

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 6.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

When the leaves are falling from woodland trees,
In a shower of gold and red,
And the winds are singing a requiem
O'er the flowers—that all lie dead;
When the air still echoes the mournful wail
Of the summer's dying breath,
And lo! reaching forth from the autumn's gale,
Sweeps the hand of the reaper—death;
I stand and weep, as I think on the lives
That have gone with summer's bloom,
And I twine me a wreath of autumn leaves,
To hang o'er my loved ones' tomb;
Then faith's gentle voice to my grieving heart
Comes singing *this* sweet refrain:
“They *are* not dead—they have fallen asleep
To wake at *His* touch again.” —*Kate Goldsborough.*

A BIT OF UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE.

Not unusual to my readers, but to myself and to my companions in travel. Just how unusual you may decide. The beginning was in March, or April, 1884, when a good lady friend agreed to take a trip to Europe, going because my journey to Belfast, Ireland, as delegate from the Southern Presbyterian church, to the General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance was a good opportunity to give me the pleasure of her company. Then others wished to go, so that when we steamed out of New York harbor, and away from Sandy Hook, June 14th,

our party numbered sixteen. We all dreaded the sea voyage. There could be no escape; we thought; we shall all be seasick. The dread of it is bad enough; but the reality—well, fortunately, we escaped that going; had very little returning, and knew its sorrows chiefly by the tossings (and lossings?) of the the English channel. We were not fairly out to sea until we were assured that we would have a rough and very tempestuous, possibly dangerous voyage forth, because we had so many clergymen aboard. There were nearly forty of us,

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHICKASAWS.

At the period our missionaries settled among them, the Chickasaw country extended from the southern border of Tennessee to the Yallabusha and Yazoo rivers and from the Mississippi river to the Alabama line. In the first treaty entered into between this tribe and the United States in 1786, the latter government recognized their right to a territory extending north to the Ohio river and east to the highlands that separate the waters of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. At one time they owned possessions in East Tennessee and a territory ten miles square on the Savannah river, opposite Augusta, which was the gift of General Oglethorpe for services they rendered the British government. By various treaties and for a stipulated price they surrendered portions of their hereditary lands to the United States, until their magnificent domain was reduced to a comparatively insignificant territory.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws have the same origin and similar traditions, though the same story is told with considerable variations. Some resemblance has been discovered or imagined between their language and that of the Aztecs, the aborigines of Mexico. This fact, real or imaginary, has led some, who were skilled in Indian lore, to ascribe to these tribes a Mexican origin, and to suppose that their ancestors fled from the tyranny of the predecessors of Montezuma.

The substance of their tradition is that their forefathers occupied a country in the far West, where powerful enemies kept them in perpetual alarm and forced upon them the necessity of seeking a more peaceful and safe abode. In a general assembly of the nation, they committed themselves to the guidance

of the Great Spirit. A pole was erected in the midst of the camp. The war dance and certain rites were observed around the pole, till a late hour at night, when the fires were extinguished and all retired to rest. In the morning the pole was inclined toward the rising sun.

This was regarded as a signal from the Great Spirit that their star of empire beckoned eastward. Two bands were led by the brothers Chickasaw and Choctaw. After crossing the "Father of Waters," the two parties separated, Choctaw took possession of the east bank of the Mississippi, south of Yazoo; Chickasaw, after a season of uncertain wandering, laid claim to all the country between the Choctaw line and the Ohio.

There are two traditions regarding their wanderings before they found a permanent resting-place. One story is that they moved on to a point on the Tennessee river. There, having repeated, as they were accustomed to do, the ceremonies around the oracular pole, it now inclined to the West. They obeyed the signal, and, in due time, camped at a place known as the "Chickasaw Fields" in Lee county, Mississippi. There the pole remained in a perpendicular position and there they supposed the Great Spirit promised them rest and a permanent home.

The other story is that pursuing a more southern route, they reached a beautiful river, the sight of which awakened a desire to settle on its banks and rest after a long wilderness journey, and many voices in a grand chorus echoed the cry "Alabama," *here we rest*. But the talismanic pole indicated, by an inclination to the north-west, that their toilsome march was not ended. After this they journeyed to the place we have mentioned, where their central

city was built, which, for many generations, was the capital of the nation. In that city of wigwams, questions of war and peace were agitated; around it bloody battles were fought; thence painted warriors went forth to engage in savage warfare and return with the bloody spoils of victory.

The Chickasaw Indians were a noble race of savages. They were brave warriors, but not quarrelsome neighbors. They boast that they never shed the blood of an Englishman under British rule before the revolution, nor of an Anglo-American since the Declaration of Independence.

Their virtues have made them less conspicuous in American history than tribes that were more treacherous and revengeful.

They were often at war with the savage tribes on their border. Even the ties of consanguinity did not preserve, at all times, peace and harmony between them and the Choctaws. They often had bloody conflicts on their northern border, as they drove from their favorite hunting-grounds in summer, roving bands from the region of the prairies and the lakes. Such bloody rencounters with intruders on their territory gave to Kentucky her Indian name, which signifies "dark and bloody ground." The Creeks were their most powerful and implacable foes. A little sluggish stream that meanders among cane-brakes and giant trees of the forest as silently as the Indian warrior creeps upon his victim, perpetuates a bloody tragedy once witnessed on its banks. Creek warriors once approached by silent night-marches almost in sight of the Chickasaw metropolis. They lay concealed behind the banks of the creek, and in the dense cane-brakes, ready to rush upon their unsuspecting victims and extinguish their name and race by one merciless blow. But the Chicka-

saw braves had timely notice of the presence and purpose of the enemy, and were fully prepared to meet the perilous emergency.

When the Creek warriors uttered the terrific war-whoop, and began to rush from their ambush, they were answered by a thousand fierce voices in front and in rear. The number of voices, so appalling and unexpected, assured them that their doom was sealed. Not a single Creek escaped the tomahawk and scalping-knife or ever returned to report the tragic fate of his companions. The creek is called, in commemoration of the event, "Yahnubbee," which signifies *all killed*.

"The old fields," in Lee county, once witnessed a fierce conflict with the Spaniards, when, for the first time in the history of this country, the roar of murderous artillery "shook the hills with thunder riven." Hernando De Soto was the companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and won for himself a fame second only to the renowned but cruel leader of the expedition. He was of a noble family and one of the most daring among the many Spanish heroes, who sought wealth and fame during that age of chivalrous adventures in the wilds of America.

