

To A Most Noble and Worthy  
Woman Who is Fighting The  
Battle of Life With Unfading  
Courage, With The Compliments  
of

The Author

W. M. Hopkins

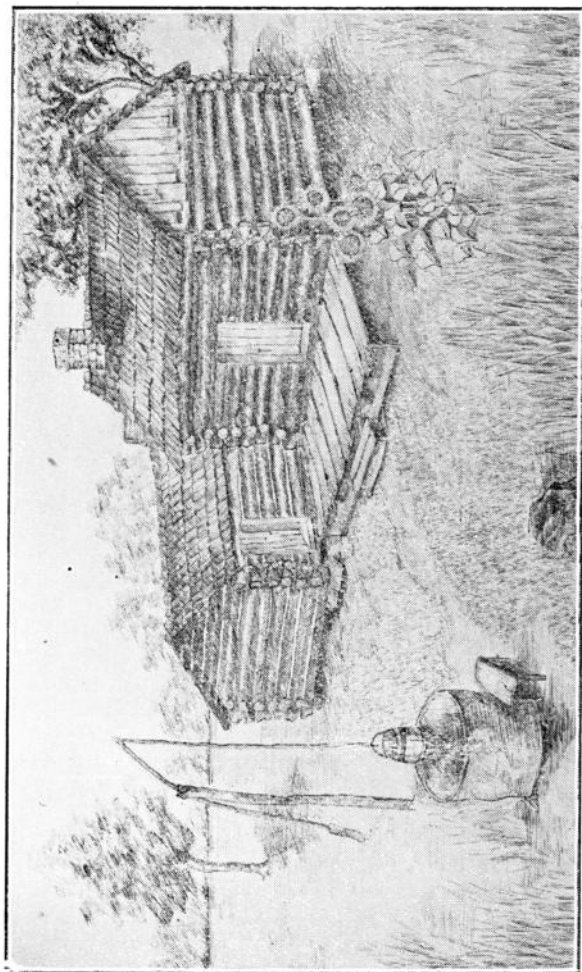












BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE TRAIL  
—OF—  
THE WHITE WOLF;  
—OR,—  
THE DOOM OF THE DELAWARES

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A THRILLING STORY OF EARLY  
COLONIAL DAYS.

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By CHARLES ASBURY ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF

"LAURA LAMAR OF THE SUSQUEHANNA,"  
"UNCLE ROBIS'S BABY BOOK," Etc.

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DEDICATION.

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Because of its unfailing devotion to the duty of uplifting the human race, because of its patient endeavor to make this bright old world brighter, because of its loyalty and devotion to the old flag, the ensign of American liberty and American equality, because of its constant practice of the principles of brotherly love in succoring the distressed, feeding the hungry and clothing and educating the poor, and because of its untiring efforts to instill into the hearts of men the eternal principles of Freedom, Friendship Charity and Truth, this volume is respectfully dedicated to the Improved Order of Red Men.

General

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND AUTHORITIES.

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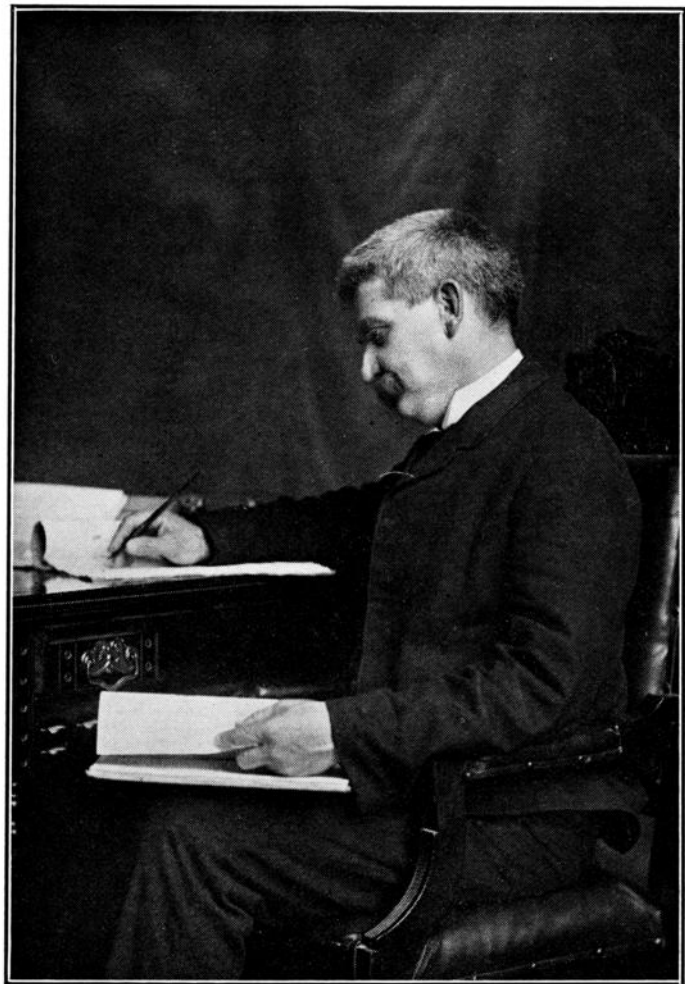
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THE AUTHOR—BEFORE THE LIGHTS BEGAN TO FADE.

# THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE WOLF.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FROM PULPIT TO PRISON.

Grace Church street, London, was crowded with people of what was known in England as "the lower order." It was a cold damp night, and the dripping fog that hung over the spot seemed as heavy as the hearts of the throng of humble folk who squinted their eyes in the flickering glimmer of the street lights in their efforts to pierce the surrounding gloom.

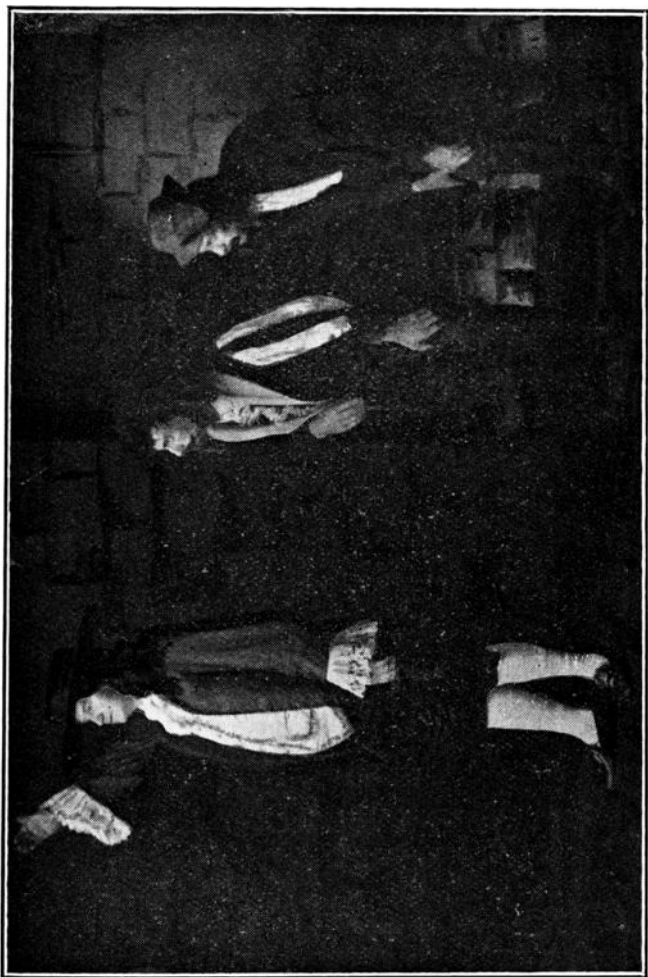
A speaker stood upon a low platform at the curb. He was a finely built man, thirty-five years old or thereabouts. His brow was lofty and intellectual. His face was broad, his features fair, and bore an expression of genuine honesty and sincerity. His soft blue eyes were aglow with a light that always aroused into activity all that was best in the hearts of men whose attention he engaged. His lips were thin and closely set, but not compressed. His com-

plexion was clear and betrayed not a line that was the child of dissipation. His whole countenance reflected a kindly sympathy which betokened a love for the entire human race, and a fear of nothing, mortal or immortal, seen or unseen.

His well poised head was covered with a wealth of brown silken hair, which hung in glossy ringlets to his shoulders. Standing full six feet tall, with a form showing a perfect symmetry and proportion, erect as an Indian, he was what he indeed, appeared to be, a mental and physical giant, a truly manly man.

The speaker was William Penn. The eyes of the motley crowd he addressed were ablaze with deep interest. Upon their eager ears the words that flowed from his lips fell like music. They seemed to touch a responsive chord in the breasts of his hearers, and to awaken a new spirit, a new hope and a new life.

The crowd surged and swayed, but no one spoke. The whole mass of composite humanity leaned toward the speaker with open ears and bated breath, as if afraid of losing a single word. And what was William Penn saying that aroused the people to such a pitch of enthusiasm? He was preaching the new doctrine of



“A TRULY MANLY MAN.”

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## THE NECESSITY OF RIGHT LIVING AND THE EQUALITY OF MAN.

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For years this doctrine had been preached among the poor, by the poor, for the poor, and had aroused no special comment except a sarcastic remark by some purse-proud plutocrat, or a scornful sneer on the face of a portly bishop, whose mitre was a fief, and whose heart was a stone. Of late years, however, the Society of Friends, which was first to preach the doctrine, had become so numerous and influential as to threaten the prerogatives of the dignitaries of the cap and gown whose duty it was to instill into the minds of the populace the observance of a passive submission to the tyranny of kings with the promise of an eternal roasting in the bake oven of his satanic majesty for disobedience, thus maintaining a religious despotism, which was far more detrimental to the rights of man than the oppression of political tyrants.

" 'Tis better," said the king, " that they be taught that endless torture awaits them after death, if they observe not a passive submission to all my decrees.

Two human figures appeared at the end of a dark filthy alley a short distance away. One was of

medium height with a form rather spare. The color of his long, wavy hair rivaled the coat of the raven, while his flashing eyes met their counterpart in the darkness of Egyptian midnight. His hands and face were as soft as velvet, and as white as the lilly. His dress was the faultless fashion of the time. Upon his head was a black hat whose broad brim was drawn low for the purpose of excluding the gaze of the curious and inquisitive. The other was a burly brute in every atom of brain, bone and body. His stubby hair stood out upon his shapeless head like bristles on the neck of a wild boar. His heavy cheeks and hanging jaws were laden with such a mass of fat as to almost close his woolfish eyes and his fish-like mouth. His hands, face and neck were creased and bloated from excessive drinking, while his crooked legs appeared as if they were too small to support his body.

When they reached the street the slender man surveyed the surroundings at a glance and said:

"Well, Belch, here we are just in time to have our spiritual strength renewed from the fountain that never runs dry."

"I'm getting most blasted dry myself, and if there is any wetting down to be done I'm in line, provided the liquor is the proper caper," replied the other.

"Seek not the bitter fruits of mortal life, but rather partake of the sweets of spiritual life."

"Spirits is what I'm after, and the sooner they appear the better."



"'Twas ever thus. The carnal mind runeth itself to destruction after the pleasures that fade in the twinkling of an eye."

"But, tell me, Ford, who is that talking, and what is it all about?"

"A Quaker, dullard, an immaculate Quaker. One of those new-fangled saints who is so pure that he would neither drink the wine from the king's table nor kiss the king's favorite mistress, even though she were Lucy Walters herself, the brown Welsh peasant lassie who was the mother of his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth."

"Bah! a bloviating Quaker. I thought the king's clergy and constables had inflicted sufficient punishment upon these idiots to send the whole incestuous brood to their hovels in dismay, but who is this eloquent new comer?" said Belch, stepping farther into the streets.

"Not so conspicuous, please," said the other, drawing him back into the shadow, "unless you pine for apartments at Newgate prison, or would you become a member of the Society of Friends?"

"If there is anything in it, yes, but as to Newgate, God pity the creature who goes there."

"How so, my sentimental friend?" asked Ford, flippantly.

"Of all the loathsome dens of festering filth in England at this time," replied Belch warmly, "and their name is legion, the vilest is Newgate prison."

"How do you know this?"

"I have been in the place."

"When?"

"Oftentimes."

"In what capacity?"

"Twice as a suspect, but a number of times as an officer of the king."

"Have you ever assisted in imprisoning Quakers?"

"Hundreds of them, not excepting their leader, William Penn, and right well do they bear the torture, I must say."

"That is Penn talking," said Ford.

"So it is, I failed to recognize him at first. He is a fool. He is sure to go from that mob direct to Newgate, and if he does, his wealth will not prevent him from seeing sights that will make his blood run cold, for Bishop Joss has given the jailer orders to dungeon him if he ever comes again."

"The Bishop is as mild a mannered man as ever blessed a Jezebel or cursed a Mary Magdalene, and he is too severe, far too severe. Hst! some one approaches. Ah! 'tis the bishop himself. Where away, Reverend Father, this night of miserable murk?" said Ford, to the nocturnal spectre in midnight garb.

"Looking for stray lambs upon the mountain side," replied the other, softly, as he gazed toward the crowd; "but what have we yonder?"

"A strong, healthy wolf with the appetite of a whale," said Ford, with a laugh.

"It is a wolf that you have seen before," said Belch to the bishop.

"Is it—?"

"It is William Penn."

"The curses of a thousand demons be upon him," said the bishop.

"Then you know him?" queried Ford.

"Too well, I am sorry to say."

"I am told that he is wealthy," said Ford.

"Hence the more dangerous," replied the bishop, sternly. "I have been especially commissioned to suppress this disturber. I have thrown him into prison half a dozen times, but through the tenderness of my heart I have as often released him, yet, scarce has he walked out and the prison doors closed behind him ere his mouth flew open and he began to bleat Quakerism. But his wealth will serve him no longer. Belch, you remember the Dungeon of the Demons."

"I do," said the other with a shudder.

"Into that dungeon he goes tonight."

"Great God!" exclaimed Belch.

"And little fishes," laughed Joss. "Now, see me crush the fellow," and he started toward the crowd.

"Wait a moment, Bishop, until I speak a word to Belch, and we will go with you," said Ford.

He drew Belch aside, and the two consulted in an undertone, then joined the bishop and Ford went on: "Will you have him arrested?"

"I certainly shall," replied the bishop.

"Allow me to make a suggestion. Suppose you stand on the outer edge of the crowd, while Belch and I will mix with it. When you hear a commotion, then act, as it will be a better excuse for so doing," said Ford.

"So it will," replied the bishop. "My brains are batter when compared to the wit of the facile Ford."

They approached the crowd, and Ford entered it, followed by Belch. Their movements were not noticed, as it was night and foggy, and people were coming and going all the time. The bishop drew his cowl over his eyes and stopped at the outer edge of the circle. In a few moments a child was heard to scream near the speaker. Belch had pushed her to the ground, as if by accident, and had deliberately placed his heavy boot upon her prostrate body, shouting as he did so: "Stand back, you brutes. You have pushed me upon this child, and she is being crushed to death."

Instantly Ford leaped from his place and shoved Belch aside. He picked up the child and said, as he turned to Penn who had come down from the platform seeking the injured waif. "The thoughtless crowd has killed her, I fear. I am glad I was so near at hand."

"So am I, my friend," said Penn, earnestly. "You have a generous heart and God will surely reward you."

"It was only a duty I owed to a humble fellow creature. You know that God has made us all equal," answered the wily hypocrite.

"Does thee believe that?" asked Penn.

"With all my heart."

"Then thou art one of us."

"My desire is such to be."

"Receive my blessing, friend. Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life," and the pure hearted street preacher placed his hands upon the head of the other.

"What means this unseemly commotion?" said a voice at the outer portion of the crowd. It was the bishop's voice.

"'Tis the voice of Jehovah speaking through human lips," replied a humble citizen who had not yet learned of the injury to the child.

"Upon whom has Jehovah so recently conferred such special honor?" asked the bishop, sarcastically.

"Upon William Penn," was the reply.

"Has that varlet so soon escaped from the prison cell?"

"He is no varlet. He is a teacher of the truth," timidly replied the common man.

"Shut up, you dog. He is a babbling boaster, an agnostic, an infidel. He has been dealt with very gently in the past, but now the king will try the virtues of Newgate in his case. Arrest him at once," said Joss, addressing an officer. The latter promptly obeyed.

Penn was seized and dragged away to the most dreadful den in all England. Close to his heels came a vicarious mass of soul-starved humanity, intermingled with putrid blotches of the sickening scum of darkest England, the haughty patrician and the trailing sleuth-hounds of both the crown and the chancel. Sympathy inspired the hearts of the first, a morbid curiosity the second and a jealous hatred the last two elements.

"Move a little farther away," haughtily challenged a man whose dress and carriage marked him as one of the higher order, "you smell badly."

"Have a care how you talk," replied a man in plain clothes, "this street is a common herding place now."

"Your breath is like a garlic lot," said a well dressed citizen to a heavy set body that waddled along like a duck beside him.

"Shure," was the keen retort, "better had a mon have a breath av honest garlic that is paid fer nor wan av phwisky that was sthole by the King's butler from the King's cellar."

"Not so fast, there, old duffer," called an officer as he prodded the ribs of a presumptuous pedestrian with the point of his sword, "worms should crawl slower and below the surface."

"It will be a disgusted worm that gets far enough below the surface to penetrate your paunch," came through the fog, as a dirty figure disappeared in the darkness.

The saint bandied the sinner, the prelate jollied the poacher, the prince jested with the pauper and the baron bullied the beggar as they trudged along through the mud to Newgate prison. Every type of humanity known to the world was there—except the American Indian, who would doubtless have felt himself disgraced forever if fate had been so cruel as to cast him in that human quagmire.

At a signal from the bishop Belch had been made a deputy and passed into the prison enclosure when the iron doors were opened. Ford attempted to follow, having left the injured child in the care of its mother, but was thrust back into the crowd by an officer.

“Bring him in,” said Belch.

“For what?” asked the other.

“He espoused the Quaker faith just now in the street and received Penn’s blessing.”

“So he did,” said Bishop Joss, “imprison him also,” and Ford passed in.

The heavy iron door grated on its hinges, swung inward and closed with a clang, shutting out the groveling, grumbling mob which boasted of being the flower of an advanced civilization and shutting in the man who was destined to do more to establish as a living reality, the equality of man than any other person in any age or country.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE GLORY OF NEWGATE.

Penn was taken into an apartment which, in our time, would be called a 'sweat box.' where he was subjected to an abusive interview. When this began Belch touched the arm of Ford and said, "Come with me."

He secured a dim light and the two entered a darkened passage where Belch took the arm of his friend and said: "You imagine you have seen revolting sights in civilized England, but ere you depart from this place, if you survive the ordeal, you are about to undergo, you will conclude that there is more savagery in one square mile of England than there is in all of America combined."

"But I have never been in America. I know nothing of the savages except what I have heard of them," said Ford, as they walked along.

"Well, this is Newgate prison and when you return from this excursion through its dungeons I believe you will be ready to cast your lot among Indians of America, when the first opportunity presents itself. Place your hand against that wall, it may serve to steady you."



"Ugh! It is one mass of sickening slime," exclaimed Ford as he quickly withdrew his hand.

"'Tis but the vapor of dead bodies that has arisen from the floor for ages and settled upon the wall. Have a care there where you step."

"What is that?" said Ford, peering into the darkness.

"'Tis nothing but the half decayed body of an unfortunate victim of the wrath of a civilized magistracy. Just step over it. Now you behold another fellow creature, or what the rats have left of him. This putrid mass of half liquid, half solid flesh, was once a human being, who unconsciously offended some subaltern flunky of the Court of all Harlots."

"Great God, Belch, take me away."

"I have seen your nerves put to some severe tests, Ford, but this is the first time I ever saw you quail. Steel yourself to the surroundings for there is more to follow. There lies something interesting. It is a young girl who was worse than murdered by the loafers about the court of the King, then flung into this place on the charge of vagrancy."

"How do you know this?"

"I knew her when she was a virtuous working girl, I knew her when she was the mistress of one of the King's hostlers, and I put her in that cell a week ago myself. See that rat gnawing at her breast. Let it alone. It is the only friend she has, and will soon put her to sleep."

"Belch, I cannot stand any more of this, I tell you. Take me out or I shall faint."

"Oh, no, you cannot faint. Here, swallow this brandy. There now, you will be better. Heigh-ho! if that Indian isn't alive yet," and he pointed to a copper colored figure crouched in a corner, ravenously devouring a rat which he had lately caught.

"Indian! Is that an Indian?"

"It certainly is."

"How came he here?"

"He is one of the savage subjects of a civilized King. They brought him from America. He was the sub-chief—called a Sagamore—of some great tribe over there. The name of the Great Sachem of his people was Tamina. The English told Tamina they wanted to take this fellow to see his great white father. Tamina let him go. When they got him here they concluded he knew of the whereabouts of great gold mines. They tried to induce him to tell them. He could not do so because he knew nothing of any mines. Then they put him to the torture. Torture that the most bloodthirsty creature in all his race never dreamed of. Here is the machine. It was invented and first used by James, Duke of York, when he ruled in Scotland. See the plan of its working. The head of the Indian was fastened to one end with a clamp. The feet were fastened with fetters at the opposite end, the arms were each extended to their full length and also securely fettered. Four

strong attendants then turned four cranks at the extremities of the victim and the effect would have been to tear the miserable creature limb from limb, if carried far enough. They tried it on the Indian a number of times, but failed to secure the information they desired. The last time they "twisted him up," as they called it, the fellow at the head gave his crank one turn too many and something cracked. They let the Indian loose and he was found to be insensible. When he regained consciousness his head was drawn to one side as you now see it, and he was an idiot—a finished product of the civilizing influences of the white race."

"Bah! Talk about a God in the face of such scenes as this. It is all rot," said Ford, "but let us go back. I have seen enough."

"Come on," said Belch, "cling closely to my arm. See that woman hanging in that cell by her hair? She hung there until she was dead. Gods, how her prayers sent shafts of frozen lightning through us as we left her swinging by her golden tresses. And there, see those fingers protruding between the iron door of the cell and its casement? They are a woman's fingers. We pushed her into the dungeon and as we closed the door she thrust her hand upward, and it was caught and mashed flat. Her screams penetrated this whole den, but touched none of our hearts. We left her thus and she is now hanging inside by that one arm, if it has not rotted off.

Shall I open the door that you may be convinced?"

"For heaven's sake, no. Let me out," said Ford, desperately.

"One more scene and we will return." Belch took a step forward, flung open a rusty door and said in a voice so hoarse and ghoulish as to startle Ford: "There, let your eyes and nose feast upon the fullest fatness of the ideal civilization of the dying decades of the Seventeenth century. Take this light and see for yourself while I support you."

Ford thrust the wax taper into the place and a sight met his gaze that made him stagger. Bones, flesh, the foul smelling juices of decayed and decaying bodies lay before him reeking with crawling vermin. Over gorged rats perched upon the ribs they were gnawing, and growled at the intruders upon the festivities of the hour. Venomous snakes coiled and uncoiled among the heaps of bones and thrust out their forked tongues in defiance of the new comers as they wormed their way about in pools of bloody filth. Slimy lizards scampered away and hid themselves among the filthy rags that lay strewn about.

Ford was dumbfounded. He was riveted to the spot. Great beads of perspiration gathered upon his brow, ran down into his eyes and trickled from his chin, but he was totally oblivious of their presence.

Placing his hand upon the shoulder of the terror stricken man, Belch went on, "While the courtesan

fondles the King the serpent strangles the subject; while the soft voiced siren from the court of France sings sweet lullabys into the ear of the Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer, English men and women rot and starve in cells like this, and woe be to the woman who dares resent the advances of the army of libertines who surround the throne, be they connected with church or state."

"Great heavens! Belch, you are beside yourself. It cannot be so bad as that," said Ford.

"Ford," and the other seized him by the shoulders with the grip of a giant, and gazed into his little black eyes with a look that sent a shaft of terror to his soul. "Ford, that is the Dungeon of the Demons. You have just heard a bishop claiming to be an ambassador of the Most High, speak of it in the street."

"'Tis fitly named," replied Ford.

The eyes of Belch grew fiery and dangerous; his features contorted like the writhing of the snakes in the dungeon; his bosom swelled as if it would burst; his whole frame trembled with the fury of a madman; he thrust his face almost against that of Ford, and in a terrible, hissing whisper said:

"IN THAT CALDRON OF HELL MY MOTHER DIED."

"Hush, Belch, you are insane," replied Ford.

"AND THERE I FOUND HER BODY."

"Oh, the horror of the thought," shuddered Ford.

*"A snake had burrowed in her brain, a rat in her bosom, and a lizard in her heart."*

"And for what offense was she condemned to suffer such a death?" asked Ford in surprise.

*"She refused to forsake my father and revel in the slimy arms of a sensual High Churchman."*

"Take me away, for God's sake, take me away," said Ford, in terror.

"Since then," Belch went on, "the supreme ruler of all the demons of darkness has taken up his abode in the soul of him who stands before you."

"And this is civilized England," reflected Ford seriously.

*"Stop, don't stir a step nor move a muscle while I tell you that in that den William Penn will be thrown like a dog, and if an opportunity presents itself I will torture him with as much pleasure as the rats and the snakes and the lizards feast upon the living bodies of the luckless children of this progressive age of ours."*

"Great God, Belch, will your thirst for revenge never cease?"

"Yes."

"When?"

Belch glanced about him as if fearing he might be overheard, then put his mouth against the ear of Ford and hissed: *"When I see the carcass of Bishop Joss or King Charles, the Second, rotting in the cell that held my mother; for it was Joss who sought to debauch her, and King Charles winked at the offense when she was murdered. Neither of them suspect that I know the truth."*

"And your fondest hope will most likely never be realized," said Ford.

"Rightly have you spoken, so come, let us away."

When they reached the exit they found the Indian awaiting them. Upon his face was an idiotic stare combined with a silly grin, and his head was drawn so far to one side that he was compelled to turn his body to see them.

"What do you want?" said Belch, fiercely.

"You say 'Merica. Red Man of forest. Me go 'Merica, see Tamina."

"What are you talking about? You are a prisoner."

"Me go 'Merica with you."

"But you are an idiot, a fool."

"Yes, me fool. He! He! Fools sometimes help wise palefaces. Me go 'Merica with you; he! he!"

"But suppose I don't go to America?"

"Then Bingoo die here," and he sat down on the filthy stone floor.

"Well, suppose I do go and take you with me?"

The Indian was on his feet in an instant, and said eagerly, "Bingoo go and be your dog," and he danced about in the most silly fashion.

"Stay here and I will send for you if I go," said Belch, and the two white men passed out.

They reached the "sweat box" just in time to hear Bishop Joss say to Penn:

"Heretofore, your wealth, your position and the

esteem in which your noble father was held, have secured for you the clemency of the crown. Henceforth, you will be treated as any other felon. To-night," and the bishop's voice grew loud and terrible, "*you rest in the Dungeon of the Demons. Away with him.*"

"The will of the Lord be done," said Penn with a supreme degree of composure.

They led him away to the dungeon, but it was not to be for long. The guard thrust a light into the place. Penn surveyed it as calmly as he could, then a sickening shudder ran through his frame as he said: "And this is the charnel house of death," then raising his eyes to heaven he pleaded in tones so plaintive, so piteous and so tender: "How long, Oh, Lord, how long?"

The iron door clanged, the guard hastened away and he was alone.

The mind, the eyes and the ears of Ford were busy. They had been busy ever since the bishop stopped and spoke to him at the entrance of the alley. Ford was composite selfishness in the highest degree. There was no height to which he would not climb, nor depth to which he would not descend to accomplish a purpose. He touched the bishop on the arm when Penn had been led away and said, in soft, insinuating tones, "Bishop, I have been thinking of the best manner in which to dispose of this man Penn."



"He will soon be disposed of for all time," was the caustic reply.

Ford could scarcely repress a shudder. He maintained his composure, however, and went on in a manner most persuasive: "Your plan is certainly an effective one, but let us not forget that Penn is a leader, and if he be summarily dispatched, may it not create such a wave of indignation as to cause an alarming increase in the ranks of the Quakers?"

"Fit food and fine fun for the swords of the cavaliers," answered the bishop.

"Which I concede, but were it not better to get him out of the country?"

"It cannot be done, he will not go," said the bishop, "and the sooner he dies the better."

"But he is rich," argued Ford.

"Let the King confiscate his property."

"England owes him sixteen thousand pounds now," insisted Ford.

"How do you know this?" asked the bishop.

"Through a friend at Court."

"We will confiscate that also."

"It can be done," said Ford, "but the crown has troubles of his own just now, if it could get rid of this agitator—"

"Agitator is too mild by half. He is a rank infidel; but what have you to propose?"

"I hear that Penn has offered to exchange his claim upon the crown for a grant of land in America."

"The Lord be praised. Give it to him at once and let us hail him to Liverpool and secretly pray that a storm may sink his ship in mid-ocean."

"Will you respite him until the King takes action? He has the matter under advisement, I hear."

"I will not only respite the villain, but I will urge the King to sign the parchment. I will keep him in a clean cell until we hear from the King, little as he deserves it," said the bishop, with a dread vision of unpleasant complications should the King suddenly sign the patent and begin a search for Penn, and find him dead in the Dungeon of the Demons.

Belch then entered and placing his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of the bishop, said: "Bishop, give me that Indian back there."

"You mean his carcass, I presume."

"No, he is alive yet, but he is an idiot. I want to exhibit him as a freak."

