New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

—of—

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1866.

Coming.

Without you, without you, my darling?
Without you! what more can I say,
To show you how lonely my heart is,
Whenever my heart is away?

I wait and watch for you, dearest,
With never a doubt or a fear,
But that some to-morrow will bring you,
Some day of all days in the year.

How many to-mornows there have been!
How many to-mornows may be!
The longest, love, but brings me nearer
That day of all others to me.

And often I fancy I hear you.—
Your hand on the latch of the door,
Your voice in the hall, and your footsteps
Close—closer—beside me once more.

With glad eyes, half shut, now I see you,
As strong and as brave and as true;
And eyes I know, even in darkness,
Belong to no other than you.

I know that at last it is over,
The wearing trouble and care;
And courage and comfort come back with
The touch of your hand on my hair.

But often, and often, and often,
I open my eyes—you are gone!
I am sitting alone by the [illegible]
The shadows of night coming on.

So often I dream you are near me.
It surely some day will come true,
So singing—I hope as I sing, dear—
The songs that I once sang for you.

And smiling, I whisper, "My darling,
Shall see only eyes that are bright;
No tears then to dim their love-shining;
Who knows but he may come to-night?"

Anecdotes of the Naturalist Waterton.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Dr. Hobson, a Leeds' physician, has just given the world soudry reminiscences of a most wonderful specimen of muscular christianity. The christianity, indeed, is not precisely of the type most in favor with the votaries of the new school, but the muscularity of the particular christian in question throws all the feats of novel and magazine christians altogether in the shade. The late Charles Waterton, the Yorkshire squire-naturalist, the rider upon crocodiles, and the ardent defender of the Jesuits, is Dr. Hobson's hero, and a unique hero he must have been. Dr. Hobson declares that he saw him when seventy-seven years of age scratch the back part of his head with the great toe of his right foot. If this is not enough to make half the clowns in the London theatres die of envy, they must be muscular christians themselves.

"The crocodile-riding was one of Mr. Waterton's humblest feats, for the brute had been caught by an immense hook baited with raw beef, and was being therewith dragged along the river shore by a crowd of natives, when Mr. Waterton mounted astride him. But there is a story of his tackling some rattlesnakes at Leeds in the presence of a room-full of doctors, which may be confidently recommended to the author of Guy Livingstone, Professor Kingsley, or Mr. Lever, when they are in want of some fresh illustration of the wonders wrought by pluck. And if this is not enough, and they have a heroine on hand who will only be won by a stroke of daring absolutely preternatural, let them borrow the account of Mr. Waterton's hugging the Borneo orang-outang in the Zoological Gardens in 1861. An old gentleman seventy-eight years old, entering the cage of a ferocious ape, and, while clasped in its terrible embrace, studying the formation of its hands, and still more, of its teeth, is, it may be safely stated, a thing not likely to be seen every day in the Regent's Park.

"How these muscular powers were nourished is as surprising as the powers themselves. Mr. Waterton never, in his whole life, touched wine, spirits or beer, delighting in very weak black tea. For thirty years he never slept in a bed, but found the hard boards a pleasant couch. Then he was perpetually bleeding himself, whenever he felt a tightness in his chest or any sort of illness, taking from himself as much as sixteen or twenty ounces of blood at a time, and letting the blood run till he felt quite comfortable, when he would bind up his arm himself as handily as the cleverest surgeon. As for his fastings, they were severe to the last degree, exceeding the rules of the Roman church, and no remonstrance either of priest or doctor, could ever induce him to diminish them. Yet he lived to eighty-three, and Dr. Hobson saw him jump over a fence three feet six inches high, without touching it with hand or foot, when he was in his seventy-ninth year. Did Guy Livingstone, or Charles O'Malley, or anybody else, ever do the like? If the teetotallists do not immediately canonize Mr. Waterton and make him their patron saint, they have no sense of gratitude or piety in them."

Meeting an Old Acquaintance.

