

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 11162 5772



(169)

①

George Bancroft

THE
SHOSHONEE VALLEY;

A ROMANCE.

'Dulcia linquimus arva; nos patriam fugimus.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANCIS BERRIAN.

From the Flint

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. FLINT.

1830.

(0-)

District of Ohio, Sct.

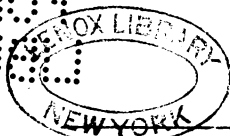
L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourteenth
**day of March, A. D. 1830, and in the fifty-fourth year
***** of the American Independence, that E. H. FLINT, of
said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the
right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words and figures
following, to wit :

“The Shoshonee Valley; a Romance. ‘Dulcia linquimus arva;
nos patriam fugimus.’ By the author of Francis Berrian.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States
entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by secu-
ring the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and
Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,”
And also to the Act entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act,
entitled, ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing
the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Pro-
prietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,’
and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing,
engraving, and etching, historical and other Prints.”

WILLIAM MINER,
Clerk of the District of Ohio

W
A
S
H
I
N
G
T
O
N



Locker & Reynolds, Printers.

THE
SHOSHONEE VALLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

O'er that sweet vale there now was seen
A bluer sky, and brighter green ;
There was a milder azure spread
Around the distant mountain's head ;
And every hue of that fair bow,
Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
And melted into ambient air.
The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent, with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down. M. P. F.

AT LENGTH the south breeze began once more to whisper along the valley, bringing bland airs, spring birds, sea fowls, the deep trembling roar of unchained mountain streams, a clear blue sky, magpies and orioles, cutting the ethereal space, as they sped with their peculiar business note, on the great instinct errand of their Creator to the budding groves. The snipe whistled. The pheasant drummed on the fallen trunks in the deep forest. The thrasher and the robin sang; and every thing, wild and tame, that had life, felt the renovating power, and rejoiced in the retraced footsteps of the great Parent of nature. The inmates of William Weldon's dwelling once more walked forth, in the brightness of a spring morning,

choosing their path, where the returning warmth had already dried the ground on the south slopes of the hills. The blue and the white violet had already raised their fair faces under the shelter of the fallen tree, or beneath the covert of rocks. The red bud and the cornel decked the wilderness in blossoms; and in the meadows, from which the ice had scarcely disappeared, the cowslips threw up their yellow cups from the water. As they remarked upon the beauty of the day, the cheering notes of the birds, the deep hum of a hundred mountain water-falls, and the exhilarating influence of the renovation of spring, William Weldon observed in a voice, that showed awakened remembrances—‘dear friends, you have, perhaps, none of you such associations with this season, as now press upon my thoughts, in remembrances partly of joy and sadness. Hear you those million mingled sounds of the undescribed dwellers in the spring-formed waters? How keenly they call up the fresh recollections of the spring of my youth, and my own country! The winter there, too, is long and severe. What a train of remembrances press upon me! I have walked abroad in the first days of spring.—When yet a child, I was sent to gather the earliest cowslips. I remember my thoughts, when I first dipped my feet in the water, and heard these numberless peeps, croaks, and cries; and thought of the countless millions of living things in the water, which seemed to have been germinated by spring; and which appeared to be emulating each other in the chatter of their ceaseless song. How ye return upon my thoughts, ye bright morning visions! What a fairy creation was life, in such a spring prospect! How changed is the picture, and the hue of the dark brown years, as my eye now traces them in retrospect.—These mingled sounds, this beautiful morning, these starting cowslips, the whole present scene brings back

the entire past. Ah! there must be happier worlds beyond the grave, where it is always spring, or the thoughts, that now spring in my bosom, had not been planted there.'

During this walk, in which the parties visited successively all the favorite haunts of the former summer, the blue lake, Jessy's bower, the deep dells, where the first breath of spring flushed the red bud, and the violet, and the crocus, and still heard the oriole, the thrasher and red bird, Ellswatta discussed the plans of the coming summer. The nation was to be divided into two classes, the one to remain with the greater portion of the women, to pursue the salmon fishery, and tend the fields; and the other, comprising the select warriors of each nation, to cross the eastern mountains, equally prepared to hunt the buffalo, and avenge the injuries of the preceding autumn inflicted by the Black-feet. 'It was necessary,' he said, 'that the uneasy and fierce spirits of his people should have scope. It would try, and, perhaps, retain the loyalty of Nelesho and his Shienne. If they met the Black-feet, it would give them an opportunity, to measure back the just retribution of punishment for injuries inflicted. The disaffected chief could have no pretext, as in the autumn, to demur against the enrolment of his warriors under the common standard.—The question was, would William Weldon and his family join such a distant, and, it might be, dangerous expedition?' It may be imagined with what intense interest Frederic and the young chief awaited the issue of this discussion. William Weldon had the wandering protuberance marked in unalterable characters upon his skull. He had never crossed these barriers of nature—never seen the prairies, through which the Missouri winds its interminable course to the sea. 'I will go,' he said, 'if my wife and daughter and friends are cheerfully content to follow me. My

1*

spirit burns to explore these sublime mountains, and the seas of verdure beyond.' Elder Wood held himself determined by his duty to follow his distinguished catechumen, now between darkness and light; and that there were chances of doing more good in the expedition, than with the stationary remnant of the more undistinguished people. A real element in determining him was, that the blood of a Kentucky hunter was in his veins; and that his deepest bosom warmed at the adventurous and spirit-stirring prospect. Yensi and her daughter declared for following the choice of the husband and father, without expressing a preference for either the one course, or the other. It would have been indecorous, in the circumstances of the case, that Frederic should remain, even if William Weldon's family had staid. He was the more rejoiced to learn, that the family had decided to join the expedition.

The deliberation was not closed, however, without a study of days. But there were rumors, that their enemies, the Black-feet, united with roving bands, who hunt and fish near the Arctic sea, and the Muscovite clans, meditated a descent from the mountains on the Shoshonee valley. In such case the greater danger would be to remain. Various elements may naturally be supposed to have influenced the mind of Jessy, and through her that of her mother, to follow the expedition.

Every thing now wore the aspect of preparation. The beautiful spring days were passed in arrangements. The warriors refitted their yagers and pistols, and sharpened their dirks. The quivers, bows and arrows were in readiness. The provisions were laid in store. The sumpter mules and horses were put in requisition. The litters were refitted by Josepha, Yensi and Jessy. Every eye was bright with anticipation, and every hand busy in getting all things in

readiness. Pleased anticipations, and forecasting of the pleasures and events of the expedition, gave added fragrance to the evening tea. When they spoke of the seeming frailty and inability to endure fatigue of the daughter and the mother, Jessy presaged, that she would show herself the worthy daughter of a storm-beaten mariner; and that she would not be the first to shrink from danger, or complain of fatigue. She adverted to emergencies, when her fortitude had been tested to the utmost, and had sustained her. Only show her new flowers, new rivers, new mountains, new plains, new views of nature, and, more than all, the grand slope of the Missouri, and she would encounter toil and danger with the best of them. She was in that happy period of existence, when the mind is not apt to dip its pencil in colors of gloom, and the future showed to her radiant and sunny; and all the toil, fatigue, and hunger and thirst and danger and misgiving of mind, from mere corporeal exhaustion, which must, in the most favorable circumstances, make a part of such an expedition, were wholly laid out of view.

A thousand arrangements of benevolent and wise forecast were heeded by Ellswatta, for those who were to remain behind. The proper distribution of subordination and command was assigned to a chief, who was appointed absolute in command in his absence. A pallisade of considerable strength was raised, as a garrison fortress, to which they were to fly, in case a greater force, than they could cope with, should assail them. All necessary details of direction, touching summer duties, were carefully prescribed. The expedition comprised eight hundred warriors, beside nearly a hundred women. The Shienne, satisfied with the prospect of an expedition, and fighting, marched cheerfully under Nelesho. Nor would the

chief have dared, even had he wished, to retain the services of his warriors from the expedition.

The morning of array for departure had come, and the whole force assembled near the council house. The leaves were half formed; and spring had now reached the glory of its prime. A more faithful picture of the mixing of joy and sorrow, in all that pertains to earth, could no where have been found, than in the circumstances of this departure. Husbands and wives, parents and children separated, some to remain for the inglorious pursuits of fishing, and tilling the ground, and exposed, moreover, to dangers of invasion, which showed more formidable, as the elect of the tribe were departing on an expedition of four hundred leagues. Here it might have been seen, that the red men not only have hearts, but that their affections and sympathies are of intense keenness. Amidst the tears and wailing and parting words and charges of the masters, even the village dogs, that were to remain, showed their full measure of grief, by whining and howling and striving to bite in sunder the cords that bound them. While the departing dogs evinced as clearly, in their baying and frisking and short, joyous yelps, that they were quite as much delighted with the thought of the expedition, as their masters. Great quantities of dried venison, salmon, and kinnicanick, were packed on horses. A more grotesque object, than a sumpter mule, arrayed for this march, could not be furnished in the vagaries of the imagination of a Flemish painter. The large wooden stirrups, the bridles and harnessing of ropes, of buffalo hair, the prodigious protuberance, which the back of the dogged and ruminating animal showed, on which were lashed a whole stack of blankets, bottles, tin cups, venison bags, salt, sugar, rum, hatchets, rackets and balls for play, and the Indian appa-

ratus for gambling; in short, the uncouth and nameless trumpery of an Indian's wants, displayed, instead of a mule, a moving lumber room. Four hundred marching humps of this sort formed the centre. A most glorious and full bray, by way of parting flourish and serenade, arose from every donkey enlisted in the service. Two litters were arranged between two trained mules to each litter. These were for William Weldon's and Ellswatta's family. They were of scarlet cloth, firmly harnessed to the two mules by thongs. Nor would any process, but trial, have given adequate ideas of Indian ingenuity, in inventions of comfort for travelling, and perfect security in crossing the mountains on these conveyances.

The warriors were admirably dressed for the service, with tanned leather dresses, upon which thorns and bushes could get no hold, and which, by closeness and pliancy, were wonderfully adapted both to service and expedition. The tomahawks and dirks and pistols were all carefully prepared, of the best temper and the highest polish. The powder and lead were packed with a caution for security, which noted, that they were regarded as medicine dependencies; the yagers glistened, and Ellswatta declared that all things were ready. The medicine men prayed, in the customary strain, for pleasant skies and success in battle, and in hunting, from the Master of Life. In another phrase, and in another fashion, Elder Wood had besought similar issues from the God of Israel, in the dwelling of William Weldon. All attempts to paint in words would be utterly in vain, to give the details of thrilling interest, that belonged to the departure of such an expedition.

A gentle south-west breeze, charged with fragrance, came delightfully on the senses, just rustling the leaves, and waving the grass. A fleet of perioques were ready to convey the women and the infirm, who

belonged to the expedition, as far as the Sewasserna was boatable. A large and roomy periogue, fitted up within with buffalo and elk skins, and covered with an awning of scarlet cloth, surmounted with eagle and wakon feathers, emblems of chieftainship, received Josepha, Yensi, Jessy, and two waiting girls. Elder Wood, though offered the same indulgence, chose rather the more hardy conveyance of a Spanish poney. Baptiste, though since he had received the Wistongah a despised thing, as an excellent wood and water man, accompanied the expedition, being considered in the suit of Nelesho, though, on this occasion, he showed eager desires, by officious civility, to regain the good will of William Weldon.

The drums beat for the march to commence. A volley was fired, and the moment the smoke had cleared away, the bells tinkled on the moving horses and kine. The dogs bayed again. Parents and children, husbands and wives embraced for the last time. The measured trample commenced in a profound silence of all other sounds. The periogues hoisted their sails; the procession all moved together, and the might of the nation moved up the Sewasserna. Full many a thoughtful Indian turned his face back, as he moved on, to look at the peaceful smokes of the town, the dear friends, the loved relatives, the severed connections, and reflected that many of them perhaps were never to meet again on this side the grave.

While the two mothers conversed together, Jessy had her pencil and her drawing paper before her, as they steadily moved up the rippling stream, now marking the influence from the breeze, and the lights and shadows of the sun and the passing clouds upon the grass and the foliage; or the new configurations of the serpentine line of mountains, that still converged the narrow valley of river, as they ascended; or the fish seen beneath them, scared from their retreats by

such an unwonted array; or the venerable form of Ellswatta, or the noble figures of the young chief and his friend, the undistinguished mass of red men, keeping their course in silence, or the army of dogs and the driven herds of kine and horses, that followed the train. The group furnished too much food for varied thought, a variety too distracting, to be subject to the grouping of the pencil. She threw it aside, and gave herself up to the full inspiration of the love of nature. Who can number the glad and tender thoughts, that such a scene inspired? Every moment presented a new aspect of the endless and never satiating variety. 'Oh nature,' she said within herself, 'I admire thee for the impress of thine Author upon thee. My first and purest joys have been from thee. Thou hast proved to me, thus far in life, an unfailing fountain of satisfaction.' As they moved up between the still converging piles, that bounded their prospect on either hand, and marked the clumps of trees in the prairies, and forest opening beyond forest, and mountain beyond mountain, the wild fowls in infinite numbers and varieties, hovering above them, and uttering their cries, the gay song birds welcoming them from point to point, she sat and mused with that fullness of heart, and that vague, dreaming and yet delicious sentiment of joy, that none but a true lover of nature can understand.

A halt of a few moments gave them time to take their warrior fare at noon. The expedition afterwards moved steadily on, till the sun was withdrawn, and the solemn twilight and the darting of fire flies admonished them to halt for the night. There is something delightful to every unsophisticated mind in the meeting of such friends, in such a beautiful desert, after a pleasant and fortunate day. The periogues came to land. Areskoui and Frederic held each a hand to Jessy and the mothers, as they trod once more

on the flower-fringed borders of the stream. A singular harbor, indented, like the section of a circle, and faced with the red pipe stone, which now first became visible in the banks at this point of the river, formed a basin sufficiently capacious, to hold all the periogues. It was alive with fishes. The hook and line soon covered the grass with them. The reports of numerous yagers, fired at the geese and swans, wakened the echoes. Some pitched the tents. Some brought water, and were detailed for the services of cookery. The deep song cheo wana he-aw-aw! was heard on every side. A few children were shooting the arrow at a target; and the little cheerful town looked more bright and domestic, in contrast with the boundless range of forests and mountains in view on every side. Never was trip commenced with happier auspices. The tea and coffee smoked in William Weldon's tent. The cakes and pies were displayed. Fish, fowl, and venison, the fruit of hunting, were spread, to which the customary inmates sat down. All the scene, not only there, but on every side, showed content, quiet and abundance, a humble but delightful assemblage of happy pastoral existence. Nor could any one have imagined, that these same people, apparently so mild, peaceful and affectionate, stretched on the grass in the midst of their kine, horses, dogs and families, might have been excited in a moment, by the approach of an enemy, to mortal fray, in which the hatchet would fly with un pitying and unsparing fury; and in which the only contest would be, who should spill the most blood, and inflict the most misery. Such a scene and such a supper were wonderfully calculated to bring the hearts of the inmates to a delightful understanding. After they had supped, and talked over the past, and sketched the probable future, by permission of Ellswatta and his family, who were their guests, the bible and psalm

book were produced, and the evening was closed with hymns of praise to the God of Israel, in which the voice of the aged and the young chief, the Spanish and the Chinese mother, chimed in with the sweet notes of Jessy.

The next day and the next afforded marches and voyages of the same character—charming spring days, mild suns, and fair sky, the singing of birds, the cry of countless flocks of sea fowl over head, the distant murmur of snow-nursed spring-fountains leaping down the crags, and all the illimitable variety of a wild, verdant and beautiful nature, smiling upon them at every moment with a new face. Thus they ascended the meanders of the Sewasserna for six days. Here the mountains had converged to a vale, which afforded little more than a passage for the stream; which was becoming both too shallow, and rapid, to be longer stemmed by the periogues. The views were every hour becoming at once more sublime, rugged and desolate; and instead of the cry of the innumerable sea fowl, the bald eagle, screaming in the blue, gave the predominant note in the stillness of nature, and the mountains excluded the sun, except for an hour or two at noon-day. At this point spread out from the stream a quiet, deep, circular pond of a few hundred yards in circumference, into which the periogues were towed, drawn ashore and made fast by permanent mooring. The encampment of this day was on a terrace plain, on the side of a mountain, on the east bank of the stream, which rose almost from its shore above the clouds. The cheerful encampment reared once more the little social town in the wilderness. The confidential evening conversations were resumed over the smoking repast; and the two lovers, every day drinking deeper draughts, retired at night to meditate upon the wonder-stirring

sight of such a beautiful vision, joined to an Indian expedition over these unnamed mountains.

Next day was one of scramble and fatigue in ascending rough and precipitous heights. It was matter of unceasing surprise to Frederic, to see what sureness of foot, and unerring clearness of instinct the mules, and even horses displayed, in this apparently impracticable ascent. They could see, that a road had been marked out, by former travel, that the pass had been ascended before; and, that these animals, when their fore feet were raised almost perpendicular, somehow continued to scramble safely up; though the females of the party chose not to avail themselves of the aid of their litters; notwithstanding they were assured, and had occasionally ocular proof, that they were safe. All the day they continued slowly to ascend, winding along the crevices of the rocks and the chasms of mountain-gullies. Here was ample occasion for a tender and necessary species of useful courtesy, and not uncalled for gallantry, in aiding the mothers and Jessy up these steep and sometimes painful ascents. Nor did either Areskoui or Frederic complain of the lovely burden, as they lifted the sylphid form of the latter up eminences too high for her strength to mount; and saw her face suffused with the flush of exertion, and heard the quick throbbings of her bosom. But still, the difficulty surmounted, she was the first to laugh at her own weakness; and held out her hands to aid her mother and Josepha up the same ascent. When they had attained an eminence, it was an imposing spectacle, to see the horses, mules, and kine scrambling up the same heights below them, and to note the brawny warriors springing from rock to rock, as if the crevices of the cliffs threw up a constant supply of men from their chasms. Nor was it the least impressive part of the foreground,

that Elder Wood, still in advance of all, was seen with his grey curls canonically sweeping over his broad shoulders, his psalm book or bible in his hand, and his rapt eye still looking at the new heights rising above, admiring and adoring the Eternal Architect of these ancient piles.

For two days they continued to ascend, the last part of the second day being over glaciers and snows, that had been accumulating for ages. Here they encamped, in the painful predicament of having no food for their horses, mules and cattle. But this provident people had prepared bark, and bundles of gathered grass for the emergency; and appeared to enjoy the spectacle of the extreme greediness, with which the fatigued and hungry animals devoured whatever was presented them in the form of food. Here they encamped, kindling such fires as they might, from the moss and the billets of wood with which they had charged their mules from lower wooded points of the mountain. The air was sharp, and freezing. But cheerful lights were kindled in these icy and desolate regions; and the parties, warmly clad, and the front of the tent closed, and warned, beside, that here was the test of heroic endurance, they passed the evening in these bleak domains of frost not less cheerfully, than in positions naturally more comfortable.

Next morning they saw the sun rise on the summit of the highest range, called by the Shoshonee, 'The Manitou peak.' What a sublime position! What an imposing spectacle! Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! was the exclamation of Elder Wood. 'I feel,' exclaimed Jessy, 'as if I had ascended to another sphere, and had already shaken off the grossness and the burden of mortality.' The sun, far away on the eastern plains, was struggling through an ocean of mist. Where they stood was in clear empyrean blue. To the north, the eye ran

along interminable ridges stretching towards the dreary regions of the Arctic sea. To the south, the same line was lost in the blue of the horizon. To the west was their own sweet valley, and the eye could readily recognize known peaks, which they had left behind them eight days ago. How tiny showed the strides and efforts of man, amidst the grandeur of a prospect, in which distance was lost! To the east were the innumerable sources of the Missouri, welling with their snow dissolved tribute to the common parent channel, from the southern line of Red river of the south, to the most northern branch of the Maria of the north. William Weldon's eye kindled, as he surveyed the scene, with former passions. 'Yonder, my daughter,' said he, 'yonder, but six hundred leagues away, is my dear native, ungrateful and forsaken country! But always, always dear; and God do so to me and more, in Elder Wood's phrase, if I ever forget thee, my country.' He held out his arms towards the immeasurable plains; and in his heart was the keen sentiment of regret, that he had ever forsaken that country.

Before mid-day, they tasted the spring sources of the Missouri; and to a benevolent mind it was a treat, to see the cattle riot in the abundant and fresh herbage, which had sprung up, quickened by the nitrous influence of the recently melted snows. Here they encamped, and found abundance of game; and here they contemplated the appalling spectacle of a conflict between two Shienne warriors and a grizzly bear, who assailed them, as they crossed his lair. The struggle was one of terrific interest. The powerful and enraged animal only fought fiercer for the shots he received. Other warriors rushed to their assistance. When the savage monster had been at length dispatched, three of the warriors were found to be severely wounded in the combat. In this encampment,

they had once more come down to the warm influences of spring. There was wood, water, game; and all their wants were abundantly supplied. This evening was marked by a circumstance of rare interest; for Nelesho himself shared in the supper in Ellswatta's tent, said kind things to Jessy, and congratulated the party upon this uncommonly easy and pleasant descent to the buffalo-plains.

