

The Last of the Mohicans or A Narrative of 1757

Cooper, J. Fenimore

New York

Publisher: WM. L. Allison

Date 1889

of Pages: 339

English

Notes:

Page 4:

INTRODUCTION

Like nations of higher pretensions, the American Indian gives a very different account of his own tribe or race from that which is given by other people. He is much addicted to overestimating his own perfections, and to undervaluing those of his rival or his enemy; a trait which may possibly be thought corroborative of the Mosaic account of the creation.

The Whites have assisted greatly in rendering the traditions of the Aborigines more obscure by their own manner of corrupting names. This, the term used in the title of this book has undergone the changes of Mahicanni, Mohicans, and Mohegans; the latter being the word commonly used by the Whites. When it is remembered that the Dutch (who first settled New York), the English, and the French, all gave appellations to the tribes that dwelt within the country which is the scene of this story, and that the Indians not only gave different names to their enemies, but frequently to themselves, the cause of the confusion will be understood.

In these pages, Lenni-Lanape, Delawares, Wapanachki, and Mohicans, all mean the same people, or tribe of the same stock. The Mengwe, the Maquas, the Mingowes, and the Iroquois, though not all strictly the same, are identified frequently by the speakers, being politically confederated and oppose to those just named. Mingo was a term of peculiar reproach, as were Mengwe and Maqua to a less degree.

The Mohicans were the possessors of the country first occupied by the Europeans in this portion of the continent.

Page 7:

IT was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America, that the toils and dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet.

Page 7:

The facilities which nature had there offered to the march of the combatants were too obvious to be neglected. The lengthened sheet of the Champlain stretched from the frontiers of Canada, deep within the borders of the neighboring province of New York, forming a natural passage across half the distance that the French were compelled to master in order to strike their enemies. Near its southern termination, it received the contributions of another lake, whose waters were so limpid as to have been exclusively selected by the Jesuits missionaries to perform the typical purification of baptism, and to obtain for it the title of lake "du Saint Sacrement."

Page 9:

* Washington: who, after uselessly admonishing the European general of the danger into which he was heedlessly running, saved the remnants of the British army, on this occasion, by his decision and courage. The reputation earned by Washington in this battle was the principle cause of his being selected to command the American armies at a later day. Its is a circumstance worthy of observation, that while all America rang with his well-merited reputation, his name does not occur in

any European account of the battle: at least the author has searched for it without success. In this manner does the mother country absorb even the fame, under that system of rule.

Page 9-10:

When, therefore, intelligence was received at the fort which covered the southern termination of the portage between the Hudson and the lakes, that Montcalm had been seen moving up the Champlain, with an army “numerous as the leaves on the trees,” its truth was admitted with more of the craven reluctance of fear than with stern joy that a warrior should feel, in finding an enemy within reach of his blow.

Page 10:

The news had been brought, towards the decline of a day in midsummer, by an Indian runner, who also bore an urgent request from Munro, the commander of a work on the shore of the “holy lake,” for a speedy and powerful reinforcement.

Page 10:

The loyal servants of the British crown had given to one of these forest-fastnesses the name of William Henry, and to the other that of Fort Edward * calling each after a favorite prince of the reigning family.

Page 10:

The veteran Scotchman just named held first, with a regiment of regulars and a few provincials; a force really by far too small to make head against the formidable power that Montcalm was leading to the foot of his earthen mounds. At the latter, however, lay General Webb, who commanded the armies of the king in the northern provinces, with a body of more than five thousand men. By uniting the several detachments of his command, this officer might have arrayed nearly double that number of combatants against the enterprising Frenchman, who had ventured so far from his reinforcements, with an army but little superior in numbers.

Page 11:

While in view of their admiring comrades, the same proud front and ordered array was observed, until the notes of their **fifes** growing fainter in distance, the forest at length appeared to swallow up the living mass which had slowly entered its bosom.

Page 12:

The same **contrariety** in his members seemed to exist throughout the whole man.

Page 14:

A general movement amongst the domestics, and a low sound of gentle voices, announced the approach of those whose presence alone was wanted to enable the **cavalcade** to move.

Page 15:

“Are such spectres frequent in the woods, Heyward; or is this sight an especial entertainment ordered on our behalf? If the latter, gratitude must close our mouths; but if the former, both Cora and I shall have need to draw largely on that stock of hereditary courage which we boast, even before we are made to encounter the redoubtable Montcalm.”

Page 16:

“I like him not.” said the lady, shuddering, partly in assumed, yet more in real terror. “You know him, Duncan, or you would not trust yourself so freely to his keeping?”

“Say, rather, Alice, that I would not trust you. I do know him, or he would not have my confidence, and least of all at this moment.

Page 16:

The conjecture of Major Heyward was true. When they reached the spot where the Indian stood, pointing into the thicket that fringed the military road, a narrow and blind path, which might, with some little inconvenience, receive one person at a time, became visible.

Page 17:

The young man regarded the last speaker in open admiration, and even permitted her fairer, though certainly not more beautiful companion, to proceed unattended, while he **sedulously** opened the way himself for the passage of her who has been called Cora. It would seem that the domestics had been previously instructed; for, instead of penetrating the thicket, they followed the route of the column; a measure which Heyward stated had been dictated by the **sagacity** of their guide, in order to diminish the marks of the trail, if, haply, the Canadian savages should be lurking so far in advance of their army.

Page 18:

Perhaps the rapidity of the changes from one of these paces to the other created an optical illusion, which might thus magnify the powers of the beast; for it is certain that Heyward, who possessed a true eye for the merits of a horse, was unable, with his utmost ingenuity, to decide by what sort of movement his pursuer worked his sinuous way on his footsteps with such persevering **hardihood**.

Page 18:

If to this be added the fact that, in consequence of the **ex parte** application of the spur, one side of the mare appeared to journey faster than the other; and that aggrieved flank was resolutely indicated by unremitted flourishes of a bushy tail, we finish the picture of both horse and man.

Page 19:

After **simpering** in a small way, like one whose modesty prohibited a more open expression of his admiration of a witticism that was perfectly unintelligible to his hearers, he continued, “It is not prudent for any one of my profession to be too familiar with those he has to instruct; for which reason I follow not the line of the army: besides which, I conclude that a gentleman of your character has the best judgment in matters of wayfaring; I have, therefore, decided to join company, in order that the ride may be made agreeable, and partake of social communion.

Page 19:

“But you speak of instruction, and of a profession; are you an **adjunct** to the provincial corps, as a master of the noble science of defence and offence; or, perhaps, you are one who draws lines and angles, under the pretence of expounding mathematics.?”

Page 20:

I lay claim to no higher gift than a small insight into the glorious art of petitioning and thanksgiving, as practiced in **psalmody**.”

Page 20:

“Nay, nay, I think not of it now; but this strange man amuses me; and if he ‘hath music in his soul,’ let us not **churlishly** reject his company.”

Page 21:

“I apprehend that he is rather addicted to profane song. The chances of a soldier’s life are but little fitted for the encouragement of more sober inclinations.”

“Man’s voice is given to him, like his other talents, to be used, and not to be abused. None can say they have ever known me neglect my gifts! I am thankful that, though my boyhood may be said to have been set apart, like the youth of the royal David, for the purpose of music, no syllable of rude verse has ever profaned my lips.”

Page 21:

During this **eulogium** on the rare production of his native poets, the stanger had drawn the book from his pocket, and fitting a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles to his nose, opened the volume with a care and veneration suited to its sacred purpose.

Page 22:

The **cavalcade** had not long passed, before the branches of the bushes that formed the thicket were cautiously moved asunder, and a human visage, as fiercely wild as savage art and unbridled passions could make it, peered out on the retiring footsteps of the travellers.

Page 25:

A pouch and horn completed his personal accoutrements though a rifle of great length, * which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them was the most dangerous of all fire-arms, leaned against a neighboring sapling.

