

# The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Temperance, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

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Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

## Choice Poetry.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

### GOOD BYE.

BY SARAH S. SOWELL.

Good bye! Good bye! no other word  
Is with such meaning fraught;  
No other wakens with its thrill  
Such deep and varied thought.

Good bye! 'tis breathed in festal throngs,  
With laughing lip and eye;  
When seated in pleasure's rosy light,  
The happy hours float by.

'Tis uttered then by beauty's lips,  
All lightly, carelessly—  
Alas! that sound in future years,  
May bring deep misery.

Good bye! 'tis gently, softly breathed  
In the fair maiden's ear,  
With fond regret, yet full of joy,  
For Hope sits smiling near.

Good bye! from hearts that love too well,  
Yet still must love in vain;  
It struggles up in agony,  
While hot tears fall like rain.

'Tis uttered with a silent prayer,  
From the fond mother's heart,  
When her son goes forth in pride and joy,  
In life to bear his part.

Good bye! 'tis breathed in trembling tones,  
As the young bride goes forth,  
From her childhood's home, henceforth to be  
The light of another hearth.

But deepest, holiest is its power,  
When'er our loved ones fall  
The shadows of the gloomy vale,  
Like a dim funeral pall.

And like a voice from the Spirit land,  
A gentle low-breathed sigh,  
Comes faintly on the list'ner's ear,  
The last fond word, good bye!

Good bye! 'tis heard by high and low,  
In cottage, tower and hall,  
Where'er man's voice may ever sound,  
Or life's footsteps fall.

Good bye! 'tis heard in every clime,  
O'er all the blushing earth—  
It bath all tones of love and joy,  
Of hope, and grief, and mirth.

But in the land of love and light,  
O'er Jordan's farther shore,  
Where God shall wipe all tears away,  
Good bye is heard no more!

Shiloh, May, 1855.

## DIORAMA.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

### EVENING MUSINGS—MUSIC.

Music! How sweet the name, but far sweeter the sound. O how I love thy bewitching strains, thy soul stirring power, thou hast an influence and we wonder not that Shakespeare said that "he who loves not music has no soul and is not fit to be trusted;" or Luther, when he said "they who love not music and are not moved by the concord of sweet sounds, were fit for treason, murder and depravity of every species.

Music elevates our thoughts and if properly cultivated, lifts our minds from earth and makes us look away to that bright world where music is in all its purity. Often as we have listened to the soul moving power of music, we have for the moment forgot we were mortal and imagined ourselves soaring among the celestial regions listening to the harp of the blest. David says in the 81st Psalm, "sing aloud unto God make a joyful noise, take a Psalm and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow upon the trumpet, again in the 150th psalm he says, "praise God with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psaltery and harp, with timbrel, stringed instruments and organs, and upon loud cymbals," so that we find music to be of no modern origin but that it was practiced by angels led by Gabriel of the high choir of Heaven. Why is it that music properly appreciated awakes within us such holy emotions, such sublime thoughts, such elevated conceptions; is it not because it makes us think of Heaven? We remember reading of Swartz the missionary to India, who for 48 years was a devoted servant of God, when he came to die he lay for a time apparently lifeless, one of his friends supposing he was actually dead, began to chant over his remains, a stanza of a favorite hymn, which

they used to sing together, to soothe each other in his lifetime. The verses were sung through without a motion or sign of life from the still form before him, but when the last clause was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death, took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with a distinct and sweet utterance and then was hushed and heard no more. The soul rose with the last strain. Is not this touching and beautiful, that God has created sweet sounds to soothe the mind and rejoice the heart and as were to usher it in to the celestial country. Reader, bear with us if we are somewhat enthusiastic when speaking of this subject, we have cause to be so; we once had a beloved sister when God had endowed with superior musical talents, and when she sung her whole soul seemed engaged in the piece she was performing, and although she has long since gone to the better land and we believe is now singing in the orchestra of Heaven, yet methinks I can now hear a plaintive voice in that sublime composition of the blind Preacher, "There's nothing true but Heaven" (a favorite piece with her). For some time previous to her death music seemed to be her solace, all who came in her room she would request to sing. Often as I gazed upon her emaciated form wasting away by the ravages of consumption, I have thought her too pure for earth, and God called her home to play upon a harp in Heaven. A man whom we will call Havlin, a strict member of the Society of Friends or Quakers, had a son, a boy of some twelve years who had imbibed a great passion for music, this he it is known, is against the Quaker discipline, and the son was severely reprimanded for his fault as the father termed it. Notwithstanding, the boy improved every opportunity of learning music, and by the assistance of one skilled in the science he soon learned to play upon the violin; though not allowed to do so at home, he would take his music and going down to the bank of a river near by would sometimes become so absorbed in what he was playing as to forget all else; in this position his father had more than once found him and chastised him in no pleasant terms which he bore patiently. The boy naturally delicate was soon called to die and while his friends were standing by his bedside, and his last hour had high come, he suddenly exclaimed, "Hark father, don't thee hear that music, O father listen, don't thee hear the angels with their harps and don't thee hear them singing, I shall soon be there father, I am going to play music in Heaven, father farewell." About a year after this, an old man might have seen passing through the different Quaker settlements, proposing and urging an alteration in their form of worship and that music and singing would be edifying to their spiritual welfare; the reader can infer who he was.

