making his appearance. At last, as if satisfied that no immediate danger threatened his own safety, he entered the room in which the prisoners had been lodged, veiling his constitutional fear of strangers under an assumed apathy of countenance, or only betraying it by an occasional wild and timid glance, like that of the wolf, who, crouching in his den, listens to the distant bayings of the hunters' dogs.

After a little while, the men who guarded the prisoners left the apartment —some to take care of their horses, and others sauntering around the house, so

as

as still to be near enough to prevent the possibility of their prisoners' escape. The latter sat upon a bench, with their feet bound together, and their arms strongly pinioned behind them, while Hark continued immovable in his corner, until one of the men, in a coarse tone, asked him for a drink of water.

The boy arose, and, as if determined to profit by the opportunity which thus presented itself, of indulging his curiosity without hazard, presented a gourd of water with one hand, while he held a candle with the other.

The person to whose lips he held the cooling draught, who was the larger of the two felons, looked sternly at him; their eyes met—the boy seemed to recoil, but the features of both their countenances retained their imperturbable apathy.

"Hark," said the man, in a low harsh voice, "do you know me?"

The

The boy hesitated, as if afraid to reply.

"Put down the light," continued the man, "and sit near me."

Hark obeyed, replaced the candle on a table, and threw himself on the floor, as if disposed to sleep, yet so near the man as to hear him speak in a low tone.

"Do you know me?" was again repeated.

"Nobody ever saw Big Harpe, and not know him again," replied the killer of snakes.

"Is that all you know of me?"

"Well—I can't say—in peticklar," replied the boy, in evident embarrassment; "I have *heern* tell that your given name was Micajah."

"Did you never hear your mother speak of me?"

"Not—in peticklar—as I know of."

"Where is she?"

"Mammy's dead."

Here a pause ensued.

"Will

"Will you do me a service?" resumed Micajah.

"Did *you* ever do any good to anybody?" asked Hark.

"None of your business!" replied the man, fiercely, but still in the same under-tone; "how dare you speak to me that way, you stupid wretch?"

Hark edged a little further off, and gazed at the man with intense curiosity and fear, while his limbs shook with trepidation.

The felon seemed to think it necessary to change his ground, and try the effect of conciliation.—"And so your mother's dead—I'm sorry. You say she never spoke about me?"

"Not, in peticklar——"

"But she said something; I'd like to know what it was."

"Mammy didn't know as you'd ever hear it."

"Then it was something bad?"

"Not

"Not in peticklar."

"Then you might as well tell me what it was."

"It would make you mad."

"No, it wouldn't—I don't mind what women say, no how."

"Well; she said, if any body was to rake hell with a fine comb, they could not find such a——"

Here he hesitated.

"Out with it, boy."

"Sich a tarnal villain."

"Was that all?" inquired the man coolly, and as if disappointed in not getting out some fact, which he was endeavouring to draw from his stupid companion. "Did she say nothing more?"

"Well—I don't know as she ever said any thing else, in peticklar."

"Give me some more water," said Harpe: and as the boy held the gourd to his lips, instead of drinking, he whispered

pered something, in a hurried authoritative tone.

Hark stepped back in surprise, and retreated across the room, much agitated. He then resumed his former position in the corner most distant from the prisoners, coiled himself up upon the floor, and appeared to sleep; and when the men composing the guard returned, every thing seemed quiet.

As the night wore away, these hardy backwoodsmen continued to sit to a late hour around the fire; for although it was early in the autumn, the night was cool, and a cheerful blaze glowed on the hearth. They amused themselves in conversing of their early homes from which they had emigrated—of the incidents connected with their journeys—and of their adventures in hunting and war.

These subjects are so interesting, as always to awaken attention; and they become

become particularly so, when discussed by a race of men who are eloquent by nature, and speak with a freedom of sentiment, and fluency of language, which are not found in any other people who use our dialect.

At last one of the hunters, wrapping a blanket about his brawny frame, threw himself on the floor, and soon slumbered with a soundness which the bed of down does not always afford; another and another followed his example, until two only, who were appointed for the purpose, were left to keep watch over the prisoners, for whom a pallet had been made upon the floor.

In the mean while, Hark had been lying in the corner unnoticed, and apparently fast asleep; his eyes were closed, and those who might have looked towards him, would not have been able to discover, by the uncertain light, that one eyelid was partially raised, and that,

that, while seemingly asleep, he was attentively watching all that passed. He had changed his position, too, unobserved, and the prisoners having been placed near the middle of the small apartment, he was now lying near them. At length one of the guards left the room, and the other was sitting with his back towards the prisoners, intently engaged in cleaning the lock of his rifle. Hark now drew himself silently along the floor, until he placed himself in contact with the pallet of the captives; then passing his hand rapidly under the blanket which covered them both, cut the thongs which bound their arms, placed the knife in the hand of the one nearest to him, and hastily resumed his former place in the corner.