The following amusing anecdote is told by "Spirition," the Paris correspondent of the Boston Saturday Evening Post:

"Mons. Cremieux, the eminent lawyer, had an adventure on the Boulevard de Capucinenes recently, which amused him a good deal at the time, and has had to be used to laughter among his friends. Recent visitors to Paris will remember there is a new cafe on that boulevard issued by a Neapolitan, and famous for giving all its Neapolitanicies. You know Naples is as famous for its maccaroni and ices as Vienna is for its confectionary, and Paris for its bread and pastry. This new cafe employs great waiters, and every day you may see at its tables our most eminent people. In the morning our bachelor or widower writers and artists breakfast there, (its chocolate is great vogue,) and after dinner its tables are filled with amateurs of ices. A few evenings ago, Mons. Cremieux was sitting in front of the cafe, sipping a *lait fruitti*, when a very well dressed man took a seat at the table next to him and ordered a pineapple sherbet. He had not been sitting long when he turned to address Mons. Cremieux, who was absorbed, as he is by everything to which he for time turns his attention, by his *lait fruitti*. The new comer's eyes fairly sparkled with delight; he took off his hat, and respectfully bowing, said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am not mistaken; to Mons. Cremieux to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

Mons. Cremieux took off his hat and replied:

"Yes, sir."

"Mons. Cremieux, how delighted I am to see you again! You cannot imagine how eagerly I have longed to [illegible] you once more by the hand and express to [illegible] he (meaning I feel to you)" the new comer shook Mons. Cremieux's hand very word, while the eminent advocate cudgelled his brain to force it to remind him where he had seen his grateful, warm-hearted gentleman. It was in vain, so he was obliged to say:

"Will you tell me to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Why, you don't say, Mons. Cremieux, you don't recognize me?"

"I beg your pardon; but indeed I do not."

"That is too bad! Don't you remember your brilliant defense of Isidore Bourguedoux, alias Gilbert, and which saved him from the guillotine, for all he 'cooled' (the convict slang for murdered) the old market-woman in the Rue St. Genevieve, and let him off with only ten years' hard labor in the hulks? I am Isidore Bourguedoux!"

Mons. Cremieux laid down the price of his *lait fruitti* and ran. He is still asked by his brother lawyers:

"Well, Cremieux, how is your friend—he of the life?"

A NEW MAGAZINE.—The Boston correspondent of the Detroit Tribune writes:

You must know we are to have a new magazine here—a weekly magazine, modeled on Every Saturday, yet differing from it in one important feature: it will be made up of purely original matter. It will aim at presenting a livelier kind of reading than any American periodical now published. Arrangements, editorial and business are not yet completed; yet it is settled that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and J. R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) are to be editors; that Trowbridge, Oliver Optic, S. H. Hay, late of the N. Y. Tribune, Richard H. Kimball, a recently retired high official of the treasury department, and other writers of note, will constitute its regular editorial staff. The bulk of its contents, however, is expected from young and unknown writers; it being designed as a medium for struggling talent which cannot find access to leading periodicals. The stock of the concern, $50,000, has been snapped up with avidity, and a leading house of the highest reputation, has undertaken the mechanical work.

Mrs. Hannah Bostwick, widow of Hon. Isaac Bostwick, died at her residence in Louisville, N. Y., last week, leaving $70,000 to the academy in that town.

A Very Interesting and Valuable Work.

THIRTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER, BY COL. R. B. MARCY, U. S. A., AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE TRAVELLER."

[From the National Intelligencer.]

This is an exceedingly instructive and fascinating volume. Col. Marcy, graduating at West Point in 1832, was for nearly thirty years a military officer on the outskirts or far beyond the confines of civilized life. In 1857, he served with A. S. Johnson in the expedition to Utah, and commanded a detachment sent in November, 1857, to New Mexico for supplies. In this expedition, which was absent till the following March, the party suffered terribly, both from the intensity of the weather and from hunger, being obliged to feed upon their mules. In the fall of 1861 he was inspector general of the army, with the rank of colonel, and soon after attached to the staff of Gen. McClellan, his son-in-law, with the rank of brigadier general; and this nomination not being confirmed by the Senate, it was, with a persistent sense of justice, received by President Lincoln in 1862. Colonel Marcy, as he styles himself with modesty in his book, was therefore chief of staff with General McClellan through his Virginia and Maryland campaigns.