It was two days before they reached the subjacent plain, and encamped on the prairie at the mountain's foot. After a careful reconnoissance, they selected a strong encampment, guarded on three sides by those impregnable barriers; and on the greater portion of the fourth, by the rapid and turbid Missouri, which rolled along full to the brim, between its banks, shaded with cotton trees, with leaves half formed, and emitting their peculiar and delightful fragrance. The unguarded point of the camp was secured by strong pallasades. The tents were pitched. The mules and horses were packed with loads of fresh peeled bark. Large and comfortable cabins were erected, and covered with turf and bark; and in the course of two days an Indian town had sprung up, in these remote plains, affording all necessary shelter from the elements; and, viewed with its cheerful accompaniments of life, the incessant hum of busy movement, and the natural evaporation of inward glee and animal mirth in songs and laughter, and rising from a green sward, abundantly dotted with periwinkles, columbines and ladies' slippers, showed neither unpleasantly to the eye, nor the imagination.

The time of arrival was opportune. The hunters, from the first hour of their reaching the plains, had brought down enough straggling buffaloes, abundantly to supply the expedition with fresh provisions.— But they learned, that the countless droves of the south, ranging over all the upper area of the vast

plain, in numbers like the migrating sea-fowls, following the teaching of instinct, were moving towards the tender and more recently sprung grass of the north.

Here might have been witnessed the keen excitement of a hunter's thoughts, in view of this most noble and useful species of game, and highest reward of all the varieties of hunting. Ellswatta, in view of it, was seen, as if growing young again. The eyes of the women glistened, as they surveyed at a distance at first dark atoms, only visible by the mirage of the plains, but enlarging every moment; and soon assuming, by the same mirage, preternatural dimensions, like marching castles, until the whole surface for miles seemed a black and moving mass of animals. 'There are the buffaloes! there are the buffaloes!' they cried; and it was useless to think, or speak of aught else. Elder Wood merged for the time the minister in the Kentuckian. Every body was alive. Every eye glistened. The buffaloes! The buffaloes! No other cry was heard. William Weldon, all philosopher as he was, was not less keen for the sport than the rest. Indeed, as Yensi and Josepha and Jessy surveyed the hunt, could they have forgotten that it was purchased at the expense of life, it would have been a glorious sight even to them. The yagers were discharged. The animals fell. In various points they were seen turning upon their tormentors, and doing dangerous battle. But a party of relief was observed wheeling, and flying to the aid of the pursued. There were not wanting instances of extreme danger, of being borne down, man and horse. Two or three hunters actually suffered this fate, and were severely wounded. The joyous yell, the cry of danger, of retreat and pursuit, the barking of the dogs, the enraged, or terrified snorting of the numberless animals, the manifest indications that the whole souls

of the attacking party were in the assault, threw over the hunt every imaginable degree of excitement and interest. It was full three hours before the main moving sweep of life had passed by, and the hunt was still surveyed, diminishing gradually, as the straggling and wounded animals disappeared in the distance, until it was wholly invisible.

It would be difficult to find a happier collection of human beings, than these hunters, when they returned at night, to recount the fortunes of the day. The chase had been uncommonly successful. Hundreds of the animals had been slaughtered, and the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' were designated; for it was their business to take the skins from the animals, and preserve them, and such parts of the flesh, as were either to be pickled, or dried. From this time, this portion of the expedition was constantly and laboriously employed.

And now the feast was spread; and the story went round; and the Indian forgot his customary taciturnity. Shouts of laughter arose. The warriors pointed out from their number those, who had showed peculiar prowess and intrepidity; not forgetting those who had shrunk from the furious animals that turned upon them in wrath; nor, through any delicacy of forbearance, refraining the hearty laugh at all those who had shown an undue concern for their own persons. So engrossing and entire was the interest of the hunt, even at the table of the chief, that Jessy, accustomed to see herself an absorbing object of attention, found, for a day or two, that there was no subject of conversation to come in competition with a buffalo hunt. It was natural to expect this of Areskoui, of Elder Wood and the rest. But it almost stirred her usually tranquil bosom, to find, that she could not gain the attention of even Frederic for a moment; that questions proposed by her, to distract

the conversation from that all engrossing theme, fell unanswered upon his ear, while his eye glistened, and his high forehead was lighted up with interest, as he and Elder Wood were discussing together their mutual assault upon a prodigious buffalo-bull, who turned, and gave them battle. 'I admire,' thought Jessy, as she laid down for repose at night, 'if this is the civility, that favored lovers would show to their mistresses.' Nor did she fail at breakfast to ask him, if he had dreamed through the night of his dear friends, the buffaloes.

Ellswatta had not a little business, as judge, in deciding many bitter disputes, who had been the fortunate slayer, where many arrows or balls had pierced the same animal. Never had expedition been more busy, or more laboriously occupied. Here they were laying in supplies of their most savoury food for a year, and buffalo skins for many a year. The chief business consisted in tanning, coloring, jerking, and in every way preparing the various parts of the buffalo for use; and a buffalo contains in his skin, flesh, fat and sinew, some material for the supply of almost the whole circle of Indian emergencies. Probably the world contained not for the time in its whole cope a more industrious and happy community, than the dwellers in this little town at the foot of the mountains. 'Let them hunt,' thought Jessy. 'Let them imagine, that the fate of nations depends on the killing of a buffalo. For me, I can amuse myself as much in character, as Frederic;' and she put herself to exploring the botany, examining the flowers, and classing the flora, unexampled for its variety and richness, at the sources of the Missouri. Her port folio, too, contained the commencement and the rudiments of a most impressive landscape, taking in the sublime and varied scenery of the mountains, the interminable plain, the buffaloes, a buffalo hunt, the perfectly clear and mild

azure of the sky in this mountain atmosphere; and the Missouri, winding amidst its groves; and commencing its long way to pay its final tribute to the Father of Waters. When, at length, repetition began to abate the intensity of interest connected with buffalo hunting, Frederic once more returned to the original and far deeper excitement of an attachment, which had lost none of its influence, by being for a short time suspended in its manifestations. He saw, after much entreaty, this commenced sketch of the grand scenery around them. His eye kindled. 'How much more worthily have you been employed than we,' he cried! 'Ah! you are determined always to show your superiority.' A colloquy, thus commenced, evinced to her that she did infinite injustice to him, when she deemed that his interest in the concerns of the mind and the heart, had in any degree abated. He once more almost trenched on the interdicted ground. She was soothed, and satisfied with demonstrations, which she felt herself under the necessity once more of treating with external severity, reminding him of the terms of a former treaty upon the subject. An occasional glance from Areskoui taught her but too well, that though the pursuit in which he was now engaged had an all absorbing interest, the original, unchangeable fire was burning deep in his bosom, with a devouring intensity, in no degree diminished by this temporary distraction.

A matter of still deeper interest, than the buffalo hunt, now presented. An exploring party, which had pursued the buffalo along the foot of the mountains a considerable distance to the north, returned in breathless haste and excitement, to inform them, that a large and exploring party of the Black-feet, like themselves prepared either for war or hunting, were encamped at distance of eight or ten leagues from them. Here was matter of another sort of importance in the dis-

cussion. All concern for the pursuit of buffaloes was brought to a dead close. A reconnoitering party was sent out to examine the number and probable intentions of their enemies, with the most strict charges to be cautious and circumspect; and by no means to give notice of their presence. But on their return, all necessity of painful lurking in concealment was proved to be abortive. The enemy were clearly apprised of the vicinity of their foe; for, like them, they suffered the buffaloes to pass near them unmolested; and every thing in their camp gave fearful note of preparation.

Nor were Ellswatta and his people either improvident, or indolent. Areskoui explained to his mother and Yensi, that no fear for the result put them on fortifying their camp; but tender concern for personages so dear to them, and a fixed purpose, to leave no danger, that could be provided against, to contingency. Hence double pallisades were raised; and every precaution adopted against all accident within the cope of Indian experience. The voice of the females would have been, to commence a return over the mountains. But Ellswatta convinced them, that such return was both inexpedient and impracticable, without having previously settled the controversy with the Black-feet. It would only bring upon them a certain attack in the mountains, at a chosen point of disadvantage to them, by a foe who would assail them with the fierceness of assured victory, as deeming them flying in fear. 'No,' he said. 'They have murdered our people. They merit vengeance at our hands. They are our implacable enemies. We came over the mountains to seek them. We will fight them, and let the Master of Life decide.'

It may well be thought, this night was one of thoughtfulness, and a solicitude, that called forth all the powers and affections of the heart. In the morning they

were to assault a brave, prepared and equally numerous foe; and no one could calculate, who of them would fall, and who return. Frederic, for the first time in his life, was begirt for battle; and there was in the camp one heart at least, that throbbed fearfully in view of the impending danger for him. Elder Wood this evening resumed the Christian minister; and was wrestling with the God of battles for success to the righteous cause. Areskoui kindly chided Jessy for the paleness of apprehension on her cheek.—‘Wakona,’ he said firmly and calmly, ‘we can beat the Black-feet at any time, and under any circumstances. That we have proved. Do you suppose, there can be any doubt of the issue, when we have in our camp our parents and Wakona, beside the necessity of avenging injury, and retaining for ourselves, and those, who come after us, the reputation of braves, without which life would not be worth possessing?’ It was to no purpose, that she told him, ‘that the death of her father and friends would be poorly compensated by the empty laurels of victory, which would wither at the end of the song of war and triumph, while the friends would never return.’ ‘We will fight them,’ was the reply; ‘fight them, goaded to the battle, not only by all the motives, which you cannot be supposed to feel, but by knowing, that a victory is necessary to our secure and happy return over the mountains.’

The expedition had breakfasted next morning, before sun rise; and tears, that could not be repressed, rushed alike to the eye of Yensi and Jessy, as they saw William Weldon girt with pistols, hatchet, yager and dirk, and the venerable figure of Elder Wood equally caparisoned in a style seemingly so little befitting his peaceful vocation; and all the Kentuckian evidently stirring in his blood. Ellswatta would have detained him for the equally important duty of remaining for the defence of the garrison. But it comport-

ed not with his purposes. 'God do so to me and more,' he answered to Ellswatta, 'if I do not go forth, and fight openly, like a Christian and a Kentuckian, for what I believe to be the righteous cause, and for the people who have protected me, and who contain all my charities.' 'Give me,' said Frederic, in an under tone to Jessy, 'give me a little ringlet, as an amulet, to wear next my bosom.' Though he requested sportively, and she answered, as if the request were jest, there was that in his eye, when he made it, that went to her heart; and full gladly would she have given the young warrior, clad in weapons to the teeth, and going forth to the fierce encounter with such terrible enemies, the fairest curl that wanted on her neck. But she said, with a pale face and an upward cast of the eye, and folded hands, 'God in his mercy preserve all, that are dear to me, and return them in safety and triumph to the camp.'

It was soon ascertained, that there was no need of a long march, to meet the enemy. The expedition had scarcely formed, outside the camp, on the plain, before they descried at a distance a moving mass, which might have been at first mistaken for an advancing herd of buffaloes. But the mirage and brightness of a June morning soon gave distinct intimations of a different character. The telescope assured Frederic and Areskouï, that the Black-feet were advancing upon them. The plumes in the hair of the riders could be distinctly seen. Deceived, and animated by false intelligence, touching the numbers of the Shoshonee, they had come to meet them, in the sanguine confidence of an easy victory.

Ellswatta's eyes flashed once more the fire of youth; and Jessy felt a natural, deep and feminine respect for the young chief, as she saw the fearless countenance, the noble port and excited eye of the warrior spirit going to do battle for his parents and his nation.

Away they sped upon the foe, and Elder Wood by no means in the rear. The combatants were soon engaged in mortal struggle; and in Indian battle, more than in any other, a fight of an army is an aggregate of individual combats. The loud and fierce Indian yell arose from either force. Hatchets and arrows flew, and the deadly yager rang; and full many powerful pairs of Indians were struggling to throw each other to the earth, and disengage an arm, to plunge the murderous knife to the heart of his antagonist. But, such is the unconquerable and dogged sullenness of the dying warrior, that the sharp death groan of other battle fields is never heard in their mortal strifes. The expiring only gave forth the dull and heavy note, the claim of nature in mere unconscious moanings of the departing spirit. Elder Wood showed indubitable testimony, that he knew how to wield other weapons, than 'the sword of the spirit,' to fatal effect. He was in the thickest of the fight, and laying on his stoutest blows, as though his brawny arms had been beating upon the anvil. Frederic, too, fought, as if the eyes of his mistress had been upon him; but a fierce Black-foot warrior would have given the last account of him, had not Areskoui opportunely arrived, to despatch his antagonist, when he was ready to let fall the fatal blow on the young man's skull. The dogs yelled. The women screamed. Even the donkies in the garrison brayed loudly, to increase the uproar. No equal amount of human power of lungs could have raised a more infernal din. The battle raged long and fearfully. But the arrangements of Ellswatta were too wise, and his forces too intrepid and well trained, to leave the victory long doubtful. He had retained a fresh reserve, and when the Black-feet already wavered, this reserve charged through them, fell upon their rear, and shortly afterwards the victory was decided, by the rapid

flight of the foe. As their horses were not as fresh as those of the Shoshonee, this flight was fatal to the greater portion of their force. Comparatively, but a few had been previously slain; but now they were cut down without mercy. Nor would the smallest remnant have been spared, but for the interposition of a deep and muddy ravine full of water. The retreating force knew the ford, plunged in, and escaped, through the ignorance of the pursuing foe, touching the bottom, and the chances of return. The pursuers halted on the shore of the gully, firing upon those who were so unfortunate as to get their horses fast in the mud. Those who got fairly through, turned on the opposite shore, and raised the scream of defiance, which the Shoshonee answered by a shower of unavailing balls. The field of battle was examined. More than a hundred of the Black-feet had fallen. A single warrior only had been taken prisoner. Every wounded Black-foot had been despatched, as a Shoshonee came upon him. Eight of the victor force had been slain, five Shoshonee and three Shienne; and a considerable number had been severely wounded, who had been saved, only because they were immediately moved out of the reach of their foe. The prisoner warrior was early warned, that his fate was, to be offered on the morrow, an expiatory sacrifice to the shades of the victor warriors that had fallen.

A great amount of plunder fell into the hands of the victors; horses, mules, and a considerable amount of silver, which, it appeared, they had recently taken from an American trading expedition. There were clothes, powder, lead, provisions, and various articles, of which the Shoshonee were in pressing want.— Fifty women had followed in the rear of their husbands and fathers, and had fallen into the hands of the victors. Among the captives was one taken by

Frederic. It was a Spanish girl of thirteen, who lay mourning on the ground, beside an aged fallen Black-foot warrior. Her face was bathed in tears; and the agony of her grief seemed to have rendered her wholly insensible to personal fear or danger. She was kissing the yet warm cheek, and wiping away the blood, that flowed from the death wound of the hoary chief. 'Viva'—she cried. 'Oh viva, mio carissimo padre!' and then she repeated the same words, in the speech of the Black-feet, in the ear of the fallen Indian, insensible in death. When Frederic discovered her, it was with difficulty he aroused her to a sense of her forlorn condition, as a captive. 'Child,' said he, availing himself of the little Spanish he knew, 'you must go with me.' 'Oh no, no!'—she cried, sobbing piteously. 'What, leave my poor old father! No, I cannot.' Then she begged him piteously, 'por l'amor de Dios,' to aid her to turn him over, and help him to arise; while she still continued to wipe away the flowing blood. 'He will bleed forever,' she said, 'and will die, unless we help him to get up.' 'My dear child,' said the compassionate Frederic, 'the warrior is dead already. Come, follow me—I will be to you instead of your father.' 'Oh!' she replied, 'that is impossible. You are young, and a bad Shoshonee. My poor dear old father, you cannot be dead. You would never leave Katrina so desolate and alone.' Frederic, moved to compassion by the touching simplicity of her frantic grief and filial piety, and it may be, too, by the tones of a voice, uncommonly sweet and interesting, dismounted, turned the warrior, and showed his ghastly face. 'See you not,' he said, 'that he is dead? That you can never restore him to life?' 'I see now, Shoshonee,' she replied, 'that he is dead, and that he will never again take care of Katrina.—Well, I will remain, and die with him. Kill me, bad Shoshonee, if you please; for there is now no one to

care for Katrina. He brought me behind him. He fed me, and clothed, and helped me over the mountains and streams. He was always the kindest of fathers, and intended me for his young son, who remained at the Black-foot town. Go, bad Shoshonee. What can you want of a poor orphan girl? Go, and leave me.' He approached close to the girl, and said to her, 'that he was not a Shoshonee, but one of her own race; and that he would see her father buried, and her taken care of, and in due time sent to the Black-foot town, to marry the son of her dead father.' This soothing language, and this assurance, that he was not a Shoshonee, tranquilized her, and seemed to gain her confidence. She looked full in his face. 'Your words are sweet,' she said, 'and now I see, that you are a pale face, and a fair one, and not a bad Shoshonee. Look there at my poor dear old father. How can I go away, and leave him?' At length, however, she was almost torn away from the body of the fallen warrior, which she left with such an agony of distress and tears, as almost unmanned the heart of him who carried her away. From that moment, she seemed to have transferred from the warrior to Frederic her affection and her sense of filial dependence and obligation; and she held fast to his dress, as she followed him into the victorious camp, which rung with every sound of frantic triumph and rejoicing.

'Welcome back a thousand times,' cried the guests of Ellswatta's tent, and for this time Jessy hesitated not to hold out to him her hand. 'I have brought you a present,' said Frederic, as he grasped the offered hand; and he presented the captive Spanish girl. 'She is of your nation, Josepha,' he said. Josepha addressed the sobbing girl, who answered her in Spanish, but still clung to Frederic. Josepha called her to her, and strove to reassure her. 'Take her, Wakona,' said she. 'She will be an acquisition to you.'

Jessy held her hand to her, and asked her to come, and sit by her. 'Oh! no,' cried the trembling girl.—'They have killed my old father, and now would separate me from my young father.' 'Poor thing, said Jessy; 'her heart is full, as well it may be, and she clearly takes more to you, Frederic, than to me.' Frederic assured her, 'that she should be his little sister, and that, in committing her to Jessy, and her parents, he only put her into the hands of those, who could take a thousand times better care of her, than he could;' and, he added, to Jessy, 'you will soon teach her, what you so easily succeed in learning every one, to love you.'

The prisoners were distributed after the usual canons of Indian equity. The wounded had their wounds managed with all the extent and tenderness of Indian skill. The money and silver were awarded, after a few appropriations, called for by particular circumstances, by lot. Among the articles of the plunder was a considerable quantity of tea, coffee and sugar, probably obtained from the same quarter from which they had plundered their silver. Rum and spirits unhappily were among the acquisitions. The rejoicing song and dance of that evening had, therefore, every conceivable circumstance of joyful excitement. Many a young warrior was supplied with a wife, who, according to the usages of the red people, received her new husband, perhaps the slayer of her former one, with perfect docility and submission. The drums beat. The bright fires blazed. The spirits were distributed, though Ellswatta heeded, that no one should receive enough to produce intoxication.

'We certainly ought to be happy this evening,' said Jessy, as the wonted circle once more assembled round the tea and coffee at Ellswatta's table. 'We are all safe. Our foes have supplied us with these luxuries,

just as our own were exhausted; and we now expect the history of this eventful battle.' At the same time she beckoned the timid Spanish girl to take a seat by her side. 'Let Baptiste give it,' said Elder Wood; for on this evening of rejoicing, the Canadian had taken a draught of the plundered spirits, and had found courage, once more to appear at this place. Baptiste turned pale, and begged, that Messieurs would excuse him, as he had seen but part of the affair. 'Let Elder Wood say,' added he, 'if Baptiste be not one clever garcon for de trap, and for des betes sauvages, and des belles demoiselles!' 'But,' he rejoined with his most significant shrug, 'me no love de dem cold knife, and lead, sacre, no!' Truth is, Baptiste had been ordered into the battle, but had repaired, as they were moving toward the enemy, to Ellswatta, begging, pour l'amour de Dieu, to send him back to guard les dames. 'Sacre,' said he, 'my teeth chatter, and I frissonne, like de dem ague.' Ellswatta laughed heartily at this sudden attack of the ague, and sent him back, aware of the annoyance that might result from the presence of a single coward.

The tale then went round. Areskoui had not discredited his blood or birth, and Frederic at the table made his public acknowledgements to him, as the preserver of his life. Elder Wood, too, had fought like an enraged giant. His clothes had been pierced, and blood had flowed from two or three slight wounds. It was remarked to be a very uncommon circumstance, that each had been wounded, but neither beyond a superficial scratch, or in a degree to require dressing, or be painful. Even the pain and death, by which this delightful supper was purchased, were less repulsive in the review, from the circumstance of the known and terrible ferocity of their murderous foe. Never were happier faces, perhaps never gladder hearts, than surrounded this table. They could now

resume their hunting in security; and could carry back trophies of their valor, and of the ample retribution of vengeance inflicted upon their great national foe. It was not until midnight, that Elder Wood reminded them of the lateness of the hour; and opened his bible and psalm book, and sang the hymn 'Thou shepherd of Israel and mine,' accompanied by the sweet note of Jessy, the flute of Frederic, and the deep tones of Ellswatta's and Areskoui's voice. He then fell on his knees, and in the speech of the Shoshonee returned thanks to the Lord of Hosts for the great victory vouchsafed them over their enemies.

