

lay down to sleep, lest he should attempt to seek his own people again during the silent watches of the night.

Whitedove, although not much above sixteen, was a tall and graceful maiden, and was acknowledged to be the most beautiful as well as one of the most grave and firm of her sex. She possessed all the common little vanities of woman, with all the courage and promptitude of an Indian. It was with no ordinary degree of pride, therefore, that she received Mark from the hand of her lover; and it was with no feeling of fear that she lived so closely by the side of the prisoner from day to day. Whitedove had an eye, and she could mark, as well as the fairest beauty in New England could, that Mark Walker was even more stately in his form than Hickory, and that as he wrought at this, to her mind, degrading employment, his face preserved all its manliness of feature, and his limbs all their gracefulness of motion; gradually her stolen glances became more frequent and open and then she looked upon her companion with undisguised pleasure. Mark was not slow to observe, also, that the loveliest Indian maiden that he had ever seen was daily at his side, and that she cast her eyes towards him with soft and kindly regards. The cold isolation of the trapper's heart melted in the warm, tender glances of the young redskin girl, and he at last discovered that he was as much a slave to Whitedove in his affections, as Hickory had made him in person. 'And shall that savage bear her to his wigwam when the moon has waned, to make her his slave and dog?' muttered Mark; and his heart trembled as he asked himself the question.

'Whitedove is very beautiful,' said the prisoner to his mistress at last, 'and she is like the dahlia that grows in the flats of Green Bay, very tender. If she were the daughter of a paleface, or his wife, she would not grow weary in the maze-patch, nor be burned by the noonday sun.'

Whitedove's *hoc* lay passively on the ground for several seconds, as she drank in the words of her companion, and then she answered in such broken language as she had learned while communicating with the whites, and from her father, who spoke English well—'Whitedove will grow maize for her husband; Indian warrior would scorn to hoe.'

'But he does not scorn to eat the bread that his weary mother and fainting wife cultivates,' replied Mark. 'A paleface would scorn to eat what his own hand does not produce. He grows his own corn: does the redskin do that?'

Whitedove remained silent again, and then she answered, 'Walker can hoe corn better than Whitedove; he is stronger than a woman. But Hickory could bring buffalo and buzzard to my wigwam, while the paleface was tilling the ground.'

'Hickory,' said Mark, contemptuously, 'is a vain boaster. If he will give Walker his rifle, and go forth with him to the woods, Whitedove soon shall see who can bring home more furs, or saddles of venison. Whitedove,' said Mark, lowering his tone, while his voice trembled with the force of his emotion, 'if thou wilt be my wife, and shall go with me, I shall clothe thee with minx and grey squirrel—I shall bring thee deer and buzzard from the forest—and I shall grow thee corn and wheat to make the bread as white as thy own teeth of pearl.'

The girl slowly raised her tall erect form, and stood as motionless as a statue. After a pause, which seemed

an age to Mark, she answered, in low tones, 'Hickory shall come for me when the moon wanes.'

'To take thee to his cabin, where the Hollyleaf and Greenbird already nurse his young papooses,' said Mark, bitterly. 'Come with me; I have no squaw, and never shall have any save Whitedove, if she will go with me.'

'Hickory and Blackcloud will be very angry,' said the maiden, in the same calm tone.

'Let Hickory be as angry as a cougar robbed of its whelps, or as a wounded buffalo,' said Mark, sternly; 'it will be well for him if he does not meet Walker so, with tomahawk or rifle. Walker will give Blackcloud a horse, a blanket, a rifle, and a pouch well filled with powder, lead, and tobacco, when he comes to Mackinaw, and Blackcloud will be angry no more. Will Whitedove go?'

'Yes,' said the girl, after a long pause, 'Whitedove will go. Walker is here,' she continued, laying her hand upon her bosom, and has been here since he came to the Menominee village. Where he goes Whitedove will go, for her heart is in his hand.'

'Then Whitedove knows that Hickory's canoe lies in the Beech Creek, below the village, said Mark, joyously; 'it can hold a rifle and ammunition, as well as Walker and Whitedove; and a lover's knife is sharp when a lover's hands are bound.'

'My ears are open,' said the maiden, as a smile of intelligence passed over her lovely face.

'The moon shall rise this evening when the whip-poor-will has cried his last good-night,' said the impatient captive, 'and two hours afterwards Whitedove could be at the Beech Creek.'

'My ears are still open,' said the maiden, smiling; 'Whitedove hears the voice that is sweetest in her ear.'

The whip-poor-will had ceased his vesper-cry, and the bullfrog had taken up his strain, and croaked with lusty throat; the moon had risen, and scattered his silver beams upon the agitated wind-rocked forest; and the white man and his Indian lover seated themselves in the bark of the Snake chief, and crept silently and with cautious strokes from the shadow of the red beeches which shaded the rippling creek. Whitedove, who steered the light, tiny skiff, beheld with pride that Mark was not only a strong but a skillful paddler, and even Hickory would have no chance with him at a long pull; and as she sat, with all the stately dignity of her nature and nation, in the light of the moonbeams, the trapper's heart danced within him, as he sent the canoe over the bosom of the broad Menominee.

The moon's was not the only eye that had marked the flight of the fugitives, however. Wohna, the greatest 'medicine' of the tribe, had seen the shadow of the canoe skimming over the waters, as he gathered herbs for his incantations. He had concealed the fact until he had ascertained that Walker was gone, and then awakening several of the chiefs, he declared that he had dreamed that the prisoner had fled with Hickory's canoe, and was now upon the water. The delay occasioned in ascertaining the facts of the abduction and flight was as beneficial to the lovers as it redounded to the fame of the great mystery Wohna; but as soon as their flight had become known, Hickory and Blackcloud, with many followers, were in pursuit, and bowling over the moon-kissed waters of the tree-shaded river. Pull on, good Mark! it is twenty miles from Green Bay, and thy only chance is in thy strength and address, for the furi-