"The Prairie Traveller" is a very valuable little book, abounding in curious as well as useful information, and from the character of this small volume, and a knowledge of Col. Marcy's career, his means and powers of observation, we were prepared to find this book deeply interesting. It much exceeds, however, in its absorbing character, our highest anticipations. There is an indescribable fascination in the wild romance which invests the ideas of "border life," which admits of no weariesomeness in its well told tales. Probable there is no living person, either in or out of the army, so well qualified to write a book of this nature a Colonel Marcy. Every page of the book shows the remarkable qualities which he studied the life around him. His picture of savage life is therefore wonderfully life-like and very valuable as a matter of history.

There are so many worthless, and worse than worthless books now teeming from the press, pertaining to "Army Life," that this volume will not at present be so widely read, we apprehend, as it merits. When the trash of the hour, however, has had its brief day, this book will be better known, and its place with the best of the descriptive and historical works upon American frontier and savage life is not a matter of any conjecture.

We subjoin some passages from the book, taken almost at random. The following shows an interesting Indian peculiarity:

The name of each tribe of Indians has a signification, which is represented by a sign that is well understood by them all.

The Comanche, or "Snake," is indicated by making with the hand a waving motion, in imitation of the crawling of the reptile.

The Cheyenne, or "Cut-Arm," by drawing the hand across the arm to imitate cutting it with a knife.

The Arapahoes, or "Snollers," by solving the nose with the thumb and forefinger.

The Sioux, or "Cut-Throats," by drawing the hand across the throat.

The Pawnees, or "Wolves," by placing a hand on each side of the forehead, with two fingers pointing to the front, to represent the narrow, sharp ears of the wolf.

The Crows, by imitating the flapping of the bird's wings with the palms of the hands.

On approaching strangers, the prairie Indians put their horses at full speed, and persons not familiar with their peculiarities and habits, might interpret this as an act of hostility; but it is their custom with friends as well as enemies, and should not occasion groundless alarm.

When a party is discovered approaching thus, and are near enough to distinguish signals, all that is necessary to ascertain their disposition is to raise their right hand with the palm in front, and gradually push it forward and back several times. They all understand this to be a command to halt, and if they are not heedless it will at once be obeyed.

The astonishing aptness of the Indians in "tracking" is shown in this interesting passage:

Almost all the Indians whom I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develop faculties so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

I have seen very few white men who are good trailers, and practice did not seem very materially to improve their faculties in this regard. They have not the same acute perceptions of these things as the Indian or the Mexican. It is not apprehended that this difficult branch of woodcraft can be taught from books, as it pertains almost exclusively to the school of practice; yet I will give some facts relating to the habits of the Indians that will facilitate its acquirement.

A party of Indians, for example, starting out on a war excursion, leave their families behind, and never transport their lodges; whereas, when they move with their families, they carry their lodges and other effects. If, therefore, an Indian trail is discovered with the marks of the lodge poles upon it, it has certainly not been made by a war party; but if the track do not show the trace of lodge poles, it will be equally certain that a war or hunting party has passed that way; and if it is not desirable to come in conflict with them, their direction may be avoided. Mustangs, or wild horses, when moving from place to place, leave a trail which is sometimes difficult to distinguish from that made by a party of Indians, especially if the mustangs do not stop to graze. This may be determined by following upon the trail until some dung is found, and, if this should be in a single pile, it is a sure indication that a herd of mustangs has passed, as they always stop to relieve themselves, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the droppings would be scattered along the road. If the party pass through woodland, the mustang will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians traveling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me to be quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning;" at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about 8 o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

At another time, as I was traveling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear track, with a distinctly-marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, "Oh, no, captain; maybe so he not bear track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that when the wind was blowing the spear of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.

