

**GARANGULA,**  
**THE ONGUA-HONWA CHIEF:**

A Tale of Indian Life

AMONG THE



**MOHAWKS AND ONONDAGAS**

Two Hundred Years Ago.

BY A CITIZEN OF MILWAUKEE

MILWAUKEE:

CHICKLAND & CO., 134 EAST WATER STREET  
1857.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven,

BY THE AUTHOR,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Wisconsin.

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R. KING & Co, Printers.

## INTRODUCTION.



THE subject matter of the following tale has reference to the confederated tribes of Indians inhabiting the "Long House," extending from Montreal, in Canada, to Manhattan, or the "Nieu Nederlandts"—now known as New-York, the emporium of North America. These confederated tribes were distinguished at the early period of 1609—the epoch of the first settlement of the Dutch emigrants on Manhattan—as the "Five Nations," and had assumed for themselves the credit of being a nation of "Ongua-honwa," i. e. "a race of men surpassing all others." An attentive perusal of the early history of the Five Nations will show it was a character to which they were, in many senses, well entitled.

As an introduction to our story, it is necessary to inform the reader that these nations were governed, each by a Chief, who, though exercising the right of kings in their respective nations, in consequence of their confederation were under the government of one great Chief, or "Sakamo," whose power extended over the whole. Besides these Sachems—a term equivalent to that of Monarch—each nation had its veteran and youthful warriors and its councilors. These offices and honors were the rewards of great military prowess, or extraordinary political attainments, and were conferred by the unanimous consent of the nation. It stimulated to active exertion each male member of the confederacy; and hence the Five Nations boasted a more powerful race of warriors, and a greater

number of wise men, than any other nation of Indians on the North American Continent.

The Indians, like all other human beings, are proud of titles of distinction; and thus we find in each nation, tribes or families who, according to their talents or their prowess, have conferred on them the distinctive appellations, that, translated into English, signify—"The Eagle," "The Tortoise," "The Bear," "The Tiger," "The Wolf," "The Snake," "The Squirrel," &c. Thus, when a sachem or warrior have conferred on them either of these distinctive appellations, every member of his tribe have the honor of the name bestowed upon the head or chief of their tribe.

When the Dutch colony first settled itself among these warlike nations, they found the great Tortoise their ruling Monarch, and he was justly esteemed one of the most prudent and formidable warriors of the Five Nations. He was one of the most active, enterprising and fearless heroes of the age. His fame not only reached the extremes of North America—in which he was the dread of his enemies and the idol of his nation—but had been reported to the monarchs of France and England, who became anxious to see this North American prodigy of wisdom and successful valor at their respective courts. Embassadors were sent with special invitations from both sovereigns to the great king of the Five Nations, soliciting a friendly visit from their transatlantic brother—which, though not at that time complied with by this formidable chief, their European majesties had some time after the honor and gratification of receiving. He spent seven years in those kingdoms.

The circumstance thus hinted at, though it forms but a small part of the design of the following tale, is notwithstanding so interwoven with the history of the Five Nations, that it has been deemed necessary to notice it thus incidentally.

DIEDRICH LANSING, the hero, and KATRINE VAN DERVEAR, the heroine of the story, were the descendants of the first Dutch settlers on the Mohawk River, and in the midst of these magnanimous Indians, with whom they had entered into friendly relations.

At the head of these Dutch settlers stood the amiable and truly Christian Father, CORLEAR, venerated by his countrymen, and hon-

ored by his allies. This benevolent man, influenced by a spirit similar to that of the great founder of Pennsylvania, entered with good faith into a treaty with the Five Nations, and purchased from them at a fair price as much land on the Mohawk River as would serve this little detached colony for planting, and for the settlement of a village—now known as Schenectady.

The vicinity of this Dutch village to the Mohawks' town at Canajoharie, the residence of the great war chief, occasioned the frequent intercourse between the inhabitants of both; and from the inflexible honesty of these settlers, and the sound and discriminating judgment of the Mohawk chief, an intimacy, growing into a friendship as sincere as it was lasting, appeared to be the natural result of so much honest and artless simplicity as was practiced between them. Corlear was distinguished among the Mohawks as the great Sachem of the Dutch settlers at Schenectady, and together with the exemplary Divine—the pious CONRADE—were esteemed by the natives as the "Ongua-honwa" of the whites. The friendship growing out of their agreeable intercourse appeared to be the means of awakening in the mind of the great warrior chief a thirst for useful knowledge, which, under the judicious teachings of the Dutch minister, paved the way for this distinguished personage to visit Europe for its gratification.

In the course of a few years after their first settlement of Schenectady, the Dominie, as the minister was called, had succeeded in organizing a school in which he labored to instruct the children of his parishioners in the necessary branches of reading, writing and arithmetic, and their civil and religious duties; and his neighbors, the Mohawks, were so well pleased with his method, and desirous, withal, of having their children taught by their esteemed father, that the sons of the most distinguished braves were received under his charge.

Diedrich and Katrine both received their first instructions from the venerable Conrade, who was their sponsor. In this patriarchal school were taught, also, most of the individuals, whether European or native, whose names and deeds are recorded on the pages of this work. The good Dominie lived to see the happy fruits of his labors, in the truly correct conduct of all his youthful charge; and also the

permanent impression of civilization on the mind of the great chief, As-to-ro-ga, and of the son and daughter of the second most distinguished warrior of the nation, the far famed BLACK KETTLE. He was, however, soon called to the reward of the righteous, and the event decided the great chief in his intention to visit Europe. He summoned the grand council of the nation, abdicated his claims to royalty in favor of his esteemed brother soldier, Black Kettle, and soon after departed for England, accompanied by an early friend of his nation, carrying with him the best affections of his people, and those of the entire white population of Nieu Nederlandts.

The character and martial prowess of their late chief was still held in the highest veneration by all the families of the confederacy, whose astonishment was extreme, that a warrior whose military achievements were carved on the bark of a thousand trees, from the banks of the Hudson to the shores of lakes Ontario, Huron and Michigan; whose conquests had struck terror into the hearts of the distant Adirondachs, Quatoghies, Uttewas and others, insomuch that the single name of the GREAT TORTOISE OF THE MOHAWKS, proved an effectual barrier against the inroads or approaches of all the hostile tribes of North America, should experience so great and marvellous a change. But he who had led through so many hazardous yet successful campaigns, and had acquired for his people a name unequalled in the annals of nations—who so lately had been burning and thirsting for a warrior's honors, and like the great Macedonian, had almost wept "because there were no more worlds to conquer"—had at last conquered himself, and renounced all the pomp, fame and glory of this world, earnestly contending for another and better, which would never fade nor have an end.

The Indians are emphatically a race of contemplative beings.—They reflect much and deeply before they decide, but when they do determine, they most commonly remain firm to their purpose.—On the present occasion, their thoughts were bent on bestowing an appropriate name upon their late chief—changing it from the "Great Tortoise," whose movements were confined to the land and water, to that of the "GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE," which is considered as the only bird that can look the sun in the face without blinking, and which, on leaving the earth, soars higher in the heav-

ens than any of the feathered tribe. It was therefore decided to apply to him the name and qualities of that bird; and henceforth, in the continuance of these pages, the name of "The Eagle" will occasionally claim the consideration of the reader, as the friend and companion of our hero and heroine, and as an instrument for the moral improvement of his yet beloved nation.

With these explanations, we leave our friends to make their way through the incidents of the story, fondly hoping that they will find an agreeable entertainment, not unmingled with profit.

THE AUTHOR.

*Season of Flowers, 1857.*

# GARANGULA:

## A Tale of Indian Life.

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### CHAPTER I.

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Yet loath to nurse the fatal flame  
Of hopeless love, in friendship's name—  
In kind caprice—she oft withdrew  
The favoring glance to friendship due,  
Then, grieved to see her victim's pain,  
She gave the dangerous smiles again. . . . . ROXBURY.

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TOWARDS the close of the sixth year from the first settlement of the French in Canada—where they arrived sometime in the year 1603—the Indians of the Mohawk Nation, who formerly lived to the northward of the lake now known as Lake Champlain, (though called by the Indians “Corlear’s Lake,” from the circumstance that Corlear, one of the first settlers of the town of Schenectady, was drowned in its waters while on his passage across to Canada,) by reason of a destructive war which they waged with the Adirondachs—a very powerful nation residing about three hundred miles above Three Rivers—were driven to the south, where they located themselves on the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers, and on Manhattan Island, &c. Here they entered into an alliance with the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, who lived at the south and south-west of these regions, and to the east of Lake Ontario. Hence they have been called the “Confederated Tribes,” or the Indians of the Five Nations. Strengthened by this alliance, they became more than equal to the hostile tribes of the Canadian Indians, now assisted by their allies, the French, whose policy led them to the use of every means and the abuse of every power to divide, conquer and subdue, these once free and sovereign nations.

Such was the state in which the Dutch found matters, on their arrival in North America. Soon after they proposed, and succeeded in forming an alliance



with the Five Nations, which continued without any breach on either side until the English gained this country, in 1664. Thus, for fifty-five years, the Dutch, to their honor be it said, gained the hearts of these Indians by their kind usage, and honest, upright dealings with them; and it is matter of equal credit to this nation that they not only distinguished, but loved and even venerated the Dutch, as their most faithful friends and allies, notwithstanding the jealousy of the French and the intrigues of their priests, who endeavored at all times to impress the people of these nations with the idea that the Dutch were only lulling them to a blind security, with the view of wresting from them their rights in the soil of their nativity—an object which they themselves ardently wished. Alas, poor human nature!

Among the first adventurers to the New Netherlands, was a distinguished Dutchman named Corlear, who settled a small town, as before stated, called by the Indians "Sken-ek-ta-da," but by the French "Corlear." Caspar Lansing, the early friend of Corlear, reduced in circumstances, with his only son Diedrich, then about two years old, had followed his fortunes to America. Despite his honest industry and economy, he however remained poor to the period at which our history commences. Hans Vandervear had brought with him from Europe ample resources for improving his fortunes, and for extending his influence among the natives, as well as among the early settlers of New Netherlands. He was related to the Governor of the Province, and consequently looked forward to the promotion of his fortunes by the marriage of his daughter and heiress, the little Katrine, the first native born female of European parents in the village, and the only pledge of his wedded love.

The early intimacy and frequent unrestrained intercourse among all the first settlers of this little township, dictated by a sense of their mutual dependence on each other, led in process of time to a mutual and increasing attachment between the younger branches of their families. The inducements, together with the facilities afforded by the peculiar situation of these adventurers, to early marriages, became a powerful means of strengthening this friendship by the union of two or more families; so that, by intermarriages, the whole community became more and more closely united to each other, with the exception of one couple, whose extraordinary lives have afforded matter for the construction and completion of this tale—the incidents of which commenced about sixteen years after the settlement of the village, and the birth of Katrine, our heroine.

Without having recourse to the hackneyed custom of surfeiting readers with a tedious detail of the minute particulars of each distinct grace or charm, the *tout ensemble* of which constitutes the qualifications of a heroine in romance, we shall sum up the whole of the fair Katrine's claims to admiration by briefly observing that she was, personally, a beautiful, plump, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed little Dutch girl, and practically a pattern of moral excellence and filial devotion;

to which was added, the most respectful reverence for the religion of her father. Thus, gifted, if she was not truly beautiful, all must allow she was surely amiable.

Diedrich Lansing, whose age exceeded her's but two years, was of a family many degrees below that of Katrine's in point of riches, although the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed in the little colony, greatly effaced these gradations. But whatever distinction might have been secretly observed among the older branches of this primitive society, it was not seen, at least very visibly, among the younger. In all their amusements, Diedrich appeared to be the destined partner of the fair, the blushing Katrine. The Dutch—who, by the bye, have ever been considered among the knowing ones—had drawn many inferences, amounting almost to absolute conclusions, that from their similarity in age, in habit, and the coy yet willing preference bestowed upon Diedrich by the lady Katrine, that they were certainly born for each other. And these inferences were strengthened by an occurrence that had recently taken place in one of their youthful excursions to an island in the Hudson River.

The only sources of amusement to which the juvenile portion of the early pilgrims of New Netherlands could resort, were those that offered themselves in hunting, fishing and skating; nor would they have dared venturing on either of these, if the Indians of the Five Nations had not become the friends and allies of the Dutch settlers, and from their knowledge of the insidious wiles of the hostile tribes, had always scouts and runners that were scouring the woods, and were ever prompt in giving timely notice of any lurking foe, thereby preventing sudden surprise, and thus affording a safe retreat to some place of security. These precautions, however, were not always sufficient for preventing occasional depredations from daring individuals, whose cunning and perseverance sometimes eluded the most vigilant care of these friendly Indians, whose watchfulness, at the period of these events, was, if possible, infinitely more necessary than at any previous or subsequent period of their history.

The Spring had nearly passed in which the wilderness, variegated with all the soft and exquisite tints of the opening flowers, invited the gratification of minds alive to the ever varying beauties of nature; these had risen, expanded, and perfumed the air—had gone their brief round, and told their errand to admiring man, and had withered, drooped, and were no more. Summer had resumed the tale, and the trees, laden with their young fruit, promised an abundant harvest to frugal housewives. Youth, ever prone to indulge to the last, the passing pleasures of each season, were now preparing to enjoy the first summer excursion to the beautiful island nearly opposite the mouth of the Mohawk River.

Katrine had selected a party of young maidens, and had communicated to them her design of visiting her favorite island, and they had agreed as to the youth of the other sex, and had fixed upon an early day for their excursion, in

order that they might leave a memento on the island of having been the first visitors the present season. But in consequence of a reproof she had recently received from her fond but ambitious father, Katrine alone had neglected, either purposely or unwillingly, to proclaim the youth to whom she would immediately look as the companion and protector of her person. It was in vain that the rest of the maidens urged her to name her gallant; she continued to evade the proposition by promptly replying that she would rely upon the protection, generally, of those youths which her young friends had selected to be their guardians on the occasion.

Diedrich had often felt a conviction flash across his youthful mind, that in all their amusements, the rich and beautiful young Katrine had favored him beyond all the youths of their village, with her most tender and marked attentions. He was even so far tempted as to believe that he had read from the expression of her eye towards him, the absolute language of love, and as often chided the ambitious thought in the humiliating comparison of their present situation and prospects in life, for it had long been the tale of the gossips of the village, that 'Squire Van Dervear designed his daughter for the wife of one of the rich relatives of Peter Stuyvesant, the Governor of New Netherlands.

The heart of Katrine, it must be owned, had indeed selected Diedrich as the partner to whose affection she might trust her future destiny. He was poor, it is true; but he possessed, to the discerning mind of the fair one, a character that more than compensated the want of riches. Among his youthful companions, although according to the then existing regulations of society, he excelled in all their sports and pastimes, his modesty prevented him from claiming, and his magnanimity from accepting, any title that should cause him to be distinguished from, or envied by, his fellows. While he was ever foremost in all hazardous or daring enterprises, either in the forest or on the lake, he would consent to no distinction among them, desiring nothing more than the smiles of Katrine and the friendship of his comrades.

With such a character, our fair heroine had concluded that it was impossible to be otherwise than happy, had a union with him been sanctioned by her parents; and she had long secretly hoped that she might be the object of his love—his first and earliest love. Yet, strange to relate, from the moment she had discovered, or thought she had discovered, in the modest confusion of the youth, on meeting her accidentally alone, that he assuredly preferred her to all the village maidens, she labored to conceal the true state of her heart, and henceforward to show to those youths to whom she had been previously indifferent, all those little marks of distinction which had been heretofore almost exclusively given to Diedrich; and those who had but shortly before decided that there was a growing attachment between them, were now convinced that they had mistaken the courtesy of their fair friend for the evidence of a more tender passion.

To a heart of exquisite sensibility, such as was Diedrich's, this repulse was a death-blow to his hopes, and he never again sought the opportunity of renewing it. He felt the distance to which their situations in life had separated them, and had resolved to embark, as the custom of the times was, in a life of adventure, or as a trader among the Indians, in the distant hope of accumulating sufficient wealth to remove at least one obstacle, which he supposed more than any other, was the cause of the rejection of his first advances to the fair one—that of his poverty.

Such was the situation of our lovers when the proposed excursion was to take place; and that she might not be accused of caprice by her young companions, Katrine resolved to persevere in the course which she had adopted—that of treating her lover with no more, but if anything rather less, of her particular attention than any other individual of his sex; so that it should be next to impossible for any eye to see, or heart but her own to feel, that she preferred him to all the world besides. Strange inconsistency! but so it was, and we doubt not that many of our readers have seen it verified in more than one instance of their lives. But of the consequences of this inconsistency, more will be seen hereafter.

Surrounded on all sides by the native proprietors of the soil, with whom the constant intercourse of our settlers had produced not only sentiments of friendship, but also their habits of life, it was no uncommon thing to see the young men of Schenectady, particularly on any of their excursions, whether of pleasure or of profit, dressed in all points like the natives; and Katrine had often remarked that Diedrich never looked so noble as when he was arrayed in his fringed hunting shirt, his feathered turban, and his moccasins; and compared him in point of personal dignity and graceful manliness to the great Decanesora, who for comeliness of person and fluency of speaking, has been justly styled the American Cicero. And it was indeed no disparagement to this admired Sachem of the Five Nations, in comparing with him the lion-hearted Diedrich.

The festive day had at length arrived, and the boats were gaily dressed and amply supplied with provisions from the voluntary contribution of each damsel, and were gently floating on the smooth surface of the Mohawk River, secured by withes to the branches of the spreading beech trees, waiting, as it would seem, for the lovely cargoes they were to transport to the Green Isle of the majestic Hudson. It was the last week of May, and nature's self appeared to smile upon the proposed excursion. The smooth stream of the Mohawk was softly gliding onward to yield its customary tribute into the lap of the Hudson; the winds were gentle, and favored the raising of the blanket mainsail; the sky was unclouded, and the prospect such as afforded joyous exultation to the youthful party, who now appeared upon the banks, conducted by their patron elect, Romeyn Van Dondernoodle, whose priority of age and skill in seamanship, more



than any other qualification, secured for him the honorable and envied post thus necessarily conferred upon him.

Romeyn, as politely as his nature permitted—and more ought not to have been expected of him—handed first to her seat under the green bough awning, the blushing Katrine; and next, his own favorite lass, the sweet little cherub, as he styled her, Miss Margaret Krautzer; and, according to etiquette, each youth attended to their respective seats their favorite maidens. The withes were loosed from their fastenings, the head of each boat turned from the shore, the blanket sails hoisted, and the little fleet sailed before the breeze. Every one on board appeared to be overflowing with gladness, anticipating a day of delightful recreation, and naught but smiles and blushes, heightened by the breeze, and ripened by the approaching summer's sun, was to be seen in the fair faces of our youthful adventurers.

It has been said that "many a smile hath covered an aching heart," and we believe this to have been the case with our fair voyagers, who ever and anon, between each smile, sent forth the deep-breathed sigh. This, however, was not attributed to any particular cause; indeed, no cause at all was attempted to be assigned for it; for in the whole fleet there were none capable of defining the various species of sighs, because none of them felt nor endured the bitter pangs of unhoping love. But was Katrine's a hopeless love? We reply, that in certain senses of the term, it was. Her predilection in favor of Diedrich had been unnoticed, if not unknown, to her parents, who were devising schemes for aggrandizing themselves by an alliance with a relative of the governor of New Netherlands.

But to return to our pleasure party. After three hours of pleasant sailing, with the wind and stream in their favor, we find them safely landed on their favorite island, exulting at having been the first that year who had landed for the purpose of greeting the approaching season.

Soon as the boats were moored and the party safely landed, the first thoughts of the young men were to erect a bower for the accommodation of the ladies; and having selected a romantic spot upon an eminence, near the base of which a crystal spring poured forth its libation to the fast-rolling Hudson, they speedily brought in contact the pliant boughs of several adjacent trees, which they twined and secured with strips of elm bark. The apertures above were filled up with limbs severed from other trees, whose luxuriant foliage afforded sufficient protection from the rays of the burning sun. Seats were also erected of such materials as were conveniently procured, and a pole, lodged upon two forked stakes driven in the ground, was completed for the purpose of suspending their kettles, with which their noon's repast was to be prepared.

It became now the task of the maidens to make preparations for the approaching repast, and after repaying their companions with their grateful smiles

for the comfortable accommodations which their ingenuity had provided, a party of young men sallied into the woods with their muskets in quest of game, while another party unmoored their boats and dropping down to a cove of the island, amused themselves with fishing—each party eagerly hoping to excel the other in the quantity and quality of the game which they should bring as an offering to the fair ones behind.

On the other hand, the ladies divided themselves into parties—one-half remained at the bower to prepare dinner, while the remaining half made an excursion into the woods to gather such fruit as was then in season, which they proposed as a dessert. This latter party was squired by the patroon of the fleet, the happy Romeyn. Arrangements had been previously made by the parties, that those who had gone in quest of game were on no account to fire their muskets toward the west; nor were the parties at the bower to stray more than half a mile from the landing, and then only on the westernmost end of the same. These precautions were thought necessary to prevent the possibility of the huntsmen injuring any person of the other party, whom the thickets at this season of the year might prevent from being discovered, should they have roamed in any other direction than that which had been agreed upon.

Not far from the bower, and by the little meandering stream which proceeded from the spring, there was an aged tree whose smooth bark had served as the chronicle of the island, in all probability, for centuries before America was discovered, or settled by these Hollanders. Numerous Indian hieroglyphics, that to our adventurers were as unintelligible as those on the pyramids of Egypt, were carved upon its bark, and attracted the attention of the fair Katrine and her companions. The desire to prolong this visit to the island, and to obtain a few moments for solitary reflection, led her to request that her companions would proceed slowly forward in pursuit of berries, while she would record the date of their present visit on that portion of the bark unoccupied by older records.

As this tree was in sight of the bower, no danger was apprehended for her safety on being left to execute her design. The company accordingly moved onwards under the guidance of Romeyn, and soon the absent Katrine was left to that pleasing solitude she so ardently desired. Taking her pen-knife from her "huswife"—an appendage long since laid aside for the more fanciful "reticule" of the modern fair—she approached the venerable tree, on the bark of which she proposed not only to carve the date above alluded to but also to add a token of her love for one whom her cruel destiny appeared to compel her to resign, and cut in the bark of the tree—

"WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1626."

In a double heart, pierced with an arrow, she inscribed to her absent lover a mark which she was well aware could be recognized only by him for whom it

was intended. And having completed this pleasing task, and offering a silent prayer to heaven, she proceeded towards the thicket in which her party were gathering the first fruit offerings of the Greenwood Island.

Her progress was, however, suddenly arrested by the reiterated shrieks of females, and the stentorian bellowings of Romeyn, who, though exceeding bulky in his person, made shift in the present instance to out-run all the nimble-footed maidens of his company, and bawling as he ran—

"Come on, carls; come on! By cush! tat wur ter tivel himself, mit his imps! Oh! mine schweet little chup, your fateful Rommy vill nefer seen you more!"

At that instant there was a report of a musket in the direction from which they had sallied, and a loud shout of well-known victorious import shortly reached their ears. This was soon followed by the joyful appearance of the half-fainting, half-rejoicing Margaret, who, rushing into the circle of her astonished companions, sank speechless to the ground.

## CHAPTER II.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,  
No peace you shall know, though yo've buried your wife;  
At sixteen, she laughs at the duty you taught her—  
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!.....OLD SONG.

KATRINE had reached the spot where lay the recovering Margaret, surrounded by her astonished companions, and her half-terrified, half-frantic lover; but such was the confusion of the moment that it was impossible to learn, with any degree of certainty, the actual cause of the present fright and disorder. She demanded of the patroon, as one best able to answer her, the cause of their alarm, but could gain no other information of the terrified Romeyn, than that "ter tivel, or ter tivel's grandmudder, mit her imps, had seized his schweet little chup, and flown away mit her;" and that "he had just time to see a young Inchin seize ter tivel py his hint leks, when he run for assistance, and told te rest of te carls to run after him."

"And you did not help the young Indian to rescue your Margaret from the devourer?"

"No, py cush! his eyes looked like two crate palls of fire, and his teefs wur like te teefs of te crate harrow, and I wur well certain dat if I wur to hit him mit my fist, I wur braken every pone in my handt!"

"But I see," replied Katrine, "that your Margaret has, somehow or other, escaped from the dreadful conflict. How, and by what miracle has this been effected?"

Margaret had by this time perfectly recovered from her fright; and anxious to tell what had been her danger, and to report the praises of her deliverer, she speedily explained to them that, having strayed a short distance from the rest of her companions in search of berries, she unwarily came upon the retreat of a she-bear suckling her cub; that she involuntarily gave a loud shriek, and attempted to regain her company, but from her fright was unable to move. The bear was speedily at her side, and raising her huge body erect, had grasped her between her monstrous paws. She felt every bone in her chest yielding to the

horid gripe, and gave over all for lost. She saw herself forsaken by all her companions, and heard him to whose protection she had committed herself give the cowardly charge to fly. At that instant, when all hope was near expiring, a bullet from an unseen hand pierced the claw of the brute, and immediately loosened her hold. Turning from her, the enraged beast sprung with redoubled fury upon her brave deliverer, who, that moment rushing from the thicket, commanded her to fly for safety to the bower, and if possible to send assistance to Diedrich—

"What of Diedrich?" asked the trembling Katrine, in words scarcely audible.

"I saw him fall beneath the weight of the enormous bear!" said Margaret.

"I fled for assistance until the powers of flight were lost"—

A shriek that reverberated through the whole forest, and re-echoed on the proud stream of the Hudson, burst from the heart of Katrine, who the next instant was lost in the thicket. Her companions truly loved, although they envied her, and were determined to share her dangers, as they had done her pleasures. They therefore resolved upon following her, in order to give such assistance as their weak and helpless situations enabled them to render.

Romeyn, however, though greatly mortified, now cunning enough to attempt to palliate his cowardice, shrewdly remarked, that "turn and turn about wur fair play; dat as he hat let te van in dere runaway match from ter tivel, he would lete te van in dere return to te fielt of pattle."

Katrine, directed by the moaning sounds which her distracted mind represented as the expiring groans of the ill-fated Diedrich, was soon at the awfully frightful spot. The torn up roots of the tender shrubs, the deep furrows of the ground, the blood-stained leaves, and the fragments of a hunting shirt, showed that the conflict had been terrible. In a shady recess lay the apparently expiring animal; her young cub draining from her the last dregs of her slowly flowing milk; and the brave, noble and generous Diedrich, having secured a safe retreat for his young friends by thus maiming their adversary, disdained to deprive her of that life which he felt was necessary for the preservation of her young; and conscious of the safety of his friends he had embarked in his little canoe, having previously written on the sand, "Diedrich is safe," and was then on his way to join the Mohawk Council fire, preparatory to a declaration of war against their constant enemy, the Adirondachs.

"Diedrich is safe!" Yes, thank heaven! Diedrich is safe. He is worthy of heaven's richest boon, and maiden's purest love!"

Recovering then from her agitation caused by the conflicting passions of fear, surprise, and all their attendant emotions, and the sudden transition from these to the rapturous joy produced by the tidings of the young hero's safety, she naturally began to inquire how he had arrived on the island without being discovered

by some of her party, and what had occasioned his visit. And it was flattering to think that it was for her sake, and in order to convince her that his pretensions, although modest, were yet sincere—though repulsed, they were unsubdued. From that moment she resolved that if he should again declare his passion, she would without disguise frankly confess her own.

By this time, Romeyn, reinforced by the party of huntsmen, who had been alarmed at hearing the report of a gun westward, and unconscious that there were any other guns on the island than their own, were greatly alarmed for the safety of their companions at the bower, fearful that they might have fallen into the hands of skulking Indians, who would doubtless massacre the whole party. Urged by love and apprehension, they double-loaded their muskets and hastened to the bower; but meeting with Romeyn, he removed their fears, which soon gave place to laughter, on his repetition of the circumstances in his true Anglo-German style.

The party now proposed to embark and return home. On repassing the little brook, Katrine was struck at beholding a carving on the bark of a young and flourishing beech tree, immediately opposite to that on which she had made her own that morning, and her own name inscribed—

"WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1626."

Above it was fastened a slip of paper, on which was written the following lines:

"Farewell! the fearful hour is past;  
The conflict now is o'er;  
Once more I've look'd—it was the last—  
On thee I'll look no more!"

"Farewell! the maddening hour is past  
That tears me thus from thee;  
Yet I must love thee to the last,  
Whate'er my fate may be!"

A sudden dizziness came over her, and not feeling able to walk alone, she requested the support of her faithful Margaret, having first taken the paper from the tree, and placed it in her bosom. Her heart seemed as though locked and her lips sealed, and neither word nor sigh escaped her until she entered the waiting boat that was to convey them home. Then the leaden weight of sorrow was relieved by streaming tears, accompanied by sighs which proved how deeply she was affected. Her companions, although they suspected the cause, were too delicate to wound her by remark or allusion, rationally supposing that time alone would produce a more favorable issue than their best intended efforts. Yet the affectionate Margaret mingled her tears with those of her friend.

The noise and bustle attendant upon the landing of the company, aroused her from a lethargic sleep into which she had fallen, and the first object that presented itself to view was the well-known little canoe of Diedrich. A fresh burst

of tears suddenly burst forth, and as the faithful Margaret assisted her to the shore, she recalled the mournful sentence—

"On thee I'll look no more!"

but before she had time to make any reflections, she found herself in her mother's arms. The ambitious dame triumphantly announced to her that the negotiations which her father had commenced with Yakup Stuyvesant—the cousin-german of the Governor of New Netherlands—had been partly successful; and that the said Yakup, in consequence of his mercantile concerns, could not spare time to come up to Schenectady, but had written to Squire Van Dervear to bring his daughter to the city. During this harangue, the subject of which had so inflated the mind of Madam Van Dervear as to render her unconscious of her daughter's sufferings, Katrine had become insensible.

The unconscious mother attributed this unexpected occurrence to another cause—supposing it to proceed from the joyful prospect of a removal from the little town of Schenectady to the more extensive and flourishing seaport of New Netherlands, where, in a more enlarged circle of society, she was to enjoy wealth, and intimate association with the first characters of the city—all which advantages she considered as calculated to insure the happiness of her daughter. Imagine her surprise when, after recalling the maiden to consciousness, that child, hitherto meek and submissive, declared in the most positive terms her fixed resolution.

"Mother," said she, "my person and my fortunes are at the disposal of my parents; but my heart owns no master but the exiled Diedrich! No, dearest mother! never have I questioned your right to dispose, not only of my person, but to command my heart to whom you pleased; but I had never known the power of love. In obedience to your commands, I have made every effort to overcome that attachment, which you term childish and improper, but in vain. This day's adventures have taught me how unavailing is the attempt to control our destiny! With Diedrich, I shall be a true, useful and happy woman—with any other man, I shall be unmitigatedly miserable. You now have heard the secrets of my heart, mother," continued Katrine; and then, in a tone of subdued emotion, she added, "and can act as your parental feelings shall dictate."

This appeal to her mother had the effect of relaxing her rigid brow and softening her into sympathy. She, however, urged her daughter, by all her hopes of happiness, not to oppose, at least directly, the will of her father. This, the dutiful girl promised; but she besought that her mother would countenance her predilection for Diedrich while this important alliance was under discussion.

Madam Van Dervear thought it most prudent to avoid the proposed interview between her husband and daughter, until the latter had recovered from the excitement which she had been called to sustain on that eventful day. She

therefore permitted her to immediately retire to her chamber; and then hastened to inform her husband that their daughter had returned greatly fatigued, and solicited indulgence until the morrow. This reasonable request was, though with a bad grace, acquiesced in by the imperious and haughty burgher.

Early the next morning Katrine was notified that her presence was desired in the study. Her mother was surprised, if not alarmed, at the prompt and decided manner in which, with one of her winning smiles, Katrine arose from her seat to accompany her to the presence of her father—and as she was thus conveying her daughter to the room of her husband, she lifted up her eyes to Him, to whom no appeal of the heart, however feeble, was ever made in vain.

"Katrine!" said the authoritative father, "I am going to marry you to your cousin Yakup, of New Amsterdam. By this match I shall secure the friendship and alliance of the first families in the city."

"And have you, my father," asked Katrine, "actually contracted me to the person you have named, when I have never seen the suitor favored by your ambition? Have you seriously calculated on the probable sacrifice you will have to make, before any part of this contract can be complied with?"

"What sacrifice?"

"That of the happiness of your child!"

"What can the girl mean! Can it be a sacrifice of her happiness to unite her to a man of wealth, industry and high station—a man allied to the first families in the city? Surely, if anything in this world can secure happiness, my cousin Yakup possesses enough to make any woman happy!"

"Pardon me, my father, if I am presumptuous in thinking differently from you in this matter. You consider the happiness of your daughter as depending upon the endowments of the individual to whom you would unite her—as though wealth was the well-spring of happiness. I acknowledge the kindness of your motive, but the true fountain of bliss you have unfortunately overlooked; and on this depends, not only my temporal, but perhaps my future interest."

"What is all this, what do you mean?"

"Nothing more than to explain to you, my dear parent, that in contracting me in marriage to a stranger, while you have considered my past conduct as the guaranty of my implicit obedience on this important occasion, you have neither consulted nor considered the feelings of my heart, but dispose of me as a slave—perhaps to a rich, though unfeeling master."

"I am astonished! Did ever father so impatiently listen to such a flagrant abuse of his privileges? What! a father submit to his daughter the privilege of choosing him a son-in-law? Odds nipperkin! this would be an invasion of the good old order; and we should soon have sons-in-law as poor as the beggarly Diedrich, and who would neither bring wealth nor honor with their alliance!"

"I will not excite your anger by an attempt to convince you of the upright and honorable conduct of the brave and generous Diedrich. I will therefore confine myself to those particulars on which the honor of my family and my individual happiness depends."

"Why, the devil, wife! the girl's head is turned! She seems to jabber law with as much ease as Counsellor Schneidilie, of Holland, ever did! By St. Nicholas! there must be something in the air and climate of this country favorable to rebellion; and I think Katrine has already begun to put it in practice."

"No, my father, you greatly wrong me. It is far, very far, from my intention to rebel against the fondest of parents. But I consider it my privilege, by a law of nature, impressed upon every heart, to insist upon determining for myself in an affair of so much importance as the one we are now discussing; and I will appeal to you whether I shall not reflect greater honor on my family, and credit on the unknown individual you have proposed as my husband, by refusing to yield my hand where my heart can never be given."

"By Heaven! this is a new mode of debating upon the rights of parents and the duties of children; and it is contrary to the Statute laws of all nations, as well as against the great lawyer and Apostle Paul, who has commanded that wives should submit themselves to their husbands, and that children should be obedient to their parents."

"True, sir; but you forgot to enumerate the contingent reasons, as well as the extent of this command. The best commentators on these passages of ecclesiastical and civil law, consider wives to be bound only to submit to all reasonable commands of their husbands; and as a proof that it means no more, suppose that you were to command my mother to commit an act of robbery, or of murder, do you consider her bound, as a wife, to obey this command?"

"Surely not; but how does that exonerate you, or even apply to children who disobey their parents?"

"In precisely the same manner; for, when parents command their children blindly and tamely to submit to the probable sacrifice of their happiness, and that without consulting them, or of allowing them the privilege of a refusal, it appears clearly to my mind that they are authorized by all laws, whether human or divine, to refuse to enter into such contract."

"Why, girl, you have thought more on this subject than even your mother or myself, and you seem to have taken a different view of it from any that has heretofore struck my attention: for the truth is, I know little about what you call love, and I have been always taught to consider the increase of wealth and fame, and honorable station, as the sure road to happiness."

"I feel sensible that my parents are desirous of securing for me what the world terms happiness, and I perfectly assent to one part of my father's reason-

ing on this subject. As to the other, my heart revolts at the idea, and my lips cannot utter an assent. Now, kind parent, permit me to make the supposition that in my interview with your friend, I candidly reveal to him the true state of my affections; that thus circumstanced, if he persists in marrying me, he does it because I have been required to sacrifice my heart's strongest wish in order to perform my duty to the best of parents; and that I do not consent from choice, but a kind of forced necessity. Could he, think you, persist in uniting himself to one, who, while she was bestowed by one master, reciprocated affection with another?"

"And who is that other, for whom you possess this strong and romantic affection?"

"For one who, to me, appears every way worthy of it."

"Yes! I suppose you mean Diedrich Lansing, whom, because he is at the head of all the boys in the village in their pursuits and exercises, you calculate that he will obtain wealth and fame! No, no, girl! your calculations are wrong."

With a firm but respectful manner, Katrine assured him that whatever had been Diedrich's wishes in regard to her, he had never assumed courage to express it in words; but that she believed he had the most sincere regard for her, and would, had his prospects in life been more flattering, have taken the usual method of communicating with them on the subject; "and," added she, "I must have the candor to acknowledge that were it left to my choice, I should prefer him with his poverty and his virtues, to all the world beside."

She would have said more, but at this moment the family were thrown into confusion by the precipitate entrance of Romeyn, who came to announce the declaration of war between the Five Nations and the Adirondachs. He then as abruptly left to publish the fearful news.

When Squire Van Dervear heard these tidings, the discussion of the morning vanished from his mind like a dream, and he was absorbed in thought as to the best mode of avoiding the dangers which were likely to result to the settlement. Should the Adirondachs be victorious, they would pursue their adversaries to their very castles, and death, in all its aggravated horrors, would be the doom of all their allies. He soon decided to remove his family and all his valuables to New Amsterdam, as soon as the march of the warriors from Canajoharie, should be known. This decided, he told Katrine that she could retire, and that she might rest satisfied, that no coercive measures would be taken to enforce her union; and that, when she was introduced to her relation, it would be left to her own discretion to accept or refuse him. "And after all," added he, "if Diedrich Lansing must be my son-in-law, why, Johannis Van Dervear has got wealth enough to make even Diedrich rich!"

The good mother then taking Katrine by the hand, and courtesying to her husband, conducted to her chamber the agitated girl.

## CHAPTER III.

Love raised his noble thoughts to brave achievements,  
 For love's the steel that strikes upon the flint;  
 Gives coldness heat—exerts the hidden flame,  
 And spreads the sparkles round to warm the world..... DRYDEN.

**D**IEDRICH, repulsed in his advances to Katrine, had, by a kind of intuitive knowledge, attributed to its proper cause her altered conduct. He had beheld her expanding from sportive and playful childhood, to modest and dignified womanhood; and with her increase of years supporting all her claims to respect, esteem and admiration. He knew that he not only admired, but experienced a deeper sentiment; and he felt a keen conviction of the improbability, not to say impossibility, of obtaining her, not because she was indifferent, but because she was dutiful, and her rigid father's wealth and avarice interposed a powerful barrier to their hopes. From the continued preference shown him by Katrine in all their juvenile sports, he had cherished the hope that she would grow up with this increasing friendship for him; but the moment he discovered the sudden and unaccountable coldness observed by her towards him at their last private though accidental meeting, the thought flashed across his mind that filial duty, more than inclination, had effected this change. With a prudence superior to his years, he resolved to remain no longer an obstacle to her future prospects, and an object of others' pity.

He was now determined as to the course he must adopt. The early intimacy between the settlers of the village and the Indians, had led not only to mutual confidence, but to lasting friendship among several of the youths; and on the moment of his repulse, Diedrich resolved on pushing his fortunes among the sons of the forest. The enterprise was one of dangers, privations, and perhaps the most appalling mode of death, if taken a prisoner in arms. But what was death to Diedrich?

It was not long after, that concurring events enabled him to carry out this determination. A fatal disease prevailed in the village in the fall of the year 1625, which terminated the lives of the good old Caspar and his early benefactor, the venerated minister of the colony, leaving Diedrich almost without a

friend or counsellor except the benevolent and humane Corlear. But even he was not long spared.