The following morning was signalized by the offering up the captive Black-foot warrior to the shades of the Shoshonee who had fallen in the battle of the former day. The terrible spectacle was of course unwitnessed by Yensi and Jessy. It was associations with these horrid traits in Indian character, which, unconsciously, always mixed with Jessy's thoughts of Areskoui, that had caused revulsion at the idea of a more intimate union with him. Josepha, Areskoui, even the young prisoner Katrina, she knew, would behold this scene of ineffable horror with the eager interest of a show.

The prisoner had been pinioned, and closely guarded through the night; and his keepers related, their eyes glistening with respect, that he had sung his death song at eve, spoken calmly of his wife and little ones, smoked his calumet, and laid him down in all the straightness of his pinions, and two warriors resting on either extremity of the cord, to a sleep as profound, as that of an infant at the mother's breast. The pile was made, and the stake fixed in the centre of the battle ground. The unburied bodies of his Black-feet countrymen were lying, as they fell, about him. The warriors who had guarded him led him up the pile, and fastened him firmly to the stake. He smiled dis-

dainfully at these precautions to bind him. 'Vile old women,' he said, 'the Shoshonee feel, that they would cry like women, and run like cowards. But a Black-foot needs no bands, when he has to show such old women how a true warrior knows to suffer.' Thus saying, he drew his kinnakinnick from his pouch, and sat down, calmly smoking his pipe. Occasionally singing, in the red man's peculiar intonation, a verse, the import of which was,

'I will go to the land, where my fathers have gone;
Their shades will rejoice in the fame of their son.'

It would be too horrible, to give the details of the tortures of this heroic sufferer. The fire reached him. A mere physical and spasmodic recoil gave evidence at the moment, that the nerves revolted from the agony. It was seen but once. He smoked. He smiled. He sometimes derided his tormentors as ignorant, and novices in the science of tormenting. He boasted of having acted a conspicuous part in the recent burning of the Shoshonee cabins and the murder of their tenants. Not a groan escaped him; nor a movement, evincing the subsequent triumph of sensation over his dogged and invincible resolution. The last sentence which he was heard to utter, in words feeble, and inarticulate, was, 'shades of my fathers, acknowledge the stainless spirit of your son.' Some days after the event, Frederic presented Jessy a measured version of the scene, as she casually adverted to the subject.

THE WARRIOR'S EXECUTION.

*'I will go to the land, where my fathers have gone;
Their shades will rejoice in the fame of their son.'*

Beside the stake, in fetters bound,
A captive warrior lay,
And slept a sleep as sweetly sound,
As children's after play;
Although the morrow's sun would come,
To light him to his martyrdom.

And as he slept, a cheering dream
 His fitting hours beguiled :
 He stood beside his native stream,
 And clasped his first born child.
 The wife, that drest his hunter fare,
 And all his little ones, were there.

The buried feelings of past years
 With that sweet vision sprung,
 'Till his closed lids were moist with tears,
 That anguish had not wrung ;
 But they were kindly tears—not weak,
 That coursed each other down his cheek.

Again he heard those accents dear—
 No—'twas the savage yell,
 That burst upon his sleeping ear,
 And broke the magic spell.
 A moment—and his waken'd eye
 Had scorch'd its lingering moisture dry.

The sun sprang up the morning sky,
 And roll'd the mists away;
 But he was nerved to sufferance high,
 And saw without dismay
 That cheerful sun in glory rise,
 As though to mock his agonies.

Amid the flames, proud to the last,
 His warrior-spirit rose,
 And looks of scorn, unblenching cast,
 Upon his circling foes.
 'Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

'I that have made your wigwams red,
 Your women captive borne,
 And from your bravest chieftain's head,
 The badge of triumph torn :
 Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

'This frame to ashes ye may burn,
 And give the winds in vain;
 I know, ye cannot thus return
 Your friends, these hands have slain:
 Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

'Shades of my fathers'—Oh, draw near,
 And greet me from the flame;
 My foes have drawn no coward-tear,

To stain my warrior fame;
Nor wrung one plaint amid these fires;
To shame the spirits of my sires.

'They come; on yonder fleecy cloud
Slow sails the shadowy throng;
They bend them from their misty shroud,
And catch my dying song:
I mount in triumph from these fires,
To join the spirits of my sires.'

The next day, and the next, parties sent out in different directions could discover no buffaloes, or even other game of importance, within the compass of vision. The uproar of the battle, and the destructive hunting of two such numerous parties, as had recently been assailing these noble animals, had driven them all far away. After a council debate, it was determined to leave their present encampment, and march to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, on the Missouri. The march was commenced with all practicable speed. Travelling on these level plains was perfectly easy; and they were abundantly supplied with beasts of burden. Every person of the expedition was mounted; and as they proposed to return to their encampment, their kine were left behind them, and every thing that would tend to impede the rapidity of their march. It was delightful to Jessy, for the first few hours, to move over a dead level, green and flowering prairie. But the wearying monotony and uniformity of the scene were soon felt to be painful. To avoid following the meanders of the river, they had set forth into the open and boundless plain. The day was sultry; and the scorching sun smote upon them, without the shelter of a tree within the compass of vision. They shortly suffered for want of water. To increase the difficulty, a thick, dim mist, like the deepest smoke of Indian summer, drove up from the east, attended by a furious wind, which scorched, like the Sirocco. To crown their suffering and per-

plexity, they had advanced into a region of driving sand, of which there are tracts in that range of the desert scarcely less extensive than the African Sahara. The sand not only covered in a moment the tracks of their beasts, but threatened to bury the whole expedition in wind-formed sepulchres. A pocket compass would now have been more to them, than the gold of both the Indies. But the Indians themselves, with all their instinctive tact, and almost superhuman sagacity, were utterly at fault. No one could divine the point of compass, or the right direction. Then was heard the groan of nature. Here was a predicament of trial, beyond even the patient endurance of the Indians. Not only the intolerable appetite of burning thirst invaded all the rational part of the expedition; but it was painful to see the operation of this last and most tormenting craving of nature upon the brutes. The dogs howled, and even the neighings of the horses and the cries of the patient asses were appalling. The wisest knew not whether to encamp or advance; nor whether, in advancing, they were plunging deeper in the burning solitude, or making back for their camp, to which it was their purpose to bend their course.

In this terrible emergency, which was not the less so, for falling upon them in the hour of recent mirth and triumph, and in which perfect equality of suffering was imposed in common upon the brutes, and every individual of the expedition indiscriminately, Jessy found alleviation for the distress of her own thirst, in witnessing the docility and uncomplaining patience of her recent acquisition, Katrina. She spoke of the kindness of her Black-foot father, shed tears, and related how earnest he had always showed himself to relieve all her little wants. She related the history of her captivity by the Black-feet, who had taken her away from the Spanish settlements on the Rio del

Norte, four years since. She had almost lost the remembrance of the names of her parents, though she still retained her native language, probably, from the circumstance, that her master himself spoke it, in a considerable degree. He had proved a father to her, had adopted her into his family, had intended her for his son; and had conducted towards her, in every way, with so much kindness, that she became in feeling an Indian; and in affection a child of her master's. She, poor thing, had been used to hardship and suffering, and complained not, though she looked wistfully towards the heavens, crossed herself, and said her pater noster for rain. Elder Wood, too, subdued by thirst and terror, fasted, and prayed, loud and earnestly, for rain. It was, indeed, a spectacle to chill the heart, to see the looks, which this mighty group of life, bewildered in the burning sands of the desert, cast upon each other and the sky, as they moved in this direction and in that, like troubled spirits; seeking a direction, and rest, and water, and finding none.

The night, which they spent in this position, was one never to be forgotten. The wind still blew fiercely; and the mists seemed to be condensed into a compact atmosphere from earth to sky. Their kindled lights were in a moment extinguished by the wind; and the whole camp was involved in an absolute and rayless darkness, 'which might be felt.' In the general moan of excruciating thirst, no one remained still, but each wandered abroad, to catch in their clothes, and to imbibe on their surface any portion of mist, that might be dispensed in the form of dew, or humidity. In this predicament, individuals and families wandered from their place, and were confounded; and could find each other no more, through that dark night; and the inmates with William Weldon kept together, only by holding to each other's hand, or dress. The powerful voice of Elder Wood, in earnest

cries for the compassion of the Almighty, was heard through that long night. Hope returned to the bosoms of this forlorn people once more, a little after midnight; for flashes of lightning were seen in various quarters of the sky. 'God will have compassion upon us,' cried the minister, 'and will be gracious to give us rain, that we perish not.' At the same time every one of the whole camp was feeling in the dark for whatever in the form of vessel, or rounded skin, or contrivance of any sort, that could be moulded to hold water; and stood forth in the open air, looking earnestly towards the sky, and catching new impulse of hope from the more frequent flashes of lightning, and the distant muttering of thunder. But, though these harbingers of rain inspired courage, the rain came not; and a faint and almost imperceptible change of crimson and dusky light announced the twilight of dawn, without any signs of immediate relief. But when light enough was in the sky to show the grey sand at the bottom of the crimson gloom, Ellswatta seemed to be listening intently, as though to catch some other sound, than the distant muttering of the thunder. At length he cried joyfully, 'Master of Life, we thank thee. Wahcondah, we thank thee. Hearken! Hearken! There is hope and relief.' All listened in the eagerness of parching thirst, and the natural desire of life. A faint cry in the air was first scarcely perceptible. Soon the sound of swans and geese and ducks and water fowl was heard careering by. A general shout at the same moment rose from the whole camp. These children of the solitude instinctively felt, that they were near some river, and that the peculiar atmosphere and storm, that had arrested the flight of the water fowl, was passing away. 'Up, march, strike the tents,' was the general cry, and in the shortest possible time, the whole body was in motion in the direction of the movements of the

flocks of sea fowls, whose cry sounded in their ears, as they phrased it, 'come to the waters.'

In truth they saw, as they advanced, first single tufts of green grass in the sand; next tall weeds and flowers, and soon the continued green sward, which indicated the vicinity of water. At nine in the morning, a cool elastic breeze arose from the direction of the mountains, bringing life, and elasticity on its wings. The mists seemed to be rolled up, as if they were immense folds of crimson, moving gradually down the plains. The blue of the sky showed; and the sun came forth. The Missouri, with its skirt of trees, and its bosom indicated by the steaming ascent of white mist, showed in its meanders up and down the plain, as far as the eye could reach. The horses and asses and dogs all raised their peculiar notes of joy; and in a few moments the whole mass of life was quaffing the nectar of the stream.

The Indians returned thanks to the Master of Life; and William Weldon's family and friends in solemn thanksgivings, as usual, ascribed all to the God of Israel. The tents were pitched; and the hunters, with renovated strength and cheerfulness, shortly after supplied the camp with fresh game. They found themselves once more surrounded by ranges of buffaloes; and the sport was resumed, with as much reckless excitement and hilarity, as though, a few hours before, the thought of every one had not been the immediate and appalling apprehension of the dreadful death of thirst.

Such success attended the hunting here, that in a short time, as many buffaloes had been slain, as were necessary to furnish skins, sinew, fat, tongues, and jerked flesh, to as great an amount, as they deemed, they had any means of conveying back over the mountains. To hunt further, would be for destruction, and not for use; a clear violation of the simple, but

righteous morality of the red men. Besides, in many other hearts, beside Jessy's, arose the dear associations, that excite the desire of home—of a country, identified with all that charms in the morning of life, so sheltered, so delightful, so cherished, in comparison of these unsheltered and illimitable prairies; mocking the eye with a level carpet of grass and flowers, without wood or water; and tempting the traveller, for a straighter direction, to plunge into sandy deserts of scorching aridity, where myriads might perish, and no accident again throw a wandering traveller upon the discovery of their bones.

Their last evening of eastward advance on the plains had been spent; and the next morning, like the primeval march of patriarchal tribes on the plains of Mamre, the Shoshonee, with all their plunder, and the proceeds of their hunt, were moving up the banks of the Missouri, determined not to be again enticed, for a straighter direction, to desert its course, however sinuous and indirect. Again they reached their first camp, and released their kine, that manifested the clearest marks of welcome to their well known masters.

Their return over the mountains was with a far greater number of horses and mules, than they had brought; and every thing, that could bear burdens, was loaded to the utmost extent of its powers of marching under its load. It was now high summer, and the influence of July was seen in every sheltered dell on their way. In points of elevation as high as the common flights of the clouds, there were scooped out strange basins of black soil, of verdure, of mountain cedars, of the most splendid alpine plants, unfolding in the pure and elemental air, foliage and flowers of a brightness and ambrosial aroma, never to be found in the less pure and oxygenated atmosphere of the common level. In these basins pure springs gurgled.

The fire-flies gilded the foliage by night. Bats fluttered athwart their narrow space. In the morning there was seen the strange form and the uncouth wildness of the mountain sheep, bounding on the high cliffs; and the petal of almost every flower was borne down by the incessant flapping of the hum-bird's wing.

Encamped in a valley of this sort, and near the summit of the central ridge, Frederic was gratified with a spectacle, which was novel; and which he had often expressed a strong desire to behold—a thunder storm in the mountains; a spectacle of such grandeur, that whoever has not seen it, has one scene of interest yet to desire below the sun. It is seldom, that these magnificent atmospheric phenomena find their way to these empyrean heights, and this cool, pure air. When the magazines of thunder are put in operation in these upper regions, their display is magnificent, in proportion to its unfrequency.

It was midnight, when they were aroused from their slumbers by such repeated bursts of thunder, as seemed a general explosion of the artillery of the skies. The sleepers in Ellswatta's tent awakened, and arose, and looked forth into the dark sky, every moment brightened by the vivid glare of lightning. Then might be seen the ancient cedars twisting in the wind, or yielding their branches, as the lightning streamed down their trunks. Then might be seen, in indescribable majesty, the black peaks far above them, lifted by the evanescent glare to full and high perspective, from the chaos into which they sunk the moment after. The whole party sat, awe-struck, in contemplation. 'It is the dread voice of God,' said Elder Wood. 'The Wahcondah is mighty in his wrath,' responded Ellswatta. 'It is too full of terror,' said Jessy, as she made her way between her father and Elder Wood. 'Fear not, Wakona,' said Areskouï, interposing his form be-

tween her and the glare of lightning, that flashed in at the tent door. Frederic repeated the verses of the noble poet.

'The sky is changed! And such a change! Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong;
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

'And this is in the night! Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit vale shines, as a bright phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black; and now the glee
Of the big hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.'

Nothing of interest, to find a place in these annals, occurred in their laborious crossing of the mountains. The young chief and Frederic, as in the outward traverse sought, it may be presumed, rather than avoided occasions to aid Jessy when wearied and exhausted; and the mothers, by gay chiding, reminded the young men that the same offices were equally due to them, though neither young nor beautiful. As before, there was frolic and laughter, and keen hunger, and fatigue, and some painful falls, and some pleasant conversations amidst the mountains over the fragrant steam of the coffee and venison. They had labored up the last eminence, and the cry—Sewasserna! Sewasserna! home! home! arose; and the return Indian song swelled loud at the sight. 'There is the vale. There the wild fowl. There the sweet stream; and there our little ones, our wives, and the bones of our forefathers.' The wild chorus cheowanna, haw-haw-hum, as it swelled and died away among the

mountains, intonated with such tender and natural sentiments, sounded pleasantly even in the ear of Jessy. The little secluded pond still retained their pe-riogues, and the relief and the change from the incessant fatigue of clambering up precipices and mountains, to the luxurious repose of reclining in a pe-riogue, as the current gently wasted it down the stream, completely screened from the sun by overshadowing trees, was delightful.

They arrived at the towns, on a pleasant summer's sunset. Every thing seemed, at a distance, as when they left it. The wind still breezed in the pines, and the smokes still streamed from the habitations. 'How charming,' cried Jessy, embracing her mother, 'to return once more to the natal spot.' By this time, every individual of the two nations, left behind, that could move, had met the returning triumphal procession. A few mothers and wives raised the death-wail, amidst the general shout of welcome and joy, mourning for their dead sons and husbands. 'See,' cried Elder Wood, 'how nearly sorrow is found to joy, in all that pertains to earth.' The drums beat, and the two nations formed one grand triumphal procession to the council house. There the council-fire was kindled. Ellswatta, in simple, but strong and expressive phrase, related the events of the expedition; the ample vengeance they had taken of their enemies, and the number they had slain of them; and as he mentioned the names of his own warriors, that had fallen, the lament of the wives, mothers and relatives was renewed. In sympathy, the chiefs smoked in silence; and waited, till the burst of their grief had subsided. 'They are gone,' said the chief. 'They have descended to the sunless valley. But their spirits departed in the joy of victory, and surrounded with the brightness of glory. Mothers ought not to wail for their sons that have fallen gloriously.' Then the exploits of those

warriors, who had gained distinction, were recounted; and as they rose at the calling of their names, the eyes of their relatives glistened; and the shouts of applause showed how greedy the red people were of glory.

How glad was the heart of Jessy, when all this noisy ceremonial was finished; and when the course of former things was quietly resumed in this valley. Those, left in care of the charming grounds around her father's dwelling, had diligently heeded their charge; and the plants, flowers and fruits, left in the springing freshness of May, were now nurtured to the luxuriance, maturity and promise of August. A day's overlooking and care restored every thing, within and without, to its wonted order. Again she visited her bower, shivering, indeed, at the recollections inspired by the place, but entering once more with full heart into the pleasure of contemplating the calm and lovely nature before her. Again Elder Wood, with undiminished earnestness and solemnity, resumed his missionary duties, relating the wonders and deliverances of his covenant God in their recent expedition. Again Frederic and Areskoui failed not to share in the pleasures of the evening circle at William Weldon's. The captive Black-foot women had all quietly fallen into the niches, assigned to them by immemorial Shoshonee usage.

In the presence and training of Katrina, Jessy found a new source of amusement and satisfaction, of a high and even generous kind. Her shining black locks, clubbed after the Indian fashion, were trained to float in luxuriant curls upon her neck. The smoke and dust, inwrought into her skin in the Black-foot wigwams, had been gradually washed away. Yeni and Jessy clothed her gracefully in the European fashion. A fine, smooth, clear olive complexion returned to her cheek. Her new and plentiful diet had a visibly transforming effect to the same issue.—

Graceful manners and a higher example, as a standard of thought and action, opened a new world, to inspire different aims and a nobler purpose. In a short period of training, she began to emerge not only graceful, in native elegance of form and movement, but Yensi and Josepha pronounced her beautiful; while, to the heart of Jessy, the forming, and training this interesting girl, not only opened a new employment, yielding self complacency in the exercise, but the circumstances, under which she was acquired, and, unconsciously, the person, from whom she was acquired, rendered her dear as a child, or a sister. Every day disclosed new intelligence, worth and grace in the protege; and, when put to her first lessons, her quickness of apprehension outran the indications of her teacher. Both Frederic and Areskoui complained, that this new pursuit of teaching the favorite Katrina, robbed them of many of those happy hours, which had formerly been shared with them. 'Certainly,' replied Jessy, 'you are neither of you persons, to speak slightly of the pleasure of doing our duty. For me, I never was, and I have no idea, that I can be more happy, than in teaching this dear girl, tending my flowers, receiving and reciprocating the smiles of my parents, economizing the pleasure of intercourse with you, my good friends, and holding communion with my Maker. Would, that I were sure of being always, as now, while I live.'

It scarcely needed the gift of prophecy, to foretell, that these times of joy and tranquility were not to last. Baptiste had accompanied a Shienne expedition down to Astoria; and there were whispers, that Nelesho and his tribe were resuming their treasonable purposes. He was once more observed in ominous communion with Hatch; and parties came and went between Astoria and the valley, as though a mail had been established. Areskoui, too, no longer excited

by the arousing anticipations of a command and an expedition, no longer meeting Jessy, except in the regulated intercourse of ceremony, and then always seeing her with one, in whose esteem, he was fearful, she must continually have an increasing interest, again became sad. His vivacity vanished. His father and mother again alternately pitied, chided, and encouraged him; and his growing and marked dejection once more awakened the painful sympathy and fears of Jessy.

Pentanona, or the Eaglet, had commanded the united nation, during the absence of the young chief on the recent expedition. Pentanona was his totem, or sworn brother; and they were mutually and indissolubly attached. He was charged by Ellswatta, to bring his son to confession, touching the renewal of a depression, which seemed to have disappeared during the late tour, and to urge motives, if he might, to arouse him from his marked and growing despondency, by operating upon his pride and his shame. Pentanona found his opportunity, and accosted him, 'why art thou gloomy and sad, brother of my heart, my chief? Knowest thou not, that the black hearted and accursed Nelesho is raising an interest, adverse to thy succeeding to the chieftainship? That he speaks tauntingly, and deridingly of thee, as a pale face, a woman, a sick, and weak girl, unfit to govern a nation of braves?' 'All this I know, brother, and what then?' 'Why, I cannot but allow, that thou seemest sad, and growest thin, and wantest something of that spirit, which ought to swell the bosom of a chief. Brother of my heart, dost thou succeed in gaining the love of Wakona?' 'No, Pentanona, no. Thou knowest well the source of my sorrows. Thou knowest, that the inexorable Master of Life has determined, that she can never be mine. The Wahcondah has fixed our destiny from our birth. Mine is to consume away,

and shame myself and my nation in this hopeless passion.' 'Areskoui, hearken to the brother of thy heart. Thou hast forgotten thyself. Wilt thou see Nelesho triumph; and degrade thyself to settle down under his authority in quiet submission?' The eye of Areskoui flashed. 'Hold, Pentanona,' he cried, 'I will not allow thee such language.'

