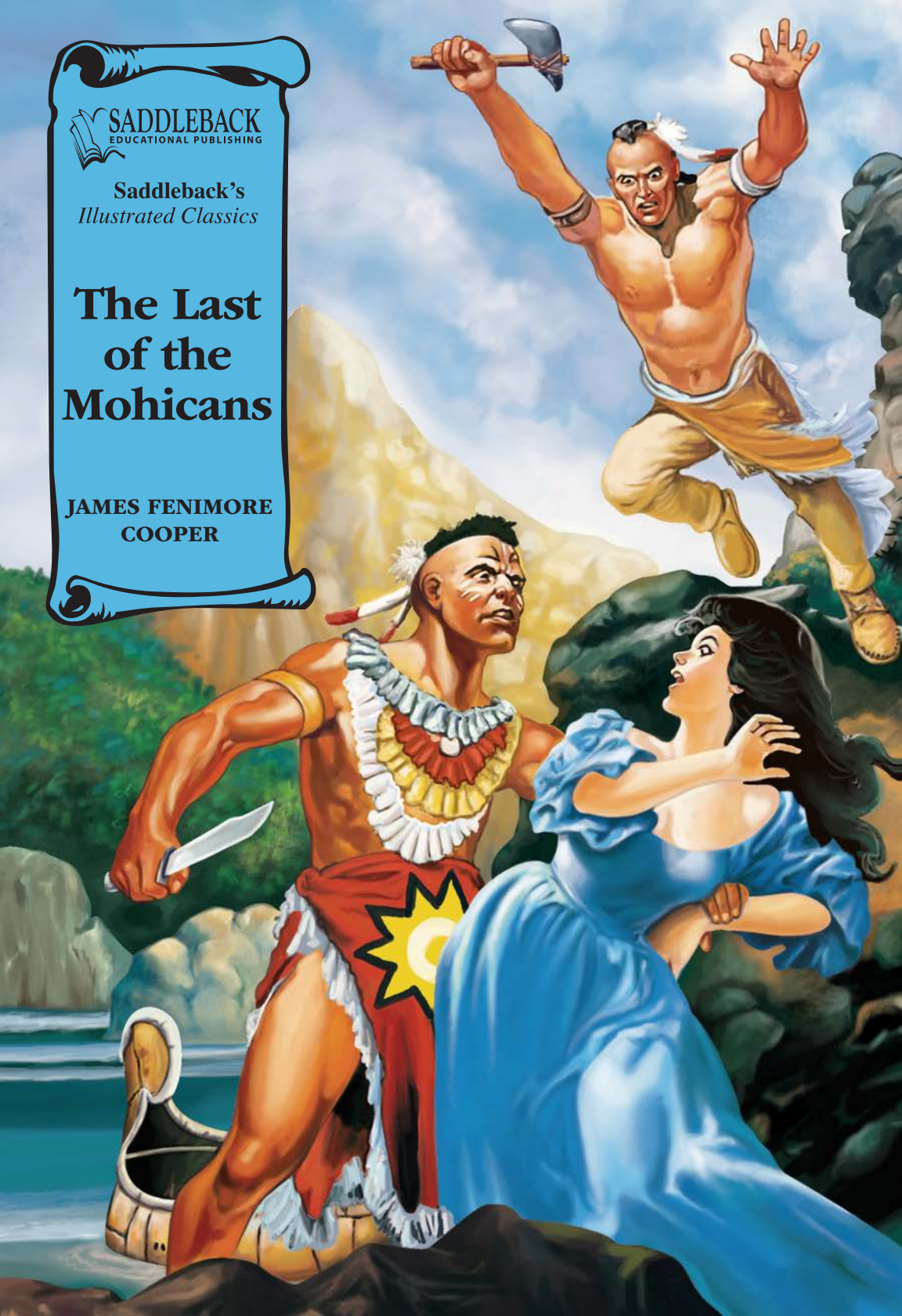




Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

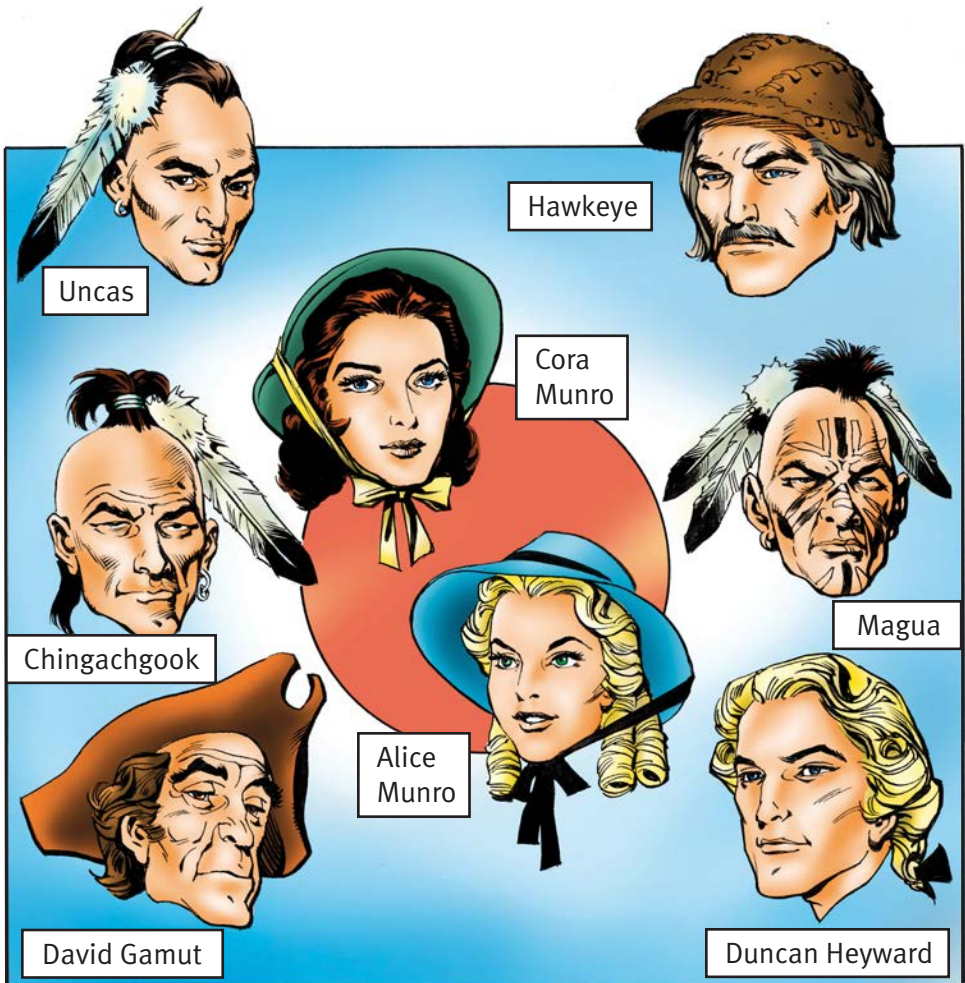
The Last of the Mohicans

JAMES FENIMORE
COOPER



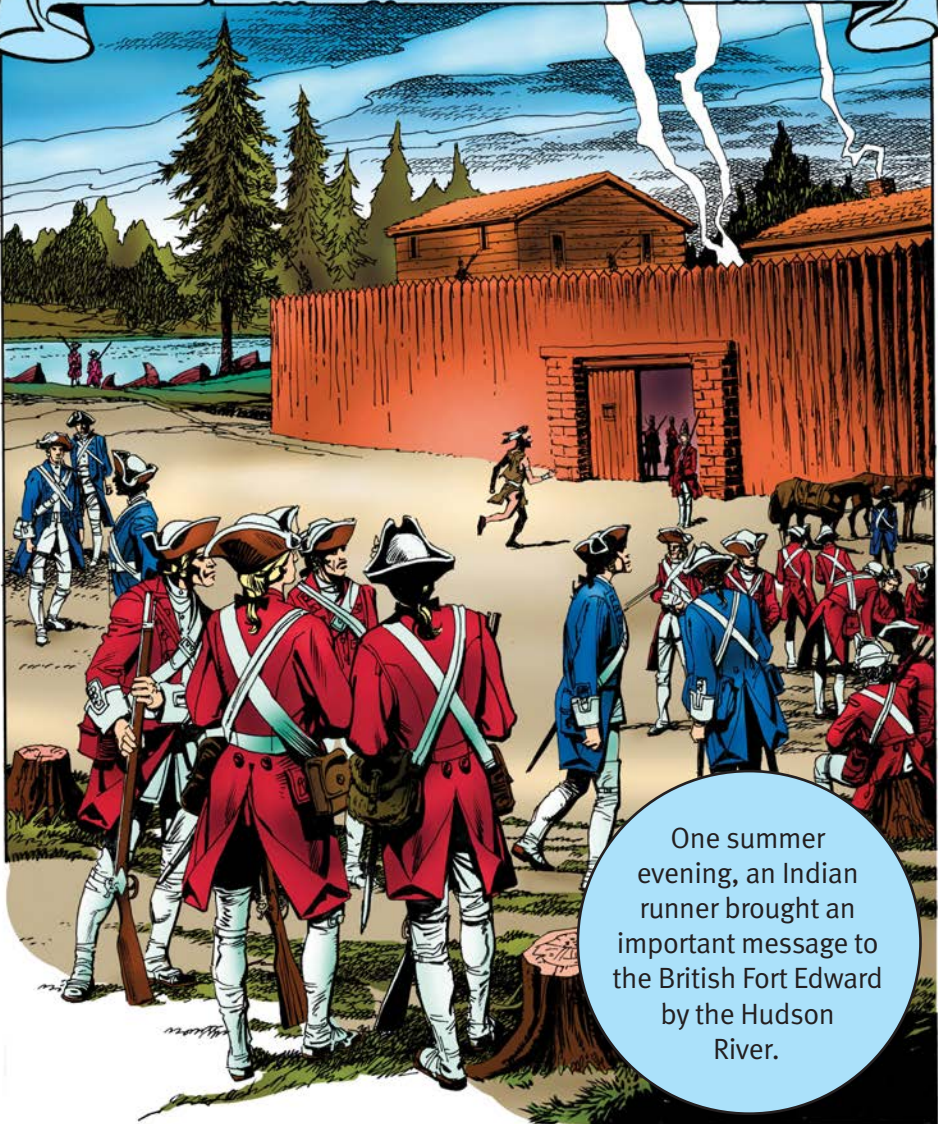
James Fenimore Cooper

The Last of the Mohicans



In the 1750s, the English colonies in America were ruled by Great Britain. But France also claimed a large part of North America. The