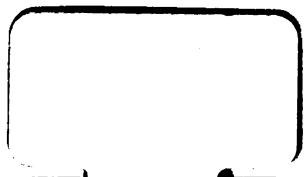


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



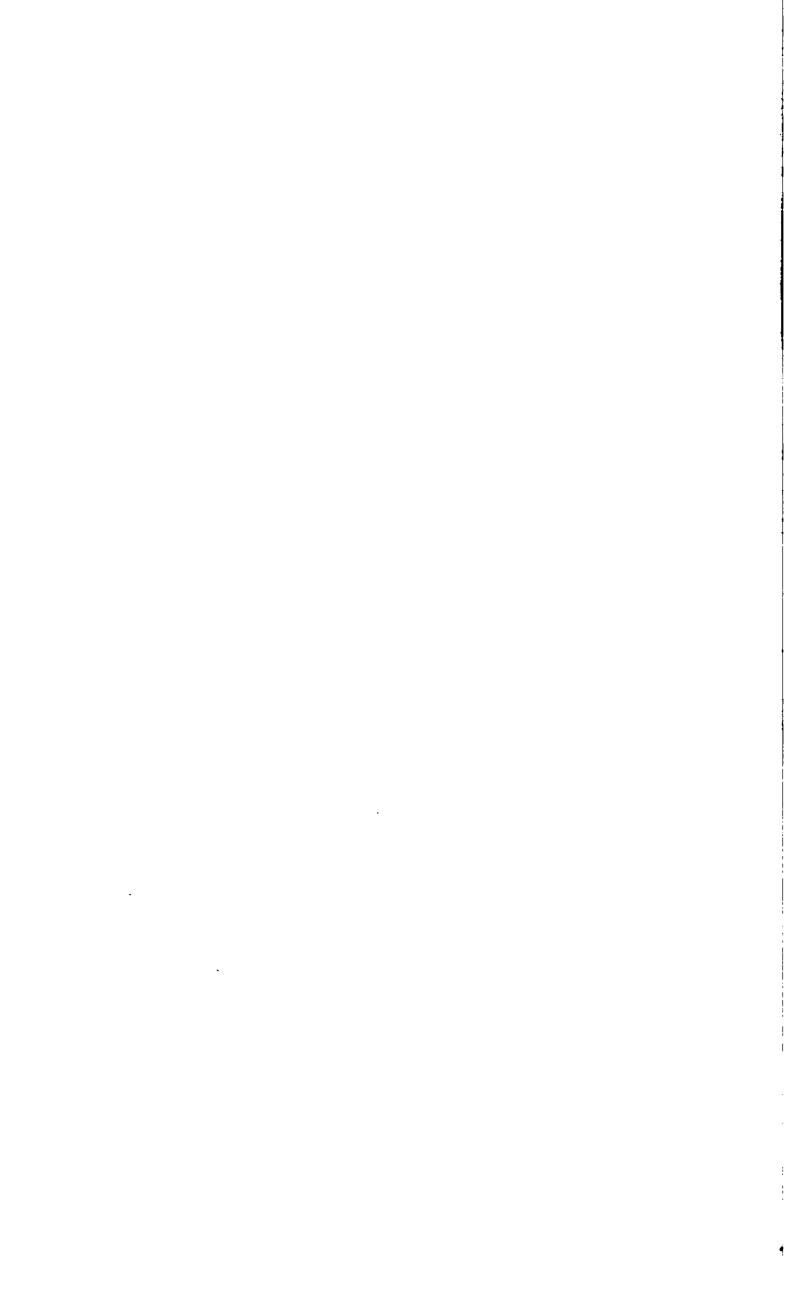
3 3433 07587372 3



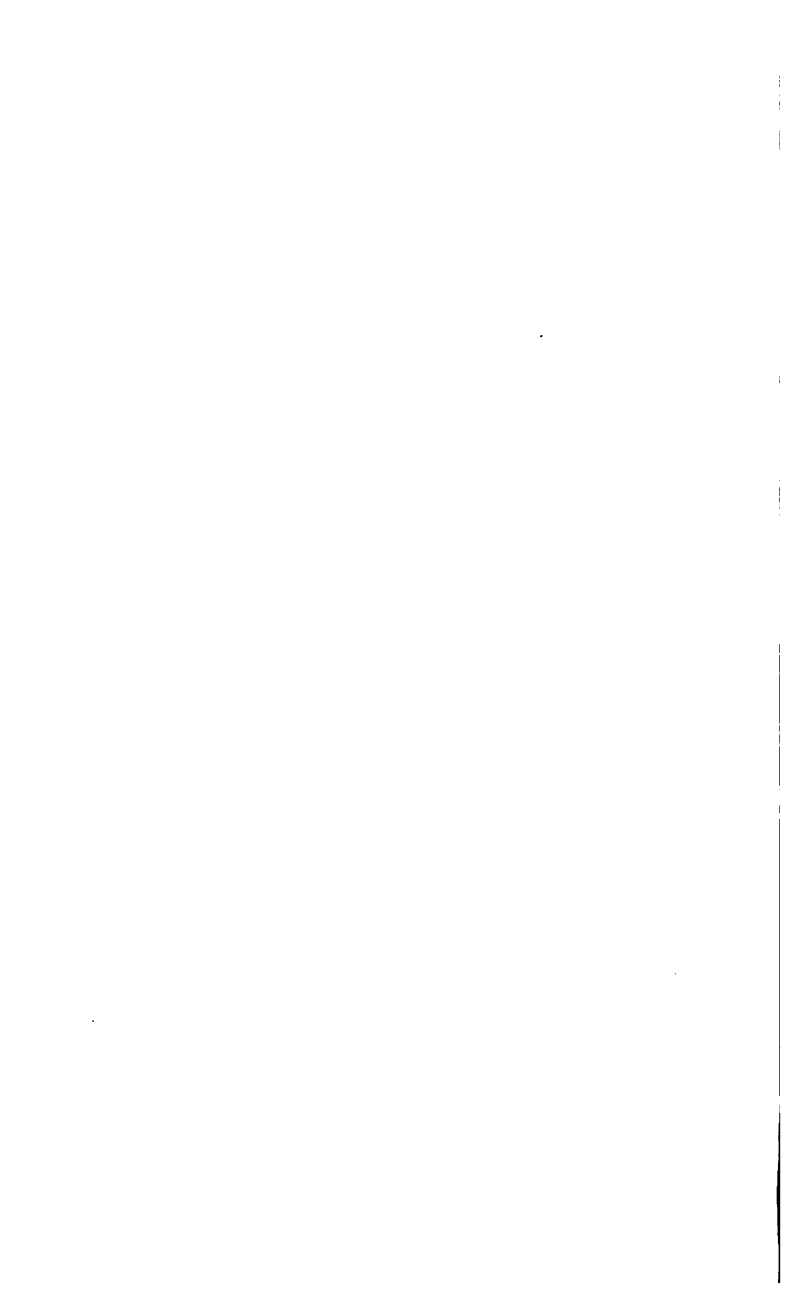
Copy 1

NCW

WRAXAH

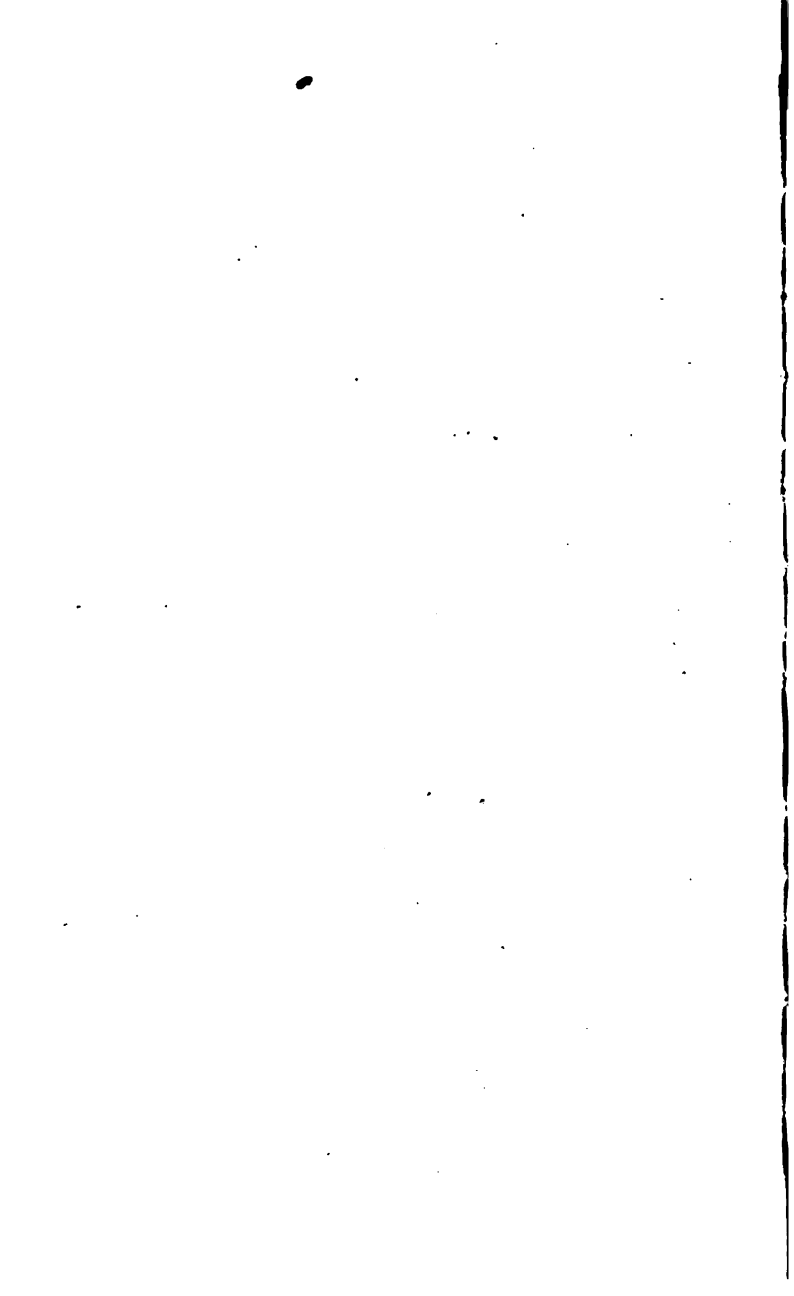






N.W.

Winnell





# GOLDEN-HAIR:

A TALE OF

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY

<sup>F.</sup>  
SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, BART.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY J. E. TILTON & CO.

1865.

LV

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
41437B  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
B 1939 L

STEREOTYPED BY C. J. PETERS & SON,  
No. 13 Washington Street.  
PRINTED BY  
GEO. C. RAND & AVERT.

# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE PURSUIT.

A Spring Morning in the Forests — The Indian Spy — The Fugitives — The Pursuers — Blood Money — The Two Colonels — The Omen — The Trappers — The Wampum — Golden-hair — The Block-house — Negotiations — A Contest — Death of Tom Kirk — The Retreat . . . . . 9

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NORMAN TEMPLE.

Hospitality of the Trappers — The Fugitives continue their Journey — A Christian Temple from the Olden Times — Golden-hair's Father — The Treasure — The Murder — The Bivouac — Desdemona — The Listener — The Council Fire — The Sailor — The Indian Chief — The Resolution — Awake, or dreaming? . . . . . 42

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MESSENGER.

The Indian Tribes — A Declaration of War — The Alliance amongst the Colonists — Miantonomo and Uncas — New Persecutions — The Settlements — A Papal Bull — Buccaneers and Filibusters — Tortuga — The Brethren of the Coast — El Exterminador — The Indian Girl — A Secret detected — The Warning — Raising the Tomahawk — Friendship's Gift . . . . . 64

1913

## CHAPTER IV.

## CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

The Village of Swansea—Puritan Meeting-houses—Judge Eaton and Captain Standish—A Father's Grief—Sister Mabel—The Two Colonels—Signs and Miracles—The Indian Convert—King Phillip's Plot—Assassination of the Spy—Preparations of the Colonists—A Strange Visitor . . . . . 86

## CHAPTER V.

## THE HERMIT.

The Hermit and his Bucephalus—The Visitors to the Cabin—The Captain of the Thunder-canoe—The Conference—The Lady's Entreaty—Metacom's Threat—A Visit to Roger Williams—Tom Morton and his Band—The Puritans menaced—Standish's Fight with the Wampanog Chief—An Indian Prophecy . . . . . 103

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE INDIAN ATTACK.

Result of the Scouting Party—An Extraordinary Likeness—Puritan Devotions—The Ordnance of Swansea—The Meeting-house—The Red Heathen is upon Thee!—The Unknown Warner—To Arms!—The Battle—A Desperate Resistance—Lovely saves her Father's Life. 123

## CHAPTER VII.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Eaton's Court-yard—King Phillip and the Prisoners—The Judge's Prophecy—The Sachem's Scheme of Vengeance—Departure of the Indians with the Prisoners—Hih-lah-dih and Ih-nis-kin—The Indian Girl's Narrative—The Effect a Name can produce—Ih-nis-kin believes she has made a Discovery . . . . . 143

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ON BOARD THE "GLORIA."

The Thunder-ship—Thorkil's Fears—De Lussan and Desdemona—A Strange Agitation—The Conference—Off to Providence—The Story of De Lussan's Life—A Good Hater—The Escape—Boarding the Galleon—El Exterminador—The Fillbuster's Plans—An Avenger—Groot Willem's Trials . . . . . 166

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE TRIAL.

The Colony of Providence—A New Acquaintance—Roger Williams—Alarm as to the Fate of Lovely and the two Colonels—The Pilgrim's Oak and Williams's Spring—A Trial by Jury—Thorkil's Accusation of Murder—The Story of a Young Life—The Ancestral Treasure—Two Incriminating Proofs—A Verdict of Death . . . . . 190

## CHAPTER X.

## ON THE TRAIL.

Hih-lah-hih throws a Light on the Murder—Thorkil's Conversation with Canonchet—His Intentions with Respect to Metacom—A Reconciliation—Desdemona and De Lussan—The Fillbuster's Resolution—A Walk through the Forest—A Pic-nic—Golden-hair as Cook—A Herd of Buffaloes—The Great Medicine—A Wounded Savage—A Death-confession . . . . . 218

## CHAPTER XI.

## MERRY-MOUNT.

Mount Wollaston—Roaring Tom—The Witch of Endor—An Old Acquaintance—News about Metacom's Prisoners—Tom Kellond and

Lovely—Merry-Mount makes a Leap in the Air—Father Blackstone's Hermitage—Insecurity of the Forests—Fort Tabor—The Chiefs with the two Scalps—An Indian Camp—The Ball-play . . . . . 249

## CHAPTER XII.

### KING PHILIP'S WAR.

The Ball-play—Fire in the Fort—The Major loses his Scalp—Annawon's crafty Attack—Another Butchery—The Savages are Victorious—King Philip's War—The Attack on the Narragansett Camp—Successes of the Natives—The Swamps—His Majesty's Envoy—A Meeting in the Prairie—Groot Willem's Narrative—Standish tells his Story—Death and Burial of Canonchet—The Bow and Arrow . . . . . 278

## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN METACOM'S CAMP.

Willem's Meeting with Ishehkohnih—At the Bathing-place—Interview with Hih-lah-dih—Thorkil in Danger of Death—An Angel—Hih-lah-dih resolves to save Golden-hair—Indian Religion and Customs—The Medicine-wigwam—A Religious Solemnity—The First Man and the Evil Spirit—Indian Stoicism . . . . . 309

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STAKE OF TORTURE.

King Philip's Position—Fresh Appearance of the Evil Spirit—Manitoo demands a Victim—Thorkil's Death-chant—A Noble Sacrifice—The Proposition—Roaring Tom—A Shot à la Tell—In the Cave—The Wampanogs at the War-post—Defence of the Rock—Annawon is sent to the Happy Hunting-grounds . . . . . 336

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESCUE.

The Puritans — A Forest-fire — Terrible Position of the Prisoners — Comfort in Prayer — Heat and Thirst — The "Gloria" speaks — Alarm of Desdemona — The Wampanogs prepare to Resist — An Attack on the Promontory — Landing of the Boats' Crews — The Camp on Fire — A Desperate Contest — The Death of King Phillip . . . . . 361

CHAPTER XVI.

HIH-LAH-DIH JOINS HER PEOPLE.

The Burial of the Sachem — The last of the Wampanogs depart — The Treasure recovered — Death of the Pure Spring — Lovely's Vrolykheid — Groot Willem's last Greeting — Conclusion . . . . . 382





# GOLDEN-HAIR.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PURSUIT.

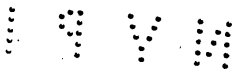
**A Spring Morning in the Forests — The Indian Spy — The Fugitives — The Pursuers — Blood Money — The Two Colonels — The Omen — The Trappers — The Wampum — Golden-hair — The Block-house — Negotiations — A Contest — Death of Tom Kirk — The Retreat.**

THE spring of the year 1675 set in unusually late; for the cuttingly cold north-east winds, which, as a rule, delay the advent of spring in the northern seaboard States of America, had been blowing for such a lengthened period, that even in May the dense forests, with which New England was so abundantly covered at that date, were filled with snow and ice. The second half of the month, however, brought breezes and a cloudless sky. Beneath the warm beams of the May sun, the vegetation sprang up with the rapidity peculiar to this country. The buds followed closely upon the young verdure which spread its network over an immense expanse of territory; and through the warm nights the whippoorwill, or American nightingale, saluted the return of spring.

The morning sun of the first Sunday in June brilliantly illumined Long-Island Sound and the gently rippling surface of the water, from Black Island down to the mouth of the Hudson, along which one of the largest cities in the world, New York, now extends. The scene was so silent, that it seemed as if keel had never cut through the stream. There was the same lofty tranquillity of the desert on the Connecticut shore, which was cut up by countless bays and inlets, and in the forests, the crowns of whose trees were mirrored in the waters, which gleamed with gold and purple lights. A holy silence, resembling the repose of a sabbath, lay over this apparent solitude, which, up to a very recent period, had only been trodden by the rapid foot of the nomadic Indian. And yet a large number of settlements had already been founded along the deep-cut inlets, in the forests, and on the Connecticut and its affluents; but on this day all the inhabitants kept aloof from the avocations of ordinary life, in order to keep holy, in their simple meeting-houses, the sabbath, which all nature seemed to be keeping with them.

My young readers will guess that I am alluding to those Puritans whom a desire for free exercise of their religious ceremonies forced across the ocean and into the shadows of the primeval forests.

We will change the scene to a narrow slip of land jutting far out into the water eastward of the broad mouth of the Pawcatuck, which still bore the per-



fect semblance of virgin soil. Fresh-foliaged bushes partly spread out their branches over the surface of the water, partly formed an apparently impenetrable wall round the roots of the huge trees, which rose a little farther inland, and so interwove their crowns that they formed a gloomy arcade, through which a sunbeam was rarely able to penetrate.

Deep silence also brooded over this spot; but it was speedily, though very gently, interrupted. A little bird, sitting on a branch, suddenly flew off, as if startled; for there had been a movement in the bushes, as if some small beast of prey were cautiously approaching the shore. The noise ceased for a moment: but, directly after, the branches of a sumach-tree, growing on the beach, were parted by invisible hands; and in the opening thus formed appeared the smoothly shaved brown head of an Indian, who, with his black sparkling eyes, surveyed the surface of the water in all directions. After he had convinced himself that no boat was visible seaward, he parted the bushes so far, that his naked body became half visible; and then, lying down on his stomach, with his face raised but a few inches above the water, he assumed the posture of a spy, which he retained, with the extraordinary patience peculiar to this race, for upwards of an hour.

At last, he seemed really to hear or sniff the approach of prey; for he stretched out his neck, dilated his nostrils, pricked up his ears, and his glowing eyes expectantly ran along the right-hand bank.

It was soon shown that the sharp senses of the red man had not been mistaken ; for a small bark presently came round a projecting point of the deeply indented coast. With swelling canvas, it rapidly approached the promontory at the extreme end of which the Indian was concealed ; but the latter did not appear to entertain any hostile feelings toward the occupants of the skiff.

On the approach of the boat, the redskin had withdrawn his head and shoulders into the bush, and now surveyed the people in the boat. In his eyes there flashed something that resembled joy when he was able to convince himself that they were three persons belonging to the white race, — an old man, another of middle age who was steering, and a young lady. He did not betray his feelings, however, by any ejaculation, and crept with the utmost caution backward through the bushes. When he could no longer be detected from the boat, he hastily rose, and darted into the forest with the speed of a hunted stag.

Not the slightest cracking of brushwood revealed to the three persons in the boat the presence or disappearance of the Indian ; and thus they unsuspectingly sailed past the promontory. But they had not gone beyond a mile eastward, when they learned, to their terror, that their hope of sailing unnoticed along the coast in the morning silence of the sabbath proved to be futile. They were fugitives, and had been flying for many a day over bays and riv-

ers, through swamps, pathless forests, and the tall grass of the prairie, before merciless pursuers, who had hunted them from the Colony of New Haven to Branford ; thence to Haddam, on the Connecticut ; thence to Norwich, on the Shetucket ; and now from Southorton, on the mouth of the Pawcatuck, along the coast of the Narragansett country. On the previous evening, the pursuers had, for the first time, lost the trail of the fugitives, for they had passed them in their eagerness, and would not have found them again, had not the cunning of the Indian, whom we just now saw on the promontory, assisted them.

The fugitives had passed the night in a secluded bay on the left-hand side of the river-mouth, and had set forth at daybreak from their reed-covered hiding-place. They sailed along the coast with a favoring breeze and some feeling of security, but learnt, only too soon, that the chase was not yet over.

The boat had just passed another of the numerous projecting spits of land, when suddenly a boat shot out of the mouth of a side-stream, and, so soon as it reached open water, turned its bow in the direction of the boat ahead.

The crew of the second boat consisted of seven persons, of whom four sailor-looking fellows pulled the oars. The fifth, still quite a young man, held the tiller ; and a sixth, whose grayish beard revealed an older man, was standing in the bows with the Indian whom we have already met. The steerer

and the graybeard were dressed, after the fashion of well-to-do burghers in those days, in fine Brabant cloth, and wore a short cloak over their long jerkins. Judging from this costume, the two men did not belong to the Puritan colonists of New England, who were distinguished from the other settlers by their dark and austere dress. Each of them carried a brace of long clumsy pistols in his girdle; and four or five of those heavy matchlocks which were made in the seventeenth century, and which a soldier of our times could scarce yield, lay at the foot of the mast, ready for immediate use. The sailors had their short heavy knives thrust in their belts; and every thing indicated that the crew of this boat were engaged in a dangerous enterprise, and, in any event, determined to make the proper use of their various weapons.

So soon as the boat had been forced by strenuous efforts through the reeds, the Indian stretched out his arm, and pointed to the fugitives, who were only a mile ahead, while accompanying the gesture by an expressive "hugh!"

"You can 'hugh,' redskin; for you have a right so to do," the old man standing by the side of the son of the wilderness now remarked. "You have correctly found the trail of the bloodthirsty villains, which we had entirely lost. There, you see, Tom Kirk," he added, turning to the young man at the tiller, "of what use such redskinned vermin are."

"Stuff, Master Kellond," the man addressed

retorted: "this finding of the trail was no great conjuring. Did I not continually advise you last evening to keep out to sea? I felt certain we should catch sight of our people again. I am glad, though, that we have caught them on this open track! It is a different hunt from that through forest and swamp, such as we have been carrying on for the last few days. I can tell you, master, that I was getting quite sick of it,—just look at my clothes and yours! that's a fine sight, isn't it? The fiend fetch me if I have tired myself so for King Charles's sake! I only did it as your apprentice, in order to oblige you."

"And for the sake of the shining pieces which were promised us, eh, Tom?"

"Well, well, I will not deny it,—such a lump of money is worth the gaining. I only wish we had it already."

"We shall soon have it, Tom; for, if our capture prove successful, we shall all return to England. I shall be paid what was promised me, and you will be able to set up for yourself. I shall live to see you, Tom, walking through the city with a wife dressed in silks and satins."

"H'm, master," Tom Kirk replied, as he scratched himself behind the ear: "nothing will please me better than getting back to Old England; for I am heartily sick of this land of saints. Had not the psalm-singers interfered, we should have finished our business a week ago down at New

Haven, and would be on our road home at this moment."

"That is true; for these canters certainly helped their worthy co-religionists to escape, while they stopped me, who showed them the king's warrant and seal, by paltry excuses. What answer did Governor Leete give me when I at length asked him whether the colony intended to respect the king's orders? Of course they honored his majesty; but they had tender consciences, the impudent Roundhead answered me. That was saying, in other words, that they would do what they thought proper. When I further asked whether they acknowledged his majesty the king, the crop-eared villain dared to reply that they should like first to know whether his majesty acknowledged them!"

"Might we not fancy we were hearing old Noll, whose opinions seem to be prevalent here?"

"It is so; for these wonderful saints talk and act as if the old villain, whose mouth, thank Heaven, has long been stopped by a clod of earth, were still Protector of England. O Lord! what work there will be in this New England until all this puritan-republican rubbish be removed! But only let me get home again, Tom, and you shall see what a rod will be made for these saints, who call themselves pilgrims of the wilderness, when I report all that I have seen and heard among these sectaries and traitors. But look," Mr. Kellond interrupted him-



self: "the fugitives' boat seems to be getting away from us. To work, my lads," he shouted to the sailors; "lay on your oars: you know that I shall fill your hands with silver, if you are able to catch yonder boat."

With these words he stepped into the bow of the boat, and impatiently measured the distance still separating him from the other skiff, which was now flying along at a tremendous pace.

"Confusion!" he roared with growing anxiety: "they are increasing their distance. What do you think of it, redskin?"

Without turning his head, or displaying the slightest interest in the matter, the Indian, who was squatting in the bottom of the boat, replied in broken English, —

"Waimatuck understand nothing of white man's canoe."

"Zounds! when we came out of the river, the villains were only a few cables' length ahead of us; but although we have four oars, and they only two, and the same breeze swells our sails, the distance between us is constantly growing greater."

"By your leave, master," one of the sailors here remarked with a shake of the head, "the thing is not at all right, and it must be true that the adherents of old Noll learnt from him how to make use of the fiend. The mate aboard our good old brig always said so, and" —

"Oh, stuff!" Kellond interrupted him angrily.

“Well, well,” another sailor now began, “that is a Scottish superstition; but everybody knows that the foul fiend has more power at sea than on land. And here I feel certain he has a hand in it.”

“Well, why not, Bill?” Kellond retorted still more savagely. “You can believe what you like, though, so long as you manage to send this old tub of a boat along faster.”

Bill seemed willing to obey the order; for he pulled in his oar, and carefully examined wind and weather. At the same instant, however, the sail idly flapped against the mast, and hung loosely down it.

“Zounds!” Kellond yelled, “that was the only thing we wanted for the breeze to fail us.”

“That will suit us capitally, master,” said Bill, as he once more seized his oar. “If the breeze fail us, it will also fail those ahead, I fancy; but as we pull more oars than they, especially if that lazy redskin, and by your leave, master, you, too, take an oar, it will be very curious if you do not soon make the acquaintance you so greatly desire with those gentlemen.”

Bill’s opinion appeared so plausible, that the next moment the boat was being impelled by six oars, and now hurried along in the track of the fugitives.

The sail of the first boat had been swelled by the breeze for a few moments longer, and thus the

space between the two remained for a while unreduced; but Bill's opinion that the calm was a favorable chance for them soon proved to be correct, for the two boats continually drew nearer.

"Hurrah, they cannot escape us now!" Kellond shouted with savage delight. "Lay on your oars, my boys: you are serving his majesty, and earning a handful of dollars as well."

Tom Kirk had risen, without letting go of the rudder, in order to look at the flying boat. Suddenly he cried, —

"They have noticed us, and are steering for shore, in order, probably, to hide themselves again in the confounded forests; but hang me if they shall not make the acquaintance of my gun before they can escape into the labyrinth of trees."

"You will let that be, Tom," Kellond remarked in a commanding voice: "you know that I want them alive. It is a different thing to hand them over to his majesty alive, from merely being able to say that we settled the two villains on a nameless coast of New England. And, if they take to the forests again, our redskin will track them; and, besides, we can get up to them more safely there than on the open sea."

"Oh, master!" Tom objected angrily, "I won't do that; for it is not necessary. We are six against two; and, besides, two of us could settle an old man and a middle-aged one. So, then, a fair fight, man to man, I say, but no under-hand work."

“ Well, did I not tell you we must capture them alive? so be reasonable, boy. And, besides, you must know the two colonels but badly, if you imagine you can have so easy a job with them. They are men who were always the foremost in battle; and had you seen how one of them at the head of his regiment drove the Highlanders before him at Dunbar, and how the other wielded his sword at Worcester, you would feel respect for them. We must tell the truth: they fairly earned their rank.”

“ But, if these are such heroes as you say, they would not have fled so many days before us like hares, instead of showing a bold front.”

“ That would certainly have been the case, if they had not had a girl with them who is the daughter of the younger colonel.”

“ You may be right; but what shall we do with the young lady?”

“ H'm!” Kellond replied after some consideration: “ we can sell her to a tobacco-planter in Virginia. If she is so strong as we have reason to suppose her, after the fatigue she has endured, she will fetch a tidy lump of money.”

In opposition to the rather noisy and coarse conversation of the pursuers, a solemn silence prevailed in the boat of the fugitives; which, however, in no way emanated from fear or apprehension, but harmonized with the character and temper of the small party.

The three fugitives were most intimately con-

nected by the ties of blood ; for the younger of the two men, as Kellond had stated, was the father of the maiden, and the elder her grandfather on the maternal side. The latter was an aged man of very venerable appearance, with silvery hair, and beard which descended to his chest. His nobly formed face, with the lofty, thoughtful brow, revealed a powerful mind and an unbending spirit, whose youthful fire frequently flashed in his large, sparkling gray eyes. It could be seen from the conduct of the aged man, who had laid aside hat and cloak in order to pull more freely, and the strength with which he applied himself to the oar, that his body had been hardened in war and fatigues, and was still capable of enduring the latter.

His son-in-law also, whose hair was already beginning to turn gray on the temples, had something decidedly martial about him. He was broad-shouldered, and sturdily built. Every feature of his face, his aquiline nose, his small, closed mouth, revealed boldness and determination ; while gloomy melancholy overspread his forehead, and was only dissipated at intervals by his daughter's smile.

The costume of the two colonels was quite of the Puritan cut and taste, and hence extremely plain ; for ornamentation and display were regarded by the Puritans as a proof of sensual worldliness, or even of sinfulness.

Although the two men noticed the evident approach of their pursuers with the calmness of an

unusually strong character, and of devotion to the will of Heaven, still their hearts beat with apprehension when they gazed at the young, beauteous, and helpless girl, over whom an awful fate seemed to be impending.

At length, the younger of the two men broke the silence by murmuring, "The Philistines are behind us, as they were behind Jonathan and Aminadab on the flight of Israel toward Gilboa."

Then he turned to his daughter, who was pulling an oar with a visible effort, and said kindly, "Lovely, my darling, give your oar to me, as I can employ it with greater strength; and do you take the rudder, in the management of which you are not inexperienced. With God's help, we may then contrive to get a little in advance again."

The girl obediently changed places with her father at once, and guided the tiller with a firm hand; although she now and then, when unobserved, cast an anxious glance at her protectors. Lovely—such was the girl's name—had been educated in strict principles, and so practised in the art of self-restraint, that, in spite of the evident danger which menaced her and hers, she bravely suppressed her fears, in order not to increase the anxiety of the men.

But the father caught one of these secret glances; and with a frowning brow he looked back at the gradually approaching pursuers, and examined the movements of the now distinct forms with fixed attention.

“Father,” he then said to the aged man,—and a flash of martial fire darted from his eyes,—“the moment is approaching when we must fall into the power of these evil-minded men. But, if the Lord permit it, it shall not happen as long as my hand can wield a weapon; for, without it, we cannot keep our enemies off us.”

“The Lord’s will be done now and forever,” the old man replied. “The blood which will be shed in this contest will fall on those who thirst for the life of two poor wanderers, who have committed no crime, but have left home and house, and fled across the ocean, in order to serve the Lord in the wilderness with a pure faith, and help to build up his temple.”

“Well, then, if the All-merciful has determined to remove us from the troubles of this temporal life, and allow us to enter into eternal felicity, we will at least die as befits old soldiers.”

“Certainly, my son; but” —

And, with an anxious glance at his grand-daughter, the old man gave her father to understand that which he did not like to express in her presence.

But Lovely had comprehended the purport of this look, and her father’s half-suppressed sigh which it drew from him. Childish affection endowed her with courage and enthusiasm; and she exclaimed with sparkling eye and deeply dyed cheeks, “Grandfather, father, if God wills it that you are to die, I will die with you, so as not to be separated from you.”

“Spoken as befits your father’s daughter, my child,” the aged man said with proud satisfaction as he gave a loving glance at the girl; while Lovely’s father carefully surveyed the wooded shore, from which they were only a couple of musket-shots distant. And, as if he had suddenly made a fortunate discovery, he remarked, “Steer starboard, my child: we will pull round the spit of land ahead of us, and run into the inlet behind it. It will be better for us to accept the fight on shore, where trees and rocks offer us a suitable shelter, than in so unfavorable a position on the water. What do you think, father?”

“I am entirely of your opinion,” the aged man replied. “But let us not forget that we are powerless instruments in the hands of Him who held his protecting shield over the son of Jesse when the spearmen of Saul were on his track, and that he can also smooth our paths. Let us therefore raise our voice to Him who does every thing for the best,” he said, with a meaning glance at Lovely, who understood it thoroughly.

She had already given the boat the indicated course; and she now drew, with the hand she had at liberty, a pocket Bible from the bosom of her dress, laid it on her knee, and read with fervent devotion the following words of the Psalmist, at which the book accidentally opened:—

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.



“I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

“Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

“He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

“Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

“A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

“Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

“Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

“There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways:

“They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

“Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.

“Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

“He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honor him.

“With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.”

The Puritans of the seventeenth century revered the Bible as their sole rule of life ; and were most fervently convinced that it was written by the hand of the Supreme Being ; that is to say, by his immediate inspiration. Our fugitives, consequently, felt wondrously cheered, consoled, and strengthened by the sublime prayer of the Psalmist. It was, indeed, so adapted to their position, and accorded so admirably with their ideas, that they regarded it as a fortunate omen, and a signal of Divine Grace, that the girl's eye had been directed to this passage. They were necessarily confirmed in this idea, when, immediately after the prayer, a prospect of escape was revealed to them ; for just as they sailed round the point, and were about to enter a small bay behind it, an Indian canoe, paddled by two white men, suddenly came toward them.

The thought that they were allies of their pursuers involuntarily drew from Lovely a cry of surprise and alarm ; while the two colonels, in their steadfast trust in Heaven, did not dream of conjecturing new foes.

The appearance of one of the two strangers, however, was well adapted to terrify a girl. He was almost of gigantic height, and stood a great deal

above six feet in his shoes, or, more correctly, moccasins, which were joined by gaiters of deer-hide, that came up above his knees. A collar of buffalo-hide, a belt of otter-skin, and a cap of wolf-hide, completed the garb of this Colossus, who was armed with a gun and hunting-knife. His bronze-colored face displayed savage features. The wrinkles on his forehead formed a hoof-shaped mark at the base of the nose; on the flattened nose could be traced the mark of a deep wound; along the whole of the left cheek, a terrible scar, resembling a bluish-red ribbon, ran into the bristly gray beard; and the right ear was cut off close to the head. But, in spite of this any thing but amiable exterior, the gigantic denizen of the forest was capable of inspiring confidence.

His comrade was a handsome and muscular young man. His light curly hair, which peeped out under his beaver-skin cap, and his white complexion, revealed his origin. His garb, though cleaner, resembled in material and cut that of his elder companion, save that he carried in his belt an Indian tomahawk in lieu of a hunting-knife.

The two men belonged to a class which has not yet entirely died out in the forests and savannas of America,—to the bold hunters, who, leading a free life, at that time satisfied all their wants with the gun or the beaver-trap; chased the buffalo and the elk in the boundless prairies and immeasurable forests; sought the bear in its cave; robbed the wild

bees of their honey; were at one time friendly, at another hostile, with the red natives; and only visited the settlements at rare intervals, in order to exchange their peltry for weapons, ammunition, and other articles indispensable for white men. These hunters are at the present day called trappers. There were, and still are, among them, men who, in coarseness, barbariety, and savageness, far exceed the natives, and who take up this trade through a propensity for unbridled license. But there were, and still are, trappers, who are drawn into the desert by an irresistible yearning for a solitary life, and a romantic longing for danger; and who, beneath a rough exterior, frequently conceal deep feelings and chivalrous magnanimity.

When the two trappers noticed the boat coming into the bay, they checked their light canoe, and silently, though with some curiosity, awaited the arrival of the fugitives.

In obedience to her father's commands, Lovely steered straight for the canoe, while her companions shipped their oars, and allowed the boat to glide slowly alongside that of the strangers. So soon as it stopped, the old man rose, and, after convincing himself by a glance that the pursuers would also enter the little bay a moment later, thus addressed the two men in the canoe:—

“If you be men, if you be Christians, defend us against unjust persecution!”

“Who are you?” the old trapper growled in reply.

“ We are adherents and combatants of the good old cause, and are pursued because we dealt out justice to the enemies of the Lord’s community by drawing our swords for the freedom of the worthy people of Old England.”

“ Prrr ! ” the trapper replied with a shake of the head : “ I don’t understand all that lingo. Well, who are your pursuers ? ”

“ They are mercenaries,” the younger of the fugitives said with unrestrained passion, “ of the man who calls himself Charles Stuart, and, through God’s wrath, now disgraces the throne of England.”

“ Indeed ! ” the trapper remarked, as he looked suspiciously at the fugitives, and then joined his comrade, who was seated at the stern of the canoe.

“ What do you think, Thorkil ? ” he whispered to the latter : “ would not that be a fine catch ? Remember the news we heard at New York : I tell you they are the ” —

The rest was inaudible.

But the youth answered with a shake of the head, “ Never, Groot Willem : that shall not and must not be done.”

“ What ! must not be done ! Ay, listen to the boy ! ”

“ But, Willem, shall we put it in the power of any one to say of us that we refused to assist persons who asked our aid in the wilderness ? Besides, we do not know whether these men are really those you take them for ; and, in any case, I will never

consent to be the accomplice of the myrmidons of any colonial government, nor do I believe you will either."

"Certainly not, Thorkil; certainly not: you know how I stand with colonial governments,—the duivel take them all."

The young man had given Lovely a compassionate glance, as she sat patiently with clasped hands, and only ventured at times a timid look at the two trappers. He now drew Groot Willem's attention to the girl by saying, "Just look what the maiden holds in her hand!"

"Oh, stuff! it is a book, and none else but the Bible, which these Puritans drag about with them, awake or asleep."

"Granted. But do you not notice the cord fastened round the book?"

"Why, yes: eh! is it not a strip of wampum?"

"Yes, and it is, moreover, Roger Williams's wampum: my eyes do not deceive me."\*

"What! Roger Williams's wampum! If that is

\* Catlin describes this article as follows, in his work, "On the Manners of the North-American Indians:" "*Wampum* is the Indian name of ornaments manufactured by the Indians from varicolored shells, which they get on the shores of the fresh-water streams, and file or cut into bits of half an inch or an inch in length, and perforate (giving to them the shape of broken pipe-stems); which they string on deer sinews, and wear on their necks in profusion, or weave them ingeniously into war-belts for the waist. Among the numerous tribes that formerly inhabited the Atlantic coast, and that part of the country which now constitutes the principal portion of the United States,

the case, we must not leave these people in the lurch, Thorkil."

"That is my opinion also," the young man added.

With that respectful modesty which female loveliness ever and in all countries inspires uncorrupted minds, he now turned to Lovely : —

"May I ask, miss, how you became possessed of the string of wampum which is wound round the book in your hand?"

"Sir," the maiden replied confidently, "this string of shells was given me, a few weeks ago, at Hartford, in Connecticut, by a friend of my father and grandfather."

"In that case, you had it from Roger Williams."

"It is so, stranger," Lovely's father here interposed ; "and I find a confirmation of his statement, that this Indian toy would be recognized as the work of his hand by his white and red friends scattered over this country. Roger Williams is a righteous man in Israel, and hopes that, on seeing this sign, his friends will become our friends, and stand by us in the hour of danger."

"Nor shall his hope be disappointed, sir," Thor-

wampum has been invariably manufactured, and highly valued as a circulating medium (instead of coins, of which the Indians have no knowledge) ; so many strings or so many hand's-breadths being the fixed value of a horse, a gun, a robe, &c. In treaties, the wampum belt has been passed as the pledge of friendship, and, from time immemorial, sent to hostile tribes as the messenger of peace, or paid by so many fathoms length, as tribute to conquering enemies and Indian kings."

kil answered: "his wampum is the best recommendation you can have. My paternal friend here, Willem Klopper, — called Groot Willem; for he is of Dutch origin, — and I, will do our utmost to rescue you."

"Certainly," the old man confirmed him. "But for that very object we must act now, instead of chattering; and make haste to reach the shore, because the other boat is just entering the bay. Between those trees stands a species of block-house, which, with the surrounding land, is my property; and from that spot we can speak more safely with the fellows, if they feel any inclination for it."

The shore was reached in a few strokes; and the occupants of the two boats landed on the beach, which rose with a steep pitch, and was thickly covered with black firs. On the verge of the cliff there stood a cabin, built of unhewn stones, between four enormous trees, which nearly formed a regular square. Toward this the wanderers proceeded. A magnificent wolf-dog, which was keeping guard in front of it, sprang toward the new-comers, played round its acquaintances, and suspiciously sniffed at the strangers, while breaking into a low growl.

"Quiet, Prinslo; quiet!" Groot Willem ordered the well-trained dog; which at once obeyed, and walked tranquilly by the side of the party. "Thor-kil," the old man continued, "conduct the strangers to the cabin, so that they may rest while we mount guard outside."



Thorkil opened the door, which was made of intertwinéd osiers, hemp, and strips of buffalo-hide. Lovely and the aged man went in; but the younger colonel stopped, examined his musket, and said in a slightly mistrustful tone, —

“Why are we to shut ourselves up in the house? It is proper for the girl; but I will remain outside, in order to be able to act as circumstances dictate.”

“Just as you please, man,” Willem answered dryly. “I know what your thoughts are; but they are wrong, man. I tell you that Groot Willem and Thorkil Wikingson are not the men to act treacherously by those to whom they have promised their aid.”

“Forgive me, friend, if my fears for the life of a father and a child render me suspicious and unjust,” the colonel said, and frankly offered the old wood-ranger his hand.

“All right, all right: it’s not worth talking about. Only look! the boat is coming close in shore. Go into the cabin, and leave me and Thorkil to act. If words do not avail, you will have plenty of work before you.”

The colonel obeyed the instructions, and went into the cabin. So soon as the trappers had got their weapons in readiness, and exchanged a few words, Thorkil took up his post near the hut, while Groot Willem placed himself near a mighty aged tree which grew on the edge of the natural terrace. Here he waited, leaning on his gun, until the boat

was about two hundred paces from the shore; while Prinslo, scenting a hostile visit, suddenly ran down the cliff to the water-side, and sent a furious barking to meet the approaching boat. His master, however, recalled him by a shrill whistle; and the faithful dog merely followed the movements of the foe, panting and with bristling hair.

In the mean while, Thorkil had examined the crew with an eagle glance, and now whispered, —

“They have five muskets, and two brace of pistols besides, Willem.”

“I can see it, boy,” the other answered; “and the fellows look to me as if quite ready to use their weapons, should it be necessary. But they do not understand any thing about bush-fighting, or else they would not advance in an open boat against such a covered position as the one we hold. It seems to me a first-rate spot to commence an acquaintanceship; for we met the chief of the Thunder-canoe, as our Indian friends call him, for the first time here. But matters will not end so peacefully to-day, unless the lads will listen to reason. What! they have a redskin with them? and a Pequod too,—the duivel take him and his whole tribe! Well, well, my roer will have its work to do.”

And as he raised his “roer,” as he called the clumsy weapon, in good Dutch, to his shoulder, he shouted, in a perfect voice of thunder, to those in the boat, —

“Halt! or I shoot the man at the tiller!”

In a second, the sailors dropped their oars; and Tom Kirk, who was seated at the helm, revealed, by a rapid side movement of his body, that he did not regard the stranger's threat at all as an empty one. Seizing his gun, he therefore, with a half inquiry, and with a touch of anger in his voice, said to his comrade, —

“Who is this rude fellow?”

“Don't know, Tom,” Kellond replied: “probably it's one of the confounded wood-rangers, who are also a rare breed in this country of vermin and psalm-snuffers. Take your hand off your gun, boy, or you will have a bullet in you before you can turn round. We must first try smooth words.”

And, as if replying to the trapper's threat, he now shouted to the latter, —

“Who are you, stranger? and by what right do you forbid our landing here?”

“Who I am? — that does not concern you in the slightest. And, if I forbid your landing, I have a perfect right to do so; for I only allow people I like to enter my property. Do you understand?”

“You behave as if you were the owner of this desert.”

“Of a portion of it, certainly; but not of the whole, man. I am no braggart, and only speak the truth. And it is true that the forest round this bay belongs to me; and so does the bay too, if a man can call sea-water his. I purchased all the ground round here from the young Sachem of the Narra-

gansetts, so that I might hunt and fish as I liked on my own estate."

"Good ; but you will be aware, stranger, that the land here forms part of New England, and that his majesty King Charles of Great Britain and Ireland is Lord Paramount of New England."

"What! Lord Paramount? King Charles? Do you fancy me so stupid as to believe that any king in Europe need only send his ships across, and have a pole with a red rag planted on the shore, in order to subjugate these countries? That may be believed in the towns and settlements, for aught I care ; but I in my forest do not care a fig for King Charles and his authority."

"What! do you refuse to acknowledge King Charles's authority over New England?"

"Yes, I do, whether you like it or not. Listen to me, man. New England by right belongs to nobody but the redskins, and your King Charles has as little claim to it as he has to my gun."

"Did one ever hear a more pernicious rebel?" the passionate Kirk cried.

"Bid that hobbledohoy hold his tongue, man, unless my roer is to answer him," Groot Willem warned with imperturbable calmness.

"Hold your tongue, Tom!" Kellond said to his companion. "We are in a deused awkward fix ; for that gigantic scoundrel, and his comrade watching there at the block-house, hold a far more favorable position than we do. The affair requires sensible handling."

And, turning once more toward the trapper, he exclaimed, —

“Let us give up this useless contention, stranger. I assure you that we have not come here to molest you or your property in any way. I only wish to learn from you what has become of the persons whom we saw land here just now, and whose boat is lying on the beach.”

“H'm! they are probably not far from here.”

“Probably? Joking apart, do you know who these persons are?”

“At present, they are my guests.”

“You might burn your fingers terribly with such guests, if you refuse to listen to reason. They are two of the” —

“Stop! not a word more, man. So long as these persons are under my roof, I guarantee them protection, whoever they may be. Notice that, and leave them in peace, or else” —

A significant movement of his gun revealed his purpose without further words.

“But consider, stranger,” Kellond continued: “you have two entirely different points to discuss, — on one hand, a handful of the fairest rose-nobles; on the other, a charge of high treason.”

“To the devil with your nobles, and to the devil, too, with your King Charles!”

“Take care! I have the royal warrant in my pocket, as well as authority from the Colonial Government of Massachusetts, to follow, arrest, and deliver, dead or alive, the” —

“Don’t bother me with all that law jargon, man : I am tired of the chattering, and advise you” —

“Go to the foul fiend with your advice !” impatient Tom Kirk shouted savagely, and pulled trigger at the same instant.

The shot pealed through the woods with an interminable echo. When the powder-smoke dispersed, not a soul was to be seen in the neighborhood of the block-house : the dog, too, had disappeared.

“I have blown them away !” Tom Kirk shouted gleefully. “The braggarts have run off. To your oars, my men, so that we may reach the land.”

The sailors bent on their oars : the boat shot ahead ; but its speed was speedily checked.

The Indian, who was squatting in the bow of the boat, at this moment cautiously raised his head above the gunwale, but withdrew it again instantaneously on noticing the two trappers standing in readiness to fire from behind the trees. Without altering his position, he hurriedly clutched a gun lying in the boat, which he knew to be loaded, and aimed at Groot Willem’s left shoulder, which stood out very slightly beyond the stem of the fir-tree. In his eagerness, however, he exposed the top part of his skull for a second to his opponent ; and hence, ere he was able to pull trigger, the trapper’s bullet so smashed his forehead and temples, that the hot blood besprinkled the clothes of the nearest sailors.

They dropped their oars with a shudder ; but Kellond and Kirk were resolved on running all risks, and roared to the sailors, —

“Give way! give way! we cannot withdraw, and must land. Hurrah for King Charles! — for King Charles!”

On hearing this challenge, the two colonels dashed with upraised weapons out of the cabin on to the terrace.

“Destruction on the sons of Edom!” one of them cried; and the other, —

“Smite them with the edge of the sword as Joshua smote Adonizedek at Gibeon!”

“Go and join your master, old Noll!” young Kirk shouted, as he aimed at the elder of the two fugitives.

But a shot from the younger trapper laid him low. In his fall, he dragged the gun out of the hands of his companion, to whom he tried to cling, and groaned, —

“It is all over — master — I shall never see — Old England — again — and” —

A stream of blood that poured from his lips silenced him forever.

With a yell of fury, Kellond picked up his gun, and cursed the sailors, who refused to pull farther.

“Oh, yes, master!” Old Bill muttered; “that is a fine notion. Do you fancy we mean to be targets for those people?”

Then he rose from his seat, and shouted to the defenders of the beach, —

“Listen, you men! my comrades and I wish to give the thing up. Only grant us a free retreat,

and, on the word of a sailor, we will never molest you again as long as you live."

"Nothing of the sort!" Kellond yelled, beside himself with fury. "I shall have my prey, dead or alive!"

And he pulled trigger; but the gun missed fire. Cursing and stamping, he hurled it from him, and tore a pistol from his belt.

"You will have it, fool!" the younger of the fugitives said in a muttered voice: "die, then, with your sins upon your head!"

With these words, he aimed at Kellond, and was just about to fire, when Lovely, who had come out of the cabin, drew away his arm with gentle force from the deadly weapon, and implored in her sweet voice, —

"Do not shed blood unnecessarily, father. Let us rather offer the Lord our thanks for having so marvellously protected us."

"Certainly, my child. But is it not written, 'Eye for eye and tooth for tooth'?" the father remarked, who was not yet appeased.

"Oh, father!" the girl continued still more earnestly, "think of the more beautiful text which tells us, 'Love those that hate you, and do good to those who despitefully use you.'"

"Lovely is right," the grandfather said in support: "the Lord has saved us from the snare of the pursuer, and we do not need the blood of that ill-advised man."



On hearing Lovely's words of peace, Thorkil at once placed the but-end of his gun on the ground; but Groot Willem, on the contrary, growled, "H'm! — it would be more sensible to settle the matter once for all." Still, as he did not wish to oppose the peaceable sentiments of his guests, he stepped to the brow of the cliff, and shouted to the men in the boat, —

"Make haste, and be off; and do not ever dare again to approach the hunting-grounds of Willem Klopper, or" —

An easily-understood movement of his rifle completed the sentence.

Kellond had certainly noticed that he owed his life solely to the brave interposition of the daughter of one of the men he had pursued; but, for all that, in his impotent fury he still held his pistol in a menacing position, until Bill, who did not wish the trapper's warning to be repeated, tore the weapon from him, saying, —

"Enough of this, master; and, if you do not leave the people there alone for the present, I shall stick my knife into your body, even if I should be forced to fly to the saints."

He then went to the tiller, turned the boat's head round, and ordered his comrades to begin rowing. Ere long, the little vessel, with its crew of living and dead, was moving rapidly toward the open sea.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NORMAN TEMPLE.

**Hospitality of the Trappers—The Fugitives continue their Journey—A Christian Temple from the Olden Times—Golden-hair's Father—The Treasure—The Murder—The Bivouac—Desdemona—The Listener—The Council Fire—The Sailor—The Indian Chief—The Resolution—Awake, or dreaming?**

AN hour later, the block-house of Groot Willem, on which the beams of the afternoon sun fell, lay in such deep repose, that no one would have conjectured the sanguinary scene that had taken place there so shortly before.

The two fugitives were seated beneath one of the black firs. The elder was reverently reading a psalm aloud, in order to testify his gratitude to the Lord, who had proved so gracious. At this moment, Lovely came out of the cabin, through whose open door might be seen a simple hearth, at whose crackling fire a large iron caldron was simmering; while a juicy joint of game was roasting on a spit, turned by the old trapper. The girl brought a huge wooden dish, which was intended to act as a plate, and placed it on the grass by the side of a clumsy wooden salt-box. Soon after, Groot Willem followed with his good things,—the meat on the spit, which he laid on the above-mentioned dish;

and the iron pot, in which a buffalo-hump, the great dainty of an Indian repast, had been boiled. Thorkil produced a large bark beaker of water, which he had drawn from a spring in the neighboring bushes; and the simple meal began, which was discussed with considerable appetite, but without any animated conversation; and ended with a thanksgiving, which Lovely uttered at her grandfather's request.

Groot Willem, who in no respect appeared to be one of the godly, pulled out his short pipe, cut out of red stone, when the others rose for prayer, and filled it from the pouch hanging at his belt with the fragrant Virginian weed, whose use the Europeans had learnt from the natives, and which was also known in the New World at that day under the name of "tobacco-drinking."

The old hunter went into the cabin to light his pipe with a live coal; but on this occasion the operation was not particularly successful. The door of the cabin was open, and the sweet sounds of Lovely's prayer smote the ear of the forester, who at first threw back his head petulantly, but was so affected by the touching sound of the voice, that he was unable to move, removed the pipe from his lips, and repeated the words after the God-fearing maid in a low voice.

When the prayer was ended, and he rejoined the others, the elder of the two colonels walked up to him and Thorkil, grasped their hands, and said,—

“After the Lord, whose hand has to-day so evidently protected me and mine, we owe the highest gratitude to you, my worthy hunters; and, in order that you may be convinced that you have not assisted unworthy persons or criminals, you shall learn who we are, and why we have come into the desert. We are” —

“Stop, no more!” Groot Willem interrupted the aged man. “You are our guests, and we need know no more. Besides, the wampum which Roger Williams gave you with wise intent has recommended you better to us than a parchment with the seal and autograph of all the kings on the other side of the big salt lake would have done.”

“But friends such as you have proved yourselves ought at least to learn to whom you have so magnanimously granted your protection.”

“No, no!” Thorkil here interposed. “As hunters, Willem and I live a great deal with the red natives of this land, and have consequently assumed several Indian peculiarities. Among them is the certainly very laudable custom of never inducing a guest, even in the remotest way, to impart things which he wishes to retain as his secret.”

“We do not require to keep any thing secret, young man,” the younger colonel said with an outburst of pride: “on the contrary, the reason for our persecution can only dishonor us in the eyes of those who are renegades from the good old cause, and now offer incense to Baal, and burnt-offerings to Moloch.”

“All right, all right,” Groot Willem interrupted with some marks of impatience. “We certainly would never have raised our hand for villains; but there are times and circumstances when mere prudence commands even the worthiest men not to confide their names to the first-comer. . . . Only tell us,” he continued after a pause, “how we can be of further service to you. I would gladly propose to you to remain a couple of days in Willem’s Vrolykheid, as I call my cabin there, because I am so fond of dwelling in this solitude; and you should have no lack of moss and skins for your bed, as well as game to eat: but I know that by to-morrow it will not be safe to remain here. The death of that young hot-head, who fancied that an old wood-ranger would let himself be shot by a novice, will create a row along the coast, and the death of the Indian also bring a band of Pequods or Mohicans on our heels.”

“In that case, it will be advisable to take up our staff again,” the old man remarked; “and on this very day seems your opinion.”

“There is no such hurry as all that,” the elder trapper replied. “I will answer for it that we shall not be disturbed this night.”

“In that case, we will pass the rest of the sabbath here in peace, and set out at dawn to-morrow.”

“Good!” said Willem; “but now permit me one necessary question. Where do you intend going?”

"To Swansea, to worthy Judge Eaton," the aged man answered.

"You are going to Judge Eaton?" Thorkil cried with some excitement.

Groot Willem gave him a disapproving look, and growled to himself, "The boy is trying to assume Indian virtues, and forgets that self-command is one of them, and, indeed, the highest."

"Yes, to Judge Eaton," the old man repeated, who had not noticed Thorkil's disagreeable surprise. "Roger Williams gave us a letter for him, and we are certain of meeting with a kind reception."

"Doubtless," Thorkil replied, who had succeeded in mastering himself; "and, if you will permit us to accompany you thither, you will find us ready at daybreak."

After this had been settled, the group broke up. Willem went down to the shore in order to fish; while the two colonels entered the hut, and engaged in religious contemplations, in order to conclude the sabbath worthily. Lovely seated herself on a rock on the edge of the cliff, and enjoyed the splendor of eventide which was shed over forest and sea. A few paces from her stood Thorkil, who had hung his gun on his back for the purpose of pursuing small game in the forest. The maiden noticed that he, too, was enchanted by the glorious prospect; and cried to him with a childish sincerity, —

"How happy you are, that you are able to pass

your life in God's free nature ! I have loved forest and sea from childhood ; but it was in this country I first learned the magic they are able to exercise over the mind."