'Areskoui, I will speak my mind plainly; and tell thee the thing, that is, in the truth of real friendship, and thou mayest shut thine ears, if thou wilt. It makes an old woman even of me, to see thy head droop, and thine eye quail. In a short time thou wilt cause all the Shoshonee to feel shame in the presence of the Shienne, in the same way. Rumors float against thee among that bad people. There are not wanting those, who say the thing, that is not, among thine own people. Nelesho, the while, looks more proudly, walks more erect; and at every meeting of the warriors, he exerts more the spirit of a chief. Oh! brother of my heart, hear the truth. The buz of the nation is like that of bees, when you strike the hatchet against the hollow tree, where they dwell. Brother, my chief, by the Master of Life I conjure thee rise above the weakness of the medicine spell of Wakona. Yes, I grant you, there is a fair skin, fine curls, a bright eye. But what then? Shall my chief be the slave of things, like these? She ought to love thee, and be proud to do it. But thou knowest, that love is settled by the Master of Life. After all, how soon will Wakona be as another woman? Does not thy white medicine man say, that love is a disease, a madness, a folly.'

'Yes,' answered Areskoui, with some bitterness, 'he says all that, and loved the Song Sparrow as foolishly, and as madly, as I love Wakona. Ah! Pentanona, it is easy to talk, as thou talkest; but hard to suffer, as I suffer.' 'After all,' he replied, 'the skin only is beautiful; and thou doest shame to thy people,

in loving the white more than the red. Who are best, the daughters of the red, or the pale people? Let the two wives of Hatch answer. Who can best bring water, cook venison, and grind the maize? Who loves, and follows most faithfully the husband and the children? Will not Wakona's beauty soon fade; and when old, will she not look still uglier, than an old red woman? Below the skin, one is as fair as the other, even now. Fie! brother! Offer her thy love. If she accept it, good. If not, drive the accursed, bewitching race from thy nation. Raise a wall to the heavens at the entrance of our valley against them, and let them all go, and dwell in the midst of their own people. Send away this Wakona. She hath been in the very abode of the little mischievous white men, and witchery is in her eye. Seest thou not, that the pale faced young man is spell bound, and lost to manhood in the same way, as thou art? They tell me, that thine eyes shone, like those of the Manitou, when thou lately assailedst the Blackfoot. Would, that spirit might abide with thee! Areskoui, I honor thee, as the Wahcondah. I cannot endure to see thee bowed down, and to hear thy soft and maiden toned voice. The Master of Life send the Black-foot into our valley, and make thee a man again.'

'Ah! Pentanona, I know, that thou speakest bitterly in love; else I would rebuke thee. Sayest thou, that the spell of Wakona is in the fairness of her skin? Ah! if it were only beauty, Areskoui could conquer that, were she fairer than the daughters of the sun. But, Pentanona, it is neither the fair skin, nor the form, nor the curls, nor the eye of Wakona. Ah! seest thou not a divine something, which belongs to none of the daughters of the red people? It is the noble spirit, that flashes in the eye. It is the heaven, that I seem to behold beyond; as I see the trees and the sky painted in the depths of the blue lake. Pen,

tanona, thou hast given friendly counsels; but it is on a point, which thou dost not and canst not understand. I would have fled from this spell, when I found the poison burning in my bosom at first. It might then have availed to my cure. But my resolve was too late. Thinkest thou, that I have not struggled with the sorcery? Ah! then thou little knowest thy chief. Alas! thou understandest not, that my veins are half filled with the blood of the pale face. The Master of Life has so formed me, that, asleep or awake, her image pursues me, like my shadow. My heart declares, that she is as much wiser, kinder, and better, than the rest, as she is fairer. Who has not heard, that she ministers to all in distress, like the Master of Life! Thou canst say nothing to me, that I have not thought a hundred times. Pentanona, do not vex me, by thy well intended but officious counsels. I should love on, if my people, and this whole world were in one scale, and Wakona in the other. It is the will of the Master of Life. We may not fight with our destiny. It were far better, Pentanona, if thou wouldst instruct me, how to win her love in return. But my thoughts incessantly say, Areskoui, she can never belong to thee. Thou art a wild, red man; and the red bird might as well wed with the eagle. Teach my bosom not to burn, when I see the mysterious looks of tenderness, which she casts by stealth on the pale face, who, like me, loves, and despairs, and dreams not, that she returns his tenderness. Wakona is kind, and has compassion upon me; and, perhaps, knows not herself the wishes of her own heart. Pentanona, there is no resource for me, but to die; none but to go to that unknown country, of which Elder Wood preaches to us. Pentanona, his deep words strangely move my heart. I feel shame, as I perceive tears moistening my eyes. The Master of Life could not have formed us merely for

disappointment and sorrow. When I see, what there is on the brow and in the eye of Wakona, surely there must be that happy country, after death, of which the medicine man speaks to us. I wake only to imagine plans, in which to win her favor. I dream, to fancy myself of the race of the pale face, powerful, wise, beautiful, and altogether such, as could not but charm Wakona. I have imagined every conceivable project, to reach her affections; and end by the sad conviction of sinking back into myself, and realizing, that the Wahcondah has rendered every thing unchanging. My better judgment tells me, that there is no device, no charm, no medicine of potency, to give the wild red man, noble though he may be, a place in the thoughts of Wakona, so long as the fair brow of the pale face is beside him. My heart acknowledges, at the same time, that he is good, and true, and every way worthy of her. Why should she not prefer such a son of her own people? Areskoui, there is nothing for thee, but to die. Ah! but for my parents, how soon would I be at rest!

On the other hand, Frederic had his jealousies, his persuasions, that the eye of Jessy was averted from him, and turned with favor upon the young chief.—‘And upon what do you build this presumption?’ asked Elder Wood, as he heard him express this opinion. ‘Upon the facts,’ he replied, ‘that since her return from the expedition, she has uniformly conducted towards me with distance and coldness. I could almost have sworn at times, when I bore her in my arms down the cliffs of the mountains, and saw her eyes averted from mine, with a peculiar expression, that she returned my love. The illusion is all banished. The other day, as the subject of removal to society was discussed, she assured me, that even were there no other impediments, the idea of renouncing forever the society of Ellswatta’s family would be a source of bitter regret to her.’

‘And is it for this, Frederic, that your cheek glows, and your eyes flash, and you almost speak of the maiden with temper? Ah! you will convince me, that Areskoui is the nobler of the two; for with far better reason, he never speaks of her, or of you, in this way.’

‘Indeed, Elder Wood, I am aware, that he is the nobler of the two; and hence my shame and grief; hence the torturing conviction, that he most deserves her.’

‘Ah! Frederic, you convince me, that all young men are alike fools and unjust. Here have I been wishing, and praying, and managing my enginery, to place such motives before this girl, as would induce her to regard with favor, and marry my catechumen, that her influence might influence him, to the civilization and christianization of the people; and that I might act upon both, as the instrument of converting them to Christianity, and through them the whole nation. God only knows, what day dreams I have had upon this subject. But she loves him not. She never will love him. Without believing in fate, I believe that. He is gloomy. Love and despair are maddening his brain. I might as well, in his present frame of mind, preach to the wild winds and waves of the sea. He meditates suicide. Oh God! what a world is this! What a volcano of passions is forever kindling the fires of wrath and ruin in the human bosom! All my schemes are blown to the winds; and I, in my sorrow and disappointment, of age and gray hairs, have the poor consolation, to see the noble young chief wasting away, like the winter ice in the suns of spring; to realize that my fond scheme of converting the Indians was more than half reared on my own pride; and that, had I achieved the good work, instead of giving all the glory to God, I should have walked amidst my air-castles of pride, and said, ‘is

not this great Babylon, which I have built? Last of all, here are you, Frederic, whom I had begun to love, as a son, jealous of the noble young chief, himself the victim of love and despair; and speaking with temper of Jessy Weldon, of whom it is only common justice to say, that closely as I have watched her, intently as I have studied her, I have never detected in her a censurable word or action, or, apparently, an improper thought. To increase the gloom of my thoughts, I am convinced, you may say it is superstitious, but I am forewarned, that Hatch and Baptiste and Nelesho, and, perhaps enemies at Astoria, are meditating some black and tragic purpose, in respect to us. Intimations have come to my dreams, that trouble and darkness are at hand, and that the guardian angels of those I love in this vale, where I have been so happy, and I hope I may humbly say, not useless, have been heard whispering, as in the city of God's chosen people, 'let us go hence. Let us go hence.' Of one thing let me assure you. If Jessy Weldon could love any one, it would be you; and this ought to satisfy you. With all, that charms in frail woman, there is in her the wisdom, the disinterestedness of angelic nature. She sees, and pities the sufferings of the young chief. She understands his character, and righteously estimates his worth. She has been with him from a child. A feeling towards him, warmer than friendship, and yet not love, colors all her views, motives and conduct, in reference to him. Even were she firmly and indissolubly attached to you, she would never inflict on her brother, as she calls him, the torture, of declaring such a preference. There you have the whole clue to her conduct.'

'And you have convinced me,' cried the young man, grasping his hand, 'that every body is noble, but myself. You have cured me. But you shall see, how differently I will conduct in future.'

CHAPTER X.

Farewell ; and may you still in peace repose,
Still o'er you may the flowers untrodden bloom,
And gently wave to every wind that blows,
Breathing their fragrance o'er each lowly tomb.

M. P. F.

THE union of the Shoshonee and Shienne had long been suspended on points so nearly balanced, that the slightest circumstance was sufficient to turn the scale. A single spark was enough to create an explosion. An elk of unusual size passed down the vale, and drew out all the hunters of the nation in the pursuit. The honor of the tribes became involved in the question, who of them should bring the animal down. It afterwards involved a deeper dispute, whether a Shienne or Shoshonee had inflicted the fatal shot. The event occurred on the autumnal maize feast, when both parties had been drinking. A crowd gathered about the fallen animal. Loud altercation and fierce words ensued. The quarrel soon grew to blows ; and a perfect melee ensued, a most murderous and vindictive fight, in which the parties were too close to use yagers, and availed themselves only of knives, dirks and tomahawks. The loud yell of struggle, revenge and death arose ; and the blood of the tribes mingled in rivulets. None can tell, how far the battle would have extended, had not the shrieks of the children, wives and mothers of the parties, apprized Ellswatta and Areskouï, who happened not to be present. They rallied all the disengaged and sober Shoshonee, for a reserve ; rushed upon the mass, and being fresh, and,

as lookers on, capable of availing themselves of all advantages, they directly turned the scale, separated the combatants, and terminated the fray for the time. Any one could see by the looks, and understand by the words of either party, that this would not be the end of the fray. The Shienne commenced the use of the knife, and were more numerous than the Shoshonee. Eight of the former had fallen, and nine of the latter, a sanguinary and fatal issue of such a quarrel. A few only were wounded; for such was the envenomed rage of the combat, that each of the slain had fallen pierced by numerous mortal thrusts.

While Ellswatta reasoned, expostulated, and inflicted blows, knocking down more than one refractory Indian, who wished to renew the fight, Areskoui beckoned Nelesho aside. 'Follow me, Shienne,' he said, 'far enough from this accursed fray, that it shall want thy presence and countenance; and it will cease of itself.' 'Let them command, who have power to enforce obedience,' fiercely rejoined the other. 'I have that power,' calmly replied the half breed chief, 'and, unless thou compliest, I will instantly shoot thee on the spot.' Nelesho knew both the truth and spirit of the chief; and instantly copying his self command, doggedly followed him. The eyes of the combatants were too intently turned upon Ellswatta and their bleeding friends, to remark the retiring chiefs. They were a considerable distance from the fray, before their absence was perceived. A clump of pawpaws screened them from observation; and they halted behind it. 'What wouldst thou with me, half breed Shoshonee,' fiercely cried Nelesho? 'I would fain ask of thee, Shienne, whether thou intendest rebellion or not? Blood has flowed already; and more is like to flow. Do not I know that thou, that thy hate and intrigue, and that thy dark and brooding purpose is at the bottom of the whole?' 'Ah, babbler!' replied

the Shienne, 'thou hast learned this war of words and abuse from the pale face.' 'Base and bad Shienne,' retorted the chief, 'thou art too vindictive, too much of an old woman, to fight thyself; and thou urgest these simple, honest, ignorant hunters, to spill each other's blood, because thou hatest me. Thou hast in thee the living spirit of the bad Manitou. Hearken, Shienne. Thou whisperest, like a base coward, among thy own people and the traitors of mine, that Wakona hath medicined me, and that I am melted down to the spirit of an old woman. Thus hast thou fostered a contumacious, revengeful and bloody spirit between the two people, encouraged by the hope of anarchy. All yonder blood is of thy spilling. Hearken; to prove to thee, that thou hast said the thing, that is not, and that I am still, and will be thy liege chief, and a full and sufficient man for thee, I here defy thee to single and mortal combat. Here is my dirk. There is thine; and the time is opportune. See, if I am an old woman. Weak and melted down and medicined as I may be, there is enough of me left for thee, base Shienne!'

Nelesho was as cunning, as he was vindictive; and relied more on a secret, than an open revenge. He paused a few moments, as if in deep mental deliberation. Assuming then a coolness, as of perfect self-possession, he advanced to the chief, with the gesture and the look of peace. 'Chief,' he said, 'thou art in wrath; but thou hast spoken right words. Thou knowest, that I value the lives of the red people as much as thyself. I will not fight thee now, Areskouï; and thou mayest put it to fear of thee, if thou wilt.— Thou knowest, that I hate thee. Does not Wakona love thee; and will not I hate whatever she loves? May the Master of Life grant, that the accursed pale face may be her choice. Curse on that dastard pale face, Julius, who babbled all my secrets to her. I

would love thee, and join hands, if thou wouldst institute a war of extermination of the accursed pale-face. But I will not fight thee now. Let us return to our people. Whatever rights of treaty thy father claimeth, I will execute. This is a fray of drunkenness, and not of my seeking, as thou sayest. One more of thy people has fallen than mine. Let the balance of retribution be settled by lot. Mayest thou not show the old woman, as much, by letting forth the fury of thy rage, as by flying the fight? I am calm, as thou seest, and for peace. Let us return, and keep peace between our people.' So saying, Nelesho turned, and left him, walking back to his people.

Ellswattā had stayed the fight. The young chiefs returned with inveterate, but composed indignation in their countenances. A dead stillness pervaded the crowd; while Areskouj whispered his father, and Nelesho some of his confidential sub-chiefs. 'Art thou for war with us, Nelesho,' sternly asked Ellswatta; 'or wilt thou choose, that the blood of this quarrel be enquired into in council.' 'In council, chief,' replied the Shienne, with dogged composure. While the wives and mothers were washing the slain warriors, and wailing their dirge, the council drums beat, and the council was convoked in the council house. The same men, who but a few moments before, had been rushing upon each other, like exasperated demons, now calmly took their places with murky tranquility in the council house, most impressively demonstrating the silent, but irresistible influence of Indian usage.

The circumstances of the recent bloody affray were carefully scrutinized. Various warriors made speeches on the occasion; and among the rest, the plausible orator Tutsagee. His judgment was to bury the horrible transaction in oblivion, calling up, as little as might be, the babble, feuds, and hatreds of the two tribes. 'Blood has been shed,' said he. 'But each

fallen warrior has a shade to accompany his spirit to the sunless valley, save one. One Shoshonee shade would go, mourning and alone to the land of souls; and they would deride our people for sending down to the sunless valley a Shoshonee, without a Shienne for his companion. But, to find that companion in this way of enquiring, would call up all the circumstances of the fight anew; and embitter a hundred fold all the existing animosities. Let us resort to the ancient way of our people. Let the Shienne spirit, to accompany the slain Shoshonee, be settled by lot; and then the Master of Life will determine.' This counsel almost unanimously prevailed. The voices of the nation being taken, a great majority, even among the Shienne, were for the lot. Nelesho, in a single remark, gave his voice to the same effect.

Three hundred rods, black, and of the same size and dimensions, were immediately prepared, corresponding to the number of Shienne who acknowledged themselves to have been at the affray. Among the rods was a single white one. Whoever drew that rod was to be offered up by a hatchet blow on the head, to appease the spirit of the unavenged Shoshonee. The eldest medicine man prayed to the Wahcondah, to give a decision according to equity. The drums beat. Each of the three hundred Shienne was to be blindfolded, and in turn walk by the rods, draw one, and pass on, until the doomed Shienne should take the white rod. Fifty had already passed, when an aged woman, a widow, who had crowded to the fight in extreme anxiety for her only son, drew the fatal white rod. The drawing was followed by a general groan; for every one was aware, that no dispositions to join in the fight had mixed her with the combatants. 'It is thus,' murmured the fierce warriors, 'that the Master of Life rewards parental affection!' Though the issue of this tragic transaction

may be viewed as an episode in these annals, it is an impressive illustration of the energetic influence of the unwritten laws of opinion, and prescription, and immemorial usage among this interesting people.— This episode is given, as it was written in verse by Frederic, who witnessed the impressive spectacle; and on their subsequent voyage together, showed his version to Jessy.

THE MARTYR SON.

In Sewasserna's greenest dell,
Beside its clear and winding stream,
The Shoshonee at evening tell
A tale of truth, that well might seem
A poet's wild and baseless dream,
If many an eye, that saw the sight,
Were not as yet undimm'd and bright,
And many an ear, that heard it all,
Still startled by the sear leaf's fall.

For years the tribe had dwelt in peace,
Amidst the free and full increase,
That Nature in luxuriance yields,
From their almost uncultur'd fields;
Without one scene of passing strife,
To mar their peaceful village life.
The buried hatchet cased in rust,
Had almost moulder'd into dust;
And o'er the spot, where it was laid,
The peace-tree threw a broadening shade,
On whose green turf the Warriors met,
And smok'd the circling calumet.

At length Discord, the Fury, came,
Waving her murd'rous torch of flame,
And kindled that intestine fire,
In which the virtues all expire;
Which like the lightning-flame, burns on
More fierce, for being rained upon
By showers of tears, which vainly drench
A fire, that blood alone can quench.

Two chieftain brothers met in pride;
While kindred warr'd on either side,
And kindred hands, that clasp'd before,
Were deeply dyed in kindred gore.
How many fought; how many fell;
It boots not now to pause, and tell:

SHOSHONEE VALLEY.

Besides, that tale may be another's—
I never lov'd the strife of brothers.

On a smooth plain, of living green,
Their mingled monuments are seen,
In turf-crown'd hillocks, circling round
The fallen chieftain's central mound;
And yearly on that fatal plain
Their kindred meet and mourn the slain,
Wat'ring their humble graves anew,
With fond affection's hallow'd dew.

When time and truce at length subdued
The fierceness of that fatal feud,
The Chieftain sent his council call,
And every Warrior sought the hall,
To smoke the pipe, and chase away
The memory of that fatal fray.

But Justice claims another life—
Another victim to that strife;
And her stern law must not be changed.
One Warrior slumbers unreveng'd.
Some one must die; for life alone
Can for another life atone.
It was at length agreed, to take
A victim for atonement's sake,
By lot, from those against whom lay
The fearful balance of that day.

The solemn trial now had come,
And, slowly, to the measur'd drum,
March, one by one, the victim band,
To where two aged Warriors stand
Beside a vase, whose ample womb
Contains the fatal lot of doom.
That fatal rod, prepared with care,
Lies with three hundred others there;
And each in turn, his fate must try
With beating heart and blindfold eye.
Woe to the hand, that lifts it high!
The owner of that hand must die.

Could I in words of power indite,
I would in thrilling verse recite,
How many came, and tried, and past,
Ere the dread lot was drawn at last,
By a lone widow, whose last son
Follow'd her steps, and saw it done.
I would, in magic strains essay
To paint the passions in their play,
And all their deep wrought movements trace,
Upon that son's and mother's face.

Yes,—I would picture even now,
 The paleness of her care-worn brow,
 The tearless marble of her cheek,
 The tender voice, that cried, though weak,
 In tones, that seem'd almost of joy,—
 'At least it is not thine, my boy!'
 I would describe his frantic cry,
 When the dark symbol caught his eye;
 The look of fixt and settled gloom,
 With which he heard the fatal doom;
 And the flush'd cheek and kindling glance,
 Which from the high and holy trance
 Of filial inspiration, caught
 The brightness of his glorious thought,
 When through their circling ranks he prest,
 And thus the wondering crowd address:

'Hear me, ye Warriors. I am young;
 But feelings, such as prompt my tongue,
 Might, even to a child, impart
 That living language of the heart,
 Which needs no rules, of age, nor art,
 To recommend its warm appeal
 To every bosom, that can feel.
 Oh! let my grief-worn mother live,
 And for her life, I'll freely give
 This life of mine, whose youthful prime
 Is yet unworn by toil or time.
 An offering, such as this, will please
 The ghost, whose manes ye would appease,
 More, than the last few days of one,
 Whose course on earth is almost run.