French and Indian War was fought between the French and the English to settle the matter.

Some Indian tribes sided with the French, others with the English. Much of the fighting took place in the land that was to become New York State.



One summer evening, an Indian runner brought an important message to the British Fort Edward by the Hudson River.

A message from our
Commander Munro
at Fort William Henry!

I'll take the messenger to
General Webb.



General
Webb read
the message.

Munro reports that Montcalm
is moving down Lake Champ-
lain from Canada with a great
army!

They are as many
as the leaves on
the trees!

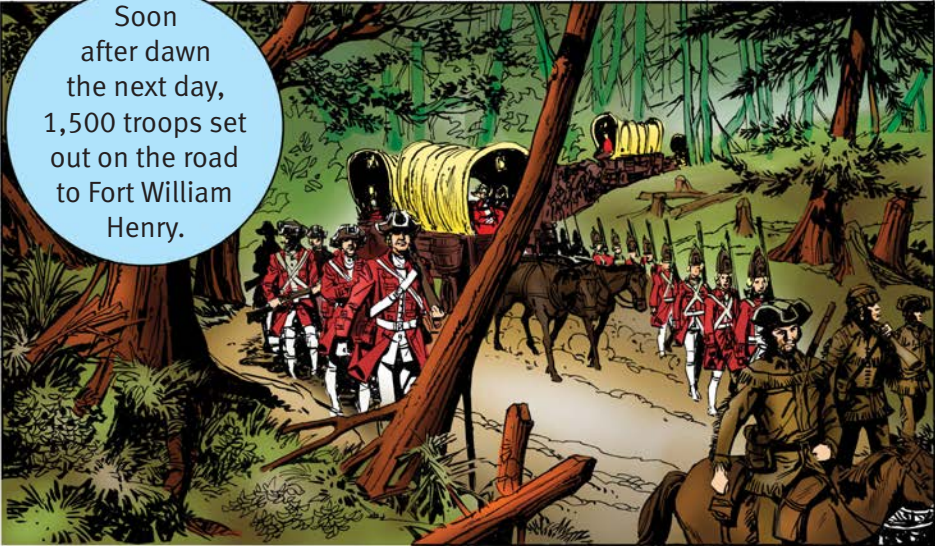


Munro thinks that with a large force of
men he can defeat Montcalm. He wants
5,000 soldiers!

I can spare only 1,500
men. I'll send them to Fort
William Henry tomorrow.



