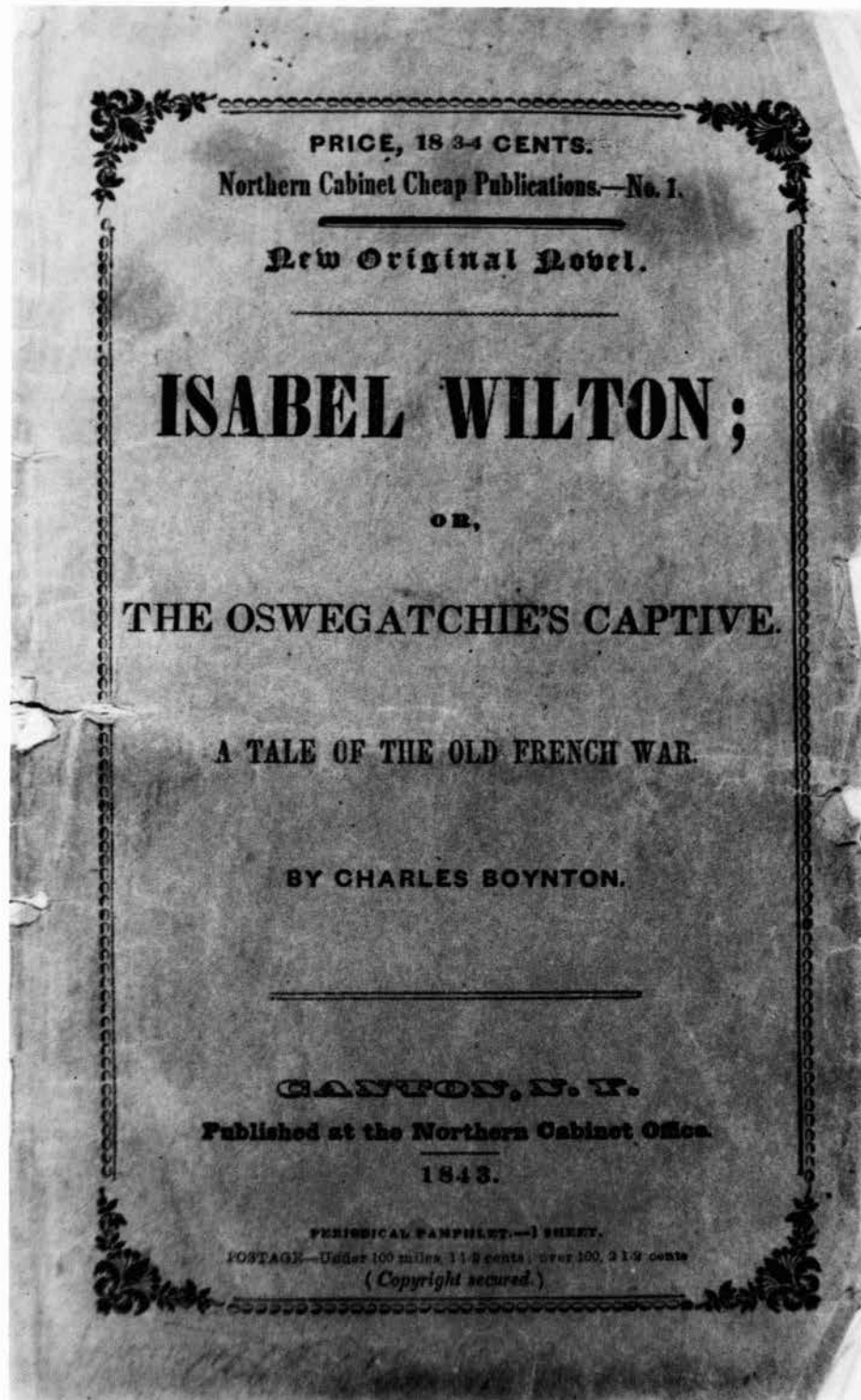


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Issue Editor:
Stanley M. Holberg

Production Editor:
Stewart J. Wilson

Production Assistance:
Melissa A. Barker
Patricia David
C.J. Tramontana

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Cover: Front cover of "Isabel Wilton"
(courtesy of Herbert F. Judd)

THE

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AND LITERARY REPOSITORY.

This is the title of a Semi-Monthly Literary Periodical, published at Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., on the 1st and 15th of each month, in the QUARTO FORM, (8 pages of 4 columns each) and devoted to Miscellaneous Reading and General Intelligence. In its columns will be found

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Photograph of the back page of the "Isabel Wilton" novelette (courtesy of Herbert F. Judd).

“Isabel Wilton”: An Introduction

by Stanley M. Holberg

In 1843 Charles Boynton of Canton wrote and published the novelette that is reprinted in these pages. It ran successively from July 1 through October 2 in Boynton’s *The Northern Cabinet and Literary Repository*, a semi-monthly paper initially issued in Canton (1843-1844), later in Potsdam (1845-1846). Apparently the story was well received by the *Cabinet’s* readers, for in the same year that it appeared in serialized form, Boynton printed it alone, within its own covers. Thus was created what may have been the first work of fiction to appear as a separate publication in St. Lawrence County.

The Boynton family arrived in Canton from Windsor, Vermont, in 1824, the year of the author’s birth. The father, Paul, was a man of many parts. He was a musician and built, it has been said, one of the earliest pipe organs in the country. A devoted Mason, he presented it to the Royal Arch Masonic Lodge in Canton, of which he was its first Scribe. The Masonic temple on Pine Street in Canton, the old “Royal Arch House,” which still stands, was built by him. He invented and had patented a magazine-fed gun for use by the Army. He built in Heuvelton a steamboat named the *Paul Pry* that, after a few years’ service on Black Lake,

was somehow maneuvered down the Oswegatchie River to the St. Lawrence, where it served as a ferry between Ogdensburg and Prescott.* (This vessel played a significant role in the “Windmill Affair” during the Patriot’s War of 1837-1840.) He was twice elected to the presidency of the Board of Trustees of the Village of Canton.

Relatively little is known of Charles Boynton’s life, especially of the years that he spent in the North Country. A staunch Whig, in 1844 he issued a campaign paper from the *Northern Cabinet* press, named *The Inquirer and Tariff Advocate* favoring Clay during the Clay-Polk presidential election of that year, and another paper called *The Engineer*. It was the Democratic party’s opposition to the former publication that occasioned the move of the *Cabinet* from Canton to Potsdam.

Shortly after the gold rush began in California in 1849, Boynton headed west, settling in Jackson in that state, where he owned and edited the *Jackson Sentinel*. A local historian in Jackson has said of him that “Boynton, despite his youth, was a leading citizen, Whig, wit, satirist, editor, pamphleteer, and oft-defeated political candidate.” In 1855, he moved again, this time to LaSalle, Illinois. There he was the owner, or perhaps the

co-owner, of the LaSalle *Weekly Press*, occupying also the position of senior editor. Less than a year after his arrival in LaSalle, he died of pneumonia. His body was returned home to Canton, where it was buried in the Silas Wright Cemetery.

There is much to be said in praise of “Isabel Wilton,” for Boynton had a clear-sighted view of what would appeal to his readers. He provided them a tale with many of the usual ingredients of popular romance, replete with two attractive young people as lovers, an abduction, a chase, a combat between the abductor and the heroine’s beloved, an escape from imprisonment, and a happy ending at the marriage altar. He gave them a story (albeit treated in a cursory fashion) of an Indian captivity, a subject that was still extremely popular. He used historical figures who were persons of great prominence at the time the story takes place and were still of great interest in Boynton’s time. He appealed to his readers’ regional pride by setting the story mostly in the North Country. He wrote the story (as one would expect of a journalist) with a strong forward-moving motion and presented its two notable scenes of action – the discovery of Isabel’s abduction by Untekahyo, the Oswegatchie of the title, and

Northern Cabinet,

AND LITERARY REPOSITORY.

Weekly Family Periodical, of Popular Miscellaneous Literature and General Intelligence

SLCHA Archives

Masthead of Charles Boynton's Northern Cabinet and Literary Repository, where "Isabel Wilton" appeared in serial form. The original newspaper measures twelve by fifteen inches.

the fight-to-the-death between the latter and Harry Bradford, Isabel's lover-rescuer – vividly and dramatically. His descriptions often have strong visual appeal.

But it cannot be said that "Isabel Wilton" is a distinguished story, particularly when we recall that its author was a contemporary of Hawthorne, Melville, and Poe. Some of its narrative materials were, even at the time, careworn with use; its characters are one-dimensional; and it contains some inexcusable lacunae – such as the journeys from the banks of the Hudson to the Oswegatchie River by Untekahyo and Isabel and, later, by the same Indian and Harry, whom he is conducting to the Oswegatchie so that he may spy on the French, let alone the return of Isabel and Harry to Wilton Hall after their escape from the French. Boynton's principal problem seems to have been that he invented a narrative framework that he was unable to flesh out with substantial characters and entirely satisfying plot-material.

It is not difficult to sympathize with him, for, as he made clear in

two announcements that he printed in a regularly appearing box in the *Cabinet* entitled "The Present Number," he was hard-pressed for time and composing in a rather "hand-to-mouth" fashion. In the July 15th issue – containing Chapter III of the story, which closes with Isabel's being turned over to the commander of the French fort by the Oswegatchies, who, to the rage of Untekahyo, want nothing to do with his capturing her – the reader is told:

The Original Tale continued in the present number, we shall endeavor to bring to a close in our next – but we cannot promise with certainty, as it is not yet completed.

In the next issue, in which Chapter IV concludes with Col. Putnam's sending for Harry Bradford after General Amherst has accepted Untekahyo's proposal that the British send a man with him to spy on the French, Boynton writes:

On the first page of to-day's paper will be found a continuation of the Original Novel the publication of which we commenced on the 1st ult., and which proves

lengthier than was at first anticipated.

At this point, the beleaguered author was not quite through with half of his writing and a good deal less than half of the story's action.

The tale takes place in 1760, as the French and Indian War was drawing to a close. What makes it particularly valuable for the modern reader is the fact that it serves as a most interesting introduction to some extraordinary figures and significant places and events that played a part, during a stirring time, in shaping the history of what were soon to become New York State and St. Lawrence County.

The Wilton family and, most probably Untekahyo, are fictional characters; others are historical. Particularly noteworthy among the latter is Sir William Johnson, one of the most influential, successful figures of colonial America. As a character he does not amount to much, for he participates in very little of its action. But as a person he was, and remains, fascinating.

Johnson arrived in New York in 1738 from Ireland at the age of

twenty-three, ready to take up his duties as agent for his uncle Peter Warren, the holder of a large property called Warrensborough, south of the Mohawk River, near the present city of Amsterdam. A man of prodigious talent and energy, Johnson soon began trading with the Indians on his own and acquiring property, while still attending to his uncle's affairs. Within a short time he laid the foundation for what was to become a great fortune and one of the most extensive landed estates in the colonies. His earliest and closest ties were with the Mohawks, but he created a reputation throughout the Iroquois Nations for fair dealing, trust, and respect for their rights, gaining their trust and respect in return. He learned their languages, adopted their dress when he was with them, and observed their customs. He became one of them and remained their friend and trusted ally to the end of his life. (By this time, there were six Iroquois Nations: the Mohawks, the Onondagas, the Senecas – the “big three” – and the Cayugas, the Oneidas, and the Tuscaroras.)

Knowing of the Iroquois' confidence that he enjoyed, the colonial government of New York relied more and more heavily on Johnson to represent the colonists in their dealings with the Indians. In 1745 he was officially appointed agent for the management of Indian affairs by Governor George Clinton. The scope of his affairs as diplomat steadily grew. Before, during, and after the war with the French, in his representations of colonial and, later, British interests, he remained resolute in his

deep concern for his Indian brothers, insisting always that they be protected from rapacious land-grabbers and unscrupulous traders.

Milton W. Hamilton, widely regarded as the most authoritative biographer of Johnson of our time, has written:

The history of New York was profoundly influenced in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods by the Iroquois Indians of the Six Nations. They in turn were so successfully managed, directed, and even controlled by Sir William Johnson that he became one of the greatest New Yorkers of his day. His greatness is more remarkable because he gained his power over the Indians through his honesty, fairness, and brotherly love shown in dealing with them. And he used his power for honest aims and for the good of the Indians as well as for the whites.

Naturally, a man of such capacities as Johnson's could hardly have declined to take up a military role once hostilities erupted between the British and the French, and it was equally to be foreseen that the same perspicacity that was everywhere evident in his other pursuits would make itself evident here. His first great military victory took place in 1755, when, at the head of a body of British, colonial, and Indian forces, he defeated and took prisoner the famed French General Dieskau at Lake George. (Johnson sustained a wound in this battle that caused him trouble for the rest of his life. Dieskau, severely wounded, was sent by Johnson to lodge at his house in Albany.) In recognition of the victory and of his invaluable work with the Indians, George II awarded Johnson a baronetcy and a purse of

£5000 and conferred on him the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern District and a commission as Colonel of the Six Nations.

In 1759, he was in command of a force that defeated the French at Niagara; in the following year he joined Gen. Amherst in the successful assault on Montreal. Interspersing these military exploits were his convening numerous Indian councils, organizing Indian fighting forces to support British expeditions against the French, and meeting with colonial and British elements to strengthen – and make equitable – their Indian policies.

At his two great estates in the Mohawk Valley – Fort Johnson, near Amsterdam, and later Johnson Hall, at Johnstown – Sir William was the complete country squire, playing host to an array of notable personages who passed through the area. It seems to have been a mark of the man that his home was always open also to his Indian brothers. He was a patron of the arts and sciences: an elected member of the American Philosophical Society, a member of the Society for the Promotion of Arts, a Trustee of Queen's College (now Rutgers), and an active supporter of the Anglican church.

Boynton's treatment of Johnson is interestingly ambivalent. On the one hand, he admires Sir William's superiorities and achievements, but on the other the British nobleman seems to have made his American hackles rise. This negative attitude can be observed in the brief biography that he wrote of Johnson for the September 15, 1843, issue of the *Northern Cabinet* (in which

appeared also Chapter VII of "Isabel Wilton"). Here the author presents a paradigm of the rhetorical strategy of damning with faint praise. He says nothing, for instance, of the bond of deep feeling between Johnson and the Iroquois. Rather, he attributes Johnson's success with the Indians to his sagacity and his powers of elocution. Of Johnson's success against the French at Lake George, Boynton says, "for this victory, towards which he did little more than hold the place of Commander-in-Chief, he received...." (The author is more generous to Johnson in writing about this victory in the story than he is here.) By repeating an old, doubtlessly apocryphal story, he makes Johnson's acquisition of one of his largest properties from the Mohawks seem to be the sharp practice of a trickster. In the face of this article, it is no wonder that Johnson is not accorded heroic stature in Boynton's story. There, though, Boynton diminishes Sir William's character, not by understating his accomplishments but by laying stress, in his own authorial voice, on what he conceives to be an arrogant snobbery in the man. We are told of his haughtiness, the "effeminacy of habits in his family," "the cloak of proud restraint and hauteur which he usually wore." When Sir William seeks to advocate his son John's qualifications as a suitor for Isabel over Harry Bradford's, he says to Col. Wilton "in a sneering tone," that "It may be that Col. Wilton, in the warmth of his new-born republican principles, is desirous of the honor of having for a son-in-law, the *heir* of an obscure farmer!"



Benson L. Lossing, *The Empire State*, 1888

Engraving of Sir William Johnson

Later, Boynton muses,

Col. Wilton, though born an aristocrat, of a family which traced its lineage as far back as to claim descent from one of the nobles, followers of the Norman Conqueror, was much more a republican than Sir William Johnson, notwithstanding the latter was the founder of his own fortune, and obtained his patent of nobility and wealth by his own merits and actions – a ladder to promotion which he would now gladly have deterred others from ascending. (p. 4)

(Surely Boynton's democratic spirit did him credit. But in this matter of snobbery one cannot help feeling that he was not entirely free of the fault himself. Why else was it necessary that Harry Bradford be reborn as Sir Henry Wilton, discovered to be Col. Wilton's nephew, before marrying Isabel? Of course centuries of usage had conferred a kind of authenticity on this device for proving the true nobility of the thought-to-be-low-born romantic hero, but on this occasion Boynton would appear to

have chosen an unfortunate context for his employment of it.)

Aside from the exchange between the two old friends about the young people and Sir William's being on hand for the merriment at Wilton Hall when the lovers are about to be married ("Even the haughty Sir William and his son were not among the least forward to express the pleasure they felt...."), Sir William does not figure in the narrative at all. His absence is most notable when Untekahyo presents himself to the British forces as their friend, wanting to help them to spy on the Fort on the Oswegatchie and the vessels offshore to gain intelligence of the enemy's plans. It is with Amherst and Lt. Col. Putnam that he parleys, and it is they who decide whether or not to trust him. Col. Johnson is nowhere to be seen, although he had been with Amherst since the latter had left Oswego on the expedition that would eventually in the capture of Montreal. One can hardly imagine a better judge in this matter than Sir William, yet he is left out of the proceedings entirely.

The question must be asked, then, why did Boynton use Johnson as a character to begin with? Among many possibilities, a few likelihoods present themselves. First, Johnson obviously lends an air of realism to the fiction. His career was well known; he was certain to be recognized by Boynton's readers. Second, by making Johnson an old friend of Colonel Wilton, the author gains an opportunity to underscore the democratic spirit of the father of his heroine, comparing the two men's social outlooks as he does.

Finally, as suggested above, Johnson gives Boynton an opportunity to air his own democratic convictions. He could be certain that these, particularly when directed against a member of the Johnson family, would be well received by a considerable number of his readers, since anti-Johnson feelings were still running high toward the middle of the nineteenth century, particularly in New York State, because of the activities of John Johnson during the Revolution.

Having decided to use the baronet as a character, it is natural that Boynton would include his son, who is himself a sneerer and who hangs about the fringes of the action, to which he contributes even less than his father. The author writes:

It is no doubt extremely fortunate for the fame of Sir William that his death occurred before the Revolution; for, had he lived, it is almost

certain that he would have taken part against the Colonies in their struggle for independence, and probably have rendered himself obnoxious to his neighbors and countrymen as his son afterwards became. (p. 5)

(In point of fact, it should be noted that by 1774, the year of his death, Sir William had not taken up the cause for either side in the growing tensions between England and the colonies, although historians agree that he would most probably have supported the crown, had he lived until the outbreak of the revolt.) Shortly after the father's death, the son made clear his loyalty to the British. After the fighting began, and after some harrowing military experiences, Sir John, with two battalions of troops known as the Royal Greens, embarked on the pursuit of what has been called a "scorched earth" policy in the Mohawk Valley, burning isolated patriot fields, homes, and villages, destroying

crops, dispersing cattle, murdering farmers. This was the behavior "obnoxious to his neighbors and countrymen" to which Boynton refers.

In sharp contrast to the Johnsons, Israel Putnam is a man after Boynton's heart: born and bred in this continent, a fearless fighter who gave distinguished service in both the French and Indian War and the Revolution, a soldier's soldier, an American's American. It is widely believed that upon hearing of "the shot that was heard round the world," he left the field that he was plowing and reported immediately to Lexington without changing his clothes.