Shortly after the events to which we have alluded, the French Governor of Canada, M. Champlain, joined the Adirondachs in an expedition against the Five Nations; and meeting a party of two hundred of them on the lake, both parties went ashore to prepare for battle. The French, who had concealed themselves until their adversaries had commenced the engagement, now opened a destructive fire upon them; and the report of their guns, reverberating on the waters of the lake, induced them to believe that Podar—"the spirit of the lake,"—was displeased. They were routed and dispersed; many of them were killed, and several taken prisoners. The news of this defeat bitterly enraged the Five Nations. They at once declared war against the Adirondachs, and took measures to carry it to the very heart of their country, and to the gates of their French allies, of whose treachery and hypocrisy they were determined to be revenged.

While they were making preparations for the contest, Diedrich, now left entirely to himself, resolved no longer to postpone the execution of his plan—that of entering the confederated army as a cadet, or young brave. He accordingly communicated his designs to his young friend, prince Garangula, the son of the Onondaga chief, and by him to his father, who cheerfully accepted his offer. He was received with the unusual demonstrations of joy, together with the "Yo-hah-han!" or shout of admiration; and after the customary ceremonies of adoption into the nation were ended, and the name of Diedrich changed to that of "Ro-ya-ner," which signifies "a chief," he was put into training with the rest of the young men, that they might acquire the art of dexterously hurling the war-hatchet—a practice in which these nations excelled.

Diedrich, during the interval between preparing and marching, had determined on visiting the scenes of his early life, and the "home of his heart," half desirous of seeing once more his beloved Katrine. He had, however, previous to leaving the Indian Castle at Canajoharie, resolved on avoiding an interview. He arrived at Schenectady the night previous to the contemplated visit of our youthful adventurers to the Greenwood Isle; and disguised in an Indian dress, he obtained information of the intended excursion. Re-entering his little white canoe, he dropped down the river to a distance which precluded them from seeing him in the morning. Here he landed, and kindling a fire, prepared himself for rest. In the morning he reached the island, and avoiding the common landing, ran his canoe into a small creek or indentation of the island, where he secreted himself until the arrival of the little party, where, as we have already seen, he was instrumental in the rescue of Margaret. In the struggle with the brute, he broke a limb, already crippled by the ball, so as to completely disable her; and as they fell together to the earth he freed himself, and springing to a considerable distance, secured a safe retreat—not, however, without several



marks of the violent contest on his person, his garments torn and stained with blood. The next hour he was on his way to rejoin the warriors of the Five Nations at the place of assemblage previous to embarking for Montreal.

As soon as the avaricious father of Katrine had suspected it possible that the youthful familiarity of his daughter toward Diedrich might become a serious matter, he forbade their further intimacy. Diedrich discovered the changed behavior of Katrine, which he readily attributed to the right cause. He determined no longer to remain an obstacle in her future course.

A kind of repulsiveness in each individual now sprang up between all parties. While her alarmed father was busily engaged in instituting inquiries as to the certainty of a war between the Five Nations and the Canadian Indians, in order to be prepared for the emergency by a timely removal to the emporium, her mind was occupied with the pleasing hope that having broken the barrier which had been raised in opposition to her inclinations, Diedrich would ultimately share with her in future life those pleasures and cares which are incident to its checkered scenes.

One day her father entered the chamber with his countenance agitated by contending emotions and sorrow, which, in spite of his utmost efforts of concealment, betrayed itself by shrinking from the scrutinizing eye of Katrine, whose interrogatories called forth equivocal and satisfactory replies. Approaching him with her accustomed sweetness, she entreated him to relieve the solicitude of her mother and herself, assuring him that they were desirous of sharing with him the anxiety which oppressed him.

"Nothing more than the rumor of the war," replied he, "which appears to be well founded."

"But, my father," said Katrine, "why should a war among the Indians, a thing so frequent, and with which we have become almost familiar, affect you more sensibly now than at any former period, particularly as you have determined on removing beyond the limits of its possible influence?"

"As to ourselves," said Squire Van Dervear, "we have it in our power to avoid the accidents attendant upon these retaliatory contests by removing beyond their influence; but still I am uneasy—I am disturbed—and must request you to allow me to appear so, without enquiring into the cause."

"Alas!" said the impatient wife, "can you thus torture us by a confession that you are unhappy, and, by concealing the cause, place it beyond our reach to alleviate, if not to remove it wholly?"

"The cause of my unhappiness," replied he, "is beyond the reach of us all, if reports be true, but spare me the conclusion."

The active mind of Katrine intimated that she was to be a principal sufferer in the drama. A boding idea now flashed across her mind of the fearful import of the farewell lines which Diedrich had addressed to her on the island, and

which she had supposed to mean nothing more than his intention to embark for a season in the Indian trade—a custom both common and lucrative at that time. Her heart began to sink, and when at last her suspicions were reduced to certainty, she appeared as one, that, having received the death blow to hope, cannot strictly be said to live, but breathe unconscious of all around.

It was now that her father felt the injustice and cruelty of interposing parental authority, to separate hearts that appeared to be formed for each other's happiness; and it is difficult to say, whether the anguish and remorse of the father, or the mournful abstraction of the daughter, deserved the greater commiseration. He was incapable, from the painful consciousness that he had caused her present suffering, of aiding his wife in employing those means for her recovery which nature seemed to dictate. The agonized old man declared, that though it should cost him all his wealth, he would be unceasing in his efforts to find the place of his exile and recall the absent Diedrich. Katrine was grateful for these assurances, and thanked him in the fullness of her heart's warmest emotions. But she could entertain no fond hope, that anything would be accomplished, till the close of the present struggle between the Iroquois and the Adirondachs. Hence in the midst of an assumed tranquility, it was evident that there was still lurk in her bosom a desperate sorrow, to overcome which, immediate, prompt and persevering efforts must be made. Every diversion capable of relieving her sorrow, was sought out and put in requisition for that purpose.

The journey to New Amsterdam was now considered as affording the most likely means of extricating her from the depths of sorrow into which she had plunged. In all these arrangements Katrine appeared to acquiesce with an unusual alacrity, to every suggestion of her loved parents. Boats were prepared, and Romeyn commissioned to man them without delay; and as every day brought confirmation of the war, it was decided that they should embark for the city on the Monday following.

Early on the appointed morning, the passengers were on board, and soon on their way from the beautiful banks of the Mohawk, followed by the tears and prayers of friends left behind. Romeyn commanded the boats, and Margaret—whom, to use his own words, he "had taken for better or for worse"—was made the traveling companion of her esteemed Katrine.

Our voyagers, with the aid of rapid currents, soon came in sight of the little town of Beaverwyck, now known as Albany. There they landed and passed the night at the hospitable mansion of an early friend of the Van Dervears, the venerable Mrs. Kohler. The reception they met with from the old lady, was indeed highly gratifying. After the usual salutations, a substantial supper was provided for them. The cloth being removed, the conversation, from being general, became now more particular. The unwilling father endeavored to evade the in-

quiry as to the cause of Katrine's extreme melancholy, but his kind hostess, coming at once to the point, in her usual frank and candid manner, observed—

"Now, Hans, I know that she has been disappointed; and I have no doubt it has been in consequence of some ambitious aspiration of your's. Ah! my old friend, is it not so?"

"You are right," said he, "but," lowering his voice, "I beg you be careful; it agitates my child too much."

This was sufficient, and the good lady avoided a renewal of the subject until the young people had retired. She then requested to know the particulars, and remarked that though it was now too late to recall this ambitious youth, they must patiently await the issues; yet she hoped, herself, to see the lovers united. She then made certain disclosures, which, if the 'Squire had any scruples yet remaining as to the expediency of the alliance with young Lansing, were calculated to remove them entirely. But we will not anticipate. The conversation having prolonged itself to a late hour, she showed her guests to their apartments.

The sleep of old Van Dervear was not uninterrupted by dreams. The future greatness of his house, extensive domains of his son-in-law and attendant bounties, were prominent subjects on that occasion. The soliloquies which he uttered were not well calculated to render him an agreeable bed-mate. His inveterate habit of snoring, from the peculiar construction of his nasal appendage, was always far from being a desirable accompaniment to slumber. One nostril was of unusual dimensions, while the other was curiously contracted. The consequence was the emission of a sound varying in every key from a grunt to a whistle, the tones of which, in the still hour of night, are much easier imagined than described. Leaving Madam Van Dervear to enjoy her serenade to the utmost of her endurance, we will now turn our attention to and follow the destinies of the hero of this tale.

## CHAPTER IV.

The owl has screeched his last wild note,  
And fled the approach of day;  
The Indian warrior takes the hint,  
And loudly sounds from his deep throat,  
That has no gong nor trumpet in't—  
"The signal! march away!".....NEW SONG.

**L**ONG before the golden tint of the morning had illumined the towering peaks of the Alleghanies, the Indian warriors had commenced their march towards the land of their foes. Unacquainted with the tactics of civilized Europe, the sons of the American forests had adopted the simple suggestions of nature, and arranged their order of marching in such a manner, that though twelve hundred warriors moved in one body, it would have been impossible to discover that more than one solitary individual had left the impress of his feet on the soil.

The object of the Indians, in this manner of conducting their marches, is evidently to come upon their enemy by surprise at a time when they are least expected—in which case the assaulted are unprepared to repel their attack, and are thrown into confusion—thus giving a great advantage to the assailants.

The present war was undertaken on the part of the Five Nations to revenge the perfidy of the Canadian settlers, whom they suspected to be the cause of many recent calamities; as they had, a short time previous, received the intelligence that the French were actually exciting the neighboring nations of Chichtaghies, Twightwies and Uttewas, to enter their territory and destroy their fields and castles; and secondly, to subdue the Adirondachs and Quatoghies.

At the grand council of Sachems, held at Onondaga, Decanesora, the great orator of the Five Nations, delivered a patriotic address to the chiefs and warriors assembled, in which he dwelt at great length upon the perfidy of the French in Canada, whom, he averred, were instigated by their priests to every act of treachery. He declared that it was through them that the Five Nations had most suffered since the confederation. He well recollected when his tribe united with the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas and the Mohawks, and gave as their reasons for the alliance, revenge on the Adirondachs. He spoke of the landing of

the Dutch at Manhattan, and said that "their great Sachem, Corlear, built his castles at Schenectady, and taught us the use of the instruments called muskets. We found, too, from a nearer acquaintance with our Dutch allies that they were a nation to be depended on for upright dealing, keeping their chain bright and their paths clean, assisting us in all our difficulties." In the concluding part of his speech, he appealed to the assembly:—"Remember the castles, the wives, the fathers, the mothers and the children you leave behind you! Revenge the injuries your country has received from the French, the Adirondachs the Quatoghies! Redeem the blood of your brethren with the scalps of their foes! Return in triumph, and the nation will receive you with feasts and dances, and Deenoesora will impart his name and his glories to the most successful young warrior!"

He then addressed himself to Diedrich:—"Ro-ya-ner! you have honored our nation in your alliance with our warriors. You go to defend the rights which you now have, in common with us all, to this land! With the eye of the eagle, the heart of the panther, and the foot of the deer, secure for yourself the rewards of a warrior's prowess! You go with the love of our nation! You leave behind you hearts beating with anxiety for the issue of this campaign! The castles of Schenectady shall be guarded by the vigilance of our braves, who do not follow to the fields of battle, and on your return, we pledge ourselves to satisfy you that we are faithful to our promises!"

This speech was received with three times three Yo-hah-hans, enthusiastically pronounced, followed by the war-dance. Soon the last signal screech of the owl was heard from the adjacent forest, and all was silent—hushed in the slumbers of midnight repose.

The rising sun cast his first rays over the marshalled troop of the Five Nations, who had already proceeded fifteen miles from Onondaga towards Montreal.

Although the French settlers in Canada were continually on the look-out, in consequence of the frequent incursions of the Iroquois Indians, and although located on an island formed by the junction of the northern and southern branches of the Cadaracqui River, which soon after separates again for the purpose of uniting with the stream of Champlain, they were thus apparently secure from any sudden attack, it will be seen that cunning and enterprize were superior to the vigilance of a people unaccustomed to Indian habits.

The famous Black Kettle—a distinguished chief of the Onondagas, and the principal warrior in the present daring enterprise—was aware that the French had erected a fort on the eastern extremity of Cadaracqui Lake, now known as Ontario, and another on the west of the river Champlain, by which they had the command of both the lower extremities of these lakes. The garrisons, serving as outposts to the main settlement at Montreal, prevented to some extent the

possibility of bringing an army by water without being discovered in time to prevent surprises. This profound statesman and warrior determined, by the most hazardous attempts, to render those precautions useless. On the evening of the fifth day of their march from Onondaga, he summoned a council, to which he explained the nature of the obstacles which they must surmount. He adverted to the dangers they must encounter, but threw those dangers into the background by fulsome praises of heroes, particularly those of his own nation, who were ever ready to sacrifice their lives for glory and the love of country; and concluded by offering to those who felt disposed the privilege to return to their castles and assist the warriors in protecting their families and their fields—of which choice, however, not one solitary individual of the twelve hundred warriors thought proper to avail themselves, preferring rather to die in the enterprize than to return to their homes under the mortifying suspicion of cowardice.

Diedrich, when he had heard the speech of Black Kettle, and had well weighed the plans suggested for operations, perceived that entire success or certain death depended upon the first assault. He was well aware that they were to attack a garrison intrenched on an island, and that if they effected a landing unperceived, and were even successful at the outset, the besieged had numerous warlike allies beside the garrisons at Chambly and Cadaracqui, from which they might be reinforced in time not only to prevent their entire success, but also to retard, if not to render wholly impracticable the possibility of a safe retreat. For a moment he turned his thoughts to Schenectady and his beloved, and felt that his only privilege was to think of her—that thus

"To love her was an easy heat,  
The secret empress of his breast."

But the thought that he might behold her the wife of another, sickened his heart. With a deep sigh he rolled his blanket around him, and throwing himself on the earth, he was lost in a profound sleep, which a five days' march through the forests had rendered desirable and necessary.

On the sixth morning, the army divided itself into two equal divisions; and these were again to separate themselves into twelve companies of fifty each, who were to arrange themselves in the form of a crescent, after crossing the Hudson River, at which they had now arrived some miles above the usual carrying place, from the west side of Lake Champlain to the east side of Cadaracqui River, to which points the companies were, after the third day, to direct their course north-east. They would thus re-unite on Cadaracqui River immediately opposite La Chine. On arriving within a few days' march of the point of destination, they were instructed to secrete themselves in the thick underwood, to recommence their march in the night; and again at day-light to resume their hiding-places, and remain until the signal was given to resume their march.

Black Kettle took the division destined to spread itself from the Hudson to the west of Lake Champlain. To this our hero was attached, together with Garangula, his young friend, the son of this mighty warrior—both the pupils of the late Corlear and a mighty chieftain of the Mohawks named As-to-ro-ga. The south division was commanded by the great Oneida chief Ohguesse, or the Partridge.

The main division now separated, east by north and west by south, so that in a days' march the chain of companies were extended to a distance of forty miles, from the most western company to the most eastern. Thus, twenty-four companies, at a distance of less than two miles each, commanded the passes of a field of forty miles in length; and were at the same time in a line of stentorophonic, if not telegraphic, communication with each other—as most of them had the faculty of raising their voices, not only in shouts, but likewise to make their words understood at a great distance.

On the evening of the twenty-first day from their leaving Onondaga castle, these indefatigable warriors had marched over seven hundred miles of forests, without any guides but the bark of the trees, the position of the stars, and the courses of the creeks and rivers; and were now resting themselves in detached groups within the almost impenetrable branches and foliage of the luxuriant corylus and vaccinium, the fruit of which offered them a repast. Here they remained under cover for three days, until it was ascertained that each subdivision of the grand army had effected a junction, and rested sufficiently to enable their rash and daring design to be put in complete execution.

In the interim, Ohguesse, from his address in penetrating, undiscovered, to within tomahawk reach of his enemies, and Kinshon, or the Fish, of the Onondaga tribe, were hourly reconnoitering the margin of the river, its currents, and the best prospects of landing on the opposite shore of the island—the particulars of which were communicated to the commander-in-chief, Black Kettle, whose head-quarters were, at the time, in the hollow of an immense sycamore, the extensive trunk of which afforded shelter for himself, the chiefs of each nation, his son and Diedrich, each of whom, rolled in their blankets, passed three anxious days and nights in sight of the island, and in contemplating the probable issue of this more than Spartan enterprize.

## CHAPTER V.

Hark! hark! what echoes strike mine ear?  
 Ah! 'tis the shriek from La Chine's plain:  
 And distant savage yells I hear,  
 'Twixt groans that's uttered by the slain.  
 Again by treacherous wiles ensnared,  
 The maddened tribes their war-axe wield;  
 Nor age nor sex by them are spared—  
 Their thousand corpses strew the field!.....FUGITIVE.

At the period of which we write, the houses of the settlers were nothing more than log cabins, erected at little distances from each other, and separated by pallisades. The castles—so termed by way of eminence—were block-houses of sufficient capacity to afford a safe retreat, and a temporary protection from bullets and other missiles directed against them. These were commonly built of large timbers, dove-tailed at their ends, and secured by strong pins of wood. Port-holes, which contained pieces of artillery, and which served also for windows, were cut at regular distances on each side and end, also two doors.

The planters had selected the south side of the island for their plantations, which were numerous and thickly inhabited, and to this settlement they had given the name of La Chine. Their fields were ripening, and they were looking forward to a rich and plentiful harvest—the reward of their industry. Though they rarely met with any serious disasters from the incursions of the hostile Indians, they nevertheless, conscious of being surrounded on all sides by warlike nations, were always fearful of an attack from some unguarded quarter.

The peaceable inhabitants of this settlement had labored all day in their fields, unconscious of the danger that awaited them, and had retired to their rest. The night was solemn, and the silver stars were reflecting their pale light from the surface of the dividing Cadaraequi. Anon the solemn hour of midnight arrived, and all nature seemed locked in profound repose. The very winds were hushed; the leaves of every tree had ceased their rustling; and naught on earth was now heard but the sullen ripple of the currents, separating east and west, and hurrying onward to unite their streams, a tribute to the great St. Lawrence.

But hark! the faithful sentinel of nature disturbs the solemn tranquility of the scene, and announces the approach of another day—it is the “first cock-crow.” An hour, another hour, and our warriors will be ready to plunge into the rapid streams of the Cadaraqui! They secure, in the intervening moments, their cartouches and muskets on their heads; they have guarded the locks of their fire-arms from water by enveloping them in strips of raw buffalo skins; they secrete their blankets in the thicket; and with their war-axes in their hands, they stand on the high brink of the river, ready for the awful signal. Again the cock crows! and immediately the whole army glide down the banks, and hasten in silence to the fated island.

The current carried many of them to a considerable distance below the point of destination. Among these were Diedrich and Garangula, who supported each other in resisting the current, until they at last effected their landing half a mile below the scene of action—to which they were attracted by the shouts of the warriors and the shrieks of the dying.

The flash and report of the first volley of musketry had not only appraised them, while struggling in the river, of the commencement of the attack, but enabled them to discover the course they should pursue to effect a safe and easy landing. They had not proceeded far towards the scene of carnage, when they beheld the vast volumes of smoke and flame issuing from various directions; and Diedrich rightly judged that they proceeded from the consuming cabins of the islanders. The shouts of the assailants, the groans of the dying and the heart-rending shrieks of the retreating females and their terrified infants, now fell upon his ear. It was enough! He thought of Katrine, and resolved, at the hazard of his life, to protect the helpless women.

He perceived soon after the form of a female, flying from the scene of death, and close in pursuit a nimble-footed warrior, with uplifted tomahawk. In vain he halloed in the Onondaga language—his voice was lost in the uproar of fire and of shouts; but the almost exhausted female heard him, and fearing that he, too, was a foe, by a sudden spring to the left, avoided the deathly blow of the tomahawk which the Rattlesnake had hurled, and which sunk to a considerable depth in the earth some twenty paces beyond. Diedrich and the Onondaga came up with her at the same instant, and the latter had drawn his scalping knife, with the view of adding to his trophies the scalp of a lovely woman.

“Onondaga!” said Diedrich, in a firm and decisive voice, “desist! the brave warrior glories in protecting woman.”

“That woman is our enemy,” replied the Rattlesnake.

“Not so!” retorted Diedrich: “they do not make war against any one.”

“No, but they bring warriors upon earth, and multiply our enemies, and we are therefore justified in lessening their number. Ro-ya-ner! stand aside and let me add another scalp to those suspended at my back.”

“First take mine!” said Diedrich, “for you, nor no other warrior—not even the mighty Black Kettle—shall touch one hair of this woman’s head, until you have added my life to the number of those already sacrificed to your insatiate revenge.”

The next instant he seated himself beside the swooning stranger, and requested Garangula to hurry to the river and bring some water in a leathern cap, with which to revive her sinking spirits. The faithful warrior speedily obeyed the request.

Soon as he was gone, the Onondaga thus addressed Diedrich:—“Ro-ya-ner, you are the first of the warriors of the good Corlear, that have violated the faith of your nation by affording protection to the enemies of the Five Nations; and though I love you for your personal bravery and for the sake of your great Sachem, Corlear, you must answer to our chiefs in Council for this action.”

“Let her be treated, then, as a prisoner,” said Diedrich, “but injure her not. I will take charge of her, under the guarantee of my friend, the son of your great chief. She shall be considered your prisoner, and for my conduct, I will be answerable to your Council.”

Garangula returned with the water, and Diedrich succeeded in restoring the fainting female, who, when she opened her eyes, found herself supported by one Indian, while another stood over them with a bloody scalping knife, and a third with a leathern cap of water, which now and then the attentive Diedrich applied to her lips. By an intuitive feeling, she at once concluded that he, on whom she was still reclining, was her deliverer; but whether he was a Christian Indian, sent by a kind Providence to protect her, or one of the Five Nations, she was not capable of determining. As she recovered strength, and an increased degree of confidence, she looked up in the face of her deliverer, and saw with surprise that he was not of the dark and tawny race of the Indian; nor did his countenance, though expressive of youthful bravery, indicate the least mark of savage ferocity—and encouraged by his returning look, which, as it fell upon her scrutinizing gaze, beamed with a smile of benevolence, she took courage, and addressed him in French. Of this language he was wholly ignorant; yet she read in his eye that although her tongue had failed in explaining to him her wish, the universal silent language of nature had made itself understood.

Diedrich stipulated with Rattlesnake for the security of the prisoner. She was to be left in the care of the young friends, who became mutually bound to the nation for her person, and to abide by the decision of the great Council. Under these assurances, the Onondaga returned to complete his share in the carnage.

By this time day had thrown its lustre on all the surrounding scenery; and the yet trembling fair one, casting her eyes toward the plantations, beheld a mass of smoking ruins! And now the first returns of conscious memory brought to her recollection her parents and her friends, and with frantic agony she exclaimed—

"Oh, my God! what has been the fate of my father and my mother?" and looking wistfully on Diedrich and his friend, she beckoned them towards La Chine.

Recollecting that the French Jesuits had prevailed on several Mohawks to settle among them, and to enter within the pale of the Romish Church, it struck him that from the frequent intercourse with these Christian Indians, whose language might be familiar to her, he could make himself understood. Addressing her in the Mohawk language, he found that it was indeed familiar to her.

In vain did they search among the smoking ruins for some trace that might afford a clue to the fate of her parents. Nor was it to any purpose that they inquired of the returning Indians, who had pursued the flying inhabitants until their revenge was satiated in the total destruction of the settlement, the sacrifice of a thousand lives, and the possession of about twenty prisoners. They were now gathering for the purpose of retreat, before the soldiers from the garrison of Montreal could cut them off from the main road. It at length occurred to the young Mohawk that some information might be obtained from the prisoners; and on suggesting this to Diedrich, they prevailed upon the despairing Eugenie—for this was her name—to accompany them in this almost hopeless search. They conducted her to the banks of the Cadaracqui, where they learned that the prisoners had been taken.

Sensible of the intention of the victors to burn the prisoners alive—a custom then common to the Indians—he was aware of the importance of some prompt and immediate measure for reaching the opposite shore in time to prevent, if possible, the horrid execution of this cruel practice. He requested his friend to obtain an immediate audience of his father; and in his name to urge him by all the regard he bore him, and by the league he had made with the great Corlear, to defer the sacrifice of the prisoners until he could be present to urge his reasons for abandoning this intention altogether. The faithful Mohawk, stemming the rapid currents of the parting river, succeeded in gaining with rapidity the opposite shore, leaving his friend in anxious suspense, to await the doubtful issue of his application.

Diedrich, with the kindest perseverance, made use of every argument to nourish the sinking hopes of Eugenie; and when he had supplied her with food sufficient to satisfy the actual demands of nature, he requested her to rest herself until the return of his friend, then retired to a respectful distance, performing the double office of sentinel and protector. Stationing himself at the river's edge, he cast a frequent look toward the scenes of desolation, and deprecated the principle on which all wars, particularly those of retaliation, are founded.

"I need not this remembrancer," said he, as, while he was slowly pacing to and fro near the landing, he discovered a beech tree by the side of a brook—"I

need not this remembrancer of the events of Greenwood Isle. Strange coincidence!" continued he, "that I should be instrumental in rescuing from death two lovely women, and on the same day of the month! Oh, Katrine! thy father hath separated us forever, and driven me to wander in quest of a happiness which is centred only in thee!" He approached the tree, and with the keen edge of his tomahawk inscribed the letters, "D. L., July 24, 1626."

His attention was arrested by the noise of a paddle, and on looking around he perceived a canoe coming toward the island. In a few minutes the faithful Garangula landed. His countenance showed that his mission had not been successful. By this time, Eugenie, having somewhat refreshed herself, called to our adventurers, and besought them to let her know the tidings. The young Mohawk informed her that at his landing he had discovered but a few remaining Senecas, who informed him that the main body had started for Onondaga with the French prisoners; "and," added he, "the reason of their hasty retreat is particularly to avoid the possibility of a rescue, should the garrison at Montreal, with their powerful allies—the Uttewas, Quatoghies, Twightwies, Chictaghicks, Pottawotomies, and other western tribes, pursue them."

"Alas!" exclaimed the now despairing Eugenie, "my father and my mother are lost to me forever!" And, giving away to her emotions, she gave such a piteous expression to her sorrows as to compel Diedrich himself to weep. Even the Mohawk was obliged to pass his hand across his eyes to dash away the tears, which gentle sympathy called forth.

Diedrich, observing this struggle in the bosom of his friend, addressed him—"Brave Garangula, resist not this emotion of a generous heart. It is no weakness, but a nobleness of our nature, that though we do not suffer the same degree of poignant sorrow, we prove by our sympathy that selfish and unfeeling as mankind in general are, our hearts are not impervious to the finer feelings of humanity."

"You are right, my friend," responded the chief. "I feel that man is acted upon by circumstances. With my nation I am an Indian; with yours I am a subdued subject. I feel that I, too, can weep when melted by a friendship like yours, and a grief like that of the lovely woman's before us."

Diedrich now inquired of Eugenie whether she had any relatives living at Montreal, to which she replied in the affirmative; and that the Intendant, Mons. De La Ville, was her maternal uncle, and that he, too, and his lady, who had come to the plantations on a visit, were in all probability among the slain.

After a few moments' consideration, it was decided that Diedrich should set out immediately for Onondaga, and that Garangula should conduct the unfortunate Eugenie to Montreal. Brave, generous and humane as the proposition appeared to Eugenie, she could not be insensible to the great hazard which her



friends must experience on this occasion. She recollected that Diedrich stood pledged to the nation for her delivery to them as a prisoner. How, then, could he appear before that nation without her? The young Mohawk was the only son of the great chief of the Five Nations, and confided to the care of Diedrich. To return to the nation without either, would subject him to death, amidst the cruel taunts of having betrayed the high trusts reposed in him by the nation; and to these consequences she would not think of reducing her deliverer.

She was conscious of the extreme danger of the young Mohawk, with regard to her own people. She was convinced that the news of the surprise of La Chine and the massacre of its inhabitants would so enrage them that they would overlook the meritorious actions of the young Mohawk, and sacrifice him to their vengeance.

Diedrich assured her, for himself and in behalf of his young friend, that having enlisted among the young warriors of the nation, who were candidates for glory, they had previously determined on throwing all thoughts of danger into the back ground, and that he had long since adopted the maxims of the European knights, that to die in the defence of an oppressed female, was a death, if any less envious, but a shade different from that of holy martyrdom.

The young Frenchwoman was warm and profuse in her expressions of gratitude and confidence to her deliverer, and praise of his conduct.

He candidly thanked her for the confidence with which his conduct had inspired her, and acknowledged that if there was anything like extraordinary merit in his services, it had been inspired by that holy Being in whose hands are the destinies of worlds.

The parting of these new friends was affectingly solemn.

"My brave deliverer," said Eugenie, taking the hand of Diedrich, "we are now about to separate—perhaps forever! Painful as the retrospect is which brought us together, I am free to confess that the prospective is to me equally painful. Uncertain of the existence of those dear parents who gave me birth—conscious, should they be no more, that I yet have in you the only friend on earth, and next to you this affectionate youth, you can better conceive than it would be possible for me to express, not only my fears, but my extreme reluctance at parting from so tried a friend. And should I gain no intelligence of my friends at Montreal, what is to be my fate?"

"I confess," replied Diedrich, "that you have thought of a possibility, which in my anxiety for your peace, had wholly escaped my consideration."

"If," said the young chief, "you will allow me, I will conduct you from Montreal to Corlear's Lake, over which I will paddle you in a canoe to our castle, where we will again meet with the brave Ro-ya-ner."

"He is right," said Diedrich; "it is the only possible chance, should circumstances require it, for us shortly to meet again."

"Go, then, noble youth," said she, "go, and lay me under an infinity of obligations!" Then, taking a miniature of her father from her bosom, and presenting it to him she observed—"This, which I have prized above all pecuniary considerations, is poor recompense for the services you have rendered. And oh! should he yet live to behold it, and that, too, in the possession of her deliverer, his heart—yes, his generous heart—will acknowledge with her that the God of the white man is also the God of the Indian, and may we part under the protection of that Holy Being."

Diedrich then embraced the young Mohawk, and directing him to use his utmost exertion to meet him at the carrying place between the North River and the Lake, he stepped on board the canoe, which having unmoored, and waving an adieu to his friends, he crossed the stream. When he had landed on the main, he perceived them still remaining on the other bank—and after an interchange of friendly signals, they set out on their respective journeys.



## CHAPTER VI.

God gives him sleep on straw, on ground,  
On sedgey mat or board,  
When softest English beds of down  
Sometimes no sleep afford.....SCHOOLCRAFT.

THE inhabitants of Montreal, aroused by the alarm given by the sentinel at the fort, awoke to witness the conflagration at La Chine. Conscious that this was no accident, the governor ordered a detachment to march thither, and directed the resident Indians to proceed without delay and ascertain the cause of this calamity. And as at this period, the European settlers were subject to frequent attacks of the Five Nations, they were under the necessity of keeping a constant look-out, to prevent surprise and destruction.

Several hours elapsed ere the friendly Indians returned with the tidings of the dreadful massacre at the Plantations, and of the departure of the invaders for the main. This intelligence was productive of the mingled emotions of sorrow and joy: the first, for the loss of the lives and property of the industrious planters, many of whom were allied by friendship or by marriage—and the latter, for their escape from the horrid consequences of a war in which, if they were to succeed in repulsing their enemy, it must be at the expense of many valuable lives, of which they had none to spare.

Prince Garangula and his delicate charge had proceeded some distance on their way to the garrison at Montreal, without having met a single individual on the road. Eugenie, yielding to an irresistible despondency, moved onward as one impelled by a power without rather than by any effort of her own. The young Mohawk had no thoughts but to redeem his pledge to his friend. Like the rest of his race, naturally taciturn, he meditated much, made use of few words, and those generally to the purpose. He kept near enough to protect Eugenie from any misfortune, but still at such a distance as to evince that he respected her situation.

Perhaps there are no people on earth whose hearing is more acute than the Indians'. The sound of the most distant foot-fall appears to strike their ear long before the cause is visible. Approaching Eugenie, the Prince said—"There is an army approaching!" and placing his ear on the earth, he observed as he rose up—"They come from the North, and are not numerous; they are not Indians, for their tread is too heavy." Now again did she awaken to the danger of this faithful youth, whose life was thus hazarded. Dressed as he was in the full costume of a young Mohawk chief, he would be immediately recognized, and unless she could obtain an audience of the commanding officer of the detachment, he must inevitably fall a victim to the ungovernable rage of the citizens, many of whom had lost a relative at La Chine.

She therefore entreated him to secrete himself in the thicket until she could secure a favorable reception with the officers of the detachment.

"Your advice is good," said the fearless youth, "but if I yield to it now, it will be the beginning of cowardice; and the heart that yields once to fear, may yield again, and again, until no true courage remains."

"I do not urge it from a principle of fear in you, noble youth," said Eugenie, "but from a principle of prudence; for should I not succeed in obtaining for you the protection of my friends, how shall I—if ever Providence should favor me with another interview with my deliverer—answer to him for your loss?"

"Well," said the youth, "the fear of facing an enemy—the fear of death—caused not the son of Black Kettle to hide in the thicket;" and thus saying, he was quickly out of sight.

The noise of the advancing soldiery became now distinct, and the sound of voices audible. No room was left for doubt that they were from Montreal. Agitated between the hopes and the fears consequent upon her incertitude as to the fate of her parents, and tremblingly alive to the situation of her faithful Mohawk, she began again to yield to despondency. Clouds of dust now assured her of the vicinity of the advancing party. She looked intently towards the thicket into which her protector had plunged, but she saw no traces of him; and seating herself by the side of the road, Eugenie impatiently awaited their arrival.

It is impossible to describe the emotions that so rapidly succeeded each other, when in the advancing detachment she first discovered her venerable uncle, Monsieur De La Ville. With a shriek which reached the ready ear of the recumbent Mohawk, she sprang toward her weeping relative, and sank upon the earth at his feet. The Indian prince, alarmed, came from his concealment, and stood in front of the company. "A Mohawk! a Mohawk!" was the cry, and on the instant twenty bullets were discharged, but he had disappeared; and the whole company were thrown into the utmost consternation, fearing an ambuscade, and that the tragedy of La Chine was to be repeated on the road to Montreal.

The report of the volley of muskets recalled the swooning Eugenie to consciousness; and while the alarmed Frenchmen were re-loading their pieces, she demanded of her uncle the cause of the volley which had been fired.

"It was at a daring Mohawk," said he.

"Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, "you have killed my protector!"

She could say no more—the power of utterance was denied her—the livid color of her ruby lips indicated the severe struggles of the vital energy to restore an almost exhausted excitability. The kind De La Ville, supporting his insensible niece, had yet the presence of mind to command a cessation of their fire, and ordered a cautious and rigid search to be made for the Mohawk, who he was certain must have been killed, to obtain assurance that there were no lurking enemies near. They obeyed the command solely in obedience to military discipline. The appearance of a single Mohawk had struck such terror into their hearts, that in advancing to the thicket, they marched more like men treading upon rattlesnakes than as soldiers of a regular army. They had penetrated the thicket to an extent within the limit of prudence; but no Mohawk, nor vestige of one, was to be seen. The marks of the bullets were visible on the lacerated bark of the trees, and the limbs strewed upon the spot, but nothing more.

At her inquiry as to the fate of her parents, Mons. De La Ville informed his niece that himself and wife escaped the massacre by having been summoned to Montreal the morning previous; that with respect to her parents, he could give no account; but that if she was certain, from having examined attentively the bodies of the slain, that they were not among them, there was yet hope that they might be with those carried away prisoners.

Eugenie then informed him of Diedrich's departure for that purpose. She detailed his noble conduct and that of the Indian, which moved the old man to tears.

After obtaining assurances from his officers that they would spare the young Mohawk, if he should be living, Mons. De La Ville decided that he and his niece, with a sergeant's guard, would return to Montreal, while the remainder of the detachment pursued their march to the settlement to inter their dead. Eugenie could not be prevailed upon to abandon a further search for the generous Garangula; and entreating her uncle to remain with the soldiers, she repaired to the thicket. Soon the well-known voice of the Indian, issuing from the branches of a stupendous oak, arrested her attention.

"Are you unhurt?"

"The Great Spirit has kept me safe."

He now descended, and was conducted by her to her uncle, by whom he was cordially embraced as the friend and guardian of his niece. The soldiers were anxious to learn by what miracle he had escaped their well-aimed bullets.—When Eugenie communicated to him their wishes, he told her that the Indians

relied upon three things for their preservation—the cunning of the fox, in observing the intention of an enemy; the wisdom of the terrapin, in avoiding that intention by an instantaneous withdrawal of all his vulnerable parts within his impregnable shell, on the least approach of danger; and lastly, the cunning, the wisdom and the agility of the squirrel, who evades his pursuer by attaining the opposite side of the tree, by which he is thus invisible—and by improving the advantage thus gained, preserves himself unhurt amid impending dangers.

"When," continued he, "I heard the shriek, I rushed out heedlessly; but seeing you level your pieces, I dropped down and avoided your fire. Enveloped in the smoke, you could not distinguish my movements. I gained the tree, in which I found safety in concealment; and while you were searching beneath, I was safely at rest above."

This perfectly aboriginal description of his cunning, excited the admiration of the party, who now more than ever considered the Mohawks as no contemptible enemy. They now commenced their march for Montreal, where they safely arrived.

A chamber was appropriated to the young Mohawk, which had been formerly occupied by the son of Mons. De La Ville, who was then in France, for the completion of his education. Besides a well furnished camp bed, with curtains and other fixtures, there was suspended on the wall a large pier-glass, and portraits of the family, large as life; and these, in order to preserve them from dust, were covered with green canvass. Into this chamber upon that night, the young Prince was ushered by the valet, who signified to him that he was to repose on the bed, and with a politeness usual to his nation, trimmed the lamp, made a low bow, drew aside the curtains that concealed the suspended furniture of the chamber, and closing the door thereof, disappeared.

Garangula, pressing his hand upon the yielding feathers of the bed, exclaimed—"And is this sack of feathers to be the bed of a prince of the robust nation of the Bear? Oh, no! It is for the less hardy sons of the tribes of Yonondio. The earth which brought forth my nation, and has nourished them all, deserves at least that we should evince our gratitude by reposing on the bosom of our parent."

But as he was turning round to prostrate himself on the floor, his eye caught the streaming gaze of several faces, whose eyes were directed towards him with a more than common interest. He looked for a moment, expecting them either to speak or move; when, finding they did neither, he approached the nearest, and ascertained that they were no more than representations of persons. On returning to the spot of his destined repose, he caught a glimpse of himself in the glass, and could not help exclaiming—"This is strange! these Frenchmen can make a flat man appear like a round man! They are indeed a cunning nation, and

almost equal to the Five Nations, who surpass all others." And extending himself on the floor, he was soon insensible to all exterior objects.

Eugenie and her affectionate relatives were long engaged in discoursing on the horrors of the past day; and to the inquiry, by what miracle she escaped, she replied that her room, which fronted the garden on the north of the building, was on the lower story. She was awakened from a sound sleep by the war-whoop, and the first sight that presented itself, was a blaze of light on the trees of the garden. Arising from her bed, she discovered the plantation houses enveloped in flames, and by their light distinguished the forms of innumerable Indians in the act of murdering the inhabitants. Terrified at the awful sight, her first thoughts were to escape over the garden palisades, before these assassins could reach her dwelling. She hastily dressed herself and ran to the door of her parents' chamber, but the savages had already effected an entrance, and were applying fire-brands to the house. In this dreadful situation, she called aloud. "I would have rushed into the chamber to share their fate, but the door was fast on the inside. I now, for the last time, heard the voice of both my parents—'Fly, Eugenie! fly! the wretches are approaching the door!' I hurried to the window of my apartment, from which I leaped into the garden; and recollecting a decayed spot in the fence, I hastened to it—and, almost terrified to death, found refuge in a thick copse of shrubbery. Here I witnessed a scene that defies description. The dwellings enveloped in flames, the curling smoke ascending in columns to the heavens; the cries, the shrieks, the groans of men, women and children, and the appalling shouts of the savages, were sickening to my heart!—Soon, however, the hawk-eyed Indians discovered my retreat. One was fast approaching me! I fled, I know not whither, but by the guidance of a merciful Destiny, reached a place of unlooked-for safety." She then related the particulars of her rescue, which we have already detailed. But when she told them that she must be taken into the Indian country, her friends were struck with consternation, and insisted that she was not obligated to undertake the expedition. But she was inflexible. Finding that she was not to be moved in her determination, it was at length decided that an embassy should be delegated without delay to treat upon an exchange of prisoners, and the restoration of peace—with which conclusion this family separated for the night.