" Yes," Thorkil answered : " the sea is lovely ; but the forest is even more glorious."

And then, encouraged by the girl's kindly sympathy, he began a simple description of the hunting-life which he and his old comrade led ; their wanderings through the virgin forest and prairie ; and their voyages on the mighty rivers, which they navigated in a light bark canoe. He told about beaver-trapping, and hunting the buffalo and elk ; but with especial warmth he described the dangers incurred in chasing the terrible grisly bear, which, in those days, was frequently met with in these regions, but now dwells exclusively in the interminable plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This led him to describe an Indian war ; the stratagems employed by the natives in following a hostile trail ; and how he and his comrade once, while engaged with this task, were surprised by a prairie-fire, whose horror and beauty he depicted to the maiden in faithful colors.

Lovely listened to him with great attention, and then asked him whether he had passed his life, from youth up, in the forests.

" Yes," was the answer, " with the exception of a few years which I spent with excellent Roger Williams at Providence. The worthy man wished

to educate me for a preacher, and gave me the requisite instruction in my young years; but an irresistible yearning for a forest life, and my attachment to Groot Willem, who is my foster-father, and has ever behaved to me like a true father, drove me back again to him."

Lovely was silent for a while. Then she suddenly asked, —

"So you know Judge Eaton at Swansea?"

On hearing his name, Thorkil frowned, his eyes sparkled angrily, and he sharply replied, —

"Yes, I know him."

"The noble Williams attaches great value to this man."

"I am aware of it."

"You do not seem to like the judge?"

"No; for he is my and my foster-father's foe. But let us say no more about him; for I do not wish to speak ill, even of an enemy, behind his back. In any case, we shall escort you to Swansea, when you will be protected from further persecution."

The night passed away quietly. After a sleep such as the fugitives had not enjoyed for a long while, the whole party got into the larger boat at daybreak. Impeded by no obstacles, they by evening had left the right arm of the great Narragansett Bay behind them, and had the coast of Rhode Island well in sight. Shortly after sunset, they anchored in a small creek on the south coast of this island, which at that day formed part of the territory of



the Sachem of the Narragansetts, although the Pilgrims had settled at two spots upon it.

After the party had followed for a little distance a rarely trodden footpath in a clearing, they reached a peculiar building, whose gray, weather-worn walls were distinctly illumined by the rising moon. The spot had a solitary, deserted, almost ill-omened appearance. The forest grew close up to the antiquated tower, which was overgrown with ivy; and several trees boldly rose upon the half-ruined walls. In the edifice and around it there prevailed a deathly silence, only interrupted by the rustling of a stream, which poured its water into a clumsy, broken basin on one side the building.

“We have ended our journey for to-day, as we have reached our night-quarters,” said Thorkil, as he opened a door concealed behind bushes, and passed through it. In a few moments, he returned with a pine torch, and requested the guests to follow him. They entered a hall, whose eight thick pillars formed a rotunda with the roughly hewn roof. Round the hall ran a low passage, communicating with the interior by several openings. In a wide niche between two pillars, three steps led to a large stone slab, which must once have formed the foundation of an altar, and was now used as a hearth. By the side of the niche stood a basin, clumsily carved out of sandstone, which resembled the font in old Catholic churches. Judging from its interior

and exterior construction, the edifice appeared to date from the eleventh or twelfth century.

After the young trapper had placed the torch in an iron bracket on one of the pillars, he retired to make arrangements for the supper and beds of the guests. Groot Willem in the mean while kindled a fire on the hearth; and, when he noticed the surprise of the strangers at this peculiar building, he said, —

“I fancy you would like to know where you are. This is an ancient Norman building, formerly used as a church, and erected by the ancestors of my young friend Thorkil.”

“The young hunter’s ancestors?” the old man inquired in surprise.

“Certainly; and, if we may believe the family traditions, Thorkil has good reason to be proud of his descent. But, in our forests, family pride, which is so pompously displayed in England and Holland, is regarded as folly. Here a man is only valued according to his own worth.”

“But Thorkil’s ancestors must have lived here very long ago, if this building was really erected by them.”

“So it is; and I have no doubt you are acquainted with the legend, that, long before the discovery of Amercia by Columbus, Norman seafarers visited these shores from Iceland and Greenland. That the legend is true is proved by this building, which was evidently erected by white men and Christians.

But say nothing about it in Thorkil's presence. The remembrance of it pains the poor lad, and not without reason; for, look you," — the old trapper continued in a low voice, as he pointed to a loose slab in the floor near the font, — "his father was murdered here."

"What! Thorkil's father murdered?"

"Yes, murdered; and for the sake of a treasure which one of his ancestors buried here. He was aware of the fact, and where the gold must lie; and hence came across from Iceland with his son, who was then but a child. He must have been on the point of lifting the treasure when he was treacherously murdered. The lad was asleep while the crime was being committed; and when, on awaking, he only found his father's stiffened corpse, he threw himself upon it, and clung to it with heart-rending shrieks of agony till chance brought me here. I took the orphan lad home with me."

"And was the murderer discovered?"

"Not yet: but God knows him; and I, too, believe that I know him. So soon as we have acquired a certainty, the villain shall die, — die on this very stone where he murdered and robbed. We hold the trail; but silence! here comes the boy."

We have already mentioned the low passage which ran round the interior of the building, and had several doors, leading to small cells, probably used in the olden times for keeping the sacred vessels, or else

as residences for the clergy. In these rooms the two trappers now prepared for their guests soft beds of moss, buffalo and bear skins, on which they did not require to woo sleep long.

Lovely, too, enjoyed a refreshing sleep for several hours of the night; during which, dreams bore her far away from the present into the past, — from the New World to her old home. She saw herself on the green turf of the park, which, watered by the rustling waves of youthful Thames, surrounded her grandfather's house. There, on the stone steps of the old mansion, stood her grandfather by the side of a lovely pale woman, his daughter; and not far from them sat, in the shadow of a centennial oak, a pretty girl, on whose knees one of the heavy folios of those days lay open, which she appeared most attentively engaged in reading. The dreamer recognized in the reading girl her sister; and wished to call her by name, but was unable to do so. In vain she strove to utter the beloved name: her tongue was under a spell. Suddenly some one outside seemed to come to her aid; for the sought-for word, "Desdemona," distinctly struck her ear.

Was she still dreaming, or awake? She did not know, herself; but she sat up and listened attentively whether a similar sound might not interrupt the silence of the night.

All remained quiet.

And yet, now — the name was repeated outside, in the hall, from which Lovely was merely separated by a thin wicker partition.

She distinctly heard a deep, full, masculine voice saying, —

“ I tell you again, Desdemona will not allow my flag to be mixed up in the affair before Metacom has given his promise ; and you, sachem, have your security for it.”

Another male voice, whose sharp notes could only belong to an Indian, replied in broken English, —

“ Pale-face folly ! When was the voice of a squaw allowed to be raised at the council-fire of the chiefs ? ”

“ Pah, sachem ! ” the previous voice continued ; “ we are not talking about your squaws, who, I allow, possess their good points : we are speaking of the queen of my ship ; and a distinction must be drawn, I rather fancy.”

“ The chief of the thunder-ship has a squaw, then, chief ? ”

“ Sachem,” the other answered seriously, “ you do not understand it.”

“ What does my brother mean ? ” the Indian asked quietly.

“ That my brother does not know the qualities of the white women, nor the position which they, in consequence, assume in the society of white men. That can only be learnt in the Old World, and best of all in *la belle France*.”

Lovely, who had not lost a word of this strange conversation, now rose from her bed, and with pardonable curiosity crept lightly to the door of her sleeping apartment, through which a bright light

from the rotunda penetrated. Her heart beat violently ; for the name " Desdemona " aroused in her reminiscences connected with the happiest, but also the saddest, hours of her childhood, and vividly brought before her the heart-breaking scene in which her father, driven to madness by grief and anger, cursed her beloved sister in her presence by the bedside of her scarcely dead mother, and then drove her from the threshold of her home.

Lovely had since often recalled that unhappy scene ; but never had it risen before so visibly and terribly as now, when the name of her dear sister, which was weighed down by a curse, so unexpectedly struck her ear, as if she were about to obtain information about her lost sister. She fixed her eyes intently on the nocturnal picture which the interior of the old church offered.

On the ruined altar the fire was burning again, and fantastically lit up the surrounding objects. On the steps of the altar were seated four men, among whom Lovely at once recognized her two protectors, Groot Willem and Thorkil ; but the other two were perfect strangers to her.

One of them, judging from his demeanor, appeared to belong to the educated classes, although his dress contradicted the assumption ; for he wore common sailor's clothes, consisting of a long jacket of dark-colored cloth, wide, baggy, canvas breeches, and clumsy jack-boots. Certainly a strong contrast to this simple dress was offered by the snow-white,

lace-edged shirt collar, and the broad gold-embroidered silk girdle, in which two artificially chased and lavishly ornamented pistols and a gold-hilted dagger were thrust; and the same was the case also with a costly diamond ring which adorned the stranger's left hand. He was of middle height, and his form appeared to be graceful rather than powerful. A rich profusion of dark brown, carefully tended curls fell down on his shoulders. His features were delicate and noble: the lofty forehead, long thin nose, and finely carved, small mouth, aided no little to heighten the beauty of his face; and the large, dark, fiery eyes imparted to it at one moment a roguish, at another an imperious or dignified, expression. A remarkably full mustache, whose points hung down on his chest, while cheek and chin were most carefully shaved, imparted a striking appearance to the stranger.

Opposite to this man, who might indubitably have been called a model of the white race, sat another, who, to an equal extent, was a model of the red race; for never was a finer form than his seen in the primeval forests of America. The Indian, who was smoking here the pipe of council with three white men, was tall and gracefully built, and in the flower of his age. He possessed all the beauty that is peculiar to his race, — the fiery and yet sensible-looking eye; the proud Roman nose, and the firm chin, that reveals energy; while his forehead was less suddenly retracted, and the cheek-bones did not

stand out so prominently as in other men of his race. His face was not painted, as is usual with Indian warriors, in order to render themselves terrible in the sight of their foes. His glance revealed a haughty self-complacency, and his rare smile imparted to him a winning pleasantness. His full black hair, which, when he stood up, almost touched the ground, hung in glistening waves down his back. He was magnificently attired; at least, according to the ideas of his nation. His head-dress was composed of ermine and the elegantly arranged feathers of the golden eagle; and he wore a species of tunic, formed of two deer-hides sewn together, the seams along the arms being covered with an elegant embroidery of porcupine-quills. The lower edge was decorated with a fringe of black hair derived from the scalp-locks of the foes he had slain. His breeches and moccasins were also made of deer-hide, and adorned in the same way with quills and scalp-locks. Over his left shoulder hung loosely a buffalo-robe, displaying embroidery on the inner side. In his belt were thrust his tomahawk and scalping-knife; while on his back hung a quiver of panther-skin, with a three-foot bow. In his hand he held an Indian pipe, whose tube measured from three to four feet. There was a natural, unassumed dignity about the chief's whole demeanor.

When the white man had instructed him as to the position of the squaws of his tribe, the chief raised the pipe to his lips, and veiled himself in a dense cloud of smoke.



A silence ensued for some minutes, which was broken by the seaman, who began humming, first gently, and then constantly louder, the tune of a French *chanson*, until the old trapper at length gave him a look of disapproval.

"Pardon me, my friends," — he then broke off his tune; "but *que voulez-vous*? I cannot accustom myself to the stiff solemnity of your councils in the Indian style."

"I am not surprised at it," the old trapper retorted with a shrug of the shoulders: "everybody knows that the French can do nothing without making an unnecessary row over it."

"Well returned, though not particularly polite, old growler," the seaman said with a laugh. "But we must make up our mind," he added more seriously; "for, ere day breaks, I must have left this island a long way astern of my boat."

The Indian, who had paid no attention to this dialogue, now offered the pipe to the old hunter, and said with a polite bow, —

"What does my father think?"

Groot Willem, owing to his repeated and lengthened intercourse with the natives, had acquired many of their habits. Hence he did not answer directly, but received the offered pipe with dignified tranquillity, took several pulls at it, and then said with due emphasis, —

"The chief of the Thunder-canoe is a great warrior. My son, the sachem, is aware of this?"

"Yes."

“A great warrior does not form his resolutions without due consideration.”

“He does so, my father; but he does not lend his ear to the suggestions of a squaw.”

“Does not the great Sachem of the Wampanogs also listen to the voice of Wetamoc?”

The Indian nodded an affirmative. After a slight pause, the trapper continued significantly:—

“Metacom heeds the words of Wetamoc, and yet Wetamoc is a woman.”

“Wetamoc is very sensible,” the Indian remarked emphatically.

“Yes, Wetamoc is clever,” Groot Willem retorted; “but I know a woman who is even cleverer than Wetamoc.”

“My father means *Ih-nis-kin*, whose eye sparkles like the rising sun, and whose voice sounds as sweetly as the morning breeze amid the young leaves.”

“Yes, sachem, I mean *Ih-nis-kin*, as you call her: I mean the wife of the chief of the Thunder-canoe.”

With a graceful gesture, the Indian laid his right hand on his heart as a sign of his respect for the person named.

“Thank you, sachem, for the honor you do my wife,” the seaman now remarked. “So you call her ‘*Ih-nis-kin*?’ May I ask what that means in English?”

“Crystal.”

“‘Crystal?’ A very pretty name that, *parole d’honneur!* This Indian gallantry will please my Desdemona.”

Groot Willem brought the conversation again to the affair which appeared to be the object of their nocturnal meeting, and said, as he turned again to the red warrior, —

“My son, the sachem now knows the opinion of the chief of the thunder-ship. It is also mine. If the tomahawk is raised, it must not strike the innocent and defenceless. That is contrary to all justice, and a horror to white men.”

The Indian looked down on the ground, and was silent for a while. Then he added with evident self-restraint, while savage malice sparkled in his eyes, —

“The opinions of the pale-faces are as changeable as spring weather. Did not they help to shed innocent blood when they surrendered the great Miantonomo to his deadly enemy, Uncas, so that he might be treacherously murdered? Where was their feeling of justice then?”

“It was an awful barbarity, a shameful murder: and, if the sachem wishes to avenge it, let him do so, but not on defenceless people; for Groot Willem’s roer will never be pointed at women and children.”

“When the tomahawk of the red warriors has once tasted blood, it is drunk, like the pale-faces with their fire-water. It rages then without caring where its blows fall.”

“But it must care, sachem: I insist. Groot Willem will have as little to do with drunken tomahawks as with drunken colonists like those who live at Mount Wollaston.”

Another pause ensued. At the expiration of a few minutes, the Indian rose, walked up to the old trapper, and said, as he lightly touched the scar produced below his right temple by cutting off his ear, —

“My father has grown very old. The Evil Spirit has weakened his memory. He has forgotten what hand dealt this wound.”

The old trapper started back at the touch, and then his face became blood-red; but he quickly overcame his excitement, and replied with that cold tranquillity which is so highly esteemed by the red race, —

“No, Narragansett; that is not forgotten; and the hour will come when it shall be repaid with interest.”

“Good!” the sachem observed, as he returned to his seat: “my brother Golden-hair can speak.”

Groot Willem now handed the calumet of council with the same formality with which he had received it to his companion Thorkil, who had hitherto observed a modest silence. The young man took several pulls at the pipe; and being conversant with the oratory of the Indians, which rarely approaches the subject directly, he asked the chief, who was looking at him with expectant glances, —

“I presume that my brother still loves Roger Williams as his paternal friend?”

“Haddoh Manitoo\* is beloved by all the children of the red race. He is dear to my heart.”

“And has my brother forgotten the lessons which the tongue of the Good Spirit gave him?”

The Indian became embarrassed, and was silent for an instant. Then he objected, —

“The Manitoo of the pale-faces is not the Manitoo of the red men.”

“We will not argue that point, sachem; but the death-shriek of murdered women and children is only pleasant to the Evil Spirit.”

“But is the death-rattle of a father, who is killed by a wicked pale-face by the side of his sleeping child, pleasant to the Manitoo of the pale-faces?” the sachem asked, as he fixed his eyes on the loose slab near the fort,

Thorkil turned pale; for his eyes had followed the same direction. As he gave no answer, the sachem continued in a monotonous voice, —

“White man’s sight very weak; but the eyes of the red men are sharp. I see a dead man whose son hesitates to raise the tomahawk of vengeance.”

These words did not fail to produce their effect. Thorkil’s repressed fury broke forth; and, as he laid his hand on the hilt of his knife with a menacing gesture, he answered in a trembling voice, —

\* The tongue of the Good Spirit.

“Vengeance shall fall on the guilty man, so sure as my name is Thorkil Wikingson.”

The sachem gave the young man a satisfied look, and then said, —

“My white brothers must know what they have to do. But what am I to say to the great Sachem of the Wampanogs?”

“Tell him,” the sailor here interposed, “that we accept his proposition, and will meet him at the appointed rendezvous. Tell him, furthermore, that we are ready to combat our mutual foes with him and you, but only under the conditions laid down by us, from which we shall not depart.”

“Yes, tell him that,” Groot Willem said in confirmation; “and also” —

A growl from Prinslo, who was lying at his master’s feet, interrupted him. Probably the attentive animal had heard one of listening Lovely’s gentle movements, or noticed the awakening of one of the fugitives who were sleeping in a cell by the side of the maiden’s.

“Pst!” the old trapper said warningly. He then rose, and walked gently to the entrance of the rotunda, after making his companions a sign to follow him.

Filled with gloomy forebodings, Lovely lay down again on her couch. She could not conceal from herself that a most eventful secret had just been half revealed to her; and she tried to unriddle the dark hints and threats she had heard, and to bring

them into connection with possibilities, until she was again overpowered by sleep, which was only interrupted by her father's voice summoning her at daybreak. When, on entering the rotunda, she saw the two trappers, and was quietly greeted by them, she really was unable to determine whether the occurrences of the past night had been a dream or a reality.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MESSENGER.

The Indian Tribes—A Declaration of War—The Alliance amongst the Colonists—Miantonomo and Uncas—New Persecutions—The Settlements—A Papal Bull—Buccaneers and Filibusters—Tortuga—The Brethren of the Coast—El Exterminador—The Indian Girl—A Secret detected—The Warning—Raising the Tomahawk—Friendship's Gift.

AT the beginning of our narrative, we told our young readers that the first settlers of New England were Puritans, who sought beyond the ocean a place for the free exercise of their faith, and, as they expressed themselves in their biblical phraseology, fled from the "Goshen of serfdom," as they considered their native land, in order to settle in the "Canaan of liberation."

When the Pilgrims arrived in the New World, the coasts, islands, forests, and prairies of New England were inhabited by few Indian tribes, divided again among themselves into an infinitude of smaller clans. First came the Pokanokets, in the present State of Massachusetts and a small portion of Rhode Island, among whom the tribes of the Wampanogs was the chief; secondly, the Narragansetts, living to the west of the Wampanogs; thirdly, the tribes of Connecticut, among which



the Pequods and the Mohicans, standing under their supremacy, were the most respected; fourthly, the Massachusetts; and fifthly, the Pawtucketts, in New Hampshire. Each tribe had its chiefs, selected from the most esteemed warriors, and who were the advisers of the chief. All five nations formed a confederation, at whose head the chief of the most powerful tribe stood. As the government of the Indians was, and is, somewhat of an oligarchical character, the prerogative of the chiefs is principally limited to the supreme command in the field, and despotic authority is unknown.

Nothing certain is known as to the earlier history of the Indians. It is conjectured that America was first populated from Asia by the Behring-Straits route, and that the primeval inhabitants of America were first related to the Tartars of Eastern Asia. In Mexico, Central America, and Peru, ancient monuments are found which lead to the assumption that nations formerly existed there possessing a high degree of civilization. The natives have no written memorials of their earlier history; but there exists among them a tradition of that great deluge which forms so important a landmark in the primeval history of our globe.

Short interruptions apart, the Pilgrims remained for a long time on peaceful terms with the natives; for the Puritan colonists displayed the strictest integrity in their dealings with the red men. The Indians saw their property much less imperilled

with these extremely strict men than with the other Europeans who at a later date pursued the hapless natives from refuge to refuge, and rendered them unspeakably wretched. This unjust persecution is still going on, and the poor sons of the red race will soon be swept from the face of the earth, and only left in song and story.

The white settlers obtained their land from the natives by purchase or barter, in which, of course, enormous ranges of Indian hunting-grounds were often surrendered for a child's toy: still, as these cheaply acquired estates consisted of forest and prairie, the greatest industry was required to turn them to a valuable purpose.

The Plymouth colonists first entered into relations with Massasoit, Sachem of the Wampanogs, who lived at Mountaup (English, Mount Hope), a promontory which jutted out for a long distance into an arm of Narragansett Bay. When envoys from the colony cured the chief of an illness which his pow-wows (magicians, or medicine-men) had been unable to expel, the grateful savage became for life a true and stanch friend of the white man. It was very different, however, with Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansett confederation. The latter seemed to foresee the fate which impended over his race from the side of the white intruders, and hence resolved to deal a blow while their number was still insignificant. The honest red-skin went to work openly, and sent Governor Brad-

ford a declaration of war in the shape of a bundle of arrows fastened round with the skin of a rattlesnake. Bradford, however, responded in a way which caused the chief to feel due respect; for he sent back the snake-skin filled with powder and ball: and the redskin did not wish to have any dealings with the fire-arms of the white men, which discharged thunder and lightning. Hence nothing further was heard for a long time about the hostile intentions of the Narragansetts.

Ere long, however, a sanguinary war broke out between the settlers of Connecticut and the Pequods, the original owners of the country. Sassacus, the chief of the Pequods, a brave and high-minded man, strove to unite all the red tribes of New England against the white man: but the innate hatred of the Indians for each other, which was ever the chief cause of their misfortunes, only allowed the plan to succeed partially; for the Mohicans, who were hostile to the Pequods, joined the side of the settlers under their chief Uncas; and Miantonomo, joint sachem with Canonicus, brought them two hundred Narragansetts as auxiliaries. With such re-enforcements the settlers opened the campaign against Sassacus; and, during it, six hundred Pequods were killed. Their chief was compelled to seek a refuge with the Mowhawks on the Hudson, the territory of the Pequods was declared the property of the white men, and the relics of the defeated tribe were treated as subjects.

The terror and mourning into which the young colony was thrown by the Pequod War, as well as the constantly threatening danger from the natives, induced the settlers to form an offensive and defensive alliance with all the New-England Colonies against every external foe. This union so greatly augmented the power of the Colonies, that they were thus enabled to prescribe laws to the Indians. Uncas submitted unreservedly to the white men ; but the incessant progress of the intruders allowed the haughty and clever Miantonomo no peace, especially when the later settlers no longer observed the equitable and indulgent conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers toward the red men, but gave them cause for well-founded complaints by repeated encroachments on their territory. Miantonomo, therefore, brooded for some time over plans against the pale-faces, and also tried to win over Uncas to his side ; but the latter was so favored by the white men, that he refused to join the Narragansetts against them. As a result of this, Miantonomo declared war against the Mohican chief ; but fell in the first encounter, through the treachery of two minor chiefs, into the hands of his opponent, who delivered him to the colonists of Connecticut. The Colonial Council was of the opinion that there was no security for Uncas or the white men so long as Miantonomo, whose indefatigable hatred was notorious, remained alive ; and hence his death was resolved on. But, in order

that his blood might not inflict a stain on the colony, he was delivered for slaughter to his enemy Uncas, who dashed in his brains with a club on the territory of the Mohicans. The spot where this murder was committed is still known as the "Sachem's Plain." The Narragansett burst into an indescribable fury on receiving the news; but vengeance had to be deferred. The scandalous murder was not forgotten, however; and we have heard the Indian chief allude to it at the nocturnal conference.

The Pokanokets kept most independent of the supremacy of the white men; at their head being the tribe of the Wampanogs, who had concluded a treaty of friendship with the colonists of New England. Metacom, their sachem, called by the white men King Philip,—one of the most distinguished men ever produced by an Indian tribe,—was at the same time a federal chief of the Pokanokets. In him, too, glowed a profound hatred of the white intruders; and he made it the object of his life to purify the hunting-grounds of his fathers from the pale-faces. For a lengthened period, he managed with true Indian cunning to conceal his intentions; and it was not till 1670 that he allowed his hostile sentiments to be more distinctly noticed. At the period when our story is laid, he interrupted in an awful manner the peace which had been certainly disturbed at intervals, but usually patched up again.

Although the colonists had only themselves to trust to in such perils from the red inhabitants, and they arranged their local government and ecclesiastical life entirely in their own way, still they regarded themselves, though separated from the mother-country by the Atlantic, as subjects of the crown of England, and consequently watched the events that agitated their old home with great attention and sympathy. The continued persecution of the Nonconformists brought hundreds, even thousands, annually across the sea to the land where their brethren who had preceded them had found a free home. When, therefore, the persecution began in England of the members of the High Court who had condemned Charles I., several of these men, in order to escape death from the hand of the executioner, fled to New England, where they were hospitably received by the colonists, and secretly protected against the agents of royal vengeance who followed the fugitives.

One of our modern historians compares the history of America with that of Rome. As, on the foundation of the Eternal City, a strange mixture of men flocked together from all parts of Italy in order to seek safety, a residence, and plunder on the banks of the Tiber; so, shortly after the discovery of the new hemisphere, all the maritime nations of Europe sent bands of emigrants to the boundless coasts of scantily populated America.

But a small portion of these crossed the Atlantic

with such pure intentions as the English Puritans. The far greater number were impelled by ambition, a yearning for adventures, and unbridled license, but, above all, by a desire for plunder; for the renown of the immeasurable riches which were found in the conquered countries was a temptation which urged the spirit of enterprise to extraordinary deeds of daring, and induced a second migration of the nations, which from year to year swelled to enormous proportions, and is going on in our own times, whether a man desires to dig for gold in the Californian mines, to hold a farm on the prairie, or to gain a better reward for his labor than is possible in Europe.

The various nations probably selected the spots where they settled in accordance with the nature of the climate; for the more northern ones, such as the French, Dutch, and English, principally settled in North America, Mexico, and the West-Indian islands. The Spaniards had obtained in the year 1493, from Pope Alexander VI., a formal gift of the newly discovered lands; to which, by the way, neither Pope nor Spain had the slightest claim, and of whose extent both donor and donee had not a notion. Relying on this bull, the Spaniards considered themselves the sole legitimate owners of the transatlantic coasts, and consequently treated the seafarers of other nations, who had the audacity to navigate waters which they regarded as appertaining to the territory which the vicegerent of Christ had

given them, as pirates. This, however, did not in the least prevent English, Dutch, and French adventurers and merchants from trying their fortunes in the New World; and thus the seas between the tropics, and principally the West-Indian waters, became the arena for savage contests, in which daring adventurers of different nations, but more especially French, took part.

A number of such adventurers settled on the small Island of Tortuga, and occupied themselves there with the chase, for which the coast of Hayti, close at hand, and swarming with wild boars and bulls, offered a splendid field. They were called "buccaneers," a word derived from the Indian *boucan*, which indicates the spot where the hunters dry and smoke their meat together, or also the Dutch fire-place erected for that purpose. When they, however, in spite of their peaceful mode of life, were disturbed by the Spaniards, they requited hostility with hostility, and joined with the already existing filibuster company on the Island of St. Kitt's to form a company under the title of the "Brethren of the Coast," which soon grew into a piratical State, that inflicted frightful injury on the Spaniards; for they principally attacked the Spanish plate-fleets; which conveyed to Europe the produce of the American silver mines. Crowded into open, fast-sailing boats (fly-boats, whence the name of "filibuster" had been derived), they defied the elements in the open sea and amid the coralline reefs of the



Antilles, and dashed with mad daring at every Spanish ship they came across, even the largest and best armed. When they had pulled near enough to their foe, their marksmen kept up such an effectual fire at the port-holes of the attacked ship, that the cannon could not be properly served, although a single well-aimed broadside from them would have annihilated the pirates. If the latter succeeded in boarding, they usually cut down the entire crew; for the filibusters granted no pardon, as they accepted none. In this way, *inter alia*, the filibuster captain, Michel Basque, captured a pirateship with a million of piasters on board. Tortuga, where a powerful fort was built, afforded an admirable spot in which to keep the booty.

In the contests which took place between the Spaniards and filibusters, a series of heroes sprang up among the "Brethren of the Coast," who performed deeds, many of which seemed absolutely impossible. Thus Pierre le Grand boarded, with only twenty-eight men, the Spanish admiral's galleon, after he had made a hole in his own boat, in order to leave his men only the choice between victory and death. The most formidable among these heroes, however, was a Frenchman from Languedoc, of the name of Montbarts. As a lad, he had read of awful cruelty which the Spaniards practised on the primitive inhabitants of the West-Indian islands. A furious hatred of the Spaniards filled his mind; and, when he learnt that the filibusters were their

most inveterate opponents, he resolved to join the "Brethren of the Coast," through an impulse of noble revenge. He soon became the terror of the West-Indian seas, and the Spaniards very correctly gave him the name of EL EXTERMINADOR.

I must ask pardon for this long historical digression ; but it was absolutely necessary for a proper comprehension of my story. I will now return to the narrative, which it may be thought I have too long neglected.

Should you have ever been in a large forest on a bright summer morning, did you not become gradually affected by a feeling of devotion, as if you were in a mighty cathedral ? Did you not enjoy the fresh smell of rosin, the soothing whispering of the leaves, and the rustling of the tree-crowns, the thousand-throated chant of the birds, and the golden green pencils of light which fall through the wildly interlaced branches ? But did you not feel, at the same time, perfectly happy and glad in the green fragrant forest solitude ?

Such, at any rate, were the feelings of the maiden, who, on a bright June morning, walked alone along a narrow, oft scarce traceable, footpath through one of the virgin forests of New England. The fatigue of a long winding road had dyed the maiden's cheeks of a brighter red. She had drawn up her long dark dress : in her right hand she held a large earthenware pitcher ; and on her left arm she car-

ried a small closed osier-basket, which, judging from the movements of the bearer, was almost too heavy for her delicate form. My readers have probably already guessed that we are meeting here again the charming maid whose acquaintance we have formed under the significant name of Lovely.

When Lovely arrived at an aged live oak, whose dark foliage was covered in every direction with flashing silver-gray tufts of Spanish moss, she stopped for a moment in its shadow to rest. She eagerly inhaled the fresh forest breeze; and her sparkling eyes revealed that she was enchanted by the magical splendor of the virgin forest, with its luxuriant vegetation and the mysterious shadows of its rarely trodden gloom. After she had remained for a while engaged in contemplation, she walked thoughtfully on; and the skill with which she avoided the obstacles which the closely intertwined lianas frequently formed in her track showed plainly that she was well acquainted with her road. On reaching the bank of a rustling stream, she ascended a steep height, taking as her guide the water that poured down it. On reaching the summit, she leaped over a second rivulet, which here joined the larger cascade; then walked up to a gigantic pine, and resolutely entered the scrub by its side. After proceeding a few yards, the bushes parted, and Lovely entered a narrow clearing, which was closely enclosed on three sides by immense oaks, pines, and maples, and on the fourth

by a wildly fissured group of rocks surmounted by lofty pines. A copious spring burst with a murmuring sound out of a cleft in the weather-worn stone.

The spot was so hidden, quiet, and solitary, that it might have been fancied no human foot had ever trodden it. But Lovely had been here on many a morning already, in order to fulfil a sacred duty, and fill her pitcher with the clear spring-water. On every occasion, and on this day as well, she regarded the wildly beautiful spot with pleasure; then she set her basket on the moss, and stooped down to dip her pitcher into the sparkling water.

But, ere the pitcher was filled, she suddenly rose again with a slight cry of terror.

She had noticed a dark human form in a rock-cleft close to her.

Her alarm was relieved, however, when she saw an Indian girl come forward, and advance towards her, who, with a friendly gesture, extended her right hand, and addressed her in comprehensible though peculiar English, and with a foreign accent.

“Young squaw not fear me; Hih-lah-dih friend of young pale-face girl; is no warrior who wants a scalp.”

The smile and the soft sweet voice of the pretty-looking Indian girl tranquillized Lovely entirely; the more so, as, during her residence in Connecticut, she had frequent opportunities of meeting



1917  
LIBRARY

ASST. LIBRARIAN AND  
RECORDS MANAGER

S L

natives, and acquiring some knowledge of their style of speech and other peculiarities.

The Indian girl's appearance was quite adapted to win over anybody, and more especially a youthful person. The red girl was of middle height, most delicately formed, and displayed in every movement and gesture an inimitable grace. Her features could be called beautiful; and from her large black eyes, which floated in bluish white, gleamed a tenderness, which, however, passed over into a sparkling lustre in moments of excitement. Her dress was simple, but tasteful. She wore a tunic of dark woollen stuff, and trousers of the same, and moccasins which were decorated with embroidery of porcupine-quills. Her brilliantly black hair was fastened into a plain knot behind, round which a pink silk handkerchief was wound like a turban; and round her graceful neck she wore a coral necklace with a gold clasp.

On hearing the Indian girl's quieting remarks, Lovely did not hesitate about returning her greeting kindly. She clasped the stranger's proffered hand, and said cordially,—

“My sister is welcome.”

Hih-lah-dih returned the pressure of the hand, laid her left hand on the white maiden's right shoulder, and examined her newly acquired friend from head to foot with searching glances.

While being thus surveyed, Lovely looked down with a blush.

“Oh, not turn red!” the native said with a childish laugh; “not necessary to feel ashamed; my white sister very fair; much fairer than all the young squaws in the wigwams of the pale-faces; almost fairer than Ih-nis-kin on the great Thunder-canoe.”

Lovely was surprised at this unfeigned outburst of admiration, but still more at the name of Ih-nis-kin, which here smote her ear again, and reminded her of that strange nocturnal scene in the ruins on Rhode Island. She was on the point of inquiring about Ih-nis-kin: but the Indian girl did not allow her time to do so; for she continued:—

“My white-face brother, Golden-hair,”—

“Golden-hair? Thorkil Wikingson?” Lovely interrupted her, whose grateful mind was pleased to learn something about her rescuer.

“Thorkil Wikingson,” the Indian repeated with some difficulty, “not good name for Indian mouth: Golden-hair sounds prettier. Yes,” she then continued in her hearty tone, “my brother, Golden-hair, told me I should find my sister thus. So would be her eyes, her hair, her mouth. But what is the name of my sister?”

“I was christened Lovely-in-the-sight-of-the-Lord Cordelia.”

When the Indian heard this long name, she burst into a loud peal of laughter.

Probably some of my readers will feel the same as Hih-lah-dih, and scarce refrain from a smile.



But this name was not so absurd as many others ; for the Puritans not only selected for preference biblical names, such as Zerubbabel, Obed-edom, Jedediah, Miriam, Zebedee, &c., but also added texts to the Christian names which modestly followed after them. Thus there were names like the following, — Live-for-the-Resurrection Jeroboam Emer ; Whatever-the-sinful-may-commence-praise-the-Lord Ezekiel Pimpleton. For female names, moral attributes, such as Hope, Love, Temperance, and so on, were extremely popular. As Lovely's mother wished to give her child the name of Cordelia, the father added to it the long text, in order to conceal, as far as possible, a name which he considered too worldly. Usually, however, the maiden was only called by the first word, — Lovely.

“ Long name, that ! ” the Indian said, still laughing. “ Long as the Connecticut River, — too long for Indian memory ; Lovely enough, Lovely fine ; my brother, Golden-hair, call my white-face sister Lovely.”

And, when she noticed Lovely's slight embarrassment, she continued : —

“ My sister not angry because Hih-lah-dih laugh at long name ? ”

“ No, no ! ” Lovely replied, who was growing more and more attached to this charming child of Nature. “ And so your name is Hih-lah-dih ? ”

“ Yes, look, the spring there, greatly renowned among my people : red-men call it Hih-lah-dih ;

that is, with English persons, the pure spring. As I came into the world by the side of the spring, the squaws gave me its name."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Hih-lah-dih sounds prettily, and has a fine meaning. Has my sister come into the neighborhood of the settlements in order to see the place of her birth once more?"

"Hi-lah-dih," the Indian answered, as she threw her arm affectionately round Lovely's neck, — "Hih-lah-dih came, not to seek the place of her birth, but her white sister."

"What, to seek me?" Lovely asked in surprise.

"Yes," the red girl said, "Hi-lah-dih has come to seek white sister, and was yesterday in her hiding-place at the spring when Lovely filled her pitcher in order to give drink to the gray-haired white warrior and the great white warrior."

With a shout of alarm, Lovely liberated herself from the arms of the Indian girl, whose words revealed a secret, which, as she imagined, was only known, beside herself, to Judge Eaton, his confidential servant, and, since yesterday, to a third person.

Hih-lah-dih at once guessed the cause of Lovely's agitation, and hence said, in a soothing voice, —

"My sister, not be afraid. Indians have sharp eyes; see by day, see by night, every thing that happens in the forests; see above the clouds, see beneath the earth. In the same way, they see the trail of two great warriors who took the scalp of a great

sachem in the country of the white men, on the other side of the big salt lake. Indians have sharp ears too,—hear every thing they want to hear. Hih-lah-dih heard yesterday every thing that my white sister said, on the road from the cave, to the Plymouth warrior, whom the red people call the Little Fire-spitter.”

These remarks of the Indian heightened Lovely’s alarm still more. She was so embarrassed, that she was unable to utter a word, but only clasped her hands, and gave the red girl an imploring glance.

“Oh! not be frightened,” Hih-lah-dih continued soothingly: “red people not betray cave to any white face. Wampanogs, Pokanokets, Narragansetts, faithful to their friends, faithful to Haddoh-Manitoo, who is a friend of red man. Oh! red man gladly protect the friends of the Tongue of the Good Spirit.”

“Does my sister come from Roger Williams, whom her people call the Tongue of the Good Spirit?” Lovely asked, to some extent quieted by the mention of this name.

“Hih-lah-dih listens gladly to the voice of the Haddoh-Manitoo, which sounds soft as the rustling of the spring wind in the young foliage,” the Indian answered in the picturesque language of her nation. “But Hih-lah-dih not seen the Tongue of the Good Spirit for many moons. She comes up from the big salt lake as messenger of a young pale-face warrior graceful as the pine-tree, strong as the

oak, clear-sighted as the lynx, swift as the panther ; great warrior, great hunter, as great as the Grisly-bear, as the Sachem of the Narragansetts, as the Sachem of the Wampanogs. Hih-lah-dih comes as messenger of Golden-hair. Does Golden-hair live in the heart of the pale-face girl ?”

“ Yes, Thorkil Wikingson has a place in my heart,” Lovely said with a faint blush ; “ for the Lord our God commands us to be grateful to our benefactors. Thorkil has rendered the greatest service to me, and to those whom I love as my life. I should like to be his sister.”

“ And Hih-lah-dih,” the Indian interposed hastily, “ would like to carry the weapons after so great a warrior, sew his hunting-shirt, roast his game — But Hih-lah-dih will now deliver his message ; for she must be far away from here when the sun attains its mid-day height. My white-face sister will open her ears.”

“ I am listening, dear Hih-lah-dih.”

“ Good ! Golden-hair, and the Grisly-bear too” (my readers will easily understand that Groot Willem is meant), “ let my sister know that it is not good to remain in Swansea. My sister will set out with her father and old father, and go to Providence, into the wigwam of the Haddoh-Manitoo, where alone is real safety for pale-faces.”

“ What ! are the barbarous pursuers once more on our track ?”

“ No, not pursuers from beyond the big salt lake.

Red man dance the war-dance in all the villages, and warriors all come together in friendship, except the dogs of Pequods. Indians mean to dig up the tomahawk, and rise against the pale-faces. Too many of them for poor red men. Pale-face nation first small like that stream; but become, by degrees, great, — like a large river in the north, like the salt lake, — and float away the red nation. But red warriors must hold the hunting-grounds of their fathers, or Manitoo will be angry.”

“If I understand my sister right,” Lovely said in the greatest alarm, “her nation meditates hostilities against mine. But the natives have for a long time been at peace with the pilgrims of the desert.”

“Yes,” the Indian replied; “but sachems think it is time to raise the war-yell.”

“That is sad news. Will not my sister go with me into the village, in order to give more precise information there? My people would be most thankful to her for it.”

“Hih-lah-dih has nothing to do in the village,” the Indian replied with a slight tinge of suspicion. “Wampanog girl not welcome in the pale-face village. Hih-lah-dih not sent to village, but sent by Golden-hair to Lovely, — only to Lovely; and she wants thanks only from Golden-hair, and not from bad old chief in the village.”

As Lovely was thoughtfully silent, the red girl continued, in a serious voice: —

“My sister not leave Golden-hair’s warning un-

heeded. Golden-hair and Grisly-bear are greatly valued by red people, are greatly valued by sachems, and know that the tomahawk will be raised. Both mean well with Lovely; let her know not good to remain in Swansea: sister shall set out with father and old father to go to Providence. Go quickly; for only to-day path open through the forest. Red warriors are angry, and have hewn the war-post with the tomahawk."

"Ah! that is bad, Hih-lah-dih; very bad. But I cannot form any resolution myself: I can only impart your warning to those to whom my life belongs, and must yield to their decision. But Thorkil shall not go without my, or rather our thanks."

"Good. Lovely has heard Golden-hair's message. Hih-lah-dih wishes that Golden-hair should say Hih-lah-dih is a good messenger; and so sister will give her a sign which will say message has been faithfully delivered."

Lovely reflected for a moment. She connected the news she had thus heard with the strange nocturnal consultation which she had overheard in the ruin; and it pained her deeply to be forced to assume that her benefactors, the two trappers, were implicated in a dangerous, perhaps criminal, design. Then she undid the dark gauze handkerchief fastened under her chin, with which, after the Puritan fashion, she modestly hid her head and temples, and handed it to the Indian with the words, —

"Then show him this, and tell him I shall be ever

grateful to him, not only for former services, but also for this message. . . . But tell him also that he must not let himself be led astray to walk in evil paths ; and to remember what is befitting his origin, his color, and his creed."

"Hih-lah-dih will say every thing that a young girl dare say to so great a warrior," the Indian replied as she concealed the handkerchief.

Then she took off her coral necklace, laid it round Lovely's neck, and said, as she was fastening the clasp, —

"Good to have this on. Warriors of the Wampanogs know it. Chief, too, know it. It will be good if my sister meets the red men."

Hereupon she kissed Lovely on the forehead, eyes, and mouth ; turned away to the neighboring bushes, whence she waved her hand once again ; and disappeared, bounding through the forest like an antelope.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

**The Village of Swansea—Puritan Meeting-houses—Judge Eaton and Captain Standish—A Father's Grief—Sister Mabel—The Two Colonels—Signs and Miracles—The Indian Convert—King Phillip's Plot—Assassination of the Spy—Preparations of the Colonists—A Strange Visitor.**

WHILE the scene just described was passing in the forest, two men were walking along its skirt, engaged in earnest conversation.

They had come slowly from the scattered blocks of houses in Swansea village, which was one of those isolated abodes of civilization which could be found in the scanty clearings of the virgin forest between the Nantucket and Taunton Rivers down to Narragansett Bay.

The stream, after forcing its way out of the forest, wound with a rapid current through a trough-shaped bottom, whose excellent cultivation bore testimony to the active industry of an agricultural population. Maize-fields alternated here with corn and bright green pastures; and sturdy young fruit-trees, which still partially displayed their blossoms, overshadowed with their branches houses and yards, though mostly in the rear: for the frontage of the buildings was gen-



erally adorned with a well-tended kitchen-garden, in which the beautiful—that is to say, flowers—grew by the side of the useful. The stream flowed between these gardens, its banks being connected by several plank bridges. The village did not form regular streets, but consisted partly of detached houses, and more rarely of groups of two or three houses, which were very plainly built, and hence displayed a certain uniformity. They consisted almost entirely of wood; and, from their lighter or darker color, not only could the old houses be distinguished from the new, but also the changes could be noticed which had gradually converted the rough block cabin into a more comfortable dwelling-house. Next the forest stood a flour and saw mill, whose two wheels were set in motion by damming up a part of the stream.

On the other side of the water, and rather nearer the village, the valley formed a species of natural terrace, whose edge was fenced in with stout palisades. Within this fence rose a brick house, with extensive stables and stalls. This building, called in the village the Judge's House, was distinguished both by its solidity and by its glass windows; for the latter were represented in all the other houses, without exception, by paper dipped in oil. Though the Judge's House now looked so stately, it was, judging from the old fruit-trees that overshadowed the garden, the oldest in the village. From the stout plank gates of the palisade, a steep road, which was, how-

ever, available for vehicles, ran down to the stream, and across it by a plank bridge. Here stood, on a rather open square, another edifice, also built of brick, which, though vastly exceeding all the other buildings in dimensions, was exactly like a four-cornered barn of the utmost plainness. My readers will hardly guess that this building was the village church. It suited, however, the sentiments of the Pilgrims, who did not even call their places of worship "churches," but merely "meeting-houses;" and anxiously kept aloof from them every ornament which, as they expressed themselves, might recall thoughts of the old idol-worship. Hence, then, the meeting-house of Swansea was, both externally and internally, built after the strict Puritanical fashion. But let us now turn to the two men who came out of the Judge's House, and walked towards the skirt of the forest.

The elder of the two was a stern-looking patriarch, whose lofty form had been bowed neither by age nor by misfortune. There was something commanding in the sharp gray eye, in the features and carriage, of this man; and the history of the colonization of the United States really tells us that Judge Theophilus Eaton — for him we have before us — possessed an iron strength of will and uncommon self-restraint, and that his strict piety and active carrying-out of the principles of Puritanism gained him extraordinary respect in the Colonies. His external appearance was distinguished by dignified calmness,

and the greatest simplicity in dress, voice, gestures, and speech; and no one could have read in his marble features how much he had suffered in his most eventful life, and that very recently the heaviest of blows had been dealt him in the death of his only son in the flower of his manhood.

Eaton's companion, Miles Standish, bore an equally celebrated name in the history of the Pilgrims. In the unpretending exterior of this man, no one would have sought the hero and knight of Plymouth Colony, as he had been for a long course of years. He was not even of the middle height; and for this reason his enemies had given him the *sobriquet* of "Capt. Pygmy." But in his small body dwelt an heroic soul; and his sturdy frame and muscular limbs allowed him to endure exertions of every description lightly. His demeanor had none of the Puritan stiffness about it; and though his hair was cut short according to the fashion, on the other hand, a lofty forehead, dark-gray eyes gleaming under bushy brows, and a hawk-like nose, gave his sunburnt face a bold, imperious expression that was rarely found among the Roundheads. He wore a leather collar and tall cavalry boots, in which he moved quickly and eagerly; and, though weapons generally render a small person ridiculous, his long sword, and the huge pistols thrust through his belt, suited him admirably.

The two men walked silently side by side to the skirt of the forest, returning the morning greet-

ing of the few villagers they met in their fields by a nod or a wave of the hand. They now stopped upon a recently cleared spot, whence they could survey the village lying before them in idyllic peace. The pleasant prospect induced Standish to break the silence by saying, —

“ You have arranged a charming spot down there, judge. What splendid fields, meadows, and gardens! Only look how green and flourishing every thing is! We may expect a prosperous harvest this year.”

“ Yes, captain,” the judge answered, “ the hand of the Lord, whom let us praise for ever, has proved gracious to us. It is just six and thirty years since I first trod the spot where Swansea now stands; and, when I reflect how it looked then, I must with a grateful heart acknowledge the mercy of the Almighty, who permitted us to establish a secure ark for his tabernacle in the heart of the desert. The forest was so entangled, that we could scarce find a place on which to erect our cabin; and you can imagine what toil and fatigue it cost us till we gained the ground for the first block-house. It stood on the exact spot where my house is now built; and, on the selfsame day that the hut was finished, my wife gave me the son who ” —

He could not say any more; for his voice refused him its service. Standish was silent; for he was delicate enough to honor the re-aroused sorrow of the father. As he uttered the last words, the old

man had involuntarily turned his eyes to the cemetery, which ran round three sides of the meeting-house; and, when he sought with his eyes a fresh grave there, two heavy tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. He quickly passed his hand over his face, as if ashamed of these signs of his grief, which he regarded as weakness, and with a visible effort tried to repress. But Standish pressed his hand with friendly sympathy, and said significantly, —

“Friend, Nature will have her rights. Grant a free course to your feelings.”

“Yes,” Eaton continued, after mastering himself, “the old Adam is powerful in us all — and — I think the Lord our God as gladly sees childish yielding to his chastisements as unfeeling resignation. I bow beneath the hand of God without murmuring, but not without grief. The Lord has given me a child, the Lord has taken it away: his holy name be praised. I ought to feel grateful for the great joy my son occasioned me during long years.”

“Certainly, judge; for he was an excellent man, modest and bold in speech, bold and brave in action. His look and goodness of heart reminded me of his aunt, poor Mabel” —

“Say nothing of her, friend,” Eaton interrupted the captain sternly, almost angrily: “she is expunged from the Book of Life, from the register of the Lord’s community.”

“But not from your heart, judge: that I know. A sister who was so beloved as you loved Mabel, a

sister who was so faithful a companion as she was to you, can never be forgotten."

"Then it is a sin in the sight of God, who wishes his field of wheat to be cleansed from tares. The Lord punished me through her for my foolish pride in having such a sister. I have striven to forget her, and I have succeeded."

"Be it so; but only one question, — What has become of her?"

"I do not know, — I do not wish to know. . . . Oh, sooner lose ten sons such as the only one I lost, than one sister as I lost her. She followed the son of Belial, who burst into our flock like a devouring wolf, — a man who would sooner live with the red heathen than among the followers of the eternal Word. Yes: she followed him, even after the unworthy man had received the just punishment for his accursed errors, and was banished from the community under the penalty of death. He, however, returned here, and the wretched, sinful woman had not the strength to repulse him."

"She dared not do so, for she was his wife. Was it not her duty to follow her husband?"

"There is a higher duty, that of obeying the commandment of the Lord, which says, 'Thou shalt not have communion with the godless, nor sit where the mockers sit.' But enough of this affair, and for ever, I pray you, friend."

"I will respect your feelings, judge; and probably, I should not have alluded to so painful a subject

to-day, had I not been reminded by the visit I paid last evening to the cave of Groot Willem, and a perfectly similar family story."

Eaton evidently desired to turn the conversation in order not to arouse fresh reminiscences; for he asked, —

"How did you find our dear brother?"

"Calm and strong in confidence in the Lord, who has allowed the good old cause once before to triumph so gloriously. Still it was a melancholy meeting."

"I can comprehend it," the judge remarked. Then he looked up to heaven, clasped his hands, and said, in a fervent voice, "How long, O Lord! how long shall they who have promoted thy work with indefatigable zeal be forced to hide themselves in the desert like the hunted panther? How long shall they be forced to fly before the followers of the idolatrous Pharaoh, whose tyranny and shameless course of life pestify the country in which thy chosen servant Cromwell ruled so gloriously as a righteous judge in Israel?"

"I may fairly say, friend, that I have a heart as good as another for the sorrows of Old England, and that the sad state of our native land deeply grieves me. But even more painful for me was such a meeting with our friends, whose daily guest I formerly was; for Duxborough, the old hall of my forefathers, is only a mile from the mansion of the man who was formerly one of the most respected in

our native country, and now does not possess a patch of land on which he can lay his gray head to rest. Yes, I was quite at home at Whalley Park. I enjoyed there every thing that true friendship was able to offer, and now it is not in my power to offer my house as a refuge for these noble men. I tell you, judge, it is this that pains me most of all."

As Eaton made no remark, Standish continued, after a pause, —

"With my host lived his daughter and two granddaughters, for his son-in-law was generally absent on his military duties, and consequently his own house was dull for his wife and the two girls. The younger of them was at that time still a child. It is Cordelia, whom you know. The elder, Desdemona, was sixteen years of age, and a lovely, exquisite creature."

"Say no more: be silent about the wretched story, for I know it. It was a fearful trial for the grandfather and the father, that the girl afterwards yielded to such an extent to folly and sin, as to give her hand, contrary to the paternal will, to an image-worshipping Frenchman. And yet, was it not at the same time a just punishment for the sinful weakness of granting room in their house to the vanities of the world, and indulging the mother's frivolous pleasure in the impious words of William Shakspeare? Did they not so far yield to the folly of the sinful woman, as to allow her to give her daughters



names borrowed from the wretched plays of that corrupter of morality ?”

“On that subject, there is no talking with you, judge,” Standish answered, with evident annoyance at this outburst of fanatical intolerance. “But so much is certain ; that the mother of the two girls was all her life respected as the model of a daughter and a wife, and that I should have considered myself blessed in bearing Desdemona home to the hall of my fathers as my bride, even though she constantly read Shakspeare. At the present time, however, I feel most anxious about the fate of Cordelia, who led me yesterday to her relatives. How easily might an unhappy accident render the excellent girl a defenceless orphan !”

“Do not trouble yourself about that, captain. As my son left no children, I consider it a mercy of God that he has sent Lovely beneath my roof. She shall be my daughter ; and, when I am removed from earthly troubles, she shall not want for money. The child has been trained in the fear of God, and is a true fruit from the good old stem of her father and grandfather.”

“So she is ; for I had yesterday ample opportunity, during our walk to the cave, to notice the girl’s pure mind ; and for that reason I wished to secure her future. Well, as you have taken her under your paternal protection, it is all right. I hope, too, that our persecuted friends will not be compelled to hide themselves for long, like hunted game, in ra-

vines and caves. The ardor of the pursuit will decrease, and then we shall be able to offer the fugitives a safe shelter in our homes."

"We will humbly pray to God for it. For the present they are safe in their hiding-place, for only Lovely, myself, my faithful servant Obededom, and you, are acquainted with it; and, should it eventually become known to any of our brethren, not one of the inhabitants of Swansea would be such a villain as to betray the saints of the Lord to the emissaries of the man to whom the execution of his forefather Charles was unable to serve as a warning. But it appears to me, captain, that, for the honor of our Lord, we ought to offer the men who have fought so bravely for the good cause in our sorely tried home, protection in the refuges of the persecuted children of Israel, and say to the myrmidons of the unbelieving Ahab, 'They are our brothers: if they are criminal, so are we: we stand all for one, and one for all.'"

"Your view is certainly correct, friend; but consider that the son of Jesse escaped the snares of Saul more by stratagem than force, and that we, to whom our fellow-citizens have intrusted the management of the colony, must be careful as well as zealous. Yes: if we had only to deal with the black Stuart and his accomplices on either side of the ocean, we might act resolutely in this matter; but perils menace us from another quarter as well."

After a short pause, in which the two men walked side by side silently and thoughtfully, Eaton said, —

“Yes, the hour of our trial does not appear distant, and woe on those upon whom God’s anger falls unprepared! I will warn our brethren in Swansea to arm themselves against the coming trial with the buckler of faith and the breastplate of trust in that God who has hitherto so marvellously guided us poor desert pilgrims.”

“Yes, yes; and tell them not to forget their worldly equipment at the same time.”

“Certainly; although such is only vanity in the eyes of Him who can alone grant victory. You are alluding, captain, to the dangers with which the red heathen threatens our settlements. For a long time past, merciful God has revealed to all those who are not blind to his warning miracles that he is again about to hold judgment, and separate the wheat from the tares.”

“What do you mean, friend?” Standish asked, who, though a decided adherent of the Puritan cause, was not at all inclined to the gloomy mysticism into which the majority of his fellow-citizens had fallen.

“What do I mean!” the judge answered, with a slight tinge of despondency, “I mean that the signs and miracles which have been lately witnessed in heaven and on earth have announced the coming judgment of God, and warned us to prepare ourselves for it. What else could it mean, that, during

the last winter, an Indian bow was repeatedly seen in broad daylight in the sky at Rehoboth? that at the Bay Colony a trampling and neighing, exactly like that of charging squadrons, was heard in the roar of the spring storms? that at the last full moon, here in Swansea, an apparition was seen, which must fill every heart with terror and horror? Only think, friend, in the clear moon's disk, there plainly appeared the image of a scalp, such as the red heathens, the worshippers of Moloch and Astaroth, tear from their murdered foes, and carry about with them as a symbol of victory."

"What! the image of a scalp?"

"Certainly, and, I repeat, most distinct. When my eyes saw this miraculous sign, I could not doubt for a moment longer that a great chastisement was at hand, and that the Lord was on the point of emptying out the vials of his wrath over his people."

The captain could hardly refrain from smiling when he heard this wonderful story, but commanded himself, through respect for the credulous judge, and said, —

"God in his goodness has granted us other warnings as well, for he has given us, even in the ranks of our foes, a spy, who betrayed to us their evil designs. I presume you have heard of it, judge?"

"Nothing certain. My selfish grief drew me away latterly more than it ought from the affairs of

this community, and caused me, I fear, to neglect my duties as judge and elder in a criminal fashion."

"You are too severe to yourself, judge. Would to heaven that all the leaders of our colonies equalled in zeal and activity the Judge of Swansea! But let me shortly tell you the present nature of our relations with the Indians. The Wampanog Metacom, whom we are wont to call King Philip" —

"A curse on this Nebuchadnezzar of the forests!" Eaton muttered.

"Yes, the false heathen seems to be really brooding over a villanous plan, although the colonies have hitherto yielded to all his reasonable wishes, and satisfied all his well-founded complaints; and the Indians, although some of our brethren in their dealings with them do not always act wisely and justly, have, as a rule, been most kindly treated by the colonists. But the son of Massasoit has a far more ambitious and violent temper than his father, and really admirable gifts; and thus he had succeeded in doing what no Indian chief ever yet did, — in forming a grand confederation of all the redskins, with the avowed intention of extirpating all the white men in New England. He has already entirely subjugated to his will the tribes of the Pokanokets, and I fear that he has also contrived to gain over to his side the fiery and daring Sachem of the Narragansetts. Unfortunately, we must confess

that Canonchet has full grounds for desiring revenge."

"You mean on account of the deed on the sachem's plain, captain. But has not the Lord commanded us to sweep away the brood of idolaters from the face of the earth?"

"Quite true, judge: still I am of opinion that Canonchet's father, Miantonomo, was not quite treated in a way becoming Christians. But a thing that is done cannot be undone; so back to my story. For a long time past it has been visible, from various symptoms, that the heathen were preparing for some grand stroke, for a tremendous excitement has prevailed among all the natives of New England, and the chiefs have assumed a certain air of defiance. The governors of Plymouth, Connecticut, and the Bay Colony, thought they might reasonably ascribe this change to the intrigues of Philip, and strove to get to the bottom of them, but the crafty savage contrived for a long time to foil all their efforts. At length John Sasamon succeeded in detecting all the schemes of the Indians for us."

"John Sasamon, the reprobate renegade?"

"The same; but you are probably unaware that this Indian, who, certainly after his conversion by John Eliot, escaped to the woods in order to continue his old vagabond life, has returned once more to the community of the saints. Repentance seized on him, and after doing penance in the severest form, he became a zealous assistant of his converter.

On one of his rounds he accidentally met his old acquaintance Metacom, and other chiefs; and on this occasion his cleverness enabled him to discover that a heavy blow against the white men was in preparation. He at once hurried to the Governor of Plymouth, our friend Winslow, in order to impart to him his discoveries and apprehensions. But three days later he was barbarously murdered by three Indians. Two of the assassins were luckily captured, and suffered death according to the law. The third, however, escaped; and who do you think he was? no other than the devilish Annawon, Metacom's most confidential under-chief. We may with certainty conclude from this, that the murder was instigated by Philip, or perhaps ordered, although even the rack could not draw from the two assassins any evidence implicating their sachem, — a proof how greatly this heathen is esteemed by his people."

"Yes: Satan at all times manages to choose his implements well. But what measures has the government of the colony taken in consequence of Sasamon's revelations?"

"First of all, warning of the menacing danger has been sent to all the other colonies, so that they may urge their brethren to be on their guard, and practice their military exercises. As you know, I am myself engaged on a journey of inspection to survey the stock of arms and ammunition in all the settlements, examine all the men capable of bearing

arms, and, when necessary, order defensive works to be thrown up."

"The government could not have selected a better man for the purpose than he who has hitherto been, in the hand of the Lord, so powerful a buckler for his holy cause." And, drawing up his tall form, Eaton continued, with the fire of a sacred enthusiasm, "Yes: the devices of the evil ones shall be foiled. Let them only come on, the bloodthirsty heathen! they shall find in us men who know how to defend the Canaan to which the Lord has led them. We have honestly acquired this land, and rendered it fit to bear in the sweat of our brow. We will stand firmly on it, and not allow any to drive us from it, in spite of all the powers of hell!"

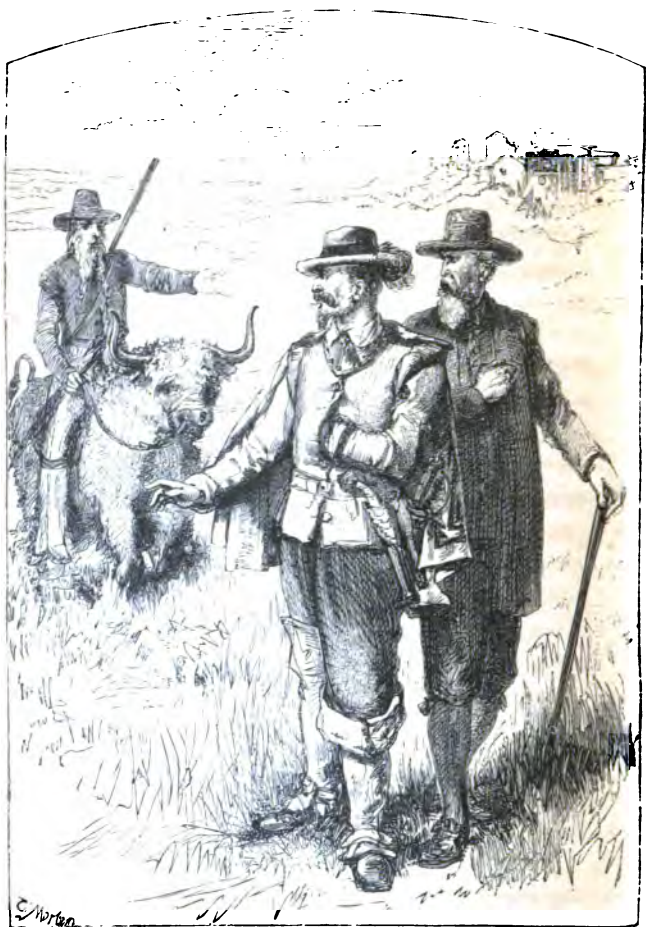
"Agreed," said the captain, as he smote his sword-belt till it rang again. "But look at that extraordinary fellow coming this way!"

Eaton looked in the direction indicated by his friend's outstretched hand, and then said, —

"Why, it is old Blackstone! It must be something out of the common that has induced the hermit to leave his forests. See, he has noticed us, and is coming straight toward us."



YAKIMA  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
JAN 10 1911  
ALBANY, OREGON



E. Norton

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HERMIT.

**The Hermit and his Bucephalus — The Visitors to the Cabin — The Captain of the Thunder-canoe — The Conference — The Lady's Entreaty — Metacom's Threat — A Visit to Roger Williams — Tom Morton and his Band — The Puritans menaced — Standish's Fight with the Wampanog Chief — An Indian Prophecy.**

THE new arrival was certainly an extraordinary personage. He was mounted on a small quick-stepping ox, which he guided by means of a rope passed through the nose-ring. The horned steed and its rider appeared to be on excellent terms with each other, owing to a lengthened intercourse. The rider was a tall, thin, aged man with a weather-beaten face, from which a long gray beard hung in two strands down to the leathern belt which fastened his black threadbare coat. His long legs, which almost touched the ground, were covered with breeches of deer-hide, and his tremendously splay feet were thrust into moccasins of the same material. On his back hung an old gun; and a short staff, shod with iron, seemed to perform at once the duty of riding-whip and spur.

For many years past, Father Blackstone, as he was universally called, had made his appearance in this fashion in the New-England colonies, and was always

welcome. It is true no one could have supposed, by looking at him, that he had once been a well-fed priest of the Episcopal Church in Old England ; but though he, too, had been driven across the ocean by the annoying conduct of his superiors, he did not join any one of the Puritan communities. An unusual love of solitude had induced him to build a block-house with his own hands in one of the densest forests to the south of Charles River ; and thus he rarely came into contact with the colonists, though he lived on the best understanding with them. He had, with endless difficulty and care, planted an orchard and a kitchen garden, which had not their equals in the whole country. He also possessed a remarkable talent in taming animals of every description : he had trained a young ox as riding horse, another as pack-animal, and had managed to make young bears, elks, and birds the companions of his solitary existence. He only visited the settlements twice a year, in order to exchange his seeds, fruits, and honeycomb for the absolute necessities of life ; and on such occasions he was received with shouts of joy by the children, for whom he always had something welcome — curiosities or other pretty things — in his pockets. In spite of his shyness and aversion from the society of his fellows, he was a kind, cheerful, and joke-loving man.

When Bucephalus, as the hermit called his ox, arrived within a few hundred paces of the two men, it stopped, and turned its head back to its rider, as it

were inquiringly, accompanying the movement by a low bellow. Blackstone answered by a slight shake of the cord, upon which the animal trotted on again at once.

The meeting between the three men was a most friendly one. Even the judge's stern countenance brightened at the sight of the old acquaintance, and he saluted him in a cheerful voice, which was rarely heard from him :—

“Welcome, Father Blackstone, welcome : what good wind has blown you to Swansea ?”

“H'm, judge,” the hermit replied, as he got off his Bucephalus, “I don't know whether the wind which has blown me so far southward will seem to you a good one.”

“What do you mean by that, old friend ?”

“Ah, that is not said so soon,” Blackstone replied, with a dubious glance at Standish. “Let us wait till we reach your house ; for I cannot empty my bag of news in the open field.”

“You need not keep any thing secret from my friend, Father Blackstone,” the judge remarked. “He is Captain Miles Standish, of Plymouth Bay, of whom you have doubtless heard.”

“How should I not ? So, then, this is the Little Fire-spitter, as the redskins call him. Don't be vexed, captain : they do so with all due respect, for they are terribly afraid of you.”

Standish laughingly offered the old gentleman his hand, and said, —

"Have you, perchance, any greetings from the red-skinned friends to the Little Fire-spitter?"

"I am afraid they will soon deliver them in person; for I have serious news to impart."

"Let us hear it, in that case, friend," Eaton remarked.

"Very good. You know that I am considered somebody by the redskins, because I have always treated them kindly, and cured many of them when ill. Hence they regard me as a great medicine-man, or pow-wow, as the poor blinded creatures call their wretched impostors, whom they treat with great reverence. As the title of medicine-man obtains me peace and security in my retirement, I put up with it, although it is no great honor among Christians. You are frowning, judge. Why, does not Christ say, 'Be ye wise as serpents'? As my hermitage is situated between Charles and Taunton Rivers, white men and red, no matter whether going north or south, east or west, call in; and hence I should have long ago struck my tent, and put it up further westward in the forest if I could have mustered up the courage to leave my splendidly grown fruit-trees.

"Yes, yes, old friend: it is well known that you would sooner have to do with trees and beasts than human beings," Eaton remarked.

"I allow it: for, let me tell you, trees and beasts have never caused me any vexation; and they are God's creatures too. But let me go on. Through

the whole winter, I had noticed that there must be something the matter with the nations; for there was a running backwards and forwards of messengers and scouts, a lighting of council-fires, and a mysterious behavior, as is not usually the case in their peaceful intercourse. It could not be any ordinary family quarrel; for even the tribes that formerly hated each other bitterly, and were constantly fighting, had made peace and friendship. There must be something at work against the settlers, I thought, and, while trying to discover the matter, I was confirmed in my suppositions by a peculiar visit I received last week. I was busy in my garden grafting a young pear-tree, when my dogs began barking, my bear growled, and, almost at the same moment, a pleasant female voice cried to me, 'Good-morning, Father Blackstone.' I looked up, and saw, close to the fence, a lady seated on a pretty pony, and nodding to me as to an old acquaintance. But I had never seen her in my life before, and never so lovely a lady. For that she was a real lady could be seen by her entire demeanor, and her splendid dress of velvet and silk. I tell you, I was quite blinded by her gracious, but at the same time majestic, manner."

"Illusions of hell!" Eaton muttered; and then said loudly, and with great earnestness, "Father Blackstone, I fear that you have lately forgotten, among your trees and beasts, that a Christian ought constantly to watch and pray in order to withstand

the wiles of Satan. For that reason, he has tempted you with his infernal phantoms."

"But, judge, it was no phantom. The strange lady was certainly lovely as an angel, but a being of flesh and blood, as good as you and I."

"How could such a woman get into your wild backwoods?"

"The stranger was not alone, but in the company of two renowned hunters well acquainted with the forests. The elder of them the Indians call, on account of his formidable appearance, Mato; that is to say, the grisly bear"—

"Mato?" Standish interrupted him. "I have heard the name before, down in Narragansett Bay."

"Possibly, captain; for the hunter is known far and wide, is greatly respected and loved by the Narragansetts and Wampanogs; but, on the other hand, feared by the Pequods like the Evil One. Moreover, he is an old acquaintance of mine, a Dutchman by birth, Willem Klopper, though better known as Groot Willem."

"Groot Willem!" the judge yelled, forgetting his self-restraint for an instant. "Yes, wherever this infidel and demon of God has his hands engaged, a devilish work is surely being done."

Eaton noticed the astonished look which Blackstone gave him, and, quickly mastering himself, said, —

"Continue, my friend."

"The younger hunter the Indians call Golden-



hair, because his hair has really a tinge of that color. He is a handsome youth, but I know no more of him than that Willem regards him as his son."

"Then these two were the companions of the strange lady?"

"Not the only ones. There was also with her a man whose manner and behavior produced on me the impression that he was accustomed to give his orders from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. Whether he was the lady's brother or husband I cannot say, but in any case he treated her with remarkable attention and respect. From the way in which he spoke English, and from his manners, I concluded that he must be a Frenchman. Groot Willem addressed him as captain, but the younger man called him once — let me see, yes, that's it — De Lussan."

"De Lussan!" Standish now exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest surprise; "tell me, man, did you hear correctly?"

"De Lussan?" Eaton also asked; "is not that the name of the Frenchman who" —

"Silence, friend!" Standish interrupted him with a quick gesture. "Once again, Father Blackstone, do you really remember having heard this name?"

"I tell you, as clearly as you uttered mine just now. But the man appears to have several names."

"What are they?"

"You shall hear so soon as I have told you who

the lady's fourth companion was. You will hardly guess, although you know him."

"Speak, speak!" Standish urged with impatient expectation.

"It was no other than the bold Canonchet, the Sachem of the Narragansetts."

The judge and the captain became more and more astounded.

"The lady," Blackstone continued, "asked leave to rest in my hut; the men lay down in the garden under a tree, and carried on a whispered conversation. A few hours later, one of Canonchet's warriors brought him a message, and a few minutes after a rather large band of Indians pulled up at the entrance of the clearing on which my hermitage stands, and a chief of dignified appearance walked toward the cabin. I recognized him at once; it was the Sachem of the Wampanogs, Metacom, or King Philip, as you prefer calling him. The Narragansett went to meet him, and the two powerful chiefs saluted each other with a cordiality that astonished me, — for these tribes have always been bitter enemies, — while they were walking side by side toward the garden. I heard Metacom ask his companion, 'Has El Exterminador arrived?' — 'Yes,' Canonchet replied, 'the chief of the thunder-ship is here, and expecting my brother Metacom.'"

"El Exterminador!" Standish exclaimed, "you are telling us riddle upon riddle. El Exterminador, the chief of the thunder-ship? That name was given

by the Spaniards to their mortal enemy, the daring filibuster, who has gained a fearful renown by his exploits in the West Indian and Mexican waters. What! De Lussan and El Exterminador are one and the same person? Wonderful, wonderful! But tell me, did you not also hear the lady's name?"

"Yes, I did. The Frenchman called her Ih-nis-kin."

"Ih-nis-kin? I never heard that extraordinary name before."

"It is an Indian name, captain, and, as I understand the jargon of the redskins tolerably well, I can tell you that it means crystal."

"Crystal? Father Blackstone, can you remember of what color the lady's hair and eyes were?"

"Of course, if it interests you. She had dark-brown sparkling eyes and raven hair."

"That agrees, that agrees," Standish muttered; "could it be possible?"

"What, captain?"

"Nothing, friend. Go on with your story."

"Well, I have not much more to tell. The strangers held a council, in which the lady also took part, and of which I could unfortunately hear nothing, because Metacom commanded me, by an imperious gesture, to keep aloof. The discussion lasted a long time, and, so far as I could observe from my station, the party were at first disunited, the two chiefs appearing to form one side, and the rest

the other. The young hunter, the Frenchman, and the lady seemed to be eagerly persuading the sachems, and at last, indeed, the latter seized the hands of the savages, as if she wished to force a promise from them, which they eventually gave, though Metacom did not do so without a lengthened resistance. At their request, I afterwards served them up the best my larder afforded, and when they left my cabin, toward evening, the Frenchman threw half a dozen gold louis on the table, while the lady thanked me most kindly. Metacom, however, called me aside, and said, with his peculiar significant accent, 'My father was always a friend of the red men. Let him remain so. Let him forget whom he has seen to-day in his wigwam. His head is gray and he is wise; let him remember how the dog Sasamon fared, who betrayed his red brethren to the pale-faces of Plymouth, and that the tomahawk found its way to the traitor's brain.' The last words he accompanied by one of his terrible looks, and then hastened after the others. When my guests had disappeared in the forest, and I tried to bring this strange meeting at my hermitage into harmony with my other suppositions and Metacom's threat, I felt convinced that mischief threatened the colonies. At dawn, next morning, I therefore saddled my Bucephalus, in order to warn the colonists betimes; but, before all, to obtain the advice of my friend, Roger Williams; at Providence."

“You might have left the latter alone, brother Blackstone,” Eaton said sternly; “for we ought not to have communion with those whom the covenant of the believers has expelled as false teachers and promoters of confusion.”

“Whether the covenant has behaved justly to Roger Williams is a doubtful point with me,” the hermit objected. “I owe Williams gratitude, for he has done me many great services. I honor and love him, and the people in the settlements ought rightly to do the same, for Williams is still anxious for their welfare, and has proved it by deed on every occasion.”

“Blackstone is right,” the captain observed; “Williams has rendered great services to the colonies, and it seems to me that he has been treated by the leaders of our church with harshness instead of Christian love.”

Eaton seemed about to raise objections, but Blackstone stopped him by continuing his narrative.

“I found Williams ill and suffering. If he had been well, I should not have found him at home, for he, too, wished to set out and warn his brethren in the settlements. As you know, he is highly respected by all the native tribes of New England, and has hitherto had a peculiar influence over the Sachem of the Narragansetts. When he perceived threatening signs, he attempted all in his power to avert the danger, but was obliged to convince him-

self that the crafty Metacom had incited the bold ambition of Canonchet, and intended to employ him in destroying the colonists. The meeting which took place at my settlement also appeared to have a serious sign, as well as the little adventure I had on my road."

"What was that?" Standish asked.

"I came past Mount Wollaston, which the wild band who live there have christened Merrymount."

"It should be called Mount of Annoyance," Eaton muttered angrily.

"I do not care to have any dealings with the reckless fellows, and least of all with their leader, Tom Morton, and so I urged Bucephalus on, in order to pass the fort as speedily as possible, more especially as there was a terrible noise there at the time. But Morton was standing in the gateway, and made me go in almost by force, in order, as he expressed himself, to drink a stoup to the health of King Charles, and a second to the downfall of all the snuffling psalm-singers."

"Destruction on the sons of Moab and Amalek!" said the judge.

"Morton was, as usually, greatly intoxicated. In order to get away from him, I was obliged to accept a cup, and thus I became a witness of the licentious conduct of this band. Drunken Indians staggered through the passages; and in the court-yard Morton's confederates were dancing round a fresh May-tree with the Indian women."

“Horrors of idolatry!” Eaton cried furiously. “If we suffer the land of the Pilgrims to be desecrated by such heathen abominations, is not any punishment the Lord may send upon us well deserved? In truth, the inopportune and sinful indulgence of our government toward this band of Korah will bring down a heavy chastisement upon us.”

“Certainly, friend,” the captain observed; “a great error was committed in tolerating this reprobate Morton and his shameless companions so long in the country.”

“You shall soon hear that the band are not only injurious, — as they attract all the scamps of New England, and even lead the natives into vice, — but also dangerous. In spite of the government prohibition, they carry on a trade in guns, powder, and lead, and supply with them the Indians, who already prefer the musket to the bow. At the same time they do not conceal their hostile sentiments toward the colonists, and a boasting remark from Morton greatly alarmed me. He showed me several chests of new, and, as they seemed to me, excellently made fire-arms, and said, ‘Look, old psalm-singer, these things are intended to blow away the wonderful saints from New England, and then the merry life of Old England shall be introduced here.’ ‘Stuff!’ I said; ‘fire-arms require practised hands.’ ‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘such hands can be found, both white and red, I assure you! Did you never hear

of El Exterminador?' — 'No,' I replied, as calmly as I could. 'No? You will soon hear enough of him, and of Tom Morton, and plenty of other fellows.'"

"Judge," said the captain, when Blackstone had concluded his narrative, "this villain Morton has, in his drunkenness, uttered words which, in addition to what we have hitherto learned, allow no doubt that a most dangerous plot is being formed against the colonies, and will break out sooner than we expect."

"That is Roger Williams's opinion, too," the hermit observed. "Hence he has already warned the settlers in Connecticut and Massachusetts by messengers, and given me the same instructions from the Plymouth settlement. That is the reason why you see me here."

"The community of the saints will owe you thanks for this ride, and the Lord repay it you on the great day of judgment," said Eaton. "What do you think, captain, we ought to do first, under such critical circumstances?"

"In the first place," the person addressed replied, "we must hold the appointed review of the militia of Swansea and the surrounding hamlets belonging to this parish to-morrow instead of the day after."

"To-morrow?" the judge interrupted the soldier. "You forget, captain, that to-morrow is the sabbath, on which day all worldly business must rest."



“No, friend, I did not forget it. But it seems to me, that, in so pressing an affair, we might fairly depart from the letter of the law.”

“God be praised, now and forever!” Eaton said impressively. “I certainly see that danger is approaching; but the question is, whether it is so pressing as to excuse a sinful desecration of the sabbath? I shall therefore at once send forth a number of trustworthy men acquainted with the forests to reconnoitre the neighborhood, and arrange with our excellent preacher that to-morrow shall be kept as an extraordinary day of humiliation and fasting. In the mean while, we will gird ourselves with the armor of faith, so that the mind may be prepared for battle, and make the body all the more strong and zealous.”

Standish knew his man too well not to be aware, that, in this respect, any objections would be fruitless. Hence he replied, —

“Act as you think proper; and may you have no cause to repent hindering me in hurrying on the preparations for our defence; for we might easily acquire the experience that our enemies do not at all concern themselves about the repose of the sabbath. In any case, I will employ the remainder of to-day to the best of my strength in examining the arms and ammunition store, which, as you told me, are kept in your house, and afterwards take the command of the scouting party which is going to make the round of the woods.”

“Good,” Eaton remarked. “In that case we will return to the village. I fancy, too, that our friend Blackstone will require some bodily strengthening after his morning’s ride.”

Slowly and in silence, they walked down the hill, followed by Bucephalus, who stuck to his master like a dog. On reaching the bank of the little river, the judge was going to place his foot on one of the stepping-stones which the inhabitants had put in the water for the convenience of crossing, when a sudden exclamation from Blackstone checked him.

“What is it?” asked Standish, aroused from his reverie, and stopping, like Eaton.

“Just look,—an Indian!” the hermit exclaimed, as he pointed to the meadow on the opposite bank, which ran nearly along the entire valley.

Eaton and the captain looked in the direction indicated, and really saw a rider galloping over the turf, whom they recognized as an Indian when he came nearer.

“Quite right, it is a redskin,” the captain said. “The fellow is mounted on a splendid black horse. I should like to know where he stole it. Perhaps he is a warrior belonging to one of the friendly tribes,—the Pequods or Mohicans,—bringing a message from the settlements on Narragansett Bay.”

“No, he is a Wampanog,” Blackstone remarked. “I recognize him by the red cloth which the chiefs of that tribe are in the habit of wearing wound round their heads like a turban.”

“You are right; and, judging from his red fringed hunting-shirt and the bunch of eagle-feathers on the point of his lance, he is no common warrior, but really a chief. The fellow has a gun hanging on his back. What do you think of the affair, judge?”

“I do not know what to say; for none of the obstinate heathen have shown themselves in Swansea for a long time past. But only look how he is riding! Man and horse appear to me more creations of the fancy than creatures of flesh and blood. This apparition is a further sign that we ought to do penance, and watch and pray.”

The captain shrugged his shoulders at this superstitious belief in ghosts in broad daylight, but made no reply: he merely watched the Indian's behavior with flashing eyes.

The latter galloped in a straight line towards the stream; but, when a hundred yards from it, suddenly turned his horse, described a circle on the meadow, and galloped up toward the village, swinging his lance above his head. He was only concealed behind the clumps of trees for a few minutes, however; then he re-appeared on the meadow, caracoled, and finally pulled up at a distance of scarce thirty yards from the opposite bank.

“Come nearer if you are a friend,” Eaton shouted, and waved his hand.

Although the red warrior must have heard the summons, he remained motionless as before.

“Probably he does not understand English,” said Blackstone; and hence he shouted in the dialect of the Pokanokets, “What have you brought us, brother Wampanog?”

But the warrior still remained motionless. Suddenly Standish screamed, —

“Ha! that is a fine fellow! it is the devilish Annawon, the murderer of Sasamon. I recognize him. Down with him! the villain is an outlaw.”

With these words the captain plucked one of his pistols from his belt, and fired it with the rapidity of lightning at the red warrior. A sudden violent movement on the part of the latter seemed to prove that he was hit. For all that, Annawon remained firmly in the saddle, turned his horse, galloped up the meadow, returned again to the bank, swung his lance, and then uttered the fearful war-yell of his tribe.

“Stand, heathen, stand! if you are a man,” the brave captain cried, and rushed with drawn sword through the stream to the meadow on the opposite side.

The warrior charged him with couched lance, and Standish awaited him with a firm foot. But suddenly the Indian wheeled again, then pulled up about two hundred yards off, took the gun from his back, and fired with a steady aim at the captain, who was running towards him. The bullet carried away the latter’s hat, and hurled it a long way over the grass. Standish tottered for an instant, but soon

recovered, and fired his second pistol at the foe. Although the savage ridiculed the slight range of the weapon by a noisy burst of laughter, he did not seem at all disposed to await the coming of his brave adversary. He once again raised his fearful yell of Hupruproh-noh! then dashed like the wind down the meadow, and disappeared in the gloomy recesses of the virgin forest.

Standish muttered a hearty curse between his teeth, while he sheathed his sword, and picked up his wounded hat. His two friends had in the mean while crossed the stream, and now rejoined him.

"If I had only had my gray instead of your ox, Master Blackstone," the captain shouted to them, "the red villain should not have escaped so easily."

"Thank God, friend, that you have escaped the danger so well," the judge warned him.

"I do it, I do it, judge; but for that very reason wish I could have come within sword's length of the murderous dog. He would not then have played his tricks with me unpunished."

"H'm!" said Blackstone; "it seems to me that you have given him a memento, for just look at the drops of blood hanging on the grass."

"Stuff!" the captain remarked, as he convinced himself that the hermit's supposition was correct. "Even supposing I hit him, and not his horse, it was only a graze, and it won't hurt the scoundrel more than a box of the ears. I should like to know, though, the object the fellow had in coming here."

“Probably he was a spy,” the hermit conjectured.

“A spy!” Standish retorted; “no, Father Blackstone. A redskin does not go out spying in broad daylight in such a careless and impudent manner. The redskins select the night for that, as indeed they do for all their deviltries. But the visit must have an object, for the Indians never do any thing without an intention. Strange! the fellow knows that he is sentenced by the Plymouth Court, and yet laid himself out to be attacked.”

“A thought strikes me,” Eaton remarked. “The red heathen attach great importance to the prophecies of their magicians and priests of Baal. I now remember having heard that, ever since the Pequod War, a prophecy has been current among them, that in the next war of the Indians and pale-faces, that party would gain the final victory which was first attacked and wounded by the other. May not this idolatrous belief have caused the appearance and impudent behavior of the murdering heathen?”

“That might be possible,” Standish answered. “But come, I am anxious to follow this fellow’s trail, and discover whether the surrounding forests conceal more visitors of his stamp.”

With these words he walked quickly with the other two men in the direction of the village.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INDIAN ATTACK.

Result of the Scouting Party—An Extraordinary Likeness—Puritan Devotions—The Ordinance of Swansea—The Meeting-house—The Red Heathen is upon Thee!—The Unknown Warner—To Arms!—The Battle—A Desperate Resistance—Lovely saves her Father's Life.

THE brave captain at once arranged a scouting party in the surrounding forests, but returned with it after nightfall without the slightest result from their researches, for they had not noticed any of the suspicious signs from which the presence of a foe in the woods might be assumed. Although they had been able to follow Annawon's trail for a long distance, the Indian had too great an advance for them to catch him up. Standish consequently declared to the judge, on his return, that he was convinced Annawon's visit had no immediate significance, and must only be ascribed to his ambitious desire of employing the superstition of his countrymen in his own favor.

This opinion of a man so experienced in forest warfare sufficiently tranquillized Eaton, so that he promised himself an undisturbed celebration of the sabbath for the next day, although during the captain's absence his apprehension had been heightened

by Lovely on her return from the forest. The girl had told him, with all the frankness of her character, her adventure with the young Indian, and mentioned the two trappers in the course of her narrative. This latter circumstance alarmed Eaton most of all. He did not know on what terms Groot Willem and Thorkil stood to Lovely and her relations, for the trappers had requested, as a reward for the services they had rendered the fugitives, a promise that they would not tell the judge a word about their meeting, and this promise had been strictly kept. Hence Eaton assumed that the persecuted wanderers had, during their flight from Connecticut, met Groot Willem somewhere, with whom he was on terms of bitter enmity, for reasons which my readers shall learn hereafter.

The village of Swansea lay in the deepest peace, bathed in the light of the full moon, and the Sunday morning rose clear and bright above the forest. A solemn silence reigned throughout the settlement; for not only was all business suspended, but children and grown-up persons remained quietly in their homes until the hour for divine service. The only place where any movement was visible was in the yard of Eaton's house; for, in spite of the judge's strenuous objections, Standish had carried through his point, that his excellently situated and palisaded house, which served the settlement to some extent as a citadel, should be put in a posture of defence, in readiness for any eventualities, and that



Blackstone might be allowed to continue his journey to the eastward settlements; for the Puritans reckoned riding on worldly business on the sabbath as a most sinful and improper thing.

Hence, then, old Blackstone saddled his Bucephalus at daybreak, in which the captain assisted him, while giving him at the same time instructions for some of the settlements which the hermit would reach in the course of the day.

“Would you not act more wisely, Father Blackstone,” the captain asked, “by taking one of the judge’s horses, instead of that strange slow animal? You would get on quicker, which is certainly advisable under the circumstances.”

“There you are mistaken, captain. Bucephalus is by no means so slow as you seem to imagine, and gets on as fast as a horse in the woods, where it is rarely possible to gallop. At the same time we are on too friendly terms for me to wish to separate from the animal. Moreover, in spite of all the friendliness of the heathen toward me, some vagabond red-skin might hit on the notion of degrading me from the cavalry to the infantry, — that is to say, stealing my horse; while excellent Bucephalus, whose qualities few are acquainted with, will hardly arouse such a fancy.”

“All right; but is your gun in order, and are you provided with ammunition?”

“Captain, believe me, my old rusty matchlock was never yet pointed at a human being, and never

shall be, for I have always detested fighting and deviltries of that sort. I have a bullet in my barrel for a rude wolf or bear that comes across my path, and I want no more. But if I were to fall in with hostilely disposed Indians, my reputation as a man of peace would be more useful to me than a dozen of the best guns, with a well-filled ammunition wagon."

The conversation was at this point interrupted by Lovely, who came out of the house, and, after giving the two men a pleasant morning greeting, said,—

"The judge invites you, Captain Standish and Master Blackstone, to take part in the morning-prayer, for which the members of the family have just assembled."

Blackstone, who had not seen the maiden on the previous day, seemed struck by her appearance, and looked after her with amazement as she withdrew again.

"What is the matter with me?" he said quickly. "What a wonderful resemblance! who is this maiden, captain?"

"She is the daughter of an old friend of the judge. Eaton has received her into his house, and intends to adopt her as his daughter. But what resemblance are you alluding to?"

"What resemblance? why, to that which this young maiden has with the strange lady who lately was at my hermitage."

"Are you speaking seriously?" the captain asked with unusual excitement.

“Certainly. Never did I see such a wonderful resemblance in features and demeanor, as between these two females. Only the color of the hair and eyes is different.”

“That agrees again,” the captain said to himself, in a low voice. And as he walked toward the house he warned the hermit, “Come, come, our friend does not like waiting on such occasions.”

The two men found all the inhabitants of the house assembled in a spacious, low room on the ground-floor, for the devotions which the judge daily performed at sunrise and sunset. He read a chapter from the Bible, and generally from the Old-Testament prophets. On this day he closed the lecture with a lengthy prayer, in which he specially alluded to the impending visitation and sorrow of the children of Israel, which the whole congregation followed with great humility. All present stood during this service, the women with their hands lightly folded on their breasts, which, however, was not encouraged, but merely tolerated by the Puritans, who called all ceremonies “idolatrous works.”

At the end of the prayer the men and women left the room solemnly and silently, but with the greatest formality; for the former walked in front under the lead of Obededom, the old man-servant, who had shared with the judge the labors of the first settlement of Swansea; the latter, with evident signs of reverence, left the lead to Lovely, for Eaton had

stated, a few days previously, that the amiable girl was to be regarded in every respect as his daughter.

The judge now accompanied the hermit to his Bucephalus, which at once set out with its rider, while Standish followed the gray-haired Obedom, who begged him to undertake the duty of getting the cannon in order.

The ordnance of Swansea was kept in a shed at the back of the yard, and consisted of a single piece, a clumsy culverin of moderate caliber, which was mounted on a rude carriage, and so arranged that the muzzle could be turned, without any excessive difficulty, in various directions.

The "Little Fire-spitter" examined the machine with a practical eye, and then expressed himself about it as follows:—

"That old thing would not be of much use in a regular action, or in defending the house, should it be stormed by disciplined troops; still it may do us good service, if discharged with proper care against a band of naked savages."

He then had the gun dragged by the judge's sturdy farm-servants into the yard, and planted on a species of bastion, which had been raised for the purpose on the formation of the terrace, and whence the swivel commanded the whole length of road leading from the village up the hill, as well as the main entrance of the palisades. Here the "old thing" was cleaned out and got ready for immediate service.

While this was being done the hour arrived when the little meeting-house clock gave the signal for the commencement of the forenoon service. The captain would gladly have remained in the house, in order to make further preparations; but he was well aware that he would have lost all credit in Swansea, had he remained absent from the pious assembly; for no one was allowed to remain away, unless prevented by illness, or a pressing duty in the service of the community. With some difficulty, however, he succeeded in persuading the judge to leave old Obededom at home as watchman.

"I confess to you, friend," the captain said to Eaton, as he came out of the house in his solemn black robes, "that the appearance of the Indian girl in the forest, and that of the devilish Annawon, are continually bothering my brains. I have a foreboding of evil. Let me, before going down to the village, ask Miss Cordelia for some further details about her adventure."

"Captain," was the bigoted Puritan's answer, "you know that we have already devoted too many hours of this day to worldly affairs. Moreover, it is becoming for me to appear with my people, the first and not the last at the spot where we are about to humble ourselves before the Lord with our whole soul, so that he may moderate the weight of his arm which is stretched out over us to punish us. It would be wrong to give a bad example by further delay. Come now, therefore, and after the conclu-

sion of our sabbath devotions Lovely shall answer your questions."

The judge made a signal to his people collected in the yard to follow him, and walked in front with Standish; Lovely followed with the female servants of the household, and Obededom bolted the palisade gate after the small party.

It afforded the captain some comfort when he saw that all the men carried their weapons with them, which was a universal custom in the colonies situated near the Indian frontier; for the pilgrims of the wilderness, while listening to the words of their preacher or singing a psalm in praise of the Almighty, must always be prepared to hear the war-yell of their red neighbors. Hence the fire-arms of the whole male congregation leaned against the wall of the meeting-house during service.

With some degree of dissatisfaction the judge, on entering the meeting-house, remarked that the congregation was almost full; and he and his were among the last who arrived to "quench the thirst of their soul at the spring of salvation."

The Puritan divine service was exactly suited to the unpretending simplicity of the meeting-houses. These gloomy sectarians rejected all externals as "idolatrous pomp," and, for the purpose of keeping every thing beautiful aloof, even contrived to give a repulsive form to their psalm-singing, for it was the Puritan fashion to sing the tunes through their noses, and snuffle in the most offensive way.

On this day, however, Lovely's pure and melodious alto voice rose above the creaking nasal sounds which had so often previously offended Standish; and he was so agreeably affected by it that he could not refrain from giving the pious singer, who stood in the centre of a band of girls and women who did not at all imitate the unadorned and graceful strain of her chanting, a glance of thanks and satisfaction.

When the introductory psalm was ended, the preacher, a tall, thin man, with a sickly pale face and large dreamy eyes, ascended the pulpit. As a true Puritan he preferred to derive his texts from the Old Testament; and thus, on this day, excited by a conversation he had had on the previous evening with the judge, he selected the words from Deuteronomy: "And Og the King of Bashan came out against us, he and all his people, to battle at Edrei." In a discourse that lasted an hour, the preacher referred the battle of the Israelites against the King of Bashan, mentioned in his text, to the difficult relations of his congregation with the red natives, and compared the colonies of New England with Canaan, the colonists with the children of Israel, and the King of Bashan with the Sachem of the Wampanogs. The congregation listened to him with unswerving attention, and credulously accepted his prophecy, which announced to them the victory of the pilgrims of the wilderness over the pagan natives.

But suddenly he was interrupted by a loud voice, which shouted from the doorway to the congregation, —

“To your tents, O Israel! the red heathen is upon thee!”

My readers may imagine that this menacing cry was at once followed by disturbance and tumult; but this was not at all the case, for the church discipline of the Puritan communities was so strict that even now men and women remained seated, and even the children remained quiet before such an example of self-command. Only one shriek was heard in the congregation, the involuntary outbreak of the miller's wife, who knew that her recently born twins were helplessly left to the scalping-knife of the savages; as the mill, which was situated at the extreme end of the village, was deserted at this moment by all the other inhabitants. But even this unfortunate mother immediately repressed the outbreak of her feelings, and merely turned an agonizing look upon her husband, who, on his side, looked with ill-restrained impatience at the front bench, on which the judge was seated with the elders of the Church.

A pause of breathless excitement had set in, but ere long the preacher extended his arm towards the door, and exclaimed, in a stern voice, —

“Who are you, that dare to disturb the peace of the sabbath?”

“A man,” was the reply, “who once on a time



swung his sword early and late for the good old cause, and now intends to draw it once again in the service of the Lord. But do not waste precious time in useless questions, ye men of Swansea. I tell you the red heathen is upon you with all his force. To arms, to arms!"

Standish leaped up and repeated the alarm-cry, but his voice and those of the judge and preacher were drowned by an awful roar and ear-piercing yell outside. At this moment the culverin was discharged on the bastion, and again the shout was raised in the doorway, "To arms!"

"To arms!" Standish commanded in an imperious voice, and hastened toward the door.

"To arms, with God!" the judge now also shouted, and walked at the head of the men quietly after the captain; while the women and children who remained behind in the meeting-house, burst into lamentations.

Lovely was no longer among them. No sooner had she heard the voice of the strange warner, than she hurried from her seat to the door. Here Standish and Eaton found the girl hanging round the neck of her grandfather, who was trying to soothe her.

While the porch was ringing with the stamping of the men as they seized their weapons, the aged man whispered to her, —

"Be calm, my child: remain with the other

women. Your father is at the judge's house. Go, and the Lord bless thee!"

Obedient even at this fearful moment, Lovely, with a quaking heart, tore herself away from her grandfather, and returned to the meeting-house.

The men had already assembled in the nave, and kept their eyes fixed on the stranger with the noble features and the silvery beard descending on his chest. His face seemed flushed by the exertion of a hasty walk, but the calm fire of a veteran soldier glistened in his large gray eyes. He had a long drawn sword in his hand, and his whole appearance was so awe-inspiring that the men of Swansea, whose fancy was heated by their preacher's sermon, at the first moment considered the stranger a supernatural being sent to their assistance by Deity.

"Men of Swansea," the old man now addressed, with the manner of a man accustomed to command in difficult positions, and to meet with obedience, "we must not lose a moment, but at the same time not act with blind zeal. The village is surrounded on all sides by the heathen, and the greater portion in their power" —

The war-yell raised on all sides at this moment interrupted the speaker, and confirmed his words only too fully.

"Look, a band is dashing up the road to the judge's house!" the captain cried. "Ah, the culverin is speaking again!"

The cannon on the bastion really poured forth a

fresh discharge, which seemed to be composed of a number of musket-balls, for they could be heard striking the trees on either side of the road, and three Indians fell, not to rise again. At the next instant, the stormers had disappeared, and the road was free.

“Ah, my son has not forgotten his old trade,” the aged man said proudly. “But look, the wretches have begun to fire the houses!”

“Oh, my house, my children!” the miller shrieked; and in his desperate agony was about to rush toward the mill, from whose roof the crackling flames rose in the pure atmosphere.

“Stop! do not leave the spot,” the old man commanded, as he got in the way of the suffering man.

“What right have you to give orders, stranger?” the man answered defiantly.

“This stranger has a right to command,” the judge said, impressively. “Ye men of Swansea,” he continued, in a raised voice, “obey in all points the commands of this just man in Israel. And you, Richard,” he added, turning to the white-haired man, “raise the sword of Gideon and smite with the edge of it the idolaters in this country in the same way as you formerly smote them beyond the ocean.”

“What human strength can do shall be done, but the Lord alone can grant victory,” the old man answered.

He rapidly proceeded to the open space in front

of the church, assembled the men around him, and imparted to them his plan for the defence.

“ We must give up the right bank of the stream, and try to drive the enemy from the left one,” he said. “ We will use the judge’s house as our fortress, and, before all, the defenceless must be conveyed thither. Captain Standish, take twenty musketeers and clear on both sides the road across the bridge, and up to the house. You, friend Eaton, call the women and children from the meeting-house, surround them with forty of the boldest men, and then follow the captain’s party closely. I shall cover your rear myself with the rest of the men. The church is not tenable, and hence we must try to reach the hill.”

The captain soon had a small band of excellent shots around him, and, with a bold cry of “ Forwards ! ” he advanced at their head toward the bridge. The judge summoned the women and children from the church, and gave them a powerful escort. Pressed together like a flock of timid doves, they helplessly went forth, and the gray-haired colonel followed them with the rear-guard.

The captain reached the bridge unimpeded. Here he halted, ordered a salvo to be fired into the bushes on either side of the stream and up the road, and then slowly advanced up the hill.

Not a foe was to be seen, and the frightful cry of “ Huh-hup-roh ” had entirely died away, but desolating flames roared and crackled in all the houses of

the village, and from many of them could be heard the wailing of children and invalids forced from them by the fear of death.

At these awful signs of the murderous designs of the Indians, the men gnashed their teeth, while the women and children burst into loud cries. Order began to be disturbed in the march; but the judge's energy speedily restored it.

"Trust in the Lord our God," he cried to the despairing; "he is a powerful and jealous God: but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The preacher stepped to Eaton's side, and both walked in front of the procession. The former held in his hand an open Bible, and, as he walked, read in a loud voice scattered passages from his favorite prophet, Jeremiah: —

"Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about," he solemnly repeated: "all ye that bend the bow, shoot at her, spare no arrows; for she hath sinned against the Lord. Shout against her round about: she hath given her hand: her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down: for it is the vengeance of the Lord. . . Call together the archers against Babylon: all ye that bend the bow, camp against it round about; let none thereof escape: recompense her according to her work; according to all that she hath done, do unto her: for she hath been proud against the Lord, against the Holy One of Israel."

Here he suddenly broke off with a cry of pain.

The Bible slipped from his hands, and he fell heavily forward on his face. An arrow had pierced his chest. Though mortally wounded, the brave combatant for the faith made a convulsive effort to draw the sacred book to him, and then drew his last breath.

“Raise the dead man,” the judge ordered in a firm voice, “so that, if possible, he may have a Christian grave.”

Two men obeyed this command, while several others, infuriated at the murder of their beloved pastor, fired their guns peradventure into the bushes in the direction whence the death-dealing arrow seemed to have come. But neither in the bushes on the bank nor on the hill on this side of the river did any movement or sound reveal that one of the bullets had reached its intended billet.

The three detachments continued their march. Standish with the vanguard was but a few paces from the palisade-gate, and the rear-guard had just crossed the bridge, when suddenly the war-cry of a single Indian rang out so sharply that it overpowered the roar of the furiously spreading flames. This was the signal for the outbreak of that marrow-piercing roar and yelling with which the redskin warriors of North America are accustomed to go into action.

Now began a scene of the most savage murder; for down from the hill, up from the river bank, and from behind the burning houses, arrows whizzed,

shots cracked, and from all sides masses of red Indians with uplifted tomahawks and scalping-knives rushed upon the pilgrims of the wilderness. The latter withstood the furious attack of the hostile majority with manly firmness. Like the sound of a trumpet rang through the frightful tumult the voice of the gray-haired colonel, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" The judge fought with leonine courage, and the sword of the brave captain continually cleft a path for those in the rear. But new bands of savages continually threw themselves between the vanguard and the protecting gate: the enemy charged more and more impetuously from below and from both sides, until finally the villagers, women, children, and fighting men, were pressed together into a dense mob.

The leader of the Indians had craftily calculated the place and time for the attack; for here the cannon, which his warriors most feared, could not be used by the white men, as it could not be fired down the road without being equally ruinous to friend and foe. Indeed fire-arms could no longer be used at all: a hand-to-hand fight had already begun between the oppressed white men and the Indians, who were far superior in numbers, in which sword and dagger, tomahawk and scalping-knife, produced terrible desolation.

Contrary to their usual way of fighting, which consists rather in laying and avoiding ambushes than open action, the savages attacked on this day with

death-defying fury, and fought man to man with a persistency such as Standish, experienced as he was in frontier warfare, had never before witnessed. The example of their leader, who was everywhere present with word and arm, seemed to have inflamed them with the most reckless bravery.

This leader, who could be recognized by his lofty stature, his scarlet hunting-shirt, and the black eagle plumes fluttering down his back from the scalp-lock, wielded as weapon a tomahawk whose hilt as well as blade were made of steel, and dripped with blood. The white men noticed his presence with mingled feelings,—with terror, but also with fury, and thirst for vengeance.

“Dog of a traitorous heathen!” Standish yelled to him as he tried to cut his way up to him. “Son of Belial!” the judge shouted to him as he tried to force his way through the crowd with the same intention.

The chief answered by a demoniac grin, and at the same instant buried his hatchet in the skull of a foe who had desperately seized him by the shoulder.

In this way the battle raged for a long time. Women and children were mercilessly cut down. The band of white men gradually melted away, while the Indians, though a large number of them had fallen, were continually re-enforced by fresh combatants. Suddenly the palisade-gate, into whose vicinity the contest had gradually drifted, was torn open; and forth rushed, with brandished sword, the



man who had reached the judge's house during divine service, and twice fired the culverin. With the thundering watchword of "Lord God of Sabaoth!" he clove the skull of an Indian, and cleared a space before the gate for a moment. "Here, Israel!" the voice of his heroic father-in-law answered him, who held his half-unconscious grand-daughter with his left arm, and pressed forward with her, as he formed a circle around with his terrible sword. At the same instant the culverin was again discharged at the advancing Indians by old Obedom. They scattered with a yell, and a favorable change appeared to be setting in for the colonists, when the chief in the scarlet shirt led up a fresh swarm of his men.

"Stand firm, whosoever can stand!" Standish shouted to the villagers: "we must hold the gate."

But it was hopeless to think of standing fast any longer. All rushed toward the open gate; and the whole mass, white and red, poured in the wildest confusion into the court-yard, where the awful butchery began again, while the burning village covered the sun with glowing clouds of smoke.

Overcome by all these horrors, Lovely only saw as in a dream the judge, the captain, her grandfather and father, leaning with their backs against the wall of the house, and fighting the last desperate fight against the advancing savages. Suddenly a menacing danger momentarily restored her energies. A gigantic Indian had violently attacked her

father, and smashed the colonel's sword-blade with the butt of a musket he had picked up. With a shriek of despair the maiden leaped on her father's breast, and imploringly stretched out her hand toward the savage. But the latter raised the weapon again, and was, with a mocking grin, about to deal the death-blow, when his arm was seized by the chief, and hurled backwards.

Half insane with fear, Lovely gazed fixedly at the face of the foeman. She only heard him thrice give a shrill whistle. Then there was a darkness before her eyes, and she sank senseless in her father's arms.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

**Eston's Court-yard—King Philip and the Prisoners—The Judge's Prophecy—The Sachem's Scheme of Vengeance—Departure of the Indians with the Prisoners—Hih-lah-dih and Ih-nis-kin—The Indian Girl's Narrative—The Effect a Name can produce—Ih-nis-kin believes she has made a Discovery.**

THE capture of Swansea by the natives on June 24, 1675, is a historical event of the utmost significance for the States of New England; for it was the dismal prologue of a war, in which the question at stake was the extirpation of the whites by the red men, or a lasting superiority of the former.

It was growing toward evening, and the sun was already approaching the immeasurable forests of the west. Bright and fierce it had in the morning poured its beams over the peaceful village of Swansea, while now it sank with a dull white glare behind the gray stifling vapor with which the still smoking ruins filled the atmosphere. The fight had been over for some hours; the victory of the savage and the defeat of the white men complete. The entire population of the village, with the exception of a few who had succeeded in escaping to the forests, were either dead or prisoners.

The conflagration had only spared the judge's

house ; but for all that it displayed marks of rough mischief. The windows were broken, and the walls pierced at numerous spots. The soil of the yard was covered with blood. The fallen Indians had already been carried off by their friends, and carefully buried in the adjacent wood. On the other hand, the corpses of the white men lay carelessly scattered over the yard, and the knife of the victors had not even spared the dead ; for all, women and children included, had been robbed of their scalps, and these awful signs of victory adorned the belts of a powerful horde of Indians, who occupied two sides of the quadrangle. They were standing, sitting, or lying at fires fed with the judge's furniture, at which they had roasted their game and kaves (Indian corn). In front of them, the captured weapons were piled in a heap. The majority had strangely bedizened themselves with articles of European clothing, and in their white and black war-paint, which smoke and perspiration had caused to run, they resembled a band of demons, whom the imagination alone could depict in such awful colors.

A little apart from this horde, the chief of the scarlet shirt was leaning, with his arms folded on his chest, against the carriage of the captured culverin. He appeared sunk in thought, for one great idea filled and devoured Metacom's entire existence, for it is the great Sachem of the Wampanogs and Pokanokets that we have before us. He had made it the sole object of his life to protect the Indian



NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R L

nations from the menacing annihilation, by extirpating the white men ; and he set all his talents and energies, even his life, on the fulfilment of this duty. In order to attain his end, he had gone to school among the odious people who drove his nation, inch by inch, from the hunting-grounds of their fathers, had learned their language, and become conversant with their manners and customs. For many years he had been silently engaged with the preparations to carry out his great plan ; but, with all the cunning of his race, feigned peaceful and friendly sentiments toward the white men.

Metacom, or King Philip, was in the prime of life. His person was noble and dignified. It could be seen at the first glance that he was accustomed to govern. By the side of many vices of his nation, such as treachery and thirst for revenge, he possessed a powerful mind, unbending resolution, and a remarkable contempt of all bodily sufferings and privations. On this day, when his first open blow at the whites had proved so successful, the sachem seemed to be near the fulfilment of his plan ; and probably it was this thought that occupied him, as he now stood a victor on the ruins of a destroyed settlement, for whenever he raised his hanging head and allowed his black flashing eyes to wander over the court-yard, a triumphant smile played round his haughty mouth.

The fearful din, which had so shortly before prevailed in the court-yard, had now ceased. The vic-

torious Indians had themselves suffered too heavy a loss for them to announce their victory by noisy merriment; and, at the same time, the presence and stern demeanor of their adored chief held them in proper respect. Not one dared to disturb him in his meditations. The majority, after eating their simple repast, fell into that lethargic state which their nation is so fond of after any violent exertions.

At this moment there came through the opening of the gate, which had been dragged from its hinges, a subordinate chief of Metacom, who, by his superior's command, had seen after the burial of the Indian dead. He brought the chief information that his orders had been executed; but, faithful to the Indian custom, he remained silently before him, until the latter addressed him: —

“Annawon can speak, my ears are open.”

“Our brothers,” reported Metacom's confidant, on whose left arm a bandage of herbs showed that he had been really marked by the brave Standish on the preceding day; “our brothers have gone to the happy hunting-grounds. The grass-mound has been piled up and the death-wail sung.”

“Good! The scalps at the belts of the Wampagnogs will prove to the mothers and squaws of my fallen braves that their death has been avenged.”

With a grim smile of pleasure Annawon looked down at his own belt, from which three of the terrible trophies hung.



After a pause, the chief said to him, —

“Fetch the captured pale-faces hither.”

Annawon went into the house, and shortly after returned with five persons, who, instead of a speedy death, had met with the probably still more horrible lot of being the prisoners of merciless foes.

They were Eaton, Standish, the two colonels, and Lovely.

The men were all wounded. Since the close of the fight they had been guarded in one of the half-destroyed rooms, and their wounds even washed and bound by an Indian, who understood the remedial science of his nation. At first it had deeply grieved them that they could not share the fate of their co-religionists; but they expressed their surprise to each other at the careful attention shown them by higher orders, and Standish believed he could account for it correctly, as he said, with the devotion of a man prepared for every thing, —

“I foresee what they purpose doing with us. The villains intend to keep us alive for a season, in order to heighten the lustre of one of their hellish feasts of victory by the torture to which we shall be subjected.”

Annawon led the prisoners in front of the sachem, and said purposely in English, while throwing a look of wild hatred at Standish, —

“There is still room, much room, for scalps at the belts of the Wampanog warriors.”

Metacom made no reply to this vengeful sugges-

tion, but ordered his subordinate, by an imperious gesture, to retire. Then he raised his head, and surveyed each of his prisoners in turn with a fierce and icy glance.

Lovely, who was clinging convulsively to her father's arm, cast down her tear-swollen eyes in horror at this glance; but the men returned it, each in his way, with firmness, for they felt that the slightest sign of weakness would be dishonoring to them at such a moment. Eaton looked at the sachem as if he saw the Fiend in person before him; the captain's angry flashing eyes clearly intimated that he could hardly refrain from dashing at the victor's throat; the younger colonel closed his right hand convulsively, as if he still held his sword-hilt in it; the venerable old man alone displayed the same measured demeanor as the Indian chief, and looked him in the face with dignified repose.

Metacom slowly moved his eyes from the men to the deathly-pale maiden, and then addressed her with a sonorous voice, and in perfectly intelligible English:—

“Young pale-face girl, you have not yet seen summers enough to be experienced in the lying arts of thy people. Tell me, who gave you the toy which you wear round your neck?”

“An Indian girl, of the name of Hih-lah-dih,” Lovely answered in a trembling voice, but with a slight gleam of hope; “she met me yesterday in

the forest ; and, unfortunately, we must pay a heavy penalty for not having heeded her warning better."

"Hih-lah-dih?" the sachem asked with some surprise, as a dark shadow flew for a moment across his face. "Hih-lah-dih warned you and the pale-faces, and did so yesterday?"

"Hih-lah-dih warned me, in the name of —, a distant friend, and advised me to go with my father and grandfather to Providence, as the red warriors intended to raise the tomahawk against my people."

"Young pale-face squaw has a friend who sends Hih-lah-dih as messenger?" the sachem asked searchingly: "what is his name?"

Lovely reflected a moment, as she was afraid lest she might imperil Thorkil by mentioning his name. Reverence for the truth, however, gained the victory over prudence, and hence she answered, in a low voice, —

"Golden-hair."

The maiden fancied she could read on the chief's terrible features that this name produced a favorable impression upon him: hence she advanced a step, threw herself at the sachem's feet, and implored him, in her sweet voice:—

"Oh, King Philip, you had parents; by their bones, and by the heads of your children, I beseech you, spare my father and grandfather; spare our friends; and the Lord our God shall requite it a thousand-fold to you and yours."

"Arise, child," her father cried to her, in a tone

of stern reproof: "it is a sin, a heavy sin, to bow the knee before a pagan, even if the act may ransom a thousand lives."

The Indian prince paid no attention to these words, but gently raised Lovely from the ground, and said soothingly to her, —

"Do not weep, young girl; any one who wears Hih-lah-dih's necklace is safe from the scalping-knife of my braves. But why did not father and old father remain quietly in the forest cave? Why do they come into the village and kill my young men with the thunder-bolt and long-knife?"

"Chief," the aged man replied, with dignity, to his reproach, "Christian soldiers will never leave their sword in the scabbard when the life and property of their brothers are menaced by a foe."

"Good," the sachem observed, with all the measured politeness of his nation; "my father has seen many summers; his hair and his beard are very white; he is very wise, and a great warrior. Formerly, he sat in the council of the chiefs of his nation, and his word, as well as that of his son, was loudly raised when the question was to take the scalp of a great sachem. Is it so?"

"Yes, chief," the aged colonel answered, with head bent: "my son and I belonged to the council on that great day of trial, which I consider the fairest in my life, although it entailed a series of heavy trials upon us."

"Good," said Metacom impressively. "Wise old

warrior does not lie ; his tongue goes out straight, like a well-aimed arrow. A crow from the other side of the salt lake whispered in Metacom's ear, that it would fill the hands of the Wampanogs with silver if Metacom would surrender the two chiefs from the land of the pale-faces into the hands of the crow."

The two colonels exchanged a significant glance.

"Metacom," the sachem continued, "drove the crow from his wigwam, and forbade his warriors following the trail of the white chiefs, for whom his friends, Grisly-bear and Golden-hair, fought on the gulf of the salt lake."

A long and painful silence ensued. At length, the fiery Standish became impatient, and savagely addressed the chief:—

"What is the meaning of all this, heathen? Of course there is some Indian deviltry behind your words. Well, as concerns myself, I desire nothing further than to measure myself against you with my good sword, in order to take vengeance for all your treachery."

"The Little Fire-spitter is a brave warrior, I know," the sachem replied coolly; "but," and here he gently tapped with his forefinger the captured culverin, against which he was leaning, "Metacom knows how to silence great and little fire-spitters."

"Son of Belial, murderous heathen!" Eaton now thundered at him, for he was no longer able to restrain the feelings boiling in his breast; "do not

boast of your deeds of to-day, which are accursed both by God and man. The scent of blood that fills the air here shrieks to heaven for vengeance."

And after surveying the bodies lying about, the judge raised his eyes to heaven, and continued, in the words of the Psalmist, —

"O Lord God! to whom vengeance belongeth — O God! to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself."

"Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth, render a reward to the proud."

"Lord! how long shall the wicked, — how long shall the wicked triumph?"

"How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?"

"They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage.

"They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.

"Yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.

"O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself!

"Enough," Metacom interrupted him, "the Manitoo to whom you cry, old man, does not hear you. He has turned his face away from you and your people. He is no powerful and jealous Manitoo, as the pow-wows of the white-faces say, otherwise he had kept the scalps this day on the heads of your brothers."

“Heathen!” the judge, who was profoundly affected by these words, answered in a hollow prophetic voice: “the day shall come when this blasphemous mockery will burn thy heart like molten lead. The vengeance of the God of the Christians will fall on thee, and there will be no chance of escape for thee.”

The chief listened to this menace of the zealous judge with cold tranquillity, and then said, —

“The Sachem of the Wampanogs and Pokanokets cares not for your Christianity. Metacom’s heart is made of steel, and fears neither cold nor molten lead.”

And as he drew himself up to his full height from his former careless posture, he continued impressively, and with a certain degree of enthusiasm, —

“Old man, open your ears, and pay attention to my words. The son of Massasoit, who is now wandering in the happy hunting-grounds, and whom the pale-faces long and shamefully deceived, resolved on a great work while he was still a lad, and now that he is a man he will carry it out. Metacom will cleanse the paths of his people from the white worms and vermin which now crawl over them. He will again advance the hunting-grounds of the red-men as far as the eastern shore of the big salt water. He will restore to his nation the full and entire heritage of their fathers, of which the pale-faces have robbed them. Metacom has spoken with the Manitoo of his people, who was gracious to the red chil-

dren of this land for centuries before the pale-faces came across the salt lake in their large canoes, and the Good Spirit has applauded his intention, made his arms strong for the work which he has to carry out, and granted him the strength to unite the red nations as brothers. Metacom has collected arms and confederates; he has feigned and humiliated himself till his time came. And it has come. The tomahawk is raised, and shall never be buried again until the brood of the robbing strangers is destroyed. Metacom has uttered his war-cry, and it will echo through the forests as far as the great streams in the north and south. His brothers will hear, and everywhere repeat it, and rise for a struggle of life and death against the white intruders. The Wampanogs have burst from their forests like flashes of lightning from the clouds. The first blow has been dealt, and has proved successful. Metacom will show his brothers the captured scalps; he will show them his prisoners, and say to them, 'Look, the pale-faces can be conquered in spite of their large and small thunder-tubes, in spite of great warriors standing at their head.' His nation will rejoice, and everywhere dig up the tomahawk, and thousands will raise it and shout the war-yell, and no escape will be left for you, — not for one."

As the chief uttered the latter words, which were mainly addressed to Eaton, something elevated was visible in his manner. Without waiting for a reply he walked away to join his people.



An hour later the Indians quitted the ruined village, taking the five prisoners in their midst. Whatever the sachem might intend with them, they were not harshly treated now; and, in order to get on more rapidly, were even supplied with horses taken from Eaton's stable.

Metacom commanded the principal party, and Anawon the rear guard. At the skirt of the forest the latter halted for a moment, the warriors turned toward the desolated valley and raised a yell of savage triumph. Then a deep, melancholy silence brooded over the darkening landscape, which was only interrupted at intervals by the hoarse discordant croak of the bird of night.

Over the immeasurable forests of New England floated the red evening glow of a hot July day, and warm lights were poured out over the eastern shores of Narragansett Bay. A gentle breeze rippled the surface of the calm sea, and drove undulating lines toward the tranquil shore, on which they broke with a gentle rustling. So far as the eye could see, the forest was only broken at one spot, where a deep river flowing through a plain fell noiselessly into the bay. If it were followed inland, the traveller saw at no great distance from the shore a grotto formed of noble trees and lianas, which formed an arcade over the gently flowing water.

In the mysterious gloom there was a plashing sound like that of oars, the pendulous lianas began to oscillate, and the beak of a bark canoe suddenly

shot out from the green gloom. Ere long the entire bark became visible, and glided noiselessly toward the river mouth.

The light canoe was guided by an Indian girl, in whom we recognize the kindly Hih-lah-dih. She had gone some distance down the shore when her watchful eyes were attracted by an object in a narrow inlet. The sharp eye of a native could alone detect in this object the bow of a small boat of European construction, entirely concealed under the bushes, and discern that this bow was painted of a sea-green color, and terminated in a neatly gilded swan's neck.

"Ih-nis-kin!" Hih-lah-dih whispered, with a roguish smile, turned her canoe into the little creek, allowed it to drift on land, went ashore, and pulled the canoe with the utmost caution on land, so that the pebbles hardly rustled under the keel. After taking a searching glance at the extremity of the creek, where the strange boat seemed to reveal the presence of a human being, she glided noiselessly into the bushes, and darted through the shrubs and creepers till she reached a rock overgrown with moss and ivy, on which two huge fir-trees hung down their heavy branches. Examining the ivy-trailers with a careful hand, she climbed by their aid to the top of the rock, and on reaching it looked down at the secluded spot beneath her.

Hih-lah-dih found that she was not deceived in her expectations; for a young woman had been bathing

in a species of basin the waves had gradually formed, and was now engaged in dressing. The lovely white woman gave a start, for she had heard a rustling in the foliage. "It is only a hopping squirrel," she murmured, and looked up at the green mass of creepers, whence the whistling of that animal was now audible. But was not that sound, a little on one side, very like the hiss of a snake? With the speed of light the startled woman clutched a weapon lying on the ground by the side of her clothes, a sort of Turkish yataghan, whose bent blade was set in an artistically chased golden hilt. Holding the weapon firmly in her right hand, she looked across the water at the ivy-clad rock with a resolute expression, as if dauntlessly awaiting the reptile's attack from that quarter.

The hissing was repeated, but suddenly changed into a merry peal of laughter.

The look of anxiety faded away from the lady's features. She noticed the Indian's roguish face peeping down from the rock, let the yataghan fall, shook her finger at the girl, and then cried, —

"Wait a minute, you naughty child! How you frightened me!"

But the next moment Hih-lah-dih was clinging round her neck, and repeating, "Ih-nis-kin not be angry with Hih-lah-dih! No."

Then the Indian actively tried to assist her friend in dressing, in which she committed many a mis-

take, that constantly drew a pleasant smile from the white lady.

"But," Ih-nis-kin now inquired, "how did my sister find my bath-room, which I fancied not a soul but myself knew?"

"Oh, red people have sharp eyes. They see through the tall prairie-grass; through the bushes; beyond the clouds," the Indian replied, with a slight touch of the boasting peculiar to her nation. "Hih-lah-dih came down the salt water in canoe. Ih-nis-kin not hide her swan canoe properly in the bushes. Hih-lah-dih see it, and think sister not far off."

"My sister was in the wigwam of the great Sachem of the Wampanogs on the promontory of Mount Hope?"

The Indian shook her head, and replied, with a rather melancholy accent,—

"Metacom's wigwam is deserted. Hih-lah-dih was farther inland,—in the forests round the wigwams which the pale-faces call Swansea; no, not call, but called."

"Called?"

"Hih-lah-dih has said it. The great sachem has raised the tomahawk. Where his blows fall the pale-faces are hurled to the ground; when his war-yell is raised, flames devour the wigwams of the pale-faces, as the hunters' fires devour the grass of the prairie in autumn. Hih-lah-dih can still smell the burning of Swansea, on the little river

in the valley. Wampanog's great warriors, hearts of iron. Metacom great chief."

The eyes of the Indian girl sparkled in wild pride; the triumphant tone of her words had attracted the attention of the white woman; and, in some surprise, she asked, —

"Has the contest begun, then, between your people and the colonists already?"

"Ih-nis-kin very wise, understands red people thoroughly. Chief of the big thunder-canoe will rejoice when he hears that the war-cry is running along the hunting-grounds of the Pokanokets, Wampanogs, and Narragansetts. Metacom's wampum everywhere greeted with delight. Red men assemble in the forests, strike the war-post with the tomahawk, dance the war-dance round the council-fire, young warriors fill their belts with scalps, kill, capture, and drive pale-faces into big salt lake. Hihlah-dih learn that the God of the pale-faces is no powerful Manitoo."

"What do you say, girl?"

"Pale-faces of Swansea go into the wigwam of council to call to their Manitoo, but Manitoo is deaf or powerless. Red man's Manitoo hear with open ears war-song of the Wampanogs; red Manitoo powerful, very powerful. Metacom raise the war-yell, the council-house is surrounded, village full of red braves. Silver-haired warrior come with son from the cave in the forest to warn the pale-faces. But too late. Medicine-man of pale-faces call from great

medicine-book to Manitoo, but Manitoo is deaf; medicine-man struck by the arrow of a red brave. Son of silver-haired warrior fire from big, big thunder-tube among red warriors; many fall. Pale-faces save themselves in great wigwam of the Chief of Swansea, but Wampanogs are brave, storm palisades, pale-faces all killed or prisoners."

This report of the destruction of Swansea and the battle which had taken place there was too Indian for Hih-lah-dih's hearer to understand it in all its details, although she was tolerably well acquainted with the Indian mode of speech. So much, however, was clear to her, that hostilities had commenced between the redskins and the settlers, and that the former had already gained a sanguinary victory; that the village of Swansea had been surprised while the inhabitants were assembled in the house of prayer; and that the preacher had fallen as one of the first victims. She knew also that the natives, who indicated every thing mysterious or enigmatical by the name of medicine, called their magicians or enchanters pow-wows, or medicine-men, and gave this name also to the Christian preachers.

The white lady was evidently deeply affected by the news.

"Thus, then," she murmured to herself, "the torch of war has been carried into the peaceful villages of the Pilgrims. And they are Englishmen on whom these wild hordes are let loose. O Raoul, I

fear that your energies have been turned into a bad direction."

"What sister say?" the Indian asked.

"Nothing, girl. But look, the sun is about to set, and will scarce light us to the ship. You will come with me?"

"Hih-lah-dih will go with you. She has a message to deliver."

"To the chief of the thunder-canoe?"

"No, a message from the Grisly-bear to Golden-hair."

"Thorkil? How did you know that he was on board the ship?"

"Mato say to Hih-lah-dih, 'Go, seek Golden-hair in Providence, seek him on the thunder-canoe. Tell him that the Chief of Swansea is a prisoner.'"

"The Chief of Swansea?"

"Yes. Oh, what joy it will cause Golden-hair to hear this!"

"The enemy of Thorkil and Groot Willem is then in the hands of the red warriors?"

"Yes, and Little Fire-spitter too, and silver-haired warrior and his son, and beautiful young pale-face girl,—oh, the Sachem of the Wampanogs is a great warrior, very great!"

"A beautiful young pale-face girl?" the white woman asked with sympathy, as she stepped into the graceful, light gondola, which they had reached in the meanwhile.

"Young pale-face girl, yes," the Indian answered;

“beautiful, very beautiful, slim as young cypress, eyes blue as heaven.”

“How did my sister get so near the prisoners? Was Hih-lah-dih in the turmoil of the night?” the white lady asked, seizing her oars with practised hand, while the Indian thrust her canoe into the water.

“Hih-lah-dih not see the fight, red warriors not take squaws with them when they go in the war-path. But Hih-lah-dih, hidden in the woods of Swansea, has good ears, good eyes, sees much, hears much. Hih-lah-dih went there to carry a message from Golden-hair to young pale-face girl; met her in the wood at the ‘pure spring,’ where Hih-lah-dih was born. Young pale-face girl filling pitcher for father, and old father’s father in the cave. Young girl good, very good, and beautiful; all beautiful about young girl, name very beautiful, for it is Lovely.”

They had by this time left the little creek, and Hih-lah-dih’s canoe had caught up her friend’s skiff. Without looking back, the Indian now cried, —

“Will my sister have a race with Hih-lah-dih, to see whether swan-boat goes as fast as bark canoe?”

On receiving no reply, she looked round and noticed with alarm that her companion had let her paddles fall, and had fallen, as if in a fainting state,



on the seat at the stern of the boat, with her face buried in her hands.

Just as in the scene at Rhode Island the name of Desdemona produced a terrible effect on Lovely, and the same name in old Blackstone's narrative caused Captain Standish unusual excitement, so now the name of Lovely produced an electric effect on the young lady; for it had scarce passed Hih-lah-dih's lips ere she gave a violent start, the paddle fell from her grasp, she threw herself back on the bench, hid her face in her hands, and whispered to herself, —

“Lovely, Lovely! can it be possible?”

In an instant Hih-lah-dih's canoe was alongside the gondola. With anxious haste the Indian laid her hand on the young lady's shoulder, and asked sympathizingly, —

“What is the matter with my sister?”

The other collected herself, and answered, as she rose, —

“It is nothing; a momentary giddiness overpowered me, but it is past.”

But the tremor in her voice revealed that she was deeply agitated. She seized the Indian's girl's hand, and asked hurriedly, —

“Lovely, did you say? did you hear correctly, girl? Was the name Lovely?”

“Lovely the name of young pale-face girl? Yes. Hih-lah-dih has remembered it. Young pale-face girl told her so at the spring in the forest.”

“Go on, go on,” the white woman cried, with visible eagerness; “was that the whole name?”

“Young pale-face girl had a long name, very long — longer than the greatest warrior; tell long name to Hih-lah-dih, but Hih-lah-dih only know beginning.”

“And — and,” the other asked again, in the highest excitement, “the maiden had blue eyes?”

“Blue as violets when the snow has passed away.”

“And the hair — the hair!”

“Brown and shining, like the skin of the antelope in winter, and soft as the plumage of the ice-bird.”

“That agrees — that agrees; and did you not speak of a father and a grandfather of the maiden?”

“Hih-lah-dih speak of young pale-face girl’s father, and father’s father, who were hidden in the cave in Swansea forest.”

“In the forest at Swansea? in the cave?” the white lady asked, with a shake of her head.

“Yes, in the cave,” the Indian repeated; “Hih-lah-dih think the two pale-face warriors hide themselves, because they took the scalp of a great sachem on the other side of the great salt lake, and the young warriors are on their trail as avengers.”

“Strange, strange!” the young lady murmured; “that too would agree. Oh, Heaven! And did you not say, child, that you delivered a message from Thorkil to the pale-face girl whose name is Lovely? Thorkil, consequently, must know more of the se-

cret than I can decipher. Let us hurry on, girl, so as to reach the frigate soon."

The two boats now glided with the speed of an arrow over the mirror-like waters, which were tinged of a rosy hue by the last beams of the departing luminary.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON BOARD THE "GLORIA."

**The Thunder-ship—Thorkil's Fears—De Lussan and Desdemona—A Strange Agitation—The Conference—Off to Providence—The Story of De Lussan's Life—A Good Hater—The Escape—Boarding the Galleon—El Exterminador—The Filibuster's Plans—An Avenger—Groot Willem's Trials.**

HE must indeed have been a bold man who ventured out in the first boat, a hollowed trunk of a tree, upon the oscillating element which surrounds our earth. What an immeasurable progress from the primitively simple boat to the gigantic steamers which in a few days cover the distance between the Old and New World, or, armed with a hundred guns, put out to sea from the war-ports of England and France! What triumphs for the human spirit of invention to command the mighty ocean from one extremity of the globe to the other, and to have subjected it to man's authority!

A glorious sight is such a vessel as it glides with a calm sea and pure sky over the glistening blue depths, or tacks here and there; and, finally, after reducing all its canvas, lies motionless on the waters. Fearfully beautiful, however, is the sight of a vessel which contends with the hurricane amid flashing lightning and pealing thunder, at one moment

lifted on the foaming crest of an enormous wave, and then darting down into the abyss.

During the whole afternoon a vessel had been cruising off the northern point of Rhode Island, and toward evening cast anchor at no great distance from the west coast of Plymouth.

It was a vessel whose perfectly symmetrical outline and neat equipment must delight, not only a seaman's eye, but every one who saw it. The painting of the hull was most peculiar; for, instead of the ordinary black, it was a dazzling white, only broken by a red band running round the ship, resembling a red girdle on a girl's white ball-dress. Over the cabin windows a colossal laurel-wreath was painted; in the centre of it might be read the word "Gloria" in gold letters on a bright-red ground. Internally, too, the vessel was remarkable for especial neatness. On the deck there was a perfect Dutch cleanliness, and from the manner in which all the ship's stores were arranged it could be seen that duty was most carefully attended to on board this ship. Although, judging from its size, it must have a large crew, every thing went on noiselessly on board. Here and there a few sailors leaned over the bulwarks chewing their tobacco and indolently enjoying the beautiful evening. Except the watch in the maintop and the officer on duty, who was walking up and down the quarter-deck, nobody on board seemed to be troubled with any special duties, except two negroes, who, dressed in Turkish costume and

armed with short-handled halberts, mounted guard on either side of the cabin stairs.

The crew was composed of a strange medley of the most varying nations, and displayed no uniformity in the style and color of their attire. One sailor wore the light Spanish jerkin, another Dutch galligaskins, a third the long-tailed jacket of the Normandy fishermen, a fourth the purse-shaped hairnet of the Catalan, a fifth the Greek fez, a sixth the sombrero of the West-Indian colonies. The officer of the watch, an elderly, steady man, wore the full-bottomed wig and over-richly embroidered coat of a French nobleman. Not only the costume of the officers, but also that of all the sailors, was excessively clean, and was composed of fine and costly materials of a bright color. Silk and velvet, even expensive lace collars, could be seen on many of the sunburnt fellows; and the sturdy boatswain wore the silver whistle, the symbol and instrument of his office, hanging by a thick-linked gold chain round his neck.

The vessel displayed something mysterious in its entire appearance, as in its crew. There was no flag at the peak. It could not be a merchantman, for it was much too clean and neat. If it were a man-o'-war, it ought to have port-holes, and such were nowhere visible. Or did the before-mentioned red stripe, which seemed, however, to form part of the hull, conceal the port-holes?

"Topman," a sonorous voice could be heard shouting from the cabin, "is no boat in sight?"

"None, sir," was the shrill answer.

The questioner appeared for a moment on the cabin stairs. We recognize in him the man whom we first saw at the ruin on Rhode Island, and who has been alluded to several times under the names of De Lussan and El Exterminador.

"Monsieur Le Grand," he cried to the officer of the watch, "order a boat to be kept in readiness for immediate use."

The officer gave the requisite orders; and, while the boat was lowered with noiseless rapidity, De Lussan, from whose few remarks we are able to learn that he was captain of the ship, turned to a young man standing by his side, in whom we find a second acquaintance in Thorkil Wikingson, who had been a guest aboard the "Gloria" for some days past.

"My wife is very late to-day in returning," said De Lussan. "I almost repent having yielded to her fancy and allowing her to go alone."

"Do not be alarmed, captain," Golden-hair answered, "the coast is quite deserted and conceals no dangers. The mistress also said that she should not return before sunset."

"Certainly; but the sun is already very low, and you cannot understand, friend, how anxious a man may feel about a darling wife. Besides, waiting

here is a confoundedly tedious affair. I am not at all adapted for it."

"And yet I fancy," Thorkil interjected, "that patience is even more necessary for the seaman than for the hunter."

"There you are right; but give me an agitated sea and a sharp chase. But tell me, my young friend, how do you like the sea?"

"If I am to speak the truth, not nearly so well as the forests. A ship is a confined thing, and I hardly think that I could ever feel at home in it."

"And yet you, like myself, are descended from a family of seafarers."

"Certainly; but I fear that training and habit have made me once for all a land-rat, as you sailors contemptuously call all other mortals."

"Ah," said De Lussan laughingly, "you appear to be already conversative with our nautical expressions. They certainly do not sound very polite."

"That is my opinion too," the youth remarked; "and I must say that at our last meeting with the two sachems I was glad that they did not hear one of those compliments intended for them. Your boastwain, Terrible, asked me what painted red her-rings those were."

"I had the same feeling, *foi de gentilhomme*, for there is no joking with these kings of the wilderness. But to return to the waiting. I find time growing very long in these narrow bays and creeks, and our



friends persistently neglect to let us hear from them. What is your opinion of the matter?"

"I confidently expect to see Groot Willem tomorrow, or to receive a message from him."

"I shall be glad of that, for I cannot possibly remain any longer in these waters, and, above all, in a state of inaction. But you are certain that the two chiefs may be fully trusted?"

"I guarantee Canonchet's fidelity as my own."

"And King Philip?"

"Although he never gave me cause for mistrust, I cannot get rid of the thought that Metacom assented with repugnance to one of the principal conditions of our agreement, and will not strive very strenuously to keep it when the tomahawk of his warriors has been once raised."

"You have watched him closely, as it appears. Nor did the expression of his face please me either when we were discussing that point. But we must wait, and must not be too particular if a couple of scalps more or less are lifted."

"Do not speak in that way, captain. Although my nerves are not delicate, it grieves me at times that I have formed an alliance with redskins against people of my own color, against Christians."

"Oh, what nonsense! remember how these amiable Christians have treated your foster-father and yourself. *Foi de gentilhomme*, it requires Iceland blood to feel any hesitation."

"I tell you, captain, my Iceland blood is no fish's

blood, and I know what beseems my father's son. But, for all that, the Wampanog shall keep his promise, if he wishes to have Willem and me as friends. We, too, only want our rights, and the redskins shall have theirs too, so that they may not be homeless on the hunting-grounds of their fathers. But for that reason defenceless people need not be exposed to the blood-thirstiness of the savages ; and, strange to say, since yesterday I have been unable to dismiss a fear that Metacom has been untrue to the promise he made us."

"Enough of this absurdity, young man ; but look, the sun's disk has disappeared within a narrow strip."

De Lussan had hardly uttered this impatient remark, when the cry was heard from the top, of "Boat ahoy !"

Terrible's whistle gave a shrill summons : at the same instant, Monsieur Le Grand came up, and reported, with uplifted hat, —

"Madame's boat and an Indian canoe are to leeward of the frigate."

"Ah, at last !" the captain cried : "down with the side-ladder, my boys," De Lussan shouted to several sailors who had hurried up.

The ladder was lowered, a gentle plashing was heard, and Desdemona, the mistress of the ship, whom the Indians had christened by the pretty name of Ih-nis-kin, took De Lussan's hand, and, followed by Hih-lah-dih, stepped on board.

"I was greatly alarmed about you, my love," the captain said to her, as the sailors reverently fell back. "At any rate, you shall never go alone again. . . . But what has occurred? tell me," he continued anxiously, as he noticed his wife's deep agitation, and the restlessness of her eye. "You are heated and apparently upset."

"Raoul," she hastily answered, "I must speak with you; come, and call Golden-hair too."

And, seizing the Indian girl's hand, she hurried to the entrance of the cabin stairs, where the sentries gave her a military salute.

De Lussan looked after her for a moment in surprise, and said half aloud to the young hunter, —

"It must be something extraordinary that could excite the usually so calm Desdemona to such an extent. Monsieur Le Grand," he added to the officer of the watch, "take care of the frigate; the atmosphere promises a calm night; we shall remain here till morning."

Then he followed the two women with Thorkil. About three hours later, De Lussan returned with his guest to the quarter-deck, which was now brilliantly illumined by the moon. The night was fine and warm, the air almost still, and the vessel swayed idly on her cable. The captain hastily walked up and down several times, then stopped, and asked the officer who had relieved Monsieur Le Grand, —

"How is the weather, Señor Estevan?"

The man thus addressed, a Spanish creole, answered in French, the language generally used aboard, though with a slightly foreign accent, — “All clear, sieur: there is a slight breeze coming up from the south, which promises to be stronger after midnight.”

De Lussan walked to the taffrail in order to examine the sings of wind and weather. Then he said, with the sharpness peculiar to his orders, —

“Señor Estevan, have the capstan manned and the anchor raised at once. Get the ship under weigh, and steer nor-nor-west till we reach the mouth of the Pawtucket River.”

“Good, sieur; shall we anchor at that spot?”

“No, wait for further orders.”

After giving these instructions, the captain turned to Thorkil, and said, “Come, we will gossip for an hour; for I fancy the news Hih-lah-dih has brought us is not of a nature to allow you to find sleep so soon.”

Thorkil seemed to be excessively excited; but he also saw by the moonlit features of the seaman, by his flashing eyes and contracted brow, that he, too, must be greatly agitated. The captain allowed this to be seen, too, by his repeated remark, “*Foi de gentilhomme*, ’tis a strange story!”

“Certainly more than strange,” Thorkil observed; “and I shall never pardon myself for having been out of the woods when I knew that Metacom meditated a blow. But it is no use talking about it, so

tell me quickly, sir, what you still have to say to me, for I intend to reach Providence as speedily as possible. I shall take Hih-lah-dih's canoe."

"It is not necessary. Just listen: Terrible's whistle is summoning the crew to their posts; within ten minutes the ship will have all her canvas spread, and I am certain that the "Gloria" will carry you more quickly into Providence Bay than an Indian canoe."

"You are bound for that bay?"

"Yes, my wife wishes it, and it may serve my plans as well."

The creaking of the capstan could now be heard, and the regular stamping of the men turning it. At the same time the rigging was filled with dark forms, who noiselessly made the requisite preparations for setting sail.

"Anchor clear!" the boastwain fiercely shouted in his hoarse voice.

"Stand by!" Señor Estevan replied.

The sails fell from the yards, and for a few seconds hung flaccidly down. But gradually an increasing flapping sound announced that the breeze was beginning to work on the sails.

"All ready, sieur," the officer of the watch announced.

"Very good, señor," the captain replied. "Down with the helm, and mind you keep before the wind. So soon as we reach Pawtucket Bay, the pinnace must be got ready for immediate service."

The white canvas began to swell, the ship made a half turn, and ere long dashed, with pleasant lightness, on its course.

"There, my friend; now I should like, before we go ashore, to let you have a glance at my plans," De Lussan began again. "First of all, tell me what you think of the news we heard in the cabin."

"What I think of it? So much is certain, that the Sachem of the Wampanogs has dealt a blow at Swansea, and not kept his promise. Further, that Metacom has made prisoners, dragged them into the woods, and there separated them, quite in accordance with the policy of the redskins. But what does he intend doing with them? In Providence I shall meet Groot Willem, and obtain further information."

"I fancy that we may set our minds at rest as to the fate of the prisoners," the captain replied, "and that the chief intends no violence towards themselves, as otherwise he would have spared them as little as the other settlers. He must give them up, voluntarily or by compulsion, and if force should be necessary, we will mutually assist each other. But what do you think of the strange suppositions my wife entertains?"

"According to the information I have gathered, and the proof which the mistress has afforded, I consider them well founded."

De Lussan looked down thoughtfully, his forehead was furrowed by dark wrinkles, and he muttered

several times, "Strange, strange!" Then he suddenly said,—

"Friend Thorkil, the affair may become of immense importance to me; for if this supposition were to prove a reality, I see that a great plan must be sacrificed to a matter of the heart,—a plan which has occupied my mind for years, in which, too, my wife is interested with her whole soul, and which was just on the point of realization."

"I do not understand you rightly."

"You shall soon do so, for I have long determined to initiate you into my plans. At the first glance you appeared to me a man of the right mould. I have confidence in you, and you will allow that, ever since we have been acquainted, I have ever acted as a man who also had a claim to confidence."

"That is true," Thorkil observed, "and I honestly confess that I have grown sincerely attached to you."

"And I to you quite as well, Thorkil. But if you will listen to me, let us sit down on this bench.

"I am, like yourself, of Norman origin. While your forefathers went from our native land westward, and settled at the base of the fire-vomiting, icy mountains of Iceland, mine went with Rollo southward, and settled in Normandy. A branch of my family went across to England with William the Conqueror, another remained in Normandy, and from the latter I am descended. As our fortunes had greatly sunk during the quarrel of the French

nobility with the omnipotent minister Richelieu, matters were very sad at our ruinous château of Mont de Lussan ; and my father's coarse, rough manner may have partly caused the early death of my mother, a talented and gentle woman. After her death I felt very desolate under the paternal roof, and was happy when I was taken to the Jesuit college of Rouen, to be educated for the church. I studied diligently, and made progress. I employed my leisure hours in bodily exercises, which made me a first-rate horseman, swimmer, shot, and fencer ; but my greatest pleasure was in perusing old books of chivalry and chronicles. My youthful imagination was inflamed for a heroic life and glory, and I felt a childish joy because my name of Raoul had a resemblance with that of Rollo, the founder of the historic grandeur of the Norman race. At the same time I felt a savage hatred of all tyranny and cruelty, and, above all, of the Spaniards, whom, after hearing the stories of one of the padres who had lived a long time in the West Indies, I regarded as the hereditary foes of humanity and freedom. He described to me the barbarity of the Spanish rule in the New World, the awful cruelty of which the Spaniards had been guilty upon the natives, in such glowing colors, that in my boyish ardor I vowed against them that inextinguishable hostility which the old Carthaginian made his son Hannibal swear against the Normans. Through a ridiculous outbreak of this hatred my life was destined to take a marked turn. It was the custom for



the scholars of the company of Jesus to perform at intervals religious and temporal plays. On one of these occasions I had to play the part of a French soldier who has a cudgelling match with a Spaniard. In the middle of the scene my hatred so passionately overpowered me that I entirely forgot the pretended Spaniard was one of my best friends, and attacked him so furiously that the poor fellow, bleeding from mouth and nostrils, was carried in a half dying state from the stage. I received a very severe punishment, during which I suddenly felt, what I long obscurely perceived, that I was not at all adapted to the priesthood. The very next day I ran away from the college, and went aboard a West-Indiaman at Honfleur. In order to pay my passage I was obliged to perform the duties of a sailor; but I contrived to gain the good-will of the crew, and thus had an opportunity of learning a sailor's trade, whose details I rapidly acquired. After a long and most fatiguing passage, we were captured by a Spanish galleon when off the Bahamas. Like all the rest of the crew, I was to be conveyed as a slave to the plantations of Hayti, but was resolved sooner to perish than become such. The galleon was driven by a storm on to the wild northern coast of Hayti. One night I succeeded in getting on deck from the place where we prisoners were confined. The storm had relaxed, and I saw in the moonlight, which, as you are aware, in tropical climes almost equals the brightness of day, the

flashing surf breaking on some coast. The thought suddenly occurred to me that this might possibly be the small island of Tortuga, which is separated from the north coast of Hayti by a narrow arm of the sea. My resolution was immediately formed; for, during our voyage across the Atlantic, I had heard a good deal about this island, and that it was the headquarters of the filibusters or buccaneers, whom, in my boyish fancy, I compared with the Norman seaking in the days of the Viking expeditions, and already regarded as heroes, because they were inexorable foes of the Spaniards. Although I knew that the sea all around swarmed with sharks, I threw off my clothes and leaped in with a curse at the Spaniards. I exerted all my strength to escape from the slavery behind me. The prospect of liberty and revenge steeled me, and I advanced, keeping the surf carefully in sight. But the distance was greater than I had fancied it in the deceptive moonlight. I was beginning to feel my muscles relax, when the current seized me, and hurled me with tremendous force towards the thundering breakers. I fancied that I should be dashed to pieces against a reef; my consciousness left me, and when I awoke again from my insensibility, I found myself in the hut of a buccaneer who had found me senseless on the beach. The surf had hurled me naked and bare into the midst of the filibusters. I presume that you know their history."

"Tolerably," Thorkil answered; "my teacher, Roger Williams, told me of them."

"What did that Puritan say of them?"

"That the Brethren of the Coast were the most daring men that ever navigated the seas, but at the same time" —

"Well!"

"The most illegal band that ever existed."

"Ah, the worthy preacher, for whom, however, I entertain the greatest respect from all you have told, ought to have informed himself better. I tell you, my friend, that there was never a community in which the laws laid down by themselves were more strictly observed, than by the Brethren of the Coast. Or, have you not always noticed the strictest discipline on board the 'Gloria'?"

"Yes, I must confess it; and I admire the skill with which you govern your crew."

"Yes, the lads know me, and are aware that the slightest opposition to my will will be instantly punished by death. But let me continue my story. The majority of the filibusters at Tortuga were Frenchmen, and hence I, as a countryman, was welcomed by them with the rough hospitality which is found in the buccaneer settlements. The recital of my adventures, and the desire for revenge which I displayed toward the Spanish galleon, gained me the attachment of these men. In a few hours one of the small vessels put to sea with which these desperate men are accustomed to chase and board the

largest Spanish ships. I was of the party. We came up with the galleon, and boarded it in spite of a murderous fire. Merely armed with a small cutlass, I, in my indescribable passion, was the first to reach the enemy's deck, cut down everybody who tried to oppose me, till near the mainmast I reached the 'señor capitano,' who had wished to make me a slave on a sugar plantation, and whose head I now separated from his body by one desperate stroke. In an instant the galleon was captured. This was the beginning of a career which, ere long, placed me at the head of a crew, whose members you now find aboard the 'Gloria,' — a career which acquired me from the Spaniards the name of *El Exterminador*. You know how greatly feared this name is in the West-Indian waters, from the coast of Newfoundland down to the Isthmus of Panama. I will tell you on some other occasion a few of my adventures."

"I shall be very glad to hear them," Golden-hair said eagerly, and with sparkling eyes.

"Through an accident I learned the death of my father and brother. Attacked by a species of nostalgia for *La Belle France*, I placed my men under the command of *Monsieur Le Grand*, in whom I could unhesitatingly trust, and sailed for Europe. With my gold I acted for a while the great gentleman in Paris and Versailles; but I was soon weary of this inactive, extravagant life. I left our ruined chateau in Normandy in the charge of a distant countryman; but I found from my father's papers,

that our family for a long time past had had a large claim upon the English branch of the house, which my father, however, had been unable to follow up, through want of pecuniary resources. I went to England, and commenced a tedious lawsuit, which I lost. But, instead of it, I gained there my wife, although considerable difficulties opposed our marriage; for it appeared a horror to her family, who were obstinate Puritans, that one of their daughters should marry an idolatrous papist, as they call people of my creed. But Desdemona did not share these views, and followed me, accompanied by the blessing of her liberally minded mother, but, unhappily, by the curse of her father and grandfather. My stories about the sea and the New World had enchanted the highly gifted girl, and when I took my young wife on board the 'Gloria,' which was built for me by one of the first shipwrights at Brest, her eyes glistened with delight. We got under weigh, and crossed the Atlantic. Desdemona was the good genius of my ship. Victory was chained to my flag, and my name acquired fresh terror and renown. I should have liked to lay a kingdom at the feet of my wife; and as the enterprises of a Pizarro, an Almagro, and others, floated before my mind, I thought about preparing a large expedition to the interior of Central America, a portion of which enormous territory I intended to seize and occupy. As the tropical climate, however, had a deleterious effect on my wife's health, I turned my attention to the

northern latitudes of the American continent, and more especially the enormous regions behind the settlements of Virginia and New England, which have never yet been visited by a white man, much less subjugated by him. Of course, in conquering these deserts I must first get a firm foothold on the coast ; and I in no way concealed from myself the difficulties of my enterprise. On account of my wife I cannot think of continuing my filibuster life. Although I am rich enough to lead a quiet existence, inaction would be my death ; and Desdemona, too, likes a life of activity and adventures. I therefore intend to carry out the plan of a conquest in North America with all my energy, resembling the old Norman Duke Rollo when he conquered the valley of the Seine and founded Normandy. What is your opinion of this plan, Thorkil ? ”

“ It is bold and grand, captain, but its audacity almost terrifies me. ”

“ Stuff ! I do not believe that of so daring a wood-ranger. But to reach the end of my story : During an excursion which I undertook for the purpose of inspecting the interior of New England, I made the acquaintance of the trader Tom Morton, on Mount Wollaston. I am aware that he is a ruined lawyer from London, a gambler and toper, who leads an offensively loose life with his companions at Merry-mount, as they have re-christened it. I would not trust him from here to my foremast, but he has already been useful to me ” —

"You act wisely, captain, in not trusting that man. For my part, I always went with the greatest repugnance to Merry-mount, and only when I was absolutely compelled, to exchange our peltry for ammunition and other indispensable articles."

De Lussan reflected for a little while; then he said, —

"I have given you a peep at my plan, Thorkil. You know what I have already done to carry it out, through my connection with the natives. Tell me frankly whether you think that the scheme can be successfully carried out."

"I am unable to decide that: in any case, the colonists will offer you the most obstinate resistance."

"I shall be glad of it, for I dislike easy successes: that triumph is alone glorious which is gained by the exertion of all one's strength. The affair has been commenced, and the contest between the savages and the colonists has broken out. May they murder and weaken one another, that is all. Then I shall interfere. I have abundance of gold, my crew are unhesitatingly attached to me, I shall send Monsieur Le Grand to the Western Isles, and at my summons he will bring me up hundreds of freebooters who do not fear even the fiend himself."

"Hundreds of" —

"Pirates, you were going to say, were you not? Ah, that causes you to hesitate? But think of all the conquerors whose names history has recorded

in its annals. They were nothing better than robbers. What were Romulus, the founder of Rome, Rollo, Robert Guiscard, William the Conqueror, Cortez, and Pizarro? Regarded in the right light, naught but robber chiefs."

As Thorkil remained thoughtfully silent, De Lusan continued with a little less enthusiasm, —

"I have already hinted to you that the thing which has been troubling my wife's mind this evening might make a serious flaw in my plan. It would be most unlucky if all the measures hitherto taken, which have cost me so much time and trouble, should be futalized by this unforeseen accident. Hence we must try to acquire a certainty at any price, and as speedily as possible. For, look ye, since I heard what my wife and the Indian girl told us, a foreboding has weighed heavily on my breast. Whether my wife is deceived in her supposition, or whether she confirm it, in either case I am frightened about her, for it is tearing open a wound again which it was formerly very difficult to heal. What do you advise me to do in this matter?"

"If we were in the forests, I would tell you that my voice is still too young to be heard at the council-fire. Before all else I have now a terrible duty to fulfil, for which Groot Willem summons me to Providence; but after that is done, I promise you to get on Metacom's trail, and not give up till I have found him. The chief has an account to settle with



us, and if he cannot do so we shall be parted forever."

"I shall accompany you, friend; for you can understand how anxious I am to avoid a breach with the natives, whose revolt against the colonists so greatly promotes my plan. But now to speak of your affairs. You believe, then, that the hour has arrived when you must perform the fearful part of an avenger of blood."

"Willem's message leaves me no doubt on the subject."

"And are you both perfectly convinced that the vengeance will fall on the right man?"

"We are so, but wish to avoid even the appearance of precipitation. Willem has arranged that the Judge of Swansea, who is Metacom's prisoner, shall be brought to Providence. There Eaton shall hear my accusation in the presence of Roger Williams, who is his friend: he shall conduct his defence before a jury, and be tried, not murdered."

"That is acting sensibly and honorably. But whence comes the hatred which Groot Willem feels for Eaton?"

"Groot Willem does not like to talk about the matter; but I believe I may tell you what is generally known among the old settlers. Willem and Eaton were in their youth intimate friends, although their divergent views about religious matters at first formed a stone of offence. Eaton was also a rigid adherent of Puritanism, whose rules he wished to

be observed with the greatest strictness. Willem, on the other hand, refused to join the Puritan community, and openly declared that he was a sufficiently good Christian if he acted rightly, had God before his mind and heart, and loved his neighbor. He had done his friend immense services in founding the colony of Swansea, and Eaton readily gave his assent to Willem's marriage with Mabel, the judge's only sister, especially as he hoped in this way to gain Willem over to his church. He did not succeed, however; and when Eaton, with his unbending severity, tried to break the marriage and take Mabel back into his house, Willem, who was not then the cold-blooded woodranger you now know him, was foolish enough to make some harsh remarks about the absurd intolerance of Puritanism. These remarks were repeated to the judge in an exaggerated form, and he fancied his faith calumniated and a satisfaction owing to it. Willem was summoned before the elders of the church to answer the charge. He refused, with contemptuous expressions, to appear. He was condemned to do public penance by confessing his sins in the presence of the assembled community. Willem felled to the ground the messenger who brought him the sentence. He was arrested by force, and brought before a court of which Eaton was president. When the prisoner defiantly refused any revocation, he was sentenced to a public flogging and the loss of his right ear. After a fearful resistance he was compelled to un-

dergo the sentence. During the night Mabel contrived to get into the block-house where the prisoner was confined. The noble woman cut his bonds and fled with him to Providence, where, however, she soon died. She rests under a willow-tree on Narragansett Bay."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRIAL.

**The Colony of Providence — A new Acquaintance — Roger Williams — Alarm as to the Fate of Lovely and the two Colonels — The Pilgrim's Oak and Williams' Spring — A Trial by Jury — Thorkil's Accusation of Murder — The Story of a Young Life — The Ancestral Treasure — Two Incriminating Proofs — A Verdict of Death.**

THE Colony of Providence was situated on the bay between the mouth of the Pawtucket and that of the Moshasneck. Here, too, a band of the pilgrims of the wilderness had settled: their houses lay scattered under clumps of trees, and the roads, by which a sort of communication was maintained between them, still ran through the relics of the far from thoroughly cleared virgin forest, on whose site the populous commercial city of Providence now stands. All the buildings in the settlement consisted of regular American block-houses, among which an isolated one was distinguished by being covered by a large wild vine, whose tendrils were carefully trailed over the beams, which time had bronzed. From the house a neat garden ran down to the bay, and the fruit-trees and flowers in it appeared to be most lovingly tended.

Early on a dewy summer morning the door of this house was opened, and there walked forth into

the garden an old man of lofty stature, with a countenance full of mild dignity. A silvery beard descended to the girdle which fastened his outer garment, which was made of black home-spun linen, and imparted to his face something prophetic and apostolic.

The old man stood for a while with folded hands, and his large, thoughtful eyes raised to heaven, as if he were praying. Then he advanced and inhaled with rapture the fragrant morning breeze. He looked at the bay, whose gently rippled water was beginning to sparkle in the rising sunlight, then turned to his flowers and trees; and after he had given them the necessary attention with a careful hand, he walked up and down with drooping head, buried in deep thought.

Many of my readers will have guessed that we have before us Roger Williams, whose name has been repeatedly mentioned in the course of this story. He was one of the fathers of the American republic, and founder of the State of Rhode Island, to which the Colony of New Providence grew up in the course of time. Roger Williams arrived in New England in the year 1631. He had devoted himself to theology, and, as a member of the Puritan sect, endured repeated persecution, although he was not at all intolerant or hostile toward others of different opinions; but, on the contrary, combined with lofty conscientiousness the most magnanimous love of his neighbor, and the mildest gentleness and kindness.

But his toleration in matters of faith, and his unfaltering striving for mental liberty, displeased the strict Puritan governments of the colonies, and, soon after his arrival in New England, brought persecution upon him. Williams, who resided at Salem, received orders to come to Boston, where, as if he were a criminal and unworthy of the society of the Pilgrims, he was to be placed on board a ship lying in readiness, and be conveyed to England. When the accused sent a message to say that he was ill and could not travel without danger to his life, they attempted to fetch him by force ; but the bailiffs did not find him. The sick man had been warned, and left his house betimes, accompanied by a few faithful friends. He went in a boat across Massachusetts Bay, landed in Plymouth territory, and made his way in the winter snow through the forests to the Indians, whose friendship he had gained on former excursions, and whose language he had learned. For fourteen weeks, as he afterwards wrote, he was shamefully cast about in the bitter season of the year, without knowing what a slice of bread or a bed was. Without a guide, he wandered about the wilderness ; frequently had on stormy nights no fire, no food, no comrade, and a hollow tree as his sole abode. At last Williams reached the wigwam of Massasoit, the Sachem of the Pokanokets, who at the time had a quarrel with Canonicus, the Sachem of the Narragansetts. He was hospitably received, and produced a reconciliation between the chiefs,

who, like the red men generally, henceforth regarded him as their sincere friend, as the most honest of the pale-faces, and called him Haddeh-Manitoo, or the Tongue of the Good Spirit. Massasoit gave him a piece of land, and Williams began cultivating it, with the aid of five men of Salem, who had followed him hither through affection.

The governor of Plymouth at that day called Williams's attention to the fact that the spot where he had settled belonged to the territory of the colony, and advised him to remove to the western shore of the bay, where he could be entirely independent. Williams gratefully accepted this advice as the voice of Heaven, and rowed across the bay, with his five companions, to the land of the Narragansetts, who received him kindly, and their chief presented him with the whole country between the Moshasneck and the Pawtucket. Williams nobly divided the land among his friends, seven more of whom had joined him the while from Salem and Plymouth, without demanding the slightest compensation for it, or reserving for himself a yard more land than the rest. The thirteen pilgrims of the wilderness formed a religious and political community, of which the first fundamental rule was perfect liberty of belief. In order to express his immovable confidence in God's goodness, Williams christened the spot where he and his comrades began to clear the forest and erect their cabins, Providence, and established the young colony with the wish that it might be ever a refuge

for persons who were persecuted on account of their religious opinions.

At first, matters went on poorly in the new settlement, for it offered but slight return for hard toil ; but after the first difficulties were overcome, it began to grow and flourish, and within two years the number of settlers amounted to two hundred. Williams's inexhaustible kindness paternally provided for each new-comer, and his wisdom continued to defend his young State from internal ferments as well as external dangers. He stood on the best of terms with the natives. He was no intrusive converter, but respected freedom of belief in the red man as well, and merely tried to bring him over to Christianity through conviction. His respect for the rights of the Indians, his oft-tried integrity and goodness of heart, and his readiness to assist, by word or deed, white men and red, Christians and heathen, without distinction, caused the natives to regard him as a species of higher being. Gradually, the relations of Roger Williams and his settlement to the other colonies became more friendly again, for Williams had had abundant opportunities to heap coals of fire on the heads of his enemies. In spite of the persecution he had endured, he had ever honored and loved his brethren the colonists, and not only proved himself to individuals, on every occasion, a faithful countryman and brother, but also averted from the colonies the danger that all the Indian tribes of New England might follow the



example of the Pequods, and dig up the tomahawk against the pale-faces. The very government which had once persecuted him so barbarously, now implored him to do all in his power to prevent a confederation of the natives against the white men. Williams took no other revenge but forgiveness and charity, and only saw the necessities and perils of his brethren. He might be seen, so the historian tells us, indefatigably travelling backwards and forwards, defying storm and waves in a poor canoe, dauntlessly facing the fury and vengeance of the Pequods, expending at the council-fires all the strength of his eloquence, in a language learned with difficulty, in order to prevent the apprehended alliance. And he succeeded: he even succeeded in inducing the Narragansetts to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the colonists, the result of which was that the Pequod war took a very favorable turn for the latter.

Such was Roger Williams, the patriarch of the State joyously growing up around him. Although now in his seventy-seventh year, his tall thin body was still unbowed, and his eye still glistened with the fire of youth. But even his old age was not spared trials: the outbreak of deadly hostilities between the white and red men, which he had long foreseen, feared, and tried to nip in the bud, had arrived, to his intense grief. Through his sense of justice, he was compelled to allow that both parties had reasons for complaining, and the natives more

than the white men, as they ran an evident risk of being driven from the hunting-grounds of their forefathers by the constantly spreading colonization. Even though he was obliged to say to himself that, in the natural course of things, civilized nations must gradually overpower and expel savages; still his heart bled at the thought that the natives, who had so kindly received himself when barbarously repulsed by his countrymen, should be now driven by foreign intruders from the territory of their fathers, on which they led a happy life according to their ideas, or even extirpated. On the other hand, the alliance between the ambitious Metacom and the daring Canonchet appeared to him most serious and dangerous; and as his exertions had been in vain to detach the Sachem of the Narragansetts, who had hitherto devotedly obeyed him, from the alliance with King Philip, he proposed to the two chiefs that, as they must sooner or later be overpowered by the constantly increasing force of the colonists, they should collect all the native tribes of New England, and march with them toward the west, where they could obtain fresh hunting-grounds and establish new villages in the boundless forests and savannas, far away from the white men. The chiefs, however, refused to listen to this grand project.

It is not surprising that on this morning Roger Williams should seem sunk in deep thought; for he could not conceal from himself that when King Philip had conquered the settlers of Plymouth,

Massachusetts, and Connecticut, he would no longer show those of Providence the kindness and friendship which he had promised his ally Canonchet. And to all this a further sorrow was added. Judge Eaton, whom he had called his friend for many years, was accused of murder, and in the power of his two bitterest enemies, Thorkil and Groot Willem, who purposed to put him on his trial.

The old man did not notice two men enter the garden. It was not till they were close to him that he looked up and saw before him the noble form of the Sachem of the Narragansetts, as well as the gigantic one of the old trapper.

All three saluted each other in silence, and some minutes elapsed ere Williams said, with a significant glance at the trapper, —

“May the Lord turn this day to good, so that it may be called a blessed one.”

As the old hunter still made no remark, Williams said to him, with an accent of gentle reproach, —

“You do not say Amen, friend Willem; and yet, as a Christian, you must have understood me.”

“I did so, reverend friend,” Groot Willem answered. “But, pardon; I feel to-day as great a pain at the spot where my right ear used to be as at the time when” —

“Oh, say no more: sorrow and age have hardened your heart. I trust, though, that Thorkil will remember the lessons I imprinted on his young

heart. But tell me whether you have not been able to learn any thing more explicit as to the fate of the two colonels and the maiden, Willem ?”

“No : I made every effort to draw something from that scowling Annawon, who brought the judge here. But you know that when an Indian has made up his mind to hold his tongue, the evil one himself could not induce him to speak.”

The aged man laid his hand on the shoulder of the sachem, who had as yet not uttered a syllable, and said, —

“My heart is grieved for the fate of two white chiefs and their daughter, whom Metacom carried from the ruins of Swansea into the forest. Does not my son know where they now are ?”

“The Sachem of the Wampanogs is a great warrior,” Canonchet answered with downcast eyes : “Metacom is very wise, very clever ; so clever that he can hide his trail, even from the eyes of friends.”

“Certainly, sachem, we know that,” Willem observed ; “but one of your runners was with Metacom when the tomahawk was raised over Swansea ; and the young braves of the Narragansetts have sharp eyes.”

“Look at me, my son,” Williams said earnestly. “Does the chief’s heart no longer lie open before me as it formerly did ?”

The chief raised his eyes and met the affectionate gaze of the patriarch, which seemed to have a ma-

gical effect upon him. He seized Williams's hand with a noble gesture, pressed it to his bosom, and replied, —

“No: Canonchet's heart shall still remain uncovered before the eye of the Haddeh-Manitoo, even when it bleeds at the recollection of Miantonomo.”

The chief uttered the last words with such a sorrowful accent, that not only Williams, but the not generally soft-hearted old trapper, was touched by them. Both knew in what a barbarous and shameful way the colonists allowed his father to be murdered, and understood the furious hatred which Canonchet bore in his heart against them. Hence the patriarch seized the sachem's hands with great sympathy, and said, —

“My son knows how I think about this unjust and lamentable deed” —

“Canonchet knows it,” the sachem interrupted him; “he knows that his white father raised his voice loudly against the treacherous resolution of the pale-faces. Canonchet,” the chief continued, after a slight hesitation, “was far away when Metacom raised the tomahawk and destroyed the wigwams of Swansea by fire, but his young warrior saw that the Sachem of the Wampanogs carried off the two white chiefs, the Little Fire-spitter, and the young squaw toward the south.”

“Toward the south!” Willem cried, and added, after a little reflection, “then I am on the right

track. Hih-lah-dih knew nothing about it, that is certain. To the south, you say, sachem?"

"Yes," Canonchet repeated.

"Death and the duivel! Where can he have taken them in that direction, except to Mount Wollaston?"

"To Mount Wollaston, where the band of that reprobate Morton dwells," Williams remarked. "Your conjecture startles me, Willem."

"It startles myself, for Roaring Tom would be capable of surrendering them to the king's soldiers. The villain will do any thing for money. But if the two colonels have been taken to Mount Wollaston, the Wampanog has acted falsely to us, and, by heaven's he shall pay for it! But listen: there is the bell ringing."

The sound of a bell could be distinctly heard from the settlement. Its booming sound seemed to summon to a serious business, and Williams confirmed this by saying, with eyes uplifted to heaven, —

"Let us go, then, and may God render his justice visible!"

"Certainly," the old trapper muttered, "and may Thorkil keep his five senses together, for this is probably the most important day of his life."

In the centre of one of those pretty meadows called prairies by the settlers, which extended behind the houses of Providence to the gloomy virgin forest, stood a colossal oak, called the Pilgrims' Oak.

A spring bubbling up in the shadow of its branches poured its copious stream through a clumsy tube into a basin of coarsely cut stones, and was called Williams's Spring, because the founder of the colony, when he first reached the spot, quenched his thirst there.

This spot was regarded as sacred by the settlers. Here Williams assembled his companions for prayers on the first Sunday after their landing; here he gave the rising colony the name of Providence, and the law, which, to the present day, chiefly forms the constitution of Rhode Island. In all important matters the people assembled at Williams's Spring, under the Pilgrims' Oak.

But the oak had never witnessed a more numerous assembly than on this day.

In the shade of the tree stood a long table, on either side of which six men, settlers of Providence, were seated. The upper end of the table was occupied by the foreman, Samuel Endicott, a worthy old man, who was the most respected member of the colony, next to the patriarch.

At the lower end of the table was a bar, with two chairs opposite each other, inside. The right-hand seat, or that of the accuser, was occupied by Thor-kil Wikingson; the left hand, or that of the accused, by Theophilus Eaton. In front of the bar various groups formed a semicircle.

On the right hand side of this semicircle might be noticed De Lussan, Desdemona, Hih-lah-dih, about

half a dozen fantastically bedizened sailors from the "Gloria," and the inhabitants of Swansea, with the exception of the women and children. The left-hand side was occupied by the numerous escort of the Sachem of the Narragansetts. Roger Williams had convened the natives with the intention of proving to them that the pale-faces exercised impartial justice. The red warriors were drawn up quite in the Indian fashion. In front sat Canonchet and his subordinate chiefs, and behind them came a row of braves, who were but little inferior to the chiefs in reputation. In the third line stood the young men, who must first prove that they knew how to follow the war-path ere they would be allowed to join the second row. In the gap formed between the red men and the white, the patriarch could be seen, and a little farther back, the old trapper, leaning on his huge roër, from which he had not parted for many a year, either awake or asleep.

With the exception of this weapon, only one other could be seen in the entire assembly, — a short dagger, with a triangular blade and rusty metal handle, which lay on the table before Endicott, with a Bible.

The clear blue sky of a summer's morning was expanded over the solemn assembly. A breathless silence prevailed, which was only interrupted by the still pealing bell and the plashing of Williams's Spring. The calumet went the round of the Indians, as is usual at all consultations among them ;



but, with this exception, not the slightest movement was visible among them.

The bell now ceased ringing: the president rose, bowed his head, looked around the assembly, and said, —

“In the name of God, almighty and omniscient, who sees all hidden things and tries the hearts and reins, I, Samuel Endicott, foreman of the jury of Providence, declare the court opened.”

After a short pause he turned to the members of the jury and addressed them as follows: —

“Fellow-citizens and jurymen,— You will have a serious and melancholy case to try. The charge is one of assassination, committed with the intention of robbery, on a stranger. Remember your oath to weigh the evidence carefully and judge justly, so that you may be able to be responsible for your verdict hereafter before the Supreme Judge.”

After a further pause, Endicott addressed Eaton:—

“Theophilus Eaton of Swansea, a fearful suspicion rests upon you: you are accused of murder. Have you any objection to raise to the competency of this court?”

All eyes were fixed on the old Puritan, who had hitherto been regarded as a pattern of every virtue in the whole of the colonies. The unhappy old man rose slowly from his seat: he seemed terribly bowed down, and his courage to be broken, by the misfortune which had befallen Swansea, by his captivity, and by the fearful accusation suddenly hurled at

him. When the word "murder" caught his ear, he quivered, and made an angrily repellent gesture with his hand. But he at once reverently bowed his head, and said calmly, —

"The hand of the Lord lies heavy upon me. My soul groans under the weight of its sufferings, but I bear them humbly till it please God to put an end to the infliction."

"Then you acknowledge the court?"

"I bow to the decree of the Lord, who has poured out the vials of his wrath over the pilgrims of the wilderness, on account of their sins. Do whatever you think right. The will of the Lord be blessed to all eternity."

He looked up to heaven, then sat down, and buried his pale face in his hands.

"Thorkil Wikingson," Endicott again spoke, "advance to the bar and bring forward your charge. But first swear by God the Almighty that in all points you will speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Will you do so?"

The whole assembly now turned their attention to the youth as he rose and stepped to the bar. He seemed greatly agitated, but, raising his right hand, took the oath required in the following words:—

"I swear by God the Almighty to speak the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Speak, then," the president ordered.

"My name is Thorkil Wikingson, as you all know, ye men of Providence. I was born at Iceland, that

distant island in the Northern Sea, which was populated from Norway, the birthland of the Normans. As tradition says, in olden times a band of Icelanders, when on a naval expedition, were driven to the coast of this country, which they christened Winland, in consequence of the abundance of wild grapes. On their return home numerous expeditions were undertaken to the newly discovered land: my bold countrymen subjugated the coasts and islands of New England, but resigned their conquests for reasons now unknown. Traces of their presence still exist, and before all in the half-ruined Christian church which they built on Rhode Island, in Narragansett Bay. When a boy, I heard at home, in Iceland, of this edifice; for in my family the tradition had been handed down from father to son, through many generations, that the founder of our house was the builder of this temple. My father, Björn, was fond of referring to this affair with all sorts of mysterious allusions. When I was seven years of age a pestilence carried off my mother; and from that time my father, who had inherited the adventurous temper of his forefathers, found no rest beneath his roof. One day he said to me, 'Thorkil, my lad, I must try and dispel my grief by change of scene. We will sail to Winland. There, on an island in a small bay, my ancestor Olaff buried a treasure in the church he built, by the side of the font. I intend to raise it, for it is my property.' He collected all he possessed: we went aboard a whaler, and landed at Plymouth.

Thence we wandered through the forests toward Narragansett Bay, and were hospitably received at Swansea by Judge Eaton, — that Eaton whom I this day, through filial duty, accuse of murder.”

When Eaton, who had hitherto paid but slight attention to Golden-hair, heard his name mentioned, he raised his head and gazed at the youth with an expression as if a half-slumbering reminiscence had been aroused in him.

“Our friend speaks clearly,” De Lussan whispered to his wife: “it is evident that he received an excellent education from Roger Williams.”

“Yes,” Desdemona replied; “and the pure truth is visible in his simple and clear language.”

“Golden-hair great speaker, very great at council-fire,” Hih-lah-dih murmured admiringly.

Thorkil continued: —

“In spite of his adventurous temperament, my father was a sober and pious man. He and Eaton took pleasure in each other’s company, and my father confided to the judge the object that had brought him to this country. I can still distinctly remember how the two men frequently discussed the affair, and how Eaton considered the story about the buried treasure extremely improbable. But, when my father firmly adhered to his belief, the judge offered to carry us over himself to Rhode Island. We entered a boat with him in the small creek to the west of Mount-Hope promontory, which was pulled by two of his men. One of them was a white

man of the name of Obededom ; the other a native of the Wampanog tribe, whose Indian name, if I recollect rightly, was Pe-toh-pi-kiss, but who had been christened, on his conversion, Joshua by the settlers. We landed near the newly founded settlement of Portsmouth. Here Master Eaton left us with his men, under the excuse that he had business in the village, and would await our return there."

"Prisoner at the bar," the foreman here interrupted the accuser, "do you remember the circumstances which Thorkil Wikingson has just mentioned?"

"Yes: it is as he has stated," the judge answered. "I waited, as we had agreed, three days for the strange man and his boy. They did not return, and I never heard any thing more of them. Business suddenly recalled me home; and, as the colonies at that time were sorely troubled by the Pequod War, I forgot to make any inquiries after them."

"Are the two servants still alive who accompanied you on this trip?" Endicott asked further.

"Obededom, a just man before the Lord, was slaughtered by the heathen at the destruction of Swansea. The other, Joshua, was a renegade, and, as we afterwards learned, sent as spy into my house by King Philip, that perverse Ahab. He left it soon after that event, and fell back into the blindness of heathenism."

"Did this Wampanog leave you during the three days you spent at Portsmouth?"

“No; so far as I can remember. He returned with me to Swansea.”

Endicott shrugged his shoulders pityingly, and requested Thorkil to continue.

“My father and I,” the young hunter began again, “walked through the forests of the island to its south-eastern point, where we found, as the family traditions stated, the primeval chapel, but half in ruins, as it now remains. My father walked round the circular hall, and carefully examined it. On reaching the font, he walked a couple of paces to the left, stopped on a large slab, and said, ‘It must be here, Thorkil.’ We had provided ourselves with a crowbar, and by its aid he laboriously raised the heavy stone; and we really found beneath it a cavity, filled with heavy, dirty gold coins of a clumsy square shape, and with a primitive, worn stamp. Our ancestor’s treasure was found.

“As night had set in, and we were tired, we lay down to sleep by the side of the cavity. While slumbering, I fancied I heard a quick cry. When I awoke, my father lay motionless in a pool of blood. A murderous hand had passed his throat. The dagger lying on that table was buried in his breast.”

The young hunter here stopped in deep emotion; but added, in a hollow voice, after a short pause, —

“It is a fearful recollection. Let my friend Willem speak.”

A deep murmur of horror ran along the whole as-

sembly. When he had slightly calmed himself, the foreman called out, —

“ Groot Willem, step forward, and say what you have to say.”

The old trapper advanced to the bar. As he passed, his eye fell on Eaton ; and a slight smile of triumph passed over his scarred, weather-beaten features. The Puritan watched him approach with the calm resignation he maintained during the entire trial, and murmured, as Willem passed, the words of the Psalmist, —

“ Mine enemies have conspired against me, and have taken the bow of slander in their hand.”

The trapper heard the word “slander,” and replied by an angry shake of the head. When he reached the bar, he commenced : —

“ I am, as you all know, by trade a hunter. At the time to which we are now referring, the forests of Rhode Island offered an excellent hunting-ground, as they had not been cleared by the colonists as they now are. Hence I often went there, and had known the old building, to which my young friend has alluded, for a long time, though I never dreamed that a pile of gold was buried in the chapel. In fact, I do not trouble myself much about the yellow stuff, as it is of no use to me in the woods. Well, one day, after sleeping in the bush, I shot at dawn a fat buck, and, as I felt hungry, I carried the animal to the old hall, in order to get breakfast ready there, as I had frequently done. As I approached the

wall, however, I heard inside a lamentation and weeping, and, on entering, what did I see? a strange lad who, sobbing, and half wild with grief and sorrow, was embracing the blood-stained corpse of an equally strange man, and who could only reply to all my questions, — ‘My father, my poor father!’ The boy was Thorkil. I tried to pacify him; and at length persuaded him to tell me the most important facts of his story. When I examined the cavity in which the treasure had been, I found it was empty. Not a trace of the murderer was to be seen inside the wall; but the three-edged knife which I drew out of the murdered man’s chest seemed to me somewhat familiar. But, in continuing my researches outside of the hall, I found in the dust which was piled up round the old building the footsteps of two men.”

“Of two men?” Endicott asked anxiously.

“Of two men; and, to the disgrace of my color, I am bound to state that they were made by shoes such as the people in the settlements are accustomed to wear. Without boasting, I may fairly say that I am tolerably clever in following a trail, and hence it was an easy task for me to follow the footsteps through the reeds to the sea-shore. There they disappeared at the precise spot where a slight hollow was perceptible, such as is produced by a boat being drawn ashore.”

“What did you afterwards, man?”

“I buried the dead man in the hole, and took the



lad with me. But, as he was too young and delicate to share my forest life, I brought him to Providence, to my venerable friend Roger Williams, who was a faithful father and teacher to him till he was grown up. Since then he has lived with me in the forests as an honest wood-ranger. I imparted to my reverend friend Williams what I had seen in the old hall, and also showed him the knife. He started on noticing the two letters engraved on the hilt, and that made me comprehend why the instrument had appeared to me so familiar from the beginning."

"Master Willem, are you willing to swear to the truth of your statement?"

"Swear! of course, if I must. But I think my word will be sufficient."

"Certainly, man, we know you," the foreman replied, and then respectfully called to the patriarch of the colony.

"I must request your reverence to appear at the bar. The Court requires your evidence."

With a look of the deepest compassion Roger Williams walked past the accused and up to the bar.

"Do you remember, sir," Endicott asked, "that Willem Kloppe, here present, commonly known as Groot Willem, informed you at the time of the circumstances he has just repeated here?"

"Yes: I remember. He told me all exactly as he has just repeated it."

"Do you recognize," the foreman continued, "this

knife as the one which Groot Willem showed you at that time ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ The trapper says that you noticed two letters engraved on the hilt. Can you tell us what they were ? ”

“ Yes: they were a Th. and an E.”

“ Theophilus Eaton ! ” was whispered on all sides, with a murmur of astonishment.

“ Prisoner at the bar,” Endicott said, “ stand up. Your presence on the island at the time of the murder has been proved, and you have yourself acknowledged it. Look carefully at this knife, with which the murder was done. The handle bears the initial letters of your name. Was the weapon ever in your possession ? ”

The Puritan, who had mechanically risen on the foreman’s order, calmly took the dagger in his hand. The weapon, however, appeared immediately to fix his attention, just as if a long-missing article were suddenly found again.

“ I know the dagger,” he answered: “ it was for a long time in our family, and belonged to my late father, who brought it with him from England. The marks on the handle are the initials of his name, which was the same as mine.”

“ You recognize the dagger, then, as yours ? ”

“ Certainly ; but I have not seen it for a long time, and believed it was kept with the other weapons in my house, which, by the permission of the

Almighty, now lies in ruins. How it came here is inexplicable to me."

With these words he laid the dagger upon the table again, and sat down.

Williams walked up to him, laid his hands on his shoulders, and said mournfully, —

"Poor, unhappy friend, I am convinced that you have no part in this awful deed, whatever may bear witness against you."

"God alone sees through this darkness," Eaton replied.

"To him all things are revealed, and what he does is well done."

"Accuser," the foreman again turned to Thor-kil, "have you any further evidence to bring forward?"

"On that fearful morning," the young hunter continued, "I half unconsciously took an oath to avenge my father's death, and have repeatedly renewed it. When I believed I was certain as to the assassin, in my youthful impetuosity I wished to requite murder by murder; but my second father, Groot Willem here, who has done more for me than can ever be told, guarded me from this crime. Still, what I have hoped and striven for, through many years, has at length taken place: the justice of God has delivered the culprit into my hands, so that I may accuse him of murder in the presence of you all. No one but Theophilus Eaton knew of the object that took my poor father to the old church

on Rhode Island. Eaton has himself acknowledged his presence on the island at the time of the atrocious deed: he has himself recognized the instrument of murder as his. Let justice, therefore, take its course, judges."

"Young man," Endicott observed seriously, "in your certainly just grief do not forget the feelings of a Christian. We know our duty, and are bound to tell you, that, though the evidence produced is so incriminating for the prisoner, it is not sufficient to prove his guilt."

"Stay, sir. I have not yet ended."

With these words Thorkil drew from under his hunting-shirt an article suspended round his neck by a cord.

It was a large, thick, four-cornered gold coin of a very antiquated appearance.

"Look," the young hunter said, as he laid the gold-piece on the table: "this coin, in size, shape, and mint-mark, so perfectly resembles the treasure which cost my father's life, that it can only be one of them. This I can swear by my hope of salvation."

This new proof considerably aroused the attention of the jury and spectators.

"Where did you get this coin from?" Endicott asked, after he had examined it.

"My paternal friend, Roger Williams, gave it me a year ago."

"Roger Williams?"

“ Yes : he received it from Eaton’s hand.”

A murmur of horror ran along the assembly.

“ Your reverence,” the foreman turned to the patriarch, “ will you give the Court an explanation of this strange circumstance ? ”

“ I must and will tell the truth, even though this suspicious circumstance cannot shake my faith in my friend’s innocence. About fourteen years ago, I had an interview with Eaton about a frontier dispute between our colony and that of Plymouth. On that occasion he gave me the coin now lying on the table, because he knew my liking for antiquities. At that time I explained to my friend the mint-mark, from which it is plain that the coin was made by some ancient king of France.”

“ Prisoner, you have heard the statement of the witness. Do you acknowledge this fact ? ”

“ Roger Williams spoke the truth. I can perfectly well remember giving him the coin on the occasion referred to.”

“ And how did it get into your possession ? ”

“ I had found it a few years previously.”

“ Found it ? ”

“ Yes. The fathers of our colony ordered me to settle with King Philip, that son of Belial, one of the numerous disputes which he constantly aroused between the Pilgrims and the red heathen. I sought him at a hunting-camp no great distance from Mount Hope ; but the heathen had quitted the spot when I arrived. On the deserted camping-ground

I accidentally found the coin lying on the grass, and picked it up."

This explanation caused most of the jury to shake their heads incredulously. The patriarch noticed it, and cried imploringly, with evident conviction, —

"Believe him, believe him! Theophilus Eaton's lips never uttered a falsehood."

"Thorkil Wikingson," the foreman continued, "you have heard how the accused has sought to disarm your last proof of his guilt. Do you still adhere to your accusation?"

"I do."

"Prisoner at the bar of this court, which has been summoned according to the laws and customs of the colony, and recognized by yourself as legal, you have heard of what deed you are accused, and by what evidence the charge is supported. I have now to ask you, Do you declare yourself guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

A suppressed cry of astonishment, as well as of horror, burst from the spectators.

"Yes, guilty," Eaton continued, with head erect; "guilty of all the sins of which a weak creature can accuse himself against his Creator and Lord, but not guilty of the atrocious crime of which I am accused."

"But how can you purge yourself from this charge?"

"How?" the Puritan answered, as he again let

his head droop, as if crushed by the weight of this accusation. "Appearances are against me. The time of my chastening has arrived, and the Lord wishes me to drink the cup to the dregs."

And, with the look of a man willing to yield to the inevitable without further opposition, Eaton seated himself again.

"I declare the trial ended," the foreman said, and began to sum up the charge clearly and impartially. When he ended, the jury assembled round his chair for the purpose of consultation. With breathless eagerness the spectators awaited the result. It was not long delayed; and, when the jury had returned to their seats, Endicott said, with solemn impressiveness, —

"Men of the jury, I address to you, before God and your consciences, the question, — Is the accused, Theophilus Eaton of Swansea, guilty or not guilty of the murder committed on Björn Wikingson, the father of the accuser, Thorkil Wikingson?"

The eldest of the jury rose, bared his head, and answered, —

"Before God and our conscience, guilty."

"So say you all?"

"We do," the whole of the jury replied, as they rose together.

"And what punishment, men of the jury, do you inflict on the man you have found guilty?"

"Death!" was the answer.

"Death!" the whole assembly repeated in a hollow voice.

## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE TRAIL.

Hib-lah-dih throws a Light on the Murder — Thorkil's Conversation with Canonchet — His Intentions with Respect to Metacom — A Reconciliation — Desdemona and De Lusan — The Filibuster's Resolution — A Walk through the Forest — A Pic-nic — Golden-hair as Cook — A Herd of Buffaloes — The Great Medicine — A Wounded Savage — A Death-confession.

EATON heard the verdict of the jury with rigid, sullen resignation, and only, on hearing the sentence of death, muttered to himself, "God of Zabaath, give thy servant strength!"

After a long and anxious pause, the foreman began again: —

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Stand up, so that I may announce the sentence to you, as is the custom in the colonies."

Eaton quitted his seat and walked to the bar. But, before Endicott could begin passing sentence, the patriarch cried, with indescribable agony, —

"Stay! a voice in my bosom tells me that you are committing a murder while believing that you are expiating a murder. Who among us, who of all the colonists, would ever have believed it possible that a charge of murder could be brought against Theophilus Eaton, on whom the pilgrims of the wil-



derness looked as a pillar of their faith and their community? No, no, it is impossible: he cannot have committed the crime, even though the evidence adduced may appear to speak so greatly against him. Reflect on what you are doing, and if you ought to take a human life on such evidence; reflect on what our brethren in Plymouth and Boston will say when they hear that you have killed Theophilus Eaton in a season of menacing danger, when the colonies of New England must doubly and triply feel the loss of such a man. At least, ask the advice of our brethren in this melancholy affair. And you, my son," the venerable man now turned to Golden-hair, "guard yourself against listening to the inspirations of revenge: it will load your heart with a burden from which no repentance, no prayer, can free you. Remember the teaching of our blessed Redeemer, who prayed for his murderers even on the cross. Remember the time when your heart was still mild and soft, and you wept tears of emotion when I read with you the story of the passion of our Lord and Saviour, or told you the story of that wise man of the East, who, when attacked in the desert by a murderer, and mortally wounded, employed his last moments in converting his assassin. Behave like him, even though, as I assume, you may be fully convinced of Eaton's guilt; or, better still, act as becomes a man of feeling and a Christian."

As the youth remained silent, Williams turned to the old trapper, and said, —

“ Willem, old friend, assist me. Thorkil listens to no man’s voice so readily as yours. You surely do not wish it to be said that Groot Willem thrust forward his foster-son in a work of vengeance which in reality was his own ? ”

Such an idea seemed to the old trapper impossible : he drew himself to his full height, and looked round the assembly as if asking who dare to say such a thing of him. Then he answered the patriarch : —

“ I should like to see the man, reverend friend, who would be inclined to say Groot Willem acts like a scoundrel. They know me better in the settlements and the forests. As for the present case, I have done no more than give my evidence in accordance with the truth as yourself also did. But, as regards my own quarrel with that man, I honestly confess that my roër would long ago have settled the matter with him if I had not promised my departed wife —— ; but that has no business here. But to persuade the lad to give up his rights and be faithless to his oath, that I cannot and will not do.”

“ Reverend father,” Thorkil here said, with deep emotion, to the patriarch, “ Heaven knows that I have hitherto followed your teaching to the best of my strength ; but, though it pains me so much, I cannot do so to-day. My father’s blood cries for

vengeance. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood!—such is the law of the forests, and so it is also written in the Holy Book on that table.”

When Williams tried to make a further appeal on behalf of the condemned man, the foreman of the jury impressively interrupted him by saying,—

“Reverend friend, we all revere your goodness of heart, which would like to show mercy to the unfortunate man; but justice must pursue its course. The Court has found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him: I must do my duty. Prisoner at the bar, listen to the sentence.”

With these words, Endicott took the Bible from the table, and read the following passage from Leviticus:—

“And he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death.

“And he that killeth a beast shall make it good; beast for beast.

“And if a man cause a blemish in his neighbor; as he hath done, so shall it be done unto him:

“Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth: as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again.

“And he that killeth a beast, he shall restore it: and he that killeth a man, he shall be put to death.

“Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country; for I am the Lord your God.”

“And therefore,” Endicott added as he closed

the book, "as you, Theophilus Eaton of Swansea, have been accused, tried, and found guilty of murder and robbery, I announce to you that you shall" —

"Stop, sir!" De Lussan suddenly interrupted the foreman of the jury, in such a voice as if he were giving orders on the deck of the "Gloria."

Endicott turned angrily to the disturber, and said, —

"What is the meaning of this, stranger, that you dare to raise an objection against the sentence of this free and competent court?"

"Sir," the captain replied with calm decision, "stop your passing of the sentence till you have listened to this Indian girl. She has something to say."

Hih-lah-dih, who had never once taken her eyes off Thorkil, had for some time past evinced a great agitation. Although she had understood that the object was to avenge the murder of Golden-hair's father, she was led astray by the circumstances connected with the coin; for when she saw how carefully Thorkil had preserved it in his bosom, and what importance was attached to this bit of "yellow metal," she fancied she could satisfy Thorkil's desire by telling him where to find more of such metal. This false supposition was destined, wonderful to relate, to throw a light upon this dark trial.

"The pale-faces love the yellow metal," Hih-lah-dih whispered to her neighbor. "If Thorkil loves

yellow metal, Hih-lah-dih can tell him where many such things are hidden as that lying on the table."

Desdemona, who had followed the trial in the greatest excitement, and who, like the patriarch, felt convinced of the prisoner's innocence, immediately informed De Lussan of the Indian girl's remark, and the latter had consequently ventured to interrupt the foreman.

Roger Williams had scarce heard the captain's remark, ere he, excited by a faint hope, cried to the foreman, —

"I implore you, by the hope of salvation, friend, to let the Indian girl speak."

Endicott obeyed this solemn entreaty, and called the Indian maid to the bar. Hih-lah-dih stepped forward without embarrassment.

"What is your name, girl," he addressed her. "Who are you? and where do you come from?"

"Hih-lah-dih has often been in the wigwams of the pale-faces of Providence."

"Good! we know it, girl: you are the sister of Metacom, the Chief of the Wampanogs."

"Ugh!" was heard from the side where the Indians were seated.

When Hih-lah-dih heard this expressive guttural note, which the Indians employ partly as a sign of astonishment, partly as a warning, she gave a slight start.

She turned and met the threatening features and

piercing glance of Annawon, who had half risen from among the group of Narragansett chiefs.

She looked down on the ground in confusion, and was silent.

“Say what you have to say, girl,” Endicott encouraged her.

“Yes, speak, my daughter,” Williams urged the intimidated girl. “I feel as if an all-merciful God had chosen you as his instrument to save the life of a righteous man.”

Hih-lah-dih remained silent. Annawon’s warning cry had aroused in her the caution and reserve which are in an eminent degree peculiar to the Indian tribes.

“My sister can open her mouth,” Thorkil now also entreated: “the ears of my brothers are open.”

Even now the Indian training retained the mastery, for Hih-lah-dih answered, with hanging head, “My brother knows that the voice of a squaw must not be raised in the council of the warriors.”

“I know it; but my sister does not need to speak to my brothers: she can tell me alone what she knows.”

Hih-lah-dih reflected for a moment, but then said, as she pointed to the old coin, —

“If my brother Golden-hair love yellow metal, Hih-lah-dih can tell him where to find much, very much.”

“Yellow metal like this, girl?” Thorkil asked in

the greatest excitement, as he took the coin from the table, and held it before the Indian girl.

She carefully examined it, and at once answered,—

“Hih-lah-dih never saw other yellow metal but this.”

“And when? where?”

“At Montaup; in the wigwam of the Sachem of the Wampanogs.”

Thorkil started back as if struck by lightning. Then he stammered, after an effort to collect himself, “In your brother’s wigwam?”

“Hih-lah-dih said it; in the wigwam of Metacom.”

“And how long has the yellow metal been there?”

“Hih-lah-dih little, very little, no bigger than papoose, when she saw the yellow metal for the first time. Red warriors not use it: lies in a corner under the ground. Hih-lah-dih lead Golden-hair there. Tell the sachem, yellow metal belongs to my pale-face brother. Golden-hair fetch it.”

Although Hih-lah-dih had uttered the last words in a whisper, as if only intended for Thorkil’s ear, they had not escaped the breathlessly listening assembly; and the girl’s simple statement produced a tremendous effect.

It was clear that the mysteriously lost treasure of Thorkil’s ancestors was in the hands of King Philip. The truth soon forced its way to light. This statement most perfectly agreed with Eaton’s explanation,

that he had found the coin at a hunting-camp of Metacom's, near Mount Hope.

"God makes manifest his justice through the mouth of a child: let us bless and praise his name!" Roger Williams exclaimed rejoicingly.

"O Heaven! who could foresee this? Do not pass sentence. I withdraw the accusation!" Thorkil cried, in a terrible state of excitement, to the foreman, and rushed from the circle.

"We passed sentence according to human judgment," Endicott said with great agitation. "Weakness and error are the inheritance of human nature if the Lord does not come to its aid with his wisdom. Let us thank God, ye men, for having saved us, in his mercy, from shedding innocent blood. Fellow-citizens, jurymen, where there is no accuser there is no judge. The court is dissolved."

"My friend, my brother," the patriarch exclaimed, as he hurried up to Eaton, "you are saved: you are purged from this horrible accusation."

The jury had left their seats, and all pressed round the Puritan, congratulating him, and shaking his hand. He raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and uttered his thanks and joy in a fervent prayer.

"From the depths of my misery," he prayed, "I cried to thee, O my God! and thou hast heard my voice. Thou art merciful and charitable; slow of wrath, and of great loving-kindness. Thou hast justice for all who suffer unjustly. Thy trials do not last forever. Thy anger is changed into mercy.



Thou hast redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with justification. Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, praise his holy name!"

The liberated man was now led back in triumph to the village. Hih-lah-dih remained standing at the bar, as if rooted in the ground. Golden-hair's condition and hurried departure had startled her; and as the trial, owing to her statement, had taken an utterly different turn, she conjectured that the important point was not the bits of yellow metal, as she had fancied.

Suddenly she started from her reverie. Annawon's voice hissed in her ear, and the savage warrior stood close to her.

"The sister of the sachem," he said in the language of her nation, and with emphasis, "will now follow Annawon."

"Whither?"

"To the wigwams of our tribe."

"And suppose Hih-lah-dih refuses?" she said, stamping her foot passionately.

"Hih-lah-dih must obey. The sister of Metacom must not remain here any longer. The pale-faces are all dogs. They bark at one another, but do not bite. Annawon is a clever chief. My daughter will listen to what he has to say to her. She has done the sachem great injury to-day. Annawon will tell her much. Come."

He had seized her arm, and spoke so seriously

and even threateningly, that she mechanically allowed him to draw her away.

When Thorkil hurried from the bar, he hastened to the Chief of the Narragansetts, and said to him, —  
“ Will the sachem hear what his white brother has to say to him ? ”

Canonchet gave a nod of acquiescence, rose, and silently followed the young hunter for some distance out into the prairie.

“ Sachem,” Thorkil began, still in a state of great excitement, “ for many a day and many a year we have hunted the buffalo together, watched for the leaping panther, and pursued the crawling Pequods. My brother knows that as my body was more often in the wigwams of the red men than in the settlements, so my heart was even more attached to the Indians than to those of my own color.”

“ Golden-hair speaks truly,” Canonchet replied. “ Golden-hair great friend of red man, and red man great friend of Golden-hair.”

“ Good, sachem; but I fear that this will now come to an end, at least partially.”

The chief gave his white friend a searching glance, and then thoughtfully looked down on the ground.

“ You know, sachem,” Thorkil continued, “ on what conditions Mato, the chief of the thunder-ship, and myself allied ourselves with the Sachem of the Wampanogs. He broke the promise he made us on his first undertaking.”

“ Metacom is a great warrior, a very wise chief.”

“ We will not discuss that point, sachem ; but you have heard that the treasure of yellow metal, for the sake of which my father was murdered, is in Meta-com’s wigwam.”

On hearing these words, Canonchet appeared to catch Thorkil’s meaning, and hence asked, after a short pause, —

“ Does my brother intend to dig up the tomahawk against the Sachem of the Wampanogs ? ”

“ Yes : I intend to follow his trail. He shall give me account of his prisoners, and the murder of my father ; and if he is guilty, I shall peril my life in taking his.”

Canonchet bowed his head, as if wishing to intimate that he considered this resolution natural. Then he said, —

“ When wise warriors intend to go in the war-trail, they first light the council-fire, in order to smoke the calumet with their friends, and hear their advice.”

“ Certainly, sachem ; but that is not necessary in this case. As, however, I should like to retain my reputation as an honest man with you and your tribe, I informed you of my intention ; and if you heard that either Mato or myself have killed the sachem, you might be assured that we were in our right, and had not acted without reflection.”

“ So then the foolish tongue of a squaw shall cut asunder the wampum of friendship between Golden-hair and his red brothers.”

“ Not the friendship between me and you, I hope.

No, no : we will remain friends. But as regards the Wampanogs. . . . Listen, sachem : you know the duties of a son, and there is a name which causes your blood to boil."

"Miantonomo!" Canonchet cried with rolling eyes, in which the fire of passion flashed.

"I see, sachem, that you understand me. So give me your hand, and promise me that you will remain attached to me, as I am to you."

The Indian seized Thorkil's proffered hand, pressed it heartily, and answered,—

"My white brother is a just man ; he will not obey the suggestions of blind anger : but the soul of a murdered father finds no rest in the happy hunting-grounds till his blood has been avenged. Go, brother, whither the voice of Manitoo calls you ; Canonchet's heart, Canonchet's wigwam, will ever be open to Golden-hair."

"I knew that you would speak so, sachem. There is no falseness in you. Good-by, then, till we meet again."

While these two conversations were going on between Hih-lah-dih and Annawon on one side, and Golden-hair and Canonchet on the other, Eaton, accompanied by the entire male population of the settlement, walked on Williams's arm toward his friend's house ; but they had not reached it when Eaton felt a tap on his shoulder : he turned, and perceived Groot Willem at his side.

"Theophilus," the old trapper said, with visible

SECRET



emotion in his face and voice, — “Theophilus, you formerly called me brother: come and grant me a few moments’ hearing.”

Willem’s words echoed in the heart of the deeply agitated Puritan like a sound from remote youth: he was unable to resist them, and followed the old trapper, accompanied by the wishes of the patriarch that the blessing of this hour might be perfect.

Groot Willem led the Judge of Swansea through the pine-wood down to the sea-shore. Here he stopped in front of a majestic willow, which extended its branches over a grass-covered grave, which was kept carefully cleared from weeds and shrubs.

“Look, Theophilus!” the old trapper said in a trembling voice: “we are standing at a spot which must be sacred to you and me. Here rests my good wife, poor Mabel, your sister.”

The Puritan gazed at the mound: tears welled up in his eyes, and his lips moved with a murmuring sound.

“And by the memory of Mabel,” Willem continued, “by the memory of your beloved sister, I ask your pardon for deeming you capable of a murder.”

“How did she die?” Eaton asked in a hoarse voice: “tell me how she died. Did she leave her brother a curse for the suffering he had entailed on her?”

“Her curse! What are you thinking of, man? Oh, Mabel’s lips were not made to utter a curse.

On the contrary, while on her dying bed she forced from me a promise never to raise my hand against you. She died calling down the blessing of Heaven upon you."

For some time Eaton was incapable of uttering a syllable. Then he raised his tear-laden eyes, and looked searchingly into the weather-beaten face of the friend of his youth. When his eye fell on the terrible scar left by cutting away the right ear, he at length said in a broken voice, —

"Willem, my brother, I fear that I acted too harshly, too cruelly toward you. Forgive me for Mabel's sake!"

The trapper let his roër fall on the ground and opened his arms. With sobs the Puritan threw himself on his bosom; and the two old men, who for many years had forgotten how to weep, now shed tears of emotion.

Approaching footsteps disturbed them.

"Look, Theophilus!" Willem said, as he pointed to Thorkil, who was hurrying toward them: "here comes another to implore your forgiveness. Grant it him, for he is a good lad, and believed he was doing his duty."

Late on the same evening, Desdemona and De Lussan were walking in the bright moonlight up and down the patriarch's garden. They had a good deal to discuss, for the young lady's thoughts were occupied with a subject which exclusively filled her mind. She had had an interview with Groot Wil-



lem and Golden-hair, and then a long one with Roger Williams. From the latter she returned in great agitation and bathed in tears, and the captain had only been able to soothe her by a promise that he would set out on the very next day, in order to find the trail of Metacom's prisoners.

"And, Raoul," she continued, "you are resolved, then, to set out alone with the two hunters, instead of taking a small party of our men?"

"Yes, my love: the hunters are decidedly of opinion that sailors are of little use in the forests, and that a band of noisy seamen would impede rather than assist our enterprise. I believe so myself."

"And you think that you can fully trust to the two hunters?"

"Fully."

"But tell me, Raoul, would it not be better for me to accompany you? You know that I managed capitally on our recent trip."

"Certainly, certainly; but you know the reasons that make me wish you to await my return on board the "Gloria," and must allow that they are well founded. I know that you are safe there: my crew respect you, and you have on several occasions proved to me that you can take excellent care of my beloved ship. The pinnace will convey you on board to-morrow morning, and Monsieur Le Grand and Estevan will receive, through Terrible, my instructions, which fully agree with our arrange-

ments. The frigate will cruise between the west coast of Plymouth, Rhode Island, and the Mount-Hope promontory. As the bay is quite calm, you will be able to keep the coast on these sides constantly in sight, and watch for the signals agreed on between us. I should certainly be pleased if Hih-lah-dih were with you, for the girl has a wonderful talent for conveying messages and spying. But the little girl has suddenly gone away, and so, unhappily, you must manage without a companion."

"Oh, you forget that I have my old Miriam, with whom I can talk of early times and of those you are going to seek. Ah! Raoul," she said sorrowfully, after a pause, "for my sake you are probably going to incur great dangers; and yet" —

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear little wife," he interrupted her: "your filial affection will acquire me a guardian angel, and the star of my good fortune will light me more brightly than ever on this noble enterprise."

On one of the following days we come across two travellers, who have been traversing the forest all the morning, and have just ascended a height from which an unbounded prospect lay expanded before them.

Toward north, south, and west, extended, with gentle undulations, the mighty masses of the virgin forest, in which the scattered settlements of the Puritans lay merely like islands in the wide expanse. The strata of a light morning mist curled round the

hundred thousands of crowns, and the eye was never wearied of dwelling on this world of verdure, over which lay the sabbath silence and the enchantment of solitude.

“*Foi de gentilhomme*,” said one of the wayfarers, in whom we recognize the filibuster captain, while he surveyed the magnificent panorama. “I wish my wife was with me. It is true she has seen the tropical forests in Hayti, Southern Mexico, and Central America, and they are more splendid, for they have more color, brightness, and fragrance. Every thing grows there on a gigantic scale, and man disappears, as it were, in the luxuriant vegetation. But this northern forest would please my wife better, I am sure, for it exhales a most peculiar charm. I feel at home, and fancy I can smell the pitchy odor of the forests which grow in my beloved Normandy.”

The captain’s companion, who was no other than the old trapper, appeared not to notice this soliloquizing, but looked with glistening eyes at the scene, which refreshed his mind and heart.

“Friend Willem,” De Lussan now said to him, “I am beginning to discover that your forests can stand a rivalry with the sea, and that this endless expanse of verdure is as grand as the immeasurable expanse of ocean.”

“I should think so too, captain. What is there finer in the world than a forest? and for that reason, I mean to live and die in it. But ah!” the

old man continued with a tinge of melancholy, "I fear the time will come, and it may not be so very far distant, when all this splendor of nature will fall before the insatiable axe of the colonists. Thank Heaven, I am old enough to escape the sight of the barbarous destruction, and I shall have lain a long time under the sod ere the desolation spreads from the coast farther inland."

"Well, well, do not talk about dying, man: that comes, as it is, of itself, and always soon enough. We are still living, and my stomach tells me so to a very alarming extent. I find that the forest breeze and the sea breeze are not only able to clear the cobwebs out of a fellow's brain, but possess, in common, the quality of perceptibly sharpening the appetite of a healthy stomach. I tell you, I am as hungry as a brother tar who has been put on quarter rations for a week."

"That is a sign that the forest breezes agree with you; and I promise you, too, that you shall have an excellent meal shortly. Thorkil shot a buffalo at daybreak, and intends to show you a specimen of woodland cookery with the hump. Just look over there, and you will see a thin column of smoke rising on the skirt of the forest."

"That is what I like, *foi de gentilhomme*," De Lussan said with a smack of his tongue. "I have often heard that a buffalo-hump roasted under the turf is a dish for the gods. You will allow that I have really earned a substantial breakfast by my

exertions to-day, for my soles are growing rather painful. For a recruit in the noble art of wood-ranging, I have behaved very decently during the last three days: now have I not?"

"Certainly, certainly," the old trapper answered with a smile of good-humored nature. "The only thing is, that you are not yet used to walking in moccasins, captain. When you have worn the deer-hide for a couple of days longer, you will find that it is impossible to grow tired in the forests. But come, or else Thorkil will have the vexation of over-roasting his hump."

After they had gone a little farther through the forest, it gradually grew clearer, and was composed of shrubs to a great extent. When the travellers had worked their way through the latter, they came out on the prairie, whose luxuriant, tall grass was withering in the heat of the July sun. All at once they saw Willem's dog Prinslo bounding toward them. When the faithful creature reached them, it leaped up at the old trapper, licked his hand, and uttered a few cries which Willem fancied he could understand; for he said, as he patted the dog's neck, —

"Yes, yes, Prinslo, we are coming. We smell the joint too. You are a clever creature: the only thing you want is speech. And yet," the hunter added as he turned to De Lussan, "the dog has a language of his own sort: the only thing required is to understand it. I noticed this clearly when he

helped me in beaver-catching: uncommon crafty beast, the beaver."

The dog danced round the couple with merry bounds, and then ran ahead in the direction of the opposite forest, though frequently stopping, looking back, and wagging its tail. Then they noticed, at a spot whose fresh verdure indicated the vicinity of a spring, Thorkil, who had laid aside his weapons and game-bag, and had even pulled off his hunting-shirt, in order not to be impeded in his culinary operations.

"You have been a long time away," the young hunter said to the new-comers, "and Prinslo so fully shared my apprehensions lest the hump might be over-roasted, that he ran off to fetch you."

"Well, what would you have, boy?" the old man replied as he also laid aside his pouch and made himself as comfortable as he could. "Sailors are of opinion that it is easier to sail on the sea than to walk in a forest."

The filibuster paid no heed to this good-humored sarcasm, but looked around in evident surprise, and at length remarked, —

"But, worthy comrades, noble hunters, a delicate dinner was promised me after putting up with dried meat all the way from Providence, which had the disagreeable peculiarity of being fearfully tough. Now I see with the eyes of the stomach, which are the sharpest of all eyes, no preparations made for it, however, — nothing but a slight elevation of the

turf, which bears some resemblance to a large beehive. Even the fire, whose smoke we saw just now, has disappeared, and I can only see a pile of ashes by the side of the above-mentioned beehive."

"Beehive or not," Willem interrupted the filibuster's complaints, "the thing there is of the right shape. Quick, Thorkil, break the oven open, so that our friend may taste a true and righteous buffalo-hump."

Thorkil set to work at once. He broke open the grass mound, took out of the cavity under it, which was connected with the extinguished fire by a narrow channel, a shapeless, powerfully-steaming mass, and pulled back the skin from it. When the hump, baked in its own fat, was thus laid bare, it exhaled such a splendid, inviting odor, that the filibuster exclaimed in perfect delight, —

"That smells exquisitely, *foi de gentilhomme*. If the thing tastes as well as it smells, I will swear that your culinary art excels that of all the cooks in Europe, friend Thorkil."

The preparations for the meal were speedily made. The hide in which the hump had been wrapped was spread out on the grass, and used at once as tablecloth, dish, and plate. The men produced their knives, and De Lussan displayed such a fearful appetite, that the young hunter laughingly remarked, —

"On my word, captain, if you had not already proved your name of El Exterminador on the

Spaniards, you would certainly earn it on this hump."

"Do you think so?" the filibuster remarked laughingly. "*Foi de gentilhomme*, friend Thorkil, I never ate any thing better in my life; and if we lived in ancient Rome, I should propose to adorn your brows with a civic crown on account of your classical education in the culinary art."

When hunger and thirst had been pacified, the men sat for a while in the shadow conversing. Gradually, however, the conversation died out as De Lussan and Thorkil were overcome by sleep, and the old trapper too began to snooze, as he called it.

Several hours had passed, when Prinslo, who, after disposing of the remains of the buffalo-hump, had comfortably stretched himself in the grass, got up, pricked his ears, trotted for the distance of about half a musket-shot out into the prairie, then, after sniffing and smelling, cocked his tail, and broke into a short, sharp bark.

Groot Willem had become wide awake on the first movement of the dog. After carefully watching Prinslo's conduct, he slipped out from the shade to the skirt of the forest, and muttered to himself, "Yes, yes, it will probably be as the dog fancies."

"Buffalo?" asked Thorkil, who had joined his foster-father; while the filibuster, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence, captain: it is only a herd of buffaloes coming up the prairie. I



thought at once, Thorkil, that the bull you shot this morning must have strayed from its companions. It is unusual, though, for the beasts to move at this time of day, for I cannot imagine that the Indians are hunting them. But look : here they come, and they are a fine herd."

A hollow roar echoed across the prairie. Then a dark mass became visible at a distance of about a mile, which gradually formed into a long line that crossed the prairie rapidly from south to north. Ere long the animals grew more distinct, although the tall grass only allowed their black backs and huge horns to be seen.

"Shall we chase them?" De Lussan asked.

"For what good, captain?" Willem answered; "we have eaten enough buffalo-meat for to-day; and as for the hides, they are not worth much at this season; besides, we could not carry them with us. Well, what's the matter with you, Prinslo?"

The dog, who had left off barking, was darting about the grass, but ere long returned and broke into a peculiar low yelp.

"There must be a redskin about, so true as my name is Willem," the old trapper said. "Prinslo knows what he does, and does not bark without a motive. Look after your guns, friends, so that we may not be taken unawares."

"What do you fear, my friend?" De Lussan asked.

"Fear! Nothing at present; but in the wilder-

ness, you must know, we must be prepared for every thing. Eh, Thorkil, you have younger and sharper eyes than I: just look there at the end of the line, — what can you see?”

“A white buffalo, on my word.”

“Yes, I knew that; but on it, lad, — on it? Ah, now I see it all. The unhappy wretch went out to procure the great medicine, and it was stronger than he.”

“Great medicine?” the filibuster repeated in surprise; “you speak in riddles, friend Willem.”

“Well, captain, you know that the Indians call every thing, that is mysterious or enigmatical, medicine. The word must be derived from the French settlers in Canada, and the Indian term for it signifies secret. Now, the Indian powwows, or magicians, or medicine-men, — they are ridiculous fellows, by the way, with all their tricks, — the powwows, then, believe that the hide of a white buffalo is a very great medicine, which will render its owner agreeable in the sight of Manitoo, or the Good Spirit, and protect him from the devilments of Ochkil-Heddeh, or the Evil Spirit. This may arise from the fact that among a thousand buffaloes not a single white one will be found. During my whole hunting life I have only seen two, and this one is the third.”

“It is coming toward us, and is making wild leaps, as if wounded: and, ah! what is it dragging with it?”

“A-poor Indian: you may be sure of that, Thor-

kil. It has spitted him on its horns. The man evidently discovered the great medicine among the herd, and set out alone in order to procure the valuable skin which imparts such honor among the Indians. He probably pursued the animal for days, and brought it down with his arrows; but, when he tried to settle it with his knife, the buffalo sprang up again, impaled its enemy in its fury, and there he hangs still."

"You speak as if you had been present and witnessed it all, friend Willem," the filibuster observed.

"I have seen such a thing, or something like it, frequently," the old man replied: "and hence can conjecture how that man got on the buffalo's horns. But we must see what is to be done."

The buffalo approached nearer and nearer the spot where the three men were standing, really making, as Thorkil remarked, infuriated bounds through savageness and pain. It was a terrible sight. Its long, shaggy mane, as it dashed along with its head down, swept the ground. Its tail, with the large tuft of hair at its end, stood out in a right line with the spine. Patches of blood, caused by the arrow-wounds, covered its whole coat, and in its left shoulder was a lance broken off close to the shaft. Its body was swollen from rage, as if about to burst; its blood-shot eyes seemed to flash a greenish fire, while streams of steam and blood issued from its mouth and nose. On its shaggy

head lay a tossed-back human body, evidently an Indian, but even in a more frightful condition than the animal. The buffalo, as Willem predicted, had run one of its curved, hard, sharp horns through the stomach of its assailant, and the impaled man clung with a death-gripe to the other with both hands during his awful ride.

The monster rushed on in its blind fury without noticing the human form that suddenly rose out of the grass in front of it. Its roaring was fearful.

“Look out, Thorkil, if I happen to miss.”

With these words Groot Willem raised his roër to his right cheek, and aimed at the animal's shaggy head. The shot rang out: the buffalo was hit by the bullet between the horns, at a distance of about fifty yards, and fell with a dull thud, while hurling its rider far from it in its fall.

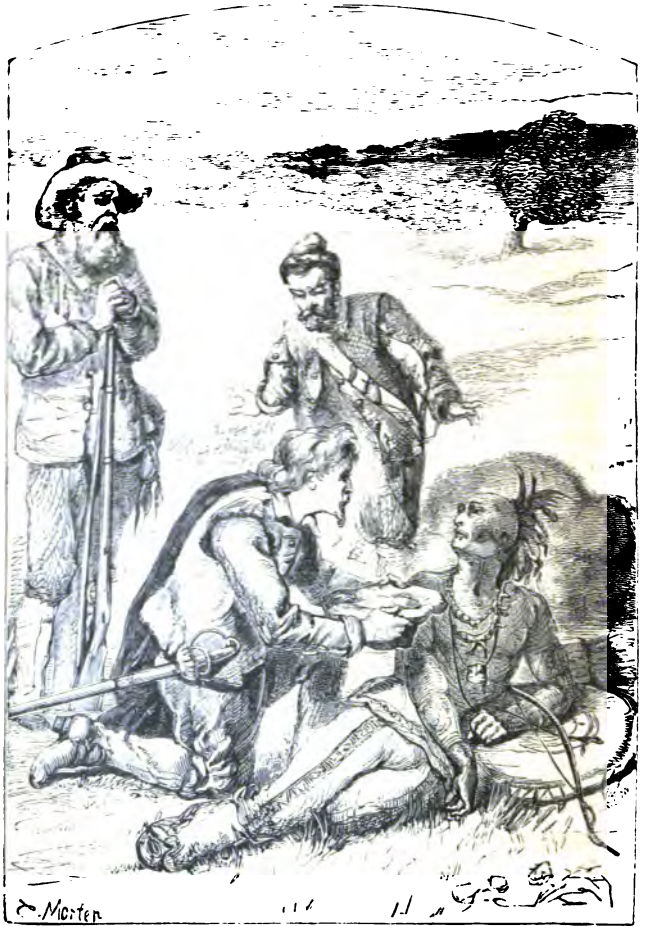
The men hastened up to his assistance. The Indian, who appeared to be aged, had fallen on his face; and he might have been taken for dead, had not at times a convulsive tremor over his body, which was covered with a torn hunting-shirt, been perceptible.

“He is a Wampanog,” said Willem; “but even if he were a Pequod, we would do all in our power for him.”

“I fancy help is too late,” Thorkil remarked, who had turned over the savage's lacerated body. “Only look, the beast has slit up his stomach, and the bowels are hanging out!”

124

1



“That is the most terrible wound I ever saw in my life,” the filibuster said; “and yet I have seen a good many. The man has only a few minutes to live.”

The wounded man in the meanwhile had recovered from the senseless state into which the fall had thrown him, opened his glassy eyes, and groaned, in the dialect of the Pokanoket tribes, “Water, water!”

Thorkil hurried to the spring, filled his leathern cup with the comforting draught for which all wounded men so greedily ask, and held it to the Indian’s parched lips, while he supported him with his left arm.

“White brother, good brother,” the Indian moaned, and looked around with his film-covered eyes.

When he noticed the dead buffalo, he remembered the object which had latterly entirely occupied his thoughts.

“Great medicine dead,” he said in broken sentences. “Great medicine stronger than red man—very strong; had Ochkih-Heddeh in its body.”

He tried to rise, probably for the purpose of crawling to the animal, but fell back on Thorkil’s arm, and groaned,—

“Ochkih-Heddeh wicked, very wicked—red warrior go to happy hunting-grounds—Pe-toh-pi-kiss great hunter.”

“Pe-toh-pi-kiss!” Thorkil yelled, as if an adder had stung him.

And he let the Indian slip from his arm, so that he fell back heavily on the grass; then rose, and drew his hunting-knife from his belt.

But the old trapper caught his arm, and said earnestly, “Thorkil, you have a dying man before you.”

“Pe-toh-pi-kiss,” the savage muttered again, “great hunter, great warrior — take scalps of Pequods and Mohicans — talk wisely in the council of the chiefs.”

“He is singing his death-song, captain,” the old trapper observed. “It is a peculiar fact about all these Indians, that they boast so tremendously in their last moment. Listen, brother Pe-toh-pi-kiss,” he then turned to the savage: “you have killed Pequods and Mohicans; but how does it stand with the pale-faces?”

“Pale-faces are greedy dogs; Metacom will destroy them all from the hunting-grounds of the red men.”

“Tell me, Wampanog, were you not formerly called Joshua?” Thorkil asked, overcoming his fury with an effort.

“Pe-toh-pi-kiss spits on the pale-face name which the powwow of the pale-faces gave him when he sprinkled Pe-toh-pi-kiss with water.”

Thorkil again attempted to question him; but Willem thrust him on one side, and said, —



“My brother Pe-toh-pi-kiss spoke of the Sachem of the Wampanogs and Pokanokets ; where is he ?”

“Metacom on the war-path ; is going to root up the pale-faces. Metacom great sachem ; his warriors numerous as the forest leaves in summer. Metacom has many thunder-tubes ; has, too, in his wigwam, yellow metal, with which to fill the hands of the pale-faces who sell thunder and lightning.”

“Yellow metal ? Whence could the sachem procure yellow metal ?”

“Oh, Metacom very wise, very. Fetch yellow metal from island in salt lake. Pe-toh-pi-kiss go with him, show him foreign pale-face with little boy” —

Excitement almost burst the veins on Golden-hair's temples ; but Willem tranquilly continued :—

“The foreign pale-faces then gave the yellow metal to the sachem ?”

“No, pale-faces not give yellow metal ; love it too much. Metacom go with Pe-toh-pi-kiss to old stone wigwam. Pale-face asleep with boy. Sachem and Pe-toh-pi-kiss kill pale-face, but not take scalp.”

“Indeed !”

“Not take scalp. Sachem and Pe-toh-pi-kiss come in pale-face moccasins, with pale-face knife” —

A sudden stream of blood welling from his mouth broke off the savage's narration ; the shadow of death brooded over his face, and, after an awful rattle in the throat, his spirit fled.

“What a miraculous dispensation !” old Willem

said with deep emotion. "An infuriated buffalo hurled this man at our feet in order that, in his death-struggle, he might give awful testimony. Thorkil, when I heard Hih-lah-dih speaking at Providence, I began to foresee that Metacom was your father's assassin ; but now we are certain of it. It is miraculous, most miraculous !"

## CHAPTER XI.

### MERRY-MOUNT.

Mount Wollaston — Roaring Tom — The Witch of Endor — An Old Acquaintance — News about Metacom's Prisoners — Tom Kellond and Lovely — Merry-Mount makes a Leap in the Air — Father Blackstone's Hermitage — Insecurity of the Forests — Fort Tabor — The Chiefs with the two Scalps — An Indian Camp — The Ball-play.

SOME time after the arrival of the Pilgrims of the wilderness in New England, a party of English gentlemen, possessed of ample means, founded a settlement to the east of the Pawtucket, and to the south of Charles River, which was called Mount Wollaston, after one of their most respected members. As, however, the high-born gentlemen were not at all suited for clearing the wilderness, and as, besides, they did not feel comfortable in the Canaan of the Puritans, as they jeeringly called New England, they went away to try their fortunes in Virginia. However, they left a large body of servants behind at Mount Wollaston, who were to cultivate the new plantation.

In the suite of these gentlemen there was a London lawyer, Thomas Morton by name, a man of great talent, but of bad character, who had purchased an insignificant share in the enterprise for a small sum of money. When the gentry went away, he in-

duced the servants to make a regular revolt. The overseer was driven away, the goods which the owners left behind them were sold to the Indians, and the new possessors began a dissipated life, and spent the greater part of their time in drinking-bouts and the coarsest licentiousness. We can imagine how greatly the strict Fathers felt insulted and annoyed when the wild band set up a May-pole on the first of May, after the old English fashion, decorated it with dirty ribbons, and danced round it in the most defiant manner with Indian squaws. But this was not all; the licentiousness continually grew worse, and assumed a dangerous character. The fellows, at first, earned a great deal of money by clever barter; but when the articles of exchange and the money were finally expended, Morton began selling guns and ammunition to the Indians, and carefully instructed them in their use, for which lessons they paid in game. The Indians seized this favorable chance with extraordinary eagerness, and employed it so zealously that the planters scattered about the country began to feel greatly alarmed; the more so, as their servants ran away at the slightest dissatisfaction, and joined Morton's vagabonds, of whom the planters were even more afraid than of the Indians.

When, at a later date, the relations between the natives and the settlers became more hostile, the Pilgrims watched Mount Wollaston, which Morton's band had rechristened Merry-Mount, and to which

the Puritans gave the biblical name of Mount Dagon, with strong and well-founded suspicion ; for, from every thing that had hitherto occurred, it might be assumed that the rascals at Merry-Mount would make common cause with the Indians. But Morton, who was known by the characteristic name of " Roaring Tom," pretended that, under all circumstances, he intended to adhere to the men of his color, and assist them with his band in any conflict with the red men. When, too, the annoying festivities at Merry-Mount ceased, the offensive Maypole disappeared from the court-yard, and the former lively connection with the natives appeared to be entirely broken off, many of the colonists allowed themselves to be deceived.

Mount Wollaston was situated on one of the streams flowing through the prairie to Charles River. Watered by the dashing mountain torrent, a perpendicular rock rose to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. On the top of it was the principal building of the settlement, a neat block-house, of considerable size, and two stories in height. Round the upper one ran an open gallery, which seemed to be suspended in the air over the precipice, and from which a grand prospect over the prairie and the surrounding forests could be enjoyed. The hill ran eastward, and descended, almost imperceptibly, to the plain, while its southern and northern sides had a gentle declivity. The row of palisades, which formerly surrounded the hill on all sides, except the west, where it was inaccessible,

was now in a very defective state ; and, indeed, the whole settlement, internally and externally, displayed traces of neglect and uncleanness. The side buildings, which formed an irregular quadrangle with the principal block, and thus enclosed a courtyard, were in a state of decay. The doors of the stalls and sheds were open, and on all sides lay casks, chests, hunting implements, and riding gear in disorder. A few horses grazed in the grass-grown yard, which also displayed marks of neglect, as, indeed, did every thing here, with the exception of the two well-fed wolf-dogs that prowled about the entrance of the main building.

The evening sky was gray, and covered with masses of mist, that announced a nocturnal storm over Merry-Mount, which, at this moment, was so deserted and silent, that it might have been fancied no human beings were in the house, had not an old Indian squaw appeared in the gallery, who carried in one hand a horn lantern, and in the other a dish covered with a cloth.

This woman, who was only covered from the hips downwards with a greasy blue petticoat, was, with her unkempt hair, her wrinkles, and extraordinary projecting cheekbones, a perfect marvel of ugliness, and merited the name of the Witch of Endor, by which she was generally known on Merry-Mount.

On reaching a door which led into the house on the western side, the old hag pulled back the bolt

and disappeared in the opening, closing the door after her.

The Witch of Endor, however, was not alone in the apparently deserted settlement.

In a room on the ground floor two men were seated at a large table, and drinking. Although the roof was blackened with smoke, the walls dirty, the furniture dusty, and the floor covered with a crust of dirt, the room displayed signs that it had once on a time been the well-kept dining-hall of a fine house arranged after the old English style.

The two men were puffing heavy clouds of smoke from Indian pipes, and raising in turn to their lips a huge graybeard that stood on the table between them.

We recognize, in the brutal face of one of them, Master Thomas Kellond, that royal myrmidon whom we met at the beginning of our story. His companion was no other than Roaring Tom, a man with the coppery face of a drunkard, and the cunning eyes of a scoundrel. They had been old acquaintances in London.

“By the black face of King Charles,” Kellond said, after a hearty pull at the pitcher, “ever since I have been in this wretched land of psalm-singers, I have not tasted such glorious wine as here at Merry-Mount. ’Tis real Spanish, and of no common sort either. Where did you get it from, Tom?”

“I got it direct. Do you think I would have the dogs of port-inspectors and custom-house officers to

play the middle-man between me and my consignors ? ”

“ Of course not. You get your wine and other stores direct, without dues or nonsense of that sort. Now I know, too, why all your jolly boys have gone down to the coast. You are a perfect genius, Tom. I suppose you have saved a pretty penny, and intend going with me to London to end your days as foolishly as you began them ? ”

“ Saved any thing ? We are too jolly at Merry-Mount for me to think of money-making ; and as to going home, man, you know I have too much old mud on my shoes to be able to show myself in London streets. ”

“ Oh, that old mud can be easily wiped off. King Charles shall hear from me that my enterprise would not have succeeded without Tom Morton, — that he shall. It was, by Jupiter ! a good idea of mine when I resolved to look you up, on accidentally hearing your name mentioned down in Connecticut. You have brought me luck, Tom, — immense luck. When the two confounded wood-rangers killed poor Kirk, and took my men away under my nose, I was going to give up the whole affair in despair. I came to Merry-Mount, though, and lo ! you drove the game into my net. I promise you, too, that a good third of my reward shall be yours for it. ”

“ I hope so, Kellond. At the same time I like to play my good friends, the saints of the Lord, a trick. What a whining there will be when the worthy Pu-



ritans of New-England and Old England hear that the two bosom friends of Oliver Cromwell, two such lights in Israel, are going to swing on the gallows! It would not have given them half such a stomach-ache if Metacom had scalped his prisoners in the good Indian fashion."

"Confound it, that will be jolly. I only hope the savage will not put a spoke in our wheel."

"You need not be frightened of that, for Metacom knows that he has more need of me now than ever. He will keep his word, and has already had the two colonels brought to the swamps on Mount Hope promontory by Annawon, one of his chiefs. He will keep them carefully there till you have found an opportunity for putting them on board ship, I will guarantee. But you must look for one betimes, so that you may not be disappointed by any change in the fortune of war. I will help you, though, to the best of my ability, through my connection with the smugglers."

"Do so, do so, and you shall be no loser by it, Tom. Could we not use for the purpose the ship of that filibuster with whom you boast of being intimate?"

"The filibuster's ship? Oh, you know the proud Frenchman badly, if you fancy he would perform a jailer's duties for you or any other man. I tell you, the man aims high, and has gold like chaff."

"Well, we must look about us elsewhere, in that case. But you spoke just now of the fortune of war, Tom. Has the war really broken out, then,

between the redskins and these crop-eared saints of the Lord ? ”

“ Since the sack of Swansea, it has been going on gloriously. Yes, yes, the saints of the Lord can yelp now that the Lord chasteneth those whom he loveth, for they will have a difficulty in resisting these red-skinned demons. Metacom has made an inroad into the settlements of Connecticut with his Wampanogs and Pokanokets. Hadley and Springfield are burnt to the ground, and on the plain of Northfield the savages cut down a band of colonists who tried to oppose them to the last man. Dozens of scattered farms are destroyed, and their occupants killed. In a few weeks the lash will also tickle the Roundheads about here, and as far up country as Boston, and down to Plymouth.”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! But tell me, Tom, whereabouts is the chief whom they call King Philip ? A fine king that, on my word ! — a half-naked beggar-prince, painted with soot and ochre.”

“ Gently, gently. Metacom is as good a king as any other ; and I advise you, Kellond, to be on your guard with him, should you meet him again. He doesn't understand a joke, I assure you.”

“ Oh, I noticed that before ; he carries his nose frightfully high. But I am glad he is playing Old Nick with these Puritan vermin. The villains impeded me in every way, both openly and secretly, in the business which brought me to this confounded country. Where is the chief now ? ”

“Where is he? Hem! you ask me more than I can answer. To use a biblical expression, an Indian, when on the war-path, is like the wind, which we feel, but of which no one can say whence it comes, or whither it goeth.”

“And so he left the girl with you, eh? Hang it all, she is safe, and I shall take possession of her in any case. Who knows of what use she may be to us?”

“All right, but now it is time to leave off chattering,” Morton said as he rose and walked to the window; “our palaver has lasted too long as it is, for the storm is coming up, and I am obliged to ride over to the fort, so that the necessary steps may be taken if Metacom, who is not so very far away, should go there. Listen, Kellond: look after the house. I shall be back by to-morrow at noon; and by that time, I think, my lads will have returned from the coast. Then you shall see what we can do up here: we’ll have a capital frolic, I assure you.”

The door slammed behind him, and he could be heard outside singing and shouting in such a way that it was easy to understand why he was called Roaring Tom.

“A rough fellow, by Jove!” Kellond growled: “here is a proof how every thing deteriorates in this wretched country where only Puritans flourish. That Tom Morton, who, in his day, was as fine a gentleman as ever crossed London Bridge, has grown a vulgar, boorish fellow on this side of the big water.

But, though he is so proud of his cunning, he will make a tremendous mistake if he fancies that Tom Kellond will be so simple as to share King Charles's four rose-nobles with him. Share? Hang me if I will share with anybody. That greenhorn Kirk slipped off the hooks at the right moment: the two wood-rangers paid him. But I must go to work very cleverly if I want to cheat Roaring Tom. For the present I want him, want him greatly. Would that I were only at home safe with my prisoners!"

Thus Kellond's soliloquy went on for some time, till his pipe was smoked out and the graybeard was empty to the last drop. Then a sudden idea seemed to occur to him: he rose, shook himself, and shouted with wild glee, —

"Hurrah! I'll go and have a look at our prisoner. I must have some amusement, or it will be tedious here."

With these words he left the room, groped along the passage to the stairs, and slowly ascended them. At the top he stopped before a door through whose keyhole a faint streak of light issued. He took out a key, opened the door, walked in, and carefully bolted the entrance after him.

The room which he entered was rather large, but looked as neglected as the rest of the house at Merry-Mount. In one corner stood a clumsy table, with a lighted lamp upon it; in another an enormous bed, the curtains of which, however, hung down in rags. The windows were closed on the outside with heavy

shutters. Opposite the door by which Kellond had entered was a second one, that seemed to lead to the gallery, but was also bolted on the outside.

On a chair by the table was seated a young lady, resting her head on her arms. On her lap lay an open Bible, with the perusal of which she seemed deeply engaged.

On the table stood the dish which we saw in the hands of the old Indian squaw. Its contents had not been touched.

At the noise caused by Kellond's entrance the lady gave a slight start, and raised her head.

It was Lovely, as my readers will have anticipated from the conversation between Tom Morton and Kellond.

The poor girl had grown very pale since the day when she met Hih-lah-dih at the spring in Swansea forest.

Lovely had since then gone through fearful scenes ; but the bitterest of all was when she was torn from her father and grandfather at Merry Mount, and the two, with Captain Standish, were carried off, she knew not whither. Since then she had been confined in the room where we now find her, and had seen no one but the old Indian squaw, who either did not listen to her timid questions, or only answered them with an angry growl.

In spite, though, of the racking sorrow that oppressed her, in spite of the deserted state in which she was, a spark of courage and confidence glim-

mered in Lovely's tear-swollen eyes, and she derived an almost superhuman strength from her religious faith. We have already mentioned that the girl had been strictly brought up in the tenets of Puritanism. Any misfortune that befell her she regarded as a trial of her confidence in God's justice; and her unshaken belief had alone hitherto endowed her with strength to pass, in spite of her tender youth, through so long a series of dangers and terrors.

And now she found herself, while her relations remained in the power of the terrible destroyers of Swansea, in the hands of the man who once before had so nearly succeeded in capturing her and hers! The whole day through, this terrible discovery had oppressed her heart; until at length, after the old Indian had lighted the lamp, she sought and found consolation in the sacred book which, from her youth up, she had regarded as the source of all comfort.

Disturbed by Kellond's entrance, she threw a hurried glance at him. Then she let her head sink again, and did not move.

Kellond remained for an instant by the door, and then staggered forward a step. When Lovely noticed this sign of intoxication, she rose in horror with a slight cry of alarm.

"Come, come, girl," he said: "you need not be frightened. I am the best-tempered man in the world, and have come here to tell you that I will be your protector, and intend to conduct you in safety

to your friends, from whom you have been separated for some time."

These remarks calmed the girl for an instant. She raised her eyes inquiringly to Kellond, but at once looked down on the ground in confusion when she noticed his condition. An indescribable anxiety filled her mind. Outside, the tempest howled, and frightful peals of thunder shook the house.

"Listen, girl!" Kellond stammered: "you will come with me now. We shall have a musical accompaniment, for the storm is whistling gloriously out of doors."

As he said this, he extended his arms toward the young lady. Lovely slipped away from him, and fled to a corner of the room: Kellond pursued her, and the maiden hurried to the door leading into the gallery. She pushed against it with all her strength, and raised a heart-rending cry for help; but the rolling of the thunder alone answered her, and the door, bolted outside, did not give way.

"Come, don't be so passionate, girl: you'll soon grow tired of running about when you find yourself on a sugar-plantation. You shall fetch me a tidy sum of money,—me alone, do you hear?" Kellond went on stuttering, as he rushed toward the girl and held her for a moment.

But again Lovely escaped from him, and a terrible chase began. At length a fortunate idea occurred to Lovely. She rushed to the table and upset the lamp, which was extinguished.

Exhausted by the pursuit, and unable to find his way in the dark, Kellond, when only a few steps from Lovely, fell his full length on the ground with a roar of pain.

Outside, the howling of the storm had temporarily relaxed. The growling of the wolf-dogs could be heard in the silent chamber.

Snorting and panting, Kellond tried to get up again. At this moment a man's voice and the tramp of footsteps were audible: the gallery-door was opened, and the half-unconscious girl saw several forms enter, and fancied she could recognize by the lightning flashes Groot Willem, who, after surveying the scene at a glance, seized the royal bailiff by the chest and throat, raised him in the air, and hurled him over the gallery railing into the abyss.

Lovely saw no more; but when she fell back in a swoon, the fearful cry of agony rang in her ears with which the wretch in his fall overpowered the thunder.

---

The tempest had passed, the clouds had discharged their burden, and the pale light of the stars illumined the prairie; while in the east the first streaks of dawn rose on the horizon.

About a couple of musket-shots from Merry-Mount, a small party might be seen moving toward the forest.



Lovely was seated on a horse, whose bridle was held by Golden-hair, who was walking on one side of her: on the other, De Lussan strode along.

When the three had crossed the prairie and reached the skirt of the forest, they halted, as if waiting for somebody.

"I wonder where Willem can be all this time," De Lussan presently said impatiently. "We ought not to lose a moment in conveying the poor girl to a spot where she can find a nurse and repose. What could I have said to my wife if we had arrived a day later? But here comes the old gentleman."

Groot Willem could be seen running at full speed across the prairie, followed by his dog. At the moment when he joined his friends, a frightful uproar, like subterranean thunder, could be heard from the hill. The earth trembled, an enormous cloud of vapor rose in the air, and then a red flame burst through the dark mass and rose gloriously skywards.

"What is that?" Thorkil and De Lussan exclaimed together.

"A small display of fireworks," Groot Willem answered with a savage laugh. "Look! there goes the Merry-Mount to the fiend. I knew where the powder was kept: it is all over with Roaring Tom's tricks. The ruins will tell him that there are persons who can avenge evil deeds. But now let us

get on, for it is a long way to Father Blackstone's hermitage."

We have already made the acquaintance of Father Blackstone when he arrived at Swansea on his *Bucephalus* for the purpose of imparting his observations and apprehensions to his friend Eaton.

The old man's hermitage was situated a short day's journey to the west of Merry-Mount, in the thickest part of the virgin forest. The hermit had made a small clearing here, built his cabin in the centre of it, and surrounded it with a carefully tended orchard and kitchen-garden. At the first sight of the picturesque and cosey house, whose walls were concealed by trellis-work, and whose roof was covered with a thick green network of wild vines, it could be seen that it was the abode of a man who lived at peace with himself and the whole world. In a side enclosure *Bucephalus* grazed, in the company of the horse on which Lovely had arrived, as well as of a small cow, and a colony of those marmots of the American savannas which are called prairie-dogs. At the entrance of the cabin was fastened up a sentry, well adapted for the secluded spot, in the shape of a tame bear, to which a golden eagle, seated on a perch over its head, afforded company. A young elk with noble antlers roamed about at liberty, and only gave a slight start when Groot Willem, who had gone back into the forest after Lovely's arrival here, returned and walked across the clearing toward the cabin.

The old trapper was also a great friend of animals, and both he and his dog, who followed close at his heels, were old acquaintances here. The bear rose on his approach, and stood on its hind legs with a joyous grunt; the eagle flapped its wings; the elk rubbed its neck on the hunter's arm, and looked at him confidently with its large brown eyes when he stopped to give it proof of his friendship by stroking its glistening coat.

"Father Blackstone," he said to himself, "leads a very frolicsome life with his animals. When my limbs grow stiff I'll build a hermitage of this sort, and tame animals too, that I will."

While saying this to himself, he passed through the house into the garden, where he heard the sound of voices.

The hermit was seated with his guests, Goldenhair and De Lussan, in the shade of an apple-tree, where they were refreshing themselves with a beverage before them, which was composed of fermented maple-juice, whose healthy qualities Father Blackstone highly praised, although the captain did not appear over-delighted with it.

"Well, how are matters?" the latter asked the new-comer. "Are our reverend host's suppositions confirmed?"

"Father Blackstone," Willem replied, "is perfectly right, as I knew beforehand; for he is too experienced in the signs of the forest to make any mistake. Something is up in the forest, captain;

and hence I wish, for the dear girl's sake, for us to start at once, and reach Fort Tabor to-day. Besides, it is on our road to Montaup Promontory, where, according to the statement of the red beggar at Mount Wollaston, we shall find the persons of whom we are in search. It was no little job to get so much out of the Witch of Endor."

"You believe, then, that we are not in safety here?"

"Well, as regards ourselves, we have no cause to be alarmed; but I should like the poor girl to be behind the palisades of the fort before nightfall. There are red warriors in the forest, and, as I believe, on our trail. I am afraid we acted very incautiously in not trying to secure that savage Annawon at Providence. He is an incarnate fiend; and I am certain that Metacom heard from him long ago what took place in Providence, and knows on what terms we now stand to him. We must be off for the young lady's sake. The sun stands high enough to light us for half our road. Lovely must have recovered sufficiently to be able to go with us."

Fort Tabor, as the Puritans had called it, after a biblical name, was situated on a hill on the left bank of the Pawtucket, at the spot where the frontier line of the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies joined. It had been built by the two governments shortly after the termination of the Pequod War, because the necessity was felt of founding a fortified settlement which might serve as a place of

refuge for the scattered settlers in future hostilities with the natives, and, at the same time, keep open the communication between the two banks of the Pawtucket. Fort Tabor, however, must not be judged after the European style of fortresses: it was a thorough American block-fort; that is to say, a double row of palisades in the form of a parallelogram, whose four corners were occupied by block-houses, in which the garrison lived. On the open ground, inside the quadrangle, a number of huts and a large shed for the cattle were built, as the settlers brought these animals hither on the first sign of danger. In the middle of the fort, toward the river, which looked out on the Pawtucket prairie, was the principal entrance,—an oak gate, whose doors could be fastened inside with a heavy beam. Above this gate rose a watch-tower, on which the pride of Tabor was posted,—one of those field-pieces called falconets in the Thirty-years' War, which fired iron balls weighing from two to three pounds. With the exception of this piece, which, however, was suited by its thunder alone to awe the Indians, there was no heavy artillery in the fort.

In ordinary times, its garrison was a very peaceable one, as it merely consisted of half a dozen pensioners and a sergeant, who, at the same time, played the part of middle-man between the natives and the settlements by carrying on a barter trade. Fort Tabor was consequently an important spot

for the natives, and greatly visited by them. Here, too, many negotiations had been carried on between the chiefs and the colonial agents ; here the council-fire had been frequently lit, the pipe of peace gone the round, and many a treaty had been concluded. John Eliot, the venerable Apostle of the Indians, had also assembled here, on appointed days, the surrounding tribes, in order to preach the gospel to them ; to which the natives paid little attention, it is true, though they honored its preacher for his inexhaustible goodness of heart.

When our travellers reached the fort, after night-fall, they found a large portion of the prairie covered with Indian buffalo-tents. Their request for admission to the garrison — as these frontier forts were usually called — was readily granted, and a comfortable room looked out for Lovely in one of the block-houses ; for the fort was crowded with people, principally women and children, who had been brought here by their husbands and fathers when King Philip commenced his desolating forays through the country.

On the next morning, we find the old trapper in the watch-tower over the door, engaged in eager conversation with a man of military appearance, whom he addressed as Major Mosely. When the Boston government heard that King Philip had commenced hostilities, it immediately sent off a party of thirty militia men, under Major Mosely, to occupy Fort Tabor. The major, a stout, sturdy-look-

ing man of sixty, was an Englishman by birth. In his youth, he had fought under the banners of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and afterward under the Imperial colors against the Turks in Hungary. It was also said that he had been a buccaneer in the West Indies before he purchased land on Massachusetts Bay. In the earlier quarrels between the colonists and the natives, he had so proved his valor, that the latter had a proper fear of the chief with the two scalps. This strange name was given him by the redskins because he wore a peruke, the first seen in the colonies, and was accustomed to hang it up in a tree at the beginning of a fight; to the intense admiration of the savages. Groot Willem had once done him the service of saving the valuable article, during a skirmish, from the hands of a Pequod; and ever since then a sort of friendship had subsisted between the major and the old trapper. In spite of his bravery, however, Mosely was not suited to be commandant of Fort Tabor: because, in the first place, he too greatly despised the grunting giaours, as he called the Indians, to always maintain the proper caution against them; and, secondly, he was so proud of the experience he had acquired in the Old World, that he insisted on fighting upon European principles, and not in accordance with the rules of wood-fighting. In addition, he had an inordinate amount of obstinacy under his wig, and could not be turned from any opinion he had once formed, whether it were right or wrong.

The major was leaning on the carriage of the falconet, and was eagerly opposing an opinion expressed by the old trapper.

"I tell you, man," he remarked, "you are altogether wrong. There is not the trace of the shadow of an idea of danger. *Passateremtetem!* The grunting *giaours* down there do not belong to the band of the swamp-curs of Mount Hope: they are *Nipmucks*. Nothing but *Nipmucks*, I tell you; not a *Wampanog* or a *Narragansett* or a *Pokanoket* among them. Yes, they are *Nipmucks*; pure *Nipmucks*. When they arrived on the prairie yesterday, I was going to pepper them; that I was! But their chief came, the *Turkey*, — what absurd names these vagabonds have! — into the fort, and handed me the calumet of peace, which I accepted."

"What! *Ah-ton-wi-tuck* is among them?" Willem observed, who was leaning over the embrasure, and sharply examining the Indian camp on the prairie. "Take care, major: this chief is one of the most cunning fellows that ever invented an Indian deviltry."

"Nonsense with your deviltries! it is all rubbish. *Passateremtetem!* Yes: if they were *Turks*, we might talk of deviltries. The vagabonds down there have carried home their maize-harvest, and have come here, according to their custom, to hold the great ball-play festival, which, from time immemorial, has been celebrated on *Pawtucket* prairie after the harvest."



“That certainly appears to be a very innocent design, and perhaps is so. But for all that, major, be on your guard!”

“What! hang it all: do you fancy I do not know my duty? You seem to me as if you were frightened. *Passateremtetem!* I tell you all this row about an Indian war is dying out; and, if it were not so, I would soon put an end to it, if they would only give me a couple of decent companies and two field-pieces. Last evening, Tom Morton of Merry-Mount was here, — a jolly comrade over the bottle, *Passateremtetem!* He brought me the news that Roger Williams had as good as succeeded in putting an end to the whole affair. He had made proposals to the Wampanogs and the Narragansetts in the name of the colonies; and the sachems are said to have expressed their readiness to accept them. So the joke will come to a wretched finale.”

“What! Roaring Tom was here yesterday?”

“Certainly; and we sat all night over the bottle while he was telling me a quantity of news. About daybreak, however, we saw a tremendous fire rising over the forest; and so he got the ridiculous notion into his head that his Merry-Mount was in flames, and rode off like a madman.”

“Indeed!” Willem observed, as he suppressed a smile. “But do you believe, major, that what Roaring Tom told you is true? Of course, you know on what terms he stands with the settlers?”

“Stood, you mean to say, man. Of course, I

know that he stood badly enough with the Pilgrims of the Wilderness, — a stupid name, *Passateremtetem!* — but the rogue intends to alter, it seems, and has offered his services to the Boston government. It is said that old John Eliot, who has the extraordinary fancy of preaching to the grunting *giaours*, and in their own grunt, which they pretend to be a language, — yes, it is said that old John has performed a miracle of conversion with Roaring Tom. Short and good, I have orders to employ the said Morton whenever I can ; because, owing to his extensive acquaintance with the redskins, he can be of use to us as a spy.”

“ As regards the extensive acquaintance, that is correct ; but, as to the impending peace with the two sachems, Roaring Tom has deceived you. I have just come direct from Providence, and nothing is known there about this peace. It is true that Roger Williams has given himself the greatest trouble in trying to effect an arrangement, but without success. Metacom and Canonchet are closely allied ; and I am firmly convinced that the clever Wampanog has already contrived to combine all the natives of New England against the colonists.”

“ All the better ; for, in that case, my old sabre will have a merry dance. *Passateremtetem!* ”

“ All right, major ; but mind first to be on your guard against these Nipmucks.”

“ Confusion ! What have you against the pack down there ? They only want to play their stupid

game ; nothing more. Why, they have their squaws with them, and it is well known they do not drag that rubbish along the war-path. Besides, they are not even armed ; but, if they were, I have thirty good muskets in the fort. Your roër is also in order, and your boy Thorkil will play his part too, should it come to a fight. Your other comrade, the man with the almighty mustachios, does not look as if he could make the right use of the musket and sabre he wears on his side, — I never saw a finer one. Passateremetem ! But it won't come to fighting, I tell you ; and so don't look yourself blind at the grunting giaours down there."

" Listen, major ! " Willem observed, as he looked down on the prairie with all the power of his eyes : " I will wager my roër against an Indian bow if I did not see that devilish Annawon slipping from one tent into another. And he is King Philip's right hand, I tell you."

" Stuff ! you see ghosts in the broad daylight, you old woodman ! How should Annawon, who is certain a bad lot among the grunting giaours, get here ? "

" I suspect on his legs, or else by those of one of the numerous horses the villain has already stolen. Major, look out for the fort ! I will go down into the Indian camp, and see whether I am deceived. If that fellow is really there, mischief is intended."

With these words the trapper shouldered his roër, and hurried down the steps that led from the watch-tower to the court-yard.

“There he goes to hunt his ghost,” the abstract soldier shouted after the old man. “He would soon have tired me with his nonsense. By the beard of the prophet, as the Turkish dogs are wont to swear, these forest-fellows, white and red, are a curious lot. *Passateremtetem!*”

In a few hours, Groot Willem returned from the Indian camp whose tents were erected about a thousand paces from the palisades of the fort.

He had neither found Annawon nor any thing else that could confirm his unsettled but certain suspicions, and yet he could not entirely dismiss them. As he had long had acquaintances among the Nipmucks, he had been received like an old friend; and the chief Ah-ton-wi-tuck had shown him the politeness of inviting him into his tent, and setting before him a bear ham and buffalo marrow. Willem gladly accepted such an opportunity for spying, and getting behind the thoughts of his host; but the Turkey was too experienced in the arts of Indian eloquence to allow the slightest thing to be seen. As for weapons, the trapper only noticed a few bows and light hunting-spears: altogether, the entire appearance of the camp seemed to bear evidence to the peaceful sentiments of the natives, and all were occupied with noisy merriment in preparations for the intended ball-play which was about to take place on the open ground between the fort and the camp.

The trapper quitted the camp at the moment when the Indians, divided into two parties of one hundred

men each, set out in their play-costume for the ground. In front walked the two players who commanded them, holding aloft their sticks adorned with ribbons, porcupine-quills, and other ornaments. Between the two rows of men walked the squaws, singing a monotonous chant referring to the intended game; and the procession was closed by the chief, accompanied by four old powwows, or medicine-men, who acted as umpires, and made a fearful noise with the rattles they shook in their hands.

The men and youths who intended to take part in the game walked along with a measured but elastic step. The only covering they wore was an apron round the waist, fastened by a belt adorned with beads, at the back of which a wing-shaped tail made of buffalo-hair and white feathers was attached. A feeling of joy at the impending sport was unmistakably expressed on the dark faces and in the black eyes of all the participators.

The procession certainly possessed much that was attractive, especially for Europeans. The inhabitants of the fort consequently pressed curiously to the gate, which was wide open. The women came out with their children, and in the temporary excitement forgot all their fear of the red men, before whom they had fled to this spot. The militia-men, too, who constituted the garrison, also wished to see the sport: even their commander went out some fifty yards on the prairie, where he stood carelessly talking with the sergeant.

“ Well, how is it, man ? ” he cried to the approaching trapper. “ Have you collared your ghost, or has he evaporated ? ”

“ I tell you, major, ” Groot Willem answered, with a tone of annoyance, “ you could do something more sensible than make jokes : at any rate, in order to be prepared for any accident, have the gate and the block-houses held by your men. ”

“ For what purpose, man ? Drive the foolish idea out of your noddle, for there is not a notion of danger. We will quietly look on at all the larks which the grunting giaours will perform before us. The thing promises to be amusing, as the women say ; and the copper-faces with their feathery tails look capital. *Passateremtetem !* ”

“ Death and the duivel ! this peruke man has a thicker skull than the oldest buffalo ! ” Willem growled in his beard as he passed through the gate, in order to go up to the watch-tower, in which he noticed Lovely, Golden-hair, and De Lussan.

“ We shall have a grand sight, ” the buccaneer cried to the trapper. “ I see now, friend Willem, that there is no want of variety and amusement in a trapper’s life. ”

“ A sight ! Yes, the duivel take it ! It is lucky, at any rate, that Thorkil has not forgotten his gun, like the stupid fellows from the settlements down there. ”

“ What is the matter, Willem ? ” the young hunter asked.

“The matter? Nothing, boy,” the old man answered. “Confound it!” he muttered between his teeth, “why did I think of bringing that poor child, who is enjoying with such innocent curiosity the scene at her feet, into the fort?”

## CHAPTER XII.

### KING PHILIP'S WAR.

**The Ball-play — Fire in the Fort — The Major loses his Scalp — Annawon's crafty Attack — Another Butchery — The Savages are Victorious — King Philip's War — The Attack on the Narragansett Camp — Successes of the Natives — The Swamps — His Majesty's Envoy — A Meeting in the Prairie — Groot Willem's Narrative — Standish tells his Story — Death and Burial of Canonchet — The Bow and Arrow.**

THE game for which the Nipmucks had assembled on the prairie is, even to the present day, the favorite amusement of the North-American Indians. They play it with extraordinary eagerness, even passionately, for a number of days, and will continue it through the night by the glare of torches.

On the square, where the game was to take place, were two perpendicular poles, about five and twenty feet high and six feet apart, connected at the top by a third pole. An exactly similar mark was erected at the distance of about fifty rods. Just half way between the two, a single post was put up to indicate the spot whence the ball should be thrown. The two parties assembled round the posts. Each player held in his hand a stick, whose end was shaped into a hoop covered with a net. The science of the game consisted in the player leaping up, catching the ball



in his net, and sending it on ; but he was not allowed to strike it or catch it in his hands.

The Turkey, who was to give the signal for beginning by firing an arrow in the air, took his place with the four powwows who had to throw up the ball and act as umpires at the central post, and lit the calumet of peace, which went the round of him and his four companions for about a quarter of an hour. In the interim, the squaws performed a dance in the open space between the two bands, and sang a hymn to the Great Spirit. Then they withdrew, and posted themselves close to the gate of the fort in a compact mass, jesting and laughing, and boasting, by anticipation, of the skill of their husbands or brothers.

The two parties also began dancing round their respective goals, during which they clashed their sticks noisily above their heads, and burst into a shrill chorus, which the powwows accompanied with their rattles, which resembled tambourines. After this had lasted about a quarter of an hour, Ah-ton-wi-tuck rose, strung a bow, and shot an arrow far over the heads of the band into the prairie.

Instantly one of the medicine-men hurled the ball high in the air.

Hundreds of nets were stretched out in order to catch it.

Both parties employed their utmost efforts to catch the ball, and throw it between the posts of the opposite goal. If they succeeded in this they scored one, and a pause ensued.

Then the ball was again thrown up; and the game went on in this way until one party or the other succeeded in scoring a hundred rouges.

It may be imagined how they yelled, ran, leaped, upset and thrust each other aside, in order to catch the ball; and what an animated spectacle this struggle between the two parties, this tangled mass of graceful forms, afforded.

Both sides played with equal skill and pertinacity, and the scene was well adapted to enchain the attention of the spectators.

“Well, how do you like it, man?” the major shouted, in the best temper, to the old trapper on the watch-tower. “The fellows are tremendously agile, I must say. *Passateremtetem!*”

“I have seen the game a hundred times, major,” Groot Willem remarked; “and if it remains a game, I have no objection to offer. The redskins have a remarkable talent for it, and it is a very pretty sight.”

“Yes, by the beard of the Prophet, very pretty; and so, at the conclusion, I will treat them to a gallon of fire-water, as they call it. If they afford us pleasure, we will do the same by them; so that they cannot say the hands of the pale-faces are closed.”

The players had made a short pause. Up to the present, neither party had gained a decided advantage; but, when the game recommenced, the one party succeeded in sending the ball through the

goal four times in succession, and thus got ahead of their opponents. The latter consequently redoubled their efforts in order to make up the loss, and the game assumed a more excited character. The eyes of the players sparkled, the muscles of their arms and legs dilated, and a dark flush spread over their cheeks. As the ball rose for a moment in the air, all rushed forward with loud, rejoicing shouts to catch it. The swift-footed got ahead, drove the ball forward; and the excitement was heightened by the triumphant screams of the squaws.

Only one man retained his calm demeanor in the midst of the confusion: this was the Turkey, who had risen, and kept his eyes immovably fixed on the fort.

With growing interest, the spectators followed the game; and even the old trapper was not quite free from the feeling. Accidentally changing his place, however, he looked back at the fort, and suddenly saw two black pillars of smoke rising from the block-houses at the other end.

A fearful foreboding affected him. "Fire in the fort!" he roared from the watch-tower.

At this moment the ball, describing a large circle in the air, passed beyond the players, and rolled toward the open gate.

Ah-ton-wi-tuck advanced a few paces, and raised his bow: the arrow whirred through the air, and in the next instant pierced the chest of the careless major.

The whole swarm of players dashed after the ball, as if wishing to fetch it back; but, as they passed the squaws, the latter handed them tomahawks, which they had concealed under their tunics. The next instant the savages sounded the war-yell raised by their chief, and charged toward the open gate with uplifted weapons.

“*Passaterem* ——” the unfortunate major yelled, and, unable to finish his favorite word, fell flat on his face.

The Turkey swooped on him like a falcon on its prey. The scalping-knife flashed in the savage’s hand; in a second he tore off the dying man’s peruke, and loosened the scalp with a circular cut. He swung in one hand the false scalp, in the other the real one, of the murdered man, and was about to utter a yell of triumph; but at this moment a bullet from Willem’s roër dashed out his brains.

Like an echo, the report of Golden-hair’s gun followed that of Willem’s: the bullet laid low the Indian who stood nearest the gate.

“In with you, men, and close the gate, if you care for your lives!” Groot Willem shouted to the soldiers, who were paralyzed with terror.

But this warning was overpowered by the fearful tumult.

The fall of their chief had momentarily checked the Nipmucks. But at this moment the war-yell was raised inside the fort, and from the blazing block-houses a band of painted Wampanogs rushed

toward the gate, the savage Annawon at their head, who had scaled the deserted fort from the river-side during the ball-play, and fired it.

"Ha, this is your infernal plot, villain!" the old trapper yelled, as he pointed his reloaded gun at Annawon.

But the latter instantly disappeared in the dense mob that had collected round the gate.

The fire spread with extraordinary rapidity, and soon assailed the shed in which the cattle were sheltered. Their lowing was mingled with the crackling of the fire, with the yells of the savages who raged with tomahawk and knife among the defenceless wives and children of the pale-faces, and with the death-cry of the victims. It was a scene of the most indescribable and wild confusion.

"Thorkil, take care of Lovely!" Willem exclaimed: "we must get out. Forward, captain!"

De Lussan hurried with drawn sabre down the stairs; the old trapper followed him; and next came Golden-hair, who held the young lady with his left arm, while with his right he was prepared to use his gun as a club.

Groot Willem sent the charge of his roër into the first Indian he met; then turned the heavy weapon round, felled a second with the but-end, and dashed with the whole weight of his gigantic body into the mob of Wampanogs who blocked the gate on the inside.

By his side flashed the filibuster's Damascus

blade ; and, wherever it fell, an enemy kissed the ground.

The old trapper and De Lussan fought with reckless audacity, and the savages were dispersed by their desperate attack.

The space before the gate was freed ; but at the next instant the crowd of white men and women driven in by the Nipmucks blocked up the gate again.

“ Stand firm, my men,” the filibuster commanded the militia. “ Collect around me. Any one who has no weapons must fight with his fists.”

His leonine voice, his awe-inspiring demeanor, overpowered the tumult for an instant. Some of the men had their knives, others picked up the tomahawks of the slain Indians. They closed up, and formed a wall round the women, among whom Golden-hair left Lovely, in order that he might fight by the side of his friends.

“ We must try to force our way into the prairie,” Willem shouted ; “ for the fire is reaching our rear. Ah ! it has caught the magazine ! ”

An awful, deafening explosion confirmed his words. A huge sheaf of flame rose in the air, and poured a shower of sparks on the despairing group.

“ Keep together, like the strands of a cable,” De Lussan thundered. “ Forwards ! *Gloria* and *Desdemona* ! ”

The Nipmucks fell back before Willem’s and Thorkil’s clubbed muskets and De Lussan’s sword-

cuts. The attack was successful ; and, in spite of the cloud of arrows poured on them from all sides, they reached the prairie, felling every foe who ventured within their reach.

At this moment Annawon raised the war-yell of his tribe, and the howl of the Nipmucks responded to him. The Wampanogs pursued the small party of white men, and a triple wall of redskins was formed around them, which was contracted with every step they advanced.

A shower of arrows and lances fell on the unhappy men. The Indians charged with a frightful roar. For a while the filibuster's sabre could be seen flashing over the crowd, and Willem and Thorkil's muskets whirling through the air ; but then nothing more could be distinguished in the swaying, surging crowd.

Ere long, however, the triumphant cry of the savages rang through the air.

The terrible scenes which we have just described, and our former account of the sack of Swansea, will have given the reader a fair idea of the Indian mode of warfare.

Judge Eaton was certainly justified in saying, "The time of visitation has arrived!" The new war with the natives, which is known in the history of the New-England colonies by the title of King Philip's War, was the most dreadful visitation and trial which the Puritans had experienced since the landing of the Pilgrims ; and all the former collisions and fights

had been of no importance in comparison with this war, whose object was nothing less than the annihilation of the white men.

The Sachem of the Wampanogs was indubitably a hero of his people. We have already intimated that the spread of the white men had alarmed him for his nation, and that, consequently, he had for years been brooding over a plan to annihilate the pale-faces. For this object, a union of all the tribes seemed to him the first necessity; but he had not succeeded in rendering the relics of the Pequods and Mohicans, under their sachem Uncas, unfaithful to the settlers, when the treachery of Sasamon, and the proofs afforded by him, aroused the suspicions of the colonists towards Metacom. Hence the sachem had only the choice of two courses, — either to submit to the humiliating conditions offered by the hateful intruders, or to commence hostilities, with or without a prospect of success. Desperation accelerated the revolt of the natives. They entered the field without hope, and hence generally fought without mercy.

The only man who might possibly have succeeded in effecting a settlement was the aged Roger Williams. But he, both before and after the sack of Swansea, had exhausted all his influence over the red men without attaining his object. After the scene at the Williams Spring of Providence, he once more employed all the authority he possessed over the Narragansetts in order to withdraw Canonchet and his subordinate sachems



from the alliance with Metacom, and represented to them that the colony of Massachusetts alone could instantly raise a thousand warriors, and the colonies of Connecticut and Plymouth constantly send up fresh hands.

“Good,” was the answer which Canonchet gave him to this. “We know that Haddoh-Manitoo speaks the truth: but let them come; we will await them. But not a hair of your head shall fall, as you have been through life a friend of the red man.”

The surprisingly rapid commencement of hostilities by Metacom had the result, that the united colonies formed the resolution of carrying on the war as a mutual affair. A thousand militia-men were at once called out, and volunteers enrolled, who really rendered excellent service under leaders experienced in forest warfare.

On the side of the Indians, the war was waged as far as possible by ambuscades and surprises. They never met the colonists in the open field, but constantly fled even when numerically superior. But they were crafty foes, practised shots, partly armed with muskets, swift-footed, acquainted with all the forest-paths, capable of enduring any fatigue, and thirsting for plunder and revenge. The swamps and dense forests were their fortresses, and into these the pursuers had not as yet been able to penetrate.

With the rapidity of lightning the savages suddenly appeared in the scattered villages, and de-

stroyed them. Isolated scouting parties of the white men were cut down, and the scalped corpses suspended on trees. The laborer in the field, the reaper in the harvest-field, people going to the mill, the shepherd with his flock, were shot by the crawling, invisible enemy. The mother remaining alone in her house feared every moment that the tomahawk might take her life and that of her children. When they rode to church on Sunday, in a long file, the farmer held the bridle in one hand, and a child in the other; his wife sat behind him, frequently with a second child in her lap: but, at the moment when it was least expected, bullets, fired from an ambush, whizzed among them. It was, indeed, a heavy time of trial.

Soon after the destruction of Swansea, Metacom carried fire and sword into the villages of Connecticut, as Roaring Tom mentioned in his conversation with Kellond at Merry-Mount. But the inhabitants of this colony so boldly withstood the red heathen, that King Philip's bands were entirely dispersed for a season. As many of his warriors sought shelter among the Narragansetts, the colonists summoned Canonchet to surrender the Wampanogs to them. But the chief answered, "What! I give up my brothers, the Wampanogs? Not a nail-paring of a Wampanog."

The settlers regarded this answer as a declaration of war, and resolved to anticipate the revolt of the Narragansetts by a decisive blow. Informed of this

by their indefatigable spies, the natives intrenched themselves in a fort, which offered them the safest refuge in days of peril. Its defences consisted, in the Indian fashion, of a row of palisades, and a natural hedge running round the latter, sixteen feet in thickness. The only entrance was protected by an *abatis* of felled trees. It was situated on an elevation, surrounded by one of those cedar-swamps in which the white man's heavy foot was embedded, while the light foot of the Indian glided over the treacherous soil. And yet the colonists, under their bold leader Winslow, formed the bold resolution of attacking the Narragansetts in this camp, into which the greater part of the tribe had retreated with their squaws, children, and most valuable property. The enterprise was certainly dangerous, but not impossible for men who went into action for their faith and their lives.

They chose the night to carry out their design; and Indian allies belonging to the Mohican tribe preceded the assailants in order to find the path through the treacherous cedar-swamp. But their approach was noticed by the Narragansetts, and the whole camp was at once aroused. The great point was now to offer a splendid example, and play the noble part of a Winkelried.\* It was clear that

\* In a battle between the Swiss and the Austrians, the former were unable to force their way through the square, bristling with levelled lances, till Arnold von Winkelried formed a gap by rushing on the spears, and receiving a dozen in his body. Through this noble self-sacrifice, the Swiss gained a decided victory.

those who advanced to storm the *abatis* must fall, and yet two militia-men rushed boldly at it. They were instantly shot down, and so were their successors; but the path was opened, and the rear men dashed forward with a cry for revenge. The Narragansetts fought like madmen, and they succeeded in driving back the white men who had entered the camp, with great loss, into the swamp; but, after three hours of murderous contest, the colonists gained a firm foothold inside. Their red allies, the Mohicans, threw fire-brands into the wigwams; and, ere long, five to six hundred of the flimsy cabins were blazing. By their glare, a fearful butchering began, in which the white men spared the old, the women, and children as little as the Indian did so. The Narragansetts lost on this fearful night about a thousand braves; but the whites also had purchased the victory with a heavy loss. Canonchet fought so long as resistance was possible, and then retreated with the small remnant of his band into the swamp, with such a menacing front, that the victors neither dared to pursue nor hold the fort, but retreated at daybreak.

Through this surprise, Canonchet's aversion was heightened to fury, and he disdainfully repulsed the offers of submission proposed to him by the colonists. "Sooner die to the last man," he cried, "than be the servants of the pale-faces!" He led his tribe away from their native hunting-grounds where the destroying hand of the white men ruined

dwellings and stores, and joined the Nipmucks, who, since the surprise of Fort Tabor, had made considerable progress on the path of destruction. The natives rose on all sides: the war was carried into the heart of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Plymouth. Even Rhode Island was not entirely spared, in spite of Canonchet's friendship for the patriarch of that colony; and thus for a while it appeared as if King Philip's idea of destroying the pale-faces off the soil of New England was about to be realized.

Thorough Indian regions, into which the white men had not penetrated, and for which they even felt a pious awe, were the counties of Pocasset and Saconnet, held by the Wampanogs and Pokanokets, bounded on one side by Manumet Bay, on the other by Narragansett Bay. The whole region, from the southern point up to Montaup, principally consisted of swamp.

On a dull afternoon, a single horseman, coming from the south, reached the skirt of this swamp. We recognize in the short, thick-set man, with the bold, open face, our old acquaintance Miles Standish.

The captain stopped his horse, and looked back at the wretched country whence he had come. It seemed to have produced a saddening impression even on him.

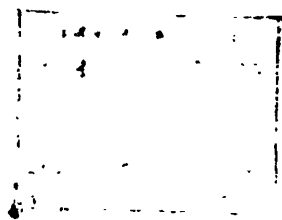
"Thank Heaven!" he said, as he drew a deep breath. "I am glad that I am out of this treacher-

ous swamp at last. An infernal country this! — a country for snakes and Indians, brr! According to the instructions of my red-skinned guide, without whose help I should never have found my way-out of this labyrinth, there must be a spring hereabouts: let me see if I can find it.”

During this soliloquy, the rider looked attentively around; but his horse, now feeling firm ground under it, trotted merrily along. But suddenly it stopped, and pricked its ears.

“Why, what is the matter, old gray? Ah, I see the smoke there! Ah, it comes from a fire, doubtless! If a band of redskins is camped in that clump, my character of envoy is at an end: that is certain. Well, I must try it, come what will.”

With these words he seized the gun hanging on his back, examined the lock, loosened his sword in the sheath, and arranged a glistening wampum string, which hung round his neck, like an order, in such a manner, on his dirty leathern jerkin, that it was perfectly visible. Then he urged his steed on again. Right ahead of him grew, on the undulating steppes, one of those isolated clumps of trees which rise like islands out of the ocean of the American savannas. From this clump rose a pillar of smoke from a fire which another solitary wanderer had kindled at the foot of a mighty oak in order to roast a leg of venison after a long march. In this man, too, we meet an old acquaintance, — Groot Willem. His beloved roër was leaning within arm's-







length against a sapling, and his faithful dog lay at his feet in the grass.

The old wood-ranger, whose huge body remained unbowed in spite of the frightful fatigues he had recently gone through, had, in addition to the old terrible scar on his left check, a second one which was not entirely healed. Prinslo drew his attention to the approaching horseman by leaping forward, and barking at him: but the old trapper quietly remarked, "Quiet, dog; it is a white man!" and so Prinslo restricted himself to carefully watching the rider's movements.

"It is one of our color, Prinslo," the wood-ranger said, who was accustomed to talk to his dog as if he had a human being with him. "He's a white man, a little fellow; but he rides well, and looks like a soldier. Ah! he is looking at his musket: who the duivel can it be?"

While speaking thus, he seized his roër, and, leaning on it, awaited the stranger's arrival.

The captain pulled up at a distance of about fifty yards, and shouted, as he surveyed the trapper's gigantic form with some suspicion, —

"Holla, man! will you tell me with whom I have to do?"

"Hum," the wood-ranger answered: "according to the good old forest rule, the man who is first at a spot has a right to ask new-comers who they are. Who may you be, stranger?"

“ Well, I will obey your good old forest rule. I am Miles Standish of Plymouth Colony.”

“ Miles Standish? the man whom the colonists called Capt. Pygmy, and the redskins the Little Fire-spitter? Come, don't be angry, man,” he added on noticing a frown on the other's face. “ Whatever name white and red men may give you, I have heard people of both colors say often enough that you had your heart at the right spot.”

This appeased the captain; and he observed, as he dismounted, —

“ Although you have not told me your name, man, still, judging from your size and your enormous gun, you can be no one else but the well-known trapper whom our people call Groot Willem, and the redskins the Grisly Bear.”

“ Well guessed, captain. Yes, I am the man whom the savages call Mato. I guess they discovered a little while back that the old bear's claws have not fallen out yet.”

“ What! have you been fighting with the villains, man? When was it?”

“ Yes: I have fought with the fellows in earlier days, and very lately. The Nipmucks” —

“ What! have they risen too?”

“ That they have; and, supported by the devilish Annawon and a band of Wampanogs, they have surprised and burnt Fort Tabor.”

“ Fort Tabor destroyed? Confusion!”

“ Well, why did the wise gentlemen of Boston

send such an obstinate fellow as Major Mosely to command the garrison? I tell you it was impossible to persuade the man of any thing; and we owe the frightful butchery solely to his self-willed neglect."

"Were you present?"

"Unfortunately, I was. But tell me, will you not share my meal? the venison is just ready."

"I have not the slightest objection, I assure you. While we are eating, you can tell me what has been going on in the world for the last few months. I have been a prisoner of the redskins all the while, you must know, and am anxious as to the fate of my friends."

"And I the same, man; and I, too, have come out of captivity, though not by the straight road."

"How so?"

"Well, look you: the scamps of Nipmucks had already destined me for the stake of torture; and I should have fared precious badly, had not the poor Sachem of the Narragansetts come to my help at the right moment. I feel sorry for the man; for he was a thorough good fellow, and had not an inch of falseness in him from the crown of his head to his great toe."

"What do you mean by sorry?"

"He is dead."

"Dead? Canonchet dead? I am astounded. Pray, tell me, friend, how it happened."

"You shall learn every thing. But first have

some food ; for you must have ridden a long distance, if you have come, as I conjecture, from the neighborhood of Montaup. In that case, we can exchange our news."

Groot Willem now told the captain in detail all that occurred before and during the capture of Fort Tabor by the natives, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"Suddenly," he concluded his narrative, "the noose of a lasso was thrown round my neck, which dragged me to the ground. I was obliged to look on powerlessly while my two friends, and the poor child of whom I told you, were taken prisoners by Annawon and his Wampanogs. Since that time, I have never seen them again. I was dragged off by the Nipmucks ; and, as I told you, Canonchet, with whom I have long been friendly, saved me from their infernal arts of torture. But now, captain," the old trapper continued, after a pause, with a look of the deepest anxiety and painful expectation, "tell me, I beg you, — you have come from Metacom's camp at Montaup, — have you seen any of my friends there?"

"Calm yourself, friend," Standish replied with affectionate sympathy. "I have seen the men, and the maiden too."

"Really ? You have seen them ? Dead or alive ? Speak, speak !"

"Alive, alive ! They are prisoners in Metacom's camp."

“ Oh ! in that case all is well. Prinslo, come here, old dog ; come here, I say ! Thorkil is alive ! our Thorkil is alive ! Do you hear, old brute ? Well, why don't you rejoice at it, you cur ? I tell you, Thorkil is alive ! ”

“ Listen, old hunter,” the captain at length interrupted the trapper's characteristic outburst of joy. “ Will you be kind enough to answer me a few questions ? Do you know what has become of my friend Eaton, the Judge of Swansea ? After our captivity, he was separated from me and my two comrades in misfortune, who are still held as prisoners by the savages.”

“ Eaton is alive, and under the protection of Roger Williams. He has escaped a great danger, which I will tell you of presently. But first I must inform you that he and I, who have long been bitter foes, have been reconciled over the grave of a woman who no longer lives to see it.”

“ That is famous indeed. Good Mabel will rejoice at it in heaven. But tell me, friend, something about the man whom that Satan of an Annawon brought into King Philip's camp with Thorkil and the maiden. I saw the man in former times, and at once recognized him, although he has greatly changed ; and, instead of being attired like a gay cavalier, he now goes about in a coarse and worn hunting-garb ? ”

“ Do you mean the Frenchman, De Lussan ? ”

“ The very man.”

“ So he is also a prisoner in the sachem’s camp ? ”

“ Yes ; but tell me, friend, how has this man suddenly appeared in New England ? What has he to do here ? What does he design ? ”

“ You ask me more than I can answer, captain. I can only tell you that De Lussan arrived on this coast in his own ship ; and a fine one she is too.”

“ Is my supposition correct, that De Lussan, and the notorious filibuster to whom the Spaniards have justly given the name of *El Exterminador*, are one and the same person ? ”

“ It is.”

“ Strange, strange ! But what business had he in this country ? What does the daring man want here ? ”

“ I am not initiated in his intentions, captain ; and, if I were so, it would not be proper for me to reveal them.”

“ Of course, friend, I can understand that. But you can explain one point to me. It struck me, that, though the crafty savage kept us strictly apart, he received De Lussan very differently from the young hunter, against whom Metacom seems to feel a hatred blended with fear. The filibuster was received as an old and highly honored friend ; but, instead of returning the friendship, he imperiously stepped forward, and insisted on the chief immediately liberating all his prisoners, and handing them over to him. As far as I could understand the discussion,

however, King Philip declined doing so. Tell me on what terms the two stand to each other."

"They were friends up to the surprise of Swansea, when the murderous conduct of the Wampanogs rendered him furious with Metacom. When De Lussan, Thorkil, and I learned that Metacom had dragged your friends, the two colonels and the maiden, into the forests, we started from Providence for the purpose of liberating the prisoners. At Mount Wollaston, we tore Lovely from the villain who had come from England to capture the colonels. We put an end to his game; for his smashed body lies beneath the ruins of Merry-Mount."

"What! Merry-Mount in ruins?"

"Yes; for I blew up the sinful den with my own hand."

"Then you did a good deed, on my word. Now I can account for Roaring Tom's presence in the camp of the Wampanogs."

"Ah! he is there, is he?"

"Yes, and behaves like a raging wolf, that would like to devour every thing. He furiously attacked the young hunter, and told him that you two had made him a beggar; but, when he called you a deceitful villain, Thorkil smote him to the ground."

"I wish the brave lad had beaten his brains out; for Morton's presence in camp is assuredly a bad sign."

"You may be right. But to return to De Lussan,

I should like to know one thing, and you can tell it me, — is his wife still living ? ”

“ Do you mean Mistress Desdemona ? ”

“ Yes. You know her, then ? ”

“ Of course. I saw her very recently. ”

“ Really. She is near us, then ? Oh ! you do not know, man, of what importance this news is to me. But tell me, is she happy ? ”

“ If a husband’s respect and love can make a woman happy, then she is happy. And how he respects and honors her ! He calls her the queen of his vessel, and she is so in fact. It only needed a word from her to make him give up his own plans, and join Thorkil and me in following the trail of the prisoners. ”

“ Thank Heaven ! He has acted nobly to her then, and her choice has not rendered her wretched. That is a great consolation for me, friend ; for you must know that I was very intimate with her and her family, and take a lively interest in the fate of this young lady, who, unfortunately, married the filibuster without her father’s consent. ”

The old hunter was thoughtfully silent for a while, then he said, —

“ Now to something else, captain. May I ask how you have succeeded in getting away from the Wampanogs ? ”

“ Why not ? The red heathen dismissed me with all the honors, and in peace, although at first he treated me more harshly than my companions. Of



course, the thing was the more unexpected to me ; for you must know, friend, that I have the honor of travelling as ambassador of his red-skinned majesty, King Philip."

" Really ? But I suspected something of the sort, as I saw you in possession of your weapons and horse, and remarked Metacom's wampum strung on your chest. But how did it come about ? "

" Well, look ye ! The day before yesterday, there was a great excitement in camp. The sachem, the chief, and all the honored braves, remained in the council wigwam for many hours. What was discussed there, I cannot say. When the meeting was over, I was brought before Metacom, who requested me to go as a messenger of peace to my friend Josiah Winslow, who, as the heathen told me, commanded our troops near the northern bank of the Nipmuck River. I was to tell him that he, Metacom, offered to bury the tomahawk, and induce his confederates to do the same, if the colonial government secured them in possession of the hunting-grounds of their fathers. In addition, he declared himself willing to liberate the two great warriors from the other side of the big salt water, as he expressed himself, and their daughter, and pay a large sum of yellow metal as compensation for the damage he has inflicted. The Lord knows where the heathen got the gold to pay ! "

" And did he say nothing about my son Thorkil in these propositions ? "

“No; and, as I hinted to you, he seems to be greatly infuriated against the young hunter.”

“I can understand that,” Groot Willem muttered: “Annawon will have told him what took place under the Pilgrim’s Oak at Providence; and he knows, consequently, that Thorkil is his deadly foe. Heaven grant that I may see the boy again alive!”

“Do not alarm yourself too greatly about this matter. While I have declared my readiness to undertake the sachem’s commission, I made the condition that nothing should be done to his prisoners before I returned.”

“Before you returned? Surely you will not venture into the tiger’s den again?”

“I must do so, friend, and for two reasons. In the first place, anxiety for my friends urges me to return as speedily as possible; and secondly, the heathen demanded my presence to bring back Winslow’s answer. It was not till I had pledged my word that my gray and my weapons were restored to me; and then Metacom had me guided to the end of the confounded swamp down there by a runner acquainted with the roads.”

“I am only afraid, captain, that the message you have undertaken to deliver will not have the success desired by King Philip.”

“Do you think so? Still the colonists must be most anxious to put a speedy end to such a desolating war.”

“Certainly; but I will wager that they are not at

present inclined to accept a truce which will probably prove a rotten one. The cunning chief has certainly heard, through his runners, of what has occurred at the Falls of the Connecticut and on the Nipmuck. The colonists have the heft of the knife in their hands, and will be glad to use it in order to settle the matter once for all. They will not be so stupid as to grant Metacom time for fresh tricks and preparation."

"So, then, the colonists have recently gained great advantages over the red vermin?"

"Do not call the unfortunate creatures vermin, captain. Circumstances have driven them into this desperate war; and, by Heaven, I have found as worthy men among the redskins as ever among people of my own color. I am not ashamed to confess, either, that I wept like a woman when they buried the noble, brave, large-hearted Sachem of the Narragansetts on the bank of the Nipmuck. A worthier man will never string a bow or light a calumet."

"You were present, then? In what way did he fall?"

"When Canonchet saved me out of the hands of the Nipmucks, I returned to the battle-field of Mount Tabor in order to seek traces of my friends. They were not among the corpses which the buzzards were rending. For weeks I roamed about the forests and prairie, without discovering a trace of them. At length I came across a Narragansett, from whom I learned that a sanguinary action had

been fought at the Connecticut Falls, in which the forces of the natives were destroyed, and that Canonchet had started southwards with the remnant of his braves in order to cut his way through to Metacom. He was, however, pursued by the volunteers under Capt. Church, surrounded, attacked while crossing the Nipmuck, and taken prisoner, after defending himself like a lion, and expending his last round. The fate which had formerly been shamefully passed on his father Miantonomo was also his. The victors sentenced him to death by shooting, and intrusted the fulfilment of this sentence to their allies the Pequods, who had joined them with Uncas's Mohicans. Unfortunately, I only arrived when the foul deed had been done. Canonchet is said to have maintained his heroic calmness to the last moment, and even to have extorted respect from his murderers: for Uncas and his people dug a grave for the noble sachem, and buried him with all native honors; and Uncas said over his grave to his braves, 'Brothers, a great and just sachem has set out on the road to the happy hunting-grounds: he was the bravest man among the red children of Manitoo!' Thus, then, even his enemies spoke of him; thus they honored the man in death whom they had feared so greatly in life."

"Canonchet was certainly a dangerous foe to the colonists; but, with due respect for truth, he was a man, an honorable man. So peace be with

his ashes! But time is slipping away," Standish added, as he rose, and saddled his grazing horse; "and I must be a long distance away by nightfall."

"I suspect you will not have to ride so very far before you meet people of our color. I hear that the brave Church is marching with his volunteers on Montaup in order to deal the natives the last blow before they have recovered from their terror at the destruction of the Narragansetts. I, too, intend going to Montaup; for I have a sacred duty to perform there. You can guess it, I fancy; and so do me the kindness, should you meet with Church, of hurrying him on."

"I will do so, friend: you can trust to me."

"Good! and where is Metacom's camp?"

"At the extreme end of Montaup Promontory, close to the sea. The spot is excellently chosen. A dense, almost impenetrable forest of firs and cedars cuts it off on the north; and behind this wood extend enormous swamps. I doubt whether you will find the entrance."

"Don't be alarmed: I know the spot. Is there not a huge, strangely-shaped rock on the skirt of the wood of which you spoke?"

"Quite right; a curious bit of stone-work. There are two caves in it, and in these the prisoners are kept."

"And the cabins are near the water?"

"Yes. Exactly opposite the rock stands the

medicine-wigwam. Ah, what wretched follies I saw the first powwow of the tribe perform there!"

"Thanks for your explanation, captain; and now God be with you! If you go due north, you will soon reach the Taunton, and come on Church there. If you meet him, hurry his march, I beg you, for the sake of our friends. Now, Prinslo, we will be moving."

"Stay," said the captain, as the trapper prepared to depart. "One thing more. It might be useful for you to know that the sachem has among his warriors a man, who, in secret, cordially hates him."

"Who is he?"

"The runner who guided me through the swamp. His name is—the cuckoo take this red-skinned name! Done into English, it means bow and arrow."

"Bow and arrow? In the language of the Pokanokets, that is Ishehkohnih."

"Quite right, quite right. Ishehkohnih! What a mouthful of barbarous stuff! But no matter; the said Bow-and-arrow might be of use to you in your enterprise."

"Of course, if he is hostile to the sachem."

"Of that I am convinced. On our road through the dismal swamps, I gained the man's confidence. He is a clever fellow, and told me that there is a small party in his tribe opposed, from the first, to the war with the white men. When Metacom's

affairs looked badly before the revolt of the Narragansetts, the peace-party advised proposals of peace ; and Bow-and-arrow's brother called the Beaver" —

"Hahnih?"

"Quite right. Hahnih, a respected warrior, demanded that Metacom should try and conciliate the white men ; but the sachem was so infuriated at it, that he cleft the Beaver's skull with his tomahawk. His brother has since had a strong desire for vengeance" —

"Of course. Revenge is a sacred law among the savages. This circumstance may prove of the greatest service to us."

"Yes ; and Bow-and-arrow is seeking to obey this law, but has not yet found the opportunity. I arranged a password with him."

"What is it?"

"Hahnih."

"Good ! I will try and communicate with the man ; for I am slightly acquainted with him already. Does he not wear a necklace of bears' claws as an ornament?"

"Yes, he does."

"Good ; but, by the by, tell me one thing : Is Metacom's sister in camp?"

"I suppose you mean the pretty young girl whom the savages call the Pure Spring?"

"Yes, I mean Hih-lah-dih ; and assuredly no human being ever had a better title to the name."

"She really seems to be a good creature ; for she

displayed a sisterly sympathy with Lovely. And now, old hunter, farewell, and may Heaven bless your enterprise!"

They shook hands, and set out in opposite directions.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN METACOM'S CAMP.

Willem's Meeting with Ishehkohnih — At the Bathing-place — Interview with Hih-lah-dih — Thorkil in Danger of Death — An Angel — Hih-lah-dih resolves to save Golden-hair — Indian Religion and Customs — The Medicine-wigwam — A Religious Solemnity — The First Man and the Evil Spirit — Indian Stoicism.

ON the evening of the second day after his meeting with Standish, Groot Willem arrived in the vicinity of Montaup. On the road, he had revolved plans for the liberation of the prisoners, but could not conceal from himself that he must set to work with the utmost caution, and be prepared for the worst, as his roër had caused great injury to the Indians at Fort Tabor. But his heart knew not fear; and he was more anxious about Thorkil than himself, when he reflected that Roaring Tom, who had detected the destroyers of Merry-Mount, and followed their trail to the neighborhood of Blackstone's hermitage, would not fail to urge the chief to murder a youth who had now become his foe, and had taken an oath of vengeance which was most sacred according to the law of both white and red men. That the Sachem of the Wampanogs would not hesitate to break the promise he had made

Standish as to the prisoners, he knew only too well, and also that any thoughtless attempt would only entail the ruin of those whom he wished to help.

Willem regarded it as a fortunate omen, that, on the morning after his arrival at Montaup, accident brought Bow-and-arrow near his hiding-place, which he had selected with all the craft of an old wood-ranger. The password, "Hahnih," did not fail at once to win over the vengeful Indian to his plans, which, however, were still very unsettled. Still Willem obtained an accurate account of the state of affairs in camp.

Towards evening, Ishehkohnih returned to the trapper's lurking-place. It was a deep forest glen, so overgrown with sassafras and whortleberry bushes, that its existence might even escape the sharp eyes of the Indians. Bow-and-arrow's information caused Willem to reflect deeply as to how he should turn it to the best account.

When the Indian at length broke the silence by intimating that the interview must now end, the trapper whispered, in the dialect of the Pokanokets, —

"My brother wishes to go. I will not delay him. But he will come here to-morrow before sunrise to report to me what has occurred in camp. Will he?"

"Ishehkohnih will come."

"Good! For the present I have nothing more to say. But stay; one question: Can my brother

tell me where Hih-lah-dih may be found at this time?"

"My father will find the sister of the sachem if he goes up the river-bank. Ishehkohnih saw her going to bathe with the young squaws."

"Good! My brother will not forget to whisper in Golden-hair's ear, if it be possible, that Mato is alive, and near him."

"Ishehkohnih will not forget it," the Indian replied, as he pulled his buffalo-robe around him, glided through the bushes, and disappeared.

A few minutes later, Willem also left the ravine, examined the lock of his roër, prepared it for immediate use, and walked noiselessly through the forest, under whose dark-green foliage it was already beginning to grow gloomy, although the tree-tops were still illumined by the evening sun.

He had not proceeded far when he heard the rustling of a stream, and a confused hum, as if of human voices. Prinslo stopped, began to growl, and was about to bound forward; but the trapper said sharply, —

"Quiet, old dog, to heel! It will be the girls. Quiet! Do honor to your training, and do not stir. To heel, to heel!"

Prinslo obeyed orders, and kept behind his master, who quickly walked a couple of musket-shots farther, while the sound of human voices continually grew more distinct. At length he reached the bush-covered river-bank; and as he hoped to find

Hih-lab-dih here, and speak to her in secret, he cautiously wound his way through the tall shrubs, so that he might not be noticed either from the forest or the water. At length he perceived, through a lively tumult and the voices of laughing girls, that he must have reached the bathing-place. He cautiously bent the boughs a little apart, and saw a group of Indian girls, who were sporting in a sort of natural basin, and playing with a bladder.

“Poor children!” the old man said sadly to himself. “You do not suspect that your innocent sports will soon be ended for ever; you do not suspect that a terrible fate is hanging over your nation, and that its destruction is decided on. From all I have witnessed during this unhappy summer, I know that the red race must yield to the white. The time is rapidly approaching when the rivers of this country will no longer re-echo the cheery laugh of Indian girls, when no red warrior will bend a bow in these forests. The colonists will occupy every corner of the hunting-grounds; they will cut down the forests, drive the plough over the virgin soil, and put up their cabins at the spot where the calumet went the round at the council-fires of the chiefs. Then it will be all over here with the free forest life: the game will be destroyed, the buffaloes driven to the Far West. And that I must help to destroy the rightful owners of this land is bitter, very bitter! I never thought that it could come to this. But the murder in the ruin must be expiated;

the poor boy must be freed ; and, if the Wampanogs have done him a hurt, I will fire my roër at them so long as barrel and stock hold together."

At this moment, Willem's eye fell on an object which gave another turn to his thoughts. It was a female, seated in the grass on the opposite side of the river. The girl had not taken off her clothes, and took no part in the noisy amusement of her companions, but gazed with folded hands at the gloomy forest before her.

"That is Hih-lah-dih, I am certain," the trapper said to himself. "I was beginning to think that Ishekhohnih had told me false, as I did not see her among the bathers. I must give her a signal."

He waited till the noise in the river slightly ceased. Then he held his hand before his mouth, and produced a note which marvellously imitated the whippoorwill when it is beginning to strike up. It might have been fancied that the bird was sitting on a branch of one of the oaks that overshadowed the river.

Willem looked at the spot where Hih-lah-dih was sitting, in order to see whether she had heard the signal. The girl did not stir. The old man repeated the signal rather more loudly ; and now Hih-lah-dih almost imperceptibly raised her head, but let it drop again directly.

"She heard me," Willem thought. "I wish these noisy gypsies were miles away ! Well, I must be patient."

And the noisy gypsies really made a heavy demand on Groot Willem's patience; for they continued their ball-play with thorough Indian pertinacity. At length the bladder was carried off by the current, owing to an awkward stroke; and the whole party of girls dashed after it. The foremost one caught it; and, when another tried to drag it from her, she threw the bladder on the opposite bank, whither the whole troop hurried after it.

At this moment the trapper saw Hih-lah-dih rise, and glide into the bushes behind her. He repeated the signal in order to indicate his position. The bushes along the water moved with a gentle rustling. Prinslo got up and cocked his ears, but crouched again directly at a sign from his master.

The branches of the willows were now parted, and Hih-lah-dih appeared. The trapper walked up to her; but she laid her forefinger on her lips, pointed to the forest, and then glided noiselessly ahead into the thickest coppice, over which the shades of night were already brooding. Here the Indian girl stopped, turned to her companion, and looked at him silently, but with a mixture of surprise and joy, hesitation and sorrow.

"I see," the trapper said to her, in the language of her people,—"I see that my daughter has not yet learnt to close her ears to the voices of her friends."

"Hih-lah-dih," the girl answered, "can distinguish the voice of Mato from that of the bird of night. It was good that the young squaws only

attended to their game, otherwise they must have noticed that there was something strange in the forest. The wish-ton-wish does not sing at this season."

The Pure Spring uttered these words with an affected reserve, while striving to maintain in her demeanor and language the calmness which distinguishes her nation in so eminent a degree. But, when the old trapper turned his sad eyes upon her, she could no longer overcome her sympathy, but heartily seized his hand, and said, with tears in her eyes, —

"My father is seeking Golden-hair: he is a prisoner in the camp of the sachem; death hovers over him."

"My daughter says that death hovers over Thor-kil," the old man replied in a trembling voice. "He must be saved!"

"Saved? Yes; he must be saved! My father speaks the truth. But how shall he be saved? Hih-lah-dih is foolish; she knows nothing. The sachem is furious, and his anger a devouring fire which nothing can extinguish. Golden-hair accused Metacom of taking his father's scalp. Now the sachem intends to take Golden-hair's scalp too. The Manitoo has veiled his face from his red children; and the powwows say that he has given Ochkih-Hed-deh power over our people until his anger is pacified by a great sacrifice."

These hurriedly uttered words heightened the old

hunter's anxiety in no slight degree ; for he was too conversant with the opinions and customs of the natives not to know, that, though generally so indifferent to religion, they would, under certain circumstances, be roused to a pitch of religious fanaticism. But Groot Willem knew so well by bitter experience that this was the most merciless in the world, that he could not help trembling for Thorkil. Still he contrived perfectly to master his feelings, and quietly remarked, —

“ My daughter speaks of a sacrifice, a great sacrifice : I do not understand her.”

“ Mato is a wise warrior,” the girl replied : “ he will understand Hih-lah-dih when she says that the powwows have fasted three days and three nights in the medicine-wigwam, and then declared that Manitoo demands a victim ; and Golden-hair shall be the victim, and the man whom the pale-faces call Roaring Tom shall slay the victim.”

“ A devilish idea ! Child, that is not the will of the Good Spirit, but of barbarous men who are possessed by Ochkih-Heddeh.”

“ Hih-lah-dih believes so too, and whispered it in the ear of her brother, the sachem ; but Metacom's heart has turned to stone since the pale-faces captured his favorite squaw Mongshongshah and her boy.”

“ What ! the Bending Willow and her boy, the chief's only son, have fallen into the hands of the white men ? ”



“Yes. It happened when the tribe came down from the rivers to Montaup. The sachem's spies say the pale-faces have killed Mongshougshah.”

“Shame on them if it be true! but, for the honor of my color, I hope that it has not happened. It would be too villanous to kill a female prisoner.”

“Why should it not be done? Pale-faces kill every thing, warriors' squaws and papposes; wish to destroy poor red people from the ground of our fathers. Narragansett tribe was burnt in its wigwams at Squaw-sonk; the great chief of the Narragansetts murdered by Pequod dogs” —

“Do not speak about it, girl; do not speak about it! It was a scandalous deed. Tell me rather about Thorkil. Have you seen him? Is he healthy and firm?”

“Hih-lah-dih saw him when Annawon brought him and the chief of the thunder-canoe and Lovely into camp. Since then, Hih-lah-dih has not seen Golden-hair; but she knows that he is kept in the caves of the great stone, where, too, are the chief of the thunder-canoe, and the silver-haired chief and his son, and Lovely” —

“Poor child! How is she?”

“Oh! Lovely is happy: she can comfort Golden-hair. Hih-lah-dih once heard the Haddoh-Manitoo say the Manitoo of the pale-faces has around him a countless band of good spirits, who, in the language of my father's people, are called angels. Hih-lah-

dih thinks her white-face sister Lovely is these angels."

"You are an angel yourself, child," the old man said with great emotion; "but my daughter will listen to me, and heed my words. I have come here to liberate Golden-hair" —

"Hih-lah-dih know that Mato would come to help Golden-hair. When he delayed so long, she feared he had gone to the happy hunting-grounds."

"Well, as regards that, girl, it was not my fault or that of the Nipmucks that it was not so. I was in an awful fix. But tell me, will Hih-lah-dih help me to free Golden-hair? She knows he loves her like a sister."

"Oh! Hih-lah-dih knows that she cannot sew his hunting-shirt, roast his game, be in his wigwam; for Hih-lah-dih is red, is a poor Indian girl, and Lovely is white, — whiter than the flower of the water-lily, — and he, too, is white: but Hih-lah-dih will be a sister to him, a faithful sister. He pale-face brother; she redskin sister: so Manitoo decrees it."

"That is a good and pious remark, my daughter; and may God bless you for it! But now tell me, how do your people stand with the chief of the thunder-ship?"

"Red warriors not let squaws sit among them at council-fire."

"Yes, yes; I know that, girl: but Hih-lah-dih is clever; she knows that the wampum of friendship between her nation and the chief of the thunder-

ship has suffered through the events of Fort Tabor, and she can tell me whether it has been knotted again."

"Hih-lah-dih heard a voice whisper Metacom had offered the sachem of the thunder-canoe to smoke the calumet with him, and set free the silver-haired chief, and Lovely, and Lovely's father, if the sachem would summon his braves from the big canoe, and raise the tomahawk against the white men on the side of the Wampanogs."

"Ah! that is a bit of Indian cunning. But how did the chief of the thunder-ship receive the offer?"

"Not good; said harsh words to Metacom, very harsh. The squaws in camp whisper the sachem of the thunder-canoe is full of wrath, and whisper, too, that it is caused because Lovely's father cast evil, angry words in the face of the sachem of the thunder-canoe."

"Ah! he has doubtless recognized the captain; and neither years nor misfortune seem to have relaxed the stiff temper of this Puritan. But enough of this. My sister spoke of a great sacrifice which is to be made. When is the day?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?"

"To-morrow, at sunrise, the audience-hut will be opened, and the young braves will undergo the great trial of blood in order to disperse the cloud from Manitoo's face. If the cloud does not pass off then" —

“Then?”

“Golden-hair”—

“I understand you, girl; but my roër will have a word to say, even if I must lose a thousand lives. Listen, child; if you love Golden-hair as a brother, you must be anxious for him to be saved. Will you run any risk to rescue Thorkil?”

“Every thing that Hih-lah-dih can. But what can a weak squaw do? she has only her life.”

“Such a sacrifice is not necessary. You must only venture to-night a secret canoe-trip on the big salt lake. There is no danger: the moon will shine, and the sea is quite calm.”

Before the Indian maid could reply, the voices of the girls could be heard from the river calling Hih-lah-dih, and apparently approaching.

“What will my father say? Not good if young squaws find us here.”

“Of course not; so one word quickly. According to our arrangement with Ih-nis-kin, the thunder-ship must be cruising near this point. My daughter will secretly attempt to find it. I need say no more. You have understood me, child?”

The voices of the approaching girls grew louder.

“Hih-lah-dih understands what my father wishes. She will look for the thunder-canoe on the salt lake, and deliver Mato’s message to Ih-nis-kin.”

The girl waved a hasty farewell to the trapper, and hurried through the tangled trees toward the river. The old man looked after her until her grace-

ful form disappeared in the gloom, and then turned off into the bush.

It will probably interest some of our readers to learn something about the religious notions and customs of the Indians ; and, as it is almost necessary for a due comprehension of the scene to be described, we will mention the most important facts here.

The Indian religion is most vacillating and unsettled, and their religious ideas are unconnected and almost childish. Many of them regard the world as a great body, whose limbs are subject to birth, growth, duration, and dissolution : others revere the earth as the common mother of all existing things. The good and evil principles have also assumed a personal shape with them ; and, what Jehovah and Satan are to Christians, Manitoo and Ochkih-Heddeh are to the Indians. They have, too, a tradition of the great deluge ; but most curious is the following myth, from which it might be concluded that the natives of North America possessed an obscure and confused knowledge of the appearance and death of the Redeemer :—

Very, very long ago, Ochkih-Heddeh came in the company of Numank-Machana, that is, the First Man from the West, into the village of the Mandans, and seated himself by the side of a squaw who was husking maize. The latter was joined by her daughter, who was very beautiful. The Evil Spirit requested the maiden to fetch him water, but wished

her first to eat a little buffalo-meat. She was merely, so he said, to take a piece out of his loin. She did so, ate, and found that it tasted like buffalo-meat. She then fetched water, and both drank together. Not long after, the maiden gave birth to a child, and, as she was pure and virtuous, she was regarded as great medicine, as was her child, who performed wonders and miracles. Among other things, he once gave the Mandans, when they were nearly starving, four buffaloes, wonderful creatures; for, when the whole tribe had eaten their full of the flesh, more remained than at the outset. Numank-Machana, however, had formed the resolution of killing the marvellous child; and, after seeking it for a long time in vain, he found it at a dark spot, seized it, and threw it into the river, where it was drowned. So soon as Ochkih-Heddeh learned this, he followed the trail of Numank-Machana in order to destroy him. After a long search, he found him; but the First Man had the great medicine calumet in his hand, whose magic protected him against every enemy. Hence Ochkih-Heddeh thought it advisable to be reconciled with him; after which both smoked the great pipe in a friendly way.

The Indians are extremely tolerant to persons of different belief. Their priests are called powwows, or medicine-men, and combine the qualities of physician, soothsayer, and magician. They are highly respected by the common men, but are often used by

those who do not share the superstition of the vulgar as instruments for attaining certain ends.

As it seems, Metacom had thought it advisable to re-arouse the sunken courage of his decimated tribe by a religious spectacle; and probably he also intended it to serve for the satisfaction of a private hatred.

At sunrise everybody was stirring in the camp of the Wampanogs, which was situated, as we mentioned, at the extreme point of Montaup Promontory.

A few paces from the sea-shore rose a row of turf cabins and buffalo-hide tents, which occupied the whole breadth of the promontory. In the centre of this line of wigwams, but apart from them, stood what was called the medicine-lodge, on the north side of which was a rather large open space, which was closed in by a thick belt of forest, but open to the west. Its eastern side was intended to be occupied by the spectators of the solemn rites which were to be performed on this day.

In a right line between the medicine-lodge and the forest, and only a few paces from the verge of the latter, rose the remarkable rock in whose caves the prisoners were retained. It had exactly the form of a truncated pyramid. About half-way up its northern side was a yawning crevice, in which various trees grew, spreading out their branches over the surface of the rock.

The block medicine-lodge was of considerable

size, and had no opening on three of its sides : the northern one, however, was quite open, as the buffalo and deer hides, which on ordinary days covered the beams, had been removed. In the centre of the lodge, whose posts, walls, and roof were adorned with eagle-feathers, snake-skins, and strips of red and blue cloth, bleached human, buffalo, and elk skulls were piled up in two peculiar groups. Between them lay a knife, and several sticks of hard wood sharpened at both ends. From the roof hung down a number of ropes of red leather ; and in the corners, which represented the four elements, could be seen leathern water-bags, that in shape imitated a tortoise, being probably a symbol of the great deluge. On each of these skins lay a sort of drum-stick, and a tambourine-shaped rattle made out of a gourd-shell covered with leather. These sticks and rattles were constantly beaten during the ceremony by four powwows. Before the hut stood a huge oak-post, and on it lay an enormous war-club cut out of soapstone.

The ceremony was to begin at sunrise. Hence when the small party, which, under Isrehkohnih's guidance, had examined the forests and swamps before dawn, returned with the news that all was safe, the sachem came out in front of his wigwam, and, by firing a musket, gave the signal for the strange solemnity ; for the powwows had made all the necessary preparations and distributed their parts over night.

The shot had scarce been fired when the whole



tribe, amounting to about two hundred, with women and children, walked in procession slowly and silently to the open space, and round the medicine-lodge, and then drew up in a semicircle round the place. In the foreground sat the sachem alone. A few paces behind him sat Annawon and a white man, — Roaring Tom. Next came a row of subordinate sachems and distinguished warriors. At the extreme northern end of the line, Ishehkohnih could be noticed. Then came several rows of men, while the women and children sat farther in the rear. At the south-western end of the semicircle was a group of youths, destined to play an important part on this day, and whose naked bodies were painted yellow, red, white, and black, with clay.

Metacom, whose bronze features and bold forehead were covered with a dark shadow, was attired in his handsomest ornaments: all the warriors appeared in their war-paint, and had accoutred themselves festally. The only weapons visible were the tomahawks the men carried in their belts.

A gloomy silence brooded over the entire assembly, and the expectant crowd waited without moving. At length, four powwows, in fantastic attire, emerged from the medicine-lodge, and a fifth walked in their midst. He was the first powwow of the tribe, and, as my young readers will at once see, a most strange and absurd-looking fellow for our eyes.

The chief powwow had put the skin of a grisly bear's head on his own head in such a way that his

face was completely concealed by it. To this strange helmet pendent skins of all sorts of large forest animals were attached, and to these skins again of snakes, fish, birds, frogs, squirrels, bats, as well as bears' claws, deer-hoofs, beaver-tails, and feathers of all flying creatures. The rattle which he shook in his left hand over his head was ornamented with insects, feathers, and horns; the magic rod in his right hand, with scalp-locks, large and small lizards, shells, and tufts of herbs. The other priests were bedecked in a similar fashion, though they had not such an abundant supply of every thing that walks, flies, crawls, and swims, hanging about them.

When the powwows reached the centre of the square, the chief powwow described with his staff various mysterious circles in the air, then turned to the four cardinal points in turn, and each time invoked the name of Numank-Machana, which his underpriests repeated, while making a fearful noise with their rattles.

The incantation must have possessed great power; for on the western end of the square there emerged from the bushes a man whose body from head to foot was covered with a thick crust of white clay. Over this paint he wore a cloak of white wolf-skins, and a head-dress of ravens' wings, and held in his hands an enormous pipe.

This was no less a personage than Numank-Machana, the First or Only Man.

The powwows fetched him with reverential saluta-

tions, and accompanied him across the square to the sachem, who made an effort to display the greatest veneration in his greeting.

"Manitoo," Numank-Machana now addressed the chief, "has sent me to his children, — me, who was alone saved from the great flood as I landed in my big canoe on the high hill in the west, where I now live."

He then described this event more fully, and added: "Manitoo has sent me to consecrate the medicine-lodge, so that the great blood-trial and the sacrifice may be performed. But first hand me the gifts to conciliate the big water, so that the flood may not return. Cleanse your path from thorns, and fulfil the will of Manitoo, so that the cloud may depart from his countenance!"

"What rubbish!" Roaring Tom growled in English, and had a difficulty in restraining his laughter.

A scowling glance from Metacom, however, soon dispelled the inopportune smile.

Then the chief rose, took his tomahawk from his belt, and handed it to Numank-Machana, saying, "My father is very welcome."

The First Man accepted the present, and passed through the ranks of warriors, who all offered him their hatchets. Then he walked, with the armful of tomahawks he had collected, into the sea, chose a deep spot, and cast the strange sacrifice into it.

After the sea had received its presents, Numank-Machana entered the medicine-lodge, which he con-

secrated with muttered phrases and strange gestures. Then he lit the great medicine-pipe, walked out with it, blew a large puff of smoke toward each of the cardinal points, and handed the pipe to the chief powwow, as a sign that he intrusted the rest of the ceremony to him. The First Man bowed to the sachem and the rest of the company, darted across the square, and disappeared in the bushes whence he had come.

The chief powwow also blew great clouds of smoke to all the four winds: then he raised the tube of the pipe straight in the air, and uttered a shrill cry. This was repeated by his four Levites, and they set their rattles in motion.

The youths immediately rose who were to play the principal part in the Okippe, — that is to say, the festival of the great trial of blood and courage, — and walked in couples to the centre of the square. The powwows placed themselves at their head, and led the procession slowly round the medicine-lodge, the youths singing the while, —

“ Now I go, now I go to the joyous business:  
O Great Spirit! have mercy on me;  
In the joyous business have mercy on me!

On my path grant good luck,  
And have mercy, O Great Spirit!  
On my joyous business.

Now I go, now I go to the joyous business:  
Oh, grant me victory and success,  
O Great Spirit! and have mercy on me!”

When the small procession reached the centre of the square again, the singing ceased, and the Okippe commenced.

It formed three divisions, — the buffalo-dance, the cutting, and the last race.

The twelve youths arranged themselves to dance, forming a group round the chief powwow, in parties of three, representing the four cardinal points. Each of the dancers received from the powwows a thin white wand and a rattle. Once again the chief powwow produced a smoke-offering from the medicine-pipe, and gave the signal to commence the dance, to which the other powwows sang the monotonous tune, which they accompanied, as did the dancers, with their rattles, thus causing a tremendous row.

The dancers moved with those strange and far from pleasing bounds which are peculiar to Indian dancers, and imitated the motions and roaring of the buffaloes, while rivalling each other in wild gestures and yells. Thus the dance went on for a long time, till a new apparition arose at the spot where the First Man disappeared.

This was a man whose naked body was painted as black as that of a Moor with a mixture of pounded charcoal and bear's fat. Round his arms, loins, and legs ran a white ring of about an inch in diameter, and on his mouth he carried a fearful bear's jowl. He was his Satanic Majesty in person.

At the sight of this awful figure, the squaws and

children raised a loud cry of terror, and shrieked, "Ochkih-Heddeh, Ochkih-Heddeh!"

The Evil Spirit leapt from the thicket with a terrible bound, ran with an awful yell toward the dance, while trailing along the ground a ball fastened to a long black stick, and made gestures to break through the circle by menacingly shaking his staff.

At this moment the chief powwow, in order to avert the danger, stepped out of the circle, walked gravely and with a firm look toward Ochkih-Heddeh, and held the medicine-calumet under his nose with both hands.

In vain did the Evil Spirit wave his staff; in vain did he gnash his teeth and roar terribly: the sacred pipe was more powerful than he. He writhed and bent under its magical influence, tripped timidly here and there, the powwow following close at his heels, and at length crept toward the bushes with hanging head.

When he had disappeared, the whole assembly burst into a loud shout of joy, the buffalo-dance ceased, and the second act of the Okippe commenced.

The youths arranged themselves in couples behind each other, and walked under the guidance of the chief powwow and his Levites toward the medicine-lodge, singing once more, —

"Now I go, now I go to the joyous business:  
O Great Spirit! have mercy on me;  
In the joyous business have mercy on me!"

The chief powwow posted himself in the centre of the hut between the two pyramids of human and animal bones, and smoked fiercely. His Levites stood by the four water-bags, and seized the drumsticks. Two more powwows emerged from the rear of the lodge, one of them raising the knife from the ground, the other the sharpened sticks. Behind them the youths stood silently in a row.

The chief powwow raised the medicine-pipe above his head; and, at this signal, the musicians commenced their deafening noise with voices, drumsticks, and rattles, and the youths advanced in turn to undergo the fearful trial of courage and blood.

We should hesitate to depict this awful torture, were it not faithfully recorded by eye-witnesses of the truth, and hence will interest our young readers, and give them an idea of the stanchness of Indian youths. It was of the following nature: —

The youth to be tortured placed himself before the powwow, who held the knife in his hand. The latter raised on each shoulder and on each side of the breast a piece of flesh between his thumb and forefinger, took the knife which had been purposely blunted, and thrust it under the upraised flesh. Then the other powwow stepped forward, and thrust a sharpened stick through each of the wounds. The ends of the leathern straps hanging from the roof were attached to these sticks; and the martyr was drawn up, so that he hung freely in the air. Similar incisions were then made in the victim's arms and

legs, and sticks thrust through them, on which bows, quivers, tomahawks, or buffalo-skulls were suspended. Then the martyr, whose body dripped with the blood pouring from his wounds, was pulled so high up the leathern straps, that the articles hanging on him did not touch the ground, but were about six feet above it. In this posture, the victim offered a fearful spectacle; and his head either drooped behind or on his chest, according as the victim was suspended by the chest or shoulders.

As soon as all the twelve youths were soaring in the air, the two powwows took long wands, and with their aid set the bodies of the wretched lads in a rotatory movement, which continually grew more rapid, and awfully increased the agony.

The endurance with which this awful martyrdom was endured borders on the incredible. Not one of the youths contracted a feature when the blunt knife lacerated his flesh; and several during the operation had a smile on their lips, which seemed to say, "Look, I endure before Manitoo like a man who is worthy of following the war-path."

Even while the martyrs were hanging in the air, their courage withstood the fearful trial; and it was most touching to hear them, though half fainting from pain, now and then raise their broken voices above the din of the barbarous music, and sing:—

"I go, I go to the joyous business:  
Oh, grant me victory and success,  
O Great Spirit! and have mercy on me!"



The rotatory motion was continued till the victims hung apparently lifeless, which the powwows called "quite dead." Then they were slowly let down to the floor of the hut, where they lay like corpses, were freed from the straps, and the sticks drawn out of their breasts and shoulders.

So soon as they regained sufficient strength to be able to move, which was generally the case at the expiration of ten minutes, they crawled on hands and feet, with the whole weight hanging on their body, to the side wall of the lodge, where they were permitted to rest a while till the third act of the fearful trial began.

In the mean while the chief powwow filled the medicine-pipe afresh, lit it, and offered up a long prayer to the Good Spirit, thanking him for the happy result of the Okippe up to the present, and imploring his aid in its completion.

After this the musicians sang a song, in which they praised the power and efficacy of the medicine-pipe, which had expelled the Evil Spirit from the camp, and would surely protect the young men in their impending trial.

After this the chief powwow posted himself in the centre of the square, and with his pipe-tube summoned about twenty of the younger warriors who were to take part in the "last race."

The tortured youths seemed hardly able to endure this fearful fatigue. They tottered out of the lodge, dragging the weight attached to their wounded

bodies after them. And yet the poor youths mastered the immense pain, and again sang, though in a very weak voice, —

“ Now I go, now I go to the joyous-business:  
O Great Spirit! have mercy on me;  
In the joyous business have mercy on me! ”

Each of them was taken in charge by two braves, who took him between them, and wound a broad strip of leather round his wrists.

The chief powwow raised the medicine-pipe, and cried, in a shrill voice, the word “ Ehkenahkanah-pick! ”

Immediately the braves began running at their topmost speed, while dragging the bound youths after them, until the latter fell from weakness. But even then they were not let loose; for they were dragged round by the straps tied to their wrists, until all the articles hanging on their bodies were dragged off, in which operation large strips of flesh were torn from them.

For every civilized person this must have been an awful and revolting spectacle: but to Indian eyes the sanguinary scene was most agreeable; and the assembly expressed their satisfaction by murmurs, when all those subjected to the Okippe endured the various trials without uttering a complaint, or giving a sign of unmanly weakness. At length the martyred youths all rose from the blood-stained grass on which they had sunk after the last race, and pro-

ceeded with a firm step, and a mien which revealed unconquerable pride, to the wigwams on the shores, where their wounds would be tended by mothers and sisters. A far-echoing, never-ending shout of delight from the assembly accompanied them.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STAKE OF TORTURE.

**King Philip's Position — Fresh Appearance of the Evil Spirit — Manitoo demands a Victim — Thorkil's Death-chant — A Noble Sacrifice — The Proposition — Roaring Tom — A Shot à la Tell — In the Cave — The Wampanogs at the War-post — Defence of the Rock — Annawon is sent to the Happy Hunting-grounds.**

AFTER the assembly had testified their satisfaction with the result of the Okippe in this way, they fell back into their previous solemn and silent conduct.

With the departure of the martyrs from the scene the music also ceased ; and, when a profound silence had set in, the chief powwow offered another thanksgiving to the Good Spirit, then crossed the square, and went up to Metacom, who sat like a statue. Any one who had attentively observed the chief would have noticed that a desperate savageness was devouring his heart, and that the hand of misfortune lay heavily on his head.

King Philip's condition was really desperate. The news of the defeat of the Narragansetts, and of the death of their sachem, his confederate, had given him the melancholy conviction that his comprehensive plan, pursued for so many years, of annihilating the white intruders, was a failure, and that, for the

present at least, nothing remained for him but to attend to the salvation of the relics of his own tribe. It is true that he entertained some hope of renewing the contest, if De Lussan's crew would join him; and, in order to gain time for this, he despatched his prisoner Standish with terms of peace to the colonists. But, although the filibuster was not very particular as to the means for attaining his end, his sense of chivalry had been too greatly outraged by the Indian mode of warfare for him to lend a willing ear to the propositions of the sachem, the more so as he was embittered by the wrong personally done him. Still it had not escaped Metacom's sharp eye that the filibuster stood to Lovely and her relatives on terms which might easily induce him to accept the chief's terms as the price of their liberation. Hence he treated not only De Lussan, but the two colonels and Lovely, — though he kept them carefully guarded, — with indulgence, and had not assented to Morton's request of having the two Englishmen surrendered to him. When he had escaped from the immediate dilemma by the aid of the filibuster and the acceptance of the conditions of peace presented by Standish, he immediately intended to make the attempt of gaining over for his patriotic plans the thousands of Indians who dwelt on the boundless wilderness towards the south.

As regards Thorkil, the sachem had resolved on his death; for the young hunter, immediately on entering the camp, had accused him of being his

father's assassin. Metacom had really committed the crime simply in order to acquire the treasure, of which Pe-toh-pi-kiss, whom he had sent as a spy into Eaton's house, had informed him. Even at that time, King Philip pursued his great scheme with all the resources at his command, and had learned from the white men that any thing can be effected with money. As the instrument for Golden-hair's intended murder, he had chosen Roaring Tom, who, through a feeling of revenge, was quite willing.

The chief powwow stopped before the sachem, and, in accordance with the Indian fashion, waited till he was ordered to speak.

"Metacom's ears are open," the chief said, after a pause. "What has my father to say to me?"

"Mahtotohpah," the chief powwow replied, "has carried out the customs of the Okippe, as the traditions of the children of Manitoo prescribed."

"And has Manitoo become gracious to his people?"

"The sachem has seen how Ochkih-Heddeh attempted to disturb the sacred customs. He has seen how the Evil Spirit was put to flight by the miraculous power of the medicine-pipe which Numank-Machana gave to Mahtotohpah. He has seen how my young men, in defiance of Ochkih-Heddeh, danced the Bellohnepick, how they submitted themselves to the Pohkong, and endured the Ehkenahkanahpick. My young men are now very

brave, true scions of the Wampanog race. Manitoo has been gracious to them. The sachem may rejoice. When the great star rises to-morrow, twelve braves more will be ready to bury the tomahawk in the war-post at his signal."

"It is good," Metacom answered, as he made a reverential gesture with his hand.

The whole assembly listened to this conversation with breathless attention:

After a while Metacom spoke again, and said to the medicine-man, —

"My father knows that Manitoo had hidden his face behind clouds, so that it did not shine on his children. Grief entered our hearts, and our feet were captured on the dark path. Sorrow bowed our heads to the ground as the winter snow does the branches of the fir-tree. We mourned silently, like the elk struck by an arrow, or roared for pain like the buffalo hunted by wolves, and torn by their teeth. My father Mahtotohpah is a great powwow. He whispered in Metacom's ear that Manitoo demanded an Okippe to remove his wrath; and Metacom did not hesitate to fulfil the will of the Great Spirit. The Okippe has taken place: it was bravely endured. My young men showed that they have inherited the muscles and courage of their fathers. The tribe of the Wampanogs still puts forth powerful branches. But my father must help me to understand the meaning of Manitoo. Mahtotohpah is a great powwow: his glance pierces through the

clouds that obscures Metacom's glance. My father will tell me, is the wrath of Manitoo pacified? is the cloud removed from his countenance? is his hand again raised to bless my people?"

The powwow looked up to heaven as if seeking to read an answer to the sachem's question there. In a few minutes he added, —

"I see Manitoo raise his hand in order to remove the cloud from his face."

"And what more does my father see?"

"Mahtotohpah sees that Ochkih-Heddeh is meditating new tricks against the children of Manitoo; but the power of the medicine-pipe keeps him back."

"Ugh!" said Annawon, and stretched out his arm toward the bushes on the western side of the square.

Metacom looked in the same direction also. Then the sachem touched the powwow's magic wand with his forefinger, and said, —

"My father is a great medicine-man, his medicine is strong; but the power of the evil speech is not yet broken. My father will turn round and open his eyes."

The powwow obeyed this intimation, and cried, in surprise, "Ochkih-Heddeh!"

"Ochkih-Heddeh!" the squaws again shrieked in terror.

The terrible form of the Evil Spirit had again emerged from the coppice: he now rushed forward, ran toward the medicine-lodge, darted round it



thrice with mad bounds, uttered a hideous yell, and menacingly shook his black staff with the red ball at the assembly.

“The cloud is still lying over Manitoo’s countenance,” said Metacom. “His anger is not yet pacified. The medicine of the medicine-calumet is great; but Ochkih-Heddeh laughs at it.”

The powwow at once strove to contradict this opinion. He seized the pipe again in both hands, held it erect before him, and walked toward the roaring representative of the Evil Spirit.

The old scene was now repeated. Ochkih-Heddeh was unable to withstand the charm of the medicine-pipe, but expressed, by contortions of his limbs, his dissatisfaction, retired, followed by Matotohpah, and finally disappeared in the bushes, gnashing his teeth hideously, and announcing, by a menacing howl, that he was only defeated, but not vanquished.

Mahtotohpah walked thoughtfully into the medicine-lodge, and signalled up his colleagues in order to smoke a pipe of council with them. During the half-hour that the muttered conference lasted, the assembly waited patiently for its result. At length the chief powwow came out of the hut again, and placed himself silently in front of the chief, who, after a short pause, addressed him as follows:—

“What does my father now see?”

“Mahtotohpah,” was the answer, “sees Ochkih-Heddeh watching in the distance, ready to bring fresh evil on the people of the Wampanogs. Mah-

totohpah was deceived when he said that Manitoo was about to remove the cloud from his countenance. The wrath of the Great Spirit is not yet fully appeased. He wishes to see a great sacrifice ere he deprives Ochkih-Heddeh of the power of injuring."

"Has my father discovered what sort of sacrifice Manitoo demands?"

"Mahtotohpah did so, and summoned his brothers the powwows to his aid."

"What sacrifice does Manitoo wish, then?"

"The death of Golden-hair."

Without altering a feature, Metacom turned to the chief sitting behind him, and said, —

"My brothers have heard the will of Manitoo. What shall be done?"

"The young pale-face must die," Annawon remarked impressively.

"He must die!" a dozen warriors joined in. "Golden-hair die?" the whole assembly murmured.

"Aha!" Tom Morton growled in his beard. "My turn has arrived to play a part in this farce."

"Indeed!" the sachem turned to him with the question: "is my white brother ready to do his work?"

"Quite, chief," Tom answered; "but now let the business move ahead. The tricks of your hocus-pocus doers have lasted long enough, I think."

"But is my brother's heart strong enough for the work?"

“ You needn’t ask. I told you I would do it, and I stick to that. The young scoundrel was present when that old Dutch dog blew up Merry-Mount and killed my good comrade Kellond. If I lost the treat of seeing him at the torture-post of the Nipmucks, I will at least acquit my debt on his boy. So go on, I say.”

After this short conversation, the sachem turned again to the powwow, and said, —

“ My father heard that my braves are ready to perform the will of Manitoo. My father can do his duty.”

“ Good ! ” the powwow observed ; “ and which of the sachem’s warriors shall wield the club of sacrifice ? ”

“ None of my warriors, but this pale-face. The pale-face will come with me.”

The sachem made Morton a sign, and the latter rose to follow the powwow, who led him to the oak-stump in the north-eastern angle of the medicine-lodge. Here the powwow stopped, blew three puffs of smoke from the pipe of medicine over the club lying in the stump in order to consecrate it, and then delivered it to Morton with these words : —

“ The young pale-face will lay his head on the oak-stump. When Mahtotophah raises the medicine-pipe, my brother will brandish the club, and ” —

“ All right, all right, Master Jackpudding ! ” Roaring Tom impatiently interrupted the priest. “ Bring

the lad here, and leave the rest to me: I will settle him properly; hang me if I don't."

The powwow walked into the medicine-lodge, and, after a slight pause, came out again at the head of a small procession, which halted at the oak-stump.

In front walked Mahtotohpah with two of his assistants; then followed two powerful warriors, who led Golden-hair between them, and two powwows closed the procession. Mahtotohpah swung his magic staff in one hand, the medicine-pipe in the other, and muttered incantations and prayers, whose concluding line was repeated by his brethren, and accompanied by the sound of their rattles.

All eyes were fixed on the prisoner; so that the appearance of Hih-lah-dih, who came from the wigwam and mixed with the other squaws, and the disappearance of Ishehkohnih behind the rock, were quite unnoticed.

Thorkil was pale, and appeared greatly exhausted. The fearful scene of martyrdom which he had been compelled to witness from the medicine-lodge had filled him with desperation; for his strength, if not broken, was still bowed by recent misfortunes. He knew that he was devoted to death. But, when the powwow announced the inevitable to him, manly pride was aroused in him, and incited him not to allow his assassins the triumph of being able to say that a pale-face could not die with dignity. Hence he regained all his calmness, though the thought was

bitter to him of not being able to die as a free man, with arms in his hand, but be dragged as a defenceless prisoner to the shambles.

When he stepped out of the lodge with his arms bound on his back, and a glance at his escort convinced him of the hopelessness of resistance, he bit his lips in order to suppress the sigh that forced itself from his bosom.

He now stood in front of the stump, and saw the club which would dash out his brains in the hand of Roaring Tom, who awaited him with a malicious grin. He turned his back on the wretch, and, at the priest's bidding, prepared to lay his head on the block, while imploring God to be merciful to his soul.

A breathless silence prevailed around ; and more than one of those present looked with compassion on the young man with whom they had been on such amicable terms in hunting excursions and at the council-fire.

Metacom sat with his head drooping on his chest, as if the affair did not affect him in the slightest degree, and as if his thoughts were far away. The powwow stationed himself by Morton's side, and took the medicine-pipe in both hands for the purpose of raising it.

At this moment a female form glided with the speed of lightning from the ranks of the Indians, and hurried up to the oak-stump. Golden-hair was just preparing to receive the death-stroke, when he felt

two arms clinging round his neck. He looked round, and perceived Hih-lah-dih, who whispered to him, —

“My pale-face brother not go alone to the happy hunting-grounds. If Golden-hair dies, his redskin sister will die with him.”

And she pressed between him and Morton, threw her left arm tightly round the youth's neck, and stretched out the other toward the butcher, as if she wished to receive the blow of the club.

“My good child, you strive in vain,” Thorkil said to her; while the powwow uttered a cry of surprise, which the whole assembly repeated.

The noise aroused the sachem from his brooding. He rose; and, when his eye fell on the group near the oak-stump, it flashed with wild passion, and a frightful outbreak of fury drove the blood into his face. He overcame it, however, with the self-command of a great chief, ordered the assembly by a wave of his hand to remain quiet, and then walked slowly up to the group.

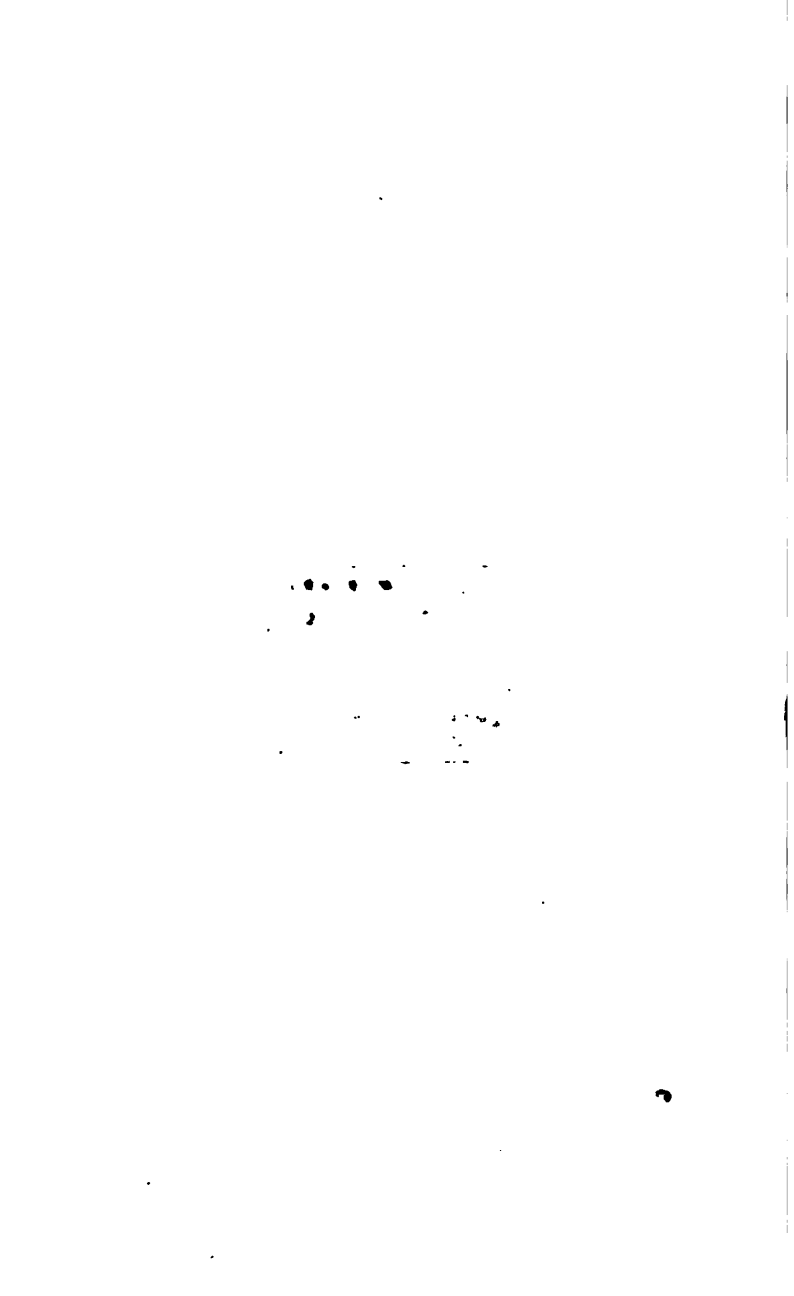
Hih-lah-dih awaited her brother's arrival with firm courage, and without loosing Golden-hair. The chief stopped before her, and said quietly, —

“What has the young squaw to do here?”

The maiden drew herself to her full height, looked the sachem boldly in the face, and replied, —

“Hih-lah-dih has come to save her pale-face brother, or to die with him.”







“Oh!” Metacom observed with a bitter laugh, “Mahtotohpah spoke wisely when he said Ochkih-Heddeh was prowling round the camp of the Wampanogs in order to cause fresh injury. He has filled the heart of my sister with folly, so that, forgetting all shame and modesty, she throws herself on the neck of the enemy of her people, and renders the sachem, her brother, a laughing-stock for the squaws.”

“No,” the Pure Spring replied, “no ; not Ochkih-Heddeh has instigated me to do what I did : Manitoo urged me to it, so that the blood of my pale-face brother might not fall on the head of the sachem. Metacom knows,” she continued in a gentler voice, “that Hih-lah-dih has ever been a good sister to him. His wigwam is desolate : will he also drive Hih-lah-dih from it ? Hih-lah-dih will not survive her pale-face brother : she will die.”

“My sister can ask the young pale-face whether it becomes the dignity of a man who has already walked on the war-path to owe his life to a squaw.”

“Sachem,” Thorkil remarked, “I should speak falsely if I answered in the negative. Life is certainly preferable to being the victim to your scandalous heathen customs ; and it can never disgrace me to owe my life to your sister, who has ever acted toward me as only a sister can act. But do not believe, sachem, that, as the price of my life, I shall ever forget you were the murderer of my father, whose death the most sacred duty commands me to

avenge. I cannot and will not feign or lie ; and, if you do not have me cowardly slain by that drunkard, my hand will rise against you so soon as it can clutch the hilt of a weapon again."

The sachem was thoughtfully silent, and a pause of the most terrible expectation ensued.

Metacom, like all Indians, had a heart as hard as marble ; but still a feeling of charity at times forced its way into it. Since the loss of his young son, whose death had rendered him half mad, he loved, before all human beings, his sister most ; indeed, had loved her more than his wife, the Bending Willow. How highly he esteemed Hih-lah-dih was proved by the fact, that, after the successful surprise of Swansea, he regarded Lovely as his sister's *protégée*, because the white girl wore her coral necklace ; and that he was thus induced to withdraw the heads of the prisoners from the scalping-knives of his warriors. Since he had lost wife and child, he felt to a still higher degree the necessity of retaining his sister, who had been the kind companion of his earlier years, and whose cheerful playfulness had frequently dispelled the gloomy shadows from his brow.

"Golden-hair has spoken like a man," the chief at length said with calm dignity, and in English. "Metacom respects the brave, even when their skin is a pale-face skin. Let my brother listen, and weigh his answer carefully. If Metacom loosens his bonds and sets him at liberty, will Golden-hair then cease to raise the tomahawk in future against my people ?

and will he at once lead Hih-lah-dih to his wigwam as his squaw ? ”

“ No, no ! ” the Pure Spring exclaimed with a vivid blush : “ the sachem must not speak so. Hih-lah-dih will and can only be a sister to Golden-hair.”

“ Sachem,” Thorkil said, “ I esteem your sister too highly to wish to save my life by deceiving her. Nature and my religion prevent such a union : hence I must reject your proposal. Do with me now what you please.”

“ It is well,” Metacom replied with icy coldness. “ The courage of Golden-hair is great, very great. Come,” he continued, seizing Hih-lah-dih’s hand : “ my sister has nothing more to do here.”

But the maiden, instead of following him, cast herself down before him, clung to his knees, and in the most touching accents implored the youth’s life. When Metacom, however, would not be moved, she sprang up, and clung to Thorkil, as if no power on earth could separate them again.

“ Put an end to it ! ” Morton growled. “ The affair is beginning to grow tedious.”

In a second, the sachem had torn his noble sister from the youth. She uttered a heart-rending shriek as Metacom raised her on his arms, and hurried with her toward the wigwams, after giving the powwow and Morton a look which they could easily understand.

Roaring Tom dragged the youth to the oak-stump,

and pressed him down on it with brutal force. The powwow raised the medicine-pipe. Morton swung the club.

At this moment a shot was fired from behind the rock. Roaring Tom, hit in the back, leaped up with a fearful yell, and then fell to the ground, writhing in his death-agony.

With the leap of a lioness hastening to help her cubs attacked by the hunters, Groot Willem instantly reached the square, swung his son, ere the latter knew what was taking place, on his herculean shoulders, and disappeared behind the rock, uttering a shout of triumph.

It was the work of a moment. As if struck by lightning, the warriors gazed at the strange scene, but then leaped up simultaneously, and hurried after the old trapper.

The surprise of the Wampanogs at Groot Willem's sudden appearance at once gave way to anger; and they would certainly have torn from the Grisly Bear the prey he had gained by unheard-of audacity, had not during the pursuit a shrill cry from the sachem ordered them to return.

The crack of Willem's roër summoned Metacom from the wigwam in which he deposited his sister; and with one glance he detected the gigantic form of the old trapper disappearing behind the rock as he bore Thorkil away. Hence he required no further explanation as to Roaring Tom's death.

Although the chief was intimately acquainted

with Mato, at the first moment he was unable to believe that he had ventured such a daring enterprise alone, but feared that the trapper had reached the camp unnoticed with a scouting-party of white men while the attention of the whole tribe was directed to the Okippe.

This view, coupled with a well-founded alarm for the safety of his men, the fury he felt because the young hunter had escaped from his hands, and, lastly, the amazement at Mato having escaped the torture-post of the Nipmucks, — all this passed with the speed of lightning through the sachem's head; and though, in addition, the scene with Hih-lah-dih had profoundly affected him, with wondrous self-command he remembered his duties as supreme chief of his tribe.

The Indian is naturally cautious, and only runs wildly into danger when engrossed by the most extreme passion. At other times he likes to calculate every step, and commence no journey without thinking of his retreat.

The sachem at once formed his plan. A cry from him, and the warriors turned back. A second cry cleared the square of men, women, and children, as if by enchantment.

At the expiration of a few minutes, it might have been believed that not only the square, but the camp as well, was utterly deserted, so still and dead it lay on the sea-coast. A swarm of croaking buzzards

already circled round the corpse stretched out near the oak-stump.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the weather became overcast. A violent breeze blew across Moutaup Promontory, and lashed the water into high waves.

My young readers will now kindly follow me to the caves in the rock, to which frequent reference has been made. They were reached by a natural cleft half-way up the rock, which was partially overgrown with ivy and other creepers, and in which firs and walnut-trees sprang up here and there.

In accordance with his agreement with Groot Willem, Ishehkohnih at the decisive moment leaned a clumsily fashioned ladder against the rock; and in this way the old trapper, and the youth torn from the jaws of death, reached the cave, which afforded them the protection of a fortress: for Willem did not lose a moment in drawing the ladder up, so that immediate pursuit, even had it been attempted, would have been impossible. A few hours later the old trapper was standing near the entrance, leaning on his faithful roër; and by his side stood the filibuster, with his right hand gently resting on his sabre hilt.

Farther back in the cave was seated the elder of the colonels, whom we have not seen since the sack of Swansea. By his side was his son-in-law, who from time to time cast dark looks from under his

bushy brows at De Lussan ; who was not in the slightest degree intimidated by them, however.

The two colonels were armed with muskets and swords, which Isbehkohnih secretly contrived to get into the cave : a gun leaning against the wall probably belonged to Thorkil, who had climbed up into the boughs of a walnut-tree in order to act as a *vedette*.

On the other side of the confined space sat Lovely, with her eyes fixed on the four men with depression and sorrow ; for shortly before, as had been frequently the case since their captivity, explanations had taken place between her father and the filibuster, which the former demanded with savage bitterness, and the latter gave with haughty frankness, and in which the calm and dignified interference of the elder colonel had been required, at least to keep the interview, which had led to no satisfactory result, within the bounds of moderation.

The old trapper had been delicate enough to refrain hitherto from taking any part in the conversation ; but, when he saw that the painful irritation which followed the explanations was about to continue, he ventured to remark, —

“ No one has, most assuredly, ever been able to say of Groot Willem that he interferes, unbidden, in other persons' affairs ; but, at present, I suspect there would be no harm in him saying a word or two.”

The three men looked at him anxiously, which he regarded as an invitation to continue.

“The redskins, at least the better among them, did not hesitate to cease hostilities with each other when the object was to raise the war-yell against the colonists. I fancy, however, that a good example is worthy of imitation, no matter by whom it may be given. Our enemies are many; we are few: if we do not hold together, we are lost.”

“You believe, then, that the heathen will attack us?” the elder colonel asked.

“That they will; and I must be a bad judge of the Indian character if we do not soon hear their war-cry. It is true that Ishehkohnih has supplied us sufficiently with arms and ammunition, and in this rock we have a natural fortress, which we can excellently defend; but, in order to hold it against the attacks of crafty foes, we need our united strength.”

“It is better to perish than to seek safety by an alliance with the godless,” the younger colonel muttered.

His father-in-law gave him a reproving glance, and said impressively, —

“If the Almighty in his goodness supplies us with the means to defend ourselves against the red heathen, we must not ungratefully reject his mercy, were it only for the sake of this child. Old hunter, you are right, we must hold together, and, at the present moment, put aside our anger with that man;



the more so as his life must be risked to save Lovely."

"Sensibly spoken," the old trapper observed. "We shall certainly require our united strength; for, only listen, they are singing their war-song already. Eh! Thorkil, can't you get a sight of the red fellows?"

"No," the youth shouted down from his observatory; "but I can hear them distinctly. They are evidently engaged behind that spur of trees in making preparations for an attack."

"I suspect so too," said Groot Willem: "judging from the sounds that reach our ears, they are burying the tomahawk in the red post, and singing their war-song to it. I have watched it often enough to be able to distinguish it at a distance. The sachem knows too well that all his authority and power are at stake if he does not succeed in repaying the trick I played with his prisoner, by some bold stroke."

The old wood-ranger was perfectly correct. Metacom could not hide from himself the fact that his authority had received a severe blow through the unhappy turn which the war with the pale-faces had recently taken. He also saw clearly that a superstitious nation would regard Thorkil's rescue by Mato as a sign of the worst augury, and believe that fortune had entirely deserted him, the sachem; and that, consequently, the tribe would act wisely in removing from their head a man so evidently deserted by Manitoo. It is true, that, in the native tribes of

North America, the dignity of chief is transmitted from father to son, or to another near relative; but only personal value and personal luck secure the chief possession of the authority. Metacom must therefore stake every thing in order to get the prisoner into his power again, and take vengeance on all the pale-faces, who would indubitably side with Golden-hair.

The sachem did not hesitate for a moment in taking his measures. He collected the whole tribe behind the forest-spur, which ran on the eastern side of the camp almost down to the sea-shore, and posted sentries to watch the movements of the pale-faces. Then the council-fire was lighted, and the calumet smoked. The consultation, however, did not last long; for the majority of the braves were of the sachem's opinion, that the insult offered the tribe by the interruption of the sacrifice must be straightway avenged, and hence the requisite resolutions were speedily formed; after which the ceremony began which can never be omitted before the outbreak of hostilities.

By the side of the council-fire, a strong, barked post, painted red with blood, was driven into the ground. By the side of this war-post the braves, fully painted and equipped for war, stationed themselves one behind the other. Metacom, who was their head, drew the tomahawk from his belt, struck up the war-song of his tribe, approached the post, and dealt it a blow with his hatchet.

Joining in the song, all the warriors followed his example, walking round the post in a circle, until it was converted into splinters by the blows of the tomahawks. Then the song was broken off with a hideous yell.

When this yell echoed through the forest to the rock, Willem, who was experienced in border warfare, at once exclaimed, —

“Look to your weapons, men, and do not throw away a shot! Seek shelter behind the projections of the rock, and behind trees; for bullets and arrows will speedily arrive. But do not turn your eyes for a moment from the opening of the rock looking on the forest. Though they may howl round the three other sides, the attack can only take place from this one.”

The old trapper's prophecy was soon confirmed; for the shrill battle-cry of the Wampanogs was raised on all sides as they rushed toward the natural fortress at a signal from their chief, while directing their attention mainly to the crevice. Guns cracked from behind trees, bullets struck the branches on the rock, and a cloud of arrows hurtled over it.

The besieged, on their side, remained quite quiet; and hence the assailants fancied they were almost without weapons, and made a resolute effort to gain the entrance to the rock.

Thorkil, who still stood in the walnut-tree watching, and had had his gun handed up to him, cried

to the old trapper that a number of foes had climbed up the red beeches and black pines on the skirt of the forest, while others were gathering under the shelter of the thicket.

“I see them, boy, I see them!” the old man replied. “They intend to use the trees as storming-ladders, which certainly demands a power of jumping such as natives alone possess. Take care, friends! Tell the girl to go back at once to the rear of the cave. We are going to have a salvo: stoop, stoop!”

The order was most opportune; for, at the very next moment, the assailants, with a furious roar, discharged their bows and guns at the rock-crevice.

“It is of no consequence,” the old trapper observed after the tumult had become slightly stilled. “Let them expend their bullets and arrows on this stone, which will care very little about them. But the fellows watching in the trees must come down; for their shots might give us the stomach-ache. Ha! that bullet was not badly aimed. Bravo, Thorkil! I see you, too, have stopped the fellow’s fun who was going to fire at us from that hickory-tree. But now, friends, we will give them a salvo altogether: those tree-climbers must be cleared away. The two colonels will take the men on the pine and the oak; you, Thorkil, will aim at the one crouching in the red beech; while I’ll settle the tall chap on the maple. All ready? well, then, fire!”

The muskets went off simultaneously, and the

four warriors selected as targets tumbled off the trees.

A melancholy howl was heard below, which the Indians are wont to raise when they suffer a loss.

Surprised by the pale-faces being so well supplied with fire-arms, the Wampanogs suddenly retired, as is their custom when they meet with any unexpected obstacle on their war-path, or suffer an unforeseen loss.

The tumult entirely ceased ; but the silence that followed it was very cheerless.

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*" the buccaneer said, "they seem to have had enough for this bout."

"For once, yes," Groot Willem remarked. "But you may be sure, captain, they will return."

And, in fact, a fresh attack was, ere long, made exactly in the same fashion as on the previous occasion. While a number of marksmen covered the entrance from below, above a dozen Indians climbed with reckless determination up the trees nearest the crevice.

"Ah!" the old trapper exclaimed: "Annawon is on that oak. Now, friends, we must look out. Do not expose yourselves, and fire coolly."

The fire of the besieged again brought down several Indians ; but, instead of a lamentation, a savage yell of defiance now ensued.

The large bough of an oak stretched out within a few yards of the crevice. So soon as the white men had expended their shots, several Indians, among

them being Annawon, ran along this branch with the activity and certainty of squirrels, and leapt down from its end into the fissure.

"Thorkil," Willem screamed, "stay where you are, and shoot the red devils down from the oak!"

Then he plucked the knife from his belt, and threw himself on the intruders. The filibuster and the two colonels followed his example; and a fearful struggle at once began in the narrow space, in which swords, knives, and tomahawks wildly flashed.

Lovely, who watched the awful scene from her hiding-place in deadly fear, saw her grandfather, stunned by an axe-blow in the chest, sink to the ground, her father defending himself with difficulty from the knife of a gigantic savage, and Groot Willem clasped in the arms of Annawon. For an instant, it seemed to her as if her friends were hopelessly lost. But suddenly their position became more favorable. The filibuster had cut down the Indian who attacked him, then, with his famously welded Damascus blade, freed her father from his opponent, and directly after, with his battle-cry of "*Gloire à Desdemonna!*" ran the savage Annawon through the body just as the latter had succeeded in raising his knife to bury it in the trapper's back. The fourth Indian now fled, and tried to get back to the oak-branch; but, as he leaped, Thorkil's bullet caught him, and hurled him lifeless from the rock.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE RESCUE.

**The Puritans — A Forest-fire — Terrible Position of the Prisoners — Comfort in Prayer — Heat and Thirst — The "Gloria" speaks — Alarm of Desdemona — The Wampanogs prepare to Resist — An Attack on the Promontory — Landing of the Boats' Crews — The Camp on Fire — A Desperate Contest — The Death of King Philip.**

"DEATH and the duivel! this frolic might have ended badly, very badly; but we have managed to get out of it, luckily. What bear-like arms that Satan of an Annawon had! they seemed made of iron, on my word. But I suspect they will not trouble any pale-face in future. The yelling rascals down there, too, will notice that the retreat from our fortress is not quite so easy as they believed."

With these remarks, Groot Willem broke the silence which had momentarily set in, probably through exhaustion, after the heroic combat with the redskins.

The old colonel had risen again, and did not appear to have received any serious injury. The filibuster was leaning against the wall, and carefully wiping the blood from his Damascus blade.

"It must be allowed, captain," the old trapper continued, after several long pants for breath, "that

you have done good work, — the best of us all. All respect for your sabre! — Sir,” he then turned to the younger colonel, “probably, in the confusion, you did not notice that my friend here, the captain, saved your life.”

The captain shook his head, as if it did not become his pride to remind the man, who hated him, of a service he had rendered him.

In the breast of Lovely’s father deeply-rooted anger contended with a feeling of gratitude. The latter, however, gained the victory; and the stiff Puritan drew a step nearer the filibuster, as he said to him, with cold politeness, —

“Sir, we shall find a more suitable spot, and a better opportunity, for settling our old quarrel. I yield to the will of the Lord, who decreed that you should this day save my earthly life — which I only value for the sake of my child — from the hatchet of the red heathen.”

“Do not trouble yourself, sir,” De Lussan answered with a haughty bow. “I believed that Providence had chosen my arm in order to re-arouse your paternal feelings for your first-born child, for Desdemona, whom I love more than my life; and I would have gladly employed this opportunity for entreaty to you, but I am not wont to waste words to no purpose.”

Lovely, who had recovered from her terror, and had herself hoped that De Lussan’s exploit would pave the way for a reconciliation between him and



her relatives, gave her father and grandfather imploring glances. The eye of the latter rested not without pleasure on the filibuster's well-knit form: but the other turned away with a frown from his daughter and De Lussan; upon which the latter went off with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and aided the old trapper in hurling the bodies of the fallen Indians over the rock.

When this had been done, and Golden-hair, after a slight rest in the cave, had returned to his post in the boughs of the tree, the men set to work in cleaning their guns, on whose sure firing so much depended. They were enabled to complete this task without interruption; for the Wampanogs appeared to have given up all thoughts of storming the refuge of the white men. The forest, the square, the camp, were entirely deserted; and the only sound audible was the rustling of the wind in the trees.

Any one unacquainted with Indian warfare would have allowed himself to be deceived by this tranquillity. Hence the old trapper was not surprised when the elder colonel said to him, —

“I fancy, friend, that the heathen have given up their bloodthirsty design, and have retired from this place. Would we not act wisely, therefore, in leaving this inhospitable place before evening sets in, and the Indians can form fresh hostile schemes under the cover of night?”

“Oh! the redskins devise schemes, or deviltries, as I call them, both by day and night,” Willem re-

marked. "They have a natural gift for them, and study them with remarkable zeal. Believe me, sir, the Wampanogs have not given up their designs on this rock; and, though the camp and the whole place seems deserted, we are, so truly as my name is Willem Kloppe, surrounded by foes, and cunning foes too, who, as matters now stand, would settle with us very quickly if we fell into their hands. We cannot quit the rock now, — that is absolutely impossible, — unless we wish to make the acquaintance of their scalping-knives in the first quarter of an hour. Leaving the rock is going to meet death. For that reason, we must stick here, no matter what may happen, till help arrives; and this I expect from brave and indefatigable Church, whom Standish has certainly met."

"Do not forget, friend, to trust in the help of the Lord as well, who has hitherto so graciously protected us. I am quite willing to yield to your experience; and, if you are of opinion that we must not quit the rock till we are relieved, I would still remind you that we have neither food nor water here."

"Speak low, sir; speak low! I know that, unfortunately, only too well. But it makes people even more hungry and thirsty than they are if they speak of meat and drink. We must endure it as long as we can. But what is that?" he interrupted himself, as he rose, looked intently at the

forest, and inhaled the breeze with widely expanded nostrils.

His survey did not appear to pacify the old wood-ranger ; for he walked, with a thoughtful shake of the head, up to the walnut-tree growing out of the fissure, and asked a whispered question of Thorkil, who was sitting in its crown.

“ I do not see any thing remarkable,” was the young hunter’s reply. “ But stay ! pillars of smoke are rising from various spots in the forest, which the wind is driving toward us.”

“ Smoke ! that is a fresh trick of the red demons. They wish to have us, dead or alive, at any price. Listen, boy ! just turn seawards, and look out sharply. Don’t you see any thing of a sail ? ”

“ No : the sea is quite deserted.”

“ All the worse, all the worse ! ” the old man muttered. “ Either Hih-lah-dih has been unable to get away, or else she has not found the ship.”

With a shake of the head, he left the cave again, and scrutinizingly examined the forest.

“ How hot and oppressive the air has suddenly grown ! and how dark the sky ! ” the elder colonel remarked. “ The weather appears to be changing.”

“ A fine change of weather that, the duivel fetch it ! ” the trapper answered.

“ Why, look there, friend Willem ! ” the filibuster observed, as he pointed to the forest. “ What vapor is that ? it smells quite smoky, *foi de gentilhomme* ! ”

But just see : it is turning red, and rolling nearer to us."

From the forest a crackling could be heard, which continually grew louder. A flock of wild geese hurriedly flew, with ill-omened croakings, over the rock and the sea.

"Willem," Thorkil could be heard saying, "pray, come up here."

"I know what you have to say, boy," the old man answered. "The thing is plain enough. Only listen to the roaring!"

"Is not that the platoon fire of a company of musketeers fighting on the other side of the forest?" Lovely's father asked. "Perhaps Church is coming up with his militia."

"Would it were so, sir!" the trapper said. "But that isn't musketry-firing; and I will out with the truth at once. We have to do with a forest-fire. Ha! the smoke is rolling up more thickly!"

"A forest-fire?" the colonel asked. "I can see no fire."

"You will see it, and feel it too, soon enough, I guess. No doubt but the Wampanogs have fired the forest. The sons of Belial want to smoke us out of our fortress, in the same way as lynxes and wolves are smoked out of their dens. Do you not hear behind the smoke a cracking and hissing, as if a hundred thousand rattlesnakes were forcing their way through the bushes?"

The men listened, and distinctly heard the sounds

so correctly described by the trapper. At the same time, the masses of smoke increased with each second in size and density, and brought up such a hot blast, that the besieged found difficulty in breathing; and the heat oppressed their heads and chests like lead.

The red flashes began to gleam in the black gray smoke, and constantly grew more vivid.

"O Heaven! what is this?" Lovely asked, as she emerged from the cave with terrified haste.

"My child," her grandfather answered, as he gazed at her with alarm, "the Lord wishes to try our patience and constancy still further. Go in, and address your thoughts to Him without whose will not a hair of our head falls, and in whose hand we are, we live, and die."

"Listen, friend Willem!" the filibuster here said to the trapper, who was intently watching the progress of the flames. "This forest warfare is gradually beginning to display a very seamy side; for, if things go on in this way, within an hour we shall not be able to endure it. But, as water is more my element than fire, I frankly confess I would sooner fall down there, fighting man to man with the red fiends, than be roasted up here by a slow fire: what do you think, man?"

"Well, captain, I think that we shall certainly be compelled to evacuate the fortress in the end, if the wind does not chop round, or some lucky accident rescue us. But we must not hide from ourselves that going down into the plain is like running into

the jaws of death. In any case, our scalps shall be sold at as high a price as they will fetch. Eh, Thor-kil, can you get a glimpse of the sea through the smoke?"

"No: the smoke hides every thing, and the fire is rapidly advancing."

"And the wind, — how is the wind?"

"I fancy we are going to have a light breeze from seaward."

"That is a weak comfort," the younger colonel remarked gloomily. "If the God of Israel wills it that we should fall, let us sooner do so to his honor in battle with the perverse heathen than perish here, miserable victims of the devouring element."

"Sir," Groot Willem answered emphatically, "did I not see the sole possibility of protecting and saving your helpless daughter in remaining here until the clothes catch fire on us, it would assuredly be more to my taste to die fighting. I think that this reason ought also to urge you to hold out up here as long as you can."

The hissing, crackling, and roaring of the fire constantly grew louder, the red gleams drew nearer, until a broad, splendid column of fire burst through the suffocating smoke, and darted along the entire verge of the forest.

A triumphant yell from the Indians saluted the fearfully beautiful spectacle.

"Ah! the sons of darkness have occupied the shore," the trapper observed with his unalterable

calmness. "They are well aware that we cannot get away to the north, and that our sole chance of escape is by the sea."

The spreading fire now began to assail the rock. Pines, firs, larches, blazed up like gigantic candelabra, when the flames, sweeping over the dry grass and moss, assailed their pendent branches. At one moment the fire sank, at another it blazed up again majestically, hurling a shower of sparks in the air. Its crackling and roaring were awful. A dull thunder accompanied the crash of the falling trees. Heavy clouds of smoke incessantly rose, and the same scene of desolation was continually repeated.

At length there yawned before the wretched prisoners a flaming gulf, that threatened to swallow up every thing. The heat became unendurable and scorching. A shower of sparks darted into the fissure.

"Glorious!" the captain cried, who was gazing at the frightfully splendid scene with an interest which almost caused him to forget the tortures of heat and thirst. "Really glorious!"

"Carry the muskets into the cave, lest a spark may produce injury!" Groot Willem shouted, who did not witness a forest-fire for the first time on this day, and watched it curiously for the slightest sign of a favorable change in the peril.

"The wind has gone down," Golden-hair said, as he descended from the tree.

"That is good, first-rate, boy. It may chop round

a bit, and that will be better still. Ah! the old oak seems to be trying to catch fire too. That's awkward. It would be better for us to go into the cave in order to escape the scorching heat and this eternal shower of sparks; for we must hold out as long as our lungs do not refuse us their service."

"Let us lift our voices to Him who commands the fire, and points out their path to the floods," the aged Puritan said in a loud voice.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

"The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

"He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

"Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."

Although this outburst of puritanical piety was not to the taste of the energetic filibuster, still he



observed a respectful silence during the prayer, and could not quite get rid of the impression which the words of the Psalmist, so fervently uttered by the noble old man, necessarily produced. But when the prayer was ended, and he noticed that Lovely was only kept from sinking by her father's supporting arm, he cried, —

“I cannot endure this any longer! We must have water: Lovely is dying of heat and thirst. I was once tossed about on a stormy sea, in an open boat, for two whole days and nights, without food or water; but what was that thirst compared with the drought which now parches my tongue?”

“There must be a spring near at hand,” Goldenhair remarked as he came up. “Perhaps you can tell me the spot, Willem? I will go down.”

“I certainly know the spot; but, ere you reach it, your scalp will be hanging from the belt of a Wampanog.”

“And yet it must be tried,” the young hunter answered, as he shook off the sparks that fell on his hunting-shirt.

“Well, if it must be, I will do it,” Willem observed. “I know the spot, and” —

“Listen!” the filibuster interrupted the trapper.

“It is only the crash of falling stems,” said Groot Willem: “when they fall, they thunder like artillery.”

“That may be quite correct; but they do not thunder from the sea. *Foi de gentilhomme!* it is

growing unendurable here; and we are just like the three men in the fiery furnace, of whom the Jewish prophet tells us. I declare that the poor girl must have water, even if we risk our lives a dozen times. Ah, again!—listen! and again! No: that is not the crash of falling trees!”

From the side opposite the burning forest, a dull explosion could now be heard at short intervals. The men listened to it with beating hearts, not heeding the shower of sparks and ashes that fell on them, which, however, was beginning to grow less dense, as the wind had decidedly changed.

Again the hollow sound from the water, and this time three discharges in succession.

“The ‘Gloria’ is speaking,” the filibuster shouted triumphantly, as he ran to the rear of the cave, and, with the activity of a sailor hurrying up the rigging of a ship, climbed up the walnut-tree.

Willem and Golden-hair looked at each other. A gleam of hope flashed in the eyes of the youth, and the old man said cautiously,—

“It might be, it might be! Hib-lah-dih, the faithful creature, may have found the ship last night; or perhaps a favorable chance has brought it to this coast. The smoke of the burning forest can have attracted the attention of the crew, and told them that something was going on ashore; and, though the north wind has hitherto prevented the vessel’s approach, the new breeze facilitates it. Yes, yes; it must be so, I guess.”

“Huzza, my friends!” De Lussan shouted from the crown of the tree. “Courage, courage! the ‘Gloria’ is close at hand!”

And, employing the full strength of his sturdy lungs, he shouted seawards his war-cry, —

“‘Gloria’ and Desdemona!”

Then he cried to Willem, —

“Hand me up your roër, friend. It makes a tremendous noise; and perhaps I shall be able at the same time to send one of the redskin scoundrels watching there behind the huts to his happy hunting-grounds. Oh, the villains shall pay bitterly for their infernal fireworks, if they will only hold their ground!”

The shot was fired, and a yell from the camp indicated that the bullet had found its mark. A heavy peal rolled along the water.

The “Gloria” had been working up for some hours against the land-breeze. The clouds of smoke rising on the distant coast had imbued the crew with a vague alarm that an event was taking place on the promontory in which their aid might be desirable. Fortunately, the wind got up at this moment, and grew stiffer. The frigate was at once covered with all her canvas, the broad red line along her hull disappeared, and the metal guns were thrust out from the gaping ports behind it, ready to belch forth death and destruction: the whole crew either stood by the guns with matches and rammers, or were assembled on deck, equally ready to land or

board. From all the masts fluttered bright-red pennants, and a large standard of the same color hung in heavy folds from the peak.

While the ship's keel cut through the sea with extraordinary speed, the mistress of the frigate surveyed the coast through a telescope. By her side stood Monsieur le Grand, ready to receive and obediently execute her commands.

"The breeze is driving the smoke inland, madame," the officer remarked. "We shall soon see what the affair signifies. A forest is burning there: so much we can distinguish already. But the ship is rapidly advancing, and we must be careful that we do not run aground. Ho, Monsieur Terrible, mind, and have the lead continually heaved, and give Sieur Estevan the depth every moment. Call the men on to the forecastle too, so that, if necessary, the anchor may be at once dropped."

"Ah, now I see the fire!" Desdemona said. "What jets of flame! Ah! are not those cabins or tents on the shore, Monsieur le Grand? and farther back I notice a rock, or something of the sort. Oh, what a foreboding! I feel as if Raoul were there, and in peril. Have a couple of guns fired, Monsieur le Grand, in order to signal our arrival."

The order was executed, and the shots pealed across the water.

Desdemona's eyes were immovably fixed on the promontory.

"Listen!" she suddenly cried: "was not that

the sound of a human voice, — *his* voice? And now there is a musket-shot! An answer to our signals! Heaven, how slowly the ship moves!”

“It was really a shot, madame, and seemed to come from the thing which, through my glass, looks like a rock. But the ‘Gloria’ is flying toward the coast, and” —

A report from Don Estevan, who hastened up to the quarter-deck, interrupted him.

“We must tack, madame; for the lead shows only two fathoms water. It is impossible to sail before the wind longer without running the ship ashore. Come, my men, down with the helm, down with it!”

After a short, hurried consultation between Desdemona and Le Grand, the latter raised his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and shouted his orders over the deck. Then the boats were lowered, the armed crew ordered into them, each boat placed under an officer, and the supreme command of the expedition was given to Don Estevan; to whom Le Grand said, as he went down the side-ropes, —

“We have evidently been noticed from the promontory, and our help is demanded; for there goes another shot, which sounds exactly like a signal of distress. If the landing is opposed, sir, I will let the broadside of the ‘Gloria’ speak.”

“Make haste, Don Estevan; make haste!” Desdemona cried over the side.

The young officer dropped down into the pinnace;

and, at a signal from him, all the boats quickly left the ship.

The movements of the frigate and her boats were sharply watched from the camp of the Wampanogs. They arrived so quickly and unexpectedly, that it was impossible to take the necessary measures against this new, threatening misfortune. Still, after all that had occurred, Metacom could not conceal from himself that the warriors of the chief of the thunder-ship were not coming with any friendly intentions.

The sachem at once perceived that the end was approaching: for an instant the thought of suicide occurred to him; and, in his desperation, his hand convulsively clutched the hilt of his knife. But his proud heart soon regained its courage, and urged him to remain at his post to the last. In his savage fury against the pale-faces, he resolved to make another attack on the rock, so that at least he might not perish unavenged. But he desisted from this, because, from the experience he had acquired, there was no possible chance of capturing the rock ere the boats reached the shore. He certainly saw that an immediate retreat would be the wisest thing; but this was prevented on the land-side by the burning forest; and thus the Wampanogs were in a trap, and the fire caused by themselves, which was calculated to destroy the garrison of the rock, now proved their own destruction. There were not sufficient canoes for a retreat by land; and, besides, the well-

manned boats of the "Gloria" would have rendered such a thing impossible.

The warriors crowded into Metacom's wigwam to gather round their sachem. There was no time left for a long consultation, and hence they silently obeyed the new orders of the chief, who said to them with cold calmness, —

"My brothers must fight. Metacom will show them how a Wampanog contends against the dogs of pale-faces to his last breath."

Before all, an attempt must be made to prevent the landing of the boats' crews. Metacom posted those braves who possessed fire-arms in such a manner that they could fire from a covered position at the approaching boats, and ordered the rest to hold themselves in readiness for a hand-to-hand fight with tomahawks and knives. The reed huts and the leathern tents of the camp afforded a slight breastwork.

Let us now return to the prisoners on the rock.

The forest gradually burnt down; and, as the old trapper was now certain that the rock could not be captured from the trees, he also went up into the boughs of the walnut-tree, whence the filibuster was watching with sparkling eyes the movements of the "Gloria" and her boats.

"Come here, old wood-ranger, and look out at the sea!" De Lussan shouted to him cheerfully. "*Foi de gentilhomme!* that is a sight which can delight a seaman's eye. Oh! I wager that my wife

conjectures in what a state we are. Look, the boats are advancing! they will soon play the music to the firework. It will be fun. I feel as if I had quite lost my thirst."

Groot Willem, according to his custom, silently gazed at the scene at his feet, and then cautiously loaded his roër.

"Well, what do you say to it, man?" the filibuster asked.

"I say that the Indians who have intrenched themselves in their camp down there will make an attempt to prevent the landing of the boats. Just listen; they are beginning to fire!"

"It must be allowed that King Philip has courage."

"He will fight, captain, to his last breath. I calculate that nothing else is left him. The fellows have got into a trap through their own devilment, the forest-fire. They can't advance, and can't retire: they are like a trapped beaver."

"But surely we shall not play the part of idle spectators while they are fighting down there? Had we not better go down, man?"

"Our time has not come yet, captain."

"Not yet? Look, the boats are preparing to force a landing on both sides at once. Ha! the 'Gloria' is swinging round, and showing her teeth. But just look there, old man! May I never tread the deck of my ship again, if I do not see my wife's veil flattering near the round-house."



The filibuster had seen correctly. When the boats pulled within range, they were received by a smart musketry-fire from the camp, which wounded several sailors; and consequently Don Estevan left the straight line by which he was advancing, and ordered the promontory to be attacked on both sides simultaneously.

Monsieur le Grand, who, from the quarter-deck, noticed that the advance of the boats met with opposition, thought the moment had now arrived to let the broadside of the frigate speak, as he had expressed himself.

The "Gloria" swung round; a long line of fire ran along the port-holes; and the iron hail of a full broadside was hurled on the Indian camp with a fearful noise.

The effect was awful. The tents and huts flew before the cannon-balls like chaff before the wind, and covered with their ruins the dead and the mortally wounded. A terrible moan of lamentation was raised.

"*Gloire and Desdemona!*" the filibuster shouted delightedly from the summit of the rock.

The sailors recognized the voice and battle-cry of their leader: they repeated it with delight, and effected their landing on both sides of the spit in triumph.

De Lussan could no longer be restrained. A few minutes later, he could be seen, followed by Willem and Thorkil, hurrying across the open space in order

to place himself at the head of his men, whose courage was heightened by the sight of him.

And now commenced a scene of fury, desperation, and annihilation, whose horror was increased by the circumstance that one of the reed-huts was set on fire by a shot, and the flames spread around with greedy haste.

The combat continued for a while, with alternations of fortune, through the burning camp. The filibusters, whom their infuriated leader ordered to show no mercy, cut down with unbounded fury every one who crossed their path. But the resistance which Metacom opposed to them was equal to their daring. The sachem seemed to become three men ; for he appeared wherever the combat was hottest, and, in this last hour of his career, proved himself fully worthy of his high reputation. He again and again shouted the war-yell of his tribe, as if wishing at least that these sounds should expire honorably.

The contest at length was concentrated round the medicine-lodge, which was alone spared by the flames. The remainder of his warriors gathered round the sachem, who here fought his last fight. But their number was rapidly reduced : they fell on the right and left of him ; and, ere long, he stood alone.

With his back against the oft-mentioned oak-stump, he contended for his life with foaming lips and flaming eyes. His tomahawk dealt deadly wounds to the assailants, and a pile of corpses was soon heaped up in front of him. The boatswain was just

about going to put an end to the affair, as he growled, by firing a pistol at the sachem ; when Thorkil leapt forward and seized his arm, saying, —

“ This man belongs to me : the task be mine ! ”

But, while he was rushing at Metacom with uplifted knife, Ishehkohnih stepped between him and the chief, and hurled his club at the latter with the piercing cry, “ Hahnih ! revenge for a brother ! ”

This was the bitterest thing that could happen to Metacom ; for the thought occurred to him like lightning, that Thorkil’s rescue by Mato, and all the misfortunes connected with it, had only been rendered possible by the treachery of this man, one of his own warriors.

A yell of the most awful fury burst from his lips. He skilfully parried the club with his tomahawk, bounded forward, and the traitor fell to the ground with his skull cleft asunder.

With the spring of a tiger, the chief threw himself on Golden-hair, and bore him down. But the latter drew his assailant with him in his fall, actively sprang up, after a short but terrible struggle, set his foot on Metacom’s chest, and stabbed him to the heart with the triple-edged knife which had lain on the table of the Court of Providence as evidence of the crime.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HIH-LAH-DIH JOINS HER PEOPLE.

The Burial of the Sachem — The last of the Wampanogs depart — The Treasure recovered — Death of the Pure Spring — Lovely's Vrolykheld — Groot Willem's last Greeting — Conclusion.

EVENING had set in. Fearful occurrences had happened on this spot since daybreak. Tranquillity had now followed on the terrible uproar and din.

Immediately after the battle was over, the sailors buried their fallen comrades, who were numerous, on the shore, and then De Lussan gave them orders to go on board again.

"Keep the frigate in readiness to sail," the filibuster said to Señor Estevan. "Make all clear, so that the 'Gloria' can get under way, so soon as I return aboard; and inform Monsieur le Grand that we are bound for the West-Indian waters."

The frigate made short tacks on the calm sea a little distance from shore. The sun was just on the point of disappearing in the far west. The cloudless evening sky was rosily mirrored in the waters of the bay, and an indescribable silence and peace was spread out over it.

Two different groups might be noticed between the sea and the rock: one of them, in which the

stolid calmness of desperation prevailed; consisted of a handful of Wampanogs, who had thrown away their weapons on the fall of their chief, and had been spared by Groot Willem's intercession. They surrounded the corpse of Metacom, whose lifeless head rested on the lap of Hih-lah-dih, who sat silent and motionless.

At the base of the rock stood the second group, composed of the old trapper, De Lussan, Thorkil, the two colonels, Lovely, and Desdemona, who had come ashore immediately after the defeat of the Wampanogs. But she had not only found her husband here, but also her father, grandfather, and sister.

The filibuster and Groot Willem were standing a few paces apart from the others. Lovely held the hand of her newly found sister as tightly as if she never meant to loose it again; and only turned her eyes from the countenance of her beloved Desdemona in order to fix them imploringly on her father, who retained his usual dark expression.

The sight of the grand-daughter whom he had fancied lost, produced, on the contrary, a powerful effect on the venerable colonel. Every feature reminded him of her mother, his daughter Ellen, who had not lived happily with her gloomy husband. The deepest affection, and the most noble charity, contended in the grandfather's mind with his religious principles; and, during the short period Desdemona had been ashore, he had a hundred times yearned to stretch out his arms, and clasp her to his

breast ; but each time prejudice had conquered the emotion.

After a long and painful silence, during which Groot Willem, leaning, as was his wont, on his roër, was scarce able to conceal his anger, the younger colonel at length began : —

“ It pleaseth the Lord, whose will be eternally praised, to hold the rod of chastisement still longer over the head of his servants, and to offer us, after the mercy shown us this day, a cup of the bitterest wormwood. His will be done ; but woe on them through whom the vexation reacheth us ! I have endured much misfortune since the day when I was forced to leave the land of my fathers, and wander as a fugitive in foreign parts ; but the Lord has hitherto held back the heaviest thing. I was destined to find my first-born child again as the dishonored wife of a dishonored, outlawed pirate ” —

A dark flush suffused De Lussan’s forehead : he stamped his foot, and advanced a step. But an imploring glance from his weeping Desdemona curbed his passion, and hence he replied, in a voice trembling from internal excitement, —

“ Sir, I am unable to answer you in your language ; for it is not to my taste. But, if you are a man, leave off insulting one who cannot draw his sword upon the father of his wife ! ”

“ Father,” Lovely interposed with timid reproach, “ De Lussan saved your life at the peril of his own. After God, we all owe to him our preservation.”

Desdemona had turned pale as death when her father cast the heavy insult at her. Her strong heart, however, soon recovered; and, while wiping the tears from her lashes, she said gently and reverently, but firmly, —

“Father, you are unjust to Raoul and me. We are not dishonored.”

“You not dishonored? — you, the wife of an idolatrous Papist?”

“An idolatrous Papist!” the filibuster retorted, not without mocking. “Well, sir, pray tell me what your fathers were.”

“My fathers, sir, recognized their error betimes, and turned away from the worship of Baal in order to join the community of Israel. The Lord regards those with satisfaction who turn their back on the path of error and sin.”

“Yes, so he does,” the elder colonel here remarked. “It is written that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just men. Sir,” he continued, turning to De Lussan, “I have striven to overcome my aversion for you, and observe you with an impartial eye; and I must confess that many a noble grain is hidden beneath the chaff. My grand-daughter loves you: our excellent friend Willem has informed me that you respect her. Tell me, have you the strength to return to the path of virtue, and give up your past career?”

“Sir,” De Lussan answered respectfully, “at the

first sight you inspired me with veneration and confidence. A noble heart beats in your breast, and I perfectly understand and appreciate the intention conveyed in your words. But to give up my career, — a path of liberty and glory! I came to this coast in order to carry out a great plan which would render my name a celebrated one in the book of history, and place a diadem on your grand-daughter's brow. I still feel the strength to carry out this plan, though under another sky. And I should give up this career? Never!"

The boldness and pride expressed in these words of the filibuster produced a deep impression on the noble old man. He saw that any persuasion was fruitless with a man of such a character.

"And you, my child," he said gently to Desdemona: "will you share this man's lot in future? or will you, acknowledging the mercy of the Lord, who has so marvellously brought us together, return to us, and expiate the past by repentance and penance?"

"Oh, thanks, grandfather, thanks for the words!" Desdemona exclaimed, as she seized the aged man's hands, and covered them with kisses.

He looked at her inquiringly. She was silent for a while, during which De Lussan anxiously watched. Then she pressed her grandfather's hand fervently, also seized her father's resisting hand, and said, —

"It is written that a woman shall leave father and mother, and cling to her husband. By the divine



and human laws, I am Raoul's wife. The Church has consecrated our union: my heart, my oath, every thing, binds me to him indissolubly. If all the world were to turn from him, I would still love and honor him. I will say with Ruth, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

"You will not leave him?" the old man asked with deep emotion.

"I cannot."

Bright joy illumined the filibuster's countenance; but the younger colonel exclaimed, as he threw his daughter's hand from him, —

"Go, then, in thy sins; and may the curse which I laid on thee at thy mother's death-bed accompany thee!"

"Come, my Desdemona, come!" De Lussan cried. "Oh! do not grieve; for Heaven does not hear such curses."

She buried her face in her hands, and was about to depart.

"No," said the aged man, no longer able to resist the prompting of his heart; "no, you shall not leave us thus, daughter of my Ellen. Come and take my blessing with you."

Deeply affected, Desdemona turned back, and bowed her knee before her grandfather, who laid his hands in blessing on her head. Then she clung

to her father's feet, and implored him, with heart-rending accents, —

“Father, by the sanctified memory of my mother, remove the curse from me!”

Nature at length gained the victory over the prejudices of the stiff-necked Puritan. He folded his hands, as if in prayer, over her head, and said, with convulsingly grieving lips, —

“I remove the curse: fare thee well!”

She sprang up, and covered his face with kisses and tears; she threw herself into her grandfather's arms; she pressed her sister fervently to her breast, then waved a last farewell to all, and laid her hand in that of her husband, who triumphantly hastened with her to the boat. The sailors received them with a hearty cheer, and the little bark flew over the waves.

So soon as the captain and his wife had got on board the frigate, all sail was set, the cannons were run out of the port-holes, and the majestic thunder of all the pieces rolled along the shore. It was the parting salute of the “Gloria.”

When the powder-smoke had cleared off, the ship was seen once more, as it glided at full speed, like a white cloud, into the gloom which brooded over both sea and land.

On the following morning, the sun shone on a scene of desolation and mourning. The huts and tents of the Wampanog camp lay in ashes, and the spot where they had stood everywhere displayed

traces of the frightful combat which had raged here on the previous day. The name of the Wampanogs was now nought but the reminiscence of an heroic tribe who had fought to the last man for the inheritance of their fathers.

“Let the poor people bury their dead,” Groot Willem had said at daybreak, as he mournfully gazed at the half-dozen prisoners and the Indian corpses scattered about the ruins. “Then let them go where they please: they will soon disappear without a trace in the forests. The rightful owners of the soil of New England are destroyed; and I am afraid the time will come when the redskins will everywhere be sought in vain, except in the works of book-writers.”

The old trapper prognosticated truly; for at the present day there are but few districts on the American continent where the red men are allowed to lead an existence adapted to their nature and talents.

“The Lord will root out the heathen with the devouring fire of his wrath,” the younger of the colonels observed on hearing the trapper’s compassionate remark. “He will sweep away the race of perverse idol-worshippers from the soil of this land, so that room may be made for the community of Israel.”

“I suspect, sir,” Groot Willem objected, with a rather angry shake of the head, “that red men and white would have had plenty of room in these

boundless regions, if they could have behaved honorably and justly to each other."

"Reflect, friend, that there can be no friendship between the heathen and members of the true faith. Does not the sacred book tell us that Jehovah ordered Joshua to destroy the idolatrous Canaanites in the land which he intended as the abode of his chosen people?"

"In the book to which you refer, however, there are rules and stories which a Christian should sooner take to heart, and use as example, than savage destruction and desolation."

"You are not quite wrong, friend," said the elder colonel, who wished to prevent an unnecessary dispute. "We have reason to feel mercifully inclined in order to show our gratitude to the Lord for the incomparable mercy he has shown us in these latter days. Come, my son, and you, Lovely, too, we will offer up our morning devotions while the unfortunate natives, for whom the Lord has not yet allowed his light to rise, are burying their dead after their fashion."

"But," the younger colonel objected, "are we not guilty of a sin if we allow the blinded creatures to perform their heathen horrors before our eyes?"

"Sir," Groot Willem retorted decidedly, "I promised the prisoners that they should pay the last honors to their friends after their fashion; and I will keep my word. Besides, it would be barbarous to

disturb the poor people in this work of love and fidelity."

Without waiting for the answer, the old trapper walked with Thorkil to the spot which the Indians had chosen as the burial-place for the relics of their annihilated tribe. They had dug several graves on the skirt of the half-destroyed forest, in which the bodies were laid and covered with earth, and had almost completed their sad task. The sachem, however, was about to be buried with greater honor, and his corpse treated with the reverence which so great a warrior could claim.

A little apart from the other graves, a separate one had been dug for Metacom, at the foot of a mighty oak. Hih-lah-dih had not allowed herself to be deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of rendering the last service to her brother. She had drawn the three-edged dagger, with which the sachem had murdered Golden-hair's father, and which, with the latter, had avenged him, out of his breast, and adorned him for burial.

The chief lay, cleansed from blood, on the moss near the open grave. He was dressed in his red tunic; and the scarlet cloth, which the sachems of the Wampanogs were accustomed to wear as head-gear, was wound like a turban round his forehead. The tomahawk was thrust in his belt; in his left hand he held his calumet, adorned with feathers and serpent-skins; in the right, his bow; over his head lay his lance and gun; at his feet, his quiver filled

with arrows, as well as a pouch containing roasted maize and dried meat. He was thus equipped for his long journey to the happy hunting-grounds, and supplied with provisions.

Hih-lah-dih sat motionless and tearless by his side, with her face and arms hidden in her dress. The little party of natives approached, and drew up in a row at the feet of the corpse. An old man, bent by age, advanced, and said to the poor orphaned girl,—

“My daughter, the sachem must go now. The road to the happy hunting-grounds is long, and full of thorns. The sachem must cut a path for himself, and must not delay longer.”

Without looking up, Hih-lah-dih gave a sign of assent with her hand.

Groot Willem and Thorkil had stopped, as silent spectators, at a distance from the group.

The old Indian, followed by the rest, began to walk round the body, and sing the death-chant; the others repeating the last line of each strophe in a melancholy guttural accent. When the chant was ended, the corpse was raised by four men, and lowered into the grave. Lance, quiver, gun, and bag of maize, were carefully deposited by his side; and, within a few minutes, his native earth covered the man who had wished to free it from the white intruders.

In accordance with the Indian custom, the virtues and merits of the dead man ought now to have been extolled in an harangue; but, of the five men who

had survived the destruction of their tribe, not one considered himself worthy to deliver the funeral-speech of so great a chief. To make up for this, they raised a high conical mound over his grave, and carefully covered it with sods.

When this was finished, they stood for some minutes in silent sorrow round the mound. Then the old chief walked up to Hih-lah-dih, and said, —

“My daughter, it is time to go.”

The unfortunate maid rose with calmness, and whispered a few words to the aged chief, who made a sign to his companions, and proceeded with them to Groot Willem and Thorkil.

“Brother Mato,” the old man addressed the trapper, “our business is ended. The sachem is on the road to the happy hunting-grounds. What have my pale-face brothers to say to the Wampanogs?”

“Nothing,” the old wood-ranger answered, “except that we wish you may find a secure refuge in the Western forests. Depart in peace; and may your arrows never want game, or your lines fish!”

The old man waved his hand in farewell; and the small band soon disappeared in the thicket whence Ockih-Heddeh had emerged during the ceremony of the Okippe.

“There they go,” Groot Willem remarked, as he looked compassionately after them, — “there they go to lose themselves in the wilderness, just as a dried-up stream is lost in the sands.”

“Sad though it is for these poor people,” Golden-

hair replied, "still it seems as if a higher Power decreed that the red race must give way whenever it comes in contact with the white."

"So then, boy, you share the opinion of the Pilgrims of the Wilderness on this point? Yes, yes: men can always find well-sounding reasons for every thing that suits them, however unjust it may be. For my part, I know that it will be very stupid and wretched in the forest, and on the prairies of New England, when these pig-headed Puritans dwell here instead of redskins and buffaloes and bears and elks and beavers. But here is Hih-lah-dih. What will become of the poor, kind, faithful child?"

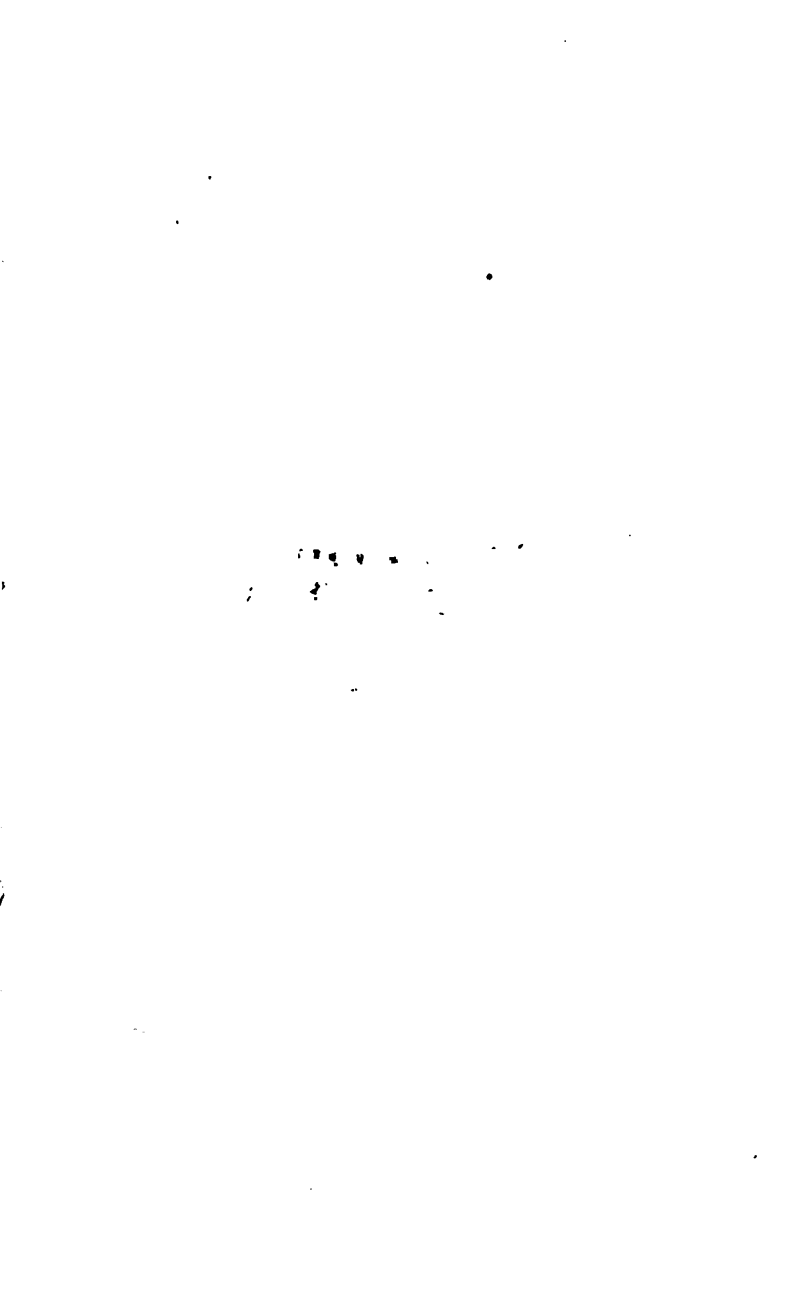
Before the young hunter could answer this question, the girl had found them.

"Hih-lah-dih has to speak with her pale-face brother before she goes," she said to Thorkil, with a calmness that evidenced desperation. "Come!"

Thorkil followed her to the ruins of the camp, where she stopped at the remains of the sachem's wigwam.

The young hunter would willingly have addressed a word of comfort to the poor creature; but the dignity with which the Pure Spring endured her misfortune so filled him with respect, that he remained silent. Hih-lah-dih removed the ashes with her foot, until an elk-skin became visible, which she pulled out. Then she pointed to an excavation in the ground, and said, —







“My pale-face brother will take what belongs to him.”

Thorkil uttered a cry of surprise ; for the treasure of his ancestors lay at his feet.

How much wretchedness had been connected with this old gold ! The sight of it reminded Golden-hair of the fearful death of his father ; and he turned from it with a slight shudder. The Indian girl perceived his emotion, and said, —

“My brother is not greatly pleased with the yellow metal, though it is the delight of the pale-faces.”

“No, Hih-lah-dih,” Thorkil answered. “I cannot feel glad at it, and wish that my eyes had never seen this gold. But let us speak about yourself, poor child ! Mato and I, and all of us, consider it our sacred duty to provide for your future.”

“Hih-lah-dih,” the Indian girl observed calmly, “has nothing more to do with the pale-faces. She knows the path along which she has to wander. She is going to her people.”

“To your people, child ? You can speak as fairly of the leaves of last summer. Where are they ?”

“Manitoo willed that the sons of Wampanog should be removed from this soil. Who can contend with him ?”

After a pause, the maiden offered the young hunter her hand, and said, with a slightly trembling voice, —

“Farewell to my brother Golden-hair, and may he live long and happily ! He will lead the Water-

lily to his wigwam. May the Manitoo of the red men, and the Manitoo of the white men, be merciful to him! May his path be ever free from thistles and thorns! Hih-lah-dih can do no more for Golden-hair: she is going to her people."

"No," Thorkil said, holding the proffered hand tightly; "no, you must not go, must not leave us. You have gone through terrible scenes, and your mind is greatly affected. But the hand of friendship can cure these wounds. Remain with us, Hih-lah-dih. Mato will be a faithful father to you: me you have yourself called a brother. I will be so, and act toward you as you have acted toward me. The Water-lily, as you call Lovely, feels convinced that you will remain with us. She will regard you as a sister, and try to requite you by affection all that you have done for us. Indeed, you must not go; must not wander alone about the forests. Oh, stay with us! and you shall learn that people of my color can also remain friends till death."

These kind words, spoken out of the fulness of the heart, evidently cheered the Indian girl; and a gleam of joy played over her rigid features.

"My brother speaks well," she said, "and Hih-lah-dih knows that his voice comes from the heart; but Hih-lah-dih has learned that Manitoo does not wish white and red people to dwell together. Golden hair will lead my pale-face sister, Water-lily, to his wigwam. The brown wood-berry does not suit the white flower. Hih-lah-dih must go. My brother

will say good-by; and when he roams through the forests, from which my people has disappeared, he will at times think of his redskin sister."

While saying this, she gently drew her hand from the young man's, and hastened away, in spite of his entreaties. On reaching the skirt of the forest, she looked back once again, took one glance at Thorkil, and another at her brother's grave, then rushed into the thicket, and traversed the forest at a rapid pace, without heeding the thorns that wounded her arms and feet, until she reached the bank of the stream where Groot Willem had found her two days before.

Here she entered a dense willow-copse, sank on the grass, and fell into a profound revery, with her head drooping on her bosom. After a long pause, she drew from her tunic the eventful dagger which she had drawn from her brother's heart, examined its edge, and felt its point. Then she seized it firmly in her right hand, bared her bosom, and slowly sheathed the blade in her despairing heart.

Hih-lah-dih's behavior and sudden departure had filled Groot Willem and Thorkil with apprehensions, which Lovely shared. The two men consequently resolved to follow the maiden without delay, and make every effort to bring her back. With Prinslo's aid, they soon got on the right trail that led to the willows on the river. But they arrived too late. Hih-lah-dih's pure, good heart no longer beat: she had gone to her people.

The grave of this noble-hearted and amiable

daughter of the wilderness was dug at the foot of a beech-tree close at hand. In mournful silence, Willem and Thorkil laid her in her narrow bed, and carefully raised the mound over it, which Lovely planted with evergreens and wild vines, and left with the wish that angels might guard the grave of her unfortunate friend, and protect her slumbers in the wilderness.

A few months after these events, Golden-hair and Lovely were married. Roger Williams joined their hands, and blessed their union. Thorkil was gradually converted from a hunter into a farmer. Groot Willem gave up his Vrolykheid to his foster-son; and a prosperous family flourished there, from which several of the most respected families in New England are descended.

“Lovely’s Vrolykheid,” as Thorkil called his abode in honor of his wife, and as the house was called, too, up to the beginning of this century, offered the two colonels, who had tried Charles I. and condemned him to death, a secure refuge. The persecution was not revived; and thus they lived in unmolested retirement for many years, and saw grandchildren and great-grandchildren grow up. Even at the present day, two caves are pointed out in New England which served as a refuge to the fugitives; and both are known as the “Judge’s Cave.”

Roger Williams, the venerable patriot of Rhode Island, had the pleasure of witnessing the growth

and prosperity of the colonies ; for his useful life did not terminate till 1683. Highly honored by the inhabitants of the State he had founded, revered and loved by all who came in contact with him, he died, a still active patriarch, in his eighty-fourth year.

Eaton, too, attained a great age. He saw his house and Swansea settlement rise again from their ashes ; and his friendship with Groot Willem, renewed over his sister's grave, suffered no further interruption ; for the heavy chastisement which had fallen on him, relaxed, to some extent, the sternness of his character, and taught him that toleration honors belief. He, as well as the brave Miles Standish, was christened, by the descendants of the Pilgrims of the Wilderness, by the honorable name of Pilgrim Father.

Old Willem remained a restless wood-ranger up to the end of his life. He was a frequent guest at Lovely's Vrolykheid, and the favorite of the children ; but all Thorkil and Lovely's entreaties were powerless to induce him to take up his permanent abode with them. Father Blackstone, to whom he offered his help in the weakness of old age, left him, on his death, the hermitage ; and Willem really resided there for some time. But, when the colonies gradually advanced nearer to his settlement, he went farther into the Western forests. He was one of the first bold adventurers who crossed the Alleghanies, and went down into the Valley of the Ohio, on the

frontier between the settlements of the white men and the hunting-grounds of the Western Indians. Stories were current long after about the gigantic one-eared hunter, who, on account of his bravery, and feeling of justice, was highly respected by both nations, and nearly attained the age of one hundred years. For three years after his last appearance at Lovely's Vrolykheid, its occupants heard nothing of him. One day, however, a fur-dealer, coming from the West, called in there, and delivered to Thorkil Willem's roër, with his last greeting. The honest, simple, and large-hearted wood-ranger had died in the forests which he so dearly loved.

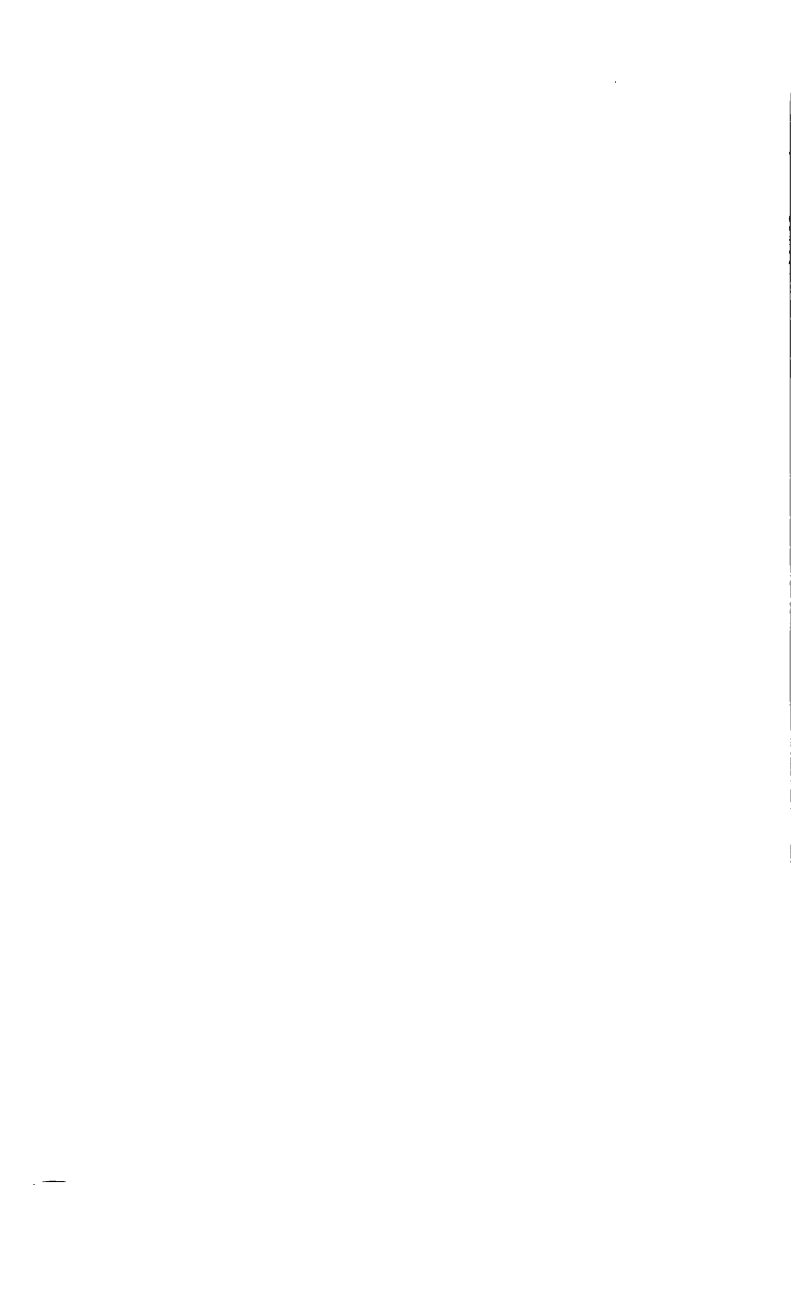
The fate of Desdemona and De Lussan remained hidden from the occupants of Lovely's Vrolykheid. Thorkil and his wife repeatedly mentioned the couple in their private conversations; but the two colonels never alluded to them. On hundreds of mornings and evenings, Lovely looked out seaward in the hope of seeing the swelling sails of the "Gloria;" but the ship never displayed its red flag again on these coasts. On the other hand, the historian of Hayti tells us of many daring expeditions, of wonderful victories, of the filibusters under their heroic leader De Lussan; and his glowing desire for renown was at least so far fulfilled, that his name occupies a place in the history of America.

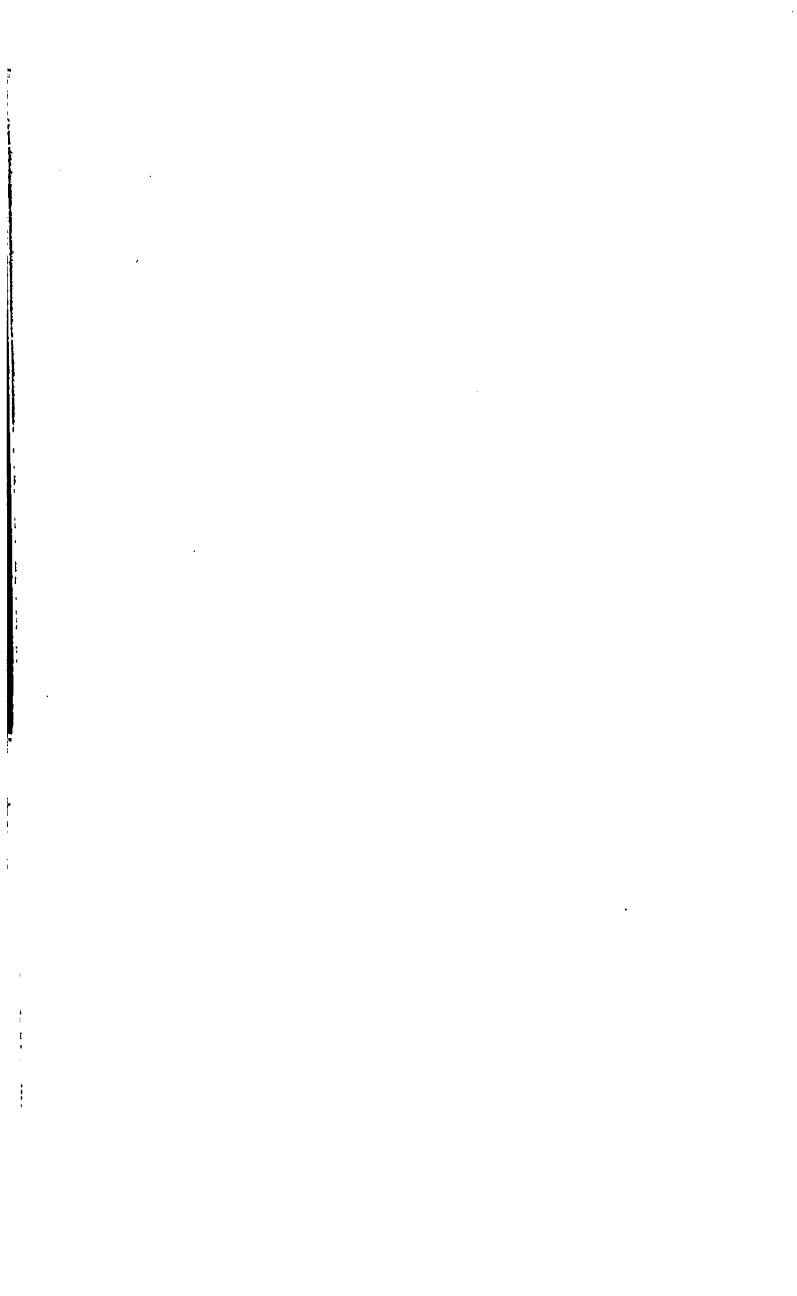
THE END.

JW



220  
225  
230  
235  
240  
245  
250  
255  
260  
265  
270  
275  
280  
285  
290  
295  
300  
305  
310  
315  
320  
325  
330  
335  
340  
345  
350  
355  
360  
365  
370  
375  
380  
385  
390  
395  
400  
405  
410  
415  
420  
425  
430  
435  
440  
445  
450  
455  
460  
465  
470  
475  
480  
485  
490  
495  
500  
505  
510  
515  
520  
525  
530  
535  
540  
545  
550  
555  
560  
565  
570  
575  
580  
585  
590  
595  
600  
605  
610  
615  
620  
625  
630  
635  
640  
645  
650  
655  
660  
665  
670  
675  
680  
685  
690  
695  
700  
705  
710  
715  
720  
725  
730  
735  
740  
745  
750  
755  
760  
765  
770  
775  
780  
785  
790  
795  
800  
805  
810  
815  
820  
825  
830  
835  
840  
845  
850  
855  
860  
865  
870  
875  
880  
885  
890  
895  
900  
905  
910  
915  
920  
925  
930  
935  
940  
945  
950  
955  
960  
965  
970  
975  
980  
985  
990  
995







APR 19 1940