Putnam had a number of hairbreadth escapes that became legendary. In fact the fabric of his whole life was one of which legends are made. But legends, as we know, have something of fact and something of fiction in them. At this far reach of time it is impossible to know, at several points in the adventurous life of this exceptional man, which we are dealing with: fact or fiction. There is, for instance, the well known story from his early years as a Connecticut farmer, of his going into a cave three times to deal with a wolf that had for several years been making depredations on the sheep flocks of Putnam and his neighbors: once to find the animal, once to kill it, and once to bring it out. Each time he was pulled out by a rope hauled by his neighbors, leaving Putnam much the worse for wear. The incident was the source of Boynton's epithet for him, "the gallant old wolf-slayer." He was the subject of what was declared by its



Benson L. Lossing, *The Empire State*, 1888

Engraving of Johnson Hall, Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, from a sketch made in 1848. Johnson Hall was built by Sir William Johnson about 1760.

author to be the first biography of an American citizen written by an American citizen. This is Col. David Humphreys's *An Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam: Addresses to the State Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut (1788)*. Humphreys was in awe of his subject, devoting, for instance, five full pages to the wolf-slaying episode.

Putnam's military career was distinguished but not without disappointments. His successes were those of leadership in the field; his failures were those of high command. During the Revolution, he more than once refused to carry out Washington's orders and was on one occasion the subject of a court of inquiry.

"Old Put" was virtually an uneducated man, and this is why Boynton attempts to present him with the speech mannerisms of a New England rustic. However, one could hope for a bit more consistency in Putnam's manner of speech. At one point, for instance, when he is speaking to General Amherst, we read:

"If the Commander at Oswegatchie is the same hard-fisted old bruiser that was sent up there by Montcalm, when I was a prisoner at Montreal, then I can tell you there'll be some hard blows struck before we get [the information about the French that Untekahyo offers to make available]. There was more true generosity and politeness about him than in any Frenchman I ever knew.... I should like to pay him a friendlier visit than we are about to make; for they treated the English prisoners with a kindness we can't easily forget." (p. 9)



James Thacher, *Military Journal of the American Revolution*, 1862

Engraving of Major General Israel Putnam

But later in the same conversation, this is how he expresses himself:

"Well Gin'ral, to tell you the fact, I do begin to think this red-skin means to be honest with us; for you'll never hear an Ingun cuss his own tribe, and call 'em cowards unless he's in regular grit airnest. It's clear he's had some quarrel with the Frenchers, and his own people won't bear him out in it, and so the reptile has sworn vengeance agin 'em both." (p. 10)

One is reminded of Mark Twain's hilarious essay, "Fennimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," wherein he propounds "nineteen rules governing literary art in the domain of romantic fiction," of which, he claims, Cooper violated

eighteen in his novel, *The Deerslayer*. It would seem that here Boynton violates the spirit of Rule 7:

[The rules] require that when a personage talks like an illustrated, gilt-edged, tree-calf, hand-tooled, seven dollar Friendship's Offering in the beginning of a paragraph, he shall not talk like a Negro minstrel at the end of it.

To relate Putnam's participation in the capture of the French Fort Levi, Boynton quotes extensively from Humphreys biography. (Both writers misname the fort, calling it Oswegatchie.) In Humphreys, the story of the narrow escape from death at the stake, alluded to by "Old Put" (p. 8), is

told in detail, a tale that strains the meaning of the old saw, "truth is stranger than fiction."

The incident occurred near Wood Creek in the area of Fort Edward, in the summer of 1758. Putnam and Robert Rogers, the Ranger commander, were on a mission with five hundred men to observe French activities in the vicinity of Ticonderoga. Putnam and his troops, separated from Rogers, were attacked by a party of equal size under the command of the French partisan Molang. At one point, Putnam had the muzzle of his musket pressed against the breast of an Indian, but it misfired and the partisan was taken captive.

He was forced by the Indians to endure torments and indignities, at one point being tied to a tree between the Ranger and the French forces and made to stand there for an hour, unable to move, exposed to balls from both sides, some of which ripped through his clothing. Finally, a French officer approached and, pressing musket against Putnam's breast, tried to kill his enemy. But there was another misfire and Putnam was saved. After further mistreatment, he was bound to another tree and piles of brush were set aflame around him. He was to be burned alive. Suddenly a French officer burst through the crowd, scattered the fire and unbound Putnam. This man was his enemy, Molang, of whom Putnam speaks warmly in the story.

Eventually, Putnam was returned to French jurisdiction and sent to Montreal. Under the good offices of Col. Peter Schuyler, the senior British prisoner there, he

was repatriated and soon rejoined the struggle against the French. Other daring experiences followed before and during the Revolution, enough to make his life read like an historical adventure story. How many of them are to be taken at face value, we shall never know.

Antoine St. Martin, who saves Harry's life and makes possible the escape of the lovers from the French, was, in fact, a well known person in Ogdensburg, still living there when "Isabel Wilton" appeared. Boynton ends the story with this paragraph:

ANTOINE ST. MARTIN is still living, in Ogdensburg, though now more than a hundred years old; and those who are curious on the subject can obtain from the old man himself the history of many of the events which we have narrated. (p. 24)

(The 1840 census of the town of Oswegatchie refers to a male over one hundred years of age, and an obituary in a contemporary issue of the *St. Lawrence Republican* cites March 4, 1844, as the date of his death.) Since Boynton must have surmised that some of his readers would do as he advised – consult St. Martin himself – and since he must have known that none of them would seek out the very old man simply to verify facts that could have been found in any recognized historical writing about the period of the story, he must have been referring, in the passage just quoted, to his own narrative, apart from the historical facts that interfuse it. It appears, then, that some part or parts of the story may have been based upon fact. If not, in that final

paragraph Boynton gratuitously exposed himself to the possibility of considerable ridicule by his readers.

The author's choice of a locale for the beginning of his story is intriguing and perplexing. The tale starts, we are told, "on the east bank of the Hudson, some few miles above Albany." Col. Wilton, having succeeded to the family fortune on the death of his older brother and emigrated to America, has chosen to settle in the Albany area on the advice of his old friend, Sir William Johnson. Since most of the action takes place in what is now St. Lawrence County, and since none of it has to do specifically with territory in the present Rensselaer County, where Wilton Hall is located, it is difficult to see why Boynton selected this particular place for the Wilton home. There were undoubtedly a good number of reasons for the choice, not the least weighty of which was the fact that when one is near Albany, he is near "Johnson country," where the Baronet would indeed have been in a position to advise Col. Wilton about establishing his estate in that vicinity, having himself purchased a home in Albany as early as 1749. Also, it is most probable that Boynton wanted to suggest the adventurous experiences undergone by the young lovers in their goings and comings between Hudson and Oswegatchie, involving, as the reader would know, danger from hostile Indians and wild animals as well as the ardors of paddling and portaging over a distance on the order of two hundred miles. As mentioned above, he does not develop this aspect of the story, but



Saratoga County Communities: An Historic Perspective, 1980

Sir William Johnson at High Rock Springs

the mere fact of the distance traveled and the difficulties that would ordinarily be undergone are enough to call the notion of adventure to the reader's mind.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the very beginning of the story, which tells the reader that the Wilton home is "an antique Dutch-looking mansion" that has been altered, now that the threat of Indian attack has subsided, to decrease the prominence of its previous "warlike defenses." The entire establishment, with its gardens, lawns, outbuildings, and boathouse, now has "something more of an English appearance." The picture is one of a gentleman's property of considerable age, where a cultivated life is lived, indeed has been lived for some years; and the reader's awareness that Albany is a very short distance downriver con-

tributes a sense of urban culture, commerce, and all those pursuits that would characterize a well-established city just a year under seventy-five years old. From this seat of culture, the young lovers must travel to a frontier where the only white settlement is a small French fort, and be thrown on their own inner resources for survival.

There is no record of places called Maple Grove and Big Rock on the Hudson. Oddly, though, in Saratoga Springs there is a *Maple Dell* and a *High Rock Spring*, the first mineral spring to be discovered in the region. Furthering the possible connection between this locale and "Isabel Wilton," one finds that it was popularly believed in Boynton's time that Sir William Johnson was the first white man to partake of the waters of High Rock Spring for medicinal purposes, for

treatment of the wound that he had received at Lake George.

In addition, according to Lorraine Westcott, the Town Historian of nearby Wilton (the name of which has nothing to do with Boynton's fictional Wiltons) "Four miles from where I live in the city of Saratoga Springs, there is a place called High Rock where it is said that a young woman was captured by an Indian in the late 1700's. She was taken into a cave.... There is a section of town just east of where the cave existed which is called Maple Dell." Why Boynton should have chosen Saratoga Springs place-names for the area on the Hudson just above Albany – if that, in fact, is what he did – must remain a matter of conjecture. Is it to be explained simply in terms of his being familiar with the former but not the latter?

But "this is an Original Tale of early settlements on the St. Lawrence, the scenes of which are mostly at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, where Ogdensburgh now stands," as an advertisement in the *Cabinet* declares. This is where the story's main focus lies. The fort near where Harry Bradford fights with Untekahyo, the other fort where Isabel and Harry are briefly imprisoned by the French, and the nearby Indian village that was home to Untekahyo are historically significant. All are in the area of the confluence of the two rivers. There, on the twenty-first of November, 1748, the feast-day of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, on the west bank of the Oswegatchie Father François Piquet first beheld the site of the fort and mission that

he would build in the following year and name La Présentation. (Gates Curtis's *Our County and Its People: A Memorial Record of St. Lawrence County* (1894), which is generally unreliable from the historical standpoint, claims that the first party of Christian or white men visited the place in 1626, but his assertion is highly suppositious.)

Boynton explains the grand strategy of the French which led to the establishment of La Présentation, a plan to connect their colonies in Canada with those on the Mississippi by a chain of fortified outposts stretching from Montreal along the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie to Ohio, severely containing the territory available for British control on the continent. Oddly, though, he mentions Picquet not at all and although he speaks of the fort a number of times, he names it only once. Almost every time – about a dozen in all – he adds that the fort is on the bank of, or at the mouth of, the Oswegatchie, as though anxious to remind his St. Lawrence County readers that the story is taking place in their own territory.

Mention is made also, more than once, of the fact that the ruins of the fort, "bare and desolate white walls" were still visible at the time of his writing. But the fact is that these walls must have been ruins of the British Fort Oswegatchie (their name for the formerly French Fort), for La Présentation was dismantled shortly before the British assault on the island-fort to which the French had repaired to make a stand against Gen. Amherst's forces. He also calls it "the old fort," although it was, at the time the story takes

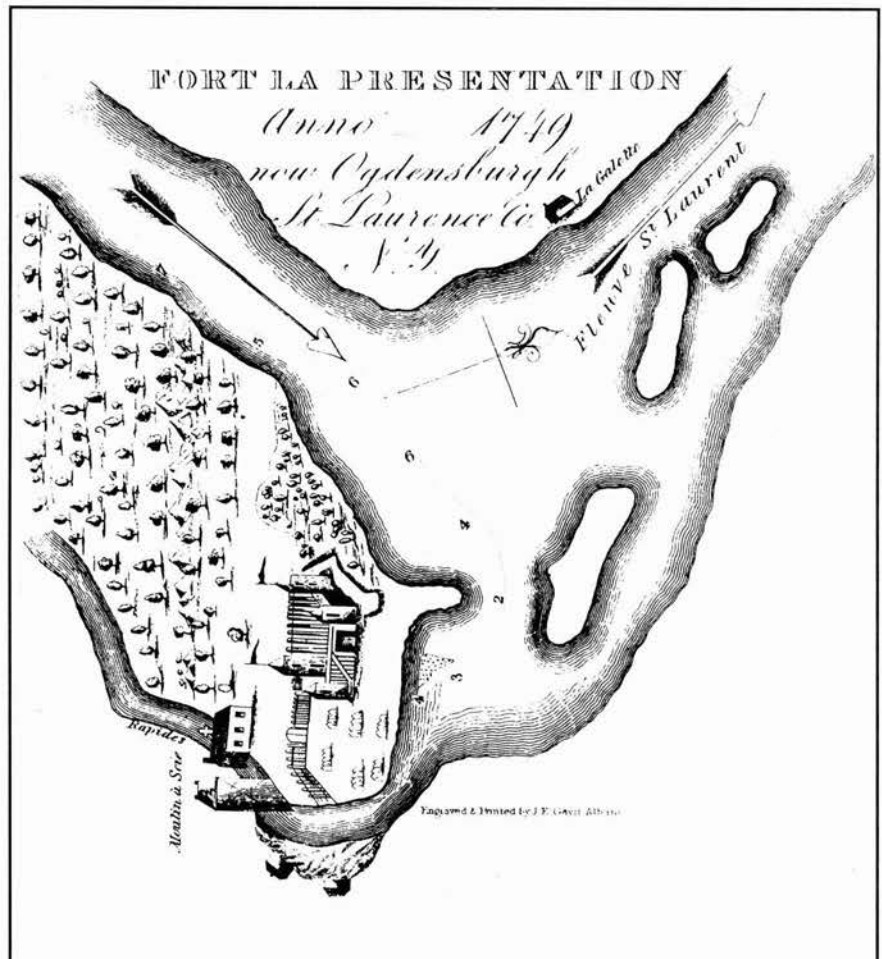
place, only a little more than ten years of age. And at one point (p. 6) he suggests that there had been an earlier fort at the site of La Présentation, but historical records do not bear him out.

In a letter to the Marquis de la Jonquière, the Governor of Canada, Picquet dealt with more detailed advantages of the location of his enterprise:

The situation of this post is very advantageous; it is on the borders of the River de la Presentation [one of its early names], at the head of all the rapids, on the west side of a beautiful basin formed by that river,

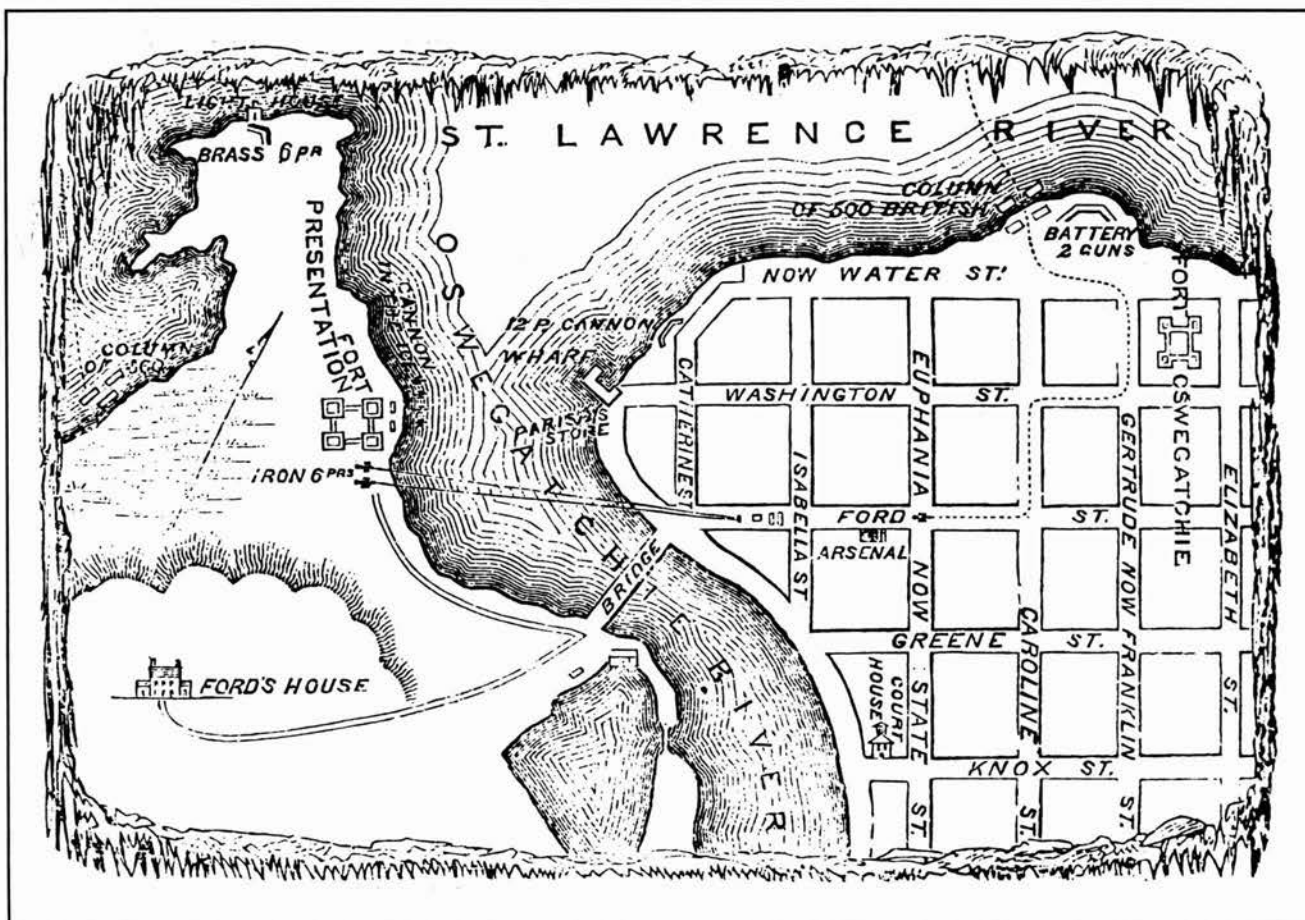
capable of easily holding forty or fifty barks.

In all parts of it there has been found at least two fathoms and a half of water and often four fathoms. This basin is so located that no wind scarcely can prevent its being entered. The bank is very low, in a level country, the point of which runs far out. The passage across is hardly a quarter of a league, and all the canoes going up or down, can not pass elsewhere. A fort on this point would be impregnable; it would be impossible to approach, and nothing commands it. The east side is more elevated, and runs by a gradual inclination into an amphitheatre. A beautiful town could hereafter be built there.



Franklin Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties New York*, 1853

1838 artist's conception of Fort La Présentation in 1749.



Lossing, *The Pictorial Fieldbook of the War of 1812*, 1868

Ogdensburg in 1813, showing the location of Fort Présentation and Fort Oswegatchie.

The “beautiful town” that could be built there was, of course, Ogdensburg, as Boynton makes clear.

Regarding the Oswegatchie Indians, the author observes that they were “a tribe seldom mentioned by the historian, as they never, in their palmiest days, mustered over two hundred fighting-men, and are at present nearly if not quite extinct.—” It is entirely understandable that he wrote in error here, for contemporary accounts of the Indians at La Présentation are woefully misleading. In documents of the time, the name Oswegatchie is, indeed, frequently used in a way that seems to imply that Indians to whom it is

applied constituted a tribe. But the fact is that they were not, in any true sense of the term, a separate tribe; when the title Oswegatchie was used, it referred to the Indians of the Iroquois Nations who had thrown their lot in with the French, had accepted Father Picquet as their leader and the lands surrounding Fort La Présentation as their home, and, at least provisionally, Christianity as their faith. They were mostly Onondagas and Cayugas and were referred to as Oswegatchies because they were domiciled at or near the banks of the Oswegatchie River.