Ambition, avarice, and fanaticism, three powerful motives, when they have dominion in the human heart, impelled many of these adventurers to deeds of reckless daring. The long conflict with the Moors, when there was a struggle between the cross and the crescent for ascendancy in Spain, made the Spaniards a nation of fanatics. To propagate or defend the religion of Him who was the incarnation of meekness, forgiveness, and love, by the sword—to suppress heresy by the stake, and all the torturing engineery of the inquisition—was the standard of orthodoxy and Catholic virtue. De Soto had listened with the ears

of an enthusiast to fascinating rumors about a fountain whose waters might rejuvenate the aged and perpetuate the vigor and bloom of youth; of Eldorado whose palaces were roofed with silver and glittered with gold. He vainly supposed that there was some truth at the bottom of these seductive stories. To rival the fame of Cortez and Pizarro, to get possession of the treasures of Eldorado and to receive the benedictions of the church for planting the standard of the cross in a heathen land, were the intoxicating day-dreams of that chivalrous hero. After gathering a considerable band of kindred spirits, he sailed from Spain by the way of Cuba and found a mooring-place for his ships in Tampa bay on the coast of Florida.

He did not burn his fleet, like the Macedonian conqueror, but with similar courage, sent it back to Cuba and then plunged into a pathless wilderness to encounter unknown perils and privations. After many battles, long marches and "hairbreadth escapes by flood and field that read more like romance than reality," he reached the chief city of the Chickasaws in December, 1540, where he went into winter quarters. Claiborne, in his history of Mississippi, supposes the camping-place of De Soto was near the town of Pontotoc.

The Chickasaw *Alba Longa* was a chain of villages extending many miles in length. In the March following his arrival in the Chickasaw country, he demanded two hundred men to carry his baggage and become virtually slaves to the proud Spaniards. A few nights after this order was given to those who had so hospitably entertained his army, the Spaniards were aroused at midnight

by the terrific war-whoop and found the village and their tents on fire. As they escaped from the flames a shower of arrows fell upon their disordered ranks. Forty men, many horses and military stores were lost in the confused melee. Spanish courage and discipline saved the little band from utter destruction. When the morning dawned, no enemy was visible. The silence of the grave rested upon the surrounding ruins of the abandoned village. All had fled and were concealed in the dense cane-brakes that furnished a safe hiding-place. De Soto was compelled to pursue his journey without Indian guides or servants and with much less baggage to burden his own followers. That sublime patriotism that applied the torch to Moscow and compelled an all-conquering invader to retreat, was anticipated by Chickasaw patriots before Napoleon or the Czar Alexander were born.

It is no part of my theme to follow this wild adventurer to the Mississippi; over rivers and marshes to the Ozark hills in Missouri; through Western Arkansas by way of the Hot Springs, back to the great river that became his sepulcher. Toil, privation, and disappointment brought on a malignant fever that proved fatal. His weeping followers wrapped his body in the richest robes the circumstances could furnish, chanted the first requiem ever heard on the banks of the great river and at midnight, on the bosom of the "Father of Waters,"

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh *not* gory;
They carved not a line, they raised not stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

—*F. Patton.*



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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 7.



SHARING THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Hi! yes, it was hard, and what made it harder,
Was poor granny's sickness. A destitute larder—
Thanksgiving Day here and no prospect ahead
Of a Thanksgiving feast—what wonder that Ned,
Who'd learned a few things in Dame Poverty's school
(Could whistle when hungry, if that was the rule)
What wonder his courage had quite given way,
With Granny unable to get up that day?

He sat on the steps where the sunbeams could find him;
His jacket was thin, and the small room behind him
Was chill, lacking fire. The poor child sat musing,
Like wise philosophers, like them abusing
The power which to some offers only distresses,
While others less worthy gain fortune's caresses.

His heart grew rebellious, and Granny's good teaching
Was fading away; just as he was reaching
The point where blind fate takes the place of God's will—
To the grown, malcontent—to Ned, it was still
Just poor folks' bad luck—'twas just then Granny said,
"Why are you so quiet? Come here to me, Ned."

The old voice was feeble; the face was serene
With patience and hope, but the boy's troubled mien
Gave pain to the kind heart. "Kneel here by my bed,
And ask the dear Father to send us some bread."
"And turkey and jelly?" cried Ned hungrily,
"Ah! just as He pleases *that* portion must be,
But bread He has promised, that promise we plead,
And He will feed *us* who the raven doth feed."

Ned's petition was o'er, he again sought the sun,
With a crust from the cupboard—alas! the last one.

Well, before you could ask it
 A happy-faced boy and a bountiful basket,
 Each filled with the best by dear, kind Grandma Moore :
 Were helping each other toward Granny Lee's door :
 'Twas turkey and jelly—but what need to say ?
 'Twas more than Ned dreamed of for Thanksgiving Day.
 And we all must admit that Ned was the winner
 When he ate up the goose to get back his dinner.

—*Mrs. Emma E. McGuire.*

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHICKASAWS.

WAR WITH THE FRENCH.

The Chickasaws were visited by Marquette in his celebrated voyage down the Mississippi river. They were at first on friendly terms with the French colonies in the Mississippi Valley, but when some of their warriors, passing through the territory of the Choctaws, under a French escort, were treacherously murdered at the instigation of a chief of that tribe, they charged the French with connivance at the outrage, and they henceforth became their most powerful and troublesome adversaries. They not only gave aid and comfort to the Natchez in their war with the French, but made all communications between the settlements in Illinois and Louisiana exceedingly precarious. The Chickasaw bluffs, where Memphis now stands, was the chosen point for attack on the French boats ascending or descending the river. The mouth of Wolf river concealed the Indian canoes until they darted forth to capture and burn the vessels floating by. Bienville, who was appointed Governor of Louisiana by the 'King of France, resolved to chastise the Indians and take military possession of their country. But the immediate cause of the invasion was very honorable to the Chickasaws. The French commander demanded the surrender of the refugee Natchez, who had sought shelter among the Chicka-

saws when their country was overrun and their existence as a nation destroyed by the soldiers of Bienville. They nobly answered: "They have come to us for protection, and can not be surrendered."

War was declared, and the doom that had been measured out to the Natchez was decreed against the Chickasaws. Two expeditions were fitted out, one at Mobile and the other at Fort Chartres, on the Illinois.

