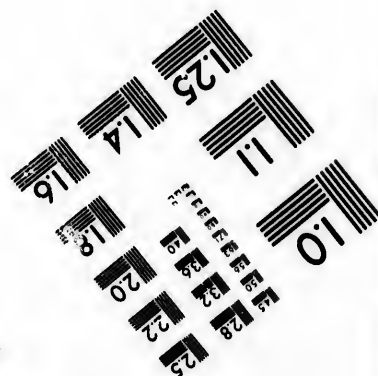
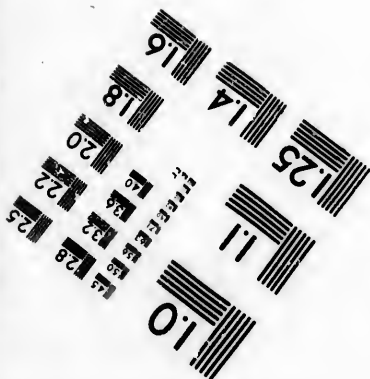
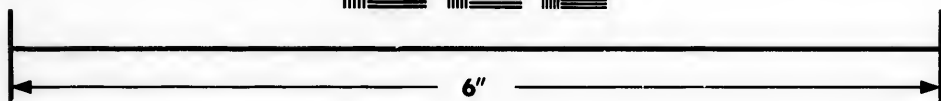
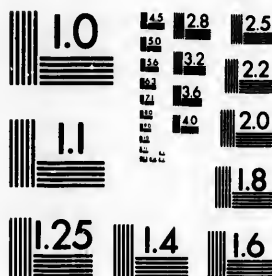


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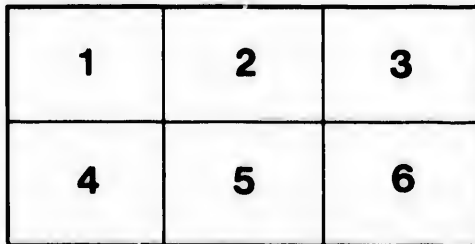
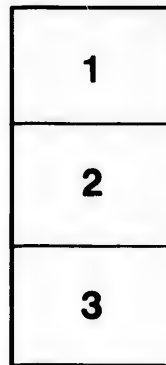
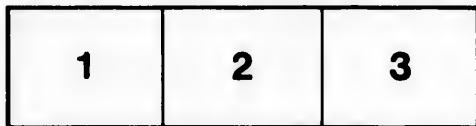
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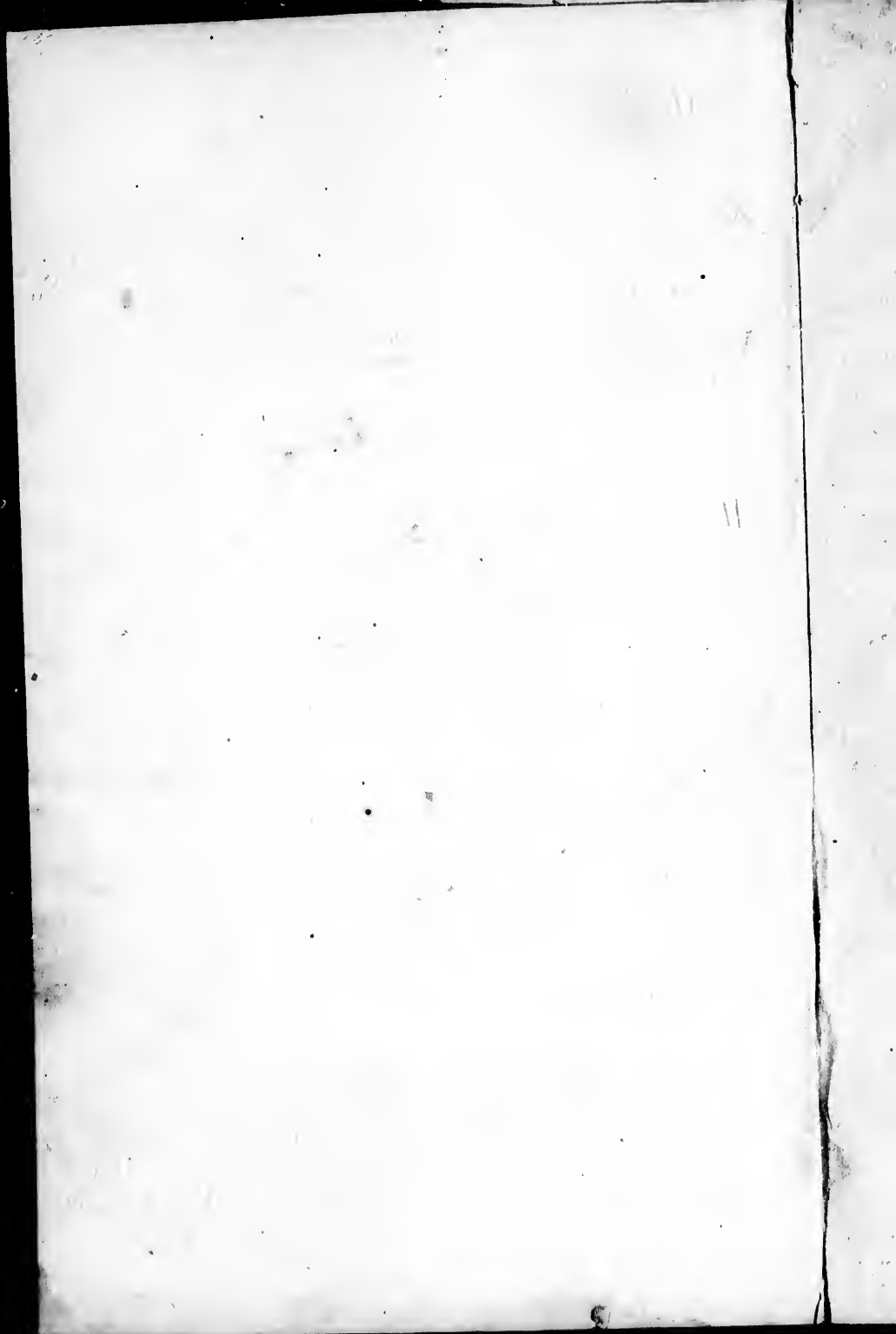
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THE
P R A I R I E - B I R D .

BY THE HON.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY.

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA."

Ferdinand. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these airs attend—
Which I do last pronounce is, O you wonder,
If you be maid or no? *My prime request*
Miranda. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid. *My language, Heavens!*
Ferdinand. *Tempest. Act i,*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1844.

LONDON :
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

PREFACE.

“ I HATE a Preface ! ” Such will probably be the reader’s exclamation on opening this volume. I will, however, pursue the subject a little further in the form of a dialogue.

Author.—“ I entirely agree in your dislike of a Preface ; for a good book needs none, and a dull book cannot be mended by it.”

Reader.—“ If then you coincide in my opinion, why write a Preface ? Judging from appearances, your book is long enough without one ! ”

A.—“ Do not be too severe ; it is precisely because the road which we propose to travel together is of considerable extent, that I wish to warn you at the outset of the nature of the scenery, and the entertainment you are likely to meet with, in order that you may, if these afford you no attraction, turn aside and seek better amusement and occupation elsewhere.”

R.—“ That seems plausible enough ; yet, how can I be assured that the result will fulfil your promise ? I once travelled in a stage coach, wherein was suspended, for the benefit of passengers, a coloured print of the watering-place which was our destination ; it represented á magnificent hotel, with extensive gardens and shrubberies, through the shady walks of which, gaily attired parties were promenading on horseback and on foot. When we arrived, I found myself at a large, square, unsightly inn by the sea-side, where neither flower, shrub, nor tree was to be seen ; and on inquiry, I was informed that the print represented the hotel as the proprietor *intended it to be !* Suppose I were to meet with a similar disappointment in my journey with you ? ”

A.—"I can at least offer you this comfort; that whereas you could not have got out of the stage half way on the road without much inconvenience, you can easily lay down the book whenever you find it becoming tedious; if you seek for amusement only, you probably will be disappointed, because one of my chief aims has been to afford you correct information respecting the habits, condition, and character of the North American Indians and those bordering on their territory. I have introduced also several incidents founded on actual occurrences; and some of them, as well as of the characters, are sketched from personal observation."

R.—"Indeed! you are then the individual who resided with the Pawnees, and published, a few years since, your *Travels in North America*. I suppose we may expect in these volumes a sort of *pot-pourri*, composed of all the notes, anecdotes, and observations which you could not conveniently squeeze into your former book?"

A. (*looking rather foolish.*)—"Although the terms in which you have worded your conjecture are not the most flattering, I own that it is not altogether without foundation; nevertheless, Gentle Reader—"

R.—"Spare your epithets of endearment; or at least reserve them until I have satisfied myself that I can reply in a similar strain."

A.—"Nay, it is too churlish to censure a harmless courtesy that has been adopted even by the greatest dramatists and novelists from the time of Shakspeare to the present day."

R.—"It may be so; permit me, however to request, in the words of one of those dramatists to whom you refer, that you will be so obliging as to

' Forbear the prologue,

And let me know the substance of thy tale !' "

The Orphan.

THE
PRAIRIE-BIRD.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL FIND A SKETCH OF A VILLAGE
IN THE WEST, AND WILL BE INTRODUCED TO SOME OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THERE is, perhaps, no country in the world more favoured, in respect to natural advantages, than the State of Ohio in North America: the soil is of inexhaustible fertility; the climate temperate; the rivers, flowing into Lake Erie to the north, and through the Ohio into the Mississippi to the south-west, are navigable for many hundreds of miles, the forests abound with the finest timber, and even the bowels of the earth pay,

in various kinds of mineral, abundant contribution to the general wealth: the northern frontier of the State is bounded by the noble river from which she derives her name and which obtained from the early French traders and missionaries the well-deserved appellation of "La Belle Rivière."

Towns and cities are now multiplying upon its banks; the axe has laid low vast tracts of its forest; the plough has passed over many thousand acres of the prairies which it fertilized; and crowds of steamboats, laden with goods, manufactures, and passengers from every part of the world, urge their busy way through its waters.

Far different was the appearance and condition of that region at the period when the events detailed in the following narrative occurred. The reader must bear in mind that, at the close of the last century, the vast tracts of forest and prairie now forming the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, were all included in what was then called the North-west Territory: it was still inhabited by numerous bands of In-

dian tribes, of which the most powerful were the Lenapé or Delawares, the Shawanons, the Miamies, and the Wyandotes or Hurons.

Here and there, at favourable positions on the navigable rivers, were trading ports, defended by small forts, to which the Indians brought their skins of bear, deer, bison, and beaver; receiving in exchange, powder, rifles, paint, hatchets, knives, blankets, and other articles, which, although unknown to their forefathers, had become to them, through their intercourse with the whites, numbered among the necessaries of life. But the above-mentioned animals, especially the two last, were already scarce in this region; and the more enterprising of the hunters, Indian as well as white men, made annual excursions to the wild and boundless hunting-ground, westward of the Mississippi.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the villages and settlements on the north bank of the Ohio, being scarce and far apart, were built rather for the purpose of trading with the Indians than for agriculture or civilized industry; and their inhabitants were as bold and hardy,

sometimes as wild and lawless, as the red men, with whom they were beginning to dispute the soil.

Numerous quarrels arose between these western settlers and their Indian neighbours; blood was frequently shed, and fierce retaliation ensued, which ended in open hostility. The half-disciplined militia, aided sometimes by regular troops, invaded and burnt the Indian villages; while the red men, seldom able to cope with their enemy in the open field, cut off detached parties, massacred unprotected families, and so swift and indiscriminate was their revenge, that settlements, at some distance from the scene of war, were often aroused at midnight by the unexpected alarm of the war-whoop and the fire-brand. There were occasions, however, when the Indians boldly attacked and defeated the troops sent against them; but General Wayne, having taken the command of the western forces, (about four years before the commencement of our tale,) routed them at the battle of the Miamies, with great slaughter; after which many of them went off to the Missain plains, and

those who remained, no more ventured to appear in the field against the United States.

One of the earliest trading ports established in that region was Marietta, a pretty village situated at the mouth of the Muskingum river, where it falls into the Ohio. Even so far back as the year 1799 it boasted a church, several taverns, a strong block-house, serving as a protection against an attack from the Indians; stores for the sale of grocery; and, in short, such a collection of buildings as has, in more than one instance in the western states of America, grown into a city with unexampled rapidity.

This busy and flourishing village had taken the lead, of all others within a hundred miles, in the construction of vessels for the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi; nay, some of the more enterprising merchants there settled, had actually built, launched, and freighted brigs and schooners of sufficient burthen to brave the seas in the Mexican gulf; and had opened, in their little inland port, a direct trade with the West Indian islands, to which they exported flour, pork, maize, and other articles, their vessels

returning laden with fruit, coffee, sugar, and rum.

The largest store in the village, situated in the centre of a row of houses fronting the river, was built of brick, and divided into several compartments, wherein were to be found all the necessaries of life,—all such at least as were called for by the inhabitants of Marietta and its neighbourhood; one of these compartments was crowded with skins and furs from the North West, and with clothes, cottons, and woollen stuffs, from England; the second with earthenware, cutlery, mirrors, rifles, stoves, grates, &c.; while in the third, which was certainly the most frequented, were sold flour, tea, sugar, rum, whiskey, gunpowder, spices, cured pork, &c.; in a deep corner or recess of the latter was a trap-door, not very often opened, but which led to a cellar, wherein was stored a reasonable quantity of Madeira and claret, the quality of which would not have disgraced the best hotel in Philadelphia.

Over this multifarious property on sale, presided David Muir, a bony, long-armed man of

about forty-five years of age, whose red, bristly hair, prominent cheek bones, and sharp, sunken grey eyes, would, without the confirming evidence of his broad Scottish accent, have indicated to an experienced observer the country to which he owed his birth. In the duties of his employment, David was well seconded by his helpmate,—a tall, powerful woman, whose features, though strong and masculine, retained the marks of early beauty, and whose voice, when raised in wrath, reached the ears of every individual, even in the furthest compartment of the extensive store above described.

David was a shrewd, enterprising fellow, trustworthy in matters of business, and peaceable enough in temper; though in more than one affray, which had arisen in consequence of some of his customers, whitemen and Indians, having taken on the spot too much of his "fire-water," he had shown that he was not to be affronted with impunity; nevertheless, in the presence of Mrs. Christie (so was his spouse called) he was gentle and subdued, never attempting to rebel against an authority which an experience of

twenty years, had proved to be irresistible; one only child, aged now about eighteen, was the fruit of their marriage; and Jessie Muir was certainly more pleasing in her manners and in her appearance than might have been expected from her parentage; she assisted her mother in cooking, baking, and other domestic duties, and, when not thus engaged, read or worked in a corner of the cotton and silk compartment over which she presided: two lads, engaged at a salary of four dollars a-week, to assist in the sale, care, and package of the goods, completed David's establishment, which was perhaps the largest and the best provided that could be found westward of the Alleghany mountains.

It must not be supposed, however, that all this property was his own: it belonged for the most part to Colonel Brandon, a gentleman who resided on his farm, seven or eight miles from the village, and who entrusted David Muir with the entire charge of the stores in Marietta; the accounts of the business were regularly audited by the colonel once every year, and a fair share of the profits as regu-

larly made over to David, whose accuracy and integrity had given much satisfaction to his principal.

Three of the largest trading vessels from the port of Marietta were owned and freighted by Colonel Brandon; the command and management of them being entrusted by him to Edward Ethelston, a young man who, being now in his twenty-eighth year, discharged the duties of captain and supercargo with the greatest steadiness, ability, and success.

As young Ethelston and his family will occupy a considerable place in our narrative, it may be as well to detail briefly the circumstances which led to his enjoying so large a share of the colonel's affection and confidence.

About eleven years before the date mentioned as being that of the commencement of our tale, Colonel Brandon, having sold his property in Virginia, had moved to the Northwest Territory, with his wife and his two children, Reginald and Lucy; he had persuaded, at the same time, a Virginian friend, Digby Ethelston, who, like himself, was descended from an an-

cient royalist family in the mother country, to accompany him in this migration; the feelings, associations, and prejudices of both the friends had been frequently wounded during the war which terminated in the independence of the United States; for not only were both attached by those feelings and associations to the old country, but they had also near connexions resident there, with whom they kept up a friendly intercourse.

It was not, therefore, difficult for Colonel Brandon to persuade his friend to join him in his proposed emigration; the latter who was a widower, and who, like the Colonel, had only two children, was fortunate in having under his roof a sister, who being now past the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to the charge of her brother's household. Aunt Mary (for she was known by no other name) expressed neither aversion nor alarm at the prospect of settling permanently in so remote a region; and the two families moved accordingly, with goods and chattels, to the banks of the Ohio.

The colonel and his friend were both pos-

essed of considerable property, a portion of which they invested in the fur companies, which at that time carried on extensive traffic in the northwest territory; they also acquired from the United States government large tracts of land at no great distance from Marietta, upon which each selected an agreeable site for his farm or country-residence.

Their houses were not far apart, and though rudely built at first, they gradually assumed a more comfortable appearance; wings were added, stables enlarged, the gardens and peach-orchards were well fenced, and the adjoining farm-offices amply stocked with horses and cattle.

For two years all went on prosperously; the boys, Edward Ethelston and Reginald Brandon, were as fond of each other as their fathers could desire; the former, being three years the senior, and possessed of excellent qualities of head and heart, controlled the ardent and somewhat romantic temper of Reginald; both were at school near Philadelphia; when on a beautiful day in June, Mr. Ethelston and Aunt

Mary walked over to pay a visit to Mrs. Brandon, leaving little Evelyn (who was then about eight years old) with her nurse at home; they remained at Colonel Brandon's to dine, and were on the point of returning in the afternoon, when a farm-servant of Mr. Ethelston's rushed into the room where the two gentlemen were sitting alone; he was pale, breathless, and so agitated that he could not utter a syllable: "For heaven's sake, speak! What has happened?" exclaimed Colonel Brandon.

A dreadful pause ensued; at length, he rather gasped than *said*, "The Indians!" and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some horrid spectacle!

Poor Ethelston's tongue clove to his mouth; the prescient agony of a father overcame him.

"*What* of the Indians, man?" said Colonel Brandon; angrily, "'sblood, we have seen Indians enough hereabout before now;—what the devil have they been at?"

A groan and a shudder was the only reply. The colonel now lost all patience, and ex-

claimed, "By heavens, the sight of a red-skin seems to have frightened the fellow out of his senses! I did not know, Ethelston, that you trusted your farm-stock to such a chicken-heart as this!"

Incensed by this taunt, the rough lad replied, "Colonel! for all as you be so bold, and have seen, as they say, a bloody field or two, you'd a' been skeared if you'd a' seen *this* job; but as for my being afeared of Ingians in an up and down fight, or in a tree-skrimmage—I don't care who says it—t'aint a fact."

"I believe it, my good fellow," said the Colonel; "but keep us no longer in suspense—say, what has happened?"

"Why, you see, Colonel, about an hour ago, Jem and Eliab was at work in the 'baccy-field behind the house, and nurse was out in the big meadow a walkin with Miss Evelyn, when I heard a cry as if all the devils had broke loose; in a moment, six or eight painted Ingians with rifles and tomahawks dashed out of the laurel thicket, and murdered poor Jem and

Eliab before they could get at their rifles which stood by the *worm* fence;* two of them then went after the nurse and child in the meadow, while the rest broke into the house, which they ransacked and set 'o fire!"

"But my child?" cried the agonized father.

"I fear it's gone too," said the messenger of this dreadful news. "I saw one devil kill and scalp the nurse, ond t'other,"—here he paused, awe-struck by the speechless agony of poor Ethelston, who stood with clasped hands and bloodless lips, unable to ask for the few more words which were to complete his despair.

"Speak on, man, let us know the worst;" said the Colonel, at the same time supporting the trembling form of his unhappy friend.

"I seed the tomahawk raised over the sweet child, and I tried to rush out o' my hidin' place to save it, when the flames and the smoke broke out, and I tumbled into the big ditch

* It may be necessary to inform some of our English readers, that a worm fence is a coarse, zigzag railing, common in the new settlements of America, where timber is plentiful.

below the garden, over head in water; by the time I got out and reached the place, the red devils were all gone, and the house, and straw, and barns all in a blaze!"

Poor Ethelston had only heard the first few words—they were enough—his head sunk upon his breast, his whole frame shuddered convulsively; and a rapid succession of inarticulate sounds came from his lips, among which nothing could be distinguished beyond "child," "tomahawk," "Evelyn."

It is needless to relate in detail all that followed this painful scene; the bodies of the unfortunate labourers and of the nurse were found; all had been scalped; that of the child was not found; and though Colonel Brandon himself led a band of the most experienced hunters in pursuit, the trail of the savages could not be followed; with their usual wily foresight they had struck off through the forest in different directions, and succeeded in baffling all attempts at discovering either their route or their tribe; messengers were sent to the trading posts at Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and

even to Genevieve, and St. Louis, and all returned dispirited by a laborious and fruitless search.

Mr. Ethelston never recovered this calamitous blow; several fits of paralysis, following each other in rapid succession, carried him off within a few months. By his will he appointed a liberal annuity to Aunt Mary, and left the remainder of his property to his son Edward, but entirely under the control and guardianship of Colonel Brandon.

The latter had prevailed upon Aunt Mary and her young nephew to become inmates of his house; where, after the soothing effect of time had softened the bitterness of their grief, they found the comforts, the occupations, the endearments, the social blessings embodied in the word "home." Edward became more fondly attached than ever to his younger companion, Reginald; and Aunt Mary, besides aiding Mrs. Brandon in the education of her daughter, found time to knit, to hem, to cook, to draw, to plant vegetables, to rear flowers, to read, to give medicine to any sick in the neighbour-

hood, and to comfort all who, like herself, had suffered under the chastising hand of Providence.

Such were the circumstances which (eleven years before the commencement of this narrative) had led to the affectionate and paternal interest which the Colonel felt for the son of his friend, and which was increased by the high and estimable qualities gradually developed in Edward's character. Before proceeding further in our tale, it is necessary to give the reader some insight into the early history of Colonel Brandon himself, and into those occurrences in the life of his son Reginald, which throw light upon the events hereafter to be related.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARRIAGE OF COLONEL
BRANDON AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

GEORGE BRANDON was the only son of a younger brother, a scion of an ancient and distinguished family: they had been, for the most part, staunch Jacobites, and George's father lost the greater part of his property in a fruitless endeavour to support the ill-timed and ill-conducted expedition of Charles Edward, in 1745.

After this he retired to the Continent and died, leaving to his son little else besides his sword, a few hundred crowns, and an untarnished name. The young man returned to England; and, being agreeable, accomplished, and strikingly handsome, was kindly received by some of his relations and their friends.

During one of the visits that he paid at the house of a neighbour in the country, he fell desperately in love with Lucy Shirley, the daughter of the richest squire in the country, a determined Whig, and one who hated a Jacobite worse than a Frenchman. As George Brandon's passion was returned with equal ardour, and the object of it was young and inexperienced as himself, all the obstacles opposed to their union only served to add fuel to the flame; and, after repeated but vain endeavours on the part of Lucy Shirley to reconcile her father, or her only brother, to the match, she eloped with her young lover; and, by a rapid escape into Scotland, where they were immediately married, they rendered abortive all attempt at pursuit.

It was not long before the young couple began to feel some of the painful consequences of their imprudence. The old squire was not to be appeased; he would neither see his daughter, nor would he open one of the many letters which she wrote to entreat his forgiveness: but, although incensed, he was a proud man

and scrupulously just in all his dealings: Lucy had been left 10,000*l.* by her grand-mother, but it was not due to her until she attained her twenty-first year, or *married with her father's consent*. The squire waved both these conditions, he knew that his daughter had fallen from a brilliant sphere to one comparatively humble. Even in the midst of his wrath he did not wish her to starve, and accordingly instructed his lawyer to write to Mrs. Brandon, and to inform her that he had orders to pay her 500*l.* a-year, until she thought fit to demand the payment of the principal.

George and his wife returned, after a brief absence, to England, and made frequent efforts to overcome by entreaty and submission the old squire's obduracy; but it was all in vain; neither were they more successful in propitiating the young squire, an eccentric youth, who lived among dogs and horses, and who had imbibed from his father a hereditary taste for old port, and an antipathy to Jacobites. His reply to a letter which George wrote, entreating his good offices in effecting a reconciliation

between Lucy and her father, will serve better than an elaborate description to illustrate his character; it ran as follows:—

SIR,

When my sister married a Jacobite, against father's consent, she carried her eggs to a fool's market, and she must make the best of her own bargain. Father isn't such a flat as to be gulled with your fine words now; and tho' they say I'm not over[^]forw'rd in my schoolin', you must put some better bait on your trap before you catch

MARMADUKE SHIRLEY, Jun.

It may well be imagined, that after the receipt of this epistle George Brandon did not seek to renew his intercourse with Lucy's brother; but as she had now presented him with a little boy, he began to meditate seriously on the means which he should adopt to better his fortunes.

One of his most intimate and esteemed friends, Digby Ethelston, being like himself,

a portionless member of an ancient family, had gone out early in life to America, and had, by dint of persevering industry, gained a respectable competence; while in the southern colonies he had married the daughter of an old French planter, who had left the marquisate to which he was entitled in his own country, in order to live in peace and quiet among the sugar canes and cotton fields of Louisiana; Ethelston had received with his wife a considerable accession of fortune, and they were on the eve of returning across the Atlantic, her husband having settled all the affairs which had brought him to England.

His representations of the New World made a strong impression on the sanguine mind of George Brandon, and he proposed to his wife to emigrate with their little one to America; poor Lucy, cut off from her own family and devoted to her husband, made no difficulty whatever, and it was soon settled that they should accompany the Ethelstons.

George now called upon Mr. Shirley's solicitor, a dry, matter-of-fact, parchment man,

to inform him of their intention, and of their wish that the principal of Lucy's fortune might be paid up. The lawyer took down a dusty box of black tin, whereon was engraved "Marmaduke Shirley, Esq., Shirley Hall, No. 7," and after carefully perusing a paper of instructions, he said, "Mrs. Brandon's legacy shall be paid up, sir, on the 1st of July to any party whom she may empower to receive it on her behalf, and to give a legal discharge for the same."

"And pray, sir," said George, hesitating, "as we are going across the Atlantic, perhaps never to return, do you not think Mr. Shirley would see his daughter once before she sails, to give her his blessing?"

Again the man of parchment turned his sharp nose towards the paper, and having scanned its contents, he said, "I find nothing, sir, in these instructions on that point; Good morning, Mr. Brandon—James, shew in Sir John Waltham."

George walked home dispirited, and the punctual solicitor failed not to inform the

squire immediately of the young couple's intended emigration, and the demand for the paying up of the sum due to Lucy. In spite of his long cherished prejudices against George Brandon's Jacobite family, and his anger at the elopement, he was somewhat softened by time, by what he heard of the blameless life led by the young man, and by the respectful conduct that the latter had evinced towards his wife's family; for it had happened on one occasion that some of his young companions had thought fit to speak of the obstinacy and stinginess of the old squire; this language George had instantly and indignantly checked, saying, "My conduct in marrying his daughter against his consent, was unjustifiable; though he has not forgiven her, he has behaved justly and honourably; any word spoken disrespectfully of my wife's father, I shall consider a personal insult to myself."

This had accidentally reached the ears of the old squire, and, though still too proud and too obstinate to agree to any reconciliation, he said to the solicitor: "Perkins, I will not be recon-

ciled to these scapegraces, I will have no intercourse with them, but I will see Lucy before she goes; she must not see me;—arrange it as you please; desire her to come to your house to sign the discharge for the £10,000, in person; you can put me in a cupboard, in the next room, where you will, a glass door will do;—you understand?”

“Yes, sir. When?”

“Oh, the sooner the better; whenever the papers are ready.”

“It shall be done, sir.” And thus the interview closed.

Meantime George made one final effort in a letter which he addressed to the Squire, couched in terms at once manly and respectful; owning the errors that he had committed, but hoping that forgiveness might precede this long, this last separation.

This letter was returned to him unopened, and, in order to conceal from Lucy the grief and mortification of his high and wounded spirit, he was obliged to absent himself from home for

many hours, and when he did return, it was with a clouded brow.

Certainly the fate of this young couple, though not altogether prosperous, was in one particular a remarkable exception to the usual results of a runaway match; they were affectionately and entirely devoted to each other; and Lucy, though she had been once, and only once, a disobedient daughter, was the most loving and obedient of wives.

The day fixed for her signature arrived. Mr. Perkins had made all his arrangements agreeably to his wealthy client's instructions; and when, accompanied by her husband, she entered the solicitor's study, she was little conscious that her father was separated from her only by a frail door, which being left ajar, he could see her, and hear every word that she spoke.

Mr. Perkins, placing the draft of the discharge into George Brandon's hand, together with the instrument whereby his wife was put in possession of the £10,000, said to him, "Would it not be better, sir, to send for your solicitor to inspect these papers on behalf of

yourself and Mrs. Brandon, before she signs the discharge?"

"Allow me to inquire, sir," replied George, "whether Mr. Shirley has perused these papers, and has placed them here for his daughter's signature?"

"Assuredly, he has, sir," said the lawyer, "and I have too, on his behalf; you do not imagine, sir, that my client would pay the capital sum without being certain that the discharge was regular and sufficient!"

"Then I am satisfied, sir," said George, with something of disdain expressed on his fine countenance. "Mr. Shirley is a man of honour, and a father; whatever he has sent for his daughter's signature will secure her interests as effectually as if a dozen solicitors had inspected it."

At the conclusion of this speech, a sort of indistinct *hem* proceeded from the ensconced Squire, to cover which Mr. Perkins said, "But, sir, it is not usual to sign papers of this consequence without examining them."

"Lucy, my dear," said George, turning with

a smile of affectionate confidence to his wife; "to oblige Mr. Perkins, I will read through these two papers attentively; sit down for a minute, as they are somewhat long;" so saying, he applied himself at once to his task.

Meantime, Lucy, painfully agitated and excited, made several attempts to address Mr. Perkins; but her voice failed her, as soon as she turned her eyes upon that gentleman's rigid countenance; at length, however, by a desperate effort, she succeeded in asking, tremulously, "Mr. Perkins, have you seen my father lately?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, nibbling his pen.

"Oh! tell me how he is!—Has the gout left him?—Can he ride to the farm as he used?"

"He is well, madam, very well, I believe."

"Shall you see him soon again, sir?"

"Yes, madam, I must show him these papers when signed."

"Oh! then, tell him, that his daughter, who never disobeyed him but once, has wept bitterly for her fault; that she will probably never see

him again, in this world; that she blesses him in her daily prayers. Oh! tell him, I charge you as you are a man, tell him, that I could cross the ocean happy; that I could bear years of sickness, of privation, happy; that I could die happy, if I had but my dear, dear father's blessing." As she said this, the young wife had unconsciously fallen upon one knee before the man of law, and her tearful eyes were bent upon his countenance in earnest supplication.

Again an indistinct noise, as of a suppressed groan or sob, was heard from behind the door, and the solicitor wiping his spectacles and turning away his face to conceal an emotion of which he felt rather ashamed, said: "I will tell him all you desire, madam; and if I receive his instructions to make any communication in reply, I will make it faithfully, and without loss of time."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," said Lucy; and resuming her seat, she endeavoured to recover her composure.

George had by this time run his eye over the papers, and although he had overheard his

wife's appeal to the solicitor, he would not interrupt her, nor throw any obstacle in the way of an object which he knew she had so much at heart. "I am perfectly satisfied, sir," said he; "you have nothing to do but to provide the witnesses, and Mrs. Brandon will affix her signature."

Two clerks of Mr. Perkins' were accordingly summoned, and the discharge having been signed in their presence, they retired. Mr. Perkins now drew another paper from the leaves of a book on his table, saying: "Mr. Brandon, the discharge being now signed and attested, I have further instructions from Mr. Shirley to inform you, that although he cannot alter his determination of refusing to see his daughter, or holding any intercourse with yourself, he is desirous that you should not in America find yourself in straitened circumstances; and has accordingly authorised me to place in your hands this draft upon his banker for £5000."

"Mr. Perkins," said George, in a tone of mingled sadness and pride; "in the payment of the £10,000, my wife's fortune, Mr. Shir-

ley, though acting honourably, has only done justice, and has dealt as he would have dealt with strangers; had he thought proper to listen to my wife's, or to my own repeated entreaties for forgiveness and reconciliation, I would gratefully have received from him, as from a father, any favour that he wished to confer on us; but, sir, as he refuses to see me under his roof, or even to give his affectionate and repentant child a parting blessing, I would rather work for my daily bread than receive at his hands the donation of a guinea."

As he said this, he tore the draft and scattered its shreds on the table before the astonished lawyer. Poor Lucy was still in tears, yet one look assured her husband that she *felt* with him. He added in a gentler tone, "Mr. Perkins accept my acknowledgments for your courtesy;" and offering his arm to Lucy, turned to leave the room.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF COLONEL AND MRS.
BRANDON, AND OF THE EDUCATION OF THEIR SON REGI-
NALD.

WHILE the scene described in the last chapter was passing in the lawyer's study, stormy and severe was the struggle going on in the breast of the listening father; more than once he had been on the point of rushing into the room to fold his child in his arms; but that obstinate pride, which causes in life so many bitter hours of regret, prevented him, and checked the natural impulse of affection: still, as she turned with her husband to leave the room, he unconsciously opened the door, on the lock of which his hand rested, as he endeavoured to get one last look at a face which he had so long loved and caressed. The door

being thus partially opened, a very diminutive and favourite spaniel, that accompanied him wherever he went, escaped through the aperture, and, recognizing Lucy, barked and jumped upon her in an ecstasy of delight.

"Heavens!" cried she, "it is—it must be Fan!" At another time she would have fondly caressed it, but one only thought now occupied her; trembling on her husband's arm, she whispered, "George, papa *must* be here." At that moment her eye caught the partially-opened door, which the agitated Squire still held, and, breaking from her husband, she flew as if by instinct into the adjacent room, and fell at her father's feet.

Poor Mr. Perkins was now grievously disconcerted, and calling out, "This way, madam, this way; that is not the right door," was about to follow, when George Brandon, laying his hand upon the lawyer's arm, said impressively, "Stay, sir; that room is sacred!" and led him back to his chair. His quick mind had seized in a moment the correctness of Lucy's conjecture, and his good feeling taught him

that no third person, not even he, should intrude upon the father and the child.

The old Squire could not make a long resistance when the gush of his once-loved Lucy's tears trickled upon his hand, and while her half-choked voice sobbed for his pardon and his blessing; it was in vain that he summoned all his pride, all his strength, all his anger; Nature would assert her rights; and in another minute his child's head was on his bosom, and he whispered over her, "I forgive you, Lucy; may God bless you, as I do!"

For some time after this was the interview prolonged, and Lucy seemed to be pleading for some boon which she could not obtain; nevertheless, her tears, her old familiar childish caresses, had regained something of their former dominion over the choleric, but warm-hearted Squire; and in a voice of joy that thrilled even through the quiet man of law, she cried, "George! George, come in!" he leaped from his seat, and in a moment was at the feet of her father. There, as he knelt by Lucy's side, the old Squire put one hand upon the

head of each, saying, " My children, all that you have ever done to offend me is forgotten; continue to love and to cherish each other, and may God prosper you with every blessing!" George Brandon's heart was full; he could not speak, but straining his wife affectionately to his bosom, and kissing her father's hand, he withdrew into a corner of the room, and for some minutes remained oppressed by emotions too strong to find relief in expressions.

We need not detail at length the consequences of this happy and unexpected reconciliation. The check was re-written, was doubled, and was accepted. George still persevered in his wish to accompany his friend to Virginia; where, Ethelston assured him that, with his £20,000. prudently managed, he might easily acquire a sufficient fortune for himself and his family.

How mighty is the power of circumstance; and upon what small pivots does Providence sometimes allow the wheels of human fortune to be turned! Here, in the instance just related, the blessing or unappeased wrath of a

father, the joy or despair of a daughter, the peace or discord of a family, all, all were dependent upon the bark and caress of a spaniel ! For that stern old man had made his determination, and would have adhered to it, if Lucy had not thus been made aware of his presence, and by her grief aiding the voice of Nature, overthrown all the defences of his pride.

It happened that the young Squire was at this time in Paris, his father having sent him thither to see the world and learn to fence ; a letter was, however, written by Lucy, announcing to him the happy reconciliation, and entreating him to participate in their common happiness.

The arrangements for the voyage were soon completed ; the cabin of a large vessel being engaged to convey the whole party to Norfolk in Virginia. The old Squire offered no opposition, considering that George Brandon was too old to begin a profession in England, and that he might employ his time and abilities advantageously in the New World.

We may pass over many of the ensuing years, the events of which have little influence on our narrative, merely informing the reader that the investment of Brandon's money, made by the advice of Ethelston, was prosperous in the extreme. In the course of a year or two, Mrs. Brandon presented her lord with a little girl, who was named after herself. In the following year, Mrs. Ethelston had also a daughter: the third confinement was not so fortunate, and she died in childbed, leaving to Ethelston, Edward, then about nine, and little Evelyn a twelvemonth old.

It was on this sad occasion that he persuaded his sister to come out from England to reside with him, and take care of his motherless children: a task that she undertook and fulfilled with the love and devotion of the most affectionate mother.

In course of time the war broke out which ended in the independence of the Colonies. During its commencement, Brandon and Ethelston both remained firm to the Crown; but as it advanced, they became gradually convinced

of the impolicy and injustice of the claims urged by England; Brandon having sought an interview with Washington, the arguments, and the character, of that great man decided him; he joined the Independent party, obtained a command, and distinguished himself so much as to obtain the esteem and regard of his commander. Soon as peace was established he had, for reasons before stated, determined to change his residence, and persuaded Ethelston to accompany him with his family.

After the dreadful domestic calamity mentioned in the first chapter, and the untimely death of Ethelston, Colonel Brandon sent Edward, the son of his deceased friend, to a distant relative in Hamburgh, desiring that every care might be given to give him a complete mercantile and liberal education, including two years' study at a German university.

Meanwhile the old Squire Brandon was dead; but his son and successor had written, after his own strange fashion, a letter to his sister, begging her to send over her boy to England, and he would "make a man of him."

After duly weighing this proposal, Colonel and Mrs Brandon determined to avail themselves of it; and Reginald was accordingly sent over to his uncle, who had promised to enter him immediately at Oxford.

When Reginald arrived, Marmaduke Shirley turned him round half a dozen times, felt his arms, punched his ribs, looked at his ruddy cheeks and brown hair, that had never known a barber, and exclaimed to a brother sportsman who was standing by, "D—d if he ain't one of the right sort! eh, Harry?" But if the uncle was pleased with the lad's appearance, much more delighted was he with his accomplishments: for he could *walk down* any keeper on the estate, he sat on a horse like a young centaur, and his accuracy with a rifle perfectly confounded the Squire. "If this isn't a chip of the old block, my name isn't Marmaduke Shirley," said he; and for a moment a shade crossed his usually careless brow, as he remembered that he had wooed, and married, and been left a childless widower.