The great German composer Mozart when about to die, his soul still full of music as it had been in his lifetime, called his wife unto him and requested her to sit down to the piano and sing and play his last piece, "The Requiem." She did so, and that great mind whom God had endowed with such wonderful musical powers, took its flight from earth, wafted by music. Reader, we have already pursued this subject further than we purposed—but we are passionately fond of music, and if we have wearied your patience a little, bear with us and attribute it to our love for one of the most delightful sciences upon the earth, that of Music. Yours, &c., IDA.

## TEMPER.

How many members of the human family are made miserable by temper! How many households are rendered unhappy! How fiend-like and furious is the ungovernable spirit, which constantly frets, complains, and denounces. Many a murder has been prompted through the agency of an unhappy temper. Many an act has been perpetrated which has been the fruitful source of agony and remorse hourly. We see them in the social circles "in which we move and mingle," and we read them in the details of passion and of crime, with which the public journals are so constantly occupied. Self-government is, indeed, one of the most difficult of lessons. Our passions and our prejudices are constantly obtaining the mastery over us.

And so also, our interests, our frailties, and ambition. But temper may be said to influence the whole current of life—the little stream that commences in childhood, and the deep river of more mature years, and even the sluggish flow that moves onward to the grave. An eminent writer has said that "a good temper will bring sweet waters from the very rock of the desert, while a bad one will open a bitter fountain of Meribah at every stage of the pilgrimage." This is true, and as beautiful as true. But how shall the good be realized? How shall the character be so formed, the heart so moulded, and the disposition so trained, as to secure the desired prize the precious blessing—a calm, tranquil, generous and gentle temper? It is only by the education that may be obtained in the first place, in the family circle—and in the second, in the primary school. It is there that strong impressions are made, early principles are inculcated, undying precepts are imbibed, and the gems of the early nature are cultivated and expanded. "It is there," to quote from a finished and elegant essay—"that humanity and tenderness to inferiors, both in domestic rank and animal life, must be first taught. The tendency to tease a weaker child, annoy

a servant, or torment a helpless animal until it falls panting and exhausted, and dies in agony—has its origin in thoughtlessness. If not checked, it will blunt the finer sensibilities of the soul, and make the character cruel, and unamiable. These and similar disposition and habits, must be softened amidst the gentle charities of the fireside and home, or the hardened rind of other propensities will make many a painful effort needful to envelop these neglected germs." And so with every other plume of moral character, and of intellectual culture. All have their influence in the training and development of the temper. "The self-command, the forbearance, the forgiveness, the generous endurance of suffering, and the restraint of vindictive emotions that are repelled in good temper, must be developed in early life, or they will be obtained with great difficulty later. They must be educated in the family." They must form features of every-day scenes and incidents. They must grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength. The training of the mind, the heart and the soul, is truly a task of the highest responsibility. Inasmuch as the child is father to the man—inasmuch as the honor, the prosperity, and the happiness of after life may be said to depend upon the lessons of home and the government of temper—how essential, how important, that these should be cared for with the utmost assiduity! And yet, in what branch of human duty are there more errors and omissions? How many tempers are spoiled by over indulgence. How many are soured and vitiated for life by intemperance, tyranny or unkindness! Temper is, to a certain extent a habit. It may be moulded or untrained, according to the means of culture and the atmosphere and associations of youth. But when once impaired it may never be wholly restored. "The dawn of the peach once lost, can never be brought back again." The glow of youth, once departed can never be revived in all its pristine beauty. And what after all, is more inestimable—what a greater source of happiness, not only to ourselves but to others, than a generous, a gentle, a nicely-balanced temper? It is as a beam of sunshine on a cloudy day. It is as a ray of heaven in a wicked world.

