

28 Pp.

BEADLE'S

No. 76.

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RUTH HARLAND



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RUTH HARLAND;

OR,

THE MAID OF WEATHERSFIELD.

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AUTHOR OF "EAGLE EYE," "TWIN SCOUTS," "EPH PETERS," ETC.

LONDON :
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

RUTH HARLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEQUODS.

AMONG the few tribes of Indians in New England never seduced by the powder and promises of the English, the Pequods were most numerous and fierce. Their hunting-grounds were situated in Connecticut, and their principal seat was upon the Mystic river. The English, following their customs in regard to the savages, sent commissioners to this tribe, who were received by the savages with sullen indifference, and a disposition was constantly shown to break out into open mutiny. They had always looked upon the coming of the whites as a bad thing for them, and made war upon the chief, Massasoit, because he had received the strangers kindly. Their bands roved about the country, from the mouth of the river to the borders of Massachusetts, committing all sorts of depredations upon the settlers. In the year 1634, two commissioners and traders, Captains Stone and Norton, visiting the tribe, were treacherously murdered. In August of the same year, the entire family of a settler, named Weeks, was destroyed.

Our forefathers were not the men to take these matters coolly. Preparations were at once set on foot to break the power of this warlike tribe. They were not yet prepared for the open rupture, and seeing that they had

aroused the ire of the English, they did their best to allay the flame. With true Indian cunning, they consented to meet the English in council, and sent messengers to the Governor of the colonies, Josiah Winslow. He received them sternly, and ordered the messengers to return and call the chiefs to the council. They sent a deputation in answer to this demand.

It was in the latter part of August, when the three chiefs who formed the embassy came into Boston, returning the angry looks of the citizens whom they passed with interest. They were led by the soldier who had been sent out to conduct them into the presence of Winslow, who sat in the council-chamber of his mansion, surrounded by the men of mark, who had been chosen to guide the affairs of the colonies. They were men for the times—men who were chosen by nature to be the founders of a great people. With a gravity and decorum only equalled by that of the Indians themselves, they waited for the entrance of the savage deputation.

The leader of the savages was a tall chief, with a necklace of panther-claws about his brawny neck. He had the long, straight locks of the Indian, crowned by the eagle-feathers of a chief. A belt of wampum was passed about his waist and knotted over the right hip. Into this was thrust the knife and hatchet which their habitual caution causes them to wear at all times. His face was of the Roman cast, and his compressed lips and lofty air spoke the hereditary chieftain, conscious of his power.

His companions were ordinary chiefs, not so richly dressed as the one who entered first, and stood in the

centre of the great apartment. There sat Winslow, the brains of the council in state matters; Endicott, the captain of the forces of the colony; and a score of others, afterward famous in the annals of our early Indian wars.

Standing just behind the Governor's chair, stood a young man, who, as he will bear a prominent place in this chronicle, deserves mention. He was of middle size, but showing, whenever he moved, a power of muscle scarcely to be looked for. He had a quick, active eye, an open face, showing an indomitable will. This was Captain John Mason, a man who had already distinguished himself in the Indian wars of his own colony. He was dressed in a green hunting-garb, which he had adopted as the uniform of his men, over whom his epaulet showed his rank. Leaning upon the back of the Governor's chair, he listened to his questions and answered them, until the entrance of the savages, when he stood erect and looked at them. They seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing Captain Mason, and paused a moment, as if meditating retreat. But the pride of the leading chief overcame the momentary fear his presence created, and he looked steadily at the Governor.

“The chiefs of the Pequods are here,” said he. “They have come from the far land of the Pequods, because the old father sent for them. The Pequods have learned to reverence grey hairs, and they have come at the call of the grey head. Has the old father anything to say?”

“Who is it that speaks?” said Winslow. “He should have a name.”

“Mennawan is the brother of Sassacus, head sachem of the Pequod nation. When he rises to speak in their

councils, the old men listen to his words. The Narragansetts know him. They have heard his voice upon the war-path, and when he walks the woods, they hide from him in the caves. The Mohegans, who are dogs and the sons of dogs, tremble at the name of Mennawan."

"It is well," said Winslow. "We are very glad that so great a chief as Mennawan has come, for we have something to say which he must ring in the ears of his brother. The English would be at peace with the Pequods. All men are brothers."

"How!" said the chief. "Is not my skin red?"

No man knew better than Winslow how to deal with a proud chief, and his answer was apt:—

"My red brother is right. My skin is white and his is red. But what of that? The blood of my heart is as red as the chiefs'."

Mennawan bowed in silence. "The old father has spoken well, and Mennawan is now sure that all men should be brothers. The Pequods will be so to the white men."

"Do brothers turn the edge of the hatchet against each other?"

"Who have done so?"

"The Pequods have been upon the war-path. Two men were sent into the country of the Pequods. They went to get fur, and were willing to sell powder and shot for it. They never came back; has my brother heard of these men?"

"Mennawan is not a liar. He has heard that such men came into the land of the Pequods. He spoke to them himself, and bade them not stay in the land of the Pequods.

The white men had not done well by the Pequods, and they were angry. The old men did their best to keep the young men quiet. But they were hungry for scalps. They followed the white chiefs when they left the Pequod village. When the young men had slain our white brothers, they dared no more come back to our villages. They wander about in the woods, and sleep in the tree-tops and in the dens of bears. If they come into the village of the Pequods, they will take them and cut the broad mark of the tribe from their breasts, and turn them loose in the woods again. The hearts of our chiefs are right."

"We have been told that a white man and his family have been killed by your young men upon the banks of the great river. All were slain—the man, his wife, and six children. This work also was done by Pequods," said Winslow.

"This is true. It is not for Mennawan to deny it. But the dogs who took the scalps of the two traders were those who killed the white man, his squaw and papposes. Mennawan is sorry, but they are in the woods."

"What reason do they give for killing them?" asked Winslow.

"They had never spoken with the great father," said the wily chief, "and found that all men are brothers. They had lived so long in the woods that they had learned to believe that the banks of the great river belonged to the Pequods, and that white men had no business to come upon the lands of the Pequods. They are young, and their blood is hot."

The council could not fail to see the sarcasm conveyed

in the words of the chief. He wished them to understand that the English had no right to build upon the banks of the Connecticut.

“These foolish young men say,” continued the chief, “that they can no longer paddle their great canoe down to the great water to take fish, because they have to paddle under the great guns of the Yengees, and they fear the big thunder. It scares away the deer. I myself have passed by, where trees that have grown since our grandfathers were buried, have been laid low. This is not good in the eyes of the Indians. They are afraid, if this keeps on, there will not be a tree upon the banks of the river, which will give them shade when they are tired. Perhaps they were wrong to think so. Of course they were, since the grey-heads say it; and yet, as I look about me, what do I see? I stand upon the land of the Wampanoags, and it is not the same. When the feet of Mennawan last pressed it (he was young then), a tree grew upon the spot where he stands, and he killed a deer under its branches. If Mennawan were a brave of the Pequods, and not a chief, he might think as they do, that the Yengees score the earth too hard with their axes.”

“Chief, what mean you?”

“It is not well that men should come into the hunting-grounds of the Indians, who will not let the trees grow. If they cut away all the trees in the woods, a chief must travel many a weary mile before he can kill a deer. He would have hard work to feed his hungry children, his squaws and papposes.”

“You are wandering, chief. Speak to the point. What

shall be done with the men of your tribe who have killed our brothers?"

"It is the first time since the Pequods were a nation that they had to speak to another for their deeds. But let it be so. Sassacus would have peace, and he is chief sachem of the tribe. If a man of the Pequods has done a wrong to the Yengees, he shall suffer for it."

"Sassacus says well. He is a great chief. Our captain has told us what we ought to do, to protect ourselves from these outrages. Mr. Secretary, by your favour, read to the council the articles we have drawn up.

The Secretary rose, taking up a parchment which lay before him. Upon this was written the articles of an agreement, in substance as follows:—

The Pequods shall deliver to the English all who have been concerned in the murder of the two English captains or of the Weeks family. And in future, in case outrages were committed, the chiefs were to deliver all concerned. The next article gave up to the English all that portion of land lying within the limits of the colony of Connecticut; and they were to treat the settlers kindly in all cases, and not make war upon the Indian allies of the English. The third article gave to Englishmen desiring to trade with the tribe perfect security at all times, while in the land of the Pequods.

Captain Mason, who understood the language of the Pequods, translated the articles for the benefit of the chiefs, who listened with great attention to the statement. When it was finished, the three gravely gave their assent through Mennawan, who had acted as spokesman.

“The chiefs have heard the words of wisdom which are set down upon the talking-paper. They are glad to do something for their white friends, and what they ask is only just. The men who have killed the Yengees are no longer the friends of the Pequods. We will send braves into the woods, who will find them in the holes into which they have crawled for shelter. We will bring them bound to the grey head. Is it not well said, chiefs of the Pequods?”

“It is well?” said Wequash, one of the chiefs.

“The words of Mennawan have found a way into the heart of Imbotam. He is a chief of the Pequods. It is well,” answered the other.

“My father will give this talking-paper to the chiefs. They will carry it to the tribe, and every sachem will put his mark upon it,” said Mennawan.

Winslow handed him the paper. He folded it up and put it in his bosom.

“There is a little more to say,” said Mennawan. “The Narragansetts have been the enemies of the Pequods. But Miantonomah, chief of the Narragansetts, is no longer so, since he has smoked a pipe with the Yengees. Let me go, then, and find the chief, that I may smoke a pipe in the name of my people.”

“Ugh!” said Wequash; “this is good.” The other chief signified his assent.

“Miantonomah is here,” said a stern voice. “Let Mennawan look him in the face.”

As he spoke, the great head of the Narragansett nation stepped out in front of the rest, and regarded his former

enemy with fixed earnestness. Mennawan returned his gaze. The chief of the Narragansetts was a noble type of his race, descended from that Canonicus who held power when the English landed at Plymouth. This haughty chief sent, as a declaration of war, to the Governor Bradford a bundle of arrows wrapped in rattlesnake skin. The Governor filled the skin with powder and shot and returned it. The sachem thought better of it, and made a treaty with the English. From that time they had been friendly to the English, and the treaty with Canonicus had been continued under Miantonomah.

“Sachem of the Narragansett,” said Mennawan, proudly, “the chief of the Pequods never yet met the man whom he dared not look in the face. But why should he boast? He is not unknown; his deeds were not done in a corner. He has struck those who were his enemies with a heavy hand. Many scalps hang in his lodge.”

“And is the name of Miantonomah never heard in the wigwams of the Pequods?” asked the sachem, laying his hand upon his arm.

“Mennawan cannot lie. The hand of the sachem has been in battle, and many Pequods have died by his weapon. Many have been slain upon both sides. It is well then, since the old chief has told us that we are brothers (and if the white men are our brothers, whose blood alone is like ours, surely we, whose skin and blood are both dark, ought to be so), that we make peace.”

“The land of the Narragansett is very wide,” replied Miantonomah. “It is more than a bird’s flight from this to the Pequods. Why then should we quarrel, since both

have enough. There are deer in the land of the Pequods as well as in that of the Narragansetts. We are ready to be friends of our red brothers."

"It is many years, Miantonomah, since the Yengees landed upon these shores. The red men were happy. They fought each other when they were angry, and made peace when they were tired. The fish they drew from the great Salt Lake and the rivers gave them food. Want never came into their wigwams. These strangers came. When Canonicus sent them a bundle of arrows, they sent back powder and shot. We did not know what powder and shot were then. We have learned *since*. But the Pequods have not been friendly to the Yengees. They were foolish enough to think that the land was their own, and the Yengees had no right to drive them from their own land. They were wrong; the Narragansetts have taught them better, and they ought to be glad."

At this cut at his nation's subserviency to the English, Miantonomah frowned angrily, and Mennawan, seeing that he had galled him, artfully failed to press the point, and went on:—

"The Pequods see that all who are friends with the Yengees do well. Even the Mohegans, who are dogs, and the sons of dogs, are braver since they have made the Yengees their friends. They are not fools, and they want powder, and shot, and muskets. Why should we not do as they have done?"

Miantonomah smiled grimly. He began to understand the peaceful mood of the chief.

"Let there be peace between us," said he. "If we get

tired of keeping quiet, it is very easy for us to dig up the hatchet."

"Must we be friends with the Mohegans?" asked Mennawan, turning to the captain.

"Yes," replied Mason. "The Mohegans are friends with the English."

"Let the 'Indian Slayer' listen," said the chief. "The Mohegans can never be the true friends of the Pequods. We will not make war upon them, because they are the servants of the Yengee. But they are dogs."

"Uncas would make that assertion of you, probably."

"Uncas is a *man*," cried Mennawan. "He has taken scalps. But the hair of his own scalp-lock shall dry in a Pequod lodge."

"Let that pass. It is the order of the Governor that you make ready for your return. Come to the fort, and you shall receive presents for the chiefs."

Mennawan and his associates passed from the council, led by Mason, who had already received the name of "Indian Slayer" from the tribes. The next day they returned, taking with them the presents they had received, and the parchment upon which the articles of the treaty were set down.

CHAPTER II.

THE HENCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

CAPTAIN ENDICOTT met Mason, after the departure of the chiefs, outside the Governor's house. His countenance was bright, as he took the latter by the hand.

“This matter is happily settled, John,” said he.

The face of John Mason showed no answering brightness. He turned away with a sigh.

“Look you, Endicott,” said he; “I am not in favour of any treaty with the Pequods, because it is not in their natures to keep them. Treachery is as natural for them as to lope through the woods. All that Mennawan may say will not serve to convince me that he is in earnest in this treaty.”

“How say you, Sir Captain! Do you think he will fail in any of the terms?”

“Ay! Do we not know the hatred of the tribe to anything English? They have sworn to possess again their hunting-grounds, upon which Hartford now stands. My word for it—the word of a soldier who never failed—treachery was in the mind of Mennawan when he made this treaty. Again, he said that the men who murdered my friends so treacherously were in the woods. They may be, but I know that the scalps were borne into the Pequot village by those murderers, elevated upon a pole, and all the village came out to do them honour. Did you hear the conversation between Mennawan and the sachem of the Narragansetts?”

“I understand not their language.”

“He spoke of the happiness the Indians enjoyed before we came, and galled the proud sachem to the quick by bringing up his subserviency to us. Do not be surprised, if, before many days, you hear that the Pequods are in the wigwams of the Narragansetts. Not all your power, I am fearful, after you have suffered them to make peace

with Miantonomah, will keep them friendly. I know his proud spirit was touched by the underhand reproaches of Mennawan."

"I doubt this, John. Much as I honour your judgment in most matters, I must still say that I think the peace will be final."

"No peace will be final with Sassacus, sachem of the Pequods. He is a man of noble, independent spirit, though a savage. I have met him; and though he may allow this treaty to stand for a while, yet he will break out again when time serves him. I have seen more of the Pequods than you, and the Romans were not prouder of their origin than they. The smaller tribes hold them in great awe, and are tributary to them. They hate the Mohegans with the most deadly hatred, because they have always been our friends. You will understand from this that they cannot be fast friends to us, since they hate our allies."

"But they sought peace with the Narragansetts."

"True; but the Narragansetts are the most powerful enemies they have, and they hope to keep them quiet, even though they will not help them, when they break out again. We, who dwell in Connecticut, are in the most danger, and hence I am hot upon the subject. If you could have looked, as I did, upon the dreadful scenes of our frontier—if you had seen the Weeks family, scalped and bloody, lying amid the smoking ruins of their house, you would say, as I say to-day, no quarter to the accursed savages. Strike, and spare not."

"Did you come up alone from Hartford, John?"

“Not so. I was attended by Salvation Green, an honest man, though not fair to look upon.”

“Mine honest friend, Salvation! Where may we find him? I would fain enjoy an hour’s chat with him before you go hence.”

“If that be your desire, yonder he sits, under the boughs of the elms. See you what he hath in his hand? There is nothing of use or ornament which Salvation cannot carve with his knife. Let us go and see what he has now.”

They walked on, and joined the object of their conversation, who sat under an elm, by the side of the street upon which they stood. He was a remarkable character, this henchman of John Mason. In person, as he sat under the tree, he appeared to be of ordinary height; but, as he unwound his long legs, which had been coiled under him as he sat on the ground, and rose to meet his friends, he showed an altitude of six feet four inches. He was one of those “double-jointed” men found only in America, whose real power is only known when it is tried. If the time had been a century later, he would have been called a representative Yankee, if the old true description of these famous men is the true one. His hair was of that unhappy description known as “tow,” and his friends frequently awakened his ire by comparisons between it and the wool of a sheep. His head was set upon a remarkably long neck, and, as if the weight of the first member were too much for the last, he carried it very much on one side. His eyes were blue, and their good-natured light almost redeemed the homeliness of his figure. But his mouth was

the final blot upon his unlucky face. Description of it is not necessary, further than to say that one of his wild comrades in the company of Captain Mason, made the remarkably sweeping assertion, that, when he opened his mouth, his head was half off.

He had been whittling, for at this early date our frontier men had that dexterous sleight with the jack-knife which has since become historic. Mason stooped, and took up the box which still lay upon the ground, and found what he had been doing. A perfect set of chessmen, with the exception of a single rook which he held, partly finished, in his hand, lay in the box. The pawns were archers, with arrows drawn to the head. The castles had flags waving from the turrets, and the knights were mounted, with spears in their hands.

“ You let it be,” said Salvation.