Page 25:

“Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingchagook,” he said, speaking in the tongue which was known to all the natives who formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomac, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader; endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities, both of the individual and of the language. “Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river, † fought the people of the country, and took the land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them by yours; then let God judge the matters between us, and friends spare their words!”

“My fathers fought with the naked red man!” returned the Indian sternly, in the same language. “Is there no difference, Hawkeye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior, and the leaden bullet with which you kill?”

...

† The Mississippi. The scout alludes to a tradition which is very popular among the tribes of the Atlantic states. Evidence of their Asiatic origin is deduced from the circumstances, though great uncertainty hangs over the whole history of the Indians.

Page 26:

It is one of their customs to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man, who is too conscientious to misspend his days among the women, in learning the names of black marks, may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them.

Page 26:

For myself, I conclude the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with a rifle, which must have been handed down from generation to generation, as our holy commandments tell us, all good and evil gifts are bestowed; though I should be loth to answer for other people in such manner.

Page 27:

“Where are the blossoms of those summers! -fallen, one by one; so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits, I am on the hilltop and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans.”

Page 28:

“That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel!”

Page 29:

Now, Uncas,” he continued, in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learnt to be watchful, “I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampun, that I take him **atwixt** the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left.”

Page 30:

The instant the father seconded this **intimation** by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements.

Page 20:

“**Hugh!**” ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

Page 31:

CHAPTER 5

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
‘Till I torment thee for this injury.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM

Page 33:

“It’s major!” interrupted the hunter, elevating his body like one who was proud of his trust. “If there is a man in the country who knows Major Effingham, he stands before you.”

Page 35:

“I knew he was one of the cheats as soon as I laid eyes on him!” returned the scout, placing a finger on his nose, in sign of caution.

Page 35:

“Now, go you back,” said the hunter, speaking again to Heyward, “and hold the **imp** in talk; these Mohicans here will take him without breaking his paint.”

Page 36:

“Then Le Ranard Subtil will go,” returned the runner, coolly raising his wallet from the place where it had lain at this feet.; “and the pale faces will see none but their own color.”

“Go! Whom call you Le Ranard?”

“Tis the name his Canada fathers have given to Magua,” returned the runner, with an air that manifested his pride at the distinction. “Night is the same as day to le Subtil, when Munro waits for him.”

Page 38:

“Le Ranard Subtil does not eat,” he said, using the **appellation** he had found most flattering to the vanity of the Indian.

Page 38:

CHAPTER V.
“In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o’ertrip dew:
And saw the lion’s shallow ere himself.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Page 39:

Look at this **sumach**; its leaves are red, though everybody knows the fruit is in the yellow blossom in the month of July!”

“‘Tis the blood of Le Subtil! He is hurt, and may yet fall!”

“No, no,” returned the scout, in decided **disapprobation** of this opinion, “I rubbed the bark off a limb, perhaps, but the creature leaped the longer for it. A rifle bullet acts on a running animal, when it barks him, much the same as one of your spurs on a horse; that is, it quickens motion, and puts life into the flesh, instead of taking away. But when it cuts the ragged hole, after a bound or two, there is, commonly, a stagnation of further leaping, be it Indian or be it deer!”

Page 40:

Yielding to his powerful interest in the subject, and impatient of a delay that seemed fraught with so much additional danger, Heyward drew still nigher to the dusky group, with an intention of making his offers of compensation more definite, when the white man, motioning his hand, as if he concealed the disputed point, turned away, saying in a sort of **soliloquy**, and in the English tongue,-

Page 42:

The low, muttering sounds of his threatening voice were still audible, when the wounded **foal**, first rearing on its hinder legs, plunged forward to its knees.

Page 43:

Occasionally he would stop; and in the midst of a breathing stillness, that the dull but increasing roar of the waterfall only served to render more impressive, he would listen with painful intensesness, to catch any sounds that might arise from the slumbering forest.

Page 43:

The river was confined between high and cragged rocks, one of which impended above the spot where the canoe rested. As these, which impended above the spot where the canoe rested. As these, again, were surmounted by tall trees, which appeared to **totter** on the brows of the precipice, it gave the stream the appearance of running through a deep and narrow dell.

Page 45:

I will not deny, however, but the horses cowered when I passed them, as though they scented the wolves; and a wolf is a beast that is apt to hover about an Indian ambushment, craving the offals of the deer the savages kill.”

Page 49:

If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the **perversity** of the water.

Page 52:

How do you name yourself?”

“Gamut – David Gamut,” returned the singing-master, preparing to wash down his sorrows in a powerful draught of the woodman’s high-flavored and well laced compound.

Page 52:

“I am an unworthy instructor in the art of psalmody.”

“Anan!”

“I teach singing to the youths of the Connecticut levy.”

Page 52:

“Never; I follow no other than my own high vocation, which is instruction in sacred music!”

Page 60:

Then, for the first time, Hawkeye was seen to stir. He crawled along the rock and shook Duncan from his heavy slumbers.

Page 65:

The words were barely uttered, when he encountered a savage of gigantic stature, and of the fiercest mien.

Page 67:

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward.

Page 71:

His cry was answered by a yell and a laugh from the woods, as tauntingly exulting as if fifty demons were uttering their blasphemies at the fall of some Christian soul.

Page 71-72:

“Our case is not, cannot be so hopeless! Said Duncan; “even at this very moment succor may be at hand. I see no enemies! They have sickened of a struggle in which they risk so much with so little prospect of gain!”

Page 75:

“There are evils worse than death,” said Duncan, speaking hoarsely, and as if fretful at her importunity, “but which presence of one who would die in your behalf may avert.”

Page 78:

Cora bestowed an approving smile in the pious efforts of the namesake of the Jewish prince, and Heyward soon turned his steady, stern look from the outlet of the cavern, to fasten it, with a milder

character, on the face of David, or to meet the wandering beams which at moments strayed from the humid eyes of Alice.

Page 79:

Amid the jargon of the Indian dialects that he now plainly heard, it was easy to distinguish not only words, but sentences, in the patois of the Canadas. A burst of voices had shouted simultaneously, “La Longue Carabine!” causing the opposite woods to re-echo with a name which, Heyward well remembered, had been given by his enemies to a celebrated hunter and scout of the English camp, and who, he now learnt for the first time, had been his late companion.

Page 80:

After a **vociferous** consultation, which was, at times, deafened by bursts of savage joy, they again separated, filling the air with the name of a foe, whose body, Heyward could collect from their expressions, they hoped to find concealed in some crevice of the island.

Page 83:

Wearied at length by their importunities, and apprehensive of irritating his captors by too stubborn a silence, the former looked about him in quest of Magua, who might interpret his answers to questions which were at each moment becoming more earnest and threatening.

Page 84:

“When the white man dies, he thinks he is at peace; but the red men know how to torture even the ghosts of their enemies. Where is his body? Let the Hurons see his scalp!”

Page 85:

Then changing his language, he continued, adhering to the imperfect nomenclature of his provincial instructors: “The deer is swift, but weak, the elk is swift, but strong; and the son of ‘Le Serpent’ is ‘Le Cerf Agile.’ Has he leaped the river to the woods?”

Page 89:

* It has long been a practice with the whites to conciliate the important men of the Indians by presenting medals, which are worn in the place of their own rude ornaments. Those given by the English generally bear the impression of the reigning king, and those given by the Americans that of the president.

Page 93:

The Indian had selected for this desirable purpose one of those steep, pyramidal hills, which bear a strong resemblance to artificial mounds, and which so frequently occur in the valleys of America. The one in question was high and **precipitous**; its top flattened, as usual; but with one of its sides more than ordinarily irregular.

Page 97:

Cora remained silent, for she knew not how to **palliate** this imprudent severity on the part of her father, in a manner to suit the comprehension of an Indian.

Page 97:

“What would you have?” continued Cora, after a most painful pause, while the conviction forced itself on her mind that the too **sanguine** and generous Duncan had been cruelly deceived by the cunning of the savage.