Fresh tracks generally show moisture where the earth has been turned up, but after a short exposure to the sun they become dry. If the tracks be very recent, the sand may sometimes, where it is very loose and dry, be seen running back into the tracks, and, by following them to a place where they cross water, the earth will be wet for some distance after they leave it. The droppings of the dung from animals are also good indications of the age of a trail. It is well to remember whether there have been any rains within a few days, as the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. It is very easy to tell whether tracks have been made before or after a rain, as the water washes all the sharp edges.

It is not a difficult matter to distinguish the tracks of American horses from those of Indian horses, as the latter are never shod; moreover, they are much smaller.

In trailing horses, there will be no trouble while the ground is soft, as the impression they leave will then be deep and distinct; but when they pass over hard or rocky ground, it is sometimes a very slow or troublesome process to follow them. When there is grass, the trace can be seen for a considerable time, as the grass will be trodden down and bent down in the direction the party has moved; should the grass have returned to its upright position, the trail can often be distinguished by standing upon it and looking ahead for some distance in the direction it has been pursuing; the grass that has been turned over will show a different shade of green from that around it, and this often marks a trail for a long time.

Should all traces of the track be obliterated in certain localities, it is the custom the Indians to follow on in the direction it has been pursuing for some time, and it is quite probable that in some places where the ground is more favorable, it will show itself again. Should the trail not be recovered in this way they search for a place where the earth is soft, and make a careful examination, embracing the entire area where it is likely to occur.

Indians who find themselves pursued and wish to escape, scatter as much as possible, with an understanding that they are to meet again at some point in advance, so that, if the pursuing party follows any one of the tracks, it will invariably lead to the place of rendezvous. If, for example, the trail points in the direction of a mountain pass, or towards any other place which affords the only passage through a particular section of country, it would not be worth while to spend much time in heading it, as it would probably be regained at the pass.

In traversing a district of unknown country, where there are no prominent landmarks, and with a view of returning to the point of departure, a pocket compass should always be carried, and attached by a string to a button-hole of the coat, to prevent its being lost or mislaid; and on starting out, as well as frequently during the march, take the bearing and examine the appearances of the country when facing toward the starting point, as a landscape presents a very different aspect when viewed from opposite directions. There are few white men who can retrace their steps for any great distance unless they take the above precautions in passing over an unknown country for the first time; but with the Indians it is different; the sense of locality seems to be innate with them, and they do not require the aid of the magnetic needle to guide them.

Upon a certain occasion, when I had made a long march over an unexplored section, and was returning over an entirely different route, without either road or trail, a Delaware, by the name of "Black Beaver," who was in my party, on arriving at a particular point suddenly halted, and, turning to me, asked if I recognized the country before us. Seeing no familiar objects, I replied in the negative. He put the same question to other white men of the party, all of whom gave the same answers, whereupon he smiled, and in his quaint vernacular said, "Injun, he don't know nothing. Injun big fool. White man mighty smart; he know heap." At the same time he pointed to a tree about two hundred yards from where we were then standing, and informed us that our outward trail ran directly by the side of it, which proved to be true.

Another time, as I was returning from the Comanche country over a route many miles distant from the one I had traveled in going out, one of my Delaware hunters, who had never visited the section before, on arriving upon the crest of an eminence in the prairie, pointed out to me a clump of trees in the distance, remarking that our outward track would be found there. I was not, however, disposed to credit his statement until we reached the locality, and found the road passing the identical spot he had indicated.

The same Indian would start from any place to which he had gone by a sinuous route, through an unknown country, and keep a direct bearing back to the place of departure; and he assured me that he has never, even during the most cloudy or foggy weather, or in the darkest nights, lost the points of the compass. There are very few white men who are endowed with these wonderful faculties, and those few are only rendered proficient by matured experience.

I have known several men, after they had became lost in the prairies, to wander about for days without exercising the best judgment, and finally exhibit a state of mental aberration almost upon the verge of lunacy. Instead of reasoning upon their situation, they exhaust themselves running ahead at their utmost speed without any regard to direction. When a person is satisfied that he has lost his way, he should stop and reflect upon the course he has been traveling, the time that has elapsed since he left his camp, and the probable distance that he is from it; and if he is unable to retrace his steps, he should keep as nearly in the direction of them as possible; and if he has a compass, this will be an easy matter, but, above all, he should guard against following his own track around in a circle with the idea that he is in a beaten trace.