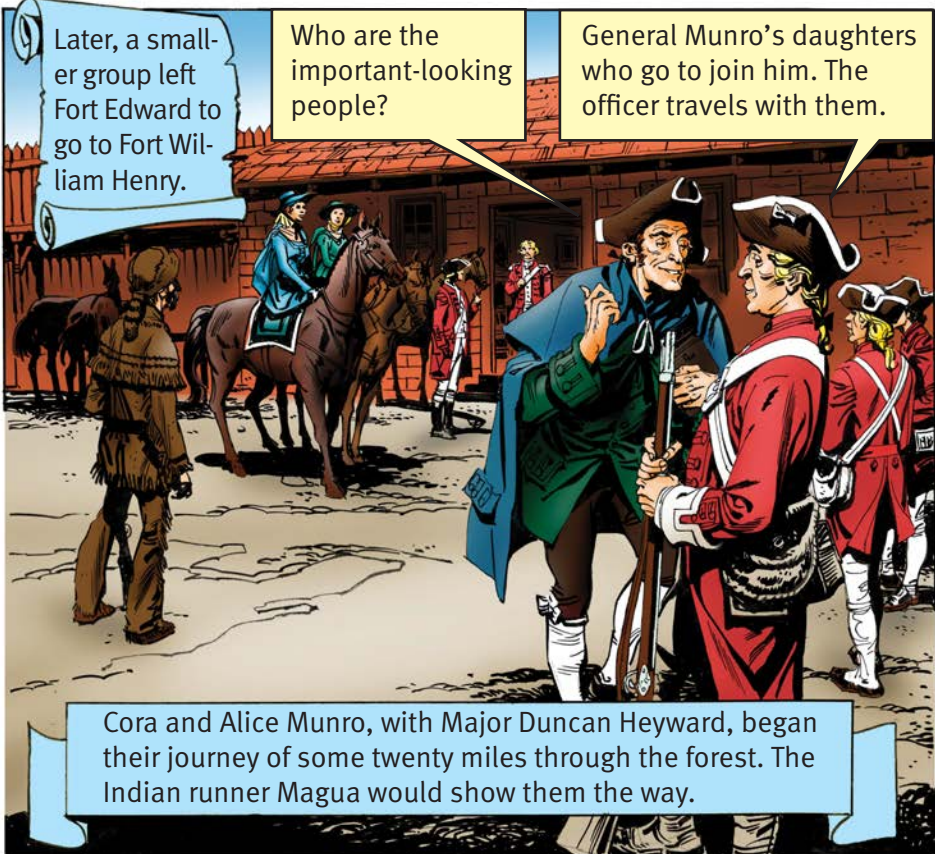
Soon after dawn the next day, 1,500 troops set out on the road to Fort William Henry.



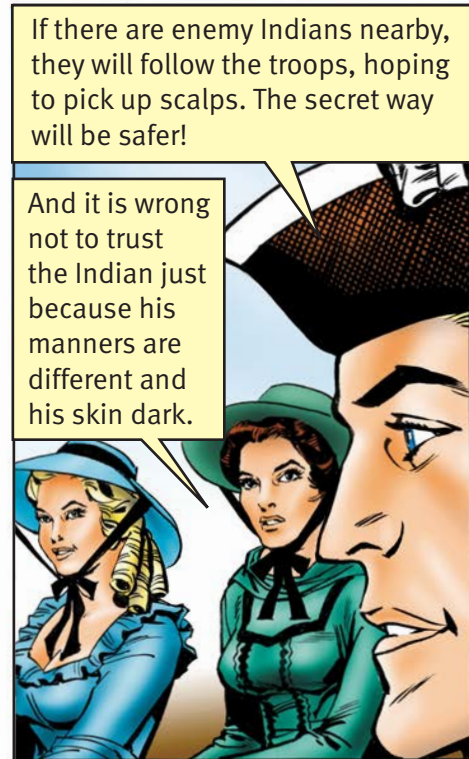
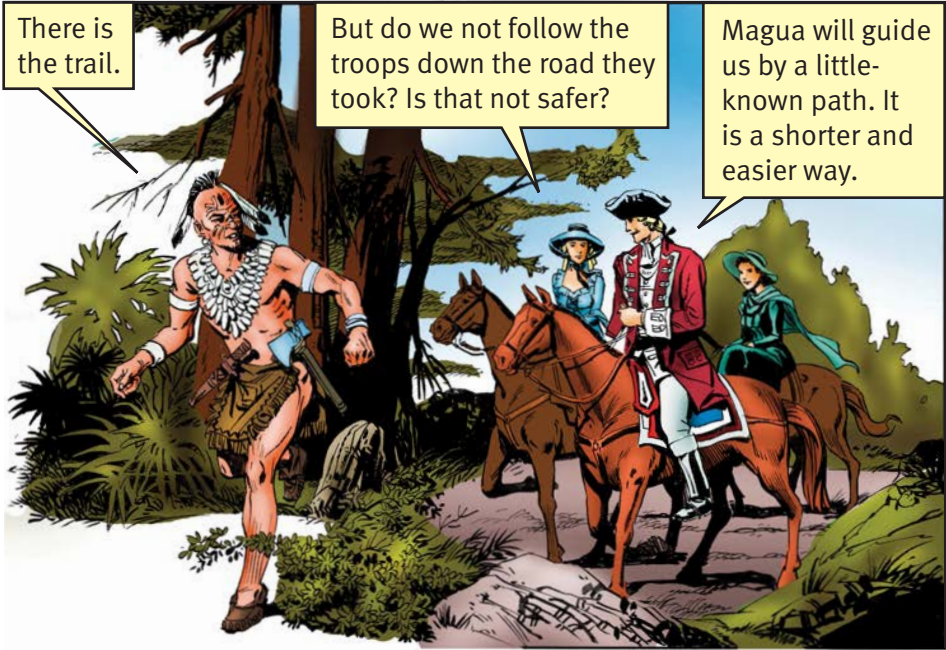
Later, a smaller group left Fort Edward to go to Fort William Henry.