The plan was that the two armies form a junction in the Indian country, seize their stronghold, and leave a French garrison in the center of the nation. Bienville ascended the Tombigbee river with a fleet of boats and landed his forces, increased by Choctaw allies, at Cotton Gin, about thirty miles from the Indian metropolis. He left his boats at that point and marched through woods and marshes to the scene of bloody conflict. He found a British flag floating over a well-fortified position. Some English traders from the Carolinas were in the fort and had aided in constructing the fortifications. The Choctaw allies, eager for plunder and revenge, attacked the fortress in advance of Bienville, and were repulsed with fearful slaughter. Bienville renewed the attack on the next day, and was also compelled to retreat after a protracted and bloody conflict, leaving the flower of his army dead

or wounded on the battle-field. On the morning of the third day after the first assault, the French witnessed from their place of encampment a horrid spectacle. The bleeding limbs of the soldiers left on the field of slaughter were hanging on the palisades of the fortifications. While many clamored for revenge, and urged another assault, Bienville saw that another such slaughter would so weaken his forces that his whole army would be lost in the retreat. He ordered a retrograde movement and camped the first night four miles from the Indian fortress. A cannon was plowed up some years ago in the field of Mr. Reese, near the present town of Tupelo, and this, no doubt, marks the spot where the army of Bienville bivouacked during a sleepless night amidst the exultant shouts and yells of a savage foe that were kept at bay by the cannon. The next day the Indians, who knew every favorable spot for ambush, pursued and slaughtered the retreating foe.

“As oft there rose so loud a yell
From out each dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed the battle-cry of Hell.”

After the French crossed the Chippawa, with its deep banks, the pursuing foe returned with many captives and the spoils of victory to rejoice with the joy of savage victors. Father Stuart often heard the Indians repeat the story of tradition about their brilliant victory, and saw many trophies that were still preserved and kept as sacred relics. The Indians have a tradition that the French wore some kind of a breast-plate as a shield against the arrows, that the Indians, having discovered the device and directed their missiles at the legs of the assailants, threw them into confusion and disorder.

The Indians have also a tradition that, while it corroborates the French account of a shocking tragedy that fol-

lowed the battle, casts also a dark shadow over all that is beautiful in Indian patriotism.

The night, after the warriors returned from pursuing the invaders, an immense fire was kindled near the village. Men, women, and children flocked to the place where merciless revenge had reared an altar, and was preparing a horrible sacrifice. The forest was illuminated by the lurid glare of the vengeful flames. The dark shadows cast by the trees that lifted their leafy branches toward heaven, as if mutely protesting against savage cruelty, seemed like fitting emblems of the fiendish passions that darken the soul of man. Nude warriors, whose ferocious features were made more fiendish by war paint, were detailed to open the horrid drama. The prisoners, taken one at a time, were slowly pushed into the flames on the points of long spears, while the forest echoed with the shouts of savage joy. A Catholic priest proposed to his companions that they shorten the agony of suspense and the slow torture that was inevitable, by rushing simultaneously into the fire. They chanted the “*Miserere*,” and, at a given signal, rushed forward and leaped on the burning funeral pile. The savages were amazed, but understood the movement only when it was too late to interfere and protract the gratification of revenge. Such was the closing scene of the unhappy expedition of Bienville. Two campaigns against the Chickasaws followed the defeat of Bienville, but they only reached the border of the invaded territory.

But what became of the expedition fitted out on the Illinois? A young officer named D’Artaguet took charge of the French and Indian forces gathered at Fort Chartres. Father Stuart thought they came by way of the Tennessee river and landed at the mouth of Bear creek, where they were totally de-

feated and driven to their boats. The French account is that they landed at the Chickasaw bluffs, on the Mississippi, and marched to the siege of a village inhabited by refugees of the Natchez tribe; that, in the moment of victory, they were attacked on the flank and rear by five hundred Chickasaws, re-inforced by thirty British soldiers. Their chief officers were killed or taken prisoners. That a youth of sixteen, Voisin, took charge of the remnant of the French army, succeeded in reaching the boats, and returned to Illinois. D'Artaguet, a priest named Sinac, and Vincennes, whose name is perpetuated in a flourishing city on the Wabash, were among the wounded and prisoners, and were subsequently burned at the stake. We have given the Indian account of the burning, and we may suppose Father Sinac was the priest who counseled a speedy termination of their suffering. The two military chiefs, D'Artaguet and Vincennes, were, in all probability, among the number who walked into the fire. The Indian tradition reports nothing about the Natchez village. The French were surprised in their camp at the mouth of Bear creek, near the present town of Eastport, in north Mississippi, and utterly routed. The tradition is most probably correct as to the place, but it is silent as to many of the circumstances. Why did D'Artaguet march so far east? It was, no doubt, in order to open communications with Bienville. The battle was fought near the Cherokee country, and from that point messengers could reach the Tombigbee, where the Choctaws ruled, without passing through the territory of the hostile Indians. The arms and military stores captured in the first victory over D'Artaguet were used in defense when attacked a few days afterward by Bienville.

Father Stuart related an incident con-

nected with the defeat of D'Artaguet which has a tinge of melancholy romance.

In pursuing the fleeing army, a young warrior, whose age was no greater than that of the French youth, Voisin, who conducted the retreat, captured a little French girl, who gave her name as Nancy. She was only four or five years old. The "Young Humming-Bird," for that is his name in English, proud of his prize and charmed by the beauty and vivacity of the little brunette, resolved to make her his bride. The pale-faced orphan was educated according to the Indian ideal of female education, and, at a proper age, the chivalric warrior solicited her hand in matrimony. His suit was successful, and as the whole nation regarded Nancy as a living trophy of victory, a grand nuptial feast was observed. Wild flowers contributed incense, the mocking-bird music, the fathlings of the forest were slain for a feast. While the old warriors congratulated the young hero over his war-won bride, dusky maidens envied the good fortune of the prairie flower that bloomed as an admired exotic in the Chickasaw fields. But no father, mother, or blood kindred participated in the festivities of the occasion. Were they all dead, or were they living, and did they still remember Nancy as slain and left among the dead on the field of battle? This woman raised a large family, and lived to be very old. Father Stuart saw her as late as 1824. The French invasion was in 1736. She must have been over ninety years old at that time. She was known as French Nancy. She had the features and complexion of a French woman, but wore the costume and spoke the language of her adopted people. She remembered and loved to tell the story of her capture. But how did that little girl happen to be with the army on such an expedition? Did a doting father

carry her with him because he could not
brook separation from his dear child?
and was he of such a rank that he could
have his own way? Were all her rela-
tives slain in the battle or retreat, or did
some weeping mother in Illinois or
Canada think of Nancy as slain, and
never dream that she was sporting in
the forest with dusky playmates and be-
coming oblivious of mother and home?

THE LAST ROSE.

I'm glad the parting reeds disclose
Thee through the brambles prying—
I'm glad I spy thee, lovely rose!
Thy bright eyes wear no dream of dying,
Though chill and surly autumn blows,
And fallen leaves and early snows
Are 'round thee lying.