But although at Shirley Hall Reginald fol-

lowed the sports of the field with the ardour natural to his age and character, he rather annoyed the Squire by his obstinate and persevering attention to his studies at College; he remembered that walking and shooting were accomplishments which he might have acquired and perfected in the woods of Virginia; but he felt it due to his parents, and to the confidence which they had reposed in his discretion, to carry back with him some more useful knowledge and learning.

With this dutiful motive, he commenced his studies; and as he advanced in them, his naturally quick intellect seized on and appreciated the beauties presented to it; authors, in whose writings he had imagined and expected little else but difficulties, soon became easy and familiar; and what he had imposed upon himself from a high principle as a task, proved, ere long, a source of abundant pleasure.

In the vacations he visited his good-humoured uncle, who never failed to rally him as a "Latin-monger" and a book-worm; but Reginald bore the jokes with temper not less

merry than his uncle's; and whenever, after a hard run, he had "pounded" the Squire or the huntsman, he never failed to retaliate by answering the compliments paid him on his riding with some such jest as "Pretty well for a book-worm, uncle." It soon became evident to all the tenants, servants, and indeed to the whole neighbourhood, that Reginald exercised a despotic influence over the Squire, who respected internally those literary attainments in his nephew which he affected to ridicule.

When Reginald had taken his degree, which he did with high honour and credit, he felt an ardent desire to visit his friend and school-fellow, Edward Ethelston, in Germany; he was also anxious to see something of the Continent, and to study the foreign languages; this wish he expressed without circumlocution to the Squire, who received the communication with undisguised disapprobation: "What the devil can the boy want to go abroad for? not satisfied with wasting two or three years poking over Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and other infernal 'atics' and 'ologies,' now you must go across

the Channel, to eat sour-kraut, soup-maigre, and frogs! I won't hear of it, sir;" and in order to keep his wrath warm, the Squire poked the fire violently.

In spite of this determination Reginald, as usual, carried his point, and in a few weeks was on board a packet bound for Hamburgh, his purse being well filled by the Squire, who told him to see all that could be seen, and "not to let any of those Mounseers top him at anything." Reginald was also provided with letters of credit to a much larger amount than he required; but the first hint which he gave of a wish to decline a portion of the Squire's generosity raised such a storm, that our hero was fain to submit.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING SUNDRY ADVENTURES OF REGINALD BRANDON AND HIS FRIEND ETHELSTON ON THE CONTINENT; ALSO SOME FURTHER PROCEEDINGS AT SQUIRE SHIRLEY'S; AND THE RETURN OF REGINALD BRANDON TO HIS HOME. IN THIS CHAPTER THE SPORTING READER WILL FIND AN EXAMPLE OF AN UNMADE RIDER ON A MADE HUNTER.

REGINALD having joined his attached and faithful friend Ethelston at Hamburgh, the young men agreed to travel together; and the intimacy of their early boyhood ripened into a mature friendship, based upon mutual esteem; in personal advantages, Reginald was greatly the superior; for although unusually tall and strongly built, such was the perfect symmetry of his proportions, that his height, and the great muscular strength of his chest and limbs, were carried off by the grace with

which he moved, and by the air of high-breeding by which he was distinguished; his countenance was noble and open in expression; and though there was a fire in his dark eye which betokened passions easily aroused, still there was a frankness on the brow, and a smile around the mouth that told of a nature at once kindly, fearless, and without suspicion.

Ethelston, who was, be it remembered, three years older than his friend, was of middle stature, but active, and well proportioned; his hair and eyebrows were of the jettest black, and his countenance thoughtful and grave; but there was about the full and firm lip an expression of determination not to be mistaken; habits of study and reflection had already written their trace upon his high and intellectual brow; so that one who saw him for the first time might imagine him only a severe student; but ere he had seen him an hour in society, he would pronounce him a man of practical and commanding character. The shade of melancholy, which was almost habitual on his countenance, dated from the death of his father,

brought prematurely by sorrow to his grave, and from the loss of his little sister, to whom he had been tenderly attached. The two friends loved each other with the affection of brothers; and, after the separation of the last few years, each found in the other newly developed qualities to esteem.

The state of Europe during the autumn of 1795 not being favourable for distant excursions, Ethelston contented himself with showing his friend all objects worthy of his attention in the north of Germany, and at the same time assisted him in attaining its rich, though difficult language; by associating much, during the winter, with the students from the Universities, Reginald caught some of their enthusiasm respecting the defence of their country from the arms of the French republic; he learnt that a large number of Ethelston's acquaintances at Hamburgh had resolved in the spring to join a corps of volunteers from the Hanseatic towns, destined to fight under the banner of the Archduke Charles; to their own surprise, our two friends were carried away by the stream, and

found themselves enrolled in a small, but active and gallant band of sharpshooters, ordered to act on the flank of a large body of Austrian infantry. More than once the impetuous courage of Reginald had nearly cost him his life; and in the action at Amberg, where the Archduke defeated General Bernadotte, he received two wounds, such as would have disabled a man of less hardy constitution. It was in vain that Ethelston, whose bravery was tempered by unruffled coolness, urged his friend to expose himself less wantonly; Reginald always promised it, but in the excitement of the action always forgot the promise.

After he had recovered from his wounds, his commanding officer, who had noticed his fearless daring, a quality so valuable in the skirmishing duty, to which his corps were appointed, sent for him, and offered to promote him. "Sir," said Reginald modestly, "I thank you heartily, but I must decline the honour you propose to me. I am too inexperienced to lead others; my friend and comrade, Ethelston, is three years my senior; in action he is always by

my side, sometimes before me; he has more skill or riper judgment; any promotion that should prefer me before him, would be most painful to me." He bowed and withdrew. On the following day, the same officer, who had mentioned Reginald's conduct to the Archduke, presented both the friends, from him, with a gold medal of the Emperor; a distinction the more gratifying to Reginald, from his knowledge that *he* had been secretly the means of bringing his friend's merit into the notice of his commander.

They served through the remainder of that campaign, when the arms of the contending parties met with alternate success; towards its close, the Archduke having skilfully effected his object of uniting his forces to the corps d'armée under General Wartenleben, compelled the French to evacuate Franconia, and to retire towards Switzerland.

This retreat was conducted with much skill by General Moreau; several times did the French rear-guard make an obstinate stand against the pursuers, among whom Reginald and his comrades were always the foremost.

On one occasion, the French army occupied a position so strong that they were not driven from it without heavy loss on both sides; and even after the force of numbers had compelled the main body to retire, there remained a gallant band who seemed resolved to conquer or die upon the field; in vain did the Austrian leaders, in admiration of their devoted valour, call to them to surrender; without yielding an inch of ground, they fell fighting where they stood. Reginald made the most desperate efforts to save their young commander, whose chivalrous appearance and brilliantly decorated uniform made him remarkable from a great distance; several times did he strike aside a barrel pointed at the French officer; but it was too late; and when at length, covered with dust, and sweat, and blood, he reached the spot, he found the young hero whom he had striven to save, stretched on the ground by several mortal wounds in his breast; he saw, however, Reginald's kind intention, smiled gratefully upon him, waved his sword over his head, and died.

The excitement of the battle was over, and

leaning on his sword, Reginald still bent over the noble form and marble features of the young warrior at his feet, and he sighed deeply when he thought how suddenly had this flower of manly beauty been cut down. "Perhaps," said he, half aloud, "some now childless mother yet waits for this last prop of her age and name; or some betrothed lingers at her window, and wonders why he so long delays."

Ethelston was at his side, his eyes also bent sadly upon the same object; the young friends interchanged a warm and silent grasp of the hand, each feeling that he read the heart of the other! At this moment, a groan escaped from a wounded man, who was half buried under the bleeding bodies of his comrades; with some difficulty Reginald dragged him out from below them, and the poor fellow thanked him for his humanity; he had only received a slight wound on the head from a spent ball, which had stunned him for the time; but he soon recovered from its effects, and looking around, he saw the body of the young commander stretched on the plain.

“ *Ah, mon pauvre General!*” he exclaimed: and on further inquiry, Reginald learnt that it was indeed the gallant, the admired, the beloved General Marceau, whose brilliant career was thus untimely closed.

“ I will go,” whispered Ethelston, “ and bear this tidings to the Archduke; meantime, Reginald, guard the honoured remains from the camp-spoiler and the plunderer.” So saying he withdrew; and Reginald, stooping over the prostrate form before him, stretched it decently, closed the eyes, and throwing a mantle over the splendid uniform, sat down to indulge in the serious meditations inspired by the scene.

He was soon aroused from them by the poor fellow whom he had dragged forth, who said to him, “ Sir, I yield myself your prisoner.”

“ And who are you, my friend?”

“ I was courier, valet, and cook to M. de Vareuil, aide-de-camp to the General Marceau; both lie dead together before you.”

“ And what is your name, my good fellow?”

“ Gustave Adolphe Montmorenci Perrot.”

“ A fair string of names, indeed,” said Reginald, smiling. “ But pray, Monsieur Perrot, how came you here? are you a soldier as well as a courier?”

“ Monsieur does me too much honour,” said the other, shrugging his shoulders. “ I only came from the baggage-train with a message to my master, and your avant-garde peppered us so hotly that I could not get back again. I am not fond of fighting; but somehow, when I saw poor Monsieur de Vareuil in so sad a plight, I did not wish to leave him.”

Reginald looked at the speaker, and thought he had never seen in one face such a compound of slyness and honesty, drollery and sadness. He did not, however, reply, and relapsed into his meditation. Before five minutes had passed, Monsieur Perrot, as if struck by a sudden idea, fell on his knees before Reginald, and said,

“ Monsieur has saved my life—will he grant me yet one favour?”

“ If within my power,” said Reginald, good-humouredly.

“ Will Monsieur take me into his service? I have travelled over all Europe; I have lived long in Paris, London, Vienna; I may be of use to Monsieur; but I have no home now.”

“ Nay, but Monsieur Perrot, I want no servant; I am only a volunteer with the army.”

“ I see what Monsieur is,” said Perrot, archly, “ in spite of the dust and blood with which he is disfigured. I will ask no salary; I will share your black bread, if you are poor, and will live in your pantry if you are rich: I only want to serve you.”

Monsieur Perrot's importunity overruled all the objections that Reginald could raise; and he at last consented to the arrangement, provided the former, after due reflection, should adhere to his wish.

Ethelston meanwhile returned with the party sent by the Archduke to pay the last token of respect to the remains of the youthful General. They were interred with all the military honours due to an officer whose reputation was, considering his years, second to none in France, save that of Napoleon himself.

After the ceremony, Monsieur Perrot, now on parole not to bear arms against Austria, obtained leave to return to the French camp for a week, in order to "arrange his affairs," at the expiration of which he promised to re-join his new master. Ethelston blamed Reginald for his thoughtlessness in engaging this untried attendant. The latter, however, laughed at his friend, and said, "Though he is such a droll-looking creature, I think there is good in him; at all events, rest assured I will not trust him far without trial."

A few weeks after these events, General Moreau having effected his retreat into Switzerland, an armistice was concluded on the Rhine between the contending armies; and Reginald could no longer resist the imperative commands of his Uncle to return to Shirley Hall. Monsieur Gustave Adolphe Montmorenci Perrot had joined his new master, with a valise admirably stocked, and wearing a peruke of a most fashionable cut. Ethelston shrewdly suspected that these had formed part of poor Monsieur de Vareuil's wardrobe, and

his dislike of Reginald's foppish valet was not thereby diminished.

On the route to Hamburgh the friends passed through many places where the luxuries, and even the necessaries, of life had been rendered scarce by the late campaign. Here, Perrot was in his element; fatigue seemed to be unknown to him; he was always ready, active, useful as a courier, and unequalled as a cook and a caterer; so that Ethelston was compelled to confess that if he only proved honest, Reginald had indeed found a treasure.

At Hamburgh the two friends took an affectionate farewell, promising to meet each other in the course of the following year on the banks of the Ohio. Reginald returned to his Uncle, who stormed dreadfully when he learnt that he had brought with him a French valet, and remained implacable in spite of the circumstances under which he had been engaged; until one morning, when a footman threw down the tray on which he was carrying up the Squire's breakfast of beeksteaks and stewed kidneys, half an hour before "the

meet" at his best cover-side. What could now be done? The cook was sulky, and sent word that there were no more steaks nor kidneys to be had. The Squire was wrath and hungry. Reginald laughed, and said, "Uncle, send for Perrot."

"Perrot be d—d!" cried the Squire. "Does the boy think I want some pomatum? What else could that coxcomb give me?"

"May I try him, Uncle?" said Reginald, still laughing.

"You may try him: but if he plays any of his jackanapes pranks, I'll tan his hide for him, I promise you!"

Reginald having rung for Perrot, pointed to the remains of the good things which a servant was still gathering up, and said to him, "Send up breakfast for Mr. Shirley and myself in one quarter of an hour from this minute: you are permitted to use what you find in the larder; but be punctual."

Perrot bowed, and, without speaking, disappeared.

"The devil take the fellow! he has *some*

sense," said the angry Squire; " he can receive an order without talking; one of my hulking knaves would have stood there five minutes out of the fifteen, saying, 'Yes, sir; I'll see what can be done:' or, 'I'll ask Mr. Alltripe,' or some other infernal stuff. Come, Reginald, look at your watch. Let us stroll to the stable; we'll be back to a minute; and if that fellow plays any of his French tricks upon me, I'll give it him." So saying, the jolly Squire cut the head off one of his gardener's favourite plants with his hunting whip, and led the way to the stable.

We may now return to Monsieur Perrot, and see how he set about the discharge of his sudden commission; but it may be necessary, at the same time, to explain one or two particulars not known to his master, or to the Squire. Monsieur Perrot was very gallant, and his tender heart had been smitten by the charms of Mary, the still-room maid; it so happened on this very morning that he had prepared slyly, as a surprise, a little "*déjeuner à la fourchette,*" with which he intended to

soften Mary's obduracy. We will not inquire *how* he had obtained the mushroom, the lemon, and the sundry other good things with which he was busily engaged in dressing a plump hen-pheasant, when he received the above unexpected summons. Monsieur Perrot's vanity was greater than either his gourmandise or his love; and, without hesitation, he determined to sacrifice to it the hen-pheasant: his first step was to run to the still-room; and having stolen a kiss from Mary, and received a box on the ear as a reward, he gave her two or three very brief but important hints for the coffee, which was to be made immediately; he then turned his attention to the hen-pheasant, sliced some bacon, cut up a ham, took possession of a whole basket of eggs, and flew about the kitchen with such surprising activity, and calling for so many things at once, that Mr. All-tripe left his dominion, and retired to his own room in high dudgeon.

Meanwhile the Squire, having sauntered through the stables with Reginald, and enlightened him with various comments upon the

points and qualities of his favourite hunters, took out his watch, and exclaimed, "the time is up, my boy; let us go in and see what your precious Mounseer has got for us." As they entered the library, Monsieur opened the opposite door, and announced breakfast as quietly and composedly as if no unusual demand had been made upon his talents. The Squire led the way into the breakfast-room, and was scarcely more surprised than was Reginald himself at the viands that regaled his eye on the table. In addition to the brown and white loaves, the rolls, and other varieties of bread, there smoked on one dish the delicate salmi of pheasant, on another the Squire's favourite dish of bacon, with poached eggs, and on a third, a most tempting *Omelette au Jambon*."

Marmaduke Shirley opened his eyes and mouth wide with astonishment, as Monsieur Perrot offered him, one after another, these delicacies, inquiring, with undisturbed gravity, if "Monsieur desired any thing else? as there were other dishes ready below!"

"Other dishes! why, man, here's a breakfast

for a Court of aldermen," said the Squire; and having ascertained that the things were as agreeable to the taste as to the eye, and that the coffee was more clear and high flavoured than he had ever tasted before, he seized his nephew's hand, saying "Reginald, my boy, I give in; your Master Perrot's a trump, and no man shall ever speak a word against him in this house! A rare fellow!" here he took another turn at the omelette; "hang me if he shan't have a day's sport;" and the Squire, chuckling at the idea that had suddenly crossed him, rang the bell violently: "Tell Repton," said he to the servant who entered, "to saddle 'Rattling Bess,' for Monsieur Perrot, and to take her to the cover-side with the other horses, at ten."

"She kicks a bit at starting," added he to Reginald, "but she's as safe as a mill; and though she rushes now and then at the fences, she always gets through or over 'em."

Now it was poor Perrot's turn to be astonished: to do him justice, he was neither a bad horseman (as a courier) nor a coward; but

he had never been out with hounds, and the enumeration of 'Rattling Bess' qualities did not sound very attractive to his ear; he began gently to make excuses, and to decline the proposed favour: he had not the "proper dress;"—"he had much to do for Monsieur's wardrobe at home;" but it was all to no purpose, the Squire was determined; Repton's coat and breeches would fit him, and go he *must*.

With a rueful look at his master, Perrot slunk off, cursing in his heart the salmi and the omelette, which had procured him this undesired favour; but he was ordered to lose no time in preparing himself, so he first endeavoured to get into Mr. Repton's clothes; that proved impossible, as Mr. R. *had* been a racing jockey, and was a feather-weight, with legs like nut-crackers; having no time for deliberation, Monsieur Perrot drew from his valise the courier suit which he had worn in France; and, to the surprise of the whole party assembled at the door, he appeared clad in a blue coat, turned up with yellow, a cornered hat, and

enormous boots, half a foot higher than his knees: he was ordered to jump up behind the Squire's carriage, and away they went to the cover-side, amid the ill-suppressed titter of the grooms and footmen, and the loud laughter of the maids, whose malicious faces, not excepting that of Mary, were at the open windows below.

When they reached the place appointed for "the meet," and proceeded to mount the impatient horses awaiting them, Perrot eyed with no agreeable anticipation the long ears of Rattling Bess laid back, and the restless wag of her rat-tail, and he ventured one more attempt at an escape. "Really, sir," said he to the Squire, "I never hunted, and I don't think I can manage that animal; she looks very savage."

"Never mind her, Monsieur Perrot," said the Squire, enjoying the poor valet's ill-disssembled uneasiness. "She knows her business here as well as any whipper-in or huntsman; only let her go her own way, and you'll never be far from the brush."

"Very well," muttered Perrot; "I hope *she*

knows *her* business; I know mine, and that is to keep on her back, which I'll do as well as I can."

The eyes of the whole field were upon this strangely attired figure, and as soon as he got into the saddle, "Rattling Bess" began to kick and plunge violently; we have said that he was not in some respects a bad horseman, and although in this, her first prank, he lost one of his stirrups, and his cornered hat fell off, he contrived to keep both his seat and his temper; while the hounds were drawing the cover, one of the Squire's grooms restored the hat, and gave him a string wherewith to fasten it, an operation which he had scarcely concluded, when the inspiring shouts of "Tallyho," "Gone away," "Forward," rang on his ears. "Rattling Bess" seemed to understand the sounds as well as ever alderman knew a dinner-bell; and away she went at full gallop, convincing Monsieur Perrot, after an ineffectual struggle of a few minutes on his part, that both the speed and direction of her course were

matters over which he could not exercise the smallest influence.

On they flew, over meadow and stile, ditch and hedge, nothing seemed to check Rattling Bess; and while all the field were in astonished admiration at the reckless riding of the strange courier, that worthy was catching his breath and muttering through his teeth "Diable d'animal, she have a mouth so hard, like one of Mr. Alltripe's bif-steak—she know her business—and a sacré business it is—holà there! mind yourself!" shouted he at the top of his voice, to a horseman whose horse had fallen in brushing through a thick hedge, and was struggling to rise on the other side just as Rattling Bess followed at tremendous speed over the same place; lighting upon the hind-quarters of her hapless predecessor, and scraping all the skin off his loins, she knocked the rider head over heels into the ploughed field where his face was buried a foot deep in dirty mould; by a powerful effort she kept herself from falling, and went gallantly over the field; Perrot still

muttering, as he tugged at the insensible mouth, "She know her business, she kill dat poor devil in the dirt, she kill herself and me too."

A few minutes later, the hounds, having overrun the scent, came to a check, and were gathered by the huntsman into a green lane, from whence they were about to "try back" as Rattling Bess came up at unabated speed. "Hold hard there, hold hard!" shouted at once the huntsman, the whips, and the few sportsmen who were up with the hounds. "Where the devil are you going, man?" "The fox is viewed back." "Halloo!—you're riding into the middle of the pack." These and similar cries scarcely had time to reach the ears of Perrot, ere "Rattling Bess" sprang over the hedge into the green lane, and coming down among the unfortunate dogs, split the head of one, broke the back of another, and laming two or three more, carried her rider over the opposite fence, who still panting for breath, with his teeth set, muttered, "She know her business, sacré animal."

After crossing two more fields, she cleared a hedge so thick that he could not see what was on the other side; but he heard a tremendous crash, and was only conscious of being hurled with violence to the ground; slowly recovering his senses, he saw Rattling Bess lying a few yards from him, bleeding profusely; and his own ears were saluted by the following compassionate inquiry from the lips of a gardener, who was standing over him, spade in hand: "D—n your stupid outlandish head, what be you a doin' here?"

The half-stunned courier, pointing to Rattling Bess, replied: "She know her business."

The gardener, though enraged at the entire demolition of his melon-bed, and of sundry forced vegetables under glass, was not an ill-tempered fellow in the main; and seeing that the horse was half killed, and the rider, a foreigner, much bruised, he assisted poor Perrot to rise, and having gathered from him, that he was in the service of rich Squire Shirley, rendered all the aid in his power to him and

to Rattling Bess, who had received some very severe cuts from the glass.

When the events of the day came to be talked over at the Hall, and it proved that it was the Squire himself whom Perrot had so unceremoniously ridden over,—that the huntsman would expect some twenty guineas for the hounds, killed or maimed,—that the gardener would probably present a similar, or a larger account for a broken melon-bed and shivered glass,—*and* that Rattling Bess was lame for the season, the Squire did not encourage much conversation on the day's sport; the only remark that he was heard to make, being “What a fool I was to put a frog-eating Frenchman on an English hunter!”

Monsieur Perrot remained in his room for three or four days, not caring that Mary should see his visage while it was adorned with a black eye and an inflamed nose.

Soon after this eventful chase, Reginald obtained his Uncle's leave to obey his father's wishes by visiting Paris for a few months; his stay there was shortened by a letter which he

received from his sister Lucy, announcing to him his mother's illness, on the receipt of which he wrote a few hurried lines of explanation to his Uncle, and sailed by the first ship for Philadelphia, accompanied by the faithful Perrot, and by a large rough dog of the breed of the old Irish wolf-hound, given to him by the Squire.

On arriving, he found his mother better than he had expected; and, as he kissed off the tears of joy which Lucy shed on his return, he whispered to her his belief that she had a little exaggerated their mother's illness, in order to recall him. After a short time, Ethelston also returned, and joined the happy circle assembled at Colonel Brandon's.

It was now the spring of 1797, between which time and that mentioned as the date of our opening chapter, a period of nearly two years, nothing worthy of peculiar record occurred; Reginald kept up a faithful correspondence with his kind uncle, whose letters showed how deeply he felt his nephew's absence. Whether Monsieur Perrot interchanged

letters with Mary, or consoled himself with the damsels on the banks of the Ohio, the following pages may show. His master made several hunting excursions, on which he was always accompanied by Baptiste, a sturdy backwoodsman, who was more deeply attached to Reginald than to any other being on earth; and Ethelston had, as we have before explained, undertaken the whole charge of his guardian's vessels, with one of the largest of which he was, at the commencement of our tale, absent in the West India Islands.

CHAPTER V.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS.—REGINALD BRANDON MAKES
THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

It was a bright morning in April; the robin was beginning his early song, the wood-pecker darted his beak against the rough bark, and the squirrel hopped merrily from bough to bough among the gigantic trees of the forest, as two hunters followed a winding path which led to a ferry across the Muskingum river.

One was a powerful, athletic young man, with a countenance strikingly handsome, and embrowned by exercise and exposure; his dress was a hunting shirt, and leggings of deer-skin; his curling brown locks escaped from under a cap of wolf-skin; and his mocassins, firmly secured round the ankle, were made from the tough hide of a bear; he carried in his hand a

short rifle of heavy calibre, and an ornamented couteau-de-chasse hung at his belt. His companion, lower in stature, but broad, sinewy, and weather-beaten, seemed to be some fifteen or twenty years the elder; his dress was of the same material, but more soiled and worn; his rifle was longer and heavier; and his whole appearance that of a man to whom all inclemencies of season were indifferent, all the dangers and hardships of a western hunter's life familiar; but the most remarkable part of his equipment was an enormous axe, the handle studded with nails, and the head firmly riveted with iron hoops.

“Well Master Reginald,” said the latter; “we must hope to find old Michael and his ferry-boat at the Passage des Rochers, for the river is much swollen, and we might not easily swim it with dry powder.”

“What reason have you to doubt old Michael's being found at his post?” said Reginald; “we have often crossed there, and have seldom found him absent.”

“True, master; but he has of late become

very lazy; and he prefers sitting by his fire, and exchanging a bottle of fire-water with a strolling Ingian for half a dozen good skins, to tugging a great flat-bottomed boat across the Muskingum during the March floods."

"Baptiste," said the young man, "it grieves me to see the reckless avidity with which spirits are sought by the Indians; and the violence, outrage, and misery which is the general consequence of their dram-drinking."

"Why you see, there is something very good in a cup of West Ingy rum;" here Baptiste's hard features were twisted into a grin irresistibly comic, and he proceeded, "it warms the stomach and the heart; and the savages, when they once taste it, suck at a bottle by instinct, as natural as a six-weeks cub at his dam: I often wonder, Master Reginald, why you spoil that fine *eau de vie* which little Perrot puts into your hunting flask, by mixing with it a quantity of water! In my last trip to the mountains, where I was first guide and turpret,* they gave me a taste now and then, and

* *Anglicè* "Interpreter."

I never found it do me harm; but the nature of an Ingian is different, you know."

"Well, Baptiste," said Reginald, smiling at his follower's defence of his favourite beverage; "I will say, that I never knew you to take more than you could carry; but your head is as strong as your back, and you sometimes prove the strength of both,"

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the report of Reginald's rifle and a grey squirrel fell from the top of a hickory, where he was feasting in fancied security. Baptiste took up the little animal, and having examined it attentively, shook his head gravely, saying, "Master Reginald, there is not a quicker eye, nor a truer hand in the Territory, but—"

As he hesitated to finish the sentence, Reginald added laughing, "but—but—I am an obstinate fellow because I will not exchange my favourite German rifle, with its heavy bullet, for a long Virginia barrel, with a ball like a pea; is it not so, Baptiste?"

The guide's natural good-humour struggled with prejudices which, on this subject, had been

more than once wounded by his young companion, as he replied, "Why, Master Reginald, the deer, whose saddle is on my shoulder, found my pea hard enough to swallow, and look here. at this poor little vermint whom you have just killed,—there is a hole in his neck big enough to let the life out of a grisly bear; you have hit him nearly an inch further back than I taught you to aim before you went across the great water, and learnt all kinds of British and German notions?"

Reginald smiled at the hunter's characteristic reproof, and replied in a tone of kindness, "Well, Baptiste, all that I do know of tracking a deer, or lining a bee, or of bringing down one of these little vermint, I learnt first from you; and if I am a promising pupil, the credit is due to Baptiste, the best hunter in forest or prairie!"

A glow of pleasure passed over the guide's sunburnt countenance; and grasping in his hard and horny fingers his young master's hand, he said, "Thank'ee, Master Reginald; and as for me, though I'm only a poor "Coureur des

bois,"* I a'n't feared to back my pupil against any man that walks, from Dan Boone, of Kentucky, to Bloody-hand, the great war-chief of the Cayugas."

As he spoke, they came in sight of the river, and the blue smoke curling up among the trees, showed our traveller that they had not missed their path to Michael's log-house and ferry. "What have we here?" exclaimed Baptiste, catching his companion by the arm; "'tis even as I told you: the old rogue is smoking his pipe over a glass of brandy in his kitchen corner; and there is a wild-looking Indian pulling himself across with three horses in that crazy batteau, almost as old and useless as its owner!"

"He will scarcely reach the opposite bank," said Reginald; "the river is muddy and swollen with melted snow, and his horses seem disposed to be unquiet passengers."

They had now approached near enough to enable them to distinguish the features of the Indian in the boat; the guide scanned them

* "Coureur des bois," an appellation often given to the Canadian and half-breed woodsmen.

with evident surprise and interest, the result of which was, a noise which broke from him, something between a grunt and a whistle, as he muttered, "What can have brought *him* here?"

"Do you know that fine-looking fellow, then?" inquired Reginald.

"Know him, Master Reginald!—does 'Wolf' know Miss Lucy?—does a bear know a beech-tree?—I should know him among a thousand Red-skins, though he were twice as well disguised. Tête-bleu, master, look at those wild brutes how they struggle; he and they will taste Muskingum water before long."

While he was speaking one of the horses reared, another kicked furiously, the shallow flat boat was upset, and both they and the Indian fell headlong into the river; they had been secured together by a "laryette" or thong of hide, which unfortunately came athwart the Indian's shoulder, and thus he was held below the water, while the struggles of the frightened animals rendered it impossible for him to extricate himself. "He is entangled in the lar-

vette," said the guide; "nothing can save him," he added in a grave and sadder tone. "'Tis a noble youth, and I would have wished him a braver death! What are you doing, Master Reginald?—are you mad? No man can swim in that torrent. For your father's sake--

But his entreaties and attempts to restrain his impetuous companion were fruitless, for Reginald had already thrown on the ground his leathern hunting shirt, his rifle, and ammunition; and shaking off the grasp of the guide as if the latter had been a child, he plunged into the river, and swam to the spot where the feebler struggles of the horses showed that they were now almost at the mercy of the current. When he reached them, Reginald dived below the nearest, and dividing the laryette with two or three successful strokes of his knife, brought the exhausted Indian to the surface; for a moment, he feared that he had come too late; but on inhaling a breath of air, the Redskin seemed to regain both consciousness and strength, and was able in his turn to assist Reginald, who had

received, when under water, a blow on the head from the horse's hoof, the blood flowing fast from the wound; short but expressive was the greeting exchanged as they struck out for the bank which one of the horses had already gained; another was bruised, battered, and tossed about among some shelving rocks lower down the river; and the third was being fast hurried towards the same dangerous spot, when the Indian, uttering a shrill cry, turned and swam again towards this, his favourite horse, and by a great exertion of skill and strength, brought it to a part of the river where the current was less rapid, and thence led it safely ashore.

These events had passed in less time than their narration has occupied, and the whole biped and quadruped party now stood drenched and dripping on the bank. The two young men gazed at each other in silence, with looks of mingled interest and admiration; indeed, if a sculptor had desired to place together two different specimens of youthful manhood, in which symmetry and strength were to be gracefully united, he could scarcely have selected

two finer models: in height they might be about equal; and though the frame and muscular proportions of Reginald were more powerful, there was a roundness and compact knitting of the joints, and a sinewy suppleness in the limbs of his new acquaintance, such as he thought he had never seen equalled in statuary or in life. The Indian's gaze was so fixed and piercing, that Reginald's eye wandered more than once from his countenance to the belt, where his war-club was still suspended by a thong, the scalp-knife in its sheath, and near it a scalp, evidently that of a white man, and bearing the appearance of having been recently taken.

With a slight shudder of disgust, he raised his eyes again to the chiselled features of the noble-looking being before him, and felt assured that though they might be those of a savage warrior, they could not be those of a lurking assassin. The Indian now moved a step forward, and taking Reginald's hand, placed it upon his own heart, saying distinctly in English, " My brother !"

Reginald understood and appreciated this simple expression of gratitude and friendship; he imitated his new friend's action, and evinced, both by his looks and the kindly tones of his voice, the interest which, to his own surprise, the Indian had awakened in his breast.

At this juncture they were joined by the guide, who had paddled himself across in a canoe that he found at the ferry, which was two hundred yards above the spot where they now stood. At his approach, the young Indian resumed his silent attitude of repose; while, apparently unconscious of his presence, Baptiste poured upon his favourite a mingled torrent of reproofs and congratulations.

“ Why, Master Reginald, did the mad spirit possess you to jump into the Muskingum, and dive like an otter, where the water was swift and dark as the Niagara rapids! Pardie, though, it was bravely done! another minute, and our Redskin friend would have been in the hunting-ground of his forefathers. Give me your hand, master; I love you better than ever! I had a mind to take a duck myself

after ye; but thought, if bad luck came, I might serve ye better with the canoe." While rapidly uttering these broken sentences, he handed to Reginald the hunting-shirt, rifle, and other things, which he had brought over in the canoe, and wrung the water out of his cap, being all the time in a state of ill-dissembled excitement. This done, he turned to the young Indian, who was standing aside, silent and motionless. The guide scanned his features with a searching look, and then muttered audibly, "I knew it must be he."

A gleam shot from the dark eye of the Indian, proving that he heard and understood the phrase, but not a word escaped his lips.

Reginald, unable to repress his curiosity, exclaimed, "Must be who, Baptiste? Who is my Indian friend—my brother?"

A lurking smile played round the mouth of the guide, as he said in a low tone to the Indian, "Does the paint on my brother's face tell a tale? is his path in the night? must his name dwell between shut lips?"

To this last question the Indian, moving forward with that peculiar grace and innate dignity which characterized all his movements, replied, "The War-Eagle hides his name from none: his cry is heard from far, and his path is straight: a dog's scalp is at his belt!" Here he paused a moment; and added, in a softened tone, "But the bad Spirit prevailed; the waters were too strong for him; the swimming-warrior's knife came; and again the War-Eagle saw the light."

"And found a brother—is it not so?" added Reginald.

"It is so!" replied the Indian: and there was a depth of pathos in the tone of his voice as he spoke, which convinced Reginald that those words came from the heart.

"There were three horses with you in the bac," said the guide: "two are under yonder trees;—where is the third?"

"Dead, among those rocks below the rapids," answered War-Eagle, quietly. "He was a fool, and was taken from a fool, and both are

now together:" as he spoke he pointed scornfully to the scalp which hung at his belt.

Reginald and Baptiste interchanged looks of uneasy curiosity, and then directing their eyes towards the distant spot indicated by the Indian, they distinguished the battered carcass of the animal, partly hid by the water, and partly resting against the rock, which prevented it from floating down with the current.

The party now turned towards the horses among the trees; which, after enjoying themselves by rolling in the grass, were feeding, apparently unconscious of their double misdemeanour in having first upset the bac, and then nearly drowned their master by their struggles in the water. As Reginald and his two companions approached, an involuntary exclamation of admiration burst from him.

"Heavens, Baptiste! did you ever see so magnificent a creature as that with the laryette round his neck? And what a colour! it seems between chestnut and black! Look at his short, wild head, his broad forehead, his bold eye, and that long silky mane falling

below his shoulder! Look, also, at his short back and legs! Why, he has the beauty of a barb joined to the strength of an English hunter!"

It may be well imagined that the greater portion of this might have been a soliloquy, as Baptiste understood but few, the Indian none, of the expressions which Reginald uttered with enthusiastic rapidity; both, however, understood enough to know that he was admiring the animal, and both judged that his admiration was not misplaced.

Our hero (for so we must denominate Reginald Brandon) approached to handle and caress the horse; but the latter, with erect ears and expanded nostrils, snorted an indignant refusal of these civilities, and trotted off, tossing high his mane as if in defiance of man's dominion. At this moment, the War-Eagle uttered a shrill, peculiar cry, when immediately the obedient horse came to his side, rubbing his head against his master's shoulder, and courting those caresses which he had so lately and so scornfully refused from Reginald.

While the docile and intelligent animal thus stood beside him, a sudden ray of light sparkled in the Indian's eye, as with rapid utterance, not unmingled with gesticulation, he said, "The War-Eagle's path was toward the evening sun; his tomahawk drank the Camanchee's blood; the wild horse was swift, and strong, and fierce; the cunning man on the evening prairie said he was *Nekimi*,* — 'the Great Spirit's angry breath;' but the War-Eagle's neck-bullet struck"—

At this part of the narrative, the guide, carried away by the enthusiasm of the scene described, ejaculated in the Delaware tongue, "That was bravely done!"

For a moment the young Indian paused; and then, with increased rapidity and vehemence, told in his own language how he had captured and subdued the horse; which faithful creature, seemingly anxious to bear witness to the truth of his master's tale, still sought and returned his caresses. The Indian, however, was not thereby deterred from the purpose

* *Nekimi* is the Delaware for "Thunder."

which had already made his eye flash with pleasure. Taking the thong in his hand, and placing it in that of Reginald, he said, resuming the English tongue, "The War-Eagle gives Nekimi to his brother. The white warrior may hunt the mastoche,* he may overtake his enemies, he may fly from the prairie-fire when the wind is strong: Nekimi never tires!"

Reginald was so surprised at this unexpected offer, that he felt much embarrassed, and hesitated whether he ought not to decline the gift. Baptiste saw a cloud gathering on the Indian's brow, and said in a low voice to his master in French, "You must take the horse; a refusal would mortally offend him." Our hero accordingly accompanied his expression of thanks with every demonstration of satisfaction and affection. Again War-Eagle's face brightened with pleasure; but the effect upon Nekimi seemed to be very different, for he stoutly resisted his new master's attempts at

* In the Delaware language this expression seems applicable to any large swift animal, as it is given to the elk, the buffalo, &c.

approach or acquaintance, snorting and backing at every step made by Reginald in advance.

“The white warrior must learn to speak to Nekimi,” said the Indian, quietly; and he again repeated the short, shrill cry before noticed. In vain our hero tried to imitate the sound; the horse’s ears remained deaf to his voice, and it seemed as if his new acquisition could prove but of little service to him.

War-Eagle now took Reginald aside, and smeared his hands with some grease taken from a small bladder in his girdle, and on his extending them again towards the horse, much of the fear and dislike evinced by the latter disappeared. As soon as the animal would permit Reginald to touch it, the Indian desired him to hold its nostril firmly in his hand, and placing his face by the horse’s head, to look up steadfastly into its eye for several minutes, speaking low at intervals to accustom it to his voice; he assured him that in a few days Nekimi would through this treatment become docile and obedient.

CHAPTER VI.

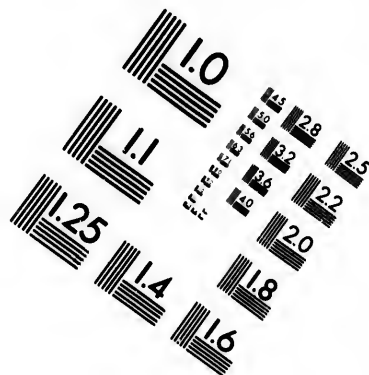
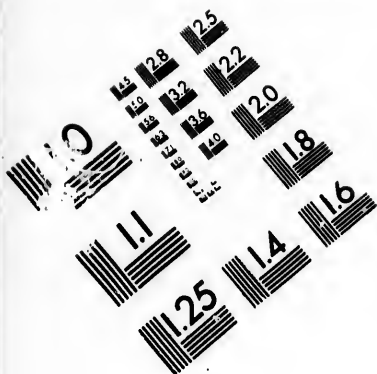
REGINALD AND BAPTISTE PAY A VISIT TO WAR-EAGLE.—AN ATTEMPT AT TREACHERY MEETS WITH SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

THE other horse being now secured, the party prepared to resume their journey; and as it appeared after a few words whispered between the Indian and the guide, that their routes were in the same direction, they struck into the forest, Baptiste leading, followed by Reginald, and War-Eagle bringing up the rear with the two horses.