Page 97:

“The arms of the pale faces are long, and their knives sharp!” returned the savage, with a malignant laugh: “why should Le Renard go among the muskets of his warriors, when he holds the spirit of the gray-head in his hand?”

Page 98:

“Monster! Well dost thou deserve thy treacherous name!” cried Cora, in an ungovernable burst of **filial** indignation.

Page 99:

As the Huron used his native language, the prisoners, notwithstanding the caution of the natives had kept them within the swing of their tomahawks, could only conjecture the substance of his harangue from the nature of those significant gestures with which an Indian always illustrates his eloquence.

Page 100:

He described the cataract of Glenn’s; the impregnable position of its rocky island, with its caverns, and its numerous rapids and whirlpools; he named the name of “La Longue Carabine,” and paused until the forest beneath them had sent up the last echo of a loud and long yell, with which the hated **appellation** was received.

Page 101:

With the first **intimation** that it was within their reach, the whole band sprang upon their feet as one man; giving utterance to their rage in the most frantic cries, they rushed upon their prisoners on a body with drawn knives and uplifted tomahawks.

Page 101:

He was then bound and fastened to the body of the sapling, on whose branches Magua had acted the pantomime of the falling Huron.

Page 101:

On his left, the **withes** which bound her to a pine, performed that office for Alice which her trembling limbs refused, and alone kept her fragile form from sinking.

Page 102:

“Leave me,” she said, with a **solemnity** that for a moment checked the barbarity of the Indian: “you mingle bitterness in my prayers; you stand between me and my God!”

Page 103:

“Say on,” cried Alice; “to what, dearest Cora? O! The the **proffer** were made to me! To save you, to cheer our aged father, to restore Duncan, how cheerfully could I die!”

Page 103-104:

In a few moments, however, her head began to move slowly, in a sign of deep, unconquerable **disapprobation**.

Page 104:

The naked body of his antagonist afforded Heyward no means of holding his adversary, who glided from his grasp, and rose again with one knee on his chest, pressing him down with the weight of a giant.

Page 104:

Cio – I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Page 104:

THE Hurons stood **aghast** at this sudden visitation of death on one of their band.

Page 105:

Quicker than the thoughts could follow these unexpected and audacious movements, an image, armed in the emblematic **panoply** of death, glided before their eyes, and assumed a threatening attitude at the other's side.

Page 107:

It is true there were short and fleeting moments, when the fiery eyes of Magua were seen glittering, like the fabled organs of the **basilisk**, through the dusty wreath by which he was enveloped, and he read by those short and deadly glances the fate of the combat in the presence of his enemies; ere, however, any hostile hand could descend on his devoted head, its place was filled by the scowling visage of Chingachgook.

Page 109:

If advice from one who is not older than yourself, but who, having lived most of his time in the wilderness, may be said to have experienced beyond his years, will give no offense, you are welcome to my thoughts; and these are, to part with the little tooting instrument in your jacket to the first fool you meet with, and buy some useful we'pon with the money, if ti be only the barrel of a horseman's pistol.

Page 110:

"The thing is but a rifle, and what you may often see, if you tarry long among us," returned the scout, a good deal softened towards the man of song by this unequivocal expression of gratitude. "I have got back my old companion. 'Killdeer.'" he added, striking his hand on the breech of his rifle; 'and that in itself is a victory.

Page 110:

He That is to be saved will be saved, and he that is predestined to be damned will be damned.

Page 110:

The scout, who by this time was seated, examine into the state of his rifle with a species of parental **assiduity**, now looked up at the other in a displeasure that he did not affect to conceal, roughly interrupting further speech.

Page 110:

"You have no warranty for such an audacious doctrine, nor any covenant to support it." cried David, who was deeply tinctured with subtle distinctions which, in time, and more especially in his province,

had been drawn around the beautiful simplicity of revelation, by endeavoring to penetrate the awful mystery of the divine nature, supplying faith by self-sufficiency, and by consequence, involving those who reasoned from such human dogmas in absurdities and doubt; “your temple is reared on the sands, and the first tempest will wash away its foundation. I demand your authorities for such an uncharitable assertion (like other advocates of a system, David was not always accurate in his use of terms).

Page 111:

“’Tis open before your eyes,” returned the scout “and he who owns it is not a niggard of its use. I have heard it said that there are men who read in books to convince themselves there is a God. I know not but many may so deform his works in the settlement, as to leave that which is so clear in the wilderness a matter of doubt among traders and priests.

Page 111:

He was, in truth, a minstrel of the western continent – of a much alter day, certainly, than those gifted bards, who formerly sang the profane renown of baron and prince, but after the spirit of his own age and country; and he was now prepared to exercise the cunning of his craft, in celebration of, or rather in thanksgiving for, the recent victory.

Page 112:

Never minstrel, or by whatever more suitable name David should be known, drew upon his talents in the presence of more insensible auditors; though considering the singleness and sincerity of his motive, it is probable that no bard of profane song ever uttered notes that ascended so near to that throne where all homage and praise is due.

Page 112:

Hawkeye, leaving the blind path that the Huron had followed, turned short to this right, and entering the thicket, he crossed a babbling brook, and halted in a narrow **dell**, under the shade of a few water elms.

Page 114:

“Aye! There we were thrown off the scent, and might indeed, have lost the trail, had it not been for Uncas; we took the path, however, that led into the wilderness; for we judged, and judged rightly, that the savages would hold that course with their prisoners. But when we had followed it for many miles, without finding a single twig broken, as I had advised, my mind misgave me; especially as all the footsteps had the prints of moccasins.”

Page 114:

“Our captors had the precaution to see us **shod** like themselves,” said Duncan, raising a foot, and exhibiting the buckskin he wore.

Page 114:

“Aye, ‘twas judgmatical, and like themselves: though we were too expert to be thrown from a trail by so common an invention.”

Page 115:

“It may be – it may be,” said Hawkeye, who had listened with singular attention to this explanation; “though I am a man who has the full blood of the whites, my judgment in deer and beaver is greater than in beasts of burden.

Page 116:

It then struck me the Mingoes would push for this spring, for the knaves well know the vartue of its waters!”

“Is it, then, so famous?” demanded Heyward, examine, with a more curious eye, the secluded dell, with its bubbling fountain, surrounded, as it was, by earth of a deep, dingy, brown.

“Few red skins, who travel south and east of the great lakes, but have heard of its qualities. Will you taste for yourself?”

Heyward took the gourd, and after swallowing a little of the water, threw it aside with a grimace of discontent. The scout laughed in his silent but heartfelt manner, and shook his head with vast satisfaction.

“Ah! You want the flavor that one gets by habit; the time was when I liked it as little as yourself; but I have come to my taste, and now I crave it, as a deer does the licks.*

* Many of the animals of the American forest resort to those spots where salt springs are found. These are called “licks” or “salt licks,” in the language of the country, from the circumstance that the quadruped is often obliged to lick the earth. In order to obtain the saline particles. These licks are great places of resort with the hunters, who waylay their game near the paths that lead to them.

† The scene of the foregoing incidents is on the spot where the village of Ballston now stands; one of the two principal watering places of America.

Page 119:

Forty days and forty nights did the imps crave our blood around this pile oflogs, which I designed and partly reared, being, as this pile of logs, which I designed and partly reared, being, as you’ll remember, no Indian myself, but a man without a cross.

Page 120:

Their dark persons were still to be seen within the shadows of the block house, the son listening to the relation of his father with that sort of intenseness which would be created by a narrative that **redounded** so much to the honor of those whose names he had long revered for their courage and savage virtues.

Page 120:

“ ‘Tis true in part,” returned the scout, “and yet, at the bottom, ‘tis a wicked lie. Such a treaty was made in ages gone by, through the deviltries of the Dutchers, who wished to disarm the natives that had the best right to the country, where they had settled themselves.

Page 122:

Heyward perceived, in truth, that the younger Indian had thrown his form on the side of the **hillock** while they were talking, like one who sought to make the most of the time allotted to rest, and that his example had been followed by David, whose voice literally “clove to his jaws,” with the fever of his wound, heightened, as it was, by their toilsome march.