It softens and sweetens the intercourse between man; it breaks down the barriers of egotism and ill-will, that so often obtrude; it soothes and salces in the hour of sorrow and misfortune, and thus it is a constant blessing. Nay! it encourages and stimulates virtue, for it indicates the exercise of all the gentler amenities of our nature and shrinks instinctively from the ways of error and of crime. Alas! on the other hand for the individual who is cursed with an unhappy temper, who miserably himself, delights in the miseries of others. He looks upon the world with a prejudiced eye, and sees everywhere around him, anxiety and pain, and care and discontent. He is possessed of a fund, in some sense, the foul demon of evil temper, and he wanders among his fellow creatures, restless, dissatisfied, moody and discontented. The bitter lessons of his youth are with him forever, and the evil spirit that was cherished and nourished in his childhood, the wretched temper that was there and then fostered and created, from the shadow and the curse of his existence. Let us then, if we would make a bright future for our offspring, and enable them to live so as to govern themselves and triumph over their own passions, watch vigilantly and sleeplessly, from the first manifestation of temper. The moral fever must be destroyed in its incipency, or it will ever after be consuming fire.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

### NOTINGS, No. 5.

"Tis late before  
The brave despair."  
We determined to make the best of the misfortune—leisurely feasted ourselves upon oysters, after which we retired for the night, or rather for a part of it—giving orders to be called at two, in time for the mail train for Buffalo.

Oct. 21st.—This morning we were awakened—"feeling awful"—yes, we had our "feelings," as soon as awoke we were conscious—compared our time and found we had just a little more than one minute and a half to dress, wash, &c., and walk a quarter of a mile to the depot; well, after much puffing and blowing, it was all performed, and we stepped on board just as they were leaving, after we had breathed sufficiently long to speak, some very little things were said about the kindness, punctuality, &c., of Hotel keepers, and Hotel boys. We now proceeded at a pace little exceeding that of a West Jersey land-terrapin; my friend Tom, an active go-ahead Yankee from R. I., muttered some things unlawful for me to say; the substance was—"—mail trains, if I ever get to B. you'll never catch me on another," at nine A. M., we arrived in Buffalo; being travelling since two, only two hours ride by the Express train.

Buffalo is a large and important place situated upon Lake Erie, and commands a large part of the trade of Western N. Y., several important Railroads, terminate here, but our stay was short, we shall be deprived of the pleasure of noting much.

The steambot does not leave here until nine at night, we concluded to visit Niagara; fare fifty cents, at twelve we started.

I was much surprised in the appearance of the country upon the route; judging from the log cabins, and other indications of a newly settled country, I should conclude this part of N. Y. had been recently settled; the soil very fertile; the distance being about thirty miles, is soon passed, and we find ourselves at Niagara—a town of Hotels.

"Nature Great Parent whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeable year"  
Has brought again the chilly October winds,  
and compelled the butterflies of fashion to seek  
the noisy city. The husband hunter; the  
wife seeker; the licentious libertine; the painted  
harlot, the rich and the poor, the votaries  
of fashion, the lover of Nature; all have sought  
their homes, and a deathlike stillness has settled  
over the place so lately the scene of so  
much apparent unsullied pleasure. It is  
some distance from the Depot to the Falls, as  
we prefer walking, we decline all offers of a  
"carriage," we soon arrive upon the ground,  
pass by a dusky form, robe of a race once nu-  
merous as the leaves upon the trees now scat-  
tered and gone. She has curiosities—Indian  
trinkets exposed for sale, but as we have no  
"dear ones" at home we do not care to pur-  
chase. From my earliest recollection I re-  
sented a strong desire to see the Falls, and  
oh! what emotions filled my mind at this time;  
leaving my companions far in the rear I im-  
patiently hastened forward; on it is that my  
long cherished hope is about to be realized?  
And am I to gaze upon this famed cataract?  
Yes, even now I hear its deafening roar; a  
moment more and we stand upon its banks—  
"humbly" is the first expression, is this all of  
Niagara? I turned away disappointed; it is  
proposed we cross over—entered a frame build-  
ing, where we found a small car, with a rope  
attached to a windlass and to the car, by  
which means we could be drawn up or down  
for a "sixpence"—distance, three hundred  
feet, as we have a natural disposition to avoid  
as much labor as possible, we pay our fare,  
step in and glide smoothly down, as we glide  
down the stream of life.

