



LITERATURE.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY WM. MACNAUGHTEN.

Where are the youths and maidens of a hundred years ago,
Whose hearts were fond and happy, as many a dreamer's now;
Where are the hopes and fears—the deep and speaking eyes,—
The untold love—the bounding pulse—the secret burning sighs?

Where are the bright plumed songsters, that gladdened every grove,
With notes of purest melody, replete with raptur'd love?
Where are sweet Flora's gifts of bright and varied forms,
Which gaily deck'd old Mother Earth, thro' sunshine and thro' storms?

Where are the mighty rulers of a hundred years ago,
Who saw the slavish millions beneath their proud sway bow?
Where are their pamper'd minions—their conquering villain bands,
Whose deeds are writ in human blood, on far and foreign strands?

Where are the mountain torrents, that dashed so fiercely on?
Will the wild waters ne'er return to kiss the polished stone?
Like man's proud race, they hurried on, thro' many a blooming scene,
And only by their ravages 'tis known that they have been.

The same majestic sun which shone a hundred years ago,
Laughs forth as proudly o'er mankind, as tho' there were no woe.
No want, no crime, no paltry feuds of weak and little men,
To make this lovely, teeming Earth, a worse than Satan's den.

Still is Earth's mantle green and bright, her canopy still blue;
Her streams still pure; her breeze still good; her mysteries still new;
And such will be, when I am gone, beyond the reach of woe,
And sleeping quietly as those of a hundred years ago.

[From the Boston Weekly Museum.]

Scenes at the Adirondack Lakes.

BY FRANK FORRESTER.

THE LOST BOY.

It was night; very dark. After the hunt, the hunters were asleep, with their feet to the fire, and their dogs coiled up comfortably round the blazing log-pile.

It was night; very dark night. Only the 'White Cloud' was awake, keeping the watch in his turn now lying down, wrapped in his blanket, now rising stealthily to feed the flame, to listen to some unaccustomed noise, to do his work, be what it might be soever for the night, but never sleeping, never dozing for an instant.

Sudden y he started, and, as he did so, the eldest of the deer-hounds raised his head from his paws, between which it had been crouched, pricked his ear sharply, and uttered a low, smothered growl; and yet, there was no sound on the faint western air that could have made the slightest impression on the hunter, whose blood was purely white.

The 'White Cloud' rose and gathering up a heap of dead wet leaves and earth, threw them upon the fire, thereby to quell the gleam and glitter; and that being done, loosened his knife in the scabbard, looked to the lock of his rifle, and then without tumult or disturbance, stole into the camp, laid his hand on Harry Archer's shoulder, and, as he rose quietly, at the touch, from his slumbers, said in a calm low voice—

"Best be up tell you; canoe come quick. May-be good—tink not—any how, best be up!"

The other Indian had risen to his feet even before Harry; although he had not been especially summoned, but Frank continued to sleep soundly until his friend stirred him with the butt of his rifle, and he, too, started up, and being informed of what was in prospect, prepared himself for whatever might follow.

By this time the splash of the paddles was distinctly audible on the still night air, and it soon became evident that a canoe was making for the island from the nearest mainland, at a point very near to that where their own barks were beached, directed probably, by the glare of the watch-fire, which streamed upward far above the dusky tree-tops.

So soon as this was evident, a short council was held, and it was determined to advance and meet the intruders on the margin of the waters, where they would have the advantage of light, rather than to encounter them in the gloomy vaults of the forest.

The Indians, though grave and fearless, were impressed strongly with the idea that danger was at hand, although that Harry scouted the idea, asking them, who on earth was to molest them in time of profound peace, or what possible cause there was for apprehending an attack.

"May-be bad Indian, said the 'White Cloud,' shaking his head doubtfully.—May-be Mohawk come."

For it is a strange fact, and indicative of the great renown of that once powerful and martial tribe, that throughout all the Northern Indians, from the Chippewas and Pottawatomes of Lake Huron and Superior to the Penobscotts of Maine and the Micmacs and the Millicettes of New

Brunswick, the name of Mohawk is still held in almost superstitious awe, although since the old French war and the conquest of Canada, this puissant and valiant race has become extinct, all but a small and feeble remnant, whose council fire is still burning at the head of the Grand River, near Brantford in Western Canada.

Archer knew the absurdity of the superstition, but he also knew the tenacity and tetchiness of the Indian character when any of their superstitions are assailed and he made no reply, but prepared his weapons and followed the Indians quietly to the shore.

The moon had just risen above the tops of the hills and was pouring a flood of lustre over the rocks and water, making everything, with the shadows of the forest, almost as bright as day, though around the thicket and verdurous evergreens darkness still brooded.