Page 123:

“Friend,” replied the low voice of Chingachgook; who, pointing upwards at the luminary which was shedding it’s mild light through the opening in the trees, directly in their **bivouac**, immediately added, in his rude English: “Moon comes and white man’s fort far-far off; time to move, when sleep shuts both eyes of the Frenchman!”

Page 127:

The scout resumed his post in the advance, though his steps, after he had thrown a safe distance between himself and his enemies, were more deliberate than in their previous march, in consequence of his utter ignorance of the localities of the surrounding woods. More than once he halted to consult with his confederates, the Mohicans, pointing upwards at the moon, and examine the barks of the trees with care.

Page 126:

But the sounds of the **rivulet**, feeble and murmuring as they were, relieved the guides at once from no trifling embarrassment, and towards it they immediately held their way.

Page 128:

* Baron Dieskau, a German, in the service of France. A few years previously to the period of the tale, this officer was defeated by Sir William Johnson, of Johnstown, New York, on the shores of Lake George. See Appendix, Note H.

Page 128:

Hundreds of Frenchmen saw the sun that day for the last time; and even their leader, Dieskau himself, fell into our hands, so cut and torn with the lead, that he has gone back to his own country, unfit for further acts in war.”

Page 129:

These eyes have seen its waters colored with blood, as natural water never yet flowed from the bowels of the ‘arth.”

Page 129:

“D’où venez-vous-où allez-vous d’aussi bonne heure?” demanded the grenadier, in the language and with the accent of a man from old France.

“Je viens de la découverte, et je vais me coucher.”

“Etes-vous officier du roi?”

“Sans doute, mon camarade; me prends-tu pour un provincial! Je suis capitaine de chasseurs (Heyward well knew that the other was of a regiment in the line); j’ai ici, avec moi, les filles du commandant de la fortification. Aha! tu en as entendu parler! je les ai fait prisonnières pres de l’autre fort, et je les conduis au général.”

“Ma foi! mesdames; j’en suis fache por vous,” exclaimed the young soldier, touching his cap with grace; “mais-fortune de guerre! Vous trouverez notre général un brave homme, et bien poli avec les dames.”

“C’est le catactère des gens de guerre,” said Cora, with admirable self-possession. “Adieu, mon ami; je vous souhaiterais un devoir plus agréable à remplir.”

The soldier made a low and humble acknowledgment for her civility; and Heyward adding a “Bonne nuit, mon camarade,” they moved deliberately forward, leaving the sentinel pacing the banks of the silent pond, little suspecting an enemy of so much **effrontery**, and humming to himself those words which were recalled to his mind by the sight of women, and, perhaps, by recollections of his own distant and beautiful France:

“Vive le vin, vive ;amour,” etc., etc.

Page 133:

To the north stretched the limpid, and, as it appeared from that dizzy height, the narrow sheet of the “holy lake,” indented with numberless bays, embellished by fantastic headlands, and dotted with countless islands.

Page 134:

A single, solitary, snow-white cloud floated above the valley, and marked the spot beneath which lay the silent pool of the “bloody pond”

Page 137:

“Qui va là?”

Page 137:

“Tu m’as plus l’air d’un ennemi de la France: arrête ou pardieu je te ferai ami du diable. Non! Feu, camarades, feu!”

Page 138:

“Point de quartier aux coquins!” cried an eager pursuer, who seemed to direct the operations of the enemy.

“Stand firm, and be ready, my gallant 60ths!” suddenly exclaimed a voice above them: wait to see the enemy fire low, and sweep the **glacis**.”

“Father! Father! Exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist; “it is I! Alice! Thy own Elsie! Spare,O! Save your daughters!”

Page 140:

The tourist, the **valetudinarian**, or the amateur of the beauties of nature, who, in the train of his four-in-hand, now rolls through the scenes we have attempted to describe, in quest of information, health, or pleasure, or floats steadily towards his object on those artificial waters which have sprung up under the administration of a statesman* who has dared to stake his political character on the hazardous issue, is not to suppose that his ancestors traversed those hills, or struggled with the same currents with equal facility.

...

* Evidently the late De Witt Clinton, who died governor of New York in 1828

Page 141:

A hundred gay and thoughtless young Frenchmen were drawing a net to the pebbly beach, within dangerous proximity to the the sullen but silent cannon of the fort, while the eastern mountain was sending back the loud shouts and gay merriment that attended their sport.

Page 143:

“And will Cora attest the truth of this?” cried Duncan, suffering the cloud to be chased from his countenance by a smile of open pleasure. “What says our graver sister? Will she find an excuse for the neglect of the knight in the duty of a soldier?”

Page 144:

“The fidelity of ‘The Long Rifle’ is well known to me,” returned Munro, “and is above suspicion; though his usual good fortune seems, at last, to have failed. Montcalm has got him, and with the accursed politeness of his nation, he has sent him in with a doleful tale, of ‘knowing how I valued the fellow, he could not think of retaining him.’ A **jesuitical** way, that, Major Duncan Heyward, of telling a man of his misfortunes!”

Page 144:

“He keeps the letter, then, while he releases the messenger?”

“Aye, that does he, and all for the sake of what you call your ‘bonhomme.’ I would venture, if the truth was known, the fellow’s grandfather taught the noble science of dancing.”

Page 146:

“Monsieur,” said the latter, “j’ai beaucoup de plaisir à-bah! -ou est ce interprête?”

“Je crois, monsieur, qu’il ne sera pas nécessaire,” Heyward modestly replied; “je parla un peu français.”

“Ah! j’en suis bien aise,” said Montcalm, taking Duncan familiarly by the arm, and leading him deep into the marquee, a little out of ear-shot; “je déteste ces fripons-là; on ne sait jamais sur quel pié on est avec eux. Eh, bien! Monsier,” he continued, still speaking in French; “though I should have been proud

of receiving your commandant, I am very happy that he has seen proper to employ an officer so distinguished, and who, I am sure, is so amiable, as yourself.”

Page 147 - 148:

“We have a wise ordinance in our Salique laws, which says, ‘The crown of France shall never degrade the lance to the distaff,’” said, Montcalm, dryly, and with a little hauteur; but instantly adding, with his former frank and easy air: “as all the noble qualities are hereditary, I can easily credit you; though, as I said before, courage has its limits, and humanity must not be forgotten. I trust monsieur, you come authorized to treat for the surrender of the place?”

Page 150:

Your mother was the only child of my bosom friend, Duncan; and I’ll just give you a hearing, though all the knights of St. Louis were in a body at the sally-port, with the French saint at their head, craving to speak a word under favor. A pretty, degree of knighthood, sir, is that which can be bought with sugar-hogsheads! And then your two penny marquisates! The thistle is the order for dignity and antiquity; the veritable ‘nemo me impune lacessit’ of chivalry! Ye had ancestors in that degree, Duncan, and they were an ornament to the nobles of Scotland.”

Page 155:

“En arrière, mes enfans-il fait chaud-reirez-vous un peu.”

Page 157:

“Your pardon, monsieur,” rejoined the Frenchman, suffering a slight color to appear on his dark cheek. “There is a vast difference between understanding and speaking a foreign tongue; you will, therefore, please assist me still.”

Page 159:

CHAPTER XVII.

Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.
The web is wove. The work is done.

GRAY

The hostile armies, which lay in the wilds of the Horican, passed the night of the ninth of August, 1757, much in the manner they would had they encountered on the fairest field of Europe.

Page 159:

Even those occasional threatening sounds ceased to be heard in that dull hour which precedes the day, at which period a listener might have sought in vain any evidence of the presence of those armed powers that then slumbered on the shores of the “holy lake.”

Page 160:

“Il est nécessaire d’être vigilant, mon enfant,” the other observed, dropping a fold of his cloak, and looking the soldier close in the face as he passed him, still continuing his way towards British fortification.