"I have no interest in him. His punishment was for carnal reasons. I have naught to do with the mad rush for the filthy lucre of this world. My mission is to preserve sacred and intact the doctrines, rites and prerogatives of the true church, the bride, the Lamb's wife," and the bishop's voice assumed a low monotone.

"I know all that, but a word from you would release the redskin just the same. Moreover, if Penn should establish a colony in America I shall go with him, and should like to take the Indian along."

The effect was instantaneous, as Belch knew it would be. The bishop saw a rare chance to rid himself of the one man on earth he feared, and hated most.

"Take him, and may the Lord prosper you," said the bishop eagerly. "Guards, return to my presence the prisoner just taken away."

"William Penn," continued the bishop when the Quaker appeared, "for the present you enjoy a brief respite from the fate you so richly deserve. Thank this man for your deliverance," and he waved his hand toward Ford.

"The will of the Lord be done," said Penn, in the same pleasant voice.

Ford and Belch departed, followed by the Indian. When they were on the street Belch inquired of Ford with eager interest: "What influence did you hope to bring to bear upon the King in order to secure that man's release?"

"None whatever," was the reply. "Last night I overheard the Lord Treasurer talking with some one whom I did not know and he stated that Charles had about decided to sign the parchment granting Penn the land he desired in America as soon as he could find an opportunity to consult the Duke of Monmouth."

"He still bends his royal ear to that woods colt, does he?"

"Aye, indeed, and rumor says the Duke is likely to become his successor."

"The 'Merrie Prince Charlie' is a reckless fellow, but he will never attempt to seat a notorious bastard upon the throne of England," said Belch.

"The Duke is very popular, and the streets of London echo with the assertion that Charles married Lucy Walters before the birth of Monmouth, and, that somewhere, there is a great, black box which will be opened at the death of the King when the truth will be revealed," said Ford.

"So it will," replied Belch, with a sneer, "and the truth will be as I have stated, but what are your designs upon William Penn?"

"I have already commended myself to his good graces, I believe, and when he goes to America, as I am told he contemplates doing, I hope to accompany him as one of his trusted advisors."

"By heavens, you would steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, but here is my opportunity. May I go with you?"

"I could not think of going without you."

"And this Indian?"

"We will take him along."

"I really believe," said Belch, "that Penn regards you as his deliverer."

"Not he," replied Ford, "he is fully acquainted with every feature of the negotiation with the King concerning the grant of land, and he understands full well that the situation might have become embarrassing to Joss if he had not been released. I be-

lieve he appreciates the fact that he came out of that den a little earlier by my intervention, but say, Belch, it is after midnight and I must turn in. Good night."

## CHAPTER III.

## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The news of her son's imprisonment reached the ears of the mother of William Penn early the following morning. It did not startle her for many times before this had he been arrested and imprisoned for conscience sake, but she never failed to find a reasonable excuse for his conduct, and never ceased to visit and comfort him while he was so persecuted. She had heard of the horrors of Newgate, but its realities never approached her dreams.

As soon as she could conveniently do so, she attired herself in the plain garb of her people and threaded her way through the tortuous labyrinth of muddy lanes to the Old Bailey. Here she stopped and looked across the street, where, directly opposite, she beheld the entrance to the awful place that held all that was nearest and dearest to her in life. The giant walls frowned upon her with such ominous import as to have utterly foiled her in her purpose, had she not been a mother, but if there was a shadow of fear in her breast there was not a line about her features that betrayed it. With easy tread and unfaltering courage she crossed the street, as-

cended the stone steps and presented herself at the door of the jailor's private room. The guard on duty blocked the way. His first impulse was to thrust her aside with a curse, but when she raised her eyes to his, and he met the gentle, motherly expression they bore, he touched his hat and said, "Whom seek you?"

"The jailer," she answered in a low, sweet voice.

"He is very busy just now."

"Does thee think he will not see me at all?"

Her speech told the guard that she was a Quaker as plainly as Peter's speech on the night before the crucifixion, told that he was a Galilean. Happily, her voice fell upon the ear of one who, while off duty had listened to her son in the street the night before, and whose heart had been touched, though not turned, by the words of the speaker, and he answered "I will see."

He returned shortly and she was shown into the presence of the jailer.

"Whom seek you, woman?" said the latter in a careless tone, merely glancing at her.

"I seek my son," the words fell from her lips like the sweetest music, and caused the jailer, accustomed though he was to all classes of people, to start suddenly.

"Your son, is he employed here?"

"My son is imprisoned here."

"His name?"

"William Penn."

"Penn, Penn, William Penn? I cannot recall the name. What was the charge against him?"

"I know not the charge entered against him, I know what he was arrested for."

"For what, pray?"

"For preaching the doctrine of the necessity of right living and the equality of man."

"Oh, a Quaker preacher."

"A minister to the Society of Friends," she replied, quietly.

"Well, mother," said he with a half smile at the hinted correction, "you will have to give me time to look him up. You see, there are about twelve thousand Quakers imprisoned at one place and another in the King's realm, and it is sometimes difficult to locate a given one."

"It need not be difficult in this case, for he was brought here last night."

"Oh, I see. I remember now. He was arrested upon the order of Bishop Joss, who stipulates that he is to be permitted to see no one."

"Does the bishop fear the mother of William Penn will do ill either to her son or to her sovereign?"

The question was unanswerable. Her look was so innocently appealing and her voice and manner so re-assuring that the jailer hesitated for a moment, then said bluntly, "If he fears *this* mother, I do not. You may see your son."





“THE WIDOW AND HER SON.”



He summoned a guard and said, "Take this woman to cell number 31, as she wishes to confer with the prisoner confined therein. She is his mother. Leave them together, for such mothers as she are not dangerous."

Misguided mortal. The influence of such mothers as William Penn's has done more to overthrow the power of oppressors in all ages than all other influences combined.

When the mother reached the door of the cell, the face of her son betrayed a look of mingled joy and surprise at seeing her, and thrusting his arms between the bars, he gently drew her to the iron grating and said, "My mother! God be praised."

"My son!" was all she could say at first, as she met the tender expression of his eyes. This was enough for him, as it has been for thousands of other sons in distress.

For a time not another word was spoken. Then with the courtesy of a knight and the affection of a child, he stooped and pressed a kiss upon her quivering lips and said, "So thee has followed thy wayward boy to the prison cell again. A lawless lad is he, I fear."

"The best boy mother ever had," came the soft, soothing reply.

"A checkered career has he had, mother, and were it not for thy unfailing love and devotion, I certainly should have fallen long ago."

"Give God the glory, my son."

"'Tis many times I have brought the tears to thy eyes since the day of my birth," said he, as he gently stroked her soft, gray hair.

"The tears that I have shed for thee have been caused to flow by the persecution of others," she replied gently.

"I was always a determined lad."

"Thee has the firmness of thy father."

"And, I hope, the character of my mother."

"'Tis a strong combination, my son. Too many men compel a noble character to be the servant of an ignoble ambition."

"Was my father such a man?"

"I hope not, although, in his position of Admiral of the King's navy, there was a constant temptation to permit ambition to override all other considerations."

"A stern parent was he, yet I loved him. Thee has not forgotten that, when I was expelled from Oxford because of my leaning toward the teachings of the Friends he drove me from home and was not slow about it, either. Twice afterward I felt the sting of the rod upon my back when he as often turned me out into the cold and cruel world for what he considered inexcusable rebellion against parental authority. A full half score times have I been imprisoned in one place or another because of my determination to expound the doctrine of the ne-

cessity of right living and the equality of man, but not once did I ever get a word of encouragement from my father. I was a mature man when I was thrown into the Tower, yet he came to me but once, and then he said to the authorities, 'I hardly know what I shall do with that reckless chap. He seems determined to bring disgrace upon the whole Penn family and my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.' Yet, for all that, I have loved him none the less, but I have loved thee all the more because of the unselfish affection thee has shown me."

"Thine is a noble spirit, my son. Thy father was not to blame. He was the child of an age which boasts of its intelligence and civilization, but which is as wicked as Babylon and as carnal as Ninevah. Would to God we could leave this island," said the mother, seriously.

"Perhaps we may sometime, and that reminds me that the King has agreed verbally to grant me a tract of land in America for the amount England owed my father when he died."

"So I was told by a man named Ford who came this morning to apprise me of thy arrest."

"I knew of the King's decision yesterday. But what think thee of Ford, mother?"

"I liked him not. His actions betray a designing heart."

"Thou art too suspicious, mother. He heard me preaching in the street last night. A child was suddenly trampled under foot. He rescued it, then em-

braced the faith, and when I was taken to that awful dungeon he interceded for me and I was removed to a clean cell. Ah, my mother, I have heard of the outrages perpetrated by the Indians of North America upon their captives, but I am persuaded that the combined intelligence of all the savages in the New World cannot conceive of methods of torture as barbarous and as terrible as those practiced in England every day. Oh, that God may hasten the day when King Charles the Second shall sign the parchment which grants me a home in the wilderness of the setting sun, where I may establish a government whose foundation is the broad and liberal basis of brotherly love, for I am no match for this sensual, corrupted mass of pleasure-loving and soul-starved humanity," and his great heart swelled until his breast rose and fell like the waves of the sea, as the thought of the awful condition of the human race swept over him.

"Surely, my son," she replied tenderly, noting his feelings, "when we see the souls of men hurled into the blazing furnace, there is need for such men as thee, who are willing to sacrifice station, fortune and even life for the good of others, and if God will that thee should establish a free government in the New World for thy colonists, who knows but one day a great nation will flourish over there, whose banner shall be an ensign of liberty all over the world, and that thy name shall ever be spoken in reverence and love because thou hast done so much

for the uplifting of the human race and for the establishment of the great principle of the necessity of right living and the equality of man."

" 'Tis a happy day-dream, and beyond my comprehension, yet 'tis but natural for the mother-heart to build great castles of fame for the shelter and comfort of her children. My eye is too dim to pierce thus far into the gloomy haze of the future. Vain and vicarious as my fancies have been said to be, I am content to plant a few seeds of liberty in a land unpolluted by the evil doings of men in time-old countries and leave the rest to Him who doeth all things well."

"Words fitly spoken, my son. Be firm in thy love of God and steadfast in thy purpose to elevate His oppressed and sinful children, and thy reward will surely come, perhaps here, perhaps yonder."

She raised her lips and they met his half way. She impressed a kiss upon them whose stamp remained unto his dying day. Another affectionate embrace, another sweetly spoken "farewell," and the guard appeared and announced that the time allowed for the visit had expired, and she passed out.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A CASE OF MORAL LEPROSY.

Charles the Second, King of England, reclined in luxurious lassitude upon a couch of satin and velvet with its trimmings of eider down and gold. At irregular intervals he sent long columns of curling smoke into the air from the bowl of a huge pipe which contained some crushed and dried leaves of tobacco, a plant lately discovered in the New World, whose inhabitants, he and the white people of his time, were pleased to call "savages." This plant had become quite popular among the English people since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into the Court of "The Virgin Queen," where he had set the example of inhaling and exhaling the smoke from its slowly burning leaves after the manner of the children of the forest, which pastime was called by civilized people "drinking tobacco."

The character of King Charles the Second and the people of his time did not tend to establish in perfect clearness the line of demarkation between civilization and savagry, as the Red Man of the forest beyond the blue Atlantic was already beginning to discover to his sorrow.



As the "Merrie Prince Charlie," the most profligate monarch of a century, watched the curling ringlets ascend and become dissipated in the atmosphere of the spacious room, his finely moulded lips curled in haughty disdain, and an expression of scornful contempt swept over his countenance.

Lazily rising and laying aside his pipe, he went out into the spacious garden and began to pace the walk, slowly at first, then with a quick, impatient step, as he soliloquized carelessly :

"Full twenty years and more have I been, by the grace of God, King of England. What is a King of England today? An animated manakin. With my father perished that divinity which has been for ages the strong right arm of power of Kings. The accursed revolution has planted in the English heart the seeds of disloyalty to the time-honored doctrine of the divine right of rulers, and these seeds, I fear, bid fair to spring up and grow into a liberty tree which shall fill the whole earth.

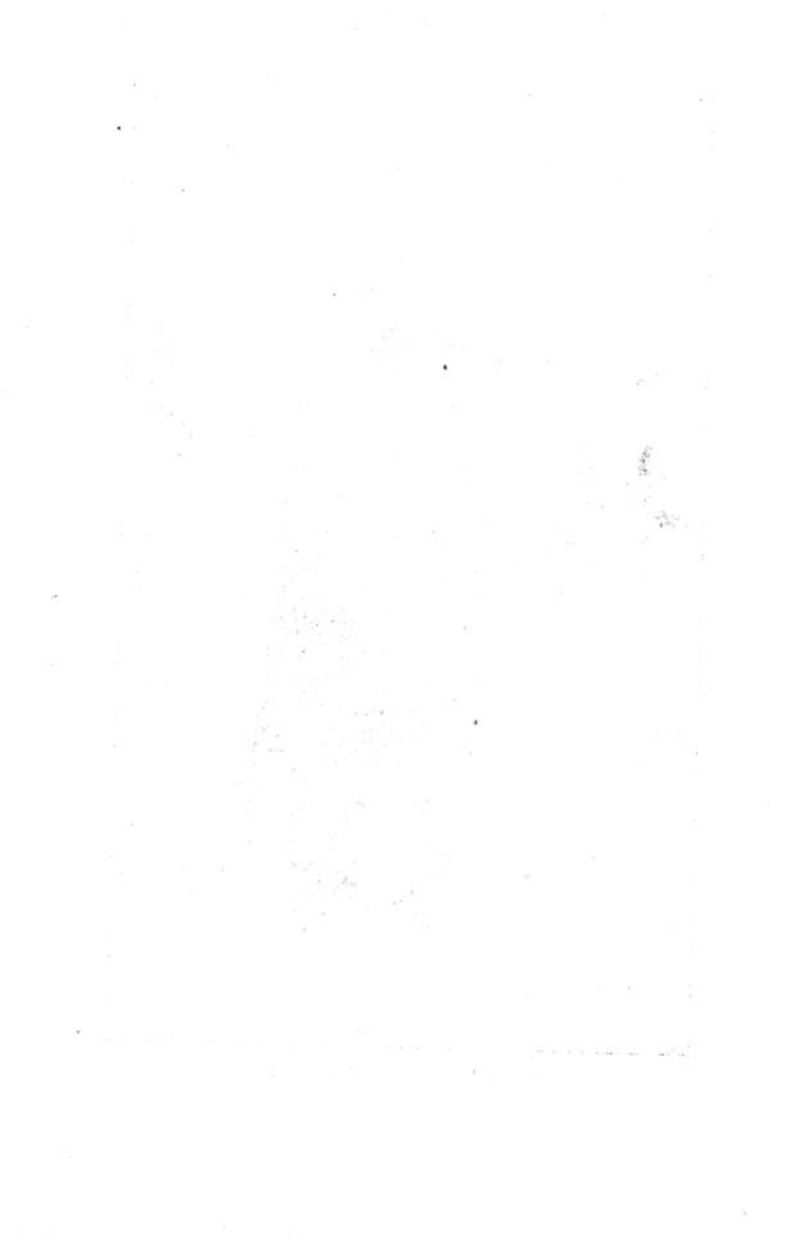
"A King to-day is merely a royal butterfly who may be checkmated at every move and hampered at every turn. Time was when the King was the state; when his word was the undisputed law of the land; his will the unchallenged rule of action, and his conduct the accepted code of morals. Now, however, he is compelled to bribe the country gentleman with the confiscated estate of his weaker neighbor, the priest and the prelate with a few hundred Quak-

ers to be tortured in their own peculiar way and the courtiers and cavaliers with the wives and daughters of ignorant subjects who imagine that virtue is something so sacred as not to be sacrificed, even to the lust of Kings. Such is civilized England in this degenerate day.

"Charles the Second, King of England, must be stern, unrelenting and austere. 'The Merrie Prince Charlie,' quite another person. Flattered by crafty cardinals, cadaverous courtesans and conscienceless cynics, who dance to the King's music that they may drink the King's wine, bullied by burly bishops whose cruelty would shame the hangman and who would barter a soul for a sceptre as quickly as a hungry wolf would barter the fetid carcass of a horse for a tender lamb, wheedled and cajoled by hordes of notoriously corrupt lords, dukes, earles and squires, whose sole object in life is to flay alive the struggling, sweating, rank-scented mob; surrounded by beautiful and ambitious matrons, to whom a liaison with some brainless court cad brings greater pleasure than the embraces of a lawfully wedded husband; petted by voluptuous votaries of illicit love, the sparkle of whose eyes and the charm of whose smiles are studiously fashioned for the fascination of susceptible men and whose painted cheeks have ceased to blush, what wonder, then, that with such surfeit of recurring events of unceasing pleasure, the time hangs heavily upon my hands.



“THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TRUTH.”



"There is no such thing in existence as truth. Every man's honor and every woman's virtue is for sale. True, some haggle more than others about the price, and when this haggling is very obstinate and very skillful, it is given some fine name. The chief trick by which men keep up the price of their honor is called integrity, and the dominant influence by which women are able to place a fictitious value upon their virtue is called modesty. Such sentiments as love of and loyalty to God, to country, to the hearth and the home, to friends and to the marriage relation are but fleeting fancies in the diseased mind of the vagrant dreamer.

"The flame of honor has been extinguished in the putrid waters of selfishness and the fountain of virtue is congealed in the icy embrace of vice.

"With my mother, chastity died and in her arms it was buried. Ha, ha. I forget me, there yet remains Catharine, my Queen, and her coterie of Jesuitic maids, female men, the very sight of whose bony bosoms would freeze the fountain of love in the breast of the most amorous debauchee in all my court and Kingdom."

## CHAPTER V.

## WHO WAS LUCY WALTERS?

"Good morning, sire."

The speaker, a man perhaps thirty years old, approached the King unannounced and stood before him with a familiar air. He was attired in the faultless costume of a courtier of the time. His features were handsome, his form erect, his manner pleasing, and his voice low and gentle. Upon his lofty brow was the indelible imprint of the noble breeding and royal birth of the one he addressed.

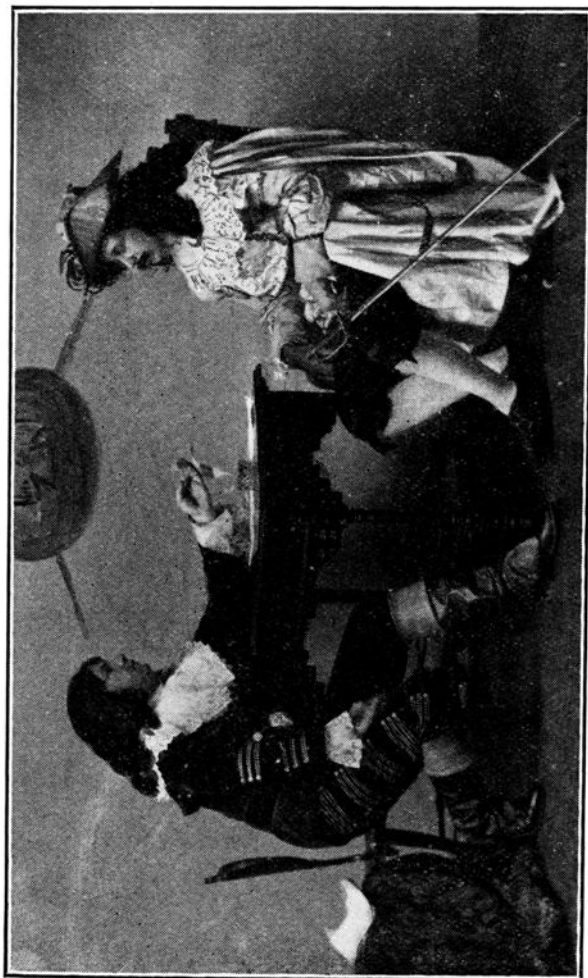
"The Duke of Monmouth!" exclaimed the King, grasping the extended hand and pressing it warmly to his heart, while his bosom rose and fell with waves of emotion. "Come into my drawing room."

"With the compliments of the day, sire," replied the other, pleasantly, as they walked along, though he did not remove his hat.

"Address me no more as 'sire,'" said the King, gravely, when they had entered the palace and seated themselves.

"And why not?" asked the Duke in surprise.

"'Tis but an empty shell, a hollow mockery, fit only to pass the foul lips of hypocritical flatterers,



WHO WAS LUCY WALTERS?"  
"THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED."





who today are your friends—tomorrow your enemies. Let fawning sycophants and cringeing parasites address their sovereign so, but from your sacred lips let me hear only\* that dearest of all words—‘father,’ ” replied the King.

“The most precious boon I have ever craved has been granted without the asking. ’Tis the word that lingers longest on my lips and falls sweetest upon my ear—except one.”

“And what is that?” inquired the King.

“Mother,” replied the Duke, softly.

“Mother,” repeated the King, reflectively.

A pause, then the Duke went on: “I love the word ‘father’ and the man whom I can thus address, but have I no mother?”

“You once had.”

“And who was she?”

“Lucy Walters.”

“Who was Lucy Walters?”

“The only woman I ever loved,” and the king’s voice quivered.

“And whose son—”

“I would gladly have become my successor to the crown,” said the King.

“What is to hinder?” inquired the Duke earnestly. “You are my father, Lucy Walters, being my mother and the only woman you ever loved, must, of course, have been your wife, and since there is no issue by Catharine, am I not the only person in the direct line of succession?”

"I wonder if he has never heard," murmured the King to himself, then aloud, trying to divert the thoughts of the Duke, "All England loves you, my son."

"Yes," he replied, "all England loves me. 'Tis but a little while since I returned from Scotland and France laden with the trophies of victory and when I passed through the streets of London the populace went wild with delight."

"Did they, really?"

"They did, indeed."

"That was a glorious victory which you achieved over the stubborn dissenters of Scotland and I must add new honors to those you have already earned; but why do you appear at Whitehall at this time? It seems to me it was but lately that I ordered you to quit the realm and here you are in my drawing room before your tracks disappear from the way of your going. Can it be that the fancy of finding some new feminine attraction has induced you to return to England at the risk of the punishment that awaits those who disobey the King? Think well, my son, before you so recklessly defy the King's decree. 'Tis long you will search in these degenerate days for a pair of unkind lips in England. Even Lady Shrewsbury, whom everybody regarded as the pink of perfection and modesty, but lately dressed herself in the garb of a page and held the horse of the Duke of Buckingham and coolly watched him run her hus-

band through with his sword. Base, ignoble people. Civilized barbarians, the like of which no other age or country ever knew," said the King.

"Yes," replied the Duke, "I suppose I am under the ban of the King but I hardly know, I am under it so often here of late. However, if I were under a dozen bans of the King I would come to Whitehall to see my father."

"A noble son," exclaimed the King, again grasping the hand of the Duke.

"Of a nobler sire," replied the Duke, warmly returning the grasp.

"And so, the people shout when you ride through the streets of London?" said the King, believing he had succeeded in diverting his son's attention from the unpleasant subject of his mother.

"Whenever and wherever I appear, father."

"Another evidence of the good sense of the English people."

"And do you thus believe?"

"'Tis the sentiment of my truest, my innermost heart," assented the King.

"Some have even gone so far as to shout 'Long live the Prince of Wales,'" volunteered the Duke.

"Let the plant grow," replied the King with a smile which the Duke did not understand, then he went on, "and did none say you nay?"

"Only once," replied the Duke carelessly.

"Tell me of it," insisted the King eagerly.

"At one place," said the Duke, "in mid-street at night, when the crowd became so dense as to block my way, an old hag, whose face was almost hidden by a ragged, black mantle, wormed her way through the throng until she reached my side when she peered at me with her one uncovered eye, then said, in loud, shrill, cutting tones: 'Ha! ha! don't lose all your senses until the great, black box is opened, ha! ha!' and she vanished in a dark alley in spite of the efforts of my guards to overtake her. The very ground seemed to swallow her."

The head of the haughty King drooped low upon his breast. He turned, rose and walked to the window, muttering, "I thought that old mid-wife was dead. I wonder where she has hidden the great black box. She alone knows of its whereabouts and I alone know of its contents, yet I fear she suspects the truth. But how am I to divert the attention of the Duke from this distressing subject? Oh, Lucy Walters, I would give half of my kingdom if you could enter this room at this moment the beautiful wife of Charles the Second, King of England."

Glancing toward a nearby ante-chamber, he saw, through the half-open door, a long purple robe made of the finest fabrics and brodered with the most costly trimmings. Taking it down, he turned to the Duke and smiled as he placed it about the manly form before him, and said, "Here, my son, is one of the rarest robes in any palace in all Europe. It is

never worn except on the occasion of the death of a foreign prince. Is it not beautiful?"

"Indeed it is," replied the Duke, admiring himself in the mirror which covered the wall before him.

"Hereafter," said the King, proudly, "it is my will that you appear in this robe upon the anniversary of your birth and ever afterward upon the public occasion just mentioned. What greater distinction could your sov—, your father confer upon you?"

"None, I am sure, unless it be to tell me—" and the Duke hesitated in his cruel pursuit of the wounded quarry.

"Tell you what?" and a pained expression crossed the countenance of the King, as his eyes, hitherto downcast, were raised in mute appeal to those of his son.

"Tell me more about my mother," and the comely half-royal scion of a heaven-forbidden love looked eagerly into the eyes of the father, at the same time stroking the soft, silken folds of the priceless garment as he would have stroked the coat of some pet animal.

"So I will, my son, in all good time," said the King, quickly recovering his composure, "but tell me, have you wandered about the humbler quarters of London often during the past few years?"

"Quite often, father, for I would fain strengthen my hold upon the good will of the people, since, after all, with the people lies the power."

"You have spoken, truly, my son, and since you mingle much with the mob, what hear you of a new sect of religious fanatics called Friends?"

"Much indeed do I know of them and a pesky brood they are," replied the Duke, "sensible people call them Quakers."

"In honor or dishonor?"

"In the profoundest contempt. 'Tis a nickname that will prove a stigma of disgrace upon them throughout all ages."

"May it not become a badge of honor?—such things sometimes do."

"God forbid that it should."

"But what do they teach?"

"The necessity of right living and the equality of man."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the King, "fanatics, indeed. Mere promulgators of some new scism. Heretics who doubtless should be suppressed but whose favor I may sometime need in promoting schemes of my own. Have they no works extant which explain their doctrine?"

"They have many comprehensive books in the hands of the mob, for they work among the lower classes. Only recently one Robert Barclay published a volume which he called 'An Apology,' and which is addressed to 'His Majesty, King Charles the Second.' I suppose it now lies in the court library, although I have not yet found time to read it."

"You are right, my son, I believe my attention has been called to some such book, but, like you, I have neither the time nor the inclination to tear myself away from the grave affairs of state nor the innocent follies of my court in order to investigate matters of such slight import as this, yet I am told that this so-called Society of Friends is increasing in numbers quite rapidly, notwithstanding the justly merited chastisements they are receiving at the hands of my faithful minions."

" 'Tis but too true, and, unless more severe measures are resorted to, I fear they will cause England much trouble. There is one man in particular who has been very active in their behalf during the past few years, and who, on account of his liberal education, his affable manner and his great wealth, is already an important factor in this agitation and should in some way be put to silence."

"Who is he?"

"His name is William Penn. He is the son and heir of the late Admiral Sir William Penn."

"And is the Admiral dead?" asked the King in surprise.

"He has been dead these ten years."

"I remember now. How stupid of me to ask such a question. I was thinking of a little stake of ten thousand pounds I lost a few nights ago, at the cloth, when the Duchess of Portsmouth kept insinuating her lips between my eyes and the cards. I was won-

dering where I could lay a tax upon the people in order to re-imburse myself and cause the least resistance. This might be done by imposing heavy fines upon Quakers. But tell me, is this Penn the younger a veritable scapegrace?"

"Such he may be styled, I take it," replied the Duke. "He was certainly beyond the Admiral's control on account of the necessity of the father being away at sea so much. The Admiral turned him out of house and home twice and beat him soundly, because of his attachment to the new sect, but he would not recant. Then he sent him to Oxford, where he was expelled for teaching his heresies; next he sent him to Ireland to look after his estates; here he was arrested while preaching on the streets of Dublin. He was ejected from home the third time but was taken in again. The climax came twelve years ago when he was arrested while preaching in the streets of London and sent to the Tower. This broke his father's heart and he went to his grave two years later. Penn, the younger, has been imprisoned half a score of times since then and even now is an inmate of Newgate."

"A reprobate son of an honored sire," said the King.

"But why are you so particularly interested in him, father?" asked the Duke.

"Being the son and heir of Admiral Sir William Penn, England owes him sixteen thousand pounds," answered the King, bluntly.



"And England is able to owe it," said the Duke, laughing.

"But the fellow is pressing his claim with as much persistence as he appears to preach his doctrine."

"Confiscate the debt to the crown," said the Duke.

"And insure for myself the enmity of a people I may sometime need as my friends. Oh, no, my son, I have a much better card in my hand than confiscation."

"And what is that?"

"He proposes to accept a grant of land in that savage infested wilderness, America, and cancel all claims against the crown. What say you shall I do with that card?"

"Play it at once by all means," said the Duke. "Twill be good riddance of bad rubbish."

"Then hand me that parchment which lies beside your left hand. No, the other. That is the one. It is the patent all prepared and ready to be signed. Where is my pen? Here it is. There, the deed is done. Attach the Great Seal of the King to it, my son. Now go and tell the Lord Treasurer I have signed and sealed the document that conveys to William Penn the land in question. I would his father were living and that he might yet reclaim his wayward son."

"He could never do so, father."

"And why not?" asked Charles, in surprise.

"There is one who wields an influence over him that nothing can overcome."