Picquet’s plan for his mission was that it would ultimately com-

prise separate settlements and farm-lands for each of the tribes of the Nations. This plan was never realized. But at the height of its development, the mission had settlements at La Présentation, la Galette (a post on the north bank of the St. Lawrence a short distance below the present city of Prescott), Ile au Gallop, Ile Picquet and a settlement some three miles below the Oswegatchie River. The islands were, of course, obliterated by the clearing of the St. Lawrence for the Seaway.

When Boynton writes of “a point on the St. Lawrence River a short distance below where now stands the flourishing village of

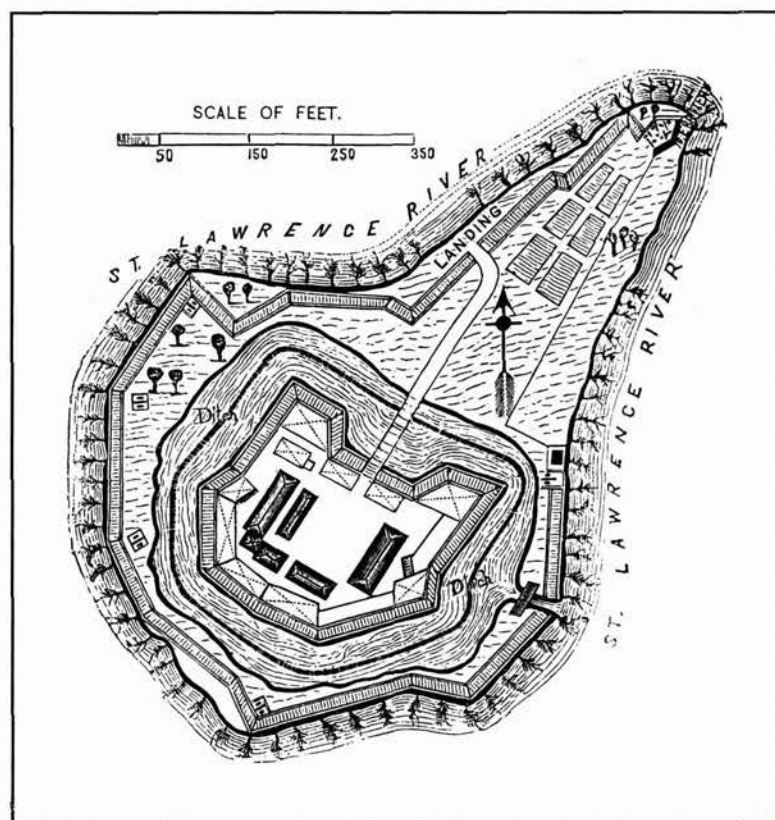
Ogdensburg, [where] was situated at the era of our story, the principal town of the Oswegatchie Indians...” (p. 6), he is referring to the last settlement referred to above. It was known as Soëgatzi, Soëgatzy, or some variation of the name (as was also the Oswegatchie River) and it may have been on this account that he supposed that it was the home of the Oswegatchie “tribe.” Records from that time do not indicate that it was a “principal town.” If there was such a town, it was probably the settlement at La Présentation itself. The point of land later became known as Indian Point; it is the site of the St. Lawrence State Hospital.

Directly opposite Soëgatzy was an island known originally as Oraconenton, then as Isle Royal (or Ile Royale). There, in 1759, the Marquis de Lévis ordered the construction of a fort, realizing that the island occupied a most favorable strategic situation with respect to passage both downriver to Montreal and upriver to Lake Ontario. The post was named Fort Levi in his honor. As mentioned above, it, rather than La Présentation, which had been judged insufficient for the task, was the site of the last stand in this area made by the French against the advancing British forces under the command of General Amherst. The decision to make the move to Fort Levi was taken by the French high command, not by the commander of La Présentation, as Boynton makes it seem. (Colonel Montmartre, the commander of La Présentation in the story, is fictional. The actual commander at the time was one Sieur le Chevalier Benoit.)

By the time Amherst began the offensive that would end in the taking of Montreal, the existence of La Présentation as a military establishment was temporarily discontinued and the resident Indians had been relocated. After a two-day battle, his army forced the surrender of Oraconenton. He renamed the post there Fort William Augustus. As Boynton informs us, in time Isle Royal came to be known as Chimney Island. Isle la Roche and Stoney Island, which he provides as earlier names for the place, appear to have been in local usage only, for they are not referred to by documents at the time of the war. There is less to be seen of Chimney Island now than “the remains of an

old fortification; a few chimneys... and the mound or breastwork that surrounded the blockhouse” (p. 24) that could be observed in Boynton’s day. When the St. Lawrence was cleared for the Seaway, two-thirds of the island were sheared off and pushed onto the remaining third. This can be seen just downriver from the Ogdensburg-Prescott bridge.

The only other place of which Boynton makes significant mention is “The Mohawk’s Leap” in the Thousand Islands. There is no record of there having been such an island or rock, but Boynton tells a tale about the place (p.12), which, though interesting, does not redound to the credit of Mohawk



Franklin Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties New York*, 1853

Engraving of the plan of Fort Levi on Chimney Island.

intelligence. Here again he writes as though the so-called Oswegatchies had no tribal affiliations with the Iroquois.

But the occasional factual slip in "Isabel Wilton" and the one or two prejudices that find their way into the story are understandable. Although Boynton's tale cannot be accorded high rank when viewed against the background of the national literary scene, it undoubtedly compared favorably with other fiction that was being written in the North Country and in many other places in Boynton's time. In all, it is a "good read." It couples romance and history in a way that provides an attractive, often insightful, introduction to the time when St. Lawrence County was on the brink of being born. It is worth bearing in mind also that Charles Boynton is, after all, our own, and his novelette was, in all likelihood, a notable first in our county.

Note

*Throughout these pages, the present spelling of the city's name, Ogdensburg, will be used except where quoted passages employ the older spelling.

About the Author

Stanley M. Holberg is an emeritus professor of English of St. Lawrence University.

Acknowledgements

I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to three people who generously helped me in preparing this introduction.

Mary Ruth Judd made available the considerable research she had done on Charles Boynton and his family, as well as other matters relating to Fort La Présentation and Saratoga Springs. Without her interest in the North Country of the eighteenth century and her indefatigable powers as a researcher, we would very probably not have known of the existence of "Isabel Wilton," for it was she who discovered the story.

Persis Boyesen, the Town of Oswegatchie Historian, allowed me to draw upon her encyclopedic knowledge to answer my many questions about Ogdensburg over a long period of time.

Professor Jonathan G. Rossie, of the St. Lawrence University History Department, was a patient guide who gave me valuable insights into so many matters related to the French and Indian War, including bibliographical sources, that it would be impossible to enumerate them here.

Whatever blunders have been committed in these pages are my own and not theirs.

For Further Reading

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Notes on the Reprint

The following reprint of "Isabel Wilton" was formatted to recreate the look of the original booklet edition. The only known copy of the novelette in this form is owned by Herbert F. Judd of Canton. This copy was used as the basis for both the layout and text of the reprint. The original measures approximately 5 1/2 inches by 8 1/2 inches and was twenty-five pages in length. It was set in small type, with many inconsistencies typical of the period.

Although not a facsimile, the following reprint attempts to capture the flavor and character of the original booklet, while also making it more comfortable for the modern reader. The reprint is set in similar, but slightly larger, type (10 point Times), with all italics and other special typefaces in the original also being reproduced. The pages of the reprint are laid out in a similar fashion to the original, al-

though once again, the page and borders are slightly larger for greater ease in reading. For comparison, see the following page for a photographic reproduction of the first page of the original novelette.

Note that the reprint has page numbers at the top of the text, placed in the same location as in the original. These are the numbers referred to in Stanley M. Holberg's introduction. While close, the pagination of the reprint does not match perfectly that of the original. Normal page numbers of *The Quarterly* are also continued at the bottom of each reprint page.

Considerable effort was made to insure that the reprinted text exactly follows the text of the original. By modern standards, there are many misspellings and British spellings, all of which were reproduced as in the original. Additionally, the original booklet is in poor shape, and in a few cases, words or

small sections of text were missing or unreadable. In those instances, the serialized version of the text, which has many substantial differences from the booklet text, was consulted to complete the missing words or phrases. The serialized version ran in Boynton's *The Northern Cabinet* during 1843. The issues of the newspaper in which the serialized "Isabel Wilton" appeared are available in the Owen D. Young Library of St. Lawrence University. For future scholars who may be interested the exact wording of the original, the words and phrases taken from the serialized version areas are recorded and available in the archives of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

Thanks go to Patricia David and Melissa A. Barker for their many hours of typing, proofing, and verifying the text of the reprint.

-Stewart J. Wilson

ISABEL WILTON;
OR,
THE OSWEGATCHIE'S CAPTIVE.
A TALE OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1760, there stood, on the East bank of the Hudson, some few miles above Albany, an antique, Dutch-looking mansion, erected on the brow of a gentle eminence, which overlooked the river and the surrounding country to a considerable extent. It was constructed in the usual ungraceful and tasteless style of the early dwellings of the wealthier class of Hollanders, though its general outward appearance seemed to indicate a more than ordinary regard, on the part of its builder, both to comfort and convenience. The original building was of stone, and had served—as was invariably the case in those troublous times—for the purposes of a fortress as well as a dwelling. Several considerable alterations and additions had recently been made to it, however, which gave it something more of an English appearance; and, as the country around was rapidly becoming more thickly settled, and the probability of danger from the attack of hostile savages more and more remote, less pains seemed to have been taken by its last proprietor to retain its warlike defences, than to remove or hide from view certain discrepancies of taste and uniformity, and that apparent want of design and awkwardness of appearance which ever strikes the observing eye of an Englishman in the irregularly-constructed dwellings of the Dutch. A couple of wings had been added to it, and several outhouses erected, evidently within the last two or three years, which served to relieve the bad effect of the original plan, and gave to the whole domain an air of comfort that seldom failed to attract the notice of the passing traveller. Immediately in the rear of the mansion was situated a luxuriant garden, of spacious extent, the cultivation of which evinced a more careful superintendance than was often, at that early period, bestowed upon such preserves. A flower-plot in one part of it gave unquestionable token of female handiwork, and clumps of sweet-scented shrubs were planted in every direction. Overhanging the margin of the river, which was but a few rods from the dwelling, with a verdant green sward between, was a boat-house, which protected from the weather two pleasure-boats, the one a light skiff, and the other a small but beautiful sail-boat, or yacht. The whole was surrounded by a grove of tall and stately trees, the narrow growth of the forest.

The mansion we have thus endeavored to describe, was the residence of an English gentleman of wealth and rank, who, with his family, had emigrated to this country but a few years previous. Col. WILTON was a veteran officer,

who had served in his youth with much distinction in some of the later campaigns of the great Marlborough, and had followed the profession of arms for many years. Like all younger sons of noble and wealthy families, he had been left to carve out his own fortune; and it was only step by step, after a long and arduous career, that he at length obtained the promotion his services so well merited. He had resigned his commission in the army only when the necessity no longer existed for his thus obtaining a livelihood.

Something like twenty years previous to the date of our narrative, he became sole heir, by the death of his elder brother, Sir John Wilton, to the hereditary estates of the family, situated in Devonshire. Sir John had died childless, his wife and only son, a boy scarcely two years old, having perished by shipwreck on their return from a visit to some relatives in Ireland. It had been the mutual and darling design of the brothers—formed while awaiting the anxiously looked-for arrival of Lady Wilton and her charge—to have beheld the eventual union of their families in the future marriage of the young heir to Isabel, the then infant daughter of Col. Wilton. (Thus early was our heroine betrothed.) How were their hopes blasted on receiving intelligence that the vessel which bore them had been lost with all on board!

On the death of Sir John, which took place shortly after this event, Col. Wilton of course had taken possession of the large property which in consequence accrued to him; and it was about fifteen years afterwards that he resolved, from what cause it is not necessary to state, to emigrate to the New World. Accordingly, having turned a portion of his estate into money, he embarked for New-York (where he at first designed taking up his permanent abode), with his family, consisting of his wife, and a son and daughter, with several faithful domestics. On arriving at New-York, he there left his family for a short period, and proceeded to pay a visit to his old friend and former companion, Sir William Johnson, whose residence was on the Mohawk. At Albany, on his return, he was so delighted with the beauty of the situation of "Wilton Hall," (as it was afterwards called) that, by the advice of Sir William, who accompanied him, he immediately purchased it, and in a brief time had removed his family thither.

Here, kind reader, have we detailed, in the foregoing paragraphs, as much of the preceding events as it is necessary for you to know, and we must now avail ourselves of the usual privilege of story-tellers, and leave you to picture to yourself

Photograph of the first interior page of the original "Isabel Wilton" novelette (courtesy of Herbert F. Judd).

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CHAPTER II.

It was the forenoon of a beautiful day in May, and the guests and family at Wilton Hall were assembled in the spacious arbor formed by the grove of shade-trees in front of the house, through whose leafy curtain the south wind gently rustled, laden with fragrance from the surrounding flowery wilderness. Apart from the rest of the company, and conversing together in a low tone, were seated Col. Wilton and Sir William Johnson, the thin grey hairs and furrowed brow of the former presenting a singular contrast to the dark locks, the stalwart form, and animated features of his comparatively youthful companion.

Col. Wilton had seen more than three score winters, and old age had not passed the veteran by without leaving some token of his approach. Unfortunately, he had been for some time suffering from the attacks of that old and dreaded enemy of all retired or half-pay officers, the gout, which at certain periods confined him within doors. He bore this martyrdom, however, with the firmness of a stoic, and though heard to complain, it was rather the involuntary outburst of acute pain than the expression of any dissatisfaction at his lot. He was still in mourning for his wife, who died not quite a year previously and whose decease had caused him more real affliction than he had ever before known. Yet he bore manfully up against all his trials, and found consolation in contemplating the opening beauties and virtues of his fair daughter Isabel, and the promise of future eminence of his son, for whom he had obtained, shortly after his arrival in the country, a commission in the royal army, and who had already distinguished himself on more than one occasion during the war which was then raging between the French and English Colonies.

Sir William was the junior of his companion by only some ten or twelve years, though his appearance would have induced the belief that he was much younger. He was a tall, graceful looking

man, of matchless proportions and sinewy limbs, betokening great strength and power of endurance. In his younger days he had known Col. Wilton in England, but since that period his life had been passed amid the wild and stirring scenes peculiar to the settlement of a new country; and, from a continual and friendly intercourse with the rightful owners of the soil, he had acquired an influence over the principal tribes of the "Six Nations" scarcely paralleled in history. The baronetcy had been conferred upon him by the King, and a grant of £5000 sterling, as a reward for this good service in the defeat of Dieskau, which action was the first triumph that the English gained in the present war, after a series of disastrous defeats. Through the influence of Sir William, a large body of Mohawk Indians had ever after that event proved the most faithful and efficient auxiliaries of the army. He was now on a visit to Wilton Hill, accompanied by his son (afterwards the notorious Sir John Johnson of the Revolution); and his present conversation with Colonel Wilton appeared, from the low tone in which it was carried on, and the earnestness of manner betrayed by both, to be of so interesting a character to them, that it may also be so to the reader, and we are therefore prompted to report a portion of it before introducing the remainder of the company.

"I assure you, Sir William," said the Colonel, apparently in answer to some proposition of the other, "that I will use my best endeavors to influence Isabel in favor of your son; but I love my daughter too well, and the recollection of my own young days is too green in my memory, for me to sacrifice her happiness, by compelling her to bestow her hand if her heart goes not with it. Your son's success must depend mainly upon himself, and if he triumphs, your own gratification at the result cannot be greater than mine."

"I doubt it not, Colonel," returned the Baronet, while a shade of disappointment darkened his brow; "yet in such case John stands but a poor chance of success; for he ever appears at less advantage in the drawing-room than in the greenwood, and is, I fear me, far more expert in the capture of a buck than of a maiden's affections. Besides, I think he has hardly a fair field," he continued, casting a hasty glance across the arbor.

"Why not?"

"He has a rival."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it. Pray whom do you consider as such. I certainly can think of no one whose rivalry need be dreaded by him."

"Is there, then, think you, no reason to apprehend danger from the growing intimacy between your daughter and young Bradford?—Friendship soon ripens into Love; and you certainly cannot be so blind as not to have observed her manifest partiality for his company. "It may be," he added, in a sneering tone, "that Col. Wilton, in the warmth of his new-born republican principles, is desirous of the honor of having for a son-in-law, the *heir* of an obscure farmer!"

"You speak bitterly, Sir William," replied the Colonel, apparently suppressing, with an effort, a different answer, "and without reflection; for your suspicions are both unjust and unfounded. Lieut. Bradford, as the friend of my son and the preserver of his life, is ever welcome to Wilton Hall and to the gratitude of its inmates.—But he is too generous and noble-hearted to take any undue advantage of our hospitality, and Isabel has too much discretion thus to bestow her affections upon one of whom she as yet knows so little."

"Behold, then, with your own eyes, and say if their conduct does not justify my suspicions," said Sir William, pointing to the group opposite.

Let us take this opportunity of describing the residue of the party, which consisted of the fair subject of the above conversation, and three young men, two of whom were evidently officers. Of these, one was habited in the scarlet coat and gold trimmings of the royal troops, the other in the plain, undecorated green uniform of the Provincials. The former was Captain Edward Wilton, of His Majesty's —th Reg't., who, in the early part of the Spring following the capture by the British of Quebec, Ticonderoga, and Niagara, (at which latter place he served as aid to Sir William Johnson) had obtained leave of absence for a brief period, and was now preparing to return to the army, after a delightful sojourn at Wilton Hall of several weeks. His companion was Lieut. Harry Bradford, of the "Rangers," a provincial corps of much celebrity, then commanded by the famous partisan, Lieut. Col. Putnam. On the morrow they were both to join the army of Gen. Amherst, at Crown Point, where that commander was making extensive preparations for the conquest of the remaining French fortresses in Canada.

These young officers were of nearly the same age, and, from their near resemblance to each other, might have been mistaken for brothers. They were, indeed, on terms of the most brotherly friendship—a friendship contracted in the early part of the war, when, on one occasion, the latter had been so fortunate as to save the life of young Wilton. This good service had ever been held in the most grateful remembrance by Edward, whose mind was far above the petty jealousy which was betrayed by his own immediate companions, the officers of his regiment, who, like most British officers of that day, professed to consider themselves the superiors of, and to treat with contempt the provincials, although the deeds of the latter contributed mainly to the success of the war, and their brilliant triumphs often consoled the country for the disgrace incurred by the disasters of the regulars. At the invitation of Edward, young Bradford had spent a fortnight with him at the Hall, from whose inmates he had received the most cordial welcome. Harry was left an orphan at a very early age, and had been brought up in the family of his uncle, who was of the medium class of farmers in a small town in Connecticut. He had received a good education, which rendered him peculiarly useful in more than one respect to his

commander, with whom he was on terms of the utmost intimacy. Putnam was a resident of the same town, and had known our hero before the war; and through his friendship the latter gained a commission in the "Rangers." Harry admired the frank and generous disposition and plain unpolished manners of the gallant old wolf-slayer, who treated him with the kindness and intimacy of a friend, and gave him at the same time all the instruction and advice of a Mentor. In the latter capacity his presence, perhaps, was now needed at Wilton Hall; for during his visit, our hero had felt his heart gradually yielding itself to the irresistible fascinations of the Calypso who there held rule—the piercing glance of whose dark eye, and the thrilling tones of whose musical voice, more effectually startled his equanimity of temperament than would have done the flash of a Frenchman's musket, or the wild war-whoop of a legion of hostile savages. Whether the aforesaid Mentor, had he been present, would have approved or reprehended Harry's perfect submission to his fate, we have no means of saying; but we doubt very much whether his opinion, on either score, would in this case have availed aught—for the chronicles of every age have proved that it is useless to talk reason to lovers.