Page 165:

The low and serious sounds of the sacred music, so well known to the eastern provinces, caught his ear, and instantly drew him to an apartment in an adjacent building, which had already been deserted by its customary tenants.

Page 165:

“Even so,” replied the single-minded disciple of the King of Israel, when the young man had ended; “I have found much that is comely and melodious in the maidens, and it is fitting that we who have consorted in so much peril, should abide together in peace.

Page 166:

At that moment an enormous cloud seemed to pass suddenly above their heads, and looking upwards, they discovered that they stood beneath the wide folds of the standard of France.

Page 168:

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal, and threw themselves across the fatal plain with instinctive **alacrity**.

Page 169:

“Lady,” said Gamut, who, helpless and useless as he was, had not yet dreamed of deserting his trust, “it is the jubilee of the devils, and this is not a meet place for Christians to tarry in. Let us up and fly.”

Page 170:

“If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp, and the words of sacred song, it may be amiss,” he said, “to try the potency of music here.”

Page 170:

Astonishment soon changed to admiration, and they passed on to other and less courageous victims, openly expressing their satisfaction at the firmness with which the white warrior sang his death song.

Page 171:

Perceiving that, in his turn, he was unheeded, the faithful David followed the distracted sister, raising his voice again in sacred song, and sweeping the air to the measure, with his long arm, in diligent accompaniment. In this manner they traversed the plain, through the flying, the wounded and the dead. The fierce Huron was, at any time, sufficient for himself and the victim that he bore; though Cora would have fallen more than once under the blows of her savage enemies, but for the extraordinary being who stalked in her rear, and who now appeared to the astonished natives gifted with the protecting spirit of madness.

Page 172:

The cruel work was still unchecked. On every side the captured were flying before their relentless persecutors, while the armed columns of the Christian king stood fast in an apathy which has never been explained, and which has left an immovable blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of their leader. Nor was the sword of death stayed until cupidity got the mastery of revenge. Then, indeed, the shrieks of the wounded, and the yells of their murderers grew less frequent, until, finally, the cries of horror were lost to their ear, or were devoured in the land, long and piercing whoops of the triumphant savages.

Page 172:

The bloody and inhuman scene rather incidentally mentioned than described in the preceding chapter is conspicuous in the pages of colonial history by the merited title of “The Massacre of William Henry.”

Page 173:

The third day from the capture of the fort was drawing to a close, but the business of the narrative must still detain the reader on the shores of the “holy lake.” When last seen, the **environs** of the works were filled with violence and uproar.

Page 173-174:

The solitary and arid blades of grass arose from the passing gusts fearfully perceptible; the bold and rocky mountains were too distinct in their barrenness, and the eyes sought relief, in vain, by attempting to pierce the **illimitable** void of heaven, which was shut to its gaze by the dusky sheet of ragged and driving vapor.

Page 175:

He passed the groups of dead with a steadiness of purpose, and an eye so calm, that nothing but long and **inveterate** practice could enable him to maintain.

Page 177:

Uncas, you are right; the dark-hair has been here, and she has fled like a frightened fawn, to the wood; none who could fly would remain to be murdered. Let us search for the marks she left; for to Indian eyes, I sometimes think even a humming-bird leaves his trail in the air.”

Page 179:

“’Tis the tooting we’pon of the singer! Now we shall have a trail a priest might travel,” he said.

Page 180:

“It is not the swiftest leaping deer that gives the longest chase,” returned Hawkeye, without moving his eyes from the different marks that had come under his view; “we know that the rampaging Huron has passed, and the dark-hair, and the singer, but where is the yellow locks and blue eyes?”

Page 181:

Heyward instantly knew it for a trinket that Alice was fond of wearing, and which recollected, with the **tenacious** memory of a lover, to have seen, on the fatal morning of the massacre, dangling from the fair neck of his mistress.

Page 181 – 182:

I should like to find the thing, too, if it were only to carry it to the right owner, and that would be bringing the two ends of what I call a long trail together, for by this time the broad St. Lawrence, or, perhaps, the Great Lakes themselves, are **atxixt** is.”

Page 182:

An Indian never starts on such an expedition without smoking over his council fire; and though a man of white blood, I honor their customs, in this particular, seeing that they are deliberate and wise.

Page 183:

The clouds, as if tired of their furious chase, were breaking asunder; the heavier volumes, gathering in the black masses about the horizon, while the lighter **scud** still hurried above the water, or eddied among the tops of the mountains, like broken flights of birds, hovering around their toots.

Page 184:

Speaking of spirits, Major, are you of opinion that the heaven of a red skin and of us whites will be one and the same?"

"No doubt – no doubt. I thought I heard it again! Or was it the rustling of the leaves in the top of the breech?"

Page 184:

"There would be picking, too, among the skins of the devils, if there was light and time for the sport.

Page 185:

"It would be a change, indeed, for a man who has passed his days in the open air," returned the single-minded scout; "and who has so often broken his fast in the head waters of the Hudson, to sleep within the sound of the roaring Mohawk.

Page 185:

So soon as Uncas was in possession of the reason why he was summoned, he threw himself flat on the turf; where, to the eyes of Duncan, he appeared to lie quiet and motionless.

Page 187:

After which he was content to reply, holding a single finger up to view, with the English **monosyllable**:
"One."

Page 189:

What right have Christian whites to boast of learning, when a savage can read a language that would prove too much for the wisest of them all! What say *you*, lad; of what people was the knave?"

Page 190:

The reader probably knows, if enough has not already been gleaned from this narrative, that the Delaware, or Lenape, claimed to be the progenitors of that numerous people, who once were masters of most of the Eastern and Northern States of America, of whom the community of the Mohicans was an ancient and highly honored member.

Page 191:

After a short and impressive pause, Chingachgook lighted a pipe whose bowl was curiously carved in one of the soft stones of the country, and whose stem was a tube of wood, and commenced smoking. When he had inhaled enough of the fragrance of the soothing weed, he passed the instrument into the hands of the scout. In this manner the pipe had made its rounds three several times, amid the most profound silence, before either of the party opened his lips. Then the Sagamore, as the oldest and highest in rank, in a few calm and dignified words, proposed the subject for deliberation.

Page 191:

Notwithstanding the increasing warmth of the amicable contest, the most decorous Christian assembly, not even expecting those in which its reverend ministers are collected, might have learned a wholesome lesson of moderation from the forbearance and courtesy of the disputants.

Page 193:

It is impossible to describe the music of their language, while thus engaged in laughter and endearments, in such a way as to render it intelligible to those whose eras have never listened to its melody. The compass of their voices, particularly that of the youth, was wonderful – extending from the deepest bass to tones that were even feminine in softness.

Page 193:

His figured panoply of death looked more like a disguise assumed in mockery, than a fierce annunciation of a desire to carry destruction in his footsteps.

Page 194:

Have you forgotten the skulking reptyle that Uncas slew?"

Page 195:

"Aye, he was alone in his deviltry! but an Indian whose tribe counts so many warriors, need seldom fear his blood will run without the death-shriek coming speedily from some of his enemies."

Page 195:

"Do you think the bullet of that varlet's rifle would have turned aside, though his sacred Majesty the King had stood in its path?"

Page 195:

"I have put a trail of water **atween** us; and unless the imps can make friends with the fishes, and hear who has paddled across their basin this fine morning, we shall throw the length of the Horican behind us before they have made up their minds which path to take."

Page 196:

The eyes of the Sagamore moved warily from islet to islet, copse to copse, as the canoe proceeded; and when a clearer sheet of water permitted, his keen vision was bent along the bald rocks and impeding forests that frowned upon the narrow strait.

Page 196:

* The beauties of Lake George are well known to every American tourist. In the height of the mountains which surround it, and in artificial accessories, it is inferior to the finest of the Swiss and Italian lakes, while in outline and purity of water it is fully their equal; and in the number and disposition of its isles and islets much superior to them all together. There are said to be some hundreds of islands in a sheet of water less than thirty miles long. The narrows which connect what may be called, in truth, two lakes, are crowded with islands to such a degree as to leave passages between them frequently of only a few feet in width. The lake itself varies in breadth from one to three miles.