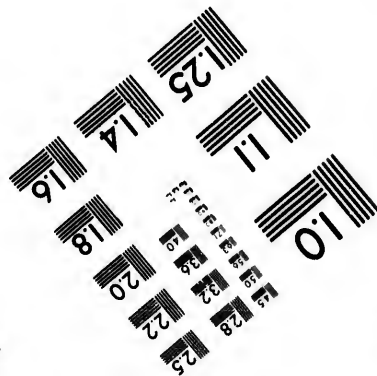
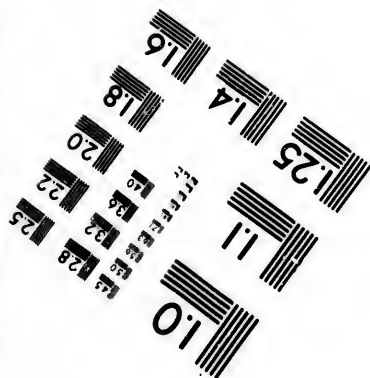
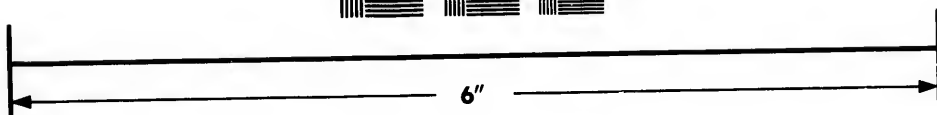
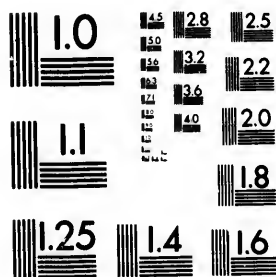
After walking a few minutes in silence, "Baptiste," said our hero in French, "what was the story told about the horse? I understood little of what he said in English, and none of what he spoke in his own tongue."

"He told us, Master Reginald, that he was





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out on a war-party against the Camanchees, a wild tribe of Indians in the South-west; they steal horses from the Mexicans, and exchange them with the *Aricaras*, Kioways, Pawnees, and other Missouri Indians."

"Well, Baptiste, how did he take this swing horse with his 'neck-bullet,' as he called it?"

"That, Master Reginald, is the most difficult shot in the prairie; and I have know few Redskins up to it. The western hunters call it 'creasing:'—a ball must be shot just on the upper edge of the spine where it enters the horse's neck; if it is exactly done, the horse falls immediately, and is secured, then the wound is afterwards healed; but, if the ball strikes an inch lower, the spine is missed, or the horse is killed. Few Redskins can do it," muttered the guide, "and the 'doctor' here," shaking his long rifle, "has failed more than once; but War-Eagle has said it, and there are no lies in *his* mouth."

"Tell me, Baptiste," said Reginald, earnestly; "tell me something about my brother's history, his race, and exploits."

“Afterwards, my young master. I know not that he understands us now; but these Indians are curious critturs in hearing; i believe if you spoke in that strange Dutch lingo which you learnt across the water, the Redskins would know how to answer you—stay,” added he, putting his rifle to his shoulder, “here is work for the doctor.”

Reginald looked in the direction of the piece, but saw nothing; and the guide, while taking his aim, still muttered to himself, “the pills are very small, but they work somewhat sharp.” Pausing a moment, he drew the trigger; and a sudden bound from under a brake, at fifty yards distance, was the last death-spring of the unlucky deer whose lair had not escaped the hunter’s practised eye.

“Bravely shot,” shouted Reginald; “what says War-Eagle?”

“Good,” replied the Indian.

“Nay,” said Baptiste; “there was not much in the shot; but your French waly-de-sham might have walked past those bushes without noting the twinkle of that crittur’s eye. Our

Redskin friend saw it plain enough I warrant you," added he, with an inquiring look.

"War-Eagle's path is not on the deer track," said the young chief, with a stern gravity.

In a very few minutes an additional load of venison was across the sturdy shoulders of the guide, and the party resumed their march in silence.

They had not proceeded far, when the Indian halted, saying, "War-Eagle's camp is near; will my white brother eat and smoke?—the sun is high, he can then return to his great wigwam."

Reginald, who was anxious to see more of his new friend, and in whom the morning's exercise had awakened a strong relish for a slice of broiled venison, assented at once, and desired him to lead the way.

As he was still followed by the two horses, War-Eagle was somewhat in advance of his companions, and Baptiste whispered in French, "Beware, Master Reginald—you may fall into a trap."

"For shame," said the latter, colouring with

indignation; "can you suspect treachery in *him*? Did you not yourself say he could not lie?"

"Your reproof is undeserved," said the cool and wary hunter; "War-Eagle may not be alone, there may be turkey-buzzards with him."

"If there be a score of vultures," said Reginald, "I will follow him without fear—he would not lead us into harm."

"Perhaps you are right," was the guide's answer; and again the party resumed their march in silence.

They soon arrived at a place where the forest was less densely wooded; some of the larger trees appeared to have been overthrown by a hurricane, and some of the lesser to have fallen by the axe. Nekimi trotted forward, as if making for a spot that he recognised, and the Indian recalled him with the same cry that he had before used, adding, however, another, and a shriller sound.

The guide shook his head, and muttered something inaudibly between his teeth, loosen-

ing at the same time the huge axe in his belt, and throwing his long rifle over his arm, ready for immediate use.

These preparations did not escape the observation of Reginald; and although he said nothing, he felt more uneasy than he cared to own; for it struck him that if the guide, who seemed to have so high an opinion of War-Eagle, was apprehensive of treachery or of some unforeseen danger, there was less ground for his own confidence.

Meantime the Indian walked composedly forward until he reached the *camp*,*—a pretty spot, sheltered on the windward side by a laurel thicket, and on the other commanding a view of the open glade, and of a small stream winding its silent course towards the river which our party had so lately left.

On a grassy plot, between two venerable trees, the embers of a smouldering fire sent up

* Among the western hunters any resting-place for the night, or even where a fire has been made for a mid-day halt, though it may be by one individual, is commonly called "a camp." This must be borne in mind throughout the following tale.

the thin blue vapour which rises from the burning of green wood, several logs of which were still piled for fuel; while sundry bones and feathers, scattered at no great distance, gave sufficient evidence of recent feasting.

War-Eagle glanced hastily around his camp; and leaving Nekimi to feed at liberty, secured the less tractable horse; while he was thus employed, the guide whispered in a low voice, "There are three or four Indians here! I trace their marks on the grass, and I know it by this fire; it is a war party—there are no squaws here; Master Reginald, keep your ears and eyes open, but show no distrust; if he offers a pipe, all may yet be right."

Although the guide said this so distinctly that Reginald heard every syllable, he was to all appearance busily engaged in throwing some dry sticks on the fire, and easing himself of the skins and the venison with which he was loaded. The Indian now took from a hollow in one of the old trees before-mentioned, a pipe, the bowl of which was of red sandstone, and the stick painted and ornamented with stained porcupine

quills; he also drew out a leather bag of *Kinne-kinek*; and having filled and lighted his pipe, seated himself at a short distance from the fire, and gravely invited Reginald to sit on his right, and the guide on his left. As soon as they were seated, War-Eagle inhaled a large volume of smoke; and looking reverently up to the sky, sent forth a long whiff, as an offering to the Great Spirit; then simply saying, "My brother is welcome," he passed the pipe to Reginald, and afterwards to Baptiste.

For some time they smoked in silence: not a sound was heard but the crackling of the wood on the fire, and the occasional chirrup of a robin in the neighbouring bushes; this silent system not suiting Reginald's ardent temperament, he abruptly addressed the Indian as follows.

* *Kinne-kinek* is a mixture made by the Indians from the inner bark of the willow pounded small, tobacco, and the dried leaves of the sumach: the flavour of this composition is by no means disagreeable; the word itself is Delaware, but the mixture is in common use among many tribes.

"Has my brother come far from his people?"

A cloud gathered on the chief's brow, and the guide thought that a storm of wrath would be excited by this unlucky question; but the Indian looking steadily upon the frank open countenance of the speaker, replied in a voice rather melancholy than fierce, "War-Eagle has few people: the bones of his fathers are *not far!*"

Our hero anxious to dismiss a subject which seemed painful to his new friend, turned the conversation to his equipment, and observed, "My brother walks abroad without fear; he is almost without arms."

The Indian carelessly resting his hand upon his war-club, said (speaking rather to himself than to his companions), "It has tasted blood: ask the Dahcotahs!"

"The Dahcotahs are dogs," said the guide angrily. "Their skins are red, but their hearts are white!"

War-Eagle turning upon him a penetrating look, continued, "Grande-Hâche is a warrior; he has smoked, has feasted, has fought among

the *Lenape*; * he has struck more than one Dahcotah chief. But the Grand *Îâche* cannot rest: the scalp of his mother hangs in the lodge of the *Assiniboins*; † or she is uneasy in the dark hunting-ground."

The guide made no reply, but the forced compression of his lips, and the muscular contraction that passed over his sinewy frame, showed how deeply he cherished that vengeance which the Indian's word awakened.

"This is, then," said our hero to himself, "the cause of that fierce unextinguishable hate which Baptiste has always borne to these Sioux; I cannot wonder at it." Reginald continued, however, his conversation respecting his new friend's equipment, in the same tone: "My brother's war-club is strong, and that iron spike in its head is sharp; but the rifle kills from far, and the white men are not all friends to him."

* The Delawares call themselves *Lenni-Lenape*,—"the ancient or original people."

† *Assiniboins*—the "stone heaters"—a powerful and warlike branch of the great Dahcotah or Sioux nation.

"War-Eagle has ears and eyes; he can see snakes in the grass," was the calm reply.

"Nay, but my brother is careless," said Reginald laughing; "Grande-Hâche, as you call him, and I are two men, both strong and armed with rifles: if we were not his brothers, the War-Eagle would be in danger."

"The bad Spirit made the thick water and the horses too strong for War-Eagle," said the latter, referring to the morning's accident, "but he could not be hurt by his brother's rifle."

"And why so?" demanded Reginald.

"Because," said the Indian, "the white warrior has smoked, has taken his brother's gift, and the Great Spirit has written on his face that he cannot speak lies."

"You are right, my brave friend," said Reginald, (not a little gratified by the untutored compliment;) "but if you fall in with white men who carry rifles, and who *do* speak lies—how fares it with you then?"

"War-Eagle is always ready," said he, in the same unmoved tone; "the Grande-Hâche is a great warrior—my brother will take many

scalps; yet *if* their tongues were forked—if their hearts were bad—both would die where they now sit—they have neither ears nor eyes—but the Lenape is a chief, they are as safe here as in the great white village.”

Though inwardly nettled at this taunt, which he felt to be not altogether undeserved, the guide took no other notice of it than to strain to the utmost those organs of sight and hearing which the Redskin had held so cheap, but in vain: the forest around them seemed wrapt in solitude and silence; the eyes of Reginald, however, served him better on this occasion. “By heaven, the Indian speaks truth,” said he; “I see them plainly—one, two, three! and we, Baptiste, are at their mercy.”

This he spoke in French, and the guide answered in the same language: “Do you see Indians, Master Reginald, where I can see naught but trees, and logs, and grass; if it is so—I am an owl, and no hunter!”

“Glance your eye,” said our hero, calmly, to yon old fallen log, that lies fifty or sixty yards to your right, there are three small parallel

lines visible there,—they are three gun-barrels; the sun shone on them a minute since, and their muzzles are directed full upon us.”

“It is true; your eyes are younger than mine, I suppose,” said the guide, apparently more disconcerted at that circumstance than at the imminent peril of their situation. He added, in a low, determined tone, “but they must shoot very true, if they wish to prevent me from taking this deep and deceitful villain with me on the long journey.”

During the whole of this conversation, War-Eagle sat in unmoved silence, occasionally puffing out a whiff from the fragrant herb in his pipe. Reginald met the unexpected danger with the straightforward, daring courage which was the characteristic of his mind; Baptiste with the cool resolution which was the result of a life of stratagems, perils, and escapes.

“War-Eagle,” said the former, “you speak true; Grande-Hâche and I have shut our eyes and ears; but they are now open; I see your warriors.”

The Indian turned his searching eye full

upon the speaker; he met a look bold, open, fearless as his own. "Where can any white brother see warriors?" he inquired.

"Their guns are across yonder log," said Reginald; "and their muzzles are pointed here."

"It is so," said War-Eagle; "the red men are on the war-path; they seek blood; is my white brother not afraid?"

"War-Eagle is a chief," replied the young man; "he cannot lie,—he has said that his white brother is as safe as in the wigwam of his father!"

Again the Indian bent a scrutinizing look upon the countenance of the speaker, and again met the same smile of fearless confidence. With more emotion than he had yet shown, he said, "The Great Spirit has given to my white brother the big heart of a Lenape!"

He now made a signal to his ambuscade to come forth, on which they started up from behind the large fallen tree which had hitherto screened them, and advanced slowly towards the camp. They were three in number; two of them active looking men, of moderate sta-

ture, but of symmetrical proportions; the third a lad, apparently about seventeen years old; the faces of the two former were painted with black stripes, which gave them an appearance at once fierce and grotesque; they were lightly clad in hunting-shirts, leggins, and mocassins, all of elk-skin, and each carried a tomahawk, scalp-knife, and the gun before mentioned; the young lad carried no other weapon but the gun; his hunting-shirt was fancifully ornamented with tassels of porcupine quills, and was fastened at the waist by a belt studded with party-coloured beads; his leggins were fringed, and his mocassins were also braided with the quills of the porcupine; in figure he was slight and tall; as he drew near, Reginald thought his countenance even more remarkable than that of War-Eagle; indeed its beauty would have been almost effeminate, had it not been for the raven blackness of the hair, and the piercing fire of the dark eyes. The three came forward in silence, the lad being rather in advance of the others, and stood before the War-Eagle.

He bade them in his own language to be seated, and smoke the pipe with the white men. They did so, with the exception of the lad, who not being yet a warrior, passed it untouched; and when it had gone round, War-Eagle harangued his party; as he narrated the events of the morning, Reginald was struck by the deep and flexible modulation of his voice; and although he did not understand a word of the language, fancied that he knew when the chief related his immersion and subsequent preservation by the white man's knife.

At this portion of the tale, the Indian youth made no attempt to conceal his emotion; his glistening eyes were fixed upon the speaker, and every feature of his intelligent countenance beamed with affectionate interest: as War-Eagle described his being struck under water, stunned by a blow from a horse's foot, and that the thick water covered him, a hurried exclamation escaped from the boy's lips; and when his chief related how the white warrior had dived, had cut the cord in which he was entangled, and had brought him again to the

air and to life, the youth, no longer able to control his feelings, threw himself into Reginald's arms, exclaiming in good English,

"The Great Spirit reward the white warrior: he has given me back my chief—my brother!"

Our hero was no less astonished than was the guide, at such uncontrolled emotion in a youth of a nation so early taught to conceal their feelings; nor were they less surprised at the clearness and purity of accent with which he expressed himself in English.

"I only did, my boy," said Reginald, kindly, "what you would have done had you been in my place."

"You are a great warrior," said the youth, running his eye over the powerful frame beside him: "Wingenund would have gone into the strong river, and would have died with the War-Eagle."

"Is Wingenund, then, your name, my brave boy?"

"It was my forefather's name," said the youth, proudly. "I have yet no name: but

War-Eagle says I may have one soon, and I will have no other."

"I feel sure you will deserve your forefather's name," said Reginald. "What does it mean in my language?"

"It means 'The Beloved.'"

"The youth speaks true," murmured the guide, (who, though busily engaged in rounding off a bullet with his knife, lost not a word or gesture that passed,) "he speaks only truth; I knew his forefather well: a braver and a better heart never dwelt among the Lenapé."

The boy looked gratefully at the weather-beaten hunter; and as he cast his eyes down in silence, it would have been difficult to say whether pleasure, pride, or pain predominated in their expression.

"Tell me," resumed Reginald, "how come you to speak English like a white man?"

"The good-father and Olitipa taught me."

Reginald looked at the guide for an explanation; that worthy personage shook his head, saying, "The boy talks riddles; but they are not hard to guess. The good-father must be

some missionary, or priest; and Olitipa would in their tongue signify 'pretty prairie-fowl;' so it is probably the name of a Delaware woman—perhaps his sister."

"*Kehella lá*—so it is," said the boy: "Olitipa is in your tongue 'pretty prairie-bird,' and she is my sister."

"Where is Prairie-bird?" inquired Reginald, amused by the youth's *naïveté*.

"Far, far away, beyond the great river! But we will go back soon;—shall we not?" inquired he, looking up timidly at War-Eagle.

"*Pechu lenitti*,"* answered the chief; and leaning towards the youth, he added some words in a whisper, which made him start up to obey the orders he had received.

Reginald was not long left in ignorance of their nature, as in a few minutes the active lad had refreshed the fire, and was busy in broiling some venison steaks, which, after the exercise of the morning, sent up a steam far from unpleasant to the senses of any of those present.

* "By-and-by," or "soon."

“Master Reginald,” said the guide, “that silly perroquet of yours, Gustave Perrot, is always telling fine stories of what he has seen in Europe, and talking of the scent of roses, and the sweet sounds of music, till the girls in the clearins think he’s a book-author and a poet; did you ever smell any scent, or hear any music, sweeter than comes from the hissing and frizzling of those slices of fat venison after a six hours’ hunt in the woods?”

“Perhaps not,” said Reginald, laughing; “but we are only hunters, and Monsieur Perrot is a man of taste.”

“Whom have we here?” grumbled the guide, as an Indian appeared in the distance. “Friend War-Eagle, is this another of your band?”

“He is,” replied the chief: “all are now here.”

The new-comer was a powerful, athletic-looking man; his face was painted one half black, and the other half striped with bars of red; the sleeves of his hunting-shirt were so short and loose, that his naked arms were visible, one of which was tatoored in the form

of a lizard, and on the other he wore an arm-
let of brass; his leggins and mocassins were
soiled and torn, and the perspiration streaming
from his matted hair shewed that he had
travelled both far and fast. He was, like the
rest, equipped with rifle, tomahawk, and scalp-
knife; his countenance, as far as it could be
distinguished through its disguise of paint, was
expressive of cunning and ferocity. Though
probably much surprised at seeing two white
men sitting thus amicably with his chief, he
took little notice of them, or of the rest of
the party; but without asking, or being asked,
any questions, seated himself on the opposite
side of the fire, lighted his pipe, and smoked.

“Master Reginald,” said the guide, in
French, “I do not like that fellow. I know
not how he comes to be with our friend here,
for he belongs to another tribe: I have seen
him before.”

Meantime, the industrious lad had broiled
his venison steaks, and having gathered some
broad leaves, which served on this occasion
for plates, he brought the first slice to Regi-

nald, the second to Baptiste, the next to War-Eagle, and so on, until he went through the party; after which, without tasting anything himself, he took his station close to his chief and his new friend. During the meal, the Indian last arrived talked much in a suppressed voice to the one next to him, and seemed studiously to avert his eyes from his chief and the two white men.

“Tarhé,” said War-Eagle, addressing him, “is there not *tassmanané** for the stranger? he is my brother, and his path has been long.”

Tarhé went to his “cache,” a spot not many yards distant, and taking out two or three small cakes, brought them round behind his chief, and offered one to our hero, who was in the act of receiving it, when the miscreant, drawing the knife from his girdle, aimed a blow at the back of the unsuspecting Reginald.

Nothing could have saved him from instant

* *Tassmanané* : a kind of bread made by the Delawares for long journeys. It is made of maize, powdered very fine, and sweetened with maple sugar.

death, had not the gallant boy thrown himself between the savage and his victim. The knife went through his arm; and so deadly was the force by which it was guided, that it still descended, and inflicted a slight scratch on Reginald's shoulder.

War-Eagle sprang like a tiger from the ground, and with one blow of his tremendous war-club dashed the ruffian to the earth; then turning suddenly his angry glance upon the two other Indians, he asked if they had any part in Tarhé's plot. Neither had stirred from their seat, and both declared they had known nothing of his intention. It was well for them that the chief believed them, for this act of vile treachery had aroused all the slumbering fire within him, and the veins started like blue cords upon his temples.

Reginald's first impulse, when he jumped upon his feet, was to hasten to the wounded youth, whose features were now lighted up by a smile of happiness. "Tell me, my brave generous boy, are you much hurt?"

"No," said he: "I should have been hurt

if the War-Eagle's camp had been stained with the blood of his white brother."

The sturdy guide himself could not repress his admiration of this gallant boy's conduct, who now stood looking intently upon War-Eagle, his features animated by excitement and by pride, and the knife still fixed up to the very handle in his arm.

"War-Eagle," said Baptiste, "the Lenapé are men,—their boys are warriors: that dog is not a Lenape," added, he, pointing to the prostrate body of Tarhè.

"*Tah-Delamattenos*,"* said the chief indignantly. The youth now moving a step forward, came before his chief with an air of modest dignity, and slowly drew the reeking knife from his arm, while a stream of blood gushed from the wound; not a muscle of his frame trembled, not a feature varied its expression, as he said

* "*Tah-Delamattenos*,"—"No, he is a Wyandot." This tribe occupied the region to the north of Ohio, and the north-west of Pennsylvania; they spoke a dialect of the Iroquois, and are better known by the name of Hurons; they sometimes hunted with the Delaware, by whom they were designated as above.

in a voice of musical gentleness, "War-Eagle, will Wingenund allow his grandson now to hear his name?"

"*Wingenund!*" said War-Eagle, looking upon him with affectionate pride, "the chiefs at the Council-fire shall know that the blood of the well-beloved still flows in a young warrior's veins."

"My good friend," said the guide to the chief, "you have no time to lose, the lad will bleed to death!"

Reginald sprang forward, and closing as he best could the gaping wound, bound his handkerchief tightly over it.

There was, indeed, no time to be lost; for the blood had flowed more freely than his youthful frame could endure. A painful dizziness came over him; and murmuring almost inaudibly "The White Warrior is safe, and Wingenund is happy," he fell senseless into Reginald's arms.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINING SOME PARTICULARS OF THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DELAWARES AND OF BAPTISTE. THE LATTER RETURNS WITH REGINALD TO MOOSHANNE, THE RESIDENCE OF COLONEL BRANDON.

“ I FEAR he will die ! ” said Reginald in a tone of the deepest grief, as he stooped over the inanimate form of the wounded boy.

“ Die ! ” said the War-Eagle almost fiercely, “ yes, he will die ! but not by the bite of yonder serpent, ” pointing to the body of the Wyandot ; “ he will die when the Great Spirit orders it ; but before he dies, the murderers of his father shall hear his war-whoop ! His tomahawk shall be red in their blood ; their scalps shall hang at his belt ! *then* Wingenund may go to his ancient people in the happy hunting fields ! ”

“My brother,” said Reginald earnestly, and still supporting the insensible frame of Wing-nund, “do not lead this youth to shed the white man’s blood! He cannot call back those who are gone! We have a book which the Great Spirit gave to our forefathers; it speaks His own words, and He tells us, ‘Vengeance is mine;’ and He also tells us that if we would please Him, we must forgive those who have injured us; His arrows are very sharp; His anger is fierce; His justice is sure. Leave Him to punish those bad men, and teach the ‘well-beloved’ to be the white man’s friend.”

For a minute the chief seemed buried in deep thought; then suddenly starting from his reverie, he spoke a few words in a low tone to one of his men, who instantly moved away, and disappeared in the forest.

War-Eagle then replied in a tone rather of melancholy than of reproof, “The Great Spirit never speaks to the red man in words: if He is angry, He thunders; if He is pleased, He sends rain and sunshine, to make the corn and fruits to grow, and sweet grass to fatten the

deer; my brother says the Great Spirit has spoken plainly to the white man in words, and that those words are painted in a book. War-Eagle believes it, because my brother's tongue is not forked; but he would ask, — Did those white men, who came in the night like wolves to the couch of the fawn, who murdered the father, the kindred, the little sisters of Wingenund, — did those men hear the Great Spirit's words?"

"My brother," said Reginald, "there are among white men many wolves and serpents: men whose hands are bloody, and their tongue forked. The Great Spirit does not forbid to punish, or even to kill such men, in defence of ourselves, our wigwams, our children, or our friend; He is not angry with War-Eagle for striking down that Huron whose hand was raised to shed his brother's blood; but when the grass of many seasons has grown over the graves of those who were injured, then the Great Spirit commands man to let his anger sleep, to bury his hatchet, and to forgive."

"It may be so," said War-Eagle gravely,

“the Good Father in the Western Hunting-ground has said the same; Olitipa, whose voice is like the mocking-bird, and who speaks only truth, she has spoken the same; but it is very dark, War-Eagle cannot see it.”

“Who is the Prairie-bird?” inquired Reginald, whose curiosity had twice been excited by the mention of this extraordinary name.

Before the chief could reply, the Indian, whom he had sent, returned with a mess made from several leaves, herbs, and roots, which he had bruised and reduced to a kind of glutinous pulp; War-Eagle now took off the bandage from the youth's arm; after examining it carefully, and applying some of the above mixture to both the orifices of the wound, he bound it again, more strongly and skilfully than before; then taking him in his arms, as if he had been a little child, he carried him down to the rivulet; and by dint of bathing his temples and rubbing forcibly his hands and feet, soon restored the suspended animation.

When he was recovered so far as to be able to speak, Reginald, sitting down by him, said a

thousand kind things to him, such as were prompted by the gratitude of a generous heart.

While they were conversing, the guide drew near to the chief; and pointing to the body of the Wyandot, which still lay where he had fallen, said, "He is surely dead!"

"He is so," replied the other gravely; "when War-Eagle is angry he does not strike his enemy's forehead twice."

The guide now turned over the body; and seeing that the iron point of the war-club had entered just above the eyes, and had sunk deep into the brain, he knew that instant death must have ensued. The chief calling the two Indians, desired them to bury the body where it would be safe from wolves and buzzards. "But," he added sternly, "let not the spot be marked for his kindred: he died like a dog, and none should lament him."

As they turned away to execute these orders, the guide observed to the chief "that Huron has not been long with the War-Eagle."

"True, — but how does the Grande-Hâche know it?"

"His eye has been on him more than once; Grande-Hâche sees, but he can hold his tongue."

"Grande-Hâche is a warrior," replied the chief: "he has seen many things; he has talked with the wise men; does he know why yon Huron wished to kill the young white brave?"

"He does," said Grande-Hâche; but as he did not of himself state what he knew, it would have been contrary to the usages of Indian courtesy to have questioned him further.

Baptiste now diverting the conversation to another topic, said, "It is singular that War-Eagle, on a war-path far from his village, should have only strangers with him, excepting the youth who is wounded!"

"What means the Grande-Hâche?"

"He means," replied the guide, "that the other two, now gone to bury the Huron, are *Southern men**—they are not Lenapé."

* Southern-men—in the Delaware language Cha-ona-no or Shawano—known to the Americans as "Shawnees." This powerful tribe were generally in alliance with the

“Grande-Hâche has ears and eyes open—how can he know that he speaks truth?” said the chief.

“Because he *has* eyes and ears;” replied the guide. “Does War-Eagle think that Grande-Hâche has hunted twenty years among the red nations, and knows not yet the moccasins and tongue of a Shawanon? I knew them at a glance,” added he, with shrewd smile, “as well as I knew the War-Eagle in the batteau, though both he and they have put on their faces the paint of the *Mengwe*.”*

“Grande-Hâche speaks truth,” replied the chief, dryly, without showing the surprise and annoyance that he felt at the penetration of the guide. “The men are Shawanons, they hunt with the Lenapé, beyond the great river—they are brothers.”

So saying, he broke off the conversation, and

Lenapé, and inhabited the country on their western frontier. About the time of our tale, they were very numerous on the banks of the Muskingum and of the Wabash river.

* *Mengwe*, or Mingoës,—the Delaware name for those Indians who resided chiefly in the northern States of the Union, and who are better known as the “Iroquois.”

turning towards Wingenund, saw that he was talking as earnestly and freely with Reginald as if they had been long intimate; while he contemplated this friendly intercourse with a smile of satisfaction, the guide felt himself called upon to remind his companion that the sun was getting low, that they had yet some miles to walk, and that the colonel would be anxious and impatient.

"True," said Reginald, springing up, "I must take leave of my brother, and of my young preserver; but we shall meet again; we will hunt together, and be friends."

"Let it be so," said the lad, with an ardour which he cared not to conceal; "and Wingenund will tell Prairie-Bird that the white warrior who drew War-Eagle from the deep water, will come to see her, and she will thank him."

While the boy was speaking, the chief turned away, and busied himself in fastening a thong-halter firmly to the head of Nekimi whom he again led to his new master.

Reginald now undid from his waist the silver buckled belt with the couteau-de-chasse which

it supported, and buckling it round the youth, he said, "Wingenund must wear this, and must not forget his white friend."

The boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he received this gift; but he was still too weak to stand, and he only murmured, in a low voice, "Wingenund will not forget."

The chief now taking the guide aside, said to him, in his own language, "How is my white brother called?"

"I call him 'Master Reginald.'"*

After one or two ludicrous attempts at an imitation, War-Eagle shook his head, saying, "It is not good—may his Lenape friend call him 'Netis.'"

As soon as Reginald was informed of what had passed, and of the meaning of his new name, he accepted it with pleasure, and Wingenund repeated it again and again as our hero bid him farewell.

* "Master Reginald," might well puzzle the chief, as there is no letter R in the Delaware language, though some of them contrive to pronounce it.

"Netis" signifies in their tongue, "a trusted friend," "one to whom *all* secrets are confided."

War-Eagle insisted upon accompanying him, and leading Nekimi through the forest, until they reached the broad wheel track which passed Colonel Brandon's house, and thence led through other clearings to the village of Marietta. As they went along, Reginald desired Baptiste in a whisper to talk with the chief, and endeavour to draw from him, what article of dress, ornament, or use, he would most value, as he was anxious to make his Indian brother a present; and the guide, by skilfully manœuvring his conversation, soon learnt that War-Eagle had, on this last excursion, lost his rifle, and that he was also short of ammunition. They now emerged from the forest upon the great road, if it might be so called, leading to Marietta; and the Indian putting the halter of Nekimi into Reginald's hand, said that he would return to his camp. Our hero, taking him by the hand, said, "Netis wishes to see his brother at this spot to-morrow at noon."

"War-Eagle will come," was the brief reply; and shaking both the whitemen cordially by

the hand, he turned and disappeared among the trees.

Reginald and the guide were within a few miles of Colonel Brandon's house; but they could not proceed very fast, owing to the evident reluctance shown by Nekimi to follow his new master; he neighed, snorted, jumped, and played all manner of pranks in his endeavour to get loose; but this War-Eagle had foreseen, and the tough halter of undressed hide was well enough secured to defy all his efforts at escape.

"This has been a strange day of adventures, Baptiste," said Reginald; "it has been to me one of the pleasantest of my life!"

"Why, Master Reginald, it has been a day of events, such as they are; you have been twice at the outside edge of t'other world, with water and cold iron."

"Oh, there was not much harm in the water," said Reginald, laughing; "had it not been for the knock which one of the horses gave me on the head; but that villanous attempt of the Huron makes me shudder;—to offer a man food,

and stab him while he is taking it! I thought such a thing was unknown in Indian history."

"It is, almost," said the guide. "But a Huron — and a Dacotah!" added he, bitterly — "would murder a brother to gratify revenge."

"But I had never injured him, Baptiste."

"His memory is better than yours, Master Reginald. He and his brother were two of the leading warriors in that unfortunate affair where St. Clair was beat by the Ingians, upon the north fork of the Miami. I was there, too, and the 'Doctor's' pills did some sarvice—but not much to signify, neither. Colonel Brandon did all that man could do, but, at last, he was forced back: Well, that Tarhé and his brother, first in the pursuit, killed two of our poor fellows, and were scalping 'em, when the Colonel called out to 'em, and fired. He killed Tarhé's brother dead. I see'd it all; and I took a long squint with the Doctor at Tarhé, which only lamed his arm a bit; for, you see, Master Reginald, I was a long ways off; and a chap don't shoot

quite so fine when he's a retreatin' double-quick, with a few hundred Redskins yellin' in his rear. However, that 'Tarihé has been more than once down at Marietta, and round the neighbours' clearins; and he knowed you, Master Reginald, just as well as a Kentucky hog knows an acorn."

"Now I understand it, so far, Baptiste. But if the fellow wanted to take my life, why did he not hide in the laurel-thicket, and shoot me as I passed? Why did he make the attempt where my death was sure to be revenged?"

"Now, Master Reginald, you are asking a poor ignorant crittur,—who knows nought but a little huntin', and, may be, knows a beaver-skin from a buffalo-hide,—all the ins and outs of a red Ingian's crooked mind! May be, he wanted to force War-Eagle into shedding white-man's blood. I saw that one of those Shawanons was up to his game; and if a general skirmmage had come, they'd have tried to do for me. Or, perhaps, when he found his knife so convenient to the back of your neck, he

couldn't lose the chance, for the bad spirit had got hold of him."

"By heavens!" cried Reginald, "I never can sufficiently admire the quickness, and the heroic courage of that boy, Wingenund! Did you see, Baptiste, how he drew that great knife *slowly* out of his wounded arm; and how all the time he smiled upon War-Eagle, as if to show him that he despised the pain?"

"He is a brave youth," said the guide. "I know the stock he comes from: if he were a coward, the grisly bear might breed sheep!"

"Pray tell me something of his parents, and of his story. Is he related to War-Eagle?"

"He is," said the guide. "They are the children of two brothers. War-Eagle of the eldest; Wingenund of the youngest."

"Are these two brothers alive, Baptiste?"

"No: both were murdered by the white men, in time of peace, without provocation. There was a third brother, who, happening to be absent from the village on a hunt, escaped. He has now gone to the far-west,

beyond the great river. Both the War-Eagle and the boy are called his sons; and the latter, as he told us to-day, lives in his lodge."

"Then all these three brothers were the children of Wingenund?"

"Yes."

"And who was he?"

"One of the old Lenape:—first in council, and foremost in the fight! I remember him well when I was a boy," said the guide, warming with his subject. "He taught me to follow a trail, and to travel in the woods, with no other guide than the wind, the stars, and the bark of the trees; and before I was as old as that boy, his grandson, he lent me his rifle to shoot the first Dacotah as ever I killed."

"What was the party, Baptiste?" said Reginald, (anxious to keep the guide from the subject of the Dacotahs,) "what party was it that committed the atrocious murder upon the Indians in time of peace?"

"Why, Master Reginald, though you were

but a youngster, don't you remember hearing that twelve or fourteen years ago, a party of white men, led by Williamson, Harvey, and some other rough chaps from the Kentucky side, fell upon a village of friendly Indians on the banks of Tuscarawas river, and murdered all they found, man, woman, and child? Some of these poor Redskins had been made Christians, and were called Moravians; and their village as was destroyed, was called by some outlandish name, too long by half for me to speak or to remember.* They had given over their own nat'ral life of smoking, hunting, and fighting, and did nothing but plant, and sow, and pray! And, after all, that's the way they was served, Master Reginald!"

"Horrible and disgraceful cruelty!" said the young man: and rather thinking aloud, than addressing his companion, he added, "It is no wonder that the Indians should receive so unwillingly Christian precepts, when they

* The village was called Gnaden-Hütten—"tents," or "cabins of grace."

have such examples of Christian practice. I am not surprised that War-Eagle should find it hard to forgive *such* injuries."

"And yet you are surprised, Master Reginald," said the guide, in a deep voice, almost hoarse from repressed emotion, "that *I* do not forgive the Dacotah? Did he not burn the log-hut where I was born and raised? Did he not murder those who gave me birth? Did he not drive me out, a child, into the woods, to live by berries, or wild fruits, or what I could find or kill? Is not my father's scalp (not half revenged!) now hanging before a Dacotah lodge! Oh! let me come but within rifle range of the Throat-cutter,* and if he comes off with a whole skin, I *will* forgive him!"

Our hero, seeing that further discussion would only increase an excitement which already mastered his companion's self-control,

* Every Indian tribe has its peculiar mark, or sign; among all the nations of the far-west, the Sioux, or Dacotahs, are designated by passing the hand across the throat, as if cutting it.

said to him kindly, " Well, Baptiste, it must be owned that you have received from these people deep, irreparable wrong ! You are a man, and would not pay them in their own base coin, by killing one of their squaws or children : but if it is ever your fortune to meet them in a fair stand-up fight, when I am with you, then you shall see that I can stand by a friend, and share in his just feelings of resentment."

" I know it—I know it, Master Reginald," said the guide, grasping the hand extended to him ; and having now recovered an equanimity which nothing but the Dacotah subject ever disturbed, he added,

" If you and I were to take a summer-hunt towards the mountains, with that light-limbed War-Eagle, who has the eyes, and ears, and spring of a painter,* we might p'raps bring in a handsome load o' skins, and may be, pay off the Throat-cutters an old debt or two."

" It is more likely than you imagine, Baptiste, that we should make an excursion to the West, this spring ; for my father told me the

* A Panther is so called by the western hunters.

other day—but see, there he is, with Lucy on his arm, and Aunt Mary, and Wolf by her side!”

As he said this, the young man bounded forward, and in a moment was in the midst of them, kissing his sister, shaking his father and Aunt Mary affectionately by the hand, and patting Wolf's great shaggy head.

“Dear Reginald! what has kept you so long?” said Lucy, reproachfully; “where can you have been? Why, your clothes are all soiled; and see, papa,” she added, turning deadly pale; “there is blood upon his hunting-shirt and upon his cheek!”

“What a little coward art thou,” said Reginald, “to be the daughter of a soldier! Why, Lucy, the few drops of blood upon my clothes must surely have come from your cheeks, which are as pale as a magnolia flower! Harkee, Lucy, I must do something to drive the rosy current back to its proper channel; come here, girl:” and bending her head aside, he whispered something in her ear.

Never was the effect of magic more rapid,

or more potent; for in an instant the obedient blood rushed to the fair girl's cheek, suffusing at the same time her neck and temples with the same glowing hue; casting upon her brother a look at once playful and appealing, she pinched his ear between her tiny fingers till he fairly begged pardon, and promised not to do so again.

As it was now evident that Reginald was not much hurt, Lucy turned her eyes towards the hunter, who approached, leading Nekimi still snorting, prancing, and curvetting at the full length of his laryette. "Baptiste," said the Colonel, "where have you found that wild, untamed animal?"

"He belongs," said the hunter, "to Master Reginald."

The Colonel looked to his son for an explanation, who giving an arm to his sister, while the Colonel escorted Aunt Mary, turned homewards, and narrated, as they went, the events described in this and the foregoing chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTAINING A SKETCH OF MOOSHANNE.—REGINALD INTRODUCES HIS SISTER TO THE TWO DELAWARES.