The third person of this party was young Johnson, a tall, well-built youth, somewhat younger than the other two, whose bronzed feature and hardy limbs told that his had been no life of luxury, and that the patent of nobility and wealth earned by Sir William had not yet resulted in effeminacy of habits in his family. He was conversing with Edward, and apparently proposing to him some project of amusement, in which the latter seemed to acquiesce, for he immediately called out to his friend Harry—who, while listening to the voice and drinking in each word which fell from the lips of our heroine, seemed almost unconscious of all that passed around him—

"Hallo! Harry!—we're about to take a short hunt of a couple of hours of so, and if you wish to try your skill as a marksman with Johnson, come with us!"

Harry looked up, with a vacant stare, as if but imperfectly comprehending what was meant;—and, as it was several moments before he could collect enough of his confused wits to answer, we will economically employ this time in describing the fourth and most important individual of the group, and who should, according to all laws of gallantry and etiquette, have been mentioned first. But what a useless task it is to describe a heroine! how many hundreds have been described, all of them beauties—and how little will Isabel differ from many of these—and who can doubt that *our* heroine is anything else than a beauty? However, lest any should entertain such a doubt, we will settle the matter at once, by taking a catalogue or rather an inventory of her charms: *Item 1.* She hath handsome and regular features, face rather oval than round, and a pretty mouth, around which plays a continual smile, well calculated, there-

fore, to display to advantage a beautiful set of teeth and a pair of ripe, delicious, half-pouting lips, which seemed formed solely for one purpose. *Item 2.* She hath black eyes, (*Mem.*, all heroines have) long silken eyelashes, and hair of a jet as dark and glossy as the raven's sable wing. *Item 3.* She hath—Stop! time's up—Harry has found his tongue at last!

"I should be glad to accompany you," said he, "but your fair sister has placed me under obligations, by her eloquent description of them, to visit both the "Big Rock" and the "Maple Grove"; and a boat-ride, this pleasant day, has more charms for me than a ramble through the woods."

"That would depend, I suppose, upon who was to be your companion," said young Johnson, with a sneer.

Isabel looked up, and encountered the full gaze of her father and Sir William, whose eyes were fixed sternly upon her; and she seemed instinctively to divine their thought and suspicions, for the hot blood rushed to her very temples.

"But let us be moving," continued Johnson, addressing his companion, "else we shall lose the best part of the day." And the two young men, after equipping themselves for the chase, sallied forth.

"I had proposed to Lieut. Bradford an expedition to the Maple Grove," said Isabel, turning to her father and Sir William. "May we hope for your company?"

Both nodded assent.

"But there is scarcely a particle of wind," said the former, "and we must go by oars instead of sails."

"Oh, to be sure!" she replied; "but Robert and William (the servants) will be glad to row us there. And then, 'tis so short a distance to the Rock, and the Grove is such a beautiful and shady retreat!"

Of course there could be no resisting such an appeal, and consequently the party were soon embarked, and on their way to the place of destination, which proved to be only a mile above, and on the same side of the river.

"What! do you call this the 'Big Rock?'" inquired Harry, as they landed; "why, I expected to see a large precipice overhanging the river, and have been watching for some appearance of it ever since we started; and here we have landed on a small flat rock that scarcely rises three feet from the water."

"Still you will not find a larger one for miles," said Col. Wilton, smiling at his disappointment; "but look around and you will own that Isabel's descriptions are not all of them exaggerated."

Nor were they!—at least so thought our hero, when he reached the delightful shade formed by the stately trees of that beautiful grove, whose thick and spreading branches, while they shut out the dazzling brilliancy of the noonday sun, restricted not the cool and gentle river-breeze from wafting its fragrant incense and murmuring its grateful whispers through their foliage of green leaves:—so thought Harry Bradford, and so did

he express his thoughts, as, wandering arm in arm with the fair eulogist of this fair scene, he listened to her gentle voice, whose every tone fell like sweetest music on his enraptured senses, and felt her warm breath on his cheek as she looked up confidently in his face, and the slight pressure of her arm within his own. And was it strange that, amid the natural associations of such a scene—while the forest songsters warbled their notes of *love* from every bough—when all was beauty and *loveliness* around, above, and beneath—and their own hearts involuntarily vibrated to the universal chord—was it strange that he should pour into her ear the tale of his own long-concealed yet unconquerable passion—the history of his own hopes, and doubts, and fears?—and that the maiden should listen to his declaration with but a blush, and, instead of frowning down his presumption, confess the existence of the warm sentiment which swelled her own gentle bosom? And was it strange that, forgetful of all around them, moments, even hours, should pass by unheeded by the lovers, until aroused from their dream of future bliss by the signal of departure, and the loud voices of their companions calling upon them to return the boat? Was all this *strange*?—or was it merely a natural consequence resulting from the folly of the older and wiser portion of the party, in thus allowing two young enthusiasts like these so dangerous an opportunity for playing the romantic?

Ah, Harry, where is that "generosity and noble-heartedness" for which thy host so lately exalted thee—thou who wast incapable of thus "taking advantage of his hospitality"? Isabel, hast not thou also forfeited all title to that "discretion" which was then attributed to thee as one of thy good qualities? And thou, too, Col. Wilton, hast *thou* not erred, in thy opinion expressed to Sir William of the character of our hero. Didst thou not give him credit for too much *generosity* and too little susceptibility, in thus deeming him invulnerable to the battery of as formidable a pair of black eyes as ever directed their fire against a fortress already on the point of surrender? No—neither. The veteran had not erred—he had judged aright. During Harry's visit at Wilton Hall, he had found favor in the eyes of the father as well as of the daughter; and though the former was, perhaps, really desirous of seeing the proposal of Sir William carried out, we doubt not that, had he known at the time that the issue would be between our hero and young Johnson, he could not have stifled entirely and involuntary partiality for the former. Col. Wilton, though born an aristocrat, of a family which traced its lineage as far back as to claim descent from one of the noblest followers of the Norman Conqueror, was much more a Republican in principle and feeling than Sir William Johnson, notwithstanding the latter was the founder of his own fortune, and obtained his patent of nobility and wealth by his own merits and actions—a ladder to promotion which he would now gladly have deterred others from ascending. And when, in their forgoing conversa-

tion, he alluded to our hero's obscure birth, politeness alone restrained Col. Wilton from reminding him of his own circumstances in former years, when they were first acquainted. It is no doubt extremely fortunate for the fame of Sir William that his death occurred before the Revolution; for, had he lived, it is almost certain that he would have taken part against the Colonies in their struggle for independence, and probably have rendered himself obnoxious to his neighbors and countrymen as his son afterwards became.

But, to return to our narrative. On their passage home, Col. Wilton could not but notice the unusual gayety and lightness of spirits manifested by his daughter, which he most innocently attributed to the exhilarating effect of the pure breeze of the river. It was evident, however that the baronet, who maintained throughout the passage a gloomy silence, imputed to some other cause the healthy flush which mantled the maiden's cheek, and the joy which seemed to sparkle in her eye; for the earnest glance with which he regarded the lovers seemed to read their very thoughts.

It was nearly an hour after their arrival ere the unsuccessful hunters returned, who had seen no deer, but brought in some smaller game.

"Our luck has been uncommonly bad," said Edward, "and we have scoured the woods far and near to no purpose. But, to make up for our ill fortune, John has made some important discoveries—at least he thinks so. He professes to have seen traces of hostile savages, and moreover declares them to have been made very recently, too; though, in what manner he can detect the track of an Indian's moccasin on the smooth green-sward of the forest, and more especially pronounce it to be that of an enemy, is beyond my ken."

"When you have had John's experience in woodcraft," said Sir William, "it may not appear so very wonderful to you. Your friend, Lieut. Bradford, I doubt not would have observed such traces equally readily, unless he has sadly neglected his education while under the tuition of such able masters as Rogers and Putnam."

"Harry is no dunce in the woods, I assure you," replied Edward; "for when we hunt together, he generally rouses all the game, and it is only through his charity that I can get a shot. But I must doubt whether he or even his wise tutors could rightly determine the fact that the traces John saw were not only those of Indians, but of hostile Indians too. I tell him that if he has really discovered any signs of savages, they were most probably made by some of our own Mohawks; for surely no French Indians dare have ventured, at this late day, so near the settlements. But where is Isabel?" he asked, for the first time noticing that his sister was not one of the company.

This question none could answer; for she had suddenly disappeared while her father was rambling through the garden with his two guests, and making known to them his own unbounded knowledge of the science of horticulture. None but Harry had, until the moment of Edward's inquiry,

observed her absence; and a shade of apprehension passed across the features of more than one, as the painful thought presented itself involuntarily to their minds; that there *might* be something more than mere surmise in young Johnson's discoveries, and that perhaps she had strayed away from the house and into danger.

Edward repeatedly shouted her name, at the top of his voice, but echo was the only reply. A servant, however approached—one of those who rowed the party to the "Big Rock"—and informed them that Isabel, shortly after their return, discovered that she had left behind her Milton; and when he and Robert offered to return and bring the book, she told them they would never be able to find it, but proposed to go herself, with Robert, in the boat, and telling him at the same time not to mention her absence to any of the company, in order to save them from trouble or anxiety on her account. He also stated that he had watched the boat from the moment of its departure, and that it had but a few moments previously disappeared behind the little jutting point of land which hid the rock from view.

At this intelligence the fearful forebodings of evil which had before settled upon the minds of some, became deeper and more general; and our hero was about proposing to follow on by land, when he was interrupted by a joyful exclamation from Edward—

"She is safe!" he cried, pointing towards the "Big Rock"; "I can just see the bow of the boat, and they are on their return."

All eyes were turned in the direction intimated, where the skiff was observed slowly emerging into view from behind the point which had before concealed it. They watched it with the most intense anxiety, until the whole gradually became visible, when, what was their consternation on perceiving that it was *empty*, and drifting slowly and silently down at the mercy of the current. Instantly the horrid conviction flashed upon every mind as to the probable fate of its passengers, and despair at once crushed to the earth the short-lived hopes which were blighted almost as soon as conceived. The young men simultaneously snatched up such weapons as were nearest at hand, and, without regarding the words of Sir William, to beware of an ambuscade for themselves, darted off in the direction. But they arrived *too late*. On the margin of the shore was found the body of the unfortunate servant, scalped, and mangled in the most barbarous manner; but while they were vainly endeavoring to discover in which direction the savages had fled, Isabel was being borne by her captors far from the friends who would gladly have perilled their lives and shed their blood in her defence.

But what pen can depict the agonies of those most interested, when their search and pursuit proved unavailing, or the pangs which rent the bosom of the parent on hearing from their lips the confirmation of the sad tidings of his fearful and irreparable loss! Ours shall not attempt it.

CHAPTER III.

AT a point on the St. Lawrence River a short distance below where now stands the flourishing village of Ogdensburgh, was situated at the era of our story, the principal town of the Oswegatchie Indians, a tribe seldom mentioned by the historian, as they never, in their palmy days, mustered over two hundred fighting-men, and are at present nearly if not quite extinct.— Their hunting-grounds, which were extensive at the time of which we speak, comprised the greater portion of the present County of St. Lawrence, and reached to the sources of the river which bears their name, where are situated several small but beautiful and picturesque lakes. The "Thousand Islands" were also a favorite summer haunt of a portion of the tribe, on account of the facilities they afforded for hunting and fishing, as well as the permanent abode of a few, who cultivated some of those verdant wastes which there seemed to require but the presence of civilization to become perfect gardens of luxury.

Previously to the year 1753, the Oswegatchies, unlike most of the Northern tribes, had taken no part in the warfare which was almost continually raging between the French and English Colonies, and in which the savages proved such serviceable auxiliaries to both. But during that year, the French—who, besides having Canada on the North, had discovered and settled Mississippi on the south—strove to connect these two extremities, by a military chain, whose links were to be composed of out-posts, stretching from Montreal along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to the Ohio, and thus confine the English to a small strip of territory on the Atlantic, if not entirely expel them from the country. One of these links, a small fortress whose ruins are still visible, was constructed at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, or was rather reconstructed and repaired—for in fact the old white walls which still frown upon the harbor of Ogdensburgh can boast of even greater antiquity than this—and a settlement was at the same time commenced by the French. At their instigation, in the war which immediately followed, the young braves of the Oswegatchies had been induced to make numerous predatory incursions upon the nearest English settlements. However, the recent successes which had attended the British arms in almost every quarter, and the capture by them, during the preceding year, of the strong fortress of Quebec, and of Ticonderoga and Crown Point—which latter posts had been the grand depot at which nearly all the sanguinary hordes of savages in the service of the French were wont to resort, to dispose of their plunder and scalps—had the effect of somewhat intimidating them; and the recollection of the summary vengeance which had been inflicted by the English on the St. Francis, and other tribes, struck them with terror, and rendered them exceedingly lukewarm in the cause of their French allies.

Indeed, so generally had the disaffection spread among them during the last year, that, when Un-

te-kah-yo, the "war-chief" of the tribe, and leader of most of the previous expeditions, attempted to organise a band for a similar purpose the Spring ensuing, he made the mortifying discovery that his influence with his people was rapidly diminishing, and that his former followers were now peaceably inclined. Indignant and enraged at what he considered the fast approaching degeneracy of his tribe, in whose bosoms the most lofty appeals of his rude native eloquence failed to enkindle the warlike spark which animated his own, he resolved to rebuke their inglorious apathy, or at least excite their admiration, by some act of intrepidity and daring which might still have the desired effect of awakening the dormant spirit of Indian chivalry that slumbered in their breasts.

Accordingly, he departed, with but two followers, (all he could prevail on to accompany him of the many who were once so eager to set forth on the war-path under their favorite leader,) and with the expressed determination of penetrating to the "Big Town of the Yengeese" (Albany.) It was his party whose trail had been discovered by the experienced eye of young Johnson, and who had captured our heroine and slain her protector. This, however, was their first and last exploit; for they were so closely pursued by a party of Mohawks, despatched for that purpose by Sir William Johnson, that Untekahyo gave over all thoughts or hopes of molesting his enemies farther, and it was indeed with the greatest difficulty that he managed to elude their pursuit, and at length arrived at the village of the Oswegatchies in safety with his fair prize.

His reception by the aged chieftains of the tribe was far from cordial; for the result of his expedition had not been such as would be calculated to add much to his already waning popularity. They had just heard of Gen. Amherst's design against Canada, and as the French posts on the St. Lawrence, and consequently their own town, was supposed to be included in the route of his army, they feared that the presence of the white maiden among them would be a dangerous witness of their hostility to the English, and one that would be likely to call down the vengeance of the latter upon them. Untekahyo saw the tide that was rapidly setting against him, and endeavoured to turn it in some other direction. He appealed to the honor of the tribe, and reproached them with the disgrace which would be incurred by their conduct should they thus desert their allies in their time of need. But he strove in vain; and when one of the chiefs suggested, as a matter of expediency or policy, that he should deliver his captive over to the French commander, and thus clear themselves of all responsibility, and avoid all danger which her presence might otherwise be the means of incurring, the indignant warrior rejected the proposal with scorn, and expressed his resolution to adhere tenaciously to his rights—rights which were possessed in common by every member of a tribe, and with which their highest authorities had no power to interfere—of perfect and unlimited control over the life and liberty of their own prisoners.

The chiefs, however, were saved the degrading alternative, to which their fears would most probably have at length impelled them, of violating every principle of Indian honor and wresting our heroine by force from his custody, or else of beholding the danger of her longer stay among them with no effort to avert it, by the occurrence of a very fortuitous circumstance. A young Frenchman, who, from his intimacy with the Indians, had often been employed by the commander of the French fortress at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River in the capacity of a spy upon their actions, had witnessed the return of Untekahyo's party with their captive, as well as the cold reception which they met with from the tribe; and he immediately communicated the intelligence to his employer. Col. Montmartre was a gallant old Frenchman, who had served his country by field and flood for many years; but, though apparently of a stern and unbending disposition, his heart was evidently composed of some soft and pliable material, for oftentimes did it prompt him to alleviate the distresses of those who became sufferers by the war, even though enemies; and more than once had he been known to procure the release of prisoners from the savages, by ransom or otherwise, at his own expense, and without any expectation or hope of an equivalent or return for his good service on the part of those who were benefited by it.

Accordingly on learning from Antoine of the near proximity of the beautiful captive, he immediately repaired to the Oswegatchie village, resolved upon obtaining her liberty at all hazards, and taking with him a number of soldiers sufficient to enforce his demands, if coercion were necessary to obtain them. The chiefs of the tribe unanimously expressed their willingness and desire that she should be placed in his hands, but Untekahyo obstinately refused all offers of ransom, and turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of his brethren, who counselled him to accept the proposal of the white chief.

"Untekahyo will follow the war-path no more!" he exclaimed, "for his people have become women, and their weapons are blunted and harmless to the foe. But the lodge of the warrior has long been silent and deserted, and he now returns to its shelter. It shall be made vocal with the song of the White Bird, and her presence shall gladden his heart. My brother has a wife—why should he seek another from the Oswegatchie? Go!—the Yengeese maiden shall not be given up to him!"

But the arguments of the warrior were of little avail, for the French soldiers, directed by Antoine, had already secured the object of their search, and their commander had no intention of being thwarted in his project by the opposition of a single individual, when all the others were agreed to it. However as a final effort to preserve amity with him, he said, adopting the figurative language of those whom he addressed.

"The eagle may mate with the dove, or the panther with the lamb, as well as the Oswegatchie warrior with the English maiden. Her heart yearns

for the home from whence she has been borne, and she sorrows for those who there mourn her absence. Will not my brother listen to the voice of reason and of pity, and accept the ransom?"

"The Oswegatchie has not two tongues like the white man, and he cannot recall his words. I have spoken!"

"*Le Diable!* and so have I!" returned the veteran, waxing exceedingly wroth at the provoking *nonchalance* with which his proposition had been received by the other; "Monsieur Redskin, you may take the proffered ransom or not, as you please, for I assure you it can make no difference whatever, as your prisoner is in my hands already; and, since your superiors have sided with me, I shall feel no scruples in retaining my advantage, even though I hazard your displeasure."

And as he spoke, a file of soldiers appeared before the Council House, bearing our heroine, in a litter constructed for that purpose, in a sort of triumph upon their shoulders. Furious at the sight, the circumvented warrior was about to rush forth and wrest back his captive from the hands of those who guarded her, but a row of glittering bayonets checked his nearer approach. Turning to the Indians who had gathered around in considerable numbers, he addressed them, with the impassioned language and vehement gestures of savage oratory, demanding their aid in redressing the wrong and avenging the insult which had thus been perpetrated, by the forcible seizure of one of their prisoners, upon the honor of the tribe. But his appeal was in vain—not a warrior stirred.