Early on the following morning, Mons. De La Ville waited on the governor, and communicated to him the particulars already detailed.

The governor, without delay, convened the assembly. That body proposed to retain the young Mohawk as a hostage, until the Five Nations should consent to an exchange of prisoners and a treaty of peace. But the Intendant declared that this policy could not fail of producing consequences the most trying, if not fatal, to the unfortunate prisoners of the Five Nations. He therefore urged the determination of the assembly to such measures as were calculated to evince

their sincerity in their propositions for peace. The most likely means, he considered, for satisfying this jealous and vindictive people, would be by permitting the return of the young chief, free as when he entered the town. He himself would also join the embassy, as a herald of peace, in company with his niece, for whose appearance this magnanimous Indian was obligated to his nation.

The assembly at length resolved unanimously that the embassy should consist of Mons. De La Ville, and M. Conrey, of the assembly; and that a detachment of twenty "converted" Indians, headed by their priest, Padre Pelot, should attend them.

The terms proposed by the governor and assembly at Montreal, to the sachem of the Five Nations, were—First, a cessation of hostilities for six months; Second, a reciprocal exchange of prisoners; and Third, the appointment of delegates to convene at Chambly to establish a general peace, by burying the hatchet on both sides, and by planting and watering a tree, as an emblem of their amity.

On the morning of the 28th July, the embassy set out on their mission to the chiefs of the Five Nations. Mons. De La Ville acted as Calumet Bearer, which circumstance gave great satisfaction to the young Mohawk, and occasioned much pleasure to his niece, who had a presentiment that under his judicious management the object of their expedition would prove more successful than otherwise could be anticipated.

At ten o'clock the company had all embarked to cross the east branch of the Cadaracqui, on their way to Chambly—a French garrison on Champlain river—from which place they were to proceed up that stream, and cross Lake Champlain to the Mohawks' country. A runner was then to be despatched to apprise the nation of the approach of the French ambassador and his suite, in company with the young prince of the Mohawks.

Shortly after their departure, the detachment which had marched to La Chine arrived in town with the melancholy intelligence of having interred nearly one thousand bodies, which they had found in various parts of the plantations. One of the soldiers had found, near the bank of the river, a green morocco memorandum book, on a leaf of which was written—"We are prisoners of the savages!" On the outside of the book was the name of "La Chevalier Dubourgh." This the governor presented to Madame De La Ville, who immediately recognized it to be the property of her brother.

## CHAPTER VII.

No—ne'er did the wave in the element steep  
 An island of lovelier charms;  
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,  
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms. . . . . ANONYMOUS.

*E*f Eugenie Dubourgh had not been impressed that her parents were yet living; that they had escaped the fatal bullet and savage tomahawk, and that she should once more behold them—there was yet another sentiment equally irresistible, that had, in the midst of her sorrows, found its way to her heart. Diedrich—the brave and generous Diedrich, the preserver of her life—was now hastening through forests, exposed to the insidious attacks of the bear, the wolf, the panther, or the equally fatal tomahawk of the concealed savage, to rescue from a cruel death the few individuals who had been made prisoners.

On her first acquaintance with him, under circumstances so peculiarly trying, she beheld a brave and noble deliverer; but when she discovered that he was not an Indian, and that his expressive countenance beamed with the most refined feelings of benevolence and sympathy, she treasured in the recesses of her heart sentiments deeper than admiration.

Man never appears to woman so interesting as when he becomes her protector. The roughest form and manners do not then repel the most delicate woman; but when beauty and tenderness, like Diedrich's, "are almost feminine, the contrast of such qualities augment their value, and one feels for such an object almost all that could be inspired by both sexes in each other."

The embassy was but a short time in crossing the Cadaracqui. The horses were equipped, and Eugenie having been adjusted on the only pacing nag the town of Montreal afforded, her uncle on the right, and M. Conrey on the left, the signal for marching was given. The day's journey was pleasant, and passed without any incident worthy of note. Mons. De La Ville ordered the encampment for the night, and the Indians speedily furnished the retinue with commodious wigwams prepared of the leafy bushes and boughs, collected from the mar-

gin of a little rivulet which supplied them with cool and wholesome water. A fire was readily kindled, and after a repast enjoyed with appetite, they retired to their respective lodgings, and spent the night, guarded by the Indians.

On resuming their journey the following morning, Eugenie, reigning up by the side of Garangula, requested him to tell her something of Corlear, of whom she had accidentally heard him speak, while in Montreal.

"The good Corlear," answered he, "was drowned in the lake which we shall arrive at to-morrow. He was on his way to Canada to receive the thanks of Yonondio, and your nation, for having saved the lives of many French, who would otherwise have been destroyed by our nation, for having entered our territory with hostile intentions. He supplied them with provisions and a guide, and returned them in safety to Montreal; and so true was the regard that our nation had for this man, that although we were convinced that he had favored the escape of these soldiers, we allowed them to return without even attempting to pursue them. But he soon after perished in the lake, the Manitou of which, displeased with his favoring these soldiers, raised a great wind and dashed him on the rocks."

"Who is the Manitou?" asked Eugenie.

"He was once the great sachem of all this country, from Manhattan to Canada. He died so old that no one could tell his age. When he was dead, his spirit went to reside at the rock on the island in the lake, and he had the management of its winds given to him. Every one that passes the island must be prepared with a peace offering, otherwise he will raise a dreadful storm, and dash every canoe against the rock. He destroys the lives of many every year."

"Well, but," said Eugenie, "none but God hath power over the winds and the waves."

"Yo-hah, you say very true, lady, as far as you have said; but we believe the Great Spirit gave management of the winds of this lake to Podar, who is the Manitou of the lake and its islands."

"What is your opinion of the Great Spirit?" asked Eugenia.

"Our nation's idea of him is very peculiar," replied the young chief. "Corlear has taught us differently. Our great Sachem, who went to Corlear's country, to see the king over the great salt lake, came back to Canajoharie. From being the fiercest warrior of the Five Nations, he was like a dove."

"Is your great sachem a Christian?"

"The Dutch priest called him an 'Israelite, in whom there was no guile.' He says there is but one true people on earth, and that the church is formed of all good and true men, let them belong to what nation soever in the whole world."

"Does he still govern your nation?"

"No. He resigned the government, to which my father was chosen, and now resides in a cave in one of the rocks near Corlear's lake. We now call him *As-to-ro-ga*, the Eagle of the Cliff, because he says when he was a warrior he was blind to his best interests, as well as the interests of his nation; but that now he contemplates the glories of another world. We call him the Eagle, because that is the only bird that can look the sun in the face."

"But you have not told me what idea you have of the Great Spirit."

"Because," said he, "the great Eagle himself lives near our path, and you can learn from him the great words which he teaches."

"Your opinion, then, has been determined by his?"

"When he was our king, we revered and obeyed him. Since he has become a private man, we love him for his virtues."

The advance Indians now announced that they were approaching the garrison of Chamblay. As the nature of their embassy admitted of no delay, runners were sent ahead to notify the commandant. A detachment of regulars came and escorted them to the garrison, where they partook of refreshments. A boat was assigned to their use—on board of which they embarked in the afternoon, having previously discharged their guides, together with their valets and horses; and exchanging civilities with the officers, were politely accompanied to the landing and assisted on board.

With a favorable breeze and skilful piloting, the boat made rapid headway against the current of the Champlain, and the following morning the passengers were gratified with beholding the splendid scenery which presented itself as they entered this inland sea, upon whose rippling surface the reflected rays of the rising sun appeared as a dazzling sheet of burnished gold.

Of all the beautiful scenery which the ample lake, its scattered islands, its variegated margin and the romantic hills and valleys presented to the astonished passengers, one alone appeared to rivet the attention of the young Mohawk—it was the island of Podar.

"Lady," said he, "there is the island against whose rocky shore Corlear was dashed in pieces;" and pointing to an elevation that was just discernible, observed, "on that rock the Manitou of the winds resides. We must, to insure a successful voyage across the lake, make him a peace offering."

"Daring impiety!" said the choleric priest, whose attention was drawn from a mountain of mica, which they were then passing, to the remarks of the young Mohawk; "what! offer sacrifices to demons?"

Forgetful of the dignity of his office, he reached forward and was about making an attempt to throw the young Indian over the side of the vessel, that both him and his offering might go to the bottom together. He was restrained, however, by the remonstrances of De La Ville and his alarmed niece.

"Let the panther rage," said the prince, "the Indian fears him not. He con-

tends with savage beasts every day in his excursions through the forest; and after, too, with men, more dangerous—because they come crying, 'Peace, peace,' with their mouths, while they have the spirit of war in their hearts."

"Our priest is hasty," said Mons. De La Ville, desirous of putting an end to this unpleasant affair, in which it was evident to all that the Indian had the advantage.

Eugenie could not but be astonished at the ready wit, the undaunted firmness with which the native of the forest repelled the attacks of his civilized antagonist, offering him an example not alone worthy of the man, but also of the Christian, for adoption. The priest retired to the cabin, while the young Mohawk, advancing to the bow of the boat, watched for some favorable omen from the peak of the Rock of Podar.

As the evening drew on, the vessel arrived abreast of the N. W. coast of the island; the winds, which had hitherto been favorable, suddenly veered to the east, leaving the vessel as it were in a dead calm. Little way was therefore made, as the sails were useless, and the captain ordering the helmsman to work the vessel into the harbor or inlet of the island, came to anchor, with a view of avoiding the wind, which now changed to the south. The passengers had descended to the cabin and partaken of their evening's repast with excellent appetites; and with that easy familiarity peculiar to the French, had worn off much of the asperity of the priest's temper towards the young Mohawk—inasmuch that he condescended again to converse with him, with as much seeming good nature as though nothing had happened to disturb the tenor of their friendship through the day.

All had retired to their berths, pleased with the happy reconciliation that had taken place between the priest and the young Indian, and indulged the hope that no further disagreement would occur between them for the remainder of the voyage, and were sweetly reposing in the arms of sleep. The watch were pacing the deck, and admiring the vivid coruscations which gleamed through the heavens, rendering visible the craggy summit of the Rock of Podar, while the gallant boat was gently undulating upon the bosom of the slightly agitated waves of the inlet.

The prince, who had preferred the floor of the cabin to the mattress, arose from his first sleep, and ascended on deck. He was astonished at beholding the gleaming aurora borealis, which seemed as if reaching from one extreme of the heavens to the other. He beheld the rugged peak of Podar, enveloped in sheets of liquid fire; he saw the bright meteor dancing on the bosom of the lake below; and he heard the ominous bird of night shriek out her terrific notes.

"Podar is angry," said he, "and will let the winds loose upon us. Let us arouse the sleepers and escape on shore before the terrible whirlwind of the lake



shall arise and dash us against the flinty rocks." And hastening to the cabin, he gave the alarm, and advised the crew to lose no time in gaining the shore.

"Mort ou le diable," said the angry captain "has got into this Indian's brain! I see no cause for alarm; there is nothing uncommon in the sky. These phenomena happen almost every summer's night in high latitudes. Return to your berths," continued he to the passengers, "and do not mind the whims of this Indian land lubber, who knows no more of the signs of the heavens than the owl that sits screeching on the boughs of the hemlock."

The passengers were about to follow the advice of the captain, when the young Mohawk repeated his entreaties that as many as valued their lives should follow him to the shore.

Eugenie besought her young friend to assign some obvious reason for his alarm.

"Lady," said he, "the brave are not afraid of death, for men die everywhere, and every day; and the valiant, when they die, are received by the Good Spirit, and live happy. For your sake, lady, I am afraid, because if Podar stirs the winds this night, we are all lost, without a miracle."

"But what cause have you for expecting a storm to-night?"

"Lady," said he, "the Indians have no book but nature. The owl is a bird of omens. He has two kinds of screeches; one of these assures us of a calm—the other of a storm. The owl on Podar's Rock has warned us; therefore for your own sake, and the sake of Ro-ya-ner, let us go ashore, while the waters are smooth and the winds are low."

The words had scarce died on his lips, when a dreadful flash of lightning, accompanied with a terrific explosion of thunder, announced an approaching storm. Eugenie speedily reached the cabin. The helmsman cried out, "All hands on deck! a gale approaches from the north-east!" In a moment the crew were at their stations, some unfurling the sails, others weighing the anchor, in order to give the vessel sea-room. Mons. De La Ville, urged by his niece, entreated the captain to let down the boat, that as many as preferred the risk of contending with the storm on shore, might have it in their power to do so.

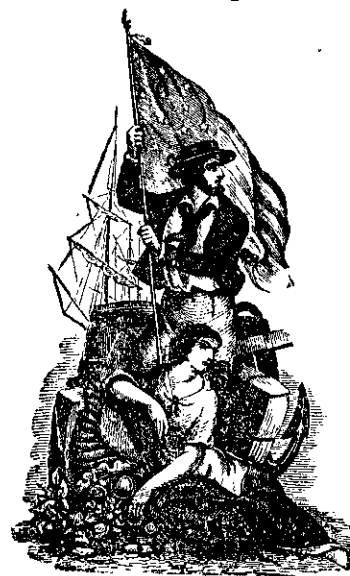
The boat was let down, and the young Indian, taking the painter in his hand leaped on board, and sought to hasten the movements of the others. The storm was redoubling its force, the vessel rocked from side to side, and now the winds threatened to drive it against the rocks.

Horror-struck, every soul on board seemed now motionless.

"Lady," cried the Prince, "leap on board, and Garangula will yet try to save you."

She made the effort; the active and vigilant youth caught her in his arms, and the next instant a dreadful wind, followed by an overwhelming wave, separated the boats forever!

Amid the howling of the tempest, up rose the cry of drowning men. It became fainter and fainter, until at last all was hushed in death. When, on the morning of the following day, the sun arose with unusual splendor, the waves had outlived the fury of the winds, the bosom of the lake had become tranquil as a sea of glass. Not a bark, nor a canoe, was seen floating on its surface.—The victims to the ire of Podar had been consigned to its unknown depths, and wives and maidens had long to deplore the fatal termination of this untoward embassy.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Man only mars kind nature's plan,  
 And turns the fierce pursuit on man;  
 Plying war's desultory trade,  
 Incursion, flight and ambuscade,  
 Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
 At first the bloody game begun.....ROBERT.

WE turn to the hero of our tale, to learn the adventures which awaited him on his perilous and solitary journey. Aware that the prisoners would be conveyed by the nearest route to Onondaga, the central tribe or seat of government of the Five Nations, Diedrich determined on following their trail, which he, after much difficulty, imagined he had discovered along the margin of the Cadaracqui. He followed it up the greater part of the day, through creeks, branches and morasses, subsisting upon the berries which nature had lavishly supplied at this season of the year, both in the forest and in the vicinity of every river. He heard not the sound of human voice or foot-fall, and continued urging his devious way amid unseen perils and dangers; but his heart was buoyant, his spirits animated, and his limbs acquired new vigor from the consoling reflection that this was a journey of benevolence and humanity. When night approached he felt somewhat disappointed in not overtaking the army, which he very naturally concluded would meet with some cause of detention, for at least a few hours of the day, on account of their prisoners, who could not travel with the speed of the retiring Indians; and it was under this expectation he had calculated to overtake them, if not on the first, at least on the second day.

The commander-in-chief of the grand army, the renowned Black Kettle, by a policy new and unexpected even to his most experienced generals, disappointed the calculations of our hero entirely, and caused him to follow a trail which eventually led him into a snare, from which he was, but at the hazard of his life, delivered.

This celebrated warrior, having collected his army on the opposite shore to La Chine, on the morning of the dreadful massacre, marched up the river, and

on the trail which Diedrich had followed, until they arrived at one of those small arms of the river commonly termed bays. Here he detached one hundred of his warriors, to whom he gave charge of the prisoners, and directed them to strike a direct course to the Mohawks' settlement, and to lodge them safely in castles there until the return of the army; who, in conformity with their declaration of war against the Adirondachs, would turn about, and march into the heart of their country, and revenge the insolence of this haughty nation, or perish in the attempt.

By this manœuvre he defeated the pursuit of the French allies, and disappointed the hopes of our hero; both of whom expected to overtake them on the direct route to Onondaga. The grand army, therefore, after arriving at this arm of the river, entered it, and waded up its stream to a considerable distance, by which means their trail was entirely lost. He then directed the escort of the prisoners to cross the bay, and proceed to their destination, while the grand army, wheeling about, marched direct for the country of their inveterate enemy.

The French governor at Montreal, immediately after the destruction of La Chine, had sent an express to the garrison at Fort Cadaracqui, on the lake of that name, now known as Ontario, and directed them to assemble the allied Indians, and to cross the river with speed, to intercept the march of Black Kettle, then on his way to the castle of Onondaga.

The commandant of the Fort despatched his runners to the different nations in alliance with the French, and collecting a body of fifteen hundred Indians of the different tribes, speedily crossed the lake in their canoes, and marched to the head waters of the Hudson, which approaches near the lake, and by this means gained a position considerably in advance of the Five Nations, and on the most direct track from La Chine to Onondaga. And here this immense body of Utewas, Quatoghies, and other tribes of western Indians, divided themselves into parties, along the banks of the Hudson, forming so many ambuscades, for the purpose of surprising and confounding their expected enemy.

For three days our hero traveled along the margin of the river, scarcely allowing himself time to enjoy his necessary meals, which he preferred gleaning in his passage through the overloaded shrubbery, bending with their luscious fruits. On crossing the bay which we have already noticed, he lost the trail, or track of the army. He was now at considerable loss how to proceed. In the vicinity of the enemy, a fearful distance from the settlements of his friends, without compass or chart, a lonely, solitary passenger, surrounded with numerous dangers, seen and unseen, were considerations that might have staggered the boldest resolutions, and intimidated the bravest heart. But Diedrich had been taught in whom to put his trust in every trying hour, and conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, he fearlessly prosecuted his journey, governing his course by the well known bearing or position of the trees, the texture of

their bark, and the courses of the streams, until he arrived at the head branch of the Hudson. Here he prepared him, as heretofore, a kind of wigwam, in which to repose through the night; and, to secure him from the midnight attack of the prowling wolves, he kindled a fire, and supplying it with sufficient fuel, wrapped in his blanket, and extending himself on a few dried leaves which he had carefully raked together in his wigwam, he endeavored to compose his mind for the enjoyment of that rest which should fit him for the fatigues of his journey on the morrow.

But in vain he sought repose. His active and unwearied mind wandered in quest of his first love—his sweet Katrine; and although he considered his attachment for her as one, which, if even reciprocated, left but little hope for realizing his wishes, he was yet disposed, under every discouraging circumstance, to cherish with his latest breath this darling passion of his heart. His love for Katrine, in proportion as the difficulties which separated them multiplied, increased in an equal ratio, confirming the observation, that “absence, which destroys a slight degree of love, augments a violent and serious passion, as the wind extinguishes a feeble flame, but increases a strong fire.”

His mind now recurred to the pleasing prospect of approaching once more the home of his love; of once more beholding that form so dear to his early and latest recollections; and often indulging in those waking dreams of bliss, all the fond hopes which his warm heart was calculated to form, he turned to the immediate object of his present perilous undertaking. “Alas!” thought he, “what now must be the feelings of the anxious, the amiable Eugenio, who has, perhaps, to endure a suspense equal to my own, uncertain of the fate of her dear parents! She may have been fortunate enough to have found them at Montreal; if not, she, too, with the trusty and loved Garangula, might be on the road to Canajoharie.” Determining, therefore, to change the course of his travels on the following day, if he did not overtake the army, and of pursuing the stream of the Hudson to the carrying place at the head of Lake Champlain, where he would be likely to meet with them, he folded his arms together and sunk by degrees into a gentle slumber.

From this sleep he was awakened by the sound of light and steady, though distant, footfalls on the dried leaves, whose crackling noise warned him of some midnight visitor; when suddenly, though cautiously, turning his back to the glimmering light of his fires, he perceived, stealthily approaching him, the form of a skulking Indian of the Uttewa tribe, the deadly enemy of the Five Nations! He had been attracted by the crackling noise and glimmering light of the fire through the copse-wood, and with a daring peculiar to those nations, although suspecting a large and warlike enemy to be in their immediate vicinity, had thus alone ventured on reconnoitering at the midnight hour.

Diedrich, whose person was wholly concealed from the view of the daring intruder by the blazing fire in front, and the leafy wigwam, might easily have deprived him of life, but he had no such desire, and determined not to draw the trigger of his musket unless compelled to do it in defence of his own life. He was satisfied that unless he was surprised by numbers, he had secured himself a safe and easy retreat by the vicinity of his wigwam to the current of the river. Beside, he wisely concluded that there were more than one person in his immediate neighborhood, and if he fired, the alarm might deprive him of every possible means of escape; whereas, if he took advantage of the present moment, he had sufficient grounds to hope that his retreat would be undiscovered. Removing therefore the loose branches which defended him from the bleak night air of this region, without raising himself from the ground, he crawled slowly and imperceptibly to the river, into which he sunk silently and noiselessly, continuing under water as long as his breath permitted. When he arose above the surface, he discovered that he had been conveyed by the stream to a considerable distance from his encampment, the light of which was however still discernible; and laying hold of a bough which projected into the current, he supported himself awhile, with a view to ascertain the movements of this unwelcome midnight intruder.

The cautious Uttewa approached step by step toward the encampment, and at length attained to within a distance which enabled him to ascertain that whoever once occupied it, was now no longer there. He entered, and minutely examining every part, he at length laid the back of his hand on the leafy bed on which Diedrich had lain, and finding it to be yet warm, he precipitately retreated as Diedrich rightly judged, to give information to his companions in order that they might scour the woods in search of the occupant of the deserted wigwam. Letting go his hold of the bough, he again floated himself down the current of the river, resting occasionally, and by this stratagem placed himself beyond the reach of his pursuers; for by daylight he supposed that he could not have traveled less than twenty miles from his encampment.

He now once again ventured on terra firma, and wiping his musket, he drew the plug from the muzzle, unloosed the raw buffalo hide from the lock, examined the priming, and finding it to be damp, he re-primed from his horn, and marched in fearless dignity along the margin of the widely extending Hudson. About mid-day, he arrived at one of those branches of this far famed river that appeared to vie with it in point of width and depth of its waters. He was aware therefore, of having arrived at the first great fork, which it would be necessary for him to compass, as its unequal current, its width, and its rapids, opposed too many obstacles to the enterprise of a solitary traveler. Turning his face, therefore, to the north, he wended his way over hills and dales, frequently diverted from his course by extensive morasses. His spirit was, however, equal to the

task; the motives of his enterprize, while it stimulated his hopes, gave a corresponding energy to his limbs, by which he was enabled to contend with the various obstacles which every where opposed themselves to his anxious progress.

Night found him once more a solitary wanderer in the vast American forest; and again preparing himself a shelter from the night air, he once more kindled the comforting blaze, and partaking of his parched corn and juicy whortles—a delicious repast—he soon forgot the fatigues and dangers of the past, in the most comforting and renovating enjoyment of a night's tranquil repose.

The morning twilight found our hero up and prepared for the renewal of his now laborious journey; he had risen with a body renovated by the undisturbed rest of the preceding night, and could look forward and behold with a smile the opposing obstacles to his progress. Hills rising into mountains, mountains again sloping into valleys; streams overflowing and bursting their rocky barriers, dashing their foaming sheets upon the plain, and pouring their rolling waters into the bosom of the Hudson—onward he moves and scales the mountain's towering height; now seeks a safe footing toward the vale below, and wades over the water-sheet, whose rocky bed affords him a smooth passage to the opposite shore. Wearied and fatigued, but neither discouraged nor dismayed, although he had progressed but little from the place of his last encampment, he thought on the important object of his journey, and gathering fresh strength from an hour's rest beneath the shade of a hemlock, he renewed his solitary march; when, winding around an eminence, terminating in a fertile valley, he discovered numerous columns of smoke, evidently issuing from fires that were nearly extinguished.

At first, he considered it probable that the smoke was issuing from the cabins of some frontier settlement of the Five Nations, and the idea of soon being in the society of friends, though they were Indians, afforded him cause for indulging the most pleasing anticipations. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that his first impression was erroneous. The proximity of the French settlements and their Indian allies, rendered the situation improper for the residence of any of the tribes of the Five Nations, and they would be subject to the frequent and destructive incursions of these vindictive tribes. A momentary alarm now pervaded his breast. He might even now be in the neighborhood of some of the skulking Indians of the Adirondachs, the Uttewas, the Quatoghies or the Twightwies, and it behooved him to be on the alert. Ascending an eminence which gave him the command of the extensive plain toward the south-east, he discovered, at some distance, the appearance of a moving body, which to him bore resemblance to an army of sheep. So steady were their movements, and so compact their order, that it was difficult for the eye to distinguish the space between each individual in the line.

Satisfied beyond a doubt that the moving body, whatever it might be, was traveling toward the point of his destination, he resolved at all hazards, but at the same time with the cunning precaution which he had learned from the Indians, to overtake and reconnoitre them during the night. His speed was now redoubled, and descending from the eminence he approached the camping ground, and was satisfied from the appearance of the place that it had been the encampment of a small company of warriors. As he was proceeding to follow the trail of the advanced Indians, he discovered the impression of a shoe. He examined it again and again to satisfy himself that it was actually the print of a shoe, and was convinced; and he was yet more convinced when he discovered the prints of the shoes of a woman and a child. The holy feelings of his benevolent heart at this discovery, is beyond the power of language to portray. He was approaching the few surviving sufferers of *La Chine*. He was soon to be in the company of his friends, perhaps the parents of the interesting *Eugenie*, to communicate to them the joyful tidings that the dear idol of their earthly affection was alive; that he was commissioned by herself to be the messenger of this news, that by affording them this unexpected and un hoped for intelligence, he might rob them of half their sorrows, and plant in their aged bosoms the durable seeds of happiness and hope.

Night again overtook *Diedrich*, and the trail of the advanced army was no longer discernible. He had now recourse to the stars; and directed by them, he pursued his course to the south-east. The fearful howling of the wolves apprised him that he was not far distant from the party he was pursuing, and he shortly descried in the distance the glimmering lights of their encampment. Precautions were now doubly necessary. The ferocious wolves on the one hand, and an unknown party of Indians on the other, every movement, every step, was attended with imminent danger. But to ascertain who and what the party was that were in advance of him, was a desideratum of the utmost importance. Taking, therefore, a circuitous route, he gained a position in which the Indian encampment was interposed between him and his ferocious enemies, the wolves.—By this piece of generalship, and his subsequent cautious movements, he approached near enough to distinguish the dress and almost the national features of the sentinels.

To approach nearer, without a certainty of the tribe, would be deemed at least an act of rash temerity. He therefore—with his musket and tomahawk slung on his back and suspended in his side-belt—ascended a neighboring tree, and patiently awaited the hour when the noisy inhabitants of the forest would cease their mighty serenade, and afford him the opportunity of realizing the objects that were the cause of his present anxiety. This hour shortly arrived. All things being now quiet, with the exception of now and then an interchange of signals between the sentinels, but which, from the distance, were indistinctly

heard by Diedrich, he resolved on a nearer approach to these vigilant guards of the night, which he happily effected without discovery. The next interchange of signals between the sentinels convinced him that they were a party of the cadets to whom he had been attached! It is probably useless to assure the reader that Diedrich was not slow in discovering himself to his old friends and companions in arms. The whole detachment joined in the "Yo-hah-han! Ro-ya-ner!" giving him the most unequivocal proofs of a sincere and cordial welcome.

The first inquiry of our hero, after reciprocating the cheering evidence of his welcome, was regarding the prisoners that had been taken at La Chine. Oghiogh-sheh, the chief of the detachment, a brave and martial youth, descended from the race of the immortal Oghiogh, who gave the name to the river now known as the Ohio, assured him that they were safe, though inconsolable at the loss of their relatives; but were comforting themselves with the idea of being soon put to death by the council, when their spirits would join those of their deceased friends in the white man's Ronama. He was anxious to ascertain if the parents of Eugenie were among the prisoners, yet was unwilling to trespass upon them at so unreasonable an hour. He resolved on deferring the task till the light of day should afford him the opportunity of realizing his fond anticipations. Pursuing his inquiries, therefore, of the noble young chief, he learned that the grand army had marched to the country of the Adirondachs, committing the charge of the prisoners to this detachment, to be conveyed to, and secured in, the castles of the Mohawks, until the termination of this campaign. That fearful of a rescue, they had bound the prisoners two-and-two, with hickory withes, which proved rather distressing to them, as their hands and arms were much swollen; but in other respects they were treated with every indulgence particularly in their religious devotions.

Diedrich had already determined on the part he was to act. He was well acquainted with the ruling passions of the Five Nations—their unbounded esteem for the brave—and that to gain their esteem it was necessary to perform some feat of noble daring, that should not only surprise them, but prove what great influence the actions of an individual, fearless of consequences, can have upon the multitude, even upon a brave and warlike people; and turning to Oghiogh-sheh, he commanded the attention of the detachment. In a few moments all had assembled around him—all were anxious to hear the speech of the loved Ro-ya-ner, who thus addressed them:—

"Noble companions! the brave delight not in cruelty. The noble man, desirous of imitating the Great Spirit, in the midst of his justice remembers mercy. Your nation have sought to satisfy their justice in avenging the wrongs done them by the French and their allies, and they have deluged the land with the blood of their enemies. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, the lives of

these prisoners have been preserved; and it would be an act of irreverence to the Supreme, and of injustice to them, to deny them the mercy and compassion which is due to their misfortunes. It is time, my brave companions, that you should shake off the savage barbarity of your nation, and that you rise in the scale of true glory by a magnanimity worthy of your martial spirits.

"Follow, then, my brave companions in arms, the example I shall now offer for your imitation and adoption. Unloose the bonds, which, long as they fetter the bodies, can never fetter the minds of your prisoners; and by this act of noble generosity, convince your enemies that the Five Nations can be magnanimous"—and stepping to the venerable pair whom he had already recognized as the parents of Eugenie, with his scalping knife in one hand, and the miniature of Mons. Dubourgh in the other, he cut loose the withes which bound the husband and wife; and presenting to their view the miniature, he said, in the Mohawk language, which was understood by one of the prisoners, and explained to the overjoyed pair—"Providence and Eugenie have directed me to set you free!"

This noble act of generous daring, in direct violation of the established customs of the Indians, was, notwithstanding, witnessed with an approbation and applause bordering on enthusiasm. The reiterating expressions of admiration afforded to the now rejoicing Diedrich, convinced him of the great importance of a decisive firmness in attempting to subdue to the standard of moral excellence the noble, the fertile, though habitually savage minds of his compatriots in arms.

A few moments, therefore, saw the prisoners at liberty, and beheld them pressing forward to embrace the knees of their deliverers. But he besought them not to pain his eyes with a sight so humiliating to his heart, and so degrading to their characters; and holding out his extended arms, he, one by one, received their cordial embraces, and beseeching them to return thanks to the Universal Parent, he again addressed his companions:—

"I thank you, noble companions, for this proof of your great love for me, in thus permitting and thus applauding the act which has given liberty to the distressed prisoners of the nation. Consider them no longer your enemies, but treat them as your friends—and I offer myself as a hostage in their behalf, guaranteeing their future friendship—and be assured that when Yonondio shall learn how generous the Five Nations have been to his people, he will cause the name of your tribes, and the fame of this deed, to be extolled while the sun shines upon the land, or the waters of the Hudson run into the sea."

This speech was received with the "Yo-hah-han!" three times three.

The Chevalier Dubourgh and his venerable lady then requested the interpreter to solicit our hero's company, that they might once more hear from him the name

and learn the fate of their beloved daughter. This request was instantly complied with; and to the unbounded joy of these afflicted parents did the modest youth relate to them the safety of Eugenie, and encouraged them to hope that soon after their arrival at the Mohawks' settlement, whither they were now bound, they would have the agreeable pleasure of beholding her, and no more to be separated from her in this life.

"Ah!" said the amiable Madame Dubourgh, "how sweet it is to suffer, when our misfortunes have brought to our knowledge and enjoyment, so much goodness in our fellow creatures!"

"Yes," replied the Chevalier, "When that goodness is exhibited by an angel in the human form, so great, so noble, and yet so modest, as is that of the youth before us."

Preparations were now made for pursuing their journey towards the castles of the Mohawks—which were put into immediate execution.



## CHAPTER IX.

"If every one's internal care  
Were written on their brow,  
How many would our pity share,  
Who raise our envy now!  
The fatal secret, when revealed,  
Of every aching breast,  
Would prove, that only while concealed,  
Their lot appears the best."

THE increasing esteem of the Chevalier and his excellent lady, for Diedrich, amounted almost to idolatry. Next to their darling Eugenie, he was borne in their hearts as the dearest object of their affections; and it was their secret and cherished wish that, as indulgent Heaven had made him instrumental in saving her life, that he, entitled to the increasing gratitude and love of both parents and daughter, might receive her heart and hand as a reward for his faithful friendship. They were only happy while gazing with untiring pleasure upon his noble and manly countenance, or listening with delight to the movements of his lips, whose utterance they understood not, but whose melody conveyed to them the assurance that the heart in which those words were conceived, was the seat of every moral grace and Christian virtue.

After many day's tedious traveling, and which, for the sake of the prisoners, was not hurried, the detachment reached the Mohawks' castle in safety, amidst the cheers and greetings of the inhabitants. Diedrich, addressing himself to the young chief of the cadets, Oghiogh-sheh, informed him that he was desirous of extending to the prisoners the full liberty of the village, and that without the least restraint, particularly as he stood pledged to the nation for their conduct, and forthcoming to the council whenever called upon—which proposition was readily agreed to.

Manima—a beautiful and interesting daughter of Black Kettle—approaching Diedrich, offered to receive such of the prisoners as would consent to reside with her mother and herself. This amiable young princess, whose dutiful and affectionate regard to her aged mother, and whose mild and engaging deportment to all the families of her tribe, had gained for her the title of "the faithful dove,"



possessed an influence with her father of which our hero was anxious to avail himself in behalf of the prisoners. Diedrich, taking the hand of this lovely young Indian, and leading her to their presence, after a brief recital of the rescue of Eugenie by her brother and himself, and explaining to her the reasons of their absence, he introduced them to her as the parents of that interesting young woman, whom he hoped shortly to behold as firmly united in friendship with her as he himself was with the noble Garangula. Maninna, embracing the venerable lady, to whom she had been introduced, invited them to proceed with her to the castle of her father; and turning to Diedrich, she modestly, though somewhat archly, said—

“Ro-ya-ner, you need not that I should invite you. You know that the doors of all our castles, and the hearts of all their inmates, are ever open to the noble and the brave.”

The Chevalier and Madame Dubourgh were soon convinced, by their hospitable reception, and the pious deportment of this family, that, although their lot had been cast among “savages,” they were beings who would do honor to any sect of “professing” Christians in the land. Diedrich, having succeeded to his entire satisfaction in rendering comfortable, not only this venerable family, but all the prisoners, began now to think of visiting once more the village of his earliest hopes and fears—the sacred seat, despite of all his sorrows, that contained within it all which rendered life to him desirable.

On the following morning the inhabitants of the town were all gathered around the castle in which our hero had lodged, for the purpose of taking leave of him on his departure for Schenectady. His companions in arms headed by their chief and accompanied by the French prisoners, were in anxious waiting without the palisades in front of the castle. The inhabitants had approached nearer, and were within the enclosure, impatient to manifest their esteem for their adopted friend and brother. Diedrich appeared, and by a waive of the hand bid them welcome; the air resounded with the acclamations of the “Yo-hah-han,” and he passed through the files of his friends, giving and receiving the earnest of each other’s friendly regard. The Cadets escorted him to the south fork of the Canajoharie, and the young chief Oghiogh-sheh, embarked on board the little birch canoe, and accompanied him to its junction with the north, when bidding him a friendly adieu, and renewing his promise of protection to the prisoners, he again landed and returned to his companions in waiting; and Diedrich was left alone to glide upon the bosom of his favorite stream, every bend of which recalled to his painfully pleasing recollection the once happy years he had enjoyed on its banks, in the sports of the chase, or in angling, in company with the loved idol of his soul. Thus thinking, and every object awakening his tenderest recollections of her, who, though absent, might be said to be forever present with him, he exclaimed—“Absence! O, thou bitter-sweet of love!—

Thou art made up of hopes, and fears, and anxieties innumerable, which furnish ample materials for mid-day dreams.”

It is unnecessary to detail the various emotions which occupied our hero on the passage to his favorite little village. The truth is, we might find it a difficult matter to pen the thousand unuttered thoughts that crowded his anxious mind on the voyage; the reader must remain satisfied with our conclusion, which is, that he thought much and profoundly, and sighed deeply and often, until, on the evening of the second day, he beheld in the distance the cottages of Schenectady peeping through the apertures of the luxuriant shrubbery on the margin of the Mohawk. At that sight, his swelling heart leaped to his throat, as it were; he was nearly suffocated with a sensation of mingled hopes and fears; his whole frame trembled; and he had nearly floated past the landing, when, recovering himself from the overwhelming influence of his feelings, he timely turned the head of his canoe into the harbor, and in a few moments was in the cottage of the venerable Yakup Krautzer.

Never was son more cordially received by anxious parents, than was Diedrich by this honest family, and he felt to be doubly at home in the hearts of all the villagers, who soon flocked from every cottage to bestow upon him their cordial welcome, and to make friendly inquiries of his health. The frugal table was soon spread and loaded with all the luxuries of the season, of which he was urged to partake, among his dear and early friends. Diedrich still looked wistfully toward the door. There were yet other objects, for whom he felt—no disparagement to his present friends—a deeper, a holier interest. They came not, and he sighed.

“Where is Margaret?” he asked, addressing himself to Mrs. Krautzer, “and my old friend Romeyn?”

“They are married, and gone to New Amsterdam with ‘Squire Van Dervear.’”

At this intelligence, the manly countenance of Diedrich assumed an ashy hue; the agony of his heart was almost at its extreme; its laborings were too severe for the efforts of the brave youth. He was prepared for all things else. To have beheld his Katrine once more—to have heard the music of her voice, even though it were to forbid him hope—would have been happiness compared with his present sufferings.

It was due to the friendly hospitality of his kind hosts, that he should reciprocate their friendly attentions. Never, however, was there a heart more unfitted for the task, for never was there a heart more paralyzed with the shock of hopelessness, than his. He made the effort, however, and the evening passed with a cheerfulness assumed only by himself every other person present being proud and happy on the return of their townsman.

Mrs. Krautzer had received several letters from her daughter Margaret, in which she frequently recurred to the fast declining health of Katrine; and the last

related to her preparations for a voyage to New Amsterdam—as the physician at Beaverwyck, perceiving that the mountain air had no effect in removing her worst symptoms, had advised a trial of the sea-breeze, which, together with a change of scene, might at least effect what medicines could not. In a postscript to this letter she ventured on observing that it was her opinion—which, however, she entreated her mother to consider as her unauthorized opinion—that her dear young friend was the victim of a hopeless passion, and added—“Once, only, I heard her inquire how long it would be before the army of the Five Nations would return to their settlements, and whether Diedrich would return with them.”