Her aged head is gray with years;
 Her cheeks are channel'd deep with tears;
 While every lock is raven, now,
 Upon my smooth unfurrow'd brow,
 And, in my veins, the purple flood
 Of my brave father's warrior blood
 Is swelling, in the deep, full tide
 Of youthful strength and youthful pride.
 Her trembling steps can scarce explore
 The paths, she trod so light of yore;
 While I can match the wild deer's flight,
 On level plain, or mountain height,
 And chase, untired, from day to day,
 The flying bison, on their way.

'Oh! ye are sons, and once were prest
 In fondness to a mother's breast.
 Think of her soft voice, that carest;
 Her arms, where ye were lull'd to rest;

Her quivering kiss, that was imprest
 So fondly on your sicken'd brow;
 Oh! think of these, and tell me, now,
 If ye, as sons, can here deny
 A son the privilege to die
 For her, who thus wak'd, watch'd, and wept,
 While in her cradling arms he slept.
 Ye cannot. No,—there is not one,
 That can refuse the victim son.
 Warriors, the young man's talk is done.'

Th' approving shout, that burst aloud
 From all that wild, untutor'd crowd,
 Was proof, that even they, the rude,
 Free dwellers of the solitude,
 Had hearts, that inly thrill'd to view
 The meed to filial virtue due.

I will not waste my time, nor oil,
 Upon a scene, that I should spoil;
 Nor labor to describe that pair,
 Striving in fond contention there,—
 The darling son, and cherished mother,—
 Who should die to save the other.

Ere long, there was a gathered throng,
 Whence rose a wild and solemn song,—
 The death-song of that martyr son;
 And thus his plaintive descant run:

'I fear not the silence, nor gloom of the grave;
 'Tis a pathway of shade and gay flowers to the Brave,—
 For it leads him to plains, where the gleams of the sun
 Kindle spring in their path, that will never be done.

'Groves, valleys and mountains, bright streamlet and dell,
 Sweet haunts of my youth, take my parting farewell;
 Ye Braves of my kindred, and thou, Mother, adieu;
 Great shades of my Fathers, I hasten to you.'

He fell. The verdant mound that prest
 Upon his young, heroic breast,
 By warrior hands was rear'd and drest.
 The mother, too, ere the rude breeze
 Of Winter's wind had stripp'd the trees,
 Had bow'd her head in grief, and died,
 And there she slumbers at his side.
 Hard by the village, on the shore,
 Their mounds are seen, all studded o'er
 With various wild flowers, by the care
 Of sons and mothers, planted there;
 And, to this day, they tell their tale,
 In Sewasserna's dark green vale.

The vengeance of Nelesho, not yet fully matured, was gathering venom and consistency in secret, through this whole winter. Again the storms poured, and the sleet and snow drave down the valley.— Again the evening passed cheerfully in the dwelling of William Weldon. Again Areskoui sat, and listened in silent sadness, as the song and the tale and the delightful conversation pervaded the circle, assembled round the domestic hearth. Jessy would have pronounced it the happiest winter that had yet passed over her head, but for the increasing gloom of the young chief, and a dejection, amounting at times to visible illness, which manifestly preyed scarcely less deeply on the bosoms of his parents. In the docile and charming Katrina she had found not only a pupil who met all her instructions, but a companion, who loved her with all the affection of a sister, and revered, and listened to her, as a superior being, with unlimited respect and devotedness.

‘Why might not Katrina wed the chief?’ one day asked Frederic, blushing deeply. The thought flashed, like a ray of light, across her mind. ‘It is the very thing,’ she answered. ‘The child has been brought up among the Indians. She has not an association with the white race, except such, as she has recently formed among us. I thank you, Frederic, for the hint. She is young, docile, intelligent, beautiful and good.’ From that time, she exerted all honest management, to inspire a mutual affection between them. To her pupil she uttered her own true and inmost thoughts concerning the worth, honor, and nobleness of the young chief; and to him she showed off the charms, and the intelligence and amiability of the blooming Spanish girl. The heart of Katrina was full of tenderness, and she soon began to tremble at her own success. ‘When you speak of him with so much warmth, and in such high praise,’ asked Ka-

trina, 'do you not love him yourself? Would I win him from my dear sister, if I might? Is it thus, that you estimate the tenderness and truth of your Katrina? Beside, I am both too young, and utterly unworthy to wed so great and noble a chief.' 'For the first, Katrina,' replied Jessy, smiling, 'it is a defect, of which you are curing every day; and I much mistake, if the heart of my Katrina says, that she is too young. Make yourself perfectly easy on my account. Be assured, that nothing would give me so much pleasure, as to see you wife of the chief; and my dear Katrina,' she added, kissing both her cheeks, 'the girl, that I love, is not unworthy of Areskouii.' It was easy to inspire in the artless and ardent bosom of the Spanish orphan, who would have loved whomsoever her adopted sister recommended to her, an evanescent, but strong liking for the chief; but all her management was utterly lost on the other party.— Sometimes the chief seemed to be conscious of the wishes of Jessy, as she played with the glossy curls of her protegee; for he impatiently arose, and left her, murmuring to himself, as he went, 'it is cruel in Wakkona, not only to shut her own heart against me, but to attempt to engage that worn heart for another.'

The fatal effects of the influence of money, avarice, intemperance and the general bearings of the cupidity of the whites upon the untrained and lawless nature of the red men, were becoming every day more conspicuous. Hatch had grown to be rich, and replaced his exhausted stores of spirits with wicked activity. About his store the brutified and drunken Indians were continually congregated, and wallowing. There were drunkenness and low debauchery, and gambling; and the horses and peltries and furs and salmon and disposables of the Indians, went for a song; and every time the unfortunate beings were cheated, he acquired more capital, and accumulated

power to cheat them again, and to accelerate their ruin. A fixed dislike existed between him and Ellswatta; for neither he or his son ever tasted spirits; and they were the persevering heads of a temperate party, opposers of the introduction of ardent spirits in every form. His remonstrances and example, together with the preaching of Elder Wood, had hitherto restrained drunkenness to certain bounds; and stayed the plague to a degree among the Shoshonee. But every convert to ardent spirits went over to the standard of Nelesho; and became refractory, and a partizan against his chief. Many a sad conversation had Ellswatta with Elder Wood upon the subject.— ‘The accursed medicine drink,’ said the hoary chief, ‘will destroy my nation.’ Elder Wood mourned in concert, declaring, ‘that the influence was still more fatal to all his purposes; and that he was painfully admonished, that the detestable church of Hatch received, and was like to receive, much more numerous converts than his.’ But no plan, that they could devise, promised to strike at the root of the mischief, except to expel Hatch from the nation, and interdict all intercourse with Astoria. Indeed Elder Wood warned the chief, that unless decisive measures of that sort were taken, to prevent the growing evil, it would soon be too late. From the frequent journies, back and forward, of Baptiste, from his ample and unwonted supply of money; and more than all, from the mysterious intelligence which appeared to exist between Nelesho and Astoria, he was satisfied some dark and fatal plot was in agitation. ‘Be it so,’ said the hoary chief. ‘My joints are becoming stiff; and the blood creeps slowly in my veins; and Areskoui, who was once as the sun in his brightness, and as the bald eagle in his courses on the mountain tops, has become sad and discouraged. Alas! I fear, the Master of Life has destined me to see much sorrow, before

I go down to the sunless valley. Ask the Wahcondah of the pale face to aid me; for I am in perplexity and sorrow; and know not which way to turn for light.'

The sweet Spring came once more from the south sea, renewing the deep music of the unchained mountain torrents,

'Leaving her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale;' and Jessy, as she once more saw nature in verdure and blossoms, felt the delicious reverie of the season, as she respired the balmy air, and heard the croaking of the numberless dwellers in the water; and the more cheerful songs of the tenants of the air, the plains and forests. A dark presentiment, as she afterwards mentioned, continually dwelt on her mind. 'Alas!' she sighed to herself, 'it is my last happy spring;' and she more than once declared to Frederic, 'that she felt a kind of internal upbraiding, when she relaxed her mind to the cheerfulness of the season, and the gaiety of health and youth.'

It was a most charming Spring afternoon, when the red bud and the cornel were just beginning to be in full blossom, when this conversation took place.— Frederic remarked, with unwonted vivacity, 'that he had not supposed such a mind, as hers, could suffer from superstitious credulity in presentiment.' He observed with extreme pain, that her eyes filled with tears. Ellswatta and his son, and Elder Wood, with a select party of Shoshonee, had been absent some time up the Sewasserna, on an expedition to trap the last Spring beaver. The Shienne had determined, in council, to hunt this season by themselves, on the plains of the Missouri. Preparatory for this expedition, they had been down to Astoria, to procure the requisite supplies. They came back with Nelesho at their head; having been abusive and cruel on the way to the lower Shoshonee out settlers. Arrived

at the store of Hatch, probably by design, they were furnished with a sufficiency of rum to create half intoxication, and inspire a maddening appetite for more. They loudly called on him to furnish it. The Trader, insisted, that he had none; and made a semblance of rating them for their quarrelsome and drunken deportment. 'Give us rum,' said they, 'or we will enter your cellar, and burst your barrels.' Apparently to get rid of them, he told them to 'go to William Weldon's, for that he had whole pipes of brandy and wine stored in his house.' 'What, the hater of rum, the supporter of the medicine man, the great friend of our tyrant, he sup brandy in secret, like a red man!' 'Certainly,' cried Nelesho, 'he has more money and more brandy, than all the rest of the nation together.' 'It is a good time,' they shouted, 'to empty some of his casks. Ellswatta and Areskoui and our oppressors are away. Let us to the house!' 'Ay,' muttered Nelesho to himself; 'and now let the disdainful pale face and her paramour beware of the little white men of the mountains, and the sign of the Wahcondah at the salmon fishery.' At the same time he said to Baptiste, 'if any harm comes of drinking the white man's brandy, we will be over the mountains with Wakona, before the return of the chief. If he comes to attack us, we can fight him, or join ourselves to the Black-feet. One master is as good as another.' Away they all went, shouting, and whooping, and yelling and following out the accursed plan, that had been preconcerted for them. 'Ah!' said Hatch to Baptiste, as the rear of them cleared out from his premises, 'they will play h—l with the old fellow and his pretty daughter, and that d——d Frederic, this time. They are perfect infernals. An angel of God could not save them. I wish the Kentuckian were there too. I shall never have peace, or a free running trade, till the whole nest is smoked out. Look

you, Baptiste. Keep our counsels. Your own bacon depends on it, you know. The old devil is as rich as a Jew. I will be his administrator, which, it is three to one, will be an office called for in a couple of hours. Who will cage the bird, Julius, or Nelesho? Remember, Baptiste, if the affair goes wrong, I scolded them, as drunkards, and bade them not go near William Weldon's.' 'Ah! sacre,' cried the Canadian, 'me dem sharp. Me know two ting. Me put all straight;' and away he followed, like a cowardly wolf in the rear, to scent the carnage at a distance.

The grey of evening twilight had come; and William and Yensi, Frederic, Jessy and Katrina had just sat down to their evening tea. The yells and shouts and whoopings of the infuriated and drunken Shienne were heard advancing upon the dwelling. 'There they come from Astoria,' cried Yensi. 'Jessy and Katrina, I bid you go into the other room, and fasten the bolt.' 'For God's sake,' said William Weldon, 'Frederic, have our arms in readiness; and bolt the door. The chief promised me, he would be back two days since. There is murder in their note. If we cannot keep them out, we are undone.' The fearful suspense was of but short duration. In a moment the fore front of the mob was at the door, yelling for admittance. What was the palpitation of the poor young tremblers in the inner apartment, as they heard the door burst open with a crash, and perceived, that the apartment was full of savages, yelling for brandy. 'Oh Tien! Oh God!' cried Yensi, 'this is what I have so long dreaded. The fearful hour is come. My dear William,' she continued, kissing both his cheeks, 'give them all they demand. It is our only chance.' 'What is that, she says?' cried Nelesho fiercely.— 'Give it in our speech, old man. Where is thy daughter?' At the same time a rush of Indians burst open

the inner door, and exposed the trembling girls to view, both on their knees in prayer. By this time William Weldon had handed bottles of wine to a number of the savages, who were loudly singing the war song, and swilling the wine. Nelesho poured a quantity into a pitcher, and insisted, that Jessy should pledge him. 'Drink to me, Wakona,' he said, 'after the fashion of the pale face.' As she shrunk back in faintness, he grasped her flowing curls. 'Remember,' said he, 'the salmon fishery, and my curse!' At the same time he began to drag her towards the door. Frederic and William Weldon, almost at the same moment, dealt him a blow with their yagers, which nearly felled him. In an instant the fate of the family was sealed. Frederic was trodden under foot.—'Nelesho,' shrieked Jessy, 'spare my parents; and do with me what thou wilt! I implore thee by the Master of Life, only spare my parents!' She held up her hands in the attitude of earnest and humble entreaty. But it availed not. A number of hatchets fell at once upon the head of Yensi. The blood streamed down her face. She grasped the extended hand of her husband. 'Dear William,' she said, 'rescue Jessy.' 'Yensi! Yensi!' he cried, 'these are the fiends, that I have madly loved, and trusted, as friends. Forgive me, dear Yensi!' As he uttered these words, holding his bleeding wife in his arms, a drunken Shienne fired a yager upon him, the ball of which passed through the bodies of both, and they fell, embracing each other in the strong grasp of spasm, and were still in death. Frederic had arisen amidst the confusion, had borne Jessy through the struggling crowd, that had fortunately extinguished the lights, and had extricated her from the mass, and had borne her out of the door. The fierce and drunken savages within were dealing blows in the darkness upon each other; crying out 'kill Wakona!—kill the pale face Freder-

ic! Yells and shrieks issued from the place, as from an infernal pandemonium. At this moment, a long and loud Shoshonee cry was heard. The whole uproar within hushed in a moment to the stillness of death. Areskoui and his father, and the whole party had arrived. 'Vengeance! Vengeance!' cried Areskoui, in a voice of thunder. The lights of the returned party presented a full view of the work of death, that was going on. Frederic was chafing the temples of Jessy, whose face, cold as marble, and fair hair were all covered with blood, and who, in insensibility, had lost for a moment the consciousness of all the horrors about her. The dwelling was in flames, and the bright blaze burst forth from the windows and the doors. The drunken Shienne were reeling forth from their work of death, to avoid the conflagration. As Frederic continued solely engrossed with the effort to recover Jessy from her faintness, he could only explain, as far as he understood it, the horrible deed that had been perpetrated within.

Some of the Shienne sprang away, and escaped. But Areskoui raised his war cry; and his devoted friends and followers immediately formed such a compact mass around the conflagration, that none could escape. The Shoshonee hatchet and knife were then exerted with fatal effect upon the confused and intoxicated Shienne, astonished with the suddenness of this unexpected retribution; and reeling out in dismay, and unprepared for the combat. Pentanona, and some of the more devoted followers of Areskoui, had penetrated the dwelling, notwithstanding the fierceness of the flames. The bleeding bodies of William and Yensi were dragged from amidst the fire. 'That,' cried Frederic, as he turned his eyes for a moment from the still insensible Jessy, 'that is the work of the accursed Nelesho.' As he said it, the fierce young savage, in his gigantic dimensions and

foaming with rage, rushed towards Areskoui. All other deeds of vengeance were suspended for the moment, to watch these rivals in mortal combat. It was the struggle of Hercules and Cacus. They grasped each other. They strained their muscles, to throw each other to the earth. Nelesho had more strength—the other more nimbleness of movement. Each had disengaged his knife, and each had inflicted wounds. At one moment, one party seemed about to clear himself, and be able to dispatch the other. Then the other, by a sudden and fortunate effort, reversed the chances. Areskoui apparently had the worst of the conflict, and fell beneath his foe; but almost, as he fell, the other gave a demoniac yell, and bounding from his victim, sprang up in the air, and instantly afterwards tumbled upon his face, the blood gurgling from his mouth and breast. He had received a thrust to the heart from the knife of his foe, as he threw him down. Instantly commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the Shienne. A hundred of these intoxicated fiends were offered up in a few moments to expiate the murder of the husband and wife. Elder Wood laid about him like a fury; and the tomahawk of Ellswatta was once more plied with the energy of his earlier years. Resistance soon ceased. The remaining Shienne threw down their arms, proffered the humblest submission, and even Areskoui bade his followers spare the blood of the unresisting. Some, who were pointed out, as ringleaders, were still dispatched on the spot. Many Shienne voices proclaimed aloud, that Baptiste and Hatch had been guilty of planning this affair, and orders were sent to have them arrested and forthcoming. But, on the first news of the return of the Shoshonee, aware of their chances, they left all, jumped into a periogue, and began to descend the Sewasserna. In the confusion of the moment, no one thought of pursuing them.

Two Shienne, who were indicated as having been the principal agents in commencing the work of blood, were reserved for the flames; and the remainder, not only humbled, and in despair at the fall of their leader, but absolutely enfeebled by the issue of this bloody encounter, proffered, in the most abject terms, unre-served submission to Ellswatta. They were the more readily believed, pardoned and dismissed to their homes, as knowing, that but for Nelesho, they would never have committed this work of death.

After long efforts, Jessy was restored to consciousness, only to learn by degrees the full extent of her misery. She awakened to remembrance on a mat-tress in Ellswatta's dwelling. Frederic and Elder Wood, Ellswatta and Areskouï hung over her. Ka-trina, who had fortunately disengaged herself, and fled at the commencement of the fray, held one hand, and Josepha held the other. 'Tell me,' she said, in a faint and feeble voice, 'if they are both murdered?' 'They are both, as I trust,' responded Elder Wood, 'in the presence of God; and I would, dear orphan, that thou couldst say, 'the will of God be done'.' 'I can say it,' she replied. She folded her hands, looked upwards, and with a long drawn sigh, she uttered, 'Thy will be done!' But her heavy eye indicated, that the sense of misery and death was too intense and revolting, to be as yet felt in all its real bitter-ness. The thunder-stroke seemed to have produced a benumbing torpor. She was weak, and exhausted; and readily sunk into broken though often interrupted slumbers through the night.

The house of William Weldon was burned. The bodies were carried to the nearest unoccupied dwell-ing, the deserted house of Hatch. Elder Wood had taken charge to see, that the bodies were washed, and robed for their last sleep. The light of the returning morning opened to the pale and desolate orphan a full

survey and sense of her misery. 'Carry me,' she said to Elder Wood, 'to the bodies of my parents.' The family of the chief and many sympathising Shoshonee followed. Supported on one side by Elder Wood, and on the other by Katrina, she was led out of the house of the chief. The smouldering ruins of her father's house still sent up smoke and sparks. The road, over which she passed, still reeked with the crimson of the fallen Shienne. She gave no tears, and apparently little consideration to this spectacle; and even when she entered the large apartment of the house of Hatch, and saw the bodies of her father and mother, robed in white, and in the impressive stillness of death, side by side, did she give way to the cries and demonstrations of the superficial grief of common minds, easily excited, loudly expressed, and soon passing away. The orphan fell on her knees, kissed their cold cheeks again and again, folded her hands, looked upwards, and for some moments said not a word. Then a short convulsive sob was the prelude to tears, that fell silently and seemed to yield relief. The stern face of Ellswatta was bedewed with answering tears; and all, that were present, wept with her. 'Wakona,' said the aged chief, 'thy parents have gone down to the sunless valley; and thou shalt be the child of Ellswatta and Josepha.' 'Ye are kind,' she answered. 'Ye have always been so; but Elder Wood, thou art my father, if thou wilt own a friendless orphan, who has now none left her, to consider as relatives, but thou and her heavenly Father.' The venerable man arose, and folded her in his arms; and repeated in an often interrupted voice, 'thou art my child, Jessy. I have loved thee, as a father from the first. As a Kentuckian, much more as a Christian, and most of all as an orphan, I assume all the duties of a father; and 'God do so to me and more,' if I ever desert thee; only break not my heart by continuing to weep.'

They would then have persuaded her to retire, and remain at Ellswatta's habitation, until the funeral was over. But she immediately and resolutely insisted upon watching with the bodies of her parents, the remainder of the day alone. They left her to the sad communion of her choice; and none knew the thoughts of the lonely one, as she sat by the silent remains, feeding upon remembrances, and meditations, but that Being, who knoweth the unutterable words of the heart.

A strange and fearful curiosity induced her to remove the grave clothes, and examine the ghastly wounds, by which they fell. 'It is too certain,' she said, 'that ye can never, never return to your orphan, whom you have left to struggle behind. Ah! that ye could reverse the unchangeable decree, and either revisit me, or take your daughter with you; that where you are, she also might be.' Then she cried in the bitterness of her spirit, 'O most merciful, wherefore broughtest thou me into life, gavest me such good and dear parents, and then removedst them from me by death, to leave me thus alone? Ah! that no eye had seen me; that I had been carried from my birth to my grave. Then the insupportable agony of this heart would have been still, as yours; and I should have slept, and been at rest with the great and small of the earth, with tenants of cabins, and them, that filled houses with gold and silver; that as an infant, that never saw the light, I had not been. Why was light given to them that long for death, and seek for it, as for hid treasure?' Thus in the same strains, which the heart dictates to the last degrees of human misery, in every age, the orphan poured her lament, in the words of the man of Uz,

But ere the day was spent, better and more befitting thoughts came with the returning dictates of reason and religion to her bosom. 'Dear ones,' she said,

'your debt is paid. Your trial is over. I ought rather to rejoice, that you have weathered the storm, and have entered the haven, 'where the prisoner and the weary rest together, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the oppressed hear not the voice of their master. Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; who rest from their labors, and whose works do follow them.'