THE day following that on which the events related in the preceding pages occurred, there was an assemblage more than usually numerous, gathered in and around the capacious store of David Muir, in Marietta: immediately in front of his door was a small party, who, from their bearing and appearance, might be easily recognised as leading persons in the little community. In the midst of them was a roughly-dressed country lad, whose haggard appearance indicated wretchedness or fatigue, or both; near the groupe, stood his horse reeking with sweat, and showing that the messenger, for such he was, had not spared the spurs on the road. Many and eager were the questions put to him,

and the countenances of his auditors evinced no ordinary degree of interest in his replies; several women, and a dozen or two of boys and girls, made repeated endeavours to penetrate into this important circle; and having contrived to overhear a disjointed word, here and there, such as "Indian," "scalped," "rifle," &c., they slunk away, one by one, to spread it abroad through the village, that a neighbouring settlement had been attacked by a large body of Indians, armed with rifles and tomahawks; and that every man, woman, and child, excepting this messenger, who had escaped, was scalped!

We will, however, introduce the reader into the centre of the above-mentioned groupe, and detail to him the substance of the news which created so much excitement.

It appears that on the preceding day, two brothers, named Hervey, were riding homeward, after attending a marriage, at a small settlement twenty miles to the northward of Marietta: they were not above half a mile in advance of several other men, also returning from the marriage; both were armed with rifles,

having been shooting at a target for a wager, when on a sudden, a single Indian, uttering a loud war-whoop, sprang from a thicket by the road, and at one stroke of his war-club felled the elder brother to the earth; before the second could come up to his assistance, the same Indian aimed a sweeping blow at his head with the but-end of his rifle; the younger Hervevarded the blow also with his rifle, but it fell with such force that both barrels were broken off from the stocks; with the rapidity of lightning, the Indian struck him heavily on the head, and he fell stunned from his horse. A few minutes afterwards, he recovered, and found some of his friends standing over him; his unfortunate brother lay dead and scalped at his side; his horse and the Indian had disappeared. Several young men dashed off immediately in pursuit, and tracked the hoofs successfully until the fugitive had entered the hardy and stony bed of a rivulet falling into the Muskingum; hence all further search proved unsuccessful, and they returned dispirited to their companions.

It was long since so daring an outrage had been committed in the Territory; seldom was it that the Redskins would attack white men in open day, unless they were greatly superior in numbers; but for a single Indian to fall upon two armed whites, killing one and leaving the other for dead, almost within call of his friends, was an instance of audacity to which the oldest hunter could scarcely remember a parallel; it was evident also that the savage had been aware of a party of whites being at hand, otherwise he would certainly have shot one brother before he attacked the other; but, avoiding the discharge of his rifle, he had effected his purpose with a war-club.

Another striking circumstance was the clear evidence afforded that the killing of the elder Hervey was an act of personal revenge; because the younger brother when knocked from his horse had fallen helpless at the Indian's feet; and the latter, purposely to shew that he had spared his life and scalp, had struck a knife through the lappet of his coat into the ground, with force enough to bury it up to the haft.

Four or five of the best hunters had recommenced the pursuit; and although they once struck the trail of a man on foot evidently running from them, they were again baffled by the river, and returned to the settlement.

Such was the sum of the messenger's intelligence, which caused, as can easily be imagined, no little sensation in Marietta and the neighbouring districts.

"I know some of the worst o' them Red-skin devils," said a bulky young man, whose countenance betrayed violent passions, and strong symptoms of free indulgence in David Muir's "fire-water;" "tell me what was this Ingian like?—how did Dick Hervey describe him?"

"He hadn't over much time to look at him," said the messenger, "afore he was sent to sleep; but he says he was a very tall powerful chap, streaked over the face with black."

"Was he a young un or an old un?"

"A young un, and active as a deer, or he couldn't have knocked those two Herveys off

their critturs, as a man knocks off a corncob with an ash plant."

"I wish I had him here," said the young giant, shutting a hand as heavy and large as a shoulder of mutton. "I'd give him a real Kentucky hug."

None of the bystanders seemed able to form any guess as to who the perpetrator of this bold outrage might be; it was resolved, however, to take all possible measures for his discovery: a meeting of the principal inhabitants was convened, a description of the Indian's person, and of the marks by which Hervey's horse might be recognised, was written, and several copies thereof made, and forwarded to the nearest posts and ferries; at the same time a reward of a hundred dollars was offered to any person who should discover the offender, and a hundred more for his seizure, dead or alive.

During the discussion of these and other plans at the meeting, our old acquaintance David Muir, who felt himself not to be one of the least important persons present, said, "I'm

thinking, gentlemen, it would be as weel to send a messenger out to Colonel Brandon, wi' this intelligence; he kens the Indians as weel's ony man in this country-side, mayhap he'll gie us some gude counsel; and sirs," added David, his grey eyes twinkling at his own sagacity, "be sure ye dinna forget to tak the advice o' yon lang-headed chiel, Battiste; if the Indian deevil's o' this side the Mississippi, Battiste will fin' him out, as sure as twa threes mak sax."

This was one of the longest orations which David had ever delivered in public; and both his suggestions being approved, carried *nem. con.*, and the meeting dissolved, David returned to his store with his hands thrust into his coat-tail pockets, and his countenance big with the consciousness of having rendered essential service to the Territory.

We must now return to Reginald, who, on the morning of this same day, rose with the sun; and feeling himself nothing the worse from his slight wounds, or from his diving adventure, sallied forth to see how Baptiste had

provided for Nekimi's safety and comfort. All means having failed to entice him into a stable, the hunter had secured him firmly to an oak, casting down for him abundance both of food and litter. Reginald approached him, holding in his hand some bread; and having given the sharp shrill cry (which to Lucy's great alarm he had practised more than once in the house) he was agreeably surprised to perceive that the horse recognised it, and seemed less averse to his caresses; having fed him, and carefully observed all the rules laid down by War-Eagle for gaining his affections, he returned to the house, and began to collect the various articles which he proposed to give to his Indian brother; among these was a good Kentucky rifle, and a handsome buck's-horn knife for the chief; he selected also a light fowling-piece, which he had used as a boy, and which he intended for Wingenund; to these he added several pounds of powder, and a due proportion of lead; he also threw into the package a few beads and a large cornelian ring, which had been long the occupant of his dressing-case.

When he had collected all these together he gave them to Baptiste, desiring him to be ready to accompany him to the rendezvous after breakfast; and having finished his preparations, he knocked at the door of Lucy's room, to inquire whether she was ready to preside at the morning meal.

"Come in, Reginald," she said; "if I am rather late it is your fault; for your adventures of yesterday have driven sleep from my pillow; and even when I did fall asleep, I dream' nothing but your Indian hero."

"Say you so, faithless one?" replied Reginald; "I shall tell that to ——"

"Hush now, Reginald," said the blushing girl, putting her little hand upon his mouth; "did you not promise me yesterday that you would not do so again?"

"Perhaps I did," said her brother; "and I will keep it if you will come down stairs and give me a very good cup of coffee."

In the breakfast-room they were joined by the Colonel and Aunt Mary; and while they discuss that most comfortable of family meals,

we will give the reader a slight sketch of the house in which they were assembled.

It was built of substantial brick of a dun red colour, and had originally been a regular and solid building of moderate dimensions; but the Colonel had added on one side a wing, containing a library and sitting-rooms for himself and his son, while on the opposite side he had built additional apartments for Aunt Mary, and a small conservatory for Lucy. Thus the building had gradually assumed a straggling and irregular shape, the back court being occupied by stables, barns, and extensive farm-offices. The site of the house was on a gentle elevation, sloping down to a little brook, which wound its bubbling way through a deep grove of oak, maple, and sycamore, and circling round the base of the hill, fell at the distance of half a mile into the Muskingum river. The spot still retained the name of "Mooshanne" (signifying in the Delaware language Elk Creek) probably owing to the little streamlet above-mentioned having been a favourite resort of an animal which the rifles of Reginald and Baptiste had

rendered somewhat scarce in the neighbourhood.

We left the family assembled at the breakfast-table, where the conversation still turned upon the adventures of the preceding day.

“Reginald,” said Lucy, “I should like to go with you to-day, to see your Indian brother, and that heroic boy.”

“I fear,” replied her brother, “it is farther than you could easily walk; and, moreover, Wingenund will scarcely accompany his chief; he must be still too weak from his wound.”

“Nay, Reginald; if the distance is the only difficulty, I can ride Snowdrop; and if Wingenund does come, I will reward him for his brave defence of my brother, by giving him some little trinket, which he may take back to his sister. You cannot refuse me now,” added she, in a coaxing tone, the power of which over her brother was all but despotic.

“Of course I cannot, if you obtain Aunt Mary’s and the Colonel’s permission,” said Reginald, smiling.

Lucy met with no further opposition. Snow-

drop was ordered to be saddled; in a few minutes the happy girl was equipped, and provided with a coral necklace for the chief, and a pretty broach, destined for her brother's preserver.

The party now assembled before the door, consisting of Reginald, Baptiste, and Lucy, mounted on her favourite grey pony: our hero slung his rifle across his shoulders; the sturdy woodsman, besides carrying his own enormous axe, walked lightly under the two rifles, and the other articles to be presented to the chief, and Wolf played around them his fantastic and unwieldy gambols.

Cheerful and smiling was the woodland scenery through which they passed; the dew-drops still glittered in the beams of the morning sun, and the air was impregnated with the vernal fragrance arising from a thousand opening buds and blossoms.

"See, Lucy," said her brother, as he walked by her side, while the tact of the steady hunter kept him a few paces in the rear, "see how those mischievous squirrels hop and chatter

upon the boughs! They seem to know that your presence is a protection to them."

"I often wonder, Reginald, how you can shoot such playful and graceful animals; you who have taste enough to admire their beauty, and who can find sport more worthy of your rifle."

"It is childish sport, Lucy; yet they are no contemptible additions to the table, their furs are useful, and there is some skill in shooting them,—that is, in shooting them properly."

"If I were a man, I would shoot nothing but lions and tigers, buffaloes or bears!" said his sister.

"A pretty Amazon, truly!" said Reginald, laughing: "yet, methinks, your thoughts are not always so warlike. Come, Lucy, now that we are alone (for our good Baptiste is out of ear-shot), you need not pout or blush if I ask you whether Ethelston is expected soon to return?"

"Indeed, I know not, Reginald," said his sister, blushing in spite of his prohibition. "His last letter to the Colonel mentioned

something about privateers, and the rupture with France. Papa did not appear desirous of communicating much upon the subject, so I dropt it."

"True," said Reginald; "the French will not soon forget or forgive the loss of their fine frigate, the *Insurgent*, which was taken the other day so gallantly by the *Constellation*. I doubt not they will endeavour to cripple our trade in the West Indies. Edward has got a little craft that can run if she cannot fight."

"I am sure Edward will never run if it is possible to fight," said Lucy, a little piqued.

"There, again, you speak the truth: it is because his courage is so tempered by his judgment, that he is fit to be entrusted with other lives and property than his own: if it is *not* possible to fight, he will have sense and skill enough to show the Frenchman his heels.—By-the-by, Lucy, which vessel is he now commanding?"

Again there was a decided blush, and almost a pout on Lucy's full lip, as she said, "You

know, brother, that the 'Adventure,' and the 'Pocahuntas,' are both in port, and the vessel he is now on board of is the—"

— "Oh! I remember," said Reginald, laughing; "she was to have been called the 'Lucy;' but Edward did not choose to hear that name in every common sailor's and negro's mouth; so he altered it to the 'Pride of Ohio,' which means in his vocabulary the same thing."

"I wish," said Lucy, "there was any Mary, or Charlotte, or Catherine, or any other name under the sun, about which I could tease you! Have a little patience, Mr. Reginald; my turn will come: you shall see what mercy I will show you then!"

Thus did the brother and sister spar and jest with each other until they reached the spot appointed for the interview. As they had arrived rather before the time, they imagined that the War-Eagle had not yet come; but Baptiste, putting his finger to his mouth, blew a long shrill signal-whistle, and in a few minutes the chief appeared, accompanied by Wingenund. As they emerged from the

forest, and approached, Reginald looked at his sister to see the effect produced by their appearance; for the chief was dressed in a manner calculated to display his noble figure and countenance to better advantage than on the preceding day. His long black hair was parted on his forehead, and gathered into a mass, confined by a narrow fillet made from the fur of the white weasel, and surmounted by an Eagle's feather. It seemed that his vow of war and revenge was for the time cancelled; for the lines of black paint which had disfigured his visage were removed, and the commanding form and features were not marred by any grotesque or fanciful attire. His brawny neck was bare, and a portion of his bold, open chest appeared beneath the light hunting shirt, which was his only upper vesture. The ponderous war-club was still at his girdle, but the scalp had disappeared; and his light, free step upon the grass was like that of a young elk on a prairie.

The dress of Wingenund was unaltered. He was still very weak from the loss of blood,

and the pain consequent upon his wound; his arm rested in a sling, made from the plaited bark of elm; and the air of languor cast over his countenance by sleeplessness and suffering, gave additional effect to the delicacy of his features, and the deep dark lustre of his eyes.

“Our new brother is indeed a fine-looking creature!” said Lucy, as War-Eagle drew near. “What a haughty step and bearing he has! Wingenund looks too gentle to be an Indian!”

“He is as brave as gentle, Lucy: look at his arm!” and, as she did look at the wounded limb, she remembered that only yesterday it had saved her brother’s life.

The greeting between Reginald and the two Indians was affectionate and cordial; he then presented his sister to them both in turn. The chieftain, placing his hand upon his heart, fixed upon her that penetrating look with which he had before scrutinized her brother; it was not the bold stare of vulgarity admiring beauty, but the child of nature reading after his own fashion a page in her book.

“War-Eagle,” said Lucy to him, in her own gentle tone of voice, “I know all that passed yesterday, and you are now my brother!”

As she pronounced his name in English, a gleam shot from his eye, and a perceptible and sudden change came over his countenance; it seemed produced by some unexpected association; and Lucy was surprised at the deep pathos of his voice, as he replied, “The Great Spirit has made the sun to shine upon my white brother’s path! His heart is brave; his arm is strong; and his sister is like a flower of the prairie!—her voice comes upon the ear like a pleasant dream!” These last words he spoke rather to himself than addressing those around him.

Lucy was not displeased with the Indian’s compliment, and was about to speak to Wingenund, when Reginald said aloud, “Come, let us withdraw among those thick trees; we have many things to talk about.” His proposal being assented to, the whole party were soon

reassembled under a branching oak, screened from the public track by a thicket of rhododendron.

While they were effecting this manoeuvre, the guide took an opportunity of interchanging a few sentences with the War-Eagle; the result of which was apparently satisfactory to the honest woodsman, for his face instantly resumed its usual frank and careless expression.

“Lucy,” said her brother, “as you have thought proper to accompany me here, you must play your part as Queen of the Feast. I hope my brothers will value these baubles more from your hands than from mine.” Thus instructed, Lucy opened the canvass package, which the guide had hitherto carried, and presenting the large rifle to the chief, she said to him,

“War-Eagle, your brother and your white sister give you this rifle, as a mark of their friendship; and with it they give you powder and lead enough to shoot all the deer and bears in the territory.”

The chief placed her hand and her brother's

both upon his heart, saying, "War-Eagle thanks you. May the Great Spirit love you and guard your path!"

He then poised and examined the rifle, which was a piece of no ordinary beauty and excellence, while Baptiste whispered to him, in his own language, "It is loaded."

Lucy then turned to Wingenund, and presenting him with the lighter fowling-piece, said to him, "With this, a sister thanks Wingenund for a brother's life."

The boy cast his eyes modestly to the ground, saying, "Wingenund is too happy. War-Eagle will tell his name to the braves in council. The sister of Netis is good to him; Wingenund is ready to die!"

"Indeed," said Lucy to the guide, "I fear he is very faint and ill; ask the chief how he passed the night!"

"Wingenund is not ill," said the boy, with a smile; "he is very happy."

Meanwhile, Baptiste having conferred with the chief, replied, "Why, Miss Lucy, the wound was a very bad 'un, and he lost a power

o'blood; once or twice in the night, War-Eagle thought he might not get over it; but he is better now, and though unable to bear much fatigue, he's a hardy young plant, and will take as much killing as an eel."

"Come, Baptiste," said Reginald; "I know you put something to eat and drink into that sack with the ammunition: War-Eagle must feast with us to-day."

The guide, opening his capacious wallet, drew from it a venison pasty, some bread, and a couple of bottles of Madeira. Lucy declined taking more than a crust of bread, merely tasting the wine to the health of the hunters. Wingenund was equally abstemious, and sat a little apart with his new sister; while Reginald, Baptiste, and the chief made a more substantial luncheon. The latter being asked, by Reginald, how he liked the wine, replied, carelessly, "Good." But it was evident that he drank it rather from courtesy than because it pleased his palate.

Reginald now desired the guide to speak to the War-Eagle in his own tongue, and to gather

from him all the requisite particulars for his joining the Delawares in their summer-hunt beyond the Mississippi. He had long been anxious to visit some of those scenes which Baptiste had so often described; and his father having expressed a wish that he should go to St. Louis on some business connected with his investments in the fur-trade, he thought that so fair an opportunity ought not to be lost.

While the guide and the chief conversed in a low and earnest tone of voice, and Reginald listened with an idle curiosity, imagining now and then that he could catch their meaning, Lucy became much interested in her conversation with Wingenund; she was surprised at his intelligence and proficiency in English, and was touched by the melancholy expression of his countenance and of his deep lustrous eyes. As she was speaking, he suddenly and impressively placed his finger on her arm, then raised it to his own lips, as a sign to her to be silent, then creeping two or three yards from the party, he threw himself at full length on the grass with his ear to the ground. Lucy listened atten-

tively, but could hear nothing but the gentle breeze stirring the leaves, and the regular sound of Snowdrop's teeth as he nibbled the young grass.

The three hunters were still busy with their arrangements for the summer, when Wingenund, resuming his sitting posture, uttered an almost imperceptible sound, like the hiss of a small serpent; instantly, as if by instinct, the War-Eagle grasped his rifle, and looked inquiringly on the intelligent countenance of the boy.

"Wingenund hears men and horses," was the short reply.

Baptiste strained his practised ears to the utmost, as did Reginald, without success. Even War-Eagle seemed for a moment unable to catch the sound—he then whispered to Reginald, "Wingenund speaks truth, there are men—not a few."

Several minutes elapsed before our hero and the guide could distinguish the tramp of horses and the voices of men speaking angrily.

Our hero and his party being effectually

screened from view by the dense *laurel** thicket, could listen unobserved to the conversation of those who were approaching; and the following expressions, delivered in a loud and authoritative tone, at once attracted and absorbed their attention: "It is impossible that the fellow should escape, we have scouts out in every direction. There can be no doubt that the camp which we have just found in the woods is the one where he passed the night with other Redskins, for the embers are still warm. Dickenson and Brown are gone south towards Marietta; Henderson and his party are tracking the prairies to the north; it is impossible he should long escape; and young Hervey thinks he should know him anywhere!"

While the person who appeared to be the leader of the unseen party was thus speaking, War-Eagle whispered a few sentences to Wingenund, to which the intelligent youth only replied by a look; the chief then conversed apart, in a low earnest voice, with the guide, who

* In the Western States, the rhododendron is generally called the laurel.

ended by grasping his hand, and saying, in the Delaware tongue, "Grande-Hâche will do it at the risk of his life."

The chief appeared satisfied, and rising with calm dignity, he tightened the belt at his waist, to which he hung his newly-acquired knife and ammunition; and throwing his rifle into the hollow of his left arm, he said to Reginald, "War-Eagle must leave his brother Netis; Grande-Hâche will tell him all; before two moons have passed, Netis will come to hunt the bison with his brother; and he shall smoke with the braves of the Lenapé."

"He will," replied Reginald, warmly pressing his hand, and at the same time passing the cornelian ring upon one of the fingers of the chief. "If the Great Spirit gives him life, he will come and hunt, and smoke with his Lenape brother."

The chief, now turning to Lucy, drew from his head the Eagle feather which was passed through his hair, and which was quaintly stained, and ornamented with porcupine quills; offering it gracefully to her, he said, in a voice

of musical gentleness, "War-Eagle wishes happiness to the 'pale flower of Mooshanne;' many braves have tried to pluck this feather from his head; no Dacotah nor Pawnee has touched it and lived! The sister of Netis may fasten it in her hair—let none but a brave warrior raise his eyes to it there."

"Thank you, dear War-Eagle," said Lucy, kindly, "I promise you it shall never be touched by an unworthy hand; and do you take this string of red beads," giving him at the same time a coral necklace, "and wear it for the sake of your white sister."

The chief received this gift with evident pleasure; and waving his hand in adieu, whispering at the same time one parting word to Wingend, he strode leisurely away, and was soon lost in the deep glades of the forest.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW REGINALD BRANDON RETURNED TO MOOSHANNE WITH HIS SISTER, ACCOMPANIED BY WINGENUND; AND WHAT BEFEL THEM ON THE ROAD.

LUCY BRANDON was not a little surprised at the chief's sudden departure, and with the frankness natural to her character, inquired of her brother whether he could explain its cause; Reginald appeared either unable or unwilling to do so; and an appeal to the guide produced only the following unsatisfactory reply:

“War-Eagle is like the bird after which he's called—it aint easy to explain or to follow his flight.”

Wingenund remained silent, but every now and then he fixed his bright and speaking eyes upon Lucy, as if he would divine her thoughts. That young lady, though at a loss to account for her embarrassment, entertained a fear that

all was not right, and proposed to her brother to return to Mooshanne.

Snowdrop was soon caught, and the little party moved leisurely homeward, Reginald and the guide leading the way, and Wingenund walking by the side of Lucy's pony; after riding a few minutes, she recovered her spirits, and remembering that there was no foundation for any surmises of evil, she resumed the conversation with her young companion, which the chief's departure had interrupted. "Tell me, Wingenund, who is the 'Black Father,' of whom you speak?"

"He is very good," said the boy, seriously; "He talks with the Great Spirit; and he tells us all that the Great Spirit has done; how He made the earth, and the water; and how He punishes bad men, and makes good men happy."

"He is a white man, then?" said Lucy.

"He is," replied the lad; "but though he is a white man, he always speaks truth, and does good, and drinks no fire-water, and is never angry."

What a humiliating reflection is it, thought Lucy to herself, that in the mind of this young savage, the idea of white men is naturally associated with drunkenness and strife! "Tell me, Wingunund," she continued, "is the 'Black Father' old?"

"Many winters have passed over his head, and their snow rests upon his hair."

"Does he live with you always?"

"He comes and he goes, like the sunshine and the rain; he is always welcome; and the Lenapé love him."

"Can he speak your tongue well?"

"He speaks many tongues, and tries to make peace between the tribes, but he loves the Lenapé, and he teaches 'the Prairie-bird' to talk with the Great Spirit."

"Does your sister speak to the Black Father in her own tongue?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes in the English; but often in a strange tongue, written on a great book. The Black Father reads it, and the Prairie-bird opens her ears, and looks on his face, and loves his words; and then she tells

them all to me. But Wingenund is a child of the Lenapé—he cannot understand these things!”

“You will understand them,” said Lucy, kindly, “if you only have patience; you know,” she added, smiling, “your sister understands them, and she is a Lenape too!”

“Yes,” said the boy; “but nobody is like Prairie-bird.”

“She must, indeed, be a remarkable person,” said Lucy, humouring her young companion’s fancy; still, as you have the same father and mother, and the same blood, whatever she learns, you can learn too.”

“I have no father or mother,” said Wingenund, sadly, and he added, in a mysterious whisper, drawing near to Lucy, “Prairie-bird never had a father or mother.”

“Never had a father or mother!” repeated Lucy, as the painful thought occurred to her, that poor Wingenund was deranged.

“Never,” said the boy, in the same tone; “she came from *there*,” pointing, as he spoke, towards the northwest quarter of the heaven.

“How melancholy is it,” said Lucy to herself, “to think that this brave, amiable boy should be so afflicted! that so intelligent and quick a mind should be like a lyre with a broken string! Still,” thought she, “I will endeavour to understand his meaning, and to undeceive him.”

“Dear Wingenund, you are mistaken—your sister had the same father and mother as yourself; she may have learnt much, and may understand things strange to you, but you might learn them too.”

“Wingenund’s father and mother are dead,” said the boy, in a voice of deep and suppressed emotion; “he will not tell you *how* they died, for it makes his heart throb and his eyes burn; but you are good to him, and shall not see his anger. Prairie-bird never had a father; the Great Spirit gave her to the Lenapé.”

While Lucy was musing how she should endeavour to dispel this strange delusion which seemed to have taken such firm hold of her young companion’s mind, Reginald and Baptiste halted, and the latter said, “You see that

party approaching; they may put some troublesome questions, leave me to answer them. Wingenund, you know what I mean?"

"Wingenund does not understand English," said the boy, a slight smile of irony lurking in the corner of his mouth.

The approaching party consisted of eight or ten men, all armed with rifles, excepting two, who were mounted, and who carried cutlasses and large horse-pistols; among the pedestrians towered the gigantic form of young Mike Smith, who has already been presented to the reader before the store of David Muir, in Marietta; and among the horsemen was the younger Hervey, leading his friends to scour the whole country in search of the slayer of his brother; they were all in a high state of excitement; and despite the cool and unmoved demeanour of the guide, he was not without apprehension that they might desire to wreak their vengeance on Wingenund.

"Ha! Baptiste," said Hervey, grasping the guide's hand; "you are the very man we are in search of; we have already been to the

colonel's, and he told us we should find you with his son, and with Miss Brandon, in this quarter. We want your assistance, man, and that speedily, too."

"How can I serve you?" said the guide; "what is the matter? you seem bent on a hunt."

"A hunt?" exclaimed Hervey, "yes, a hunt of a Red-skin devil! Harkee, Baptiste!" and stooping from his horse, he repeated to the guide in a low voice, but clear enough to be heard by all present, the circumstances attending his brother's death.

"A daring act, indeed," said the guide musing; "but could not you follow the trail while it was fresh yesterday?"

"We followed it to a creek leading to the Muskingum, and there we lost it."

"Can you describe the appearance of the Indian?" inquired the guide.

"A tall, handsome fellow, as straight as a poplar, and with a leap like a painter, so he seemed; but d—n him, he gave me such a

knock on the head, that my eyes swam for five minutes."

A cold shudder ran through Lucy's limbs as, comparing this slight sketch of War-Eagle with his sudden departure and the guide's caution to Wingenund, she recognised in the chief the object of their search: glancing her eye timidly at Wingenund, she could read on his countenance no trace of uneasiness; he was playing with Snowdrop's mane; his gun resting on the ground, and he himself apparently unconscious of what was passing.

After a minute's reflection, the guide continued: "You say that the Indian's rifle was broken in half; did you notice anything about it?"

"Nothing: it was a strong coarse piece; we have brought the stock with us; here it is," he added, calling up one of his party to whom it had been entrusted.

The guide took it in his hand, and at the first glance detected the imitation of a feather, roughly but distinctly cut with a knife; his own

suspicious were at once confirmed, although his countenance betrayed no change of expression; but Mike Smith, who had been looking over his shoulder, had also observed the marks of the feather, and noticed it immediately aloud, adding, "Come, Baptiste, you know all the Indian marks between Alleghany and the Missouri; what Red-skin has this belonged to?"

"Mike," said the guide coolly, "a man's tongue must shoot far and true to hit such a mark as that."

"And yet, Baptiste, if I'd been as long at the guiding and trapping as you, I think I'd a' know'd something about it."

"Ay, that's the way of it," replied Baptiste; "you young 'uns always think you can shave a hog with a horn spoon! I 'spose M^{rs}ter Mike you can tell a buzzard from a mocking-bird; but if I was to show you a feather, and ask you *what* buzzard it belonged to, the answer might not be easy to find."

"You're an old fool," growled Mike angrily; and he added as his eye rested suddenly upon Wingenund, "what cub is that standing by

Miss's white pony? we'll see if he knows this mark. Come here, you devil's brat."

Not a muscle in the boy's face betrayed his consciousness that he was addressed.

"Come here, you young Redskin!" shouted Mike yet more angrily, "or I'll sharpen your movements with the point of my knife."

Reginald's fiery temper was ill calculated to brook the young backwoods-man's coarse and violent language; placing himself directly between him and Wingenund, he said to the former in a stern and determined tone, "Master Smith, you forget yourself; that boy is one of my company, and is not to be exposed either to insult or injury."

"Here's a pretty coil about a young Redskin," said Mike, trying to conceal his anger under a forced laugh; "how do we know that he ain't a brother or a son of the Ingian we're in search of; s' blood, if we could find out that he was, we'd tar him, and burn him over a slow fire!"

"I tell you again," said Reginald, "that he is guilty of no crime; that he saved my life yes-

terday at the risk of his own, and that while I live neither you nor any of your party shall touch a hair of his head."

Baptiste fearing the result of more angry words, and moved by an appealing look from Miss Brandon, now interposed, and laying his hand on Smith's shoulder, said, "Come, Master Mike, there is no use in threatening the young Red-skin when you see that he does not understand a word that you say; tell me what you wish to inquire of him, and I will ask him in his own tongue."

"His tongue be d—d," said Mike; "I'll wager a hat against a gallon of David Muir's best, that the brat knows English as well as you or I, although he seems to have nothing to do but to count the tassels on the edge of his shirt. I'll shew you without hurting him," he added in a lower tone, "that I'm not far wrong."

"You swear not to injure him?" said Reginald, who overheard what passed.

"I do," said Mike; "I only want to show you that he can't make a fool of Mike Smith."

Here he called up one of the men from the rear; and having whispered something in his ear, he said in a loud and distinct tone of voice, "Jack, we have found out that this Indian cub belongs to the party, one of whom murdered poor Hervey. Life for life is the law of the backwoods: do you step a little on one side; I will count four, and when I come to the four, split me the young rascal's head, either with a bullet or with your axe."

"For Heaven's sake, as you are men," exclaimed Lucy in an agony, "spare him!"

"Peace, Miss Brandon," said Mike; "your brother will explain to you that it must be so."

The guide would fain have whispered a word to the boy, but he was too closely watched by Smith, and he was obliged to trust to Wingenund's nerves and intelligence.

"Are you ready, Jack?" said Mike audibly.

"Yes!" and he counted slowly, pausing between each number: one—two—*three!* At the pronunciation of this last word Wingenund, whose countenance had not betrayed by the movement of a muscle, or by the expression of a

single feature the slightest interest in what was passing, amused himself by patting the great rough head which Wolf rubbed against his hand, as if totally unconscious that the deadly weapon was raised, and that the next word from the hunter's lips was to be his death warrant.

"D—n it, you are right after all, Baptiste," said Mike Smith; "the brat certainly does not understand us, or he'd have pricked his ears when I came to number three; so, do you ask him in his own lingo if he knows that mark on the rifle-butt, and can tell us to what Red-skin tribe it belongs?"

The guide now addressed a few words to Wingenund in the Delaware tongue, while Reginald and Lucy interchanged a glance of wonder and admiration at the boy's sagacity and courage.

"He tells me that he has seen this mark before," said the guide.

"Has he?" replied Mike; "ask him whether it is that of a Shawnee, or a Wyandot; of an Iroquois or of a Delaware?"

After again conferring with Wingenund, the

guide muttered to himself, "this youngster won't tell a lie to keep a bullet from his brain or a halter from his neck; I must act for him. He added in a louder tone, "Mike, a word with you: it is not unlikely that the Ingian your're in search of is the same who gave the boy that wound, and who tried to kill Master Reginald yesterday; if it is so, he wants no more punishing; he has his allowance already."

"How so?" said Mike.

"He is dead, man,—killed on the spot. Do you and Hervey meet me here to-morrow an hour before noon; I will take you to the place where the body is buried, and you shall judge for yourselves whether it is that of the man you seek."

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "we'll come to the time; now, lads, forward to Hervey's Clearing. Let's have a merry supper to-night; and to-morrow, if the guide shows us the carcase of this rascal, why we can't hurt that much; but we'll pay off a long score one day or other with some of the Red-skins. Sorry to have kept you waitin' Miss, and hope we haven't scared you," said the rough fellow,

making, as he drew off his party, an awkward attempt at a parting bow to Lucy.

“That was a clever turn of Baptiste’s,” said Reginald in a low voice to his sister; “he has made them believe that the cowardly knave who tried to stab me was the perpetrator of the daring outrage which they seek to avenge!”

“And was it really War-Eagle?” said Lucy with a slight shudder, “he who looks so noble and so gentle,—was it he who did it?”

“I believe so,” said Reginald.

“But is it not wrong in us to be friends with him, and to aid his escape?”

“Indeed,” replied her brother, “it admits of doubt; let us ask the guide, he will speak now without reserve;” and accordingly Reginald repeated to Baptiste the question and his sister’s scruples.

“Why you see, miss,” said the wary hunter, “there is no proof that War-Eagle did it, though I confess it was too bold a deed to have been done by that dog of a Wyandot; but I will tell you, miss,” he added, with increasing energy and vehemence, “if the War-Eagle did it, you

will yourself, when you know all, confess that he did it nobly, and that he deserves no punishment from man. That elder Hervey was one of the blood-thirsty band by whom the harmless Christian Indians* were murdered; and it is believed that it was by his own hand that Wingenund's father fell; if War-Eagle revenged this cruel murder, and yet spared the life of the younger brother when lying helpless at his feet, who shall dare to blame him, or move a foot in his pursuit?"

"He speaks the truth, Lucy," said her brother; "according to the rules by which retaliation is practised by mankind, War-Eagle would have been justified in punishing with death such an act of unprovoked atrocity; but it is a dangerous subject to discuss: you had better forget *all* you have heard about it; and in case of further inquiries being made in your presence, imitate the happy unconsciousness lately displayed by Wingenund."

"Come here, my dear young brother," he added in a kindly tone, "and tell us,—did you

* Alluding again to the massacre of the Moravian Delawares at "Gnadenhutzen."

really think that hot-headed chap was going to shoot you when he counted number three?"

"No!" said the boy with a scornful smile.

"And why not? for he's a violent and angry man."

"He dared not," was the reply.

"How so?"

"He is a fool!" said the boy in the same scornful tone; "a fool scarcely fit to frighten the fawn of an antelope! if he had touched me or attempted to shoot me, Netis and Grande-Hâche would have killed him immediately."

"You are right, my young brave," said Reginald, "he dared not hurt you; see, dear Lucy," he added apart to his sister, "what a ripe judgment, what an heroic spirit, what nerves of iron, are found in the slender frame of this wounded boy, exhausted by fatigue and suffering!"

"We will at least give him a hearty supper," said Lucy, "and an affectionate welcome to our home."

Wingenund thanked her with his dark eyes, and the little party proceeded leisurely, without incident or interruption, to Mooshanne.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE READER IS UNCEREMONIOUSLY TRANSPORTED TO ANOTHER ELEMENT IN COMPANY WITH ETHELSTON; THE LATTER IS LEFT IN A DISAGREEABLE PREDICAMENT.

It is time that we should now turn our attention to Ethelston, who is much too important a personage in our narrative to be so long neglected, and respecting whose safety Lucy began to feel the jealous anxiety of love; for "The Pride of Ohio" had been long expected in Marietta, and several French frigates and corvettes were reported to be cruising among the West Indian Islands, actively engaged in revenging upon American commerce the loss which they had sustained in the Insurgente. We shall soon see that Lucy's alarm was not altogether groundless, and that her lover's prolonged absence was not without sufficient cause. About a month preceding the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, Ethelston, having landed his merchandise in safety at Port Royal, and having

taken on board a small cargo of sugar and coffee, prepared to return to New Orleans; he had heard of the French men of war cruising in the neighbourhood, and prudently resolved to risk as little as possible on this trip; he took therefore securities for a great portion of the amount due to him, which he left in the charge of the vessel's consignees, and conveyed on board only a sufficient cargo to put *The Pride of Ohio* in perfect sailing trim, and to give her a fair chance of escape in case she were chased by an enemy; his little brig was well rigged and manned, and he felt confident that few, if any, of the French cruisers would match her for speed. His mate or sailing-master was Gregson, a hardy weather-beaten old sailor, who had served on board of every kind of craft, from a man-of-war to a fishing-cobble, and knew every headland, reef, and current in that dangerous sea, as well as a Liverpool pilot knows the banks and shoals in the mouth of the Mersey. *The Pride of Ohio* mounted three guns: two eighteen pound carronades, and one long nine pounder; ten stout fellows and a black cook completed her complement; the last-mentioned person deserves special notice, as he was a character strangely formed by the alternations of fortune which he had seen. A native of the interior of western

Africa, he had, in early life, been chosen on account of his extraordinary strength and courage, a chief of the Lucumi tribe to which he belonged; but having been unfortunately made a prisoner, he was taken down to the coast and sold to a slaver; thence he had been conveyed to some of the Spanish Islands, and afterwards to Virginia, where he had come into the possession of Colonel Brandon, who finding him possessed of many good qualities, and of a sagacity very rare among his countrymen, had offered him his liberty when he moved to Ohio; but Cupid (for so was the negro called) had grown so much attached to his master, that he begged to be allowed to remain in his service, and from one employment to another, had now become cook and steward on board *The Pride of Ohio*. In frame he was Herculean; and though he rarely exerted his strength, he had shown on various occasions that it was nearly, if not quite equal to that of any other two men in the vessel. He spoke but little, and was sullen and reserved in his manners; but as he never disobeyed orders, and never was guilty of aggression or violence, Cupid was, upon the whole, a favourite with the crew.

To Ethelston he was invaluable; for he was always at his post, was scrupulously honest with

respect to money or stores placed under his charge, and on more than one occasion his shrewdness and readiness had surprised his young commander. The Captain (for so was Ethelston called on board) always treated Cupid kindly, and never allowed him to be made the subject of those jeers and insults to which free negroes in the States are usually exposed; on this account the cook, who never forgot that he *had* been a warrior, entertained towards him the warmest feelings of attachment and gratitude.

How or where he had obtained the name he bore, none seemed to know; and Ethelston remembered having heard that when first he came into Colonel Brandon's possession, and was asked his name, he had sullenly replied, "The name I once had is at home: a slave has neither name nor home!" A terrible gash across his forehead and left cheek, (received, probably, in the war when he was captured,) had disfigured a countenance that had been originally expressive of haughtiness and determination, and had, perhaps, led the slave-dealer to bestow upon him in irony the name by which he was now called.

The *Pride of Ohio* had made good two days of her homeward passage, when, in endeavouring to round a point on the southern coast of Cuba,

Ethelston descried a ship some miles to windward, and a-head, which a careful examination through his glass convinced him was a French frigate. His mate being below at the time, he sent for him on deck, anxious to see whether the experienced sailor's observation would confirm his opinion. As soon as he appeared, handing him the glass, he said, "Gregson, see what you make of that fellow on our larboard bow."

"Make of her!" said the mate; "the devil take him that made her, and him that brought her athwart us, say I, captain! She's a Frenchman; and though we can't well see her hull yet, I doubt it won't be long before we see her row of teeth."

