

# Spirit of the Age.

Harold

BY E. A. KIMBALL.

"Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People."

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Volume 8—Number 20.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1847.

Whole Number 359.

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## Miscellaneous.

### THE RANGERS,

OR, TIMES PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

BY J. T. Y.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER III.

At last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appeared  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched  
In battalions aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portrayed.

The sun never shone on a happier couple  
than Ella Merton and Charles Hartwood,  
the next day after their joyful meeting, as  
they went forth to enjoy, upon the margin  
of the lake, the refreshing breezes that  
come across its peaceful bosom in a summer's  
day. They both were ardent admirers  
of nature's loveliness, and here she had  
painted her beauties with the strokes  
of a master artist. They were alone, and  
could admire, undisturbed, the handiwork  
of nature's God. It was a scene on which  
such lovers might well delight to dwell.  
There was something in it that seemed  
to invite to gentle conversation, and to  
turn the soul in unison with the sweet  
melody that steals over the earth, and  
is borne on every forest whisper.—  
"This nature's harmony that can calm the  
angry passions and come over the troubled  
breast, like the cooling breeze of summer  
over the fevered system. Before them the  
long narrow lake lay spread out, clear as  
a sea of molten glass. The breeze that  
lightly fanned its rippled surface, was  
laden with the perfume of the wild bloom  
that grew along its banks. The tall forms  
of the sturdy oak, and ash, and elm, to-  
gether with the sky and floating clouds,  
were reflected from its bosom, and seemed  
like a vista to a second world, in its  
depths below. The forest floor was  
nodding over its mirrored surface, as if to  
kiss its own shadow, and seemed to blush  
like a timorous maiden, at its own low-  
liness. The music of the oak came to the  
ear, like the low base from the orchestra,  
and, mingling with it, was the soft, harmo-  
nious note of the downy-branched ash,  
while the waving pine sent forth its tones  
like the thundering organ's peal. Chiming  
with these, were the melodious songs of  
the feathered tribe. The wild prairie  
had led forth her brood in the shady  
wood, while the constant taps of the wood-  
pecker resounded, far off and low.

It has been said that all nature is beau-  
tiful and harmonious; that music is but an  
imitation of her thousand notes, as paint-  
ing is a copy of her scenes. Her minstrel-  
ry is as perfect and faultless as her great  
Author, himself. The lovers saw and  
felt the thrill of pleasure, which never fails  
to impart to nature's true worshippers.—  
An age, to them, seemed almost too short  
a time to spend amid such loveliness.—  
They drew out the departing hours of the  
day in affectionate communications and in  
drawing rich instructions from lessons so  
divinely set. The moments flew by and  
found them still lingering upon the border  
of the lake, in sweet converse, and loathe  
to depart, as though it were a last farewell.  
The declining sun, casting at length his  
rays across the water, admonished them  
of eve, when, turning to take a last look  
down the lake, on which the sun was now  
shining magnificently, they espied afar off  
in the dim distance, upon its surface, a  
dark object, that occasionally gleamed in  
the sun-light.

"Look!" said the youth, gazing a mo-  
ment, "there is something there, I fear, that  
needs a closer attention than a passing  
glance."

So saying he drew from his pocket a  
small eye glass, and levelled it for a few  
moments upon the object.

"There is trouble abroad!" he exclaimed  
replacing the glass, "and if I rightly divine  
we shall need to have our eyes about us.—  
Come, my Ella, let me attend you home,  
this is business, I surmise, that will re-  
quire stronger sinews than thy own."

Saying this, he drew her arm within his  
own, and led her to her father's dwelling.  
Then, accompanied by the hunter, they  
took their station, to watch upon the bank  
that sloped down to the lake. The object  
now appeared larger and nearer,—soon in  
separate divisions—then, as it drew near,  
single boats could be distinguished,  
which, through the glass, were seen to be  
filled with men, with their arms gleaming  
in the rays of the sun.

"That," exclaimed the hunter, "looks  
like warm work for a few days to come."

Our brave troops must know this, or  
they will be unprepared to give them a  
hearty welcome, and true hospitality. But  
see! there goes a canoe from the shore to  
hail them!