The wind that bore the frost and cold,
Thy growth hath somewhat stifled;
But naught of marsh, or mount, or wold,
Hath with thy tender blossom trifled;
No horde the wood and sunshine hold,
Nor wanton thing, with lips of gold,
Thy bloom hath rifled.

All, all wherewith the skies endow
Thy kith and kindred fairest,
The sheen which crowns the rose's brow,
And makes her beauty ever rarest,
Must, pure and perfect, give thee now
The titled name so meekly thou
In triumph wearest.

Go, queen of blooms, to queen of mine;
Go, sweet to sweet and woo her
Glad memory back to days divine,
And send their splendors thrilling thro' her;
Then, if my love one moment pine
For lost delights those days enshrine,
Oh, whisper to her:

“Still green, still green, with clouds o'erdrawn,
Mid leaves and snows descended,
When other loves are dead and gone,
Like roses with the summer ended,
Until the sweet, new spring shall dawn,
My love for her shall blossom on,
Alive and splendid.”

—*Rufus Jackson Childress.*

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 9.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.



RING out, ring out, ye Christmas chimes,
Re-echoing through earth's many climes
The same sweet tune the angels sang,
As Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
On that all-glorious Christmas morn
When He, our royal Prince, was born;
When gates of pearl were opened wide,
Through which a shining, white-robed tide
Of harpers came, who sang on earth
The tidings of a Saviour's birth.
Let every heart o'erflow with love,
Let angels, bending from above,
Shed no sad tears for men this day,
But with approving voices, say :
"Now, peace on earth, good will is found,"
Through Heaven the joyful words resound,
Men's hearts are warm, hands open wide
To fellowmen, this Christmas tide.

—Goldsborough.

THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

"Come in, child," called Adina to her little handmaiden. "Dost thou not know that much must be done before the sun is well above the mountain?"

It was eighteen hundred years ago, but people were, or thought they were, as busy then as they are now, and the Jewess, Adina, felt as impatient at her maid's delay as would a busy housewife of to-day.

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The child still lingered, and Adina called again: "Dost thou not care that I labor while thou art idle? Thou wilt never be a good servant."

The child came running to her mistress, with blazing cheeks and shining eyes, and she cried:

"Oh, mistress, thou dost not know what a wonder it is! Wilt thou not come and see?" and she was gone again.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHICKASAWS.



THE country inhabited by the Indians, when our missionaries settled among them, is not distinguished by the beauty or grandeur of its natural scenery. The charm of lofty mountains, majestic rivers, or picturesque valleys is wanting. But the forests, hills, and valleys, in their primitive state, were not destitute of fascinating features. There was a beauty in the vernal season, as spring unfolded her robes of flowers and verdure, in the sunny glades and sylvan shades of summer, and in the fading hues, falling leaves, and tranquil scenes of autumn that passed away with the primeval forests. There were no thickets or undergrowth on the hills or valleys, or anywhere but along the water courses, where dense cane-brakes furnished a hiding-place for all the beasts of the forest. A rich carpet of verdure, variegated with flowers of every hue and color, covered the face of the earth. In May the wild strawberry, in rich abundance, blushed on many green slopes. Wild plums, and other fruits, with a variety of nuts, abounded along the valleys. Majestic forest trees, the growth of centuries, towered above the verdant carpet beneath, and furnished a lodgment for flocks of woodland songsters, that filled the groves with melody, and whose variegated plumage rivaled the rich hues of the wild-flowers that "shed their sweetness on the desert air." It seemed as if a forest had suddenly risen, by the hand of enchantment, on the bosom of a prairie.

Amid these parks of nature, vast herds of deer, elk, buffalo, and other wild animals roamed unmolested, except when the swift arrow, or rifle-ball, claimed a

feast for the Indian hunter. Bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers, and all beasts of prey found a safe lurking-place in the cane-brakes and dense thickets along the creeks and rivers.

The Indians, who claimed dominion as rightful lords over these solitudes, were a noble race of savages. They were free from many vices of the white man, and excelled him in some cardinal virtues. Intemperance, and various forms of vice, which so often grieve the virtuous citizen, were rare among these unsophisticated children of the forest. We need not wonder then that some white men of culture, of honorable birth and good morals, became fascinated with Indian life, and chose a home among the Chickasaws in preference to their own people. Among others, there was a Scotchman, known as Major McIntosh.

In the war between France and England, called by the colonists, "King George's War," most of the savages of the Northwest sided with the French. The memorable defeat of Braddock and the bloody horrors of savage raids along the extensive frontiers of the English colonies were the disastrous results of this French and Indian coalition. At this eventful period, McIntosh was commissioned by British authorities to visit the Chickasaws, and endeavor to keep alive their ancient hatred of the Gallic race. Whether or not as the result of his diplomacy, it is certain the Indians remained friendly to the English. The object of his mission required a long residence among the Indians, during which he became so enamored of the forest and the habits of savage life that he espoused a Chickasaw bride, and becoming identified with the tribe, he was soon an influential character among the

simple-minded people of his adoption.

He found the whole tribe living in one wide cluster of villages in and around the "Chickasaw old fields," situated in Lee and Pontotoc counties. He persuaded them to scatter, and form settlements in distant places, where the land was fertile and game more abundant. He planted a colony in a place called Takshish, some miles south of the present town of Pontotoc, and marked on old maps as McIntoshville. This colony was the favorite residence of renegade white men and half-breeds, and became more civilized than any other part of the nation.

The number and character of the population around Takshish induced our missionaries to establish the first school and church in that vicinity.

In 1816, McIntosh came to the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, to recruit his shattered health. There he died and was buried, in old age. The responsible position assigned him by the British Government shows that he was a man of some standing and position in early life. He might have returned to his own people, and lived on terms of equality with the refined and cultivated, but there was for him a fascination in the majestic forests, and the freedom and simplicity of Indian life.

The history of McIntosh was intimately related to that of another Scotchman, who was long a conspicuous character among the Chickasaw Indians.

Malcomb McGee was born in the city of New York, in the year 1757. Soon after the arrival of his parents in America, the father enlisted in the colonial army, which was about to march against the French at Ticonderoga. At the storming of that fortress the young Scotchman was killed. A few months after his death Malcomb was born.

Wonderful stories at that day were told about the prairies and pathless for-

ests of the great West. Soon after France surrendered her claim to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi to Great Britain, a company of adventurers determined to find a way to the land of flowers, represented as a Western Paradise. The young widow of McGee was persuaded to cast in her lot with these adventurers. To reach Illinois from New York, in those days, it was necessary to make a voyage by sea to New Orleans, and thence to stem the currents of the Mississippi in keel-boats, which were towed with ropes by men who walked upon the bank. It required months of toil and peril to make the voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis. However, our bold pioneers made this long journey without any disaster, and formed a settlement on the Illinois river. Here the young mother, with an only son, found herself in deep poverty, with no friendly hand to lend her assistance.