“She then condescends to think of me,” he said, in a secret whisper to his own heart, as he read this passage—“she condescends to mention my name in her kind inquiry; but alas! what avails it? She is now in the gay circles of the flourishing city—in the midst of her wealthy friends—perhaps even now the joyous bride of the rich Jacob, the elect of her father! Does she think of me now?” Oh, no! it were more than his affectionate heart dared to hope; and he could only console himself with the consideration, that to hear, to know, or to see his Katrine happy, would be to see himself without another wish. But her health—the reflection that one so young, and lately so healthy, should be already on the decline—changed the tenor of his thoughts, and made him tremble at the supposition that in all probability he had seen her for the last time. He resolved, therefore, on obtaining leave of absence from the chief of the nation, and to proceed to the town of New Amsterdam, immediately after the return of the army from Canada.

O, how powerful are the sweet illusions of hope! He had no sooner come to this resolution, than a tranquility of soul brightened his countenance. Who dare deny that man is a creature of imagination? Diedrich had reached Schenectady in the hope of beholding the object of his heart's earliest affection. The disappointment and contingent information, had driven him to the threshold of despair; the illusions of hope, pointing, as it were, to the distant object, dispelled his despair by again bringing the object within the reach of possibility, and that which appeared possible to him, he determined should be accomplished. Thus tranquilized by these sweet illusions, he remained with his friends for a week, by which time he calculated on the return of the army to the head quarters of the Mohawks, as also the arrival of Prince Garangula with his lovely charge.—He felt the necessity of his presence at Canajoharie in either event; and entreating his kind hostess to convey to him an account of every letter received from her daughter, he visited the families generally, interchanging with each individual a friendly farewell, with the hope that he should ere long be with them again; and on the morning of the eighth day from his arrival, he embarked on board his little birch canoe, on his way to the home of his adoption.

## CHAPTER X.

“Oft at the setting sun—sweet maid—  
The Hudson's stream her shadow bore;  
As on its flowery bank she strayed,  
And sighed her sorrows o'er.  
'Till me, ye passing stream, she cried,  
'And tell—oh! tell me true—  
If your soft wave hath touched the side  
Of my lover's white canoe?’”

THE morning which succeeded the arrival of the 'Squire's family at Mrs. Kohler's, was ushered in with the distressing intelligence, that to a night of restless anxiety was added an alarming fever, with which the desponding Katrine had awoke. The kind and matronly attention of their hostess was judiciously directed towards combatting the violent symptoms, which were accompanied with delirium; and in the interim a physician, whose skill in the disease had been frequently tested, was sent for.

The Rev. Francis Bleecker, the officiating minister of the Dutch Church at Beaverwyck, was eminently qualified for the high and responsible office, to which he had been called from Holland to the North American wilderness, for the purpose of keeping within the fold the followers of his Lord and Master. To a mind ardent, sincere and devoted, he had superadded a degree of cheerfulness, which rendered him the esteemed pastor, as well as the agreeable companion of these primitive pilgrims of his nation. His skill in medicine was the result of his application to the theory of diseases, in addition to his other collegiate studies; and although, until his arrival at Beaverwyck, he had never prescribed a dose of medicine, not being willing to infringe upon the peculiar province of the “faculty,” while in Europe—in America he was compelled to practice law, physic and divinity; for at the period of his entrance into the society at Beaverwyck, the people were so blest with virtue and honesty, as to raise a powerful barrier against the hopes of lawyers, their little disputes being always referred to their esteemed Dominie, whose decision was as determinate as if it had been pronounced by the ablest Judge in Christendom. From several years' residence at this place, he became, of necessity, a practising physician. As yet the “mamon of unrighteousness” had not accumulated in sufficient quantity to allure the

members of either of these professions to leave their golden prospects in the Old, to hazard a doubtful and unpromising success in the New World. Religion—pure, vital, and evangelical religion alone—whose benign influences are as equally felt in the wilderness cottage as in the gilded cathedral, to hearts solely devoted to the love of God and the salvation of souls, found nothing to hinder the entrance of its devoted servants, of which class was the eminent divine of whom we are now speaking.

Such a divine—such a physician—could not fail of being pre-eminently useful to the heart-sick Katrine. With the dignity becoming his holy office—a dignity ornamented with christian humility—he entered the chamber of the sick, pronouncing his benediction as he entered; and seating himself by the patient, in a voice expressive of heartfelt sympathy, he questioned her as to her feelings. Then taking her wrist, he closed his eyes, in order to exclude all external objects that might divert his mind from the pulsations of the artery. After a profound study of three minutes, he removed his hand from that to the other; and having satisfied himself as to the state of the pulse, which, taken in connection with the remote and proximate causes, enabled him to form something like a prognosis. He informed her anxious parents that in consequence of her previous constitution and youth, notwithstanding the violence of the disease, there was everything to hope; although he felt it to be his duty to apprise them, that in affording this consolation, it was necessary to add unremitting attention to their nursing, which was indeed of equal, if not greater importance in the cure of diseases, than the skill of the physician.

The judicious administration of various simple remedies, which were indigenous to the country of the Five Nations, produced in the course of a few days the pleasing result expected by the attentive physician, who, on the tenth morning pronounced her convalescent; and her anxious parents had the happiness of beholding once more the cherished daughter of their heart able to take exercise about her chamber.

On the Sabbath of the following week, being the fifteenth day of her illness, Katrine made her first public appearance at the neat little Dutch church in Beaverwyck, to return her earnest thanks to the Great Supreme for the recovery of her health; and after service, accompanied by her parents, she retired to the parsonage, where they partook of a substantial dinner with their worthy pastor, renewing the offerings of their grateful hearts to the source of all good.

After dinner, the Dominie, as he was commonly called, proposed retiring to his study, and invited the 'Squire to accompany him, placing in the hands of the lovely convalescent Luther's German translation of the New Testament. Apologizing to the ladies, he took the arm of his guest and led him into his small but valuable library, where, being seated, he apprized him that there was much re-

maining to be done towards the restoration of his daughter to perfect health.—He had discovered, within the last few days, a hectic flush upon her cheek, which had given him cause to suspect that her late serious indisposition had grown out of some latent or hidden disease of the mind; or else, from visceral affections, threatening pulmonary disease—in either of which cases a change of air and climate were of the first importance. A voyage to New Amsterdam, from which she might make frequent excursions on the island of Nassau—now known as Long Island—to the sea shore; which, together with the advantages of sea-air, which, added to the agreeable variety of objects that everywhere presented themselves in that romantic country, to the eye and mind of the traveler, would, he doubted not, soon restore her to wonted health and spirits.—This judicious advice was concluded by the flattering remark, that the life of such an exemplary child was worth preserving as the expense of every effort and every pecuniary sacrifice.

The morning following, 'Squire Van Dervear communicated to his hostess and to his wife the fears of the Dominie, and the necessity he would be under of hastening his voyage to the sea shore. Active preparations were therefore engaged in, for making it a voyage of profit, as well as of pleasure and convenience.—For this purpose, a sloop was laden with fur—a trade exceedingly lucrative in those early days—of which the 'Squire had purchased a cargo from the traders, at a price which insured him a princely profit. While these preparations were in forwardness, Katrine, with her inseparable companion, Margaret, repaired every evening to the banks of the Hudson, where it was observed she constantly turned her looks toward the home of her infancy, and by the motion of her arms would seem to be embracing, in imagination, the dear friends of her early youth. She would return pensively and yield herself to the soft and pleasing images of hope.

The 'Squire informed his friends that all things were in readiness for their reception on board, and that they would leave Beaverwyck at the rising of the sun on the following day. Margaret had retired to pen the last letter to her mother—which letter, we have already noticed, as the one which Madam Krautzer had handed to Diedrich on his recent visit to Schenectady. Katrine commenced the repacking of her trunks, which having completed to her satisfaction, they retired early to rest, that she might be ready in the morning for an early embarkation.

The venerable Bleeker, accompanied by the neighbors, arrived at the house of Madam Kohler in sufficient time to bid their friends an affectionate adieu. Taking Katrine by the hand he said, in tones of deep feeling—"Daughter, I have discovered on your noble yet meek countenance, the traces of a deep and wasting melancholy. You have, no doubt, loved, and have been doomed, even in your

early youth, to endure the afflictions consequent upon blighted hopes. O, Sovereign Lord!" continued he, lifting his venerable eyes to heaven, "watch, I entreat thee, over this stricken lamb. May the angel of peace protect and guide her to health and the completion of happiness. Preserve her from the perils of the waters, and in safety return her to the bosom of her friends—to the accomplishment of the wish dearest to her heart." He ceased; and turning on her his eyes, moistened with the tears of pious sympathy, with a cordial grasp of the hand, he resigned her to the protection of that God on whom all his hopes were established. The trembling Katrine, incapable of uttering the gratitude of her feeling and affectionate heart with her lips, by her looks assured him that she fully appreciated the kind interest which he had taken in her bodily as well as her mental sufferings. The passengers, interchanging with their friends the affectionate adieu, were soon seated under the awning of the sloop, and were fast gliding down the ebbing tide of the Hudson, and soon were beyond the ken of those who had remained on its landing, to see the last token made by the waving handkerchiefs of their friends.

Our adventurers arrived in safety at the embryo emporium of the western world, on the fifth day of their voyage. The wealthy 'Squire added profusely to his riches in the profitable discharge of his peltry; and himself and family were comfortably lodged at a private house in Courtland-Street, where they were visited and welcomed by the impatient Yakup, whose polite behavior and modest demeanor toward her, convinced Katrine that he was a person of no ordinary character. Before she had allowed him time, according to the etiquette on such occasions, to make formal advances toward matrimony, she had determined that Cousin Yakup had qualities that might make any other individual in the world, but herself, happy.

Their stay in the city was short. The health of the invalid being now the only consideration with the parents, they discussed with a man of business the best watering places on the coast. All things considered, Rockaway was determined on, as at that place there was an opportunity of indulging, with ease and safety, exercise either on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, the country being perfectly level and the roads free from obstructions; and according to the opinion of competent judges, it was considered the finest place for bathing in the surf that is to be found in any place on earth. The ocean prospect was superb; and being within view of Sandy Hook and the Neversink Hills, all vessels passing to or from the little emporium, would be distinctly visible, affording as it were a movable scenery to the permanent views of this enchanting situation. In short, from its variety of solid gratifications, its amusements, and its salubrity of air, Rockaway offered advantages to our invalid which could not be equalled by any other situation on the sea-coast; and to this delightful place was our heroine conveyed,

across the East River in a delightful sail-boat, and from thence by land in an easy traveling chair, escorted by her gallant young relation, who became more and more enamoured of her at every succeeding interview.

Arriving at Rockway, the industrious Romeyn, assisted by the 'Squire and his relative, erected a tent for their accommodation of the sails of the sloop, now laid up in ordinary till their return; and while they were employed in this important task, the melancholy Katrine, with her mother and Margaret, were absorbed in wonder at the vast extent of the ocean, its rolling waves, and the shrill music of the winds, which, together with the sullen murmur of the receding surf, produced an effect so solemn upon the inexperienced heart, as to call forth a flood of irrepressible tears. She remained for some time immovable; a sentiment purely and altogether religious occupied her heart; the dearest objects in life were, for a moment, effaced from her memory. She became lost in surprise and admiration, and appeared to consider the apparently boundless space of the ocean as an emblem of eternity.

The tent and its accommodations being completed, Mr. Stuyvesant advanced and welcomed her to the site on which he hoped she would shortly recover her health and spirits; and added that under existing circumstances, his stay would be both improper and intrusive; that he should, however, give himself the pleasure of occasionally riding over to see them, and should take the liberty of sending from the city regular supplies of such articles as were indispensably necessary to a situation such as theirs. Taking a polite leave of the family, and directing Romeyn to act the part of a faithful sentinel, this worthy young citizen returned to New Amsterdam, leaving his newly discovered relatives proud of their alliance with one so eminently entitled to the character of a gentleman.

"Well, carl," said the old 'Squire, "what do you think of Cousin Yakup?"

"That he is an honor to his relations, and an ornament to his friends."

"Yes, mine Katrine; and he will make a provident husband for any girl who is so wise as to have him."

"Yes—I believe he will make a good husband, and an agreeable companion."

"And if cousin Yakup were to ask you for his wife, you would not surely refuse him?"

"Yes, my dear father, I would refuse him, and every similar offer from any other man, so long as I remain attached to one object, and while that one object lives."

"Well, well—you are free to act agreeably to your own inclination, and my unrepented promise to you at Schenectady. But it is wonderful that you should place your affections on one who has not taken the pains to let you hear from him in some way or other, by this time."

"Ah, my father!" cried the affected girl, "you wrong my Diedrich—yes, greatly wrong him. Driven by the cold and repulsive treatment which my obe-

dience to your commands compelled me to adopt toward him, and unable to endure the agonies of a hopeless passion, he has fled from scenes that could not fail of awakening him, at every turn, to the mortifying reflection, that because of his poverty, he was treated with a coldness unworthy the friendship that had matured itself with our increasing years, to a passion the noblest of its kind. That he still cherishes this sacred passion in his heart, despite the unmerited coldness of my family toward him, I am satisfied; that he has not taken steps that would enable his friends to learn his present situation, is not wonderful; indeed, when we consider the destination of the warriors, the distance and the dangers of the theatre of war, our own absence from home, and the difficulty, if not utter impracticability, of conveying intelligence, it would be more wonderful if we should gain any information at all, until the return of the warriors from Canada."

"Indeed, my child, you say very true—I did not calculate on these things as you have done."

"No, my dear," rejoined Madame Van Dervear, "you can more readily calculate on things visible—that are to be bought and sold—than on things which, though seen, are nevertheless readily calculated by such as feel a deep interest in them."

"Ah, well!" said the 'Squire, "I will leave you and Katrine to calculate on the invisible things, while Romeyn and myself, at the dinner table, will calculate how many sheepheads we have earned by an hour's angling in the Bay."

A week rolled rapidly over the heads of our sojourners at the sea shore, without any occurrence worthy of note, except that cousin Yakup had twice favored them with a visit, and discovered that his fair kinswoman had certainly benefited greatly by the air of Rockaway; and hinted to her that he anticipated the agreeable pleasure of beholding her, in a few more weeks, vying with the first belles of the city in health and beauty. Katrine thanked him for his friendly anticipations, and was about to accuse him of the guilt of flattery, when she was interrupted by the entrance into the tent of the 'Squire and Romeyn, loaded with wild duck, which they had acquired in their hour's excursion. Having handed them to Margaret, to be prepared for dinner, the 'Squire approached his relative, and giving him a hearty squeeze of the hand, inquired the news of the day.

"There has been a happy windfall for one of your townsmen, provided the sudden transition from poverty to untold wealth, does not deprive the individual of his reason."

Here the 'Squire approached nearer to his kinsman, and winking at his spouse at the same time, to convince her that he knew the lucky individual, inquired who among his townsmen he alluded to.

"The Dutch packet from Holland has brought a commission from the Stadtholder, declaring as next of kin to the late Baron Lansing, Diedrich, the son of Caspar Lansing, of Schenectady, the lawful heir, investing him with the estate, together with the title of Baron, and appointing him to the office of Burgomaster, and a member of the Council, on the part of the Dutch West India Company."

'Squire Van Dervear eyed his daughter with the penetrating eye of a hawk, during this gratifying recital, but his gaze was in vain—he could detect no evidence in her countenance indicative of pride or vanity; but could he have seen or felt what was passing in her heart, he would have found it occupied in venting its silent and solemn aspirations of praise to her Creator, for bestowing both riches and honors upon one so worthy of their possession.

The impatient father, unable to restrain his joy, demanded of his daughter her opinion as to the effect this sudden change of fortune would have upon her young friend. Katrine, considering it necessary to guard her expressions, replied that it was impossible to say what the effect would be; but that if she were to draw her conclusions from the knowledge of his character which years of youthful intimacy had gradually developed to her view, she had strong reasons for presuming that no individual of their little community could better sustain so extraordinary a transition than Diedrich.

"You have, then, an exalted opinion of the young Baron," said Mr. Stuveysant to Katrine.

"Should he be alive," replied she, "your generous candor, on an intimate acquaintance with him, will induce you to join with me in that opinion."

"Alive!" said he—"is there any cause for the contrary opinion?"

"Much; for before we left home, he had entered as a cadet in the army of the Five Nations, with whom he had marched to Canada."

"A rash and dangerous undertaking, truly; and astonishing for a youth of his age. By-the-by," said he, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "we have received news by a trader from the Onondaga country, of the triumph of Black Kettle, over the combined armies of the Adirondachs and Quatoghies; and of a dreadful massacre of the French at La Chine, and the arrival of many French prisoners at Canajoharie, under the escort of the Cadets."

Here, indeed, if an eye less keen than that of a hawk, had been glanced toward our heroine, a hectic flush would have been seen mantling itself on her cheeks, as lovely as the first blush of morning in spring.

The gleam of hope that shot across her heart at the idea of the return of Diedrich to the colony, was but of momentary duration. The bare suspicion of a neglect on the part of an avowed lover, even though that lover has been repulsed, is a crime of too great magnitude to be easily overlooked, especially by woman; for "few women know how to conceal successful love, but none can

conceal their doubts, resentments and jealousies." Had Diedrich actually returned, and had he made no effort to apprise his friends of that return? But perhaps he had reasons for this silence. What encouragement had these friends given him that was favorable to a correspondence of that nature? But again, he had always expressed an unalterable friendship and regard for her, which he had vowed no time nor circumstances should change; and though he had been indirectly forbidden to love, he ought yet to esteem her as a friend that would at least be pleased to hear of his safe return from an enterprise of danger.

The next visit of cousin Yakup to the encampment, removed much of the jealous disquiet of our heroine. He delivered a letter to Margaret from her mother, which contained the pleasing intelligence of Diedrich's having remained a week at Schenectady, during which time he had given the most unequivocal proofs of an unbounded attachment for an absent member of their little community; that he had returned to Canajoharie to await the arrival of the warriors from the North, to attend the Grand Council, during their debate with regard to the unfortunate French prisoners, and that he should return to Schenectady sometime in September, on a renewed visit to his friends.

It was now August, and Katrine determined within herself that she would be well enough to leave Rockaway in a fortnight, or at all events in time to be at Schenectady on the return of Diedrich. This, however, is to be received as a secret determination—a kind of silent agreement between her heart and herself—with which neither her parents, her friends, cousin Yakup, nor you nor I, reader, have anything to do. But we are all permitted to share in the wonderful effects that followed the intelligence conveyed by this talismanic letter. Katrine became lively, cheerful, communicative; her cheeks began to assume their wonted rose, her lips their cherry red; insomuch that Mr. Stuyvesant could not help exclaiming—"Oh! the wonderful virtues of the air and the waters of Rockaway!"

No doubt our readers—especially our fair ones—have been expecting, at every page, to read a formal avowal of this gentleman's addresses to our heroine.—That they will not be gratified with such an avowal, is no fault of ours, and is to be attributed wholly to the policy of 'Squire Van Dervear, whose weight was always added to the preponderating scale.

In a walk on the smooth beach of Rockaway, this considerate parent communicated to his relative the prior attachment of his daughter to the now Baron Lansing; and that he had sanctioned her in her attachment, and could, therefore, exercise no influence in behalf of his cousin Yakup, though he had always preferred him to the Baron—"that is," whispered an invisible speaker, "as long as the wealth and title of Diedrich were shrouded in seeming poverty."

Mr. Stuyvesant very sincerely congratulated his kinsman on the advantageous prospects which this contemplated alliance afforded, and assured him, that though

greatly disappointed in his hopes, he should, notwithstanding, always consider himself highly honored as the very sincere friend of himself and his lovely daughter, whose acquaintance he should now more than ever sedulously cultivate; and, returning to the tent with the familiarity of an old friend, he took the hand of our heroine, and remarked with some vivacity—"Cousin Katrine, the agreeable intelligence of to-day, makes us friends forever. Consider me henceforth in that character, and I shall make it my unremitting business to be worthy of your esteem."

"I feel myself under weighty obligations to you, my esteemed kinsman," said the blushing girl, "and had, from the first moment of my introduction to you, numbered you among my friends."

"No more?" he asked, with an arch look that caused her blushes to diffuse themselves widely and profusely, not alone on her cheeks, but her ivory face and neck, while he repeated the provoking question—"No more, cousin Katrine?"

Mrs. Van Dervear, perceiving the embarrassment of her daughter at the mischievous, provoking question of Stuyvesant—though of a most taciturn disposition—could not resist the temptation to retort upon the saucy merchant. Bridling up her countenance to a look of anticipated triumph, which convinced the old 'Squire that she was about to give the merchant a broadside, he prepared himself for the issue, winking all the while to his unconscious daughter to note her well:

"No more? cousin Yakup, no more? What more could you expect from her at first sight? Surely, my Katrine has complimented you highly in her acknowledgment of having numbered you with her friends, from the moment of her introduction to you. But, forsooth, like all the rest of your vain sex who have any pretensions to a tolerable face, you expect the dear creatures of ours to fall in love with you off-hand, not content with tolerating you as their friends!"

"I acknowledge the justice of your remarks, my dear aunt," replied the vivacious young man. "I had, indeed, the vanity to suppose, that if not at first sight, yet on a more intimate acquaintance, I might have calculated on something more than an avowal of friendship; but my vanity has been justly checked, and I shall no longer consider myself as possessing the irresistible qualities of captivating every beautiful woman by the overwhelming force of my personal charms. Come," said he, again rallying Katrine, "come, cousin, I am willing—yes, proudly willing—to be numbered among your friends—no more—I shall be richly paid with that."

"No mistake about that!" said the 'Squire, rubbing his hands with joy; "my Katrine will always be the friend of cousin Yakup."

The following week found our heroine so perfectly recovered, that a return to Schenectady was now considered as a matter of course. Arrangements to that effect were therefore made, and in a few days they were again occupying their

former lodgings in Courtland-Street,—at which place, and during their stay, they received the congratulatory visits of their immediate friends, and the introductory visits of the first families in New Amsterdam—among whom was that paragon of human excellence and worth, the amiable Mrs. Schuyler, of Beaverwyck, then on a visit to the metropolis. The acquaintance thus commenced at a distance from home between these families, grew into a friendship which terminated but with their lives.

The first week in September found the 'Squire and his family on board the staunch sloop "Fortunatus," on their return voyage to the home of their fondest recollections. We shall therefore leave them to the management of the experienced Romeyn, whose skill in seamanship was undaunted, and to whose cautious working of the sloop up the Hudson, together with the Divine protection, they were winning their way slowly, though safely, to the haven of their wishes. We shall, on board the "Francis Skiddy," take start of them, and arriving some days in advance, see what has become of the various characters that we have left distributed in the great field of our undertaking.



## CHAPTER XI.

"Avaunt, despair! Eternal Wisdom deals  
Or peace to man, or misery for his good,  
Alike designed. And shall the creature say,  
'Why hast thou done this?'"

**W**HILE the different actors in this widely-distended scene are performing their respective parts which their destinies have allotted them, we will turn to the Rock of Podar, and learn, if possible, the fate of those who were embarked in an unsuccessful embassy to the Five Nations, whom we left at chapter seventh.

The craft, which contained all the passengers, was driven asunder from the boat by a tremendous wave, which, dividing itself as it were into two liquid mountains, one of which rushing towards the shore, and the other returning to the conflicting waves of the lake, separated her forever from the boat; and before she could possibly weather the south angle of the bight of the island, a succeeding wave dashed her with such violence against the rocks as to separate her timbers; and sinking, she conveyed every living thing on board to the bottom, from which they rose but to cry for help and for mercy, and to sink again to rise no more. The wave which rushed directly to the shore, was providentially directed to the only accessible landing on the northern side of the island; and having washed overboard the young Mohawk and his lovely charge, to whom he clung as to an object of the dearest interest, it threw them to a considerable distance among the tangled shrubbery of the shore, and not far distant from them it deposited the little boat, which was turned bottom upwards. Fearful that a returning wave might wash them again from their footing on the rocky shore, the thoughtful Indian seized with one hand the tough limb of an overhanging chincapin, while with the other he held fast the insensible Eugenie. The expected wave came—it overwhelmed them—again receded, followed by a long and vivid flash of lightning, which brought to the view of the watchful guardian of the fair one, a secure place of retreat.

At the base of the Rock of Podar, nature had excavated a cavernous opening of sufficient magnitude and security for the reception of a hundred persons or



more. The aperture was capacious enough for the entrance of a man, at half stoop, and the young prince determined, without loss of time, to seek shelter for the remainder of the night for himself and Eugenie, in this unexplored cavern. Loosing his hold from the bough of the tree, and raising the recovering maid in his arms, he bore her in safety to the mouth of the cavern, and beyond the possible reach of another wave.

"Where am I?" asked the almost lifeless maiden, "Oh Heaven! where am I?"

"At the foot of the Rock of Podar, lady; and, thanks to the Great Spirit, in safety. Remain here a few moments, while I explore this cavern, and see that there be no danger on our entrance."

Cautiously did the young Mohawk enter this offered asylum, and groping his way for some twenty feet in each direction, returned to convey thither his lovely charge, who had used the intervening moments in rendering thanksgiving and praises to the Supreme Majesty of heaven for their preservation. Having safely conveyed her within the cavern, he was at a great loss in what way to render this subterranean accommodation convenient to his delicate companion.

Fortunately he recollected that his buffalo hide shot-pouch was girded around his waist, and in it were materials for producing fire. He speedily unloosed the strings of the pocket, and to his great joy found the contents perfectly dry. Leaping out of the cavern, he obtained by sounding with his foot on the rock, a few dry sticks that had been separated by the destructive hand of time from their parent branches; then striking his flint and steel over a bit of spunk or touch wood, he happily succeeded in producing a spark, which, with an adroitness peculiar to these foresters, he soon converted into a cheerful blaze, by the light of which they were enabled to distinguish the extent of their present abode; and also to obtain a plentiful supply of fuel with which to dry their saturated garments.

Eugenie, much relieved by the genial warmth of the fire, and assured of safety from the yet raging storm, became more composed and somewhat reconciled to her present condition. She was anxious, however, to manifest her gratitude to her present deliverer, and to learn the fate of her companions. Turning her eyes upon the manly countenance of the overjoyed Indian, she said:—

"Twice, my dear young chief, has my life been in jeopardy—once on the land, and now on this inland ocean. To yourself and your brave companion, under Providence, am I indebted for the miraculous preservation of that life. I cannot enough thank you, but my heart will forever cherish for each of you the fondest affection of a sister, and should we live, let me hope that this affection will meet with returns of brotherly kindness from you both."

"Yes, lady, the heart of Ro-ya-ner and the heart of his friend are one. A brother's love you will always share with us, for so we have been taught by our Sachem, who says that 'all mankind are brothers;' that though our skins may

differ in color, our hearts are soft, and may receive the same impressions by the Great Spirit, which enables us to love as brothers and sisters, even though some are the descendants of Shem, others of Ham, or of Japhet; for all are of Adam, and Adam of the Great Spirit."

"Oh, that civilized men would deal but as charitably with their brethren, as I have found you to deal with your enemy!"

"Lady, do not mistake us. The Indian character is revengeful above all others, but it is only to his enemies. To his friends, he is ever most faithful. The charge which Ro-ya-ner has given me of you—let that convince you how faithful an Indian can be to a friend."

"Ah! yes, noble Garangula, I am convinced that the friendship of the Indian is founded upon principles of honor, true glory and magnanimity. And I wish that my dear uncle and our friend were here, to join me in this just tribute to their intrinsic merits. But tell me, noble youth, is there a hope that they may have outlived the storm?"

He was silent.

"You do not answer me!"

"I am endeavoring to cast in my mind whether there be another landing place in the neighborhood, which the vessel might possibly reach in safety; but I cannot recollect one, at present—we must wait till day-light, when I shall search the shore with diligence. In the mean time, dear lady, as your clothes are now dry, endeavor to compose yourself to rest, while I sit at the mouth of the cavern to prevent the entrance of an enemy to disturb you."

"Enemy, do you say?" exclaimed the alarmed maiden, half rising—"have we enemies also on this island?"

"Man hath enemies everywhere," said he. But compose yourself, lady—I do not believe there are any others on this island but wolves, as I hear them howling in concert with the storm. Of these, we have not much to fear while the fire blazes;" and throwing on more fuel, he repeated his advice that she should take rest to fit her for the fatigues of the coming day.

Again leaping out of the cavern, he gathered a quantity of leaves from the adjoining shrubbery, and drying them by the fire, he prepared her a comfortable lodging by its side; and again leaving her to the enjoyment of an undisturbed rest, of which she stood greatly in need, this faithful sentinel took his station at the mouth of the cavern, armed with a massive limb which he had torn from the trunk of a tree; and gazing on the clouds which appeared to be chasing each other in angry sport, between which, ever anon, he beheld a peeping star; and anticipating a clear and tranquil sky in the morning, he patiently and sleeplessly awaited the dawn of the coming day.

To this night of storm and devastation there succeeded a morning of exquisite loveliness, and the unruffled waters of the lake, resembling a horizontal mirror,

reflected the image of the island, with all its vegetable drapery, and the rugged cliff of the Rock of Podar, affording lively impressions to the beholder of the romantic scenery of this Island, rendered sacred to the children of the forest as the residence of the god of the winds.

Eugenie awoke with emotions of gratitude to Heaven for the blessings multiplied to her, even in the midst of the multiplication of mysterious providences that she had already been called to witness and to endure, almost, as it were, on the threshold of her existence. She beheld her faithful Indian leaning against the mouth of the cave, with his club resting beside him. He heard her move, and turning toward her, observed that he was rejoiced to find how soundly she had slept through the night, and hoped she would find strength to support her in the undetermined pursuits of the day. She cordially thanked him; and approaching the mouth of the cavern, he assisted her in ascending to the base of the rock, where, for a moment, she was lost in astonishment and surprise at the grandeur of the scene which the rising sun presented to her view in the gilded trees, mountains and shrubberies, and in the smooth surface of the late turbulent Champlain.

They now proceeded to a point of the island whence they had a distinct view of the main land, and an extensive prospect upon the lake; but the eye rested upon nothing that offered the smallest resemblance to a vessel, and they concluded that the boat, and all that were in her, must unquestionably have perished; and this conclusion was rendered less doubtful when the young Mohawk raised from the tangled weeds at the edge of the water, the well-known military hat of her beloved uncle.

"Oh! that I had died, or that I were never born!—Unhappy Eugenie!" cried she, "whom on earth hast thou now left, of all thy house, to protect thee?"

"Dry your tears, lady," said the considerate Indian. "The Great Spirit still watches over you for good, and the house of my father, and the caress of my mother, and the love of my sister, will supply your loss. The children of the Five Nations—the cause of your calamities—shall be just in affording you protection. Ro-ya-ner and Garangula hath sworn it."

"Yes, generous and considerate youth, I feel confident of the protection of your nation; but I am weak, and cannot avoid the effect consequent upon such unlooked-for calamities."

"True," said he, "your sex, formed of purer clay, and possessed of more gentle spirits than ours, may be permitted to indulge in griefs, that are indeed the sure evidences of deep, feeling hearts. But come, lady, let us return to the cave, and let me provide for your breakfast. The Indian knows that he must eat to live; and then we must think on some plan to get off this Island."

These were considerations that never once crossed the mind of our fair ship-

wrecked maiden. They now occurred in all their force, and produced more questions than the ready-witted prince could correctly answer. The first was—"what were they to eat, having lost all their stores of provisions?"

"The Great Spirit has strewn the earth with food for his red children," replied he. "I have seen the vines of the Indian's bread-root, and where that grows, there is no need of starving."

"But how are we to get off from this island?"

"The same Providence that threw us upon the shore, lady," said he pointing to the canoe, "provided the means at the same time."

"Well," said she, "my kind protector, give me some of your bread-root, for I begin to feel an inclination to eat."

In a moment he bounded like a deer to the bushes, and in a few minutes returned with a large supply of these farinaceous roots, which he washed; and raking a hole in the ashes, he covered them with more, and kindling a gentle fire over them, they were soon prepared for breakfast. His next thought was how to provide her with water. The military hat of her uncle he considered might answer as a water-kettle, being turned up on three sides; but this would be recalling painful recollections.

It immediately occurred to him that the leaf of the water-lily—some of which he had seen on the margin of the cove—would be a most excellent substitute for a pitcher. Therefore, while the esculents were cooling, he repaired to the water-side, and drawing a leaf from the surface, he very readily formed it into the shape of a funnel, and filling it with clear water from an adjacent spring, he repaired to the cavern, where he enjoyed the delightful pleasure of perceiving the companion of his misfortunes doing ample justice to his industry and ingenuity, and urging him to take the same care of himself that he had so earnestly recommended to her.

After breakfast—which was eaten with great relish, seconded by keen appetites—their next consideration was the plan to be pursued for leaving the island, and if possible, wending their way to the place of their destination. Difficulties presented themselves on all sides; dangers threatened them whichever way they might determine. If they should succeed in turning the canoe, and launching her on the lake, they were in danger, from the variableness of the winds, of suffering another shipwreck; and if they succeeded in gaining the nearest land, they were without arms for protecting themselves against lurking Indians, or the prowling bears and wolves. Eugenie was reduced to almost hopelessness from the fearful prospects which either way presented themselves—at all events, she was reduced to a frightful dilemma—to the terrible alternative of remaining on the island until some adventurers might relieve them, or else, hazarding the chances which offered themselves in the suggestion above mentioned. At length, incapable of deciding herself, she said to the young chief:—

"To your judgment and discretion I yield mine, which are incompetent to the task of determining."

"Then rest you, while I collect bread-roots sufficient for our voyage."

While he was collecting the roots, Eugenie was busily employed in kindling anew the dying embers. The light of day and the blaze of the fire, rendered the remotest part of the cavern distinctly visible. She perceived in a distant part of the cave, several prominences that strongly attracted her attention. They were immovable, and of a form strongly resembling men in a recumbent posture. Alarmed, she suddenly rushed to the mouth of the cavern, and shrieked aloud. The eagle pounces not more suddenly on his prey than did her watchful guardian hasten to her relief. His presence quieted her alarm, and pointing to its cause, the fearless son of the forest was in another moment at their side.

"Quiet your apprehensions," said he, when he had ascertained the nature of the protuberances "they are nothing more than the bones of some unfortunate warriors who have perished in the cavern."

Eugenie shuddered on the reflection that she had slept for hours near the bones of the dead.

"Here are muskets and war-axes." Bringing several of these to the light, he exclaimed, "Yo-hah! the tomahawks are good, but the guns are turning to dust, as are the brave warriors who used them."

While the roots were preparing, the young Mohawk was sharpening the axes against the edge of the rock—which, having completed, he stuck one on each side of his girdle, reserving a third to carry in his hand for immediate use. With this he felled a young sassafras and shaped it into a paddle. Using this paddle for a lever, he succeeded in turning the boat over and over to the water's edge; and laying hold of the painter, with the assistance of Eugenie, he launched it stern foremost into its native element, where it proudly rode upon the rippling waters, moored to the root of a beech, ready to receive its valuable cargo.

The little barque was soon laden; and the prince assisting his companion on board, and loosing the painter, they were soon without the cove, in the wide view of the expansive lake. A heavy sigh escaped from the bosom of Eugenie—it was another tribute to the cherished parents she was now in quest of. O, could she hope again to behold them—again to be encircled in their affectionate embrace—all her toils, all her sufferings, even her hair-breadth escapes from death, would be obliterated by the joy, and overpaid in the enjoyment.

## CHAPTER XII.

"What saw he? Not the church's floor,  
Cumbered with dead, and stained with gore;  
What heard he? Not the clamorous crowd,  
That shout their gratulations loud;  
Redmond he saw and heard alone—  
Clasped him and sobbed—'My son! my son!'"

THE faithful Garangula plied his paddle with a dexterity that assured his trembling companion of her being under the protection of a skillful pilot. His eye began to traverse the mountain summits, to distinguish that in which dwelt the renowned sachem, to whose cavern he had determined on conveying his lovely charge; and whose company he proposed soliciting for the rest of the way. The evening twilight had approached, and the west wind, curling down the mountains, began to spread itself on the bosom of the lake. The waters began to be agitated; the birth of waves was announced by the rolling of the canoe; the horrors of the last night rushed upon the mind of Eugenie with increasing force, and springing from her seat towards the prince, she had nearly upset their frail barque, which was, however, prevented by the ready counterpoise of this vigilant youth.

"Lady, if you will take courage and sit still, we shall soon be in safety. Fear not these little hills of water—they are but the sportings of the spirit of Podar upon his favorite lake. Fear not, for I see the good omen that insures us a safe lodging in the cavern of the venerable sachem."

"What omen?" inquired she, taking courage from all he had advanced.

"I hear the shriek of safety from the owl in yonder thicket; and I see the gleaming light moving down the mountain."

"What can that light mean?" enquired Eugenie, who had forgot the rocking of the canoe, in her anxiety to listen to the omens of her protector.

"It is, no doubt, the great Sachem, who, having seen us from his cavern, is now approaching to welcome us to his home."

"Ah! now I see the form of a human being. O, yes! it must be him! How soon shall we arrive there?"

"Very soon, for we are not more than a league from the land."

With the setting sun the winds were hushed, the canoe glided smoothly on the surface, the fears of Eugenie were quieted with the winds; the mountains were now almost within her reach; the screech of the owl was distinctly heard, and the form of the recluse plainly seen by her—all which favorable events confirmed her opinion of the prognostications of her guide, and she could not help regretting the neglect of the priest and the captain to the warning given them by the young Mohawk, which, if attended to, might have prevented the awful catastrophe that happened in consequence of that neglect.

To the great joy of Eugenie, she heard the welcome inquiries of the venerable sachem, as to what nation they belonged; and the cheerful invitation to land and refresh themselves in his cavern. Assisted by the ever attentive Mohawk, Eugenie felt her feet once more upon the earth; and falling upon her knees, she returned thanks to Almighty God for her preservation. When she arose, she received the christian salutation of the recluse; and Garangula having secured the canoe, they ascended the mountain by easy steps to the cave, into which they were introduced by its pious occupant.

While the venerable sachem was preparing an evening repast for his guests, Eugenie was inquisitively eyeing the form and dignity of their host, whose well proportioned limbs and impressive countenance, heightened by black and brilliant eyes, that seemed by their look to penetrate through the object they beheld, were altogether imposing. A second look discovered the mild traces of a beaming intelligence from the eyes, indicative of a placid and even temper, and of a heart fraught with benevolence. Eugenie felt herself greatly prepossessed in his favor, and was surprised at finding so few traces of age in one whom she considered as greatly advanced in life.

"You call this your old sachem," said she, in a whisper to her companion; "he appears to me to be in the very prime of life."

"We call him an old sachem, because he was our king before he went to England and France; but on his return, he resigned his title and dignity, to which my father, who is much older, has succeeded."

Here the sachem put an end to this conference by inviting his guests to approach and partake of the bountiful gifts of their Heavenly Father. The supper consisted of corn journey-cake and broiled venison; to which was added, by way of tea, a beverage made of the fruit of persimmon and wild cherry, infused in water until it fermented; it was then boiled and further clarified with honey—in which state it afforded a wholesome domestic wine, but without intoxicating properties. To this repast was added bunches of dried grapes, goose-berries and whortles, and a platter of delicious honey-comb. After supper, the sachem, led them to an inner chamber of the cavern, which he told Eugenie was to be her room during her stay. In this chamber, there was a buffalo hide cot, with two

bearskins and a blanket. There was also a table and several stools, a shelf with various books in the French and English language, and a large quarto Bible, presented by her majesty, Queen Elizabeth of England.

After carefully exhibiting to his fair guest this room and its furniture, the sachem, taking her hand, said, "let us return to the outer apartment, where I shall be gratified to learn your adventures, if the recital of them be not too painful to your feelings."

"Painful as they may be," replied Eugenie, "it is due to your hospitality; and where I find myself deficient, for a want of resolution to proceed in the awful narrative, I must refer you to your brave and noble countryman, my young guide and protector, to assist me to their conclusion."