Just then a small flash was seen from  
the canoe, and shortly a feeble report reached  
their ears; then one of the boats turned  
aside to answer the call. A consultation  
seemed now to take place, then the boat  
returned to the fleet and the canoe again  
to the shore.

"There is some mystery here!" said the  
youth.

"That," exclaimed the hunter, "must be  
the wily chief. Has he not gained a  
knowledge of the position of your band,  
and now informed the enemy? Perhaps  
they may meditate an attack!"

"Then they shall be thwarted!" returned  
the youth, "that band, sir, was never for-  
med to be taken by the enemy!"

So saying, he placed a small bugle to  
his lips, and blew a sharp shrill blast,  
which, in a moment, was answered by an-  
other, a short distance down the lake.—

Soon a crackling of sticks announced the  
approach of men, when suddenly emerged  
from the thicket twenty as stout fellows as  
ever shouldered a rifle.

"Look yonder," said the youth, pointing  
to the fleet of boats, as the band gathered  
upon the shore, "what say you to that?"

"That we shall have more merry-making  
soon!" answered one, whose countenance  
and speech seemed to indicate a familiar-  
ity with such scenes.

"There is yet time to lay our plans ere  
they arrive," said Hartwood, "but, mean-  
while let us withdraw from the shore, lest  
our presence may be discovered."

"Yes!" exclaimed the hunter; "come with  
me; I will find you a safe retreat, such as  
shall defy the keenest scrutiny of the en-  
emy, though he wear the lynx's eyes."

The hunter then turned to the east, fol-  
lowed by the little band, across a level  
space then up the side of a hill that faced  
the lake, until arriving at a small clump  
of hemlocks, he paused.

"There," said he, putting aside a few  
boughs, there is your hiding place.—  
Crouch low and enter.

The party, creeping upon their knees,  
soon found themselves, much to their sur-  
prise, in ample room, formed by a shelv-  
ing rock that shot out from the hill, and  
darkly obscured by a thick growth of trees  
and bushes around and above it, so as to  
hide it from the observer. Here they  
soon struck up a fire, to dispel the damp-  
ness of the place, as well as to prepare  
their evening repast. A huge stag was  
now sent for by one of their number, which  
had that day been killed. The deer was  
brought and roasted, and distributed among  
the party, who soon began to make as merr-  
y as though their business was anything  
but death. Meanwhile, the hunter and  
the youth had taken their station at an  
opening amid the trees, in view of the lake,  
and were watching the movements of the  
enemy. The sun was just sinking in the  
west, so that its reflected beams caused  
the surface of the lake to glow like burn-  
ished gold, while the fleet of the enemy,  
with their arms glistening in the sunlight,  
and their banners reflecting its rays, spot-  
ted the expanse, and seemed like the  
countless wild fowls, that often hover  
over its tranquil waters, with their glossy  
plumes and expanded wings, shining in  
purple and gold. The main body of the en-  
emy now held their course towards the west-  
ern shore, while a small detachment turned  
to the opposite, and steered for a point  
three miles above, where Hartwood had  
stationed his band a short time previous.

"Now is the time for action!" said the  
hunter. "The enemy, undoubtedly, have  
knowledge of your presence, and have  
sent a detachment to surprise and take  
your boat."

"They may take something else!" laconically  
responded the youth.

"Right," returned the hunter. "A goodly  
number of prisoners would be no mean  
present to send into our camp, to-morrow,  
to inform of the enemy's intentions."

"But this, savage; why should he wish  
our ruin?" mentally ejaculated the youth.

"There is more in this," exclaimed the  
hunter, "the wily chief has some selfish  
motive for his mode of procedure."

"Ah! watch well your home," returned  
the youth, "I fear for the safety of her  
it contains."

"But," rejoined the hunter, "if he is con-  
cerned in the movements of yonder scouts,  
his designing mind will find employ for  
some time hence; still, to make all secure  
I will soon return to guard, and should he  
meditate a foul deed, I will lover over him  
like a pestilence, to blast him in his guilt."

"See, the shades of evening are already  
beginning to settle upon the lake and hill  
and vale. This admonishes us of our  
purpose—come, my friend let your older  
experience help lay our plans," exclaimed  
the youth.