"Cowardly dogs!" he exclaimed, goaded almost to madness by their indifference, "cowardly dogs!—servants alike to the French and the Yengeese—crouching in turn to each, and despised by both—Untekahyo renounces ye! He is no longer an Oswegatchie; or rather ye are no longer Oswegatchies!—for an Oswegatchie is brave, and ye are cowards!—and Oswegatchie is a *man*, and ye are *dogs*! By the Great Spirit have ye been changed, and no longer deserve the name! Ye have the craven hearts of the St. Regis, but not their cunning, and the treachery and selfishness of the Mohawks, without their valor. The glory of your tribe has departed, and your last warrior now leaves you! Oswegatchies in name, but not in deed, I spit upon—I defy you!"

And, ere his words died upon their ears, the warrior darted away, and with a yell of defiance disappeared in the surrounding forest. A few of the Indians, stung to the quick by his taunts were about to pursue, but desisted at the command of the chiefs, who were probably well pleased at being thus easily rid of one whom they had for a long time regarded as a dangerous firebrand in the tribe.

As no hindrance could now be offered to the French commander in his disposal of the prisoner, the latter soon after returned to the fort with his fair charge, finding the reward of his humane exertions in thus relieving the distresses of another, in that proud satisfaction which every one is certain to experience after having done a kind action.

Poor Isabel! how can we portray the hardship she underwent, or the privations she endured or, more than all, the fortitude with which she encountered and bore up against every suffering while a captive in the hands of the savages, enduring the long and fatiguing flight of her captors! And what reader cannot imagine her sensations at being thus rescued from their power and placed within the pale of civilized beings although the enemies of her countrymen? We need only say that the generous Col. Montmartre, with the gallantry characteristic of the polished nation to which he belonged, offered to use his utmost endeavours to effect her speedy restoration to her country and friends—which, however, in the then state of hostilities, was a matter of extreme uncertainty. In the meantime our heroine found herself to be no longer a prisoner, but was received and treated by the family of her benefactor as a most welcome visitor; and in their society she might have been happy, but for the thought that her father and friends knew not of her good fortune, but still mourned for her as one who was lost to them perhaps forever. Let us return to them.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL months had now elapsed since the occurrence of the tragedy at Wilton Hall, and Lieut. Harry Bradford and Capt. Edward Wilton were both joined to their respective regiments in the army of Gen. Amherst, on whom had devolved the chief command of all the British forces in North America. This commander, actuated by humane motives and an enlightened policy, had planned the termination of the war with Canada by a bloodless conquest. For this purpose, three large armies were destined to co-operate, by different routes, against Montreal, the only remaining place of consequence yet held by the enemy in that province. The corps commanded by the heroic Wolfe, now by Gen. Murray, was ordered to ascend the St. Lawrence from Quebec; another, under Col. Haviland, to penetrate by the Isle Aux Noix; and the third consisting of ten thousand men, and commanded by Gen. Amherst himself, after passing up the Mohawk River and taking its course by Lake Ontario, was to form a junction by falling down the St. Lawrence.

The only tidings that had ever reached our hero concerning the fate of Isabel, was that which he had learned from the Mohawk warriors on their return from their unsuccessful pursuit—viz: that her captors were of the Oswegatchie tribe, and that she had been borne to their village on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He had already made a confidante of his warm-hearted and generous commander, and Putnam sincerely commiserated the misfortunes of his young friend and sympathised with him in the unlooked-for catastrophe which had thus crushed in the bud all his fondest anticipations of the future. The most he could do, however, was to console him by expressing the likelihood which existed of their recovering the lost one at Oswegatchie, or at least of containing

intelligence there which might lead to her ultimate recovery.

“When our army reaches their village,” said he “the knaves will either give up their prisoner to us or they’ll hide her away and deny all knowledge of her whereabouts, or that they ever had a captive; and if they do this, I know of a medicine that will get the truth out of even an Ingun, and, by the Lord Harry! I’ll make ’em swallow a dose of it or my name’s not Israel Putnam! I hain’t much friendship for these Oswegatchies, for, between you and I, it was part and parcel of this same tribe that give me such a confounded scorchin’ when old Molang saved me from their clutches!”* And the pugnacious partisan clenched his fists, and exhibited sundry other demonstrations of a sanguinary and unforgiving spirit, that seemed to indicate that he was not entirely satisfied with the orders of the commander-in-chief, to use gentle measures and to treat with lenity and forbearance the savage tribes whom they passed.

Gen. Amherst’s army had just left Oswego, and were passing slowly through “The Thousand Islands,” in a miscellaneous area of barges and other vessels. The Rangers under Col. Putnam formed the advanced guard, and were generally a few miles ahead of the main body. When about forty or fifty miles above Oswegatchie, the foremost of the boats encountered a single Indian, in a bark canoe, who advanced boldly to meet them, and demanded to see their commander. As the latter happened to be but a short distance astern, the savage was escorted by one of the boats to his presence. Gen. Amherst was at the time seated in one of the larger vessels, in company with a number of his highest officers, among whom was Putnam, on whose experience and intrepidity he placed much reliance. With them he was now consulting as to the best manner of carrying the Fort at Oswegatchie, concerning the strength and position of which much contrariety of opinion existed. A French scout had been taken prisoner that morning by some of the boats, and from him they had extorted the information that the French Commander had abandoned the Fort at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, and was or had been fortifying an island some short distance below, which was deemed impregnable. He also stated that two large armed vessels were stationed in the harbor near the old fort, strongly manned, and provided with every weapon of offence and defence. The commander entertained serious fears that these last might effect considerable mischief to his own flotilla, which were fitted out merely as transports. Col. Putnam, however, and several other officers, entirely discredited the Frenchman’s report, deeming it to have been fabricated by him with the design

*The circumstance of Putnam’s being rescued from the Indians, (when about to be burned alive) by the famous French partisan, Molang, will of course be remembered by all who are familiar with his history.

of misleading them. It may be supposed, therefore, that the announcement of the Indian's presence, and his demand to see the Commander, was received with satisfaction by all; for each at once surmised that from him some more correct information might be derived.

Untekahyo (for it was he) was now the declared and most inveterate enemy of the French. Since the occurrence of the events chronicled in the last chapter, he had devoted himself exclusively and with untiring perseverance to the attainment of one object—the gratification of that strongest passion of the Indian character—*revenge*. It need not be said that he now entered the presence of the English commander with the full determination of aiding, by every means that lay in his power, the approaching downfall of those who, in his estimation, had inflicted so deep a wrong upon him. As he stepped into the barge, and stood for a moment regarding the officers who surrounded him, a sudden glance of recognition passed between him and Putnam, who was seated next to the commander. The latter in an instant sprang to his feet, and laid his hand upon his sword, but as instantly checked himself in his purpose.

"The white chief is not pleased at beholding an old acquaintance?" said the warrior, in rather bad English, (which we shall correct for the reader's benefit) and with that stoical coolness and indifference with which an Indian always endeavours to suppress all outward manifestations of surprise.

"No, by the Lord Harry, I'm not!" said Putnam, scarcely able to restrain his passion within bounds; "Gen. Amherst, I warn you not to place any trust in that red devil, for he is certainly here on some errand of mischief—probably a spy from the Frenchers. The best thing we can do will be to run the boat straight on shore, and string him up to that big hemlock. Behold," said he, exposing a limb, the flesh of which appeared seared and shrivelled as if by fire, "behold what obligation I am under to him. When I was a captive, and bound to the stake, it was his bloody hand that set fire to the piles which surrounded me, and his accursed band of Oswegatchies it was that shrieked, and yelled, and danced for joy, at the sight of the torments I endured, and my vain endeavours to change position and escape the scorching flame. And I would give five years of my life, if I knew I was to live so long, to be able to pay him up for that deed."

The savage folded his arms proudly, and stood regarding the partisan with a look of mingled triumph and scorn.

Gen. Amherst, motioning Putnam to refrain from irritating the Indian, turned to the latter and inquired—

"Why has the Oswegatchie warrior thus ventured among his enemies?"

"Because" he answered, raising his tall form to its proudest height, and addressing his auditors in the vehement and expressive tones which characterise the spontaneous outburst of native eloquence, "because he is no longer an

Oswegatchie, and you have ceased to be his enemies—for we both have a common enemy, whom we should unite in destroying. Untekahyo has renounced his tribe, and he disowns all friendship towards the French; for the Oswegatchies are cowards and liars, and the French are base and treacherous to their allies. He now comes to the Yengeese as a friend, and he can do them good service. Their enemies are his enemies, and as he assists them to conquer, so will they aid his revenge."

"In what manner can you aid us?" interrogated the Commander.

"I can give you the means of obtaining such information as will render harmless those preparations which your foes are now making to receive you, and which would otherwise defy the assaults of your whole army, large as it is."

"Depend upon't, General," interrupted Putnam, "there's no such thing as honesty in a red-skin, and this painted son of Satan is certainly up to some diveltry or other. If the Commander at Oswegatchie is the same hard-fisted old bruiser that was sent up there by Montcalm, when I was a prisoner at Montreal, then I can tell you there'll be some hard blows struck before we get it. There was more true generosity and politeness about him than in any Frenchman I ever knew (always excepting old Molang); and if his wife and daughters, and his fair-haired boy Julian, are with him, I should like to pay him a friendlier visit than we are about to make; for they treated the English prisoners with a kindness we can't easily forget." And the veteran, as he mused upon the changes which two short years had produced in his relative position to his former benefactors, forgot for a moment the presence of his deadliest foe.

"But how," demanded the Commander, apparently disregarding or not noticing Putnam's interruption, "how can we be certain of the good faith of the warrior, in his offers of service to us? How are we to know that he is not a spy in disguise, and in the employ of our enemies?"

"Let these tokens answer," said he, proudly, and displaying two gastly trophies, "if not as proofs of the Oswegatchie's willingness to aid you, at least as pledges of his hatred to your foes. For weeks, aye months, has Untekahyo watched near the Fort of the Maquas, to accomplish that object which now brings him here. He cannot forget an injury, and revenge is ever sweet to the red man as well as to the pale face. The French chief has wronged him, and blood alone can wash away the memory of that wrong.—Twice already has this trusty rifle, which was placed in the hands of the Oswegatchie as a present from that same chief, been aimed at his breast—and twice has he escaped; not that the heart of the warrior relented, but because the joy he felt at thus beholding his enemy in his power was so great that it unstrung his stout nerves, and his bullet struck wide of its mark. But a surer and deadlier revenge has been reserved for him. Worse, far worse a fate than the speedy death which his own rifle denied to him, has Untekahyo inflicted upon the accursed pale-

face who has dared to cross his path!— These are the locks of that *fair haired boy*," he said, as, with a smile of savage ferocity and triumph, he held exultingly one of the gory trophies of his vengeance before the eyes of Putnam, who shook his brawny fist menacingly, and looked daggers at his ancient foe— "these are the flowing locks of his fair-haired boy, and this the scalp of his bravest soldier. Does the white chief still doubt?"

Putnam here whispered something in the ear of Gen. Amherst, to which the latter nodded assent, and immediately turned and inquired of the Indian the cause of his hatred to the French Commander.

"Untekahyo captured a Yengeese maiden," he replied, "whose step was lighter than the fawn's, whose voice was sweeter than the music of the song-birds of the forest, and whose countenance was more beautiful than the flowers of Spring. The warrior would have taken her to his wigwam, for he had resolved to follow the war-path no more. But the Evil Spirit carried the tidings to the ears of the Frenchman, and he demanded her of me. I refused. He offered ransom, but I spurned it. Then did his soldiers seize my captive; and when I called on my brethren to aid me to rescue her from their hands, the cowards heeded me not. For this deed have I renounced the tribe of my fathers, and for this have I sworn vengeance against the Maquas!"

"Good! good!" exclaimed, or rather shouted Old Put, who, while the Indian was speaking, appeared to be scarcely able to control himself until he got through, and was now, in the excess of his joy, entirely forgetful of the dignity due to the presence of his superiors; "just what I suspected—and I must let Harry know the news right off. Col. Campbell, will you tell young Wilton— Capt. Edward Wilton I mean—as soon as you see him, that his sister is out of the hands of the savages, and among civilized people; aye, and under the protection of as brave and generous an old soldier as ever sharpened his teeth on camp-biscuit!" and the gallant old Indian fighter almost danced for joy as he thought with what satisfaction the intelligence would be received by the two young men.

Gen. Amherst himself could not suppress a smile of pleasure at the Indian's answer, for he was well acquainted with the circumstances of our heroine's captivity among the Oswegatchies. However, he gave no farther token of his satisfaction, but turning to the warrior, he enquired of him in what way he could manifest his friendship towards them.

"If the white chief will send one of his young men with me, the light canoe of the warrior will bear him to the Oswegatchie Village and the strong fortress of the Maquas, while the Yengeese soldiers are resting for the night. Untekahyo will guide the messenger where he can see and not be seen, and hear yet not be heard—where he can stand and number the big guns of the French, and count their soldiers, and obtain every other information which the white chief may desire. Ere the next moon grows dim before the coming of morn, he will return to you."

"And what reward will the warrior demand for doing this?"

"He asks none!" replied the savage; "he seeks but to revenge his own wrongs; and when the Yengeese shall have triumphed over their enemies, and the pride of the accursed Maquas is humbled and their power destroyed, then will Untekahyo gain the only reward he seeks!"

The Commander here turned to Putnam, with whom he conversed a few moments in a tone so low as not to be distinguished by the savage.— "Give me your opinion, Col. Putnam," said he, "without letting your own private animosity prejudice your mind, whether it would be prudent to trust this Indian so far as to send a spy with him, and delay the march of the army until their return, in order that we may hear his report?"

"Well Gin'ral, to tell you the fact, I do begin to think this red-skin means to be honest with us; for you'll never hear an Ingun cuss his own tribe, and call 'em cowards unless he's in regular grit airnest. It's clear he's had some quarrel with the Frenchers, and his own people won't bear him out in it, and so the reptile has sworn vengeance agin 'em both. But, if you send a spy down with him, I don't see any airthly reason why the army need wait here till they get back. We can stop where we are to-night, and give them so much time to start with, and to-morrow float slowly down the river; and they can meet us as well half a dozen miles above Oswegatchie, as here."

"Yes, that will no doubt be as good a way," replied the Commander; "and now, Colonel, as you have not offered any objections to the design, I think I shall venture to trust him.—And yet," he added, "if I obeyed the promptings of my own feelings instead of the dictates of judgment, and accorded justice to the deeds of this blood-thirsty red-skin, without regarding policy, I should follow your first advice, and run him up to the hemlock. But he may yet be the means of saving much blood, and I shall be careful that he has no future opportunity of shedding it. But who can I send with him?—Is there any among your Rangers, Colonel whom a hundred pounds can induce to accept the adventure?"

"Yes," replied Putnam, "there's a Lieutenant in my corps who will jump at the chance, and not for the money either. He's exactly the fellow that's needed for this 'ere business; for he got his eddication as a woodman among the Rangers, and it'll take a wiser Ingun than this to circumvent or get him into a scrape. And, besides, I'll warrant him to bring you as correct a report of the condition of the French fortifications, as any one you could get in the whole army. If you wish to see him, I'll pass the word for him."

The General nodded assent.

"Hallo! there!" Putnam shouted to the boat next in advance, "pass the word along for Lieut. Bradford, of the Rangers, to repair to the Commander's barge immediately!"

And, as the boats along the whole line were at intervals of not more than a few rods apart, the orders were repeated from one to the other until

they reached our hero, who was stationed in the extreme van, and who hastened to obey them.

As it was now about sundown, orders were also sent forth for the army to halt for the night.

CHAPTER V.

YOUNG Bradford was soon in the presence of his Commander, and, as the reader will readily imagine, when the occurrences of the preceding chapter, and the proposed design of sending a spy down the River, in company with the Indian, were made known to him, he at once accepted the hazardous adventure. His joy on hearing of Isabel's rescue from the savages, although she was still among his enemies, was such, that he almost forgave the stern warrior with whom he was to approach her abode, his share in her capture. Indeed, it was with a secret foreboding that he should meet the object of his thoughts, and an involuntary hope of being able to render her as well as his country-man some service, that he accepted a commission involving so much danger to its possessor. Perhaps his own spirit of enterprise and adventure, and a contempt for that very danger, also acted as incentives. A spirit of rivalry still existed between the Provincial soldiers and the regulars, who composed Gen. Amherst's large army. The latter affected to despise the character and doubt the courage of the former, who, on their part, strove to maintain by deeds rather than words the greatly superior claims on the public gratitude which their previous success had won for them. It was therefore very natural that a young lieutenant, in the situation of our hero—possessing all the attainments of education, in which respect alone the Colonial officers were generally inferior to those who swaggered in scarlet coats—was not entirely exempt from that pride which animated the latter. Most probably he experienced a slight degree of it when he accepted the undertaking of so perilous an enterprise; for he well knew there was not an officer among the regulars but would have shrunk from encountering its dangers.

The day was now rapidly deepening into twilight, and Harry had just received from the Commander his instructions in relation to the information which it was most important that he should procure. He was about stepping into the light bark canoe of the warrior, in which the two were to accomplish their midnight journey, when Putnam approached, and drew him aside. With an earnestness of manner which he seldom evinced, and a solicitude for the safety of our hero which betrayed his apprehensions of the perils about to be incurred, he proceeded to give him a great deal of counsel and advice, the most of which consisted in warning him to be continually on the lookout, and to guard himself incessantly against any act of treachery on the part of his guide.

"I tell you what, Harry," said he, "you mustn't take your eyes off the fellow for a single minute. You'd better take your place in the stern of the

boat so as to have your face to him and his back to you all the while, and then if he intends any mischief to you, he'll hardly have a chance to accomplish it. I've been praising you up some before the Gen'ral, and it would be an everlasting disgrace to the Rangers if this infarnal red-skin comes Paddy over you. So, if you see anything that looks the least bit suspicious, don't hesitate at all to use your cheese-knife or the barkers, but give him the medicine as quick as the symptoms appear. Another thing, Harry—it won't be very prudent for you to question him any about the gal, and don't let him know you can *parley voo!*" After giving him considerable additional advice, mostly of the same tenor, the veteran, with a sturdy grasp of the hand, bade our hero adieu, and the latter, in accordance with the counsel he had just received, stepped into the canoe and took his station in the stern.

Untekahyo immediately afterwards entered it, and a scowl of anger darkened his painted visage when he perceived the position Harry had taken, which evinced plainly that those among whom he had ventured, and whom he was really desirous of aiding, were as yet either afraid or unwilling to repose unlimited trust in him. He subdued his indignation, however, and in silence, and with an air of apparent indifference, took his place in the centre of the canoe. Their paddles dipped lightly in the water, and the tiny vessel flew exultingly on her course, with almost astonishing rapidity. Over the smooth and placid waters they glided, silently and like spectres, while the twilight was gradually vanishing, and giving place to the pale light of the full moon, whose silvery rays, when the branches of some tall tree intervened, and its verdant mantle of green leaves half darkened the surrounding objects which they overshadowed, gave to the mirrored surface of the calm river the appearance of a grotesque and varied but richly figured carpeting, or the trellised covering of an arbor concealed by its curtain of vines.

When they had accomplished a few miles of their journey, Harry (for neither had yet spoken) thus accosted his companion:

"As we are now out of sight of the army, if the Oswegatchie chooses to do so, we will change places, for surely a guide should have the steering of his own vessel. It was but to obey the commands of my superiors that I have usurped the warrior's post for a time, for they feared to place the same trust in the sincerity of his professions which I now do in his honor."