The State of New York is remarkable for the number and beauty of its lakes. One of its frontiers lies on the vast sheet of Ontario, while Champlain stretches nearly a hundred miles along another. Oneida, Cayuga, Canandaigua, Seneca, and George, are all lakes of thirty miles in length, while those of a size smaller are without number. On most of these lakes there are now beautiful villages, and on many of them steamboats.

Page 197:

"If you judge of Indian cunning by the rules you find in books, or by white sagacity, they will lead you astray, if not to your death." returned Hawkeye, examining the signs of the place with that acuteness which distinguished him.

Page 200:

"Lord! Lord! That is now a white man's courage!" exclaimed the scout; "and like too many of his notions, not to be maintained by reason.

Page 202:

Instead of following the western shore, whither their errand led them, the wary Mohican was known to have led his army into the formidable fortress of Ticonderoga.

Page 203:

God knows what the country would be, if the settlements should ever spread far from the two rivers. Both hunting and war would lose their beauty.”

Page 204:

THE party landed on the border of a region that is, even to this day, less known to the inhabitants of the States, than the deserts of Arabia, or the steppes of Tartary.

Page 205:

He often stopped to examine the trees; nor did he cross a rivulet, without considering the quality, the velocity, and the color of its waters.

Page 205:

The young Mohican cast a glance at his father, but maintaining his quiet and reserved **mien**, he continued silent.

Page 206:

The spirits of the scout, and the astonishing success of the chase, in which a **circuitous** distance of more than forty miles had been passed, did not fail to impart a portion of hope to the whole party.

Page 208:

The whole party crowded to the spot where Uncas pointed out the impression of a moccasin in the moist **alluvion**.

Page 208:

“The lad will be an honor to his people,” said Hawkeye, regarding the trail with as much admiration as a naturalist would expend on the tusk of a mammoth or the rib of a mastodon; “aye, and a thorn in the sides of the Hurons.

Page 110:

From such undeniable testimony did the practiced woodsman arrive at the truth, with nearly as much certainty and precision as if he had been a witness of all these events which his ingenuity so easily elucidated.

Page 211:

The water fell out of this wide basin, in a cataract so regular and gentle, that it appeared rather to be the work of human hands, than fashioned by nature.

Page 211:

Their rounded roofs, admirably moulded for defense against the weather, denoted more of industry and foresight than the natives were wont to bestow on their regular habitations, much less on those they occupied for the temporary purpose of hunting and war. In short, the whole village or town, whichever it might be termed, possessed more of method and neatness of execution, than the white man had been accustomed to believe belonged, ordinarily, to the Indian habits. It appeared, however, to be deserted.

Page 215:

“Of the graver and more solemn character; though it must be acknowledged that, in spite of all my endeavors, the maiden weeps oftener than she smiles.

Page 216:

“Though my soul would rejoice to visit the habitations of Christendom once more, my feet would rather follow the tender spirits intrusted to my keeping, even in to the idolatrous province of the Jesuits, then take on step backward, while they pined in captivity and sorrow.”

Page 216:

After essaying its virtues repeatedly, in contrast with his own voice, and satisfying himself that none of its melody was lost, he made a very serious demonstration towards achieving a few stanzas of one of the longest **effusions** in the little volume so often mentioned.

Page 218:

“It may be so,” said David; “but I have seen strange and fantastic images drawn in their paint, of which their admiration and care savored of spiritual pride; especially one, and that, too, a foul and loathsome object.”

“Was it a serpent?” quickly demanded the scout.

“Much the same. It was in the likeness of an abject and creeping tortoise.”

Page 218:

It is, altogether, a dangerous path we move in; for a friend whose face is turned from you often bears a bloodier mind than the enemy who seeks your scalp.”

Page 219:

You know the cry of a crow, friend, from the whistle of the whippoor-will?”

Page 219-220:

He waved his hand, in sign of his dislike to all **remonstrance**, and then, in more tempered language, he continued.

Page 221:

Then renewing his cautious advice, he concluded, by saying, with a **solemnity** and warmth of feeling, with which Duncan was deeply touched:

Page 221:

But believe the warning of a man who has reason to know all he says is true.

Page 222:

It struck him, as he gazed at the admirable structures and wonderful precautions of their sagacious inmates, that even the brutes of these vast wilds were possessed of an instinct nearly commensurate with his own reason; and he could not reflect, without anxiety, on the unequal contest that he had so rashly courted.

Page 228:

The startling sounds that Duncan had heard, were what the whites have not inappropriately called the “death-halloo;” and each repetition of the cry was intended to announce to the tribe the fate of an enemy.

Page 229:

A dozen blazing piles now shed their lurid brightness on the place, which resembled some unhallowed and supernatural arena, in which malicious demons had assembled to act their bloody and lawless rites.

Page 231 – 232:

Infuriated at the self-command of the captive, the woman placed her arms **akimbo**; and throwing herself into a posture of defiance, she broke out anew, in a torrent of words that no art of ours could commit successfully to paper.

Page 234:

The Mohican maintained his firm and haughty attitude; and his eye, so far from deigning to meet her inquisitive look, dwelt steadily on the distance, as though it penetrated the obstacles, which impeded the view and looked into **futurity**.

Page 234 – 235:

“Reed-that-bends,” he said, addressing the young culprit by name, and in his proper language, “though the Great Spirit has made you pleasant to the eyes, it would have been better that you had not been born. Your tongue is loud in the village, but in battle it is still. None of my young men strike the tomahawk deeper into the war-post – none of them so lightly on the Yengeese.

Page 238:

Several pipes, that had been extinguished, were lighted again; while the new comer, without speaking a word, drew his tomakawk from his girdle, and filling the bowl on its head, began to inhale the vapors of the weed through the hollow handle, with as much indifference as if he had not been absent two weary days on a long and toilsome hunt.

Page 239:

The Indians, who believe in the hereditary transmission of virtues and defects in character, suffered him to depart in silence.

Page 240:

The lineaments of the quivering features of Magua proved more **ductile**; his countenance gradually lost its character of defiance in an expression of ferocious joy, and heaving a breath from the very bottom of his chest, he pronounced aloud the formidable name of -

“Le Cerf Agile!”

Page 240:

Uncas enjoyed his victory, but was content with merely exhibiting his triumph by a quiet smile – an emblem of scorn which belongs to all time and every nation.

Page 241:

He never spoke without **auditors**, and rarely without making converts to his opinions.

Page 244:

At a little distance from a bald rock, and directly in its front, they entered a grassy opening, which they prepared to cross.

Page 244:

Duncan, who knew the animal was often domesticated among the Indians, followed the example of his companion, believing some favorite of the tribe had found its way into the thicket, in search of food.

Page 244:

He would have spoken, but the Indian at that moment shoved aside a door of bark, and entered a cavern in the bosom of the mountain.

Page 246:

CHAPTER XXV.

Snug. - Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it to me, for I am of study.

Quince. - You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Page 246:

The beast still continued its rolling, and apparently untiring movements, though its ludicrous attempt to imitate the melody of David ceased the instant the latter abandoned the field.

Page 246:

Endeavoring then to collect his ideas, he prepared to perform that species of incantation, and those uncouth rites, under which the Indian conjurers are accustomed to conceal their ignorance and impotency.

Page 248:

Though why they have given me such a name I never knew, there being little likeness between the gifts of 'Killdeer' and the performance of one of your real Canada carabynes, as there is between nature of a pipe-stone and a flint!"

Page 249:

Had it been now a catamount, or even full-size panther, I would have embellished a performance for you worth regarding.

Page 249:

There may be honey-pots hid in these rocks, and I am a beast, you know, that has a hankering for the sweets."

Page 250:

By its aid he was enabled to enter the haven of his hopes, which was merely another apartment of the cavern, that had been solely appropriated to the safe-keeping of so important a prisoner as a daughter of the commandant of William Henry.