All this was the work of one minute; and in another, the Harpes were on their feet, rushing towards the door, and the sentinels started up only in time to witness

witness their escape. The whole company was instantly alarmed; men and dogs dashed into the surrounding thickets in eager pursuit, but the murderers eluded their skilful search, and the party returned, dispirited and angry with each other. An animated debate occurred as to the cause of the disaster, but its real author was not suspected, until it was found that Hark was missing. In the confusion of the first alarm he had slipped away, and was seen no more in that neighbourhood.

CHAP. XIII.

SOME of our readers are perhaps disposed to throw this volume aside, in disappointment at not finding in it any of those touching love-scenes, which constitute the charm of most novels. It will perhaps be said that the hero is the most insignificant character in the book, and the heroine not half so interesting as some of the other personages. This objection has been urged against some of the most delightful pictures in our language, but has not been found sufficient to prevent the circulation, or diminish the celebrity, of those admirable works. It has been said of Scott,

that he has made his heroes secondary characters, while the highest powers of his mighty genius have been employed upon those who play subordinate parts. We may admit the fact as stated, without by any means conceding that it forms a valid ground of objection. We can see no reason for the assumption, that the young gentleman, the story of whose love is interwoven with our tale, should, as a matter of course, be intruded upon the reader at every turning, or that all the writer's best powers should be exhausted in embellishing him, who being already so attractive as to have made a deep impression on the heart of the heroine, ought to be, in all conscience, attractive enough for the rest of the world. Besides, we wish to be permitted to tell our story in our own way, and to pass our hero in silence, until we find him achieving some adventure worthy of being told.

As

As for love matters, we have little taste for them, and are content to leave them to be imagined by our tasteful and sentimental readers.

If there be any who are disposed to listen to a dry detail of events, which are necessary to explain and connect the circumstances which have been hinted at in this history, we shall introduce them into a small Dutch tavern, on the frontiers of the settled part of Pennsylvania. It was a stone house, built with an attention to solidity, which showed that the proprietor entertained the hope of transmitting it to his descendants. On the sign-board, which swung conspicuously before the door, was painted the bust of a woman, with arms extended, and with a great suit of long hair, streaming like a birch broom down her back, grasping a looking-glass in one hand, and a comb in the other; while the lower extremity of the figure

tapered off into something resembling the tail of a sea-serpent. Over this singular representation was written—"THE MARE MADE," and underneath—"By Jacob Schultzhoover." The front door opened into a bar-room, in the centre of which was placed a large tin-plate stove, around whose heated sides was collected a circle of teamsters, smoking their pipes, and conversing, with all convenient deliberation, in the harmonious accents of the Dutch language. In a back room, similarly warmed, was a table, from which a traveller had lately risen, and over whose ample surface was scattered, in gigantic ruin, the remains of a great dish of sour-kraut and pork, the relic of a capacious apple-pie, and a rye loaf, flanked by pitchers of cider and milk. Several bouncing girls, with faces "round as my shield," rotund forms, and fleshy sun-burnt arms, bare to the elbow, were clearing away the truck

truck of the evening meal with a marvellous activity, simpering and smiling all the while, as they covertly peeped at the handsome young gentleman who sat picking his teeth by the stove, so deeply plunged in meditation as not to notice what was passing around him. I am not aware whether picking the teeth is altogether heroic; but a fit of abstraction is the very thing—it looks so lover-like and interesting. This meditative gentleman was our friend Mr. Fennimore, who was hastening to join the army on the frontier. Shortly after supper he retired to his chamber, took a set of writing materials from his valise, and spent the evening in composing a long letter, from which we shall take the liberty of making some extracts:—

"*Lieutenant Lyttleton Fennimore, to C. Wallace, Esq.*

"My father was a native of England, who came to Virginia when he was quite a young man. He was of a good family, and well educated; if my mother be considered a competent witness in such a case, he was even more—highly accomplished, and remarkably interesting in person and manners. He brought letters of introduction, and was well received; and as soon as it was understood that his extreme indigence was such as to render it necessary that he should embark in some employment, to earn a support, he was readily received as private tutor in the family of a gentleman, residing not far from Mr. Heyward, the father of the late major Heyward, whose melancholy death I have described to you. Mr. Heyward also employed him to give lessons in drawing, and the French language, to his only

only daughter, then a girl of about sixteen. A mutual attachment ensued between my father and this young lady, which was carefully concealed, because the Heywards, though generous and hospitable, were proud and aspiring.