They now returned to the cave, where  
the jolly band were just making their re-  
past. The meal was soon despatched and  
the band gathered around the hunter and  
their leader in sober converse, as though  
the fate of the whole depended upon the  
counsel of each. Their plans were soon  
laid and the council broke up. The hunt-  
er, and the leader with his trusty band,  
then took leave of the cave to reconnoit-  
er their late encampment, and the lurking  
place of the enemy. They, they found  
landed a short distance down the shore  
of the lake, apparently waiting the approach  
of midnight, to commence the attack.—  
"The place the band had so lately occu-  
pied, they found to be a rocky slope, sit-  
uated at the foot of a small rocky slope,  
that inclined towards the lake, so as to  
render access from behind impossible.—  
The path that led to it from towards the  
enemy's position, along the margin of the  
water, widened, somewhat, a few rods  
before it reached the place, then became  
narrow and difficult as it passed by the  
south, up the lake. One half of his fol-  
lowers, Hartwood concealed in the thick  
underbrush that grew beside the only way  
of access from below, with orders to let  
the enemy pass unmolested. The half  
of the remainder, he placed behind their  
camp, hid among the rocks, while the rest  
were to guard the narrow passage beyond  
up the lake. This arrangement being  
made, a small watch-fire was kindled upon  
the shore and an image placed near,  
reclining against a neighboring tree, to  
pass for a drowsy sentinel.

"Look!" said the hunter, pointing to a  
glimmering light across the water, address-  
ing the youth, who stood near him, "the  
main body of the enemy have already  
spread their encampments upon the oppo-  
site shore. How beautifully the reflected  
light of their fire dances upon the lake,  
as the wind ruffles its surface. But see,  
the moon admonishes of the

lateness of the hour. I hope she will go  
down before the attack be made. I should  
like dearly to share your sport, but I have  
a lovelier charge to watch, and may have  
to deal with a more wily foe; but I fear  
him not."

"Go!" returned the youth, "I will join  
you before danger can threaten her whom  
we both love and esteem; but I, mean-  
while, will prepare for sterner duties.—  
Farewell until a deed be done at which  
the whole enemy shall tremble, when they  
hear."

The hunter then departed for his home,  
where he found his daughter anxiously  
waiting his return. To her he unfolded  
their plans—guarded well the door—ex-  
amined his loaded rifle and began his wea-  
ry vigils of night.

### CHAPTER IV.

1st Outlaw.—Fellows, stand fast; I see a passen-  
ger.

2nd Outlaw.—If there be ten, slink not, but  
down with them!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

We will now return to the young Indi-  
an chief. Stung with chagrin that he  
should be obliged to relinquish his prize,  
and flee, when he was already bearing it  
away in his grasp, he burned for revenge,  
and resolved not to give up all hope of  
yet recovering it again. He therefore  
hung around the hunter's dwelling, watch-  
ing for a fit opportunity to spring upon  
his unsuspecting victim and glut his feast-  
ing eyes in his blood. He saw the hunt-  
er and his daughter stationed upon the  
small eminence, as described in the com-  
mencement of our tale, and was, with his  
loaded rifle, creeping towards them, like  
the foul hyena upon his prey, when the  
bounding deer drew the father away.—  
Now, he longed to snatch again the beau-  
tiful prize, and fly,—not then but half his  
purpose would be gained. His revenge  
would not be obtained,—a revenge which  
nothing but the father's blood would an-  
swer, or render him secure. He there-  
fore dogged his footsteps and skulked in  
ambush, upon the path of his return; but  
there again was thwarted in his purpose.  
He vowed double revenge upon the head  
of the young stranger, who so daringly  
confronted him, for his suspicion told him  
that he was the successful lover of the fair  
pale faced maiden. Oh! how he longed  
to cope with his rival, and drink the hot  
blood from his heart. That would be  
sweet, indeed. He now resolved to col-  
lect the remnant of his scattered tribe,  
and wreak his malice upon the two.—  
Just then strange voices came upon the  
night air, that caused him to halt and re-  
coil; but turning aside into the bushes,  
and creeping nearer, he espied the band  
of Rangers, that Hartwood had just left.