"The young soldier speaks well," said the savage, his features relaxing somewhat of their sternness, and evidently pleased at this manifestation of confidence on the part of our hero; "he speaks well because he speaks the voice of wisdom, and he does well because he obeys that voice. The Yengeese chieftains are suspicious of those who would aid them, and distrust their own friends. Untekahyo must prove to them by actions instead of words that his promises to them are not false. The young soldier need have no fears for the warrior will guide him in safety till he returns."

The change was accordingly made, though it was, of course, with considerable difficulty that either could move his position in so frail and *tottlish* a vessel.

Harry perceived the advantage he had gained by thus pretending to repose so much faith in the good intentions of the warrior, and he determined to improve and reap the benefits of it, even though, by so doing, he should act contrary to the advice just given by his Colonel.—He had in his possession a most potent means of obtaining the ascendancy over an Indian—a talisman seldom known to fail, and one which has since proved a most powerful agent in accomplishing the ruin of the red man. This talisman was nothing more nor less than a small flask of “fire-water,” the offer and acceptance of a draught of which had an irresistible effect upon the warrior, both in loosening the joints of his heretofore unpliant tongue, and giving him a very exalted idea of his own self-importance, with rather a friendly opinion of his companion.

Luckily, the flask contained only enough of the tempting liquid, to put him in good humor, and render him (which is very extraordinary for an Indian) not only social and communicative, but exceedingly loquacious. As the subtle agent gradually accomplished its expected and desired effect, of confusing his thoughts and blunting his perceptions and suspicions, the savage made manifest its influence by giving vent to those feelings of self-esteem and self-adulation, of which the red-man is equally and perhaps more susceptible than the white. The North American Indians are, in fact, and we think without any exception, the greatest *braggarts* in the world. It seems to form the principal component part of all the public ceremonies of a tribe, their festivals, and their demonstrations of grief or rejoicing. A successful warrior insults his captive with exultations and boasts of his own prowess and success, and the latter, if an Indian, will reply in the same style, striving, with savage bravado, to outdo the other in recounting the number and magnitude of his exploits; and, when a sacrifice at the stake to the relentless ferocity of his enemies, he pours forth his expiring voice in a triumphal death-song, in which he boasts of the mischief he has done them, and challenges his torturers to do their worst.

The apparently stoical indifference and taciturnity which Untekahyo previously manifested, had disappeared, and instead of the stern and laconic manner of speech which was a characteristic of his race, he now spoke in a freer although scarcely less figurative language.—While he was boasting of his own former exploits and those of his tribe, and their triumphs over the English and the Mohawks, Harry succeeded in drawing from him a full history of Isabel’s captivity, the fortitude with which she had endured her misfortunes, and the circumstances of her subsequent rescue from the warrior by the French Commander. This he managed to do without giving the other any cause to suspect the interest which he really felt in the narration.

Whether our hero’s indignation was kindled while the savage was recounting this among his other exploits, and also the usage which Putnam received at his hands while a prisoner, we are unable to say; but if such was the case, he smothered his resentment, and the two continued to ply their paddles with unabated industry.

“Yonder,” said the warrior, as they were passing a small island, or rather isolated precipice, composed of one solid rock, which rose almost perpendicular to the height of more than a hundred feet, its summit apparently inaccessible—“yonder stands, and will stand forever, a proud monument of the just vengeance which the Oswegatchies inflicted upon those who dared to provoke it!” He then proceeded to relate the particulars of the event, or perhaps legend, which has given to the rock the name it long afterward bore, of “The Mohawk’s Leap.” When the warriors of the united Six Nations, or Iroquois, were on their way to attack Montreal—which place, the reader will recollect, was destroyed by them more than half a century previous, and a thousand of its inhabitants massacred—they committed some depredations on the Oswegatchies. The latter resented it, and the consequences were that their village was burned, and the whole tribe, being too weak to successfully cope with their aggressors, were obliged to flee, and took refuge among the Thousand Islands, vowing vengeance against those who had despoiled their homes. On the return of the Iroquois from their successful expedition against their enemies the French, the Oswegatchies had many opportunities of putting their threats into execution. The former, laden with trophies and plunder, while passing up the river and through the Islands in their canoes, were not so careful to keep their forces united as when they descended it, and it consequently happened that several of their small parties, while separated from the main body, fell victims to the watchful foes who were meditating their destruction. Among others, two large canoes, containing nearly twenty warriors of the Mohawk tribe, by some chance fell a few miles in the rear of their companions, and being ambuscaded and pursued by nearly the whole force of the Oswegatchies, they took refuge on the rock or island just mentioned. They were acquainted with the only mode of ascent, which was a narrow and winding path that might easily be filled up after them, by means of a large stone rolled into it—so that one man might successfully defend the pass against a host. Having made themselves masters of this impregnable fortress of Nature, and reached its summit, the Mohawks gave a shout of exultation and defiance, and deridingly told the Oswegatchies to come up and take them if they could—to which the latter replied by telling them to come down *if they could*. The Mohawks then discovered that they had unwittingly entered a trap, from which, though it was in their power to keep their enemies from entering, those enemies also possessed the power of preventing their exit. A cavity in the rock at the place of entrance, which could not be

reached by missiles from above, afforded a portion of the Oswegatchies a safe and advantageous position for continuing a blockade any length of time—as the situation was such that one warrior at the foot of the path could as easily prevent the descent of a host as one at the summit could their ascent. The Mohawks were fairly circumvented, and at the mercy of their enemies. They could expect no mercy from them, and they received none. A choice was theirs—of a speedy death, or a lingering one by starvation. They chose the former; and on the morning of the third day, their death song was heard, and the Mohawks made their final leap!

* * * * *

Incessantly they plied their paddles, and with unwearied perseverance—the excitement of gliding silently through so beautiful and varied a scenery as the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence at all times present, having the natural effect of rendering our hero incapable of experiencing fatigue. It is nearly always the case, that where the faculties of the mind are exercised at the same time and to the same degree with the powers of the physical system, the latter are invested with extraordinary capabilities of endurance. A mind like his, so full of excitement and imagination, would invariably find ample material on which to employ itself, in the appearance of that delightful group.

Slowly the hours passed by—and the dim grayish haze which heralds the approaching daybreak, had already appeared in the eastern horizon, when the warrior pointed out to Harry the walls of the French fortress. Our hero could also distinguish, in dim outline against the cloudless sky, the taper masts and spars of two vessels which were at anchor in the harbor. Surrounding the fort, and along the banks of the Oswegatchie River near its mouth, were to be seen a few small and scattered houses, and in their immediate vicinity appeared many tokens of civilization. In every other direction, however, above and below, nought met the eye but an unbroken contiguity of forest. Such, in 1760, was the aspect of that portion of the Valley of the St. Lawrence, where now the passing traveller is greeted by a view of one of the most prosperous and flourishing villages in the land, and the appearance on every hand of that comfort and plenty which denotes the presence of a populous and thriving community.

In order to avoid all chance of being discovered or heard from the shore, (for, on a still night like this, even the murmur of the ripples before the bow of their light bark might be heard to a great distance) it became necessary to use the greatest caution. Their paddles were dipped into the water with as slight a sound as possible, therefore, and every other precaution taken. The warrior intended landing between the mouth of the Oswegatchie and the village of his tribe; and, accordingly, when a short distance above what is now known as "Pigeon Point," he directed the bow of his canoe towards the Canada side of the

river, so that in passing they did not approach nearer than a mile of the fortress. When below it, the canoe was again steered to the southern shore.

Just one mile below the mouth of the Oswegatchie is a projection of land which now bears the cognomen of "Mile Point." It was then very thickly wooded, and a small creek there emptied its waters into the St. Lawrence. The immediate vicinity of this Point was uninhabited—the French settlement being a mile above, and the village of the Oswegatchies a much greater distance below. Towards the mouth of the creek the warrior now steered. It was rapidly becoming daylight, and there was danger of their being discovered from below as well as above—and Untekahyo was as desirous to escape the recognition of his own people as of the French. Accordingly, they plied their paddles with additional vigor till they reached the point, when, after ascending the creek a few rods, they drew the canoe ashore, and concealed it in a place designated by the warrior, who had evidently made use of it before for the same purpose.

Harry followed his guide, who led the way through the forest a short distance, to where the low trees and underbrush began to appear so thick in their path that they threatened to soon defy their further progress. Here they came suddenly upon (and unexpectedly to our hero) a small hut or wigwam, which the warrior entered, and motioned his companion to follow. Harry obeyed, expecting to find himself in the presence of some of the Oswegatchie's adherents; but the hut was vacant, and probably had been so for many days. On the floor was a bundle of skins, which had apparently been used as a couch, and which the warrior divided into two parts, signifying to our hero that he was to occupy one. He then procured some water from a spring near at hand, and the two made a repast out of such provisions as they had brought with them.

"This," said the Oswegatchie, in his native manner, for every trace of the influence of the "fire-water" had long since vanished—this is all that remains to Untekahyo among the tribe of his fathers. Here is his last possession, and even this he now enters by stealth, fearful of encountering those who were once so eager to sing his praises, and so proud to follow his footsteps to victory. He is hunted by them like a wolf—the Maquas have offered a price for his head, and his own countrymen are the first who strive to gain it. His blood flows not in the veins of a single living being—friends he has none, and the tribe of his fathers is not his tribe! There is no one to call him brother—none to care for Untekahyo.

This was spoken in so mournful a tone and the desolate situation of the warrior, alone in the world, appealed so forcibly to the heart of our hero, that he felt himself gradually and involuntarily giving away to a feeling of compassion for him which it was impossible to smother. He attempted, therefore, to change the current of his thoughts, and inquired of him if, in their present retreat, they were secure from all danger of discovery.

"The young soldier," he replied, "has thus far confided in the honesty of the warrior. Let him continue to do so, and he shall return to his comrades in safety, and claim the promised reward of his commander, ere the sun shall again rise." And he pointed to the east, where the golden beams of day were just becoming apparent through the thick foliage that surrounded them. "It is here," continued the savage, "that Untekahyo reposed in quiet and safety, when the French chief sent forth his hirelings to avenge the murder of his boy, whom the warrior had slain to revenge the wrongs he had himself received at the hands of the father." (At this, Harry's transient feeling of compassion was completely changed to one of abhorrence and loathing, as the object which excited the former feeling became transformed into the cold-blooded murderer of a helpless child). Untekahyo continued—"They sought far and wide, yet they sought not *here*. They dreamed not that their enemy—his thirst for vengeance unquenched—still lurked near the objects of his hatred, that his bloody hatchet was still ready to obey the desire of his heart. — This spot a Frenchman would never be able to find, and an ancient prediction of evil to him who should venture near the hut where the wise old As-say-wah passed his last days, alone, and by his spells guarding the welfare of our tribe, has prevented any Oswegatchie from approaching it. So, here Untekahyo has remained in safety, when flight would have been death. And here with the young soldier will he rest till the sun has entered the wigwam, when he will guide him to the strong place of the Maquas."

With these words he threw himself down on one of the heaps of skins; and Harry, who now began to feel some fatigue, consequent upon his night's exertions and want of sleep, followed his example. It was some time, however, before he could compose himself to sleep. The events of the past night still roamed in his brain, nor could he avoid thinking of the fair being for whose sake he had undertaken the perilous adventure, and imagining the joy she would feel were she conscious of his near presence. At length "tired Nature's sweet restorer" obtained a decided ascendancy over the physical system, although the mental was still awake, and (in dreams) busied itself in picturing a thousand wild improbabilities. Hours, perhaps, passed by in this half-sleeping half-waking state, when he was suddenly aroused, by a slight noise, to consciousness and a command of his senses. Without moving his limbs he unclosed his eyes and beheld the warrior gliding out of the hut.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR a moment Harry remained silent and inactive, until he was certain that the Indian had crossed the threshold.—Our hero was, in fact, not entirely conscious of his own situation; and it required that length of time for him to collect his scattered thought, confused as they were by their

wanderings through the mazy labyrinths of dream-land, and to determine whether he was still dreaming or awake. But it required *only* a moment; and, springing up from his rude couch, he instantly darted to the outlet of the hut, from which he could behold the tall form of the savage disappearing in the forest. Without hesitating a moment to canvass the policy of so doing, he followed him, eagerly, yet with the same caution and silence which the other manifested—so that the warrior, who no doubt supposed his guest to have been in a sound sleep when he departed from the wigwam, little dreamed that his own footsteps were dogged by him. It was a very easy thing for Harry to avoid attracting in any way the attention of the Oswegatchie, who was probably too much absorbed in his own designs, whatever they were, to be mindful or suspicious of his pursuit. Besides, as Sir William Johnson remarked, our hero had not served an apprenticeship in the Rangers, under the tuition of such masters as Rogers and Putnam, without gaining much knowledge and experience as a woodman. He therefore followed the Indian, at a uniform distance of a dozen or twenty rods in the rear, and ready, on the least disposition of the other to look back, to dart behind an intervening tree, or fall prostrate on the ground, and escape his view. His moccasins (for the Rangers as well as the savages wore them) were exceedingly convenient in traversing the yielding sward of the forest; and as both were cautious to make no unnecessary noise, by stepping upon a dried stick, or rustling the lower branches of the trees, it would have been extremely difficult for even an experienced observer to have detected their presence or march by the ear alone.

The course of the Indian seemed to be towards the French settlement, for on his right hand Harry could perceive at a short distance, gleaming through the interstices of the trees, the silver bosom of the broad river, and he imagined he could also hear voices in that direction. While thus occupied, he endeavored in his own mind to account for the abrupt departure of the warrior from the wigwam, without awaking him as he had proposed. He could not well impute it to treachery—at least, treachery towards himself—for, had the redman entertained any design upon his own life, a dozen opportunities had already occurred for him to accomplish it. In fact, at any moment since they left Gen. Amherst's camp, Harry was partially if not wholly in the power of his companion, whose comparatively gigantic frame was several inches taller than the common stature, and whose brawny chest and strength of limb would have rendered him a formidable if not unequal match for the slighter though scarcely less firmly-knit proportions of our hero. The latter, therefore, could not entertain the idea that the other's clandestine departure was caused by any such motive—and he felt assured that Untekahyo was in reality what he had represented himself to be—a renegade from his own tribe, and the deadly and implacable enemy of the French.

He therefore came at length to the conclusion that the warrior had merely sallied forth in order to learn something of the condition of things before arousing him—which it is most probable was the case; and he almost blamed his own indiscretion in thus obeying the impulse of the moment, and giving his guide, who had thus far been faithful, a cause for anger when he should come to know that his good faith was not yet implicitly relied on. He also partly determined to regain the wigwam first, and appear as if just awakened from his slumbers when the warrior should return. However, to make all safe, he loosened his sword in its sheath, and examined the priming of his pistols, determined that, it by chance dangers should threaten him, he would sell his life dearly.

From his reflections he was at length aroused by their evidently near approach to the vicinity of the voices he had before heard in the distance, the tones of which he could now plainly distinguish, and even understand their French accent, in which language he was well versed. In a short time they emerged into a clearer space, the forest becoming gradually less dense, and were soon on the banks of the Oswegatchie River, very near its mouth, probably not far from the site of that most flourishing and business-like thoroughfare of Ogdensburgh, now known as Water Street. Here the varied sights which suddenly met the gaze of our hero, caused him to omit for a moment the cautious watchfulness with which he had previously noted every movement of the warrior, who, when Harry again turned his eyes in the direction in which he last saw him, had disappeared. Conscious of the necessity, on his own part, of eluding the observation both of his guide and of the enemy, in whose immediate vicinity he now was—for he supposed the former had merely concealed himself for the purpose of watching the latter, he also chose a position where he could see everything and remain unseen by both.

Our hero had now the opportunity of fulfilling the wishes and instructions of his commander to the very letter. On the other side of the Oswegatchie, almost directly opposite where he stood, was situated the small French fortress, whose bare and desolate white walls are still to be seen on the southwest side of the harbor at Ogdensburgh. In the river, between him and the fort, were anchored the two large armed vessels, the dim outline of whose masts and spars he had detected while passing them the previous morning. They appeared to be well manned and well armed, and provided with every essential means of annoyance and defence. Around the fortress, as well as on the same side of the river on which he stood, some of them at no great distance from his place of concealment, were scattered the dwellings of the French traders and others who composed their settlement at Oswegatchie, which was never very large.—The houses were mostly very small, and appeared to have been constructed rather as temporary than permanent residences.

But the harbor itself presented a most lively and stirring scene; and our hero congratulated himself

upon his unlooked-for good fortune in having followed the Indian from the hut—for he could now obtain, with very little personal risk, all the material information which General Amherst required. It was evident that the intelligence the latter had extorted from the spy—whom we mentioned in a previous chapter as having been captured by the Rangers the day before, and whose report had been doubted by many of the officers—was essentially true, and that his countrymen really were about to abandon their old fort at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, and entrench themselves somewhere lower down the St. Lawrence. This conclusion our hero immediately arrived at, from seeing a large number of barges, battaux, and similar vessels, busily engaged in lading themselves with arms, ammunition, provisions, and other effects which the fortress opposite contained, and making their way down the broad river with their cargoes, while others were returning from below, where they had deposited their freight. The French Commander, it was very plain, had just received positive intelligence of the near approach on his enemies, and, most probably intending to defend his trust to the last, had conceived his present post to be untenable, and had therefore resolved to abandon it and occupy one of greater strength.

Harry was for a short period of time so deeply engaged in taking note of these movements, that he entirely forgot that which the reader will undoubtedly consider to have been uppermost in his mind—the fact that those very walls which he was then watching so intensely, concealed from his eye the magnet that had mainly attracted him thither—she for whom he had perilled thus much, and for whose sake he would most willingly have hazarded his own life a thousand times. His memory, however, soon received a sudden jog, which, while it had the effect of changing the *motive* that had before prompted him in his espionage—changing it from a desire to serve his country to the perhaps more selfish one of serving himself—was also the means of redoubling his zeal and his determination to profit by the advantages which chance had thrown in his way. This was occasioned by the appearance of a craft of a different description from the others—seemingly constructed more for pleasure than burdens, with three oars on a side manned by soldiers;—which now drew up before the fortress, and was entered by a number of females and two officers. This scene at first merely attracted Harry's casual attention, but finally rivetted it immovably; for among that group, he fancied he discovered one who bore no slight resemblance to his own Isabel! Intensely he gazed, and his heart almost ceased to beat, as the boat left the opposite shore, and with every stroke of the oar approached nearer and nearer—so near, that his doubts gradually resolved themselves first into a hope and then a certainty, that it was she whom he sought. That silent but faithful monitor, the heart, ever proves a trusty and watchful sentinel over those whom it loves, and heralds their presence or approach

long before the eye can see or the ear perceive their coming. The senses are comparatively sluggish in their perceptions and theirs is but a secondary warning—an outward confirmation of what our inward monitor has already given us notice of. But now Harry could distinguish her form, her features—even her dark, lustrous eyes—those brilliant orbs that now seemed beaming from a partially clouded sky, for they were lit with a sad, melancholy smile, that told of some harrowing recollection of former sorrow, which banished gayety, and dimmed her present happiness. “And yet,” thought Harry, who envied those on whom fell the sunshine of even that sad smile, “how joyful she appears—how contented! happy, although among strangers!”