"I do not know how it was, that my father became unpopular among the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood. His manners might not have been sufficiently conciliating, or his spirit might have been above his station, and have prompted him to exact attentions which were not thought due to a private tutor. Perhaps his attentions to Miss Heyward were suspected, and regarded as presumptuous. Whatever might have been the cause, the result was, that he was coolly received in society, and subjected to many petty indignities. The younger Mr. Heyward, who had at first treated him with kindness, no sooner suspected him of paying attention to his sister, to

whom he was tenderly attached, than he became his violent enemy, and insisted on his immediate discharge. The elder Mr. Heyward, too magnanimous to do a deliberate act of injustice, took time for reflection. During this interval, an event occurred, which brought matters to a crisis.

" Although the American colonies were at that time loyal to the British king, and no plan of revolution had been matured, yet extensive discontents prevailed, and language of the strongest reprehension against the ministry was currently used. My father had, in writing to England, drawn a vivid picture of the state of public sentiment in Virginia, and the letter having been shown to a cabinet minister, he was so well pleased with the spirit displayed in it, as well as with the talents of the writer, that he intimated a wish that the correspondence should be kept up. This led

led to a series of letters, written by my father, expressly for the eye of the minister. He was a Briton by birth and allegiance, and did nothing dishonourable in acting thus, as an agent of the government; and as he adhered strictly to truth, and depicted the motives of the colonists even in favourable colours, he could not be justly considered as violating hospitality. This correspondence, however, was discovered; its author was represented as a spy, and loaded with all the opprobrium which the indignation of an enraged community could suggest. Nothing but sudden flight could have saved his life. Miss Heyward was the first to warn him of his danger. Having already given him her affections, and being prepared to share his fortunes, she proved her sincerity and her devotion, by nobly consenting to elope with him, and become the companion of his poverty and misfortune. They commenced

menced their flight at the dawn of day, and before its close, had indissolubly united their fates by the marriage bond.

"They retired for a while from notice, hoping that my mother's friends would become reconciled; but this expectation proved deceptive. Major Heyward, though of a generous disposition, was a man of aristocratic feelings; he loved his sister tenderly, and had, perhaps, indulged some views in relation to her settlement in life, which were blasted by her marriage with my father. He had also a great antipathy to foreigners, and considered his family degraded by the marriage of one of its members with a person who, however estimable, was an alien to our country. For even at that early period, many of the oldest families among the colonists felt a pride in their native land, and gloried in the name of American, though it was then but a name. He refused to be reconciled

ciled to my mother on any terms, and spoke of my father in language which forbade any subsequent advance on their part. They settled in Philadelphia, where they lived in the most retired manner, supported by the scanty pittance earned by my father as a merchant's clerk. Of that unfortunate parent I have no recollection, for he died while I was an infant. My mother, left pennyless in a strange city, was reduced to a state of extreme necessity, but her pride would not permit her to return to her father's house, where she would now undoubtedly have been received with open arms. You have seen my excellent mother, and you know that she is a woman of uncommon talents, and remarkable fortitude. When thus thrown upon her own resources, she resolved to make the best of her unfortunate situation. She took a secluded lodging, and applied herself with unwearied industry

to

to her needle; and being patronized by several fashionable ladies, maintained herself creditably, though with extreme frugality, by fabricating the most elegant and expensive articles of female dress: her taste and skill in these delicate manufactures were unrivalled. I cannot express the feelings of anguish which I experienced while a mere child, in witnessing the silent, the incessant toils of my mother, which were secretly undermining her health; and the devotion with which all her affections were concentrated in myself, the only earthly object of her regard; and I can remember, too, the fervour with which I mentally vowed to devote my whole life to her service. The death of a relative of my father in England, placed us in possession of a small annuity, which relieved my excellent mother from the necessity of labouring for a support, and enabled her to educate me in a manner suitable

suitable to her wishes; though we were still poor, and obliged, as you are aware, to live in the most frugal manner.

" At the decease of my grandfather, Mr. Heyward, we learned that a considerable sum of money would fall to my mother, under the provisions of a settlement made at the marriage of her parents; but again her pride, and her wounded feelings, induced her to prefer obscure indigence, rather than make her situation known in any manner to her family; nor until I became old enough to take the management of my affairs into my own hands, would she consent to have her claim investigated. This was the purpose of my visit to Virginia. I have detailed to you most of the events attending that visit: it is enough to add, that my uncle satisfied me that we had been misinformed. No marriage settlement had ever existed, his father died intestate, and he, under the rule of primogeniture,

mogeniture, which then prevailed in Virginia, was the sole heir. Thus a hope long cherished in secret by my mother, was in a moment blasted."