"I thought so myself," said Ethelston. "We must hold our course steady; and if we can round the point, we may then bear away, and show her a pair of heels. Turn the hands up, Gregson; trim the sails, and stand by for a run. Put Harrison at the helm; he can keep her a point nearer than that youngster."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the reply; and having executed the order, he returned to Ethelston, who was still sweeping the southern horizon with his glass, and examining the strange ship, whose hull was now distinctly visible.

The young man's countenance wore a grave expression, as, returning the glass to his mate, he said, "Gregson, it is, as we supposed, a French frigate. We may, perhaps, creep along under the shore without his noticing our small craft."

The old seaman riveted the glass upon the stranger, as if he wished to count every sail and plank. During the examination, he grunted two or three inarticulate ejaculations, in unison with which his hard features underwent various contortions; and his young commander waited with no little impatience for what he called his "overhauling."

"She's neither more nor less than that infernal 'Epervier,' commanded by L'Estrange. She's one of the fastest sailers in their navy; and as for our creeping past her without being seen, he's the wrong sort o' man for that fun: herring or whale, all's fish for his net!"

"I have often heard of him," said Ethelston: "they say he's a fine fellow."

"That he is, to give the devil his due, as jolly an old dog as ever lived, and much too good a seaman for a Mounseer. Look 'ee there, captain," added he, after another squint through the glass; "he's altering his course already—two or three

points free, and the reefs shaken out o' the tops'ls. We shall hear from him soon."

"Can we give him the slip by bearing up for the eastern passage?—We should then show him our tail; and a stern chase is a long one."

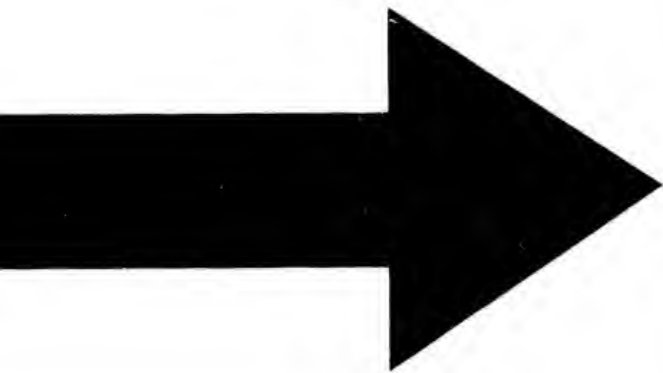
"We might try if you wish it, captain; but it blows fresh, and she won't be very fond of this lee shore. I think, if you allow me to advise, we'd better hug it; take the chance of a long shot in rounding that headland, and then run for the inner channel behind the Isle of Pines. He'll not be after following us there; or, if he does, the frigate's keel will chance to scrape acquaintance with a reef."

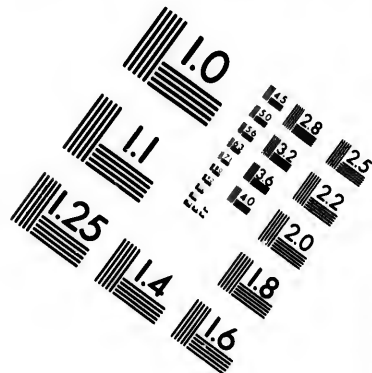
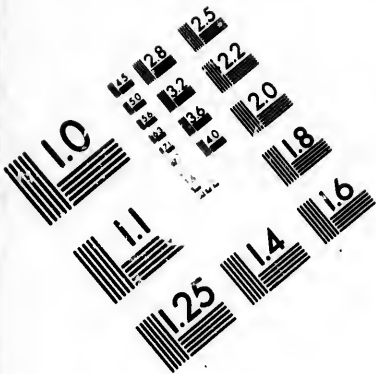
"You are right, Gregson," said Ethelston. "The *Pride* may fetch that point on this tack. Keep a close luff, Harrison."

"Luff it is, sir," was the reply, as Ethelston went below to consult his chart, and to prepare himself for entering the intricate channel between the *Isla de Pinos* and the main island.

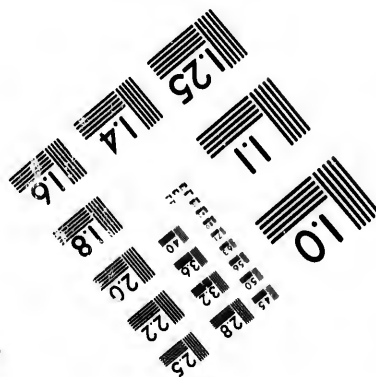
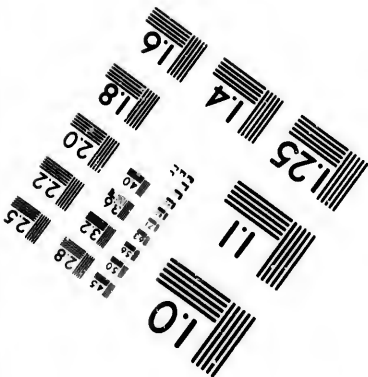
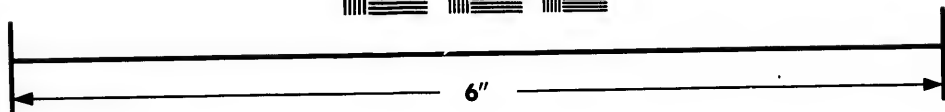
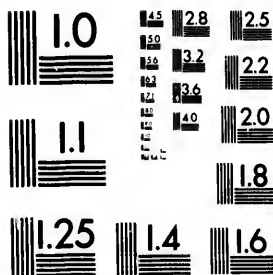
The gallant little brig well sustained her high character as a sailer, and dashed her bows fearlessly through the foaming waves, under a press of canvass such as few vessels of her tonnage could have borne. The breeze was freshening, and the







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frigate now shaped her course with the evident intention of cutting off the chase from rounding the headland before mentioned.

The men on board the brig were now clustered forward, anxiously debating the probable issue; while Cupid steamed away in his caboose, preparing the dinner as quietly as if there had been no frigate to windward, nor a rock-bound shore to leeward; but though he seemed thus busied in his usual avocations, he cast every now and then his dark eye upon the *Epervier*; and few on board could estimate better than himself the danger of their situation.

Ethelston having finished a careful examination of his chart, now came on deck, and a single glance sufficed to show him that he could not round the point a-head without coming within range of the frigate's guns: but the brig had kept her offing, and he had little doubt of her making good her escape, unless she were crippled by a shot from the enemy.

The *Epervier* now hoisted her colours for the brig to heave-to; and that being disregarded, she fired a shot, which fell short of her bows. Finding that no notice was taken of this, *L'Estrange* ordered his first lieutenant to fire at the saucy brig in good earnest, to bring her to her senses.

Fortunately for the latter, there was a short, angry sea running, and the distance being considerable, the first shot did not take effect. Several of the hands on board the brig had served in men-of-war; these were now oracles among their messmates, and they looked with some anxiety at their young captain, curious to see how he would behave under fire, for they believed he had never smelt powder: and although strict and firm in his command, he was usually so gentle and quiet in his manner, that they considered him rather a studious than a fighting character. Their curiosity was not, however, much gratified; for Ethelston, without appearing to notice the frigate, kept his eye stedfastly fixed upon the cape a-head; and, after a brief silence, he said, "Gregson, there is a strong current which sets in shore here, 'The Pride' cannot weather that point on this tack."

"You are right, sir," said the mate; "L'Es-trange has got his bristles up, he is nearing us every minute, and if we carry on this course, in another half hour, both will go ashore."

"Ha!" exclaimed the young captain, the colour rising in his cheek, as a sudden thought flashed across him. "If we could ensure that both would go to pieces among those breakers, it would be a glorious death for the little brig to die!"

He spoke these words in an under tone, and rather musing to himself than addressing his officer. The latter, however, overheard them, and looked at him with an astonishment which he could not repress; for he also knew as little as the crew, of the determined courage that reposed under the calm and quiet demeanour of his young commander. Again a wreath of smoke issued from the bows of the frigate, and a round shot passed through the rigging of the chase, doing fortunately no material damage, but proving that they were now within easy range.

"I fear it will not do, sir," said the mate in reply to Ethelston's last words; "she can pepper away at us, and yet make her offing good."

"Then there remains but one chance for us," said the captain; "answer her signal, show your colours, 'bout ship, and stand for the frigate."

The mate was, if possible, more surprised at this order than he had been before at the proposal to try and cast both vessels ashore; but he was too good a seaman to hesitate or to ask any questions; and in a few minutes the gallant little brig had answered the signal, and was standing out towards the frigate on the starboard tack.

We will now transport the reader for a few minutes on board Epervier, and make him ac-

quainted with the captain, into whose clutches the poor little brig seemed destined to fall. L'Es-trange was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, who had spent the greater part of his life at sea, and had married, when very young, a Spanish creole, whose beauty was her only dower; he had several children by this marriage, the eldest of whom was now a lieutenant on board his ship; the remainder of the family resided at Point à Pitre, in Guada-loupe, for the captain was in truth rather of the 'ancien regime;' he loved his country, but he hated the Directory and other fruits of the French Revolution; so that he never went to Europe, and would have been but rarely employed had he not been known to be one of the most skilful and ex-perienced officers in the French navy. Such was the man who now stood on the frigate's quarter-deck, and after examining "The Pride" again through his glass, turned to his first-lieutenant and desired him to cease firing. "That obstinate trader," added he, "seemed very anxious to escape, and thought but little of the risk she ran of going ashore, or of being riddled by our shot!"

"She's one of those saucy Americans," said the lieutenant, "that think nothing afloat can match 'em; however she's made a mistake this

time, and I hope, sir, when she's overhauled, she'll prove worth the trouble she's given!"

The frigate, by this time, finding herself too close in on a lee shore, hauled to the wind, and disliking the broken and rugged appearance of the coast, determined not to lie-to for the brig until she had made sufficient offing. This was precisely the calculation that Ethelston had made; and he now paced his deck with a calm and satisfied countenance, whilst his men, grouped on the forecastle, were quite at a loss to discover his intentions; the mate, however, was clearer sighted, and could not withhold his admiration from the decision and boldness of a manœuvre, the success of which must soon be tested.

The captain of the frigate went below to dinner, having given orders to the lieutenant to stand out on the same tack for another half hour, then to lie-to until the brig should come alongside.

Meantime, Ethelston, who had kept his eye fixed upon the head-land so often mentioned, muttering to himself, "she will fetch it now," desired the man at the helm, to yaw the brig about, to throw her up now and then in the wind, so as to fall astern of the frigate as much as possible, yet not apparently varying the course. Having done so as long as he judged it practicable without

awakening the enemy's suspicion, he saw, to his inexpressible delight, the frigate shorten sail to enable him to come up; instantly seizing this advantage, he ordered his mate to put the brig about, and run for the Isle of Pines. It may well be imagined that this bold manœuvre was not many moments unperceived on board the frigate; and L'Estrange's astonishment was great, when from the noise overhead, and from the heeling of the ship, he found that her course was being altered. Springing on deck, he saw that he had been outwitted by the saucy brig, which was crowding all sail, and seemed not unlikely to effect her escape. The old captain chafed, and stormed, and swore that the obstinate little trader should pay dearly for her insolence.

The Epervier was a fast sailer, and as she now dashed the spray from her bows under a press of canvass, it was soon evident that the brig could not yet round the point without coming within range of her guns.

Ethelston's mind was now made up; and finding his men cheerful and inspirited by the success of his manœuvre, he yet hoped to bring his vessel into the intricate channel behind the island, where the frigate would not venture to follow; it was not long before she again saluted him, and one of the shot

passing through the brig's bulwarks close to him, shivered the binnacle into a hundred pieces. Observing symptoms of uneasiness in the man at the helm, and that he swerved from the course, Ethelston gave him a stern reproof, and again desired Harrison to come to the helm. The frigate, which still held the weather-gage, seemed now resolved to cut off the brig from the headland, and to sink her if she attempted to weather it. Ethelston saw his full danger, and was prepared to meet it; had he commanded a vessel of war, however small, he would not have shrunk from the responsibility he was about to incur; but, remembering that his little brig was but a trader, and that the crew ought not to be exposed without their own consent to danger so imminent as that before them, he desired Gregson to call them aft, when he addressed them as follows:

“My lads,—you see the scrape we are in; if we can round that point, we may yet escape, but to do so, we must run within a few hundred yards of the frigate's broadside. What say you, my lads, shall we strike, or stand the chance?—a French prison, or hurrah for the Belise?”

“Hurrah for the Belise,” shouted the men, animated by their young commander's words and by his fearless bearing; so the little brig held on her way.

A few minutes proved that he had neither magnified nor underrated the danger; his chart gave him deep water round the headland; and he now ordered Harrison to keep her away, and let her run close in shore, thereby increasing her speed, and the distance from the enemy.

The surprise and wrath of L'Estrange, at the impudent daring of a craft which he now perceived to be really nothing but an insignificant trader, are not to be described. He bore up after her, and having desired the men to stand to their guns, generously determined to give the saucy chase one more chance, but finding his repeated signal for her to heave-to, disregarded, he reluctantly gave the order to fire. Fortunately for "The Pride," the sea was running high, and naval gunnery had not then reached the perfection which it has since attained; and though her rigging was cut up from stem to stern, and her fore-topmast was shot away, and though she received several shot in her hull, she still answered her helm, and gallantly rounding the point, ran in shore, and was in a few minutes among shoals which, to her light draught, were not dangerous, but where it would have been madness in the frigate to follow.

CHAPTER XI.

ETHELSTON'S FURTHER ADVENTURES AT SEA, AND HOW HE BECAME CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE IN A VERY SHORT SPACE OF TIME.

It seemed almost miraculous that not a man on the "Pride of the Ohio" was killed by the frigate's broadside, nor was one wounded, excepting Ethelston, who received a slight hurt in the left arm from a splinter; but he paid no attention to it, and calmly gave all the requisite orders for repairing the damaged spars and rigging.

As soon as all was made snug, he let the men go below to dinner, and leaning over the shivered bulwarks of his little craft, seemed busily employed in counting the shot that had struck her; but his eyes were for a time fixed upon the water, through which she was cutting her easy way, and his thoughts were afar off, as he whispered almost audibly to himself, "Dear, dear Lucy—your namesake is wounded and disfigured, but she is not dis-

graced. 'Thank Heaven, no Frenchman's foot has yet trodden her deck, and—'

Here he was interrupted by Gregson, who having been carefully observing the frigate through his glass, came up to him, and said, "Beg pardon, sir, but she is getting ready her boats, and the breeze is failing fast; in another hour we shall have scarce a cat's paw."

Ethelston started from his short reverie, and immediately convinced himself that the mate spoke the truth; "You are right," said he, "but we have a good hour to spare, for the frigate is nearly becalmed. Let the men have their dinner quietly, say nothing to them about the matter, and give 'em an extra glass of grog; but no drunkenness, Gregson; they may want the full use of their heads and hands to-night; send Cupid to my cabin, and tell him to bring me a slice of cold meat and a glass of Madeira."

So saying, he went below; the mate looked after him, and turning his quid three or four times in his cheek, he muttered, "Damme if he makes any more count of the frigate's guns or boats than a bear does of a bee-hive! They spoilt as good a commodore as ever stept a deck when they made a trading-skipper of him!" Having vented this characteristic encomium on his young commander,

the old seaman went forward to execute his orders.

Meanwhile Ethelston, consulting his chart, found that the reefs and shoals as laid down, rendered the navigation of the coast extremely dangerous even for the light draught of his brig; having only allowed himself a few minutes for refreshment, he again went on deck, and observing the frigate still becalmed, he ordered the mate to shorten sail, take soundings, and to desire the carpenter to make a report of the leakage, or any other serious injury sustained by the frigate's shot.

During this time L'Estrange was not idle on board the "Epervier." Nettled at the successful trick played upon him, he resolved as the breeze gradually died away to capture the chase with his boats; for this duty the launch and the pinnace were assigned: the former had a carronade and twenty-five hands, and was commanded by his son; the latter had a swivel, and thirteen hands, commanded by a junior lieutenant. The object of L'Estrange being to prevent an unnecessary effusion of blood, by sending a force strong enough to render resistance hopeless on the part of, what he called, a dirty little sugar-boat. The crew of The Pride of Ohio, elated by the success of their

Captain's manœuvre, and exhilarated by the extra grog served out, were in high good humour, and laughing over the events of the morning with reckless merriment, when they received an order from Ethelston to come aft. On their obeying the summons, he again addressed them as follows:—

“ My lads, you have thus far done your duty like men; but our work is not yet over. The *Epervier* is determined to sink or capture our little craft; she is now getting out her boats for that service: if we resist, we shall have warm work of it; if we strike without a fight, we may rot in a French dungeon. Again I ask you, my lads, will you stick by *The Pride*, and hurrah for home, or a sailor's grave !”

A hearty and simultaneous cheer from the crew was the only reply.

“ I knew it, my lads,” continued Ethelston, his countenance, usually so calm, now glowing with enthusiasm, “ I knew that you would not desert her while she could float ! It is now my duty to tell you that she has received two awkward shots just between wind and water line, and that she leaks apace. We must stop them as well as we may; but be prepared for the boats from the *Epervier*;—they shall at least buy us a dear bargain !”

Ethelston now called the mate, and gave him full instructions for the plan of defence from the expected attack. The long gun and the carronades were got ready and loaded, the former with round shot, the latter with grape; small arms and cutlasses were served out to the men, and the deck cleared of everything that might impede them in the approaching struggle. Meantime Ethelston ordered to be hoisted a new ensign, given to the brig by Lucy, and said to be partly worked by her own fair fingers. As soon as it was run up, he sent aloft a boy, with orders to nail it to the mast-head, which was done amid the repeated cheers of the crew. They were not long kept in suspense; the breeze had died away: the flapping sails and creaking yards gave the usual sullen indications of a calm, when the boats from the *Epervier* advanced at a steady and measured stroke towards the brig. Ethelston gave the long gun to the charge of Gregson, reserving to himself that of the carronades; he issued also special orders not to fire, under any circumstances, until he gave the word, or in case he fell, until they received the order from Gregson, who would succeed him in the command.

During all these preparations, Cupid appeared indifferent to what was passing, and continued

busily occupied with his pots and pans in the cabin. This conduct caused some little surprise in Ethelston, who knew that the black was not the stupid phlegmatic character that he now seemed; and he accordingly sent Gregson to inquire whether, in the event of an attack from the frigate's boats, he meant to fight? desiring the mate at the same time to offer him a cutlass. The African grinned when he received this message, and replied that he meant to do his best. He declined, however, the proffered cutlass, informing the mate, that he had got a toasting-fork of his own, ready for the Mounseers; as he said this, he showed him the fragment of a capstan-bar, the end of which he had sharpened and burnt hard in the hot cinders; it was an unwieldy kind of club, and in the hands of an ordinary man, could have been but of little service; but his gigantic strength enabled him to wield it like a common cudgel. The truth is, that Cupid would have preferred being armed with cutlass and pistol, both of which he could use as well as any man on board; but he had tact enough to know that the prejudice against his colour forbade his taking his place on deck among the other defenders of the vessel.

The boats being now within hail, Lieutenant L'Estrange stood up in the launch and ordered

the brig to strike her colours, and receive him on board. Finding this order unheeded, he repeated it through the trumpet in a sterner tone, adding that, if not immediately obeyed, he should fire upon her. Not a man stirred on board the brig, neither was any reply made to the lieutenant, who forthwith discharged the contents of his carronade into her hull, by which one man was killed dead, and two were wounded by splinters; he then desired his men to pull hard for the brig to board her, while others had orders to fire small arms at all whom they could see above the bulwarks. The boats had approached within fifty yards before Ethelston gave the word to fire. Gregson pointed the long gun upon the smaller boat with so true an aim that the heavy shot went clean through her, and she filled and went down in a few minutes, the survivors of her crew being picked up by the launch. Meanwhile, Ethelston fired a volley of grape into the latter with terrible effect, several being killed on the spot, and many of the remainder severely wounded. Nothing daunted by this murderous fire, the gallant young lieutenant held on his way to the brig, and again discharging his carronade at the distance of only a few yards, her timbers were fearfully rent, and amidst the smoke and confusion thereby created, he and his crew

scrambled up her sides to board. The combat was now hand to hand; nor was it very unequal, so many of the Frenchmen having been killed and wounded in the boats; they were strong enough, however, to make good their footing on deck, and inch by inch, they forced back the crew of the brig. Ethelston fought with the courage of a lion; his voice was heard above the din of the fray, animating his men; and several of the boldest of the enemy had already felt the edge of his cutlass. Nor was young L'Estrange less gallant in his attack, and his followers being more numerous than their opponents, drove them back gradually by main force. It was at this moment, that Cupid, who had hitherto remained unnoticed in his caboose, thought fit to commence his operations; which he did by throwing a great pan of greasy boiling water over three or four of the assailants, and then laying about him with his huge club, which felled a man almost at every blow. The excruciating pain occasioned by the hot liquid, together with the consternation produced by this unexpected attack in their rear, completed the dismay of the Frenchmen. At this crisis young L'Estrange slipped and fell on the deck; Gregsor, bestriding him, was about to dispatch him, when Ethelston, who was already bleeding from a severe

cutlass wound in the forehead, rushed forward to save him; but the infuriated youth, perhaps mistaking his intention, drew his last remaining pistol, and fired with so true an aim, that Ethelston's left arm fell powerless at his side. A flush of anger came over his countenance; but seeing Gregson again raising his hand to dispatch the young officer, he again interposed, and desired the mate to spare him,—an order which the seaman reluctantly obeyed.

Ethelston now entreated L'Estrange to give up his sword, and to save further bloodshed; and the young man, seeing that his followers were mostly overpowered and wounded, presented it with a countenance in which grief and shame were blended with indignation. "Stay," said Ethelston; "before I receive your sword, the conditions on which I receive it are, that you give your parole, that neither you nor any one of your men shall bear arms against the United States, during the continuance of this war, whether you and I are recaptured or not; and the launch becomes my prize."

To these terms the youth assented, and ordered such of his men as were not quite disabled, to lay down their arms. In a few minutes, all who were unhurt were busily engaged in tending the dying

and wounded. Fortunately an assistant-surgeon, who had volunteered on this service from the frigate, was among those unhurt, and he set about his professional duties with as much alacrity as if he had been in the ward of an hospital. Cupid retreated quietly to his caboose, and Ethelston continued giving his orders with the same clearness and decision that had marked his whole conduct. Young L'Estrange looked over the brig's low sides into the water; his heart was too full for utterance; and his captor, with considerate kindness, abstained from addressing him. The surgeon, observing that the blood still flowed from the wound on Ethelston's forehead, and that his left arm hung at his side, now came and offered his services. Thanking him courteously, he replied, smiling, "I took my chance of wounds on equal terms with those brave fellows, and I will take my chance of cure on equal terms also; when you have attended to all those who are more seriously hurt, I shall be happy to avail myself of your skill."

The surgeon bowed and withdrew. An audible groan burst from the unhappy L'Estrange, but still he spoke not; and Ethelston held a brief consultation with his mate and the carpenter, the result of which was, an order given to the former, in a

low tone of voice, "to prepare immediately, and to send Cupid to him in the cabin."

As he was going down, L'Estrange came to him, and asked him, confusedly, and with an averted countenance, if he might speak to him alone for a minute. Ethelston begged him to follow him into his cabin, when, having shut the door, he said, "M. L'Estrange, we are alone, pray speak; is there anything in which I can serve you."

The youth gazed on him for a moment, in an agony that could not yet find relief in words, and then falling on the floor, burst into a flood of tears. Ethelston was moved and surprised at this violent grief in one whom he had so lately seen under the influence of pride and passion. Taking him kindly by the hand, he said, "Pray compose yourself! these are misfortunes to which all brave men are liable. You did all that a gallant officer could do;—success is at the disposal of a higher power; you will meet it another day."

"Never, never!" said the young lieutenant, vehemently; "the loss of my boat is nothing; the failure of our attack is nothing; but I am a dishonoured coward, and Heaven itself cannot restore a tainted honour!"

"Nay, nay," replied Ethelston; "you must not say so. I maintain that you and your crew fought

gallantly till every hope of success was gone—the bravest can do no more !”

“You are blindly generous,” said the youth, passionately ; “you *will* not understand me ! When every hope was gone—when I lay at the mercy of your mate’s cutlass—you sprang forward to save my life.—I, like a savage—a monster—a coward as I am,—fired and tried to kill you ;—even then, without a word of anger or reproach, you, although wounded by my pistol, again interposed, and saved me from the death I deserved. Oh, would that I had died an hundred deaths rather than have lived to such disgrace !”

And again the unhappy young officer buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame still trembled convulsively with grief. Ethelston used every exertion to soothe and allay his agitation. He assured him that the wound he had received was not serious, that the pistol was fired under a strong excitement, and in the turmoil of a bloody fray, when no man’s thoughts are sufficiently collected to regulate his conduct ; and he forgave him so freely and mingled his forgiveness with so many expressions of kindness and esteem, that he succeeded at length in restoring him to a certain degree of composure. Nothing, however, would satisfy L’Estrange but that he should have his

wounds instantly dressed; and he ran himself and summoned the surgeon, resolving to be present at the operation.

When Ethelston's clothes were removed, it appeared that besides a few flesh cuts of no great consequence, he had received two severe shot wounds: one from a musket-ball, which had sunk deep into the left shoulder, the other from L'Estrange's pistol, by which the bone of the left arm was broken. The latter was soon set and banded; but the ball could not be extracted from the former, either because the surgeon's skill was not equal to the task, or from his not having with him the instruments requisite for the operation. As soon as this was over, Ethelston dismissed the surgeon; and turning good-humouredly to L'Estrange, he said, "Now, my young friend, I want your assistance. I must lose no time in putting all our men aboard the launch, and taking in as many stores and necessaries as she will hold, for this brig is doomed; your swivel and the frigate's guns have finished her; she is fast settling down, and in a couple of hours I expect her to sink."

"On my word, sir," said L'Estrange, "you will pardon me if I say, that you are the strongest gentleman that I ever yet knew to command a trading brig! You out-manceuvre a frigate, cap-

ture her boats, fight as if you had done nothing but fight all your life, sit as quiet under that surgeon's probes and tortures as if you were eating your dinner, and now talk calmly of scuttling your brig, for which you have run all these risks!"

"It is my philosophy, Monsieur l'Estrange. I tried first to get away without fighting; when that was impossible, I fought as well as I could. What has happened since, and what is yet to come, I bear as well as I can! All that I ask of you is to keep your fellows in order, and make them assist mine in removing the wounded and the requisite stores on board the launch." So saying, and again saluting his prisoner, he went on deck.

Though he struggled thus manfully against his emotion, it was with a heavy heart that Ethelston prepared to bid a final adieu to his little vessel, which he loved much for her own sake,—more perhaps for the name she bore. While giving the necessary orders for this melancholy duty, his attention was called by Gregson to a sail that was coming up with the light evening breeze astern. One look through the glass sufficed to shew him that she hoisted French colours; and L'Estrange, who now came on deck, immediately knew her to be the *Hirondelle*,—an armed cutter that acted on this cruise as a tender to the *Epervier*. A

momentary glow overspread the countenance of Ethelston, as he felt that resistance was hopeless, and that in another hour his brig would be sunk, and his brave crew prisoners. But being too proud to allow the French officer to see his emotion, he controlled it by a powerful effort, and continued to give his orders with his accustomed coolness and precision.

Though young L'Estrange's heart beat high at this sudden and unlooked-for deliverance, he could not forbear his admiration at his captor's self-possession; and his own joy was damped by the remembrance of that portion of his own conduct which he had so deeply lamented, and also of the parole he had given not to bear arms again during the war. Meantime the removal of the men, the stores, provisions, and papers from the brig went on with the greatest order and dispatch.

Ethelston was the last to leave her; previous to his doing so, he made the carpenter knock out the oakum and other temporary plugs with which he had stopp'd the leaks, being determined that she should not fall into the hands of the French. This being completed, the launch shoved off; and while pulling heavily for the shore, the crew looked in gloomy silence at their ill-fated brig. Ethelston was almost unmanned; for his heart and his

thoughts were on Ohio's banks, and he could not separate the recollections of Lucy from the untimely fate of her favourite vessel. He gazed until his sight and brain grew dizzy; he fancied that he saw Lucy's form on the deck of the brig, and that she stretched her arms to him for aid. Even while he thus looked, the waters poured fast into their victim. She settled,—sunk; and in a few minutes scarce a bubble on their surface told where the *Pride of Ohio* had gone down! A groan burst from Ethelston's bosom. Nature could no longer endure the accumulated weight of fatigue and intense pain occasioned by his wounds: he sunk down insensible in the boat, and when he recovered his senses, found himself a prisoner on board the *Hirondelle*.

Great had been the surprise of the lieutenant who commanded her at the disappearance of the brig which he had been sent to secure; and greater still at the condition of the persons found on board the launch. His inquiries were answered by young L'Estrange with obvious reluctance: so having paid the last melancholy duties to the dead, and afforded all the assistance in his power to the wounded, he put about the cutter, and made sail for the *Epervier*.

As soon as young L'Estrange found himself on

the frigate's deck, he asked for an immediate and private audience of his father, to whom he detailed without reserve all the circumstances of the late expedition. He concluded his narration with the warmest praises of Ethelston's courage, conduct, and humanity, while he repeated that bitter censure of his own behaviour which he had before expressed on board the *Pride of Ohio*. The gallant old Captain, though mortified at the failure of the enterprise and the loss of men that he had sustained, could not but appreciate the candour, and feel for the mortification of his favourite son; and he readily promised that Ethelston should be treated with the greatest care and kindness, and that the most favourable terms, consistent with his duty, should be offered to the prisoners.

Young L'Estrange gave up his own berth to Ethelston, whose severe sufferings had been succeeded by a weakness and lethargy yet more dangerous. The surgeon was ordered to attend him; and his care was extended to all the wounded, without distinction of country.

After a few days Captain l'Estrange determined to exchange Gregson, the mate, and the remainder of the brig's crew, for some French prisoners lately taken by an American privateer; they were accordingly placed for that purpose on board the cutter,

and sent to New Orleans. Young L'Estrange having learned from the mate the address of Colonel Brandon and his connection with Ethelston, wrote him a letter, in which he mentioned the latter in the highest and most affectionate terms, assuring the Colonel that he should be treated as if he were his own brother; and that, although the danger arising from his wounds rendered it absolutely necessary that he should return to Guadeloupe with the frigate, his friends might rely upon his being tended with the same care as if he had been at home. Cupid, at his own urgent entreaty, remained with his master, taking charge of all his private baggage and papers.

We need not follow the fate of the cutter any further than to say that she reached her destination in safety; that the proposed exchange was effected, and the prisoners restored to their respective homes.

The surgeon on board the *Epervier* succeeded at length in taking out the ball lodged in Ethelston's shoulder, and when they arrived at Guadeloupe, he pronounced his patient out of danger, but enjoined the strictest quiet and confinement, till his recovery should be further advanced. The ardent young L'Estrange no sooner reached home than he prevailed on his father to receive Ethel-

ston into his own house. He painted to his sister Nina, a girl of seventeen, the sufferings and the heroism of their guest, in the most glowing colours; he made her prepare for him the most refreshing and restoring beverages; he watched for hours at the side of his couch; in short, he lavished upon him all those marks of affection with which a hasty and generous nature loves to make reparation for a wrong. In all these attentions and endeavours, he was warmly seconded by Nina, who made her brother repeat more than once, the narrative of the defence and subsequent loss of the brig. How Ethelston's recovery proceeded under the care of the brother and sister shall be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT OF WINGENUND TO MOOSHANNE. HE REJOINS WAR-EAGLE,
AND THEY RETURN TO THEIR BAND IN THE FAR WEST.
M. PERROT MAKES AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE HEART
OF A YOUNG LADY.

WE must now return to Mooshanne, where Colonel Brandon received Wingenund very kindly; and within half an hour of the arrival of the party, they were all seated at his hospitable board, whereon smoked venison steaks, various kinds of fowls, a substantial ham, cakes of rice, and Indian maize. On the side-table were cream, wild honey, cheese and preserved fruits, all these delicacies being admirably served under the superintendence of Aunt Mary, who was delighted with Wingenund, praised the extreme beauty of his eyes and features, telling the colonel, in a whisper, that if she had been thirty-five years younger, she should have been afraid of losing her heart! The youth was indeed the hero of the day: all were grateful to him for his gallant preservation of Reginald's life, and all

strove with equal anxiety to make him forget that he was among strangers. Nor was the task difficult; for though he had only the use of one hand, it was surprising to see the tact and self-possession with which he conducted himself, the temperate quietness with which he ate and drank, and the ease with which he handled some of the implements at table, which he probably saw for the first time. Baptiste was a privileged person in the Colonel's house, and was allowed to dine as he pleased, either with its master, or with Perrot and the other servants. On this occasion, he was present in the dining-room, and seemed to take a pleasure in drawing out the young Delaware, and in making him talk on subjects which he knew would be interesting to the rest of the party. Wingenund was quiet and reserved in his replies, except when a question was put to him by Lucy, to whom he gave his answers with the greatest naiveté, telling her more than once, that she reminded him of his sister Prairie-bird, but that the latter was taller, and had darker hair. Whilst addressing her, he kept his large speaking eyes so riveted upon Lucy's countenance, that she cast her own to the ground, almost blushing at the boy's earnest and admiring gaze. To relieve herself from embarrassment, she again inquired about

this mysterious sister, saying, "Tell me Wingenund, has she taught you to read, as well as to speak our tongue."

"No," said the youth; "Prairie-bird talks with the Great Spirit, and with paper books, and so does the Black Father; but Wingenund cannot understand them,—he is only a poor Indian."

Here Reginald, whose curiosity was much excited, inquired, "Does the Prairie-bird look kindly on the young chiefs of the tribe?—Will she be the wife of a chief?"

There was something both of surprise and scorn in Wingenund's countenance, as he replied, "Prairie-bird is kind to all—the young chiefs find wives among the daughters of the Delawares;—but the antelope mates not with the moose, though they feed on the same Prairie. The Great Spirit knows where the Prairie-bird was born; but her race is unknown to the wise men among the Tortoises."

Reginald and his sister were equally at a loss to understand his meaning; both looked inquiringly at the Guide, who was rubbing his ear, as if rather puzzled by the young Delaware's answer. At length, he said, "Why, Miss Lucy, you see, much of what the lad says is as plain to me, as the sight on my rifle: for the tribes of the Lenapé are

as well known to me as the *totems* of the Oggi-beways. The Great nation is divided into three tribes:—the Minsi, or the Wolf-tribe (sometimes called also Puncsit, or round-foot); the Unalaticos, or the Turkey-tribe, and the *Unamis*, or the Tortoise-tribe. The last are considered the principal and most ancient; and as Wingenund's family are of this band, he spoke just now of their wise men. But who, or what kin' o' crittur this Prairie-bird can be, would puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer to tell, let alone a poor hunter who knows little out of the line of his trade."

"Then, Baptiste," said Lucy, smiling; "your trade is a pretty extensive one, for I think you have more knowledge in your head on most subjects than half the lawyers and clerks in the Territory."

"There it is, Miss Lucy; you're always a givin' me a little dose of flattery, just as I give my patches a bit of grease to make the Doctor swallow his lead pills. You ladies think we're all alike,—young sparks, and tough old chaps like me,—if you do but dip our fingers into the honey-pot, you know we shall lick them as soon as your backs are turned! But it is getting late," he added, rising from his seat; "and I have much to say to this youth, who is already tired; with your leave, Miss,

I will retire with him, and see that he has a comfortable sleeping-quarter, and that he wants for nothing."

"Pray do so," said Lucy; "let him be treated as if he were one of our own family. I am sure, dear papa, such would be your wish," she added, turning to her father.

"It is indeed, my child," said the Colonel. "Wingenund, again I beg you to receive a father's best thanks for your brave defence of his son."

"It was nothing," replied the boy, modestly. "You are all good, too good to Wingenund; when he gets to the Far Prairie, he will tell the Prairie-bird and the Black Father to speak to the Great Spirit, that He may smile on my white father, and on my brother; and," he added, slowly raising his dark eloquent eyes to Lucy's face, "that he may send down pleasant sunshine and refreshing dew on the Lily of Mooshanne." So saying, he turned and left the room, accompanied by the Guide.

"Well," exclaimed the Colonel, as the youth disappeared, "they may call that lad a savage; but his feelings, ay, and his manners too, would put to shame those of many who think themselves fine gentlemen."

"He is, indeed, a noble young fellow," said

Reginald, "and worthy to be the relative and pupil of my Indian brother. I would that you had seen *him*, father: you are in general rather sceptical as to the qualities of the Redskins. I think the War-Eagle would surprise you!"

"Indeed, Reginald," said the Colonel, "I have seen among them so much cruelty, cunning, and drunkenness, that the romantic notions which I once entertained respecting them are completely dissipated. Nevertheless, I confess that many of their worst faults have arisen from their commerce with the whites; and they still retain some virtues which are extremely rare among us."

"To which do you allude?" inquired Reginald.

"More especially, to patience under suffering, a padlocked mouth when entrusted with a secret, and unshaken fidelity in friendship."

"These are indeed high and valuable qualities," replied Reginald. "Moreover, it strikes me that in one principal feature of character the Indian is superior to us; he acts up to his creed. That creed may be entirely based on error; it may teach him to prefer revenge to mercy, theft to industry, violence to right; but such as he has learnt it from his fathers, he acts up to it more firmly and consistently than we do, 'who know the right, and still the wrong pursue.'"

"Your observation is just," replied his father; "they are benighted, and do many of the deeds of darkness. What shall we say of those who do them under the light of a noon-day sun?"

"And yet," said Lucy, "this Wingenund seems half a Christian, and more than half a gentleman, either by nature, or by the instructions of the strange being he calls the Prairie-bird!"

"Upon my word, Lucy," said her brother, with a malicious smile, "I thought, while the lad was speaking of his sister on the Prairie, his eyes were strangely fixed upon the white lady in the wigwam. It is fortunate he is going soon; and still more fortunate that a certain cruising captain is not returned from the West Indies." As this impertinent speech was made in a whisper, it did not reach Aunt Mary or the Colonel; and the only reply it drew from Lucy, was a blushing threat of a repetition of the same punishment which she had inflicted in the morning for a similar offence. He begged pardon, and was forgiven; soon after which the little party broke up and retired to rest.

Meantime Baptiste, who knew that the well-intentioned offer of a bed-room and its comforts would be a great annoyance to Wingenund, took the lad out with him to a dry barn behind the house, where there was an abundant supply of

clean straw, and where he intended to lodge him for the night. "Wingenund," said he, "you will rest here for some hours; but we must go long before daylight to meet War-Eagle, according to my promise."

"I will be ready," replied the youth; and casting himself down on a bundle of straw, in five minutes his wounds and fatigues were forgotten in a refreshing sleep, over which hovered the bright dreams of youth, wherein the sweet tones of his sister's voice were confused with the blue eyes of Lucy; and yet withal a sleep, such as guilt can never know, and the wealth of the Indies cannot purchase.

Before three o'clock on the following morning, the Guide re-entered the barn with a light step; not so light, however, as to escape the quick ear of the young Indian, who leapt from his straw couch, and throwing his rifle over his shoulder, stood before the hunter. "I hope you slept well," said the latter, "and that your arm gives you less pain?"