The vanity of human life is like a river,  
constantly passing away, and yet constantly  
coming on.

Even so luxuriant men, unheeding pass  
An idle Summer—Life in Fortinis shoes  
A season's glitter: Thus thy flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
Thy blown away by death, Oblivion comes  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

At the bottom we found a small skiff, in  
which we stepped, a few moments more and  
we stood upon the shore of Queen Vio's Land  
—a country ruled by a Sovereign. The banks  
here are very high, and the road necessarily  
takes a circuitous route in order to reach the  
top, carriages are constantly in readiness to  
accommodate the public, we "take" one, and  
while we are leisurely pursuing our way let  
us think; it is good to think.

"Whatever that he, which thinks, which  
understands, which wills, which acts, it is  
something celestial and Divine; and upon that  
account, must necessarily be eternal."

On the opposite side is the United States;  
glorious country, noble country, free country;  
yes I love my native land; her green fields,  
noble mountains and broad rivers. "This here  
we are taught that every man is a Nobleman."  
"This here we are taught the beauty and con-  
sistency of a Republican Government." "This  
here in our own country we are taught to com-  
pare the free institutions of our country, with  
the tyrannical usurpation of Kings and Em-  
perors, and the oppression felt in Kingdoms  
and Empires. We are treading the soil gov-  
erned by a King; can we love it as we love  
our native soil? But hark! that groan of an-  
guish, borne by the free winds of Heaven  
from the slave fields of the South, yes in that  
free country with its Church spires towering  
to Heaven, and where Sabbath after Sabbath  
the Gospel of the Prince of peace is preached,  
and all are invited to come and partake of its  
goodness, three millions of human beings are  
bound in the cursed galling chains of Slavery  
and perchance, one of those doomed victims  
should escape the human fiends and blood-  
hounds of the South, a cursed fugitive Slave  
Law, with a grasp more loathsome than that  
of the venomous spider drag him back, but  
should he feel that

"The love of Liberty with life is given,  
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven."  
And struggle against every obstacle, until  
he finds rest beneath the flag of a monar-  
chical government, then can he exclaim—  
"One word alone can paint to thee  
That more than feeling—I am free!"

Strange! passing strange that man should  
be compelled to flee from a free country to  
enjoy freedom in a country ruled by a Sovereign,  
yes we feel thankful that there is an  
Asylum ever there, and we would almost ex-  
claim, "God save the Queen!" R.

From Graham's Magazine.  
**THE INDIAN AND THE BEAR.**  
Or How Bruin Hunted the Red Skin.

Many years ago there lived among the Ojib-  
ways a great hunter, named Ish-pau-be-ku,  
or the "High Rock;" he grew so expert in all  
kinds of hunting, that he would start out in  
the morning from his lodge, without any weap-  
on but his knife, and he never failed, upon his  
return, to bring with him plenty of meat for  
his family.

One evening, a number of old warriors and  
young braves were sitting around the fire; the  
old men were telling tales of their youthful  
days, and the young men were listening with  
respectful attention.

The old man spoke of the white bear, of his  
great sagacity and cunning, of his prodigious  
strength, and of his knowledge of the past  
and the future.

"The Ojibways believe that the white bear,  
[as well as many other animals, are not only  
intimately acquainted with passing events, but  
that they also possess a knowledge of the past,  
and a prophetic insight into the future.]"  
Ish-pau-be-ku came into the lodge, and al-  
though yet a very young man, his great repu-  
tation as a brave and a hunter, entitled him to  
enter into conversation with the old men;  
whilst it was the duty of other young men of  
the same age to hear the words of the aged,  
and be silent.