Page 251:

They say misery is the closest of all ties; our common suffering in your behalf left but little to be explained between your father and myself."

Page 251:

Alive trembled violently, and there was an instant during which she bent her face aside, yielding to the emotions common to her sex; but they quickly passed away, leaving her mistress of her deportment, if not of her affections.

Page 252:

The deep guttural laugh of the savage sounded, at such a moment, to Duncan, like the hellish taunt of a demon.

Page 252:

When Magua had effected his object he approached his prisoners, and said in English:

“The pale faces trap the cunning beavers; but the red skins know how to take the Yengeese.”

Page 253:

“Le Renard Subtil is a great chief!” returned the Indian; “he will go and bring his young men, to see how bravely a pale face can laugh at the tortures.”

Page 253:

The mimic animal, which had advanced a little, retired slowly in his front, until it arrive again at the pass, when rearing on its hinder legs it beat the air with its paws. In the manner practiced by its brutal prototype.

Page 253:

He once more endeavored to pass the supposed empiric, scorning even the parade of threatening to use the knife, or tomahawk, that was pendent from his belt.

Page 253:

Suddenly the beast extended its arms, or rather legs, and inclosed him in a grasp that might have vied with the far-famed power of the “bear’s hug” itself.

Page 253:

When the formidable Huron was completely pinioned, the scout released his hold, and Duncan laid his enemy on his back, utterly helpless.

Page 253 – 254:

But when Hawkeye, by way of making a summary explanation of his conduct, removed the shaggy jaws of the beast, and exposed his own rugged and earnest countenance to the gaze of the Huron, the philosophy of the latter was so far mastered as to permit him to utter the never-failing:

“Hugh!”

Page 254:

As there was no time to be lost, the scout immediately set about effecting so necessary a precaution; and when he had gagged the Indian, his enemy might safely have been considered as “hors de combat.”

Page 254:

“Every trail has its end, and every calamity brings its lessons!” returned the scout.

Page 256:

There you must go and demand protection; if they are true Delawares you will be safe.

Page 256:

“The Hurons hold the pride of the Delawares; the last of the high blood of the Mohicans is in their power,” returned the scout; “I got to see what can be done in his favor.

Page 257:

The scout heard them attentively, but impatiently, and finally closed the discussion, by answering, in a town that instantly silenced Alice, while it told Heyward how fruitless any further remonstrances would be:

Page 258:

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bot. - Let me play the lion too.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

Page 259:

The costume of the **votary** of music had undergone no other alteration from that so lately described, except that he had covered his bald head with the triangular beaver, which had not proved sufficiently alluring to excite the cupidity of any of his captors.

Page 259:

He fumbled for his pitch-pipe, and arose with a confused intention of attempting a musical exorcism.

Page 262:

Had Hawkeye been aware of the low estimation in which the more skillful Uncas held his representations, he would probably have prolonged the entertainment a little in pique.

Page 262:

But the moment the noise of the serpent was heard, he arose, and cast his looks on each side of him, bending his head low, and turning it inquiringly in every direction, until his keen eye rested on the shaggy monster, where it remained riveted, as though fixed by the power of a charm.

Page 265:

“Hold!” said David, perceiving that with the assurance they were about to leave him; “I am an unworthy and humble follower of One who taught not the damnable principle of revenge. Should I fall, therefore, seek no victims to my names, but rather forgive my destroyers; and if you remember them at all, let it be in prayers for enlightening of their minds, and for their eternal welfare.”

Page 265:

God bless you, friend; I do believe your scent is not greatly wrong, when the matter is duly considered, and keeping eternity before your eyes, though much depends on the natural gifts, and the force of temptation.”

Page 266:

Hawkeye, who feared his voice would betray him to his subtle enemies, gladly profited by the interruption, to break out anew in such a burst of musical expression as would, probably, in a more refined state of society have been termed “a grand crash.”

Page 266:

Among his actual auditors, however, it merely gave him an additional claim to that respect which they never withhold from such as are believed to be the subjects of mental alienation.

Page 267:

CHAPTER XXVII.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says Do this, it is performed.

JULIUS CAESAR

Page 267:

At first the Hurons believed the Delaware had been thus deformed by witch-craft.

Page 268:

A native warrior fights as he sleeps, without the protection of anything defensive.

Page 274:

At such moments it would not have been difficult to have fancied wrongs and plotting evil.

Page 274 – 275:

They followed their leader singly, and in that well-known order which has obtained the distinguishing appellation of “Indian file.”

Page 275:

He called the animals his cousins, and reminded them that his protecting influence was the reason they remained unharmed, while so many avaricious traders were prompting the Indians to take their lives. He promised a continuance of his favors, and admonished them to be grateful. After which, he spoke of the expedition in which he was himself engaged, and intimated, though with sufficient delicacy and circumlocution, the expediency of bestowing on their relative a portion of that wisdom for which they were so removed.*

...

* These harangues of the beasts are frequent among the Indians. They often address their victims in this way, reproaching them for cowardice, or commending their resolution, as they may happen to exhibit fortitude, or the reverse in suffering.

Page 276:

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Page 278:

“The wise Huron is welcome,” said the Delaware, in the language of the Maquas; “he is come to eat his ‘succotash,’* with his brothers of the lakes.”

...

* A dish composed of cracked corn and beans. It is much used also by the whites. By corn is meant maize.

Page 279:

Are not the pale faces thicker than the swallows in the season of flowers?”

Page 279 – 280:

While he bestowed those of greater value on the two most distinguished warriors, one of whom was his host, he seasoned his offerings to their inferiors with such well-timed and apposite compliments, as left them no grounds of complaint.

Page 280:

“Why should they not? They are colored by the same sun, and their just men will hunt in the same grounds after death.

Page 283:

His frame, which had once been tall and erect, like the cedar, was now bending under the pressure of more than a century.

Page 283 – 284:

His robe was of the finest skins, which had been deprived of their fur, in order to admit of a hieroglyphical representation of various deeds in arms, done in former ages. His bosom was loaded with medals, some in massive silver, and one or two even in gold, the gifts of various Christian potentates during the long period of his life. He also wore armlets, and cinctures above the ankles, of the latter precious metal. His head, on the whole of which the hair had been permitted to grow, the pursuits of war having so long abandoned, was encircled by some sort plated diadem, which, in its turn, bore lesser and more glittering ornaments, that sparkled amid the glossy hues of three drooping ostrich feathers, dyed a deep black, in touching contrast to the color of his snow-white locks. His tomahawk was nearly hid in silver. And the handle of his knife shone like a horn of solid gold.

So soon as the first hum of emotion and pleasure, which the sudden appearance of this venerated individual created, had a little subsided, the name of “Tamenund” was whispered from mouth to mouth. Magua had often heard the fame of this wise and just Delaware; a reputation that even proceeded so far as to bestow on him the rare gift of holding secret communion with the Great Spirit, and which has since transmitted his name, with some slight alteration, to the white usurpers of his ancient territory, as the imaginary tutelary saint* of a vast empire.

...

*The Americans sometimes call their tutelary saint Tamenay, a corruption of the name of the renowned chief here introduced. There are many traditions which speak of the character and power of Tamenund. See Appendix, Note O.

Page 284:

The color of his skin differed from that of most around him, being richer and darker, the latter hue having been produced by certain delicate and mazy lines of complicated and yet beautiful figures, which had been traced over most of his person by the operation of tattooing.

Page 284:

After a suitable and decent pause, the principle chiefs arose; and approaching the patriarch, they placed his hands reverently on their heads, seeming to entreat a blessing. The younger men were content with

touching his robe, or even drawing nigh his person, in order to breathe in the atmosphere of one so aged, so just, and so valiant.

Page 285:

The crowd opened in a lane; and when the party had re-entered, it closed in again, forming a large and dense belt of human bodies, arranged in an open circle.

Page 286:

I am the man, however, that got the name of Nathaniel from my kin; the compliment of Hawkeye from the Delawares, who live on their own river; and whom the Iroquois have presumed to style the “Long Rifle,” without and warranty from him who is most concerned in the matter.”