"This discovery," thought he, "will de-  
stroy all my deep-laid schemes. But my  
vow, once made, sooner or later must be  
performed. Yet here is an obstacle that  
must not be lightly regarded." He finally  
passed on, avoiding discovery, turning  
over in his mind the best manner to ac-  
complish his ends. He arrived, at length,  
at the station of his feeble tribe, and called  
his few followers around him. From  
them he learned the intention of the  
French army, from Crown Point, under  
Baron Dieskau, of marching against the  
forces of the colonies, stationed at Lake  
George. This he thought was too good  
an opportunity to let pass by. He there-  
fore told his plans and demanded of his  
band to be ready at his call. Next day  
he watched the appearance of the troops  
and intercepting them when they appear-  
ed, he communicated the position of the  
Rangers, promising to conduct a detach-  
ment for their capture, at an appointed  
time in the night. All being agreed upon,  
he again returned to his station, and  
waiting till it was sufficiently dark to  
obscure his movements, he led a small  
chosen band of his followers cautiously up  
the lake, strictly avoiding the encampment  
of the Rangers, and concealing them in  
a thicket a short distance from the  
hunter's dwelling, bidding them to wait his  
signal ere they commenced the murder-  
ous assault, then retraced his steps.

The moon had just sunk behind the  
western forests, and had wholly withdrawn  
her reflected rays, so that now the dark-  
ness seemed doubly dark because of the  
light that before had shone, as the band  
of the enemy stole slyly up the border  
of the lake, headed by the revengeful  
savage. Their steps were slow and cautious.  
But when they arrived near where the  
widening of the path told their near ap-  
proach to the camp, even so that the top  
of the tent could be dimly seen, the Indi-  
an halted, and, pointing forward in si-  
lence, disappeared by a side path that led  
up the hill. His allies paused a moment,  
waiting his return, as if fearful of treach-  
ery; but instantly started on again. The  
fire and sentinel next appeared, which  
caused the foremost to drop their heads a  
moment, but the sentinel was sleeping on  
his post, thought they, and the fire burnt  
dim and low. Next a slight rustle of the  
leaves, by the side of the path, attracted  
their notice; but all was silent again.—  
Still stealthily on they crept, till only a  
few yards marked the distance between  
their line and the camp. The click of  
the locks of a hundred fire-arms was now  
distinctly heard in the death-like still-  
ness, as the muskets of the soldiery were  
now at their shoulders. "Fire!" shouted  
the captain, and a hundred muskets in-  
stantly flashed in the darkness, twenty  
blitzes pierced the image by the fire, and  
thrice that number the tent, while the  
crash resounded from the distant hills,  
and died away in the far-off glen, followed  
by a sepulchral stillness. But not a mo-  
tion was seen in the camp,—all rushed  
forward to view the work of death.

"Down! down with your arms, or death  
shall brandish his horrid dart over you!"  
cried a stentorian voice from the rocks  
above, as the tall commanding form of Hart-  
wood appeared, just visible in the faint  
gleam of light that the decaying fire sent  
up from below. All stood astounded and  
eagerly gazed, motionless as if petrified,  
—then, recovering from their amazement,  
—many turned for flight; but a bristling  
row of rifles, ready to put their leaden  
death into their ranks, met them in their  
course. Never was surprise more com-  
plete; beset in front and rear, and fully  
hemmed in on every side. The loud  
clash of arms, as the soldiers flung from  
them their muskets, drowned the loud  
voice of their commander, as he attempted  
their rally, and a hundred of the French  
submitted as prisoners of war. Their  
arms were now secured, and themselves  
placed under guard, but soon were ob-  
liged to enter their own boats, which were  
now brought for that purpose, and cross  
the lake, below the enemy, in order to  
take up their line of march for the En-  
glish camp. This they did with no easy  
grace, when they found how few their  
capturers numbered. Great haste was  
necessary, lest the main body of the en-  
emy, learning the situation of their friends  
should send out a relief. Charles Hart-  
wood stood alone upon the shore until the  
last receding boat had faded from his vi-  
sion upon the dark water, then turned up  
the lake towards the hunter's dwelling. He  
had not proceeded far before the sharp re-  
port of a rifle met his ear. "There is mis-  
chief brewing," mentally exclaimed he, and  
quickened his pace.

### CHAPTER V.

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew  
Was near; yet there, with list of marderoes  
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,  
The unshamed foeman's eye—his volleys speels,  
And Albert—Albert falls! and the dead old father  
bleeds.

CAMPBELL.

