

Grace Thornton :

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

[Conclusion.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Arthur now made his retreat to the river, where he found the canoe just as he had left it. Pushing it into the stream, with a few vigorous strokes of the paddle, he drove it to the opposite shore, and was in the act of drawing it on the beach, when he was startled by a rustling among the bushes. Looking round he saw a tall Indian advancing towards him, and before he could prepare for his defence, he found himself in the embrace of the savage, who flourished a long knife over his head, which had been buried in his bosom the next moment, had not Arthur evaded the blow by a dexterous movement, which brought him face to face with his antagonist.

Arthur might have put an end to the contest by the use of his pistol, but remembering that the success of the enterprise depended upon secrecy, he forbore to secure his own safety by increasing the risk of others' lives. Seizing the right arm of his foe with his left hand, and with his right arm round his waist, he commenced a silent struggle for life. The Indian had the advantage over him, having his knife ready drawn, which he could use with deadly effect the moment his arm should be freed from his adversary's hold; but Arthur, who was an expert wrestler, hoped to throw the Indian to the ground and disarm him before he could find opportunity to make use of the weapon.

How long the struggle would have lasted, or what had been the result, however, it is impossible to conjecture, had not a third party appeared upon the stage.

"Ganogeh!" said the new comer, in a soft and musical voice, "where are you?"

"Here," responded the Indian.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Arthur, "Is it you Ganogeh!"

The Indian gave a low guttural laugh as he released his hold, and the white man grasped the hand that had been so lately uplifted to shed his blood; having by his voice recognized an old acquaintance and trusty friend, who, with his wife, had made frequent visits to the white settlements, and with whom he had spent many a happy day in the forest.

Mutual enquiries and explanations were now made; but Arthur did not learn, simply because it was unknown to the Milicetes, that which would have cleared up what was still inexplicable, namely: that the strange Indians, though of the Mohawk tribe, one of the five nations who had maintained an unwavering attachment to the English throughout all their struggles with the French in Canada, belonged to a band known as "the praying Indians," who had been induced by the Jesuit Missionaries, at different times, to desert from their brethren and place themselves under French protection; thus becoming at once aliens from their race and enemies to the English.

Ganogeh having expressed his sorrow that he could do nothing openly to assist the white men—although he assured Arthur that he would render such secret service as it might be in his power to bestow—now took his leave; and Edward pursued his way towards his friends.

"What news?" the Captain inquired, as Arthur rejoined his companions.

Glad to perceive from the question and the manner of the interrogator that he had not been witness to all that took place on the opposite side