When he is traveling with a train of wagons which leaves a plain trail, he can make the distance he has traveled from camp the radius of a circle in which to ride round, and before the circle is described he will strike the trail. If the person has no compass, it is always well to make a observation, and to remember the direction of the wind at the time of departure from camp, and as this would not generally change during the day, it would afford a means of keeping the points of the compass.

In the night Ursa Major (the Great Bear) is not only useful to find the north star, but its position, when the pointers will be vertical in the heavens, may be estimated with sufficient accuracy to determine the north, even when the north star cannot be seen. In tropical latitudes the zodiacal constellations, as Orion and Antares, give the east and west bearing, and the Southern Cross the north and south, when Polaris and the Great Bear cannot be seen.

It is said that the moss upon the firs and other trees in Europe gives a certain indication of the points of the compass in a forest country, the greatest amount accumulating upon the north side of the trees. But I have often observed the trees in our own forests, and have not been able to form any positive conclusions in this way.

The following upon letters of recommendation will be interesting in this latitude. Seneca's doubtful letter contained more truth, doubtless, than many such letters of recommendation, which are piled up by cartloads in this part of the country:

The Indians are desirous of procuring from whomsoever they meet testimonials of their good behavior, which they preserve with great care, and exhibit upon all occasions to strangers, as a guarantee of future good conduct.

On meeting with a chief of the Southern Comanches, in 1849, after going through the usual ceremony of embracing, and assuring me that he was the best friend the American ever had among the Indians, he exhibited numerous testimonials from the different white men he had met with, testifying to his friendly disposition. Among these was one he desired me to read with special attention, as he said he was of the opinion that perhaps it might not be so complimentary in its character as some of the others. It was in these words:

"The bearer of this says he is a Comanche chief, named Sanancas; that he is the biggest Indian and best friend the whites ever had; in fact, that he is a first-rate fellow; but I believe he is a d—d rascal, so look out for him."

I smiled on reading the paper, and, looking up, found the chief's eyes intently fixed upon mine with an expression of the most earnest inquiry. I told him the paper was not as good as it might be, whereupon he destroyed it.

His sketches of border hunters are very graphic. The far famed Capt. Martin Scott, whose unerring aim with the rifle was such as to produce the well known legend that the coon, when treed by him, would sing out, "If it is you, Capt. Scott, don't fire; I'll come down," was an officer in Colonel Marcy's regiment, and long associated with him in border life. His chapter upon his old friend, who fell heroically in the Mexican war, is full of interest, and we quote from it:

Like other boys, young Scott was very fond of visiting places of amusement, such as horse-races, trainings, town meetings, etc., and, as he was a good rider, he was sometimes selected to ride races by the sporting fraternity of that section.

In those days (before the time of horse fairs) horse-racing was looked upon by the New Englanders as a most immoral and pernicious practice, and young Scott was never allowed to make his appearance at such places with his father's consent.

Upon one occasion an unknown horse was brought to Bennington by some sportsmen, who offered large wagers upon his running against any other horse that could be produced. Now a certain Deacon R——, of that place, was the owner of several fine horses, and among them was one that was considered very fleet, but those disposed to contest the wager so confidently offered on the strange horse were perfectly aware that a Presbyterian deacon would not openly sanction and give countenance to such a diabolical immorality; yet those who knew him well verily believed if there was any one trait in the deacon's character that was not in strict accordance with the requirements of the church and with the sanctity of his ecclesiastical functions, it was the weakness he manifested for owning the fleetest horse in the country.

The proposing to take up the gauntlet too definitly thrown out by the brokers of the new horse entered the deacon's favorite horse for the race, but with the express stipulation that the race should come off in the night time, and should be kept a profound secret except to those directly interested. The terms having been satisfactorily arranged, Martin Scott was selected as the jockey for the deacon's horse; and on the night designated for the contest he stole very quietly into the stable, and saddling the horse's feet, led him out and took him to the race track.