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Semler, a Tale of Marriage, by J. I. A. Semler	0	4	0
Wanderings of Childe Harold, 3 vols	1	1	0
The Mystery Developed, by Mr. M'Dermot, Author of Principles of Taste, Beauties of Modern Literature, &c. 3 vols.....	0	16	6
Castle Harcourt, or the Days of King Richard the Third, by L. F. Winter, esq. 3 vols	0	16	6
De Santillana, or the Force of Bigotry, a Romantic Tale, by Zara Wentworth, author of the Hermit's Cave, &c. 4 vols	1	4	0
The Castle Chapel, a romantic Tale, by R. M. Roche, author of the Children of the Abbey, &c. 4 vols	1	1	0
Colonel Berkley and his Friends, Sketches of Life, 3 vols.....	0	18	0
First Affections, an Oxfordshire Story, 2 vols.....	0	12	0
Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Lord of Offaley, a romance of the 16th Century, 8vo. 3 vols.....	1	7	0
Valley of Shenandoah, or Memoirs of the Graysons, 3 vols.....	0	18	0
The Refugee, a Romance, by Captain Murgatroyd, 3 vols.....	0	18	0
The Phantom, or Mysteries of the Castle, by Mrs. Matthews.....	0	4	0
A Father's Love and a Woman's Friendship, or the Widow and her Daughters, by H. R. Mosse, Author of the Bride and no Wife, &c. 5 vol.....	1	10	0
George Barnwell, 5th edition, by T. Surr, 3 vol.	0	16	6
Parents and Wives, or Inconsistency and Mistakes, by Mrs. Green, Author of the Carthusian Friar, &c. 3 vol.....	0	16	6
Realities, *not* a Novel, a Tale from Real Life, by the Author of Correction, Decision, &c. 4 vols.....	1	4	0
Midnight Bell, by Francis Lathom, 2d edition, 3 vols.	0	15	0
Henry, by Cumberland, 4th edition, 4 vols.....	1	2	0
Evelina, by the author of Cecilia, new edition, 2 vols..	0	8	0
Stranger of the Valley, an American Tale, 3 vols.	0	16	6
The Brazen Mask, a Romance, by Mrs. Charlotte Putney, 4 vol.....	1	2	0

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.
Gratitude, and other Tales, by Mrs. Mosse, author of Bride and no Wife, a Father's Love, &c. 3 vol.	0	18	0
Montville, or the Dark Heir of the Castle, 3 vol.	0	16	6
Discarded Son, or the Haunt of the Banditti, by Regina Maria Roche, author of the Children of the Abbey, &c. 2d edition, 5 vols.....	1	10	0
Willoughby, by the author of Realities, 2 vol.	0	12	0
Heraline, by L. M. Hawkins, 8vo. 4 vols.	1	12	0
Spanish Daughter, by Mrs. Sherwood, 8vo. 2 vol.....	0	16	0
Eustace Fitz-Richard, a Tale of the Barons' Wars, by the author of the Bandit Chief, or the Lords of Urvino, 4 vols.....	1	4	0
Abbot of Montserrat, a Romance, by W. C. Green, 2 vols.	0	10	6
The English Baronet, by Leonora Des Straella, a Tale, 3 vols.	0	16	6
Bravo of Venice, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. new edition ..	0	5	0
Deeds of the Olden Time, a Romance, by Ann of Swansea, 5 vols.	1	10	0
Henry the Fourth of France, an Historical Romance, by Alicia Lefanu, Author of the Life of Mrs Sheridan, Tales of a Tourist, &c. 4 vol.	1	2	0
Highland Mary, by the author of the Farmer's Three Daughters, &c. 4 vols.....	1	2	0
The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery, by Francis Lathom, 2d edition, 4 vols.	1	2	0
The Moss-Troopers, a Border Tale, by the author of Bannockburn, &c. 3 vols.	0	16	6
Mysterious Monk, or the Wizard's Tower, by C. A. Bolen, 3 vols.	0	16	6
Scottish Legend, or the Isle of St. Clothair, a Romance, by T. J. Horsley Curties, 2d edition, 4 vols.	1	2	0
The Vizier's Son, 3 vols.	1	1	0
The Fugitive, or a Trip to Canada, by Edward Lane...	0	7	0
Jesuit, or spirit of the Castle, 8vo. 2 vols.	0	14	0
Ned Clinton, or the Commissary, 3 vols.	1	1	0
Last of the Mohicans, by the Author of the Spy, &c. 3d edition, 3 vols.	1	1	0