Strangers?—No! Those who surrounded our heroine were not strangers but *friends!* By the gallant old veteran, Col. Montmartre, she had been received and treated with all the kindness of a father, and in the bosom of his family had she found a home which almost compensated her for the one she had lost. No! they were far from being strangers; and she owed them a debt of gratitude and love which it was both her duty and her desire to repay. Why, then, Harry, shouldst thou deprive those friends of that one smile, whose melancholy betokened that she still remembered her own home and her earlier friends?

The boat which, Harry was now satisfied, contained the living and animate form of our heroine, approached one of the armed vessels of which we have just made mention, and all the passengers entered it. Their visit, however, was not a very lengthy one, for they shortly after re-entered their own boat, all but the eldest of the officers and Isabel. The former hailed a young Frenchman on the shore he had just left, who immediately put out to the vessel in a small one-oared skiff, into which the officer descended and handed in our heroine. He then addressed a few words to the officer in the larger boat, and so near were they to our hero's place of concealment, that he could plainly distinguish and understand all that was spoken. The speaker, he felt assured, was none other than Col. Montmartre, the French Commander, of whom he had heard Putnam frequently speak, and he likewise concluded that the females in the larger boat were members of his family. He heard him give the younger officer directions to escort the ladies in their visit to the other armed vessel, while he himself would take a short stroll on shore, accompanied by his fair friend, to whom he said he had something very important to communicate: and that when they had finished their tour through the vessel, and the ladies satisfied their curiosity, on making a signal to that effect, Antoine would row him back to their boat, and they would all proceed to the Island together.

Strange emotions held sway in our hero's breast as he watched the little vessel that contained the idol of his aspirations approaching him in a direct line, and apparently steered as exactly towards his hiding-place as if its passengers were aware of his vicinity, and were bent upon surprising him in

his insecure retreat. Strange emotions they were, and undefinable. Could jealousy be one of them?—did he fear the rivalry of a grey-haired veteran of three score years? No—surely not. His own gratitude was most assuredly due to him for the kind protection he had afforded the fair creature who was seated beside him in the stern of the skiff; and could he entertain any other sentiment than respect for one whose very looks commanded it, and of whose generous and noble disposition he had so often heard his own plain and open-hearted commander speak in terms of such grateful praise? No!—yet still there was a certain painful and oppressive feeling that weighed upon his thoughts, and dampened his spirits, as he watched them.

This feeling, however, soon gave way to another one—a fear of discovery; for the skiff rapidly approached, and was now very near, it being apparently their intention to land at the very foot of the little clump of low bushes behind which he was ensconced. He dared not retreat from his position, for in so doing he would have incurred the danger of encountering not only their view, but that of others; and he was almost equally liable to detection if he remained where he was. Of these two evils he chose that which he considered the least, which was the latter, and when the bow of the little vessel grated on the shore, it almost touched his person, as he crouched beneath the leafy curtain of his scarcely tenable hiding-place. The officer, directing the young Frenchman to remain in the boat till their return, and to give them notice by calling if any signal were made to them by the remainder of his party, who were now ascending the sides of the other armed vessel, disembarked with his fair companion. In passing, they rustled against the branches which formed his concealment, and our hero touched with his hand the dress of her whom, an hour before, he would have risked his life to have seen, and who now passed so near and was yet unconscious of having almost stumbled upon him.

Yet for him to have spoken to her, to have breathed even her name aloud, would have incurred upon himself the forfeiture of liberty, perhaps life—or at any rate have hazarded the loss to his own General of that knowledge of the condition of his enemies which Harry felt that he had already gained, and which he well knew was so important and necessary to the speedy triumph of the arms of his countrymen. Had not so many important considerations been at stake—so much relying upon his own forethought and discretion, it is possible that he might have been drawn into an incautious exposure of himself, letting the moment when recognised by our heroine repay him for the evil consequences to himself which might and most probably would have been the result. But, as the case then stood, the voice of prudence whispered that this would be hardly a fair *quid pro quo*, and he accordingly followed the suggestions of the head instead of the heart.

The young Frenchman in the skiff, who was the same of whom mention has previously been made,

in the second chapter, did not alter his position, but remained on his seat, with his back to the shore, gazing on the busy scenes which were taking place in the harbor; so that our hero had now the opportunity afforded him of leaving his present dangerous situation, and following the other two who were several rods in advance. This he did, although with the same stealthiness and caution he had previously adopted when on the trail of the warrior, of whom all thoughts had now vanished from his mind. However, he was not obliged to follow them but a short distance from the shore, for he quickly discovered, by the very slow pace they had assumed, which finally became a halt, that the object of the French Commander in his present *tete-a-tete* with our heroine, was not so much to enjoy a pleasant and quiet stroll through the inviting solitude which now surrounded them, as it was to make to her some communication intended for her ear alone. Harry, therefore—who was probably actuated by that very excusable curiosity which springs from self-interest—determined to play the eavesdropper; and when they paused in their walk, and he heard for the first time the voice of Isabel, who had not spoken during their passage from the vessel to the shore, he stole up as near to them as he dared, and again concealed himself where he could hear all that was said, though their conversation was in a low tone.

"What I am about to say to you, *ma belle ami*," said Col. Montmartre, "I did not wish to have overheard by any one; and I have therefore refrained speaking it both before my own family, and even when no one was in hearing save your favorite, my faithful Antoine. By my scouts I have learned that a large English army is within a day's march of Oswegatchie; though it is both my duty and my intention to resist them to the last, I fear that even my island; which I have fortified as well as lay in my power to do, can offer but a feeble opposition to their arms. But it would have a bad effect did my soldiers know that I think thus, and I must conceal from them my own doubts, and strive to inspire them with some of the confidence which I myself lack. In order to secure your safety, however, I have been thinking, if you should prefer such a course, that as soon as your countrymen make their appearance I will give them notice of your presence among us, and have you delivered into their hands before hostilities are commenced."

"Oh! pray, do so, my preserver, my benefactor?" cried Isabel, almost overjoyed at this sudden prospect of so speedy a restoration to her friends and home—for she was not previously aware that her countrymen were so near at hand, having supposed that the present removal from one fortress to the other on the part of the French was merely made in anticipation that such an event might happen—"pray, do so, and add to my debt of gratitude what I can never repay. My brother is in the army of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, and so is——" and here our hero fancied he heard his own name half-articulated and half suppressed upon her lips.

The veteran was evidently much affected by the rapturous joy and the heartfelt gratitude with which

his proposal had been received, and the extacy with which she hailed the prospect of a return to her home. "There are many circumstances combined," said he, "that would render this the better course. In the event of a siege or assault, if you remain with us you would be exposed to all its dangers; and should I fall, and I have a secret presentiment that I shall, you would be for a time entirely in the power of your persecutor, Major Desmoulins, whose attentions you say are so hateful to you, and who will become commander in case of my death. Besides, the blood-thirsty murderer of my poor Julian is still at large, and may even now be seeking another victim."

As he uttered these prophetic words, little did the ill-fated officer dream who was to be the next victim. While he was yet speaking, Harry was startled from his listening posture by the sound of a footfall near him, and the next instant he heard a whizzing through the air, and the sudden gleam of steel flashed before his sight.—Then came a dull, dead, heart-sickening sound, as when a death-blow is struck, and the unfortunate Frenchman, uttering a faint groan, tottered and fell to the earth—a corpse. The tomahawk of Untekahyo, directed with sure aim, and hurled with all the force which the deadliest vengeance can give to the arm of a warrior, had sped on its fatal errand, and crashed through his skull and brain; and the next moment the infuriated savage, with a smothered shout of triumph, sprang forth from the thicket which had concealed him. For an instant he regarded with a demoniac smile of wild and barbarous delight the body of his slain foe, then regained his gory weapon, and seized with a grasp of iron the arm of the spell-bound and half-fainting maiden.

"The White Bird," he exclaimed, "has been the cause to Untekahyo of all his troubles; she is the Evil Spirit who has brought ill-fortune to him and disgrace upon his tribe. Let her look now upon the blue sky and the green earth for the last time; for the Oswegatchie has said it, and she shall die."

And the fatal hatchet, dripping with the life-blood of her benefactor, was uplifted over her head, and the maiden in silence awaited her fate. But ere it descended, the report of a pistol echoed through the silent forest, and the weapon fell from the wounded arm of the Indian, in whose right shoulder the ball had taken effect. As our hero sprang from his hiding-place to her rescue, he was instantly recognised by Isabel, who, though she had, in the imminent danger which had just menaced her, stood firm and collected, was overcome by the joyful surprise of his sudden appearance, and fell fainting to the ground.

All these events had passed with the rapidity of thought, and in a far less space of time than we have occupied in relating them. Untekahyo now learned for the first time, (though it was certainly a rather uncourteous method which our hero chose to enlighten him by,) of the near vicinity of him whom he supposed still asleep in the wigwam of As-say-wah. Each had been watching the movements of the French so intensely, and were so absorbed in their own discoveries that they had not before noticed the near presence of the other, though they had been but

a few rods apart the whole time. It now became apparent to both; and, without uttering a word, they regarded each other as deadly enemies.—Harry, not waiting to draw his sword, sprang forward to grapple his adversary, who, despite his wound, evinced no inclination to avoid the encounter. In the encounter which followed, our hero discovered, too late, that he had underrated the strength of his enemy, which was so far superior to his own as to enable the Oswegatchie to bear him to the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY was now completely in the power and at the mercy of the Oswegatchie, whose knee was on his breast, and pinioned him to the earth, so firmly as to defy his utmost exertions and struggles to liberate himself. Helpless and hopeless he awaited the death-stroke, summoning all the resolution he possessed, and composing his mind, as far as circumstances would admit, to take a final leave of all sublunary things. In the brief contest which had just taken place between them, neither of the combatants had had time or opportunity to make use of any weapon—the result having depended on main physical strength alone, in which the red-man proved so vastly the superior of his assailant. Now, however, while his enemy was stretched prostrate and unresisting beneath him, Untekahyo had ample chance to draw deliberately from its sheath his long and glittering scalping knife; and, with a smile of vindictive triumph transforming the expression of his grimly painted countenance, his arm and the keen weapon in its grasp were raised high above his head, to impart force and vengeance to the blow.

Disdaining to sue for mercy where he had no right to expect it, Harry watched in silence for its descent, which was to end his earthly existence. To quit the world would scarcely have cost him a single pang, but for the idea that she for whom his life was to be sacrificed—she who was now happily insensible—would be the next victim of his own murderer. These thoughts flashed like lightning through his brain during that moment of life and death. But why was the fatal blow delayed? Had the heart of Untekahyo relented towards his late companion, or was his delay in completing his work of vengeance merely a refinement of savage barbarity, by which the mind of a victim was to be kept in a state of torment and suspense infinitely worse than death itself? No, it was neither of these; and our hero felt hope springing up once more within his breast as he detected the cause, and beheld the hand of a third person encircling the wrist of the warrior, and staying for the moment his own impending fate.

The grim and unnatural smile still distorted the features of the Oswegatchie, but it had changed from one of triumph to one of disappointment. Instead of springing from the prostrate body of him who had so nearly fallen his victim, and confronting his new enemy, Untekahyo was apparently endeavouring by main force to wrench

his arm from the grasp that held it motionless, as if willing to run any hazard rather than be cheated out of the vengeance he had so nearly accomplished. But the hand, or rather the hands—for it was two that clutched his brawny arm—maintained their hold, and it was evident that the wound the savage had received in his shoulder had had the effect of gradually weakening his strength to a degree. Harry perceived that now or never was the time to save himself. It seemed plain that his unknown and unseen friend was unable to render him any farther service than to withhold for a short period the right arm of his enemy, and he accordingly renewed his struggles to free himself. At length, by the greatest exertions, he succeeded in liberating his left hand, with which he sought his remaining pistol, which he aimed at the very heart of the Indian, and fired.

Gradually the left arm of the latter, which had previously grasped the body of his intended victim, relaxed its vice-like hold, the weapon dropped from the other, and, as the friendly hand which had hitherto stayed its purpose, released it, and the lifeless body of the Oswegatchie fell like a dead weight upon his own, Harry strove to extricate himself from the loathsome contact, which he did with difficulty, and at length stood upon his feet, unharmed, but covered with the blood of his slain foe.

When he gazed around to discover who was his deliverer, he beheld the still senseless form of Isabel, and the young Frenchman who had been left in the skiff—Col. Montmartre's servant—kneeling at her side, and by chafing her hands &c., endeavoring to restore animation.—Young Antoine, on hearing the report of the first pistol, had hurried to the spot whence the sound appeared to have issued, and arrived just in time to prevent the blow which would otherwise have added our hero to the list of victims who had already fallen by the hand of the ferocious warrior. He had restrained the latter's uplifted arm and weapon until he perceived the fatal effect of Harry's last shot, when he hastened to assist our heroine, whom he at first imagined had been murdered as well as his master.

Harry stooped down to assist the young man in his occupation, and was about to express to him his thanks for the service just rendered to himself, when the hasty tread of heavy footsteps was heard, and on looking up, he saw advancing upon him a French officer and a number of soldiers. They also had evidently been attracted by the firing, and now gazed on the scene with mingled astonishment and horror. Around were stretched the apparently dead bodies of our heroine, their own Commander, and the Oswegatchie, the latter lying with his face to the ground, and therefore not recognised by them. Partially deceived by these appearances, the officer, pointing to Harry, exclaimed.

"Soldiers, your Commander has been murdered, and yonder is his murderer. No mercy to the cowardly Englishman."

The soldiers advanced, with the apparent design of putting his commands into execution,

when Antoine sprang between them and their intended victim.

"Touch not," said he, "the avenger of your Commander's death and the preserver of this maiden's life. There lies the murderer," continued he, spurning the body of the Indian with his foot, "there lies the carcass of the blood-thirsty Oswegatchie, who has so long been your terror, and whom this Englishman has slain."

The soldiers drew back; and our hero, who at once perceived the futility of any attempt at escape or resistance, advanced to the French officer and delivered up his sword. He was about to address him in the French language, and claim his protection and the treatment due to a prisoner of war, when the recollection of Putnam's advice, and the evident policy of concealing his knowledge of that tongue, occurred to him, and he accordingly changed his address to English, supposing the other would be unable to comprehend his words, though he might his meaning. To his surprise, however, the officer understood him, and answered in the same language.

"Who are you," he asked.

"I am an English officer, and demand the treatment due to such at your hands."

"If you are an English officer, how came you here?"

"I decline answering."

"Have you any companions?"

"I am alone."

"Have you ever seen or known this maiden before?"

Harry hesitated in his reply, but at length answered boldly, "I have!"

"Ah! I perceive," said the Frenchman, while a smile of bitter scorn and enmity curled his lip—"you are a valorous knight-errant—one who has ventured thus much all for the sake of his lady-love, and probably impelled also by a very slight itching for a golden bait which may have been held by his superiors for secret service! I perceive it all very plainly, and Monsieur need not trouble himself to make any explanations. He is no doubt aware of the penalty which one forfeits who is detected in an enemy's camp as a *spy*!"

And with these words he again turned to his soldiers, whom he addressed in the French language, giving orders to a portion of them to convey the English spy to the Island and place him in confinement, and directing in person the others in their task of removing the remains of the unfortunate Montmartre, who, in accordance with their Catholic tenets, must be buried in consecrated ground. A hole was dug, and the body of Untekahyo was immediately interred on the spot where he fell.

Our hero was conducted by his guard to their boat, which proceeded down the river. Before leaving, however, he again cast his eyes towards Isabel, who was slowly reviving, hoping to gain a glance from her eyes that would partly repay him for his misfortunes. But he was unsuccessful; she was gazing around with a wild and unsettled stare, like one just awakened from a trance, and

apparently neither recognised nor comprehended as yet her own situation. Young Antoine was still at her side, and by the application of a hatfull of cold water which he had just brought from the river, he had succeeded in recalling the hue of life to her cheek. And, in the charge of this faithful follower of her slain protector, Harry felt that she could not be otherwise than in safety.

The boat which our hero had entered was now impelled swiftly towards its destination by the oars of those in whose custody he was. It was nearly noon, and the events detailed in the present and the last preceding chapter had all occurred within the brief space of little more than an hour. He had now ample leisure afforded him to look back upon the numerous perils he had encountered during that short time, and also to contemplate his own present situation, and make his calculations for the future. During the voyage down the river he was enabled to learn much from the conversation of his comrades, who, as they did not so much as dream that their prisoner was acquainted with their language, evinced no hesitation in what they said, but gave their opinions, &c., as freely as if he had not been present. As a great share of their conversation related to himself, or referred to subjects in which he was particularly interested, it may be supposed that he listened with much curiosity. The soldiers seemed to be unanimous in their grief at the catastrophe of their late Colonel, and also in lamenting the consequent rise of their present commander, Major Desmoulins, who, it appeared, was not a universal favorite with them. Our hero also discovered that his own situation was not a very enviable one, as he heard one of the soldiers express the opinion that he would undoubtedly be hung as a spy in the morning. To Harry this was certainly not the most welcome intelligence, but he probably consoled himself with the idea that it would be an inconsistency of fortune if he should thus perish, after having escaped all his previous dangers.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLE LA ROCHE, or Stoney Island, now known as "*Chimney Island*," is situated nearly four miles below the site of the present ruins of old *Fort Presentation* at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, and almost if not directly opposite the little Indian village which, at the date of our story, was scattered over the projection of land now known as "*Indian Point*," in the town of Lisbon. "*Chimney Island*" comprises but little more than an acre of land, and lies not quite a mile from the southern shore of the river. A short distance below, and in closer proximity to the Canada shore, is situated another and larger island, known as "*Drummond's*." Not far below these islands is the first of that series of dangerous and impassable Rapids, the difficulty of ascending which has caused Ogdensburgh to become the foot of ship navigation on the St. Lawrence, and given to it an extensive commercial trade.

The fortifications which had been hastily thrown up by the French on Chimney Island, and which they deemed almost impregnable, although the location possessed comparatively few natural advantages for defence, consisted of a strong blockhouse, erected near the centre, surrounded by a breastwork, and the island had been rendered apparently inaccessible by a high abattis of black ash which everywhere projected over the water.

Into this fortress our hero was conducted on his arrival at the island, and placed in a small room that seemed to have been constructed for the express purpose to which it was now devoted. It was situated in the southwest corner of the blockhouse, and contained instead of a window a small porthole, from which, the first glance convinced Harry—who was already meditating such a purpose—that it was impossible to escape. However, it answered another purpose; for when the door was closed and locked, and he was left to his own thoughts, he could relieve the irksomeness of his solitude by gazing through it at the scene without. He had a full view of the river above, as far as the eye could distinguish; and, as the transportation of articles from the upper fort had not yet ceased, and boats were continually coming and going, he employed his time in watching these. Among others, he at length beheld the vessel in which he had previously seen, and but a few hours since, Col. Montmartre and his family embark, approaching the Island. As it drew nearer, he discovered Isabel among the other females who were in it. She was pale—deathly pale, and seemed to partake of the deep grief of those who surrounded her, who were weeping and lamenting the sudden loss of their protector. Young Antoine was also in the boat, and as they came opposite to his window, Harry observed him speak to Isabel, and then by pointing, direct her attention to himself. Her eyes were instantly lifted up to the fortress, and our hero was again conscious that he had been recognised; for a flush of joy passed rapidly over her features, and a glance of recognition and love sparkled in her eye.