In the skirt of the wood, therefore, and under the shadow of the thickly feathered hemlock, our hunters paused, ready for either fortune, with a strip of gravelly beach, interspersed with rocky fragments, stretching some ten or twelve yards between them and the water. To this beach a canoe was rapidly approaching and was now within easy rifle shot propelled by the paddles of two white woodmen, while a second canoe was towed astern of them.

"There is no danger here, Cloud," said Harry, as he saw the character of the new-comer. "I will go out and hail them. They have seen the light of our fire, and want to join our camp, I'll warrant them. And then suiting the action to the word, he stepped out into the clear moonlight, with his heavy piece in the hollow of his arm, and hailed, in a clear, loud voice—

"Who comes so late?"

"Friends," replied the others. "Friends all—Allan and Chestney. Who may you be that are encamped here?"

Archer at once knew the names, as those of well known hunters resident in that region, who dwelt in a solitary log cabin in an adjoining lake, one having a wife and family, and who supported themselves, true sons of the wilderness, by the game which they killed, and the peltries which they sent down from time to time to the Albany and New York markets, but they had never fallen in with them, and he certainly marvelled somewhat that men of such reputation as woodmen should be so late on the waters.

"Archer and Forrester," he answered, with 'White Cloud' and Seneca John.

"All right," was the reply, and in an instant the bows of the light vessel grated on the sand, and the two hunters stepped ashore, carrying their rifles and axes—which appeared to be all they had with them in the canoe.

"So this is Mr. Archer," said the first who landed.—"I've often heard tell on you, though we've never met afore in these woods. My name is Andrew Chestney and this here's John Allan."

"I know you also, very well by report," said Archer, though, as you say, we've never met. I am glad to have made your acquaintance. You had better come to our camp—it is close by."

"We are glad to meet you, too, sir," said Allan, whose face was, however, very sad and gloomy, "though I allow I'd a been better pleased if it had been on another occasion; for this is a sad business were on."

"Come to the camp-fire, John," said the other hunter, "as the gentleman asks you. We can tell him about it there, and I guess he'll try to help us."

"Certainly, I will, in any way I can.—But first, have you supped? You are cold and hungry, I fancy, and we have some cold supper left. Won't you take a drink; take a drink—that is good for all things—heart-ache and all." And with the word he pulled out two panakins full of the good old Jamaica, and handed it to the weary wayfarers, who quaffed it with much gusto—even the woe-begone John Allan nodded his head approvingly as the choice liquor trickled down his gullet, unused to such delicious beverages.

"We doesn't get such stuff as this in the woods, John," observed Chestney.

"Well, we doesn't Andy," replied the other.

"This is my friend, Mr. Forrester. This is 'White Cloud,' and this Seneca John.—Now my boys, set to work and broil a duck and fry some pork. Chestney and Allan have eaten nothing these two days. And you John Allan, while they are making some food ready, sit down here by the fire, and if you can be righted, why, we'll right it."

"I fear it's too late, sir," answered the man, and a tear glistened as he spoke, in his dark eye. But, mastering his feelings, he told briefly how his son, a fine little boy of eight years, had been paddling about before the door of the hut on the previous day, when that sudden squall arose and drifted the canoe into the broad lake. He had been absent hunting at the time, with their only other canoe, or the mother would have gone out at once and rescued the child; as it was, several hours elapsed before they returned from hunting, or set out in pursuit. That pursuit had been all but fruitless, though they had discovered the canoe driven high and dry ashore, at the very heart of the lake they were now upon, late in the evening and had discovered the prints of the boy's feet in the mud, showing that he had landed in safety. They had entirely failed, however, to track him, as he had not apparently entered the forest, where his trail would have been discernible on the moist leaves, but had kept along the shingle beach, which took no imprint. They had shouted and whooped till the forest rang for leagues around, but had received no answer.—They had neglected to bring provisions with them in their haste, and to shoot game in their excitement, and having discovered from the rifle shots which they heard about noon, that there was another party of considerable numerical strength out on the lake below them, they had paddled down all through the night, with a view to finding their camp, and obtaining food and assistance in prosecuting their researches.

"And both you shall have gladly," said Archer; "and with God's help we will find the boy for you."

"It's the first luck we've had, fallin' in with you, Mr. Archer," said Andrew Chestney.

"And the last we will have," said Allan, despondingly,

"If he'd been alive he'n have answered when we whooped and hollered. He's dead afore now, I'm afeared, of weariness and hunger and the skear."

"No know," said Cloud, shaking his head, "May be skeart and hide. Not good whoop and holler when hunt lost boy. He frightened when he hear whoop, and hide from own fader. Very bad holler. White man not good hunt lost boy. Indian go still, go slow, not breathe loud, not whoop bit anyways. Indian find boy reckon."

