

ceding to the terms proposed, hope died within him. He saw that a single act remained, and then Oneyuta was lost to him forever. The burning agony of that fierce moment was too intense for human endurance. With a single bound he leaped from his seat into the centre of the council. Every eye was fixed upon him in wonder. There was a moment of silent suspense. Not a limb was moved—no word was uttered—not a breath was heard. In that brief moment Honwee became calm and collected again. Fixing his eye upon the father of his beloved, he spoke in the soft musical tones of the Indian in his moments of endearment.

‘Shall the voice of the sweet-rookling bird of the Mohawks no longer fall upon the ears of their chief? Shall Hognawah deaf in darkness, that the eyes of his daughter may light up the wigwam of the Oneida? Will he curse the hopes, the affections and the happiness of Oneyuta, without consulting her wishes, or listening to her entreaties? Will he pluck the fair blossom of love from his bosom, to make room for the fondling of ambition?’ He paused:—a scorching glance of the eye was his only response. Turning to the warriors of the tribe the speaker continued in more deep and manly tones.

‘How long is it since our Fathers determined to pay tribute to the Oneidas? Do the warriors of the Turtle counsel us to purchase, at this monstrous price, the friendship of a tribe whom we might easily conquer?’ He paused again. There was no reply. His searching glance was thrown around the council. The volume of his own fate was open, and in that glance he read it truly. The useless restraints of policy were laid aside. Rising himself proudly erect, he stood with expanded chest, dilated nostrils and uplifted arm. The pent up fire of his soul glowed fiercely from his eye, and fell in burning words from his tongue.

‘The Mohawks are cowards and slaves! The scalps of any enemy are not in their wigwams,—their arrows are blunted, and their tomahawks are bloodless! Honwee is no longer a Mohawk—he is a man, and will die for Oneyuta? Send the heart-stricken exile on her journey—the warwhoop of Honwee will be heard on the trail. The daughter of Hognawah shall never wed the Oneida.’ Thus saying he strode from the council.—Business was

at once resumed without the slightest allusion to the unexampled interruption which they had experienced. The negotiation was concluded, and the deputation, composed of three Oneidas, with a like number of Mohawks as an escort, received the bride from the hands of her father, and commenced their journey, intending to strike the lake at a point about one mile west, where the canoes were lying.

‘The Mohawk council prolonged their sitting, but the subject of their deliberations was now entirely changed. It was a case of life or death, but the accused was not present. The forms of savage law did not permit a chief to be arrested, until sentence was solemnly passed. Then indeed the arrest and execution followed, almost as rapidly as death upon the lightning’s stroke. The consultation was brief, the verdict unanimous, and Hognawah, rising in his place, pronounced the sentence.

‘The Nowadagas must elect a chief. It was a lie that Honwee was a warrior of the Turtle.—His name is already forgotten. Honwee is not. Let my young men see it is done. Twenty warriors sprang upon their feet, swift messengers of fate to the condemned. But in the present case time was not allowed for their departure from the council, before a shrill cry was heard from the bosom of the forest. It was the herald of some dire disaster, and was immediately succeeded by the hum and wail of many voices approaching. Next came one of the Mohawk escort, springing into the centre of the council panting and breathless. His intelligence was of a startling import. Honwee, true to his word, had waylaid the path of the deputation; his onset was that of the famished tiger. Two of the Oneidas fell beneath his blows without the chance of resistance. An instant more and his knife was in the heart of a prostrate Mohawk. The two survivors made but a feeble stand against him, whilst the messenger escaped to bear the intelligence.

‘Coward,’ said Hognawah, ‘dare you tell me that Honwee is yet alive? Die!’ There was a circular sweep of his arm, and the unfortunate messenger fell with the tomahawk of his chief deep in his brain. A fearful tide of excitement was now swaying the multitude to and fro, when the sweet but distant tones of a female voice came upon the