“ For whom are you making this, Salvation ? ” asked Endicott.

“ What would you give to know ? ”

“ Surely you will tell us ; or, perhaps, you intend them for sale. I will give a goodly sum for such a set.”

“ How much ? ”

“ You are ever ready for a trade, Salvation. Why do you not give them to my worthy friend, Captain Endicott ? ” said Mason.

“ ’Tain’t my way,” replied Salvation, coolly. “ ’Sides, he nor you can’t have these. I made them for some one else.”

“ But who ? ”

“ That’s tellin’. S’pose I was to say Ruth Harland ? ”

The captain turned upon him somewhat sharply, at the mention of this name. But the immovable face of Salvation, even if he had intended it for a thrust at his captain, as Endicott thought likely, told no tales.

“Nice girl, Ruth,” he went on, quietly. “I ain’t forgot how she nursed me when I got that arrer in the side, in the swamps down by Pokanoket. Thought then I should make her something, and here ’tis.”

“Where did you get the model?”

“Saw ’em once at the Governor’s, down at Hartford.”

“Is it possible you remember how to make them, after so long?” asked Endicott.

“Easy enough. I looked at ’em close, ’cause I heard Ruth say she had no chessmen, and wanted a set.”

Endicott looked at his young friend, and was somewhat astonished to see that his face was flushed. He shrewdly conjectured that Captain John Mason had something to do with Mistress Ruth Harland.

“I bethink me now of a worthy pastor of that name, who left us some time since, and went to your colony to work for his Master. Where is he stationed?”

“At the little colony we call by the name of Weathersfield. There are not many in his flock, perhaps thirty in all, but he is satisfied to do the work assigned him.”

“I remember Mistress Ruth now; she was a comely damsel. When do you return to Hartford?”

“At once; having expressed my doubts of the faith of the Pequods, it is fitting that I should return to my duty. Not many months will pass before you will hear of sad deeds upon the border.”

“It may well be as you say, John. What think you, Salvation? I have heard it said that you have shrewdness beyond your looks. We have made peace with the Pequods, and they have promised to give up to us all the murderers of our people. Will they keep their faith?”

“Course not.”

Mason looked at his friend with a smile at this confirmation of his own opinion. John Endicott did not drop the matter.

“Why do you think the savages will not keep faith with us?”

“‘Tain’t their natur’. I’ve followed Cap’n Mason in his scimmages, and I find that the whole natur’ of the animal called Injin is all in one word—blood. They rest sometimes, when they git tired of blood-suckin’, but it’s only a rest. Even the Mohegans, and they are the best of the race, when they git in a scimmage, go mad after scalps. The Pequods will keep quiet until they have made peace and smoked the pipe with Miantonomah, and then they will pitch in worse than ever.”

Endicott saw that the two men had no faith in the Pequods, and left them, looking somewhat disconcerted; for he had great faith in the two men, who had fought the Indians in Connecticut, which, at this time, was more disturbed than any colony, from its advanced position.”

“We will go, Salvation,” said Mason. “Where are our horses?”

“They are in the stables of Thomas Marshall,” replied Salvation.

“Go quickly, and fetch them. I will walk on, and meet

you at the other side of the town. We have far to ride to-day."

Salvation hurried away, taking tremendous strides. In a short time he overtook his superior, mounted upon one steed, while he led the other by the bridle. The horse of Mason was a blooded animal, one of the few which had been imported for the use of the colony. In the wars they were of no use whatever, for had the cavaliers attempted to use them, they would have suffered great loss. Cortez would never have conquered the Mexicans, had they possessed such a country as that in which the Pilgrims landed. Horsemen would have little room to swing their sabres. Footmen, who could plunge into the bushes, and meet the skulkers in their own way, were the only men who could be used. And under such men as the occasion called forth—Mason, Endicott, Church, Standish, and the like—they at last, though only after bloody battles, broke the power of every tribe.

The subaltern was mounted upon a long-legged, ewe-necked beast, with a wandering, vicious-looking eye, which would have warned a horseman away from his heels. But the Yankee had lived too long, and had made the acquaintance of his animal too well, to suffer his horse to get the better of him in any way. There was no vice which flesh, and especially horse-flesh, is heir to, which was not possessed in the highest and worst degree by this remarkable beast. Any person unacquainted with the horse and his rider, would have wondered why the Yankee kept his feet thrust out in front so far, instead of permitting them to hang at ease by his horse's side. This precautionary

measure was soon proved to be a good one by the vicious brute, which pitched suddenly forward on his knees. A less experienced rider would have been hurled headlong from the saddle. But Salvation's feet struck the ground as soon as the knees of Tribulation—as he had long ago christened his steed—and he remained calmly seated in his saddle, until such time as the quadruped thought proper to rise to his feet, shake his obstinate head, and pace slowly forward, only meditating what next to do.

“Cap'n!” said Salvation.

“Well!” said the other, looking back at his strange companion.

“It's a-comin'!”

“What is coming?”

“Tribulation's tantrums.”

The captain laughed—for he well knew what that meant. When Tribulation once got started, he did not cease until he had run through the entire *rôle* of vicious tricks. As often as this was undertaken, so often Salvation conquered in the end. But the conquest never cowed the spirit of the animal in the least, and he was ready, whenever he took it into his vicious head, to go over with his tricks again. First, he “bucked,” and, to describe this vice, the words of a distinguished writer will do:—

“The thing is, in itself, dreadful enough without permitting ideal minds to make it worse than it is by pondering upon the mystery of the still more fearful word. I hasten then to define ‘bucking’ as a violent perpendicular leaping to the height of several feet, the animal landing perfectly stiff-legged, with an effect jarring to the nerves

of the most rugged constitution, and producing in the most hermetically-sealed countenance what refined doctors now-a-days call 'nasal hemorrhagia.' ”

This was the feat which Tribulation tried, and Salvation, who had been through the mill too many times not to be prepared, rose in his stirrups, with his limbs flexed, and suffered himself to subside gracefully into the saddle each time the fore feet struck the ground. After trying this several times, with no visible effect upon the rider, and to the intense enjoyment of the captain, who drew aside from the scene of action to witness the struggle, Tribulation settled down for a moment, in order to gather his faculties, and then began to plunge, kick, and rear, accompanying the action by a series of shrill neighs. Salvation was in no way disconcerted by the eccentric action of the brute, but locked his long legs under the animal, as his long limbs easily allowed, and waited for something else.

“ Pretty, ain't it ? ” he said.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Tribulation fell, as if struck down by a rifle ball. It was something new, and only the remarkable agility of Salvation saved him from broken bones. How he unlocked his limbs and got out of reach in the second of space allowed him before his horse's body struck the ground was a mystery to the captain, who stood looking on, and could not repress a cry of consternation as the horse fell. But the sturdy backwoodsman sat astride of his property, spurring him vigorously to make him rise. This he did, after a while, in a confused and uncertain manner, as if he began to have a dim perception that he had a master after all. But the

beast was not ready to give up yet, and began to run backward at full speed, whereupon the rider pulled hard on the rein as if to assist in the operation. If Salvation had attempted to drive his animal forward, in all probability he would have continued backing. But, when he felt the check of the snaffle, he attempted to roll over upon his rider.

The man merely dropped to his feet, and stood over his fractious beast, lifting, for the first time, a heavy whip, which hung at his saddle. When Tribulation rose to his feet, this began to fall upon him with stunning force. He bit, kicked, and plunged as before. But the hand upon his snaffle was like iron, and he knew it, and stood trembling, with the sweat dropping from his reeking hide.

"He's got enough of it," said Salvation, dropping the whip, and speaking to the horse in a soothing tone. "Soh—gently—old boy. Why will you force me to whip you, and stop us on our way? See to your pistols, Cap'n. We must take to the woods, and the cover is thick enough to hide a red, scalpin' savage. The tribes ain't so friendly as they was."

"I am armed," said Mason, touching the long musket at his saddle-bow, "as becomes a man who makes his home in the woods. Sooth to say, I am troubled in my mind. The men of these colonies came hither from the purest motives, but they begin to harp upon many doctrines, and I fear they will not awake from their delusion until it is too late. The counsels of the wise and good Roger Williams would have done much to quiet the savages. Yet see: because he dared say that the King could not give us land that did

not belong to him, they have driven him away from the colonies and he is building up a refuge for the oppressed, and hath well named it, Providence.”

“Is Roger Williams gone?”

“Yes. The Narragansetts gave him shelter, and after that land upon which to build up a home.”

“I have heard it said that the Indians love him.”

“They do; for he never yet promised that which he did not perform.”

“Hark!” cried Salvation, lifting his hand. “Hear you nothing.”

“I hear the cry of the birds, and the sound of the wind in the trees.”

“My ears are better. A runner comes. Make ready your musket.”

As he ceased speaking, an Indian appeared at a turn in the path, hurrying forward on the trail.

CHAPTER III.

RUTH.

WEATHERSFIELD, known in the early annals of the colony, stood upon the bank of the Connecticut, below Hartford. It had first been settled by a hardy company, who forced their way through the almost impassable wilderness of New England to this beautiful spot. The founding of this colony had been the first opening for the anger of the Pequods, who claimed the valley of the Connecticut to the borders of Massachusetts. Weathersfield, therefore, was planted in the very midst of their territory. They

looked with jealousy and distrust upon the white men, and the murder of the Virginian, Stone, and his partner, was the result.

The Pequods claimed, and it is not fully known with how good reason, that the slain man was brutal and overbearing, and being intoxicated, was slain by two of their men in self-defence. This plea was not put forward at the council, as the acute Mennawan reasoned that the English would not hear of any such thing, and would demand nothing short of the surrender of the men. This they thought best to promise, though it was far from the intention of either Mennawan or the chief sachem, Sassacus, to give up the man-slayers, whom they looked upon favourably, as the first who had rebuked the invaders of their soil.

Mennawan, after parting with the English, made his way through the wilderness, which, as he had been accustomed to travel from boyhood, he was well acquainted with in all its points, and struck the Connecticut above Hartford.

Before this, after giving to the other chiefs their instructions, he sent one of them to the Narragansetts, and the other to the Wampanoags, still under the rule of the famous chief, Massasoit. He took a canoe upon the river, and paddled downward, taking care to pass Hartford in the night, as he feared that he might be detained to answer for the murder of Stone. Proceeding silently for half an hour, after passing Hartford, he paddled to the shore, took a hasty meal from some parched corn and venison in his wallet, wrapped his blanket about him, and laid down to rest.

With the early dawn he was again in motion, and entered Weathersfield before nine in the morning. Being in no fear of being detained by their weak colony, he boldly entered the small settlement, then consisting of a dozen families, who had clustered about their favourite pastor, Arthur Harland.

England sent to these infant colonies some of their brightest and purest minds—and among these was Arthur Harland. Educated for the Church, he might have claimed any ecclesiastical honour as his own. But, with that unswerving faith which was a prominent characteristic of our pilgrim sires, he forsook all, left behind him the graves of his fathers, to found a new home and new ties upon the inhospitable shores of New England, more friendly, after all, than the then named Merry England. He had brought with him to the new world a precious wife and daughter. The first had sunk under the hardships of the march from Boston. The other yet remained, growing more beautiful every day, the light of her father's household.

Ruth sat upon the step of the rude log-cabin, which had been built for their pastor by his flock, when Mennawan entered the village. His bow of the stoutest ash was swung lightly over his shoulder. At the sight of the maiden he paused and addressed her in broken English, of which he had picked up a little in his intercourse with the whites. Ruth, who had at different times held some intercourse with the Indians who visited the village, greeted the chief kindly, and invited him to enter.

“No wait long,” said he. “Tired and hungry. Rest little while, den go on.”

“Has the chief been long upon the path through the woods?” asked she.

“The road is long to the villages of the whites, by the Big Water. Mennawan has been to the wigwams of the grey heads, and had a talk. The Pequods are now friends with the English.”

“I am glad of that. I am very much pleased to hear it. Why should we quarrel with the red men?”

“The Pequods are a great nation. Before the white men came, the tribes trembled at the very name, and Sassacus could walk from the banks of the great river to the Big Water alone, and no man dared lay a hand upon his scalp. We are strong yet, but the dogs who have been the slaves of our tribe are friends with the Pequods, and are saucy to a great chief.”

Ruth led the way into the house, and placed before the chief bread and meat, and waited upon him with gentle grace until he was satisfied. He watched furtively the motions of her slight figure. He did not stay after he had broken his fast; but thanked his entertainer in his sententious Indian manner. He had passed out, and coming back as a thought seemed to strike him, he laid his dark finger upon her arm.

“Let the white girl listen to the words of a great chief. A time may come when the bad blood may spring up between the red-men and their white brothers. When it does, it may be well to have a friend with the Pequods. The white girl has been kind to Mennawan. He came into the wigwam, and she gave him bread and meat and kind words. An Indian never forgets.”

Ruth made a suitable acknowledgment of his kind words, and he took from his belt a peculiar bone, covered with strange hieroglyphics.

“Take this charm,” he said. “And if at any time you show it to a Pequod when you are in danger, and speak the name of Mennawan, your life will be safe.”

He took up his blanket, which he had dropped, and went quickly away, while Ruth went into the study which had been set apart for her father. The old man sat by the lattice with an open Bible on his knees. He was a man whose face had that absolute power seldom given to man. Nothing but the consciousness of motives wholly pure could have given him that exalted look. His long white hair, parted in the centre of a lofty brow, swept down upon his shoulders. He raised his eyes from the sacred volume at her entrance, and smiled.

“Who left you but now?” he asked.

“An Indian of the Pequod nation, dear father.”

“What did he seek?”

“He was tired and hungry, and asked for bread and meat. I gave it to him at his request.”

“And you did right. It is more blessed to give than to receive. No stranger, be he Indian, white man, or black, shall ever be turned out from the door of Arthur Harland, while he has a loaf. What is that you hold in your hand, and observe so earnestly?”

“It was given me by the savage who was here. He spoke strangely of coming peril, and told me that it would be a safeguard against his tribe, if I spoke his name.”

“Do you remember it?”

“ It is a strangely musical one, and I remember—
Iennawan.”

“ Say you so? He is a second chief of the nation.
Let me see this pledge.”

She placed the bone in his hands, and he gazed at it intently for some moments. At last he spoke again :—

“ Write the name in your tablets, Ruth, and preserve the charm. I have learned something of the symbols of these tribes, and I know that this is the totem of the Pequods. Such a pledge, coupled with the name of a famous chief, would doubtless save your life, even if you fell into the hands of the savages, as, in the providence of God, you may yet do. I am glad you have pleased the chief. And what did he say of coming troubles ? ”

“ He spoke in a bitter way of the tribes who are friendly to the whites, and also said that he had made a treaty with our friends on the shores of Massachusetts Bay.”

“ I remember now. The young man of war, whom they call Mason, was sent by our elders to the capital, that he might lay before them the burdens we have borne so long at the hands of the savages. They did not wish to have open war, and sent messengers to the council, and, I doubt not, the chief was one of them.”

“ He spoke of the length of the path to the shores of the Big Water.”

“ It is so, then. You must keep the charm, for it may be of use to us yet. Do you know if Captain Mason, the valiant young man who hath so often put to the sword the enemies of God’s Israel in this colony, returned from his journey ? ”

Ruth, with a confusion which the occasion did not seem to warrant, replied that she had been informed that the young captain had not returned, but must by this time be upon his way.

“Sooth to say,” said the venerable man, “I put not my faith in these wicked heathen, who compass us round about. Surely, it is better for the watchmen to be upon the wall, night and day, when the foemen compass it round about. I would not that the valiant young captain should be gone from hence. He is our strong tower and our defence. Cannot you speak something in favour of the worthy youth?”

Ruth uttered a disconnected speech, to the effect that Captain Mason had the good word of many, but, for her part, she had nothing to say. Her manifest confusion surprised the worthy pastor, for, like most men who are immersed in books, he had too little to do with the world about him, and had taken small account of the courtship which had been going on under his very nose, ever since the captain's first visit to Weathersfield. The occasion of his coming had been the wounding of his faithful henchman, Salvation Green, who received an arrow from the thicket. He had been taken into the residence of the pastor, as a matter of course, and the fair hands of Ruth had ministered to his wants and tended his wounds with sisterly care. Captain John Mason, coming often to see how his man fared, took a fancy to the bright face of his nurse, and an intimacy grew up between them. Salvation, now convalescent, looked on with quiet satisfaction, for he regarded his leader as a model man, and his fair nurse as something

more than mortal. He laughed in his inmost soul at the blindness of the old pastor, who saw nothing in the continued visits of Captain Mason more than a feeling of anxiety for the safety of a good soldier. "Why," Salvation sagely remarked, "did he think the Cap'n was sich a greeny as to be afraid for me, because I had an arrer-hole below the left elbow? Not a bit of it. But an excuse is a fast-rate thing. I 'members how I used to go to see Faith Tribner, down at Hartford. One day I left a belt there, and, as true as you live, as often as I went for that belt, I'd forgit it, and it was nigh on to a year before I took it home! That was about the time Faith married that little dried-up tailor down at Hartford, and said I was a sawney. Now, in my mind, I am the captain's belt, and he won't take me home until he has to."

This sage conclusion of the woodman appears to have been the right one, and even after he had fully recovered, the captain made many errands to Weathersfield. From this, my readers will understand why Miss Ruth stammered so prettily over the name of the captain.

But we left the pastor looking at his daughter in astonishment, over the top of his spectacles; for to him it seemed that she wished to take from the young man praise which he thought well merited.

"Why, child, what evil hath he done?"

"None whatever, dear father."

"But you speak as if he were not worthy of praise. The rulers at Hartford speak of him as a man wise beyond his years, and brave in his battles with the heathen. It may not seem meet to thee, that I, a disciple of peace, should

speak well of one who lives by the sword. Yet, truly, we are commanded to be zealous, even to slaying, in the good cause. Surely we were not sent into the wilderness to suffer our wives and little ones to be put to the sword, while there lived valiant ones to strike in our defence?"

This was the faith of the Puritans. They did not believe in tamely bowing their heads to the scalping-knife, and their stern motto, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," brought them safely through manifold dangers.

"Do you think the savages will keep faith with us?" asked Ruth.

"I trust them not. Their natures are cruel, and they delight in scenes of blood. While it is their interest to be silent, they will do so. Captain Mason, who hath spoken often with me upon this subject, believes as I do, that we are in peril here. Who is at the door? Admit him, whoever it may be."

Ruth went to the door, and admitted a man of commanding presence, whose face was covered in such a way that she could only make out a clear, bright eye, shining through the folds of his muffler.

"Speak to the worthy Arthur Harland, fair damsel, and say that a stranger seeks admission to his presence."

"Enter," said Ruth. "Our doors are open to all."

"Yet it might not be so, if you knew to whom you gave entrance, fair maiden. But deliver my message to your father."

Ruth, wondering who this strange man might be, went to her father with the message, and at his request conducted the stranger into his study.

“Bid the maiden leave us for the present, as I have much to say to thee alone.”

Ruth, obeying the quiet motion of her father's hand, turned and left the room. The stranger stood up before Harland, throwing off the mufflers which had, until this moment, shrouded his face, and revealed a strikingly marked countenance—a face indicating unswerving faith and will—a face much like that of the man whom he now stood before. Such a man might be a martyr in a good cause.

Harland had started when the voice of the stranger fell upon his ears, for it awakened old memories. But, as his eyes fell upon the venerable face before him, he sprung forward, holding out both hands and crying:—

“Roger Williams! Thank God that I see thee again.”

“Then it doth please thee, old friend, to see the exile, the proscribed man, who has the ban of the colony upon his guiltless head. Then you turn not away from the old college friend, though a sort of outlaw.”

“You know me, dear Roger. Arthur Harland is not the man to forget an old friend. I have given my influence for your recall from banishment, but I fear that it will be in vain. It is a sad thought, that we, who fled from distant England to escape the persecution of a sect, should follow their pernicious example in our own land. But what can we do against many? Weathersfield is founded by men who desire that men should act according to conscience in all matters, but it is yet under the rule of the colonies, and their laws are ours.”

Roger Williams, the great Reformer, had been, by the

persecution of his own people, driven from the colonies at the head of Massachusetts Bay, a proscribed man. His principles were too much in advance of the age in which he lived — a far-reaching mind, which looked into events as likely to happen, and could not bind itself entirely to the staid, sober realities of the present.

It had been the intention of the magistrates, when they issued the edict of banishment against this wonderful man, to remove him entirely from the colonies; and the act plainly stated, that if he did not leave the jurisdiction of the colonies, or returned again, that he was to be removed by force.

But the decree did not quiet the rising storm, or daunt the brave heart of the Reformer. He went quietly about, preaching as usual to the few who would listen to his words; and the court having extended the time, so that he could leave in the spring, greater troubles arose. His enemies complained to the court that he stirred up the people by his treachery, and that a number of disaffected brethren proposed to break off from the Massachusetts colony, and form a settlement at the head of Narragansett Bay, under the leadership of Roger Williams.

This was enough to arouse the dread of the Puritans. The thought was a terrible one to them, that a colony of Anabaptists should spring up so near their CIVIL. The court decided that it was best to seize this obnoxious person, convey him on board a ship waiting in Boston harbour, and send him to England.

A summons was sent to him to attend the session of the general court in Boston. This was in the midst of winter;

his health had been impaired by his labours, and he refused to appear, giving his reasons.

This did not suit the magistrates, and a warrant was issued to Captain Underhill to take him. He went to Salem, and found the house tenanted only by the family of Williams. The bird had flown. Fully determined not to return to England, the preacher plunged into the trackless forest, skirting the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

Turning his back upon the place where he had so long vindicated the truth, he buried himself in the forest, without companions, in the rigour of a New England winter. From that time he was an exiled man, for the stern doctrines of the Puritans would have prompted them to destroy him, if he had dared to return.

It is a sad commentary upon the history of the times, that this brave old man should be driven out by his own people, and find a welcome home in the cabins of the Narragansetts. It had been his care, while in the colony, to engage the friendship of the Indians, and he so far succeeded, that when he presented himself in the village, and claimed their hospitality, it was freely given.

He spent some weeks in the cabins of Canonicus and Miantonomah, and then went into the country of the Wampanoags. Massasoit, now an old man, greeted him kindly. He gave him a grant of land, upon the Sekonk river, where he built a cabin, and began to plant. Here, a number of faithful friends, who had followed his movements with solicitude, joined their old pastor, and he hoped to be able to plant a colony, which should be an asylum for the oppressed.

But the Christian settlers of Massachusetts were not yet satisfied. They had driven him from their midst, but he had now built within the limits of their charter, and if he remained, he must obey their laws. He received a kindly-worded letter from Governor Winthrop, informing him of the fact, and desiring him to remove across the water. To this note he made answer that he would at once take measures for removal.

With his five companions, he left the pleasant spot which had been given him, and crossed the bay, intending to find a place upon the other side. The Indians met him upon the western bank, with the salutation, "What cheer, Netop (friend); what cheer?"

In the end of June, 1636, the great founder of Rhode Island began the settlement, called by him Providence Plantation. More than two hundred years have passed; the Indian tribes who inhabited the spot have not a representative upon earth. But the great city of Providence now stands, an enduring monument of the unswerving faith of its founder.

Although the colonies had gladly driven Roger Williams away, yet they had never ceased to remember his influence over the savages. And the time was near at hand, when they were to claim the aid of the wonderful old man, who had nothing to thank them for but the persecution which had made an asylum for the oppressed in the New World. But men forget their evil deeds quickly, and when that time came, they readily called upon him for help.

We turned aside a little from the plot of the story to

say a word of this extraordinary man—first, because he will bear a place in the story, and it is necessary that we should have his record before us, lest it should be difficult to believe that he endured such hardships; and next, because he is a type of the men of the time, of whom we may justly be proud.

He turned his smiling face towards his friend, at the last words of the other.

“Thou sayst truly, old friend, and yet we must not speak ill of our rulers. I, who have been most oppressed by them, do not revile them. They were misled by false doctrine—by an inhuman creed. It was, after all, a happy thing for me, that they cast me out from their midst; it hath made me a new man, and to my poor people it hath been a blessing which cannot be told. They are happy, and if they differ, they let the elders judge of right and wrong.”

“I have heard of such things in the days of Melchisedek,” said Harland, with a smile; “both priest and king.”

“Priest and father,” said Williams, proudly. “The five who came to dwell with me at Sekonk are now many, but they take the bread of life from my lips still.”

“Have you trouble with the Indians?”

“No. We have no cause of quarrel with them. We purchase our land of the owners of the soil. What hath his Majesty the King of England to do with that to which he never had any other title than that an Englishman first set his foot upon it? I go to the man who is *rightful* owner, the chieftain Canonicus, and his chief men. They had do-

terminated that the English should never settle in their territory. Not thousands or tens of thousands should make an entrance into the bay. Only the language, acquaintance, and favour which I had acquired over them obtained this favour for me."

"How much of your land do you retain?" asked the other.

"My wants are small, and I could do nothing with the large grant which was given me by the sachem. The faithful friends who shared my exile had families, so I made it common property. I was selfish, too, for I kept to my own use two fields which I had planted with my own hands."

"It is a long distance to Providence Plantation. How did you come here?"

"In my own boat, in company with two trusty friends, who wait for me at the river."

"Why did you come?"

"I came to warn you. My intercourse with the Indians gave me an opportunity to gain much information. I would not use it to their hurt, but when their course is evil I must speak. The Pequods are a bloody-minded race, and they thirst for the blood of the English. They have sworn to engage the tribes in a conspiracy to sweep the whites from the continent. In this conspiracy they design to number the Narragansetts, the Pokanokets, and the Nipmucks."

"But they have made a treaty."

"What are treaties to the Pequods? Do you think that I would leave my pleasant home, at my age, for an

idle tale? Though the people of Massachusetts have used me ill, my heart still yearns toward them, for they were once of my flock. I love them so well, that I have taken the oar again, in my old age, to do them good. Bear these tidings to the Council at Hartford. Say to them that I, Roger Williams, vouch for it as true, and will do my best to suppress it. For myself, I must return to my people."

"Surely not now."

"This very hour. My boat waits, and there is no time to waste. Give my kindest wishes to your child, who is a comely damsel, and better fitted for the safety of Boston or Providence than this place."

The old men shook hands and parted. One going with a sturdy stride, which age could not take from him, to his boat by the river-bank, and the other to lay his head upon the rude table before him, and dream of the days when they were boys in school and then students at Oxford. Here, in their old age they were strangely brought together

CHAPTER IV

SALVATION IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE Indian who met the two adventurers in the forest was Wequash, one of the three who had been sent to the Narragansetts. He did not see them until close upon them, as he was hurrying on with his eyes bent upon the trail. When he did look up at the sound of the horses' feet, his face exhibited no surprise or fear, and he continued his course until close to the captain's side.

"The white men follow a blind path" he said, laying

his hand upon the rein of the horse, and checking his progress. "Let them turn back and make it more plain."

"I do not understand you," said Mason. "The path between us and the red men is now made very plain."

"Mennawan has spread a cloud over the path. He would not have it seen. He has taken the belts of the Yengees, but he laughs at them now, and spits upon them in the dark woods. Listen: Mennawan has been to the cabins that are built by the great river, and has seen there a maiden fair as the flowers in the meadows. He would have her come into his lodge."

"Ha!" cried the other. "What maiden?"

"She is the daughter of the old prophet with the grey hair. The one who nursed the long white man when he had an arrow in his flesh."

"Darn it," cried Salvation, "but that is too much. Does the greasy Indian look so high as that?"

"Mennawan is second chief of the Pequods," replied the Indian, with a proud look. "He is not to blame for looking on the white maiden. But the Yengees are now my friends, and I will not do them a wrong. The chief is making bad blood between the Narragansetts and the Yengees. This is not well, and a chief who has given his word has no right to do it. We will keep faith with them, if we can."

"When did Mennawan visit Weathersfield?" asked Mason, keeping down his passion as well as he could.

"When the chiefs were on the path to the council at Shawmut" (Boston).

"Where is he now?"

“ He has gone to the nation. His path will take him near the door of the old prophet.”

Mason suppressed a gesture of rage, and began to question the chief closely. From the information he received, he thought it prudent to return to Boston, and take Wequash with him. Salvation was sent on to Weathersfield and Hartford, with instructions to tell no one but the council what he had heard. After getting his instructions, he pursued his course at an easy pace, while Mason and the Indian turned back upon the trail. Tribulation shook his obstinate head when the attempt was made to ford the river, and his master, knowing that it was useless to urge him just then, and feeling a little hungry, picketed him near by and built a fire. He had cooked a little meat, and was eating it with a keen relish, when Tribulation erected his ears and gave utterance to a loud snort. Salvation sprung to his feet and looked to his rifle, while his horse, dragging the picket from its place, ran up to him in alarm.

The cause of this was soon manifest. For the bushes bent and cracked under a heavy body, and a huge black bear came out into the opening. The place where they stood was upon the Connecticut, about three miles below Weathersfield, and the time, the morning of Roger William's visit to that place.

The tall Yankee was brave as a lion, and feared no danger. Instead of mounting his horse, as he should have done, he waited for a shot at the bear, which came at him much after the manner of a cat, when approaching an object of which it has some doubt. in a sidelong, hesitating way

Salvation fired carelessly, and the bullet touched the shoulder-blade of the animal, and inflicted a flesh-wound in the neck, which elicited an angry growl. Rising upon its hind feet, the bear cast a single look at the hunter, and then leaped at him. This was too much for Tribulation, and he fled before his master could mount, leaving him at the mercy of the mad beast. The hunter was not a man easily frightened, but even he did not care to meet the hug of a bear, knowing that it was certain death. There was nothing for it but a run, and he laid himself down to his work as he only knew how, while the bear lumbered along in his rear.

In looking at a bear, one would be inclined to think that a man could outrun him with the greatest ease. But such is not the case, as poor Salvation found before he had run a hundred yards along the river-bank; for, looking back, hardly twenty feet intervened between himself and the furious beast.

A tree stood upon the river-bank, leaning over the stream. Into this he climbed, and located himself in the forks. The body leaned so much, that he had walked up with great ease, and stood prepared to defend his position. Of one thing he was certain—Bruin could not hug him there.

“Oh, Tribulation,” he muttered. “You don’t know what trouble you have got your master into this day.”

The bear did not climb the tree at once, but placed his huge paws upon the body, and stood looking at the man, the blood dripping from the wounded shoulder. Perhaps it might have been the awe of man which restrained him—

perhaps he waited for rest. At any rate, some moments passed before he attempted to climb the tree. This time Salvation spent in loading his rifle in order to get another shot at the bear. He succeeded in wounding him desperately, but not in such a way as to disable. With a roar of anguish the beast began to climb, while the Yankee stood with his clubbed rifle ready, and waited for the attack.

At the first blow he made, Bruin raised his paw and the piece flew out into the air, landing on the greensward, twenty feet from the base of the tree. He had now nothing but his knife, and he drew it with the determination to fight as long as possible.

In order to reach the spot where he stood, it was necessary to put his paw upon a projecting limb, close to Salvation's side. Each time he did so, Salvation gashed it with his knife. After this had been twice repeated, the bear threw himself forward with his whole power, and forced Salvation to fall back, but not before he had wounded his enemy again.

He crept out upon a long limb overlooking the water, followed by the furious animal. There was no escape. Below him ran the river, deep and dark. Before him the bear, foaming with rage; and his only weapon was the knife. He was not long in making up his mind what to do.

Placing his knife in his teeth, he grasped a limb above his head, and shook the limb rapidly, whenever the bear placed his foot upon it. Bruin greeted this measure with a growl of manifest disapprobation, tottering uneasily upon his perch.

“Don't like it, do you, old mug-o'-hate?” cried Salvation.
“Come out, if you dare!”

As if he heard the challenge, and understood it as well, the brute obeyed. When the hot breath was upon him, so close had he come, the pioneer threw himself backward, and disappeared in the dark water, which was full thirty feet below.

When Salvation rose to the surface, Bruin was also in the water, for the violence with which the branch rebounded threw him from it, and sent him tumbling heels over head into the stream. For a short space the brain of the animal was of no use to him, so great was the shock he had received. But the moment he recovered, he swam swiftly toward Salvation, dyeing the water with his blood.

“Stubborn brute,” muttered Salvation. “Why don't you die?”

This appeared to be furthest from the thoughts of the animal. Seeing that he would be overtaken, the man dived and rose some distance below. In the meantime, the current had swept his opponent further down-stream, so that Salvation rose almost in the paws of the bear.

During the struggle he had clung to the knife, hoping that it might be of use to him. As he dived again he took it from his belt, while the animal, somewhat amazed at his disappearance, paddled to and fro, searching for the object of his wrath.

All at once the water about him was dyed with the blood from a new wound—for the hunter, diving beneath, had plunged his sharp knife into his vitals. The wound was mortal, and, after an ineffectual struggle or two, the huge

beast turned upon his side, and floated unresistingly down the stream.

The struggle had carried the two combatants far out into the river, and, as his adversary gave up, Salvation knew, for the first time, that he had lost blood in the encounter, and had not strength to gain the shore. As he struggled feebly in the current, a cheerful voice called out :—

“Take courage, friend! Keep up.”

Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the boat of Roger Williams, propelled by two stout oarsmen, coming down like the wind. He struck out with new hope, and was taken up by the men who had come to his rescue, more dead than alive.

They carried him to the shore, where Roger made use of the medicinal skill which he had acquired among the Indians in restoring him to consciousness. He was successful, and the strong constitution of the pioneer soon got the better of his weakness.

“Thou art badly hurt,” said Roger, as his queer patient tried to rise.

“Not so badly, I hope, as to lack the power to belabour Tribulation, whom I see grazing yonder as quietly as if he had not been the cause of all this trouble; darn him!”

Roger rebuked him mildly.

“I am a rough woodsman,” said Salvation; “but I am not the less grateful to the men who have saved my life. May I ask your name, sir?”

“Men call me Roger Williams,” replied the Reformer.

“The time may come,” said Salvation, “when I can do

something for you. I ain't going to talk about it. I don't s'pose talking would do any good, or make you believe I mean what I say any more. But if you ever need the help of a strong arm, sich a one as mine, for instance, call on Salvation Green."

Roger Williams gave him his hand with that winning grace which characterised him through all his eventful life.

"Thou art an honest man," said he, "though thy training has been of the woods and the hills. But I have found kind friends even among the savages in my time, and why not now, in one of mine own blood. I thank thee for thy promise, and if I ever feel the need of the strong arm of which you speak, I will call you first of all."

"Where are you bound?"

"To Providence Plantation," replied Roger.

"Shall I go with you, and help guard you?"

"I have no fear; the Indians love me well."

Salvation regarded him with a look of wonder. "Then you are the only white man between Salem and the Floridas who is loved by them. I don't trust their love, and don't you either. They ain't to be trusted. They're a crawlin', sneakin', stealin', murderin' race, and I don't care who knows it. Kind to you they may have been, and they may keep quiet while you live; but the time will come when their knives will be sharpened for the scalps of the good people of Providence, as they now are for ours."

"How know you that?" asked Roger, quickly.

"The hand of Providence, among other good gifts, and a variety of bad ones gave me eyes and ears. I heard it from an Indian, and I have seen their tricks, time and time

again. I'm something of a scout, you must know, and I intend to go to the Pequod lodges and see what they are about."

"Dare you trust yourself in their country, Sir Scout?"

"I am not easily scared. I'll go there, and so will my horse, Tribulation. Which reminds me that I must pay him off for serving me such a trick."

"You surely will not go among the Pequods with that wound?"

"One day in the hands of Mistress Ruth Harland, who is the best leech in these parts, will set me right. I shall then go on. You are going, and I want to say a word. You may think that you have no friends in the colony, and they gave you good cause so to think. But you are wrong. There are hundreds of hearts which remember you kindly, and pray that your colony may prosper well."

"Thou givest me heart," said Roger. "I had some cause to love the colonies, and to doubt their love for me. Thou art going into danger, my son. The prayers of an old man are with thee. Fare thee well."

The voyagers then put out from shore, and pulled down the stream with hasty strokes. Salvation watched until he could see them no more, and then turned back to catch Tribulation. That too acute animal, plainly seeing what was in store for him, dodged his master for half an hour, and was finally entrapped by a handful of salt, which Salvation took from a pouch at his side. Salvation mounted, and belaboured the stubborn beast until he plunged into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Five minutes after, Salvation rode into the streets of the little

town, and straight to the residence of the old pastor. Ruth came to the lattice at the unwonted sound of a horse's feet, and seeing who was there, ran down to the little wicket to welcome the scout. Tribulation was assigned to the care of a little negro, who had followed the fortunes of his old master to the new world. Jupe was an odd character, nearly a dwarf, possessing an unbounded love for his young mistress. A smile from her would make him happy, and he performed every duty imposed upon him with the greatest joy. Service, to him, was another name for happiness.

“Hi, Jupe!” said the scout, who knew the boy well. “Rub him down, give him a feed of hay, and keep away from his heels.”

Jupe, who had a wholesome fear of Tribulation, took the halter at arm's length, and called to the horse to come. But, at that particular moment, the animal refused to stir, planted his feet firmly, and regarded the efforts of the boy with the indifference of the ox in the fable, when a gnat lighted upon his horn.

“Take him along, Jupe,” said Ruth, who knew nothing of the character of the horse.”

“Ain't I a-tryin'?” cried Jupe. “Yon come along, you ole mule. Git up!”

Tribulation remained obdurate.

“See yer, you! Don' you see what you're a-doin'? You're a-keepin' Miss Ruth a-waitin'. Come now; w'at's de use? Be good, can't yer, say? Come along to de stable. Give you lots and slathers to eat; will so—'deed I will. Oh, go way. 'Tain't right, dis yer ain't; 'tain't

even proper. Will you come? Oh, Marse Green, you make him! Why, de—*Adversary*—(dat's de name, ain't it, Miss Ruth?) don' you stop larfin', and come yer an' help a feller. Tek' car' you're own hoss, nex' time, see if you don't. Darn ole rusty barebones, ain't fit for a nigger to ride! Hi, up, dar'!"

But Tribulation was steadfast in his purpose to remain where he was, and the entreaties of Jupe were unavailing.

"Look out for fun," whispered the scout to Ruth, as the negro dropped the halter in despair. "When I speak, just see what old Trib does. Take hold of him!"

As the scout said the last words in a loud voice, the negro again grasped at the bridle. To his dismay, he found that the words were not addressed to him, but to the horse, which rushed at him with open mouth. This was too much for the equanimity of poor Jupe, who fled with a yell of surprise and fear, closely followed by Tribulation, who desired to take possession of the rusty old hat which covered Jupe's woolly head. Up the walk which led to the door of the cabin went the darkey, closely pursued by the horse, whose eyes fairly bulged with delight. He overtook the boy just at the door, seized the hat in triumph, and wheeled about, while the scared servant fled into the house. Tribulation, with many prances and shrill neighs, brought back the hat, and laid it at his master's feet. The scout fondled him a moment, as he said:—

"I taught him that trick. When I say 'Take hold of him!' he knows what it means as well as any man, and it is great fun to see them dive at each other."

"Hasn't he hurt poor Jupe?" asked Ruth, in some concern.

"Not a bit of it. The nig is pretty well scared though."

At this moment the darkey thrust his head cautiously out of the door, in search for his enemy.

"Jupe," said his mistress, "come here."

For the first time in his life Jupe refused to obey an order from Ruth. But his present fear of Tribulation was too strong.

"Come here, I say, and take care of this horse."

"No, I won't. 'Taint fa'r to ask it of a poor nigger. Dat ain't no horse, dat ain't. Dat's de debble."

"Jupe!"

"'Tis, tell you. S'pose I don' know! Tried to swaller me hull, dat he did. You go way, Mister Green. Tek car' you' own horse, ef you sets him on me."

"But, Jupe, I order you to take the horse."

"Now don't, Miss Ruth. Don' you do dat ar.' Is afraid, I is. Don' like to go near dat hoss, scarcely."

Ruth looked at the scout with a smile. "It is too bad to plague him," said she. "Let me take the horse to the stable."

"Take him," said the scout, with a grin; adding, in an undertone, "if you can."

Ruth took the halter, and called the horse, but the animal refused to move. But Ruth approached, fondled and coaxed him for a few moments. When she called again, the horse followed like a dog.

"Take my hat," said Salvation. "You are the only man, woman, or child, except myself, who could ever tame

old Tribulation. And you beat me, for I do it by flogging, and you by coaxing."

From that hour the horse evinced a strange affection for the beautiful girl. When she came near him, the animal would turn his head and follow the girl's motions, never seeming satisfied unless she touched and fondled him. For Jupe he manifested great contempt, and chased him back to the house whenever he made his appearance in the pasture, in which he was placed; for it was more than a week before the scout was ready to set out upon the trail.

CHAPTER V

THE CHIEF AT HOME.

MENNAWAN, after leaving the cabin of Harland, shaped his course at once for the Pequod village, which was situated near the Mystic river, in the present town of Groton. This was the largest village of the nation, and contained some hundred inhabitants. The head sachem, Sassacus, made his residence at this place, and tried cases which came under his jurisdiction as head of the tribe. In sending the deputation to Boston, Sassacus had only acted upon a preconceived plan for lulling asleep the fears of the English, for at no time had he intended to make permanent peace with them. This haughty chief had early foreseen that the English were destined, ultimately, to possess the land, unless driven out by violence, and his present design was, as Roger Williams had stated, to bury the hatchet with all the tribes with whom he was at war, and engage them in a confederacy which should sweep the

English from the face of the earth. It is more than probable that, but for the efforts of Roger Williams, this design would have been carried out. How far it might have been successful, is impossible to state. But a war would have been the result, greater than any which ever scourged New England. The cunning displayed by Sassacus in perfecting his plan was worthy of a great mind. If it had been the deed of an ancient Roman or Grecian, it would have been extolled in prose and verse as the effort of a great man, who loved his country, to sweep the invader from his soil. But as it was the act of a savage red-man, it only meets execration. Sassacus had a heart filled with the pride of being head of a great nation, greater than any of the robber clans from which sprung the heroes of Greece and Rome. We can hardly blame him, if he made an effort to uphold his failing power, even at the expense of human blood. The village was surrounded by a fort, built after the Indian fashion—a deep ditch, protected by an abattis of fallen trees, with the branches pointing outward. Within, strong palisades of long poles, driven into the ground and inclining inward, furnished protection for the archers, who might stand upon elevated platforms running round the inside. There were three principal entrances; upon the south, west, and east. The Mystic covered the northern side. The work itself was proof against anything in the shape of musketry, and there was no danger of their enemies bringing artillery against them. Secure in this place, and knowing that it was stronger than any fortification of the kind within that country, the Pequods defied the English.

Sassacus was seated in his wigwan, studying a plan for action upon the return of the deputation. While at this work, the lodge curtain was lifted, and an Indian entered and stood with bowed head, waiting until he had permission to give his errand.

“ Speak,” said Sassacus.

“ Mennawan has returned.”

“ Let him enter.”

The messenger retired, and the brother of Sassacus entered. With the freedom which only a very great chief had a right to use in the presence of the sachem, he advanced to the centre of the room, and sunk down upon a mat at the side of his brother. For some moments neither spoke, when the silence was broken by Sassacus.

“ My brother is welcome. Is he hungry or thirsty ? ”

“ Mennawan has broken bread in the wigwams of the whites.”

The brow of the chief darkened.

“ Was there no corn in a Pequod lodge, that a great chief of the nation should go into the wigwams of our enemies ? Has Mennawan done well in this ? ”

“ The heart of Mennawan is pure,” replied the other, laying his hand upon his breast with a gesture of proud self-possession. “ He knows he is right. We have made a treaty with the Yengees. We must put them to sleep, like the green snake which looks out of the bush upon a bird, and then we will strike. I have gone into the wigwan of the old prophet by the river, and have listened to the words of the ‘ Swaying Reed.’ Her voice has a pleasant sound in the ears of a chief.”

“Is Mennawan a chief of the Pequods, and has he taken the belts of the Yengees, to be their friends?”

“If a Mohegan had asked the question, the answer would have been a knife in the heart. But Sassacus is my sachem, and my brother. He wounds my heart with his words.”

The sachem gave him his hand without another word. The two sat and smoked in silence.

“I was wrong,” said Sassacus. “I hate the Yengees, and the words came too quickly. What has Mennawan done at Shawmut?”

“The Yengees held a long talk, and threatened us much. The heart of Mennawan burned to give them back their threats, but he gave soft words instead. Hearken. I have made a peace with Miantonomah, and sent Wequash to him with wampum and to smoke a pipe. There is much to do. The talking-paper, which waits only for your mark, the arrow of the Pequod nation, binds us to give up the two men who killed the white traders. They would have no less, and I told them that the murderers hid in the woods, and that the Pequods could not find them. They would have them, that they might hang them by the neck.”

“This is well,” said Sassacus. “I have spoken to the braves, and they are indeed in the woods, and a Pequod shall not find them. Good; go on.”

“The ‘Indian Killer’ stood by the chair of the white chief, and told him what to do.”

“A curse upon him,” said Sassacus, angrily. “He is a dog, and his scalp shall dry in the smoke of a Pequod lodge. He has taken a name which will be his destruction.

What said the son of the bad Manitou, the evil spirit which dwells in darkness and blood? Does he make it a boast that he has slain men whose skins are red? A prophet of the nation has spoken, and his words are death to the Pequods or the Yengees. One or other must die, and dwell no longer in this land. What of that? If the Indians are doomed, they go to the 'happy hunting-grounds,' and chase the deer by the pleasant river. No Yengees can come to the place of their rest."

The striking countenance of the chief lighted up with enthusiasm as he proceeded. His form straightened up proudly, and his eyes began to blaze, as if in imagination he saw before him the enemies of his nation.

"But the Indians shall still possess the land," he said. "We shall call the tribes together, and the sound of the battle shall ring through the border. You have been in the lodges by the great river. The vengeance of the nation shall fall upon them first. Were they in fear, or did they sleep, until the war-cry is sounded in their ears? Let Mennawan speak."

"They dream not of danger," replied the other, quietly. "The old men sit in the lodges, the women rest beside them, and the young men plant their corn in the fields."

"It is well."

"Mennawan must speak. The council has said these must suffer. Now hear the words of a great chief. It is not well all these should die. Is not the nation great, and do they not need corn? Let us take these men, and make them work in our fields, as our women do now, and let *them* sit in the wigwam and nurse our children, as the

white women do. Do we not love our women, that we make them do the labour of oxen?"

"The chief has not spoken well," again answered the sachem. "He has stopped too long in the wigwams at Shawmut. There is only one path marked out, and both Yengee and Pequod cannot tread it. One must give way to the other. If we spare these men, they are only the young of the serpent, who will bite us when we do not think of it. Do you take the young panther to your wigwam, and feed it? If you do so, you are safe until its claws are grown, and then it will seize you by the throat, and rend you. These Yengees are young panthers. The old ones may be slain, but the young ones will grow. If the Pequods would live and be happy, the Yengees must fall."

Mennawan restrained the determined look which his face had taken when the proposition was first made. He had evidently determined, for some secret purpose of his own, to spare the people of Weathersfield. This had been determined upon since his visit to that place. He rose, and paced angrily to and fro in the wigwam. At last he stopped in his hurried walk, and faced his stern brother with blazing eyes.

"Is Mennawan a child, that he may not do as he likes? He has gone through the woods to the wigwams at Shawmut. I say, the white men are mine. I ask no help from the men of Sassacus. I laid the plan—I did the work—I will carry out the plan—and I will not slay the prisoners."

"Said I not well," said the sachem, "that the chief had taken the belts of the Yengees? The 'Swaying Reed'

has spoken in the breath of the East Wind, and his heart is soft like that of a girl's. Let him not strive to throw dust. The eyes of the Pequod sachem are so good that he can see through a very thick cloud. He knows what has been done. Mennawan has been in the wigwams of the Yengees, and has heard the voice of the 'Swaying Reed.' His brother is not angry, but he is very sad that so great a chief has gone astray. He will not make answer to what he has said yet."

"What will the sachem do?" asked Mennawan, with a sneer.

"We will go to the Yengee village, and look upon the 'Swaying Reed.' We can then tell better whether the chief is right in being so tender to our enemies. Come."

He rose, took his brother by the arm, and led him from the lodge. As they came out into the open space, the lodge-curtain opposite was lifted, and a woman came forth from the wigwam, holding a child in her arms. She had straight, regular features, and was, withal, a fair specimen of forest comeliness and grace. Sassacus paused suddenly, and laid his hand quickly upon the arm of the other, so as to arrest his steps while he pointed to the pair, who evidently did not see the lookers-on. The woman was bending over the boy, with all a mother's tenderness, while he was stroking her face with his hands.

"Who is this?" asked the wily chief, in a low tone, still looking at the mother and her child.

"This is Metamora, the wife of Mennawan."

"Is she the daughter of a great chief?"

"Her father is old; but he has been very brave,"

replied the other, slowly, without removing his eyes from the forms of his wife and child.

“Is not this the son of Mennawan which she holds in her arms?”

“Mennawan cannot lie. It is his son.”

“Is it a fool, that it's father fears to own it?”

“Not so; he will be a warrior in his tribe in his youth, a chief when he is a man, and when old he will sit in council.”

“Who shall teach him to be a great warrior?”

“Metamora.”

“Has not the woman been a good wife to the chief?”

“Why should I belie her? There is no better woman in the village of the Pequods than the wife of Mennawan.”

“Why then has the heart of the chief left his bosom, and gone to dwell in that of the ‘Swaying Reed?’ Let not Mennawan speak and say that his heart is still in the keeping of Metamora. Perhaps he did not know it, but the eyes of a sachem saw that he was not the same man who set out to Shawmut, seven suns ago. See, Metamora comes, and brings the child.”

Conscious of the agony he was inflicting upon his brother by this course, the sachem persisted in it, knowing that it was the only way to secure the destruction of the hated whites.

The woman, looking up for a moment, for the first time perceived the presence of the chiefs, and a flash of joy illuminated her brown face as she recognized her husband. She approached with that shrinking deference which the Indian woman is accustomed to pay to her husband, and

bending lightly upon one knee, held up to him the laughing boy, who held out his hands to his father. Sassacus darted a strange look at his brother, a look of mingled anger and commiseration, as he took the boy from her hands, and forced himself to smile upon her.

“The chief has been long upon the trail,” said the woman, softly. “Will he come into his lodge, and let a woman of his tribe, one who loves him well, make a soft pillow for his head, and drive away everything which would wake him?”

“Mennawan is indeed tired,” said her husband. “Let Metamora go, and make the skins soft for his rest, and soon he will come, and bring the boy.”

As he spoke, he raised her from the earth where she knelt, and with an impulse of tenderness seldom seen in an Indian he kissed her upon the forehead, and then dismissed her to her duty. Sassacus, the moment she was gone, laid his hand upon the brown shoulder of his brother again, to attract his attention.

“Let the brother of the sachem look in his face. He is not angry. His heart is great toward his brother. But the sight of the face of Metamora, and of her child, has touched his heart. She has been very true to her chief. And now, holding her son and his against his breast, he is thinking of the white girl, whom we call the ‘Swaying Reed.’ Does not the face of Metamora turn you again to your people?”

“The heart of Mennawan is always with his people. Those who say he is the friend of the Yengees, lie! .He is not a traitor. But he has looked upon the face of the

‘Swaying Reed,’ and she is very fair. See, Mennawan has a large heart and a large lodge. He will not forget Metamora. She can never be less to him than the mother of his boy. He will always love her. But there is room in his lodge for the ‘Swaying Reed.’ A great chief has spoken. She shall share the lodge with Metamora.”

“ But the ‘Swaying Reed’ is only one. The chiefs would be glad to save her life, since it is the wish of a great warrior. But the women of the village would laugh, if we came back to them with our knives as bright as when we went forth. Why need we save all ? ”

“ Let us talk no more of this, now. Metamora stands in the doorway of the cabin, and waits for me. But not a drop of blood must be shed in that village.”

Saying this, he turned away and entered his lodge. Sas-sacus looked after him for some moments, and then began to prepare himself for a march. In a short time he came forth, fully equipped, and left directions with a leading chief as to what must be done in the village during his absence. This done, he slung his long bow across his shoulders and started out in the direction of the forest, to the west.

After going about two miles, he turned abruptly aside from the main path, and plunged deeper into the bushes. A few steps brought him to the edge of a deep swamp, such as were common in this part of Connecticut. Parting the bushes which covered the entrance to the swamp, he stepped upon the body of a fallen tree, and feeling his way with caution, entered into a circular opening in the midst of the swamp.

The place was vacant, and the chief sat down upon a log in the attitude of a man who expected to wait, leaned back against a tree, and fell into a doze. He was awakened in the course of an hour by a rustling in the bushes which covered the log upon which he had entered. Starting hastily to his feet, he fitted an arrow to his bow, but lowered it when he saw that the person who was coming belonged to his own party in the village, a chief of considerable importance. Greeting him with a nod of recognition, they sat down in silence, and waited still.

A half hour passed, during which they were joined by three others, all chiefs, and wholly opposed to the pacific measures of Mennawan. They entered from different points in the swamp, by passages known only to them, and took their places in the silent group according to rank.

When the sachem left the village, he had given orders to the head chief to have his partisans leave the village by different routes, while Mennawan slept, and meet him at this place. Under various pretexts, they had obeyed, and now all were here, in number something more than a dozen.

Sassacus looked over the body of tried warriors with a grim smile. Not one among them but had sworn to stand by him in his plot against the accursed Yengees, no matter how bloody his design. Others, who favoured the plans of Mennawan, desired to turn the tables upon the Yengees, by making them work in their fields. The latter party were by far the smallest, and gained much ill-will from the majority.

“Are all here?” asked Sassacus.

“Yes,” said the next chief. “Let the sachem speak.”

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT SALVATION WAS DOING.

It may have been that the brave scout spent a longer time in reaching a convalescent state after his encounter with Bruin, than he would have done under ordinary circumstances. His nurse was so bewitching, that he almost forgot his duty, though he never was foolish enough to fall in love. But it was pleasant for the rough hunter to have such a nurse, and besides, he was grateful to her for her kindness upon another occasion still, when he had come into her hands wounded by an Indian shaft. Nevertheless, he finally mounted and turned Tribulation's obstinate head in the direction of the Pequod village, whittling as he rode.

He had paused in the forest path, just at its point of intersection with another coming from the river, to cut down a pine stick, when the light tread of a moccasined foot startled him. Dismounting quickly, he led his horse down the latter, out of sight of the main path. Trained to remain quiet in such peril, Tribulation stood without lifting a hoof at the touch of his master's hand, while the latter stole forward to reconnoitre. Four Indians were coming down at a quick pace, all of whom were known to Salvation as chiefs in the Pequod nation, friendly to Sassacus. He knew that these men could not be banded together for any unimportant purpose. They were in their war-paint, a strange thing when the nation had just made peace with all the tribes.

"Well, then," muttered the scout, "what are you after now? Sharp is the word."

He followed them with his eyes until they reached a thicket by the river, into which they went. He determined to follow them, and hastily tying Tribulation to a stunted sapling, he pressed forward in pursuit, watching every motion of the Indians. When about a mile from the village, they paused in a secluded spot in the woods, threw themselves indolently upon the moss, and entered into conversation.

“You tell me, now, Chico, what we must do,” said a burly fellow, who had not been present at the meeting in the swamp.

“I tell,” said Chico, who was the sachem’s right-hand man in any enterprise. “The great chief, Mennawan, has looked upon a pale-face maiden, who is more lovely than *Metamora*, and his heart has gone out after her. We were sorry before, when he spoke of sparing many Yengees, but it is worse now. He has spoken with an angry tongue, and said that not a hair shall fall from the head of a Yengee in the village yonder. This is very wrong. We are very sorry that it is so, but the sachem, who loves the chief, has determined that he shall not have his will.”

“What he do?” asked the other.

“He will take this maiden, and hide her away from the chief. When she is gone, he will forget her, and turn again to *Metamora*.”

“Ugh! good!” was the short reply. Salvation, who had heard indistinctly what was said thus far, determined to approach nearer. A large tree, in falling, had struck another, and now inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, its top hanging directly over the heads of the group.

Placing his moccasined foot lightly upon the trunk, he ascended cautiously, and reached the shelter of the thick foliage. With a praiseworthy effort for his comfort, he found a seat upon some lithe branches, and began to whittle, after spreading out his homespun coat, so that no shavings should fall upon the ground beneath, thus affording a practical illustration of the "ruling passion," while he listened to the conversation below. It was evident, soon, that these men had been instructed to take Ruth prisoner, and bear her to a secure hiding-place in the woods. It was the intention of Sassacus to lay the blame upon certain outlaws, who had been driven into the woods for various crimes. Salvation listened with ill-concealed anger to their plan, which was a good one. In the isolated position of the different buildings, they felt sure they could approach unperceived in the early evening, and take the maiden to the woods before help could come. They said, further, that they would remain in this place until dusk.

"Would you!" thought Salvation. "You are the chaps to carry off Miss Ruth, I don't think. Perhaps you didn't reckon on a person vulgarly called Sal Green. All the same, my dears, I am coming down, and it's odd if I don't get to Weathersfield before you."

He rose, put the shavings and knife in his pocket, and began the descent, using the same caution which had marked the ascent. Placing his foot upon a small branch upon the side of the trunk, it parted with a loud crack. Every Indian started up with a yell of fear, and saw the tall form of the famous scout coming down from the trunk, in a fashion which he had not intended. His first act

would seem to be a strange one. He advanced towards Chico with extended hand, saying, in English :—

“ How do you do, brother ? ”

“ What cheer, Netop ? ” said Chieo, receiving the hand.

“ What my brother do here ? ”

Salvation now spoke in the Indian tongue.

“ The rattlesnake crawls on the ground, but he cannot get into the tree-top. The hunter was very tired, and he went into the tree to sleep. He had not slept long, when he was wakened by the voice of his red brothers. As he came down to greet them, the limb broke, and he fell.”

“ Did not my brother crawl in the tree-top that he might listen to the words of his red friends ? ”

“ Would he have given them the hand of friendship if this were so ? ”

Chico paused. He knew that the scout had gone into the tree with the express intention of hearing every word said by them, and that in trying to escape, he had unintentionally fallen into their hands. He determined to make him prisoner, but knowing the desperate courage he possessed, he cast about for a way to seize him before he could do him an injury. His countenance cleared up, as if he were satisfied.

“ Has my white brother been in the wigwams of the Yengees ? ”

“ Yes,” replied Salvation.

“ Is the ‘ Indian-Killer ’ there ? ”

“ No, he is at Hartford.” The scout made this answer because he did not wish to let the chief know that his captain had returned to Boston.

“Where go now, brother?”

“To strike a deer for the white prophet.”

“It is good. The old man must have food, and he has no son to kill game for him. The young men of his tribe should keep his wigwam always full. The ‘Long Arms’ has said well. Let him go and strike a deer for the old prophet. But first let him take his red brother again by the hand, and shake it after the manner of the Yengees.”

A malicious gleam came into the eyes of the Indian, and the acute backwoodsman understood his plan in a moment. But he gave him his hand, and was not surprised when the fingers of the Indian closed upon his, with the intention of holding him, until his friends could seize him. They understood the plan, and closed upon him at once. To the first he administered a kick, which doubled him up, and sent him flying off against a tree, upon which his head struck with great force, rendering him senseless. Against the next he delivered a back-handed blow, a mere touch, it would seem, which sent him to earth, with the blood gushing from mouth and nostrils. In the meantime, he had closed his iron fingers upon the palm of Chico, driving the bones into the flesh, such was the power of his grip. The Indian, who had sought to do the same for him, found himself checkmated by his own move. So great was his agony, that he did not think of drawing his weapons, but only of releasing his hand from the vice in which it was placed. Seeing the fourth savage draw back, Salvation dashed his left hand full in the face of their leader, and then released him, knowing that his right hand would be of little use to him for many a day. The maimed member dropped

powerless by his side, and he himself fell to the earth, while Salvation made a rush at the remaining savage, who eluded the blows which he launched at him with both fists, wounded him with his hatchet, and closed with the knife. Salvation, who did not care to grapple, fearing the recovery of the fellows who cumbered the moss at his feet, dodged the blow, and struck out again at the Indian with his right hand. But the mau to whom he was now opposed was noted for his great agility in the tribe, and droppiug on one knee, the blow passed over him, at the same time he launched a stroke from his keen blade, full at the breast of the scout. With no time to parry, he threw himself backward, kicking the knife out of his opponent's hand as he fell. With a determination which showed him worthy of the trust imposed in him by his sachem, the chief threw himself upon the fallen man, and tried to pinion him to the earth. Salvation was ready, and grasped him by the throat with his left hand, as he drew his knife with his right.

The Indiau saw his danger, and with remarkable agility wrested himself free from the grasp of his powerful enemy, and endeavoured to pick up his knife. Before he could do this, he was prostrated by the powerful arm of the hunter. The moment this was done, he looked for his musket. It stood against the body of the tree, where he had set it upon his first fall, while the conversation with Chico was going on. Grasping his trusty weapon, he looked about him hastily.

The savage whom he had kicked sat against a tree, with his hands pressed hard upon the abdominal region. The

second was rising, at the same time drawing a hatchet from his belt. Chico was applying friction to his right hand, hoping to get the use of it sufficiently to get an arrow into the body of the "Long Arms." Without staying to dwell too long upon these things, he turned his back upon the scene of his late combat, and ran down the forest-path, in the direction of the spot where he had left his horse.

His flight acted with surprising effect upon the savages. Chico, taking a knife in his left hand, instantly bounded forward on the trail, opening like a hound upon the scent. The one sitting against the tree followed, drawing a bow upon the hunter as he ran. The shaft was well aimed, and whistled through the buckskin flap of his hunting-shirt just grazing the thigh.

Salvation had no fear of being overtaken. He was known far and near as a powerful runner, and the Indians hardly expected to overtake him. Nevertheless, they followed him, hoping that something would happen which would throw him into their hands. He plunged into the path in which he had left Tribulation, and emerged again mounted upon that famous beast, whirling his rifle about his head as he bounded forward at full speed. As he looked back a moment at his pursuers, an accident, which sometimes throws the game into the hands of our enemies, when we think it is all our own, put him into their hands, at the very moment when they gave him up entirely.

A huge tree, growing close to the path, sent a strong shoot across it, about the height of a horseman's breast. Tribulation bowed his head, and went under it easily enough. If Salvation had been looking ahead, he might

have done the same. But he was not, and the strong branch swept him from the saddle, and flung him, bruised sadly, to the earth. His rifle and knife flew out of his hands, and were secured by the Indians. When he recovered from the shock he lay under the hoofs of Tribulation, who was striking viciously at every Indian who dared approach. He had already peeled off a portion of the scalp of one who had attempted to drag him away, by a touch of her forefoot.

“Go in, old Trib,” said he, looking out from his unassailable position. “You are doing well.”

In answer, the horse made a savage bite at Chico and took off his head-dress, tearing out with it a large portion of his scalplock. The irate savage retreated, and beckoned to his comrades, one of whom fitted an arrow to the string of his bow.

“Look you here, ‘Long Arms.’ You not come out an’ give up, I shoot dat hoss.”

“No,” said Salvation. “Don’t shoot old Trib. Fight it out with me. He ain’t to blame.”

“Won’t do it. No can fight,” cried Chico, angrily. “How can fight when no got hand. Mashed so feels like no hand dere.”

“Want to shake hands again?” asked the scout.

“You talk any more, me kill. Now, s’pose you come out, good. S’pose you not come out, shoot dat hoss.”

“Oh, I’ll come out,” said he, suiting the action to the word. “I am coming out. And I want to know why you are taking me prisoner?”

“What you do in tree, when Indian sit down to talk,

eh? S'pose we let you go now, you tell 'Swaying Reed' dat we goin' to take her 'way. How we like dat? You creep—creep—climb tree—hear what Indian say—try to crawl down—fall—kill Indian—ugh!"

"You commenced first!"

"How I commence—what I do?"

"You tried to hold me."

"Den you squeeze. Ugh," said the Indian, with a grimace of pain. "Well, no talk any more now. Come to Pequod camp, and Sassacus say what you do. Dat your hoss?"

"Yes."

"He mine now."

"I s'pose so."

"Me ride 'im. You walk now."

Salvation grinned, even while the savages were binding his arms with green withes. He could well imagine what sort of a figure a bad horseman (as the eastern Indians are proverbially) would cut upon the back of Tribulation. But Chico had said he would ride him, and, with the stubborn faith in his own powers for which the Indian is famous, approached the horse, which greeted his approach by laying back his ears and fidgiting nervously upon the ground. As Chico came near, he struck at him viciously with both forefeet, and commenced an animated contradance, keeping his front continually toward the chief.

"Why he do dat, eh?" said the chief, pausing in perplexity.

"Oh, git on him," said the scout. "Whoa, Trib. Steady, old boy! Keep so."

Hearing the voice of his master, the horse stopped and turned his head toward him as if to ask what he meant by such conduct. Chico took advantage of the moment to mount, awkwardly, to be sure, but still getting into the saddle.

“Now then!” said Salvation. “Go it.”

Among the many tricks which he had taught Tribulation when a colt, and which had afterward given him an infinity of trouble, was the habit of going through several vicious actions directed against the peace of mind and safety of body of the person upon his back, upon hearing certain words spoken by his master. No sooner did he hear the words from his master's mouth than he “bucked” at once, fearfully jarring the nerves of his rider, who nevertheless clung to him with desperate earnestness.

But “bucking” is tiresome to the horse as well as rider, and when he had shaken up the chief to an extent which he had never deemed possible, Trib suddenly went down upon his haunches. Out of the saddle rolled Chico, and did not stop rolling, until he brought up against a tree upon the other side of the path. Leaping up, he mounted again, to which the horse made no sort of objection, and turned his head down the path, designing to return to the spot where the combat took place, to see after their wounded companion, and prepare for the capture of Ruth.

But Tribulation had no intention whatever of going yet. He planted his feet upon the earth and refused to go. Chico got out his knife and pricked him. It needed only this to arouse all the devil in his horse nature, and all his hoofs were off the ground at the same moment. He lashed

out vigorously with his hind feet, and varied this amusement by pawing the air with his fore feet, and manifested an insane desire to climb one of the trees near at hand. Chico pulled hard upon his right hand rein and brought him to his feet. Then he went into the air again and ended by casting poor Chico over his head, amid the laughter of his companions—for an Indian can see a joke of this kind, if no other.

Chico gave up in despair, and another tried it, with no better success. After all had failed, Salvation told them that the horse would allow no one to ride him but himself. But in their rage, they desired to immolate the unhappy beast. It was only at the earnest entreaty of Salvation that he was spared, and was led along by his master.

At the place where the fight took place they found their comrade, who was dressing his wound himself. Chico aided him, and then, as it was getting dusk, he left Salvation in the care of the wounded man, after taking the precaution to put upon him half a dozen ingenious hitches, and set out toward the village, telling the guard to tomahawk him upon the spot if he made any trouble.

CHAPTER VII.

A MEETING AND A SEPARATION.

ON the afternoon of the day in which the branch played Salvation such a trick, John Mason arrived at Weathersfield. He had taken the chief Wequash to Boston, where his story was listened to with attention, and it was determined to send men out into the different tribes to see how

far the conspiracy was intended to reach. Salvation had undertaken the mission to the Pequods, and was in a fair way to reach the village, though not in the manner he had expected.

John Mason made at once for the cabin of the pastor. He knew the way well. The gossips of Weathersfield, and there were gossips in these good old days, opined that worshipful Captain Mason found the company of Mistress Ruth Harland pleasant, and good naturedly hoped that it might come to good; for every one in Weathersfield wished Ruth well, and believed strongly in the profession of Captain Mason, though not given to strife with carnal weapons.

There were love passages between them at the meeting, with which we will not weary the apathetic reader. The captain then inquired for Salvation.

“He has been gone since early morning,” said Ruth.

“Did he speak of his mission?”

“He said that it led him into the village of Sassacus.”

“I would he had not gone. I have learned so much of their designs since we last met that I have great fear for his safety.”

“You make much of him.”

“He has twice saved my life. Rude in form and rough in speech though he is, Salvation Green has the heart of a hero. The Indians fear him—our elders respect him. I would sooner trust him than half the soldiers in our colonies with an important military trust. His acute brain, like a sponge, absorbs all it touches. He thinks much, is a great observer, and knows the woods like a printed book—

better, in good sooth; for his talent does not run far in the way of letters."

"Salvation and I are sworn friends," said Ruth, with a light laugh. "Besides, I have conquered his stubborn horse, Tribulation. How did his beast ever get such a name?"

"You would not inquire, if you knew the brute as I do. Salvation looks for his tantrums, as he calls them, as often as he mounts, and is more surprised if he fails to go through his performances than if he does. One thing I will say of the beast. When his master is in a dangerous place, he knows it, and then all signs fail, and he becomes the most trusty beast I ever saw. You say you conquered him. How was that?"

She recounted the affair of poor Jupe with the horse, and how she had coaxed him into submission. Mason laughed heartily as he thought of the comical figure poor Jupe must have cut flying up the path.

"How is it that Salvation did not go out sooner on his mission?"

"His wounds detained him."

"His wounds?"

"I forgot to tell you. He had an encounter with a bear, which forced him into the river, where he killed it. He was badly cut in the fight, and would have been drowned, but for the coming of Roger Williams."

"You speak in riddles. There is but one Roger Williams, and he should be out yonder in his new colony, instructing them in the principles, true ones too, for which he was exiled. Ruth Harland, I love that man. The co-

lony have sent him into exile, but after years shall see him looked up to as a model among men, as the champion of a right cause in the midst of a bigoted people. But he surely was not here."

"He was. He spent an hour or more in close companionship with my father, who was his dearest friend long ago in college."

"I would have given much to see him. But how did he save Salvation?"

Ruth related the incident as she had heard it from the lips of the scout. Of course, it was modestly told with regard to himself, for he never bragged to his friends—that was reserved for his enemies, to whom he sometimes gave an overdose.

"So, so," said Mason, when she had concluded the story. "The great Reformer has not left his heart behind him. It was like Roger Williams to leave the comfort and safety he enjoyed, and embark upon a perilous voyage for the good of a people who had given him nothing but hard words. It will be like him, when he is asked to use his influence to keep the knives of the Narragansetts from their throats. They need him now."

"What do you mean?"

"Roger Williams is to be called upon to go to Narragansett, and use his great power over Miantonomah to prevent the league with the Pequods. I seek Salvation to send him upon this mission. If he does not return in three days, I must either go myself or find another messenger, for the case is urgent."

"The journey through the wilderness is of great peril,

dear John," said Ruth, in a faltering voice. "I wish you would not go."

"Not more perilous than the one I have just finished in perfect safety, dearest Ruth. Remember that the life of a soldier is one of constant peril. 'I magnify mine office.' It is a guard for the weak, at least in this land. They who have chosen to make it their labour should never look back."

"And I would not have you do so, John," replied the girl, proudly—placing a hand upon either shoulder and looking up into his face. "The duty is before you, and though my woman's heart may be weak for a moment in thinking of the danger to one I love so well, yet it is over soon. Be faithful in your duty, and may God prosper you in it."

"That's my own brave girl," cried the soldier, touching the lips so near his own. "But it may be that I shall not go. Good faith, I have enough to do in other ways. What with the absence of my trusty retainer, Green, and the loss of my second man, Fight-the-good-Fight Wilson, near the Mystic, I am burdened like a pack-horse in these times."

"You look worn. What work have you on hand now?"

"I have promised Captain Endicott, of Salem, that I will send him fifteen men for his expedition to Block Island. I must raise these men very quickly, within the three days I have allowed myself before I start for Providence."

"What is amiss at Block Island?"

"A trader, one Captain Jones, going to the island for skins, was set upon by the natives and killed. Our people demanded the murderers, and the chiefs refuse to give them up. Captain Endicott has undertaken to punish them, and

he must have men. The times are black ones for the colonies. The Indians have been wronged in many cases, and bloody wars, rising from a series of such wrongs, must be the result. I can prophesy the end, but much blood must be shed before that end is attained."

"How will it end?"

"These tribes, which muster now in our own colony four thousand bowmen, will be exterminated. Remember the wars of Cortez in Mexico. True, our men are not altogether clothed in steel, but our weapons are better, and the loss of the Indians must be very great, compared to ours. Their love of ardent spirits will be another enemy. The white race must conquer.

"One of the chiefs stopped at the cabin some days since, and I gave him something to eat. He had been at the council at Boston—Shawmut, he called it."

"Did he give his name?"

"Mennawan."

"Ah! was he alone?"

"Yes."

"Then Wequash told us the truth. The other chief has gone to the Narragansetts, to say that a deputation of great chiefs will soon be on the way. What induced the chief to stop here? Can it mean trouble for Weathersfield?"

"Why should it?"

"Because they do not throw away a step in these busy times. If he stopped here, there was a meaning in it. Has he been here before?"

"Once."

"When was that?"

“ When he started on the journey to Boston. He asked for drink, and I gave it to him.”

Mason stood in thought for some moments, leaning against a door-post, and tapping the hilt of his sword nervously all the while, and humming a tune in an abstracted manner. He was evidently ill at ease, and the girl saw it.

“ What do you think ? ”

“ I don't know well what to think. I am afraid it will end badly for Weathersfield. The bending of a twig and the turning of every straw is of account in these perilous times. This visit of the chief's may and may not be of meaning. It is more than likely he came with a purpose. What that purpose may be I will not undertake to say. Where is your father ? ”

“ He went out an hour since to visit Holdfast Carter.”

“ How is his health ? ”

“ It could not be better.”

“ I had hoped to see him, but I must make all haste to Hartford, to gather men. If Salvation returns to Weathersfield before I do, say to him that he must await my return in this place

“ When does Endicott go upon his mission to Block Island ? ”

“ I cannot tell. There is a certain rule to go through before they can do anything in Massachusetts Bay Colony. Even in the old world they are not so dilatory. When they get ready, they have a valiant leader in Captain Endicott. But I am wasting time in pleasure. I must go.”

“ Can you not wait for my father ? ”

“ I think best to hasten my affairs as much as possible.”

“How shall you proceed?”

“To try these Pequods, I shall send a small boat into their country for the purpose of trade. If they use hostile measures against them, we shall have a better pretext than at present.”

“Shall you ride up?”

“No; I shall trouble your people with the care of my horse until my return, and shall borrow a canoe to go to Hartford.”

Bidding her a tender farewell, he left the house, and went down to the river-side. She stood in the doorway and watched him as he conversed with a settler who stood by the water, in regard to a boat. The affair was soon settled, and he took a bark-canoe and pushed out, handling his paddle with the ease and grace of a practised backwoodsman.

As her father did not return, Ruth strolled out of the house to the river, and, after exchanging salutations with the man from whom her lover had borrowed the canoe, pursued her way along the bank in the direction he had taken. The man called after her to be careful and not stray too far in these troublous times, to whom she made answer that she would be in no peril, and went thoughtlessly on her way in the mellow afternoon sunlight, until she had put quite a distance between herself and the village.

Sitting down at last to watch the sunset, with all her heart going out after her absent lover, she did not note fully the flight of time, until the sun had sunk out of sight behind the trees beyond the eastern shore. She had

gathered the wild flowers which grew profusely at her feet, and carelessly twined them into a chaplet with deft fingers, singing all the time, in a low tone, the strange old melodies in which the members of the Puritan Church delighted, whose harsh lines on her lips sounded inexpressibly sweet.

The shadows deepened about her, and at last she rose in some alarm, as she saw how far they stretched across the water from the tall old pines. Turning, with her crown of flowers upon her head, she would have returned to the house, but she found her way impeded by a tall savage, no other than Chico, who had come up unobserved, and stood by her side.

Repressing an exclamation of terror, the girl looked him boldly in the face, and asked him in English what he wanted.

“Walk woods, ‘Swaying Reed,’” was his reply.

She was well enough acquainted with the Indian tongue to know that she was a prisoner. But she ventured to reason with the savage. Mason had taught her many short questions and answers of their dialect and she made use of them now.

“What have I done?”

“No use talk,” said Chico, sententiously. “Walk woods!”

“Are not the Yengees the friends of the Pequods?”

“Always fren’s,” replied Chico. “Course dey fren’s. Come.”

Seeing that he was firm, Ruth, putting out all her strength, pushed him over a log near which he stood, and ran along the river-bank, with a scream which aroused the ire of the Indian, who feared that some stroller like himself

might hear her. She was not fated to run far, before she plunged into the arms of one of the companions of Chico, who had placed himself in her path. In an instant his hand was over her mouth and his tomahawk raised in a threatening manner, which at once silenced her screams.

“Yengee girl make noise, me kill and scalp,” said Chico, as he came forward.

She saw the virtue of silence, and said not a word as a savage placed himself on either side of her and led her away into the woods, while a third followed, carefully obliterating the trail they made. She was astonished to find that the tread of her captors was almost noiseless, but seeing that they used this care to cover the trail, she planted her feet as heavily as possible each time they touched the ground, though in such a way that the savages did not notice it at first. The savage who was covering the trail drew their attention to the fact that their captor stepped more heavily than seemed at all proper or necessary. But she refused to understand them when called upon to amend her course, and in despair they were forced to carry her.

They had been more successful than had been anticipated. After sneaking about the village during the forenoon, and the greater part of the afternoon, they had seen her leave the village for her walk. They had nothing to do but to follow and seize her upon the first fitting opportunity.

They hurried away by narrow forest-paths to the place where they had left their wounded friend and prisoner. They found Salvation safe, for even his ingenuity could not break out of the hitch in which they had placed him. A

discussion now arose what to do with Tribulation, whom the scout had tied to a sapling for safe keeping before he was bound in like manner. Those who had suffered by his fractious behaviour hesitated between a desire to avenge themselves for their injuries, and a wish to save him for future use. In this discussion Salvation joined loudly, begging for the life of his favourite, and at last suggesting that Ruth should ride him.

“Ugh!” said Chico. “Chief can’t ride him. S’pose squaw do better?”

“Ef an English girl were such a slouch at riding as you fellows, we wouldn’t own her. Ruth, are you afraid to ride the horse?”

“No.”

“Can’t ride him, tell you,” cried Chico. “Fall off.”

“Yon let her try it, that’s all,” replied the irrepressible scout, who appeared to look upon captivity as a capital joke, and was in high good humour. The chief complied, taking care to fit an arrow to the string ready to shoot the horse, if she tried to escape.

Ruth went close to the animal, patted her neck and mounted without trouble, to the intense surprise of the savages, who looked to see her dashed to the ground. A murmur of admiration ran through their ranks at her skill. Chico now sent one of his comrades in front, cautioning him to be always ready with his weapon. Next came Ruth, and behind her the scout. A warrior marched on each side, and Chico, like a skilful general, brought up the rear, overlooking the cavalcade. In this order they broke out of the woods into the open bottom lands to the

west of the Connecticut, the glory and delight of the Pequod nation. Here the party turned aside from the village, and breaking through the swamp, reached the open space where Sassacus had held the meeting with his partisans. The chief was there before them, and rose to his feet as they came into the swamp, greeting them in calm courtesy.

“The ‘Swaying Reed’ is very welcome to the land of the Pequods. They have waited her coming a long time, and are glad to see her face. She is very welcome.”

“Why have I been torn from my home?” demanded the girl, sharply, unawed by the presence of so many savage enemies. “I ask you again, as I have asked this man, are not the English and the Pequods friends?”

“Yengees are very good friends to the Pequods,” replied the chief, with bitter emphasis. “So good are they that they love everything belonging to the tribe; and they love our hunting-grounds most of all.”

Ruth could not reply to the sarcasm of the chief, for the cupidity of the English was beyond question.

“We have prepared a place for the ‘Swaying Reed,’” the chief said, after pausing to note the effect of his words. He pointed to the centre of the island. A cabin had been built of boughs, and was warm enough for the season.

“You will stay here,” said the sachem, “until you are wanted. It may be soon—or it may be a long time. A guard will be with you at all times, to give you meat and keep away harm. An Indian girl is in the lodge, who will be your servant. You are very welcome.”

He took her by the hand and led her to the lodge, giving her up to the care of a young girl, who listened

patiently to his commands, which he delivered in his own tongue. Ruth followed her into the hut, while Sassacus returned to meet Salvation, who had listened to the conversation without a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREEK MEETING GREEK.

SALVATION stood leaning against a tree, by the side of the horse, which commenced cropping the short green grass of the island. The attitude of the hunter was one of the most reckless indifference to the casual observer, though in truth he was watching every motion of his captors and longing for an opportunity for escape. Sassacus regarded the capture of this man as a worthy event, as he was the friend and companion of John Mason, known by the name of the "Indian Killer."

"My brother has the longest pair of legs in the Pequod country," was the first salutation of the chief. "He has been using them again, and they have played him false. What does the 'Long Arms' in the midst of a Pequod camp?"

"Ask those that brought me, sachem," was the sturdy reply. "You may take the word of a man who is all white, that I wouldn't be here if I could help it. Your own rascals brought me."

"How is this?" cried the sachem, in seeming surprise. "Does my brother say that he does not come here as a friend? Why are his arms bound?"

"That uneasy vagabond, Chico, whose hand will not be

of much use to him for a week, tied me as you see. I can't even whittle."

"What had my brother done to them?"

"Not a thing," he asserted. "Not a darned thing."

"This cannot be. The Pequods do not make war upon their friends. Let the chief speak, and say why this great brave is here. He would blind the eyes of the great sachem of the Pequods."

Chico stepped forward, and held up his maimed hand.

"I am a chief," he cried, angrily. "I gave my hand to the 'Long Arms' in the forest. He had crept like a squirrel into the tree-top, to listen to the words of Chico and his friends. A limb broke and he fell to the ground. But Chico gave him his right hand. A bad spirit is in the 'Long Arms,' and he crushed the hand of the chief. See, it is weak, and I cannot close the fingers. Was this the act of a friend? I called to my friends, and they took their weapons in their hands to take the 'Long Arms.' He ran away, but a limb caught him by the head and threw him to the ground, and we took him and brought him here."

"That's all right, chief, except in one or two points. In the first place, you set your dogs on me before I raised a finger. Then I squeezed your hand and knocked you down. 'Twas a good blow, Chico; even you ought to allow that."

"Chico will drink the heart's blood of a dog of the Yengees," said the chief.

"You left out the fact that I laid every one of you out before I ran, old fellow. I did so. You went down under

my arms and feet like grass before the mower. One of you has an ache in the place where he puts his breakfast. Another lacks a few of his teeth and is branded on the head by the forefoot of Tribulation. A sickly crowd, all through, I calculate."

The band glared at him, panting for breath. How was it that he dared defy them, when he was entirely in their power? Sassacus alone remained unmoved.

"It is enough," he said. "The council of the nation must decide whether you have done well or ill. Let the 'Long Arms' be taken to our village."

"Rather stay here," said he.

The chief looked at him angrily.

"Sassacus does not eat his words. Let the Yengee go to our village. Keep him well, and do not talk to Mennawan about the 'Swaying Reed.'"

"Why not?" thought Salvation, who never lost sight of anything likely to be of use to him.

"Let the horse remain here. The Yengee maiden may wish to go away, and he would be useful. Keep the white man safe. If you fail, look to it, for you call down the vengeance of a sachem of the nation, whose name is Sassacus."

"Let me speak to the white girl," said the scout.

"No," replied Sassacus.

"Miss Ruth," cried he, in a raised voice. She appeared at the doorway of the cabin. "Keep up a good heart, and this will end well yet."

"Shut mouth," shouted Sassacus, in a rage, "else we kill you."

Salvation had said all he wanted, and at once took his way out of the swamp, followed by the chief. Once outside, the latter left the party, not wishing to be known as having met them, and returned to the village by a different route. Soon after, the chiefs came in with the captives, and were greeted with exclamations of joy by a crowd of women and boys who hurried out to meet them, while the warriors remained at the stations they had occupied before, simply turning their heads to look at the captive. His name became known, and ran like wildfire through the village. "Long Arms" was known to the tribes along the border as the most daring scout and spy who had ever entered their country. A crowd began to gather to hear the tale of his capture, but were sturdily ordered to stand aside by the unfortunate Chico, who was in anything but good humour.

A lodge was hastily prepared for his reception, and a guard placed about it. In passing to his prison he looked up, and met the eyes of the chief Mennawan fixed upon him, with an expression which he could not analyse. It contained no triumph at his capture, whatever. But the curtain of the lodge was dropped, and he was left to meditate upon the mutability of human affairs.

"Consarn it," he muttered. "I'm in for it now, I'm afraid. What luck—first, that darned old limb had to break, when I was coming down from the tree. Wal, I licked 'em all, and was going off on old Trib's back, as fast as she could run, when another pesky limb had to put its oar in. Darned ef I don't think, ef I was to try to hang myself on a limb, that it would break and let me

fall. What is the matter with Mennawan? He didn't look as though he was glad to see me. Shouldn't be surprised if I had a visit from that feller yet.

Two days passed, and he saw no one but his guards. The brave fellow kept up his courage well, but he longed for the free breath of the woods in which he had lived so long. Years of wild adventure, of roamings through the almost impassable wilderness of the eastern country, fighting with bear, panther, or Indian, as the case might be, had made him love the woods.

Then he thought of Ruth, whom he loved for her own kindness to him, and because she was to be the wife of his leader. He had no doubt of his ability to rescue her, if he could gain his own liberty. But his guards gave him no chance. They all feared the anger of Sassacus, and kept their eyes open, to the intense rage of Salvation.

"Darn em. They won't even let a man whistle. Ef they would only give me my knife now, and some sticks. I feel just mad enough," he thought, on the morning of the third day, "to make a break for it, and risk life and limb for liberty. I might make it go, I reckon. Though everything is in favour of my getting an arrow through the body before I had run twenty rods. Now who is coming?"

The last exclamation was caused by a bustle near the doorway. The next moment the lodge curtain was lifted, and Mennawan came into the place. He looked haggard and anxious, and his clothes were dusty with travel. He ordered the guard to keep away from the door, while he talked with the Yengee, which he obeyed.

"I have come to see my white brother," said the chief.

“ It is time some one came to see me,” said the other.
“ When do you mean to let me out of this ? ”

“ This is not my work,” said he, angrily. “ Chico, who is a son of the bad Manitou, and the tool of Sassacus, has broken the bond I made with the Yengees. Let him not come within reach of my tomahawk, or I will slay him with my hand.”

There was a pause of some moments. The Indian had something to say, and did not know how to begin. He sat looking at the face of the hunter, which expressed nothing but careless indifference. At length, he resumed:—

“ I have been to the white village by the river.”

“ Yes ! ”

“ The hearts of the Yengees are very sad. A sorrow has come upon the heart of the old white prophet. Would my white brother like to know what this trouble is ? ”

“ Of course.”

“ His daughter, whom the Indians call the ‘ Swaying Reed,’ because her form is as graceful in motion as the reeds by the river-bank, has been stolen.”

“ Just so.”

“ The heart of Mennawan is sad for the white prophet. He would do anything to help find the girl.”

“ Wal, what are you goin’ to do ? ”

“ The white men are searching far and near upon the river. But, Mennawan is very wise. He found the place where she sat down to rest, and many tracks of moccasins upon the ground. He followed the trail. It led him to a place in the woods, where men had fought together. One was a white man, and four were Pequods.”

“ How did you know that ? ”

“ Mennawan knows the fashion of a Pequod moccasin.”

“ But, I wear moccasins as well.”

“ Do you walk as we do ? Come, we have no time to waste. The white man ran away and got to his horse. I read this in the tracks. The fight came before the maiden reached the spot, and the same Indians who took the maiden took the man.”

“ Well reasoned ; go on.”

“ On the spot where they fought, I found this,” he went on, producing a button. “ I place it beside the button upon the coat of my brother. It is the same. My brother is the man who fought with the Indians. Then he must have seen the maiden. Let him tell where she is hidden to a chief.”

So irresistible had been the array of facts which the wily chief had brought forward, that the scout could find no assailable point in his armour. As a necessary consequence, he was forced into questions, in which the Yankee nation have excelled beyond all others, since his day.

“ What do you want of the girl ? ”

“ Have I not said that her father waits for her in his lonely cabin ? He is very old ; his hairs are white as the snows in winter. How can the old man rest when he knows not where his daughter is, the fairest flower that blooms in the meadow of his heart.”

“ Do you mean to take her back to him if you find her ? ”

This was a poser for the chief, who was very far from any such intention. He evaded a direct answer in a manner worthy of a witness in a criminal trial.

“ Meunawan has promised the old prophet that he will try to find the ‘Swaying Reed.’ ”

“ Oh, you are a knowing one,” thought Salvation. “ But I’ll try you in another way yet.” Then he added, aloud : “ What will you do for the man who can show you where the ‘Swaying Reed’ is hidden ? ”

“ If the Long Arms will speak, and tell the chief where she has been hidden, he shall be set free.”

“ Shall I take the ‘Swaying Reed’ with me ? ”

“ Let my brother listen. His tongue is as long as his legs, and they are very long. It is not well for a great chief to have so long a tongue. My brother knows where to find the ‘Swaying Reed.’ He dare not say that he does not, for he will not look in the face of a great chief and tell a lie. The tracks in the woods lay before the eyes of a great chief like a printed book of the white men. They told him how the ‘Long Arms’ crawled into the tree-top, and listened to the words of Chico—how he tried to come softly down, and the limb broke, so that he fell to the ground—how he fought bravely against them all, and was only taken because a limb caught him and threw him to the ground. Let us talk like men and not like children.”

“ What do you want of me ? ” asked the scout, casting a look of admiration at the chief, whom he respected for his genius in woodcraft.

“ Tell me where I may find the ‘Swaying Reed ? ”

“ Do you promise in any case to save her life ? ”

“ The question is good. She shall not die. It is the word of a great chief.”

“Come closer then, so that the guard shall not know what we are saying, and I will tell you.”

The chief drew nearer, and for half an hour listened to the words which Salvation poured into his ears. He listened earnestly, seldom interrupting him to ask questions. He described the position of the swamp, the manner of entering it, and the fixtures of the island.

“My white brother has kept his word in this. He has told me all he knows, and the chief will not forget his own promise.”

With these words he left the lodge, leaving the other to decide at his leisure whether he had done well in telling all to the chief. His acute mind had already penetrated the other's secret, and he knew that he loved the girl, and that she would remain a captive until he could effect her escape.

But he also saw through the designs of Sassacus. He feared that Mennawan, by his love for Ruth, might grow soft-hearted, and stop short of the extermination of the English. The hunter knew him well enough to be certain that the chief would kill Ruth sooner than have her stand in the way of his designs.

When Mennawan left the lodge, he made his way at once to that of Sassacus. He found him absent, and with him the leading chiefs who were his partisans. He at once returned to the lodge and set Salvation at liberty, bidding him make the best use of his legs in getting out of the Pequod country. His rifle was given back to him, together with the powder-horn and bullet-pouch.

“The way is long to the place from which my brother

ame," said the chief. "But though he may tire in the way, he had better go back; this country is not for him."

Salvation lingered about the village as long as he dared, but fearing the return of Sassacus, he set out, first asking the chief what was to be done with Ruth?

"Trouble not yourself," was the reply. "She shall be cared for."

The scout shouldered his piece, and set off at a brisk pace. With his weapons in his hands and a fair start, he defied the Pequod nation.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVALS.

AN hour after the departure of Salvation, Sassacus returned to the village in great haste. A runner, one of the petty chiefs of his faction, had set out from the place almost as soon as the scout. Though he knew this man's errand perfectly, the chief allowed him to proceed, as he too desired the return of Sassacus. He found Mennawan waiting for him in the lodge, smoking calmly.

"I hear of strange things," cried the sachem, more excitedly than ever before in his life. "What is this that comes to my ears?"

"The ears of the sachem are his own," replied Mennawan, looking at him calmly. "He can tell best what he has heard."

"A runner has come to me to say that the 'Long Arms' is gone."

"The runner told the truth; the 'Long Arms' is gone," said the chief, with undisturbed serenity.

“ Why was it done ? ”

“ Because I have a brother who is too fast—one who wishes the Pequod nation well, but who will destroy it. Are our plans ripe? Is it good policy to take prisoners before we have secured the Narragansetts? Where is Wequash, who was once so great a friend of Sassacus? He is with the Yengees, and has told them that the Pequods mean to make war against them.”

Sassacus started, for this was new to him. The runner who brought the news had only come in half an hour before.

“ How do you know this ? ”

“ Kucheca has come.”

“ Ugh ! ”

“ He has brought much news. The Yengees are gathering men for our brothers on the island, who have killed a man, and as they come this way, they demand the men who killed the Yengee trader before.”

Sassacus looked disconcerted. His brother had made capital for himself and his faction during his absence.

“ It was not a time to take prisoners. I set the white man at liberty, and all will go well. We shall tell the Yengees that Wequash has lied, and they will believe us.”

“ It is well,” said the sachem, recovering the self-possession which had left him for a moment. Mennawan eyed his brother fixedly for a short space, and then spoke again:—

“ When we talked before, Sassacus promised to do a certain thing. Has he done so ? ”

“ What does my brother mean ? ”

“ He said he would see the ‘ Swaying Reed.’ Has he done so ? ”

The disconcerted look returned to his face, but he answered, "Yes."

"I went to the village the other day, and the maiden was not there. Where is she?"

The other looked at him without answer.

"I returned to the village, hoping to see her here. For I said, 'My brother has found her worthy to be the wife of a great chief, and has taken her for him.' If he has done so, let him bring her, and give her up to me."

"It is so," said Sassacus, glad of any loophole at which to escape. "She is more beautiful than the morning. But the white man was in the village, and he might return and say that we had taken the daughter of the white prophet and kept her in our lodges. I have kept her hidden lest he should see her. Now he has gone, she has only to be sent for, and she will come to the village."

"Shall she be given up to me, when she comes?"

The cunning of the sachem came back with this question.

"What? Will you take her into the lodge of Metamora, and give her the child to keep? Would it not be better that she should remain the prisoner of Chicco until you have sent Metamora away?"

"Metamora has been a good wife. She has kept the lodge fire of Mennawan bright for seven winters," said the other, relenting a little. "The chief would be sad if she went away from the lodge, and he would not give the 'Swaying Reed' the child to keep. She is too young to bear such a burden, and she does not love the child. But the lodge of Mennawan is very large. There is room for

the 'Swaying Reed' and for Metamora. The chief is very wise."

"Mennawan does not sing in the ears of a dead dog," answered Sassacus. "He knows the nature of a Pequoc woman. She would never be content with half a heart, nor stay in the lodge of one who had ceased to care for her. Let my brother listen. I will take the 'Swaying Reed,' and keep her until Mennawan has told his wife that he will take another in her place."

"Let it be so," said the other, rising abruptly. "Let us go for her."

"Will Mennawan do so? If he comes into the village with the 'Swaying Reed,' men will say that he loves her, and Metamora will hear it too soon."

"Mennawan will not be answerable to a squaw for his deeds. I have said, let us go forth and bring in the maiden. Why should we waste words? Let us go."

Sassacus rose with an angry gesture. The other had forestalled him. The words spoken at the outset told him that the chief was aware that he had taken Ruth prisoner, and he meant to remove her to another place. His entreaties were of no avail, and his brother joined the party which brought Ruth into the village, walking by the side of the horse with folded arms. Sassacus had refused to go, but stood in the doorway of his wigwam watching the entrance of the party. He was wholly unselfish in his desire to keep the thoughts of his brother away from Ruth. Nothing short of extermination would satisfy him, and he could not go on without the aid of Mennawan, next to himself the most powerful man in the nation. That which

Shakespeare calls "the vice of mercy," had until this time been lacking in his composition. But it was not cruelty which prompted the entire destruction of the whites. He regarded it as the best for his nation, because it would free their land from the hated Yengees; and best for the latter, because it would deter others from following their examples and sharing their fate. The slackness of Mennawan, who had been so hot until now, came at an inopportune moment for their cause. He sympathized with the Indian wife, who would lose the love of her husband for this stranger.

He was thinking of her at the moment when the return party came in sight, and an angry light came into his eye. But he controlled himself with a powerful effort, as Metamora came out of the opposite lodge and took a station near him, where she could see them as they passed in. The brow of the Indian woman was clouded, but she had dressed herself in Indian finery to please her husband's eye. Perhaps some shadow of the coming fate rested upon the unfortunate creature, and she had determined to struggle, as a woman might, to maintain her position in her husband's lodge.

The dark eye of the chief, in passing, dwelt upon the woman who had been faithful to him so long, in a kind of self-reproaching tenderness, as she stood with bowed head close to his path. A rare smile flitted across her brown face, and the countenance of the sachem became more hopeful. It fell again as his glance rested upon the captive, and read in her face the beauty which had taken the wild heart of Mennawan captive.

The lodge which had been occupied by the scout was fitted up for the use of the captive, and Ruth and her attendant at once disappeared within it. Mennawan did not return to the cabin, but stood leaning against a post with folded arms. The words which Ruth had spoken were in his ears: "I gave you bread when you were hungry, and you repay it thus."

He stood in a pensive attitude, watching without interest the efforts of an Indian lad to mount Tribulation (in which he signally failed, or was thrown every time he apparently succeeded), when he heard a light step at his side, and turning, beheld his wife, who had advanced from her first position to address him.

The chief half turned his head as if to address her, and then, seeming to recollect, he assumed an air of haughty indifference, and fixed his eyes again on the efforts of the boy. Metamora remained in her submissive attitude until her lord and master thought proper to again turn and notice her.

"The place for the wife of a good chief is in the lodge of her husband," said he, at length. "Why, then, is Metamora here?"

"Metamora is a woman," replied the wife. "She lives in the sunlight of her warrior's smile. If her sun is clouded, her eyes rain dew. She has seen that the chief is sad, and she would be glad to bear a little of his sorrow."

"Let Metamora return to the lodge," said he, with a proud inclination of the head, "and Mennawan will follow. She shall know the sorrow which is upon the heart of her chief—she shall bear some portion of it."

A glad light broke over the face of Metamora. She went at once to the lodge and her husband followed. They sat an hour together, and he told her all. Told her that he loved the "Swaying Reed," and that she could no longer hold the first place in his house and lodge. She sat like one stunned, hearing in her stupor his offers to build her a lodge by herself, where she might live as a widow and nurse his boy, and teach him how to strike the enemy.

Then he rose and left the lodge, leaving her to fight against the hell of contending passions in her wild heart. If she had been less true to her husband, the blow would not have fallen so heavily. As it was, it crushed her.

She sat without movement for an hour, gazing upon the face of the boy, who lay sleeping upon the blankets. Her agony grew greater as she gazed.

CHAPTER X.

SALVATION ON THE WAR-PATH.

It is not to be supposed that Salvation meant to leave his fair friend at the mercy of her savage enemies. But he wisely decided that he could do far more for her free, than if he remained in the village. Turning away from the beaten war-trail, he lay down in a secluded spot, and meditated upon the turn affairs had taken, and the best way to free the girl from the clutches of the savages. He had penetrated the motives of Mennawan in their interview, and had told him all he knew, because he feared what might be the fate of Ruth if left in the power of the sachem. The love of the chief for her would at least save her life.

As he lay there in the shadow, a footstep stirred the leaves. He rose cautiously upon one knee, and looked out of the underbrush. The tread of the comer was light and uncertain, and could only be the tread of a woman. I was ; for as the slanting beams of the sun shone through the leaves, they fell upon the bowed head of Metamora coming slowly through the forest, with her child in her arms.

The forest woman had wrestled with her anguish until it became too great for her to bear, and then rising from the skins upon which she had cast herself after the chief left, she put off the gorgeous robes with which she had adorned herself to please him, and painted her face black. A moment's reflection taught her that this would expose her purpose too soon. She therefore washed off the sombre colour, took the many trinkets and garments he had given her, and left the lodge, making her way at once to the lodge in which Ruth was confined. The guard, at her importunity, allowed her to enter the prisoner's lodge. Ruth faced the visitor with a questioning look ; but Metamora stood motionless, studying the white face like a book, as if she would read there how it was that her warrior's heart had left her to go out to the stranger. She appeared satisfied, and said in her low musical voice :—

“ Why has the ‘ Swaying Reed ’ left her own home, and come into the wigwams of the Pequods ? Were there no young braves of her own tribe to be found who wanted wives ? ”

Ruth looked at her in amazement. The chief had not yet spoken to her of his purpose to take her into his lodge, though he had been uniformly kind to her.

“The white girl does not understand,” said Metamora, with bitter emphasis. “She does not understand, because she will not. She thinks it nothing to tread upon the heart of an Indian woman, because she has no heart herself. An Indian woman *has* a heart, and she is sad when all she has loved and hoped for passes away like a shadow on the sky. She was very proud when Mennawan took her into his lodge, because he had chosen her out of all the Pequod women. It is all the harder now, when she is used to being the first of the Pequod women, since Sassacus has no wife.”

“What is this to me?” asked Ruth, in utter astonishment. “What have I to do with your being the first woman in the tribe?”

The eyes of the royal creature began to blaze, as she thought she was mocked by the other.

“Do you make sport of my misery?” she gasped, turning upon her in a rage. “Daughter of a wicked spirit, you have come to the Pequod village in an unhappy hour.”

“I do not understand you,” said Ruth.

“Have you not stolen the heart of the chief from his wife? What woman was there in the cabins of the Pequods who could win a glance from the warrior of Metamora, until you came? And does he not love you now?”

“Mennawan?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think, my poor girl, that I would listen to him for a moment?”

“You are too cunning for me,” replied the Indian

fiercely. "I will hear your words no more. The love of Mennawan was all I had to live for. That is gone, and now I have only to die, and my boy shall not stay behind, to be trodden under foot by those who hate him. I have brought you the robes you will wear when you are taken into his lodge. I bring you the presents he gave me, when he broke the stick of marriage with me by the running stream. Take them, since you must, for Metamora will no longer stand in the way of the 'Swaying Reed.'"

"What do you intend to do? I will never be the wife of the chief."

"I will not listen to your words," almost screamed the woman. "You throw dust in my eyes to blind me. I will not have it so."

With these words she rushed from the lodge, caught up her boy, and fled from the village, leaving her ornaments lying at the feet of her rival, who tried in vain to detain her. It was at this time that she startled the scout, as he lay hidden in the forest.

"What's the matter with that woman?" muttered Salvation. "Looks kind o' wild. Guess it won't hurt to follow her and see what comes of it."

He rose carefully, and left the place, following in the footsteps of Metamora. She quickened her pace after she passed him, turning off in the direction of the Mystic, which lay gleaming in the sunshine, a short distance from the path they had pursued until this time. Salvation, stopping when she did, so that their footfalls should come together, managed to keep close to her, until she stopped at the river brink.

By stealthy approaches, he gained a point some twenty feet from the spot where she stood, holding the boy in her arms. Some maternal instinct taught her to bend over the boy; he looked up into her face with a laugh. She fell upon her knees upon the bank, and broke into short ejaculations in the Indian tongue, addressed to the Indian deity. From her disjointed utterances, Salvation gained the knowledge of her identity.

“ See there now,” he muttered. “ That old thief has turned this woman out of his lodge to make room for Ruth Harland, who would see him further before she would let him tech her. Just see what a beast a man can make of himself if he only tries ! Such a chief as that to fall in love with little Ruth ! That Injin woman is a stunner. How she loves that old red rip, consarn him ! I’ll take the job, if she’ll agree to let it out, of lickin’ that man of hers out of his moccasins. Hullo ! What is she up to now ? I’ll cut him into tinder, I swow. There she goes ! ”

This last exclamation was elicited by a strange action on the part of Metamora. She stood erect upon the bank, crying out a farewell to earth, air, and sky, clasped her boy closer in her arms, gave a despairing look around her, and leaped. This was the end. Goaded by her wrongs—

Spurned by contumely—
 Burning insanity,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Into her rest—

she fell into the river. Salvation heard the cry, and understood it.

The head of the unfortunate wife of Mennawan had

hardly disappeared beneath the bright water, when he plunged head foremost after the drowning woman. The water flashed upward from his descending form, and the swift current swept him down a little.

He rose quickly, watching the surface with an observant eye. A few bubbles upon the surface only told where the body was rising. In a moment more, her floating hair appeared upon the surface, and he made a dash at it. She sunk before he could reach her, and he dived in pursuit, this time seizing her by the flowing locks, and dragging her to the surface, with the boy still clasped in her arms. Swimming to the bank, he bore her out upon the greensward. Tenderly as a woman he lifted her head upon his knee, and chafed her hands. She recovered, with a gasp and cry, as she saw the brown face of the scout above her.

"Don't be skeered, gal," said he, in a soothing tone. "Sal Green isn't the man to make war upon wimmin. You're kinder weak now. Don't try to talk. Yes, the boy—you want him. Wal, he's all right, I calculate. The little shaver kept his mouth shut, for a wonder."

"Why is the Yengee here?" she asked. "Does he take the right from the Indian to die in the river?"

"There, there, gal; you feel bad now. In a little while you will be ready to thank me. But don't try that again. 'Taint the way to do it. I forbid it; and I know enough of Injin customs to be sure that you don't dare to commit suicide, until I say so. And you may be pretty certain that won't be soon."

"My life is yours," said the woman, moodily. "You must do with me as you please. An Indian whose life has

been saved holds it as the gift of the one who saves her. When he tells her to die, she will go."

"Now, what's the use of talkin' that way?" cried Salvation. "You keep on that way, and I will git mad. I know I will. I ain't the man to take advantage of a woman. If I don't let you die, it is because you are wrong. Can you sit up now?"

"Yes," replied Metamora.

"Wal, you see here. I don't want you to tell me why you have tried to do this. I'm sharp enough to understand it without. Your husband wants to marry the 'Swaying Reed,' and has put you out of his lodge. You come here and try to drown yourself. I step in and say no. Isn't that about the right of it?"

Metamora answered by a look of utter despair, which went to the heart of her rough friend.

"Now, don't you take on," said he, quickly. "Don't you worry, and we will make it all right in a jiffy. You thought a good deal of this vagabond husband of yours, didn't you?"

"Mennawan, is a great chief," said the woman, with a haughty look.

"See that, now. He turns her out, and she takes up his cause in a moment. You thought a good deal of the chief."

"Her warrior should be all in the world to a Pequod woman."

"Just so. You would like to have him take you back into his lodge."

She gave him an eager look. The great wish of her heart beamed out of her eyes.

“That is my answer,” the scout said. “It don’t matter. Now, let you and I put our heads together, and see what we can do. I believe that you and I can take her away from the chief, and when she is gone he will call you back.”

“Does the Yengee speak of the ‘Swaying Reed?’”

“Yes.”

“Metamora went to her at early morning, and she scorned her.”

“You are wrong,” was the quick response. “’Taint like Ruth Harland to scorn anyone. You did not understand her.”

“She spoke as if she would not go into the lodge of the chief when he asked her. How could this be?”

“I will tell you,” replied the scout. “In her own village is one whom she loves, and whose wife she has promised to be. Would it be right if she was false to one with whom she has broken the sacred stick of marriage, even for a great chief like Mennawan?”

The face of the woman brightened again.

“Does the Yengee speak true words? Let him not make sport of a woman who is very sad indeed.”

“Don’t you think it. Ruth Harland wouldn’t marry the chief if he was to go down on his knees. Now, listen to me. We must get Ruth away from here. Once safe in the village, you may be sure that he will never see her again.”

“What can I do?” asked Metamora, rising quickly. “Tell me.”

“She will do,” muttered the scout. “It is all right. All I have to do is to keep her from taking the bit in her

mouth, and ruining the plan by too much haste." Then to Metamora: "Look at me, woman. Your life is in my hands, and you must do as I say. Go back to the village, and go wherever the chief tells you to go. In my opinion, you will find that he has seen Ruth, and been repulsed by her. He will be angry; never mind that, for he will not be angry with you. He cannot do without some one to keep his lodge, and since he cannot have Ruth, he will keep you."

Salvation took out his knife and began to whittle.

"The chief has not sent me out of his lodge; but he bade me make ready, and when he brought the Yengee girl to sit in it, I should have a lodge of my own, where I might live like a widow, and teach the boy to be a great warrior. The brain of a Pequod woman is not cool like the Yengees. When she is wronged, her head burns like a flame. Metamora sought to cool it in the river."

"Don't try it ag'in. Where do they keep the horse they took from me?"

"It is an evil spirit. The son of Chico has broken his leg in trying to ride him. He goes to and fro through the village."

"Good. How many guards are there at the lodge of the 'Swaying Reed?'"

"Two, in the night."

"Good again. Now we can manage this. Go back, and when you hear my whistle three times repeated in the woods, go as near the lodge of the prisoner as you dare, and wait."

"It shall be done," replied Metamora, taking up the

boy, who was tumbling about, unnoticed by them, upon the grass. He kicked vigorously, preferring his liberty. She turned away from the spot, when a thought seemed to strike her, and she returned.

“There is one thing I had forgotten, and which the Yengee must swear. The Pequod woman has said that she loves the chief. Let the Yengee swear that he shall come to no harm.”

“I shall not look for him, and only to save my own life and the life of the ‘Swaying Reed’ will I strike him.”

“It is said. If he comes in your way, with his weapons in his hands, it is a part of your duty to strike, and strike hard.”

“Remember the whistle,” said he, repeating it softly, so that she could mark the sound. “Three times repeated.”

Metamora nodded assent.

“If you could manage it so that your husband should sleep pretty soundly to-night, it would be a good thing. So that any noise we might make would not arouse him.”

“I will give him a drink which will make him sleep until the morning.”

“Good. I wish every man in the village had a taste of the same herb. Where will you get it?”

“It is here,” she replied, stooping as she spoke to gather an herb growing at her feet. “A little will produce sleep. More still, and the one who drinks will wake on the other side of the Happy River.”

She folded the leaves into a small compass and put them in a little pouch at her side. With another word of caution from Salvation, she hurried away.

“That’s it!” he cried, snapping his fingers. “It takes a woman, when her blood is up. Now, for some hiding-place, and at night, hey! for the Pequod village.” With these words he hid himself in the woods, and whittled all the afternoon.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE VILLAGE AND OUT OF IT.

THE night came, and such a night as suited the intention of the scout. Before dusk, clouds began to roll up in the sky and the wind rose in fitful gusts, feeling damp when it struck the face of the man, whittling and whistling in his hiding-place in the woods, a mile away from the Pequod village.

“Rain!” thought Salvation.

Rain it was. At seven it began to fall, and he covered the lock of his rifle with a buckskin sheath. For himself he cared nothing. He had been out in too many storms to care for a warm dash of rain. He had chosen a place, too, under the overhanging boughs of an old pine, whose branches swept the ground, and were almost impervious to the rain.

By the time the storm was at its height, he was ready to go, and creeping out of his hiding-place, started for the village. The lights were out, and he had nothing to guide him but his knowledge of the ground, obtained from a hasty view as he left the village that morning.

Groping his way in the pitchy darkness, in the midst of the falling rain, he struck sharply against some object

which lay in his course. Bending down, he passed his hand quickly over and over it, to find what it was. It was a strangely shaped stone, which he had passed in the morning. Recognising it by the touch, he tightened his belt, laid his rifle down by it, knowing that it could be of no possible use to him in the village, where cunning was the best weapon, and silence indispensable, and prepared for his perilous enterprise.

"The storm is on my side," he murmured. "The scoundrels will keep in their lodges. Now, old knife, another sort of stick to whittle."

He kept the knife in his hand as he entered the village, not knowing at what moment he might run against one of the Indian guards, a veil from whom would be ruin to his plan.

He was soon among the lodges, and pressed on until he was in the opening in the centre. He stopped once or twice to look into the lodges through the crevices of the curtains, and saw the braves lying at ease upon bearskins, by the blazing lodge fires. They were nothing to him, and he passed on until he found, still guided by the sense of touch, the post which stood near the door of the sachem's lodge. The storm was now at its loudest, and he gave the signal, which to the untrained ear was only the whistling of the wind about the lodges. Metamora heard it, however, and emerged from the lodge. He gave another short whistle, which guided her to his side.

"Have you put the chief to sleep?" he whispered.

"He will not wake until morning."

"Where is the horse?"

“He lies outside the village, a little way from the sacred stone.”

“What is the sacred stone?”

She whispered a description in his ear, and he recognised the place where he had left his rifle.

“Are the guards at their posts?” he asked.

“Yes. Saybosay lies at the back of the lodge, but he is sleepy. Sangaree is at the door.”

“Does anyone lie in the lodge except the ‘Swaying Reed?’”

“No.”

“No women? You are sure?”

“The daughter of Sassacus has gone to her own lodge,” she replied.

“That is well. What arms has Sangaree?”

“A hatchet and a knife.”

“The man must die,” said he, sternly. “If I could save him I would do it; but he must die.”

“Spare him not,” said the woman. “He is an enemy of Mennawan.”

“Ah ha,” he thought. “He is a doomed man. Come out of the village, where we can talk more freely, and tell me what you have done since you returned.”

She took his hand, knowing the intricacies of the village best, and led him to a retired spot, where, sheltered by the lodges, she told the incidents of that afternoon.

Mennawan had visited his prisoner soon after his wife left the lodge. She stood in a kind of maze, looking at the confused mass of Indian finery which lay at her feet, as the injured wife had left them. The chief came in with a

noiseless step, and stood regarding her some time before she saw him. At length the magnetic influence which warns us of the gaze fixed upon us caused her to raise her head, and she met the fixed glance of the chief, having an expression which she could not misinterpret, even without the visit of the chief's wife.

“Is the ‘Swaying Reed’ in good health?” he asked.

“How can a bird which is in a cage sing as freely as one which is free and in its own woods? The ‘Swaying Reed’ cannot live away from her people.”

“The Pequod country is not a cage,” replied Mennawan. “The ‘Swaying Reed’ may whisper as she will, and none shall say she shall not. Let her make new friends and a new home, for she must stay in the lodges of the Pequods.”

“It cannot be.”

“It must be. A chief of the Pequods says it, and who shall say that Mennawan speaks in vain.

“You have the power to keep me a prisoner,” answered the heroic girl. “But my friends will avenge me.”

“Not a prisoner,” replied the chief, quickly. “There is a warm fire and a large lodge open for the ‘Swaying Reed.’ It is the lodge of the second chief of the Pequods, the lodge of Mennawan.”

“Is the lodge empty?” cried Ruth. “Has not the chief a wife already?”

“It is true,” he replied, with utmost gravity. “But the chief is very rich. He can keep two lodge-fires bright. Metamora shall have a lodge to herself, and the ‘Swaying Reed’ shall sing in her place.”

“Among my people a man may not put away his wife

without a cause. Let the chief look at these things which lie at my feet. Does he know them?"

"They are the garments worn by the wife of the chief. They will be the 'Swaying Reed's.' Who has given them to her?"

"Your wife."

"Metamora is very wise. She knows what is best, and has brought these. She will have a lodge of her own, and teach the boy how great a chief he has for his father, and how he may learn to be like him."

"Chief," said the girl, coming close to him, "I will never come into your lodge."

"Why should the Yengee girl waste words. I have chosen her to be the light of my lodge. I would have struck against the breast of my own brother if he had not given her up to me. I sent away Metamora for your sake, who has lain in my bosom for seven years, and who is most beautiful of all the Pequod girls. I have spared the life of the 'Long Arms,' who has shed the blood of many warriors. The 'Swaying Reed' must and shall be my wife."

"I will die first."

"You will shrink from the torture. No, the white girl must do as I say."

With these words he strode from the lodge, leaving the girl to her own thoughts. The chief returned to his lodge. Here he remained some time, until the lodge curtain was softly lifted, and Metamora, returning from her perilous adventure, and with wet garments from the recent plunge, entered the lodge. He did not speak to her, and she

wrapped the boy in a bearskin, and laid him down near by the lodge-fire.

“Will the chief eat?” she asked.

“No,” he replied, with a gloomy look.

She said no more, but busied herself with her household duties. He watched the motions of her light, active figure, as she moved to and fro, with a slight feeling of compunction that he had allowed his thoughts to leave her, and go after a stranger. Her work done, she returned to him, and asked, in a low tone:—

“When must Metamora find a new lodge?”

“I cannot tell,” he answered, in the same tone. “The ‘Swaying Reed’ is obstinate.”

Metamora’s heart bounded for joy, and her happiness showed itself in her face. The chief looked at her closely, and noticed for the first time that the garments had been wet. He alluded to it.

“You have been in the water?”

“Yes.”

“The boy has been in the water?”

“He has.”

“How is this, Metamora?”

“The chief had no longer a place in his heart for Metamora. Her heart was very sad, and the river beckoned her to come down and rest. She took the boy in her arms and fell.”

“A bad spirit came into the heart of Metamora. She must drive away this bad thought from her heart. How was she saved?”

“The ‘Long Arms’ pulled her out of the river.”

“It is well. Let not Metamora think that she is not still beloved by Mennawan. But a rich chief can afford to have two wives.”

She said no more, and after a little he spoke again :—

“Where is the ‘Long Arms?’”

“He went away into the woods.”

“He has long legs. He had better use them in getting out of the Pequod country, or his scalp will dry in the smoke of a lodge. My head aches. Make a drink which will bring sleep to my eyes.”

She started. Even while she was thinking of the best way to do it, he gave her the opportunity sought. Preparing the drink quickly, she gave it to him, and then took his head upon her knees and soothed him into sleep. This done, she rose, and made her way into the wigwam of Ruth.

“Metamora has come,” said she, “to tell the ‘Swaying Reed’ that she is very sorry for what she said to-day; she was much mad. Her heart was sore for her warrior. But the ‘Swaying Reed’ spoke truly; she did not want to go into the lodge of the chief. Listen: you have a friend in the forest; the ‘Long Arms’ waits for the night to come, and then he will endeavour to set you free. Metamora will help.

Before she had time to thank her, the Indian was gone.

Sangaree had not slept upon his post. Wrapped in his blanket, he paced to and fro before the lodge, with one hand upon his hatchet and the other upon his knife. Chico had given him strict injunctions to be careful and see that

no trick of the opposite faction should get the captive out of his hands.

The sound of the falling rain, and the dull sough of the wind among the rude lodges, prevented the sound of steps from reaching his ears, and the thick darkness hid from his sight the dark form which stole slowly around the lodge, with something bright glittering in the single ray of light coming from the lodge. Step by step, the dark figure approached, moving with a stealthy footfall as it came near the unconscious sentinel. When only six feet separated them, there was a sudden bound, a flash of steel, a dull blow, and the body of Sangaree sunk to the ground.

Ruth, whose senses in captivity were remarkably acute, heard the blow, while the sentry on the other side slumbered, unconscious of the death of his friend.

“Hist! there,” whispered Salvation. “Are you ready, Ruth?”

Placing her hand within his, without uttering a word, he led her from the lodge and hurried away from the village, until he reached the sacred stone. A whistle, well known to the faithful animal, called Tribulation to his side. We have said that in danger the animal never failed, and he showed his qualities that night. Salvation mounted, without saddle or bridle, and took Ruth up before him, after she had spoken to him first, so that he knew who rode him, and turned his head to the north. The Indian woman left them at the sacred stone, and returned to her lodge. Her share in the escape was never discovered, for, when the alarm was raised, she was sleeping by her husband’s side. Sangaree was found dead, with a cloven skull, the foot-

prints of the scout were heavy upon the soft soil, and they hid the escape at the door of the daring companion of John Mason.

They rode all night, for, half an hour after they had started, the moon shone through the clouds, the storm was ended, and taking the river for a guide, they dashed into Weathersfield at early morning. Mason had just returned, and was raging like a lion because nothing had been done to recover the lost girl.

Tribulation shared with Salvation the encomiums of the settlers, because he had carried the couple through that perilous ride without saddle or bridle, and had not indulged in any of his "tantrums" on the way.

The danger of his daughter induced Mr. Harland to listen to the advice of his young friend, Captain Mason, and remove with his family to Hartford. He was not a day too soon, for, soon after, every inhabitant of Weathersfield was carried away captive by the Pequods. This was the work of Mennawan, who was anxious to recover Ruth, and who only saved the party, lest she should perish in the massacre.

Soon after the return of the minister to Hartford, Mason and Ruth were married, to the intense satisfaction of Salvation, who, next to marrying her himself, was pleased in seeing her united to his friend and commander.

Soon after the marriage, the Pequod war broke out, and Mason took command of the forces operating against them. The exciting scenes through which they passed cannot be contained in the limits of a book like this.

Mennawan took an active part against them, ever retain-

ing an intense hatred of the leader, Mason, and his lieutenant, Salvation Green, aided and abetted by his horse, Tribulation, who had his "tantrums" while he retained life. Reader, the story is ended.

THE END.

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