Eugenie now related her history, from the tragical proceedings at La Chine, to her dangerous shipwreck on the island, and to where she had lost all recollection after throwing herself into the protection of the young Mohawk, who now concluded the distressing narrative to the hour of their arrival at their present shelter. The sachem was deeply affected during the recital; and in return for this condescension, offered his sincere condolence for her losses—his equally sincere hopes that her parents were still living, and concluded by encouraging her to believe that a wise Providence, by these severe trials, designed some important end. And that having thrown her upon the protection of two such noble youths, such as were his esteemed friends, he had good reasons for believing that those trials would lead to a most happy result. He added that he had been designing a visit to his friends at Canajoharie, and would accompany them in their voyage to the Mohawks' castle, where he anticipated the joyful meeting of the anxious parents and their child. Recommending her to the protection of Heaven, he put into her hand a torch of blazing chestnut; and returning to the prince, they soon found repose upon buffalo hides spread on the rocky floor of the cavern.

Eugenie had retired to rest, but not to sleep; her mind was impressed with scenes which created new and intense feelings. Her thoughts turned toward her deliverer—the enterprising and noble Diedrich—who, in imagination, she traced from the banks of the Cadaracqui, where she last beheld him, embarking in the humane yet perilous enterprise of discovering her parents. She justly conceived the dangers to which his life was exposed; beheld him climbing rocks and braving frightful precipices, forcing his way through rivers, tangles, brakes and briars. Again she imagined him encountering the hostile Indians, overpowered with numbers, made captive, and the blazing stake or the glittering scalping knife slowly consuming and mangling his noble form. But Hope, at last, intervened; the God of the Universe would protect and direct him to the castle of the Mohawks, and to her loved parents, if still living; and perhaps in a few more days they should meet again, to weep or to rejoice with each other

in safety. At length, these hopes and fears, and thoughts and sighs, were all hushed by the powerful influence of nature, which predisposed both body and mind to a sound and tranquil sleep.

The following morning, the sachem and his young friend had risen, while yet the drowsy maid was pursuing, in the airy visions of sleep, the paths which led to the dearest objects of her heart. She dreamed that Diedrich, having found her parents, and settled them in a cavern resembling the enchanting grotto which had afforded her such delight, had started for the lake in quest of the prince and herself; that he had succeeded in reaching the Island of the Rock of Podar, when, not finding them according to his expectation, he was preparing to descend the river to Chambly, when suddenly there arose a tremendous storm which dashed him and his canoe against the fatal rock. She gave a loud scream—the next instant, both prince and sachem were at her side.

"Lady," said the agitated youth, "what has alarmed you?" The trembling maiden replied, in broken accents—"I have had a frightful dream, which terrified me exceedingly."

The keen eye of the sachem discovered in the look, the tone and the perturbation of his young friend, that the blind god had been busy with the heart of the young Mohawk, and taking him by the hand, he said—"Garangula, we must retire, and allow the lady time to compose and prepare herself for breakfast;" and turning to Eugenie, he said—"Daughter, I rejoice that the cause of your alarm has been no other than an airy vision of the morning, whose effect, I hope, will be fleeting as the vapor that produced it. Do not hurry yourself, but when ready, we shall expect you in our Rocky Hall to breakfast."

When they reached the outer aperture of the rock, the sachem pointing to a projection which seemed as a lounge, or a sofa, he seated himself by the side of his youthful companion, and again taking his hand, he said—"Son of Black Kettle, thou art a prisoner!"

The youth started. "A prisoner!" exclaimed he, "to whom?"

"To the lovely guest whom we have just left behind us."

"Yo-hah!" replied Garangula, "you say true; I am her prisoner until I convey her in safety to our castle, where she is to be surrendered with the other prisoners to the council of the nation."

"And are you prepared to surrender so much excellence and loveliness—so much innocence and goodness—to the savage barbarity of our infatuated nation?"

The prince sighed and was silent.

"My young friend, continued the sachem, "knowing as I do, the noble, the generous and heroic disposition of your nature, independently of the strong attachment which I am equally conscious you have formed for this lovely being, I

am satisfied that you would brave every danger to rescue her from a death so horrible, so appalling to your renewed nature, so unworthy this unoffending innocent."

"You do me justice," said the prince, "in believing that I would face the greatest dangers for her preservation, and were I not certain that the influence of my queen mother, my adored sister, and my equally beloved Ro-ya-ner, united to my own, will be sufficient to secure her from such an event, never should that nation behold her; for, despite of my promise to the Rattlesnake, I would secure her in the cavern of the cliff, and there protect her from such an issue at the hazard of my own life, against all her enemies."

"Such expressions, my young friend, are natural at your age. They argue a principle of devotedness, that in a just cause, is both laudable and praise-worthy. The experience of age, however, directs us to moderate ours, and to view with calm deliberation the chances of success in all our undertakings, and never calculate too much on our own influence or that of our friends."

"The custom of sacrificing their prisoners at the shrine of their darling passion, revenge, is one of such antiquity among our race, as to be identified with the most sacred ceremonies of their religion. It excludes the hope of success at least in the present generation, of eradicating this most barbarous and savage custom. To the rising generation we may look forward with the hope that the tomahawk and scalping knife will be exchanged for implements of husbandry and the domestic concerns of life."

"But to yourself," continued the sachem. "I perceive that you take a deeper interest in the welfare of our young guest, than that which is excited by the common influence of the sex. There is something more than friendship—something more than the bare desire of protecting this innocent lamb—that lurks within the heart, and that trembles on the lip, and that speaks from the eye of Garangula."

"Yo-hah! sachem, you say true," replied the young Mohawk; "they say true who named you 'The Eagle!' You have certainly seen my heart, and have told me what I have long felt, but have not confessed, even to my own heart, until now."

"Remember, Garangula, the hopes of the Five Nations are placed upon you. Remember that the blood of a long line of kings now runs in your veins, mingle not that blood with the blood of the whites! It is contrary to the law of nature, and will be productive of a race of beings, and a state of things, subversive of all order, and destructive to your nation."

"Do you consider the blood of that lovely woman less pure, or less noble, than mine, because she boasts not a line of kingly ancestors?"

"Not so, noble Garangula; I entertain too exalted an opinion of that lovely creature, to disparage her by any comparison. She appears to me to be well

worthy the love of any man, however noble his pedigree. It is this exalted opinion of you both, that urges me thus to caution—thus to warn you.”

“I know not, sachem, whether the fair Eugenie cherishes a sentiment of regard for me, other than that which is the effect of gratitude, and if not Garangula is safe.”

“How mean you, my young friend?”

Why, if she loves me not from a principle of love, independently of her obligation to gratitude, were I to demand her hand in marriage, I should tax that gratitude too highly, and obtain, perhaps, a hand, at the sacrifice of her heart's peace. And to possess the hand of woman without her entire heart, suits not a prince of the Five Nations.”

The sachem, grasping the hand of his young friend, said, “Noble youth! your country, your friends, will not be disappointed in you! Cherish these sentiments continually; be ever the brave, the noble, the honorable protector of woman; but never be the husband of any, whose love for you has been founded upon any other principle than that of reciprocity of love for love.

“That is my sentiment,” replied the youth; “and in the present case I feel satisfied that your arguments are well founded. It has appeared to me somewhat unnatural to expect the heart of a white-skin to love that of a red. I have therefore been cautious to conceal the passion in my own heart, but have been betrayed by my agitation in the late alarm. I hope she has not discovered it.”

“No fear of that; for her alarm appeared to be so violent as to drive away all thought but that which excited it. But you forget, my young friend, the boast of the Indian warrior is that he cannot be taken by surprise.”

“Yo-hah!” said the youth; “visible enemies will find it hard to surprise Garangula; but he confesses that an invisible enemy, hid within the caverns of the heart, might surprise even the great As-to-ro-ga.”

The sachem sighed as Eugenie made her appearance in the outer cavern. They congratulated her on the recovery of her rouge and the dissipation of her alarm, and accompanied her to the breakfast board.

The delicacy of Eugenie prompted her to waive the subject of an early departure for Canajoharie, lest her impatience might be construed into a dissatisfaction with the entertainment afforded her by her attentive host. But the sachem had seen much of mankind; had experienced the disposition of human nature among all classes of society, and was fully convinced, with Solomon, that “hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” He, too, had felt, in all its violence, the effects of incertitude and suspense on a heart of sensibility; and, having had this experience, he was qualified to feel for others. And although Eugenie was wholly silent on the subject, and appeared as if she actually felt no other interest at heart than the objects around her afforded, his penetrating eye read in the

countenance of his amiable guest that her mind would, in despite of all the interest that the present sublime scenery excited, wander in quest of other and dearer objects, and in which all her hopes of happiness appeared to be profoundly centered.

“Daughter,” said the sachem, as they retired from the board, “we have not been forgetful of what is due to your present anxious expectations. We have feelingly seen the effect of your inquietude, and have determined to embrace the earliest opportunity of accompanying you in quest of your parents and friends. The journey by land is one of too much labor and difficulty for your delicate nature. We must therefore prepare the necessary provisions for a voyage by water to the nearest point of the lake from the place of your destination. This preparation we are now about commencing, and hope you will reconcile yourself to delays that are unavoidable.”

Eugenie expressed her gratitude for their very kind consideration in her behalf, adding her regret that she should be the cause of so much trouble to such kind friends.

The sachem, turning upon her with a look which indicated the desire that she should receive the accompanying expression with kindness, said—“There is more of truth than sincerity in your last words, daughter, or you must differ materially from the rest of your sex, all of whom feel themselves entitled to our services, and most of whom are not a little vain of the attentions paid them by ours.”

“Well, sachem, it is an established law of nature, as well as her other laws,—woman was born to receive the homage of man, and I rejoice to find that wherever I have met with beings worthy the name of man, that homage has been paid with a willingness which rendered it doubly acceptable. Such have I received from you, kind friend, and in return offer you the homage of a grateful heart.”

“Daughter, there is both truth and sincerity in your words, and we accept your proffered gratitude upon condition that you agree with me, that by a law of nature our obligations to each other are equal, and ought to be reciprocal.”

“Yes, I grant it; provided you allow some little matter of superior claims on our part, being, as the Apostle says, ‘the weaker vessel.’”

“Charming girl!” said the sachem.

“Yo-hah! lady, you make the sachem smile, and that is a good omen for us; we shall have a happy voyage.”

The sachem and his young friend were indefatigable in their preparations, and by the week following were ready to embark, once more, on the bosom of the lake. The boat had been thoroughly overhauled; an additional seat had been added for the sachem; an awning, which extended from stem to stern, was formed of buffalo hides, to shelter the passengers from the scorching rays of an August sun; two new paddles were added to the old sassafras of the island, and the

provisions being safely stowed in a handy locker, our adventurers, taking leave of the cavern, whose aperture was closed with large branches of trees, entered on board the canoe, and were soon gliding over the surface of the lake towards Canajoharie.

At this period, there were great things going forward at the little town of Schenectady. Official accounts of the title and fortunes of Diedrich had been forwarded from New Amsterdam, and the overjoyed inhabitants were preparing a grand fete in honor of the occasion. A runner had been despatched to Canajoharie to inform our hero of the happy change in his affairs, and inviting him to receive the honors now due him from his faithful subjects of the borough of Schenectady.

At Canajoharie, Diedrich had succeeded in obtaining permission from Black Kettle, who had returned in triumph to his castle, for erecting for the French prisoners a temporary place of worship. He had also, together with the lovely Manima, obtained the full and free liberty of these unfortunate captives, together with an offer of adoption into the nation; and it afforded to the young and zealous converts to christianity a pleasing prospect of the future triumphs of religion over the savage ignorance and barbarity of their nation, on beholding with what zeal the cadets handled their tomahawks, headed by Oghiogh-sheh and Diedrich, not in levying contributions on human scalps, but on the trees of the forest, for raising a sacred temple from which to send forth their prayers and praises to the God of all nations.

The sabbath after the completion of the building, was set apart for its dedication. True, there was no catholic priest nearer than Onondaga, but the dedication of a devout heart is acceptable to the Creator, and the Chevalier Dubourgh was truly devout; it therefore devolved upon him to perform the solemn ceremony in the presence of as many of the inhabitants as were disposed to witness the gratifying performance. Preparations for this solemn occasion were in advance, and a general invitation given to all the inhabitants to attend; while, in the midst of this preparation, the runners had arrived from Schenectady, and had communicated to Diedrich, at the chief castle of the Mohawks, and in presence of all its inmates, his happy turn of fortune.

Our young hero received the sincere congratulations of his friends, with his usual modest dignity, but observed, at the same time, that he almost regretted his change of fortune, since it would necessarily deprive him, frequently, and for a longer period than he wished, of the agreeable company of his present esteemed friends at Canajoharie.

"Not so," said Black Kettle, "we must not be deprived of our beloved Ro-yan-or. We will forge a bright chain that shall not be allowed to rust, and we will keep the path clean that leads from our castle to yours; hence, we will in some measure correct, if we cannot overrule our destiny."

The sun was near setting, and was sporting his lessening beams upon the turretted tops of the chestnuts and hickories, that were left scattered throughout the village; on either side of which the branching Canajoharie was pouring its tributary waters into the lap of the lovely Mohawk. The hunters had returned from the chase of the week; the squaws from their labors in the field. The fronts of the castles and the wigwams were crowded with their respective inmates, all of whom were enjoying the refreshing breeze of the evening wind of August. The squaws were seated on the ground, their partners were stretched on the same carpet, with their heads resting upon the laps of their cherished wives. The papposes were sporting in playful innocence around them, and the savage town of Canajoharie, in its peace and quiet, might vie with the first villages of civilized man.

Oghiogh-sheh was at the chief castle on a visit. With Diedrich he was reclining on the grass-plot before the door of the castle—where, seated on benches, black Kettle and his family, together with the Chevalier and his wife, were discoursing on the subject of the temple's dedication. The young chief, having his ear near the ground, was observed to give a signal well known to the Indians.

"What hear you, Oghiogh-sheh?" asked the dignified warrior.

"There are weary steps approaching from the east," replied the youth.

"Weary steps betoken no harm to the Indians," observed Black Kettle.

"You Indians have wonderful faculties for discovering the approaches of distant objects," said the Chevalier, "a faculty that seems to have been denied to us whites."

"It has not been denied by bountiful nature any more to the white than to the red man; they only neglect to improve it. Let the white man be placed for a few years in the situation of us Indians, surrounded on all sides by danger, and his continued alarm will call forth from him, also, those latent qualities which, in us Indians, are active and perspicuous. To prove to you," continued the chief, "that what I have said is correct—Ro-ya-ner, apply your ear to mother earth, and report the number of weary-footed beings that are thus causing her to groan at every tread."

Diedrich applied his ear to the ground, and after a few moments attentive consideration, he rose up and reported the tread of three travellers, one of which he was sure was that of a female. A very spirited conversation now ensued, in which the Chevalier was highly gratified at the amazing ingenuity of these children of the forest, and it is probable that this interesting conversation would have occupied the remainder of the evening, if the watchful Manima, springing from her seat, had not exclaimed, with exulting joy, "As-to-ro-ga!"



At that instant every face was directed to the gate of the palisades—in the next Garangula was in the arms of his beloved parents and sister, and the overjoyed Eugenie in those of her long lost and mourning father and mother, who sobbed and cried, "My child! my child!"

The remaining hour of the evening was devoted to expressions of thankfulness to heaven, and gratitude to kind friends. The devout sachem occupied a seat next to the chief, to whom he was a truly welcome visitor. Diedrich and his young friend were exchanging signals of satisfaction, and the evening of this day brought happiness to the hearts of many, who had despaired ever finding it again in the land of the living.



## CHAPTER XIII.

"———My mind misgives—  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
From this, our disappointment."

THE following morning the exulting inmates of the castle renewed their sincere gratulations to each other, and the Chevalier and his lady their affectionate gratitude to the deliverer, and to the guide and guardian of their daughter. They were indeed undecided which most to admire and esteem, but determined on bestowing upon both the unequivocal marks of their warmest gratitude, and embraced them by turns with the sincerest demonstrations of regard.

Black Kettle and his predecessor, the great As-to-ro-ga, were highly gratified with these evidences of genuine attachment toward each other, and it was also a source of equal gratification to perceive the entire good will which seemed to exist between the French and the Indians of the village—which induced the sachem to remark that the sun had never before risen upon Canajoharie under more favorable auspices than those of the present moment; and he was certain that it seldom rose upon happier hearts than those of the Chevalier and his family.

The elder branches of the family were now engaged in completing the arrangements for the approaching day, while the younger embraced that opportunity for exercising themselves upon the plain.

"Monsieur Le Baron," said Eugenie, "we have scarce had the happiness of tendering you our grateful homage for the invaluable services you have rendered us, before we are to have the mortification of losing you."

"These incidents are common to the life of man, but more particularly to that of one who appears, like me, born to experience all the variety of the good and evils of fortune."

"Let us hope the late severe trials we have gone through, may be the termination of the evil; and that the present dawn of happiness may be followed by years of the enjoyment of the good."

"That were to calculate upon too much," replied Diedrich, when we reflect upon the situation into which our destinies have placed us. We are, it is true, at this time in the midst of friends; but it should be remembered that we are surrounded by enemies, and know not the hour or moment of their attack."

"Nay, let us hope that an end will be put to this evil by the friendly negotiations which it is the wish of our government should take place between the Indians and French. We already perceive the friendship that is evidenced between those of our people here, and the inhabitants of the village. This alone proves the possibility of an alliance that may be as durable as time."

"It is an event most devoutly to be wished, but which, under present appearances, is not to be hoped for."

"Not until all the French shall prove themselves to be as worthy of our alliance, as the noble Chevalier and his family," said the young Mohawk.

"Ah! my good and true friend," replied Eugenie, "you are determined upon laying us under irredeemable obligations to you; for when your personal exertions toward the protection of our lives can find no further causes for their action, you seek new sources, and by the expressions of your confidence, increase our debt of gratitude."

"Yo-hah! lady, our good sachem says that we are bound to speak truth to all men. The obligation, then, is on me, for I spoke but truth when I spoke of your family as a pattern for your nation."

Manima, turning to Diedrich, inquired whether they were to expect him again before the freezing of the rivers?

"My time, it should seem, is no longer mine; for it appears that with title and fortune, I am also to be encumbered with a legacy with which I would gladly dispense."

"What can that be?" asked the princess.

"I am to be attached to the Commissioners of the Dutch West India Company, on the part of the Stadtholder, the duties of which, under existing circumstances, are not only very troublesome and vexatious, but are often productive of envy, or ill will"—

"Which we are well assured," said the three friends in a breath, "you will never deserve."

"Your duties," said Eugenie, "will sometimes, as well as your inclinations, bring you among your friends."

"Yes; and it serves to lessen the weight of their burden, when I reflect upon the confidence and esteem of those dear friends, with whom I hope often to share in their truly sincere friendship."

The following morning, Diedrich, accompanied by his faithful friend Garangula, departed for Schenectady, with the blessings of the nation, the prayers of the devout, and the tears of those to whom he was more especially endeared. The young Mohawk received, also his portion of deserved blessings, prayers and regrets, on leaving his family and friends behind him.

Soon as the canoe had entered the main stream, our young voyagers, losing sight of the village behind, began to look forward to the scenes that were shortly to take place in that before them. Diedrich, from the change of his fortunes and dignity, was to appear before his townsmen in a new character, and in a more elevated sphere than the most exalted among them. But, true to the advice and instruction of his venerable and learned friends—Dominie Corlear and the Sachem—he resolved that neither his great wealth, nor his exalted title, nor yet the lordly office to which he had been appointed, should make him forgetful of his true character, and that his conduct to his early friends should be marked with the same open freedom, the same reciprocal regard, and the same undisguised friendship and esteem, which had, in his depressed fortunes, obtained for him the love and approbation of all the village.

But how should he deport himself towards the avaricious 'Squire? This was a thought that hung heavily at his heart. His Katrine—yes, his adored Katrine—was worthy a thousand such sacrifices as he should have to make to her father for the purpose of obtaining his free consent to address her. The generous youth even went so far in his reasonings on this subject, as to acquit the considerate father of all blame, and of applauding his wise policy in reserving his assent for some more worthy suitor, possessed of means sufficient to prevent his amiable daughter from the possibility of want.

"My friend appears to be dejected," said the considerate Mohawk.

"Pardon me, Garangula. Absent for a few moments, but you have restored me to myself again."

"I have no doubt, if our thoughts were compared, though they turn towards opposite sides, they would exactly agree with each other."

"How?" inquired Diedrich, "have you, too, become a desponding lover, since I left you at La Chine with a heart as free—as light as ether?"

"Even so, Ro-ya-ner; the eye of the lovely Eugenie has proved more sure than the arrow of Nuncomar, or the tomahawk of Piskaret, and Garangula's heart is wounded."

Diedrich sighed deeply. "Alas! my friend," said he, "it was thoughtless in me to expose you to the dangers of the French nation, but it was even more thoughtless in leaving you exposed to eyes that but look to conquer. Would that I had remained in your place—that you had taken mine."

"Yo-hah," replied the young Mohawk, "I would not have forgone the happiness I have experienced in her company, and the joys I have felt in her protection and deliverance, for the wealth of the Five Nations."

"Eugenie appears grateful certainly, and may yet repay you with her love."

"Never!" replied the youth. "Her admiration, her esteem, her gratitude, I may have; but her love never!"

"What induces you to think thus?"

"Her heart is another's."

"Another's! Then surely she must have a lover at Montreal?"

"At La Chine, I rather think."

"Well, but there were none of the French at that place that were not destroyed, or brought to Canajoharie prisoners."

"True."

"Then her lover is among the French, at the castle?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"The object of her love left La Chine for Canajoharie, the same hour that we departed for Montreal."

"You deal in mysteries."

"Why yes; love is itself a mystery, which it seems no one is capable of unravelling but woman."

"Come, a truce to your bush-fighting, and tell me plainly what you have been aiming to convey to me by similes beyond my comprehension."

"Why, then, the truth is, that the lady Eugenie had not been in the castle twenty-four hours before it was discovered by Manima that my estimable friend Ro-ya-ner was the object of her heart's dearest affection."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Diedrich, "I was not long enough in her company for such an event to happen."

He certainly spoke as he thought, for he had been raised from early youth to manhood in the company of Katrine, during which period his friendship had gradually ripened into love. He knew of no other process; but above all, he knew nothing of such a thing as love at first sight.

"I have been unfortunate," continued he, recovering from the confusion which this intelligence had occasioned, "peculiarly unfortunate, by involving my dearest friends in unhappiness."

"Do not blame yourself for that of which you are ignorantly the cause. Believe me, none of your friends consider you culpable; much less Garangula."

Diedrich expressed his confidence in this assurance of his friend; still it was a source of regret, and more so when he considered the difficulties that such a state of things would interpose between his friend and the object of his love.

"There are no difficulties superior to those I have already experienced. And you know that our people glory in difficulties; but there is a barrier which I would not attempt to overleap, even had my love met with a grateful return from Eugenie."

"What barrier, my friend?"

"Our peculiar national differences, which the sachem assures me were thus established by the Great Spirit, by which the different nations of the world are to be distinguished, and that it would be improper, if not contrary to nature, and sinful, to mingle the blood of the red man with the white."

I know you are equal to the task of overcoming this attachment, and am confident of your success, if you are disposed to make the effort."

"That effort has been already made," replied the prince, "from the moment that the sachem, who had discovered the true state of my heart, satisfied me of its impropriety."

"But Eugenie, will she not suffer greatly, in having unfortunately placed her affections, as you say, on another?"

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the prince; "but as all our loves for each other remain locked in our own bosoms, neither of us having declared it, there is a hope that when the lady Eugenie shall learn your attachment to Miss Katrine, that like me, she will resign her pretensions to an object which she can never hope to possess entire."

This discourse was interrupted by the appearance of a canoe that was rapidly ascending the river, and in which there appeared to be three persons, all of whom were laboring diligently with paddles for the purpose of expediting the progress of the frail vessel. As the boats neared each other, Diedrich distinguished his old friend, Romeyn Van Dondernoodle, with his father-in-law and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Krautzer.

"Something extraordinary must have occurred at Schenectady," said Diedrich, otherwise my old friends would never have ventured so far from home."

In a few moments the boats were side by side, and our hero received the dreadful intelligence of the destruction of Schenectady, by a party of Canuaga Indians, headed by a French officer with a large company of French. Diedrich was petrified. Mr. and Mrs. Krautzer were wringing their hands, and every now and then bewailing the loss of their daughter Margaret, and the dear lady Katrine.

"What of Katrine?" cried Diedrich, with such a start from the seat as had nearly precipitated the attentive prince into the river.

"Alas!" replied Madame Krautzer, "the Indians have carried them away, prisoners toward Montreal. Alas! my dear child! my dear lady!"

"Garangula," said Diedrich, "turn the canoe toward Canajoharie—guide her thither, and leave me to the indulgence of reflections that burn like blazing em-

ers at my heart. My friends, follow us!" Thus saying, he sank upon his seat, rested his elbow upon the gunwale, covered his brow with his hands, and was not heard to utter a word till the boats touched the landing from which they had departed in the morning.

The news of this dreadful disaster was received by the inhabitants of Canajoharie with the most heartfelt sorrow, and there were none who more deeply sympathized with the afflicted Diedrich, or that more deeply deprecated the treachery of the French on this occasion, than the Chevalier Dubourgh and his family.

The tocsin of war was again sounded, and in an hour three hundred brave warriors were prepared for the pursuit, including the cadets. The sachem volunteered his services, observing, that in a cause like this, it was righteous to take up arms, and to chastise the insolence of these hypocrites, who, under the name of "converts," were disgracing religion by making themselves parties to the unjust wars of the French. His offer was received with loud plaudits, for the Mohawks considered him the wisest and bravest warrior that ever led them to battle. Oghiogh-sheh politely tendered to this veteran the command of his army of cadets, which he accepted; and Black Kettle continued in the command of his old corps of tried veterans.

While the village exhibited a scene of active bustle and preparation, the inhabitants of the chief castle had an opportunity of hearing from Mr. Krautzer the particulars of the fate of Schenectady:—

"Squire Van Dervear, with his family, had arrived from New Amsterdam, though lost from Beaverwyck, with the bearer of the despatches from Holland to Diedrich, and had forwarded the communication to the Mohawks' village, while they were making preparations to receive him with appropriate honors.

"During these preparations, it was rumored that several skulking Indians were seen in the neighborhood; but no attention was paid to these rumors, as we supposed them to be friendly Indians; nor had we the means, if we had suspected them for enemies, to have made a successful defence, as there was no experienced officer in the town. In this fatal security, the enemy marched into the heart of the village without being discovered by any one, and raising the war-shout, entered the houses and murdered every person they met—men, women and children—and at the same time set fire to the buildings.

"Myself, Mrs. Krautzer, and my son-in-law, with a few of our neighbors, escaped to the woods, but not until we heard that my daughter and the lady Katrine, with whom she yet remained, had been carried away prisoners towards Montreal."

"What became of the parents of Katrine?" asked Manima.

"They were both murdered in her presence; after which, she was violently dragged, together with our daughter, to join the retiring army."

"Ah!" said Eugenie, "Heaven has been kind in restoring to me my dear parents; but alas! the dear Katrine can never more be restored to her's in this life;" and with Manima she shed tears of sympathy in behalf of this innocent and bereaved sufferer.

The warriors were drawn up before the castle in which the sachem and leaders were receiving the farewells of their respective families and friends; and as their march admitted of no delay, Diedrich eagerly demanded of the chiefs permission to form an advance party of half a dozen of the most active young warriors from among the cadets, which was readily acceded to; and Garangula, Oghiogh-sheh, Cannassatego, Shicalamy and Saristaguoh, eagerly stepped forward and awaited the signal for marching.

At that important moment, a stranger of very uncouth appearance, dressed in tanned deer leather, with a buffalo skin pack to his back, and a long-barrelled French musket on his shoulder, entered the list. The eyes of every one were turned upon the stranger. He approached Diedrich, and offered to lead them to the enemy's tents by a way that would ensure their interception.

"What security have we," asked Diedrich, "that you are not an enemy, and intend to decoy us into an ambuscade?"

"The sachem will be my security."

The sachem had recognized, by this time, an old and tried friend in the stranger. "It is Rawlee," he said, "and he can be trusted."

He was then cordially greeted by the elder warriors, who were proud to discover that he, whom they had long considered as dead, was still living, and although his countenance was furrowed with cares, and wrinkled with age, appeared to move as nimbly and as actively as any among the young volunteers.

"Let us march," said the stranger, "for the French have quarrelled with the Calnuagas, and have left them with disgust, marching onward towards Corlear's Lake; while the Indians, intoxicated with the rum which they found at Schenectady, are encamped at the foot of the hills near Saratoga, from whence the varmints wont budge a peg as long as there remains one pull at the kegs."

"Enough!" said Diedrich, "let us on, since every moment that is given to unnecessary delay, is an age of torture to the hearts of my friends."

The advance party voluntarily yielded the command to Diedrich, who now gave the signal for marching, and the little band were followed to the river by all the matrons and maidens of the village, who sung their farewell in the following strains:

"Go, warriors, go! like the bear in his might,  
For the owl hath awoke, where he sits on the spray;  
Go haste—while his signal is given—to the fight,  
Go haste, and the lightning will flash on the fray.  
Then onward, Onondagas thy battle cry be,  
Or victory, or death, is the watchword with me!

"We love thee, ah! yes, but it ne'er shall be said,  
That our love thy brave spirits should seek to restrain;  
For the sire of thy race would first see thee dead,  
Ere a Mohawk her son from the field would retain.  
Then onward, brave Mohawks, thy battle cry be,  
Or victory, or death, is the watchword with me!

"Rush, warriors, rush! like the cataract's sweep,  
Go rush on the foe, and proud conquest secure;  
Your mothers and sisters their vigils will keep,  
And behold you with triumph return—or no more.  
Then onward, brave warriors, thy battle cry be,  
Or victory, or death, is the watchword with me!"

"Cush it all!" said Romeyn Van Dondernoodle, who had followed behind the females; "if you call dish luff, to wish um tett, rather den not to gotten de victory, I war not tank any of em for such luffs as dat!"

"Why, Romeyn," exclaimed Manima, "is it possible that you are not among the brave advance, who are now marching to rescue your wife?"

"Ise not been use to de army; I can no keep up mit to lant-luppers; unt wen I war left pehint, cush it all, dem tevils war sebarin mine het mit a dommyhok."

"What will your dear Margaret think, should she be yet alive, when she sees you are not among her deliverers?"

"Why, my dear little clup knows dat I haf a mortal hatred to hair nifes, un powter, un let; tat I wol hab to take care of her fater un her mutter, who are too old to taken care for demshells!"

"Truly, Romeyn, I believe you are in the right not to march with yonder heroes, for one such as you might cause the defeat of a whole army! Come, then, return with us women, and guard the aged and infirm of the village!"

In an hour after the march of the advance, the main body, headed by the sachem and Black Kettle, crossed the river and pitched their bark tents a few miles beyond its eastern branch. After a short rest, the chief requested the sachem to acquaint him with the history of the guide who had attached himself to the party in advance—observing at the same time, that he had heard much of him, as an extraordinary man, but had never before seen him.

"It is some ten or twelve years since I have seen him," said the sachem, "but previous to that time, I had many opportunities of conversing with him, and found him, though very poor, inflexibly honest, strongly attached to our nation, but an inveterate enemy to the southern Indians, as also of the French."

"Of what nation is he?"

"He is an Englishman, and the only known survivor of the first adventurers, who, in concert with Sir Walter Raleigh, attempted to settle a colony at Roanoke, in North Carolina, sometime about the year 1585. He was an orphan lad of about ten years of age, when the knight received him as a cabin boy. He

knew nothing of his parents, or their name; whence Sir Walter named him after himself. With us he is called Rawlee.

"The southern Indians, who destroyed this infant colony of whites, spared the life of Rawlee, who soon after made his escape from them, as he was under an apprehension that they intended roasting him alive for the purpose of eating him. This idea, together with the recollection of their horrid barbarity to his countrymen, as also to nineteen females who were among the first settlers, so disgusted him, that he has never since been able to tolerate one of that nation.

"He was found by a party of Senekas, almost famished, and worn down with fatigue. They took care of him, and in process of time, by their kind usage, wore off much of that prejudice with which he had been inspired by the Warrasqueaks and Meherricks. The Senekas carried him to their chief settlement on the eastern side of the Cadaracqui Lake, where he remained well satisfied until he arrived at age. By this time, the French took possession of the Cadaracqui, and commenced hostilities against the Senekas. Rawlee, finding them equally barbarous to their Indian prisoners, by burning them alive, entertained an equal abhorrence for these, as for his former enemies.

"The Senekas, having confederated with the Five Nations, brought him with them to Onondaga, where I first became acquainted with him. He was not wholly reconciled to an Indian life, and became a trader. I found him serviceable on many occasions in my former wars with the Adirondachs. As he traveled on foot, with his musket and pack, from Beaverwyck to the frontiers of Canada, trading with the different tribes, he was capable of giving intelligence when there were symptoms of war existing among the vindictive nations.

"He is remarkable for his rigid honesty, and for excelling most Indians in traveling; not that he is swifter of foot, but he appears to possess an intuitive knowledge of the shortest and safest way from one place to another; hence he makes his own trail."

"Does he fight?" asked Black Kettle.

"Never, that I have heard of, though he is considered an excellent marksman; and we cannot suspect him of cowardice who for twenty-five years has traversed the entire territory of the Five Nations, and generally alone."

"He is a good guide for the young warriors, and will make a short trail for us," said the chief. To which the sachem replied there was no doubt on that subject.

One hundred of these brave youths, as soon as the sachem and the chief had ended their discourse concerning Rawlee, shouted the "Yo-hah-han!" and immediately took the trail of Diedrich, whose party had three hours' start of them.

As the day dawned on the following morning, Rawlee cried out—"To covert, lads! to covert! the enemy heaves in sight!" In an instant the cadets were

ambushed, and ready to annoy them as they were approaching in a very straggling march. Diedrich, at whose side Rawlee most commonly remained at every halt, indignant at the conduct of the French, was anxious to engage them openly. He was persuaded, however, by the latter to remain quiet until all the party had passed, in order to ascertain if there were any prisoners among them. "You may aim at the wolf," said he, "and kill the lamb."

"Enough!" said Diedrich, "I thank you for the hint—it is an important one."

It was readily perceived that the army of bush-loppers were chagrined and disappointed; they were abusing the Governor for employing the Cahnuaga Indians for their guide; "for," said they, "they are traitors to their own country, and ought not to have been trusted, and we were fools for risking ourselves with them."

"I could have borne all very well," said one of the officers, "if I could have obtained the shrieking little Dutch wench, for my prize."

"Which do you mean?" asked another.

"Why, the sweet little creature that was constantly calling upon some Dutch lubber by the name of 'Diedrich!'"

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Diedrich, in a low whisper to Rawlee, as the enemy were now almost upon them, "let me revenge her upon this unfeeling brute!"

"Save your powder and ball," said Rawlee, "for the savages—I owe the French a mortal grudge, and I will pay it to-day with interest. Let them pass; I will bring that fellow down at a hundred yards, with my Louis XIV. The French are a submissive nation, and obey the summons of their sovereign at a word!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Diedrich.

"Rawlee, touching his long-barrelled gun, said—"Here is King Louis XIV., and he never commands one of his subjects to reverence him without being instantly obeyed."

A smile forced itself through the grief of our hero. The last bush-lopper had now passed the ambuscade, when the guide directed him to attend to his manoeuvring. Each took their stand behind a tree.

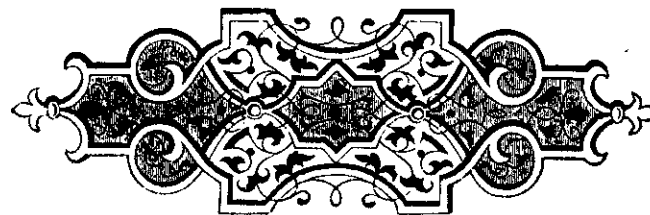
"Now, Diedrich," said the guide, "mark the officer in green and gold. Leave him for my special satisfaction. You will miss him, as your mind is agitated. Yes, yes! I owe that chap an old grudge; he was very insolent to me at Montreal; he cursed me for an English bastard—now mark how I will humble him!" At that instant Rawlee touched the trigger, and the officer bounded into the air with a piercing shriek, and fell to the earth a ghastly corpse. A ball from each of the cadets did like execution; and the French suspecting this to be, as it really was, the first scout, or advance army, made a precipitate retreat, and unfor-

tunately fell in with the cadets who were in the trail of Diedrich. These also put them to flight, killing many, and taking twenty-five prisoners.

Diedrich, unwilling to lose time in pursuing them, had a hole scratched in the earth, into which the bodies of the slain were thrown, and a mound of earth raised over them; by which delay the triumphant cadets effected a junction with their brave comrades.

"Let us halt," said Rawlee, "make one hearty meal, refresh our wearied limbs with two hours' sleep, and, my old carcass for it, if we don't slaughter the Maquas by dozens, and march home triumphant with all the prisoners!"

To this reasonable and flattering proposition, Diedrich could not object. At the appointed hour they were awoke by the watchful guide, and resumed their march with fresh vigor and increasing speed. At sun-rise, as the guide had predicted, they surrounded the encampment of the Indians, but not a creature of them were to be seen; and pursuit was rendered doubtful and difficult, as the trails which led from the camp-ground were in almost every direction. The heart of Diedrich sunk within him despite of all that Rawlee and Garangula could urge to elevate his spirits.



## CHAPTER XIV.

"——— I waked  
To find her, or forever to deplore  
Her loss; and other pleasures all abjure."

THE heart of Diedrich had, by this sad disappointment, abandoned every pretension to hope. "Rawlee," said he, "what prospects can you now possibly have of rescuing our unfortunate friends? As for me, I see none; for, turn my thoughts whichever way I will, there appears nothing but clouds and darkness, leading to despair."

"I confess," said Rawlee, "that I am somewhat staggered, and begin to think that these villainous Maquas have out-generaled me. They have emptied the rum kegs, however, and have left them where I had hoped to have found the carcasses of the vile varmints; but here are none; and, drunk as they were, they had cunning sufficient to stagger out of the way, and have left as many trails as there are points to the compass. Well, let the Maquas alone; they have the cunning of the very old sarpint to help them along. Sachem," continued he, "how do you advise?"

"Let the warriors be divided into as many squads as there are trails, and let each pursue the course marked by them. I have no doubt they will form a junction before the setting of the sun, as I suspect this is a stratagem of the enemy to elude our pursuit."

"That was wisely thought, my dear sachem, and it is a lucky thought; therefore let us put the plan into immediate execution, lest the varmints get upon the lake before we overtake them."

The company divided into ten squads, each of which pursued as many different trails as the crafty Cahnunagas had, in their hasty decampment, impressed upon the luxuriant grass of the forest, and which had not yet time to recover its former elevation from the rude tread of the retreating Indians.

Meanwhile the unhappy prisoners beheld the Indians emptying the last rum keg, over the contents of which they were growling like a pack of dogs upon a

newly-found carcass, or were eagerly crowding around it like an army of vultures over a carrion.

"It will soon be time, or never," said Adam Gottlieben to his anxious companions, "to put in practice some plan by which to effect our escape. The brutes will soon be wallowing upon the grass, incapable of resistance; their hatchets are hanging loose in their belts, and seem to invite us to retaliate upon these monsters the murder of our friends. You that are disposed to join in the execution of this plan for escaping from the further cruelties of these savages, be ready to follow my example."

"The chance is a desperate one," said Jacob Swindershevein; "we are but fifteen men, opposed to one hundred and fifty savages—one man against ten, is a fearful odds."