"I slept till you came," said the boy, "and the pain sleeps still. I feel nothing of it."

"Wingenund will be like his father," said the Guide. "He will laugh at pain, and fatigue, and

danger; and his war-path will be sprinkled with the blood of his enemies."

The youth drew himself proudly up, and though gratified by the Guide's observation, merely replied, "The Great Spirit knows.—I am ready; let us go."

Baptiste had provided a couple of horses, and they started at a brisk pace, as he wished to reach the spot where he had appointed to meet War-Eagle soon after daylight. To one less familiar with the woods, the tangled and winding path, through which he led the way, would have offered many impediments; but Baptiste went rapidly forward without hesitation or difficulty, Wingenund following in silence; and after a brisk ride of three hours they came to an opening in the forest, where a log-hut was visible, and beyond it the broad expanse of Ohio's stream.

The Guide here whispered to Wingenund to remain concealed in the thicket with the horses, whilst he reconnoitered the hut; because he knew that it was sometimes used as a shelter and a rendezvous, by some of the lawless and desperate characters on the borders of the settlements.

Having finished his examination, and ascertained that the hut was empty, he returned to Winge-

nund, and desired him to come down to the water's edge, where he was to make a signal for War-Eagle, who ought to be now at no great distance. The youth accordingly went to the river's bank, and understanding from the Guide that there was no occasion for further concealment, he gave three whistles in a peculiar tone, but exceedingly loud and shrill. For some time they listened for a reply. Nothing was heard, except the beak of the woodpecker upon the bark of the elm, and the notes of the various feathered choristers chirping their matin song.

After a pause of several minutes, the Guide said, "Surely some accident has detained War-Eagle! Perhaps he has failed in getting the canoe. Repeat the signal, Wingenund."

"War-Eagle is here," replied the youth, who was quietly leaning on his rifle, with an abstracted air.

Again the Guide listened attentively; and as he was unable to distinguish the slightest sound indicative of the chief's approach, he was rather vexed at the superior quickness implied in Wingenund's reply, and said somewhat testily, "A moose might hear something of him, or a bloodhound might find the wind of him, but I can make out nothing, and my ears an't used to be stuffed with cotton, neither!"

“Grande-Hâche is a great warrior, and Wingenund would be proud to follow in his war-path; eyes and ears are the gift of the Great Spirit.”

“How know you that War-Eagle is here?” inquired the Guide impatiently.

“By that,” replied the boy, pointing to a scarcely perceptible mark on the bank a few yards from his feet, “that is the mocassin of the War-Eagle; he has been to the hut this morning; below that footprint you will see on the sand the mark of where his canoe has touched the ground.”

“The boy is right,” muttered Baptiste, examining the marks carefully. “I believe I am no hunter, but an ass after all, with no better ears and eyes than Master Perrot, or any other parlour-boarder.”

In a very few minutes the sound of the paddle was heard, and War-Eagle brought his canoe to the bank; a brief conversation now took place between him and Baptiste, in which some particulars were arranged for Reginald's visit to the Western Prairie. The Guide then taking from his wallet several pounds of bread and beef, and a large parcel of tobacco, added these to the stores in the bottom of the canoe, and having shaken hands heartily with the chief and Wingenund, returned leisurely on his homeward way; but he still mut-

tered to himself as he went; and it was evident that he could not shake off the annoyance which he felt at being "out-crafted," as he called it, "by a boy!"

We will not follow the tedious and toilsome voyage of War-Eagle and his young friend, in the canoe, a voyage in which after descending the Ohio, they had to make their way up the Mississippi to its junction with the Missouri, and thence up the latter river to the mouth of the Osage river, which they also ascended between two and three hundred miles before they rejoined their band. It is sufficient for the purposes of our tale to inform the reader that they reached their destination in safety, and that Wingenund recovered from the effects of his severe wound.

When Baptiste returned to Mooshanne, he found the family surprised and annoyed at the sudden disappearance of their young Indian guest; but when he explained to Reginald that he had gone to rejoin his chief by War-Eagle's desire, Reginald felt that the best course had been adopted, as the boy might, if he had remained, have fallen in the way of the exasperated party who were seeking to revenge Hervey's death.

It was about noon when Mike Smith, and several of those who accompanied him the preceding

day, arrived at Mooshanne, and insisted upon Baptiste shewing them the spot where he had told them that an Indian had been recently buried. Reginald declined being of the party, which set forth under the conduct of the Guide, to explore the scene of the occurrences mentioned in a former chapter.

During their absence, Reginald was lounging in his sister's boudoir, talking with her over the events of the preceding days, when they heard the sound of a vehicle driven up to the door, and the blood rushed into Lucy's face as the thought occurred to her that it might be Ethelston; the delusion was very brief, for a moment afterwards the broad accent of David Muir was clearly distinguishable, as he said to his daughter, "Noo Jessie, haud a grip o' Smiler, whilst I gie a pull at the door-bell."

Much to the surprise of the worthy "Merchaunt," (by which appellation David delighted to be designated,) the door was opened by no less a personage than Monsieur Gustave Perrot himself, who seeing the pretty Jessie in her father's spring-cart, hastened with characteristic gallantry, to assist her to descend; in the performance of which operation he extended both his hands to support her waist, saying in his most tender tone, "Take care,

Miss Jessie; now shump, and trust all your leetle weight with me."

But while he was speaking, the active girl putting one foot on the step and touching him lightly on the arm, stood on the ground beside him.

"Weel, Mr. Parrot, and how's a wi ye the day," said David, who was busily employed in extracting various packages and parcels from the cart.

"All ver' well, thank you, Mr. Muir; wonderful things happen, though. My young Mr. Reginald he be drowned and stabbed, and quite well!"

"Gude save us!" said David, in horror; "drowned, and stabbed, and quite well! Ye're surely no in earnest, Mr. Parrot!"

"I speak only the truth always,—Miss Jessie, the fresh air and the ride make your cheek beautiful rosy."

"Mr. Perrot," replied Jessie, smiling, "that is a poor compliment! You are so gallant a gentleman, you should praise the roses in a lady's cheek without mentioning that she owes them to a rough road and a fresh breeze!"

This dialogue on roses was here interrupted by David, who said, "May be, Mr. Parrot, ye'll just let Smiler be ta'en round to the stable, and desire ane o' the lads to help us in with these twa parcels; yon muckle basket, there, is brimfull of all

the newest kick-shaws, and modes, as they call 'em, frae Philadelphy, so Jessie's just come wi' me, to gie Miss Lucy the first choice;—and she's a right to hae it too, for she's the bonniest and the best young lady in the Territory."

Mr. Parrot, having given these necessary orders, David, with his papers, was soon closetted with the colonel, in his business room; and Jessie was ushered into the young lady's boudoir, where her brother still sat, with the intention of giving his sister the benefit of his advice in the selection of, what David called, kickshaws and modes, for her toilet. Meanwhile Perrot was preparing a formidable attack upon Jessie's heart, through the medium of some venison steaks, a delicate ragout of squirrel, and sundry other tit-bits, with which he hoped to propitiate the village beauty. As Jessie entered the room, her salutation of Lucy was modestly respectful; and she returned Reginald's bow with an unembarrassed and not ungraceful courtesy. While she was drawing out, and placing on a table, the silken contents of her basket, Reginald inquired of her whether any news was stirring in Marietta.

"None," replied she, "except the killing of Hervey. All the town is speaking of it, and they say it will cause more bloodshed; for Mike Smith

vows, if he cannot find the real offender, he'll shoot down the first Indian he finds in the woods."

"Mike Smith is a hot-headed fool," replied Reginald; but remembering sundry reports which had reached his ear, he added, "I beg your pardon, Miss Jessie, if the words give you offence."

"Indeed you have given none, Master Reginald," said Jessie, colouring a little at the implied meaning of his words; "Mike comes very often to our store, but I believe it is more for whiskey than anything else."

"Nay," said Reginald; "I doubt you do him injustice. They say he prefers the end of the store which is the furthest from the bar."

"Perhaps he may," replied Jessie; "I am always better pleased when he stays away, for he is very ill-tempered and quarrelsome! Well, miss," continued she, "are not these pink ribbons beautiful, and these two light shawls,—they come from the British East India House?"

"They are indeed the prettiest and most delicate that I ever saw," replied Lucy; "and see here, Reginald," said she, drawing him aside, "these French bead necklaces will do famously for some of your Delaware friends." She added in a whisper, "ask her if there is no other news at the town?"

"What about," inquired her brother. A silent look of reproach was her only reply, as she turned away, and again busied herself with the silks. He was instantly conscious and ashamed of his thoughtlessness, which, after a few moments' silence, he proceeded to repair, saying, "Pray tell me, Miss Jessie, has your father received no intelligence of the 'Pride of the Ohio.?"

"Alas! not a word," replied the girl, in a tone of voice so melancholy, that it startled them both.

"But why speak you in so sad a voice about the vessel, Jessie, if you have heard no bad news regarding her?" said Reginald, quickly.

"Because, sir, she has been very long over-due, and there are many reports of French ships of war; and we, that is, my father, is much interested about her."

Poor Lucy's colour came and went; but she had not the courage to say a word. After a short pause, Reginald inquired, "Have any boats come up lately from New Orleans?"

"Yes, sir, Henderson's came up only a few days ago, and Henry Gregson, who had been down on some business for my father, returned in her."

"That is the young man who assists your father in the store? I believe he is a son of the

mate on board the *Pride*. I have remarked that he is a very fine looking young fellow !”

“ He is the son of Captain Ethelston’s mate,” said Jessie, casting down her eyes, and busying herself with some of her ribbons and silks. “ But I hope,” continued she, “ that you, Mr. Reginald, are not seriously hurt. Mr. Perrot told me you had been burned and stabbed !”

“ Not quite so bad as that,” said Reginald, laughing ; “ I had, indeed, a swim in the Muskingum, and a blow from a horse’s hoof, but am none the worse for either. Do not forget, Miss Jessie, to send off a messenger immediately that any news arrive of the *Pride*. You know what a favourite she is, and how anxious we are here about her !”

“ Indeed I will not forget,” replied Jessie.

Lucy sighed audibly ; and after purchasing a few ribbons and shawls, as well as a stock of beads for her brother, she allowed Jessie to retire, begging, at the same time, her acceptance of one of the prettiest shawls in her basket. As the latter hesitated about receiving it, Lucy threw it over the girl’s shoulder, saying playfully, “ Nay, Jessie, no refusal ; I am mistress here ; and nobody, not even Mr. Reginald, disputes my will in this room ?”

Jessie thanked the young lady, and saluting her brother, withdrew to a back parlour, where Mon-

sieur Perrot had already prepared his good things, and where her father only waited her coming to commence a dinner which his drive had made desirable, and which his olfactory nerves told him was more savory than the viands set before him at Marietta by Mrs. Christie.

“Call ye this a squirrel ragoo?” said the worthy Merchaunt; “weel now it’s an awfu’ thing to think how the Lord’s gifts are abused in the auld country! I hae seen dizens o’ they wee deevils liltin’ and loupin’ amang the woods in the Lo-thians; and yet the hungry chaps wha’ can scarce earn a basin o’ porritch, or a pot o’ kail to their dinner, would as soon think o’ eatin’ a stoat or a founart!”

While making this observation, Davie was dispatching the “ragoo” with a satisfaction which showed how completely he had overcome his insular prejudices. Nor were Perrot’s culinary attentions altogether lost upon Miss Jessie; for although she might not repay them entirely according to the wishes of the gallant Maitre d’Hotel, she could not help acknowledging that he was a pleasant good-humoured fellow, and that his abilities as a cook were of the highest order. Accordingly, when he offered her a foaming glass of cider, she drank it to his health, with a glance of her merry eye suffi-

cient to have turned the head of a man less vain and amorous than Monsieur Perrot.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough; and as David Muir drove his daughter back to Marietta, his heart being warmed and expanded by the generous cider (which, for the good of his health, he had crowned with a glass of old rum), he said, "Jessie, I'm thinkin, that Maister Parrot is a douce and clever man; a lassie might do waur than tak' up wi the like o' him! I'se warrant his nest will no be ill feathered!"

"Perhaps not," replied Jessie; and turning her head away, she sighed, and thought of Henry Gregson.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL FIND THAT THE COUCH OF AN
INVALID HAS PERILS NOT LESS FORMIDABLE THAN THOSE
WHICH ARE TO BE ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.

WE left Ethelston stretched on a sick couch in Guadaloupe, in the house of Captain L'Estrange, and tended by his daughter Nina, and by her brother, the young lieutenant. The latter grew daily more attached to the patient, who had been his captor, and was now his prisoner; but he was obliged, as soon as Ethelston was pronounced out of danger, to sail for Europe, as he was anxious to obtain that professional distinction which his parole prevented his gaining in service against the United States. And in France there seemed a promising harvest of combat and of glory, sufficient to satisfy the martial enthusiasm even of the most adventurous of her sons. When he sailed, he again and again pressed upon his sister to bestow every attention upon Ethelston; and as the Captain was

much busied with his command, and as Madame L'Estrange was entirely devoted to her boudoir, — where, with two chattering parrots to amuse her, and a little black girl to fan her while listlessly poring over the pages of Florian in a fauteuil,—the whole charge devolved upon the willing and kind-hearted Nina. She was the third and youngest daughter of Monsieur and Madame L'Estrange; but (her two elder sisters being married) she was the only one resident with her parents.

Sixteen summers had now passed over her, and her disposition was like that of her brother,—frank, impetuous, and warm-hearted. Her feelings had never been guided or regulated by her handsome, but indolent mother; her mind had been allowed to seek its food at hap-hazard, among the romances, poems, and plays upon the shelves in the drawing-room. Her father spoiled, and her brother petted her. A governess also she had, whom she governed, and to whose instructions she owed little, except a moderate proficiency in music. Her countenance was a very beautiful mirror, reflecting the warm and impassioned features of her character. Her complexion was dark, though clear, and her hair black and glossy. The pencilling of her eyebrows was exceedingly delicate;

and the eyes themselves were large, speaking, and glowing with that humid lustre, which distinguishes Creole beauty. Nothing could exceed the rosy fulness of her lip, and the even whiteness of the teeth which her joyous smile disclosed. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned; and her every movement a very model of natural grace. She seemed, indeed, impregnated with the fervour of the sunny climate in which she had been reared; and her temper, her imagination, her passions, all glowed with its ardent, but dangerous warmth. According to the usage of her country, she had been betrothed, when a child, to a neighbouring planter, one of the richest in the island; but as he was absent in Europe, and there remained yet two years before the time fixed for the fulfilment of the contract, she rarely troubled her head about the marriage, or her future destiny.

Such was the girl who now officiated as nurse to Ethelston, and who, before she had seen him, had gathered from her brother such traits of his character, as had called forth all the interest and sympathy of her romantic disposition. Although not eminently handsome, we have before noted that his countenance was manly and expressive, and his manners courteous and engaging. Perhaps also the weakness remaining after the crisis of his

fever, imparted, to the usually gentle expression of his features, that touching attraction, which is called by a modern poet "a loving languor." At all events, certain it is, that ere poor Nina had administered the third saline draught to her grateful patient, her little heart beat vehemently ; and when she had attended his feverish couch one short week, she was desperately in love !

How fared it in the meantime with Ethelston ? Did his heart run any risk from the dark eloquent eyes, and the gracefully rounded form of the ministering angel who hovered about his sick room ? At present none, for Lucy was shrined there ; and he had been taught by young L'Estrange to consider his sister in the light of a nursery-girl, still under the dominion of the governess.

Days and weeks elapsed, Ethelston's recovery progressed, and he was able to stroll in the shade of the orange and citron-groves, which sheltered Captain L'Estrange's villa to the northward. Here, with his eyes fixed on the sea, would he sometimes sit for hours, and devise schemes for returning to his home. On these occasions he was frequently accompanied by Nina, who walked by his side with her guitar in her hand ; and under the presence of receiving instructions from him in music, she would listen with delight, and hang with rap-

ture, on every syllable that he uttered. Though he could not avoid being sensible of her ripening beauty, his heart was protected by the seven-fold shield of a deep and abiding attachment; and as he still looked upon Nina as a lovely girl, completing her education in the nursery, he gladly gave her all the assistance that she asked under her musical difficulties; and this he was able to do, from having made no small proficiency in the science during his long residence in Germany.

Sometimes he paid his respects to Madame L'Es-trange; but that lady was so indolent, and so exclusively devoted to her parrots and her lap-dog, that his visits to her were neither frequent, nor of long duration. The Captain was very seldom ashore; and thus Ethelston was obliged to spend his time alone, or in the society of the young girl who had nursed him so kindly during his illness. Her character seemed to have undergone a sudden and complete change. The conquering god, who had at first only taken possession of the outworks of her fancy, had now made himself master of the citadel of her heart. She loved with all the intense, absorbing passion of a nature that had never known control. The gaiety and buoyancy of her spirits had given place to a still, deep flood of feeling, which her reason

never attempted to restrain. Even when with *him* she spoke little. Her happiness was too intense to find a vent in words; and thus she nursed and fed a flame, that needed only the breath of accident to make it burst forth with a violence that should burn up, or overleap all the barriers of self-control.

Nor must the reader imagine that Ethelston was dull or blind, because he observed not the state of Nina's affections. His own were firmly rooted elsewhere; he was neither of a vain, nor a romantic disposition; and he had been duly informed by Monsieur L'Estrange, that in the course of two years Nina was to be married to Monsieur Bertrand, the young planter, to whom, as we have before mentioned, she had been betrothed by her parents since her thirteenth year. He could not help seeing that although her intellect was quick, and her character enthusiastic, her education had been shamefully neglected both by Madame L'Estrange and the governess. Hence he spoke, counselled, and sometimes chid her, in the tone of an elder brother, heedless of the almost imperceptible line that separates friendship from love in the bosom of a girl nurtured under a West Indian sun.

In this state were matters, when, on a fine

evening, Ethelston strolled alone into his favourite orange-grove, to look out upon the ocean, and in the enjoyment of its refreshing breeze, to ruminate on his strange captivity, and revolve various plans of escape.

Captain L'Estrange had paid a visit to his home on the preceding day, and finding his prisoner so completely restored to health and strength, had said to him, jokingly, "Indeed, fair sir, I think I must put you on your parole, or in chains; for after the character given of you by my son, I cannot allow so dangerous a person to be at large during the continuance of hostilities between our respective nations."

Ethelston answered half in earnest, and half in jest, "Nay, sir, then I must wear the chains, for assuredly I cannot give my parole; if an American vessel were to come in sight, or any other means of flight to offer itself, depend upon it, in spite of the kindness and hospitality I have met with here, I should weigh anchor in a moment."

"Well, that is a fair warning," said the old Commodore; "nevertheless I will not lock you up just yet, for I do not think it very likely that any strange sail will come under the guns of our fort; and I will run the risk of your flying away on the back of a sea-gull." Thus had they

parted; and the old gentleman was again absent on a cruise.

Ethelston was, as we have said, reclining listlessly under an orange-tree, inhaling the cool breeze, laden with the fragrance of its blossoms, now devising impossible plans of escape, and now musing on a vision of Lucy's graceful figure gliding among the deep woods around Mooshanne. As these thoughts passed through his mind, they imparted a melancholy shade to his brow, and a deep sigh escaped from his lips.

It was echoed by one yet deeper, close to his ear; and starting from his reverie, he beheld Nina, who had approached him unawares, and who, leaning on her guitar, had been for the last few minutes gazing on his countenance with an absorbed intensity, more fond and riveted than that with which the miser regards his treasure, or the widowed mother her only child.

When she found herself perceived, she came forward, and covering her emotion under an assumed gaiety, she said, "What is my kind instructor thinking of? He seems more grave and sad than usual."

"He is thinking," said Ethelston, good-humouredly, "that he ought to scold a certain young lady very severely for coming upon him slyly, and

witnessing that gravity and sadness in which a captive must sometimes indulge, but which her presence has already dissipated."

"Nay," said Nina, still holding her guitar, and sitting down on the bank near him; "you know that I am only obeying papa's orders in watching you; for he says you would not give your parole, and I am sure you were thinking of your escape from Guadaloupe."

"Perhaps you might have guessed more wide of the mark, Mademoiselle Nina," said Ethelston.

"And are you then so very anxious to—to—see your home again?" inquired Nina, hesitating.

"Judge for yourself, Nina," he replied, "when I remind you that for many months I have heard nothing of those who have been my nearest and dearest friends from childhood; nothing of the brave men who were captured with me when our poor brig was lost!"

"Tell me about your friends, and your home. Is it very beautiful? Have you the warm sun, and the fresh sea-breeze, and the orange-flowers, that we have here?"

"Scarcely," replied Ethelston, smiling at the earnest rapidity with which the beautiful girl based her inquiries on the scene before her; "but we have in their place rivers on the bosom of which

your father's frigate might sail; groves and woods of deep shade, impenetrable to the rays of the hottest sun: and prairies smiling with the most brilliant and variegated flowers."

"Oh! how I should love to see that land!" exclaimed Nina, her fervid imagination instantly grasping and heightening its beauties. "How I should love to dwell there!"

"Nay, it appears to me not unlikely that you should at some time visit it," replied Ethelston. "This foolish war between our countries will soon be over, and your father may wish to see a region the scenery of which is so magnificent, and which is not difficult of access from here."

"Papa will never leave these islands, unless he goes to France, and that he hates," said Nina.

"Well then," continued Ethelston, smiling, as he alluded for the first time to her marriage, "you must defer your American trip a year or two longer; then, doubtless, Monsieur Bertrand will gladly gratify your desire to see the Mississippi."

Nina started as if stung by an adder; the blood rushed and mantled over her face and neck; her eyes glowed with indignation, as she exclaimed, "I abhor and detest Monsieur Bertrand. I would die before I would marry him!" Then adding in a low voice, the sadness of which went to his heart, "and

this from you too!" She covered her face with her hands and wept.

Never was man more astonished than Ethelston at the sudden storm which he had inadvertently raised. Remembering that Madame L'Estrange had told him of the engagement as being known to Nina, he had been led to suppose from her usual flow of spirits, that the prospect was far from being disagreeable to her. Young L'Estrange had also told him that Bertrand was a good-looking man, of high character, and considered, from his wealth, as the best match in the French islands; so that Ethelston was altogether unprepared for the violent aversion which Nina now avowed for the marriage, and for the grief by which she seemed so deeply agitated. Still he was as far as ever from divining the true cause of her emotion, and conjectured that she had probably formed an attachment to one of the young officers on board her father's ship. Under this impression he took her hand, and sympathising with the grief of one so fair and so young, he said to her, kindly, "Forgive me, Nina, if I have said anything to hurt your feelings; indeed I always have believed that your engagement to Monsieur Bertrand was an affair settled by your parents entirely with your consent. I am sure Monsieur L'Estrange loves

his favourite child too well to compel her to a marriage against her inclination. Will you permit your Mentor (as you have more than once allowed me to call myself) to speak with him on the subject?"

Nina made no reply, and the tears coursed each other yet faster down her cheek.

"Your brother is absent," continued Ethelston; "you seem not to confide your little secrets to your mother—will you not let me aid you by my advice? I am many years older than you.—I am deeply grateful for all your kindness during my tedious illness; believe me, I will, if you will only trust me, advise you with the affectionate interest of a parent, or an elder brother."

The little hand trembled violently in his, but still no reply escaped from Nina's lips.

"If you will not tell me your secret," pursued Ethelston, "I must guess it. Your aversion to the engagement arises not so much from your dislike to Monsieur Bertrand, as from your preference of some other whom perhaps your parents would not approve?"

The hand was withdrawn, being employed in an ineffectual attempt to check her tears. The slight fillet which bound her black tresses had given way, and they now fell in disorder, veiling the deep

crimson glow which again mantled over the neck of the weeping girl.

Ethelston gazed on her with emotions of deep sympathy. There was a reality, a dignity about her speechless grief that must have moved a sterner heart than his; and as he looked upon the heaving of her bosom, and upon the exquisite proportions unconsciously developed in her attitude, he suddenly felt that he was speaking, not to a child in the nursery, but to a girl in whose form and heart the bud and blossom of womanhood were thus early ripened. It was, therefore, in a tone, not less kind, but more respectful than he had hitherto used, that he said, "Nay, Nina, I desire not to pry into your secrets—I only wish to assure you of the deep sympathy which I feel with your sorrow, and of my desire to aid or comfort you by any means within my power; but if my curiosity offends you, I will retire in the hope that your own gentle thoughts may soon afford you relief."

Again the little hand was laid upon his arm, as Nina, still weeping, whispered, "No, no,—you do not offend me.—Do not leave me, I entreat you!"

A painful silence ensued, and Ethelston more than ever confirmed in the belief that she had be-

stowed her affections on some young midddy, or lieutenant, under her father's command, continued in a tone which he attempted to render gay: "Well then, Nina, since you will not give your confidence to Mentor, he must appoint himself your confessor; and to commence, he is right in believing that your dislike to Monsieur Bertrand arises from your having given your heart elsewhere?"

There was no reply; but her head was bowed in token of acquiescence!

"I need not inquire," pursued he, "whether the object of your choice is, in rank and character, worthy of your affection?"

In an instant the drooping head was raised, and the dark tresses thrown back from her brow, as, with her eyes flashing through the moisture by which they were still bedewed, Nina replied, "Worthy!—worthy the affection of a queen!"

Ethelston, startled by her energy, was about to resume his inquiries, when Nina, whose excited spirit triumphed for the moment over all restraint, stopped him, saying, "I will spare you the trouble of further questions. I will tell you freely, that till lately, very lately, I cared for none.—Monsieur Bertrand and all others were alike to me; but fate threw a stranger in my path.—He was a friend of

my brother;—he was wounded.—For hours and hours I watched by his couch;—he revived;—his looks were gentle; his voice was music.—I drew counsel from his lips;—he filled my thoughts, my dreams, my heart, my being! But he—he considered me only as a silly child;—he understood not my heart;—he mocked my agony;—he saved my brother's life,—and is now accomplishing the sister's death!"

The excitement which supported Nina during the commencement of this speech, gradually died away. Towards its close, her voice grew tremulous, and as the last words escaped her quivering lips, exhausted nature gave way under the burden of her emotion, and she fainted!

The feelings of Ethelston may be better imagined than described. As the dreadful import of the poor girl's words gradually broke upon him, his cheeks grew paler and paler; and when, at their conclusion, her senseless form lay extended at his feet, the cold dew of agony stood in drops upon his forehead! But Nina's condition demanded immediate aid and attention. Mastering himself by a powerful effort, he snatched a lemon from a neighbouring tree; he cut it in half, and sustaining the still insensible girl, he chafed her hands, and rubbed her temples with the cool re-

freshing juice of the fruit. After a time, he had the consolation of seeing her restored gradually to her senses; and a faint smile came over her countenance as she found herself supported by his arm. Still she closed her eyes, as if in a happy dream, which Ethelston could not bring himself to disturb; and, as the luxuriant black tresses only half veiled the touching beauty of her countenance, he groaned at the reflection that he had inadvertently been the means of shedding the blight of unrequited love on a budding flower of such exquisite loveliness. A long silence ensued, softened, rather than interrupted, by the low wind as it whispered through the leaves of the orange grove; while the surrounding landscape, and the wide expanse of ocean, glowed with the red golden tints of the parting sun. No *unplighted* heart could have resisted all the assailing temptations of that hour. But Ethelston's heart was not unplighted; and the high principle and generous warmth of his nature served only to deepen the pain and sadness of the present moment. He formed, however, his resolution; and as soon as he found that Nina was restored to consciousness and to a certain degree of composure, he gently withdrew the arm which had supported her, and said, in a voice of most melancholy earnestness, "Dear

Nina! I will not pretend to misunderstand what you have said.—I have much to tell you; but I have not now enough command over myself to speak, while you are still too agitated to listen. Meet me here to-morrow at this same hour; meanwhile, I entreat you, recal those harsh and unkind thoughts which you entertained of me; and believe me, dear, dear sister, that I would, rather than have mocked your feelings, have died on that feverish couch, from which your care revived me.” So saying, he hastened from her presence in a tumult of agitation scarcely less than her own.

For a long time she sat motionless, in a kind of waking dream; his parting words yet dwelt in her ear, and her passionate heart construed them now according to its own wild throbbings, now according to its gloomiest fears. “He has much to tell me,” mused she; “he called me dear Nina; he spoke not in a voice of indifference; his eye was full of a troubled expression that I could not read. Alas! alas, ’twas only pity! He called me ‘dear sister!’—what can he mean?—Oh that to-morrow were come! I shall not outlive the night unless I can believe that he loves me!” And then she fell again into a reverie; during which all the looks and tones that her partial fancy had interpreted, and her too faithful memory had treasured, were

recalled, and repeated in a thousand shapes; until exhausted by her agitation, and warned by the darkness of the hour, Nina retired to her sleepless couch.

Meanwhile Ethelston, when he found himself alone in his room, scrutinized with the most unsparing severity his past conduct, endeavouring to remember every careless or unheeded word by which he could have awakened or encouraged her unsuspected affection. He could only blame himself that he had not been more observant; that he had considered Nina too much in the light of a child; and had habitually spoken to her in a tone of playful and confidential familiarity. Thus, though his conscience acquitted him of the most remote intention of trifling with her feelings, he accused himself of having neglected to keep a watchful guard over his language and behaviour, and resolved, at the risk of incurring her anger or her hatred, to tell her firmly and explicitly on the morrow, that he could not requite her attachment as it deserved, his heart having been long and faithfully devoted to another.

CHAPTER XIV.

NARRATING THE TRIALS AND DANGERS THAT BESET ETHELSTON ;
AND HOW HE ESCAPED FROM THEM, AND FROM THE ISLAND
OF GUADALOUPE.

THE night succeeding the occurrences related in the last chapter brought little rest to the pillow either of Nina or of Ethelston; and on the following day, as if by mutual agreement, they avoided each other's presence, until the hour appointed for their meeting again in the orange grove. Ethelston was firmly resolved to explain to her unreservedly his long engagement to Lucy, hoping that the feelings of Nina would prove, in this instance, rather impetuous than permanent. The tedious day appeared to her as if it never would draw to a close. She fled from her mother, and from the screaming parrots; she tried the guitar, but it seemed tuneless and discordant; her pencil and her book were, by turns, taken up, and as soon laid aside; she strolled even at mid-day into the orange grove, to the spot where she had

last sat by him, and a blush stole over her cheek when she remembered that she had been betrayed into an avowal of her love; and then came the doubt, the inquiry, whether he felt any love for her? Thus did she muse and ponder, until the hours, which in the morning had appeared to creep so slowly over the face of the lial, now glided unconsciously forward. The dinner-hour had passed unheeded; and before she had summoned any of the courage and firmness which she meant to call to her aid, Ethelston stood before her. He was surprised at finding Nina on this spot, and had approached it long before the appointed time, in order that he might prepare himself for the difficult and painful task which he had undertaken. But though unprepared, his mind was of too firm and regulated a character to be surprised out of a fixed determination; and he came up and offered his hand to Nina, greeting her in his accustomed tone of familiar friendship. She received his salutation with evident embarrassment; her hand and her voice trembled, and her bosom throbbed in a tumult of anxiety and expectation. Ethelston saw that he could not defer the promised explanation; and he commenced it with his usual gentleness of manner, but with a firm resolve that he would

be honest and explicit in his language. He began by referring to his long illness, and, with gratitude, to her care and attention during its continuance; he assured her, that having been told both by Madame L'Estrange and her brother, that she was affianced to Monsieur Bertrand, he had accustomed himself to look on her as a younger sister, and, as such, had ventured to offer her advice and instruction in her studies. He knew not, he dreamt not, that she could ever look upon him in any other light than that of a Mentor.

Here he paused a moment, and continued in a deeper and more earnest tone, "Nina — dear Nina, we *must* be as Mentor and his pupil to each other, or we must part. I will frankly lay my heart open to you. I will conceal nothing; then you will not blame me, and will, I hope, permit me to remain your grateful friend and brother. Nina, I am not blind either to your beauty, or to the many, many graces of your disposition. I do full justice to the warmth and truth of your affections: you deserve, when loved, to be loved with a whole heart—"

"O spare this!" interrupted Nina, in a hurried whisper; "Spare this, speak of yourself!"

"I was even about to do so," continued Ethelston; "but, Nina, such a heart I have not to give.

For many months and years, before I ever saw or knew you, I have loved, and still am betrothed to another."

A cold shudder seemed to pass through Nina's frame while these few words were spoken, as if in a moment the health, the hope, the blossom of her youth were blighted! Not a tear, not even a sob gave relief to her agony; her bloodless lip trembled in a vain attempt to speak she knew not what, and a burning chill sat upon her heart. These words may appear to some strange and contradictory: happy, thrice happy ye, to whom they so appear! If you have never known what it is to feel at once a scorching heat parching the tongue, and drying up all the well-springs of life within, while a leaden weight of ice seems to benumb the heart, then have you never known the sharpest, extreme pangs of disappointed love!

Ethelston was prepared for some sudden and violent expression on the part of Nina, but this death-like, motionless silence almost overpowered him. He attempted, by the gentlest and the kindest words, to arouse her from this stupor of grief. He took her hand; its touch was cold. Again and again he called her name; but her ear seemed insensible even to his voice. At length,

unable to bear the sight of her distress, and fearful that he might no longer restrain his tongue from uttering words which would be treason to his first and faithful love, he rushed into the house, and hastily informing Nina's governess that her pupil had been suddenly taken ill in the olive-grove, he locked himself in his room, and gave vent to the contending emotions by which he was oppressed.

It was in vain that he strove to calm himself by the reflection that he had intentionally transgressed none of the demands of truth and honour;—it was in vain that he called up all the long-cherished recollections of his Lucy and his home;—still the image of Nina would not be banished; now presenting itself as he had seen her yesterday, in the full glow of passion, and in the full bloom of youthful beauty,—and now, as he had just left her, in the deadly paleness and fixed apathy of despair. The terrible thought that, whether guiltily or innocently, he had been the cause of all this suffering in one to whom he owed protection and gratitude, wrung his heart with pain that he could not repress; and he found relief only in falling on his knees, and praying to the Almighty that the sin might not be laid to his

charge, and that Nina's sorrow might be soothed and comforted by Him, who is the God of consolation.

Meanwhile the governess had, with the assistance of two of the negro attendants, brought Nina into the house. The poor girl continued in the same state of insensibility to all that was passing around; her eyes were open, but she seemed to recognize no one, and a few vague indistinct words still trembled on her lips.

The doctor was instantly summoned, who pronounced, as soon as he had seen his patient, that she was in a dangerous fit, using sundry mysterious expressions about "febrile symptoms," and "pressure on the brain," to which the worthy leech added shakings of the head yet more mysterious.

For many days her condition continued alarming; the threatened fever came, and with it a protracted state of delirium. During this period Ethelston's anxiety and agitation were extreme; and proportionate was the relief that he experienced, when he learnt that the crisis was past, and that the youthful strength of her constitution promised speedy recovery.

Meanwhile he had to endure the oft-repeated inquiries of the Governess, "How he happened

to find Mademoiselle just as the fit came on?" and of Madame L'Estrange, "How it was possible for Nina to be attacked by so sudden an illness, while walking in the orange-grove?"

When she was at length pronounced out of danger, Ethelston again began to consider various projects for his meditated escape from the island. He had more than once held communication with his faithful Cupid on the subject, who was ready to brave all risks in the service of his master; but the distance which must be traversed, before they could expect to find a friendly ship or coast, seemed to exclude all reasonable hope of success.

It would be impossible to follow and pourtray the thousand changes that came over Nina's spirit during her recovery. She remembered but too well the words that Ethelston had last spoken; at one moment she called him perfidious, ungrateful, heartless; then she chid herself for railing at him, and loaded his name with every blessing, and the expression of the fondest affection; now she resolved that she would never see nor speak to him more; then she thought that she must see him, if it were only to show how she had conquered her weakness. Amidst all these contending resolutions, she worked herself into the belief that Ethelston had deceived her, and that, because

he thought her a child, and did not love her, he had invented the tale of his previous engagement to lessen her mortification. This soon became her settled conviction; and when it crossed her mind, she would start with passion and exclaim, "He shall yet love me, and me, alone!"

The only confidant of her love was a young negress who waited upon her, and who was indeed so devoted to her that she would have braved the Commodore's utmost wrath, or perilled her life to execute her mistress' commands.

It happened one evening that this girl, whose name was Fanchette, went out to gather some fruit in the orange-grove; and while thus employed she heard the voice of some one speaking. On drawing nearer to the spot whence the sound proceeded, she saw Ethelston sitting under the deep shade of a tree, with what appeared a book before him.

Knowing that Nina was still confined to her room, he had resorted hither to consider his schemes without interruption, and was so busily employed in comparing distances, and calculating possibilities, on the map before him, that Fanchette easily crept to a place whence she could, unperceived, overhear and observe him. "I must and will attempt it," he muttered aloud to him-

self, "we must steal a boat. Cupid and I can manage it between us; my duty and my love both forbid my staying longer here; with a fishing-boat we might reach Antigua or Dominica, or at all events chance to fall in with an American or a neutral vessel. Poor dear Nina," he added, in a lower tone. "Would to God I had never visited this shore! *this*," he continued, drawing a locket from his breast, "this treasured remembrance of one far distant has made me proof against thy charms, cold to thy love, but not, as Heaven is my witness, unmoved or insensible to thy sufferings." So saying he relapsed into silent musing, and as he replaced the locket, Fanchette crept noiselessly from her concealment, and ran to communicate to her young mistress her version of what she had seen. Being very imperfectly skilled in English, she put her own construction upon those few words which she had caught, and thought to serve Nina best by telling her what she would most like to hear. Thus she described to her how Ethelston had spoken to himself over a map; how he had mentioned islands to which he would sail; how he had named her name with tenderness, and had taken something from his vest to press it to his lips."

Poor Nina listened in a tumult of joy; her pas-

sionate heart would admit no doubting suggestion of her reason. She was too happy to bear even the presence of Fanchette, and rewarding her for her good news by the present of a beautiful shawl which she wore at the moment, pushed the delighted little negress out of the room, and threw herself on her couch, where she repeated a hundred times that *he* had been to her orange-grove, where they had last parted, had named her name with tenderness, had pressed some token to his lips—what could that be? It might be a flower, a book, anything—it mattered not—so long as she only knew he loved her! Having long wept with impassioned joy, she determined to show herself worthy of his love, and the schemes which she formed, and resolved to carry into effect, evinced the wild force and energy of her romantic character. Among her father's slaves was one who, being a steady and skilful seaman, had the charge of a schooner (originally an American prize) which lay in the harbour, and which the Commodore sometimes used as a pleasure-yacht, or for short trips to other parts of the island: this man (whose name was Jacques) was not only a great favourite with the young lady, but was also smitten with the black eyes and plump charms of M'amselle Fanchette, who thus exercised over him a sway little

short of absolute. Nina having held a conference with her abigail, sent for Jacques, who was also admitted to a confidential consultation, the result of which, after occurrences will explain to the reader. When this was over, she acquired rather than assumed a sudden composure and cheerfulness; the delights of a plot seemed at once to restore her to health; and on the following day she sent to request that Ethelston would come to see her in her boudoir where she received him with a calmness and self-possession for which he was altogether unprepared. "Mr. Ethelston," said she, as soon as he was seated, "I believe you still desire to escape from your prison, and that you are devising various plans for effecting that object; you will never succeed unless you call me into your counsel."