Ish-pau-be-ku sneered at the tale which  
the old men told of the white bear. He had  
met, single-handed, all the wild beasts that  
roamed over the plains and through the groves  
of the country, and had invariably come off  
conqueror; but the white bear he had never  
yet seen; for as a stranger to his heart, and  
constant success had made him vain; there-  
fore, he laughed at the old men's stories, and  
said that he hoped he might some day meet a  
white bear, alone, on the prairie; and though  
he might have no weapon with him but his  
knife, yet would he bring home the hide of the  
bear to place on his bed, and his flesh to make  
a great feast for the tribe. Then an old grey-  
haired chief, whose name was O-zah-wah-  
wah-ne-kaw-ut, or the "Blue Cloud," spoke  
thus to Ish-pau-be-ku:—

"My son, be careful what words you speak,  
the spirits of the rocks and trees, who know  
all that we do, and hear all that we say, will  
carry your words to the white bear; the white  
bear cannot be insulted with impunity; and  
you may pay the penalty of your idle words  
with your life!"

Ish-pau-be-ku would not retract his  
words, but insisted that he was able to cope,  
single-handed, armed with no weapon but his  
trusty knife, with the largest white bear that  
ever roamed in their hunting grounds.

Many days passed by, and the chiefs deter-  
mined to have a great medicine dance, before  
starting off for the annual hunt. All the  
young men were busy making ornaments to  
decorate their persons for the great medicine  
dance. Ish-pau-be-ku said, "I will go and  
catch a grey eagle, and make myself a head-  
dress with his feathers."

He started off with no weapon but his knife,  
and the young man said—"How can he catch  
an eagle? we cannot even get nigh enough to  
shoot one, and Ish-pau-be-ku talks of catch-  
ing them?" But Ish-pau-be-ku knew what  
he was doing, he had often caught eagles be-  
fore.

Ish-pau-be-ku first directed his steps to-  
ward a tamarack swamp, where thousands of  
white rabbits might be seen frisking about, at  
all hours of the day. Peeling some strips  
of Indian bark, he soon manufactured a snare,  
and setting it in his own ingenious manner,  
he caught three rabbit alive, in a very  
short time. Tying the rabbit to his belt, he  
left the swamp, and turned his steps across  
the wide prairie, toward a high rock where  
the eagles built their nests. This was the  
same rock from which he derived his name,  
in consequence of its being the scene of some  
distinguished exploit of his youth.

With his knife he commenced digging up  
the soft sand of the prairie, and throwing it  
out with his hand; he worked until he had  
completed a trench about eighteen inches in  
depth, and of length and breadth sufficient to  
allow him to lie down in it all full length. He  
now collected a quantity of grass, and then  
lying down on his back in the trench he had  
dug, he proceeded to cover himself completely  
with the grass; in this he succeeded so well,  
that at the distance of a few paces no person  
could have been aware of his presence. He  
now untied the rabbit from his belt, and firmly  
grasping one of its hind legs with his left hand,  
he exposed it to sight on the prairie; and the  
hunter knew by experience, that the struggles  
of the rabbit to escape would soon attract the  
attention of the eagles, and he intended, when  
the royal bird should swoop on his prey, to  
grapple with him boldly, and, though the bird  
might prove a powerful adversary, he had no  
doubts of the ultimate result of the battle.

Suddenly the rabbit was struck whirling into  
the air, and the astonished hunter, removing  
his eyes from the eagles on the top of the cliff,  
standing over him an immense white bear, ap-  
parently contemplating with great curiosity  
the exposed hand of the hunter, which still  
grasped the bleeding leg of the unfortunate  
rabbit.

Ish-pau-be-ku instinctively closed his eyes  
and feigned the death which he had every rea-  
son to believe would soon be his portion.—  
Meanwhile the bear was making further ad-  
vance; he soon removed the grass with which  
Ish-pau-be-ku had covered himself, and he  
obtained a full view of the body, which lay  
before him in its shallow grave, apparent-  
ly as devoid of life or motion, as though it  
had been buried there for many days past.

To satisfy his doubts, the bear placed one  
of his huge paws under the hunter's body, and  
tossed him out of the trench, with as much  
ease as he had struck the rabbit from the  
hunter's hand. Ish-pau-be-ku lay in the  
same position in which he fell; he never mov-  
ed a muscle, and whilst the bear was smelling  
his mouth and nostrils, to ascertain whether  
or not he was breathing, and was tossing him  
about from side to side, he counterfeited death  
so perfectly, that the bear was almost convin-  
ced that he beheld before him nothing but a  
lifeless carcass.

