CHAPTER III.

The Panther—Wild Cat—Adventure of Sally Whitaker in the present territory of York—The last Panther seen on Long-Cane—Old John Ravelin and Capt. John Sanders—The Catamount—Adventure on Indian Creek—The Wolf—Adventure of Robert Long on Duncan's Creek—Old James Mosely near Grindal's Shoals, &c.

After the Indians, the most troublesome enemies with which the early settlers had to contend were the panther, wolf, and wild cat. They prowled around their houses at night, and so frequent were their onslaughts on the folds and poultry yards, that it was difficult for them to keep any domestic animals at all.

The panther, although by nature cowardly, and always ready to flee at the sight of a human being, yet when wounded or pressed by hunger, became exceedingly bold and ferocious. While hunting its prey it was not unfrequently known to leap fearlessly into the very midst of the pioneer's households. We were shown near the Ennoree, on a part of the very scene, where in after years the gallant Williams and Clark charged with fearful energy upon far different prey, the site of a ruined cabin, through the door of which a panther, one night, leaped over the shoulders of one Mrs. Ford.

This animal, when thoroughly aroused, was undoubtedly more formidable than any other in all this portion of the American Continent. The Indians called it the *cat of God*, and selected it as one of their great religious emblems. Their male children were made to sleep upon its skin, from infancy to manhood, that they might imbibe from it some portion of the cunning, strength, and prodigious spring of the animal to which it belonged. On the same principle their female offspring were reared on the soft skins of fawns and buffalo calves, that they might become gentle and obedient.

The panther has borne different names among the white settlers who took possession of his solitudes. He has been called the American lion, the tiger, and cougar; and his claims to be ranked with the king of beasts, or the great tiger of India, will hardly be disputed on the score of deficiency of size and strength, when it is related that individuals have been killed, in the woods of Carolina, measuring three feet in height, and eight feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. Audubon fixes his average weight at one hundred and fifty pounds. His body was larger than the common sheep, and when seen in the forest appeared precisely of the same color with the Virginia deer."*

The usual cry of the panther when prowling in the woods, was exceeding melancholy, and so nearly resembling the distressed wail of an infant, as to

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* The jaguar of South America is the nearest relative of the panther.

be sometimes mistaken for that of a child lost in the forest, even by those accustomed to his habits.

It is related of a Miss Sally Whitaker, of whose heroism and romantic wanderings on the singular mountain, in York District, that still bears her name, we found some traditions, that on one occasion when strolling alone on the mountain, she caught, as she imagined, the sound of a child's cry in the distance; all her sympathies were instantly aroused, and quickening her pace in the direction whence it came, she found it grew rapidly more and more distinct, till, at last, it seemed to proceed from a covert near at hand; she pressed forward with increased eagerness, and drawing aside the intervening grass and bushes, discovered—not a child—but face to face with her, a large American lion. It is not related how she extricated herself from the dilemma; but the assertion may be ventured that the panther scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him, while Sally Whitaker neither fainted on the spot nor ran off in the opposite direction.

The Cherokees used to affirm that they had often come upon the panther, in the woods, lying at rest between two deer that he had just taken and killed. And they invidiously compared him, when thus situated, to the white man, who, they said, instead of being satisfied, like the Indian, with enough for his present necessities, and no more, was covetously eager, as the cougar, to pile around him far more property and substance than it was possible for him to consume upon himself.

It was about the year 1797 that old John Ravelin and Capt. John Sanders killed the last panther on Long-Cane Creek. The incident is related as follows by an old man yet living:* "When a small boy, I went up, on one occasion, from the vicinity of old Cambridge to visit an aunt, Mrs. Archy McCoy, who lived on the place now occupied by Mrs. John Kellar. Her house stood about eighty yards from the road, on the side opposite to the present buildings. Late the following night, I was awaked from a sound sleep by dismal screams, which seemed to come at regular intervals from the direction of Long-Cane Creek. Much frightened, for I had never before heard so strange a cry, I aroused my aunt, and asked her what it meant? After listening a moment, she told me to go to sleep again, that it was only the scream of the panther in the swamp. Very early next morning word was sent to John Ravelin and Capt. Sanders, that a panther had been heard in the swamp the previous night. These men were famous hunters at that period, and lived but a short distance from my aunt's."† Nothing pleased them better than the excitement of an ordinary hunt, but the prospect of a rare adventure with a panther kindled all the enthusiasm of their youth.