Ethelston, though extremely surprised at the composure of her manner and language, replied with a smile, "M'amselle Nina, I will not deny that you have rightly guessed my thoughts; but as your father is my jailor, I did not dare to ask your counsel in this matter."

"Well, Mr. Mentor," said the wayward girl, "how does your wisdom propose to act without my counsel?"

"I confess I am somewhat at a loss," said

Ethelston, good-humouredly; "I must go either through the air or the water, and the latter, being my proper element, is the path which I would rather attempt."

"And what should you think of me, if I were to play the traitoress, and aid you in eluding the vigilance of my father, and afford the means of escape to so formidable an enemy?"

Ethelston was completely puzzled by this playful tone of banter in one whom he had last seen under a paroxysm of passion, and in whose dark eye there yet lurked an expression which he could not define; but he resolved to continue the conversation in the same spirit, and replied "I would not blame you for this act of filial disobedience, and though no longer your father's prisoner, I would, if I escaped, ever remain his friend."

"And would you show no gratitude to the lady who effected your release?"

"I owe her already more—far more, than I can pay; and, for this last crowning act of her generosity and kindness, I would—"

As he hesitated, she inquired, abruptly, "You would what, Ethelston?" For a moment she had forgotten the part she was acting, and both the look that accompanied these words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, reminded

him that he stood on the brink of a volcanic crater.

"I would give her any proof of my gratitude that she would deign to accept, yes *any*," he repeated earnestly, "even to life itself, knowing that she is too noble and generous to accept aught at my hands which faith and honour forbid me to offer."

Nina turned aside for a moment, overcome by her emotion; but recovering herself quickly, she added, in her former tone of pleasantry, "She will not impose any hard conditions; but to the purpose, has your sailor-eye noticed a certain little schooner anchored in the harbour?"

"What!" said Ethelson, eagerly, "a beautiful craft of about twenty tons, on the other side of the bay?"

"Even the same."

"Surely I have! She is American built, and swims like a duck."

"Well then," replied Nina, "I think I shall do no great harm in restoring her to an American! How many men should you require to manage her?"

"I could sail her easily with one able seaman besides my black friend Cupid."

"Then," said Nina, "I propose to lend her to

you; you may send her back at your convenience, and I will also provide you an able seaman; write me a list of the stores and articles which you will require for the trip, and send it me in an hour's time: prepare your own baggage, and be ready upon the shortest notice; it is now my turn to command and yours to obey. Good-b'ye, Mr. Mentor." So saying, she kissed her hand to him, and withdrew.

Ethelston rubbed his eyes as if he did not believe their evidence. "Could this merry, ready-witted girl be the same as the Nina whom he had seen, ten days before, heart-broken, and unable to conceal or repress the violence of her passion?" The longer he mused, the more was he puzzled; and he came at length to a conclusion at which many more wise and more foolish than himself had arrived, that a woman's mind, when influenced by her affections, is a riddle hard to be solved. He had not, however, much time for reflection, and being resolved at all risks to escape from the island, he hastened to his room, and within the hour specified by Nina, sent her a list of the stores and provisions for the voyage.

Meanwhile Fanchette had not been idle, she had painted to Jacques, in the liveliest colours, the wealth, beauty, and freedom of the distant

land of Ohio, artfully mingling with this description promises and allurements which operated more directly on the feelings of her black swain, so that the latter, finding himself entreated by Fanchette, and commanded by his young mistress, hesitated no longer to betray his trust and desert the Commodore.

Ethelston, having communicated the prosperous state of affairs to Cupid, and desired him to have all ready for immediate escape, hastened to obey another summons sent to him by Nina; he found her in a mood no less cheerful than before, and although she purposely averted her face, a smile, the meaning of which he could not define, played round the corner of her expressive mouth. Though really glad to escape homeward, and disposed to be grateful to Nina for her aid, he could not help feeling angry and vexed at the capricious eagerness with which she busied herself in contriving the departure of one to whom she had so lately given the strongest demonstration of tenderness; and although his heart told him that he could not love her, there was something in this easy and sudden withdrawal of her affection which wounded that self-love from which the best of men are not altogether free. These feelings gave an unusual coldness and constraint to his manner, when he inquired her further commands.

To this question Nina replied by saying, "Then, Mr. Ethelston, you are quite resolved to leave us, and to risk all the chances and perils of this voyage?"

"Quite," he replied: "it is my wish, my duty, and my firm determination; and I entered the room," he added, almost in a tone of reproof, "desirous of repeating to you my thanks for your kind assistance."

Nina's countenance changed; but, still averting it from Ethelston, she continued in a lower voice, "And do you leave us without pain—without regret?"

There was a tremor, a natural feeling in the tone in which she uttered these few words, that recalled to his mind all that he had seen her suffer, and drove from it the harsh thoughts which he had begun to entertain, and he answered in a voice from which his self-command could not banish all traces of emotion, "Dear Nina, I shall leave you with regret that would amount to misery, if I thought that my visit had brought any permanent unhappiness into this house. I desire to leave you as a Mentor should leave a beloved pupil—as a brother leaves a sister: with a full hope that when I am gone you will fulfil your parents' wishes, your own auspicious destinies,

and that, after years and years of happiness among those whom Fate has decreed to be the companions of your life, you will look back upon me as upon a faithful adviser of your youth, — an affectionate friend who——”

Nina's nerves were not strung for the part she had undertaken; gradually her countenance had grown pale as marble; a choking sensation oppressed her throat, and she sunk in a chair, sobbing, rather than uttering, the word “Water.” It was fortunately at hand, and having placed it in a glass by her side, Ethelston retired to the window to conceal his own emotion, and to allow time for that of Nina to subside.

After a few minutes she recovered her self-possession; and although still deadly pale, her voice was distinct and firm, as she said, “Ethelston, I am ashamed of this weakness; but it is over: we will not speak of the past, and will leave to Fate the future. Now listen to me: all the arrangements for your departure will be complete by to-morrow evening. At an hour before midnight a small boat, with one man, will be at the Quai du Marché, below the Place St. Louis. It is far from the fort, and there is no sentry near the spot; you can then row to the vessel and depart. But is it not too dangerous?” she added;

“ Can you risk it? for the wind whistles terribly, and I fear the approach of a hurricane !”

Ethelston's eye brightened as he replied, “ A rough night is the fairest for the purpose, Nina.”

“ Be it so,” she replied. “ Now, in return for all that I have done for you, there is only one favour I have to ask at your hands.”

“ Name it,” said Ethelston, eagerly.

“ There is,” she continued, “ a poor sick youth in the town, the child of respectable parents in New Orleans; he desires to go home, if it be only to die there: and a nurse will take care of him on the passage if you will let him go with you?”

“ Assuredly I will,” said Ethelston; “ and will take as much care of him as if he were my brother.”

“ Nay,” said Nina, “ they tell me he is ordered to be perfectly quiet, and no one attends him but the nurse; neither will he give any trouble, as the coxswain says there is a small cabin where he can remain alone and undisturbed.”

“ You may depend,” said Ethelston, “ that all your orders about him shall be faithfully performed; and I will see, if I live, that he reaches his home in safety.”

“He and his nurse will be on board before you,” said Nina: “and as soon as you reach the vessel, you have nothing to do but to escape as quick as you can. Now I must bid you farewell! I may not have spirits to see you again!” She held out her hand to him; it was cold as ice; her face was still half-averted, and her whole frame trembled violently.

Ethelston took the offered hand, and pressed it to his lips, saying, “A thousand, thousand thanks for all your kindness! If I reach home alive I will make your honoured father ample amends for the theft of his schooner; and if ever you have an opportunity to let me know that you are well and happy, do not forget that such news will always gladden my heart.” He turned to look at her as he went; he doubted whether the cold rigid apathy of her form and countenance was that of despair or of indifference; but he dared not trust himself longer in her presence; and as he left the room she sunk on the chair against which she had been leaning for support.

When Ethelston found himself alone, he collected his thoughts, and endeavoured in vain to account for the strange deportment of Nina in bidding him farewell. The coldness of her man-

ner, the abrupt brevity of her parting address, had surprised him; and yet the tremor, the emotion, amounting almost to fainting, the forced tone of voice in which she had spoken, all forbid him to hope that she had overcome her unhappy passion; he was grieved that he had scarcely parted from her in kindness, and the pity with which he regarded her was, for the moment, almost akin to love.

Shaking off this temporary weakness, he employed himself forthwith in the preparations for his departure; among the first of which was a letter, which he wrote to Captain L'Estrange, and left upon his table. On the following day he never once saw Nina; but he heard from one of the slaves that she was confined to her room by severe headach.

The wind blew with unabated force, the evening was dark and lowering, as, at the appointed hour, Ethelston, accompanied by his faithful Cupid, left the house with noiseless step. They reached the boat without obstruction; pushed off, and in ten minutes were safe on deck: the coxswain whispered that all was ready; the boat was hoisted up, the anchor weighed, and the schooner was soon dashing the foam from her bows on the open sea.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT TOOK PLACE AT MOOSHANNE DURING THE STAY OF
ETHELSTON IN GUADALOUPE.—DEPARTURE OF REGINALD FOR
THE FAR-WEST.

WHILE the events related in the last two chapters occurred at Guadaloupe, Reginald was busily employed at Mooshanne in completing the preparations for his projected visit to the Delawares, in the Far-west; he had (by putting in practice the instructions given him by War-Eagle respecting Nekimi) at length succeeded in gaining that noble animal's affection; he neighed at Reginald's approach, knew and obeyed his voice, fed from his hand, and received and returned his caresses, as he had before done those of his Indian master. It was when mounted on Nekimi that our hero found his spirit most exulting and buoyant; he gave him the rein on the broadest of the neighbouring prairies, and loved to feel the springy fleetness and untiring muscles of this child of the western desert. Sometimes, after a gallop of many miles, he

would leap from the saddle, to look with pride and pleasure on the spirited eye, the full veins, the expanded nostril of his favourite; at other times he would ride him slowly through the most tangled and difficult ground, admiring the instinctive and unerring sagacity with which he picked his way.

Among Reginald's other accomplishments, he had learnt in Germany to play not unskilfully on the horn; and constantly carrying his bugle across his shoulders, Nekimi grew so accustomed to the sound, that he would come to it from any distance within hearing of its call. It appeared to Reginald so probable that the bugle might render him good service on his summer excursion, that he not only practised his horse to it, but he prevailed on Baptiste to learn his various signals, and even to reply on another horn to some of the simplest of them. The honest guide's first attempts to sound the bugle were ludicrous in the extreme; but he good-humouredly persevered, until Reginald and he could, from a considerable distance, exchange many useful signals agreed upon between them, and of course intelligible to none but themselves. Among these were the following: "Beware!" — "Come to me," — "Be still," — "Bring my horse," and one or two others for hunting purposes, such as "A bear!" — "Buf-

falo!" To these they added a reply, which was always to signify "I understand." But if the party called was prevented from obeying, this signal was to be varied accordingly.

At the same time Reginald did not omit to learn from the guide a number of Delaware words and phrases, in order that when he arrived among his new friends he might not be altogether excluded from communication with such of them as should not understand English; in these preparations, and occasional hunts in company with Baptiste, his time would have glided on agreeably enough, had he not observed with anxiety the settled melancholy that was gradually creeping over his sister Lucy; it was in vain that he strove to comfort her by reminding her of the thousand trifling accidents that might have detained Ethelston in the West Indies, and have prevented his letters from reaching home. She smiled upon him kindly for his well meant endeavours, and not only abstained from all complaint, but tried to take her part in conversation; yet he saw plainly that her cheerfulness was forced, and that secret sorrow was at her heart. She employed herself assiduously in tending her mother, whose health had of late become exceedingly precarious, and who was almost always con-

fined to her apartments. Lucy worked by her side, conversed with her, read to her, and did all in her power to hide from her the grief that possessed her own bosom. Reginald marked the struggle, which strengthened, if possible, the love that he had always felt for his exemplary and affectionate sister.

One day he was sitting with her in the boudoir, which commanded, as we have before observed, a view of the approach to the house, where they saw a horseman coming at full speed. As he drew near, he seemed to be a middle-aged man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, a coarse over-coat, and loose trowsers; his knees were high up on the saddle, and he rode in so careless and reckless a manner, that it was marvellous how the uncouth rider could remain on his horse in a gallop. Reginald threw open the window; and as the strange-looking figure caught a sight of him, the steed was urged yet faster, and the broad-brimmed hat was waved in token of recognition.

“Now Heaven be praised!” exclaimed Reginald aloud; “’tis Gregson the mate!” He turned towards his sister: the blood had fled from her cheeks and lip, her hands were clasped together, and she whispered in a voice scarcely articulate, “Heaven be merciful!”

“Nay, Lucy,” said her sanguine brother, “why this grief? are you not glad that the Pride is returned?”

“Oh, Reginald!” said Lucy, looking on him reproachfully through the tears which now streamed from her eyes. “Think you that if *he* had been alive and well, he would have allowed another to come here before him! Go and speak to the man—I cannot see him—you will return and tell me all.”

Reginald felt the reproof, and kissing her affectionately, hastened from the room.

Who shall attempt to lift the veil from Lucy's heart during the suspense of the succeeding minutes? It is fortunate for human nature, that at such a moment the mind is too confused to be conscious of its own sufferings; the mingled emotions of hope and fear, the half-breathed prayer,—the irresistible desire to learn, contending with the dread of more assured misery,—all these unite in producing that agony of suspense which it is impossible to describe in words, and of which the mind of the sufferer can scarcely realize afterwards a distinct impression.

After a short absence, Reginald returned, and said to his sister, “Lucy, Ethelston is not here, but he is alive and safe.”

She hid her face in her brother's breast and found relief in a flood of grateful tears. As soon as Lucy had recovered her composure, her brother informed her of Ethelston's captivity, and of the serious, though not dangerous wounds, that he had received; but he mingled with the narration such warm praises of his friend's heroic defence of the brig, and so many sanguine assurances of his speedy release and return, that her fears and her anxiety were for a time absorbed in the glow of pride with which she listened to the praises of her lover's conduct, and in the anticipation of soon having his adventures from his own lips. The faithful mate received a kind welcome from the Colonel, and though the latter had sustained a severe loss in the brig, he viewed it as a misfortune for which no one could be blamed; and directed all his anxiety and his inquiries to the condition of Ethelston, whom he loved as his own son.

"Depend on't, Colonel," said Gregson, "he'll come to no harm where he is, for L'Estrange is a fine old fellow, and Master Ethelston saved his son's neck from my cutlass. I was cuttin' at him in downright airnest, for my dander was up, and you know, Colonel, a man a'nt particular nice in a deck scurry like that!"

"And what made him so anxious to save the youngster?" inquired the Colonel.

“Why, I s’pose he thought the day was our own, and the lieutenant too smart a lad to be roughly handled for naught; but the young mad-cap put a pistol-ball into his arm by way of thanks.”

“Well, and did Ethelston still protect him?”

“Ay, sir, all the same. I’ve served with a number of captains o’ one sort or other, smugglers, and slave-cruizers, and old Burt, that the Cuba pirates used to call Gunpowder Jack, but I will say I never saw a better man than Ethelston step a deck, whether it’s ‘up stick and make sail,’ or a heavy gale on a lee-shore, or a game at long bowls, or a hammer-away fight at yard-arm to yard-arm, it’s all one to our skipper, he’s just as cool and seems as well pleased, as when it’s a free breeze, a clear sea, and Black Cupid has piped to dinner.”

“He is a gallant young fellow,” said the Colonel, brushing a little moisture from the corner of his eye; “and we will immediately take all possible measures for his liberation, both by applying, through Congress, for his exchange, and by communicating with the French agents at New Orleans.”

The conversation was prótracted for some time, and after its termination, the mate having satisfied himself that the Mooshanne cider had lost

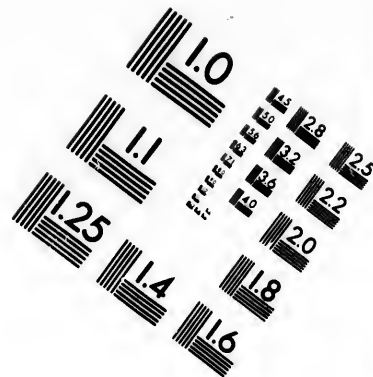
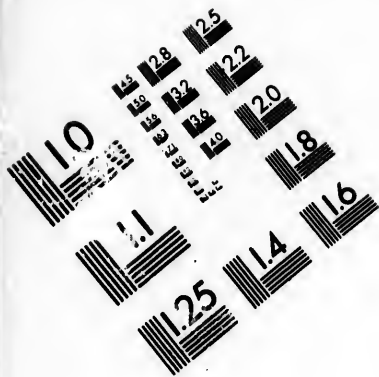
none of its flavour, and that Monsieur Perrot's flask contained genuine cognac, returned in high spirits to Marietta.

The preparations for Reginald's expedition now went briskly forward, as the business which the Colonel wished him to transact with the trading companies on the Mississippi did not admit of delay. A large canoe was fitted out at Marietta, capable of containing sixteen or eighteen persons, and possessing sufficient stowage for the provisions and goods required; the charge of it was given to an experienced Voyageur, who had more than once accompanied Baptiste in his excursions to the Upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes; he was a steady determined man, on whose fidelity reliance might be placed, and well calculated, from the firmness of his character, to keep in order the rough and sturdy fellows who formed his crew. Born and bred in that wild border region which now forms the State of Michigan, the woods, rapids, and lakes had been familiar to him from his childhood; unlike most of his tribe, he was singularly grave and taciturn; he always wore a bear-skin cap, and whether in his bateau, his canoe, or his log-hut, his bed was of the same material, so that he was known only by the name of "Bear-skin;" his paternal appellation, whatever it might

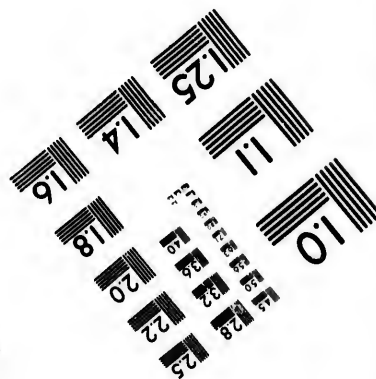
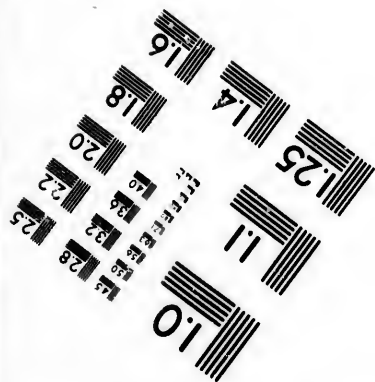
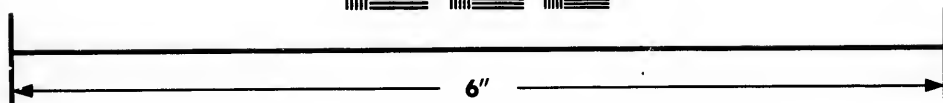
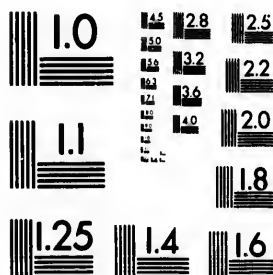
have been originally, having become altogether obsolete and unknown. His crew consisted of four stout fellows, who, like most of the Indian borderers, were as skilful in the use of the paddle on the river as in that of the rifle on the land. Among them was the gigantic form of Mike Smith, before mentioned in this narrative; all these were engaged by the Colonel, at a liberal salary, for six months, which was to be proportionately increased if they were detained in his service for a longer period. It was also settled that Monsieur Gustave Perrot should take his passage in the canoe; and to his care were entrusted the Indian presents, clothes, and other articles, which were his master's own property. Reginald had resolved to cross the Territory on horseback, accompanied by Baptiste, and he therefore meant to carry with him only such arms, and other articles, as were likely to be required on the journey.

The orders given to Bearskin were, to make the best of his way to St. Louis, and having delivered the letters with which he was entrusted, there to await Reginald's arrival. The cargo of the canoe consisted chiefly (with the exception of a full supply of arms and provisions) of powder, cutlery, clothes of various colours, paints, mirrors, and a great variety of beads. Her equip-





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ment was soon completed, and she left Marietta amid the cheers of the crowd assembled on the wooden pier in front of David Muir's store, the latter observing to our old friend the mate, who stood at his elbow, "I'm thinking, Maister Gregson, they chaps will hae enough o' the red-skin deevils, an' fur-huntin' amongst a wholen wild trappers and daft neer-do-weels ayont the Mississippi! Weel a weel, ye maun just step ben. and tak' a stoup o' cognac to the success o' Bearskin and his crew."

Although there was much in the merchant's harangue that was like Greek or Hebrew to the mate, the closing invitation being adapted as well to his comprehension as to his inclination, he expressed a brief but cheerful acquiescence, and the worthy couple entered the house together. As soon as they were seated in the parlour, Jessie placed on the table some excellent corn-cakes and cheese, together with the before-mentioned cognac, and busied herself with even more than her wonted alacrity, to offer these good things to the father of the youth towards whom she entertained, as we have said, a secret but very decided partiality. She carried her hospitality so far as to bring a bottle of old madeira from David's favourite corner in the cellar, which she decanted

with great dexterity, and placed before the mate. The jolly tar complimented the merchant, after his own blunt fashion, both on the excellence of his liquor, and the attractions of his daughter, saying, in reference to the latter, "I can tell you, Master Muir, that I hold Jessie to be as handsome and as handy a lass as any in the territory. If I were twenty years younger, I should be very apt to clap on all sail, and try to make a prize of her!"

At this moment his son entered from the store, under the pretext of speaking to David about the sale of some goods, but with the object of being for a few minutes near to Jessie. He had never spoken to her of love, being afraid that his suit would certainly be rejected by her parents, who, from their reputed wealth, would doubtless expect to marry their daughter to one of the principal personages in the commonwealth of Marietta. As he entered, his eyes encountered those of Jessie, who was still blushing from the effect of the compliment paid to her by his father.

"Harry, my boy," shouted the mate, "you are just come in time; I have filled a glass of David's prime 84, and you must give me a toast! Now, my lad, speak up; heave a-head!"

"Father, I am ashamed of you!" replied the youth, colouring. "How can you ask for another

toast when Miss Jessie's standing at your elbow?"

"The boy's right," said the sailor, "and he shall drink it, too; shan't he, David?"

"I'm thinking ye'll no need to ask him twice. Jessie, hand the lad a glass!"

At her father's bidding she brought another glass from the cupboard; and in giving it to young Gregson, one or other of them was so awkward, that instead of it he took her hand in his; and although he relinquished it immediately, there was a pressure, unconscious perhaps, but so distinctly perceptible to Jessie, that she blushed still deeper, and felt almost relieved by hearing her name called from the store in the loudest key of her mother's shrill voice, while it was repeated yet more loudly by the honest mate, who gave the toast as she left the room, "Here's Jessie Muir,—a long life and a happy one to her!"

Henry Gregson drank the madeira, but he scarcely knew whether it was sweet or sour, for his blood still danced with the touch of Jessie's hand; and setting down the glass, he returned abruptly to the store, whether in the hope of stealing another look at her, or to enjoy his own reflections on the last few minutes, the reader may determine for himself.

The mate and the merchant continued their sitting until the bottle of madeira was empty, and the flask of cognac was considerably diminished; and although their conversation was doubtless highly interesting, and worthy of being listened to with the greatest attention, yet, as it did not bear immediately upon the events of our narrative, we will leave it unrecorded, amongst the many other valuable treasures of a similar kind, which are suffered day by day to sink into oblivion.

M. Perrot being now fairly under way, and having taken with him all the articles required by Reginald for his Indian expedition, our hero resolved no longer to delay his own departure, being about to encounter a very tedious land journey before he could reach St. Louis, and being also desirous of performing it by easy marches, in order that Nekimi might arrive at the Osage hunting-camp fresh, and ready for any of those emergencies in which success might depend upon his strength and swiftness. Baptiste was now quite in his element; and an early day being fixed for their departure, he packed the few clothes and provisions which they were likely to require on the journey, in two capacious leather bags, which were to be slung across the rough hardy nag which had accompanied him on more than one

distant expedition, and he was soon able to announce to Reginald that he was ready to start at an hour's notice.

The parting of our hero from his family was somewhat trying to his firmness; for poor Lucy, whose nerves were much affected by her own sorrows, could not control her grief; Aunt Mary also shed tears, whilst, mingled with her repeated blessings and excellent counsel, she gave him several infallible recipes for the cure of cuts, bruises, and the bite of rattle-snakes. The Colonel squeezed his hand with concealed emotion, and bid him remember those whom he left behind, and not incur any foolish risk in the pursuit of amusement, or in the excitement of Indian adventure. But it was in parting with his mother that his feelings underwent the severest trial, for her health had long been gradually declining; and although she evinced the resigned composure which marked her gentle uncomplaining character, there was a deep solemnity in her farewell benediction, arising from a presentiment that they might not meet again on this side of the grave. It required all the beauty of the scenery through which he passed, and all the constitutional buoyancy of his spirits, to enable Reginald to shake off the sadness which crept over him, when he caught from a

rising ground the last glimpse of Mooshanne; but the fresh elasticity of youth ere long prevailed, and he ran his fingers through the glossy mane that hung over Nekimi's arching crest, anticipating with pleasure the wild adventures by flood and field that they would share together.

Reginald wore the deer-skin hunting-suit that we have before described; his rifle he had sent with the canoe, the bugle was slung across his shoulders, a brace of horse-pistols were in the holsters, and a hunting-knife hanging at his girdle completed his equipment. The sturdy guide was more heavily armed; for besides his long rifle, which he never quitted, a knife hung on one side of his belt, and at the other was slung the huge axe which had procured him the name by which he was known among some of the tribes; but in spite of these accoutrements, and of the saddlebags before-mentioned, his hardy nag paced along with an enduring vigour that would hardly have been expected from one of so coarse and unpromising an exterior; sometimes their way lay through the vast prairies which were still found in the states Indiana and Illinois; at others among dense woods and rich valleys, through which flowed the various tributaries that swell Ohio's mighty stream, the guide losing no opportunity of ex-

plaining to Reginald as they went, all the signs and secret indications of Indian or border woodcraft that occurred. They met with abundance of deer, and at night they made their fire; and having finished their venison supper, camped under the shelter of some ancient oak or sycamore. Thus Reginald's hardy frame became on this preliminary journey more inured to the exposure that he would have to undergo among the Osages and Delawares of the Far-west; they fell in now and then with straggling bands of hunters and of friendly Indians, but with no adventures worthy of record; and thus, after a steady march of twenty days, they reached the banks of the Mississippi, and crossed in the ferry to St. Louis.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE ESCAPE OF ETHELSTON FROM GUADALOUPE, AND THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH ENSUED FROM THAT EXPEDITION.

WE left Ethelston on the deck of the little schooner, which was bearing him rapidly from the shores of Guadaloupe, under the influence of an easterly wind, so strong that all his attention was absorbed in the management of the vessel. During the night the gale increased, and blew with unabated violence for forty-eight hours. "The Sea-gull," for so she was called, scudded lightly before it; and on the third day Ethelston had made by his log upwards of five hundred miles of westerly course.

Having only two hands on board, and the weather being so uncommonly boisterous, he had been kept in constant employment, and had only been able to snatch a few brief intervals for sleep and refreshment; he found Jacques the coxswain an active able seaman, but extremely silent and re-

served, obeying exactly the orders he received, but scarcely uttering a word, even to Cupid; it was he alone who attended upon the invalid and the nurse in the after-cabin, and the weather having now moderated, Ethelston asked how the youth had borne the pitching and tossing of the vessel during the late gale. Jacques replied, that he was not worse, and seemed not to suffer from the sea. The Captain was satisfied, and retired to his cabin; he had not been there long, before Cupid entered; and carefully shutting the door behind him, stood before his master with a peculiar expression of countenance, which the latter well knew to intimate some unexpected intelligence.

“Well Cupid, what is it?” said Ethelston, “is there a suspicious sail in sight?”

“Very suspicious, Massa Ethelston,” replied the Black, grinning and lowering his voice to a whisper, “and suspicious goods aboard the schooner.”

“What mean you, Cupid?”

“There is some trick aboard. I not like that Jacques that never speak, and I not like that sick boy and his nurse, that nobody never see.”

“But why should you be angry, Cupid, with the poor boy because he is sick? I have promised to deliver him safe to his friends at New Orleans,

and I hope soon, with this breeze, to perform my promise."

"Massa Ethelston, I believe it all one damn trick—I not believe there is one sick boy; when Jacques come in and go out of that cabin he creep, and look, and listen, and watch like the Colonel's grey cat at the cheese cupboard; Cupid no pretend to much learnin', but he no be made fool of by damn French nigger, and he no tell Massa Ethelston a lie." So saying, the African withdrew as quietly as he had entered.

After musing some time on his follower's communication and suspicions, he resolved to unravel whatever mystery might be attached to the matter, by visiting the invalid immediately. On his knocking gently at the door for admission, he was answered from within by the nurse that her patient was asleep, and ought not now to be disturbed; but being determined not to allow another day to pass in uncertainty, he went on deck, and summoning Jacques, told him to go down presently and inform the nurse that in the evening, as soon as her patient was awake, he should pay him a visit.

Jacques received this mandate with some confusion, and began to stammer something about the "poor boy not being disturbed."

"Harkee, sir," said Ethelston sternly; "I am Captain on board this craft, and will be obeyed; as you go into that cabin three or four times a day to attend upon the invalid, methinks my presence cannot be so dangerous. I will take the risk upon myself: you hear my orders, sir, and they are not to be trifled with!"

Jacques disappeared, and Ethelston remained pacing the deck. In about half an hour the latter came up to him, and said, "The young gentleman will receive the captain at sundown."

"Very well," replied Ethelston, and continued to pace the deck, revolving in his mind all the strange events of the last month,—his illness, the unfortunate passion of Nina, and her strange behaviour when he bid her farewell.

At the appointed time he went down, and again knocked at the side cabin door for admission; it was opened by the nurse, apparently a young woman of colour, who whispered to him in French, "Go in, sir, and speak gently to him, for he is very delicate." So saying she left the cabin, and closed the door behind her.

Ethelston approached the sofa, on which the grey evening light permitted him to see a slight figure, covered with a mantle; and addressing the

invalid kindly, he said, "I fear, young sir, you must have suffered much during the gale."

"No, I thank you," was the reply, but so faintly uttered as to be scarcely audible.

"Can I do anything to make your stay on board more comfortable?"

"Yes," was the whispered answer.

"Then tell me what, or how; as I have promised to do all in my power to make the voyage agreeable to you."

After a pause of a minute, during which the invalid seemed struggling with repressed emotion, the mantle was suddenly thrown aside, the recumbent figure sprang from the sofa, and Nina stood before him! "Yes," she said; "you *have* promised—and my ears drank in the promise—for it, and for you I have abandoned home, country, kindred,—what do I say,—I have abandoned nothing; for you are to me home, kindred, country, everything! Dear, dear Ethelston! this moment repays me for all I have suffered." As she spoke thus, she threw her arms round his neck, and hid her blushing face upon his breast.

Ethelston was so completely taken by surprise, that for a moment he could not utter a syllable. Mistaking his silence for a full participation in

her own impassioned feelings, and looking up in his face, her eyes beaming with undisguised affection, and her dark tresses falling carelessly over her beautiful neck, she continued, "Oh, speak—speak one gentle word,—nay, rather break not this delicious silence, and let me dream here for ever."

If Ethelston was for a moment stupified, partly by surprise and partly by the effect of her surpassing loveliness, it was *but* for a moment. His virtue, pride, and honour were aroused, and the suggestions of passion found no entrance to his heart. Firmly, but quietly replacing her on the sofa she had quitted, he said, in a voice more stern than he had ever before used when addressing her, "Nina, you have grieved me more than I can express; you have persisted in seeking a heart which I frankly told you was not mine to give; I see no longer in you the Nina whom I first knew in Guadaloupe, gentle, affectionate, and docile—but a wild, headstrong girl, pursuing a wayward fancy, regardless of truth, and of that maidenly reserve, which is woman's sweetest charm. Not only have you thus hurt my feelings, but you have brought a stain upon my honour,—nay, interrupt me not," he added, seeing that she was about to speak; "for I must tell you the truth, and "

must learn to bear it, even though it may sound harsh to your ears. I repeat, you have brought a stain upon my honour,—for what will your respected father think of the man whom he received wounded, suffering, and a prisoner? whom he cherished with hospitable kindness, and who now requites all his benefits by stealing from his roof the daughter of his love, the ornament and blessing of his home? Nina, I did not think that you would have brought this disgrace and humiliation upon my name! I have now a sacred and a painful duty before me, and I will see you no more until I have restored you to the arms of an offended father. I hope he will forgive you, as I do, for the wrong that you have done to both of us. Farewell, Nina.” With these words, spoken in a voice trembling with contending emotions, he turned and left the cabin.

Reader! have you ever dwelt in Sicily, or in any other southern island of volcanic formation; if so, you may have seen a verdant spot near the base of the mountain, where the flowers and the herbage were smiling in the fresh beauty of summer, where the luxuriant vine mingled her tendrils with the spreading branches of the elm, where the air was loaded with fragrance, and the ear was refreshed by the hum of bees and the murmur of a

rippling stream,—on a sudden, the slumbering mountain-furnace is aroused—the sulphurous crater pours forth its fiery deluge, and in a moment the spot so lately teeming with life, fertility, and fragrance, is become the arid, barren abode of desolation. If, reader, you have seen this fearful change on the face of nature, or if you can place it vividly before your imagination, then may you conceive the state of Nina's mind, when her long-cherished love was thus abruptly and finally rejected by the man for whom she had sacrificed her home, her parents, and her pride! It is impossible for language to portray an agony such as that by which all the faculties of her soul and body seemed absorbed and benumbed; she neither spoke, nor wept, nor gave any outward sign of suffering, but with bloodless and silent lips, sat gazing on vacancy.

Fanchette returned, and looked on her young mistress with fear and dread. She could neither elicit a word in reply, nor the slightest indication of her repeated entreaties being understood. Nina suffered her hands to be chafed, her temples to be bathed, and at length broke into a loud hysterical laugh, that rang through the adjoining cabin, and sent a thrill to the heart of Ethelston. Springing on deck, he ordered Jacques to go below, and aid Fanchette in attending on her young lady, and

then, with folded arms, he leaned over the low bulwark, and sat meditating in deep silence on the events of the day.

The moon had risen, and her beams silvered the waves through which the schooner was cutting her way; scarcely a fleeting cloud obscured the brightness of the sky, and all nature seemed hushed in the calm and peaceful repose of night. How different from the fearful storm now raging in the bosom of the young girl from whom he was divided only by a few inches of plank! He shuddered when that thought arose, but his conscience told him that he was acting aright, and, indulging in the reverie that possessed him, he saw a distant figure in the glimmering moonlight, which as it drew near, grew more and more distinct, till it wore the form, the features, and the approving smile of his Lucy! Confirmed and strengthened in his resolutions, he started from his seat, and bid the astonished Cupid, who was now at the helm, to prepare to go about, and stand to the eastward; Jacques was called from below, the order was repeated in a sterner voice, the sails were trimmed, and in a few minutes the schooner was close hauled and laying her course, as near as the wind would permit, for Guadaloupe.

While these events were passing on board the

Seagull, Captain L'Estrange had returned in the frigate to Point à Pitre. His grief and anger may be better imagined than described, when he learnt the flight of his daughter and of his prisoner, together with the loss of his yacht and two of his slaves.

Concluding that the fugitives would make for New Orleans, he dispatched the *Hirondelle* immediately in pursuit, with orders to discover them if possible, and to bring them back by stratagem or force. He also wrote to Colonel Brandon, painting in the blackest colours the treachery and ingratitude of Ethelston, and calling upon him, as a man of honour, to disown and punish the perpetrator of such an outrage on the laws of hospitality.

Meanwhile the latter was straining every nerve to reach again the island from which he had so lately escaped. In this object he was hindered, not only by baffling winds, but by the obstinacy of Jacques, who, justly fearing the wrath of his late master, practised every manœuvre to frustrate Ethelston's design. But the latter was on his guard; and unless he was himself on deck, never trusted the helm in the coxswain's hands.

He learnt from Fanchette, that Nina was in a high fever, and quite delirious; but though he

inquired constantly after her, and ordered every attention to be paid to her that was within his power, he adhered firmly to the resolution that he had formed of never entering her cabin.

After a few days' sailing to the eastward, when Ethelston calculated that he should not now be at a great distance from Guadaloupe, he fell in with a vessel, which proved to be the *Hirondelle*. The *Seagull* was immediately recognised; and the weather being fair, the lieutenant, and eight men, came on board. The French officer was no sooner on the deck, than he ordered his men to seize and secure Ethelston, and to place the two blacks in irons.

It was in vain that Ethelston indignantly remonstrated against such harsh and undeserved treatment. The officer would listen to no explanation; and without deigning a reply, ordered his men to carry their prisoners on board the *Hirondelle*.

On reaching Point à Pitre, they were all placed in separate places of confinement; and Nina was, not without much risk and difficulty, conveyed to her former apartment in her father's house. The delirium of fever seemed to have permanently affected the poor girl's brain. She sang wild snatches of songs, and told those about her that

her lover was often with her, but that he was invisible. Sometimes she fancied herself on board a ship, and asked them which way the wind blew, and whether they were near the shore. Then she would ask for a guitar, and tell them that she was a mermaid, and would sing them songs that the fishes loved to hear.

The distracted father often sat and listened to these incoherent ravings, until he left the room in an agony not to be described; and when alone, vented the most fearful imprecations on the supposed treachery and ingratitude of Ethelston. He could not bring himself to see the latter; for, said he, "I must kill him, if I set eyes on his hateful person:" but he one day wrote the following lines, which he desired to be delivered to his prisoner:—

"A FATHER, whose indignation is yet greater than his agony, desires to know what plea you can urge in extenuation of the odious crimes laid to your charge:—the deliberate theft of his slaves and yacht, and the abduction and ruin of his child, in recompense for misplaced trust, kindness, and hospitality?"

Poor Ethelston, in the gloomy solitude of the narrow chamber where he was confined, read and

re-read the above lines many times before he would trust himself to reply to them. He felt for the misery of L'Estrange, and he was too proud and too generous to exculpate himself by the narration of Nina's conduct; nay, although he knew that by desiring L'Estrange to examine separately Fanchette and Jacques, his own innocence, and the deceit practised upon him, would be brought to light, he could not bring himself to forget that delicacy which Nina had herself forgotten; nor add, to clear himself, one mite to the heavy weight of visitation that had already fallen upon her. He contented himself with sending the following answer:—

“ SIR,

“ Your words, though harsh, would be more than merited by the crimes of which you believe me guilty. There is a Being above, who reads the heart, and will judge the conduct of us all. If I am guilty of the crimes imputed to me, His vengeance will inflict on me, through the stings of conscience, punishment more terrible even than the wrath of a justly-offended father could desire for the destroyer of his child. If I am not guilty, He, in His own good time, will make it known, and will add to your other heavy sorrows, regret

for having unjustly charged with such base ingratitude,

Your servant and prisoner,

“ E. ETHELSTON.”