The Indian after he so hastily left the  
band of the French, paused a moment up-  
on the top of the hill, that hung over the  
scene of action, to see the result. But  
when he saw his confederates casting a-  
way their arms, he cursed the Indian's  
evil spirit, and sped away to his blood-  
thirsty band. He found them impatient,  
and eager to see the work of death go on.  
Slowly and cautiously they crept behind  
their chief, until within a short distance  
of the house. There was a light within,  
and the form of the hunter was distinctly  
visible, as he passed the window, pacing  
to and fro. The chief paused a moment,  
as if to make sure of his victim, then level-  
led his rifle with long and accurate aim,  
and, as he fired, the form of the hunter  
sunk upon the floor, while a piercing  
scream from the daughter rung in their  
ears. The Indians now rushed forward  
and assailed the door, which soon gave  
way under their repeated blows. The  
savage chief then sprang in, and would  
have huried his tomakawk in the pro-  
strate hunter's head, but the fainting  
form of the daughter lay across his way,  
and arrested his attention. Then a clash  
of weapons caused him to start; seizing the  
lifeless form of the daughter, he rushed to  
the door just in time to see Charles Hart-  
wood disarmed and struggling in the hands  
of his allies.

"Thanks to the good spirit!" he exclaim-  
ed; "now my revenge will be wholly com-  
plete."

Placing a small pile of lighted brush a-  
gainst the house, which soon communicat-  
ed the flames to the dwelling, the Indians  
hastily took their way to the lake, and  
entered their canoes, which had been se-  
cretly brought there during the night, by  
one of their number left for the purpose.—  
The light barks shot swiftly away from  
the shore, just as the gray streaks of morn-  
ing had begun to light up the eastern sky.  
As they receded farther and farther from  
the fast fading shore, the last hope seem-  
ed to expire in the lover's heart, and the  
torments of despair to rack his mind. He  
was confined in a separate canoe from her  
he loved, and now and then he would hear  
her call, in wild accents, upon her father's  
name,—now again praying her persecu-  
tors to show pity and compassion—then  
calling upon himself to come and avenge  
their wrongs. This was too much—he  
raved, he struggled and strove to force away  
his bonds—but still they held him fast.—  
At length the sun rose clear, and cloud-  
less held its way up the eastern sky.—  
How far they had gone, Hartwood was  
unable to tell;—still they held their course,  
as if to get beyond the thought of danger.  
But as the burning sun was pouring his  
meridian rays, the weary rowers flagged in  
their exertions, as if unable to proceed,  
which the chief observing, motioned to the  
shore. The canoes were drawn upon the  
sand and concealed in the thicket that  
grew near by. The lovers were kept sepa-  
rate and guarded closely, to prevent com-  
munication. Hartwood, though bound,  
was obliged to bear the larger part of the  
baggage of the canoe. Among it he found  
one of his own garments of which he had  
been plundered; this, ere they departed, un-  
observed, he flung upon a bush that grew  
nearest the lake, not knowing but that it  
might lead to his discovery. Though reason  
taught to the contrary, yet this, hope  
will often overpower.

Their march was now inland, but when  
they had passed a few furlongs, the band  
suddenly halted, and spread their tent.—  
Here Ella first recognized her lover and  
waved have sprung to his side, but a fierce  
savage, appointed for her guard, tore her  
away to the tent. Him, Hartwood would  
have levelled to the earth, but the cutting  
cords held fast his limbs. The day drag-

