

The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horror that can be conceived; but she was silent, for she knew it would be vain to resist. The little girl was fetched, and delivered to the Indians, who lived about ten or twelve miles off.

Shen-an-do-ah took the child by the hand, and led her away through the woods, having first said to her father, "To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heavens, we will bring her back."

Mrs. White had often heard that the Indians were treacherous, and she well knew they were cruel; she therefore looked upon her little daughter as lost, and considered that she was given as a kind of sacrifice to save the family.

Mr. White endeavoured to comfort her, for he felt assured that his child would be brought safely back the following morning. To the poor mother the night was long and sleepless; her anxiety became greater as the promised time approached. Already she imagined that the Indians would keep their word, and indeed bring back the child, but she fully believed that they would not bring her back alive. She watched the sun with a beating heart, and just when it seemed at the highest point of the heavens, she cried out to her husband, "there they are!"

Shen-an-do-ah and his companions were faithful to their promise; they now came back with the little Jane, who, smiling with delight, was decked out in all the finery that an Indian wigwam could furnish—necklaces of shells, dyed feathers, and moccasins beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She was delighted with her visit and with her presents.

The effect of Mr. White's confidence was just what might be expected. From this time the Indians were his friends; had he acted with timidity, and refused to let his child visit them, they would have had no confidence in him.

Shen-an-do-ah was an Oneida chief of some celebrity, having fought on the side of the Americans, in the