"Who is it?" said the King, in a tone of half alarm.

"His mother," answered the Duke.

The King raised his eyes in mute appeal, the Duke took his hand, pressed it warmly and departed.



"HIS MOTHER."



## CHAPTER VI.

## ALL HEARTS NOT MADE OF STONE.

The King gazed earnestly after the Duke for a few moments then began to pace the floor, as was his habit at such times, saying to himself:

"After all, there is in every heart a spark of genuine true love. I felt that love when Lucy Walters was my sweetheart, and I feel it every time her son, who to me is still 'my boy', approaches me. The Duke of Monmouth knows that Lucy Walters was his mother but he does not know——. Well, well, when I am dead the black box will tell its own story, provided that old hag does not become restive and reveal its secret sooner. I will see her and increase her pension if she will keep both the box and her mouth closed. Come, page, where are you?"

"Here, your Majesty."

"Always on duty, always faithful. Would there were more like you. What do you know of the whereabouts of that agitator, William Penn?"

"He is safe in Newgate, your Majesty."

"Since when?"

"A week ago."

"By whose orders?"

"By the orders of Bishop Joss, your Majesty."

"Upon what charge was he arrested?"

"Street preaching for the Quakers, your Majesty."

"The bishop is too zealous by far. The Duke of York excels in the art of persecuting people for political offenses, but for downright cruelty commend to me a High Churchman who believes his mitre to be in jeopardy. What do you know about the character of William Penn, page?"

"It is above reproach. Would mine were as pure."

"Are you already a Quaker?" asked the King, turning suddenly upon the page.

"Not I. I am orthodox, brain, bone and blood."

"Why so?"

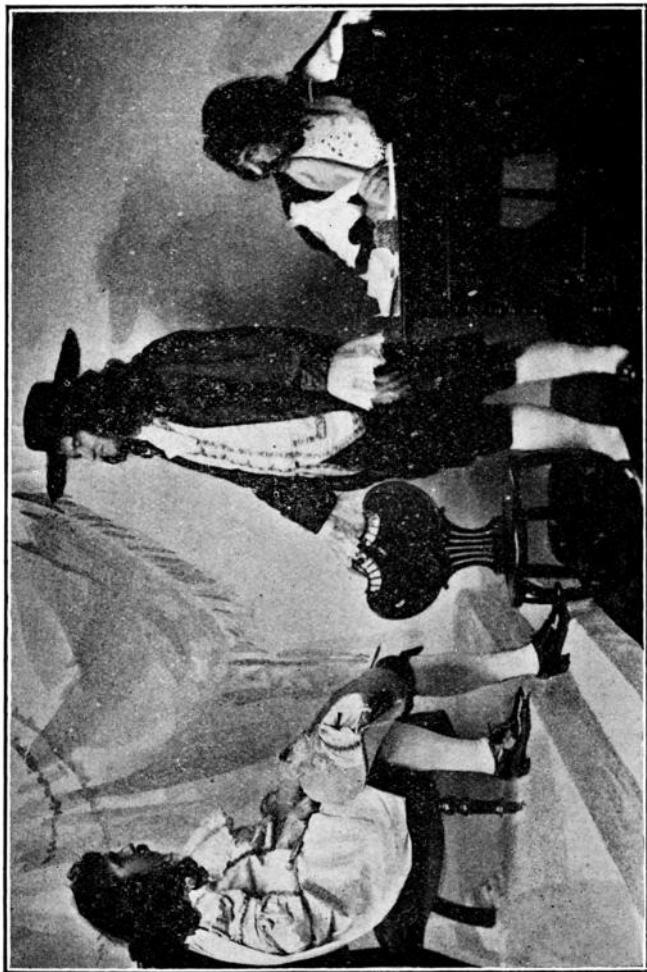
"Because it pays better and is safer."

"A truth frankly spoken. There are others more diplomatic yet less honest; but upon what do you base your opinion of the character of Penn?"

"I mingle much with the mob. I was present in the disguise of a fish monger when he was last arrested."

"Enough; go, now, and send a messenger to Newgate with orders to release William Penn and deliver to him this message."

The page, who was a very intelligent and highly educated young man, bowed low and retired. The messenger hastened to Newgate. Penn was brought



"GOOD MORNING, FRIEND CHARLES."





out of his cell and the message delivered to him. When he broke the seal, he read, in the hand writing of the King himself, these words:

Whitehall, England, March 3d, 1681

William Penn, Esquire:

You are commanded to appear in the presence of your King tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

Charles the Second,  
King of England.

At the appointed time, Penn entered the chamber of the Privy Council of his sovereign, attired in the garb of a Quaker and without removing his hat, said, in a pleasant tone: "Good morning, Friend Charles, did thee send for me?"

The Councillors stared at each other and then at the King in blank amazement at the bare-faced effrontery of a man who should be so recklessly bold as to enter the royal presence without uncovering his head. The King, however, being in a pleasant humor, removed his own hat, placed it upon his knee and said, "Good morning, Friend William. Yes, I sent for thee and right glad am I to see thee looking so well."

"But why does thee remove thy hat, Friend Charles?" said Penn, seating himself without invitation.

"Because it is a custom that but one person shall

sit in this Council with head covered," replied the King, assuming a careless air.

"A custom that were better for the breach than the observance, Friend Charles, and really, I have no desire to be so honored, so, if it please the King and Council, may we all sit with covered heads, being all equal before God," said Penn, with innocent simplicity.

"So mote it be. Councillors, observe the manner of your King," said Charles, gravely putting on his hat and smiling. The Councillors obsequiously followed his example. The King then said, addressing Penn:

"And now, Friend William, thou art fully satisfied to accept the grant of land in America in lieu of all thy claims against England?"

"Fully satisfied, Friend Charles."

"Thou wilt trouble me no longer on this score if I grant it?"

"The debt will be fully cancelled."

"Thou wilt always be true to thy sovereign?"

"No Penn was ever otherwise."

"Then, receive from my hand the parchment, signed and sealed, which makes thee proprietor of a vast amount of land in the New World," and he passed the charter to Penn.

"For which, Friend Charles, receive my sincerest gratitude," said Penn, rising to go.

"Wilt thou soon depart for that country?"

"As soon as I can arrange my affairs here but not before next year. My wife is not strong, my children are young and my mother is much broken in health, so I cannot leave them yet."

The countenance of the King fell beneath this simple remark and he mentally observed, "Oh, that within my own heart such a flame as that were burning today," then to Penn, "But thou wilt honor me with a visit before thou goest?"

"With all my heart, as I have somewhat to say to thee," and Penn withdrew.

As speedily as possible, Penn prepared to depart for America. The first thing he did was to engage William Markham as his trusted agent, in order that he, himself, might have more time to look after his general interests. One day, as he was walking along Grace Church street, he met Ford on the exact spot where he was arrested on the fateful night heretofore mentioned.

"Good morning, Friend," said he extending his hand. "I know thee as the man who rescued the child from being crushed to death and then embraced the faith. I have often thought how I might reward thee for thy noble deed."

"There is one great boon I would crave at thy hands, Friend William," said Ford, eagerly.

"And what is that?"

"I would go with thee to America."

"That thee may do, Friend—what is thy name?"

"John Ford."

"Then, Friend John, thou shalt go with me as an assistant to William Markham who is already in America and who, I fear me, is overworking himself."

"May the Lord bless thee," replied Ford, meekly. "I will report tomorrow."

"Thee had better do so, Friend John, as we have much to do before our good ship sails for the New World. My mother grows weaker and weaker and I have grave fears that she will not be able to see me off."

They parted, and half a square away Ford darted down an alley, entered a hovel and slapped Belch on the shoulder with such force as to startle him.

"Congratulate me, Belch," said he loudly.

"Upon what?" inquired Belch.

"I am to be an under-secretary to William Penn."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so not twenty minutes ago."

"Then we are to go to America."

"Where I shall grow rich—," said Ford eagerly.

"Swindling the natives," interrupted Belch, "and I shall grow famous inciting them to deeds of violence and teaching them civilized methods of torture."

"You are a villain incarnate," said Ford.

"John Ford," said the other sternly, "the human

race is but a horde of ferocious beasts of prey, going about seeking whom they may devour. The lion gloats over the carcass of the tiger; the tiger waylays and destroys the bear; the bear, in turn, feasts to the fullest fatness upon the body of the wolf and the wolf banquets to gluttony upon the slain lamb. 'Tis the law of nature. Satisfy your appetite, of whatever character it may be. Never mind broken hearts, ruined homes and swimming eyes. They are but children of a maudlin sentiment fit only for the sympathy of the Quakers and their kind. But when do we sail?"

"September first," replied Ford carelessly.

"'Tis not far away and I must prepare to take my last leave of England and my friends," replied the other.

"There are few, I take it, who will mourn your departure."

"There are those who will grieve when I am gone."

"Name them."

"The friends of Bishop Joss," was the cool reply.

"Better drop that coal of fire, Belch, it will burn you."

"When the sun sets upon his life. Good night."

\* \* \* \* \*

From the place of his meeting with Ford, Penn returned directly to the bedside of his mother. She

had grown visibly weaker since he left her for a walk, but an hour ago. Her voice was so feeble that she could only speak in a whisper. Her eyes beckoned him to come nearer. He took her thin, pale hand in his and bent his ear almost to her lips. Slowly and firmly she closed her fingers about his and whispered:

"William, my noble boy, my last sun is rapidly sinking in the beautiful horizon of the west. Oh, how glorious is its reflection against the golden sky. My race is almost run and how supremely happy the ending. My life-boat is afloat upon the River of Life and how lovely are its flower-laced borders. It is just a little way to the other side. My hour-glass is rapidly running empty and every grain of sand is turning to a grain of gold. The fruit has become fully ripened upon the parent tree and the coming of the autumn time is at hand, when it will drop into the lap of its mother. My soul has fulfilled its humble mission on earth and only awaits the warm breath of heaven to waft it to the Beautiful Isle of Roses, where the white winged angels will meet it upon the vestibule of life and welcome it home. My son, be thou faithful unto death and thou shalt receive a crown of life."

She ceased to speak. A smile wreathed her saintly lips. Slowly her fingers relaxed their grasp upon those of her son, one short, feeble gasp and the mother of one of the noblest creatures to whom

woman ever gave birth passed from labor to reward.

Long and earnestly the son gazed into her eyes but there was no response to his eager look. The windows of the soul were darkened forever. The chapter was ended. The book was closed.

In the merry month of May,

Her pure spirit fled away

To the land where pain and sorrow never come.

There, forever will she rest,

In the bosom of the blest,

In the sunshine of her bright, celestial home.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE QUAKER AND THE KING.

The last day of the month of August 1682 arrived, and found William Penn in close consultation with his assistants. While Ford was at all times apparently busy, he allowed nothing to escape his alert eye or his eager ear.

"And now," said Penn, when all arrangements for the voyage were completed, "I must go to my King and bid him farewell."

When he had quitted the place, Ford went out at another door and informed Belch of the decision of the proprietor. He smiled grimly and said, "I will be on hand."

To Whitehall went William Penn, where he found "The Merrie Prince Charlie" in a most excellent mood. After passing the compliments of the day, the King said: "Well, Friend William, that was a noble province I sold thee in North America, but I suppose thee has no thought of going there."

"Indeed I have," replied Penn, "and I have come to bid thee farewell."

"What! Venture thyself among the savages of North America? What security hast thou that



thou wilt not be boiling in their war kettles within two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The very best security in the world," said Penn.

"I doubt that, Friend William. Why, in the days of "the good Queen Bess" did not Sir Walter Raleigh send full seven ship loads of men over there to civilize the natives, and what says report was their fate? Boiled alive and served as food at a feast to the Evil Spirit for sending them there."

"The truth about that unfortunate venture, Friend Charles," said Penn, "was that the venomous brood of criminals which Sir Walter sent out to civilize the Indians sought to make slaves of them, but that cannot be done. The Red Man will be thy friend, but thy slave, never."

The King dropped his assumption of the Quaker dialect and went on: "I have no idea of any security against those cannibals except a regiment of good soldiers with muskets loaded and swords drawn, but I tell you now, with all my good will to you and my reverence for the memory of your noble father, I will not send one soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers. I depend upon something to which thy soldiers are strangers and that is the moral sense of the Indians themselves, even upon that grace of God which brings salvation to all men."

"I fear, Friend William," said the King, "that the grace of God has not appeared to the Indians.

If it had they would hardly have treated my subjects as barbarously as they have."

"Thy subjects were the aggressors. When they first went to North America, they found these simple people the fondest, most confiding creatures in the world, who showed the strangers every hospitality their surroundings afforded. In return for this kindness, thy subjects, who styled themselves Christians, evil treated the natives. What wonder is it then, that they driven to desperation by such inhuman cruelties should commit some excesses?"

"Well then, Friend William, I hope you will not complain when they treat you the same way. You no doubt expect to get their land and how will you do it?"

"I will buy it of them."

"Buy it, why man, you have already bought it of me."

"So I have, and at a good, round sum; though I consider that I have paid just so much for thy good will, I do not consider thee had any right to sell those lands since they did not belong to thee."

"But they did belong to me," answered the King warmly.

"By what right?"

"By the right of discovery and conquest."

"The word conquest, Friend Charles, is well inserted there, but the right to discover something that was already discovered and inhabited, thee could hardly lay claim to with justice."

"Why, have not the Pope and all Christian Kings agreed to grant the right of discovery and conquest to one another?"

"So they have and the right of discovery is well granted, but the right to slaughter and enslave innocent human creatures, God has given neither to Prince nor Pontiff, soldier nor civilian," answered Penn.

"But, among civilized nations, there is no such thing recognized as the rights of barbarians," said the King, driven to bay.

"Frankly and truly stated," replied Penn, "yet were Justice to mark the boundaries of the land of so-called enlightened Europe, she would probably draw the line much nearer this side of the Atlantic than it now is."

"A fine spun theory, Friend William, which is born of a mind made abnormally sentimental by a false early education," said Charles, grimly, "but how do you propose to subdue the heathens and how will you deal with them?"

"If they need to be subdued, which I very much doubt, I shall subdue them with kindness and I shall deal with them fairly and honestly as I should hope for them to deal with me. The rights of property and the rights of man shall go hand in hand. Neither shall oppress the other. I will buy the lands of the rightful owners, the Indians themselves, and thus hope to secure the blessings of God upon my colony," replied Penn.

The King and the proprietor arose, both still with covered heads. The former took the hand of the Quaker and said kindly: "Strange fancies fill your mind, my honest friend, and they no doubt spring from generous impulses and motives most sincere, but in an age as corrupt as this, it were as reasonable to expect a lamb to convince a thousand hungry wolves that it was not created to be their prey as for one, weak, human creature, such as you, in the very nature of things, must be, to convince the Caucasian race that the Indian is not the legitimate prey of stronger and wiser people. Shorn of its tinsel of poetry, the future of the Indian race appears a panorama of surcharged streams of blood and a boundless plain, white with bleaching skeletons. The march of the civilization of this decrepit age, and it is the best and the worst we know, is a heartless, cruel, unjust and unholy one, yet it goes ever onward riding rough shod over all opposition and crushing under its despotic heel every semblance of resistance. Take my advice, Friend William. Go to America, if you must, barter away your lands for a handsome fortune, then return to England and live in peace and pleasure during the remainder of your life."

"Oh, scarlet-robed, soul-stifling, heart-sickening sin! How thou dost dazzle the eyes and feed the foolish fancies of a race worthy of the highest motives and noblest ambitions, until thou wouldst drag

them down through endless ages of misery to the bottomless pit of a dread eternity. Thou art victor now, but the time will come, I sincerely believe, when all men shall know the truth and shall insist on the necessity of right living and recognize the equality of all men before God." The countenance of the Quaker preacher beamed with a halo of the purest light as he thus spoke, apparently addressing some invisible being, then, to the King he went on: "Charles the Second, King of England and my beloved sovereign, thou wert born for a better age but a cruel fate has cast thee into this seething caldron and thou canst not escape. May thy reign be long, may thy life be useful, may thy last days be thy best days and may thy end be full of a joyful anticipation of a life of eternal bliss. As for me, I have received a commission from thee to go forth and claim the land of the Delawares in the New World; but from God I hold a higher commission. It is to go forth and do what I can to save their souls. Farewell, Friend Charles, farewell."

"May the God you so implicitly trust be with you and prosper you in all your undertakings," replied the King, "but the sun is not more sure to shine in the cloudless sky of tomorrow's noonday, than is the white race to seal the doom of the Delawares. Farewell, Friend William, fare you well."

As he turned and left the presence of his King, these dreadful words rang like a death knell in his

ears. Indeed, as the years went by, his heart was made sad and his eyes dim with tears when he saw the steady and certain fulfillment of that awful prophecy.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A SEARED CONSCIENCE AND A WITHERED HEART.

By day break next morning all was in readiness for the good ship to sail which should carry William Penn to the new found land of freedom and right. For an hour, by one pretext or another, Ford had been able to postpone the putting off of the vessel and was just about at the end of his resources. His snaky eyes pierced the heavy fog with intense eagerness as if searching for someone not yet aboard. Suddenly two dark objects were seen coming down the street in great haste, and a moment later, Belch, panting like a run down stag, stumbled across the gang plank, followed by the Indian, who trotted behind him with perfect ease.

As soon as they reached the deck, Ford announced that all was ready, when the anchor was weighed, the sails were unfurled, and on the first day of September, 1682, the bonnie ship, "Welcome," sailed away on the wings of the wind.

There were no electric lights in those days to illuminate every portion of the ship with a brightness that turned night into day. Not even was the kerosene lamp known and when at the hour of mid-

night Ford stealthily crept along the dark passages of the hold of the vessel, he was in little danger of being discovered by anyone whom he wished to avoid. Holding aloft a lighted wax candle, he descended into a damp, dismal corner whose foul air almost stifled him, and said eagerly: "Heavens, Belch, what kept you so long?"

"A little matter of business," was the reply. Bingoo crouched at his feet.

"What do you mean?"

"Ha, ha; say, Ford, it is lucky this Indian is daffy or it would be necessary for me to send his soul to the happy hunting grounds before I relate to you my experience during the past twenty-four hours," chuckled Belch, and his eyes gleamed with a wicked satisfaction that would have done honor to the most accomplished demon in Pluto's dread domain.

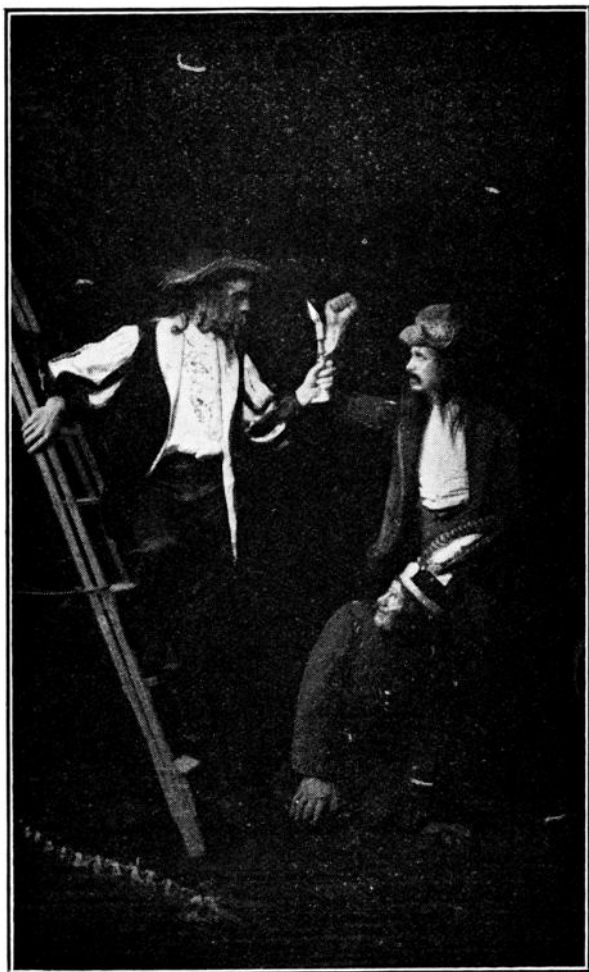
"Have you committed some awful crime?" said Ford, as he eagerly scanned the face of the villain before him.

"Do you remember what I told you would satisfy my thirst for revenge? I am satisfied. I no longer hunger nor thirst," replied Belch.

"What?" exclaimed Ford, with his finger nails sinking into the fatty flesh that covered the neck of the other. "*Have you killed the King?*"

"Take your puny finger nails out of my flesh, you rogue. They feel like the bite of a flea."





"BINGOO CROUCHED AT HIS FEET."



"Answer my question at once. Have you killed the King? Are you a regicide?"

"No, I have not killed the King. I would to God I had," said the other, sullenly.

"Then what awful crime have you committed?"

"Listen," said Belch. "In England there is no such thing as crime. Twelve thousand Quakers rot in prison pens like so many swine, but it is no crime. For the Duke of York to thrust five hundred innocent women and children into a church in Scotland and set fire to it, crying out, while they were roasting alive, 'a savory dish will that be if it is not overdone,' was no crime. Certainly not. His highly civilized countrymen will make him King some day. For King Charles the Second to tear from the bosom of a mother her virgin daughter, and with a laugh of scorn and defiance, fling that daughter into the arms of some moral leper is no crime; and, for Bishop Joss to snatch my mother from her husband's embrace and commit her to a fate which was a thousand times worse than death, was no crime. All this is only progressive civilization," and the insanity of his wrath made the speaker a fearful thing to behold.

"Cease your senseless vaporings and tell me what you have done," said Ford.

In a tone whose sarcasm was most cutting, Belch replied: "I have sent Bishop Joss to join the angels. No," and his voice changed at once to deepest humil-

ity. "God forgive the blasphemy," then with an awful expression upon his face, he hissed: "*I have sent Bishop Joss to hell.*"

"About as I supposed. Now the power of the whole Kingdom will be turned against you. But how did you accomplish this awful deed?"

"Easily enough. I was walking along the street last night about midnight, when I met the foxy bishop in a disguise in which I had seen him before. He recognized me at once and said: 'Ah, friend Belch, how is it that you are out so late? I hear you are to go to America with that infidel, Penn.'"

"So I am, and I am walking about bidding farewell to the old familiar haunts in London Town," I replied."

"Just the thing to do. By the way, Belch, I have a little job on hand tonight in which I need your assistance and if you will help me I will fill your pockets with gold."

"Tell me and trust me," I replied."

"The report is abroad," said the Bishop, "that the Duke of Monmouth aspires to the crown. The Duke of York wishes him to suspend breathing. I know where he is now. If I take care of him I will always be free from religious persecution during the reign of James the Second. Now, what say you?"

"Show me the quarry," said I."

"We walked two squares ahead and found ourselves following the Duke of Monmouth—or his

ghost. He was going toward Newgate. He arrived at a dark place beneath the shadow of its walls. 'Now is our time,' whispered Joss. We seized the fellow, threw a heavy, black cloak over his head and hurried him to the rear gate. He fought like a lion. It took our strongest muscles to hold him. 'Here are the keys,' said Joss, handing them to me. They were fastened to a chain which was attached to a belt about his body. I unlocked the gate, then we forced the prisoner inside. As he rushed forward, he whirled the Bishop around with such violence as to snap the links of the chain and leave the keys in the lock. I took them out, and, thrusting them into my pocket, closed the gate. Then I grasped the prisoner's arm in such a manner as to render him helpless. 'Where shall we take him?' I inquired."

" 'To the Dungeon of the Demons,' replied the Bishop."

"The fellow had evidently heard of the place for he struggled harder than ever and cursed us bitterly though his voice did not sound exactly like the voice of the Duke. Without further ado, we rushed him through corridor after corridor of secret passages until we reached the dreaded spot."

" 'Curse the door, it is closed. The key shaped like the Cross of Calvary is the one that unlocks it,' said the Bishop."

"I unlocked the door and flung it open. The Bishop put forth all his strength to pull the supposed

Duke into the cell. In doing so, he swung himself around until he was almost immediately in front of the entrance to the den. I whispered a word into the ear of the prisoner. He ceased to struggle and said calmly: 'Must I go into that place?'

" 'You certainly must,' replied the Bishop, panting with exhaustion."

" 'By whose decree?'

" 'By the decree of Charles the Second, King of England.'

" 'What is the accusation?'

" 'Treason.'

" 'In what?'

" 'In attempting to incite the mob of London to overthrow the rightful heir to the throne of England and seize it for yourself.'

" 'I deny the charge.'

" 'Well you may, but it will avail you nothing. Duke of Monmouth, you can never be King of England, because you are a bastard. Lucy Walters was never married to Charles, and, in that cell you shall lie until called upon to answer to the indictment.'

" 'But I am not—'

" 'You *are* guilty—,' yelled the Bishop, releasing his hold upon the prisoner's arm."

" 'I am not guilty, and I am not—,' "

" 'You *are* going in there and you *are* going now.'

"I stepped forward until I was almost in front of the Bishop. He stood between me and the open door of the dungeon. The foul odor of the place filled my nostrils with stench and my soul with fury. I glanced into the place for an instant—only an instant—and, in that instant I saw, with my mind's eye the pleading, upturned face of my mother."

"*'In that cell, traitor's await their sentence,'* said the Bishop with eyes ablaze."

"But I am not the—" protested the prisoner. He got no farther."

"*'In that den the murderer of my mother shall meet his doom,'* said I with a voice like a maniac. I pushed the bishop into the cell, and, slammed the door, shut and locked it, just as the stranger finished the sentence he had tried so hard to utter, shouting: 'I am not the Duke of Monmouth.'"

"Gods, was it not the Duke of Monmouth?" asked Ford.

"No."

"Who was it?"

"Henry Harold, a seafaring man whom everybody in London knows to be the double of the Duke."

"What did you do?"

"I hastened him out of there as quickly as possible and we parted at the prison gates."

"Where were you after that?"

"Looking for this idiotic Indian who strayed

away from home ; but here I am, safely aboard and on my way to America where I think I shall turn missionary and convert the heathen savages after the manner most approved in civilized England."



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE MEETING OF PENN AND TAMINA.

In the sunny month of October, the vessel which carried the modest, yet powerful Quaker, sailed up the broad and beautiful Delaware. Slower and slower moved this conquerer of the waves. Like an eagle that folds its wings as it nears the end of its flight, the good ship "Welcome" furled her sails, a shudder ran through her frame and she was still.

Upon an elevated platform stood William Penn. His bosom rose and fell, his lips quivered and a tear glittered in his eye. The scene before him was truly inspiring. Along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, was a solid mass of eager expectant humanity. English, Dutch and Sweeds, strong and weak, patriarch and youth, parent and child, swain and sweetheart, vied with one another in extending to him a hearty welcome.

Back of these and occupying a long low range of hills that extended parallel to the river, stood another great company of people; giants in sature and reddish brown in color. Were they really human beings, or were they animals? Did they possess souls or were they simply erect specimens of the

brute creation? By common consent, civilized nations had conceded to them the attribute of possessing souls but recognized for them no rights which the Caucasian race was bound to respect—that is, in race contention.

The garb of these new and strange looking creatures was peculiar and interesting. Their clothing was made from the skins of the animals whose homes were the tangled depths of the primeval forests. Their individual tastes in matters of dress were almost as numerous as that of the whites, which was saying much. They varied from the half tanned bear skin carelessly fastened about the middle of the body of the wearer to the most exquisitely wrought costumes of those highest in authority. In the hands of the male portion of this great throng were their bows, at their backs were their bundles of arrows and in their raw-hide belts were their knives and tomahawks. Not a few of them carried fire-arms, for it must not be forgotten that it had been a century since the white man first appeared in this portion of the New World.

Upon the head of each native was a peculiar decoration of some kind. Here was a group upon whose heads were seen the wings of a crow or a turkey, there, the tail of a fox was attached to the hair, yonder, a portion of the scalp of a wolf. These different decorations all denoted the tribes and divisions to which their possessors belonged, yet every-

where, the eagle's plume could be seen, which showed that they all belonged to the progressive nation of Delaware Indians. A member of the Crow tribe was a member of the Delaware nation. So with the Fox, the Wolf, the Turtle and others.

As the eager eye of the tender hearted Penn swept this elevation from one end to the other, his soul was filled to overflowing with love as he mentally exclaimed: "Oh, may God give me grace, courage and wisdom to enable me to impart to these simple children of the wood the light of His love for them."

Back over the dusky line his eye ran again and this time it was arrested by the figure of a man standing upon a slight elevation in the foreground. This man was Tamina, the Great Sachem or chief, of the entire Delaware nation and the wisest Indian that ever lived. This great sheik was full six feet tall as he stood upon a broad, flat stone whose base was not more firm than the honor in his heart and whose surface was not more broad than his charity for the human race. A fancy diadem, of feathers from the plumage of the eagle encircled his head. It was of the finest weaving, the most intricate workmanship, the richest hues and the rarest value. Only the Great "In-co-ho-nee"—the leader of the leaders—was permitted to wear it; yet, beautiful as it was, it was not more beautiful than the calm and peaceful countenance it illuminated. Brilliant as was

the glow of its many colors in the light of that charming October sun, it paled into twilight dimness beside the purity of the mind which lay beneath it, and high as the eagles may have soared, whose feathers contributed to its composition, they were but quails in the bush when compared to the flight of the thoughts of this noble chieftain.

From beneath the feathery folds of this, nature's crown for nature's king, a profusion of long, black hair hung like the festoons of mosses that clung to the adjacent forest trees. His eye was clear, steady and calm; his mouth strong, well formed and his lips firm but not sensual; his features were brown and swarthy but fine and regular and his expression was noble, pure and good.