With their dogs and rifles they were soon on the ground, and almost as soon in hot pursuit of the game. It gave them a chase of several miles; but,

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* J. Pert, Senr.

† Sanders lived at Westley Cromer's place. Ravelin lower down the creek.

at length was forced by the dogs to take a tree, from which it was brought to the ground by a few well directed shots, when the dogs rushing upon it, quickly finishing the work. This was probably the last panther that lingered in the swamps of Long-Cane. This creek, we learned from old men, was celebrated in early times both for its panthers and wild cats.

During the day, these animals were accustomed, like their kind, to keep themselves close in their dens of the cane-brakes, and under the rocks of the granite ridges; but at night, crept stealthily out in quest of food, and often rendered their neighborhood dismal with melancholy cries.

The chief food of the panther in primitive times, was the flesh of deer; to which, after the founding of the English settlements, he added the easier prey of the sluggish hog, and other domestic animals. Of all the beasts of Carolina, he was the most destructive to the interests of the pioneers, and most dreaded for his strength and fierceness when encountered in the woods. Like the cat, he was particularly clean and nice in his habits; whatever was left, after gorging himself from the victims of a night's hunt, he covered up carefully in the leaves, for another repast; but if, in the mean time, any other animal disturbed it, he would eat no more of it. In his moments of fondness, he purred precisely like the cat; but if taken when young, no care nor training could ever win him from his savage nature and habits. When first encountered in the forest by the

hunter, he was exceedingly cowardly, the least dog could hurry him into a tree; the wary woodsman knew well, however, the importance of giving him a fatal shot at the first fire; for if he came to the ground only slightly wounded and enraged, the battle upon him was terrible. When wounded he is said to have hallooed like a man.

The flesh of this animal had a tempting appearance, and many, in old times, were in the habit of eating it with as much relish as that of the bear. The Indians made from his skin their best gloves, and shoes for their women.

Adair says, that no savages were equal to the Choctaws in killing bears, panthers, and wild cats, which resort in thick cane swamps, that are sometimes two or three miles wide, and a hundred in length, without any break on either side of the stream.

The American panther, though no longer found in this region, is still abundant from the 60th degree of north latitude to the extreme southern point of South America—being more widely distributed than any other species of his numerous family.

The wild cat was once exceedingly numerous and destructive, and when wounded no mean antagonist for the hunter. It is now well nigh extinct; an occasional straggler may sometimes still be chased into the deepest solitudes of the large river swamps, but not one in ten thousand of the present inhabitants of the upper-country, ever saw a native speci-

men of the race. In 1856, however, it was advertised by an amateur huntsman* on the Savannah, that he had just killed in a swamp of that stream, after a hard struggle, a large wild cat.

A larger, and once well known species of the wild cat, the active catamount, or cat of the mountain, has almost become a creature of fable; yet the first settlers on the streams of the upper-country often suffered severely by his fierceness and rapacity.

A few years ago, a man, while passing through a forest on Indian creek, of Newberry District, was startled by seeing a strange animal run into a tree not far from him; but he could give it no name; he had never before beheld such a creature. Others attracted by his calls soon came to the spot; and presently half the sober neighborhood had collected around the tree to witness the extraordinary sight. They, at length, dispatched it with their rifles and dogs, and having submitted the carcass to competent authority, it was pronounced a catamount, and was no doubt the last representative of its kind in all that region.

The wild cat might have been called the American leopard; for he was often quite spotted, though not so beautiful as that animal. Like all his kind, he was a beast of prey, and, next to the panther, the most blood-thirsty, fierce and destructive in the woods of Carolina. A great leaper, and little swift of foot, he took his prey by stealth and cunning. It was his

* J. W. Jones, Esq., published that year, in the Abbeville Banner, that he had killed a wild cat on the Savannah.

habit, as well as the panther's, to conceal himself in the thick brush of some overhanging tree or bush, and spring suddenly upon any animal passing in his reach, with which he could safely contend. The Indians declared it was no unusual sight, in their woods, to see a wild cat clinging to the back of a hapless deer, running at the top of its speed, upon which he had just sprung from his ambush; and though the frightened animal plunged madly through brakes and brambles, in its efforts to throw off its deadly foe, he would never relinquish his hold, but continue to suck the hot blood of his victim till it fell from sheer weakness and exhaustion; after which he devoured, at his leisure, as much of the carcass as he could gorge, and left the rest to other animals less nice than himself. The thick, warm fur of this animal was in great repute among the Indians.