Soon after these emigrants were safely domiciled in their new home, McIntosh visited the new colony. The poverty and distress of the poor widow, his own country-woman, excited his sympathy, and he persuaded her to commit young Malcomb to his fatherly care. Young McGee was now about ten years of age. He had never seen his father, and he now bid farewell to his mother, never to see or even to hear of her again.

They floated in a little boat down the Illinois and then the Mississippi to the Chickasaw bluffs, where they landed and whence they journeyed perhaps, on foot, a hundred miles or more, to the residence of McIntosh.

After a few years his foster-father carried young McGee to Mobile, where he was left with a French family to be sent to school. As soon as his guardian left him and returned home he was treated as a servant. His Scottish blood rebelled against such treatment, and soon meeting some Indian traders from the

Choctaw tribe, he put himself under their protection and journeyed back toward his foster home.

But he tarried on the way long enough to find a Choctaw bride, and then returned to claim citizenship among the Chickasaws. For about forty years he was the interpreter for this tribe in all their treaties and negotiations with the Government of the United States.

He went as interpreter with a Chickasaw delegation to Philadelphia when Congress met in that city. Washington invited the chiefs to visit him at Mount Vernon on their return. They accepted the invitation, and in due time they arrived at Mt. Vernon, pitched their tents near the mansion of the father of his country, and enjoyed his hospitable attention for some days.

McGee loved to talk of this visit, and describe the appearance, the dress, and the table of Mrs. Washington.

He became much attached to Father Stuart, and when the Indians emigrated he determined to spend the remnant of his days with this devoted missionary among white people.

But after ten or twelve years' residence in a house built for him by Father Stuart, his daughter returned from her Western home to pay him a visit, and he was persuaded to return with her and die among the people who had adopted him in his youth. He lived about a year after and was buried at Boggy Depot, in the Indian Territory.

At one time he was regarded as wealthy, but by some mischance he lost his property and died poor.

Father Stuart regarded him as truthful, high-minded, and honorable, having all the characteristics of a Scotch gentleman, though illiterate, and trained among the untutored children of the forest.

The story of his strange and eventful life has an air of romance, and may justly excite a feeling of respect and admiration.

"He that does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly. Angels could do no more."

We are told that while McGee and his Indian companions were the guests of Washington, he received two presents which he highly prized. The one was a mattock, and the other a sprig of a weeping willow, which grew on the premises of the illustrious occupant of Mt. Vernon. With his mattock he planted the willow at a spot now the residence of Col. Geo. Colbert, four miles west of the present town of Tupelo, Miss. The original tree has long since perished, but it became the parent of all the weeping willows that flourish in the surrounding country, and droop as melancholy sentinels over the graves of a people that have passed away like their ancient forests, and left no trace or monument behind.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for August, 1871, there was an interesting article on the weeping willow, written by B. F. Lossing, that lends new interest to the history of the tree planted by McGee. According to the story as related by Lossing, Alexander Pope, the distinguished poet, purchased a country-seat which he named Twickenham, and planted there a great variety of shrubbery and ornamental trees. A mercantile friend, who had a commercial house at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, sent him the root of a weeping willow. He planted it, watched it with fostering care, and it not only became a flourishing tree, but the parent of all such willows as still grow in Great Britain. In the days of our war of Independence, a young British officer, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, brought a sprig from Pope's aged tree at Twickenham over to Boston. He supposed the rebellion would soon be crushed; he hoped to become the occupant of confiscated lands, and came prepared with all kinds of seeds and shrubbery, to plant for

himself a terrestrial Paradise in America. The rebels proving more stubborn than he anticipated, and fearing his willow would die before the confiscated lands would fall into his hands, and meeting with Custis, Washington's step-son and aide, during negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, he presented him with the sprig of willow, and related its origin and history. Custis, returning to Virginia, planted the willow at Mt. Vernon. From that tree McGee brought his sprig to Mississippi. Thus the tree planted by Custis, according to Lossing, was the parent of all the weeping willows in America. General Gates transferred a sprout to his home in New York, and thus it spread over the North.

According to the history of the willow it has followed the path of civilization and Christianity. When planted among the Indians it was prophetic of the revolutionary wave that was about to roll over the home of the red man.

The weeping willows of North Mississippi are souvenirs, to the thoughtful, of great historical events. An invisible

harp, like those that hung upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon, seems to send forth a pensive voice from the pendant branches, that speaks of the vanished red man, of Washington, of the revolutionary war, of Pope, of the Orient whence "Westward, ho! the star of empire took its way."

The Apostle John addressed a message to the church at Smyrna. There he labored in his old age, and it may be he taught his lessons of holiness and love beneath an ancestral tree.

Smyrna claimed to be the birth-place of Homer. It may be that the Father and Prince of epic poetry first invoked the Muse, and sang of "Achilles' Wrath" beneath a tree, which was the progenitor of the one under whose shadow, after more than twenty centuries, the genius Pope made the Iliad a household word to the Anglo-Saxon race.

May some kind friend send a sprig of the willow that grows on the old Colbert place to Boggy Depot, to be planted and stand as a weeping guardian by the grave of Malcomb McGee.

YEARS, weary years have passed away,
 And my brown locks have turned to gray,
 Since last I saw this beechen dell.
 And yet, I do remember well,
 'Twas on a breezy, vernal day,
 And as she loitered by my side,
 In youthful witchery and pride,
 I carved on that now fallen tree,
 Her own initials, M. C. G.
 Sooth, 'twas a magic name to me!
 The vandal Time has mossed it o'er,
 And it is legible no more.
 And she, all beautiful and bright,
 With brow of snow and locks of night,
 Like the frail record of the tree,
 Is lost to all save memory.

—*W. O. Butler.*

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 10.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

“ Seynte Valentine of custome yeere by yeere,
Men have an usauce in this regioun
To lōke and serche Cupides Kalendere,
And chose they choise by grete affecioun;
Such as ben pike with Cupides mocioun,
Taking theyr choise as theyr lot doth falle,
But I love oon which excelleth alle.”

Thus wrote John Lydgate, the monk of Bury, before the year 1440, and many a pen since his time has, in both prose and verse, made mention of, St. Valentine's day, and the peculiar customs connected with it.

It is a curious fact that no possible connection can be traced between these varied customs and St. Valentine himself.

Butler tells us in his “Lives of the Saints,” that “Valentine was a holy priest of Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended, and sent by the emperor to the Prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his attempts to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterwards beheaded, which was executed on February 14, 270. Pope Julius I. is said to have built a church near Ponte Molè to his memory, which, for a long time, gave name to the gate now called Porta del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentini. The

greater part of his remains are now in the church of St. Praxedes.