The judges were then posted, the riders mounted, and the horses were off. It was a single straight dash of a mile, and both horses were put to their speed, and kept constantly down to their work from the word "go." But as they approached the "coming out" place the strange horse began to gain a little upon his antagonist, and at this moment of interest and excitement to all parties concerned, it looked as if the deacon's horse was to be beaten, when suddenly from behind a board fence near the track jumped up Deacon R——himself, who, in a very loud and excited manner, screamed out, "Put the whip to him, Martin, put the whip to him, I tell you!" Martin was perfectly astounded and almost paralyzed at this unexpected apparition, but, with nervous desperation, he made several vigorous and well timed applications of his whip, which caused the horse to redouble his efforts and win the race by half a length, at which the deacon, in the excitement of the moment, took off his hat and gave a lusty cheer; but instantly afterward recollecting himself, and considering the ludicrous role he had been enacting in this somewhat farcical performance, he assumed an indignant air, and approaching Martin, who was holding the horse in great trepidation, said, "Martin Scott, you young reprobate, you have stolen my horse, sir, and, unless you instantly lead him back to the stable and give him a good rubbing down, I'll report you to your father, sir!"

When young Scott arrived at the age of 16 he fell in love with a young lady in a neighboring village, and received her permission to pay his addresses; but his father's opinions upon the subject, being somewhat austere and dictatorial, did not accord with his own, and compelled him to conduct his courtship in a clandestine manner. He was in the habit of waiting until his father went to bed, when he would take a horse from the stable, pay a visit to his lady-love, and return home before daylight. After one of these weekly visits, he had just put up his horse in the stable, and had made some little noise in doing so, which awakened his father, who ran out toward the stable, thinking that some person was attempting to steal his horse. Martin saw him approaching, and, unable to elude his observation, ran into a corn-house near by and ascended a ladder, into a loft, with the old man close upon his heels.

It was dark at this time, and he hid himself in one corner of the loft; but his father groped around until he was satisfied that the next instant he would be in his grasp, and he saw but one method of escaping detection, which he instantly resorted to. He leaped upon the poor old man, and gave him a blow which knocked him down, and thus secured an opportunity to make his escape to the house.

The old man soon recovered himself, however, and called out, "Martin! Martin! come here quick; there are robbers about, and one of them has knocked me down." Martin turned, and running back to the corn-house, aided his father for a considerable time in searching for the supposed robbers.

During the winter of 1845-6, while Gen. Taylor's army occupied Corpus Christi, Col. Garland, Capts. Scott, McCall and myself, went about a hundred miles up the Nueces upon a hunting expedition. Our hunt, after we reached the ground, lasted four days, and the result was we bagged twenty-seven deer, seventy-three wild turkeys, four tiger-cats, besides quite a number of geese and ducks, and of these Capt. McCall and myself killed the greater part. Capt. Scott only killed one deer and a few turkeys.

I soon perceived that he considered his reputation as somewhat damaged by these disparaging results, and, as we were returning to Corpus Christi, he remarked to me that it might be just as well not to mention to the officers at camp which one of us bagged the greatest amount of game, as this would not probably please the other two gentlemen. I replied that it would be exceedingly unbecoming in me to boast of my own exploits, therefore I should, of course, say nothing upon the subject.

On our arrival at the encampment with the extraordinary quantity of game, the officers collected around us and manifested a great desire to ascertain which of the four had excelled in the hunt. I made an evasive answer, stating that we had not been particular about keeping accurate account, and that there was not probably much difference. The question was then put to Captain Scott, who, after my generous reply, thought he could say something magnanimous in return, and he answered that he was not altogether certain as to which had bagged the most game, but of one thing he was sure, and that was that he had seen a great many deer hunters in his day, but that he had never met with one who could crawl, and sneak, and equirm up to a deer like Marcy. I appreciated the motive which dictated the remark fully, but at the same time I regarded the intended compliment as somewhat equivocal in its import.