Of all the wild animals, however, which the old settlers found in these woods, none proved more troublesome or destructive than the wolf. It was exceedingly numerous, abounding in the coverts of both the uplands and swamps. Stealthy, sagacious, swift of foot, and insatiably rapacious, only its utter extermination relieved the pioneer from its ravages. Rendered savage and desperate by famine, which was not unfrequently the case in the long cold winters of primitive times, the belated settler or traveler knew well the danger of encountering a pack of them when alone on the path. Many instances are still related of men passing alone through the forests, who, hearing the distant yelp of hungry wolves in

hot pursuit of them, quickly divested themselves of every incumbrance, and ran for their lives to the nearest settlement.

Robert Long, one of the first settlers of Duncan's Creek, in the vicinity of the Old Church, was, one winter's night, returning home through the swamp, with several carpenter's tools upon his shoulder, when he heard behind him the familiar howl of a pack of wolves hunting in a body for their prey; apprehending his danger he quickly threw down his load, and setting off, did not cease to run till he found himself safe within the door of his house.

An old pioneer of the Pacolet, near Grindal's Shoals, James Mosely, who was famous as a hunter and woodsman, and at a later day as an intrepid whig scout, was late one evening returning from a hunt in which he had taken a small deer, that he carried on his shoulder. The wolves got a scent of the game, and were soon howling on the trail of the hunter. He heard them, and knew that an effort must be made to save both himself and his deer. Turning a little from the path he hastily sunk the carcass in a creek, and running some distance further, just had time to climb with his rifle into the branches of a post oak tree, as the pack came up in full cry. It was now too dark for him to use his rifle with effect, and he silently watched them as they circled, incessantly yelping and barking around him.

They bayed him in this manner all night. At the approach of day, however, their circle began to grow larger; and as soon as he could see through his

sights he singled out the leader of the troop and shot him; the rest instantly ran off to their dens. Mosely was afterwards asked why he did not fire among them sooner? He replied that he was perfectly safe in the tree, but felt a sort of pride in waiting till daylight that he might pick off the leader and the largest of the gang.

The venerable tree connected with this story is still a living witness of the occurrence, and known to all the surrounding country as Mosely's Oak; no sacrilegious hand would dare approach it with an axe. It stands immediately on the road leading to Grindal's Shoals, and a short distance from the house of Garland Meng, Esq.

It appears that two distinct species of the wolf were anciently found in Carolina, as well as in Georgia and Florida, the black and the gray. The Indians greatly prized the skin of the former, either on account of its beautiful color, or for some superior quality of its fur.

The gray was the fiercer, and more hardy—better adapted to the long, cold winters of a primitive country. It is now found in great numbers in the high latitudes of Oregon and Washington territories; while the black species is still common in Florida.

The wolf delighted to make his den under large rocks, especially on the elevated sides of craggy precipices and hills, in which places natural cavities were most frequently found. There is scarcely a hollow granite rock in the upper country, or cavernous steep, that did not, when deep buried in its primi-

tive woods, give shelter to some of these prowling pests.

No sooner did the colonists at the mouth of the Ashley and Cooper, begin to extend their settlements, and lay out farms a little way from Charleston towards the interior, than the panther, bear, and wild cat, with the voracious wolf at their head, made such terrible havoc in their poultry yards and folds, as to become a serious obstacle to the further growth and prosperity of the province. Hence among the first statutes of the Assembly, we find stringent laws for the destruction and extirpation of those animals. The first was enacted in March 1695, and is entitled an Act for destroying beasts of prey. The quaint expression, and ancient orthography of these old statutes, are no less historical than the facts to which they relate.

The first reads as follows:

"Be it enacted by his Excellency, William Earl of Craven, Pallatine, and the rest of the true and absolute Lords and Proprietors of the Province of Carolina, by and with the advice, and consent of the rest of the members of the General Assembly now met at Charlestowne for the south-west part of this Province. That every Indian bowman, capable to kill deere as aforesaid, of the several nations of Indians before named, shall sometime before the twenty-fifth day of November, one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, and soe yearly for ever, bring in to such person as shall be appoynted by the Governor

for the tyme one woolfe's skinn, or one tiger's skinn, or one beare skinn, or two catt skinns. And if any Indian as aforesaid, shall not bring in to the receiver, one wolfes skinn, or one tigers skinn, or two catt skinns, the casique or cheife of every nation, together with assistance of his captains, and those men which have before delivered to the receiver as before appoynted, is hereby required, the Indian or Indians soe neglecting, to bring to Charlestowne some time before the twenty-fifth day of December one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, and soe yearly forever, and the same there upon his bare back, severely whipp in sight of the inhabitants of said towne, which *whipping shall be instead of that skinn, which otherwise the saide Indian ought to have given to the receiver.* And all and every of the several nations of Indians before named, which shall neglect or refuse to bring skinns as appoynted, or in lieu thereof to punish by whipping every severall neglecting Indian of their respective nations, shall be, and declared to be out of the protection of this Government, and shall not designedly receive any benefit thereby."

Surely nothing short of a pressing necessity could have urged the enactment of a law so stringent and unjust as this towards the Indians.

The next legislation on the same subject followed in 1700; and in this statute may be observed a marked improvement, not only in orthography, but also in justice and practical wisdom. Instead of

compulsion under the penalty of the whipping-post, the Indian hunters are to receive a pecuniary reward for their useful services:

"And be it enacted that whatsoever white man shall destroy and kill, wolf, tyger, wild catt, or bear, shall have ten shillings for each, bringing the head thereof to the next justice as above exprest; and every Indian for killing every wolf, tyger or wild catt, shall have for each five shillings, to be paid by the justice, and be reimbursed by the receiver; and the heads of the said beasts are presently to be burnt or their ears cut off, in the presence of them that brings the same."*

Three years after, nearly the same statute was re-enacted; it differed from the last only in the fact, that but half the premium of ten shillings was now offered for the head of a wild cat. This animal had, perhaps, already become scarce in the vicinity of Charleston, or less aggressive in his habits.

But the settlements of Carolina were gradually extending towards the interior, and thence to the wild, unoccupied haunts of the upper-country; and in process of time, the homesteads and farms on the Saluda, Broad, Tyger, and Ennoree Rivers, and Fishing, Fair-Forest, and Long-Cane creeks, required the same fostering care of the Legislative authorities to protect them from the destructive encroachments of the same animals of prey.

We find among the statutes, therefore, acts similar to the above, frequently repeated, and continued in

* Statutes of South Carolina. Vol. 2d.

force for a limited period. The last that was probably enacted is before us, passed by the State Legislature in March 1786, and entitled an Act to encourage the destroying of beasts of prey:

"Whereas it is found necessary to give some encouragement to the destroying of beasts of prey, which, of late, have been very mischievous to some of the interior parts of the State; it is therefore ordained, that every person, who shall hereafter kill, in this State, any of the beasts of prey herein mentioned, shall have the following rewards: for a panther or tiger ten shillings; for a wolf ten shillings; for a wild cat five shillings. He shall carry the scalp and two ears of such beasts to any justice of the peace, and receive from him, on proof of the same, a certificate gratis."*

It is not a little surprising that notwithstanding these strong measures so long enforced, and the rapid increase of the population, who laid bare the country, and found exciting sport, as well as profit, in an incessant war upon these obnoxious animals, they continued for so many years to subsist in many parts of it. It was probably some time after the commencement of the nineteenth century, ere the last panther ceased to range the forest of the upper-country in search of his wonted prey. The wolf disappeared at a still later period; and the wild cat is not yet extinct.

The Indians were accustomed to take the wolf by means of the dead fall of logs and stones, baited

* Statutes of South Carolina. Vol. 4th, p. 726.

with a piece of deer or buffalo's flesh. The pioneers and hunters improving on this, introduced for his especial benefit a large sort of steel trap, which did such good execution in ridding the country of his presence, that the name, "wolf-trap," has ever since distinguished that instrument from all others of the kind, and is likely to remain an enduring memorial of those early times.

It appears, however, from the following incident, that the white men did not always follow the example of the Indians in baiting their traps with the flesh of wild beasts.