Who are the important-looking people?

General Munro's daughters who go to join him. The officer travels with them.



Cora and Alice Munro, with Major Duncan Heyward, began their journey of some twenty miles through the forest. The Indian runner Magua would show them the way.



They followed the Indian down the narrow path. Soon they heard another horseman coming up from behind.



What a strange-looking person!

Who is he and what is he doing here?

I hope you don't bring us bad news.

I hear you are riding to Fort William Henry, and I wish to join you.



Who are you, sir? What do you do?

I am a singing master, David Gamut by name!



I am glad to meet you, stranger. Perhaps you and I will enjoy our trip more by singing a duet!

Nothing would give me greater joy than...

I must spoil your idea, Alice. To be safe we must travel as quietly as we can. You must put off your singing.



Meanwhile, a few miles to the west, two men talked on the banks of a river. They were Hawk-eye, the white hunter and scout, and his friend Chingachgook, an Indian chief.

Where are those of your race who came to Delaware country so many summers ago?

My tribe is the grandfather of the nations. The blood of its chiefs is in my veins.



Where are the flowers of those summers? Like them, my family has departed to the land of the spirits.



I too must go. And when Uncas follows, there will no longer be any of our blood. My boy is the last of the Mohicans!

I am here. Who speaks of me?



My son, do Indians friendly to the French leave their moccasin prints in these woods?

Yes, they number as many as my fingers. But they lie hidden, like cowards.

They are Montcalm's Indian spies, looking for scalps and things to steal.



Suddenly Chingachgook bent over until his ear nearly touched the ground.

Listen!
White men's
horses are
coming!



Hawkeye, they
are your brothers!
Speak to them.

That I will.
Here they come.
God keep
them
from the
Iroquois.



Friends to the law and to the king. We have traveled all day looking for the crown fort known as William Henry.

Who comes
here, among
the dangers
of the forest?



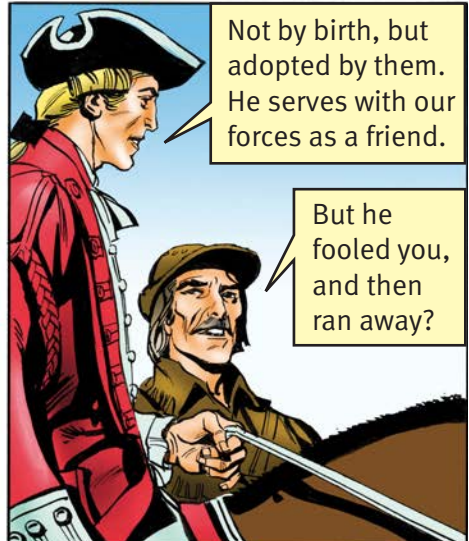
We trusted
and Indian
guide to
lead us by
a shortcut,
and now
we are lost!

An Indian lost
in the woods...
strange! Is he
of the Mohawk
tribe?



Not by birth, but
adopted by them.
He serves with our
forces as a friend.

But he
fooled you,
and then
ran away?



Neither, it seems!
Here he comes
behind us.

Let me look at him! If
he is a true Iroquois, I
can tell by his sneaky
look and by his paint.

Silently, the scout went
back to look at Magua.
Hawkeye saw that he was
Le Renard Subtil, an Indian
working for the French who
had given him that name.



Le Renard had led Heyward into a
trap. Hawkeye, Heyward, and the
Mohicans tried to capture him, but
the crafty Magua escaped into the
forest. It was almost night.

We must follow
him! We are four
strong men to one!

He would bring us within
range of his friends in a
minute! Unless we move
and throw them off our trail,
our scalps will hang before
Montcalm's tent tomorrow!



Do not leave us! Stay
and help me defend
the ladies!



You are right. It
would not be the
act of real men to
leave such harm-
less beings to their
fate! We will do
what we can, if you
will promise two
things.

Name them!