"The Ojibways believe that the white bear  
will not delude himself by feeding on, or even  
mutilating a dead body; hence the reason why  
the bear of our story is so anxious to ascer-  
tain whether the hunter is alive or not."

Nevertheless, he has still some doubts re-  
maining, and walking off some thirty or forty  
paces, he concealed himself behind a group  
of the large gopher hills, which are so com-  
mon on the western prairies. From this po-  
sition he would reconnoitre every few min-  
utes the body of the Indian, which still lay  
in the same position as though life had been extinct  
for a century. Ish-pau-be-ku had, however,  
raised his eyelids sufficiently to enable him  
to discover the motions of the bear; he could  
see the head of the animal appearing at short  
intervals, from behind the gopher hill, and  
after taking a slight observation; it would  
bob down again.

He observed also that the intervals between  
these motions of the bear's head gradually

increased in length, and once, when at least  
fifteen minutes had elapsed without the bear's  
head reappearing, Ish-pau-be-ku determined  
to effect a change in the relative positions of  
the bear and himself.

Again the bear looked slyly out from be-  
hind the gopher hill, and again withdrew his  
head; scarcely was this motion performed be-  
fore Ish-pau-be-ku was on his feet, and fly-  
ing with the fleetness of the rein-deer across  
the prairie toward the tamarack swamp. It  
might have been a half hour before the bear  
again looked out from his hiding place, when  
a few bounds brought him to the spot where  
he had last seen the body. Here, taking the  
track of Ish-pau-be-ku, he was soon in full  
pursuit, and when the hunter entered the  
tamarack swamp, the bear was close at his  
heels. Ish-pau-be-ku had just reached the  
topmost branches of a large tamarack tree,  
when the bear took up his position at the  
roots. Unlike his black brethren, the  
white bear is no climber, and Ish-pau-be-ku  
was now beyond his reach; but determined  
not to be cheated of his prey, he immediately  
commenced digging and gnawing the roots of  
the tree with care, until he had succeeded in  
bringing down the trunk to the ground. The  
bear perceived with chagrin that Ish-pau-be-  
ku had caught the limb of another tree, and  
was still beyond his reach; and so closely  
grew the tamaracks, that if the bear fell  
the one the Indian now occupied, it was cer-  
tain in falling to carry him straight into the  
branches of another.

The bear now resumed his old tactics; walk-  
ing some distance from the occupied tree, he  
hid down in a place concealed from the view  
of the Indian, and, by poking out his  
head from time to time, he could observe all  
that was going on in the tree.

Ish-pau-be-ku now commenced construct-  
ing from the small branches of the tamarack,  
an image as much like his own form as possi-  
ble, and with the assistance of his belt, breech-  
cloth, leggings, and head-dress, he soon had  
a figure that at a distance would closely re-  
semble a man. Waiting his opportunity  
when the bear had been taking an observation  
and had again withdrawn his head, Ish-pau-  
be-ku fixed the image in his place, and slid-  
ing swiftly down the tree, again trusted to his  
speed to save his life.

Unfortunately the very means he had taken  
to secure his escape became the cause of a  
speedier pursuit by the bear. A slight gust  
of wind shook the image from its position,  
and down it came to the ground; instantly the  
bear had it in his grasp, and, detecting the  
cheat, hastened to the foot of the tree; took  
hold of the bear's tail, and was away in pur-  
suit of the fugitive who was scarce half a mile  
in advance.

Ish-pau-be-ku's course brought him to the  
shore of a small lake, in the centre of the  
tamarack swamp; he reached the shore at a  
point where he had once found and taken a  
bee-tree; and a piece of the large hollow trunk  
about twelve feet long was still lying where  
he had left it; into this he had just, (impos-  
sible to crawl, when his pursuer reached the  
spot.

The aperture through the centre of the log,  
though large enough to admit a man, would  
not be much as let in the head of a white bear;  
so Bruin, after rolling the log over several  
times without effecting anything, exerted his  
prodigious strength, grasped it round the cen-  
tre and waded with it into the lake. Run-  
ning one end of the log far beneath the sur-  
face of the water, and there was the bear, and  
he was able to force it, he looked up and  
saw Ish-pau-be-ku exposed to sight; in-  
stantly reversing the log, he immersed the  
other end, and looking up again; he popped  
his head and legs of the Indian, who, though  
unable to turn round, had climbed up feet  
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