In the midst of that darkest period in the history of the upper-country, when, at the first hostile movement of the Revolution in the South, the Cherokees burst from their mountains in vengeful fury upon the defenceless Whigs. Col. Pickens, at the head of a trusty band, having chased a large party of them from the settlements, pressed them so closely in their retreat towards the Nation, as to force them to take refuge in an old deserted house in the neighborhood of Little River in the present territory of Abbeville. And when—it is to be hoped—he could not succeed in dislodging them by a less cruel means, he set fire to the building. The greater number of the wretches perished without an effort or a murmur in the flames, while a few were shot by the riflemen, as they rushed from the burning house in the vain hope of escape.*

Late the following night, Capt. Wm. Black was

* We will say more of this in its proper place.

riding by the spot on his way home from Miller's Block House on Little River, when his attention was arrested by the rattling of chains, a short distance from the path he was pursuing. Reining up to ascertain the source of a noise so singular in that place, he discovered a fellow of the neighborhood, whom he well knew, coolly in the act of baiting his wolf-trap with a piece of one of the dead Indians; the human carcasses had already attracted large numbers of that animal to the spot, and the unscrupulous trapper was making the best of his opportunity.

In both ancient and modern history, the wolf is famous as being the scavenger of battle fields; he tore the slain on the plains of Cannæ, and Pharsalia, and fatened on the dead and dying in the great retreat from Moscow.

It is the tradition in the vicinity of King's Mountain, that long after the great battle fought there, no spot in the upper-country was so much frequented for the purpose of hunting and trapping wolves.

The domesticated wolf was the dog of the Indian; and never were dog and master more alike. They, or a cross upon them, however, appear to have been very sagacious. Bartram, in his travels in Florida, observed in one place: "A remarkable occurrence here, was a troop of horses, under the care and control of a single black dog, which seemed to differ in no respect from the black wolf of Florida, except his being able to bark as a common dog. He was very industrious in keeping them together; and if any one strolled from the rest at too great a distance, the dog would spring up, head him, and bring him

back to the company. The owner of these horse; is an Indian, who, out of humor and experiment trained his dog up from a puppy to this businesss he follows his master's horses only, keeping them in a separate company, where they range; and when he is hungry or wants to see his master, in the evening, he returns to town, but never stays at home at night."

The wolf made prey of the deer, and usually united in large droves to hunt them at night. It was nothing unusual, however, to see a single one run down a deer. In times when game was scarce with them, they became so lank and poor, as to be hardly able to run; and they then resorted to the miserable shift of filling their stomachs with swamp mud. But when in this condition, if they should chance to take any game, they instantly disgorged the mud, and devoured the prey. While hunting in troops in the dead hours of night, their noise was exceedingly annoying, and sometimes terrific.

A wounded buffalo or elk was the sure prey of this insatiable prowler; and the Indians and earliest English hunters frequently, in their wanderings, came upon packs of them when just in the act of pulling down the largest bull of some scattered herd, that had long retained sufficient strength in his last extremity to keep them at bay.

This animal was once extremely abundant on Hardlabor and Cuffytown Creeks. The last of the famous hunters of that region were the Hendersons—William and James. It is said that

Old Jimmy—the name by which the latter was better known—killed in their den, under a pile of rocks, near the present site of Scotch Cross, the last wolves probably that lingered in Abbeville District.

It would appear from the following incident, related by the same author, quoted above, in his History of Carolina, that the young wolves, the whole litter, as soon as they were strong enough, ventured to ramble alone through the woods:

"We had not proceeded far—in an excursion through Alabama—before our people roused a litter of young wolves, to which, giving chase, we soon caught one of them, it being entangled in high grass. One of the men caught it by the hind legs, and another beat out its brains with the but of his gun. This creature was about the size of a small cur dog, and quite black."

Bartram also remarks that the wolf was frequently met with, variegated with spots of white and black.

The fox is more familiar to the people than any of the native animals of the upper-country, whose history has been detailed in our previous pages. Yet there are some curious facts in his history that are not perhaps generally known. When the first settlers built their cabins in this region, the gray fox was the only variety that then inhabited the woods, and he was exceedingly abundant; his sprightly bark was one of the familiar sounds of the country, and it was as usual to see him stealing from covert to covert, as the hare at present. It was only as an oc-

casional pilferer of the roost that he was noticed at all by the pioneers. His ears were then, and long after, unaccustomed to the bay of the hound, and the stirring echoes of the huntsman's horn. A people who had before them the work of erecting houses for their families, and clearing away the obstructions of a new forest-covered country, could spare no leisure to be devoted to the mere pleasures of the chase. His home was in the thick grass and brush of the woods, he was never seen in the open fields or prairies; and as the forest fell before the encroachments of the axeman and farmer, the gray fox like the whip-poor-will, receded towards the west, and soon became rare, if at all seen, in the best cultivated portions of the country. But, as our hunters well know, his place was not suffered to remain vacant; the same cause, the general denudation of the land, that drove away the gray, attracted from the east the smaller, but hardier, swifter and more intelligent red fox. The gray fox made his den deep in the forest, under the brush-wood and rocks; the red fox finds a retreat equally comfortable and far more safe in the deep intricate burrows which his ingenuity enables him to construct in the open sedge fields.