These lamentations of the heart, in its own language, have power to sooth it at such an hour, and on such occasions. 'Why should I mourn,' she said, 'for them? It is rather for myself, left among the same people, and exposed to the same doom, that I ought to mourn.'

Elder Wood had consented, in her stead, to take charge of the sad solemnities of preparing for a funeral of such rites and such decency, as circumstances would admit. But, much as he urged it, with the added entreaties of Frederic and Areskouï, no persuasion would induce her to leave the apartment, or desert the remains of her parents, or allow any one to remain with her, to share in the sacred privacy of her griefs. She tarried there alone, through the long night, evincing thoughts, and a spirit, utterly unlike what is usually manifested by persons of her sex, under the flattering unction, that delicacy and sensibility ought not to be shocked by such sights.

But when the light of the morning had chased away the stars, she saw, that nature had written her inexorable doom on these countenances, so dear to her; and that it became her duty, to yield the changing elements back to their common origin.

The funeral was for the evening of that day. Ellswatta had loved William Weldon. A thousand circumstances of common disposition, age, and fellow-feeling had brought them into the strictest intimacy of tried friendship. The heart of Ellswatta was deep-

ly smitten by this event. His grief, though less deep, was not less sincere, than the orphan's. He was the favorite of the Shoshonee; and Jessy was their pride and their idol. Every circumstance concurred to give grief and solemnity to the funeral. Elder Wood could not pronounce the names of his departed friends, except with starting tears. Frederic and Areskouï again found a bond of union in the reality and sacredness of their love and sorrow, and were chiefly anxious to detach the orphan from the bodies of her parents, and to put her under the influence of time, to moderate a sorrow which threatened to deprive her of life, or unsettle her reason. It was with difficulty, under the peculiar excitements and aggravations of this scene, that the Shoshonee were restrained from prosecuting their revenge still further upon the Shienne. But, as a punishment, every one, that was ascertained to have been at the massacre, was ordered to be present at the funeral, wearing a badge of disgrace, that they might behold and feel the misery, which their base treachery had inflicted, and the respect and veneration of the Shoshonee for the memory of the deceased. They were painted in blue.— Their totem was reversed; and the Shienne, who were not at the massacre, now that it had not prospered, with the common impulse of human nature, joined themselves proudly to the Shoshonee, and looked askance and with derision upon their disgraced countrymen.

Under the sycamore, and near the grave of Lenahah, the bodies were put down in coffins made under the direction of Elder Wood, and painted black. A more ample congregation of Shoshonee had been assembled on no occasion; nor could a more interesting object any where be seen, than Jessy robed in black, as she sat on the rustic bench, beside the bodies.— Opposite her was Frederic in mourning, and Ares-

koui, thin, pale, and evidently in affliction only less deep than hers. Elder Wood was still more overcome with emotion, than at the funeral of his own Lenahah. He attempted to commence, twice or thrice; and an irrepressible burst of emotion from the heart cut short the effort. For some time, after he commenced, his words were slow and often interrupted. He briefly descanted upon the solemnity of the occasion, that had called them together; saying as little, as might be said, upon the guilt of the perpetrators of the massacre. 'It was of no use,' he said, 'to recur to the past, except for instruction for the future. Thoughts on purposes of revenge would not awaken the sleep of the tomb. Though the deceased had not professed religion,' he continued, 'they had lived it. He had no reason to doubt, and he did not doubt, that they were happy with their Saviour. He wished therefore to sing the hymn,

'Happy souls, your days are ended,
All your mourning days below.'

Nor was the music less impressive, than that, which was called forth at the burial of the Song Sparrow. There could not be imagined a spectacle of more solemn and affecting interest, than that of this venerable Apostle among the Shoshonee, holding his hands towards heaven, in prayer over these remains of friends, 'who,' he said, 'had been dear to him as the light of his eyes.' 'If my griefs are great,' said he, 'what must be hers, who sits beside the remains of her parents?' Every eye was turned on the mourner, her disheveled curls, floating over her crape, looking steadily on the coffins with a tearless eye, that spoke deeper grief than that which is loud and overflowing in tears. 'The tomb,' continued the Apostle, 'closes over them; and there is an end of their sojourn in this vale, which is to all a vale of tears. A Christian burial is a sublime spectacle every where. It

is peculiarly so here. These ancient mountains stand silent witnesses of our sorrow. In an hour nothing of these dear ones will be seen, but two heaps of fresh earth. The red men, I doubt not, will long bear testimony to the worth of the departed, and the dreadful circumstances, under which they died. But it matters not to them, that no sumptuous monument marks their humble place of rest. It is of no consequence to them, that these awful barriers of nature rise, to keep all but red men from this secluded abode. When they were born, a light was kindled within them, which shall burn on to all eternity. How it will fare with that eternal being, inhabiting this tenement of clay, is the only point worth a moment's serious concern. Our friends, we have all reason to believe, rest with the Redeemer. As inheritors of such hopes, we call upon our dear orphan, to mourn not as those, 'who have no hope.' My text is "I am the resurrection and the life." He became gradually warmed with his sublime subject; and as he waxed into power, he disengaged himself from that part of his dress, that encumbered him, and gave a funeral sermon, with no audience but red men in the midst of those sublime piles of nature, that would have touched the hearts of the most polished audience in a temple of marble. 'Daughter of sorrow,' he said, in conclusion, 'arouse thyself from the dust. Remember their nobler nature and thine. Let it be good for thee, that thou hast been thus terribly afflicted. Thou hast now seen things in the light of Divine truth. Every film of youthful illusion is rudely removed from thine eye, that thou mayest see this earth as it is. Look upon these enduring and sublime mountains. They are not everlasting, and they shall fade. But a little while, and thy parents would have gone to their everlasting home, in the gradual decay and death of nature. Thine own

beauty will fade, wither and decay, like a leaf. All, that thou seest about thee, shall vanish and pass away. But, daughter of sorrow, thy parents live, and greatly live, as we trust, with Jesus, among his own redeemed in the eternal mansions. What is before thee is only terrible to the natural eye. Thou must learn to see it all, as I trust I do, with an eye of faith. But a little, and all this evanescent show will vanish in smoke; and we shall meet, where there are no more tears, no sin, nor groans, in the utter assurance of the peace of our Saviour. Thou shalt hold out thine arms, and embrace the spirits of these loved ones in the secure and eternal rest of heaven.' With such themes he sought to arouse the faith, and cheer the gloom of the mourning orphan.

The Shoshonee then commenced their own appropriate rites. The medicine men beat their drums; and the elder chiefs chimed in with the death song of Ellswatta. 'My head is hoary, and my friends are going before me into the sunless valley. Master of Life, I mourn for my friends. May they find their dark way to the hills of paradise.' The bodies were both deposited in the same grave. Elder Wood gave his arm to the orphan mourner, who returned to the habitation of Ellswatta, to pass the night.

For the two or three succeeding days, Jessy remained in a situation of passive and gloomy repose; as one who had been bewildered by an overwhelming calamity, and retaining but an indistinct consciousness of what had happened. Frederic she saw, and spoke mournfully to him about her plans for the future, without any recurrence to the past. In the same way she received the efforts of Areskouï to offer her condolence. Ellswatta and Josepha had been the intimates of her parents, and their words of affection and counsel aroused her, and she listened sadly, and showed grateful and affectionate confidence.—

But with none of them, in the nature of things, could there be deep filial reliance and intimacy. It was only towards Elder Wood, that such feelings existed in full force; and with him she entered into long and confidential discussions, touching her course of duty and propriety for the future. To remain in the family of Ellswatta was every way improper. To occupy the house of Hatch, who had absconded, indeed, and left it vacant, was a thing not to be thought of. 'I must return to the world,' she said meekly, and as if enquiring his thoughts. 'It will be hard for me,' he replied, 'to leave these people, where I yet hoped to be useful, or to obtain the crown of martyrdom. These mountains, this valley, and this secluded spot, these people and their ways, the yager, the fishing spear, and traps, I confess, are dear to me. I have been so long from society, that I have lost all taste for its pleasures and occupations. I should be out of place, and not at home in it, and here it is otherwise. Besides, I love to sit by the grave of Lenahah.' Jessy answered, only by raising to him eyes swimming in tears. As if in reply to the appeal, he continued, 'but I see no future security for you in this place. I confess, I feel, as if propriety called for your return to society; unless, indeed'— 'That is out of the question,' she answered, 'even to be a matter of a moment's thought at this time. I must leave the Shoshonee, leave'— and she burst into tears, and could not proceed. 'Jessy,' he answered, 'you are right—I am rejoiced to see, that the power to form right resolutions still remains to you.' 'My duty,' she replied, 'remains, though they are gone.' 'My adopted child, God do so to me and more,' if I do not follow you, hunter and almost Shoshonee, as I am. I have not forgotten the man and the Christian in the forester and Kentuckian. It will be right, too, on another account. These young men ought to be left to the in-

fluence of absence, reflection and time. These are the only remedies for cases like theirs. If you are determined, so also am I, and the sooner we are away the better.'

This resolution produced various and strong sensations, as soon as it was made known. The Shoshonee generally murmured, for Elder Wood had become popular, and Wakona was an object of idolatrous fondness. Different and varying expressions of grief, anger and gloom were visible in every countenance. They said, 'if the medicine man and Wakona wish to leave us, because the Shienne have proved wolves, we cannot help it. We have defended them. We will defend them. But the Master of Life would be angry with us, if we strove to control their wish to leave us.' Ellswatta and Josepha said to each other, 'Wakona is a fair flower to behold; but if she will not wed our son, the sooner she is removed from his sight, the sooner we may hope he will forget her, and resume the spirit of a chief.' Frederic was decided in a moment to leave the vale at the same time.

Areskouï had sufficient combination of thought, and forecast of the ways of thinking, and being influenced among the whites, not to have foreseen, that this would be the probable issue of the position in which Jessy was placed. But, when Elder Wood announced the approaching event to him, a paleness of deeper gloom came over his countenance. 'I have expected it,' he said, 'and am prepared; and this, medicine man, is the end of your medicine talks. The salvation of all these red men is of less account, after all, it appears, in your eye, than the temporal happiness of Wakona. There is an end, then, of all our huntings, and trappings and long talks together. Oh! medicine man, this memory is forever hidden in my heart. Will all thought of the young chief pass from thy mind, when thou seest him no more? . And Wakona—Master of Life!

But she shall see, that Areskoui is neither an old woman, nor a child; and that he knows, as well to be silent, and to die, as he has done to slay the murderer of her parents. Oh! may she find better friends; those, who love her more, she can never find. She cannot but remember these mountains, this stream, these trees, this spot of her birth, our sports of infancy. Something, of what I have been to her, and done for her, must remain. All cannot vanish. I have said. The Master of Life forbid, that we should wish to control Wakona. Say to her, that Areskoui will follow her with his young warriors, as far as the town of the pale face; that he will return, as an eagle to his mountains, to hallow, and protect the grave of her parents. He will wish to die; that his spirit may fly beyond the mountains and the sea, to be present unseen with Wakona.'

The arrangements of Jessy were not long in completing. She had seen the last brand of her paternal home cease to smoke. She had seen the bodies of her parents washed from their stains of blood, and decently deposited in the earth, with all the impressive rites of Christian sepulture. She had passed much of her time since, beside the narrow mound of fresh mould, with all the ineffable emotions of an orphan with a heart of the keenest and most profound sensibility. 'They are gone! They are gone!' she incessantly repeated. 'This is but unconscious dust; and I must now seek for them in other worlds.' For some days she had been an inmate of the house, which had been built for Elder Wood and Lenahah; and it was there, that the solemn and confidential conversations between her and her adopted father took place.— With him she read the scriptures; and conversed about the way of salvation and the home of departed spirits, the arguments and probabilities for their recognition of each other, and carrying to the unknown

and eternal country the affections and the thoughts of earth. 'Oh!' she said, 'may I but only see them and know them again! May the wants of this bleeding heart only be once more felt by them! May I once more witness that sacred and home-felt smile of parental tenderness! Let us only meet above sin, tears and death!' She delighted to discuss the treasured wisdom, the forbearing disinterestedness, the ever watchful and studious tenderness of her father; the glowing and fathomless affection of her mother, always ending with the sad reflection—'all—all is past.'

It was painful to both to reflect, that calculations of an entirely different character, and little harmonizing with these profound sentiments, must be made. Such calculations, however necessary, had been alike foreign to the habits of both. Nor could Jessy refrain from adverting to a new proof of the wise and reflecting love of her father, little as he seemed to think of money himself, in his having made such ample provision for her on that head. His papers were all found in a trunk in a passage in the cliff, which the fire had not reached, and in the most perfect order. All the requisite documents, that touched his annual income, and her future inheritance, were drawn with the most minute and orderly precision of legal exactness. The original sum, deposited with 'Swarts & Co.' at Canton, with the annual addition of the interest to the principal from the birth of Jessy, had swelled the amount to a fortune, that abundantly met all her necessities and wishes on that score. A statement of the funds had been annually remitted from Canton, with the most detailed and minute particularity. As these tedious and voluminous reports had occasionally met her eye, during the lifetime of her father, she had almost blushed at these proofs of worldly wisdom. Now the considerate forecast and kindness of these precautions appeared in their proper light. Even these

provident provisions of parental solicitude for her future welfare only proved more keenly the extent of her loss. A full supply of ready money for all their present exigencies, and for their contemplated voyage to China, was found in the desk of her father. Every thing evinced that this silent and meditative father had calculated contingencies, and had arranged all the future resources of his daughter.

Elder Wood at first expressed reluctance at the idea of being attached to her fortunes, as a burden. 'I am strong,' he said, 'and in full health. All the mysteries of the spear and the trap, and all the skill of a hunter, touching the value of the avails of his industry and craft, are mine. With these I had neither wants, nor fears for the future, as regards subsistence. But, with respect to all the ways of living among those people of ledgers and accounts current, I have no more knowledge, than a Shoshonee.' But when he saw, that Jessy considered such jealousies of independent feeling, as originating in reluctance to assume a parental charge and responsibility in relation to her, he forebore. 'I know,' he said, 'that there is enough for us both. I will no more distress thee, my child. We will eat of the same bread, and drink of the same cup; and I will never vex thee more in this view of considering myself a burden.'

They were painfully aware, that a scene had occurred in the habitation of the chief. Areskoui had long and manfully struggled with his passion. But, accustomed from his birth to give, rather than receive the law, and having for so many years fostered this overwhelming sentiment, it triumphed over him in this instance; and for the first time in his life induced him to show head-strong resolutions, that gave distress, and almost anger to his parents. When the time of Jessy's departure drew near, his original purpose, to accompany her to Manitouna, or Astoria, and

then return, failed him. He gave fearful demonstrations, that he had thoughts of forever leaving his parents, his hereditary expectations, his tribe, his country, and of following the steps of *Jessy*. This determination, as might be expected, excited horror in his parents. *Ellswatta* lost his wonted firmness, and scattered his aged locks to the winds. 'This, then,' said he, 'is the way in which the *Wahcondah* punishes us, for holding out a fatherly hand to these pale faces. There was truth even in *Nelesho*, who forewarned me of this. He told me, that intercourse with them would cause the hearts of our warriors to become soft, and melt away; that our children would cease to be strong red men, without gaining the character of the whites. Thou wilt leave thy father, and thy mother, then, *Areskoui*? Thou wilt leave thy rank and expectations, to follow *Wakona* for her fair face and tresses? And what is worse, leave us for a pale face, that despises and rejects thy love, and that flies from us, as soon as her parents are no longer with us! When thou leavest us, *Areskoui*, unless thou wilt promise to return to be chief, after thy father goes down to the sunless valley, I swear to thee by the *Wahcondah*, by the shades of thy brave forefather chiefs, that I will die. I will not survive thy desertion. Undutiful son! Thou shalt kill thy father and mother, for a fair face and flowing curls!' *Joseph* meanwhile held him to her bosom. 'Thy father,' she cried, 'speaks harshly. But thou canst never desert the fond mother, that bore thee in her bosom. I cheerfully renounced my father and my people, and the joys and hopes of their way of life, that I might nurse the pride of my spirit, in rearing a chief for this noble people. Shall I see my son, the sole hope of my heart, become a woman, to follow a pale faced girl, that despises him, to go and be the slave of the proud white people?'

Jessy was aroused from the torpor of her own grief, by hearing of these agonizing conflicts in the family of the chief. Disinterested generosity prevailed over her own sorrows. She entreated Elder Wood to accompany her to the habitation of the chief. She entered upon them in the height of their discussion. Josepha left the embrace of her son for that of the still loved Jessy. 'Wakona! Wakona!' she said, 'thou hast come at the right moment. Thou wilt not see the hearts of the friends of thy parents broken. Thou wilt learn our son to know, and to fulfil his duty. Thou wilt either remain with us, and turn him from his mad purposes; or in leaving us, thou wilt persuade him to promise, that he will not basely renounce his duties, to follow thee.' The clear and disciplined mind of Jessy, immediately manifested the ascendancy of its powers. The terrible shock, which she had recently experienced, had borne away all the little minded restraints of supposed decorum and womanly holding back. In earnest and full development of her views and thoughts and her sense of duty, she brought conviction of duty to the heart of the young chief. 'Wakona,' he said, 'I have always regarded thy words, as wisdom and truth. Thou hast conquered. Parents, forgive the madness of your son. I will go with thee to the place of the great periogues of the white people. I will see thee borne away on the illimitable salt lake, where the sun hides himself. I will then hold up my hands to the Wahcondah, and implore him to send thee his pleasantest breezes, and to put his purest joy in thy heart. I will bless thee, and love thee to my last hour; and will return, as thou counselest, and thou shalt hear, if haply thou shouldst ever ask to know what is passing in these valleys, that I had courage, like thee, to encounter that terrible medicine word, *duty*, to the last.'

The time of her departure was appointed. Before it arrived, Frederic solicited a confidential interview. He told her, 'that it was wholly unnecessary for him to declare, that he had no longer interest, or pursuit among the Shoshonee, when she should have left them. His course, too, was to China; and he assured her, that whatever his feelings were, no disclosure of them, or allusion to them, should be made. He hoped, that it would not be considered a draw-back upon her anticipations, that he, who had seen, enjoyed, and suffered many things, in common with her, was to accompany her voyage.' In the most cordial tones, she assured him, 'that so far from its being a draw-back, the society of a friend, a gentleman, in whose true and honorable character she had entire confidence, and who had seen, and been endeared to her parents, must necessarily be an alleviation of her sorrows.' Frederic saw, that he was not indifferent to her; and that he shared, as her manner intimated, all the sentiments, that a heart, so worn and horror-stricken, had to bestow.

The evening before the day of her departure, the moon shone brightly, and the white clouds slept in the firmament. She sat forth to pay her last visit to the graves of her parents. None knew her words or thoughts, on this sad and sacred and parting pilgrimage, for she again insisted on performing this last duty entirely alone.

Elder Wood and Frederic were ready. Three hundred young Shoshonee warriors were ready. To Manitouna it was proposed, that they should go on horseback; and thence in a periogue to the Falls of the Oregon; and thence in another periogue to Astoria. When the hour had come, at once solemn and dreaded, for her to leave forever her native vale, and the place of her youthful joys, and the graves of her parents, she shrunk back. A revulsion came over

her. 'It seems,' she said, 'impossible for me to take a final departure from this sweet valley.' The thought presents itself to me, as of an unpractised, and too confident child, that recklessly leaves the sheltering arms and the affectionate counsels of parents.' Areskoui had recovered his calmness, as she had lost hers. 'Go not away from us in sadness, Wakona,' he said. 'Thy medicine man is good; and he saith the thing, that is good, when he saith, that for those, who have confidence to go down to the sunless valley, it is better to die, than to live. There the heart no longer agonizes. Wouldst thou call back from the land of souls the shades of thy good father and mother, to have them in terror for thee, as when carried off by the accursed pale face? Wouldst thou have them again exposed to the hatchets of the murderous Shienne? Hast thou not seen thy father wipe away the sweat of weariness, from trapping the beaver, or pursuing the deer? Wouldst thou once more behold his face grow pale, through anxiety for thee? See, Wakona, how well I have learned, and how faithfully I remember the words of thy medicine man.—Areskoui has but too much need for those hopes himself. Oh! no. If thou believest the words of thy medicine man, thou wilt rather rejoice, that their innocent shades have gone to the hills of paradise, that they behold the ever gracious face of the Master of Life, listen forever to the sweetest medicine songs, and feel the kindly influence of an eternal spring.'