Wheatley says that “Valentine, being delivered into the custody of one Asterius, he wrought a miracle upon his daughter, whom, being blind, he restored to sight, by which means he converted the whole family to Christianity, who all of them afterwards suffered for their religion. Valentine being enrolled among the martyrs of the church, his day was established before the time of Gregory the Great. He was a man of most admirable parts, and famous for his love and charity.”

The custom of drawing or choosing valentines seems quite clearly and reasonably traced back to the ancient Supercalian feasts of Rome, held about the middle of February, in honor of Pan and Juno, and one ceremony of which consisted in putting the names of young women into a box, from which the men drew them by chance, and these lotteries were often the beginning of an attachment which resulted in marriage. The pastors of the early Christian Church, deploring the remnants of heathen superstition, sought by every possible means to root them out. They did not dare, and, perhaps, did not wish, to utterly abolish long-established customs' cher-

powerful in mortal magic." So saying, he tipped his wand with a gem of immense size.

Then sprang the Fountain Fairy forward, and implored the queen not to make him the slave of the imperfect being he had brought thither, and the queen, relenting, only sent him into banishment for seven years instead. But little Mignonette, the sad little flower nymph, wept, and vowed to follow the imperfect mortal who had caused this

banishment of her lover for so long a period, with her especial vexations and vengeance.

The queen then stretched forth her wand, and the whole fairy court, panoramic picture, and thrones and fairies faded imperceptibly away, leaving only three mortals asleep in the midst of a lovely garden where the mountain met the meadow, and a fountain of marble Cupids played no more.

—*Ella Sterling Cummins.*

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHICKASAWS.

Of all the Scotchmen who settled among the Chickasaws, none left so distinguished a family as one by the name of "Colbert." A youth bearing this name was, by some unknown freak of fortune, thrown among the Indians some time in the last century. He lived to old age, and left a large family, and his descendants are at this day among the wealthiest and most respectable families in the Chickasaw tribe. The name is evidently French, but as French names have been found in Scotland ever since the Normans bore rule in England, the tradition about his national origin is most probably true.

The four sons of Colbert were the most prominent individuals in the tribe when Brother Stuart entered upon his missionary work. General William Colbert was a military character of considerable eminence. He led a band of valiant warriors, who fought under Jackson in his brilliant campaign against the Creeks. This Chickasaw chief won the esteem and friendship of the distinguished American hero. General Jackson presented Colbert a military suit according to the American fashion, which he kept as a most precious treasure to the close of his life, and wore it

only on gala days, or when the chiefs assembled in a national council. He lived a few miles south of Takshish, where he died in 1826.

Major Levi Colbert, alias Ittawamba, lived near Cotton Gin, and was the virtual ruler of the tribe. Ittawamba is the name of an office, and signifies "king of the wooden bench." The individual who held this office was elected by a national council, and some ceremony, observed in inaugurating the chief so highly honored, gave origin to the name. The Chickasaws had a king, whose office was hereditary, but while he enjoyed some privileges as a birthright, he possessed little real power. When Colbert became Ittawamba, his talents, eloquence, and force of character, along with his official power, made him the real monarch of the nation. For many years he shaped the policy of the national council, and, by his advice and consent, their country was sold to the United States, and they emigrated to a new home in the far West. In 1834, he was sent, with other delegates, to Washington City, to confirm and settle the details of a treaty with the United States, by which all North Mississippi became a part of our national domain, but when he reached

the house of his son-in-law, near Tusculumbia, Alabama, he was attacked with a fatal disease, and died.

Colonel George Colbert lived on the Walker place, near the present town of Tupelo. He was the most wealthy and prepossessing in personal appearance of all the brothers, but without ambition, or any taste for the cares of honor and office. He was a real conservative in sentiment, and opposed the introduction of missionaries, education, and whisky, among his people. He believed they had already reached the precise point of progress most favorable to virtue, contentment, and happiness, and that any innovation was an unmitigated evil. He was destined, like many old fogies among his white neighbors, to see all his sage warnings and admonitions disregarded.

The missionaries came and built churches, and the schoolmaster went abroad in the land, and the white man, that had agreed with him in reference to the missionary, was his strongest adversary in respect to the "fire-water." It should be stated, to the honor of the Chickasaws, that their laws forbade the importation and sale of intoxicating spirits until their country became the property of our Government. Then, intemperance came in like a flood. The "Maine law," about which so much has been said, was established and enforced among these innocent children of the forest before legislators in Maine ever dreamed of such an enactment.

A fourth brother acted as secretary to the national council, and was the first native Chickasaw who had learned to use the pen, and the first written records of the tribe were in his hands.

The word "tory" has been a term of reproach and scorn in the United States since the era of American independence. The descendants of those who were loyal to King George have seldom been raised to any office of honor by the suffrages of

the American people. There was a loud cry raised against a candidate for the Presidency so late as 1844, because his grandfather, though a staunch Whig, sought British protection when his country was overrun by the royal army. At the present time, when the passions and prejudices engendered by a long and bloody conflict sleep in the graves of a past generation, we may question the justice of the national sentiment.

The colonies boasted a loyalty to the crown not second to that of the inhabitants of the mother country, until unwise legislation alienated them. In a controversy so sudden and violent it is not strange that some men sided with the Government from love to old England, and regarded all measures of resistance as treason and rebellion. There were bad men who espoused the royal cause for the sake of spoils and plunder, and the robberies and bloody crimes committed by such marauders intensified the odium attached to the name of tory; but there were, no doubt, men of sterling virtue and misguided patriotism who took sides with the king and parliament. Such partisans were numerous in some of the colonies. But what has become of their descendants?

We never meet people who acknowledge a tory ancestry. The more wealthy loyalists fled to England or the Canadas at the close of the war. Many emigrated to new settlements on the western border of the young republic, and their past history was unknown. A considerable number found refuge among the Indian tribes on the border. The Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw tribes received many such refugees. The names of Love, Allen, Pickens, Gunn, are remembered by the early settlers in North Mississippi. These were the names of refugee loyalists who married wives, acquired property, and left large families among the Chickasaws.

Pickens was a distant relative of the heroic military chief, General Andrew Pickens, who did signal service to the Whig cause in South Carolina. All the Pickens family, with one exception, were decided Whigs. This one, not willing to live among old friends and relatives with the stigma of tory indelibly branded on his name, left his native State and found a home among the Indians. His people in South Carolina never heard of him or knew his place of refuge during his subsequent life. A younger brother came with the Rev. T. C. Stuart to aid him in his missionary enterprise, and took charge of a mission farm at Monroe station.