ged at length slowly by and night came  
on apace, but the band still kept the place  
of their encampment. The fire was lit  
up, near the camp, and the Indians, wear-  
ed by their toil during the day, and their  
watches during the night previous, gradu-  
ally, one by one, their prisoners being  
securely bound, sunk into a heavy sleep.  
But the captives, though oppressed with  
fatigue, could not sleep. It was a time  
for bitter thoughts—a time to think on  
the past. Hartwood did think; ay, of  
her he loved. What his own fate was to  
be, he did not know. He certainly could  
not expect mercy from the revengeful  
savage, nor would he ask it. His own  
destiny he was prepared to meet with com-  
posure; but the thought of leaving her he  
prized above all the earth beside, in the  
hands of a ruthless foe, was maddening.—  
Was there no way to fly these evils and  
rescue her from such a fate? The idea  
was electric;—he started, but the cords  
with which he was bound, cut deeper his  
lacerated arms. But carefully examining  
them, where they passed around the tree,  
to which he was secured, he observed  
that they were somewhat worn by the fric-  
tion of its rough bark. The thought now  
occurred to him, that in this manner he  
could free himself of his bonds. Proceed-  
ing carefully and patiently, he at length  
succeeded in breaking the first,—then the  
second,—finally the last, and he stood be-  
fore the camp, free and unbound. The  
clouds, that had been some time collect-  
ing, had now arisen high in the west,  
promising sufficient darkness to facilitate  
their escape. The swarthy savages lay  
around him, but were soundly sleeping.—  
He snatched a tomakawk that lay near  
him, and gently stole to the tent, where  
he had seen Ella Morton was bound.—  
The huge form of the savage chief was  
extended across the only passage, over  
which he was obliged to pass. As he  
stepped over him, his foot grazed his  
breast, which caused the chief to start  
somewhat—the ready tomakawk of Hart-  
wood, hung over his head, to strike the  
deadly blow if required—but the Indian  
sunk back in sleep again, and Hartwood  
passed on. Ella knew her lover, as he  
approached the spot where she was tied,  
and would have spoken; but he laid his  
finger upon his lips, in token of silence.  
Hartwood cut the bonds asunder, and mo-  
tioned her to follow him stealthily out of  
the tent.

### CHAPTER VI.

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,  
The horse shall be silent, the maiden unwept,  
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall be  
wasted,  
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's  
head!  
Moore's Melodies.

The coiling, hissing flames had almost  
reached the spot where the father lay wel-  
tering in his gore—were already running  
along the dry ceiling over his head, and  
wheeling around the sides of the room,  
when his faithful dog, that had escaped the  
wrath of the Indians, leaping through  
the smoke, that almost blinded the door,  
howled and moaned around his master, &  
licked his wounded head. Suddenly the  
hunter groaned and moved, then, opening  
his eyes, seemed to have a consciousness  
of his situation. A sharp, acute pain now  
caused him to place his hand upon his  
head, where the rifle ball had grazed it,  
laying bare the skull, with no other seri-  
ous effect than stunning him for a while.  
Then, mustering all his strength, as  
though life depended upon the result,  
he slowly crept to the door, through  
which the dog had already passed, as if to  
assure that all was safe. He next drew  
himself to the fountain that flowed near  
by, and, bathing his head while in its  
cooling flood, was soon enabled to stand  
erect and walk. Turning towards his  
home, which was now a smouldering  
heap of ruins, the thought of his daughter  
now seemed to return, together with a  
consciousness of the past.

"Oh! where is she?" he exclaimed, "my  
daughter! Oh! where? Can it be she has  
perished in the flames?—even that thought  
would be comforting,—may! may! in the  
polishing hands of the Indian chief. Oh!  
kind Heaven, spare her, that I may res-  
cue her from this savage monster, then let  
thy avenging stroke fall on his guilty  
head!"

Almost frantic with despair, he rushed  
towards the border of the lake, whither  
he had discovered signs of the enemy's  
retreat, and there saw the traces of their  
canoes upon the sand, together with the  
footprints of the foe. The hunter, alone  
even, would have seized upon one of the  
boats, that the Rangers had moored by  
the shore, a few hours before, and gone  
in pursuit, had not a small bugle just at  
that moment sounded, and the party of  
Hartwood appeared upon the bank above.  
They had escorted their prisoners towards  
the camp, until they fell in with a party  
of English scouts, to whom they entrusted  
their charge with information concerning  
the position of the enemy, and then had  
returned, according to the direction of  
their leader. To them, the hunter told  
his grievous tale, and his suspicion of the  
capture of Hartwood. Now, each eye  
flashed fire—each bosom heaved and  
burned—each heart longed to be away in  
pursuit, and have a dagger at the breast  
of the foe.

The sun had now been sometime risen  
and motion could be plainly observed by  
the Rangers, among the enemy. This  
somewhat damped their ardor, but draw-  
ing their boats into a small cove, so as to  
completely conceal them amid the flags,  
the party took themselves to the cave up-  
on the hill, to wait the march of the army.  
Soon, a boat shoved off from the shore,  
by the encampment, and crossed over the