Of the thousands, that were there assembled to witness their departure, every one pressed forward, to grasp the hands of Wakona and Elder Wood. Their resentments expired in the real sorrow of parting. 'Go, good man,' said they, 'go with the blessings of the Shoshonee. Go in peace. Go, valley flower; go, bird of paradise. The Master of Life clear your path; shine upon you in the sun; blow on you in the breeze,

and fill your hearts with joy. Remember the Shoshonee; and when you and we meet in the land of souls, may we meet in love and peace, as we now part.' Ellswatta embraced, and kissed her cheek. 'I swear, Wakona,' said he, 'that no one shall outrage thy parents' grave, except over the old body of Ellswatta. I shall soon see thy good father again, in the land of souls; and I will tell him, that I loved, and cherished Wakona to the last.' Josepha embraced her, and shed the genuine tears of female tenderness. She took from her bosom a crucifix, sparkling with gems. 'Thy mother, Jessy,' she said, 'gives thee at parting the emblem of a Christian; beseeching thee to wear it in remembrance of thy mother's friend, and the mother of my unhappy Areskoui.'

All the tribe accompanied the sad and weeping procession to the foot of the mountains. Then the medicine men, as usual, beat their drums, and when they ceased, Elder Wood fell on his knees, and committed the Shoshonee 'to God and the word of his grace;' and prayed earnestly, 'that another and a better and a more favored missionary might come among them; and bring them all into the fold of the great Shepherd.' With such earnest, humble and affectionate tenderness he commended the remaining and the departing to God, as produced an impression and solemnity which was long remembered among that people, after they were gone. 'The mother of God have the care of you,' said Josepha, and threw her arms round her neck for the last time; and embraces and tears and solemn partings were interchanged to the final moment. Ellswatta turned away from his son and Jessy. The young warriors moved onwards, in ascending the hill; and Jessy, unwilling to trust her eyes, or look back, heard the wail of returning Indians, as the horse, upon which she rode, in the

midst of the long procession, began to scramble up the sides of the mountain.

All the ceremonies of departure were not accomplished, until late in the day. The escort encamped on the side of the mountain, just as the last gleams of the setting sun poured a mellow lustre up the subjacent vale. The evening kindled smokes of the Shoshonee town curled peacefully from their dwellings, and the culminating shadows fell in long columns upon the scenery below. The tears rolled down the cheeks of the orphan, as she here lingered, looking intently on the scene, that she might so paint it on her memory, as to be able at any future time, by a fixed attention to recal it. 'Farewell, sweet home,' she cried. 'Natal spot, dear valley, breezy pines, forever consecrated to remembrance, graves of my parents, farewell! Look down, dear and sainted shades, and be with me in this wide and unknown world, upon which I am entering.' She continued to gaze upon the scene, until the increasing shade of twilight obscured it from view; and the last prospect was of the Shoshonee smokes lying horizontally above the valley, and drawn from habitation to habitation, as of long muslin drapery spread in the air.

The accompanying Shoshonee, to whom the sadness not only of the departing emigrants, but even that of their chief was a hidden history, who regarded, and cared only for that, which appeared on the external face of their journey, plied their hatchets to the trees, kindled their camp-fires, cooked, smoked, sung, and chaunted their tales, as though such thoughts of mourning and sadness had never entered human heart. They occasionally spoke, it is true, of the sad countenance of their chief. They wondered at the rejection of his suit by Wakona; but admitted, that no maiden, white or red, could control her affections;

and they expressed a sincerity and depth of regret for the departure of Wakona and Elder Wood, that ought forever to have redeemed them from the reproachful estimation of being insensible savages.

No event, of a character to belong to these annals, marked their way over the mountains to Manitouna. At this point, great part of the warriors, that had come thus far on horseback, returned, taking a solemn and affecting leave of the emigrants; and neither party expecting to meet again on the earth. The remainder, twenty five in number, stopped, and entered that strange position, to spend the night. A thousand painful recollections were connected with this place in the mind of the departing orphan. She could not but painfully remember the joy of deliverance, with which she had emerged from this prison of nature, to return to endeared and longing parents. Her face was now towards the sea. She had no parents, no expecting friends, no home. The world was all before her, and providence alone her guide. A chill of horror once more came over her, when the terrible figure of Maniteewab, so strongly engraven on her memory, stood again before her, in all her original deformity, chattering her strange chapter of exclamations, and ambiguous declarations, like the general form of such responses, capable of receiving such a construction, as suited the event, come what might. Frederic and Elder Wood remarked, that the great burden of her gibberish was to admonish Wakona, that she had forewarned her of the dreadful events, that had driven her from the valley; and the chief import of her predictions for the future was couched in the strain of prophecies of some terrible impending evil. Although Jessy did not appear much to heed her wild snatches of poetry and song; yet fearful, that some impressions, tending to strengthen her gloom, might fasten on her mind, they hurried

her away. This priestess of the little white men of the mountains continued to howl presages of evil for the fair orphan, until she was removed from her hearing, by letting down the curtains of her tent. •

Next morning they set forth in their periogues for the Falls of the Oregon. During this descent, the mind of Jessy was more than once occupied, and her melancholy thoughts for a moment fixed by the sublimity of the grand scenery about her. In the earnest and affectionate cheerfulness, in the unwearied assiduity of kindness, manifested by Katrina, she found, also, occasional alleviation of her sufferings. Elder Wood, Frederic and Areskouï, were alike lavish of their efforts to soothe the lovely mourner. She saw, how much happiness she imparted, whenever she seemed for a moment cheerful, and disposed to resume her wonted manner of former days. Her instinctive disposition to render others happy, aroused her to great efforts, to show herself still capable of emotions of resigned quietness.

At the great Falls, all the escort, but six favorite and confidential friends of the young chief, left them on their return. They took leave of Elder Wood with a degree of respect, bordering on veneration. They earnestly requested him to bestow on them a benediction, and something of the medicine charm of the pale face, that might guard them from the witching influence of the little white men of the mountains, over whose peculiar domain they were to return. He waved his hand solemnly over their heads, by way of parting benediction, praying God with an earnestness, that started tears down his own cheek, that He would have mercy upon these poor benighted pagans, dwelling in the regions of the setting sun and the valley of the shadow of death; that He would bring them out of darkness into His marvellous light, and fill all their valley with vision, by some instrument

more worthy and more favored, than himself. They showed strong marks of affectionate feeling, as they parted from Frederic; and particularly Katrina, who had been remarkably successful, in ingratiating herself in the affections of the Shoshonee, during her short residence among them. 'Farewell,' said they, 'kind and beloved pale faces. The Master of Life keep you, give you a blue sky and a bright sun, clear all evils from your path, and bring us to see you in the land of souls, on the green hills of paradise. We will take care of the graves;' and as they uttered this last affecting promise, these kind hearted red men of the desert turned, and left them; suggesting to Jessy the obvious reflection, that these successive partings from their friends, and their diminishing number, was like the incidents of the journey of life; where the commencing guests of the journey are continually deserting the traveller, leaving him to finish the course alone, which was commenced in the society of multitudes.

Although the season was early spring, the weather was of the mildness of autumn; or rather it was a continuation of the season of Indian summer. They were now floating on the mighty Oregon. The noble and majestic stream, its banks skirted with boundless prairies, opened a spectacle equally new and exciting to Jessy. Her periogue was covered with soft skins; and an awning of tanned buffaloe robe screened her both from the sun and the cold. Areskoui, unwilling to increase the gloom of the emigrant mourner, made generous efforts to seem cheerful, and exhausted his ingenuity to render the voyage as pleasing as it might be. A painful restraint was imposed on Frederic, both in his resolution to betray no manifestations of the sentiments that were preying upon him, and in anticipating the time, when the chief should be away, and when he should be left alone with her.

At length, from an elevation on the shore, on which they stopped, the blue sea, stretching away in its boundlessness, was visible for the first time to Jessy. It was the element, on which the heroism, the philosophic and peculiar character of her dear father had been cradled. It was the element over which her tenderly loved mother had come, to fall by the hand of savages, and to lay her ashes in the remote valleys of the mountains. It was a spectacle suggesting grand and impressive images of infinity and eternity; and as she felt the humid breeze, and saw the broad, flat, illimitable, cerulean space, thought arose, crowding upon thought; and the felt conviction rushed on her mind, that the spirit, to which such a spectacle presented such emotions, must itself be infinite and immortal.

Shortly afterwards the little town of Astoria was in view; and though offering externally little more of show, than a collection of Indian cabins, and presenting precisely the appearance of the primitive beginnings of a new settlement in the forest, as being the first town built, and inhabited by whites, that Jessy had seen, it offered her a spectacle of intense interest. Three or four ships showed their tall masts and complicated rigging at anchor in the river. This most imposing sample of the ultimate attainment of the social state, produced in the freshness of her mind a sentiment of profound meditation upon that unvisited race of men, that had invented for themselves such conveyances, in which to traverse the fathomless billows, and to hold on their confident way amidst darkness, storms and clouds. 'Who would waste existence,' she thought, 'among the rude Shoshonee, when such spectacles of the triumphs of art opened at the very verge of civilization?'

Areskoui, being well known at Astoria, was received with a distinction accurately adjusted, by the cal-

culating inhabitants, to his known power and influence in the region, whence they collected those furs, the trade in which was the chief staple of the place. A space, in which to encamp, was assigned him within the limits of the town, and he received the rude ceremonial of a king of the North West coast. Elder Wood, Frederic and Jessy were equally known by report; and, as generally happens, a thousand additions of imagination, and an exaggerating spirit of curiosity were appended to the gossip story of her beauty, wealth, abduction, and future intended course. Hence, it may be easily imagined, with what an eager and annoying stare of attention her steps were watched.

Elder Wood immediately took lodgings for Jessy, Frederic and himself, in the best house, which the town afforded; and as it was unusually crowded and busy, proper apartments were found difficult to obtain. These preliminaries settled, the next step was to enquire, how soon a passage could be obtained to China. On enquiry, they learned, that a vessel, a little way below the town, was at anchor in the river, which had nearly completed her lading, and was to sail in two or three days at farthest. They all agreed to take a walk together, along the banks of the Oregon, in order to survey, and board the vessel, and satisfy themselves, as to the chances of getting a passage.

It was a delightfully bright and sunny day, and one of the first of decided Spring. The early vernal flowers had already disclosed their modest and fragrant petals, and the prairie surface, in some places brown and sear from the frosts of winter, was in others already carpeted with a verdure as soft and smooth as velvet. Innumerable flocks of sea fowl of every shape and plumage, size and note, careering on the wings of the wind towards the interior, constituted an impressive circumstance in the scenery. They were

dimly descried sailing landward in every direction from the wastes of sea, growing on the eye, and tending towards the interior, like a flight of innumerable arrows. 'There they fly,' remarked Jessy, 'towards the sweet retreats we have left. There they meet in the forsaken bowers of the past years, where spring has repainted their haunts, and provided their food. But I shall visit the dear shades no more.'

Arrived abreast of the ship, they made signals, which soon brought a boat to the shore. There were fine accommodations for passengers; and the outlines of a contract for the passage of the party were directly settled. But it was deemed proper, that the ladies should return; and that the gentlemen, accompanied by Areskoui and his Shoshonee, should go on board, and inspect the ship with their own eyes. The little village was in full view; the road direct, the sun brightly shining, and sailors and inhabitants seen at intervals between them and the town. Strange infatuation! Although they had but an hour before discussed the possibility, that their enemies might be there, and had mutually promised not to separate from each other, although the paleness of death had marked the cheek of Jessy, as the bare possibility of coming once more in the power of Julius had been hinted at, so full were the hearts and thoughts of each one of the party of the arrangements and separations at hand, that not an apprehension of danger crossed the mind of either, as Jessy and Katrina moved back towards their lodgings; and as the rest of the party were rowed on board the ship, promising to rejoin them in a short time.

According to their promise, in a few minutes Elder Wood, Frederic, and Areskoui, with the Shoshonee, were on the return, remarking with some surprize, that Jessy and Katrina were already out of sight.— They satisfied their rising apprehensions by concluding, that their stay on board the ship had been longer;

than their calculations, and not doubting, that they should find their beloved charge at their lodgings. Thither they quickened their steps; and their consternation and horror may be imagined, when they found, that neither had returned. The information fell on them, as it had been a thunder-stroke. Areskouï on this occasion forgot all the stoicism and endurance, which he could sometimes command. In transports of fury and despair he scattered his black locks to the winds, and was with difficulty restrained from throwing himself in the river. Frederic, in view of his agony, became comparatively calm, reminding him, that even if they were not found, which he trusted, they would be, it was only anticipating the intended separation from him by a day or two. He nobly answered, that in the present case, as in all her former misfortunes, it was for her, and not for himself he suffered; and that no joy could now be so great for him, as to see her bounding on her way over the billows in the great canoe towards her destined country. Elder Wood, scarcely more self-possessed, than the young chief, beat his breast, and seemed for a moment bereft at once of reason and his confidence in heaven. The bitterness of self reproach came in, to increase his torment. 'This, then, is my prudence and my care of you, my dear children,' cried the minister. 'Thus have I fulfilled the first duties of guardian. Would God I had died for thee, my daughter Jessy.'

While this party were thus giving utterance to their grief and distraction, and running in different directions to collect information, to solicit aid in the search; rumor soon communicated what had happened to the people of the town. As is customary in such cases, all the respectable people joined in the search. The cause of their absence was soon but too clearly ascertained. Two sailors had marked the young ladies moving towards the village, as they were returning

from it to their ship. They had noted two persons ascending the bank, and instantly disappearing with the two ladies below the bank again. Their attention had been arrested, by seeing young ladies alone, and fashionably dressed in that place. But with the reckless spirit of men, who were accustomed to consider nothing a novelty, they had spent no conjectures, in enquiring, who they were, or whether this sudden skipping down the bank might not be matter of sport, or concert with the men, who disappeared with them.

Other information was soon imparted, which threw ample illustration upon the whole affair. A fur ship, which had been lying at anchor many days, had just descended the river under a press of sail and the current of the Oregon, for the isle of Ostroklotz, two hundred leagues north of the Oregon, and five leagues from the main land. It was a place of surpassing fame in the annals of nautical romance, about which tales were told as wild, as those of the Arabian Nights.— These tales described it, as the grand harem of the adventurers in those remote seas, as a kind of Calypso's enchanted isle of Russian pleasure and debauchery. It was equally famed as the resort of seals and sea lions.

The ship, that had just sailed for that noted island, had been moored for some time a little below the town. From various quarters, the party in search of the lost ones learned, that Julius Landino had been hanging about Astoria, ever since his expulsion from the Shoshonee; that Baptiste and Hatch had been seen in company with him. With the vessel, that had just sailed, all three had disappeared. So many corroborating circumstances were collected in concurrent evidence, as to leave no doubt upon the subject. Jessy and Katrina had been watched. The moment they were left by their friends, to return unprotected, they were carried down the bank, forced on board the

departing ship, and carried away in her. There had been previous evidence that the massacre of William Weldon and Yensi had been plotted here, and that Julius had furnished the rum and money, requisite to bribe the perpetrators. He had foreseen, that a natural result of this would be, that Jessy would leave the country by way of Astoria. Spider-like, he had here woven his accursed web, and waited for his prey. In the moment of unsuspecting and unguarded confidence, the protectors of the orphan girls had left them, and Jessy was once more in the power of Julius.

The full conviction of this fact offered new incitements to arouse the dejected party to pursuit and vengeance. Like a lion chafed from his lair, Areskoui raised himself above his recent despondency. 'The Wahcondah hath struck us again,' he said; 'but Jessy yet lives. We have saved her from the vile pale face once before. Who knows, but we may do it again? In any case, while she lives, and is in his bad power, we will not sit down, and wail like women. I have led my warriors to the shore, which looks upon Ostroklotz. Follow me, and we will away for that place again. Long and spirit-stirring marches over the mountains, in dangers and adventures, are the natural medicines of spirits afflicted as ours. We shall find our sorrow diminished, as we press strange countries with our feet. The Wahcondah will aid us, and we shall bring Wakona back in triumph, as before. Taught by this second disaster, she will never think of leaving our valley again. We will always be to her as brothers, and she will share her kindness between us, as a sister.'

'He speaks,' cried Elder Wood, embracing Frederic, 'as when he descended to the vale of Manitouna, like an angel of the Lord. Let us arise, and follow him. God would not have given him such a spirit and such a confidence, except as an omen of His gra-

cious interposition for deliverance.' 'I feel with you,' said Frederic, 'that the occasion calls not for dejection, or effeminate tears. I follow you to the ends of the earth, and not a moment is to be lost.'

Every information instructed them, that the ship, which carried away the two orphan girls, was seen descending the river under a press of sail, the current and a favoring breeze. From the heights it could already be descried, just emerging from the river upon the blue water beyond. The only part, that remained, was the severe and doubtful one of a return first up the river, and then a march of two hundred leagues from the Shoshonee valley, to reach the shore opposite Ostroklotz. Should they reach that point, an island, reputed to be inaccessible from enchantment, and the incessant fury of a most terrific surf always bursting upon it, would shield the objects of their pursuit from their power. It was, beside, a known abode of the most worthless and abandoned of the lawless rovers in these stormy and unfrequented seas. Surrounded by the wild ocean, enclosed in a fortification represented impregnable, in the keeping of such abandoned villains, the honor and the recovery of the orphan girls seemed equally hopeless. But the noble maxim of the three friends was never to despair; and Areskouï, with the feeling congenial to his race, aroused to its utmost point of excitement, declared, that vengeance alone ought to push them to the expedition, even if the recovery of Jessy and Katrina were hopeless.

Before the dawn of the following morning they were ascending the Oregon, with every appliance of oar and sail. Incessant rowing and silent sadness marked their desolate ascent; though, when the sole engrossing object of their thoughts became matter of discussion, Areskouï failed not to remind them, how weak and erroneous had been the judgment of the

pale face, in procuring the pardon of Julius for his first crime. 'Did I not warn you,' he asked, 'that you would live to repent the effeminate forbearance of saving him from the flames? Confess, that the stern, prompt and inexorable law of the red men is both wiser and better, than the feeble and womanish policy of your race.' 'Not so,' mildly answered Elder Wood. 'Every other consideration should always yield to the interests of the soul and eternity. She spared the abandoned wretch for repentance. Should her temporal ruin by his hand be the consequence, if she should rejoice through the ceaseless ages of eternity for that act of mercy and forbearance, will it not be, on the whole, an infinite gain to her? Her first deliverance was a divine reward for the purity and sanctity of her life. The divine justice and truth are our guarantee, that she will be delivered again, however hopeless the prospect to the mere eye of carnal reason. The cries of innocence and despair will ascend to the ear of the God of Sabaoth. My trust in the living God is strong and confident, that we shall deliver her unharmed from the power of the oppressor.'

Areskoui clasped the minister in his arms; 'and if we do,' he cried in transport, 'I swear to thee, medicine man, that I will follow thee into the Sewasserna, and I will embrace thy faith, and call on my people to imitate my example.'

'Wilt thou in very deed do this!' exclaimed the sanguine son of Kentucky. 'Then I know by this token, that my prayers will prevail. Now shall we be brothers in the baptism of immersion, and I shall present the converted nation of the Shoshonee, as my humble offering in the day of the Lord.'

Similar bursts of enthusiasm, and the confidential affection of their holy partnership, threw incidental gleams of joy over the fatiguing and discouraging

ascent. But for the greater part of the way, the ruminating warriors caught the silence and sadness of their chief; and words of confidence and gladness were few and far between. Imagination alone can take hold of the complicated train of feelings, with which the party presented themselves in sadness and discouragement before Ellswatta and the Shoshonee. The father saw, that the son had still a motive to vigorous action, saw that enthusiasm, and hope, and the spirit of former days, kindled in his eye; and this was so different from the countenance, which he had expected to see him wear on his return, that he welcomed him with words of applause and encouragement.—‘Go, my son,’ he said, ‘with thy friends of the pale face, and our chosen warriors, in pursuit of our two lost children. Thy father is proud to see thee look as formerly. Such should be a chief of the red men—always strong and confident; never disheartened or doubting; never the slave of his passions or fears.—Go, and take with thee such warriors, and such supplies, as thou shalt choose, and our means will furnish.’ A distant expedition to the habitations of the Russ, vengeance and plunder were the watchwords. An appetite for an expedition spread among the young and restless warriors, by the contagion of sympathy. It was the prime of May, and the season was opportune; and the arrangements for the expedition were pushed with unparalleled celerity. More volunteers offered for this distant, fatiguing, and hazardous enterprize, than could be spared from the necessary labors of cultivation. Therefore, such men only were selected, as had gained distinction, as intelligent, daring, and capable of every endurance. All feelings of anger, on account of the voluntary departure of Jessy from among them, were merged in the strong impulses of revenge, and a returning remembrance of their former affection for her. The whole abandon-

ed property of Hatch had hitherto, by Indian usage, remained interdicted, and untouched. A peculiar religious ceremony, on this occasion, devoted the whole to the fitting out this expedition; and no one had ever yet set forth from the vale so amply furnished with every thing, which the country and the stores of Hatch could supply.

Blessed by the chiefs and the medicine men, and Ellswatta, who remained in the vale, and by the earnest public and private prayers of Elder Wood, the expedition, all mounted, and prepared for an immediate departure from the Sewasserna, set forth by the most rapid and direct route over the lofty mountains, for those immense prairies, which sloped towards the Russian settlements.