Within a mile of that place he found the grave of his long-lost brother, who had died a year before his arrival. The deceased brother left a young wife by a second marriage, and a large and interesting family of children, most of whom were educated at the mission school, and became members of the first church organized in the wilderness. Brother Stuart found one of the sons a prominent member of the Indian Legislature, when in after years he visited that people in their western home.

One of the most interesting characters among the loyalists, who became identified with the Indians, was one by the name of Gunn. This man never wavered in his loyalty, and may be regarded as the last loyal subject of the British crown who lived and died within the limits of the United States. This stern, undoubted, and unconquered loyalist, was a native of Virginia. He fought for the crown with the chivalrous courage of a cavalier in the days of Charles I. and the Roundheads.

When the revolutionists were successful, his indignant scorn for Republicanism and rebellion urged him to seek a new home. He heard the Chickasaw Indians were dwelling peacefully under

the scepter of a king, and alone, among the tribes of the wilderness, sustained a monarchical form of government. He braved the toils, privations, and perils of a long wilderness journey, to find an asylum and an Indian bride among this people. He settled near Takshish, where our missionaries afterwards planted a church and a school, and where he worshiped in old age. He became wealthy, and owned many negroes. But he never allowed any idleness or merriment on his premises on the "Fourth of July." That day of national jubilee was to him the "dark day of '76." He annually, to the close of his life, celebrated the coronation day of George III. He considered himself a member of the Church of England, and read the Episcopal service to his family and negroes every Sabbath. He died in 1826, a year made memorable by the death of two illustrious presidents and sages of the Revolutionary era. He would have regarded it as an intolerable misfortune to die on the memorable Fourth, when the nation was exulting in liberty and independence.

By a second marriage he left a young daughter that was still unmarried when the Indian lands began to be purchased by white settlers. Tradition reports that Rhoda Gunn was a great beauty. Young American speculators, whose dreams by day and night were about lands, negroes, cotton bales, and great fortunes in the newly-purchased territory, experienced a wonderful change in the spirit of their dreams at the sight of Rhoda. After enjoying her company, they would take to sighing and solitude, would see undiscovered beauty in the moon, or would even make desperate efforts to write poetry about the dark-eyed Indian maid,

"Whose glossy locks to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing."

But Rhoda never fancied the sons of a rebel ancestry. Boots, whiskers, cravats,

cigars, and other emblems of American nobility, were no substitute for loyalty in the eyes of the daughter of the faithful loyalist.

A noble young Chickasaw, who cared nothing for boots or broadcloth, gold or silver, but whose delight was in the chase, the rifle, the scalping-knife—who never deceived or forsook a friend, or forgave an enemy—won the heart and hand of the fair Rhoda. The day of the exode soon followed her marriage, and she passed away like the evening star beneath the Western hills.

The house in which another tory (Allen) died is still standing, and the apple-trees he planted passed away in the memory of old settlers. A wandering knight of the jack-plane from the banks of the Connecticut, and who sung psalms as melodiously as his famed countryman, Ichabod Crane, sojourned a few years among the Indians, and built the only house that can be found in North Mississippi that was erected when the red man owned the country. This building sheltered the last surviving tory in his old age.

Letter Literature.

We give this month a letter written from Louisville by a young lady whose wedding-day was fast approaching when the 1883 floods covered the land from Pittsburgh on:

“LOUISVILLE, Feb. 21, 1883.

“MY DEAR GODMAMMA: I can not tell you what a whirl of events seems to be crowding this young year. I feel within me a sense of the revolution about to take place in my life, and yet it seems selfish to think of self at all in the midst of these floods, which came sweeping down on us so suddenly, so ghost-like, isolating us from all the world north of us, stopping all intercourse save what can be had over the slender wires that lift themselves out of the deep. You may believe that these waters, creeping, creeping up softly, innocently lapping the fences, stealing into a garden, kissing treacherously the foot of the railroad fills—these waters, looking so guileless that a farmer says, ‘that will help the corn lands this spring;’ so guileless that little children on the city side of the fill climb up the embankment to sit astride the railway ties, and watch gleefully the ebb and flow of the waves—innocent children; those soft, lapping sounds are death-knells to some of you. These floods that lie crouching until midnight to spring upon their prey; these floods that rush and roar into factories, into looms, into reservoirs—that swirl, and sweep, and eat, and are remorseless—you may be sure that these wide, roaring waters,

composed of myriad drops of beauty, make us all stop and think. No pen can describe them. Indeed, I think no pencil could portray the waste and desolation. The waters are so wide, and the homes are buried so deep beneath them, the wrecks are piled so high, and the drift has huddled so close to them, that one can really not take in the loss, even when one is on the water's edge and looking out over the whole. The west end of Louisville is composed of two towns, both of which jut out into the water. Both towns are mainly occupied by the middle class of people—people who depend for daily bread on daily wages. One of these towns is completely submerged, with not a house left standing, and boatmen row over the doomed city, recognizing their bearings by the top of a spire pointing out of the waters and appealing to heaven. Brick houses are lapped and lapped, gently and softly, until the foundations give way, and the bricks crash down in a heavy mass. Wooden houses float and bob, sometimes with the roof up, and sometimes with the sides and doors on top. One could stay in them for days, or one might go down with the wreck at any moment. Some people do take these risks, preferring to perish with their treasures rather than leave all and begin life anew. Probably they know the hard lines they must undergo to make up even their present status. So men go in yawls, heavily provisioned, to these wayward people, and hand in their supplies through a second-story window. From neighboring farms

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1885.

No. 11.

THE HON. AMELIA MURRAY.

The London *Illustrated News* of June 24, 1884, has the following:

“The Hon. Amelia (Emily) Matilda Murray, author of ‘Recollections of the Early Years of the Present Century’ and of ‘Letters from the Southern States of America,’ died at Glenbarrow, Herefordshire, on the 7th inst., aged eighty-nine. She was born April 30, 1795, fourth daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. Davids (second son of the third Duke of Athole), by Anne Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-General Francis Grant. Her sister Caroline Leonora, married the third Earl of Ilchester. Miss Emily Murray was appointed Maid of Honor to the Queen a few days after her majesty’s accession, and continued as such until March 16, 1853, when she resigned, becoming afterwards Extra Woman of the Bedchamber.”

There are some persons still living who remember Miss Murray on her visit to this country '54-5. In turning over the pages of her book, “Letters from the United States, Canada, and Cuba,” we see names distinguished in song and story, politicians, poets, naturalists, scientists, churchmen. Among them the President and Mrs. Pierce, Governor Seymour, Agassiz, Longfellow and wife, Lieutenant Maury, Bancroft, Wayland, Dr. Gray, the celebrated botanist, Bishops Potter and Elliot, and a host of others, the greater part of whom have passed, with their genius and learning, their philosophy and religion, to another sphere.