The captain was not upon all other occasions as magnanimous as he might have been toward those who attempted to come in competition with him as marksmen or hunters. While at Green Bay, in 1833, I had procured a rifle pistol, which description of arm and only been in use a short time then, and Captain Scott having never before seen one, was incredulous in regard to my assertions as to its performances. The barrel of this pistol was about twelve inches in length, and would throw a ball fifty yards with as much accuracy as a rifle. Scott did not believe it, however, and often bantered me to give a specimen of its powers; but, not feeling disposed to subject myself to the ridicule of this celebrated sportsman by incurring the risk of making a possible failure in the presence of spectators, I declined, until one day he proposed that we should go out alone and try it, to which proposition I assented. In order to fully appreciate the sequel of our target excursion, it must be remembered that the captain was exceedingly economical, and estimated a dollar at its full value. He had that morning treated himself to a new high-priced pocket-knife, with which he cut out a piece of paper about four inches square and fastened it to a board by sticking his knife directly through the center of it. I made a shot, standing about fifty yards distant, and struck the lower part of the paper. He expressed astonishment at the precision of the shot, but gave it as his opinion that it was accidental, and doubted if it could be done again. I assured him it was by no means the result of chance, and that, in all probability, I should be able to make a better shot the next time; indeed, I added that he must not be surprised if I struck his new pen knife, (only the end of the handle was exposed.) He replied, "Never mind the knife; don't let that give you the slightest uneasiness, sir; go ahead and make your shot; I'll be responsible for the knife." Whereupon I raised the pistol and fired again, and at the same instant the paper fell to the ground. Upon examination, we discovered the ball had hit the knife in the end of the handle, and split it into at least a dozen pieces. Scott made no comments, but, handing daggers at me, abruptly turned and walked off to his quarters, and it was some days before he received me into favor again.

With the exception of the money he expended in horses, dogs and guns, which were always of the very best description, Captain Scott, as I remarked before, was very economical in his own personal expenses; he, however, did a great deal toward supporting several members of his family who were not very well to do in the world, and contributed liberally toward this worthy object during his whole life. Upon one occasion, after he had been absent in the far West for quite a number of years, and had accumulated a considerable sum of money, he obtained a furlough for the purpose of revisiting his friends in Bennington. He had left there a poor farmer's boy, and he resolved to make a respectable appearance on his return. He drove two of the finest horses that I have ever seen, and a negro boy, for whom he paid five dollars a pound, and whom he subsequently set free.

Captain Scott was seated in a beautiful new gig, drawn by his magnificent white horse, followed by Jack dressed in livery as an outrider, and mounted upon his thoroughbred horse Dandy, and the rear of the cortege was brought up by some twenty full-blooded dogs of various breeds and descriptions. In this order he drove through the quiet streets of Bennington and halted at the village inn, where a great crowd of inquisitive citizens were soon assembled, all manifesting the keenest anxiety to learn the name of this distinguished stranger. No one, however, recognized him as he entered the house and took his seat by the window. He did not remain long before he saw his brother passing with a yoke of oxen, whereupon he went out and accosted him, saying, "You have a very fine pair of oxen, sir; do they belong to you?" His brother, not recognizing him, answered that they were very good cattle, but belonged to one of his neighbors, and that he was not able to purchase them.

The captain then inquired what they could be had for, and when his brother mentioned the sum, he took out his purse and handed him the amount, saying that he liked his appearance so much that he would make him a present of the oxen. This most extraordinary liberality astonished his brother, who could hardly believe it possible that a man should show such munificence to a stranger. He, however, took the money, and expressed his profound gratitude to his benefactor.

The captain then asked him where he lived, and remarked that he would, if he had no objections, like to make him a call, to which his brother replied that he rented a small farm near by, and that it was only by the most rigid economy and industry that he could manage to support his family and pay his rents, but that, of course he would be glad to receive a visit from one who had shown such generosity to him. He then inquired of his brother what price the owner put upon the farm, adding that he believed he should like to present him with that also. His brother now looked attentively at him, and for the first time recognized him. They went home together, both exceedingly happy.

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