"You are right, 'White Cloud,' replied Chestney, "if that's your name."

"That name," interrupted the chief—"He good name now?"

"Very good name; but you are quite right."

"Any one know that. Then why do him? Why whoop? Ugh?"

"Why, it was so late and dark we could not see to hunt him, and Allan thought it best; so I giv' in."

"Not best; wust I tell you! No whoop, morrow mornin. No holler. White Cloud find him may-be. Eat now. Lie down sleep. Up afore light; wind out east with sun; so sail up the inlet. Lie down sleep."

And suiting the action to the word, he threw himself down before the fire, wrapped in his blanket, and slept, or seemed to sleep almost instantly; but Forrester and Archer sat up some time longer conversing with their white guests, until their hunger was appeased, and their weariness began to prevail even over their interest and their sorrow. Then all lay down and slept soundly, until they were aroused by the Indians a short half-hour before day-break.

A hasty breakfast was soon despatched, the canoes were lightened to the utmost, nothing being placed in them but arms, and cooked provisions for two days consumption. The deer-hounds were secured to trees around the camp, with abundance of food and water within reach, and the wind having come out of the eastward, and blowing steady and fresh right up the lake, the masts were shipped in the two canoes belonging to our party—that of the woodmen being unprovided with such applications, a rude substitute was soon made by a Ma'naw blanket stretched from a mast and sprit fresh cut from the island pines—and, just as the sun arose, the three light barks shot away from the shore in company, at full speed, careering over the tiny waves, dead before the light breeze, toward the head of the lake.

It had been agreed that Archer and the 'White Cloud,' should run directly for the inlet; paddle through it into the upper lake and then proceed to search the south-western shore of that sheet, the canoe having been found on that side of the lake they were now navigating, close to the mouth of the inlet. Forrester and Seneca John were to coast the northern shore of the lower lake, keeping a bright look-out along the shingles, and the hunters were to do the same with the southern, that being the converse to what they had done on the previous day; on passing through the inlet the hunters and Forrester were both to follow the northern shore until they should intersect Archer's course at the head of the upper lake. Three rifle shots, in quick succession, were agreed on as a signal of discovery.

Away they went—almost as fleet as the white-winged sea-gulls which fanned their broad pinions everywhere around them, and swooped then unerring on their finny prey. Away they went, away; Archer and the 'White Cloud,' directly before the wind, for the inlet; Forrester and the younger Indian edging off to the northward, and the white hunters to the southward, with the wind nearly on their quarters. Within an hour, Archer had run the others—which had a longer course to run, and were, perhaps, scarcely so well handled—almost out of sight, and made the mouth of the inlet, and discovered the spot at which the canoe of the lost boy had been beached. Here they both landed, and after a short search, the 'White Cloud' found the trail of the boy going up the western shore of the inlet toward the upper lake, through the moist alluvial woodlands, which, he asserted, he could follow till he found him.

"I go through the wood. Brother take canoe up inlet. Meet you on shore, where lake begin. Know then whether go long stone beach, whether through wood. If want brother sooner, call like coon calls—not holler, no how. Brother take down sail, no use here, only paddle."

With a word, Archer obeyed his dark skinned monitor, struck his mast, furled his sail, and seating himself in the stern, sent the little birch bark vessel right up the swift clear waters of the rapid inlet, which glanced past her gunwales and gurgled round her stern in ripples of liquid silver. The inlet was circuitous, and the current swift and strong against him, so that it was no wonder that when he reached the upper lake, the 'White Cloud' had anticipated him, and stood leaning on his rifle just where the shingly margin, which ran round the clear basin, joined the wooded flat through which the inlet rushed impetuously. A venture of his hand brought Archer forthwith, and as the canoe touched the shore, the Indian stepped in lightly, motioned Harry to take his place in the bows, and assumed his own place as helmsman in the stern.

"Boy gone up lake, long shore. Not go in wood; keep along stones. Went afore dark last night, may-be. Paddle slow now, look sharp close in shore."

And for two hours they did so, at the middle of which period they saw the other canoes come out of the inlet and commence a similar search on the farther shore.—Several times the Indians landed to search for signs, where one or two small mud-rivulets crept over the beach to join the lake, and in one place, especially, where an extensive cranberry-marsh bordered the water for nearly a quarter of a mile. At each of these spots the boy's track was plainly discernible, and at the marsh the Indian's sagacity speedily discovered that he had made a hearty meal on the luxuriant berries.

At about half a mile above this spot the character of the coast altered; a long rocky point ran out, and the outline of the shore above it was much broken and indented.—As they rounded this point, Archer's telescope, with which he kept continually sweeping the shores, disclosed to him a sight which made his flesh creep and his hair rise be-