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The writer of this sketch met Miss Murray in Leamington, England, during the early part of '66. Her house chanced to be next door to our lodgings, a Southern family seeking rest and change after the close of the war, and Miss Murray, hearing of our proximity, came to inquire concerning Southern friends of whom she had lost sight during the war. She was then about seventy years of age, and with her cane and respirator looked as if she had aged much during the ten years since she had tramped with Governor Seymour and niece through the Adirondacks, and walked and sketched and botanized from Canada to Cuba. As will be seen from her “Letters” she espoused the Southern side on the slavery question, and she liked to talk to us on the subject.

“No one agreed with me when the ‘Letters’ were published,” she said, “but a good many do now.”

The aristocratic old lady invited me to come over and talk botany with her, a favorite study as appears from the “Letters.” I knew little more of botany than of Chaldee, but accepted the invitation thinking that I could listen if not talk, and hoping to draw her into conversation on some subject more congenial to me—literary people or court-life. She soon wearied of botany, her instinct discern-

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHICKASAWS.

In 1823, the Missionary Society of South Carolina sent the Rev. Hugh Dickson to visit and report the condition, the prospects and wants of the mission among the Chickasaws. He organized a church at Monroe Station, consisting of the families connected with the mission. Only seven names appear on the session book as constituting the little church in the wilderness. There were five ministers present, two visitors, and three as resident missionaries. There were in all twelve communicants, who sat together at the sacramental table.

The Christian has seasons of serene and sacred pleasure, unheeded by the thoughtless multitude, unperceived by the profane and unbelieving, unheralded by the trumpet's blast or cannon's roar; but seasons of peace and joy, which Memory cherishes among her most precious treasures and which the "spirits of the just made perfect in Heaven," may recall as the sweetest reminiscences of earth. Such a season was the first communion in Monroe Church.

The first converts made by the missionaries were from the families of the refugee loyalists and the negroes.

The chains of slavery were very light, when fastened by the hand of an Indian master. The social status of the negro was not far below that of the Indian. His task was not onerous, and, though nominally a slave, he lived very much as the master. Some of those African converts made pious and intelligent Christians. After a few years, converts from the native Indians became more and more frequent. Schools were established at several points. The missionaries preached from house to house, as well as at special stations, and their work was in a prosperous and hopeful

condition when the United States purchased the territory occupied by the Chickasaws in 1834, and they were required to emigrate to a new home west of the Mississippi river. Soon after the treaty with the United States was made, land speculators poured into the country, the temperance laws were suspended, and a flood of vice and intemperance came with the first influx of the white man. Then followed the melancholy years of the exode. In 1836 and 1837, the Indians, in successive columns, moved away as white settlers were pouring into the country.

Places of rendezvous were appointed in different localities, where the people congregated. Some chief took charge of each group, and one band after another moved off toward the setting sun. The mother called her children from their loved playgrounds and innocent sports beneath the forest trees, and informed them that they must bid a final farewell to those dear scenes. She, herself, must bid farewell to her own sweet home—the trees, the garden, and the graves she loved, and turn away to behold them no more. The Indian hunter bade adieu to his hunting-ground—the deer and every loved object sacred to memory, and stalked, like the genius of sorrow, in advance of his little family circle.

When all were assembled at any designated place, on an appointed day, they moved away in silence and sorrow from the graves of their fathers and the loved domain they had inherited from a noble ancestry. No tear moistened any eye; no emotion was depicted on any countenance. The Indian seldom weeps. He is educated to conceal his emotions, but no people cherish or are the subjects of more intense feelings and passions than they. Their passions are like

the hidden fires that burn with intense heat in the deep caverns of the volcano, but their existence is unknown till the destructive lava bursts in fiery torrents from the crater.

In all that moving host, where stalwart forms sat erect, silent, and fearless, there was not a Chickasaw brave that would not have considered it an honored privilege to suffer death in any form or endure torture in any degree if, by such suffering and sacrifice, he could have rescued the land of his birth from the grasp of the white man and made it the sure possession of his tribe. But he knew that all resistance was madness, and bowed to the fiat of destiny. Their country was sold, not by the wish or consent of the nation, but the chief men of the tribe, persuaded and, it may be, bribed by the agents of the United States, made the treaty, which the Government at Washington City had power to enforce. Hence, the great body of the people left unwillingly a country they loved more than life, and sought a new home in a land they had never seen and could not love. They are here no more. The grand old forest, as they left it with its vernal robes of green and autumnal vesture of crimson and gold, will charm and fascinate no more. The magnificent carpet of flowers and verdure, that constituted a fitting floor to the leafy dome with many pillars that towered above, will be seen no more. The deer, the elk, and all the flocks that nature fed for the benefit of her children of the forest, have vanished as well as the Indian. The old town, where so many generations rejoiced and were merry, whence painted warriors marched out on the warpath, and whither they returned with the spoils of victory, has mouldered to dust. "Not a rose in the wilderness left on its stalk tells where a garden has been."

"Old Town" creek, as it flows by the perished city of the dead, murmurs a whispered requiem, and is the only monument of the Chickasaw Babylon. The mocking-bird still lingers around the site of the forgotten city and sings the same sweet matin song that waked the Indian mother to household cares, or the dark-eyed maiden to pluck the dewy flowers, or the bold hunter to pursue the wild deer. No heaps of brick or stone, no ruins of any kind, speak of a race that has passed away. The only monuments that perpetuate the memory of the Chickasaws in the domain they once occupied are the names of creeks, counties, and towns. There are many such names in North Mississippi.

The old "Natchez trace," which was opened by the United States as a military road through the Indian country in 1801, and was greatly improved by General Jackson during the war of 1812, and which for years was a crowded thoroughfare through the wilderness, and the scene of many robberies by outlaws, first under the notorious Mason, and afterward under John A. Murrell—this old highway has been defaced by time, and its course can be pointed out only by the old settlers. Monroe Church perpetuates the memory of the first church organized in the wilderness. The missionaries, who preached or taught the Indian youth at Monroe Station, have all gone to their long home. Rev. T. C. Stuart, the founder of the mission, lived to be nearly ninety years old, and died at Tupelo, Miss., in 1882. He and his wife and only daughter are buried at Pontotoc, Miss. But the good work he did while a missionary will not perish. The Chickasaw Indians, as a result of his self-denying labors, are no longer a savage tribe, but they are fast emerging from barbarism to a Christian civilization.

[CONCLUDED.]