Page 287:

“Will a wise Delaware believe the barking of a wolf?” exclaimed Duncan, still more confirmed in the evil intentions of his ancient enemy: “a dog never lies, but when was a wolf known to speak the truth?”

Page 288:

The soaring hawk is not more certain of the dove than I am this moment of you, did I choose to send a bullet to your heart! Why should I not? Why! - because the gifts of my color forbid it, and I might draw down evil on tender and innocent heads. If you know such a being as God, thank Him, therefore, in your inward soul; for you have reason!”

Page 289:

“The hawk which comes from the clouds can return when he will,” he said; “give them the guns.”

Page 290 – 291:

“It may do for the Royal Americans!” said Hawkeye, laughing once more in his own silent, heartfelt manner; “but had my gun often turned so much from the true line, many a marten, whose skin is now in a lady’s muff, would still be in the woods; aye, and many a bloody Mingo, who has departed to his final account.

Page 290:

“Go!” said the old chief to the scout, in a tone of strong disgust; “thou art a wolf in the skin of a dog. I will talk to the “Long Rifle” of the Yengeese.”

Page 290:

“Why did you wish to stop my ears?” he said, addressing Duncan; “are the Delawares fools, that they could not know the young panther from the cat?”

Page 291:

“The Spirit that made men colored them differently,” commenced the subtle Huron. “Some are blacker than the sluggish bear. These He said should be slaves; and He ordered them to work forever, like the beaver. You may hear them groan, when the south wind blows, louder than the lowing buffaloes, along the shores of the great salt lake, where the big canoes come and go with them in droves. Some He made with faces paler than the ermine of the forests: and these He ordered to be traders; dogs to their women, and wolves to their slaves.

Page 293:

Better thank the Manitou for that which remains.”

Page 293:

“Justice is the law of the great Manitou.

Page 295 – 294:

The children of Minquon* are the justest white men; but they were thirsty, and they took it to themselves.

...

* William Penn was termed Minquon by the Delawares, and, as he never used violence or injustice in his dealings with them, his reputation for probity passed into a proverb. The American is justly proud of the origin of his nation, which is perhaps unequalled in the history of the world; but the Pennsylvanian and Jerseyman have more reason to value themselves in their ancestors than natives of any other State, since no wrong was done the original owners of the soil.

Page 295 – 296:

The old man looked down upon her from his elevated stand, with a **benignant** smile on his wasted countenance, and then casting his eyes slowly over the whole assemblage, he answered:

“Of a nation.”

“For myself I ask nothing. Like thee and thine, venerable chief,” she continued, pressing her hands convulsively on her heart, and suffering her head to droop until her burning cheeks were nearly concealed in the maze of dark glossy tresses that fell in disorder upon her shoulders, “the curse of my ancestors has fallen heavily on their child.

Page 297:

At this sudden and unexpected annunciation, a low, fierce yell ran through the multitude, that might not inaptly be compared to the growl of the lion, as his choler is first awakened – a fearful omen of the weight of his future anger.

Page 299:

Then a cry of vengeance burst at once, as it might be, from the united lips of the nation; a frightful augury of their ruthless intentions.

Page 300:

“Uncas, the son of Chingachgook,” answered the captive, modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other’s character and years; “a son of the great Unamis.”*

...

*Turtle

Page 300:

“Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the unchanged race were in the hills of the Yengeese; why have their seats at the council fires of the Delawares been so long empty?”

Page 305:

As for me, sooner or later, I must die; it is therefore fortunate there are but few to make my death-howl.

Page 308:

He was soon followed by another, who stripped the sapling of its branches, leaving it a naked and blazed* trunk.

...

* A tree which has been partially or entirely stripped of its bark is said, in the language of the country, to be “blazed.” The term is strictly English, for a horse is said to be blazed when it has a white mark.

Page 308:

“Manitou! Manitou! Manitou!
Thou art great, thou art good, thou art wise:
Manitou! Manitou!
Thou art just.

“In the heavens, in the clouds, O, I see
Many spots-many dark, many red:
In the heavens, O, I see
Many clouds.

Page 311:

“Ah! I see, lad, the knaves have barked your arm!” added the scout, taking up the limb of the patient sufferer, across which a deep flesh wound had been made by one of the bullets; “but a little bruised **alder** will act like a charm. In the mean time I will wrap it in a badge of wampum!

Page 312:

Here a halt was ordered, and the chiefs were assembled to hold a “whispering council.”

Page 313:

So saying, Hawkeye laid aside his rifle; and crawling through the bushes until within hearing of David, he attempted to repeat the musical effort, which had conducted himself, with so much safety and *éclat*, through the Huron encampment.

Page 314:

There has been much howling and ungodly revelry, together with such sounds as it is profanity to utter, in their habitations within the past hour; so much so, in truth, that I have fled to the Delawares in search of peace.”

Page 315:

CHAPTER XXXII.

But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase
Till the great king, without a ransom is paid.
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.

POPE.

Page 317:

“Remember,” added the scout, tapping his own head significantly on that spot where Gamut was yet sore, “we come to fight, and not to **musickate**. Until the general whoop is given, nothing speaks but the rifle.”

Page 321:

“There speaks the Sagamore!” shouted Hawkeye, answering the cry with his own **stentorian** voice; “we have them now in face and back!”

Page 324:

It was fortunate that the race was of short continuance, and that the white men were much favored by their position, or the Delaware would soon have outstripped all his companions, and fallen a victim to his own temerity.

Page 324:

But Uncas, who had vainly sought him in the **mêlée**, bounded forward in pursuit; Hawkeye, Heyward, and David still pressing on his footsteps.

Page 326:

Magua recoiled a step; and one of his assistants, profiting by the chance, sheathed his own knife in the bosom of Cora.

Page 328 – 329:

The latest straggler had returned from his fell employment, only to strip himself of the terrific emblems of his bloody calling, and to join in the lamentations of his countrymen, as a stricken people.

Page 331:

You see Him not; yet his judgments are before you.

Page 333:

But when they spoke of the future prospects of Cora and Uncas, he shook his head, like one who knew the error of their simple creed, and resuming his reclining attitude, he maintained it until the ceremony, if that might be called a ceremony, in which feeling was so deeply **imbued**, was finished.

Page 333:

The cold and senseless remains of his son was all to him, and every other sense but that of sight seemed frozen, in order that his eyes might take their final gaze at those lineaments he had so long loved, and which were now about to be closed forever from his view.

Page 333 – 334:

“Why hast thou left us, pride of the Wapanachki? He said, addressing himself to the dull ears of Uncas, as if the empty clay retained the faculties of the animated man; “thy time has been like that of the sun when in the trees; thy glory brighter than his light at noonday.

Page 334:

Pride of the Wapanachki, why hast thou left us?

Page 334:

The lips of Chingachgook had so far parted, as to announce that it was the **monody** of the father.

Page 334:

The Delawares, who knew by these symptoms that the mind of their friend was not prepared for so might an effort of fortitude, relaxed in their attention; and, with an innate delicacy, seemed to bestow all their thoughts on the obsequies of the stranger maiden.

Page 335:

Obedient to the sign, the girls raised the bier to the elevation of their heads, and advanced with slow and regulated steps, chanting, as they proceeded, another wailing song in praise of the deceased.

Page 335:

Satisfied with this testimony in their favor, the girls proceeded to deposit the body in a shell, ingeniously, and not inelegantly, fabricated of the bark of the birch; after which they lowered it into its dark and final abode.

Page 337:

Years passed away before the traditionary tale of the white maiden, and of the young warrior of the Mohicans, ceased to beguile the long nights and tedious marches, or to animate their youthful and brave with a desire for vengeance.

Page 338:

The body was deposited in an attitude of repose facing the rising sun, with implements of war and of the chase at hand, in readiness for the final journey.

Page 339:

In the mourning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans.”

THE END.

Notes:

Bold face in notes words belongs to word definition list