"Tut!" exclaimed Gottlieben, "one sober man is more than a match for twenty drunken Cahnunagas. Let each seize a musket in the left hand and a hatchet in the right, and speedily knock them on the head while they lie snoring on the ground unconscious of our designs, and incapable of resistance. We surely can despatch ten apiece! What if we fail in the attempt? The idea is dreadful—we shall be tortured in the most cruel manner by these fiends in human shape. If we succeed, we shall escape these tortures; but if we do not, we shall have our sufferings cut short in the act of attempting our escape. If we do not make the attempt, we deserve to suffer the punishment that awaits us; the fagots and the fire will soon kindle around us amid the exulting yells of the Indians."

Indecision appeared now to mark the debate which was carried on from man to man; while the unfortunate Katrine, together with Margaret, lamented that Diedrich was not there. "Ah!" said the latter, while she wrung her hands in an excess of agonized feeling, "would to Heaven that noblest of heroes was but here! I am sure he would, himself, bear us off in triumph from these stupid Indians, or lose his life in the attempt!"

"Too well am I convinced of that, my dear Margaret; but I confess that the bare idea of his risking his valuable life against such fearful odds, makes me rather inclined to forego the hope of his appearance, unless he comes at this important moment, while our enemies are thus insensible to all around them."

"Shame on these dastardly men, who are losing so much time in useless debate, instead of assisting to loose each others's bonds, and following the advice given us for our escape!"

"True, Margaret; but it is reasonable that they should reflect upon the act which involves the murder of so many human beings in cold blood, and that, too, while they are in a state of insensibility."



"Hang them, I say! they murdered our friends in cold blood, and if the men in our company had but the spirits of dog-fleas, they would revenge us and themselves on these savages!"

"Do you think it possible," asked Katrine, "for you to unloose the strings with which I am bound?"

"I will try with my teeth, and I will gnaw them asunder sooner than we should remain any longer in this cruel suspense."

Margaret now made a vigorous effort to set at liberty her esteemed companion. It was, however, the work of time, the thongs with which they were bound being of dressed deerskin. The men, finding these two females determined on an escape, began also to assist each other, and succeeded in unloosing their bonds; but now they discovered that their hands were benumbed and swollen, and that they were not able to grasp either musket or hatchet; their only alternative therefore was to escape into the thicket, and if pursued, to adopt the Indian plan of secreting themselves as well as they possibly could.

The intoxicating effect of the liquor did not remain equally long with all the Indians. Several of them were reviving at the moment when the prisoners made their escape. The first thing which they did was to search for more rum; they repaired therefore to the scattered kegs, and found them all emptied. This search led to the discovery of the flight of the prisoners, on which they made the forest ring with their horrid yells; and arousing the remainder of the party, they communicated the intelligence to them, which produced a scene of the utmost disorder, alarm and confusion. Aroused from a state of perfect stupidity, it is easy to conceive their inability to concert the necessary measures for recovering their loss. Hence, in the disorder and confusion into which they were thrown, they staggered different ways, and thus made various trails, that tended, as we have already seen, to puzzle the guide and leaders of the brave cadets.

The prisoners were equally alarmed and confused; not knowing precisely what course to steer, they fled, they knew not whither. Self-preservation was now the predominant principle of those who should have been the guides and protectors of the two helpless females among them; but alas! these were left in the distance, in a wild and trackless forest, and within sound of the repeated savage yells of a now desperate foe. O, shame to man! these were left to escape the threatening dangers as best they could; and soon the sinking Katrine saw, that beside her faithful Margaret, there were none—no, not one human being—to whom she could look up for assistance, in this perilous and trying hour.

Overpowered with fatigue, she sunk upon the ground, unable to proceed further. "My kind Margaret," said she, "you have not forsaken me; you have been good to me above all my friends; I am unable to proceed, and I feel that I owe it to your friendship to advise you by all means to save yourself by flight."

"What!" exclaimed Margaret, bursting into tears, "what! leave you, my dear suffering friend, in the hour of your greatest need, alone in this wilderness! O, no! never, never! I will remain with you, whether it be for life or death; it never shall be said that I have abandoned you in such a peril as this!"

"Amiable friend!" said Katrine, straining her to her bosom, "we are not alone; I feel that my heavenly Father is present with us! but go; go, and should you ever behold Diedrich, tell him——"

At that moment the bloody hand of a merciless savage was clapped upon her mouth, and the next instant Katrine and Margaret were captives.

"Thy will be done, O Heavenly Father!" said Katrine, and she unresistingly suffered herself to be again bound with her faithful friend.

The party of Indians who had recaptured our fair fugitives, were not of the "religious" or "praying" Indians of Cahnuaga, but a parcel of skulking, lazy fellows, who had separated from the Adirondachs and Quatoghies, and attached themselves to the former for the sake of obtaining indulgences in rum, of which the French traders usually supplied them in exchange for fur and other peltry. They were the deadly enemies of the Mohawks, and their faithful allies, the Dutch; and being now out of the sight and hearing of the Cahnuagas, they were resolved to wreak their vengeance on these innocent and helpless sufferers.

They came therefore to the speedy conclusion, that as there was a possibility of their being either joined by the "praying" Indians, who dared not permit them to destroy the lives of the white prisoners, unless condemned by the Council of the Nation, or that they might be pursued by the Mohawks on hearing of the destruction of Schenectady, in which case the prisoners would be a hindrance to their march, it was absolutely necessary to inflict upon them the usual tortures then in practice among them.

For this purpose they collected a large parcel of dry brush-wood; and selecting two sturdy saplings, they proceeded to secure Katrine to one and Margaret to the other, placing them with their faces toward each. The next piled the brush-wood closely around them—during which ceremony they continued humming, in a low tone, the favorite parts of their most celebrated death song.

The awful spark is now seen to issue from the collision of the flint and steel—the touch-wood is seen to smoke, and the destroying match to blaze. Our sufferers could see no more; they shrieked farewell to each other, and closed their eyes to all earthly objects, while they continued to hold fast that confidence with which Heaven had inspired them, and which in His mercy He had determined should not be taken from them.

A solemn silence, equalling the stillness of night, now succeeded to the hum and bustle of the horrid preparations. Two Indians were slowly approaching, one to each pile, with the blazing torch. The remainder were impatiently waiting the kindling blaze, to commence their dance around the victims.

In that instant a voice burst upon the ears of the savages that sunk upon their hearts, and threw them into a dreadful consternation! The next moment beheld Diedrich, and his noble cadets, in the midst of the enemy, dealing their heaviest and deadliest cuts with their hatchets!

The torch-bearers, alarmed, threw their torches on the pile and fled. Diedrich, perceiving the pile, but unconscious who the victims were, requested the sachem and his friends to keep the remaining army employed, while he, with Garangula, would endeavor to save the unhappy prisoners from the fire, which had now begun to blaze. Rushing therefore with speed to the fearful piles, these noble youths began to tear away the brush-wood. Diedrich happily succeeded in saving from the flames the being dearest to him upon earth; and when he had cleared away a sufficient parcel of the brush to recognize, in the victim of savage cruelty, his adored Katrine, he uttered a shriek of horror, mingled with exultation; and repeating the name of "Katrine!" in the most frantic accent, recalled her to life and to happiness. But Diedrich, in turn, became insensible to her endearing answer. He was unconsciously, but mechanically employed in removing the least and last particle of combustible matter from the sapling; he saw his Katrine in danger of the fire; he saw her bound to the tree; it overwhelmed his heart, and he became insensible to the shouts of victory behind him, and to the sound of the tongue which uttered to him—"Dearest Diedrich! Heaven hath given you to my prayers!" The next moment he mechanically cut the bonds which had secured her to the sapling; and rushing into each other's fond embrace, they were prevented from falling to the earth by the timely assistance of the sachem, who supported them in his arms.

The report of several muskets were heard near the scene of action; and just as Garangula had succeeded in joining Margaret to her friends, the voice of Rawlee was heard extolling Louis XIV. for humbling his subjects whenever he gave command!

"Did you ever see a Frenchman bow lower, than I made the rascally Maquas bow, at the pulling of my trigger? But what is all this?" said he, on arriving at the group that were surrounding Diedrich and his Katrine. "Ah! this is another kind of warfare, of which poor Rawlee is as ignorant as ever his friend the sachem was!"

"Aye!" retorted the sachem, "it is not too late yet for either of us, for neither of us, as yet, have passed our little climacteric. But let us think of some method for restoring the exhausted spirits of these excessively overjoyed friends."

"True," replied Rawlee, loosing his pack, and handing his musket to the sachem, "I have a bottle of real old Jamaica, which I have posted from Beaverwyck to Montreal and back again, many a time within the last twenty years. I keep it as a cordial, and I think it will prove a valuable one on this occasion."

"I wonder the Indians had not smelt it at your back, and pursued you like a pack of wolves to obtain it."

"Hang the Maquas!" replied he; "it was too precious a drop for their foul stomachs; common West India is good enough for them varmints; and I took good care to conceal this precious liquor in a buffalo skin cover." He then pulled out the beverage; and applying to the lips of Katrine the mouth of the bottle, he said—"Come, lady; drink to the better acquaintance of yourself and your noble deliverer."

The smell was of itself sufficient for this delicate female, and the quantity of a spoonful for her deliverer, both of whom awoke from their lethargy, to the solid and substantial certitude of happiness. Their first act was that of humble, hearty and sincere thanks to the Author of all good; the next, the equally sincere thanks to the brave associates of Diedrich.

Having recovered sufficient command of himself, Diedrich was called aside by one of the cadets, and informed of the death of the brave young chief, Oghioghsheh, who nobly fell in struggling with three of the hostile Indians; and proceeding to the fatal spot, he there beheld this valiant youth covered with wounds, his right hand still grasping the war-hatchet, and his left the hairy tuft of his last assailant. His three antagonists were lying inanimate beside him.

"Thou hast nobly but untimely fallen, my brave friend!" exclaimed Diedrich. "Thou hast sealed thy friendship with thy life. Alas! what remains for us now but to honor thee in thy death, as we loved thee in thy life? Oh! that thou hadst been spared—that my joys of this hour might not have been mingled with grief!" And turning to his brave associates, he said—"Prepare a litter for your noble chief, and let us convey his remains to the village, where he shall receive the honors due to so valiant a soldier."

The body of the departed chieftian being placed upon the bier, four cadets supported it by the direction of Diedrich and the guide. It was followed in mournful silence by the cadets, who occasionally relieved those who were conveying the corpse. Diedrich and the sachem supported the yet feeble Katrine, and Rawlee gave his brawney arm to Margaret.

We will now leave the mournful procession slowly advancing towards Canajoharie, and learn what is going forward in that important village.

One beautiful evening, a few days after the departure of Diedrich and his party for the rescue of the Schenectady prisoners, the Chevalier, Eugenie, Manima and others, were congregated at one of the chief castles, holding an animated conversation upon the topics of the day, when they were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Romeyn, who announced the arrival of "Squyre Stoovesant fon New Amshtertam, mit disatches for de Paron Ditrick!"

Manima, apologizing for her absence, hastened to communicate the intelligence to her mother; during which, the Chevalier inquired of Romeyn, "who and what was the person and character of the present visitor?"

"Vy," said Romeyn, "he is one riche mershund fon New Amshtertam, and is related do de Governair, an do de late Squyre Van Dervear; an he is one of de aghents for de Dicker West Inglin Company; and he ish pesides one very fine shentleman for a Dickerman. How I wish mine tear little chup, mit de laty Katreen, war here; dey wol make us laff all de time apout de shaunt to Rock-away; put I will go and pring him along, mit his plack man Gato, do de castle!"

In the interim, Manima returned with the request of her mother that the Chevalier would wait upon the stranger, and in the name of the Five Nations to welcome his arrival, and to invite him to a residence in the castle.

The Chevalier found several of the aged warriors at the gate, together with the Frenchmen, his late fellow prisoners, awaiting the message from the castle. They repaired, therefore, to the river, for the purpose of escorting that gentleman according to the etiquette of the nation.

Romeyn remained long enough to repeat to Manima what he had related to the Chevalier and his family, adding, "dat he war neffer mor schart in his life, dan ven de Squyre called his plack man Gato fon de ganoo; he war sure it war der tivel of de cup fon de plack pear dat hat squeezed his leetle chup almost to det on der Greenwood Eilant. Und I war opliged to laffen when I seed how he was frightent at de sight of de Inchins, unt I must co and see um to der castle!" So saying, he sped away to join the procession in their march to the landing.

"That is a strange character," said Eugenia, when Romeyn had left the apartment. "I could not understand one word in ten of his utterance. He certainly speaks a language difficult to be understood by any but his intimate acquaintances."

Here Manima explained his conversation, and also gave an abridged account of the bear adventure on Greenwood Island, which excited the laughter of Eugenia and Madame Dubourgh—at the expense, however, of the unfortunate Romeyn.

The Chevalier, in company with the old warriors, now ushered into the hall of the castle, Mr. Stuyvesant, who was introduced in form to the Queen, her daughter, and the rest of the ladies respectively. Romeyn remained at the entrance with Cato, the bearer of his master's portmanteau; and the looks of the terrified black, in the midst of so many surrounding Indians, both male and female, were truly expressive of surprise and terror. The Indians, also, in their turn, were equally surprised at his color, and could not be persuaded that he was any other than an Indian painted black, for some special purpose, and of this they intended to satisfy themselves the first favorable opportunity.

Mr. Stuyvesant was the bearer of despatches from the Governor of New Amsterdam to Baron Lansing, convening the General Council of which he was now an important member, to take into consideration the best means for defeating the designs of the French and their Indian allies, in their contemplated descent upon Schenectady, Beaverwyck and New Amsterdam.—The intelligence had been, however, received too late, as we have already seen; and Mr. Stuyvesant had arrived at Beaverwyck at the very time of the destruction of Schenectady, and found the inhabitants of the former place packing up in great haste and confusion, resolving to desert it and retire to New Amsterdam.

Having ascertained the melancholy fact of the murder of his relatives and the captivity of the lady Katrine, and that the noble Baron had accompanied the Mohawk warriors in pursuit of the enemy, he conceived it proper to repair to the castle at Canajoharie, where he would be ready to receive the Baron on his return, and discharge the duties of his mission.

Previously to his leaving Beaverwyck, he had, out of respect to his murdered relatives, apparelled himself in deep mourning, and in that dress was introduced to the Queen and her suit at the castle. His reception was gracious even beyond his most sanguine expectations; for the sachem, who had resided near the courts of England and France long enough to distinguish between the necessary and customary etiquettes of both courts, had not been deficient in communicating to their Indian majesties, his successors, and their attentive children, the most essential forms for receiving ambassadors and other official characters, in the style adapted to their respective ranks.

The graceful and easy manner in which her majesty, as regent in the absence of the chief king, received Mr. Stuyvesant, and the elegant addresses of Manima and Eugenie, who supported her as her maids of honor, so charmed this intelligent gentleman, that for a moment he considered himself as in the presence chamber of the royal Stadtholder of Holland, and bowed with a reverence to which he had not been accustomed since his arrival in North America.

The Queen, by words that were too sincere to be suspected as mere court phrases, assured him that he was cordially welcome to the castle of the King of the Five Nations; and as a proof of the esteem which the nation entertained for their allies, he, as their messenger, should reside in the Baron's apartments during his stay, where he should be served daily from the royal table.

"Your majesty overwhelms me with kindness," said the messenger,—"a kindness which increases my obligation, from the sincere and unequivocal manner of its expression."

"We have been taught," replied the Queen, "to receive our friends with an honest sincerity which admits of no misconception. You are, therefore, to consider yourself at home, while you remain in the castle of the Mohawks."

"With your majesty's permission," added the Chevalier, "we should be gratified by having Mr. Stuyvesant added to our mess."

"The air is not more free," said the Queen, "than is that gentlemen to determine for himself."

The preliminaries being all settled, the messenger requested leave to attend to the deposite of his portmanteau in the chamber allotted him, the Chevalier kindly offering to conduct him. Mr. Stuyvesant, with one of his politest bows, which at that age was termed the bow *entout*, as it was intended as a respect to all present, retired to his apartment.

The Queen and Madame Dubourgh also withdrew for the purpose of superintending the preparations for entertaining their honorable guest. And for the information of our European Queens, should any of them read this book—and of course they will—we take leave to add, that the native queens of North America, at this period, were not above attending to the domestic concerns of the family, but would even go so far as to plant and hoe their own corn; and that for this best of all reasons—that their consorts, forever engaged in hunting or wars, were either undable or unwilling to cultivate the soil. Hence, if the women also neglected to cultivate it, they were likely to suffer for the want of bread. Indeed, it is a marriage covenant made between the man and wife at the ceremony; that is to say, when any two are disposed to marry, Adam presents his intended Eve with a shoulder of venison, and if she approves of Adam, she gives him an ear of corn in exchange. From that moment, they are man and wife.

The meaning of these ceremonies may be stated thus:—"Eve, you seem to be desolate; you have no hunter to find you meat for your corn; you must, therefore, eat dry bread; and that is a hard and dry case, Eve. Will you have this shoulder of venison? If it please you, you know the terms upon which you can always have a little meat with your bread." Eve receives the venison, and gives in exchange an ear of corn, with which she adds:—"O, Adam! meat is sweet when there is a little bread added to it; but without bread, what is meat? It will soon become tasteless, and insipid; and without woman what is man? A poor solitary being, without a help-mate; and now, Adam, you know the terms upon which you can always have a supply of bread to your meat." The marriage ceremony is thus ended. But to return:

"Manima," said Eugenie, as soon as they were alone, what think you of our new inmate?"

"That he appears to be, what the sachem has taught me to expect—an accomplished gentleman."

At this moment, a runner arrived at the castle, with the pleasing intelligence that the warriors had returned to their encampment on the eastern side of the

river, where they would await the necessary preparations for their triumphant entry into the village.

Mr. Stuyvesant was for a while wholly forgotten by our fair friends, who almost confounded the runner with the number and rapidity of their questions:—"Is the lady Katrine with them?"—"Is her faithful Margaret safe?"—"Is the great chief, his son, Diedrich, the sachem—all—all safe?" And being answered in the affirmative, the joy of our young friends became excessive. Every individual at the castle, and, indeed, the whole village, were now in motion; and preparations having been made for the grand entry of the victors, a runner was despatched to inform Black Kettle that his royal consort and her suite were on the way to manifest their joy at the happy return of his majesty and his noble warriors.



## CHAPTER XV.

"Deck'd be his tomb with ever-verdant bays,  
And statues to the hero's memory raise;  
High on the splendid list of deathless fame  
Inscribe the patriotic soldier's name."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Who can such woes relate without a tear,  
As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?"

THE Queen, with her two maids of honor, having arrived at the gates of the castle, two aged sachems and two venerable warriors made their obeisance and headed the procession. Twelve young squaws, arrayed in their finest attire, with their heads ornamented with feathers, and their wrists and ankles with various colored beads, neatly interwoven with threads, in the form of bracelets, and their faces highly daubed with red paint, followed the van. Next, her Majesty and the princess; then Madame Dubourgh and the lady Eugenia; next, the Chevalier and Mr. Stuyvesant. Twelve more young squaws, decorated as the former, followed; and the rear was formed of the French and the remaining inhabitants of the village, who followed in regular order. Among these, the doughty Romeyn Van Dondernoodle and Cato, were not among the least conspicuous. Romeyn was overjoyed at the prospect of again meeting with his "tear leetle chup;" for, despite of his cowardly qualities, he was at heart an affectionate creature, and danger aside, there was no husband in the village that would venture more to serve his wife than would Romeyn.

The procession soon reached the river, in view of the encampment of warriors, who exchanged the loud and reiterated "Yo-hah-hans!" with the exulting inhabitants, and immediately commenced their passage across the river in their canoes. The remains of Oghiogh-sheh were first landed and delivered to his parents, to be prepared for the customary national obsequies.

At the landing of the chief, in company with the sachem, Diedrich and his lovely companion, a universal burst of joy evinced to them how truly, how sincerely welcome was their return to their friends. The Queen and her affection-

ate daughter clasped Katrine alternately to their bosoms, and introduced her to the Chevalier and his rejoicing family, as an acquaintance worthy of their cultivation. Katrine, supported by Diedrich, recognizing her relative, immediately welcomed him, and made him acquainted with her noble friend.

Congratulations, succeeded by offers of condolence, became now general; after which, a procession was formed, which returned to the castle amid the shouts and exultations of the inhabitants. The remainder of the day was given wholly to feasting and rejoicing. The next was intended for mourning and lamentation.

The body of the lamented young chief was dressed in the most splendid manner that the abilities of the nation, and the remoteness in which they lived, admitted. He was equipped, as if preparing for a hunting excursion, with his buffalo skin cap profusely decorated with feathers—his hunting-shirt and other clothing corresponding. His belt was fastened around his-waist, and his glittering tomahawk securely fastened therein; a pipe, or calumet of peace, was secured in his right hand, as an offering to Podar, the spirit of the winds. There were also numerous strings of wampum—the current money among the Indians. Besides these strings, various belts, furnished by his parents or their friends, were added, that he might, in his journey to Ronama, form an alliance with the different tribes through whose territories he might pass.

At the appointed time, the inhabitants began to assemble at the castle of Onughsowughton, the venerable father of the deceased, who received them with a solemn and sincere welcome.

When Black Kettle arrived, every eye was turned towards him. He held in his hand an uncommonly magnificent belt of wampum, which had been prepared for the solemn occasion by Manima, assisted by Katrine and Eugenie, and approaching the sonless parent, said:—

"Brother Onughsowughton!—By this belt, wipe away the tears from the eyes of your wife, whose son hath been killed in battle; comfort yourself, for he hath nobly fallen in a glorious cause. By this belt, likewise, we wipe away the paint from our faces, for a great chief hath fallen. The prop of the castle of Onughsowughton has been cut down like the proud oak of the forest; but the Five Nations shall supply a son to thy desolate castle from among the prisoners they will hereafter obtain, when the strawberries shall be in blossom." And giving the belt to the aged chief, he concluded with the words—"This belt confirms my speech!"

The body, placed upon a litter prepared for the purpose, and supported by four cadets, was silently conveyed to the place of interment, followed by the parents; next to whom, Diedrich and Katrine, in whose cause he had fallen, followed as chief mourners; next, Black Kettle and his family. The sachem and Rawlee, Mr. Stuyvesant with the Chevalier and his family, all followed as sec-

ondary mourners; and lastly, the French residents, and all the inhabitants, according to custom.

The place of interment was a round hole, dug deep enough to receive the body in an erect position, yet with sufficient room to allow the deceased a chance of sitting down to rest. The corpse being placed therein, and his wampum, pipe and other articles, deposited with the body, large timbers were placed across the hole, to prevent the mound of earth, which they raised above it, from pressing against the body. When these timbers were laid in their respective places, and the mound began to rise, the sachem approached the grave and said, in a tone of subdued emotion:—

“Brothers!—We have beheld for the last time the face of the great chief whose body has been consigned to earth. We have beheld him in battle defending his country’s rights, and we had reason for being proud of such a soldier. We have heard him in the councils of the nation, and rejoiced in his wisdom. But he has fallen—yes, nobly fallen—covered with imperishable honors. It hath pleased the Great Spirit to call him to himself, but let us believe that this is not the end of his life. No, Brothers; it is now your Oghiogh-sheh is born, who dies in so much glory!”

Diedrich, approaching the disconsolate parents, said—“Father, mother, I will be to you a son; and as far as circumstances will permit, I will supply the place of my late valued friend.”

Katrine, following the example of her noble lover, added—“It is but right that, as your son lost his life in bravely defending mine, I should be adopted as your daughter.”

The chief Onughso-wughton, embracing Diedrich, presented him with the belt which Black Kettle had given him as a pledge, and which was the proof of his proud adoption of our hero; while the weeping mother, Thurensara, embracing Katrine, placed her hand upon her heart, as a token of her joyful acceptance of their offer.

The mound being completed, the relatives and friends gave a last lingering look upon the mournful pile, and turning toward the village, measured back their steps in slow and solemn silence.

“It is an awful and solemn scene, even in an Indian burial,” said Rawlee to the sachem, after they had proceeded some distance from the grave. “I don’t know how it is, sachem, but I have always felt an unwillingness to be present at a funeral, ever since I was a child; and this unwillingness, spite of my reason, has grown up with my growth, and has been matured with my years. Indeed, so strangely has it influenced me, that I have thought, if the thing were possible, I should not like to be at my own funeral.”

“That is, indeed, a strange idea,” replied the sachem; “but can be accounted for upon no other principles than those of a lurking superstition, which is natural to most persons, although it seems to be latent or hidden, even from themselves.”

On the return of the party from the funeral, Diedrich, consigning Katrine to the care of his friends, informed Mr. Stuyvesant that he should be ready to attend to the business of his visit, at the castle of his adopted father, Onughso-wughton, on the morning of the following day.

Katrine reluctantly parted from our hero; but satisfied of the necessity as well as the propriety of the measure, she took Mr. Stuyvesant’s arm, who conducted her to the castle of the great chief, in company with the rest of the household.

“Cousin,” said Mr. Stuyvesant, when they were somewhat out of the hearing of the company, “you have made a happy selection in choosing the Baron for your companion.”

“To what do you refer?” asked Katrine, hastily; “not his lately-acquired title and fortune, I hope?”

“By no means, my dear cousin. These, compared with his native excellence and dignity, are but trash. The fact is, he was born a nobleman, and inherited from nature what fortune had for a long time denied him, but what she has been at last, from a sense of justice, obliged to award him.”

“I told you,” she said, “that it required only to know him to esteem him.”

“Oh, yes,” replied he, “I am certain that if the impression which so slight an acquaintance has made upon me, should increase with our future intercourse, why, really, I shall be over head and ears in esteem for him; and truly, if you had not been my relation, I should almost wish myself to have been in your place.”

“Ah,” said Katrine, “it is better as it is!”

“Yes, yes; I’ll be bound you think so; and indeed, my dear cousin, I think so, too; for I anticipate a happiness for us both in the contemplated union and relationship, which I am well convinced we should neither of us have enjoyed without it. Strange that he should be the only one of my sex that has ever made so warm an impression of friendship upon my heart, from his first welcoming look and expressions.”

“I hope, for all our sakes,” said she, “that these sentiments may be improved and matured to our mutual satisfaction.”

“Oh, there can be no doubt of that, my dear cousin; and, that we may be often together, I intend to purchase from the chiefs a tract of land adjoining the Baron’s, and then—”

“And then what?” asked Katrine.

"Should I be so happy as to find a female as accomplished, as lovely, as obstinately faithful, as—— a certain relation of mine,—"

"Come, come, cousin; no compliments of that kind; they are both unnecessary and painful."

"O! but they are sincere. Indeed, there is no flattery in them."

"Have you not met with one in the flourishing city of New Amsterdam?—Surely there are numerous young ladies of high attainments there."

"Truly, there are; but I must confess that I have never yet felt a sentiment for one of these, beyond that of social regard; and if I happened to think or feel that there was something like a preference for my partner, as I was leading her down a contra-dance, or while I was refreshing her with syllabubs after her fatigue, it all wore off before morning, and I felt as indifferent for her as for all the rest."

"You have, perhaps, never yet met with a kindred soul, whose attractions would have riveted you to it forever."

Mr. Stuyvesant sighed deeply. "Yes; I have been in the company of two such souls."

"And never lost your heart?"

"Oh, yes; with the first I lost it, until I was informed she was deeply in love with another object. I then rallied all my powers, and succeeded in shaking off the little dangling tormentor, and took friendship to supply its place."

"But the second," asked Katrine, "what have you done with that?"

"Why, of a truth, cousin, when I received the fatal look from her soul-subduing eyes, I threw mine toward the floor. I felt afraid to return her look, not knowing but she, too, might be in love with another object, and that I should have the same painful task to subdue my attachment as with the first."

"I sincerely hope you will be more fortunate in this latter case; and in the event of your being so, I shall certainly congratulate you for being in the true road to domestic happiness."

"That is," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "provided there is a mutual and equal reciprocity; and if not, why, I would sooner take a trip to Lethe, than be united to a cold, heartless and loveless companion for life."

"It is a pity," returned Katrine, "that all marriages are not founded upon that only basis, reciprocity of affection. However, as you have determined on this for yourself, I think there can be no danger of your marrying one without it."

"No, never! with my own consent, I assure you."

The company having now assembled in the great hall of the castle, the conversation, from being private, became general.

"It is my father's pleasure," said Manina, approaching her friend, "to send a deputation to Beaverwyck, to offer the sincere condolence of the Five Nations for the late melancholy catastrophe at Schenectady; and to convince you, my dear Katrine, how deeply he sympathizes with you in particular, and his beloved

allies, your countrymen, he has resolved on punishing this treacherous design of the French in the most exemplary manner. He is now consulting with the sachem and the Chevalier upon the subject, and the day after to-morrow is proposed for the deputation to proceed in canoes to that place."

"I feel very sensibly, my dear friend, the kind intentions of the valiant chief, your father; indeed, I may extend my grateful expressions to the whole nation, to whom we have been deeply indebted since our arrival among them, for their generous friendship and protection."

During this conversation, a message arrived from Diedrich, requesting Rawlee to call at the castle of Onughsowughton, which he readily acceded to; and while our friends were listening with interest and delight to the solid remarks of the sachem, Diedrich was devising means for securing to this faithful Englishman a permanent home, and a competency for the remainder of his life. The intelligent Rawlee was gratified on finding that he was to be the steward of the Baron's household, where he was secure of spending the evening of his days in the midst of these dear friends; among whom he promised himself the happiness of often enjoying the company and conversation of his esteemed sachem.

On the following day, the chief summoned the deputation to be prepared for their departure for Beaverwyck, to offer the condolence of the Five Nations for the late massacre at Schenectady. They were therefore busily employed in preparing beaver skins and wampum for the performance of this national ceremony. Mr. Stuyvesant was closeted with Diedrich the greater part of the day, examining the official papers and documents which pertained to his wealth and title, and which in fact demanded his personal presence in Holland, that he might have those titles and honors confirmed, and himself legally recognized by the Stadtholder and his States-General,—a kind of council or parliament.

It was agreed between them, that it would be proper to decline being present with lady Katrine while the ceremonies of the solemn condolence of the Five Nations were performing at Beaverwyck; and that hence they would defer their voyage south until the return of the deputation, by which time, it was hoped, she would be better reconciled to the severe loss, and be thus enabled to visit Schenectady when the deputation, who generally buried the dead, had rendered its appearance less appalling to its visitors. This determination being communicated to the inmates of the chief castle by Mr. Stuyvesant, a general joy pervaded each bosom. And Katrine was not among the last to perceive that a kind and considerate regard for her present situation had actuated her beloved Diedrich to suspend the high honors to which he was now called, for the sole purpose of preserving her from the melancholy scenes which the home of their infancy would present in its ruins, and the mangled bodies of her parents and friends. And she was further gratified on learning that proper directions had been given with regard to their bodies; that at a future time the necessary funeral rites were to be afforded them by her faithful and considerate lover.



## CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh! love, imperious love! I feel thy power,  
And strive in vain to rid me of thy yoke;  
Thou hast chained 'thy martyr to his bed of straw,'  
And when shall he be 'lifted up to heaven,'  
And share those joys unmingled with despair?"

THE inhabitants had seen the deputation embark on board the little fleet of canoes for Beaverwyck, and were slowly returning in select groups from the landing.

The chevalier, his family and Manima, seemed chained to the sachem; they were only fully satisfied when enjoying his company and conversation. True, they properly appreciated the rest of the company, particularly Diedrich and Prince Garangula; but whenever their excited minds were turning in quest of religious subjects—as they often did—they looked to the sachem as one almost inspired, and hence duly qualified to correct erroneous impressions, if any existed, with regard to that which constitutes vital piety and evangelical religion.

But the sachem was soon called to discuss a subject not wholly foreign to religion, but of a complexion somewhat different—it was to descant on love; and the reader will perceive the wonderful art of the little blind tormentor, in shifting the affections from objects that are placed beyond the reach of lovers, to those that are within the limits of possibility; thereby verifying the remark, that "the heart, when it absolutely loses hope, loses in part its pain; not, perhaps, in every instance, but in most; and where love is the passion, whenever a new object is found, that by any concurrence of circumstances becomes interesting, the former is presently forgotten—at least so far forgotten as not to be remembered with the same restless and tormenting sensations."

The lovely Eugenie began to discover, soon after the arrival of Mr. Stuyvesant, that *that* which she had considered to be love for Diedrich, to be nothing more than friendship and gratitude; and she therefore readily concluded that she

should run no risk of forfeiting her share of "the holy constancy of woman," were she even to love Mr. Stuyvesant—provided, however, she always continued faithful to her friendship and gratitude for her deliverer.

Manima, although she had always entertained the most exalted opinion of the character of the sachem, and was, moreover, well pleased with his person, the idea of his being an object of her love, never once entered her mind—at least, never once while she thought of Diedrich in that light—but the moment that the certainty of his attachments being unaltered for Katrine, then, indeed, she very prudently thought that if she could enjoy so much happiness from the instructions of the sachem, at distant intervals of time, she would certainly enjoy a greater share of happiness, if the instructions and the instructor were altogether her own.

"And why not?" she would say to herself, "he is a sachem,—he has been a great chief—I am no more than the daughter of a chief, and might have been but for his tender care, still wedded to my heathenish superstitions. And surely," continued she, "I owe him a debt of gratitude, which even the giving him myself would not more than repay!"

The brave Garangula lost, in his prospect of honor, the attachment he had formed for Eugenie. He was destined to supply the place of the renowned Black Kettle; and to qualify himself for that important station, he applied his mind most assiduously to the pursuits most adapted to that purpose. He was, however, to accompany his early friend to Europe in the following spring—preparatory to which voyage the sachem was frequently engaged in giving him the most suitable instructions for his conduct and government in the courts of Europe.

Yet let it not be supposed that this transfer of affections, if they could be properly thus termed, lessened in any degree the friendly dispositions and feelings of the parties. The truth is, it rather cemented them more closely to each other, by unfolding to each the actual and undisguised state of their hearts, producing attachments that ended but with their lives.

Diedrich, with Mr. Stuyvesant, had retired after dinner to the present abode of the former, in order to complete the examination of the numerous documents connected with the mission of the latter gentleman. It appears that the States General had received information of a design, on the part of England, to establish a colony in New England, in addition to that which had been previously settled at Plymouth; and the agents of the Dutch West India Company, on the receipt of this intelligence from Holland, felt themselves bound to protest against this measure, as an innovation upon their chartered rights. On the other hand, the contemplated descent of the French from Canada, had added to their alarm, and occasioned the Governor to convene a general council for deliberating on measures for counteracting the hostile designs of both.

The French having failed in the prosecution of their designs further than the destruction of Schenectady, and their army having returned disheartened, there was nothing to fear from that quarter, at least during the present year—for the summer was now far advanced—and the winter would lock up all their rivers in ice and their forests in snow. The English were, therefore, the only enemies they had to fear, and these were at so great a distance that it would be some time before they could be prepared to take possession of the land in question.

It was considered, therefore, proper, and particularly so on account of Katrine, that their voyage should be postponed, at least until the customary respect had been paid to the remains of her parents, and that a messenger should be despatched to New Amsterdam to communicate these particulars to the Governor and council. Rawlee was appointed to be the bearer of these despatches, and Romeyn was to accompany him to Beaverwyck, where he was to charter a sloop and seamen for the voyage, and of which he was to be the commander.

During these political discussions among the gentlemen at the castle of Onughsowughton, a discussion of a more delicate nature was going on at the castle of Black Kettle among the ladies, who it appears had concerted a scheme for drawing the sachem—to whom they looked up as an oracle—into an expression of his sentiments with regard to matrimony. They had, therefore, embraced the opportunity which the absence of the gentleman afforded them, of gratifying themselves on this important topic. The sachem expressed his views and opinions at some considerable length, in his usual eloquent manner, and to the entire satisfaction of his fair auditors. At the conclusion of his remarks, Diedrich and Mr. Stuyvesant were announced, and the ladies were suffused with blushes as these gentlemen entered the room.

Mr. Stuyvesant, having cast his eyes upon Eugenie, concluded that he had never before beheld a more lovely being. His first impression was confirmed; it must be confessed—excuse us, ladies; authors should tell the truth—she looked toward him with a kind of inquiring, at the same time inviting look, which seemed to say—if he possesses the requisites as essential in a good husband, I should not hesitate to accept his proposals—that is, if he makes any; and this uncertainty served but to heighten her blushes, and to increase her confusion; which, if this had not been the case, she might have read in the eyes of her vanquished lover, that he was actually making her these first advances in love.

As it was, the little blind tyrant, as he has been rather improperly termed—but we may be permitted to think, rather, the little tyrant who blinds the eyes of lovers—was playing a deep game in more hearts than one of the company. With respect to Diedrich and Katrine, let us imagine “a happiness so perfect that pleasures would disturb, not increase it.” They had passed by those moments when their sick souls pined so painfully for one tone of each other’s voice

—one look of that beloved face—that it seemed then as though they could not live unless these yearnings were gratified.

The sachem having retired soon after the entrance of Diedrich and his friend, Katrine and Eugenie were both lavish in their praises of him. The elegance of his person, the nobleness of his mind, entitled him to their esteem and veneration; and Eugenie even expressed her regret that he had never married, for happy indeed must be that woman whose destiny it was to have such a husband.

It is said that “love, though it cannot live without some food, will most accommodatingly live on a little. The very mention of a name enshrined in the innermost recesses of the heart, will vibrate with pleasure to its sacred dwelling-place; and when to this is added the praises of the beloved object, a chord is touched which rings ten thousand changes, each sweeter than the last.” This was actually the case with Manima; she was highly gratified with the praises bestowed upon her dear sachem, but she was prudent enough to conceal her emotions from the observations of all present.

During the period of the stay of our friends at the Mohawks’ castle, their time was divided between business and amusements of the most rational and innocent nature. Sayad and her amiable daughter had so won upon the affections of the Chevalier and his family, that their regrets for the loss of their plantation at La Chine, were wholly absorbed in the unalloyed happiness which they now experienced among their new friends, and they determined to become citizens of New Netherlands.

Although Mr. Stuyvesant made no positive advances towards lady Eugenie, it was obvious to all the inmates of the castle that love had taken effectual root in their hearts, and that it would in time be productive of their union. His attentions towards this young lady evidently indicated a preference to her, while to others it was of that kind and obliging character for which this gentleman, as we have before observed, was so justly distinguished. The Chevalier and his lady were highly pleased with the prospect of their daughter’s forming an alliance with a family so highly respectable and so pre-eminently good.

The sachem, having witnessed the happy restoration of a lost daughter to her parents, and of a captive female to her lover, and perceiving them to be in the full enjoyment of happiness, considered it necessary to return to his favorite cavern on the margin of the lake. For several days he had designed to communicate this intention to his friends, but had been prevented by an unusual and indescribable sensation at his heart, which, on every effort to announce his intended departure, seemed to signify that it was “time enough yet.” In his endeavors to account for this uncommon phenomenon, which seemed to laugh at all his philosophy, he ascertained that these suggestions for delaying his departure were always accompanied with the image of the princess presented to his imagination;

that with this image he was invariably impressed with the most pleasing emotions; and that when he had obtained the consent of his will to prevail on his desire to suspend this journey, these emotions were always increased by his own involuntary approbation.

Having thus analytically examined the constituent influences that governed his present feelings, he very readily reduced them to their first principles, and in an exclamation of surprise, he determined himself to be verily and truly in love! Having ascertained this fact, he was determined to use the most rigid candor towards the princess, who he was now to consider in a light different to any in which he had heretofore viewed her.

There is a secret power in woman, "which, like the invisible air awakening the Æolian harp, draws all its music from the soul of a loved object. Like the sounds of that magic harp, it is wild and mournful, but still it is sweet." The princess possessed this power; the witching music of her voice had touched its kindred chord in the heart of the sachem, and hence their hearts were in perfect unison.