On receiving the above letter, which seemed dictated by a calm consciousness of rectitude, L'Estrange's belief of his prisoner's guilt was for a moment staggered; and had he bethought himself of cross-examining the other partners in the escape, he would doubtless have arrived at the truth; but his feelings were too violently excited to permit the exercise of his reason; and tearing the note to pieces, he stamped upon it, exclaiming in a paroxysm of rage, “ Dissembling hypocrite! does he think to cozen me with words, as he has poisoned poor Nina's peace?”

Her disorder now assumed a different character. The excitement of delirium ceased, and was succeeded by a feebleness and gradual wasting, which baffled all the resources of medicine; and such was the apathy and stupor that clouded her faculties, that even her father could scarcely tell whether she knew him or not. In this state she continued for several days; and the physician at length informed L'Estrange that he must prepare himself for the worst, and that all hope of recovery was gone.

Madame L'Estrange had, under the pressure of anxiety, forgotten her habitual listlessness, and watched by her daughter's couch with a mother's unweary solicitude; on the night succeeding the above sad announcement, Nina sunk into a quiet sleep, which gave some hope to her sanguine parents, and induced them also to permit themselves a few hours' repose.

In the morning she awoke; her eye no longer dwelt on vacancy; a slight flush was visible on her transparent cheek, and she called her father, in a voice feeble indeed, but clear and distinct. Who shall paint the rapture with which he hailed the returning dawn of reason and of hope? But his joy was of brief duration; for Nina, beckoning him to approach yet nearer, said, "God be thanked that I may yet beg your blessing and forgiveness, dearest father!" then pressing her wasted hand upon her brow, she continued, after a short pause, "Yes, I remember it all now—all; the orange-grove—the flight—the ship—the last meeting! Oh; tell me, where is he?—where is Ethelston?"

"He is safe confined," answered L'Estrange, scarcely repressing his rage; "he shall not escape punishment. The villain shall yet know the weight of an injured father's—" Ere he could con-

clude the sentence, Nina, by a sudden exertion, half rose in her bed, and grasping his arm convulsively, said, "Father, curse him not—you know not what you say; it is on me, on me alone, that all your anger should fall; listen, and speak not, for my hours are numbered, and my strength nearly spent." She then proceeded to tell him, in a faint but distinct voice, all the particulars already known to the reader, keeping back nothing in her own defence, and confessing how Ethelston had been deceived, and how she had madly persisted in her endeavours to win his love, after he had explicitly owned to her that his heart and hand were promised to another.

"I solemnly assure you," she said in conclusion, "that he never spoke to me of love, that he warned me as a brother, and reprovèd me as a father; but I would not be counselled. His image filled my thoughts, my senses, my whole soul—it fills them yet; and if you wish your poor Nina to die in peace, let her see you embrace him as a friend and son." So saying she sunk exhausted on her pillow.

L'Estrange could scarcely master the agitation excited by this narration. After a short pause he replied, "My poor child! I fear you dream again. I wrote only a few days ago to Ethelston, charging

him with his villany, and asking what he could say in his defence? his reply was nothing but a canting subterfuge."

"What was it?" inquired Nina faintly.

L'Estrange repeated the words of the note. As he did so, a sweet smile stole over her countenance; and clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, "Like himself—noble, generous Ethelston! Father, you are blind; he would not exculpate himself, by proclaiming your daughter's shame! If you doubt me, question Fanchette—Jacques—who know it all too well; but you will not doubt me, dear—dear father! By that Being to whose presence I am fast hastening, I tell you only the truth; by His name I conjure you to comfort my last moments, by granting my last request!"

L'Estrange averted his face; and rising almost immediately, desired an attendant to summon Ethelston without delay.

A long pause ensued; Nina's lips moved as if in silent prayer; and her father, covering his face with his hands, struggled to control the anguish by which his firmness was all but overpowered. At length Ethelston entered the room; he had been informed that Nina was very ill, but was by no means aware of the extremity of her danger.

Naturally indignant at the treatment he had lately received, knowing it to be undeserved, and ignorant of the purpose for which he was now called, his manner was cold, and somewhat haughty, as he inquired the commands which Captain L'Estrange might have for his prisoner.

The agonised father sought in vain for utterance; his only reply was to point to the almost lifeless form of his child.

One glance from the bed to the countenance of L'Estrange was sufficient to explain all to Ethelston, who sprang forward, and, wringing the old captain's hand, faltered in a voice of deep emotion, "Oh! forgive me for so speaking,—I knew nothing—nothing of this dreadful scene!" then turning from him, he fixed his eyes upon Nina, while the convulsive working of his features showed that his habitual self-command was scarcely equal to support the present unexpected trial.

The deadly paleness of her brow contrasted with the disordered tresses of her dark hair,—the long eyelashes, reposing upon the transparent cheek, which wore a momentary hectic glow,—the colourless lip, and the thin wan fingers, crossed meekly upon her breast,—all gave to her form and features an air of such unearthly beauty, that Ethelston almost doubted whether the spirit still

lingered in its lovely mansion; but his doubts were soon resolved; for having finished the unuttered but fervent prayer which she had been addressing to the Throne of Grace, she again unclosed her eyes; and when they rested upon his countenance; a sweet smile played round her lip, and a warmer flush came over her cheek. Extending her hand to him, she said, "Can you forgive me for all the wrong I have done you?"

In reply, he pressed her fingers to his lips, for he could not speak. She continued: "I know that I grievously wronged my parents; but the wrong which I did to you was yet more cruel. God be thanked for giving me this brief but precious hour for atonement. You more than once called me your sister and your friend! be a brother to me now. And you, dearest father, if your love outweighs my fault,—if you wish your child to die happy, embrace him for my sake, and repair the injustice that you have done to his generous nature!"

The two men looked at each other; their hearts were melted, and their cordial embrace brought a ray of gladness to Nina's eyes. "God be thanked!" she murmured faintly. "Let my mother now come, that I may receive her blessing too."

While L'Estrange went to summon his wife to a

scene which the weakness of her mind and nerves rendered her unequal to support, Nina continued: "Dear, dear Ethelston, let me hear your voice; the madness, the passion, the jealousy, that filled my bosom are all past, but the love is there, imperishable; tell me, my friend, counsellor, brother, that you are not angry with me for saying so now."

Again the wasted fingers were pressed to his burning lip; his tongue could not yet find utterance, but a tear which fell upon them told to the sufferer that there was no indifference in that silence.

Captain L'Estrange now entered, accompanied by his wife. Although a weak and foolish woman, her heart was not dead to those natural affections of a mother which the present scene might be expected to call forth; she wept long and violently over her dying child, and perhaps her grief might be embittered by a whisper of conscience that her sufferings were more or less attributable to neglected education. Fearing that her mother's excessive agitation might exhaust Nina's scanty store of remaining strength, Ethelston suggested to Captain L'Estrange to withdraw her into the adjoining apartment; and approaching the sufferer, he whispered a few words in her ear. A sweet

smile played upon her countenance as she answered, "Yes, and without delay."

Following her retiring parents from the room, he motioned to the priest, who was waiting at the door, to enter; and the sad party remained together while the confessor performed the rites of his sacred office. Madame L'Estrange was so overpowered by her grief, that she was removed, almost insensible, to her own apartment, while, upon a signal from the holy man, Ethelston and the father re-entered that of Nina.

Addressing the latter, she said in a faint voice, "Dearest father, I have made my peace with Heaven; let me add one more prayer to you for peace and forgiveness on earth?"

"Speak it, my child; it is already granted," said the softened veteran.

"Pardon, for my sake, Fanchette and Jacques: they have committed a great offence; but it was I who urged them to it."

"It is forgiven; and they shall not be punished," replied L'Estrange: while Ethelston, deeply touched by this amiable remembrance of the offending slaves at such a moment, whispered to her in a low voice,

"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God!"

A grateful pressure of the hand which he had placed in hers, was the only reply, as she continued, addressing L'Estrange, "And let them marry, father, I know they love each other; and those who love should marry." Here her voice became feebler and feebler, as, once more opening her dark eyes, which shone with preternatural lustre upon Ethelston, she added, "You, too, will marry; but none will ever love you like your . . . sister!—closer—closer yet! let me feel your breath. Father, join your hand to his—so! This death is - - Par - - -"

The closing word died upon her lips; but the angelic smile that lingered there seemed to emanate from that Paradise which their last moments strove in vain to name. Her earthly sorrows were at rest, and the bereaved father fell exhausted into Ethelston's arms.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXCURSION ON THE PRAIRIE.—THE PARTY FALL IN WITH A
VETERAN HUNTER.

WE must now return to Reginald and his trusty follower, Baptiste, whom we left at St. Louis, where they were busily employed in disposing of Colonel Brandon's share of the peltries brought in by the trapping party, which he had partly furnished the preceding year. They did not find much difficulty in effecting an advantageous sale to two of the other partners in the expedition,—active, enterprising men, who, from their connection with the Mackinaw Fur Company, were sure of reselling at considerable profit.

As soon as these affairs were settled, Reginald, who had been joined by Perrot, Bearskin, and the remaining crew of the canoe, resolved to defer no longer his proposed journey into the Osage country. He left all the arrangements to Baptiste and Bearskin, under whose superintendence

the preparations advanced so rapidly, that at the end of a week they were satisfactorily completed.

It had been determined to leave the canoe at St. Louis, and to perform the journey by land; for this purpose a strong saddle-horse was purchased for each of the party, together with six pack-horses, and as many mules, for the transfer of the ammunition, baggage, and presents for their Indian allies. Four additional Canadian "coureurs des Bois" were engaged to take charge of the packs; so that when they started for the Western Prairies, the party mustered twelve in number, whose rank and designation were as follows:—

Reginald Brandon; Baptiste, his lieutenant; Bearskin, who, in the absence of the two former, was to take the command; M. Perrot, Mike Smith, with three other border hunters, and the four Canadians, completed the party.

Baptiste had taken care to place among the packages an abundance of mirrors, cutlery, and other articles most highly prized by the savages. He had also selected the horses with the greatest care, and two spare ones were taken, in case of accidents by the way. When all was ready, even the taciturn Bearskin admitted that he had never

seen a party so well fitted out, in every respect, for an Indian expedition.

It was a lovely morning when they left St. Louis, and entered upon the broad track which led through the deep Missourian forest, with occasional openings of prairie towards a trading post lately opened on the Osage, a river which runs from S. W. to N. E. and falls into the Missouri. Of all the party, none were in such exuberant spirits as Perrot, who, mounted on an active, spirited little Mestang horse,* capering beside the bulky figure of Mike Smith, addressed to him various pleasantries in broken English, which the other, if he understood them, did not deign to notice.

It was now near the close of May, and both the prairie and the woodland scenery were clad in the beautiful and varied colours of early summer; the grassy road along which they wound their easy way was soft and elastic to the horses' hoofs; and as they travelled farther from the settlements scattered near St. Louis, the frequent tracks of deer which they observed, tempted Reginald to halt his party, and encamp for the

* Mestang, a horse bred between the wild and the tame breeds: they are sometimes to be met with among the traders to Santa Fé.

night, while he and Baptiste sallied forth to provide for them a venison supper.

After a short hunting ramble they returned, bearing with them the saddle of a fine buck. A huge fire was lighted; the camp-kettles, and other cooking-utensils were in immediate request, and the travellers sat down to enjoy their first supper in the Missourian wilderness.

Monsieur Perrot was now quite in his element, and became at once an universal favourite, for never had any of the party tasted coffee or flour-cakes so good, or venison steaks of so delicate a flavour. His good-humour was as inexhaustible as his inventive culinary talent; and they were almost disposed to believe in his boasting assurance, that so long as there was a buffalo-hide, or an old mocassin left among them, they should never want a good meal.

Having supped and smoked a comfortable pipe, they proceeded to bivouac for the night. By the advice of Baptiste, Reginald had determined to accustom his party, from the first, to those precautionary habits which might soon become so essential to their safety; a regular rotation of sentry duty was established, the horses were carefully secured, and every man lay down with his knife in his belt, and his loaded rifle at his side; the packs

were all carefully piled, so as to form a low breast-work from behind which they might fire in case of sudden attack; and when these dispositions were completed, those who were not on the watch, wrapped themselves in their blankets or buffalo-skins, and with their feet towards the fire, slept as comfortably as on a bed of down.

For two days they continued their march in a north-west direction, meeting with no incident worthy of record; the hunters found abundance of game of every description, and Monsieur Perrot's skill was daily exercised upon prairie-hens, turkeys, and deer. On the third day, as they were winding their way leisurely down a wooded valley, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard at no great distance. Reginald, desiring to ascertain whether Indians or White-men were hunting in the neighbourhood, halted his party, and went forward, accompanied by Baptiste, to endeavour, unperceived, to approach the person whose shot they had heard. A smooth grassy glade facilitated their project, and a slight column of smoke curling up from an adjoining thicket served to guide them towards the spot. Ere they had advanced far, the parting of the brushwood showed them that the object of their search was approaching the place where they stood, and they had barely

time to conceal themselves in a bush of sumach, when the unknown hunter emerged from the thicket, dragging after him a fine deer. He was a powerful man of middling height, not very unlike Baptiste in dress and appearance, but even more embrowned and weather-beaten than the trusty Guide; he seemed to be about fifty years of age, and the hair on his temples was scant and grey; his countenance was strikingly expressive of boldness and resolution, and his eye seemed as clear and bright as that of a man in the early prime of life. Leaning his rifle against an adjoining tree, he proceeded to handle and feel his quarry to ascertain the proportions of fat and meat; the examination seemed not unsatisfactory, for when it was concluded he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and with a complacent smile muttered half aloud, "Ah, 'taint every day as a man can find a saddle like that in old Kentuck now,—what with their dogs, and girdlins, and clearins, and hog-feedings, and the other devilments of the settlements, the deer's all driven out of the country, or if it aint driven out, they run all the fat off, so that it's only fit to feed one of your tradin' townbred fellows, who wouldn't know a prime buck from a Lancaster sheep!"

After this brief soliloquy, the veteran sportsman

tucked up the sleeve of his hunting-shirt, and proceeded to skin and cut up his quarry, with a skill and despatch that showed him to be a perfect master of his craft. Reginald and Baptiste had remained silent observers of his proceedings, but the former inferred from the pleased twinkle of the Guide's grey eyes, and the comic working of the muscles of his mouth, that the solitary hunter was no stranger to him: touching Baptiste lightly, he whispered, "I see that we have come across an acquaintance of yours in this remote place."

"That we have, Master Reginald," said the Guide; "and you'd have known him too, if you'd spent some of the years in Kentuck, as you passed at those colleges in the old country; but we'll just step out and hail him, for though he aint particular fond of company, he's not the man to turn his back on a friend to whom he has once given his hand."

So saying, he rose from his hiding place, and coming out on the open glade, before Reginald could inquire the stranger's name, the Guide said aloud, "A prime buck, Colonel, I see your hand's as steady as ever!"

At the first sound of a voice addressing him in his own language, a shade of displeasure came across the hunter's countenance, but as he recog-

nised the speaker, it disappeared instantly, and he replied, "Ha! Baptiste, my old friend, is that you? What chase are you on here?"

So saying, he grasped the horny hand of the Guide, with a heartiness which proved that the latter was really welcome.

"Why, Colonel, I'm out on a kind o' mixed hunt this turn, with this young gentleman, whose father, Colonel Brandon, you've known many a day.—Master Reginald, I'm sure you'll be glad to be acquainted with Colonel Boone, howbeit you little expected to find him in this part of the airth."

At the mention of the stranger's name, Reginald's hand was raised unconsciously to his cap, which he doffed respectfully as he said, "I am indeed glad to meet the celebrated Daniel Boone, whose name is as familiar to every western hunter as that of Washington or Franklin in our cities."

"My young friend," said the Colonel, laughing good-humouredly, "I am heartily glad to see your father's son, but you must not bring the ways of the city into the woods, by flattering a rough old bear-hunter with fine words."

"Nay," said Reginald, "there is no flattery, for Baptiste here has spoken of you to me an hundred times, and has told me, as often, that a better

hunter, or a better man does not breathe. You seem to have known him some time, and must, therefore, be able to judge whether he is of a flattering sort or not."

"Why, it wasn't much his trade, I allow," replied the Colonel, "in old times when he and I hunted bear for three weeks together in the big laurel thicket at Kentucky Forks. I believe, Baptiste, that axe at your belt is the very one with which you killed the old she, who wasn't pleased because we shot down two of her cubs; she hadn't manners enough to give us time to load again, and when you split her skull handsomely, she was playing a mighty unpleasant game with the stock of my rifle. Ah, that was a reasonable quiet country in those days," continued the Colonel; "we had no trouble, but a lively bit of a skirmage, now and then, with the Indians, until the Browns, and Frasers, and Micklehams, and heaven knows how many more came to settle in it, and what with their infernal ploughs and fences, and mills, the huntin' was clean spoilt—I stayed as long as I could, for I'd a kind o' likin' to it, but at last I couldn't go ten mile any way without comin' to some clearin' or log-hut, so says I to myself, 'Colonel, the sooner you clear out o' this, the better you'll be pleased.'"

"Well, Colonel," said the Guide, "I heard you had moved away from the Forks, and had gone further down west, but they never told me you had crossed the big river."

"I only came here last fall," replied the Colonel; "for I found in Kentucky that as fast as I moved, the settlers and squatters followed; so I thought I'd dodge 'em once for all, and make for a country where the deer and I could live comfortably together."

"As we have thus accidentally fallen in with you," said Reginald, "I hope you will take a hunter's meal with us before we part; our men and baggage are not a mile from this spot, and Colonel Boone's company will be a pleasure to us all."

The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was given.

Baptiste shouldered the Colonel's venison, and in a short time the three rejoined Reginald's party. Daniel Boone's name alone was sufficient in the West to ensure him a hearty welcome. Perrot's talents were put into immediate requisition, and ere long the game and poultry of the prairie were roasting before a capital fire, while the indefatigable Frenchman prepared the additional and unusual luxuries of hot maize cakes and coffee.

During the repast, Reginald learnt from Co-

lonel Boone that various parties of Indians had been lately hunting in the neighbourhood. He described most of them as friendly, and willing to trade in meat or skins for powder and lead; he believed them to belong to the Konsas,—a tribe once powerful, and resident on the river called by that name falling into the Missouri, about an hundred miles to the N.W. of the place where our party were now seated; but the tribe had been of late reduced by the ravages of the small-pox, and by the incursions of the Pawnees,—a nation more numerous and warlike, whose villages were situated an hundred miles higher up the same river.*

The Colonel described the neighbourhood as abounding in elk, deer, bear, and turkeys; but he said that the beaver and the buffalo were already scarce, the great demand for their skins having caused them to be hunted quite out of the region bordering on the settlements. After spending a couple of hours agreeably with our party, the veteran sportsman shouldered his trusty

* The Pawnee nations have of late years fixed their winter villages on the banks of the Nebraska, or Platte River, many hundred miles to the N.W. of the spot named in the text: but at the date of our narrative they dwelt on the banks of the Konsas, where the ruins of their principal village are still faintly to be discerned.

rifle, and wishing our hero a successful hunt, and shaking his old comrade Baptiste cordially by the hand, walked off leisurely in a northerly direction, towards his present abode; which was not, he said, so far distant but that he should easily reach it before sundown.

As the last glimpse of his retiring figure was lost in the shades of the forest, the Guide uttered one of those grunts, which he sometimes unconsciously indulged. Reginald knew that on these occasions there was something on his mind, and guessing that it referred to their departed guest, he said,

“ Well, Baptiste, I am really glad to have seen Daniel Boone; and I can truly say, I am not disappointed; he seems to be just the sort of man that I expected to see.”

“ He is a sort,” said the Guide, “ that we don’t see every day, Master Reginald. Perhaps he ain’t much of a talker; an’ he don’t use to quarrel unless there’s a reason for ’t; but if he’s once aggravated, or if his friend’s in a scrape, he’s rather apt to be dangerous.”

“ I doubt it not,” said Reginald; “ there is a quiet look of resolution about him; and, in a difficulty, I would rather have one such man with me than two or three of your violent, noisy brawlers.”

As he said this his eye inadvertently rested upon the huge figure of Mike Smith, who was seated at a little distance lazily smoking his pipe, and leaning against a log of fallen timber. The Guide observed the direction of Reginald's eye, and guessed what was passing in his mind. A grave smile stole for a moment over his features; but he made no reply, and in a few minutes, the marching orders being issued, the party resumed their journey.

On the following day they reached a point where the track branched off in two directions; the broader, and more beaten, to the N.W.; the other towards the S.W. The Guide informed them that the former led along by the few scattered settlements, that were already made on the southern side of the Missouri, towards the ferry and trading-post near the mouth of the Kansas river; while the smaller, and less beaten track, led towards the branch of Osage river, on which the united party of Delawares and Osages, whom they sought, were encamped.

Having followed this track for fifty miles, they came to a spot, then known among hunters by the name of the Elk Flats, where the branch of the Osage, called Grand River, is fordable. Here they crossed without accident or difficulty, except that M. Perrot's horse missed his footing,

and slipped into a deeper part of the stream. The horse swam lustily, and soon reached the opposite bank ; but the Frenchman had cast himself off, and now grasped with both hands an old limb of a tree that was imbedded near the middle of the river ; he could just touch the ground with his feet, but, being a bad swimmer, he was afraid to let go his hold, for fear of being again swept away by the current, while his rueful countenance, and his cries for assistance, provoked the mirth of all the party.

After enjoying his valet's alarm for a few minutes, Reginald, who had already crossed, entered the river again with Nekimi, and approaching Perrot, desired him to grasp the mane firmly in his hand, and leave the rest to the animal's sagacity, which instruction being obeyed, he was safely brought ashore, and in a short time was laughing louder than the rest at his own fright, and at the ludicrous predicament from which he had been extricated.

The packages were all conveyed across without accident, and the party found themselves encamped in what was then considered a part of the Osage country. Here they were obliged to use greater vigilance in the protection of their camp and of their horses, during the night, as they had not yet smoked the pipe with the chiefs, and were

liable to an attack from a party of warriors or horsestealers.

The night passed, however, without any disturbance; and on the following day at noon, they reached a spot which Baptiste recognized as a former camping-place of the Osages, and which he knew to be not distant from their present village. Here his attention was suddenly drawn to an adjoining maple, on the bark of which sundry marks were rudely cut, and in a fork of the tree were three arrows, and as many separate bunches of horsehair. He examined all these carefully, and replaced them exactly as he found them; after which he informed Reginald that three braves of the Osages had gone forward during the past night on a war-excursion towards the Kongsas, and all these marks were left to inform their followers of their purpose, and the exact path which they intended to pursue. He also advised Reginald to halt his party here, while he went on himself with one of the men to the village, it being contrary to the customs of Indian etiquette for a great man to come among them unannounced.

Reginald adopted his counsel, and the sturdy Guide, accompanied by one of the *coureurs des Bois*, set out upon his mission, the result of which will appear in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REGINALD AND HIS PARTY REACH THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

THE Guide and his companion pursued their way leisurely along a beaten track, which led them through a well timbered valley, watered by one of the branches of Grand River, until it emerged upon a rising slope of open prairie. Having gained its summit, they saw at a little distance the Indian encampment stretched along the banks of a rivulet, which, after curving round the base of the hill on which they now stood, found its way to the line of heavy timber that marked the course of the main river. They were soon hailed by a mounted Delaware scout, to whom Baptiste explained the peaceful nature of his mission, and desired to be shown into the presence of the principal chiefs.

As the Guide walked through the scattered lodges of the Delawares, his eye rested on more than one Indian to whom he was well known;

but as he was now acting in the capacity of ambassador, it was not consistent with Indian usage that he should speak or be spoken to by others on the way. So well did he know the habits of the people among whom he now found himself, that when he arrived before the lodge of the Great Chief, he passed by War-Eagle and Wingenund, who had come to its entrance on the approach of a stranger, and giving them merely a silent sign of recognition, took the place pointed out to him in the centre of the lodge, by the side of the venerable man who was the head of this emigrant band of the Lenape; to whom, as the highest proof of their respect and veneration, they had given the name of Tamenund,* by which alone he was now known throughout the nation.

The pipe of welcome having been presented, and been smoked for a few minutes with becoming gravity, Baptiste opened to Tamenund the object

* The name of Tamenund is doubtless familiar to all Americans who have taken the slightest interest in the history of the Indian tribes, as well as to that more numerous class who have read the graphic and picturesque descriptions penned by the great American novelist; nevertheless, it may be necessary, for the information of some European readers, to state, that Tamenund was an ancient Lenape chief, whose traditional fame is so great in the tribe, that they have from time to time given his name to chiefs, and even to white men, whom they

of his visit, and informed him that a white warrior and chief, already known to some of the Delawares present, desired to eat, to smoke, and to hunt with them for a season as a brother. To this Tamenund, who had already been informed by War-Eagle of the character and conduct of Reginald, as well as of his promised visit, replied with becoming dignity and hospitality, that the young white chief should be welcome; that his heart was known to be great among the Delawares, and that both he and his people should be held as brothers; at the same time he informed the Guide, that as they were about to move their encampment immediately to a more favourable spot, it might be better for the White Chief to join them on the following morning, when all should be prepared for his reception.

The Guide having acceded to this suggestion, rose to take his leave, and retired with his companion from the village. Before they had gone a

desired especially to honour. At the time of the revolutionary war, so numerous were the traditions and legends respecting this hero, that he was in some quarters established as the patron saint of America, under the name of St. Tammany; and hence arose the Tammany societies and Tammany buildings in various parts of the Union. See *Heckewalder's Historical Account of the Indian Nations*, chap. xl., and *The Last of the Mohicans*, vol. iii. p. 152., &c.

mile on their return, they heard behind them the trampling of horses, and Baptiste recognised War-Eagle and Wingenund approaching at full speed; who greeted him cordially, and made many inquiries about Netis and the Lily of Mooshanne.

Having acquired the desired information, it was agreed, that before noon on the following day Reginald should come to the spot where they were now conversing, and that War-Eagle should be there to escort and accompany him to his first meeting with the Delaware and Osage chiefs.

These preliminaries being arranged, the Indians galloped back to the village, and Baptiste returned without accident or interruption to Reginald's camp, where he gave an account of his mission and of the arrangements for the morrow's conference.

Early on the following morning they set forth towards the Indian village. By Baptiste's advice, Reginald attired himself more gaily than usual; his hunting-shirt and leggins of elkskin were ornamented with fringes; the bugle slung across his shoulders was suspended by a green cord adorned with tassels; on his head he wore a forage-cap encircled by a gold band; a brace of silver-mounted pistols were stuck in his belt, and a German boar-knife hung at his side; he had allowed Baptiste to

ornament Nekimi's bridle with beads, after the Indian fashion, and the noble animal pranced under his gallant rider as if conscious that he was expected to show his beauty and his mettle. The dress and appearance of Reginald, though fanciful and strange, was rendered striking by the grace and muscular vigour of his frame, as well as by the open, fearless character of his countenance; and the party of Whitemen went gaily forward, confident in the favourable impression which their young leader would make on their Indian allies.

When they reached the spot where Baptiste had, on the preceding day, parted from War-Eagle, they descried two Indians sitting at the root of an old maple-tree, as if awaiting their arrival; a single glance enabled Reginald to recognise them, and springing from his horse, he greeted War-Eagle and Wingenund with affectionate cordiality, and read in the looks of both, though they spoke little, that he was heartily welcome. When they had saluted Baptiste, Reginald introduced them in form to the other members of his party, and among the rest, to Monsieur Perrot, who having as yet seen few Indians, and those of the meanest class, was surprised at the noble and dignified appearance of War-Eagle, to whom he doffed his

cap with as much respect as if he had been a field-marshal of France.

Having made a short halt, during which the pipe was passed round, and some cakes of Indian corn and honey set before their guests, the party again moved forward, under the guidance of War-Eagle. Leaving the heavy timber in the valley, they ascended the opposite hill, where a magnificent prospect opened upon their view; below them was an undulating prairie of boundless extent, through the middle of which ran a tributary branch of Grand River; behind them lay the verdant mass of forest from which they had lately emerged; the plain in front was dotted with the lodges of the Delawares and the Osages, while scattered groups of Indians, and grazing horses, gave life, animation, and endless variety to the scene.

Halting for a moment on the brow of the hill, War-Eagle pointed out to Reginald the lodge of his father Tamenund, distinguished above the rest by its superior size and elevation, and at the same time showed him at the other extremity of the encampment, a lodge of similar dimensions, which he described as being that of the Osage chief.

“How is he called?” inquired Reginald.

“Mahéga,” replied the War-Eagle.

At the mention of this name the Guide uttered one of those peculiar sounds, something between a whistle and a grunt, by which Reginald knew that something was passing in his mind, but on this occasion, without apparently noticing the interruption, he continued, addressing War-Eagle, "Will Mahéga receive me too as a brother—is the Osage chief a friend to the Whitemen?"

"Mahéga is a warrior," replied the Indian; "he hunts with the Lenapé, and he must be a friend of their brother."

Not only did this answer appear evasive, but there was also something more than usually constrained in the tone and manner of War-Eagle, which did not escape the observation of Reginald, and with the straightforward openness of his character, he said, "War-Eagle, my heart is open to you, and my tongue can be silent if required—speak to me freely, and tell me if Mahéga is a friend or not; is he a brave or a snake?"

War-Eagle, fixing his searching eye upon Reginald's countenance, replied, "Mahéga is a warrior—the scalps in his lodge are many—his name is not a lie, but his heart is not that of a Lenape—War-Eagle will not speak of him:—Grande Hâche knows him, and my brother's eyes will be open."

Having thus spoken, the young chief added a

few words in his own tongue to Baptiste, and making a sign for Wingenund to follow, he galloped off at speed towards the encampment.

Reginald, surprised, and somewhat inclined to be displeased by their abrupt departure, turned to the Guide, and inquired the cause of it, and also the meaning of War-Eagle's last words.

Baptiste, shaking his head significantly, replied in a low voice, "I know Mahéga well—at least I have heard much of him; his name signifies 'Red-hand,' and, as the young chief says, it tells no lie, for he has killed many; last year he attacked a war-party of the Outagamis* near the Great River, and cut them off to a man, he himself killed their chief and several of their warriors—they say he is the strongest and the bravest man in the nation."

"It seems to me," said Reginald, "that War-Eagle and he are not very good friends."

"They are not," replied Baptiste; "the young Delaware has evidently some quarrel with him, and therefore would not speak of him—we shall learn what it is before many days are over; meanwhile, Master Reginald, say nothing to any others

* The tribe called by white men "the Foxes," who inhabit chiefly the region between the Upper Mississippi and Lake Michigan.

of the party on this subject, for they may take alarm, or show suspicion, and if they do, your summer hunt may chance to end in rougher play than we expect. I will keep my eye on 'Red-hand,' and will soon tell you what tree he's making for."

"Why did they gallop off so abruptly?" inquired Reginald.

"They are gone to rejoin the bands which are coming out to receive us on our entrance," replied the Guide. "We must put our party in their best array, and get the presents ready, for we have not many minutes to spare."

The event proved the correctness of his calculation; for they had scarcely time to select from the packs those articles destined to be presented to the chiefs at this interview, before they saw two large bands of mounted Indians gallop towards them from the opposite extremities of the encampment. As they drew near that which came from the Delaware quarter, and was headed by War-Eagle in person, they checked their speed, and approached slowly, while their leader, advancing in front of the band, saluted Reginald and his party with dignified courtesy. Meanwhile the body of Osages continued their career with head-

long speed, shouting, yelling, and going through all the exciting manœuvres of a mock fight, after their wild fashion. Their dress was more scanty and less ornamented than that of the Delawares; but being tricked out with painted horsehair, porcupine quills, and feathers, it bore altogether a more gay and picturesque appearance; neither can it be denied that they were, in general, better horsemen than their allies; and they seemed to delight in showing off their equestrian skill, especially in galloping up to Reginald's party at the very top of their speed, and then either halting so suddenly as to throw their horses quite back upon their haunches, or dividing off to the right and to the left, and renewing their manœuvres in another quarter with increased extravagance of noise and gesture.

Reginald having learned from Baptiste that this was their mode of showing honour to guests on their arrival, awaited patiently the termination of their manœuvres; and when at length they ceased, and the Osage party reined their horses up by the side of the Delawares, he went forward and shook hands with their leader, a warrior somewhat older than War-Eagle, and of a fine martial appearance. As soon as he found an opportunity, Reginald,

turning to Wingenund, who was close behind him, inquired, in English, if that Osage chief was "Mahéga?"

"No," replied the youth, "that is a brave,* called in their tongue the Black-Wolf. Mahéga," he added with a peculiar smile, "is very different."

"How mean you, Wingenund?"

"Black-Wolf," replied the youth, "is a warrior, and has no fear, but he is not like Mahéga;—an antelope is not an elk!"

While this conversation was going on, the party entered the encampment, and wound their way amongst its scattered lodges, towards that of Tamenund, where, as the War-Eagle informed Reginald, a feast was prepared for his reception,

* In describing the manners and distinctions of rank among the Indians of the Missouri plains, it is necessary to adopt the terms in common use among the guides and traders, however vague and unsatisfactory those terms may be. In these tribes the chieftainship is partly hereditary and partly elective; there is usually one Great Chief, and there are also chiefs of a second degree, who are chiefs of different bands in the tribe; next to these in rank are the "Braves," the leading warriors of the nation; and in order to be qualified for admission into this rank, an Indian must have killed an enemy or given other sufficient evidence of courage and capacity. When a war-council is held, the opinion of the principal *Brave* is frequently preferred before that of the chief.

to which Mahéga and the other Osage leaders were invited.

On arriving before the Great Lodge, Reginald and his companions dismounted, and giving their horses to the youths in attendance, shook hands in succession with the principal chiefs and braves of the two nations. Reginald was much struck by the benevolent and dignified countenance of the Delaware chief; but in spite of himself, and of a preconceived dislike which he was inclined to entertain towards Mahéga, or Red-hand, his eye rested on that haughty chieftain with mingled surprise and admiration. He was nearly a head taller than those by whom he was surrounded; and his limbs, though cast in an Herculean mould, showed the symmetrical proportions which are so distinctive of the North American Indians; his forehead was bold and high, his nose aquiline, and his mouth broad, firm, and expressive of most determined character; his eye was rather small, but bright and piercing as a hawk's; his hair had been all shaven from his head, with the exception of the scalp-lock on the crown, which was painted scarlet, and interwoven with a tuft of horsehair dyed of the same colour. Around his muscular throat was suspended a collar formed from the claws of the grisly bear, ornamented with parti-

coloured beads, entwined with the delicate fur of the white ermine; his hunting-shirt and leggins were of the finest antelope skin, and his mocassins were adorned with beads and the stained quills of the porcupine. He leant carelessly on a bow, which few men in the tribe could bend. At his back were slung his arrows in a quiver made of wolf-skin, so disposed that the grinning visage of the animal was seen above his shoulder, while a war-club and scalping-knife, fastened to his belt, completed the formidable Mahéga's equipment.

As he glanced his eye over the party of white men, there was an expression of scornful pride on his countenance, which the quick temper of their youthful leader was ill-disposed to brook, had not the prudent counsels of the Guide prepared him for the exercise of self-command. Nevertheless, as he turned from the Osage chief to the bulky proportions of his gigantic follower, Mike Smith, he felt that it was like comparing a lion with an ox; and that in the event of a quarrel between them, the rifle alone could render its issue doubtful.

The feast of welcome was now prepared in the lodge of Tamenund, which was composed of bison skins stretched upon poles, arranged in the form of a horse-shoe, and covering an extent of ground

apparently not less than twenty yards in length. Regix.ald observed also several smaller lodges immediately adjoining that of the chief, on one side, and on the other a circular tent of wax-clot., or painted canvass, evidently procured from white men, as it was of excellent texture, and its door, or aperture, protected by double folds of the same material.

Whilst he was still looking at this comparatively civilized dwelling, with some curiosity to know by whom it might be tenanted, the folds of the opening were pushed aside, and an elderly man appeared, who, after contemplating for a moment the newly-arrived group, came forward to offer them a friendly salutation. He was apparently between fifty and sixty; but his years were not easily guessed, for his snow-white hair might seem to have numbered seventy winters; while from the uprightness of his carriage, and the elasticity of his step, he seemed scarcely past the vigour of middle life. In figure he was tall and slight; his countenance, though tanned by long exposure to the sun, was strikingly attractive, and his mild blue eye beamed with an expression of benevolence not to be mistaken. His dress was a black frock of serge, fastened at the waist by a girdle of the same colour, from which was suspended

a small bag, wherein he carried the few simples, and instruments requisite for his daily offices of charity and kindness. Dark grey trousers of the coarsest texture, and mocassins of buffalo-hide, completed the dress of Paul Müller, already mentioned by Wingenund to Reginald as the "Black Father;" under which name, translated according to their various languages, the pious and excellent Missionary was known among the Delawares, Osages, Ioways, Otoes, Kongsas, and other tribes then inhabiting the regions lying between the Missouri and the Arkansas.

Such was the man who now came forward to greet the newly-arrived party; and such was the irresistible charm of his voice and manner, that from the first Reginald felt himself constrained to love and respect him.

The feast being now ready, and Reginald having pointed out Baptiste and Bearskin as his officers, or lieutenants, they were invited with him to sit down in the lodge of Tamenund, with the principal chiefs of the Delawares, the Chief and Great Medicine-man* of the Osages, and the

* "Medicine-men." This term (commonly used by traders among the Indians beyond the Mississippi) signifies the "priests," or "mystery-men," who are set apart for the celebration of all religious rites and ceremonies. They are the

Black Father. (Mike Smith, and the other white men being feasted by a brave in an adjoining lodge.) The pipe was lighted, and having been passed twice round the party with silent gravity, the Great Medicine made a speech, in which he praised the virtues and hospitality of Tamenund, and paid many compliments to the white guests; after which a substantial dinner was set before them, consisting of roasted buffalo-ribs, venison, and boiled maize.

Reginald had never before been present at an Indian feast, and though he had the appetite naturally belonging to his age and health, he soon found that he was no match, as a trencherman, for those among whom he was now placed; and before they had half-finished their meal, he replaced his knife in its sheath, and announced himself satisfied.

The old chief smiled good-humouredly, and said that he would soon do better, whilst Mahéga, quietly commencing an attack upon a third buffalo-

same class as those who were described by Charlevoix, and other early French writers, as "Jongleurs," because they unite medical practice to their sacerdotal office, and, more especially in the former, exercise all manner of absurd mummery. Their dress, character, and habits vary according to the tribe to which they belong; but they are genuine "Jongleurs" throughout.

rib, glanced at him with a look of contempt that he was at no pains to conceal, and which, as may well be imagined, increased our hero's dislike for the gigantic Osage.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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