Enrobing the majestic form of this exalted ruler of the forest folk, was a suit made of the softest fawn skin, and composed of a coat, a pair of trousers, and a broad belt.

By a process, known only to Tamina and which, even now, is known to but few, this fawn skin was made as spotless as the driven snow. It was never worn except upon occasions of the greatest importance, and when the Great Sachem of all the Delawares appeared in this costume of faultless finish, holding in his right hand the white maple staff and in his left hand the white feathered arrow, all his children felt that the Great Spirit was near and the profoundest silence prevailed.



"MAY THE RED MAN AND THE PALEFACE BE FRIENDS."



The decorations upon this elegant costume were remarkably fine and beyond the comprehension of the whites. Upon the left breast was wrought, in the most intricate bead work, the figure of an eagle, under whose protecting wing, partly spread, might have been seen the figure of a dove, indicating the supreme desire of the Delawares to live at peace with all men. Upon the right breast was wrought in bead work of glistening green, a group of stalks of corn, with blades and tassels fully grown and ears matured, whose roots penetrated deep into the soil, indicating that there was sufficient nourishment in the bosom of mother earth for all her children. Upon the right shoulder was a wigwam at sunset, about whose entrance sat the Indian mother and her children, anxiously watching for the return of the father from the hunt and upon the left shoulder was the figure of an old man leaning upon the strong arm of his son.

Upon the front portion of the belt, were the words :

**“MAY THE RED MAN AND THE PALE  
FACE BE FRIENDS.”**

As Penn gazed at this wonderful chieftain, the latter turned to look at his people, when the Quaker proprietor caught sight of a picture of a war scene, in bead work on the back of the coat, indicating that the last resort should be a conflict at arms.

When William Penn went ashore, the crowd that

surged about him, respectfully gave way and he walked to the outer edge of the assemblage, where, facing the Great Sachem of the Delawares, he extended his open, right hand, palm upward, which action said: "I seek a home in the land of my brother and a place in his generous heart."

In reply, Tamina raised his right hand and pointed to heaven, then, placing his two palms together, slowly separated them, which meant: "May the Great Spirit bless and safely guide you; the door of my wigwam is open, enter and be welcome."

Not a word had been spoken. Tamina understood the English language but Penn had only learned a word here and there of the language of the Delawares, yet, there was present that subtle influence, better understood now than then, which always reveals the affinity of true hearts for each other, and, as Penn walked up the slope, Tamina came down and they met half way between the two assemblies and clasped hands in token of that friendship which was never to be broken while Penn lived but which, alas, was to form only a little green spot through which the Delawares were to march to their certain doom.

The shout that went up from both whites and Indians would seem to have reached the uttermost parts of the earth and to have softened every heart in the world. Would to God it had done so.

From the time the good ship "Welcome" had



rounded the bend as it came up the Delaware, Bingoo, the witless Indian had been very restless. He trotted about the deck utterly regardless of the presence of anyone. Suddenly he rushed forward, and, grasping the arms of Ford and Belch, pointed to the center of the host of Indians and said eagerly: "Tamina."

Turning their eyes that way they studied the chief carefully for a time then Ford smiled and said: "There is the chief this idiot calls Tamina, the wisest Indian that ever lived. He is to be our brother, so says Friend William Penn."

"Yea, verily," replied Belch, "and we will proceed to deal with our brother as seemeth best to us in our own good time."

"Mind how you talk," replied Ford, "even sails, masts and rudders have ears."

"Never fear, there is no one near but this idiot and he knows nothing."

"He knows Tamina."

"As one dog knows another."

As they went ashore it was necessary for Ford and Belch both to hold the Indian to keep him from breaking away, and when they had reached the outer circle of the crowd, which they did just as Penn and Tamina grasped hands, he was frantic with joy at the sight of his chief. Presently all was still, then, upon the quivering air there fell in loudest tones the single word:

"TAMINA."

"Who speaks the name of the Great Sachem of the Delawares?" said the chief, then raising his eyes, he saw Bingoo struggling with those about him. "Speak, paleface brother," said he to Penn, "who is that Red Man?"

Observing the strange actions of the Indian for a moment, Penn replied gravely: "I know him not, my brother."

"Bingoo," shouted the Indian, as if understanding what was said.

"Bingoo?" said Tamina, regarding Penn with a look of mistrust and apprehension.

"I know him not. We will have him here presently," said Penn. Turning, he spoke to Ford, who had released his hold upon Bingoo to stronger hands and said: "Loose him and let him go."

"He is a maniac."

"What says he?" asked Tamina.

"The man is mad," replied Penn.

"Let him come," said Tamina.

"Loose him and let him go," again demanded Penn.

When he was released a spectacle was presented the like of which had never before been witnessed. With a yell the Indian sprang away and started toward Tamina, but, with his face turned to the right shoulder while his breast was toward the two great men before him, his efforts were so comical that the white people set up a loud laugh, but

neither the face of Tamina nor any of his people relaxed a particle.

When Bingoo neared the spot where the two men stood, he did not go directly to Tamina, but circled about him in the wildest glee. Gradually the circle narrowed and when he was about six feet away, he sprang between Penn and the Sachem and threw his arms about the latter in a manner that convinced the whites that he was truly a maniac. He drew the Great Sachem to him in the fondest embrace, then grasped him by the shoulders and holding him at arms length, looked at him with that idiotic stare that sent a thrill of horror through the body of the chief, Indian though he was. Then he rubbed the face, the hands, the head, the coat, and the arms of the chief as a child would stroke some pet animal, all the time gibbering something which Penn did not understand.

"The Great Sagamore of the Delawares," said Tamina, caressing him as he would a child. Then he turned an anxious look of inquiry toward Penn.

"I never saw him until now," replied the latter in a tone most convincing.

"He is the victim of some terrible torture at the hands of the palefaces. Three great suns (years) ago they persuaded me to let him go away. They said the great white father across the big salt sea wished to see him. They told me they would treat him well and return him safely. When he left

my side he was a perfect man. He returns with a broken body and a darkened mind. It is the same old story of the basest cruelty, the most heartless ingratitude and the vilest treachery which has always marked the conduct of the whites toward the Red Man and yet, when the child of the forest turns against his persecutors, they call him a savage. Take him back to those who have thus deformed him. He is no longer an Indian," and the Great Sachem waved his hand toward the crowd of whites. "Go, Bingoo, sometime Tamina may call for you."

Without a word the Indian began to dance around in a circle again. Larger and larger it grew until it became about two rods wide, when, with a yell and an upward leap, he ran back to Belch and crouched at his feet like a dog, panting with exhaustion.

When he had done so, Penn turned to Tamina and said: "What the Great Sachem of the Delawares says is too true but I come not among you with bloody hands; my mission is one of peace and love."

"So have they all said," replied Tamina.

"If the Great Sachem will permit me to come to his wigwam, I believe I can convince him that what I say is true," said Penn.

"When seven suns (days) have passed let my paleface brother meet me at my wigwam which stands upon the highland beside the Great River."

"So shall it be," said Penn, and they parted.



“WHEN HE LEFT MY SIDE HE WAS A PERFECT MAN.”



## CHAPTER X.

## THE BOND ETERNAL.

At the appointed time William Penn left the ship unattended and wended his way to the wigwam of the Great Sachem of all the Delawares. It was situated upon a beautiful elevation which overlooked the broad and shining bosom of the mighty river bearing the same name. This wigwam was a marvel, both in the manner of its construction and of its component parts. There were two entrances on either side and one at either end and it was divided into four general compartments, the one at the northern extremity occupying half the space enclosed and being used as a council chamber. The other three were of different sizes, the one at the southeast corner, and nearest the river, being a private apartment, into which Tamina took his friends when he desired to consult them upon matters of the greatest importance. This remarkable wigwam had been constructed by planting evergreen trees in the earth ten feet apart and twining their boughs together in such a manner as to form an oval in shape with flat sides and a convex roof. From the sunny southland palmetto trees had been brought whose

broad leaves were interwoven with the others in such a manner as to form a water shed so perfect that not a drop of rain nor a flake of snow could penetrate it.

The skins of the buffalo covered the outside of this palace of the emperor and were so arranged as to entirely exclude the keenest blast of the coldest winter. The habitation of the Red Man was always built with a view to warding off the blows of the storm-king of the north, for, when the warm breath of the sunny eyed maiden of the southland fell upon his dusky cheek, he went forth from his wigwam and lived in sweet contentment beneath the overhanging boughs of the towering evergreens.

The ingenuity with which this wigwam was constructed and the manner in which its coverings were arranged filled the palefaces with wonder. As William Penn examined it, he could not repress his surprise but said to himself: "And are these the people whom King Charles the Second calls blood-thirsty savages and ravenous cannibals?"

Without a sign of ostentation or a word of boasting, Tamina led his visitor through the interior of his home. Upon the inner walls were hung a number of deer and bear skins, tanned to a rich, golden brown and smooth as velvet. Upon these were to be seen rude sketches representing the trophies of the hunt, the trail and of war. About the floor at convenient places in the large apartment,



were boughs of native trees upon which were spread the skins of animals and upon these the sagamores reclined and conversed with one another while they awaited the coming of their chief.

Leading the way, Tamina entered the private apartment just mentioned, and seating himself upon a robe made of the skin of a white buffalo, motioned Penn to a place opposite him. As the latter assumed the place his hand touched the robe beneath him and he noticed that it was softer than velvet. True to the frankness of his nature, he at once began to examine it and found that it was made of the skins of the mole, a small, burrowing creature whose coat is softer than that of any other fur bearing animal. One thousand of these mole skins entered into its composition and so neatly were they united that the skill of the most expert needle-woman in all England would have been taxed to the uttermost to imitate the workmanship. At other places lay the skins of a huge grizzly bear, a mountain lion, a black deer and of many smaller animals.

Upon the walls Penn noticed many rare, valuables of various kinds, including a robe of spotless white fawn skin upon which was wrought an intricate network of bead lacing, the beads having been made of pearls found by the Indians who gathered oysters from the great bays at hand. There was also a large collection of stone hatchets, arrows, darts, spears and other relics of former times and

ages. Of special value were the necklace of pearls worn by Ocalla, the Cherokee Indian queen, of whom we shall hear more later on, when she welcomed DeSoto to her home opposite Silver Bluffs, on the Savannah river in what is now the state of South Carolina, and the feather mantle of Montezuma, the only treasure belonging to the great Aztec chief, which escaped the eagle eyes of the greedy Cortez and his followers.

Stepping forward, Tamina threw back the curtain that closed the eastern entrance to his private room and when the proprietor turned, his eyes rested upon a scene that was inspiring in the extreme. Below them lay the Delaware, enchanting in its beauty, sublime in its greatness and majestic in its silence. Beyond its crystal tide extended the boundless forest, along whose fringing edges the whites had cut little scallops into which they had crept and planted their settlements, while from out the tangled underbrush came numerous sparkling streamlets that lost themselves in the bosom of the river.

"The scene is very beautiful," said Penn.

"'Tis the work of the Great Spirit," replied Tamina.

"See how the setting sun lights up the whole picture," said Penn.

"'Tis the parting smile of the Great Spirit when he is pleased with his children," replied the chief.

"Surely, in such a lovely country as this, boundless in its extent and limitless in its resources, the Red Man and the white man should be friends for all time," said Penn, with great earnestness.

"So they should, but it can never be," answered the chief, without removing his eyes from the scene beyond the river.

"And why not?" asked Penn.

"Because the speaking books of the paleface which teach him his wisdom, make him mistrustful and covetous. There is no limit to his greed. He never has enough. The Red Man gives him a canoe, he wants a thousand. The Red Man gives him a river, he wants a hundred. The Red Man gives him more land than he can see over, he wants more than ten generations could walk around in a hundred great suns (years). If a paleface should conquer the whole world, he would make a canoe to carry him through the air, to other worlds which he would conquer."

"Great brother Onas, your heart is right, your words are true, your hands are clean. If only such as you would come to us the Red Man and the paleface could then be friends, but the paleface nation desires the Red Man to be their slave and this they will never do. Before the paleface set foot upon our shores the Red Man knew no such words as "Slave" and "Slavery" and he will never submit to such dreadful torture now. He is ready to

sheathe within his heart the cold steel of the death dealing dagger but he will never be a slave. For this reason the decree has gone forth among all the paleface nations, that since the Red Man refuses to bare his back to the merciless lash of the slave driver, his race must be destroyed and a blot of blood must mark the page upon which his history should have been written. No, no, brother Onas, it can never be. From the moment the first paleface set his foot upon the fertile bosom of the New World, the death of the Indian was decreed, the doom of the Delawares was sealed."

"Oh, great hearted chieftain, I fear there is much truth in what thee says. Would to God that I could bring to thee the virtues of England and leave her vices at home. But may thee not be mistaken in thy opinion of the feeling of the white race toward the Indian?"

Closing the flaps of the wigwam door, Tamina went to one corner of the room and turning aside several robes, drew forth what appeared to be a parcel. It was wrapped in the skin of a wolf around which was coiled the skins of a number of rattlesnakes. Slowly he removed the coverings and drew forth a gruesome looking object which sent the blood shivering through the veins of the tender hearted Quaker. It was a large piece of skin from the back of an Indian, and was as smoothly polished as ever skin of the tenderest fawn was dressed.

"What is it?" asked Penn, in horror.

"It is the skin of a Red Man upon which were tattooed certain marks and figures as you see. These the palefaces declared indicated places where rich treasures were concealed so they killed the Red Man and tanned his skin, in order that sometime they might use it to guide them to where the supposed treasures were hidden," said Tamina.

Calmly placing it beside him, he drew forth from the parcel an iron bar and held it up before his visitor: "That," said he, "is the iron which was held by a paleface when he burned out the eyes of A-ta-hual-pa, the Great Sachem of the Incas of Peru, after the Christian Spaniards had decided that he should not be burned alive but should be strangled at the stake, and after he had been promised his liberty if he would fill the room in which he was confined with gold. He filled the room with gold valued at four million pounds of your wampum and yet his eyes were burned out with this iron, after which, he was strangled at the stake, a deed which a Christian priest declared to be 'an evidence of God's mercy.'"

"I am surprised at the extent of your knowledge concerning such things," said Penn.

"There is much more that I do not know but look at this," said the Indian with the utmost coolness.

"What is it?" asked Penn.

"It is the tongue of the Indian guide who led

DeSoto to the Great Father of Waters. DeSoto wanted the young Indian to cross the big river with him and guide him further but the young man could not do so for he had never been across the river himself and did not know a trail in the forest beyond. When he told the Spanish chief this, the latter became very angry and ordered his tongue to be cut out, saying, when it had been done: 'Now, you Indian dog, you have lied to me. Go back to your heathen home and see if you will tell any more lies. Take this with you,' and he thrust the tongue into the belt of the young Indian who disappeared in the forest and finally reached the home of his people where he soon died."

"Oh, it is horrible to contemplate," said Penn.

"So it is, but I have one more bit of evidence to show you in support of my opinion; here it is," and he held the mummified hand of an Indian maiden before the great reformer.

"What awful story of civilized atrocity is connected with that?" asked Penn with a shudder.

"That," said the Sachem, as he lowered his voice and spoke in tones of greatest tenderness, "is the hand of Ocalla, the Cherokee Indian queen whose tribe lived beside the Savannah river opposite Silver Bluffs. In his wanderings DeSoto appeared upon the bluffs one afternoon. Ocalla and her people had never seen a paleface and they thought DeSoto and his followers had been sent to

them by the Great Spirit, for, in all the traditions of the Red Man, the Great Spirit was a being whose body was white as snow and whose soul was as pure as heaven. Ocalla sent her runners across the stream to meet and welcome the paleface. Many suns (days) and moons (nights) she fed them and furnished them homes. Her people nursed them when they were sick and gave them what they needed for their journey onward. When they departed, they stole Ocalla and carried her away with them to be the slave of DeSoto and the victim of his basest passion. Three long months was she compelled to live a life worse than death. One dark, stormy night she attempted to escape but was captured with a long knife in her right hand. She was brought before DeSoto still holding the knife, and when he saw her, he became furious and said to her: 'You beastly wench. I will see that you never hold another knife in that hand,' and, with a terrible oath, he drew his sword and cut off her hand and a part of her arm then sent her to her wigwam. She picked up the hand and carried it with her and when she was in her tepee she wound strong strips of deer skin around her wrist to stop the flow of blood, then, breaking some weeds, she applied the juices to the wounded arm to heal it. A few nights afterwards she escaped and made her way back to her people, carrying this hand, which she preserved in her own way, and yet, the pale-

faces wonder why she was their bitter enemy ever afterward.

"I could go on all night telling you of outrages that the palefaces have committed upon the Red Man. I could tell you of the seventeen spotless Indian maidens that were stolen by the wicked men which Sir Walter Raleigh sent over here, and how these maidens were shamefully abused until they died. Yes, and many other such deeds of civilized cruelty could I relate, but this is enough."

"I wonder who are the civilized and who are the savage races of the earth," said Penn, with a pained expression.

Just then the wigwam door opened and a lovely Indian maiden of about eighteen summers entered. In one hand she carried a highly polished bow of ebony wood to which was attached a string of silver and in the other she held a golden arrow. Penn was struck by her appearance and the longer he looked at her the more he desired to know something about her. Presently he said: "Who is the maid?"

"She is my only child," answered Tamina, as she came forward.

"She is very beautiful," said Penn.

"All wild roses are beautiful."

"Her step is light and graceful."

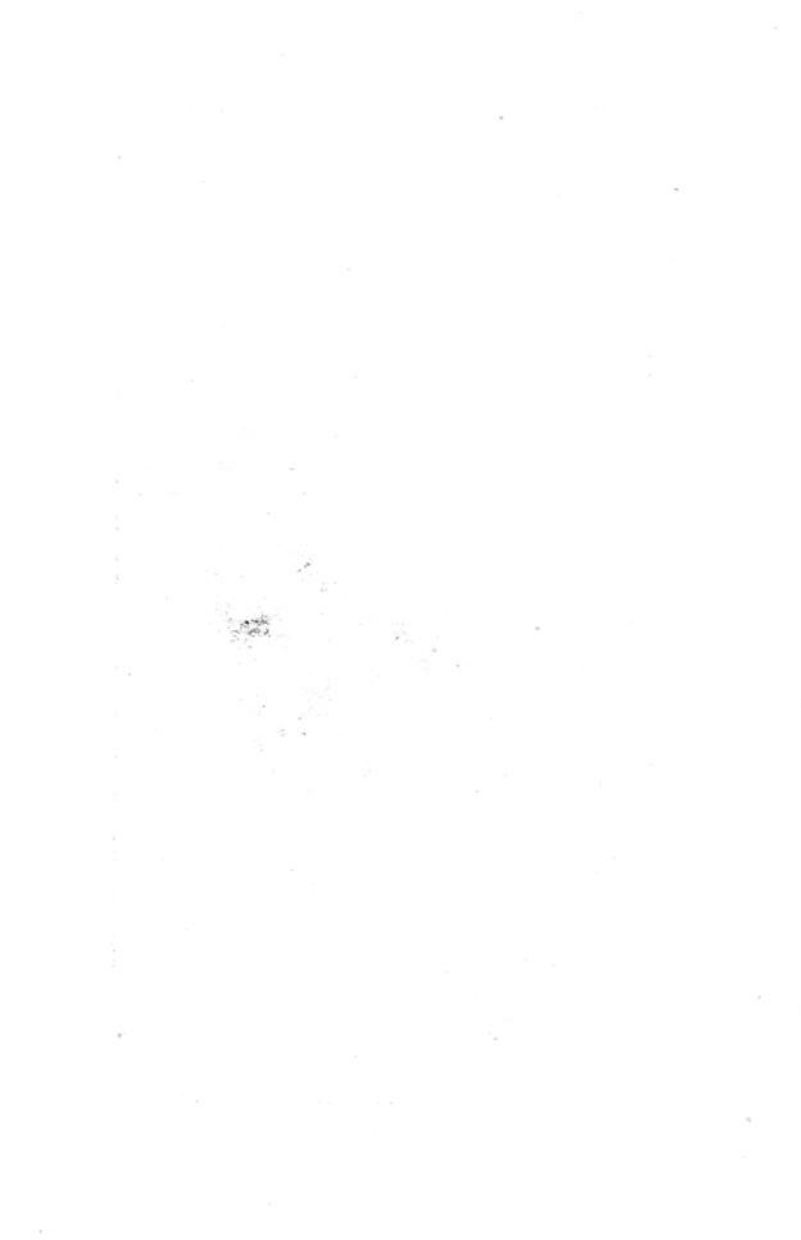
"What fawn is not so?"

"Her smile is very sweet."





“THEIR BITTER ENEMY EVER AFTERWARD.”



"The smile of the morning is always sweet."

"But there is something peculiarly interesting in her expression."

"She is the daughter of Tamina."

"What is her name?"

"She is The Sunny Eye."

William Penn was a very careful student of the features of different races of men. He scanned the face of the girl, then of her father for some time, then asked frankly, but respectfully: "Can it be possible that the blood of the paleface courses through the veins of the Great Sachem of the Delawares?"

Contrary to his habit, the emperor started suddenly then as quickly regained his composure and said in a low, serious tone:

"Let the good brother Onas stand upon the topmost peak of the Alleghenies and look down to where the land and the water meet at the great salt sea. Let him cast his eye along the shore to where the rolling rivers from the mountains leap into the arms of the great ocean and he will distinctly see the line which marks the ending of the sweet waters of the river and the beginning of the bitter waters of the sea; but, since the coming of the paleface to the New World, none is so wise that he can tell in whose veins the pure blood of the Red Man flows. None can tell where the fresh, clean blood of the Red Man ends and the dark, polluted blood of the paleface begins."

"Is there no tradition of thy fathers concerning this matter?" asked Penn.

"Long, long ago," replied Tamina, "a paleface brought his daughter to an island in the great bay and, leaving her with her husband went away and never returned. The husband died shortly after a girl child was born. The mother and child were found in a starving condition by Manteo, chief of the Hatteras Tribe, a branch of the Delawares. Manteo took them to the wigwam of his mother, Smiling Sunshine. She was a good woman and was sent to earth from the home of the Great Spirit because she loved all men. Through the veins of Tamina flows the royal blood of Smiling Sunshine. Manteo married the paleface mother and when the child grew up she was married to the youngest son of Smiling Sunshine. Upon the day of her marriage, she was crowned queen of the Hatteras Indians. This was many, many great suns—you call it years—ago, and from her womb came the fathers of Tamina, the Great Sachem of the Delawares. These are my truthful words. They have gone from me and shall not return."

"'Tis a very pretty legend and I am half inclined to believe it," said Penn, "for, in the features of both thyself and daughter I am persuaded I see evidences of the blood of the white race. But has thee nothing with which thee can further establish this tradition?"

About the girl's neck was a double chain of beads made from seven different colors of sea shells, the lower end of which extended beneath the upper edge of the fawn skin tunic that covered her bosom. Drawing this forth, Tamina showed the Quaker an old piece of gold attached to the end of the chain of beads. One side consisted of a plain, polished surface while upon the other, Penn beheld in clear English characters the words:



"This, is said to have been passed from parent to child ever since the day of the crowning of the queen of the Hatteras Indians. The words are English. What do they tell you?" asked the chief with a look of inquiry.

"If the tradition be true," replied Penn, thoughtfully, "they tell me that in the veins of the greatest

Indian that ever lived courses the blood of the first white child that was born on American soil."

"As I have told you," replied Tamina, seriously, "none is so wise as to deny what you say. The life-current of the paleface from some far distant spring may tinge the veins of Tamina but for all that he will never cease to be a loyal and true Red Man."

"It tells me more," said Penn, holding up the piece of gold and gazing at it with deep interest. It tells me that in Tamina are combined the best traits of both the white and the red races. He possesses the honesty of purpose, the sincerity of heart, the trustful, confiding nature of the best types of the Red Man combined with the charity of soul, and the true Christian spirit of the best hearts in the white race. It explains to me thy devotion to the arts of peace and thy abhorrence of war except when it is forced upon thee. It also explains to me the clearness of thy vision into the future and the evident truthfulness of thy prophecy. Accepting the tradition as true, shall not thee and I continue to labor for the good of all mankind as long as we live, even though everything we hope for does not come to pass?"

"Will you join me in a pledge to do this?" said the Great Sachem as he rose and extended his hand.

"With all my heart," replied Penn, taking the extended hand.

"Then meet me at the Great Elm Tree at the

coming of tomorrow's sun and the Delawares will treat with their brother," and taking the hand of The Sunny Eye, Tamina entered another apartment while Penn returned to the ship.

## CHAPTER XI.

## UNDER THE OLD ELM TREE.

At the time agreed upon, the Indian emperor and the Quaker governor appeared at the great elm tree. Around it were gathered chiefs, sagamores, or sub-chiefs and sanaps, or runners from the tribes that had been invited to be present and witness the arrival of the palefaces and who, after Tamina's interview with Penn, had been requested to prolong their visit and participate in forming the first treaty with the whites.

Upon the arrival of the two great leaders, all arose to their feet and stood in respectful silence until Tamina had seated Penn and assumed his own place beside his distinguished guest, when they resumed their places. Many white men were also present, among them the stealthy Ford, who recorded the proceedings for Penn, and the beastly, brutal Belch, who constantly revolved in his mind some scheme of villainy. Especially obnoxious in his sight was the great, the good, the noble Tamina.

When all was ready, Tamina rose and addressing the assembled councillors, said:

"My children, this paleface brother and his chil-



dren have come to us from the land of the rising sun. The Red Man has learned to mistrust his pale-face brother because of the ingratitude and treachery he has returned for the kindness and hospitality we have shown him. This brother comes to us with an open eye and a clean heart. No sword appears at his side, no gun in his hand, no knife in his belt and no flask of rum in his pocket.

"His children are hungry. Let my faithful hunters string their strongest bows and feather their swiftest arrows and go forth upon the chase to bring them food. His children are cold. Let my maidens and mothers prepare for them clothing from the choicest skins they have dressed. They have no homes. The Great Spirit has given us land in plenty and more, therefore, let us grant unto them lands upon which they may build wigwams to shelter their wives and little ones and the Great Spirit will surely reward our good works."

Tamina then took his seat. Penn arose, and, in the soulfull manner which was his by nature, looked about him upon that vast assemblage of infantie giants; giants in courage, stature and strength, infants in wisdom, in intellect and in knowledge. Then he slowly unrolled a sheet of parchment and read his "Proclamation," the following extracts from which are here presented. Tamina acted as interpreter.

"In England, a man who shoots a partridge

may be banished from his country. In Pennsylvania partridge shooting shall be free."

"In England, there is but one creed and one catechism, one prayer, one form of baptism, from which no man or woman dare dissent without peril of the whipping post or the pillory, in Pennsylvania, all who acknowledge one Almighty and eternal God to be the moral governor of the world, and who honor him as such by living honorable and peaceable lives, shall be equally protected in their rights and made capable of promotion to office."

"In many of the American colonies, the white settlers are charged with cheating the Indians out of their lands and their furs by putting bad merchandise upon them, in Pennsylvania all merchandise offered for trade shall be brought into market and exposed to public inspection."

"While in other colonies, the Indians are treated little better than dogs, whom every blackguard may kick and cuff to the exceeding diversion of white Christians, in Pennsylvania, it is decreed that the persons and rights of the Red Man shall be held sacred and that no man, whatever his rank or fortune, shall affront or wrong an Indian without incurring the same penalties as if committing the crime against the Proprietor himself."

"While, in most countries settled by Christians of this time, if a Christian be injured by a native, he might immediately avenge himself, even to

knocking out the brains of the offender, in Pennsylvania, it is decreed that if any Indian shall abuse a planter, said planter shall not be his own judge upon the Indian, but shall apply to the next magistrate, who shall make complaint thereof to the King, concerning the Indian, for reasonable satisfaction for the injury."

"While other Christian adventurers think they have a right to treat the inhabitants of other countries they discover as though they were members of the brute creation, in Pennsylvania, it is decreed that an eye of equal tenderness for the Friend or the Indian shall be shown and that all differences between Friends and Indians shall be tried by a jury of twelve men, six to be chosen from each party so that they may live peaceably together as becometh impartial justice and humanity to both."

"While in England, millions of money are given to the King, lords and clergy, the number and wretchedness of the poor is so increased that every year thousands are being hung for stealing a morsel of food to keep them from starving, in Pennsylvania, there are but two crimes that shall be punishable by death and they are murder and treason."

When Penn ceased speaking every eye was turned toward Tamina. He rose in his place and said solemnly and impressively:

"My children, the Great Spirit has surely sent this brother to us. The paleface nation is young.

It was created but yesterday. The Red Man was created more great suns ago than there are leaves upon the trees or pebbles along the beach. Their skins have been browned by the icy blasts of untold winters and the scorching heat of as many summers. The skin of our brother is white, which shows that his race is but a babe. But he is wise. The wisest of the children of men. This paleface is our brother, indeed, and with him and his people we will make a treaty that shall be kept sacred as long as the sun shall shine and as long as the rivers shall flow."

"As long as the sun shall shine and as long as the rivers shall flow," repeated the Indians present.

"Hear us, Oh, Great Spirit," prayed the chief.

"Hear us, Oh, Great Spirit," echoed the others.

Tamina again took his seat.

Penn now arose, and, stretching forth his hand, said impressively:

"We meet upon the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely, nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain that the rains may rust or a falling tree may break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts, and the treaty which we will make shall never be sworn to nor ever broken."

History records the fact that the terms of the treaty were arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned and it is well known that it was never violated as long as Penn remained in America.

## CHAPTER XII.

## TAMINA.

"Immortal Tamina of Indian race,  
Greatest in the field and foremost in the chase.  
No puny saint was he, with fasting pale,  
He climbed the mountain and he leaped the vale.  
Rushed through the torrent with unequalled might,  
Your ancient saint would tremble at the sight.  
Caught the swift boar and swifter deer with ease,  
And wrought a thousand miracles like these.  
To public views he added private ends,  
He loved his country most and next his friends.  
With courage long he strove to ward the blow,  
Courage we all admire, even in a foe.  
And when each effort he, in vain, had tried,  
Kindled the flame in which he bravely died.  
With him let every generous patriot vie,  
To live in freedom and in honor die."

During the ensuing winter, the Quaker preacher and the Delaware Sachem spent much time together. Penn discovered the interesting fact that the Indians held tenaciously to the traditions of their fathers, and, being a true Red Man, Tamina was familiar

with the traditions which taught that the Red Man was the first human being ever created, that he came from the land of the setting sun and of the cruelty the whites had imposed upon his race, hence, it is not surprising that he clung to the belief that he was a descendent from Virginia Dare, not because Virginia Dare was a white woman, but because she was the daughter-in-law of the royal Smiling Sunshine. Considering that, at the time of which we write, Tamina was in the prime of life, and, considering the indelible stamp of certain features and characteristics peculiar to the white race, Penn was confident he observed in Tamina, the tradition may have been true; at any rate, it is safe to say that this theory of the lineage of this wonderful chieftain is as nearly correct as any other yet advanced.

The character of the man was above reproach. His conduct was exemplary and his soul was clean. His ideals were lofty and his intents and purposes honorable. In short he comprised the virtues, in a conspicuous degree of the best men of his time to whatever race they belonged. He preferred the quiet restfulness of the arts of peace, but when roused to battle, his arm fell with destructive power upon his foe. However, he was no match for the Mingoes—as his people called the Iroquois—who lived north of him and whom the fire-water of the white man had transformed into cruel, blood thirsty savages.

In the spring of 1683, Penn entered into a negotiation with Tamina for the purchase of certain lands possessed by the latter and of these transactions we, fortunately, have historical record.

Following are copies of title deeds conveying certain lands from Tamina to Penn. They are given in the exact language and style in which they were written more than two hundred years ago. They were copied from the Archives of Pennsylvania by the author and establish the identity of Tamina beyond a doubt.

#### DEED FROM TAMINA TO WILLIAM PENN IN 1683.

"I, Tammanen (Tamina), this 23d day of ye 4th month called June, in ye year according to ye yeanglish account, 1683, for me and my heirs and assignes doe graunt and dispose of all my Lands lying betwixt Pemmapecka and Nessianinehs creeks, and all along Nessianinehs creek to William Penn, Propreet'r and Goven'r Pennsilvenia, &c; his heirs and assignes for Ever for ye Consideration of so much Wampum, so many guns, shoes, stockings, looking glasses, blankets and other goods as he ye s'd William Penn shall pleas to give unto me and my parcel being much smaller than Ossepenaikes and Swampees, hereby for me, my heirs and assignes renouncing all claims for demand of anything in or for ye future from, him, his heirs and assignes in



witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and  
Seal ye day and year first above written.

2d—4mo—84

Received, moreover, all match coats, Stockings,  
Shirts and blankets besides Severall Guilders in  
Silver and I have sold all my lands as above.

Tammanen X Mark  
(Tamina)

Sealed and delivered in ye presence of

Lassacook

John Bluston

Joseph Curteis

Indians present,

Richard

Shackhuppo

Meslmequan

Witness

Crillbertoilclelr

The Mark of X Tammanen  
(Tamina)

On the same day the following instrument was  
executed:

Ye 23 of ye 4th month, 1683.

We Tammanen (Tamina) and Metamequam  
doe hereby acknowledge to have rec'd of William  
Penn Propriet'r and Goven'r of Pennsylvania, &c.,  
these following goods being the consideration for  
our tract of Land Lying between and about  
Pemneapecker & Neshemineh Creeks and all along  
Neshemineh should and graunted unto ye 3d Wil-

liam Penn Propriet'r & Goven'r, &c., as by a Deed Dated ye 23 of ye 4th month in ye year 1683 doth moreplain appear bearing ye date hereof with W'r Wedoherchy hold o'r selves fully contented and satisfied.

- 5 P Stockings
- 20 Barrs Lead
- 10 Tobaco Boxes
- 6 Coats 2 Guns
- 8 Shirts 2 kettles
- 12 Awls
- 5 Hatts
- 25 lb Powder
- 1 Peck Pipes
- 38 yds Duffills
- 16 Knives
- 100 Needles
- 10 Glasses
- 5 Capps
- 15 Combs
- 5 Hoes
- 9 Gimblets
- 20 Fishhooks
- 10 Tobacco tongs
- 10 Pr Sissers
- 7 Half Gills
- 6 Axes 2 Blankets
- 4 Handful Bells
- 4 yds Strond Water
- 20 Handfuls of Wampum

In witness whereof we have hereunto sett  
o'r hands

On the same day the following instrument was  
also executed:

"We Tammanen (Tamina) and Metamequish,  
this 23d day of ye 4th month called June, in ye  
year according to ye English account, 1683 for us  
our heirs and assignes doe freely graunt and dis-  
pose of all our Lands Lying between and about  
PemmaPecka & Neshemineh Creeks and all along  
Nesheminehs Creek to William Penn Proprietary  
and Goven'r of Pensilvania his heirs and assignes  
for ye consideration of so much Wampum and other  
goods as he, ye s'd William Penn shall be pleased to  
give unto us, and our parcel being much smaller  
than Essepenaike Swampees. Hereby us o'r heirs  
and assignes renouncing all Claims or Demands  
of anything in or for ye Premises for ye future  
from him his heirs and assignes. In witness  
whereof we have hereunto set o'r hands & seals  
the day and year first above written.

Sealed and delivered in ye presence of

Lasse Cock

Philip Th. Lehnmann

Peter Cook Curteis

Joseph

Indians present,  
Kuppape  
Menaney Katemus  
Aphantess Shockhuppo.  
The Mark of X Tammanen  
(Tamina)  
The Mark of X Metamequim  
also Richard

Two days later the following instrument was executed to which the signature of Tamina appears as a witness:

"I Wingeebone this 25th day of 4th month called June, in ye year according to ye English account, 1683 for me, my heirs and assignes doe freely graunt and dispose of all my lands lying on ye, west side of ye Skolkill River, beginning from ye first falls of ye same, all along and upon ye s'd River and Backward of ye same so far as my right goeth; to William Penn Propriet'r and Govn'r of Pennsylvania, his heirs and assignes forever, for ye consideration of so much Wampum and other things as he shall be pleased to give unto me hereby, for me, my heirs and assignes renouncing all claims and demands of anything in the future

In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seal the day and year first above mentioned

The Mark of X Wingeebone

Signed, sealed and delivered in ye presence of  
Joseph Curteis

Tammanen

(Tamina)

Wachemen

Whehelan

Metchpakan

Kupaukque

Indians.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE CAVE OF THE EVIL SPIRIT.

During the conferences that had taken place between Penn and the Indians, relative to treaties and land, Ford was usually present as it was his duty to record all such transactions. So skillfully had he managed his affairs since the eventful meeting in the streets of London, that he still held the confidence of Penn in the fullest measure. He had joined Penn's expedition for the sole purpose of growing rich. Gold was his only God and the one object of his life was to acquire it. He reckoned rightly that he who was laden with gold could shine as the equal of anyone who trod the velvet carpets of the court of the reckless reigning sovereign of England.

Belch, who from the time the good ship "Welcome" touched the American shore, had shown a fondness for the society of the basest element of both the red and the white races, was inspired by other motives. As he has already informed the reader, his hand was against every man, hence, he had come to America for the purpose of revelling in scenes of torture, bloodshed, cruelty and de-

bauchery, more dark and dreadful, if possible, than he had known in England.

Since their arrival in America, the conspirators had met each other as often as discretion would allow and had consulted upon matters of common interest to both. Each had grasped the opportunity presented but as yet neither had evolved any scheme of far reaching interest. Ford was extremely cautious for he knew that his career would end at once if Penn discovered his treachery. Belch seemed so careless of all about him that Ford felt called upon to remonstrate with him at times but he would only look wise and say: "Never mind, there is a good time coming for me yet." Bingoo had followed in the footsteps of Belch as constantly as the most faithful dog could have done, never having shown a desire to visit his Great Sachem. Ford had so successfully practiced the white man's art of cheating the Indians out of great quantities of valuable lands and furs that he was, indeed, growing rich.

Latterly, Belch had become identified with some scheme far up the Delaware River but as yet, he had declined to reveal its nature to his friend.

The springtime of the year 1684 was rapidly approaching. The latter part of the month of March was at hand. It was the storm period of the vernal equinox. For three days the winds had roared in the mountains, the furious waters had lashed the

helpless shores in their pitiless rage and the sheets of driven snow had totally obliterated the trails in the forest and blinded the eyes of both hunter and game. So intensely dark were the nights that the earth seemed wrapped in a great cloak of desolation.

After nightfall on one of those most terrible days, Ford and Belch stole silently to the river, unfastened a boat from its moorings and darted away in the darkness. They had been observed, however, for Bingoo was on their trail and when he had seen them pull towards the north, he grunted and said: "They go to the cave of the Evil Spirit, Bingoo go to Tamina."

On, on the two conspirators pulled up the Delaware until they arrived opposite a high bluff situated on the west side of the river. Here they fastened the boat and Belch leaped ashore with ease. With an awkward scramble Ford followed and the two crept cautiously through the bushes and up the side of the hill until they reached the mouth of a cave. Suddenly Belch stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" said Ford.

"Hst," replied the other in a whisper, "this is the cave of the Evil Spirit. Once inside we are safe. Crouch low and follow me."

Shivering with cold, Ford crawled on and soon the two reached the inside of the great cavern.

This cave was known to the natives as the home



of Mitsh-she-man-i-tou, the Evil Spirit, who came down from the mountain side at irregular intervals and who had devoured many good Red Men for they had been seen to go that way and had never returned.

"Now we are safe, thanks to the superstitions of the savages," said Belch. "Let us have a little fire. I covered these embers up when I left here last night, in anticipation of this visit. Ugh! It is a dreadful night. Throw on some of those sticks. How you shiver, are you cold?"

"Yes," said Ford, gazing about him. "See the light flare up and send a thousand shadowy demons into the darkness. Say, Belch, has anyone ever explored this place?"

"No, what's the use?"

"Let's go back into that dark passageway a few steps. Come, I am curious to know more about the place."

"Well, if go you must, then lead on, we are wasting valuable time."

"We will not go far. Listen, I hear the rush of water."

"A very common sound in caves."

"Hold your torch a little higher, Belch. Be careful where you step. Ah, here we are, at the edge of an underground cataract. How it dashes itself to pieces against the rocks. I could almost leap across it. Hold your torch close to mine.

There, that makes more light and sends the rays farther into the darkness. A wonderful place is this and properly named. Let us go back to the fire, I am freezing with the cold."

"Well, I am really glad something has brought your senses to you. Your courage and your cupidity fill equal measures. You imagine you are in a veritable treasure house and you would brave any danger to secure a little more gold upon which to fasten your greedy fingers. Sit down here, I have something to say to you."

They seated themselves by the fire. Belch leaned close to his companion, placed his hand upon the latter's knee and said:

"You know you hate that greasy savage Tamina as badly as I do, but you refuse to aid my efforts to end his existence, giving as a flimsy excuse the disapproval of your conscience, when the truth is, the only reason you do not wish him out of the way is because at present his death would add nothing to your store of filthy lucre."

"You have the thought exactly," said Ford blandly.

"Then, there is your precious master, William Penn, who is insane on the subject of conscience. His conscience tells him that these filthy creatures are human beings and have souls. Nothing is farther from the truth. He has set the hands back on the dial of progress a hundred years by his non-

sensical doctrine of the equality of man. He has put forth a code of laws declaring that the savage shall be accorded equal honor with civilized people. These laws are being violated every day, for it is a fact that these bushes, these mountains and these caves are haunted with white men who are in revolt against his tyranny."

So vehement had he become during this tirade, that he had risen to his feet and was swinging his arms about in the most violent manner, all the time talking at the top of his voice. Now he closed his brawny fist into a sinewy hammer and shook it in front of Ford's eyes as he went on savagely:

"Penn prates about the hand of God being in his work. This is not a dinner party of deities, it is a death dance of devils. White devils and red devils are in at the fandango and the fun will go on until there are no more red devils to participate in it. *I tell you, John Ford, this is a white man's country. Destiny has decreed that the white man shall rule the whole earth and that the Indian must be destroyed.*"

"But why destroy the Indian—" Ford began, but he got no farther, for at that moment a loud splash was heard in the roaring waters behind them.

"Hark, what was that?" asked Ford, in alarm.

Each seized a firebrand and hurried to the side of the cataract. Only the sound of the rush of angry waters greeted their ears.

"'Twas but a stone that fell from the roof of the cavern," said Belch, "it often happens. There it is, I think, for I do not remember seeing the waters swirling about at that point when we were here before."

"What if that dark chamber over there should contain priceless treasures," said Ford. "To brave the danger of a leap across the chasm would be something, but to secure an untold amount of wealth afterward would be ample compensation for the risk. I wonder if there is no other entrance to this place."

"How do I know," replied the other, sullenly.

"Suppose you try to leap across the stream," suggested Ford.

"Try it yourself, you fool," was the reply.

Just then a roaring sound, as of the passing of a hurricane reached their ears.

"What is it?" asked Ford, with breathless anxiety.

"It is the voice of the Evil Spirit which frightens the red skins to death. It is caused by a rushing wave of wind that comes from somewhere and goes somewhere," said Belch, with a laugh.

"What makes you think this?"

For answer, Belch tossed the firebrand he held across the stream. It was instantly seized by the current of air from above and carried with lightning

swiftness back into the unexplored regions of the cave.

"I don't like that a bit," said Ford warily.

"'Tis nothing but a current of wind."

"But it indicates an opening above us and another back there in the darkness."

"What of it?"

"It is well for us to be safe from all intrusion," said Ford, cautiously.

"There is no danger of intrusion. Come let us go back to the fire," was the reply.

When they were seated, Ford began: "You are a strong sermonizer, Belch. When you brought me to this place, I understood that I was to be consulted about some matter of great importance, not to be preached at. I tell you, you are too impatient by far."

"Too impatient, eh? We have been in this wilderness for almost two years and what have we accomplished?"

"A great deal, I am sure, considering the conditions that surround us. You must not forget that I have been hampered in my efforts. Penn has spent about half of his time with Tamina and I have had to tag at his heels like a cur dog. I have not been idle by any means. I have kept my eyes and ears open and from what I have heard, I have reason to believe that Tamina has vast riches concealed in this cave."

"Well, suppose he has?"

"We must capture him and torture him into revealing its whereabouts," said Ford, eagerly.

"Ha, ha, say Ford, you have never tried torturing an Indian into revealing a secret, have you? No, not you. If you think you can wring a secret from the lips of Tamina by physical torture, you reckon without your host. You could not do so in a thousand years, so take my advice and don't try it. Let us talk of the business in hand."

"Well, what is it?"

"Nothing less in its final consequences than the total destruction of Tamina and all his incestuous brood, for I repeat it, the Indian must die," said Belch, viciously.

"To resume the thread of thought that was broken by that little interruption," went on Ford, mildly, "you know that in our civilization there is nothing so strong as wealth, and wealth can only be procured by the hand of labor. Why not enslave these hordes of miserable wretches? I have no greater love for them than you have, but you propose to turn their carcasses up for the vultures to eat and I propose to transform them into beasts of burden, into human machines for coining money, for creating wealth, just as the blacks are."

"You know not whereof you speak. While you have been sitting on your stool in the office of William Penn, I have been piloting smugglers up the Delaware and down the Susquehanna. I have

slept in the shacks of outlawed white bandits in the fastnesses of the mountains and have consorted with unscrupulous traders from the Great Lakes to the Chesapeake and Delaware bays. I have penetrated the heart of the land of the warlike Iroquois, among whom I am known as 'the Long Knife with a thousand feet,' for I am apparently everywhere at once. During all this time I have studied the character of the Indian and of one thing I am convinced and that is that you can never make him a slave. This very fact proves him to be superior to the black race. The black man will writhe and groan beneath the lash of his white master and when the last stroke falls upon his back, he will go forth and do the bidding of the hand that smites him. This, the Indian will never do, hence, there is but one way to dispose of him and that is to help him exterminate himself, and incidentally, to do a little exterminating ourselves."

"Help him exterminate himself? You talk in riddles," said Ford.

"No riddle about it," replied Belch, with a smile. "The white race in England is constantly trying to destroy itself and, were it not for its rapid propagation, it would certainly do so. Men who call themselves civilized Christians fly at one another's throats and tear one another limb from limb about politics, religion and love. Is the Indian any better? Moreover, when the white man came to

America, he brought with him a weapon far more destructive to the Indian race than powder or ball."

"And what is that?"

"Well filled demijohns of red-eyed rum. Why, when Tamina addressed the great council of the Delawares in the Wyoming valley last October, he declared that the fire water that flowed from the Dragon Spring of the white man, was destroying more Indians than all the wars and famines and epidemics of disease that they have ever known, and he warned them that unless they spurned this poisonous enemy, the whole race was doomed to destruction," said Belch, earnestly.

"Were you at that meeting?" asked Ford.

"Indeed I was, as were many others of my race."

"What effect did his advice have upon his people?" inquired Ford, with interest.

"About the same effect that like advice from the Arch Bishop of Canterbury would have upon his bibulous followers. They listened respectfully but the darkness of the night had not fallen over that camp two hours before the whites in attendance had about a hundred Iroquois warriors up the valley filled with rum who becoming insane attacked the whole council."

"With what result?"

"Not one of them escaped alive and that brings me directly to the specific information I desire to impart to you at this time, as a courtier would say."

"Well, what is it?" inquired Ford.



"The whole confederacy of the Iroquois—the Delawares call them Mingoes—urged on by the whites, has sworn bloody vengeance against Tamina and all his people. They have declared war and are only waiting for Penn to return to England when they will come down through these mountains and valleys in swarms. In the meantime, you are to keep on secretly stirring up the hatred of the Delawares on the outskirts, against the Mingoes, until the nation will demand war against their northern enemy. Tamina will be drawn into the struggle in spite of his puerile pretensions to a preference for peace. Then will be our time to strike death to the hearts of the Delawares, and secure for you the treasure you so much covet," said Belch, viciously.

"How can that be done?" inquired Ford, quickly.

"The Indian cares not for his life but there is always something that he holds much dearer. With Tamina, it is—"

"What?" asked Ford, grasping the arm of the other.

"His daughter."

"Do you mean to say—"

"That we will steal from Tamina a treasure which is worth more to him than a mountain of gold and hold her until he reveals to us the hiding place of his wealth."

"You may rest assured I am in full accord with whatever will add to my meager store of earthly possessions," said Ford, "though I am frank to state that I have no desire to expose my precious anatomy to the tip of a poisoned arrow, much as I love William Penn and his red foster children. My consuming ambition is to amass for myself a competence while here, then return to England and shine at the court of my most gracious sovereign; but what further part am I to play in this tragedy?"

"You are to keep your eyes open and ascertain when Penn will return to England. You might hint to him that it were well for you to remain here and spread his doctrine of the necessity of right living and the equality of man. When he is gone, I will go forth in my Quaker garb among the people of the north which will be the signal for the white traders and fillibusters to stir up the bloody knives and then the fun goes merrily on."

"Belch, your faculty for intrigue would have placed you at the head of Temple Bar or the Privy Council if you had cultivated it earlier in life, but be not over impatient. Matters in England have shaped themselves so that Penn finds it necessary to return to that country in August of this year."

"Then all the Plutonic demons be praised, how long can you keep him away?"

"It is not our intention that he shall return to this country at all if it can be prevented," said Ford.

"Can he not be persuaded to leave you in charge of affairs here?"

"Such is my desire, but come, let us get out of here and back to the settlement, or day will break upon us."

Ford started out of the cave, and as he neared the exit, looked upward. At that moment Belch gave the embers a vindictive farewell kick and for an instant, the light flared up brilliantly, illuminating the whole place. Ford's keen eye caught an inscription over the entrance and he said quickly:

"Ho, Ho, just as I expected. The cave of the Evil Spirit, eh? Indians are afraid to enter it. All but one and he is the Evil Spirit. Stir up that fire and I will show you his name."

Belch did as he was requested and came quickly forward. Pointing to a spot high above the opening in the rock, Ford said, as he clutched the arm of the other:

"There is the name of the Evil Spirit that haunts this place."

Belch looked up and beheld, cut in clear, distinct characters in the stone wall the word:

### TAMINA.

"Now," said Ford, with the greatest excitement, "who says this is not the treasure house of the Great Sachem of the Delawares? At another time, we will

bring him here, and compel him to reveal to us the place where he hides his wealth or we will toss him into that stream," and the two conspirators passed out.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CAMPING ON THE TRAIL.

When the boat which carried Ford and Belch up the Delaware river had disappeared in the darkness, Bingoo turned and vanished among the bushes. Later he appeared at the wigwam of the Great Sachem, Tamina. His mind was clear now, for a time. In spite of his cat-like tread, the watchful warriors who guarded the great emperor heard his foot steps, and waited until he was near enough, when they sprang up and securely fastened his hands behind him, as one of them said, "a paleface."

Forthwith a dim light was brought and when they saw the strangely distorted figure, they leaped aside and exclaimed in terror, "The Dark Mind."

Such was the name the Indians had given Bingoo from the day of his arrival from England.

"Go away, Dark Mind, go away," said they.

"I must see the Great Sachem, Tamina," he answered, in clear English.

"The Dark Mind is a paleface. He look one way and walk another. Drive him to the cave of the Evil Spirit."

One of the warriors, an impetuous youth, rushed

to the entrance of the royal wigwam and informed Tamina of the presence of the visitor. The great chieftain approached, and when he saw the figure before him, he said in tones of motherly tenderness: "Bingoo."

The latter prostrated himself before his chief.

Taking the unfortunate victim of Seventeenth Century civilization by the hand, Tamina led him away. When they were inside the wigwam, the chief seated his brother and gazed earnestly, silently into his eyes for some time, then said in clear English: "Has the paleface murdered my brother's mind?"

"Not all of it, but they have murdered his body."

"Well said, Bingoo, for the Great Spirit never gave such a body as that to a Red Man, and when the paleface made it so, he murdered it; but tell me, are you really a Dark Mind?"

"Sometimes, sometimes not. I am a bright mind now."

"You have been away from me many suns (days) and moons (nights), what have you learned?"

"I have learned how to deceive my brother. I never knew it before. I have learned to—to—Indians call it *lie*—white man call it—to *be shrewed*."

"What else have you learned?"

"I have learned that the paleface nation is a white wolf. It pursues everything that is weaker than itself, and devours it, then turns and feasts upon its own kind."

"Surely they would do no harm to such as Onas," said Tamina, pathetically.

"As the hawk picks out the eyes of the nestling of the dove, so will the paleface whom Onas has trusted, seek to destroy him," replied the other, with much feeling.

"Have they no Great Spirit?"

"To be sure they have."

"What is it?"

"Gold."

"I fear my brother's mind deceives him at times."

"Never was my Great Sachem more mistaken," answered Bingoo, without a tremor in his voice.

"Onas tells us," said Tamina, "that God is the Father of all and that all men are brothers."

"This the great Onas and many other palefaces truly believe, and if the whole race were such as they we could believe them, but they are not."

"And where do they get their great power?"

"From their speaking books. Everything they do is marked down on paper. Many of these papers are fastened together. This they call a book and they keep it, so that they may tell what happened hundreds of great suns (years) ago."

"Did you learn anything else while you were away?"

"I learned that the Red Man is doomed to die."

"But why do they so much desire to destroy the Red Man? Why do they not destroy the black man?"

I have seen a few black men which they have brought here, and they are as inferior to the red race as a mink is to a moose."

"Now, you have reached the spot where the poisoned arrow flies. The black man is the white man's willing slave. As the branches of the birch lash the sides of the mountain in a hurricane, so do the whips of the paleface lash the body of the black man, yet he never turns against his cruel persecutors, but will toil on for him until he drops dead," said Bingoo, earnestly.

"Is there no way in which the Red Man may live at peace in the land of his paleface brother?" asked Tamina, seriously.

"There is a way," replied the other, "just one way."

"And how is that?" inquired Tamina.

"By being his cowering slave as the black man is now."

The keen eye of the Great Sachem of the Delawares flashed with a glow that pierced the surrounding gloom as the lightning pierces the darkest clouds, as he said impressively:

"Bingoo, the Red Man will feed the paleface when he is hungry; he will clothe him when he is naked; he will warm him when he is cold, but the sun will hide its face in the rocks and mountains at noonday before the Red Man will ever become the slave of any race on earth. Now, mark my words,



my son. Lean a little closer," and his voice was fearfully low as he said: "If the paleface tries to enslave the Red Man who so kindly welcomed him to his bosom when he had no home, no friends, no food, no clothes, the Great Spirit will surely deal with him as he deserves. These are my truthful words. They have gone from me and shall not return."

He sat for a few moments in solemn silence, then went on, softly: "I am glad there are no such wicked palefaces as those among the children of the great Onas."

"I wish it were true as the Great Tamina believes, that no wicked palefaces were here, but there is one I know, and another whom I believe to be already plotting the destruction of the Delawares," said Bingoo, quietly.

"And who are they?" asked Tamina, quickly.

"They are the panther and the bear, and their names are Ford and Belch."

"Why, Bingoo, Ford is the trusted servant of Penn."

"And for that reason, he is all the more dangerous, I fear, though I have never seen him do anything wrong."

"Then why do you suspect him?"

"He hears many secrets when he sits beside Penn and listens to Tamina talk."

"No, Bingoo, the secrets of the Delawares, no

paleface knows. I like this man none the best myself, but the great and good Onas has chosen him as his advisor, and surely he would not betray such a noble creature. I fear me that my faithful Sagamore has become discouraged at what he has seen in England," said Tamina, with a voice of pity.

"Their cruelties have turned the heart of Bingoo to stone," was the reply.

"Bingoo should forgive. Onas tells me the Great Spirit sent his son to the earth to save palefaces—"

"And they hung him to a tree," interrupted Bingoo.

"They have been cruel to both Onas and Tamina, and if we can forgive, cannot my faithful son also forgive?"

The Sagamore was silent for some time. Presently he spoke in tones most respectful and said: "Tell me, Great Sachem, what is it that supports such men as Tamina and Penn in the face of such bitter persecution?"

"It is our unfailing belief that the time will come when Freedom, Friendship, Charity and Truth will live in the hearts of all men. It may be many hundred great suns (years) before it does come, but Tamina is as certain in his own mind that it will come, as he is that yon broad river will flow beside our camp tomorrow as it does to-day."

Again Bingoo lapsed into silence for a few moments, then, leaping suddenly to his feet, he peered

cautiously about him and said in a whisper: "Bingoo almost forgot why he came. In the presence of Tamina he is as nothing. He came to tell you that he saw Ford and Belch go toward the north star as fast as their oars could pull them."

"Where think you they were going?"

"To the cave of the Evil Spirit."

"And for what?" inquired Tamina, with much concern.

"To plot against the Delawares."

"Why think you this?"

"Because in the darkness of the night I have tracked Belch to the Dismal Forest where the wildest of the Mingoo beasts wallow."

"Have you ever seen Ford with him there?"

"I have not."

"May he not be trying to persuade the other to forsake the evil way of his going?"

"Why go to that dreadful cave to do it?" was the answer.

"Does Bingoo know they have now gone to the cave of the Evil Spirit?"

"He only thinks so."

"He can easily learn."

"How?"

"Follow them and listen."

"Ugh! The Evil Spirit must be already there on such a dreadful night as this," said the other with a shudder.

"Does the Sagamore fear it?"

"All Red Men fear it except Tamina—he fears nothing," said Bingoo, respectfully. "He has many times terrified its roaring voice into silence; but Bingoo is ready to obey his chief at once."

He listened attentively while the Sachem instructed him how to reach the secret entrance to the cave. This he did with great difficulty, then lay flat upon the snow-covered ground and extended his hand. It met only resistless darkness which told him he was at the proper place. Bending his ear intently he recognized the coarse voice of Belch and could distinctly hear all he said. The voice of Ford was feminine in tone and did not clearly penetrate the sound of the rushing waters below. The Indian leaned a little farther out in order to hear all that was said. He heard the words: "But why destroy the Indians—?" and no more. He had made an error in calculating the firmness of the rock beneath him and, just as Ford had spoken the words mentioned, the ledge gave way, when, stone and Indian went plunging into the stream below, causing the splash which aroused the conspirators in the cave and caused them to hurry to the side of the stream.

The stone was there, as Belch had noted, but where was the body of Bingoo? No sooner had he struck the mad, rushing tide than he was swept beneath the rock, apparently to certain death. Ten seconds later he was thrown out into the river. He was as a fish in the water, and after spitting and

sputtering for a time, he came to himself and began to swim. Three strokes told him that he was going toward the middle of the stream, for the resistance of the water became greater. He also discovered that the stream that brought him from the cave was running in the same direction in which he swam. Coming from beneath the earth's surface, it was much warmer than the waters of the Delaware which were now running mush ice. He turned at once and struck for the shore, and in a little while touched a canoe with his hand. One vault landed him inside. He groped about for the two paddles, but found four. Then he knew he was in the canoe which belonged to the white men. His first thought was to escape in it, but he remembered that he came in his own canoe, which everybody knew by its peculiar construction, and, to abandon it, meant certain discovery. But where was it—above or below him? He could not see, and for a moment was dazed, then he remembered that he had fastened it below the stream that came from under the hill. He dropped silently into the water, swam away a short distance and found it. It required but a moment for him to loose and launch it. He felt himself turning into a lump of ice. His clothing was saturated with water, every drop of which was freezing into a solid coat of mail. He must pull for his life. One stroke shot the canoe far out into the river. Then came a struggle between human endurance and the fury of the

giant storm king. Colder, colder grew his limbs, yet he pulled steadily onward. Gradually he felt a numbness begin to creep over him, and he knew what it meant. His blood was ceasing to flow, he was freezing to death. He felt the light going out of his life, but he uttered not a murmur and pulled only the harder. By and by he noticed that the clothing on his arms appeared to grow damp, and he knew the ice in it was melting. He redoubled his efforts. He felt the drops of water trickle down his side. His lower limbs and his feet became wet and he knew that the hot breath of the red blood of the Indian was loosing the hold of the icy arms of the monster king of the north. Finally something told him he had gone far enough, and he turned the head of the canoe toward the shore and landed.

Three minutes later he was in the presence of Tamina relating what he had heard and what had happened to him.

"Bingoo swims like a fish," said Tamina, after he had dressed his Sagamore with warm, dry clothing. "Does he now believe that Ford is true to the great Onas?"

"It seems to be so," said the other, reflectively. "I am sorry if I have unjustly accused my brother."

How many ships have been wrecked in the waters which "seem to be" placid and smooth?

Bingoo rose to go. Tamina took his hand and said: "Let my Sagamore watch the movements of the palefaces, and, as the fall of the leaf in October



“HE MOVED AMONG THEM LIKE AN ANGEL.”





let his footfall be as he comes to tell his Great Sachem of all he has seen or heard. Good night."

Scarcely had the figure of the Sagamore disappeared in the darkness, ere the Great Sachem, taking his snowy plumed staff and white feathered arrow, left the wigwam by another door. He must look after the sick and the afflicted, as was his daily custom. The unexpected visit of Bingoo in the early portion of the night had prevented his doing so, but now long after the hoot owl had called the hour of midnight, he moved like a comforting angel among the unfortunate of his people. Here he found a brave warrior dying from the effects of a poisoned arrow which had been sent into his left arm, and from the bow of a Mingo who had been crazed with the fire water of the paleface; there, he found another, whose face had been fearfully pitted by that awful paleface legacy to the red race, the smallpox. Yonder lay a young Indian girl who had dashed her horse into the chilling waters of the Schuylkill to save the life of a drowning white girl and was now fast losing her own life from pneumonia. A little farther on, he found a boy who had been thrown from his pony while engaged in the childish sports of the camp.

Thus he passed from one to another in his rounds. To each of the sufferers he spoke a word of encouragement. So sincere was his interest in their welfare, and so gentle was his manner among them, that they all loved him most dearly.

When he reached his own wigwam, he noticed that the storm had passed by and the wind had lulled. The first gleam of the eye of day had pierced the pall of night and when he looked up, he saw that the sky was clear. He stood upon the high bluff that overlooked the river and watched the sun as it rose above the distant hills. Then, spreading out his open palms to the king of day, he said, pathetically :

"Oh, Great Sun, that has so often kissed the swarthy brow of the warriors and the soft cheek of the maidens of the forest, the time is coming, and it is not far away when, as you rise up out of the sea you will behold only features that are pale and eyes that are blinded by your brilliant smile. Where the red chief now arms his warriors to go forth and repel the invader, the white chief will arm his warriors to go forth and seek other worlds to conquer; and upon the graves of the red race will be built a civilization which I hope and trust will prove to all mankind what it now pretends to believe, that God is the Father of all, and that all men are brothers. The trail of Tamina is soon to end; the stream of his life to run dry. His secrets he will confide only to you, Oh, Great Sun. Kiss the upturned cheek and the outspread palms of your feeble child for sometime, ere long, you will set beyond yon mountain fringe, and when you come again, Tamina will be no more."

He turned and entered his wigwam as a great man goes to his death.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PENN'S LAST VISIT TO TAMINA.

The springtime of the year 1684, which came and went in southeastern Pennsylvania, saw much progress in the settlement of that region. Many people flocked to the standard of the man who boldly emblazoned upon his banner as his motto, "The necessity of right living and the equality of man." His recruits were mainly from the middle classes, although, a firm determination to adhere to the truth as recorded in history, compels us to admit that intellectual men of sinister motives were not wanting, of whom Ford may be said to have been a fair type, nor were the baser strata of human society without representation, as may be seen in the character of Belch. The element that possessed a conscience void of offense constantly strove to uplift mankind, while the evil sort as persistently sought to drag him down.

The evil influences which were brought to bear upon William Penn's trusted agents and which caused them to betray the confidence he had so implicitly reposed in them, were a part of the civilization of the times, and the perpetrators of the wrongs

which crushed his great heart and hurried him to his grave, would not have hesitated to put him to physical torture if by so doing they had been led to believe that they could gain the favor of the ruling power. Men are different now because conditions are different.

When the summer time came, Penn found that it would be necessary for him to return to England to protect his property rights. He was not unconscious of the fact that upon the frontiers of his colony certain white men were constantly engaged in the wholesale robbery and corruption of the Indians, yet in a general way, there was a good feeling existing between the settlers and the Delawares, chiefly due to the influence of Tamina, and himself. He had also found that there was one whom he could always trust. This was the Great Sachem of the Delawares.

Upon the afternoon previous to the day upon which he was to depart for England, Penn paid his last visit to the illustrious Delaware chief. Tamina awaited his coming, having seen his boat ascending the river. Grasping the hand of the visitor, the Great Sachem led him to a tree whose friendly boughs furnished a pleasing shelter from the rays of the summer sun, and invited him to be seated upon the ground.

"Did my brother expect me?" asked Penn.

"He did," was the pleasant reply.

"Did some fluttering bird bring the tidings of my coming?"

"The eye of Tamina knew your canoe."

"Is he glad to see me?"

"He is always glad to welcome the great Onas to the freedom of his wigwam."

This compliment was not lost on the appreciative Penn, who replied pleasantly: "The flame of freedom is sometimes smothered by the waters of selfishness."

"The frosts of winter blast the flowers on the mountain, but the warm, spring rains bring them forth again. The children of the forest will pass away before the march of the paleface nation, but Freedom will sometime fill the whole earth."

"Does the Great Sachem believe this?"

"In the stillness of the night there is a silent voice which tells Tamina that sometime a great free white nation shall fill the New World."

"Does not the great heart of Tamina burn with anger and hatred at the thought?"

"Tamina knows no such word as hatred. He loves all the children of the Great Spirit. Tamina can suffer when it is his lot, and he can fight when it is his duty, but hatred finds no place in his heart."

"I would to God that I could say as much of all white men," said Penn.

"And Tamina's heart grows sick when he knows that he cannot say it of all his own race," assented the chief.

"Will not the heart of Tamina grow weary when he sees so much wickedness among men?"

"Shall the tall oak that is full of life, fall before the fires in the forest because the flames destroy the trees that are dead?"

"The sun is sometimes hidden by a dark threatening cloud. Let my brother not forget that the sun of Charity is sometimes hidden behind a cloud of jealousy and avarice."

"The sun that sets behind the clouds tonight, will rise in a clear sky tomorrow, and, although riches and power and position may harden the hearts and close the hands of some of the children of men in the great nation, which I see in the future, yet the whole human family will be brothers, in deed and in truth. When the poison of selfishness shall destroy a tree in the forest of life, the sunlight of brotherly love shall cause another to spring up and take its place," said Tamina.

"Great Sachem of the Delawares," said Penn, as he took the hand of Tamina, "Thy paleface brother, Onas, came across the great salt sea to be a teacher of his brother, and to-day he stands a child in the presence of one who teaches him truths he never knew before."

"And now," continued Penn, "I must make known the purpose of my visit. I have come to bid thee I fear, a long farewell. My affairs in England need my attention, and I must leave thee."

"A cloud comes over the sun, and the heart of Tamina is sad," replied the chief.

"Not more so than the heart of William Penn," said the latter, for I would fain remain here among the simple hearted folk who so implicitly trust me, and whom I have learned to so much love."

"When does my brother Onas go?"

"The ship awaits me now. This is the last setting sun that shall see me here. I leave tomorrow, but before I go I have come to entrust to thy keeping the most precious treasure I have ever possessed."

"And what is it?" asked Tamina.

"It is the treaty entered into by myself and the Red Men at the Great Elm Tree. Will thee safely guard it from all harm during my absence?"

"Tamina will defend it with his life," was the reply.

Penn handed the treaty to Tamina, the two clasped hands in sacred compact, then the proprietor turned and went away.

The next day the good ship sailed away, and in all the multitude that watched its departure there was not a heart more sad than that which beat in the breast of the Great Sachem of the Delawares.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Shortly after Penn left the colony, Ford began more openly to conspire to overthrow the Great Sachem of the Delawares. He kept a constant eye upon the chief or bribed some other equally unscrupulous rogue to do so. On the night following Penn's departure, Tamina's canoe left its place among the bushes that skirted the Delaware and shot swiftly to the northward. It was followed at a safe distance by another boat in which John Ford was seated. The latter chuckled as he reasoned that the Great Sachem was going to the cave to gloat over his wealth. He even dreamed of coming upon the chief just at the time when he could see the entire amount of the vast treasure he imagined the Indian possessed. Tamina landed at the base of the cliff, and, like a deer, sprang through the bushes and disappeared in the cavern. Ford followed as rapidly as possible, but could not keep in sight of the chief. He entered the cave. Not a sound was to be heard. He struck a flint and in a little while, the low, flickering flames of a torch threw a dim light about him.



"Ah, ha, so he is here," he chuckled, as he saw the tracks on the stones, made by the damp moccasins of the Sachem. Stealthily he followed. The tracks led him to the brink of the cataract. What, had Tamina discovered that he was pursued and leaped into the rapids? His whole frame trembled so violently that he dropped the torch into the stream. All was darkness and silence. He sat down on the stone floor and listened. Upon his ear fell distinct sounds at regular intervals. They resembled the strokes of a stone hatchet upon a hard substance. They came from the invisible depths of the awful gloom beyond the stream. Then he knew that Tamina had not leaped into the stream, but across it. How did he do this? What was Tamina doing? Pick, pick, pick, came the sound as regularly as the beating of a heart. Ford pondered a long time, then said to himself: "I have it. He is cutting out a new chamber in which to store treasures he has lately received from Penn. Very good; I have tracked him to his treasure house and in my own good time I will be possessor of all that is now his." Slowly he crept back to his boat and made his way home.

One night, sometime afterward, Ford, Belch and Bingoo boarded a canoe and pulled up the Delaware. For two nights and two days Bingoo tugged away at the oars. When the third morning came, they landed in the Dismal Forest of the Iroquois, or Mingoes, as the Delawares called them. They stepped

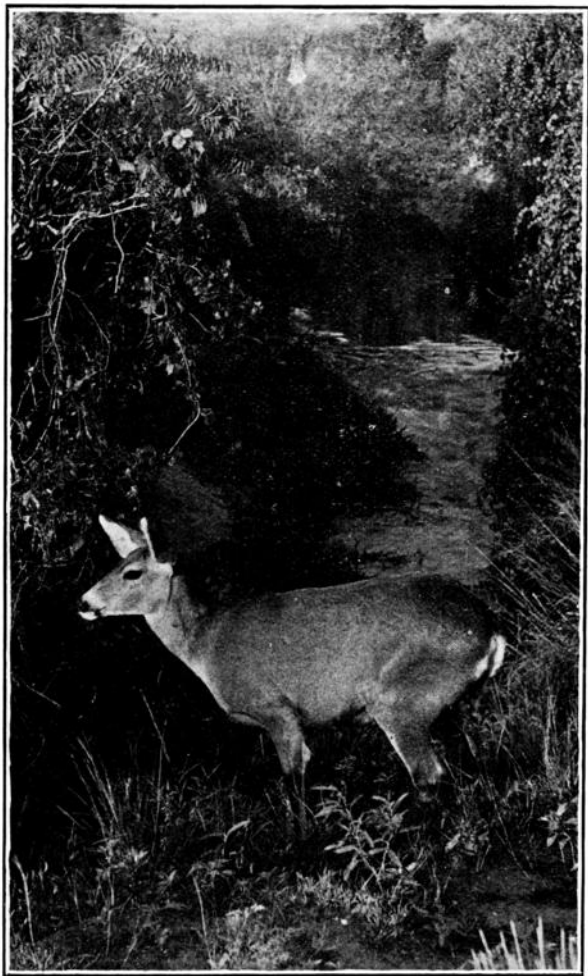
ashore at a gloomy spot and were met by a white man who assigned them to a cabin. Bingoo stretched himself at full length upon the ground outside, and totally exhausted, fell asleep.

When night came on, a company of other white men gathered in the principal hut of the retreat. Their characters were written upon their faces and would have put to shame the worst mountain feudists of our own time.

Sordid greed, reckless abandon and the vilest lust were stamped in their every feature. Bingoo crept softly into the place after them, and lay down in a corner unnoticed. His mind was clear for the present. He looked and listened, but never spoke. It took but a short time for him to discover that the plot against his people had been secretly going on ever since Ford and Belch came to America.

The greatest hindrance to the work of the villains had been the presence of William Penn. Now that he was gone, all restraint was removed and they wrought with a free hand.

As the hoot owl called the hour of midnight, the door of the hut opened and Eagle Eye, the ferocious Sagamore of the Mingoes, entered, followed by his sanaps, or runners, scouts, warriors and braves. The place was crowded to its utmost capacity, some squatting on the bare earthen floor, while others stood. Without a word, Belch lighted a pipe and passed it to the principal visitor, then filled another



"AT THE DROWSY EVENTIDE."



for himself and the two began to smoke. For a time not a word was spoken. Presently the Sagamore looked at Belch and said: "Why for, brother, speak."

Belch rose and went to an open keg of rum, and dipping a gourd into it passed this primitive drinking cup to the Sagamore, who, with eager grasp, quickly drained it of its contents. His companions were also supplied.

Belch then rose and addressed Eagle Eye, assuming the Quaker dialect:

"Welcome, my friend, from the wigwam of the Great Sachem of the Iroquois. Welcome to our home and to our hearts. I know thee well. I have watched the stars with thee on the banks of the upper Hudson at midnight. Where the mighty Delaware river springs from the mountain I have sat with thee and listened to the snarling wolf as it prowled about in the night. At the drowsy eventide I have stood with thee beside the rolling waters of the Mohawk. On the banks of the Susquehanna at noonday we have watched the fish as they sported in the glassy waters and through the wilderness have we trailed together, every step of our way beset with poisonous serpents, ravenous beasts, roaring floods and rushing tornadoes; yet nothing has terrified us or made us afraid."

Here he paused and passed another draught of rum to the dusky guests, taking care not to touch it himself, then he went on:

"The Iroquois are the strongest people on earth. Roaring Bear is the greatest Sachem and Eagle Eye the greatest Sagamore that treads the forest trails. I come to thee tonight from the home of the Delawares. Beside the Iroquois they are but babes. The arm of the Iroquois is the hurricane at noonday, the arm of the Delawares is the soft wind of the summer evening. The voice of Roaring Bear is the voice of the thunder, the voice of Tamina is the wail of the wood-bird at night. When Roaring Bear walks about, the earth trembles, when Tamina steps forth the leaves on the trees laugh at his feeble foot-fall. The Iroquois are more numerous than the trees in the forest; the Delawares are a handful of mushrooms that grow in places dark, dismal and dreary. When the Eagle Eye goes forth on the chase or the warpath, the buffaloes flee to the mountains and the enemies of the Iroquois to their hiding places. Tamina leads his people to the chase and to the field, but goes not to war of his own choosing."

Again he passed the rum to the eager listeners, then continued with all the passion he could command:

"Roaring Bear is a warrior, a brave; Tamina is a coward, a sneak. Roaring Bear is the tallest oak in the forest; Tamina is the crawling ivy in the swamp land. Roaring Bear is a man, and like a true man, his heart longs for the field of battle; Tamina seeks peace and loves to sit like a squaw and watch

the river as it rolls along. To the ear of Roaring Bear the warwhoop of his braves is the sweetest music, but it strikes terror to the heart of Tamina.

"The great white father across the big salt lake has said that the Delawares must die, and he has sent me to tell the Iroquois that when the Delawares are driven away the Iroquois shall have all their hunting grounds."

Eagle Eye raised his hand. Belch paused and the Sagamore said, soberly:

"Does the wind blow the waves from the shore? Do the waters flow up the mountain side? Do the leaves grow on the roots of the trees? Is my brother's voice a singing bird?"

"Why for brother, speak. I understand thee not," said Belch, in surprise.

"Where is the great paleface chief, Onas, who is more powerful than all the palefaces that live among the Red Men of the forest? Has he become a babe so soon?" asked Eagle Eye.

"He is gone. The great white father across the big salt lake called him away. He was too good a friend to Tamina and the Delawares and he had to return and give place to those who love the Iroquois."

When Belch had ceased to speak the Sagamore rose in his place. The red fire in the rum burned in his brain and glittered in his dark, terrible eye. In awful silence he scanned the faces of the group about him and said in tones most vehement:

"My brothers have come to tell me good news. Their voices are the whispers of the winds among the leaves of the trees in the springtime. The Delawares shall die. Their blood shall fill the rivers to overflowing, their bones shall bleach in the valley and their flesh shall make rich the soil of the plain. As the rabbit flies before the fox so shall the Delawares fly before the Iroquois. Let my brother go back and tell the Great White Sachem that not another great sun shall come and go until the Iroquois will be among the Delawares like a cloud of hawks among a nest of young doves and they shall all be driven out and the Iroquois will take their places. So have I spoken."

Belch loaded his visitors with rum and sent a flask filled with a double flame of the fires of Inferno to Roaring Bear.

A week later, Ford and Bingoo were back in the settlement, but Belch remained in the Dismal Forest



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE STORM APPROACHES.

Bingoo hurried away to Tamina at the first opportunity and related all that had happened. The Great Sachem was amazed when he learned that Ford was as deeply implicated in the conspiracy as Belch. At once he dispatched two of his faithful runners to the camp of Roaring Bear with a request that the latter meet him at the great village of the Delawares that lay at the double bend of the Lehigh river near the mountain. A month passed and neither of the runners returned. The Sachem waited yet another month, then sent out two more runners. These made the journey safely and delivered their message to Eagle Eye, who delivered it to his chief. The runners were not kept long waiting for soon the answer came: "Go back and tell your chief that at the rising of the sun on the first day of hunting moon (December) I will meet him at the great village in the Lehigh Valley."

At the appointed time, Tamina was at the place designated. In a little while Roaring Bear and his followers appeared. Tamina was struck with wonder and pity at the appearance of the chief whom he

had once known as a true friend and a manly man. He had not seen him for five years, and during that time such a change had taken place that the Delaware chief scarcely knew him. He had heard that of late years the Iroquois chief had chosen for his paleface associates the basest characters of the race, but he was illy prepared for this surprise.

Roaring Bear was once tall and comely, now he was bent and besotted. Once his eye sparkled like the rays of the sun, now it was dull and listless. Once he displayed a strong, personal pride, now he had grown so careless that he would often lie down in the sun and sleep with his dog. Once he was a man of honor who spoke what he meant, now he was a child of treachery, who had learned from his paleface associates the art of saying one thing while meaning another.

Distressing as was the picture presented, it was more distressing to contemplate, that, according to the decree of a cruel destiny, the great and noble Tamina and his people must go down before this vengeful savage nation, and the palefaces who were to come after them. Who can foretell what are to be the decrees of destiny and who can calculate the full injustice and wrong it has meted out to the innocent and the good while the guilty and the evil have so often gone unpunished?

As Roaring Bear approached he was supported by two attendants, and was preceded by Eagle Eye,

whose cruel nature was well known. In a half dazed manner he took the extended hand of Tamina, then sank to the ground at the roots of a tree, a pitiful creature in a beastly state of intoxication. A finished product of the civilizing influences of English cupidity and English rum.

"Let the chief of the Delawares speak on, the Great Sachem of all the Iroquois listens," said Eagle Eye, in a manner most insolent.

"My brother is not himself to-day," said Tamina, sternly.

"He is weak from his long journey. Eagle Eye will speak for him," said the Sagamore.

Tamina drew himself up to his proudest stature and the dart that shot from his eye riveted the Sagamore to the spot and paralyzed his tongue. Casting a look of pity upon the once great chief, Tamina said: "When the sun rises again, if my brother be himself, I will speak to him," then turned and went to his own wigwam. Just outside he stopped, and looking away to the east, as though his eye would pierce the very walls of the King's palace, he said in deepest agony:

"Oh, England. Well have you studied the weakness of my race, and in your efforts to destroy it you are shooting a cloud of arrows whose poison is far more deadly than all the shot and shell you can use in war."

At the rising of the sun on the morrow, he met

and greeted the Great Sachem of the Iroquois, who, by this time, had become sober but whose countenance bore the marks of long continued dissipation. He saw at once that the chief was under the spell of Eagle Eye and he determined to hold a conference with Roaring Bear alone. He spoke to his sagamores, then slipped his arm into that of his guest and led him to the privacy of his own wigwam. Eagle Eye attempted to follow but the door was closed and Tamina's braves sat down in front of it, effectually barring the way.

Tamina seated the visitor on a soft robe, lighted a pipe and extended it to him. The offer was refused. Tamina smiled and said: "Will not my brother smoke the calumet?"

"Not with a Delaware," was the surly reply.

"Not even in the wigwam of a Delaware?"

"Not even in the wigwam of Tamina."

"Has Tamina ever crossed the trail of Roaring Bear?"

"No, but the great paleface father across the big salt sea has said that the Delawares shall die and that the Iroquois shall take their land and the Iroquois warriors their young maidens," said the chief.

"Who told you this?"

"Two palefaces who came from the hunting grounds of the Delawares."

"Tamina knows them well and he knows they lie. If the Mingo goes to war against the Delaware

and destroys or drives him from his hunting grounds, the arm of the Mingo will be much weaker at the end of the fight than it was at the beginning, then will the paleface bring his warriors, and, what is far more deadly, he will bring his great canoes filled with rum and will drench the Mingo with it until he shall become a babe, then will the paleface destroy the Mingo at his own will."

"Tamina talks like a Delaware. If the paleface nation turns upon the Iroquois we will drive them out as easily as we will drive out the Delawares."

"Roaring Bear talks like a Mingo. What he sees from the door of his wigwam he believes exists everywhere. The Mingoes are strong but the palefaces are stronger. The Mingoes are brave but the palefaces are cunning. The Mingoes are honest but the palefaces are wise. The Mingoes today, like the Delawares, are free men. They will both fight for their freedom and this is why the paleface nation wants to see them destroyed. They will induce Red Men to destroy one another as long as they can, then they will destroy those who remain."

"It is but the voice of a child. It is the wail of a woman. It is the whine of a dog that fears a kick. It is the cry of a coward."

These words were spoken in terrible tones. Roaring Bear had been drinking heavily during the interview and his brain was on fire. He expected that Tamina would thrust him from his wigwam and

declare war at once, but the great-hearted chief only smiled and said:

"Not even the rattlesnake harms the flower that does it no wrong."

"The wolf pursues and destroys the rabbit because it is strong and the rabbit is weak," said Roaring Bear.

"But the wolf destroys not even the rabbit unless it is hungry."

"The Iroquois is hungry."

"For what?"

"For the game that roams the hunting ground of the Delawares."

"The greed of the paleface has found its way into the heart of the Mingo, I fear," replied Tamina, coolly.

"The buffalo is strong and eats the grass of the plains," said the Iroquois.

"But the Great Spirit makes other grasses to grow to show us that there is plenty for all," said Tamina.

"The herds of moose drink the mountain spring dry."

"But from the mountain sides burst forth other and better springs."

The visitor had been hemmed in on all sides by the words of Tamina. His anger grew more intense. He drank deeper and became more violent. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and shouted: "The

throats of the Iroquois are dry and they burn with thirst."

"For what?" inquired Tamina with perfect coolness, though he anticipated the answer to come.

"*For the blood of the Delawares,*" roared the chief, drawing a knife.

"Let my brother listen to the words of Tamina. My brother will fight against the Delawares. The Delawares are not cowards. They know how to fight for their rights and to defend their homes. They will meet the Mingoes on the field of battle if they must, though such is not their desire; but mark my words, if the Delawares shall be destroyed or driven across the mountains, the winds that moan in the tall pines for sorrow because of their going, will shortly bring the clouds that will weep over the graves of the Mingoes. My brother, I have done."

Tamina opened the door of the wigwam and the visitor passed out. The Delaware again extended his hand. The Iroquois took it to the surprise of all.

"Farewell, my brother," said Tamina. "When we meet again it will be upon the bloody field of death; but if you should see an arrow or a bullet pierce the breast of the Great Sachem of the Delawares, remember that he died with hatred in his heart for no man but with a sweet love for all the world," and each went his way.

Sorrowfully Tamnia took up his journey to his capital village where he arrived in due time. Night

after night, he made his way to the cave and the strokes to be heard in the darkness told that something was happening in those gloomy chambers of which the world knew nothing.

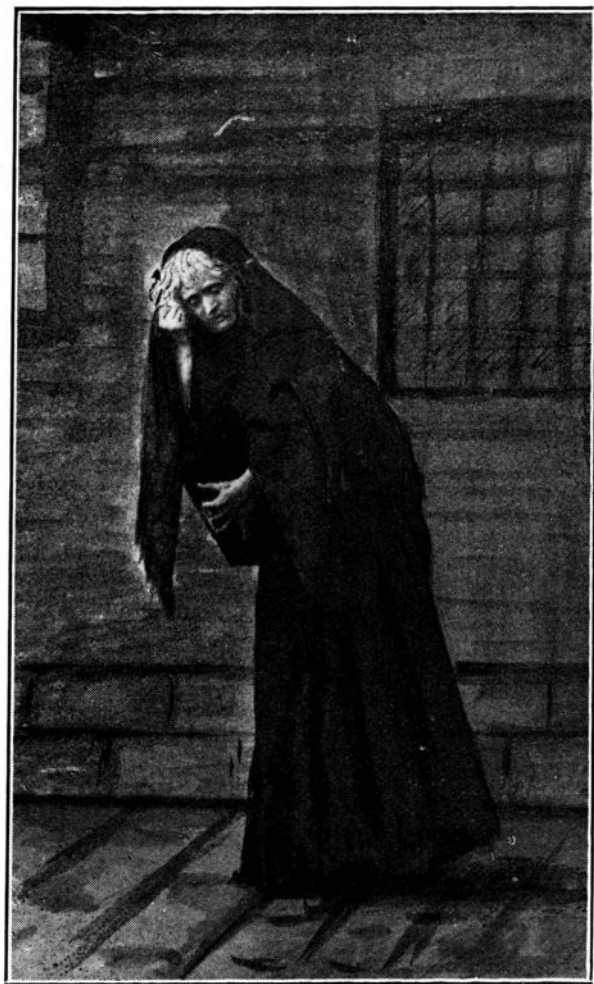
Upon his return from the north, Ford converted his property into money and left the colony, giving out the information that he was going to New York on business. Instead, however, he went directly to the camp of the Iroquois where he and Belch busied themselves in perfecting a plan of attack upon the Delawares. Their purpose was, first, to destroy these dusky friends of William Penn, then combine with his enemies for the overthrow of the colony.

That many of the men in whom Penn placed the utmost confidence both in Europe and America, were instrumental in bringing him to a premature grave and that the white race destroyed the Iroquois after the latter had crushed the power of the Delawares, are matters of history.