"Thou hast vanquished a heart," said he, when first meeting her alone, "that has hitherto yielded to no mortal. Yes, Manima, you have subdued a heart that has triumphed over every previous attack of love. I feel the influence of your power over it, and I am candid in its avowal. I know not if my attachment for you is reciprocated. If it is not, use the same candor in declaring your sentiments, that has urged me to the acknowledgment of mine."

"The confidence with which you have inspired me," replied the princess, "enables me to declare without hesitation those sentiments. It will be needless for me to say how highly you have been always appreciated; your own observation, aided by a discriminating judgment, must long since have convinced you that you were considered by me as an inestimable friend—yes, the friend of my soul! Nor will I shrink from the task of confessing to you, that the attachment which you have avowed for me, is most cordially and cheerfully reciprocated."

"Most noble Manima!" said the sachem, when she had concluded, "this candor is worthy of you. It is a proof that we have not yet degenerated into the vices of refinement, which sanctions evasion, subterfuge, and all their concomitant evils, in matters of this important nature, inflicting innumerable and unnecessary pangs in the hearts of beings, whose interests and desires are to render each other happy. I must now inform your parents of our intended union, and then prosecute my journey to the cavern; when, having arranged my papers and books, I shall return to the completion of that union, which, it appears to me, is fully sanctioned of Heaven."

Black Kettle and his amiable consort were enraptured with the proposals of the sachem; it was a match accordant with their sanguine desires for the happiness

of their daughter—assuring him, at the same time, that they acknowledged themselves indebted for the preference he had given to their family.

Garangula was in company with the young friends, when the match was announced by the Queen to Madame Dubourgh, in a kind of high-key whisper.

"Yo-hah!" exclaimed he, rising from his seat, "the sachem has not forsworn the Indian mode of courting! Excuse me, my friends; I am anxious to take a peep at the new lovers," and he dashed out of the room with as great velocity as he had done on the road to Montreal—which recalled to Eugenie the events of that painful moment, and she secretly wished, that as all the parties were supplied with lovers except her brave and generous conductor, fortune would throw in his way some deserving female, that he, too, might share in the general joys which, from every appearance, they were all soon to experience.

The following morning, the sachem and Garangula took their departure from the castle, with the promise of returning with all the expedition which the nature of their errand would admit. Ten days were limited for their return, during all which time, the inmates of the castle experienced a sensible deficiency of their late animated conversations—an increase of *ennui*—in short, they all felt as if the spirit of their life had forsook them at the moment of the departure of their justly esteemed sachem.

Diedrich and Mr. Stuyvestant made many attempts to rally the spirits of their companions, but these attempts were, from some unaccountable cause, unavailing.

"It is certainly true," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "that in all societies there is a character whose talents and influence are superior to all the rest; and this is known from the voluntary homage that is afforded him from these, and to which respect he is certainly entitled by nature. The effect of the absence of our sachem, is a proof of his superior talent and influence, in our society, for we perceive that it has occasioned a material change in the looks and manners of all present."

"That is because the sachem is justly and universally loved by us all," observed Katrine, "and it is natural for us to regret the absence of those we love."

"Which readily accounts for the change in our looks and manners," said Eugenie, "as we are too honest to hide our regrets by forced smiles, while our sorrows are pursuing absent friends."

"I confess," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "that I envy the good sachem the profusion of happiness that he appears to enjoy in the esteem and admiration of such valued friends. Could I flatter myself with so much, it appears to me that I could make no sacrifice too great to obtain it."

"My dear cousin is actually in the way to obtain it," said Katrine.

"In what manner?" demanded Mr. Stuyvesant.

"The sachem is a learned and experienced teacher," replied she, "and I know my cousin to be an apt and industrious scholar."

"I warrant," said Diedrich, "that if my friend will submit to the instructions which you ladies have received from that great master, he will report progress by the time of his return."

"Well," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "I am both ready and willing to submit. So, ladies, I place myself under your care—be pleased to commence your instructions."

"Our instructions will consist of questions and answers, which combine both theory and practice; for the sachem has taught us that theory without practice, is like faith without fruits. Now permit me, my dear cousin, to demand of you—What is the first duty of man?"

"To love, to venerate and to adore, with his whole heart and soul, his Creator and Redeemer."

"But how do you prove this love to your Maker?"

"By being obedient to all his divine commands."

"What is the second duty of man?"

"To love his neighbor as himself."

"But who is your neighbor?"

"All that are within the reach of my influence and my actions."

"In what manner do you prove your love to your neighbor?"

"By doing unto them as I would they should do unto me, were I placed in their situation."

"Do you consider females to be among your neighbors?"

"Certainly."

"But perhaps you consider them inferior to your male neighbors?"

"By no means; I certainly consider many of them to be superior."

"What is the duty of husbands to their wives?"

"Next to their Creator, to love, to honor and to cherish them."

"He is a hopeful scholar," whispered Eugenie to the princess.

"I believe," replied the latter, "he is not only a hopeful scholar, but also a good Christian."

"How would you prove your love to your wife—that is, if you had one?"

"Should I ever be so happy as to obtain one," said he, casting a hasty glance at Eugenie, "why, the ladies—why, I—confess, that to prove my love to her, I ought at least to consider her my equal, and by thus respecting her, I should in fact respect myself; for I do really consider it one of the most absurd inconsistencies in nature, and a reproach to our sex, in considering them not only our equals before marriage, and even to believe them to be our superiors; but after which, they are treated, in too many instances, no better than menials."

"Do you verily and truly believe that you would have both candor and resolution enough to continue toward her all your life, the same affectionate language and treatment, that characterized the period of your courtship?"

"I verily believe it is the design, as well as the wish, of every sincere lover, that the affection he feels at the beginning of his love, should not only remain, but increase with his life. But alas! there are too many examples which seem to prove that 'marriage is the annihilation of love,' and this accounts in some measure for the unhappy change in the conduct and deportment of husbands towards their wives."

"We will close the first lesson," said Katrine, "in which you have acquitted yourself to our satisfaction, imposing it, however, as a task for your second lesson, that you seriously and earnestly set about the cultivation of those qualities in your nature that will enable you to make a good husband and true, whenever it shall be the royal will and pleasure of the little blind monarch to honor you with the approving smiles of the fair object of your affections;" on saying which, she cast her eyes toward Eugenie, who, as instantly as she observed the archness of her look, buried her head in the bosom of the lovely Manima.

Mr. Stuyvesant, perceiving the kind intentions of his amiable kinswoman, and the confusion of Eugenie, respectfully bowing, took the arm of Diedrich and retired to afford her an opportunity of recovering from those blushes, which, though she endeavored to conceal them as they glowed upon her cheeks, were plainly visible as having changed the alabaster white of her neck to the rose's crimson.

The tenth day expired, and Manima was unhappy. Her adored sachem—her loved brother had not yet arrived; and such was the character of the friendship that united these sincere friends to each other, that they might be literally said to share equally each other's joys and sorrows.

On the eleventh morning, Black Kettle, taking Diedrich aside, communicated to him his fears that some accident must have befallen their friends, who else would have assuredly returned at the time appointed. "I fear," said he, "that the traitorous Maquas have been loitering in the forests for the purpose of surprising some of our hunters." The suggestion rushed through the mind of Diedrich, as lightning down the stricken tree.

"Noble chief," said he, "there is not a moment to be lost. Do you remain to comfort and protect our females. Do not communicate either your fears or my designs, and leave the management to me."

He then immediately sought the presence of Katrine, and cautiously communicated to her his design of going toward the lake for the purpose of meeting their friends; and that the inmates of the castle might not suspect the nature of his absence, he added that he would be accompanied by a chosen band of his faithful cadets, who would amuse themselves on their return, by hunting deer.

Having received the reluctant farewell of his loved, his betrothed Katrine, he took leave of his friends with a smile that completely prevented their detection of the fears that agitated his feeling bosom. Mr. Stuyvesant expressed a desire to accompany him, but our hero playfully told him he must remain to con over his lesson on the duty of man, and make himself perfect in the art of obtaining and forever retaining, the love, the esteem and the admiration of lovely woman.

"Cousin," said Mr. Stuyvesant, when Diedrich was out of hearing, "heaven blessed you with the noblest heart that ever pulsed in man, when it bestowed upon you the heart of your Diedrich." Katrine blushed, and was silent.

Our hero, repairing to the castles of the chiefs, marshaled in less than half an hour the whole corps of his brave cadets. He directed ninety of them to depart from the village in different directions, avoiding the chief castle, and to meet him at their late encampment on the east side of the river with their canoes, in the course of an hour. With six young chiefs he passed the castle, saluting the inmates with martial honors, accompanied with loud "Yo-hah-hans!" and received in return the honors of the fair, in the waving of their white handkerchiefs, and the gentle and affectionate farewells of their lovely waving hands. Poor Cato was so terrified at the Indian "Yo hahs," that he had wedged himself into the hollow of a tree in front of the castle, where he was traced by his groans, and from which stowing away, he was with considerable difficulty extricated.



## CHAPTER XVII.

"But the horrors of that fight,  
Were the weeping muse to tell,  
O, 'twould cleave the womb of night,  
And awake the dead that fell  
There the mighty poured their breath,  
Slaughter feasted on the brave;  
'T was the carnival of death,—  
'T was the vintage of the grave!"

AMONG the Indians who had made their fatal descent upon Schenectady, there were several who formerly belonged to the Five Nations—native Mohawks—who had been brought over by the French Jesuits to renounce their religion and country, and attach themselves to the French. These Indians were settled in a small village near Montreal, called Cahnuaga; and as they had formerly been subject to the sachem, when he was the triumphant chief of the Five Nations, notwithstanding his retirement, and the entire change of his deportment and habits, he was readily distinguished by those children of nature, who have been remarked for the acuteness and tenacity of their senses—particularly their memory—for an Indian, having once looked upon a person to know him, knows him ever afterwards.

In the late skirmish which restored the suffering Katrine and her companion to their friends, the sachem had been recognized by several of the Maquas—a name attached to the apostate Mohawks, as distinguishing them from their abandoned tribe—and having rallied their defeated and scattered forces after the conflict, they communicated the intelligence that the "Great Tortoise" of the Five Nations—the former distinguishing term of the sachem—had left his den, and had again assumed the warlike character for which he had been so much dreaded by the French and their allies.

As the cavern of the sachem lay on the road to the lake on which they intended to embark for Montreal, they resolved on loitering in its vicinity with the view of ascertaining whether he had really returned to his former military life, or whether he might not have been on a visit to the castle when the news of the destruction of Schenectady had reached them. At all events, he had again ta-

ken up arms; and as he had heretofore been the terror of all the hostile tribes, as well as of the French, it would be an important service rendered to their allies, could they but succeed in surprising him and making him their captive. Such an acquisition, carried in triumph to Montreal, would atone for their late failure and misconduct, and would not fail of obtaining the absolution of their sins and follies, from their spiritual padre at Montreal.

They therefore directed their steps toward the cavern, which they reached at the very period when the sachem and the prince had departed from the castle. They proceeded to reconnoitre the adjacent grounds, and ultimately the cavern, in which they found the books, papers and other movables of the sachem, which they determined on carrying with them to their priest. They lastly discovered his stores of dried venison, fruit, and his casks of methoglin and wine—an article of his own manufacture. After draining the casks of their contents, the Cahnugas retired to the thicket beneath the cliff formerly mentioned, where they determined upon lying in ambush, in the hope that the sachem would shortly visit his place of retirement. Nor were they deceived in their expectations; for on the second day of their lying in wait, the sachem and his young friend were discovered in the distance, fearlessly approaching the important pass.

"Our victim is sure," observed old Squaghky, "for 'The Eagle,' having again transformed himself to 'The Tortoise,' will never be able to reach the pass, as he cannot fly without wings."

"He is still the 'Great Tortoise,'" replied Tohanatakqua, "and we remember his strength among the Adirondachs and Quatoghies in former battles."

"But he is now stiff, for the want of exercise," said Squaghky, "and cannot fight as formerly."

"Aha!" said Tohanatakqua, "the young Mohawk chief is with him, and he is a young panther in the field!"

"And what is one tortoise and one panther, to our whole force? It is cowardly to lie here in ambush for two men; rise up in files and surround them openly; they are ours!"

The two chiefs sprang upon their feet, and were immediately discovered by the watchful Garangula. "Yo-hah, sachem!" said he, "we are upon the cowardly Cahnugas!"

Head after head began to peer above the tops of the bushes, and they were completely surrounded by the hostile army. The sachem whispered to his companion in brief terms, "the secret fissure beneath the river!" It was happily understood by the prince.

"Let it never be said in the Five Nations, that As-to-ro-ga refused to face an enemy. Let it never be heard that he was taken alive by the enemies of his nation. Brave Garangula, let us cut our way through the opposing ranks.—

To the cliff!—to the cliff!" cried he; and rushing foremost upon the astonished foe, they cut themselves a passage to the creek, and plunging into which, they gained the subterranean passage, into which they entered, and hastened to the summit of the cliff, whence they had the entire command of both passes.

"Heaven hath favored us," said the sachem, "and we are yet masters of the field. While we return our hearty thanks for this additional mercy, let us not lose sight of the precaution necessary to prevent surprise from our vindictive enemy. Guard the aperture of the cavern, while I watch the outward passage. We well know what an Indian will undertake to gratify his revenge."

These precautions were timely, for the enraged Cahnugas had divided themselves into two squads, one of which succeeded in discovering the subterranean passage, into which they were pouring in swarms, while the other had reached the exterior pass at the foot of the mountain, up which they were proceeding, one by one, with all the expedition that the difficulty and extreme danger of the pass admitted.

For one whole week, almost night and day, with very little respite from their annoying foe, did our brave heroes defend their respective posts, while numbers of their assailants were from time to time hurled headlong down the frightful precipice to the awful chasm below, whence they were no more to rise.

Ten days' provisions were all that they had stowed in their knapsacks previous to leaving the castle. This and their canteens of water were both nearly exhausted, with the exception of a few handfuls of parched corn. Starvation appeared to threaten them with all its horrors, and thirst annoyed them considerably. A distance of three hundred feet separated them from the only possible chance of obtaining water from the creek at the base of the mountain, and both the interior and exterior passages to it were still lined with their inveterate foes. Garangula proposed to the sachem, during a moment of respite which the extreme darkness of the night afforded them, to allow him to venture down the cavern in order to obtain water.

"It would be certain death to us both," said the sachem, "without being of the least possible advantage to either of us—we are but two persons opposed to an hundred, and we have two assailable points to defend. Take courage, and be patient, my young friend; the protecting arm of the Great Spirit is still with us. Let us be faithful, and fear no evil." While they were yet speaking, a dark and heavy cloud began to rise from the north and west, and shortly, the waves of the lake below, to be agitated. Soon their angry billows began to lash the shore, while the foam and the spray were borne on the bosom of the winds as so many sheets of snow. Vivid coruscations of light illuminated the surrounding scenery. Anon, the distant roar of thunder was heard, like the rolling

of numerous chariots in the air. The storm is increasing—it approaches nearer and still more near.

"The angel of mercy is drawing nigh," said the sachem, "with a plentiful supply of water. Let us prepare our canteens to receive it with thankfulness."

Rain, accompanied with tremendous peals of thunder and lightning, that shook the mountain to its base, now fell in torrents. The reverberating sounds of the tortuous cavern rose in loud and appalling murmurs upon their ears, until they were deafened by its din. Our staunch heroes, confiding in the protecting power of Heaven, bravely endured the "sturdy peltings of the pitiless storm." They were literally bathed in the waters of the descending deluge, and the following morning beheld numerous rivulets, whose beds had been baked in the autumnal sun, now pouring their wide and deep streams into the lake of Corlear.

Toward midnight the rain had ceased, the roar of thunder was hushed, and the lightning's flash had disappeared, except now and then a faint glimmering in the southern sky, resembling the last expiring efforts of a rush light.

"To your post!" said the sachem, "the Cahnugas will endeavor to surprise us."

The prince repaired cautiously to the mouth of the cavern, directed by the glimmering light of the dog-star, who ever and anon peeped from behind the dark clouds that were hurrying onward to the south-east, in stupendous volumes of accumulated air. Arriving at the cavern, he listened with intense feeling, but not the least indication of any moveable thing was heard. He concluded that their enemy, worn out with fatigue, had embraced the opportunity afforded them by the storm, for recruiting their exhausted natures, and that probably they would not stir until the dawning of the day should invite them to renew the contention.

At this instant, the whistling of a bullet near his head, caused him to exclaim, "Yo-hah! Cahnuga, the young 'Tortoise' is not asleep!" and directing the muzzle of his musket to the aperture of the cavern, he discharged the load therein, and was satisfied by the sound of a falling body, that he had added one more to the number of the numerous dead.

The clouds had now entirely disappeared, and the sky exhibited once more its azure concave, brilliantly studded with stars of the most resplendent light. On the bough of some neighboring forest tree, the ominous bird of the Indian was perched, and ever and anon imparted to the wakeful sentinels the cheering music of its midnight screech.

"Yo-hah!" exclaimed the young Mohawk, "our deliverance or death is near. The owl screeches favorably to-night, but whether the omen is intended for us or the Cahnugas, the Great Spirit only knows!"

During this interval, the party without had been indefatigable in selecting a favorable situation in some of the clefts of the rocks, whence to annoy the en-

emy on the summit. They had found it impracticable to dislodge the sachem, whose vigilance had hitherto defeated their most sanguine hopes, and whose skill and prowess had baffled their best and wisest sachems.

Old Squaghky had at length gained a footing in a fissure of the rock, beneath a projecting fragment, that concealed him entirely from the view of the sachem, but which afforded him an opportunity of annoying at least, if not killing him, when he should appear on the margin of the precipice. To insure his appearance, Tohanatakqua was directed to scale the rock at day-light, and draw the sachem to its defence—by which stratagem, an opportunity would be afforded him for taking certain aim, by which an end would be put to this tedious and unprofitable warfare.

Twenty warriors were directed to support Tohanatakqua in his daring and dangerous enterprise—an undertaking which would have chilled the blood of the most hardy, even in day light, was prosecuted in the darkest shades of night by these vindictive savages. It is true, they redoubled their caution; and having gained one sure footing, they deliberated on the safest mode of obtaining the next, which they discovered by groping with one hand, while the other was secured by grasping the limb of some scattered shrub, or the projecting fragments of the rock. They had ultimately succeeded in reaching to within a few feet of the summit, when the dawning day first glimmered on the rugged peak of this warmly contested mountain.

Here they rested awhile from the extreme fatigue of their night's uncommon exertion, conceiving it to be impossible for the sachem and his young companion to escape the dangerous snare thus laid for them. They thought they could secure themselves until perfectly refreshed with rest, that they might prosecute without remission their well-digested scheme.

The sun had fully risen, and the trees and shrubbery of hill and dale were sporting their lengthened shadows to the west. The reviving Cahnugas, perfectly secreted from the view of the sachem, in consequence of a projecting ledge of the rock, began now to stir. New and increasing shadows flitted, as it were, before the sachem's eyes. "Trees nor shrubs do not make walking shadows, but the crafty Cahnugas do," said he to himself; and presenting his musket to the pass the instant the head of Tohanatakqua was seen peering above the surface, his faithful aim dislodged the assailant, by whose fall no less than six of his companions, who had followed close in his rear, were seen rolling headlong to their destinies.

Old Squaghky beheld this failure with chagrin, from his hiding-place, and sought in vain to get a fair shot at the fated sachem. The thirteen remaining Indians had by this time gained the recess lately occupied by their luckless companions. The report of the musket had excited those in the cavern to renew the



action, and again both the sachem and prince were busily engaged in defending their respective posts against their enemies from within and without.

Soon another head was seen peering above the summit; and as the ammunition was nearly expended, the sachem resorted to the tomahawk, and while in the act of sinking its bill into the skull of the foremost Indian, a bullet from the musket of old Squaghky prostrated him on the rock—not, however, before he had sent his opponent to keep the company of those below.

Again rising on his feet, he informed his young friend of his disaster, but charged him by his hopes of safety not for one moment to forsake his post; and then seizing his musket, and extending himself on the rock, he resolved upon contesting the pass as long as one spark of vitality remained in his body.

Considerably weakened by the loss of blood which issued from the wound in his side, he found it necessary to attempt the checking it by compression—for which purpose he appropriated a scrap from his blanket, which he slightly twisted and stuffed into the opening in form of a pledget, and then drawing his belt more closely around him, he succeeded in restraining the hemorrhage. Almost despairing of success, he began most seriously to lament the dangerous situation of the brave prince, but more particularly the grief of his affectionate mother and sister, for he was well assured, that like himself, his heroic companion would “never surrender” to an enemy, especially to a Cahnua.

The Indians in the cavern, finding it impracticable to succeed each other in time to supply the place of those whom the prince despatched as fast as they appeared—the fissure near the summit barely admitting a single individual at a time—resolved on evacuating the cavern, and joining the rest of the warriors without. They had just effected a junction, and were devising plans for their future operations, when they were suddenly alarmed by the most unexpected appearance of the brave cadets, who so lately defeated them near Saratoga. The character and the tide of the war was now changed. The assailants were now assailed; and losing sight and further thoughts of the sachem and his companion, they prepared in the best manner they possibly could to meet the approaching cadets.

Diedrich gave orders to his noble followers to give quarters to all who desired it, and the signal for the attack being given, the parties rushed upon each other like so many hungry wolves rushing upon their prey. The fight became general; the loud “Yo-hahs” of the assailants, and the horrid yells of the assailed, started Garangula from his post in order to ascertain the cause of this uproar.

“Return to your post, brave youth,” said the sachem, “our deliverance is nigh; for the noble Diedrich, with his invincible cadets, are punishing the vindictive Cahnua at the foot of the mountain, and will soon relieve us from our care.”

“There is no enemy in the cavern now,” replied the prince, “for none has appeared within the last hour. Let me assist you to the shade of this dwarf hemlock, that I may apply some of its juice to your wound, and then join my brave companions in putting an end to this dreadful conflict.”

“I may not be removed,” replied the sachem, “I lay easy for the present, and stirring may start the blood afresh; but go and obtain some of its balsamic juice, and I will apply it to the wound.”

The prince hastened to the tree, and while in the act of scarifying the bark with his tomahawk for the purpose of affording an outlet for the sap or gum, a bullet grazed his shoulder and lodged itself in the body of the tree before him.

“Yo-hah!” said the undaunted youth, “there is an enemy nearer than the foot of the mountain;” and having noticed the elevation of the bullet, he threw down his hatchet, and seizing his musket rushed to the brow of the precipice in the direction from which it had proceeded. Here he prostrated himself upon the rock, and with the utmost vigilance noticed every moving object.

The battle was raging in its utmost violence below, and the well known sound of Diedrich’s voice, animating his companions to follow up their victory, fell upon his delighted ear. Suddenly the reflection of the shadow of an Indian in the act of loading his musket, came under the notice of his quick-sighted eye. He followed its direction with scrutinizing eagerness, until it rested on the recess in which their covert enemy had secreted himself. Shortly the hairy tuft of an Indian was seen protruding itself beyond the projection of the rock, by its cautious owner. The youth leveled his musket with its muzzle directed to the spot. Soon the glaring eye of the Cahnua was seen traversing the summit of the cliff, in its most envenomed looks.

“This musket hath brought down many a squirrel,” said the prince, “at a greater distance, and the head of a Cahnua is bigger than a squirrel”—so saying, he touched the trigger, and old Squaghky, with the bound of a deer and the yell of a panther, was seen rolling and tumbling from projection to projection of the rock, until he was seen nor heard no more.

“Sachem, I have revenged you of your enemy,” said he; “the Cahnua who wounded you was hid in the fissure of the rock, and I have sent him to the shades of Hunda.”

He again repaired to the tree and collected as much of the resinous juice of the hemlock, as would serve to dress the wound of his suffering friend.

“Alas!” replied the sachem, “that ever we were compelled to these acts. I had hoped to have been done with war the rest of my life, and flattered myself to have been gathered to my fathers without more shedding of blood. But—hark! the shout of victory.”

Garangula, raising himself and looking toward the pass, discovered several of his companions ascending the mountain, the foremost of whom was the heroic

Diedrich. "Yo-hah! the battle is over, and Ro-ya-ner is hastening toward us with the welcome news!"

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the sachem, "for preserving the life of that best of men. Had he fallen in this battle, evidently incurred on our account alone, I feel as if I should never more have been able to return to our friends at the castle."

"You say true, for we should soon have to bury the lady Katrine, who I am certain would not long survive his loss."

Soon were these brave friends welcoming the appearance of the victors on the summit of the cliff, and never was the meeting of friends more joyful.

"You are wounded, my friend," said Diedrich; "let me hope not seriously."

"I trust not, as it appears to me to be a flesh wound, the ball having been turned, as I suspect, by one of my ribs. I am faint from loss of blood, though much relieved since we have dressed it."

"You will find some wine in the flask; it will aid in reviving those spirits that cannot be otherwise than impaired, from the excessive fatigue and scanty allowance of provisions for so many days, during which you have certainly defended this pass in a manner that must greatly add to your already unequalled fame."

The sachem felt somewhat revived by the cordial so opportunely administered, and Diedrich learnt the particulars of their perilous adventure from the young chief, who was not sparing in his commendation of the great prudence and unwearied perseverance of the sachem, in supporting the vulnerable points of the pass, "which" continued he, "on several occasions, would have been lost by my daring."

"In what manner?" demanded Diedrich.

"From the ungovernable ambition of my youth; for I was several times provoked to that degree by the obstinate perseverance of these traitors, that I was tempted to plunge into the dark cavern, and to have fought my way through them to the bottom, or have perished in the attempt."

"And perish you certainly would have done," said Diedrich, "for there were nearly half the number of their warriors, who joined the main body at the moment we commenced our attack upon them."

Diedrich now satisfied them with respect to the cause of their arriving in time to rescue them, and related the extreme peril of their little squadron of canoes, on the approach of the dreadful storm the preceding night, which caused them to run ashore to the eastward of the sachem's cavern—the point to which they were destined; that having encamped about ten miles from the cliff, they were sensible of the sound of muskets in its direction. "For some time," said he "I concluded that it might be no more than the sound of thunder; but after the storm had subsided, and the stars again appeared, the same sound occurring at intervals, I was satisfied that something hostile to my friends was going forward.

"It was immediately suggested by Sagughsaech, that you had fallen in with the returning Cahnuagas, and that you had sought refuge on the cliff. I immediately conceived the straits to which you must be reduced, and the necessity there was for your speedy deliverance. We therefore commenced our march without delay, and reached the foot of the mountain just as the detached Cahnuagas had succeeded in joining the main body.

"We hailed, and offered them quarters if they would surrender. Many of them appeared disposed to accept our offer, but an old chief obstinately persisted in giving us battle, observing that it was time enough to lay down their arms when they could use them no longer.

"I immediately gave the signal for battle, and must do justice to the despairing enemy by observing that they fought more like tigers than like men, and we have to lament the loss of several of our brave cadets. We succeeded, however, in thinning their ranks at every fire; and finding they were likely to lose every man among them, and the old chief having fallen by a bullet from my musket, the confusion which his death occasioned, induced them to fly for safety to the lake, into which about twenty—being the whole of the surviving army—plunged, and thus escaped with their lives."

"In this miraculous escape and opportune relief," said the sachem, "we recognize the arm of the Almighty, whose mercies have been multiplied to us in so plain a manner, that we should be grossly wanting in our duty to pass them by without our most hearty and sincere thanksgivings."

"Be assured, my dear sachem," replied Diedrich, "that we sincerely reciprocate your feelings, and heartily rejoice in having been instrumental in the deliverance of yourself and my young friend from your danger. But there remains something more to be done, before we can consider our victory complete. We must succeed in removing you from this inconvenient situation, to one of greater convenience, even to the care of those tender beings whom Heaven hath endowed with every requisite gift for rendering our misfortunes less grievous—our pains less acute."

The sachem nodded his assent, accompanied with a sigh, and shortly added, "thou hast rightly said, my noble friend, and I submit to your plans for removing me from the uncomfortable lodging, the rock beginning to feel too hard for my ease."

Diedrich despatched two of his men for blankets, designing to convey the invalid down through the cavern, being the least hazardous, the only difficulty in this way being the creek, whose waters were above the lower aperture, as already described, and to pass through which it would be necessary to dive, and grope their way under water, to and out of it. This difficulty being mentioned, the sachem observed that it presented no obstacle to his recovery, for a cold bath

being considered servicable for carrying off a hot fever, it might also be efficacious as a preventive.

"Yo-hah!" said the prince; "we had, all of us, a shower bath last night, and our old women advise, that to prevent a bad cold from such a severe dripping, it is necessary to take another the next day; but instead of a dripping, we will have a dipping, that will wet us to the skin, which I think will preserve us from taking cold."

"Colds and fevers," observed the sachem, "are both dangerous occurrences in gun-shot wounds, and to prevent these, I have no objection to the dipping; therefore secure the wound well by a plaster of the balsamic hemlock gum, and we shall keep that part dry, at all events."

By the time the blankets arrived, the wound was covered by a thickly spread plaster of the gum, which served the double purposes of a detergent-healer and a defensive. The sachem was carefully secured in the blankets, and the prince descending into the cavern, received the sachem, who was let down feet foremost by Diedrich and an assistant. When he was safely through the first narrow pass at the entrance, the rest descended one by one for the purpose of relieving each other.

The muskets were conveyed by the outer passage to prevent their incumbrance, and directions were given for burying the dead—after which they were to meet on the easternmost side of the creek to take up their return march homeward.

The greater portion of the remaining day was past by the time our friends succeeded in landing the invalid on the opposite shore of the creek, being obliged to rest repeatedly in the tortuous and uneven cavern, the frequent movements of the body nearly exhausting the strength of their charge. Wine in small quantities was frequently administered with considerable advantage. Their first care on arriving at the shore, was the erection of a wigwam for the comfort of the invalid. Fire was also kindled, by which to dry themselves and their companions, who joined them at nightfall.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Love! Contradiction's darling child,  
Thou prize, thou scourge to mortals given;  
By turns thou'rt blest, by turns reviled,  
Art now a hell—and now a heaven."

THE extreme pain of the wound prevented the cadets from the prosecution of their intention—that of conveying the sachem, by easy stages, to the village. A party was therefore despatched to bring up the fleet of canoes from their moorings, that he might be conveyed by water, while another was directed to the cavern for the purpose of bringing away the books and papers which had been the object of his present journey.

When the party arrived at the cavern, they discovered that it had been rifled of all its movables, and were convinced it was the work of the Calnuagas. They had, therefore, some hopes of regaining a portion of the articles in the vicinity of the battle-ground, as they were satisfied, from the nature of the engagement, and the precipitancy with which the survivors fled, that they could not have time nor opportunity to have carried them away—they therefore concluded they must be concealed in some of the crevices of the rock.

Diligent search was made in every probable place of deposit, between the cavern and the cliff. The books and papers, enveloped in buffalo hide, were at length fortunately discovered in the recess from which old Squaghky took his final farewell of the things of this life, when death, in the tangible shape of a leaden bullet from the musket of the prince, hurried him on his journey to the next.

The fleet of canoes having arrived, Diedrich caused a spacious awning to be erected, and a kind of hammock prepared of blankets, swung fore and aft, for the convenience and ease of the sachem. The prince had been particularly careful to collect a sufficient quantity of gum for renewing the dressing during the voyage; and the sachem, having been carefully conveyed to his hammock, the whole party embarked, and began to move in regular order homewards.

On the second day of their voyage, the health and spirits of the sachem were evidently improved, the pain of the wound considerably diminished, and its discharge perfectly free and of healthy appearance. He had rested better for the last two nights, which had tended in a great measure to recruit his wasted strength.

"I sincerely hope," said Diedrich, addressing himself to the invalid, "that we shall have the happiness of seeing you perfectly recovered from your wound, by the time we arrive at the castle, among our friends."

Saying which, he wrapped his blanket around him, and throwing himself carelessly on the bottom of the canoe, was soon lost to all the fluctuating scenes of life, in that sleep which has been appropriately termed "the emblem of death." His companions concluding to follow his example, we shall leave them to enjoy the renovating influence of the drowsy god, and return to the castle with the view of relating what had transpired at that village, which we must consider as the principal theatre of all the events connected with the residue of our history.

Notwithstanding the precaution taken by Black Kettle, Diedrich, and all those connected with the sudden departure of the cadets from the village, it had been reduced to somewhat of a certainty in the minds of Katrine and the princess, that the expedition was one of danger, and not that of a mere hunting party, as it had been suggested—indeed, asserted to be. When the full period of time fixed for their return had elapsed, and there had been neither the appearance nor the least intelligence of either of the parties, they became convinced of the true nature of the expedition, which, on being closely interrogated by Katrine, the chief frankly acknowledged.

A general dejection succeeded to the late cheerful countenances of the inmates of the castle; for no positive account—further than the delayed return of the sachem and his young friend, which induced the party to suspect either accident or treachery—could be given of the adventure. In what way it had, or was yet to terminate, remained to be known.

With regard to the cadets, the great chief had such firm reliance upon their courage and prudence, that he felt not only satisfied himself, but ventured to assure his friends that they, too, might be perfectly satisfied of their victory, if called to an engagement, and that at most in ten or twelve days he would answer for their triumphant return. He acknowledged, however, that as it regarded the sachem and his own son, he could not pretend to promise as much with equal confidence, because they were but two individuals opposed to a number of vindictive enemies. "And you know," said he, turning to Katrine, "their characters, from having been their prisoners. But," added he, "I am consoled with the certainty, that if they have fallen in with the Cahnuagas, they will either escape, or die like heroes in the attempt."

The Chevalier Dubourgh, with his family, together with Mr. Stuyvesant, did all in their individual and combined powers to dissipate the fears of their young friends. Still, Katrine could not avoid lamenting that she had been doomed to experience another severe trial in the absence and danger of her beloved Diedrich, but her reliance on that Providence which had so miraculously saved her, through the instrumentality of this heroic youth, tended more than all other considerations to cheer her heart with hope.

It is impossible to determine what was the actual state of the feelings of Manima on this occasion. She who, from her words and the high tone of her expressions, would have justified the belief that she possessed sufficient strength of mind and resolution to have fearlessly avowed those feelings, appeared so entirely changed—so altered in her behavior—that instead of a frank and candid reply to questions proposed her, would burst into tears, and by this equivocal custom, subjected herself to the suspicions of the Chevalier, who concluded that she still entertained sentiments of regard, stronger than those of mere friendship, for her first love, while it increased their sorrow for the sachem, who they were well assured, loved her with an ardor and sincerity that merited at least an equal return.

A circumstance, however, occurred at the village, that changed the current of ideas, at the least for a short time. This was a visit from the chief of a formidable tribe of southern Indians, who had sought the alliance of the Five Nations and with whom they had confederated, having given in marriage to Black Kettle one of their princesses. Sawontka, the present chief of the Tuscaroras, had succeeded to the name and titles of his relation, who was sacrificed at the stake by the French, and had made the present visit for the purpose of having his succession confirmed by the great chief of the Five Nations. He was accompanied by his daughter Melane, acknowledged the most perfect model of female beauty, on the North American continent. But that which enhanced her beauty most, and endeared her to all her acquaintances, was the sweetness of her disposition, her unaffected modesty, and agreeable retirement.

When Black Kettle introduced these distinguished visitors to his guests, they were all instantly struck with such agreeable surprise and astonishment, as to be incapable of manifesting the usual ceremony of respect toward them. They, however, soon made ample amends by a cordial and sincere welcome, expressed in the most unequivocal terms of friendship.

The eyes of Katrine and the lovely Melane met, and their hearts were instantly united by the attraction of their kindred spirits, in a friendship which nothing but death could efface. For Manima and Eugenie, she felt a regard equivalent to that which they entertained for her. Altogether, the company of Sawontka and his daughter, was deemed an acquisition which they were desirous of always retaining.

It was a source of regret to these young friends that the stranger princess was obliged to have recourse to an interpreter for explaining all her words, and they formed the joint resolution of commencing immediately a course of instruction. They were, however, soon relieved from the most difficult part of their task, by the entrance of the Queen Sayad, who, being absent at the moment of introduction, on hearing of their arrival had hastened to welcome her countrywoman and friend, which she did in the most eloquent and affecting words which the Tuscarora language afforded.

It was during this sincere reception and cordial return of friendship, that Katrine and her companion discovered in the lovely Melane those traits which could not fail of endearing her to all who should be so fortunate as to win her friendship or her love. The Queen readily entered into their views of having her instructed in the Mohawk language, which has been acknowledged better adapted to facilitate their ideas, than that of any of the tribes of the confederacy.

The two chiefs having retired for the purpose of attending to the object of the present visit, and Sawontka and Melane having been led by the Queen into her private apartment, the gentlemen remaining gave vent to their expressions of admiration without restraint, and were so lavish of their praises, particularly Mr. Stuyvesant, as to occasion no little uneasiness on the part of Eugenie, who feared the transfer of a heart which she anxiously hoped had begun to throb for her alone, to this formidable rival, whose loveliness, she could not but confess, surpassed any thing she had ever seen or conceived of before.

These unnecessary fears were, however, shortly dissipated, when, after the first ebullition of their surprise, Mr. Stuyvesant resumed his wonted attentions to Eugenie.

"I think," said he, apart to her, "that if the young prince of this nation lives to return, and has a heart to lose, it will be decidedly lost at first sight."

"She is certainly," replied Eugenie, "the most bewitching creature I ever beheld."

"I consider her mind to be equal to the loveliness of her person," remarked Katrine, "and I am assured our young friend must be superlatively happy with such a companion, should he indeed be so fortunate as to please her."

The words had scarcely died on her lips, when the well-known sound of the victor's whoop fell upon their delighted ears, and presently a runner appeared at the castle gate. The cadets had returned in triumph and in safety, and were encamped at their usual place, where they awaited the preparations for their triumphant entry and joyful reception in the village.

Never had there been occasion for so grand a display of the national character of the Five Nations; nor had there ever been so prompt and so splendid a procession in Canajoharie as that now forming to welcome the noble warriors

There was one heart at least that felt all the fervor of love that could be described; and though we cannot assert at present that there were more than one, we have reasons to hope there were; at all events, we are warranted in saying that every heart felt joyful on the occasion, and that every individual went cheerfully to hail the welcome return of the heroic warriors of the nation.

The triumphant victors were received by the inhabitants on the western bank of the Canajoharie, with every possible demonstration of joy, and were accompanied to the village with songs of triumph, while the maidens strewed the path of the heroes with branches of laurel, myrtle and oak.

Arrived at the castle, the inhabitants of the village again welcomed them; and testifying their joy by the repetition of "Yo-hah-han!" departed for their respective cabins, leaving the residents of the castle to the enjoyment of their immediate friends.

Sincere, indeed, were the gratulations of these friends; and were it possible to have noticed the smallest difference in the degrees of happiness shared by these gifted individuals, that difference might have been seen in the countenances of Diedrich and Katrine, whose happiness appeared to have reached that point at which it admits of no further increase.

As "every virtuous affection increases in tenderness when the object of that affection is under affliction," the sachem found in the truly affectionate attention of his loved Manima, a balm of greater efficacy than that of the balsamic pine, not only to his wound, but to his affectionate heart.

"That is a very mysterious girl," said the Chevalier Dubourgh to his lady; "for while we were lamenting the absence and danger of our friends, she appeared to my mind more concerned about the welfare of a third person, than for that of the sachem; but without any kind of doubt, her attention and delight on beholding him, her alarm on learning that he was wounded, and her assiduous attention to him now, are the unequivocal proofs of a sincere and virtuous regard, if not of love."

"The princess is young, and inexperienced in the arts of love," replied Madame Dubourgh, "and great allowance is therefore to be made for her. She was, with the lady Katrine, almost reared in the company of the young Baron, and an attachment for him grew with her growth, and became almost matured with her maturity. She loved Diedrich—yes, dearly loved him; but when she saw that his attachment was wholly Katrine's, she resolved to sacrifice her love for Diedrich to her friendship for his beloved."