They soon cleared the verdant vale, outstripped the progress of Spring, and were among the icy and precipitous mountains. Sometimes they descended into dark vales of ever green firs and hemlocks.—Forests, morasses, swamps, glens, deserts, rivers and mountains stretched out before them in the untrod-den and immeasurable space. Hungry and weary, and their horses falling under them, they now waded through a sand plain, which the eye could not measure, and then scrambled up the ices and rocks of a mountain, that elevated them above the regions of perpetual congelation. But the enduring and impassible race, sometimes full, and sometimes fasting, sometimes amidst droves of elk or buffaloes, and then subsisting on the bark of trees, still put in requisition their exhaustless patience, and their mysterious desert lore; and followed with unabating enthusiasm and un murmuring heroism a chief, and white people, in whose sympathies, on this occasion, they could be supposed to have but a moderate share. In plenty or in want, on the icy mountains or in the green vallies, they sang their deep guttural song, kindled their night

fires, talked of the Master of Life, or the little white men of the mountains, and still found themselves at home in the desert.

Their most trying position was in passing two entire days without food, except the flesh of their lean and worn out horses, as they waded through an ocean of little conical sand hills, of thirty leagues extent.— A rock served as a nucleus, around which the sweeping winds of the desert raised these innumerable sand mounds, which every moment interposed in their path; and in which the warriors and horses sunk to their knees. One might have fancied these countless cone-shaped knolls, altars to the grim divinities of the desert, hunger, thirst, and exhaustion from toil; and here any other expedition, but one composed of the red men, would have fallen in hopeless discouragement. But the chief still cried, 'courage! beyond these deserts we shall cross a river abounding in salmon, meadows waving with grass, and woods, where is abundance of game.' 'Shall I,' responded Elder Wood, 'who trust in the living God, and am a Kentuckian, have less faith, and less firmness, than this heathen and untrained child of the desert. Courage, Frederic! Let us on to our purpose.'

As the chief had predicted, at the end of the second day, as the physical powers of the expedition were sinking in absolute exhaustion, a waving line of woods was dimly descried in the verge of the sky. The sight seemed to impart, as it were, life to the dead. The horses neighed, and renewed their exertions. The warriors, encouraged by the near prospect of relief, pressed onwards. The evening saw their camp fires blazing amidst a beautiful wood, on the banks of a wide and flush salmon stream. The vernal leaves were formed. Innumerable water dwellers croaked around. The whippoorwills were pouring forth their monotonous song. Fire flies gleam-

ed in the grass and on the branches. The happy horses, turned loose, were rioting in the fresh grass. The warriors with their blazing torches rushed into the stream; and with shouts and peals of laughter, as reckless, as though they had never experienced other sensations than those of abundance and joy, were throwing the salmon on shore. Other warriors were industriously turning up the soil for prairie potatoes.— It would be difficult to imagine a happier assemblage of human beings, than these young and hungry red men, delivered from the heart-wearing toil of the sea of sand hills, now exulting around their bright fires, feasting high upon salmon, a ration of corn cakes, distributed on this joyous occasion, roasted prairie potatoes, and a reasonable allowance of spirits. When they paused for the merry tale, or shouts of laughter, in the intervals, the pleasant sound heard of their horses, advancing step by step upon the grass, and greedily biting it off to its roots.

When their hunger was at length appeased, Elder Wood failed not, at this epoch of deliverance and joy, to call the expedition to prayers and thanksgivings; nor was it an unimpressive spectacle, to see the docility, with which these pagan dwellers of the desert gathered round him in reverent stillness, as he poured forth his acknowledgements to Him, who had thus so graciously spread their table in the wilderness; and as he earnestly prayed for the desolate orphans, and a successful issue in their deliverance from the hand of their oppressor.

To feed, and refresh their horses and mules, and to supply themselves with salmon and game, they were obliged, however impatient to advance, to remain stationary one day. Part of the warriors, under the direction of the chief, speared salmon. Another part, accompanied by Elder Wood and Frederic, hunted buffaloes and elk, which they found in considerable

numbers, feeding in the open woods. Areskoui soon joined them, to share a sport more congenial and spirit-stirring, than spearing salmon. The two white men and the young chief, at considerable intervals, dashed into a thicket, tangled with laurels, in pursuit of a herd of buffaloes. Here occurred an incident, which had well nigh been the last in the annals of Elder Wood. Even the buffaloes were incapable of plunging through the matted and stiff branches of the laurel clumps, now in full flower. The three dismounted at the same moment, and fastened their horses, to pursue the animals on foot. Scarce had Elder Wood stirred the first clump, when a terrific growl caused him to recoil; and, roused from his lair, the next moment a grizzly bear, of prodigious size, rushed upon him. To fly was adverse to the maxims of the Kentucky hunter, if not impracticable, from his age and the stiffness of his limbs. The huge and powerful animal brushed him from his path by a stroke of his paw, which felled the minister among the bushes; and advanced upon Areskoui. The enraged monster, with open jaws, disclosing his long and terrible teeth, reached and held him in his grapple. The chief could avail himself of no weapons but his knife. He plied this with equal coolness, intrepidity and skill. But though the animal received numerous thrusts, from which the blood streamed, the chief had also received wounds; and, it was evident, would soon sink under the talons of the infuriated animal. Elder Wood recovered, and pressed to his relief. Frederic, too, leapt over the brush, and was at hand, but could not fire on the beast, through fear of killing the chief at the same time. The dogs also made a diversion in favor of their master, snapping and tearing the animal, wherever they could fix their jaws. Elder Wood was hacking at the bear with his knife; and all this aid notwithstanding, the intrepid and athletic chief

was falling under the efforts of the bear. To fall was to be torn in pieces. As he was half sinking in exhaustion, a timely shot from Frederic, and a thrust to the heart from Elder Wood, laid the animal at his length, and delivered Areskouï, torn and covered with blood. 'Tell us only,' cried the deliverers, 'that you feel no mortal hurts.' 'Not at all,' he answered in a calm and assured voice. 'You have returned former obligations in kind; and it is thus, that the hunters of the desert learn to pay their debts of kindness.' None, but such hunters, can adequately imagine the extent of the companionship of friendship created by sharing such adventures; nor what a theme of interest the narrative of this fight furnished the warriors assembled round their evening camp fires, as they gazed upon the terrible animal lying before them, and measured his talons, teeth and huge dimensions.

After a long and toilsome march, of more than a month in these inhospitable wilds, from the table summit of a mountain, composed of huge piles of sand stone, they obtained a full view of the blue and boundless sea, whitened at intervals by the fresh breeze. Far to the left, between two elevated stony peaks, surmounted with low and shrubby evergreens, they descried the smokes and the log houses of the Russian village on the main land, opposite Ostroklotz. Beyond the houses was visible a ship, on whose masts fluttered the Russian pennons; and below it a number of coasting crafts. A dark, dim speck in the sea, just discernible by the naked eye, showed distinctly by the telescope, as an island. It was the isle of Ostroklotz. As the chief announced it, the Indians raised their loudest rejoicing song. Elder Wood, Frederic, and the chief embraced, and congratulated each other, that they had at least accomplished one point. They saw the prison of the captives. They gazed long and intently upon the prospect before

them. 'There,' cried Areskoui, 'is our dear Wakona;' and his eye filled, as he waved his hand toward the sky, and invoked the aid of the Wahcondah. Nor did Elder Wood fail to fall on his knees, and address still more earnest prayers to the God of Israel for counsel and strength from on high.

Their next thoughts were devoted to the arrangement of the best concerted plans, to be devised for the deliverance of the captives. Where the instinct and lore of desert knowledge were not concerned, it was agreed, that the advice of Elder Wood should prevail. In all matters, that concerned the direction of the warriors, Areskoui best knew what was to be done. In points relating to acquaintance with the ways of the whites, and whatever intercourse with them might be necessary, Frederic had an admitted superiority of knowledge. Each was to command in his appropriate sphere. Each covenanted implicit obedience, and a perseverance even to death, in the course prescribed by the other. Few enterprizes of more interest, or of more doubtful and dangerous aspect, than that, which lay before them, can be imagined; and the sacramental oath, by which they pledged themselves to each other, was one of no common solemnity.

A main point in their plan was, not to be so discovered in mass, as to raise any suspicion of their object. They were to disperse by day in small companies, assuming the employment and appearance of ordinary bands of Indians, hunting and trapping in the vicinity of the Russian settlements. Frederic, speaking Spanish, a language more or less understood along all that coast, personating a trapper in dress and appearance, was to visit the village in view, with the ostensible object of purchasing powder, lead, and supplies. To gain every possible information, in relation to the captives, without exciting any suspicion, was his real

business. A small creek skirted with enormous firs entered the sea at their left. Regular detachments of the Shoshonee were appointed to work in rotation, to build two large periogues; and the rest were dispersed in the prairie valleys, to hunt and trap, keeping up a constant intercourse by runners.

The dress, the deportment, the stern and yet reckless manner, the language and habits of a trapper, were no new parts to be enacted by Frederic. Even among the Shoshonee he had but few rivals in this vocation. His character, uniting intrepidity, concentration and a clear and discriminating judgment, admirably fitted him to avail himself of such advantages as might offer; and to accommodate himself to whatever emergencies might present. He set forth immediately to execute his assigned mission, suppressing, as he might, the palpitations of his heart, as he drew near the village. Two trappers, on their way to the town, from another direction, came up with him. He judged them by their appearance to be Canadians; and to his inexpressible joy, they proved to be so, answering his questions in French. They were infinitely communicative, being, as is common to the race, much more ready to impart, than to ask information; much more prompt to tell their own story, than curious to enquire that of another. It was only necessary to give a direction to their tongues, to obtain all the knowledge upon every subject, which they had to bestow. They told him, that the establishment before them was considered within the territorial limits of the British fur company of the North West coast; but at present chiefly occupied by Russians. It bore their flag; but contained an assemblage of outlaws from all nations.

Frederic cut short their irrelevant discussion of matters, that little concerned him, by asking them about the ship, whose tall masts and streaming pen-

nons formed the most conspicuous object in their view. They immediately commenced a voluble narrative upon points, of which every particular went straight to his heart, and told directly upon the objects of his enquiry. That vessel, they informed him, had arrived some twenty nights ago from the Oregon. The captain and supercargo were profligate and rich Russians, who had, according to the report, brought with them two of the most beautiful young ladies, that had ever been seen. Rumor differed in regard to their characters; some representing them as abandoned and voluntary partners; and others as innocent captives. Be that as it might, they had been immediately conveyed to Ostroklotz, and, no doubt, added to the members of the harem there. To replenish this establishment, they sometimes brought young ladies from the Spanish settlements on the western coast of America; sometimes from Kamtschatka; and in short, from all points visited by Russian ships.—Wherever they could find a beautiful young lady, who could be tempted by love or money, seduced by sophistical representations, entangled by intrigue, or blinded by her passions, she was added to the number of the victims. It was fully believed, that if these means were found inefficient, to accomplish their purposes, there was no restraint of honor or conscience on the tenants of that island, to withhold them from violence, or even murder.

They proceeded to relate a thousand wild and incredible traditions, touching the inaccessible character of the island, the impregnable strength of the fortified residence of its inhabitants and possessors; and tales of beautiful apartments, furnished with oriental splendor and luxury, of the sounds of carouse, music and dancing always heard within; that an enchantment hung over the isle, under the influence of which, whoever entered this Mahometan paradise, never

could be persuaded to leave it again; with innumerable legends of boats dashed in pieces against the rocks, in attempting to approach it, adduced as proofs, that it was an enchanted island, which none might approach in safety but those who had propitiated its invisible guardian powers. Such, in substance, was the compend of the tale, told by these loquacious Canadian trappers. It was easy for Frederic to separate from their narrative what was fanciful and incredible; and to retain what was corroborated by circumstances, and coincident with facts previously known to him. The only point of any material interest in his thoughts was conclusively settled. That the two captives were in durance on the island was put beyond all doubt. He entered the village, and made as many enquiries as could be proposed, and satisfied, without exciting suspicion, touching the holders of the island, their modes of intercourse with the main land, and their pursuits on the island. It was easy to perceive, that the inhabitants of the village were, in a measure, the vassals of the haughty, powerful and abandoned residents of the island. No dependence could be placed upon any effort to create a party here, who would aid them in their purpose to regain the captives. Satisfied, therefore, to have gained so much information, without exciting suspicion, and to have ascertained the practicability of entering the village, and departing from it unquestioned, he returned to his friends, who exulted in his acquired information, as invaluable, although it induced a long, and perplexing consultation.

The alternatives were successively examined. One was, to attack, and destroy the settlement on the main land by surprize, for which the three hundred followers of Areskouï might be deemed an adequate force. They could in this case retain a sufficient number of the inhabitants, as hostages; and compel

them to pilot their force to the island, the fortified place of which they might either storm, or induce the possessors to capitulate. But the intercourse between the main land and the island was so regular and rapid, that the former could not be carried, without giving the alarm to the latter, and allowing the holders of the captives sufficient time, either to destroy them, or escape with them, at their pleasure.— Besides, the number of armed men in the two places, united, considerably exceeded theirs. All accounts concurred, in representing the fortification, as of impregnable strength, and amply supplied with the means of sustaining a long siege.

It was, therefore, deemed more practicable to commence their purpose by stratagem, and the attempt to interweave in their project different and unconscious agents; and in particular, as soon as their periogues should be built, to land, if it might be, unobserved on the island, and reconnoitre the fortification, during the night. This plan being adopted, nothing further could be done, until the periogues should be finished, and equipped. All the warriors, who were not occupied in this labor, were dispersed to hunt buffaloes and elk, and others to pursue seals, sea otters, and sea lions. In short, their employments studiously wore the aspect of being such, as the inhabitants of the village and the island were accustomed to witness, as the ordinary face of things, without enquiring the nation or views of the Indian hordes about them, with all of whom at this time they cultivated relations of peace.

As many of the most expert periogue builders, as could work to advantage together upon the two intended crafts, were designated for that purpose; to be relieved, when weary, by another party; and they were aided by Areskoui, and the two white friends, to accelerate the work in every possible way. Mean-

while the order of these annals requires, that we should return to consider the causes and the mode of this second abduction of Jessy; and the events, that befel the unhappy prisoners, up to the time of the arrival of the Shoshonee opposite Ostroklotz. Subsequent events will sufficiently explain the sources of this information.

It is necessary, to preserve the thread of events, to recur to the point of time, when Julius Landino, as has been seen, was banished, by a Shoshonee council, from the valley. To a select number of warriors it was assigned to report, that they had seen him below the falls of the Oregon. This commission, who were charged with his deportation, there put him into a small canoe, pushed him into the stream, and with the heaviest Indian curse informed him, that if he was ever seen again in their country, every Shoshonee would feel himself bound by their immemorial usage, to kill him. The abandoned convict paddled his canoe in safety to Astoria. Money and concealment were at his command; and the rumor of what had transpired among the Shoshonee, in relation to him, produced no other general impression, than that an idle young man had practised debaucheries offensively among them. The shame, danger and disgrace of his adventure were very imperfectly known. His residence there was little more noted, than that of any other individual; and he had thus every opportunity to renew his intercourse with his friends and the disaffected among the Shoshonee. He diligently applied himself to weave his web anew. Rage, disappointed lust, revenge, every burning and diabolical passion, excited to tenfold intensity by a deep felt sense of humiliation, festered in his dark bosom. He swore an oath on his soul, that rather than fail in his determination to obtain possession of Jessy Weldon, he would endure every pain and privation, even were it

the annihilation of his soul. To gratify this desire, he put down henceforward as the chief purpose of his existence. Among such a collection of adventurers, as was always to be found at Astoria, an unprincipled young man of fine appearance and money at command, could never want coadjutors and instruments, ready to institute any partnership for the furtherance of his designs. It has been seen, that a radical hatred, on the score of interest, existed between Hatch and Areskouï. An ample bribe and a letter privately conveyed to the trader, amalgamated his interests with those of Julius; and secured in him a crafty, still, sulky, inveterate and utterly unprincipled agent, whose seeming recklessness and indifference to every object, but gain, threw over his agency a covert of apparent incapability of meditating any other thoughts. It need not be said, that the co-operation of Nelesho was certain, from similarity of character, from hatred towards Areskouï, and meditated lust and revenge in reference to Jessy.

The Shienne chief, with some of his confidential Indians, accompanied by Hatch and Baptiste, descended to Astoria. In one of its secluded cabins these dark spirits were in conclave and cabinet council, plotting the ruin of the family of William Weldon. While their project was ripening, Nelesho ordered down the greater part of his warriors and partizans, who were instructed to descend in successive detachments, to give their descent the appearance of being in the regular course of their habits. The result of their counsels was to distribute large portions of rum to the Shienne, to keep them in a constant state of semi-intoxication, that their brain might be steadily inflamed to a state of indifference to consequences, and a degree of frenzy and madness, which would render them the easy and certain instruments of the cool and crafty master spirits, who should be with

them, to give their fury any requisite direction. In this state they were to be conducted home from Astoria. When this habit has been induced for a length of time, it is well known, that the first hours of withdrawing from them their accustomed means of intoxication, create in them such a rabid appetite for rum, as will convert them into demons to obtain it. For a short time before their arrival in their native valley, it was arranged, that their rations of rum should wholly cease; and Hatch was to be at hand to avail himself of that state of frenzy, which it was foreseen, would follow from this privation.

With such a prescribed plan, the Shienne chief ascended to the Shoshonee valley. Some hours before reaching home, the Shienne were informed, that their rum was exhausted. Hatch, as has been seen, put them on the scent, that William Weldon hoarded immense quantities, swallowing it in solitary and nigardly enjoyment, and at the same time, constantly joining with Elder Wood and Ellswatta to declaim against the brutality of Indian drunkenness. Nelesho was in his place, and perfectly cool, to let loose upon the objects of their intended vengeance, the terrific fury of their rabid appetites. It was foreseen, that the massacre of William Weldon and Yensi would be a natural result of the infernal passions, thus unchained. It was intended, that Jessy and Katrina should have been brought down in the first instance to Astoria, to have remained in the power of Julius and his friends, as long as they should minister to their guilty passions; and when they had kept them to satiety, they were to be transferred to Nelesho, who was to join the Black-feet with all his adherents, in a league of exterminating hostility towards the Shoshonee.

It has been seen, how different a termination Providence gave the diabolical project. One of the guilt-

ty instruments fell by the unexpected return of Areskoui and his warriors. The return, which retaliated such ample measures of vengeance, was unexpected, because, to try the fidelity of Nelesho, Ellswatta had announced in public a longer hunt, than was really intended. One of the calculated results happened according to the wish of Julius. Hatch and Baptiste, flying the disclosures, they too well knew the Shienne would make, escaped for their lives to Astoria, leaving every thing behind to confiscation and ruin; and were now united to Julius by the tie of absolute dependence upon him for subsistence. They anticipated, as a natural consequence of what had happened, that Jessy and the Kentucky minister would leave the country by the route of Astoria. All parties were thus premonished, to make sure of the emigrants by the first opportunity, that should offer, after their arrival at Astoria. The steps of the emigrants were watched by agents, who kept invisible. It was a discouraging circumstance to find, that Areskoui, Elder Wood and Frederic were well armed, surrounded with Shoshonee, and apparently determined not to lose sight of their orphan proteges.

The Russian ship *Czarina*, commanded by Captain Orlow, with a person, whom he called Colonel Davidow, for Lieutenant, had been sometime at Astoria, and was about to sail for the Russian settlement opposite Ostroklotz. The captain was son of a Russian nobleman, irreligious, and abandoned to every species of dissipation and debauchery. He had squandered his patrimony in licentiousness, and was compelled to accept the command of a Russian fur ship, as the only mode of subsistence, that offered to his ruined fortunes. He had obtained the additional appointment of commandant of Ostroklotz. Its famed harem came in this way naturally under his power. To cater for this establishment, by supply-

ing it with new victims, was an episode in the rough and hazardous functions of a sea captain in those inclement and boisterous seas, peculiarly congenial to such a man. In Davidow he found a fit coadjutor. He had been a colonel in the Russian service, who had been cashiered for cowardice. But he had relatives in power, who for their own sake, and on account of his relationship, procured a mitigation of the customary punishment in such cases. He had been simply dismissed the service.

Julius became acquainted with these personages. Community of principles and pursuits ripened their acquaintance at once to an intimacy. To provide two such recruits for the harem of Ostroklotz, as the two fair orphans, from the Shoshonee valley, was a service precisely in their line of pursuit. The preliminaries of an engagement between them and Julius were not difficult to settle. The pretext for carrying off Jessie was to be, that she was a distant connexion of Julius, who had misbehaved, and eloped from Macoa to Astoria, and thence to the Shoshonee with Frederic; that he had been there in pursuit of her, and had now found her, and was reclaiming her, in virtue of a charge to that effect from her friends. With regard to Katrina, being just advanced beyond childhood, and incapable of making out her own case, in opposition to any plea, they might assign, they took no measures.

Hatch and Baptiste watched every movement of the emigrants, from the moment of their arrival.—Foreseeing, that their first object would be to obtain a passage in the ship anchored just below the Czarina, then about to sail for Canton, they were lying in wait under the river's bank. The moment, in which the orphans were left by their protectors, who went on board the China ship, anchored but twenty fathoms from the shore, was seen to be the critical one of

their fate. They sprang up the bank. The terrified orphans in faintness uttered but a single scream, when they were seized. