

of which there was a large fire. These particulars, he noticed at a glance, and, with a vacant stare, inquired:

"Where am I?"

"In the keeping of the Maquas," replied a middle-aged man in tolerable English, with a pleasant smile upon his visage; "does the *Pale-hair* want for anything? He has but to speak; the Mohawks are the friends of the *Yengies*."\*

Conrad put his hand to his forehead in perplexity, then, all at once, he sprang up with a wild cry, caught the Indian by the arm, and asked in a low, broken voice:

"What of the maiden; did she perish?"

"Not so," was the reply; "we gathered her, like a plucked lily, from the sand; but after a little, life returned, and we were glad. Ever since then, has she been weeping among the women, coaxing, continually, the Great Spirit to save her friend. Young stranger, the roots of her life were less loosed than yours by the tempest of the waters."

"My God, I thank thee!" murmured Conrad, with solemnity, as he sunk once more upon his couch, and permitted his kind assistants to cover him up from the chill night-air, through which occasional flakes of snow still fell, adding to the

\* English.