This conversation, which was supported in an under-tone, was interrupted by Mr. Stuyvesant, who insisted upon the Chevalier's being a prophet, as his prediction concerning the young prince was likely to come to pass; "and," added he, "the present circumstance affords one strong instance of love at first sight,

and what renders it a subject of surprise, is, that it is difficult to ascertain which yielded first; at all events, since their first introduction to each other, their eyes have seen no other object, their ears have listened to no other voices, nor have their lips gratified any other person with a word, but their own dear selves!"

"Well," replied the Chevalier, "this is as it should be, and I certainly think that it will not be among the least happy matches that have been made at this village."

Mr. Stuyvesant sought to engage Eugenie in a discussion of the subject of love, for he was convinced that he loved her, and was desirous of ascertaining whether he had any reasons on which to ground his hope of a reciprocity on her part. But Eugenie had read—unluckily for her—too many conflicting rules laid down by various French authors, for the government of females when they were conscious of having secured the attachment of an honorable lover. She adopted that advice which led her to treat all his advances with no more regard than common politeness required. And when, in the most earnest manner, he besought her to a discussion, on the result of which he acknowledged his happiness in a great measure to depend, she, with a reserve not usual to her nation, nor indeed natural to herself, declined his pressing invitation, and taking the princess' arm, with a forced levity and crippled apology, bid him and the remaining company a good night, retired to their chamber for the purpose of seeking in retirement an opportunity of communicating with each other on the mysterious subject, the discussion of which was so anxiously sought by Mr. Stuyvesant.

The disappointed youth, in the goodness of his heart, found an ample apology for the conduct of Eugenie; and hoping she would afford him an opportunity for ascertaining her sentiments of him previous to his departure for the city, he rallied all his powers in order to enable him to sustain, with becoming fortitude, that which he considered to be a repulse to his first attempt of making an overture towards courtship.

Night wearing apace, the parties, after expressing their high gratification in the enjoyments of the past day, retired to their respective apartments—some to forget in sleep the various employments that had occupied their time and attention on this eventful day—others to toss upon their pillows, and dwell upon the retrospective and prospective scenes of the past and approaching hours, which to them were pregnant with events of the most important character.

The morning following, the parties again met in the great hall, presenting a group of faces worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. Diedrich and Katrine, in the calm and undisturbed features of their countenances, conveyed to the mind of the beholder, love crowned with all the social and heavenly passions of the heart—contentment, in its utmost perfection, appeared to be their's.

The sachem, dignified in his appearance, though rather emaciated from his wound, presented a faithful original of conscious rectitude, a firm and unwavering mind, a heart of the most refined benevolence, which indicated universal love for mankind, but for his beloved Manima a regard surpassing all the rest. In him was seen the anticipation of perfect and unalloyed happiness and content.

Manima, naturally timid and reserved, and, oppressed with the weight of hurried reflections consequent upon the important events that were shortly to take place, appeared somewhat confused and thoughtful, and at times, absent—indeed so much so, as to induce the belief that she was undecided, discontented and unhappy; that the union she was about to confirm with the sachem, was one founded rather on principles of gratitude than on those of involuntary esteem and regard. At all events, her happiness was shaded occasionally with sudden clouds of melancholy, and her tears were seen to flow more fast and frequent than the occasion would seem to justify.

Mr. Stuyvesant appeared dejected, but endeavored to rally his spirits, which the arch and volatile Eugenie took care to prevent by her whole artillery of humor. Affecting to be ignorant of his desire to propose himself to her acceptance, and of the cause of his present mortification, she increased his confusion to that degree that disqualified him for supporting any part of the conversation which was so spiritedly conducted by the rest of the company, and prevented him from renewing his desire of becoming her attached suitor. After some time, he succeeded in drawing the object of his wishes apart from the company, and seizing that moment, he observed:—

"Why have you, dear lady Eugenie, refused me the opportunity which I have so earnestly solicited for communicating with you on a subject that concerns our mutual happiness?"

"Pshaw! nonsense! Do look at the group at the other end of the hall; I mean the several couples that have already talked of 'mutual happiness.'"

"I fancy," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "that neither of them repent it."

"Ah! but they do, if we are to judge from appearances," replied Eugenie. "Behold the baren and his betrothed! Why, they look as demure as a puritan congregation. Then there is the Mohawk princess. Pray, does she not look like 'patience upon a monument smiling at grief?' And there is her brother. Alas! what a change! The bold, daring and adventurous chief—behold him transfixed, as it were, at the feet of his beautiful Tuscarora, who in turn appears to see nobody else in the room but her gallant Mohawk."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "these are respectively happy in their present employments, and are looking forward to the increase and completion of their joys. It is to this end, therefore, that I would gladly draw your attention, and entreat you to listen attentively to what I would propose." Eugenie affected

to be serious, and Mr. Stuyvesant continued: "You cannot but have discovered, my dear lady Eugenie, in my looks, my sighs, and my words, that you have excited in me a feeling new to my heart. Pray then, be candid, and answer me, if your heart is yet unengaged, whether I may flatter my hopes with the pleasing idea of becoming, in time, agreeable to you; nay more—shall I presume further to hope that my attachment is, or will be reciprocated?"

"These are weighty questions, indeed, Sir, and require much time and reflection before I can answer them. In the interim, I must thank you for the honor designed me; and though I cannot promptly encourage you to hope, I will not be so cruel as to drive you to despair."

"If you are not willing to drive me to despair, why refuse to afford me room to hope? If you have any prior engagement, relieve me at once by declaring it, that though I may not be so blest as to call you mine, I may yet be allowed to retain and esteem you as a dear friend."

"I prefer your esteeming me as your friend, without, however, replying at present to your inquiry. Candidly, I do not know what reply to make you."

"Can you not satisfy me that your heart, if not inclined to encourage my address, is yet free to choose?"

"No, No!" replied Eugenie, briefly, "I must not trust any one with the actual dispositions of my heart."

"Without mutual candor and confidence," continued Mr. Stuyvesant, "we stand upon unequal ground. I, on my part, have promptly and candidly declared to you the state of my mind."

"That is all as it should be," replied Eugenie, "and I have patiently heard you, which is all that I should do; more than that, a gentleman ought not to expect."

"Certainly, lady Eugenie, they have a right to expect something more than a patient hearing; and I am sure you will confess that a proposition of the nature of that which I have made to you, merits at least a candid reply."

"And have I not already told you that I would not be so cruel as to drive you to despair?"

"May I understand you to mean, that I may be permitted to hope?"

"I do not authorize you to hope, but you can do so of your own accord, if you choose."

A sudden turn was given to this tedious courtship by the arrival of a canoe from Beaverwyck, bringing letters from New Amsterdam, which required the instant departure of Mr. Stuyvesant.

The tenor of these letters was of so important a nature, that he was obliged to make a hasty apology to the company. But to Eugenie he expressed his regret in being so unfortunate as not to have been found worthy of her confidence

and esteem; and that, under his present embarrassed mind, from the contents of the letters he had received, he was unable to say, if ever, at what period he should again have the pleasure of visiting the Mohawk village. He then bid her a sincere farewell, wishing her every happiness; and directing Cato to convey his portmanteau to the canoe, he in the most affectionate manner, took leave of every individual present. Taking the arm of Diedrich, he whispered to Katrine, "Adieu, my dearest cousin; may you be as supremely happy in your love, as I am miserable in mine. Your faithful Diedrich will learn the particulars of my sudden departure, and will communicate them to you." He then added in a more audible voice, "Farewell; God bless you!" Then turning upon Eugenie a last look, he made an effort and exclaimed—"Oh! lady—Farewell!" and retired amid the tears and regrets of every individual.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"This is a sight for pity to peruse,  
Till she resembles faintly what she views;  
Till sympathy contracts a single pain,  
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain."

REPENTANCE, though it may not come too late, may nevertheless be unseasonable, and hence for a time unavailing. This was precisely the case with Eugenie, who, after the injudicious perversity of her morning's levity, and the sudden and unexpected event which had checked her in the midst of her career, felt mortified, embarrassed and confounded. A false pride prevented her from making the necessary advances towards an explanation; and with the view of appearing consistent, she yet affected to bear the departure of Mr. Stuyvesant with the same indifference that she would have borne that of a common friend. But could the sorrowing company have beheld her heart, they would have seen it agitated, distressed and hopeless.

As soon as circumstances admitted, Eugenie retired alone to her chamber, and throwing herself on the bed, gave full vent to those tears she had with difficulty suppressed from the moment of the departure of Mr. Stuyvesant, until her own release from the watchful observation of her companions.



She feared the theory of courtship by which she had been governed, might not suit the climate of North America, however successful it had been found in France, and that in all probability she had forever lost the affection of one to whom her heart had acknowledged the most undoubted partiality. Perhaps it was not yet too late to obtain an interview with him, before he embarked, and to explain to him the actual state of her regard, and that her conduct of the morning was nothing more than a mere whim, which she had imprudently indulged at the expense of her better judgment.

With the rapidity of lightning did these and various other ideas flash through the mind of the distressed maiden; but she had not sufficient resolution to put her thoughts in practice. She felt already the degradation of yielding to an impulse, although just and proper, under existing circumstances, would nevertheless have the appearance of an impropriety, hardly excusable in her sex. She concluded, therefore, after a long and painful conflict of the mind, that she had erred, and that she would atone for that error if ever an opportunity offered itself; and she ardently hoped it would not be long before one favorable to her wishes might occur.

Mr. Stuyvesant, on his way to the landing, imparted to Diedrich the important communications he had received. They threatened the entire destruction of the Dutch influence, and their claims to the New Netherlands; that the Governor was greatly straightened in consequence of the inroads of the New Englanders, who had settled at New Haven; the Swedes, on the eastern banks of the Delaware; and the English, on the eastern end of Long Island—all of whom continued their encroachments daily. But the most important alarm had been caused by the arrival of a messenger, who had made a formal claim of Long Island, in the name and behalf of the Dowager of Stirling. Added to which, was the intelligence of a design on the part of England, to subdue to herself the whole continent, and by conquest to extinguish the claims of the Dutch West India Company to the territory which they had held since 1609.

The Governor, a most faithful agent of that company, took every step which the exigency of the case and the nature of his office required, to prevent the loss of territory. His official labors were incessant; the embarrassments which he daily experienced from the encroachments of the New Englanders, Marylanders and Swedes, he had faithfully transmitted to his employers; and at the same time despatched a sloop to Beaverwyck with similar information to the agents there, as also to request the immediate return of his kinsman, of whose counsel and assistance he felt himself greatly in need.

"There is certainly," said Diedrich, after having learnt the nature of the despatch, "an imperious call for your immediate departure—which does not, however, lessen our regrets, for we had fondly anticipated the agreeable pleasure of your company for at least some weeks; and pardon me, my friend, if I add

there has been a secret whisper among the ladies, that you were the captive of the fair Eugenie, and that there were strong reasons for believing that we should have you with us altogether."

"With you, my dear friend," replied Mr. Stuyvesant, "I will make no reserve. Such, indeed, was my fond wish; but I have been so unfortunate as not to meet with a reciprocal regard from that amiable young lady; and I leave this happy village, with friends dear to me as life, in the expectation of returning here no more."

"This is indeed an issue that must greatly add to our regret; and I am certain it will produce a shock to the hearts of your friends, who calculated upon seeing you often among them, to learn now that they are to expect you no more."

"After the repulse which I have met with," replied Mr. Stuyvesant, "it would be imprudent in me to throw myself again in the way of M<sup>lle</sup> Eugenie, for whom I cherish the most sincere regard, and from whom I confess I tear myself away with no little reluctance. I pray you, therefore, to conceal as much as possible from my friends, the mortification I do now, and must long labor under, from her declining to accept my addresses. I shall, notwithstanding, forever entertain the most exalted opinion of her; and shall hope for her happiness, long as I feel the reasonable desire of promoting my own."

Diedrich, after expressing himself in the most feeling manner for this unexpected event, informed him that it was his intention to proceed to Holland soon after the ceremonies of a public interment and funeral obsequies were performed for their deceased friends at Schenectady—whence they should proceed to New Amsterdam; at which city they would remain until the following spring, where he anticipated the happiness of renewing their friendship, and of extending it to the latest period of their lives.

This agreeable communication relieved Mr. Stuyvesant of some of the melancholy which had pressed upon his heart, and tenderly embracing Diedrich, he embarked on board the canoe, which was immediately unmoored from the landing, and was rapidly propelled by the descending stream of the Mohawk, aided by the paddles of four sturdy craftsmen.

Returning to the castle, Diedrich found his friends anxiously awaiting him. They were desirous of learning the particulars which had caused the hurried departure of Mr. Stuyvesant; and on being informed that it was an official, or public nature, and not a private calamity, (which they feared,) they became satisfied.

The sachem was heard to fetch a profound sigh while Diedrich was communicating the particulars of the apprehended descent of the English on the Dutch territory, and on being asked the cause, he observed:

"I see rivers of blood extinguishing the claims of the Dutch, and of my nation. The lion will soon roar in the North American wilderness, and wars and vices will finally exterminate our race. The avarice and the ambition of France has extended itself to England, and I can easily foresee the ultimate conquest of this entire continent. Baron," continued he, "you have a deep interest at stake. You have but little time to lose, and should, with all possible despatch, proceed to Holland; there have your titles and property in this territory confirmed. Thence you should proceed to England, and there exhibit your titles, and demand of the crown the guarantee of your own, and the claims of your company, to their respective freeholds. By this step you will secure for yourself and them the privilege of retaining your lands free of confiscation; and although you will have to change your rulers, and the form of your government, your lands will remain yours, according to the tenure of the original grant, which will exempt them from being included in that which may be hereafter claimed in right of conquest."

Addressing himself next to the Mohawk chief, he observed: "Father! the Five Nations must prepare themselves for the events likely to take place in this expected invasion. Although I consider either the alliance or the hostility of the whites the greatest evil, morally considered, that could befall our nation, yet, should they claim our alliance upon honorable terms, we are bound to accede to them; but if, like the French, they enter into an alliance with our enemies, we must be prepared to convince them that the warriors of the Five Nations are no contemptible foe."

"Yo-hah! sachem," replied Black Kettle, "we are willing to enter into a friendly alliance with all good and faithful nations. If the English seek it, and prove themselves as worthy as the good Corlear nation, they shall have it.—But if, like the French, they should prove treacherous, they shall find that we have fire in our eyes, courage in our hearts, and death in our arms, to punish them. But we will take eye-water to make us see clear, that we may judge of their intentions; and if we find them good and true, we will make a chain that shall be bright and lasting, and plant for them the tree of peace; but if, on the contrary, we find them to be enemies, we will raise the hatchet against them, and keep it raised as long as there remains one warrior capable of resisting them."

Diedrich felt the force of the sachem's arguments and advice, and foresaw, in the event of an invasion by the English, the downfall of the Dutch dynasty in North America. Just and lawful as their claims were, by discovery, by purchase and by possession, he was sure that these rights would be set aside, not by sound law, but by superior force, and that therefore the land-holders must rely on the clemency of the crown of England for the retention of their claims. It was, however, necessary for him, as his claims had not yet been confirmed, to proceed

to Europe without delay, that he might have both these and those of his successions immediately acknowledged.

These events produced an extraordinary change in the affairs of the village; and Eugenie was almost petrified when she heard of the contemplated sudden departure of Diedrich and Katrine for the metropolis—nay, more, that the sachem and his princess were expected to accompany them. "Alas!" thought she, "I, too, might have been of the happy number, but for my thoughtless, ill-timed levity." A train of melancholy ideas succeeded these thoughts, and were only interrupted by the appearance of Katrine, who entered the chamber with a heavenly smile beaming on her countenance, and communicated to the desponding maiden the heart-reviving intelligence that Diedrich and herself had succeeded in obtaining the consent of her indulgent parents to accompany them to Manhattan City, and to remain with them until their embarkation for Europe.

"And then," said the now rejoicing Eugenie, "what is to become of me?"

"Why, my Diedrich has promised that cousin Jacob shall escort you to those dear parents."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Eugenie, "I have offended Mr. Stuyvesant beyond forgiveness. I feel that I am unworthy of his regard."

"Well, well!" said Katrine, "I know one who does you the justice to think you every way entitled, not only to his regard, but to his whole life of love. Now, if you are truly willing to reward his attachment with yours in return, come pack up quickly, and be ready to proceed to Beaverwyck with us. By-the-bye," continued she, with somewhat of diffidence, "I want you to support me on an approaching event, which is to take place on our arrival at that village."

Eugenie, throwing her arms around the neck of her friend, with a flow of tears, expressed her sense of the kind and considerate conduct manifested in her behalf, and added, that she had been taught the importance of candor and sincerity, in affairs in which the heart was concerned. Indeed, she was now so fully sensible of the impropriety of her behavior, that she knew not how she could look Mr. Stuyvesant in the face without confusion, unless some kind advocate—some considerate friend, like Katrine—would first, by removing every difficulty, render an interview between them supportable.

"Be satisfied, my dear Eugenie, you have had all your wishes anticipated. Your own chosen advocate—indeed, your warm and sincere advocate—has already successfully pleaded your cause."

"To what generous friend am I to consider myself so much indebted?"

"The heart—the affectionate heart—of your lover."

"Oh, Katrine! this but adds to my mortification, and must inevitably increase my confusion on again meeting with him. I must indeed appear despicable in his eyes."

"Not so, believe me; Mr. Stuyvesant is possessed of sufficient sense, and has also had sufficient experience of the dispositions of our sex, to enable him to attribute to its proper cause, your conduct of this morning. Nor would he have left us as he has without convincing you, that on reflection he was satisfied it was but a whim of your's, put in requisition to tease him, and for which he freely forgave you, but was prevented by the importance of the message received from the Governor."

Eugenie was at length convinced that Mr. Stuyvesant had not left her with displeasure, and that he would see her again with satisfaction; and thus convinced, she set about making preparations for their intended voyage.

The lovely Melane, "the blooming rose of Tuscarora," had banished from the head of the prince, not only all thoughts, but even every shadow of desire for accompanying his friends to Europe; nor could he be prevailed upon to join them in their voyage to Beaverwyck, to be present at their nuptials, until he had obtained the consent of Melane to be one of the party.

Preparations for escorting our hero and his affianced bride, were carried on without intermission. Twenty canoes were overhauled and rendered sea-worthy; and forty of the young chiefs volunteered their services as paddlers for the fleet. Black Kettle and the queen spared no pains to render this the most splendid exhibition ever recorded in the annals of the Mohawks. The barks of many oaks in the vicinity of the village, were peeled, to admit the impression of the national record of the approaching event.

Twenty canoes, with their passengers, were described with their heads turned towards the south-east. Above the two state canoes were drawn an ear of corn and a leg of venison, emblematic of its being a wedding expedition. Numerous belts and strings of wampum were also described, expressive of the value of the presents intended for the respective couples.

Eugenie now entered the hall, and announced that the preparations were in such a state of forwardness, that they proposed embarking for Schenectady on the following morning, "and I have to add, my dear parents, that it is the sincere desire of the Baron and his loved Katrine, that you should both accompany them to the village in which they are to be united."

"It would certainly afford us infinite pleasure," answered the Chevalier, "to be present on this joyful occasion, and we proudly yield to their friendly desires."

The assiduous Garangula lost no time in his exertions to secure the affections of the modest Melane, which he had at last the happiness of hearing avowed from her willing, though trembling lips, and received her permission to announce to their parents her readiness to become his bride. Overjoyed, he sped his way to the audience-chamber of their majesties, and almost breathless with delight, communicated to them the gratifying intelligence that the lovely Melane had

consented to be his, and only waited the sanction of her and his parents, to confirm the contract.

These fond and indulgent parents proceeded immediately to the apartment of their illustrious guest, and the Queen mother, fell upon her neck and wept for joy, that one of her own loved tribe should be directed by Providence to be the companion of her darling son. Black Kettle embraced her with affection, and assured her that in bestowing his daughter on the great sachem of the Five Nations, and his only son on the princess of the Tuscaroras, he felt a happiness beyond his utterance, and hoped that they and their generations might be blessed and happy, "while suns shall shine, and rivers run." While Sawontka, the father of Melane, embracing first Black Kettle, next his daughter, and lastly his intended son-in-law, gave evidence of his satisfaction by the repetition of the "Yo-hah-han!"

This well-known signal of joy and exultation, reaching the most distant apartments of the castle, brought together all its inmates, who, on learning the cause, joined in their congratulations, and the day was concluded with the utmost harmony—not a sorrowful heart, if we except Eugenie, being present; nor did her sorrow arise from any other source than her own imprudence, "but for which," thought she, "I might at this moment have been included among the happiest of this happy group! Heigh-ho!"

Our friends separated for the night, and were ready by the rising sun of the following morning, to embark for Schenectady.

Twenty of the staunchest canoes of the Five Nations were proudly riding on the bosom of the Canajoharie, in each of which, under their leaf-woven canopies, two chiefs of the heroic cadets were waiting the arrival of the anxious and expectant voyagers.

The first beams of a September sun were just gilding the summits of the lofty pines of the adjacent mountains, while the blushing twilight of morning had spread its soft influence on the plain below, when the procession was seen advancing from the gates of the castle, accompanied by all the affectionate villagers, who had assembled to bid a long, long farewell to their loved Ro-ya-ner, and his equally beloved Katrine.

The passengers were soon on board and fairly seated, when the signal for unmooring the little fleet was given and promptly executed; and soon as the little barques with their valued lading were seen to glide from the landing, a burst of sorrow from the hearts of the inhabitants on the shore, convinced the voyagers how truly they were esteemed by those they left behind.

Little of interest occurred during their passage down the river to Schenectady, and the minds of those that were not as deeply interested in the approaching scene as were those of Katrine and her Dutch companions, found some relaxation

from their poignant sympathies in the variegated tints of the autumn foliage, which sported all the colors of the prismatic rays of light.

The nearer the little fleet approached its destined harbor, the deeper were the shades of melancholy in the countenances of the sufferers; and when, with the setting sun, the romantic banks of the late flourishing village first broke upon their view, a deep burst of grief proceeded from the females, which Diedrich, and the gentlemen with him, exerted themselves to the utmost to suppress.

Having arrived at the landing, the canoes were secured, and the passengers debarked and ascended the beautiful acclivity to the plain, where the late village had stood in innocent grandeur. With the exception of one or two houses on the outskirts, nothing was to be seen but dilapidated walls and scattered chimneys, presenting to the view of the melancholy beholders a scene of awful ruin.

The cadets, advancing to the uninhabited houses, cleared them of the rubbish which had accumulated during their unoccupied state; and kindling fires in the chimneys, rendered them thus a convenient shelter for the females. The males constructed for themselves a spacious wigwam directly in front, having the command of both houses.

The next care of the cadets was to transport from the canoes the provisions and cooking utensils, which were turned over to the care of the notable Dame Krautzer, and her no less notable daughter, Margaret. Refreshments were soon prepared for the whole party, of which they partook with appetites regulated by the greater or less intensity of their grief.

At an early hour of the evening the ladies retired to rest, and soon as night had thrown her sable mantle over the horizon, Black Kettle called upon his vigilants to repair to their duty. Five sentinels were detached to patrol the encampment; three hours were allotted as a tour of duty, at the expiration of which, they were to be relieved by an equal number from the reserve guard.

During the first watch of the night, the sentinels on duty reported the sound of paddles approaching from below. Scouts were immediately despatched to the landing to ascertain whether the canoes contained friends or foes. In the mean time it was deemed expedient to keep all things quiet for fear of disturbing the repose of the "master-piece of creation"—lovely woman.

It was soon ascertained that the noise proceeded from the canoes of the deputation who were returning from Beaverwyck, having, in behalf of the Five Nations, offered their condolence to the inhabitants, and received the promise of their assistance in revenging the late fatal massacre. These opportunely arrived in time to point out the respective mounds, and to assist in the concluding ceremonies of the approaching day.

To the inquiries of Diedrich, with respect to the arrival at Beaverwyck of Mr. Stuyvesant, he was informed that that gentleman was still at the village, where he had been detained in consequence of a violent attack of fever, from which

he was slowly recovering under the care of the venerable Dr. Bleecker. With respect to the inhabitants who had escaped from their assailants, there were several still at the village, who were desirous of returning to this once favored spot, provided they could do so with safety.

At the appointed hour, the party arranged themselves for the melancholy procession to the mounds of the murdered. Decanesora, who had been appointed speaker or sachem of the deputation, having previously pointed out to Diedrich the mound containing the remains of 'Squire Van Dervear and his lady, also that containing the residue of the murdered, was again delegated by Black Kettle to lead the van, and to conduct the ceremonies on the present occasion.

Katrine, supported by Diedrich, followed the procession as chief mourners.—Manima and the sachem; then Mrs. Krautzer and Margaret; Eugenie and her mother; Garangula and Melane; and lastly, the Mohawk and Tuscarora chiefs. The rest of the procession followed in what is termed "Indian file," according to their rank and condition in life.

Arriving at the mound of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dervear, the procession formed a semi-circle, and the speaker, approaching the mound, addressed the weeping mourners in the following speech:—

"Brethren!—The murder of our friends at this place, by the French, grieves us as much as if it had been done to ourselves; for we are in the same chain, and no doubt our brethren of New England will be likewise sadly affected with this cruel action of the French, who, on this occasion, have not acted like brave men, but like thieves and robbers. But be not discouraged. The Mohawks—the representatives of the Five Nations—give this belt to wipe away your tears.—[Here the speaker gave the belt to Diedrich.]

"Brethren!—We lament the death of so many of our friends, whose blood has been shed at Schenectady. We don't think what the French have done can be called a victory; it is only a further proof of their cruel deceit. The Governor of Canada sends to Onondaga, and talks to us of peace with our whole house, but war was in his heart, as we now see by the awful example before us. He did the same formerly at Cadaracqui, and in the Senekas' country. This is the third time he has acted thus deceitfully. He has broken open our house at both ends—formerly in the Senekas' country, and now here. We hope, however to be revenged of them. We have been partly revenged of them, for our nation sent their brave cadets in pursuit, and following with their warriors, have restored the captives to their friends. We will follow the French to their doors; we will beset them so closely, that not a man in Canada shall dare to step out of doors to cut a stick of wood. But now we gather up our dead to bury them, and do thus bury them by this second belt.—[This was followed by the ceremony of re-smoothing the surface of the graves.]

"Brethren!—We come from the castle with tears in our eyes, to bemoan the blood-shed at Schenectady by the perfidious French. While we bury our dead here, we also lament those who were slain while in pursuit of the enemy—again we bury our brethren with this third belt.

"Brethren!—Great and sudden is the mischief, as if it had fallen from heaven upon us. Our forefathers taught us to go with all speed to bemoan and lament with our brethren when any misfortune or disaster happens to any of our chain. Take this belt of vigilance, that you may be more watchful for the future. We give our brethren eye-water to make them sharp-sighted, by this fourth belt.

"Brethren!—We are now come to this house to renew the chain; but alas! we find the house polluted—polluted with blood. All the Five Nations have heard of this, and we are come to wipe away the blood, and to clean the house. We come to bemoan the loss of our murdered friends.

"Brethren!—Be patient. This disaster is an affliction that has fallen from heaven upon us. The sun, which has been cloudy and sent this disaster, will shine again with its pleasant beams. We give this belt to console you for your loss, and to confirm our words."

They then proceeded to the mound which contained the promiscuous bodies of the inhabitants that had been slain, where usual national ceremonies were performed, and a renewal of the covenant chain made between the Five Nations and the Dutch settlers, of which Diedrich was now the representative.

On returning to the cabins, Katrine, taking the arms of Eugenie and Manima, requested to be permitted the indulgence of her griefs, and retired from the company for the remaining part of the day



## CHAPTER XX.

"Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbors;  
The lovers no longer their bliss can delay;  
Leave at home all your cares, your sorrows and labors,  
And join in the pleasures of this happy day."

THE two little fleets of canoes had once more received their passengers, who were now prepared to separate—the deputation on their return to the Mohawks' castle, and the Baron and his party to Beaverwyck. The parting was an affectionate one, consisting of those mingled emotions that were expressive of sorrow for the past, and joy for the approaching event.

To Diedrich and Katrine, it was a most affecting scene. They were to separate for a long time from these faithful friends of their early youth, and from scenes that had impressed themselves upon their infant memories, and had been matured with their growth.

Cordial and sincere was the parting of the friends, and equally cordial and sincere their good wishes, accompanied with ardent desires for their safe and speedy return. The fleets separate—the parties recede from each other's view, and are soon out of the sight and hearing of each. A solemn silence, equalling the stillness of night, pervaded the hearts of all, which was only interrupted by the sound of the paddle, or the rippling of the waters of the lovely Mohawk.

The silence was at length interrupted by the sachem, who said—"Why mourn ye thus, my friends, 'as those who are without hope?' Arouse yourselves, and shake off the griefs which unfit you for the enjoyment of that happiness which Heaven hath yet in store for us.

"Death is the common lot of all, for 'it is appointed unto man once to die,' and it is congenial to our attachments to give the testimony of our sorrowful feelings on occasions of the kind which we yesterday witnessed. We have performed the last sad duties that have been left us to fulfil, and 'to Him who can alone weigh our crimes and our errors against our efforts towards virtue, we have consigned them with awe, but not without hope.' Let us, therefore, look forward in that hope; and not, by an excess of feeling, deprive ourselves of its rich consolations."

By degrees our friends began to share in the conversations of each other, having previously acknowledged the justice of the sachem's remarks. They had not long returned to the enjoyment of the romantic scenery of the woods and mountains on each side of the river, before an object presented itself to the view of Katrine, which recalled to her the most painfully pleasing recollections. It was Greenwood Island.

Diedrich, whose feelings were of a kindred character with her own, observed her agitation, and without inquiring into the cause, which he felt himself in all its force, tenderly embracing her, and pointing to the island, exclaimed—"Dearest Katrine!" which was answered by the delightful reply—"My dearest Diedrich! you are now all the world to your orphan Katrine, who looks up to you as a protector sent of Heaven, to supply the place of my lamented parents."

"May that Heaven, in whom we both trust, so qualify me for the task, that I may prove myself to be all that the heart of my dearest Katrine could wish; and may our lives be so prolonged that I may manifest to you throughout, that this heart hath been faithfully devoted to you before, and more particularly since, the day on which I inscribed my love on the bark of the bay-tree on this lovely island."

But that it would appear selfish, and that it would retard their voyage to Beaverwyck, our lovers would have landed on this favorite island, and fondly retraced the hieroglyphics on the margin of the stream. As it was, they yielded to the necessity of passing it, but not without feelings of the purest and most pleasing nature.

They had now entered the majestic Hudson, which again recalled to the remembrance of Katrine her last voyage through its picturesque and romantic scenery. Then, she was separating herself from the dear object of her affection; now, she was descending the same river to unite herself to that beloved object forever.

As they approached the destined haven, Diedrich, addressing himself to Eugenie, demanded of her if she was a good nurse?

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because I hear there is an excellent physician in the village before us, who has a patient that he says he cannot cure without a nurse equally skilled in administering, as he is in prescribing."

"Well, but what have I to do with his patient?"

"Nothing more than to nurse him, and assist the good doctor to expedite the cure; and, I will insure it, the patient will give you the half of his fortune."

"Yes," added Katrine, "and his whole heart and person into the bargain, if it so pleases my sweet friend."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Eugenie, the blushes crimsoning her face deeply, "how you alarm me! Is Mr. Stuyvesant, indeed, ill?"

"He has been very ill," replied Diedrich, "but Decanesora informs me that he is convalescent."

Here the heart of Eugenie evinced its native feeling and goodness. She felt and expressed her feelings of regret for her levity at the castle, in such unequivocal terms, accompanied with tears, as left not the smallest doubt, if any had in-

deed remained, that she did most cordially esteem their friend. They encouraged her, therefore, to dry her tears, and to assure herself that their meeting would be among the most happy of its kind.

Arrived at the landing, Black Kettle despatched a cadet to inform his friend Quider—the name given to Major Peter Schuyler—of their visit. The Major was absent, having gone to the Flats on public business; but his amiable consort condescended to invite them to their spacious and hospitable mansion, and of receiving them in person at the portico, where she welcomed them to Beaverwyck, and to the hospitalities of its remaining inhabitants.

While refreshments were preparing for the voyagers, the amiable Mrs. Schuyler made herself acquainted with those of the individuals to whom she had not been previously known. The sachem and Black Kettle were among her old acquaintances; Diedrich had grown entirely, and Katrine almost, out of her memory, but she recognized in them the children of her early friends, and offered to the latter her heartfelt sympathy for her loss.

Such was the suavity of manners of this lady, that she attracted the attention and won the hearts of each individual; and it was impossible to discern to which she was most partial. All shared alike her affectionate regard, and all were equally served and satisfied—so much so, that those who had never been in her company, or had experienced her kindness, were as much at home and at their ease, as if they had drawn their first breath in her presence, and had been reared to maturity by her attention.

The cadets according to custom, were encamped in a large range of buildings which the considerate Major had erected for the accommodation of the numerous Indians who frequently visited his hospitable village.

Katrine, aware of the mental sufferings of Eugenie, as soon as propriety would admit, drew Mrs. Schuyler apart, and stated the anxiety of her friend to learn the situation of Mr. Stuyvesant. Mrs. Schuyler assured her that she had but a few minutes before their arrival returned from her afternoon's visit to him, and had found him recovering fast; and that the venerable parson had expressed an opinion that he would be able to prosecute his voyage to the city in a few days.

It was decided that Diedrich should repair to his lodging, at the house of Mrs. Kohler, and prepare him for a visit from the ladies after tea. There the Baron met the attentive minister, (who was to unite him and his Katrine,) performing the double offices of a physician and a friend to his emaciated patient. On being announced, a flush diffused itself over the pale face of Mr. Stuyvesant, who soon experienced the warm evidences of sincere friendship, in the cordial embrace of Diedrich. An introduction to the pious divine followed, and permission was obtained for the introduction of the ladies.

In accordance with these arrangements, the ladies, accompanied by Mrs. Schuyler, walked over to the lodgings of the invalid, and when the ceremony of introduction to Mrs. Kohler—who strained Katrine to her affectionate bosom—was over, she was permitted to conduct the agitated Eugenie to the presence of the expectant and no less agitated patient. Diedrich having engaged the minister apart on the subject of his contemplated union, as also that of his friends, left a favorable opportunity for the meeting and interview of our lovers.

Soon as his longing and anxious eyes beheld the image of her he so dearly loved, he faintly exclaimed—"Dearest lady Eugenie! this unexpected goodness is kind, is—O, yes! it is a cordial to my heart."

He could utter no more; his full heart prevented him from the further expression of his joy.

Eugenie could say no more than—"Forgive my unmeant injury!"

"Extending his trembling arms, he said—"Forgive you? Yes, lovely Eugenie; Heaven knows how freely, how truly, and how sincerely I have forgiven, and do now forgive you! Dear cousin," added he, turning to Katrine, "will you not guarantee the sincerity of my expressions?"

"Ah!" said Eugenie, "Katrine can assure you of the painful regrets!"

"Say no more of regrets; I shall esteem—I do esteem—this hour, the most happy one of my life."

The rest of the company were now admitted, and Mr. Stuyvesant received the congratulations of his friends on the prospect of his recovery.

"My old friend, the parson, informs us that you have been dangerously ill," said the sachem, "and we have cause of rejoicing at the prospect of your recovery."

"Yes," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "I was so ill on the third day, that my life was despaired of. Indeed, it was announced that I was dying, and this report brought me several very unwelcome visitors, who appeared to be unwilling that I should go out of this world without giving them a fee."

"You mean the pettifogging gentry that infest this little village, with the self-assumed title of 'Lawyers,' I suppose?"

"The very same," replied Mr. Stuyvesant, "and it appears to me that they have been 'let loose by the demon of discord for the destruction of public peace and private confidence.' They multiply so fast, that one would think they rise, like mushrooms, from the earth."

"But lawyers appear to be a 'necessary evil' among civilized men," said Diedrich.

"Well, I am happy," said the prince, "that the Five Nations have never had any occasion for one of the profession."

"It is, indeed, a subject of gratulation," said the sachem, "that notwithstanding the superstitions and deplorable ignorance of Indians, they are, with

but one exception, the only people on earth of whom it may be said, 'such a thing as a lawyer has never been known among them.'"

"What other people are these?" asked the Chevalier.

"A society of Christians who have distinguished themselves by the name of Moravians. These have made it a law in their religious compact, that no lawyer, as such, shall be admitted to their communion."

"Happy people!" exclaimed the Chevalier—who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of some of the fraternity, not among the most honest, and who, from principle, despised the profession—"Happy people! would to heaven the people of this country would take example from them, and so conduct as to render the existence of such a profession unnecessary."

An end was put to this conversation by a motion from the ladies to retire. Taking their friendly farewell of the patient and his attentive physician for the night, with the promise of renewing their visit in the morning, they were accompanied to the mansion of their esteemed hostess by their respective companions, the Tuscarora chief having the honor of gallanting this lady to her residence.

Katrine took the earliest opportunity for consulting with Mrs. Schuyler on the best mode of conducting the approaching ceremonies, and it was decided that it should take place in the village church on the Sabbath following, and after morning service; that Mrs. Schuyler would perform the office of giving her away, as she had no parent to perform that customary ceremony. She also politely tendered her services in preparing every necessary entertainment for so important and happy an occasion—which kind and considerate offer was gladly and gratefully received and acknowledged by our blushing heroine.

Diedrich communicated, on the next visit to Mrs. Kohler, the arrangements for the weddings, and had the pleasure of receiving from that early friend of his father, fresh proofs of her continuing attachment, in a tender of her purse and services, toward rendering this the most splendid wedding ever known in the infant village of Beaverwyck.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is unnecessary to continue details further than to state the completion of the happiness of the heroes and heroines of our tale.

Mr. Stuyvesant recovered his health in time to lead the blushing Eugenie to the same altar at which Diedrich and Katrine, the sachem and Manima, and Garangula and the beautiful Melane, had been united by the venerable Mr. Bleecker, in the midst of their joyous friends, who supported them during the solemn and impressive ceremonies, in the favored Dutch chapel of the village.

The following week, Black Kettle and the sachem, with Garangula and their suites, took an affectionate leave of their friends and embarked for the Mohawks' village—while Diedrich, Mr. Stuyvesant and their brides, together with the Chevalier and his lady, sailed for the city of New Amsterdam.



Diedrich was prevented from pursuing his voyage to Europe, in consequence of the arrival of an English fleet, which invested the city and subdued it to the British crown, together with all its territory. He was, however, confirmed in his title and property, and had the honor of being appointed a commissioner for forming an alliance between the English and the Five Nations.

Mr. Stuyvesant continued in trade at the city some years, and afterwards removed to the neighborhood of Schenectady with his family, where he was reunited to the circle of his dear friends.

Diedrich settled an extensive plantation on the Mohawk, near his favorite village, where he spent a long, useful and happy life with his beloved Katrine, who became the fond mother of a numerous family, and where these happy friends lived in the enjoyment of every blessing that agreeable society and a luxuriant soil could afford them, receiving and returning the visits of the friends at Beaverwyck, and at the Mohawks' village.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been hinted that one of the descendants of Diedrich was recognized in the army of Gen. FORBES, who commanded the western expedition against the Indians in 1758. He then ranked as Colonel, and was universally loved and respected by the Five Nations, as much for his own virtues and bravery, as for their respect for his aged father and deceased grandfather; that a descendant of Garangula was still the ruling chief of the Five Nations, as long as they existed as a nation; and that those of the sachem were no less conspicuous in the cabinet and field. In short, that the descendants of each have continued to support with credit to themselves, and honor to their ancestors, the virtues and the talents bequeathed to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The author thus takes leave of the characters of his tale, under circumstances that cannot fail of pleasing his readers, who, he most sincerely wishes, may experience as much happiness as appears to have fallen at last to the lot of those favored lovers it has been his pleasing task to introduce to their notice and to their sympathies.

THE END.

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