The vessel, however, in a moment disappeared from his view, but Harry's naturally buoyant spirits, which had been partially dampened by the chilling prospect of a confinement without any hope of escape or release, now again resumed their wonted ascendancy, as he felt that there was still one heart in the vicinity which would sympathize and beat in unison with his own.

Slowly the hours of afternoon passed by, and no one had yet visited his prison except the sentinel who had delivered him his coarse fare.—The last rays of the departing sun had just darted into the little window of his room, through which he had ceased to gaze upon the now silent and deserted river, when a small stone, with a piece of paper attached to it, was thrown into it by some one from the breastwork or embankment below. He endeavored to ascertain who had thrown it; but, as he could discover no one, at least from the limited range which his window commanded, he eagerly seized the paper, and disengaged it from

the weight which had been necessary to procure its admission. It read as follows:

"A plan has been formed to aid you to escape. Be prepared."

Harry well knew the writing; and it may be imagined how anxiously the hours glided by, and with intensity he watched and listened for the approach of those who were to deliver him. It was nearly midnight, when all had been still within the fortress for several hours, that his quick ear detected the sound of the cautious withdrawing of the bolts which secured on the outside the door of his prison. The door gradually swung open on its hinges, and by the pale moonlight which streamed through the narrow porthole, he saw the form of Antoine standing in the doorway, who motioned him to be silent and follow. He needed no farther summons, but obeyed him with alacrity, while Antoine carefully closed and refastened the door behind them. As they passed, both were obliged to step over the prostrate form of the sleeping sentinel, who had been stationed as guard over the prisoner, and whose heavy breathing seemed to indicate the influence of some narcotic, which had doubtlessly been administered by Harry's deliverers, and had produced the effect which was intended.

The two passed silently and with the utmost caution out of the blockhouse, and Antoine led the way, carefully avoiding the other sentinels, to the southern extremity of the island, where was discovered an Indian bark canoe. In it was seated a muffled figure, whom Harry immediately discovered to be Isabel; but she placed her finger on her lip to enforce silence, and without uttering a word, though he could not avoid pressing her hand to his lips, he mechanically took his place in the stern. The young Frenchman loosened the canoe from the shore, and gave it a push which sent it far out into the stream. He then waved them a silent adieu and Harry, while he plied his paddle with vigorous yet cautious strokes, gazed back upon him with a feeling of unfeigned gratitude until his form could no longer be discerned, determining in his own mind that the time should not be long before he had an opportunity of rewarding the generous fellow who had but a few hours previously been the preserver of his life, and to whom he was now indebted for his restoration to liberty.

Our hero was now alone on the waters with the fair being for whom he had ventured thus much—and ventured it, too, with but the slightest hope that he should even see, and much less that he should be the means of accomplishing her rescue. But Fortune had favored him in everything. He had escaped the most imminent perils, and succeeded in obtaining every information which his commander wished, and which would tend to facilitate the success of his countrymen. He had accomplished, beyond even his own most sanguine anticipations, both the nominal and the real objects of his enterprise, and was now returning, elated beyond measure by his own unlooked-for success, which the dangers he had encountered,

and his many hair-breadth escapes, only rendered more important and valuable in his eyes. Everything that had occurred seemed to have turned out to his advantage. Even his being made a prisoner by the French, had resulted most favorably, as he was now enabled to give Gen. Amherst an accurate description of both the internal and the external defences of the fortress on the island, as well as a partial account of the condition and strength of the two armed vessels, which still remained in the harbor of Oswegatchie; and he had already formed in his own mind a plan through which both the vessels and the island might be carried without much bloodshed.

The joy and rapture of the meeting of the lovers—the manifestations of which, however, they had the prudence to restrain until far beyond the enemy's fortress—will be too unequal a task for us to describe, and we must therefore leave it to the reader, who is undoubtedly capable of doing so, to imagine the whole. We need only say, that, in a few hours, by the unremitting use of his paddle, the light bark of our hero was hailed by the advanced guard of the English army, who were but a few miles above Oswegatchie, and who proved to be the Rangers.—Consequently, Harry was soon surrounded by comrades and friends, and Isabel was once more among her countrymen. The warm-hearted greeting which they both received from Putnam, would have amply repaid the former, had he not already received his reward in his own success, for all the dangers and privations he had endured. Isabel, not long after, was encircled in the arms of the brother, and Harry was obliged by his Colonel to recapitulate all the events that had occurred since his departure. It may be supposed that the relation of some of his adventures afforded the old Provincial no small pleasure, and the death of the "Infarnal red-skin—*God cuss him!*" seemed to be regarded by him as a particularly fortunate occurrence.

* * * * *

We cannot give a better account of the capture of Oswegatchie by the army of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, than by extracting the following from Humphrey's Life of Putnam:

"Two armed vessels obstructed the passage and prevented the attack on Oswegatchie. Putman, with 1000 men, in 50 batteaux, undertook to board them. This dauntless officer, ever sparing of the blood of others, as prodigal of his own, to accomplish it with the less loss, place himself (with a chosen crew, a beetle and wedges) in the van, with a design to wedge the rudders, so that the vessels should not be able to turn their broadsides, or perform any other manœuvre. All the men in his little fleet were ordered to strip to their waistcoats, and advance at the same time. He promised, if he lived, to join and show them the way up the sides. Animated by so daring an example, they moved swiftly, in profound stillness, as to certain victory or death. The people on board the ships, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the vessels on shore and struck the colours of the other. Had it

not been for the dastardly conduct of the ship's company in the latter, who compelled the Captain to haul down his ensign, he would have given the assailants a bloody reception; for the vessels were well provided with spears, netting, and every customary instrument of annoyance as well as of defence.

"It now remained to attack the fortress, which stood on an island, and seemed to have been rendered inaccessible by a high abattis of black ash, that everywhere projected over the water. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam proposed a mode of attack, and offered his services to carry it into effect. The General approved the proposal. Our partisan, accordingly, caused a sufficient number of boats to be fitted for the enterprise. The sides of each boat were surrounded with fascines (musket proof) which covered the men completely. A wide plank, twenty feet in length, was then fitted to the boat in such a manner, by having an angular piece sawed from one extremity, that, when fastened by ropes on both sides of the bow, it might be raised or lowered at pleasure. The design was, that the plank should be held erect, while the oarsmen forced the bow with the utmost exertion against the abattis; and that, afterwards, being dropped on the pointed brush, it should serve as a kind of bridge to assist the men in passing over them. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam, having made his dispositions to attempt the escalade in many places at the same moment, advanced with his boats in excellent order. The garrison perceiving these extraordinary and unexpected machines, waited not the assault, but capitulated. Putnam was particularly honored by Gen. Amherst, for his ingenuity in this invention and his promptitude in its execution."

It may well be imagined that, when they again met, our hero was not tardy in tendering to young Antoine St. Martin an adequate reward for the good service which he had rendered him, and Edward Wilton found ample opportunities to evince his gratitude towards those who had befriended his sister.

CHAPTER IX.

WE will pass over unnoticed a lapse of several months, and retrace our steps to the valley of the Hudson. It was in May, 1761, just a year from the date of the commencement of our story, and the same party were assembled at Wilton Hall who had been present the previous Spring, together with a few additional guests. It was evidently a gala day with them, for joy was visible in every eye, and beamed in smiles on every countenance. Even the haughty Sir William Johnson and his son were not among the least forward to express the pleasure they felt at the approaching nuptials of our hero and heroine, (it was this event which was now about to take place) for the baronet had long since abandoned his former project of uniting his own and Col. Wilton's families, and he now confessed to the latter that "Young Bradford was a noble fellow, and had fairly won and was well worthy of the prize he was soon to receive." His son, too, was by no means an ungenerous rival, as

he also had resigned all claims upon Isabel's favor, and now joined in the pleasures of the day with apparently as much enjoyment as the expectant bridegroom himself.

The host alone seemed to betray on his countenance a slight tinge of anxiety or disappointment, that seemed to partially mar his own enjoyment, but which would have passed unnoticed amid the general joy.—Col. Wilton had that morning received a letter from his agent and attorney in Devonshire, which contained some very important information, insomuch that it threatened to divest him of his legal title to the property he now held, and to cast him upon the world in poverty. The substance of the letter was nothing more nor less than this: The attorney had learned, from good authority, that the child of his deceased brother Sir John Wilton, who, as will appear in the first chapter, was supposed to have perished by shipwreck, was most probably still alive. It appeared, from the statement of an old woman who was a party to the affair, that when the vessel in which they were passengers went to pieces on the western coast, the crew took to their boats and perished, but Lady Wilton and her child were saved by one of the wreckers. The mother had died the next day, charging the man to restore her child to its father, in Devonshire. The boy, however, had been adopted as his own by the wrecker, whom not long afterwards, emigrated to America; so that the child, (now a young man) was, if living, the lawful heir to the estates left by his father, though it was very probable that he was still ignorant of his parentage.

This was not exactly the most welcome intelligence to Col. Wilton—and, coming as it did on the very day of his daughter's wedding, he could look upon it but as an omen of ill. He made his children acquainted with the news, and was, perhaps, somewhat surprised at the apparent indifference if not joy with which they regarded the tidings that their cousin was still in existence, and that the inheritance which was to have been theirs, would, in all probability, sooner or later fall to another. Edward even proposed that they should make extensive inquiries in order to discover their relative and yield up to him that which was justly his own. The wary old veteran, however—though he would have been glad to have seen such an act of justice performed, had the case not been just what it was—had little inclination to see himself thus impoverished in his old age, and therefore expressed his disapproval of so unwise an act, at least for the present. He in turn made a suggestion—one which the reader will at once conclude was dissented from both by Edward and Isabel. This was, that, as the latter had been betrothed in infancy to her cousin, who, it was now ascertained; had not perished as was formerly supposed, her marriage with Capt. Bradford should be delayed, while efforts were made to discover the young heir, who might fulfil the intentions of his deceased father, by becoming the Colonel's son-in-law, and thus the property would remain in the family. Of course the very

idea of so mercenary a project was scouted at by his children, and Col. Wilton had too much honor and forbearance to endeavor to coerce them to such an opinion. Therefore, when he perceived the decided opposition with which his proposal was met by those for whom alone he would himself have consented to it, he dropped the subject at once—consoling himself with the thought that, if their inheritance did pass away, Edward, by his commission, was rendered independent of the world, and Isabel would soon find an adequate protector in her husband, for whom the veteran had never been able to suppress, even had he endeavored to do so, an involuntary partiality.

Accordingly, it was concluded to lay the matter at rest, by mentioning nothing farther concerning it, and keeping the whole a secret for the present. It was impossible, however, for Col. Wilton to banish from his face all traces of that anxiety which he could not suppress in his heart; and though he endeavored to assume an air of outward joy befitting the occasion, an attentive observer could not fail to have noticed that something preyed upon his spirits.

But, this was not observed, or if it was it did not have the effect to place any check upon the festivities of the occasion. Putnam had arrived, and, as may be supposed, was all animation at the thought of his young friend's approaching happiness. Sir William threw off for the time being the cloak of proud restraint and hauteur which he usually wore, and joined freely in the jokes and humor of the Provincial Colonel. The Parson, too, at length made his appearance; and, as matters could not be much longer delayed, the candidates for matrimony stood up, Isabel appearing more lovely and Harry more noble than ever. The clergyman commenced reading the marriage-service of the English Church, but was suddenly interrupted by the clattering of a horse's hoofs in the court-yard below, and immediately a man dismounted in hot haste, and rushed into the room.

"Hold!" he exclaimed, taking a hasty survey of the group, until his glance was fixed upon our hero and the blushing and trembling Isabel,—
"Hold!—this marriage must not be!"

"It is my uncle," ejaculated Harry.

"If he were your own father he shouldn't prevent it!" exclaimed Putnam. "But; zounds! it is old Dick Bradford, or else his ghost. Where did you drop from, old fellow, and what the devil d'ye mean by breaking in upon us in this way? In a minute more you would have had a niece whom you might well be proud of all your life. What's the matter with ye! Hasn't Harry a right to marry who he pleases?"

"No!" returned the other—"not to marry *his own sister*, as he would have done had I not arrived just in time to prevent it."

"His sister! What mean you?" demanded Col. Wilton, who was, like the rest of the company, surprised and partially bewildered by the stranger's sudden appearance, and now waited

with anxiety to hear unravelled the mystery which his words evidently implied.

The other replied—"I mean this, *Sir John Wilton*—that that young man is none other than your son, whom you have so long supposed to be dead!"

The rest of the party were more astonished than ever by this strange assertion of the intruder, whom they now began to deem out of his right senses.

"Sir John Wilton!" muttered Putnam to himself, but in a tone that was audible to nearly every one else, "Sir John!—I never knew that the Colonel had any such handle to his name!"

But a ray of sudden light seemed to flash in upon Col. Wilton's brain, for his countenance was immediately illumined with an expression that evinced some secret joy within, and told that that which was still a mystery to others, was a mystery to him no longer. He motioned the company to silence, and then told the elder Bradford—for such it appeared the stranger was—to explain his meaning, and the cause of his interruption.

"Twenty-one years ago," answered the other, "in one of the fiercest storms which ever visited the coast of England, a large vessel was blown on to the rocks, in one of the worst places in the Irish Channel, where wrecks are so numerous that the inhabitants subsist mainly by plundering them. Before the ship went to pieces, the crew deserted it in their boats, which were swamped, and every man perished. When the storm had partly subsided, I visited a portion of the wreck which still held together, intent on spoil, and there found two passengers, who had been left behind by the crew, still alive. They were, a woman, nearly dead from exhaustion, and her child. I bore them to my dwelling, but the mother soon died, and her last words were to exact from me a promise to restore her boy to its father. I have been guilty of disregarding her dying words, and my own promise, for the child was adopted by me, and brought up in ignorance of his parentage. But I now fulfil my promise. The mother was Lady Wilton, wife of Sir John Wilton, of Devonshire, and there," pointing to Harry, "is her son, whom I now make known to his father."

Instantaneously the truth flashed upon every mind, (notwithstanding old Bradford's mistake in confounding Col. Wilton and Sir John,) for all were more or less acquainted with the circumstances of which we have spoken in the first chapter; and the joyful surprise of those most interested may be better imagined than described.

"Ah, Harry!" exclaimed Col. Wilton, as he embraced his newly-discovered nephew, "there is no other way for you than to make an exchange of Uncles!" Then turning to the company, he said, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you, SIR HENRY WILTON, the only son of my late brother, Sir John Wilton, and his lawful heir to the hereditary estates of our family!"

And never did a person receive more hearty and unfeigned congratulations from his friends on his

accession to any title or dignity, than did our newly-fledged baronet.

"But, Colonel," interrupted Putnam, clapping the veteran familiarly on the shoulder—the latter having, in the excess of his happiness, entirely forgotten his gouty foot—"but, Colonel, there is one mistake which it is our duty to see rectified at once. Mr. Bradford here, Harry's *former* uncle, supposed that you were his *father*. Now, we can give you a claim to that title in about five minutes, if you'll only let go of the youngster's hand, and tell the Parson to do his duty!"

Of course the whole company agreed with the partisan in the propriety of this step, and the clergyman succeeded this time in performing the duties of his holy office without interruption. * * * *

SIR HENRY WILTON, or, as he is best known to the reader, Capt. Harry Bradford, (we forgot to state that he had been promoted for his good service at Oswegatchie,) immediately after his marriage resigned his commission in the Rangers, and lived long and happily at Wilton Hall. On the approach of the struggle for Independence, he renounced his title, joining heart and hand with the patriots of that day in their efforts to burst the chain of oppression; and the name and deeds of Col. Wilton of the Revolution are not all unknown to the historian. His cousin and brother-in-law, Major Edward Wilton, resigned his commission in the British Army on the approach of that event and, though he took no decided part in the contest, he was well known to be partial to the cause of Freedom!

CHAPTER X.

ONE pleasant day in the summer of 1837, when the noble steamer "United States" had just arrived at Ogdensburgh from Lewiston, and there disembarked her living freight, among other passengers who stepped on shore and ordered their baggage carried up to the hotel, were two well-dressed, respectable-looking young men, who, while the boat was passing the ruins of the old French fortress on the west side of the harbor, had manifested much curiosity concerning it, and made many inquiries of the Captain of the steamer in relation to the other antiquities of the place. These young men were intimate friends, who had been travelling for pleasure—one of them being no other than the grandson of our hero, Col. Harry Wilton, who, with his amiable consort, had long since been gathered to their last home. The young man, however, was very well acquainted with the history of his ancestor, and the principal object of his visit to Ogdensburgh, was to view with his own eyes the scenes of the early adventures of our hero and heroine.

As the young men walked leisurely up from the steamboat landing into Water Street, their attention was attracted by a crowd of men in front of one of the stores, (Mr. C. Shepard's) who were examining some object with appar-

ently much interest. Impelled by curiosity, the young men joined the crowd, and ascertained that, in digging post-holes for an awning in front of the store, several human bones had been unearthed—in fact a complete skeleton—and the spectators were wondering at the great size of the bones, which must have belonged to a person of uncommonly large stature and proportions. An old grey-haired Frenchman who was passing with a saw and buck on his shoulders, was appealed to by one of the crowd, and stated that they were probably those of an Indian warrior who was killed during the French war, and had been buried there. As the young men took their way to the hotel, Wilton remarked to his companion that their search had commenced somewhat auspiciously, as it was not impossible nor even improbable that the bones they had seen were those of the Oswegatchie warrior slain by his grandfather.

After dinner they visited first the ruins of the old fort on the opposite side of the Oswegatchie, and then walked down to "Mile Point." Here they discovered the creek which our hero and Untekahyo had ascended in their canoe, but which they found nearly dried up. Down the river about three miles could be seen "Chimney Island," and in the bay just below them was a fisherman in his canoe, in whom they at once recognised the same old Frenchman they had seen in Water Street. It was proposed by one of them to visit the island in the old man's canoe. They accordingly hailed him, and on offering him a small sum, he consented to carry them thither, and act as their *cicerone* in pointing

out the few mementos of olden time which might there be found.

In conversing with their guide during their voyage down the river, the young men discovered (what the reader perhaps has already suspected,) first, that he had himself been present at the taking of the island by Putnam, and next, that he was none other than Antoine St. Martin, the preserver of our hero's life, and whose name is mentioned in several parts of our story. There is little to be seen on "Chimney Island" of the remains of the old fortification; a few chimneys are still standing, which have given its present name to the island, and the mound or breastwork that surrounded the blockhouse, is not yet entirely levelled. But nothing else remains to denote what the place has been in days of yore, and at the time of which we write, it was the site of a beautiful and blooming garden. However, the young men were not dissatisfied with their visit, and, as the reader will imagine, they did not part with old Antoine without leaving with him some *substantial* testimonials of their gratitude for the good service he had performed nearly eighty years before.

ANTOINE ST. MARTIN is still living, in Ogdensburgh, though now more than a hundred years old; and those who are curious on the subject can obtain from the old man himself the history of many of the events which we have narrated.

THE END.

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