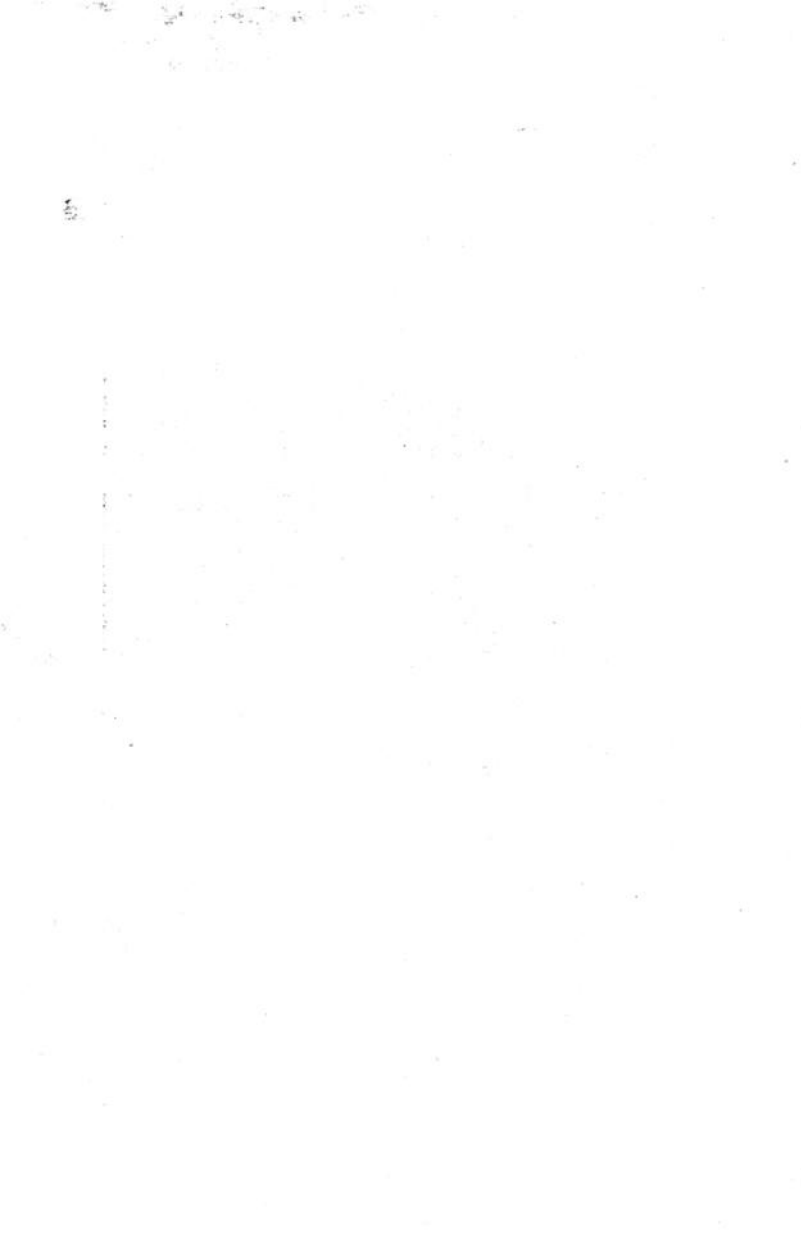
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When Penn arrived in England he found King Charles near death's door, and in a few months the sovereign died. At once there arose a hubbub concerning the rightful heir to the throne. The partisans of the Duke of Monmouth set up the cry: "The Great Black Box! The Great Black Box! Open the Great Black Box." When this cry was at its zenith, the old hag who had shocked and surprised the Duke in the dark streets of London, as has been





“THE OLD HAG CREPT FROM HER HOVEL.”



heretofore mentioned, crept from her hovel and appeared in Trafalgar Square one day. Mounting a platform amid scenes of the wildest excitement, she slowly and deliberately unlocked the black box. The crowd stared at her with breathless anticipation, as she extended her long, bony fingers down into the mysterious depths of the chest and drew forth—

### THE DUKE'S BABY CLOTHES.

But not a scratch on any kind of parchment upon which the Duke could lay claim to the crown. The crowd roared and roared again and then dispersed.

The news of the mysterious disappearance of Bishop Joss arrived in America shortly after Penn did but he found on his return to England that the mystery was still unravelled. Not until James, Duke of York, became King was the problem solved. He was a friend to Penn—as the friendship of Kings went—and the latter persuaded him to have the prisons of England thoroughly cleansed. When Newgate was entered, among many others, a skeleton, having a chain of gold about the neck and a golden plate attached thereto, bearing the bishop's name, was found in the Dungeon of the Demons. At once a search for the murderer was instituted, but the one who was to reveal his whereabouts did not live on that side of the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE STORM CLOUD BURSTS.

It was a dreadful night in February 1685. The blinding snow fell so thick and fast as to appear like wave after wave of an immense white sheet. In the forest the wind growled fiercely and leaped from tree to tree in its awful rage. With loud crashes that sounded like death knells ancient monarchs of the forest succumbed, one after another, to the increasing weight of accumulated snow and ice, and fell to the earth. A luckless doe that had failed to seek shelter, stood at the foot of a broken hemlock, calmly awaiting the coming of the next whirling avalanche that should bury her from sight and sound forever. A solitary wolf struggled on toward its den for a time, body deep in snow, then with a yelp of despair, sank to rise no more; an ambitious fox, which but a moment ago had chuckled in silent glee because it found a rabbit half buried in a drift, now dropped its prey and plunged headlong into a yawning chasm to perish on the rock below; a great, brown bear in a nearby cave thrust its greasy paw into its mouth and went to sleep.

The wind rose higher and higher, the trees bent

lower and lower and the mountains roared in their anger. All nature was engaged in a death struggle with itself in this awful midwinter storm.

The day broke gray and desolate over the valley of the Lehigh where the Delaware village lay at which Tamina had met Roaring Bear. Not a soul was to be seen, but there was a spirit of alertness abroad in the camp. On a high mound in the center of the village was a wigwam more pretentious than any of the others. In this sat Tamina arrayed in his royal robe of spotless white and surrounded by his sagamores and runners. Since the interview with Roaring Bear he had expected his people to be attacked by the Iroquois and was never off his guard. He had been apprised by Bingoo of the day the attack was to be made and he had hurried to the village on the Lehigh. Strangely enough, the day chosen by the Iroquois for the attack was the very day upon which Charles the Second, King of England, breathed his last.

At the rising of the morning there came down the valley from the north a terrible wave of wind bearing a cloud of snow and a swarm of infuriated creatures. The Iroquois were at the doors of the Delawares. The keen eye of Tamina had penetrated the forest and his nostrils had snuffed their coming from afar. His scouts were not surprised by the enemy nor were his warriors asleep. They rose as one man and went forth to battle. On, on,

came the Iroquois. They were beyond the stream. They pushed their canoes into its icy current. Great hosts of Delawares in canoes met them. Then came a battle royal, the like of which the world had never seen. The Delawares fought as only men can fight who are defending right against might. Man for man they were the equals in prowess of their ferocious enemies from the northland. Not a man knew aught but death or victory. The knife was at the throat. The steel was in the heart. The tomahawk mercilessly cleft the proud citadel where reason sat enthroned. The waters in the Lehigh river became pink, then scarlet, then dark red with the blood of the contending warriors. The storm raged fiercer and fiercer and each on-rushing blast seemed to bring with it an additional swarm of Iroquois. Would their numbers never cease increasing? The Delawares fought like mad men. The Iroquois rushed on like a pack of hungry wolves. The Delawares had met their enemies on the farther side of the river. Canoe after canoe was sunk, warrior after warrior was slain and the streams of lifeblood gushed forth until the river became one struggling, dying, dead mass of human beings.

Gradually the Iroquois pushed the Delawares back from their places. Noonday passed, and as the afternoon wore away, the number of Delawares grew fewer and their ranks thinner. With a wild shout, the Iroquois, who had gradually fought their

way across the stream, leaped upon its banks. The struggle became terrific. There was but one central prize for which both sides contended. It was the person of Tamina. His presence among the Delawares equalled a thousand warriors. Ford and Belch, both in positions secure from danger, directed the movements of the Iroquois and the former insisted that Tamina must be taken alive for he reasoned that to kill him meant the loss of the treasure in the cave.

The Great Sachem fought like a Trojan as nearer and nearer came the enemy. He felt that his hour had come, that the beginning of the downfall of the Delawares was at hand, yet he would die in defense of his people.

Night came on. It was intensely dark. A picked party of Iroquois charged toward the spot where Tamina fought. His people grasped his arms and hurried him away in spite of his protests. They rushed him off into the depths of the forest, then turned squarely upon their trail in their efforts to evade the party which they knew would soon be in hot pursuit, for the Delawares fell before the Iroquois like grass before the sickle. Luckless conclusion. They had gone but a short distance through the blinding snow when they came upon a party of Iroquois and whites, headed by Ford and Belch. The fight at this point was dreadful. Tamina seized a tomahawk and at one blow cleft the skull of

Roaring Bear. Next he sought to crush the head of Ford but that slippery gentleman had quietly stolen to a place of safety. The great Delaware Sachem fought like a god. His arm was the arm of the lightning and his voice was the voice of the thunder, but the odds were against him. The whites urged the Indians on. Around the chieftain lay a dozen warriors of the best blood of the flower of the Iroquois nation. With a rush the fierce human monsters closed about him and a moment later saw the greatest Indian that ever lived a captive in the hands of his enemies.

The news of the capture of Tamina ran through the Delaware village like wildfire. A wave of fear followed it and paralyzed the arms of the stoutest hearted warriors and braves. From that moment the conquest became easy. The massacre was shocking. Old men, helpless women and feeble children closed their eyes as the tomahawk, in the hands of both whites and Indians rose above their heads, and calmly awaited its descent. All night long the hideous, revolting scene went on and when morning came it found only a mass of dead and dying humanity, where but one sun (day) ago stood one of the proudest cities of the Delaware people.

The destruction of the Delaware Indians, so effectually begun by the Iroquois in this battle, has been most thoroughly completed by the paleface nation, as history will attest.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## AN INDIAN TELLS NOTHING.

But where was Tamina? He was hurried away through the forest until the day began to break when the party in charge of the chief halted at a deserted cabin for rest and counsel. All day, while the storm raged without, the struggle for the possession of the royal captive went on. He was finally surrendered to Ford upon the promise of the latter to put him to death. At nightfall, Ford and Belch, together with three other white renegades as villainous as they, and five strong Indian warriors started through the woods with the prisoner securely bound. Bingoo and two dogs followed. The destination of the party was the cave of the Evil Spirit, at which they arrived at midnight. Tamina was taken inside where he was seated at the edge of the cataract. The five Indians refused to enter the place much to the satisfaction of Ford. Here the white men surrounded Tamina. Bingoo was instructed to watch the entrance of the cave with the two dogs. Ford now approached the Great Sachem and folding his arms across his breast said, in a tone of most insolent mockery:

"The rose of the Delawares withers beneath the blast of winter."

Tamina made no reply.

"The snake has ceased to crawl and now its length can be measured," Ford went on.

No response from the chief.

"The boasted courage of the Great Sachem of all the Delawares has vanished and he sits like a pappoose behind the wigwam," the villain persisted.

Not a word did Tamina utter.

Ford knew full well that such childish taunts as these could accomplish nothing but the poisoned waters of the fountain of hatred and malice in his depraved heart leaped over their bounds and escaped in this foul stream of pollution that flowed from his filthy lips. He changed his tactics and said:

"Tamina, Great Sachem of all the Delawares, do you know why you are brought here?"

"I do," was the quiet reply.

"What tells you this?"

"The color of the skin of my captors."

"I do not understand you."

"I am the victim of the greed of the paleface nation."

"Tamina has well spoken," said Ford, "and knows that the supreme desire of the white man is the possession of property."

"To the everlasting undoing of his race, Tamina has learned that in the eye of the present civilization of the white race the rights of property are more sacred than the rights of man," was the calm reply.

"You have spoken the truth."

"The Red Man knew nothing else until the pale-face came among them."

"That is not to my present purpose," said Ford, impatiently. "I brought you here because I believe that somewhere in this cave you have concealed treasures of great value."

"You have reasoned correctly," said Tamina, coolly.

The eyes of Ford were ablaze with greedy anticipation, as he said fiercely:

"Longer parley is useless. After all, you are but a miserable savage who has no rights which a white man is bound to respect. I command you to reveal to me the hiding place of this treasure."

Tamina slowly rose and pointed to the seething, thundering cataract at his feet as he said, sternly: "Command that stream to leap over the mountain tops."

"Ah, I see," said Ford, sarcastically. "You would have me understand that I am as powerless to execute my commands in one case as in the other."

"Exactly so," said Tamina, as he resumed his seat. Belch chuckled aloud.

"I can tear your limbs from your body," said Ford, fiercely.

"The hawk can do as much to the dove but that reveals not to him the place where her nestlings await her coming."

"I can burn your eyes from their sockets."

"The white man has done that for centuries."

"I can bind you hand and foot and hurl you from some tall cliff to the rocks a thousand feet below."

"Your race, which boasts of its civilization, has done worse when it has thrown helpless women and children from great heights upon thousands of steel spikes set into hardest stone."

"I can bind you hand and foot and drag you out into the forest then watch the wolves tear you to pieces at my pleasure."

"Thousands of your race have shouted themselves hoarse as they sat and watched lions and tigers tear white men and women to pieces."

"Who told you all this?"

"My good brother, Onas."

"I can burn you at the stake."

"You certainly can, and it would be but another method of torture which your race has taught mine, for there was never a captive burned at the stake in all the New World until the paleface taught the Red Man how it was done. You might boil me in oil or wrap me in a blanket and cover me with pitch then hang me up to a limb and set fire to

me at night. I may be a witch. My runners tell me that at Salem, even now, white men and women are being burned to death because they are believed to be witches."

"I can fling you into that cataract where you would vanish beneath the mountain and never be heard of again."

"The wailing waters would not tell you where to find the treasure you seek."

With the air of an absolute monarch the royal prisoner again rose to his feet and continued in tones of the most withering defiance:

*"Paleface, listen. Tamina is in your power. You may burn an Indian at the stake, you may tear his body into shreds, you may cut out his tongue, you may burn out his eyes, you may torture him to death in any manner you choose, but three things you cannot do. You cannot make him a slave. You cannot force him to betray a friend and you can never wring from an Indian the secret of his heart."*

In the presence of the giant mind, soul and body which confronted him, Ford shrank into infantile insignificance and said meekly: "I want not your life, I want your treasure."

"True to the nature of your race, you speak one thing and mean another. You want my treasure first and then my life. My life is in your hands—my treasure you can never possess."

"I can make you rich."

"Tamina is already rich. The paleface is as poor as a starved dog."

"I have much property."

"But no heart. The poorest man in all the world is the man whose heart is filled with hatred, malice and greed."

"But have you no hatred in your heart?" asked Ford in surprise.

"Not a particle," was the answer.

"Not even for me?"

"Not even for you."

"What is your feeling toward me?"

"From the depths of my heart I pity you."

"I cannot understand such a nature."

"Of that fact I am well aware and for this reason my treasure is not for you."

Seeing how utterly futile his efforts were, Ford called Belch aside and consulted with him for a few moments, after which he approached Tamina and said: "Tamina, we will leave you here safely guarded. At midnight tomorrow, we will come again. If you do not then reveal to us the hiding place of your treasure, we will kill you and throw your body into that stream."

Tamina answered not a word. Ford then gave instructions to two of the white men to guard the prisoner carefully and departed with Belch and the other. At the mouth of the cave they called Bingoo, but no answer came. The two dogs were dead and

their bodies were stiff. Signs of a struggle were present and a trail led off to the north but it was soon lost in the falling snow. They were convinced in their own minds that Bingoo had been murdered by the five Indians who refused to enter the cave. They gave up the search and wended their way to the river where they found a strong canoe in which they rowed across the stream and entered a creek on the Jersey side and were soon at the retreat of a band of river pirates.

They had scarcely left the cave ere Bingoo crawled out from under some bushes, completely enveloped in a blanket of snow. He shook himself like a dog, then grasping a strong club, moved slowly to the cave and entered. With catlike tread, he appeared at the angle of the rock that hid the prisoner and his guards from view. Cautiously he peered around the corner. For a moment his reason left him, then the idiotic stare vanished and he smiled. One of the guards had tumbled over and fallen asleep. The other sat close to the cataract gazing intently into its whirling depths. The roaring of the waters was music to Bingoo. Stealthily he crept up behind the guard who sat beside the stream. The war club was raised, a swish in the air told of its falling and an instant later there was a splash, a body turned in the current, a white man's face appeared then vanished beneath the rocks. Five seconds later the thongs which bound his beloved

chief were severed and the two men were binding the other guard who struggled and screamed for mercy.

This done they left the cave and wended their way to a clump of bushes at the edge of the water. Bingoo stepped upon what he supposed to be a snow covered log. It was a boat. With the strength of giants, the chief and the Sagamore seized the bark, turned it over and emptied the snow. The paddles were gone but they secured two poles and seating themselves in the bottom of the boat drifted down the river and arrived safely at the great Delaware village. On the way, Tamina told Bingoo where the treasure was concealed and of what it consisted but pledged him to keep the matter secret as long as the Great Sachem lived.



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CRY OF A BROKEN HEART.

The joy of his people knew no bounds when they saw their chief face to face again, although at first, they thought he was a spirit. The presence of Bingoo dispelled this illusion for they were convinced that no such distorted creature as he was ever permitted to associate with spirits.

With slow and measured tread Tamina entered his wigwam. His eager eye swept the entire apartment at a glance. A look of disappointment settled upon his countenance. He stepped outside and carefully scanned the faces of those about him. The shouts of the people sank into a wail of distress. They knew whom he sought and they dreaded for him to learn the awful truth. He raised his hand and all was silent as the grave.

"Where is Tamina's daughter?" were the first words he uttered.

No one answered. In mute appeal his eyes again wandered over the vast concourse of people.

"Where is the Sunny Eye?" he asked once more.

Two old men came forward and led him into his wigwam. When they had seated him one of them said softly:

"The heart of the Great Sachem of the Delawares is strong but it has been crushed and it is not well that another dart be sent into the vitals of the wounded fawn."

"Tell me all," said the chief, gently.

"The Sunny Eye is no more."

"Is she dead?"

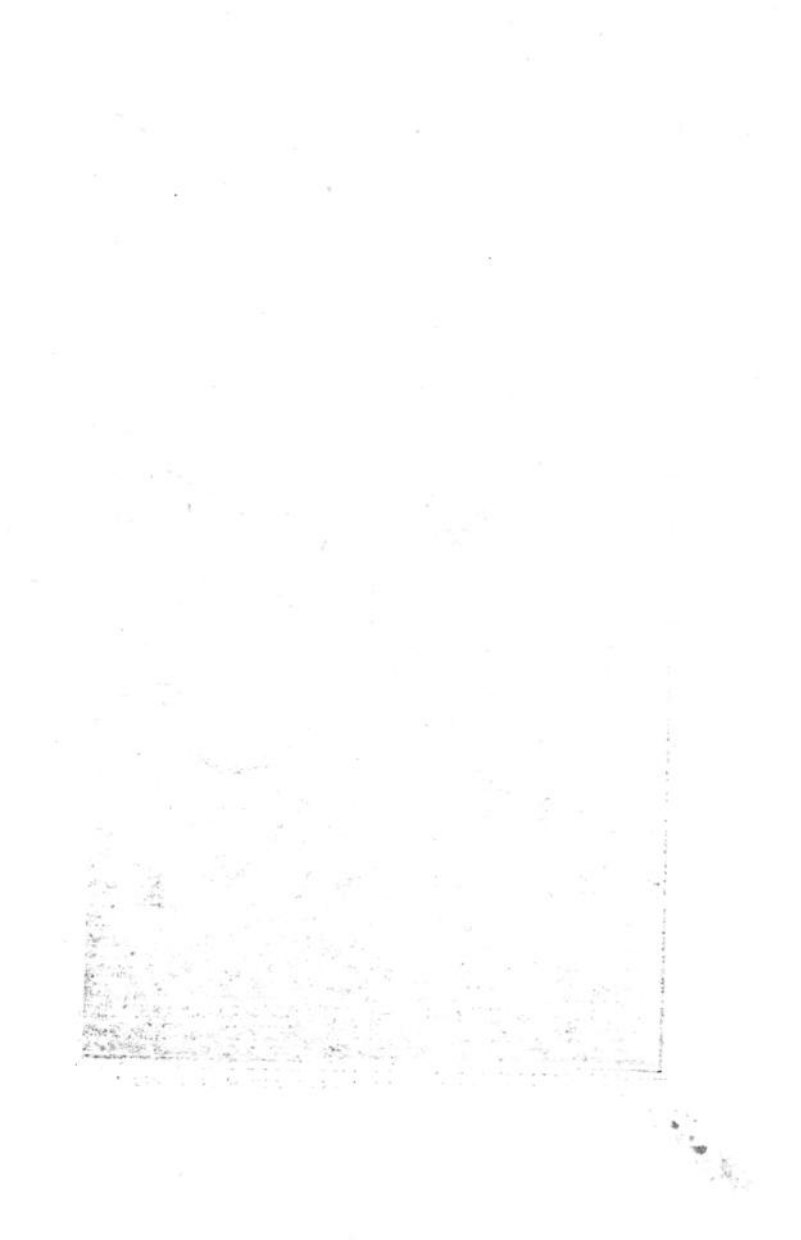
"Let the Great Tamina prepare for the worst. While he armed himself for battle the Sunny Eye was at his side. With her own soft hands she placed upon his shoulders the snow white mantle of purity which he always wears when he goes among his people. When he stooped to kiss her rosy lips, the light in her eye was truly the light of the sun. When he went away she stood and watched him as far as her eye could pierce the forest, then, placing the golden arrow against the silver string of her bow, with a smile like the smile of the morning she drew the string back, let it loose with a snap and said, as the arrow flew after Tamina:

"'Go, golden arrow and pierce the war cloud and protect my father until he shall return in safety to his darling, the Sunny Eye.'

"When Tamina was gone, a canoe containing two palefaces came up the river. They carried a white flag and when they came near, they inquired for the Sunny Eye. When she appeared, they told her they had come from the City of Brotherly Love and were servants of Onas. That Tamina had



"GO, GOLDEN ARROW, AND PIERCE THE WAR CLOUD."



told them that the struggle with the Mingoes would be long and bloody and that he could not bear to tell his daughter how terrible it would be. They said Tamina had told them to take her away to the great village of palefaces, so that no harm could come to her, and to bring her back when all danger had passed.

"The Sunny Eye listened to the words of the palefaces and went with them. The next day we thought something might be wrong and sent four of your faithful runners in canoes to seek her. Since then we have watched each day for her return but every night we have turned from the river with sorrowful hearts."

"The dogs of Ford," said Bingoo, as his face appeared in the doorway, "what were they like?"

"One had a great scar on the left side of the face and the other had a crooked foot," was the reply.

"I know them well," said Bingoo, eagerly. They have stolen the Sunny Eye by order of the Slimy Snake."

With his voice trembling with emotion the Great Sachem said softly:

"When Tamina went forth a score of suns ago, his robe was spotless white; he returns and it is covered with blood. Blood that was shed by his warriors and braves in defense of his life and to prevent his capture by his enemy. He was cap-

tured; that was nothing. They threatened him with the torture; that was nothing. They shamefully abused him in the cave; that was nothing. They left him bound like a dog between two wolves. He escaped and came to his own people, only to find that, by their lying tongues, the palefaces had stolen from him the light of his life, the apple of his eye, the core of his heart. They have broken his spirit and blasted all his hopes. Something tells Tamina that when the Sunny Eye returns she will speak to him with a silent voice. That her warm heart will be still, that the lustre of her eye will be faded and the windows of her soul will be closed forever. My children, I have done. I am weary and would go to my rest."

He took a step toward the wigwam door, then changing his purpose, turned and walked to the brow of the highland overlooking the river.

Down, down the Delaware flew the canoes of the runners who had been sent to seek the Sunny Eye. On, on, until they were across the Delaware bay and had reached the place where they supposed the villains had sought refuge. They were not there. Day by day, they went on, sometimes by boat, sometimes on foot. At last they came to the Pokemoke river, now in the state of Maryland, then went up the stream until they found the village of some friendly Indians. Here they learned the sad fate of the Sunny Eye. She had been en-

ticed away by white men, whom they now knew to be the henchmen of Ford, and taken to a lonely spot in the wilderness. After a time, she escaped, but was pursued. She reached the place where the road now leading from Snow Hill, Maryland to Salisbury, is joined by another road leading into the pine forest. Here she sat down to rest her tired limbs, believing she had successfully evaded her pursuers. When she was rested she arose and turned her face toward the lonely trail over which she had just passed. In another instant an arrow from the bow of a treacherous Indian pierced her breast and found a lodgment in her heart. As she fell, she uttered a loud scream which struck such terror to the heart of the Indian that he fled. With the hand of death she grasped the arrow and drew it from her bosom. In falling, she caught a twig of the bush and broke it off. The Indians near by heard her cry and ran to the spot. They found her lying on the mossy earth, one hand was grasping the twig and the other the arrow and these were crossed upon her breast. They buried her at that spot and all the Indians broke off twigs and placed them upon the little mound and from that day to this no passer-by fails to break off a twig and drop it upon the little mound that is still there and perhaps always will be.

Not knowing who the girl was, the Indians named her Wahena, when she was buried, and the runners did not reveal to them her true identity,

hence to this day the popular belief at and around Snow Hill, Maryland, is that beneath the mound known as "Indian Heap" rests the whitened bones of Wahena. Such is not the case, however, for, on a dark night, soon after they discovered the place where she was buried the faithful runners unearthed the remains, and, after carefully replacing the dirt in the grave and the twigs above it, so that no one could discover that it had been disturbed, they placed the body in a canoe and started homeward. Three of the runners lost their lives from exposure. The other reached the great village of the Delawares in safety on the day of Tamina's return, bringing with him the remains of the great chieftain's lovely daughter.

The old, gray day was dying. The dull, old day, that had struggled for a few, short hours for existence, was breathing its last and the sable mantle of night was enveloping the earth in dismal darkness. The Delaware chieftain, the incarnation of human greatness and goodness, even in the midst of the darkest sorrow, stood silent as a statue, his keen eyes piercing the darkness far down the river. A canoe swiftly rounded a bend. It was manned by a solitary individual. It drew nearer, nearer, then touched the shore. A glance told him all. The runner fastened the frail bark then tenderly raised the form of a woman from the bottom. He carried his precious burden up the steep hill as easily





ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HIS DARLING—THE SUNNY EYE."



as if it were a child and placed, in the out stretched arms of the broken hearted chieftain, all that was left of his darling—the Sunny Eye.

As the leaves of the maple tree quiver in the summer breeze, so quivered the limbs of the father when he embraced his daughter. All knowledge of his greatness vanished, and, as he gazed into her lustreless eyes, his bosom heaved with agony, the tears gushed forth and fell like raindrops upon the face before him, as the floods of grief swept over his sorrowing soul. Pressing his lips to her fair forehead he turned and in a few, gently spoken words, thanked the runner for his faithfulness, then entered his private apartment. As the door closed behind him, it shut in from the thoughtless, the cruel, the selfish world, all that was noblest and greatest and best in that part of the human race whose skins had been bronzed by untold ages of exposure to the ravages of the elements of nature.

Once inside, Tamina, the father, sank upon the thick robe, clasped his child even more closely to his breast, if that were possible, while a look of love lighted up his eye and a feeling of tender affection consumed his whole heart. This was followed by an expression of pain, sorrow and sympathy which told of the terrible agony within.

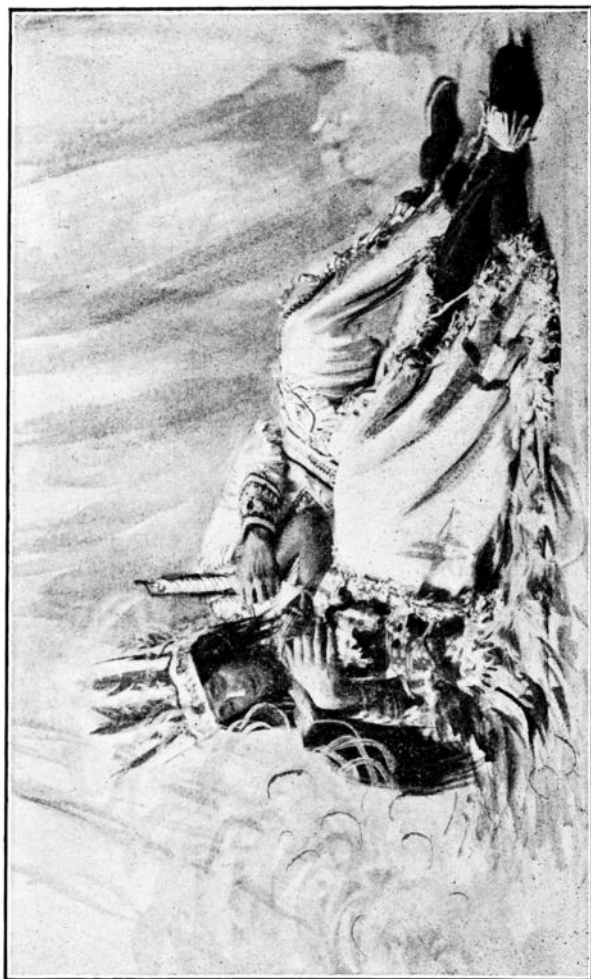
When the hoot owl called the hour of midnight, it found him calm and peaceful. As coolly and deliberately as if he were plucking a wild rose from

its parent stem, he picked up a flinty stone that lay near, and with the edge of a steel hunting knife, struck it a smart blow. The sparks flew away and settled in the dry grass and leaves about him. He rose and went to one corner of the room, where, from a secret hiding place, he drew forth a large roll of parchment. He grasped it firmly and tenderly. He pressed it to his heart, then went back to where the Sunny Eye was sleeping her last, long sleep. Lying down upon the costly robes which rested upon the thick bed of leaves, he drew the Sunny Eye to him. She seemed to creep very closely to his side, her head resting upon his right arm at the shoulder. A little blaze started up a few feet away where a spark had fallen. Tamina held the face of the parchment toward the light for a moment and seemed satisfied for he extended his left hand and placed over his heart the

#### TREATY BETWEEN WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS.

The village was asleep by his own order. Half an hour later Bingoo was awakened by the loud barking and howling of dogs. He looked out of the door of his tepee. *The wigwam of Tamina was in flames.*

With a shout he sprang forth and raised the warcry. Dusky figures rushed from their tepees



'SHE SEEMED TO CREEP VERY CLOSELY TO HIS SIDE.'



like bees from so many hives. Loud wails and lamentations rent the midnight gloom. The Indians were frantic with grief. Strong efforts were made to extinguish the fire, but it was no use. The flames leaped higher and higher in roaring defiance of the work of their puny hands. The red tongued demons laughed them to scorn, as the dry palmetto leaves, which formed so much of the structure, crackled and snapped and flashed, gleaming death into their faces. Branches of the needle covered pine and the feather laced cedar grew hotter and hotter and the "ping, ping," that went out from the conflagration, told that the highly inflammable sap in the evergreens had ignited and that no human power could stop the ravages of this fell destroyer. Then came a crash. The roof had fallen in. Up and down the broad and beautiful bosom of the Delaware as far as the eye could reach rays of light from this midnight funeral pyre cast their weird reflections and the myriads of sparks were seemingly carried to the highest heavens. From a thousand throats went up a pitiful wail of sorrow and distress. The flames gave one last, long leap heavenward, and, as they parted from the smoke which went onward and upward, there were those present who declared they saw the spirit of Tamina ascending to the happy hunting grounds of his fathers.

