

Within ten days from this, a mighty fleet of war canoes was seen pulling towards this island. They landed. They were the warriors of the Ojibeways, and Onessah was at their head—first on the field of battle. But soon another fleet was seen approaching—it was that of the Mohawks—their war cries filled the air. As the first sound of their war-whoop, thus borne over the waters, reached the ear of Onessah, his mighty chest heaved one joyous aspiration, and from his indignant breast went forth a cry so loud, so shrill, so savage, that its echoes rang through the woods on either shore, as if a thousand warriors there had taken up the cry, until it died away in the distance. Then Onessah and his warriors went to their canoes, and each taking up the wild-war-whoop of their leader, launched their fragile barks far out upon the stream. This done, again they turned their faces to the coming foe, elate with pride at their own heroic valor.

The Mohawks reached the island—one by one, two by two their canoes touched the shore—hundreds of warriors disembarked. When all had landed, with one consent they turned to their canoes, and, as their foes had done before them, launched them into the current.

A moment of suspense ensued. On either side of the Isle a dusky band of warriors stood, intent upon the coming conflict—each with his eye upon the foe. Far out upon the waters, a fleet of empty birchen barks went floating with the stream, and nearer, another crowd of canoes sailed after it majestically—all “tenantless of their heroic dwellers.”

But soon again, resounding war-cries filled the air. The rival armies bent their bows, and myriads of arrows rustled as they flew to deal the work of death.

Soon, poised in the air, the ponderous war-club fell, and death came with it—the glittering tomahawk, hurled with an unerring aim, went crashing into the skull—or the gleaming knife cut off the reeking trophy from the dying warrior's head.

Onessah was every where in the thickest of the fight.—Havoc and death he dealt at every blow, and a long line of dead left an open lane before him, like corn fallen before the reaper.

On his side, Assin-ye-o-la led on his forces with equal valor, and seeing the eagle's plumes waving above the head of Onessah in the thickest of the fight, he struggled to reach, this, the worthiest of his foes. For hours the deadly conflict lasted—and “havoc scarce for joy, could number their array.”

At length, as the day was waning, the few remaining combatants, who still fought their way amid the heaps of dead and dying, led on the one side by Onessah, and on the other by Assin-ye-o-la, were gathered here, upon this very spot, and the death struggle commenced between the two chiefs, who had not met till then. Assin-ye-o-la, with a shout of triumph, raised his tomahawk, which hitherto he had not used, and with un-