This sagacious pest of the farm, has become, of late years, so numerous in many parts of the upper-country as to make it impossible, without great care, to keep up a stock of hogs—a litter of young pigs is its favorite food. This is particularly the case at present around the mountain in Abbeville District. The female is exceedingly prolific; the hunters frequently

take them when in a fair way of adding as many as nine at a single birth, to the numbers already teeming in the country.

But the den formed by this animal is the most curious part of its history; it is perhaps the most remarkable object, connected at this time, with all the natural history of the upper-country. When ready to perform this important work, it is usual for two or three of them to unite, and having selected a spot that pleases them—which is generally at the edge of an old field, and as convenient to water as possible—they set to work with all their force tunneling out the earth, and shaping their course as they go down at a considerable angle to the horizon. The dirt, as they push it out, is heaped up at the mouth of the hole, and becomes, after a while, quite a mound, sometimes several feet in height.

After they have delved in this manner, usually for more than thirty-five or forty feet, sometimes ninety or a hundred, they cease to tunnel, and begin the less laborious work of constructing their dormitories or sleeping-rooms. These they arrange with singular art, excavating them in receding galleries; so that, if we were to view the bottom of the burrow, even from the front, it would appear, at first sight, to be entirely empty.

The apartment destined for that one of the company whose lot it is to occupy the basement story, is elevated like a step some distance above the main floor, and on this his bed of leaves and straw is carefully prepared. At the same distance above this, and

directly back of it, the second room is constructed, on which the second fox fixes his bed; and if there is still another in the company a third dormitory is excavated in the same manner, in relation to the second, and a similar bed made upon it.

It is obvious that several important advantages are gained by this ingenious arrangement. It affords them at all times, a dry, warm berth; it enables them, on any emergency requiring it, to run all out together with the greatest ease to themselves, through their long narrow tunnel; but chiefly, in case of sudden invasion from an enemy, their galleries serve as so many admirably constructed citadels, into which they can retreat in succession, with a powerful advantage, at the narrow entrance to each, over the boldest and most dangerous intruder.*

That security, when pressed by their enemies, is the principal aim, in planning their burrows after this fashion, is confirmed by the fact that they not unfrequently, after boring the first tunnel, and forming their bed-rooms, construct a second one from the back of the last dormitory an equal distance to the surface of the ground with the first; thus securing, in the last extremity, a safe retreat in, at least, one direction. In this case, the whole den extends through some sixty or a hundred feet. Where can the lover of nature find a more beautiful illustration of the intelligence and sagacity of brute animals?

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* A den, similar to the one just described, was recently laid open on the bank of Long-Cane, by several hunters on that stream. It cost them a hard day's work.

The quadrupeds whose history we have endeavored to present, as intimately connected with that of primitive Upper-Carolina, are all that properly belong to her historical fauna. What remains worthy of notice still exist more or less abundantly in the country, such as the otter, raccoon, opossum, musk-rat, and squirrel. These animals, however, are every year diminishing, as the population grows denser, and the area of open, cultivated country is enlarged. The otter especially, has already become extinct in many streams where, in old times, he abounded. It may be observed, too, of another animal not before mentioned, the fœtid pole-cat, that it has now nearly, if not wholly disappeared from a large portion of the upper-country. The skin of this animal is exceedingly beautiful, and nothing prevented its extensive use, even for the most delicate fabrics, but its intolerable and indestructable odor.

The opossum has long enjoyed an enviable scientific notoriety; he is still, we believe, a sort of *pons assinorum*, of naturalists. Their patient investigations, however, have enabled them to arrive at a much more accurate knowledge of his nature and habits than had been attained in the time of an old author, who published a book in London, on Carolina, in 1741, in which he describes the opossum as "*a rat having a bag under its throat wherein it conveys its young when forced to fly.*" This animal ranges from the Hudson to the Rocky Mountains. The Cherokees gave it the name of *sesqua*; their names for the pole-cat and fox were *ookoonne* and *choochola*, or chicora.