At any rate, the chase was ended. The die was cast. The sacrifice was complete. The Great

Sachem of the Delawares, the wisest Indian that ever lived, unable longer to witness the sin, sorrow, cruelty and distress of the human race about him, perished in the flames he had, with a steady eye, and a clean conscience, kindled by his own hand. The prophecy of King Charles the Second when he bade farewell to William Penn, was literally being fulfilled, for, when the fiery dragon sapped the foundation of the wigwam of Tamina and snatched away his life, then was forever sealed—The doom of the Delawares.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE TABLES BEGIN TO TURN.

The next morning a runner reached the camp of the river pirates bringing the news of the tragic death of Tamina. The rage of Ford knew no bounds. Over his own protest and in compliance with Belch's contention, he had left Tamina in the cave. He wanted to torture the chief at the time he was captured but Belch persuaded him to postpone the ordeal. Now Tamina had escaped for all time and with him the hope of ever securing his wealth. But who had released him?

"That crooked necked Indian," said the white man they had brought with them.

"That Indian was killed outside the cave," said Ford.

"So was I," replied the other.

"But he is an idiot," said Ford.

"So am I," retorted the other.

"Of one thing we are sure," said Ford, "and that is that he is gone. What is to be done?"

Here the runner that brought the news came forward and said: "The twisted Indian is now in Tamina's camp, perfectly sane."

"In which case," said Belch, sullenly, "the best thing for you and me to do is to leave this country."

"Why so?" asked Ford, in alarm.

"Because, if that Indian is with them now he will betray us to the whites at his first rational moment and we will be hailed to England for trial on more charges than one," whispered Belch, when he had drawn Ford aside. "We must capture him at all hazards."

"Do you believe he knows of the treasure?" asked Ford, of the other white man.

"I do and what is more, I believe he killed the guards you left in charge of Tamina," replied the other.

Ford then drew Belch aside and said: "We must act quickly and secretly. This white man knows as much about that treasure as we do. Tamina is dead and no one knows exactly where the treasure is concealed unless it be Bingoo. We must capture him before this fellow does and take him to the cave and compel him to tell us all he knows."

"There you go after another torture scheme," said Belch. "I should think you had learned some sense in dealing with Indians by this time."

"I mean we will bribe him by telling him we will make him the Great Sachem of the Delawares in Tamina's stead."

"I doubt the wisdom of your plan, but some-

thing must be done. What are you going to do about the guards we left in the cave?"

"I hope Bingoo killed them, if it was he who released Tamina, otherwise, all three of these white men will be searching for the gold. I will see that this one does not interfere with our plans."

"You are right. We have no more use for them and they must not be allowed to come between us and success. I will go to the cave and fix the others and you attend to this one."

Ford was never known to shed blood with his own hands if it could be avoided so he induced Slimy Snake, a renegade Indian, to kill the white man. He had no notion of allowing Belch to go to the cave alone, so he decided to go with him. When they reached the place they found the guard securely tied and so stiff from cold that it was with difficulty that he could narrate the fate of his fellow and the release of Tamina by Bingoo. When he had done so, Belch gazed at him for a moment but made no movement to unbind him. The smile of a demon crossed his face then he muttered: "If I had not graduated from Newgate, I could not do this." Then going up to the guard, as if to release him, he said with perfect coolness: "I don't believe you are of any further use to us and as you know as much of the whereabouts of Tamina's treasure as we do, I will just dispose of you."

"What, are you going to kill me after all I have

done and suffered for you?" cried the other in terror, as he tugged at his fetters.

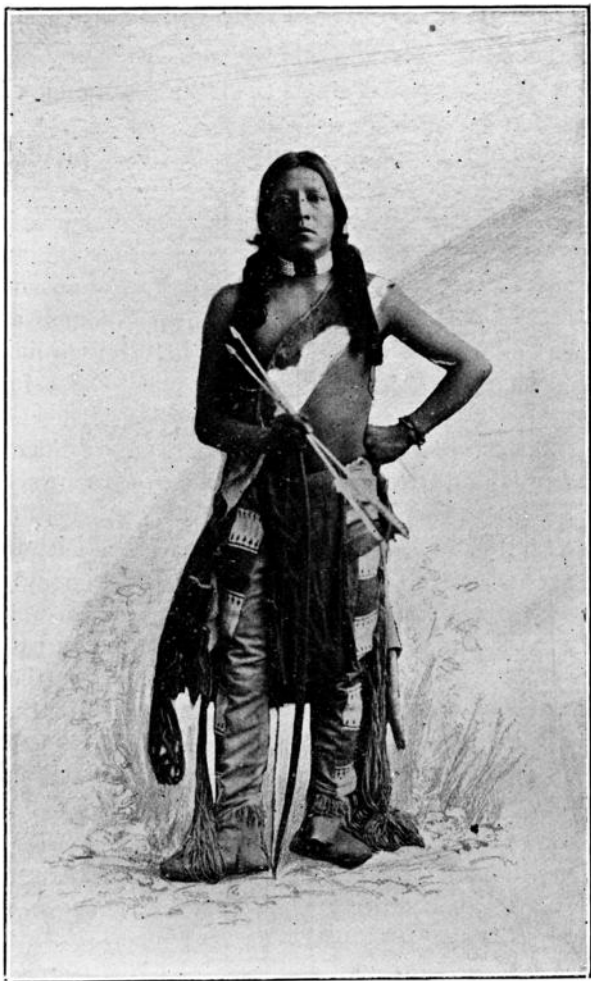
"No, I am not going to kill you, I'm going to toss you into that cataract."

"Would you be so basely ungrateful?" pleaded the other.

"Well, as to that you are an Englishman and know that gratitude has small lodgement in an Englishman's heart when success is at stake, so you must bear the ordeal with as much resignation as possible," and with his foot he pushed the man into the raging torrent in spite of his piteous plea for mercy.

"Now for the capture of Bingoo," he continued aloud, then to himself, "if I could just rid myself of Ford, I would be the sole possessor of the wealth that is concealed over there. The trouble is the snake is never off his guard. Being essentially a traitor himself, he suspects every one else. Ah, well, I must bide my time and act as emergencies arise."

Leaving the cave and going down the river, they sought the services of the treacherous Indian in their efforts to induce Bingoo to meet them at some convenient place. The scheme utterly failed, for when the Indian found Bingoo, he discovered that a great change had come over him. The shock resulting from the awful death of Tamina had produced such a complete revulsion in his mind as to cause him to become entirely unconscious for a



"YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR RACE."



time but when he came out of his stupor he was perfectly rational. He understood the English language and spoke it quite well. When he was approached by the Indian he listened to the message, then said:

"I know you very well, Slimy Snake. You are a traitor to your race and you are the man who assisted in forming the plot to steal Tamina's daughter. You came near being captured by the braves who followed you. You ought to die and I have a mind to kill you but I will not for I want you to carry this message to the Panther and the Bear. Go back and tell them that, although the body of Bingoo is still ugly and twisted his mind is clear. Tell them that the things he learned in England he will use in America. Tell them that Bingoo lives for only one purpose and that is to punish them for the awful crimes they have committed. Go," and he turned his back to Slimy Snake.

When the messenger returned and told Ford and Belch what Bingoo had said they laughed right heartily, for they believed he had been seized with one of his old time fits of talking, still they set about to capture him. The opportunity came sooner than they expected, for, one evening about a week later, Slimy Snake informed them that Bingoo was at that moment on his way up the river. Securing two canoes and two strong Indians to row them,

they followed him. Greatly to their pleasure and surprise he steered his bark to the bushes at the foot of the cliff in which the cave was situated. Without the least show of caution he climbed the hill and entered the cave. Close behind him came his pursuers. He reached the angle of the rock. The roar of the cataract smothered the sound of the footsteps behind him. He stood upon the brink of the rapids and gazed intently into their foaming depths. His pursuers thought he contemplated suicide and at a given signal from Ford, rushed forward and seized him. For a moment he struggled hard and was about to hurl himself and all the others into the rushing tide, when he recognized the voice of Belch as he uttered a curse.

Instantly he became calm and said in a steady voice: "Kindle the council fire," then seated himself upon the stone floor.

When the fire was kindled, he folded his arms and his piercing eyes sought those of Ford as he said in freezing tones: "Let the paleface speak, the Sagamore listens."

Had a thunder clap broken loose, the surprise of his captors could not have been greater than when they heard him speak. Ford recovered his composure first and said softly: "The Great Sachem of the Delawares is dead."

"The Great Sachem of the Delawares is dead," responded the other.

"He killed himself," said Ford.



"Two palefaces killed him," was the reply.

"Who are they?" asked Ford.

"The light of the council fire in the cave dazzles their eyes and betrays them."

"How did they kill Tamina?" Ford pursued.

"They broke his heart," replied the other.

"How?"

"They betrayed his confidence, they ruined his young men, they debauched his young maidens, they lied and deceived William Penn, they filled the Mingoes with rum and caused them to go to war against the Delawares and finally they stole his daughter, the Sunny Eye. She went away a blushing rose, she came back a withered leaf. Then did Tamina die, for he no longer wished to live."

Ford quailed a little beneath these terrible accusations but recovered his composure quickly and said in a tone of bitterest sarcasm:

"Tamina did well to die with a broken heart for if Bingoo had not set him free, he would probably have died with a broken head."

"There is no such person as Bingoo," said the other, leaping to his feet.

Instantly two rifles were pointed at his heart and Ford said with a sneer:

"Then who is it that graces this occasion with his presence?"

"It is *The Avenger*."

"Ha, ha! Bingoo, The Avenger. That sounds

big. Bingoo the bloviating blatherskite, is nearer the truth, but tell us, thou great Sampson, what do you propose to avenge?"

"The death of Tamina."

"Come, come, be civil. Tamina was no avenger."

"*Tamina was a saint*," the voice of the Sagamore fell to a low, tender tone, "but The Avenger is a man," then his eyes sparkled with defiance.

Ford, feeling absolutely certain that the Sagamore was at his mercy, assumed a pleasant air and said:

"Say, Bingoo, where is the use of making a fool of yourself? Tamina is dead and turned to ashes. The Delawares have no chief. You have been to England and have learned much. You are wiser than all the Delawares. You know we have the power to crush them all, hence we have the power to make you their Great Sachem."

"The paleface speaks one thing and means another," said the Sagamore, seating himself again.

"Tamina had great treasures hidden in this cave."

"Now, The Avenger understands, speak on."

"Bingoo knows where that treasure is," said Ford, eagerly.

"The Avenger knows where the treasure is and what it is," said the other, a shrewd look appearing in his eye.

"Reveal to us the hiding place of the treasure

and we will make you Great Sachem of all the Delawares and swear to assist your nation to drive off the Mingoes," said Ford, leaping to his feet.

"The paleface breaks his word soonest when he swears to it," said the Indian, soberly.

"We will never break our word with the Great Sachem whom we have placed at the head of his people. Come, come, show us the treasure," and Ford trembled with eager anticipation.

Full five minutes the Sagamore sat in silence as if deliberating upon a line of action. Then a strange light appeared in his eye. He rose, went to a crevice in the rock, and drew out a long pole, saying as he did so: "The Sagamore will find the treasure."

"Will you bring it to us?" asked Ford.

"The Sagamore does not know."

Again he was covered with the rifles as Ford said sternly: "The Sagamore cannot go unless he promises."

"I promise," said he.

Extending the long pole to the middle of the stream, he moved it about as if seeking a solid place upon which to rest the lower end. When he had found this, he placed one hand upon the other end of the pole, swayed his body backward, then with a forward swing, and at the same time grasping the pole with the other hand to balance himself, he cleared the raging torrent with ease and was in that portion of the cave where Tamina's treasure was concealed.

"Bravo, bravo," shouted Ford and Belch in a breath. "Now run along and bring us a load of gold," said Ford.

The Indian disappeared in the darkness with the stealthy step of a trained scout. He remained away for some time then returned to the water's edge and said: "The Sagamore cannot carry it. It is too heavy."

"Belch, go over and help him," said Ford, quickly.

"Don't imagine for a moment that I am going to risk my precious life in a leap across that torrent. Go yourself, since you are gold insane."

"It is rather dangerous for me."

"Dangerous for *you*? Is your life worth any more to you than mine is to me?" said Belch, in the bitterest sarcasm.

"Mind is always more valuable than matter."

"Oh, ah, um, I see, and I have a 'mind' to stay on this side of that stream, no 'matter' what *you* do."

"Here, Bingoo, toss me that pole and I will come over," said Ford. "Let it come. There, I have it. Now, how do you do it? Let me practice a little upon this stone floor. I have the swing, now for the leap. Where shall I place the end of the pole, there is a solid place, how will that do?"

"It is too close to you, you can never clear the rapids," said the Indian. His practiced eye knew the shape of every stone in the bed of that stream

by the angle at which the water flowed over it. He scanned the surface carefully as if seeking a solid, sure place for the end of the pole to rest upon. "There," said he, pointing downward, "do you see that place where the water whirls round and round as it rushes onward?"

"I do."

"Place the end of the pole upon that exact spot. You have it. Now step backward. That's right. Ready, *swing forward and leap*," he shouted at the top of his voice.

Ford obeyed. His feet left the solid stone beneath him. His body began to mark a semicircle that should land him safely on the other side. He was now in mid air. A foot farther and the momentum of the leap would drop him beyond the stream. But, oh, horrors! How futile the calculations of man. The stone the Indian had purposely directed him to plant the end of the pole upon sloped away from him and when he reached a certain point the weight of his body pushed the lower end of the staff from the surface of the rock and he fell into the middle of the cataract. Bingoo caught the pole as it fell toward him. One loud splash into the water, one louder scream of the luckless villain and one loudest roar of delight from the torrent, and the greatest rogue that ever disgraced an American colony disappeared from the stage of life and action. His body evidently caught upon a projecting rock in the stream for it was never recovered.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE CHICKENS GO HOME TO ROOST.

When the body of Ford disappeared, Belch uttered a low chuckle of delight and said, as he slapped himself upon the knee: "Better born lucky than rich. Now, I'll get the whole mess-pot of plunder without the loss of a hair or a moment's sleep. I have always boasted that avarice was not one of my besetting sins, but somehow, since I am now practically the possessor of untold wealth, I feel a kind of shrinking sensation in my whole being and I cannot restrain my fingers from reaching out and grasping at something. I wonder if greed holds all men in such servile bondage. Oh, well, such is life. Hey! Bingoo, you red rascal, where are you? Why don't you come with that yellow stuff. You've been away an hour. By *zoonds*, I believe the fellow has stolen it and sneaked out some other way. Hello! you dog, come here."

The light flared up and revealed the figure of the Indian emerging from the dark chambers of the cavern. Slowly he approached the side of the cataract. His step was halting and his movements labored. He was carrying a heavy, flat stone. He

lay it down at the brink of the stream. Three more times he disappeared in the darkness and as often returned bearing a similar slab. Then he placed them side by side with their lower ends near the stream and the upper ends leaning against other stones. Upon these slabs were chiseled a succession of characters, which evidently meant to convey information of rare importance. When the last slab had been put in place Bingoo sat down upon the stone floor beside them.

Belch had watched what he was pleased to call the "antics of the idiot," with much interest and more amusement. When Bingoo sat down beside the stones, the former said sternly: "What kind of a playhouse have you there?"

"Tamina's treasure," said the other.

"Tamina's foot, you idiot. You've only stuck up four flat stones over there," said Belch.

"On their faces is written 'Tamina's Treasure,' replied Bingoo.

"Confound it, he's gone wild again. I thought perhaps his mind had cleared up but he is worse than ever for I never knew him to cut such capers as that before. Bingoo!" he shouted.

"Bingoo is not here, The Avenger listens."

"Throw those stones into that stream and go back and bring me the gold."

Slowly the Indian placed his hand into his bosom and drew forth a piece of faded parchment, and,

in the glare of the light from beyond the stream, he carefully copied upon it all that was chiseled upon the stones. While this was going on Belch stood upon the opposite side of the stream raving and cursing like a mad man. Presently the Indian completed his work and looking up, said calmly: "The Avenger listens."

"Throw those rocks into the stream I say."

"The Avenger does not hear."

"I'll make you hear. Now do as I bid you and be quick about it," and he pointed his gun at the Indian's heart.

"The paleface will not shoot," said the other with a smile.

"Why not?"

"If he does, he cannot find Tamina's treasure."

Belch was puzzled. He reflected for a moment, then said: "Bring those stones over here."

The Indian lay the parchment down and carefully placed another stone over it, then he fastened one of the slabs upon his back with deer thongs, and, placing his pole in position, leaped across the chasm and lay his precious burden at the feet of the white man. As easily he brought the others, then placed them all before the fire in the position they had occupied beyond the stream. This done he waited.

Belch now moved back a step and read the inscription. When he had done so, he said with an oath: "And this is what you call Tamina's Treasure, is it?"



"This is Tamina's treasure," said the other.

"Well, if you'll stand there about five minutes, I'll show you how much of a treasure it is," and taking the slabs one by one, he raised them above his head, then dashed them to pieces upon the stone floor at his feet, after which, he deliberately kicked the fragments into the cataract and said with a sneer: "Now what have you to say, Bingoo—I mean The Avenger? Ha, ha."

"The Avenger says nothing."

"Well, I'll say something then. If you don't want your carcass riddled with bullets you had better go over there and bring me the stuff. Do you hear? Now begone."

The Indian vaulted the stream, then carefully picked up the parchment and was starting away when Belch called to him and said: "What is that you have?"

"A piece of parchment," and he moved a little farther away.

"What was that you wrote upon it?"

"On which side?" asked Bingoo.

"On that side."

"I copied Tamina's treasure from the stones," and he moved yet farther away.

"What is on the other side?" shouted Belch.

"Shall I read it to the paleface?"

"Of course, and be quick about it."

He held the face of the parchment to the strug-

gling rays of the flickering light and said in a loud voice: "It reads as follows:

London, England, December 25, 1650.

Because of her persistent disobedience of the laws of England, because she is suspected of being a conspirator against the King, because she is saturated with heresy and because she insolently resented the innocent advances of one of His Majesty's sanctified guardians of the Faith, it is hereby decreed that Sarah Belch shall be imprisoned until dead in the Dungeon of the Demons at Newgate prison, London.

By Order of James Joss,  
Bishop.

"The order that murdered my mother," exclaimed Belch, in surprise. "Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up from the floor of Newgate prison."

"Bring it to me at once or your life shall pay the penalty," said Belch, pointing his gun at the Indian.

"Ha, ha, it is now The Avenger's time to laugh. He will bring you the parchment when the sea rushes over the mountain."

Belch sent a bullet flying after him but it went wide of its mark.

"Farewell, my paleface brother, the dog will trot

home by another trail, but The Avenger will meet you again."

"Where?" shouted Belch.

"At the Dungeon of the Demons." He vanished in the darkness and made his exit through a secret passage known only to himself.

When he reached the camp of the Delawares, everything was excitement. Two detectives from England were there. They were on the track of Ford and Belch. They had followed clew after clew in their efforts to locate the murderer of Joss. On his deathbed Henry Harold, the sailor, told of his midnight adventure with Joss at Newgate and of the fate of the latter, but he did not know whom the murderer was. Belch was known to have hated Joss because of the cruel death of his mother. That mattered not, the laws of England had been grossly violated, and the violator must be punished, and Belch was the one suspected.

The detectives seized The Avenger and placed him under arrest as an accomplice in the commission of the crime. He soon convinced them that he was not implicated. Then he said in good English: "I am the only living being who knows the murderer."

"Who is he?" asked the detectives, eagerly.

"Norman Belch," was the cool reply.

"Was John Ford implicated?" they inquired.

"John Ford is food for the fishes of the Delaware.

He knew of the murder but did not help commit it. Belch alone is responsible for the deed."

"Why did he do it?"

"Joss threw his mother into the Dungeon of the Demons where she died."

"She was a heretic," said one of the detectives.

"She was a conspirator," assented the other.

"She insulted a Bishop," said the first.

"That is paleface civilization with which the Red Man has nothing to do," was the cutting reply of the Indian, "but do you seek Belch?"

"Yes, where is he?"

"Among the Mingoos."

All the power of England was soon on his trail. Belch had fled to the land of the Iroquois as the Indian had said he would do. Here he was found, and here he discovered that the same tactics he employed to induce the Iroquois to destroy the Delawares were used by his own race and kin to induce them to betray him into the hands of the officers.

After a desperate resistance, he was arrested and taken to England where he was tried for the murder of a High Churchman, even a Bishop. Bingoo as the only living witness against him was taken also. He swore away the life of his former master as readily as he would have shot a snake.

Belch was led away to Newgate. Bingoo had no trouble in securing permission to follow him. The villain was taken to the dreaded dungeon, and, as

he was being thrown into it, his eye caught sight of the distorted figure of the Indian, who, true to the last words he spoke in the cave, actually met the condemned man at the door of the Dungeon of the Demons.

The Avenger left for America in a few days. Shortly after his arrival he was taken with smallpox, which he had contracted when he visited the prison, and died. His last request was to be buried with the sacred parchment containing Tamina's Treasure, lying on his breast. Only one other copy was preserved. His request was granted and he sleeps today among the lovely hills of eastern Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE TREASURE OF TAMINA.

"Tamina, the Great Sachem of all the Delawares, the morning star of the smiling sunrise and the evening star of the blushing sunset, does hereby bequeath unto his people and to all the children of men who shall come after them, these, the most precious treasures of his heart.

## THE PRELUDE.

"The Great Spirit created all men. He placed them in his greenest valley beside his most beautiful river. Here they lived in perfect peace and brotherly love, for they were noble, pure and good. The smile of the sun lighted up their faces by day and the moon shed her softest blessings upon them by night and they were happy.

"With their hands they plucked the roses in the mountains and their feet pressed the velvet mosses of the valley and they were contented.

"They went into the forest and procured sufficient food to satisfy the hunger of themselves, their old men, their wives and their children and from no hand did they withhold what it needed.

"They were honest and truthful. When they spoke, their lips told the feelings of their hearts. When they made a promise to a brother it was written upon their hearts and to break a promise was to break a heart.

"With willing hands the young men and maidens supplied the wants of the aged and infirm. The

head of the mother rested upon the bosom of her daughter and the tottering frame of the father was supported by the strong arm of the son.

"The Great Spirit was their comforter and they asked for nothing more.

"But such happiness was not to be for all time. The sky could not remain clear forever.

"One day, a black cloud came up out of the sea. The thunders roared in the mountains. Rocks were torn from their beds by the lightning and the trees were splintered by the hurricane. When the cloud had passed away, upon the topmost peak of the mountain was to be seen a creature whose robes were as black as the darkest hour of Egyptian midnight.

"His name was Malice, his other name was Hatred.

"Beneath his smile the roses of virtue that bloomed upon the cheek of youth and beauty, faded away and the expression of modesty disappeared from the eye of innocence, while the withering blight of his frown locked in the icy embrace of selfishness all the well springs of sympathy that had flowed on, unrestrained, in the hearts of men. His breath was the poisonous vapor of scandal and his tongue was the deadly dagger of gossip.



"For ages and ages he sat upon the mountain crag and all the children of men were compelled to pass that way on their journey from the beautiful valley to the Happy Hunting Grounds. There was no escape from his evil influence for there was no other trail through the forest of life. Before they reached the place where he sat, they were noble, innocent and good; but, from the time they passed beneath his shadow, they were covetous, deceitful and their hearts were sore with sin.

"Then it was that anger, strife and war appeared in the land. Men flew at one another like so many wild beasts. They practiced lying and deception. They coveted the lands, the wigwams, the wives and the maidens of their brothers and for these they struggled until it seemed as if the whole human race must sometime be destroyed.

"One beautiful springtime day there came along this busy trail a most comely creature whose name was Sweet Charity and whose other name was Love. Her garb was plain, her step was elastic, her movements were graceful, her manner was modest and upon her countenance there beamed a smile of purity which could not be resisted.

"On, on. she came, with the rest of the company

and so innocent was her own heart that she did not so much as realize, that within the length of her pure, white arm, sat the sworn enemy of all human happiness. Her face was to the valley of Truth and her eyes were upon the souls of her fellow travelers. Upon her brow sat the wreath of Friendship and in her hand she held the garland of Peace.

"As she moved along, she noticed that her companions became restless. Their smiles were changed to frowns, their songs to sneers and their soft words to bitter curses, and she could not understand it. Suddenly she turned and found herself face to face with the dreadful creature who was the source of all the sorrow about her.

"Then came a struggle for life or death. Malice frowned and Love smiled; Malice scorned the good, Love pitied the evil; Malice cursed the whole human race, Love blessed them; Malice breathed into the hearts of men the dark vapors of lust; Love threw the mantle of Modesty around them and it vanished; Malice saturated the souls of men with covetousness and greed; Love poured into the wound the oil of Justice and it was healed; Malice entered the home of the widow and the orphan, and, with the lash of his cruel whip, drove them out into



"THEN CAME A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE OR DEATH."



the blinding storm; Sweet Charity met them at the door, and, with a generous hand and a sympathetic heart supplied their every want.

“Malice flung to the breeze the ensign of Oppression, of Pleasure, of Injustice and Wrong.

“Upon the banner of Sweet Charity, in letters of gold with etchings of silver, was the motto:

“‘The Necessity of Right Living and the Equality of Man.’

“The struggle was long and earnest. Finally, Malice began to grow weaker. The hand of Oppression became paralyzed by the warm breath of Freedom; the ribald song of guilty Pleasure was drowned in the Home-lay of the family circle; the thundering voice of injustice was stilled by the gentle summer breeze of Truth and the dark frown of Power vanished beneath the steady gaze of The Equality of Man.

“Malice fled from the mountains and Sweet Charity, whose other name was Love, filled the whole earth.

## THE PROPHECY.

"My children, the last sun of your father, Tamina, is rapidly sinking behind the mountain fringe whose towering head rests upon the bosom of the pale, blue sky.

"He has seen and felt much of the sorrow and trouble that is the common lot of all men, yet, he has also seen and felt the joys and the comforts that everywhere abound.

"Tamina has lived a hundred Great Suns ahead of his time.

"With his inward eye he beholds his own race following him to the Happy Hunting Grounds and in their places he sees a race that is beautiful of face, comely of form, warm of heart and wise in speech.

"He sees this race struggle and strive and toil onward, onward, yet its every step brings it a little higher on the trail toward human happiness.

"This trail is not a smooth one and its reverses are many, but it keeps its eye ever toward the bright star of Hope and presses onward, upward.

"The place that knows the Delawares will short-

ly know them no more forever, but upon their graves shall rise a nation whose children shall plant a tree which they shall call Liberty. The roots of this tree shall travel through the whole world and beneath the shade of its branches all the children of men shall sit in peace.

"They shall lift up their faces to the mountains and shall behold the crystal waters that their wisdom shall teach them to harness and the waters shall toil for the children of men.

"They shall walk by the rivers and shall see great villages whose ceaseless song is one of busy industry and happy good will.

"Their big canoes shall dot the great waters as the wild ducks now dot the bosom of the lakes in the forest and these canoes shall be laden with good things for the comfort and happiness of all.

"They shall build great houses in which the children of the earth shall be taught the wisdom which shall make the paleface nation the rulers of the whole earth.

"In all material things they shall prosper as the growth of the grass upon their broad and beautiful plains, where the flocks and the herds which are to be the food of these palefaces shall roam in peace

and contentment. Yet, they shall not forget the higher sentiments that inspire the hearts of all true men, for every man shall be a brother to every other man.

"The hand of selfishness that withheld from his brother the good things of life, shall become an open hand of charity which will be extended to this brother and both shall have more abundantly.

"The seared and hardened hearts shall be no more, for every man shall smile with his brother in the day of his prosperity and shall extend the hand of sympathy in the night of his adversity.

"More powerful than all the nations of the earth shall this great nation be, for the hand of Sweet Charity shall feed the hungry, shall clothe the poor and its gentle touch shall cool the burning brow of the stricken brother; the voice of Sweet Charity shall comfort the distressed, encourage the depressed and restrain the wayward; and the smile of Sweet Charity, so pure and so innocent, shall shed such a glow of peace in the hearts of all men as to cause them to sustain the highest standard of pure morals and right living.

"Finally, when the days have passed into years and the years into centuries there shall rise in that



great nation a band of the noblest, the best, the truest of all its men and women that shall fill its whole bounds and shall flourish wherever its banner floats; a band whose numbers shall be as the leaves on the trees, whose destination shall be the hearts of men and whose mission shall be the uplifting of the entire human race. This great family of brothers and sisters shall emulate the virtues and shun the vices of all men of whatever race or color and upon their banner shall appear the eternal motto: Freedom, Friendship, Charity and Brotherly Love.

"This is the treasure which Tamina bequeaths to all men of all times and nations. It is better than gold or silver, or wigwams, or lands, or rivers, or lakes or seas. These are my truthful words. They have gone from me and shall not return. My children, I have done.

"Tamina."

THE END.

*With Kindest Regards*  
*Charles Osburg Robinson*

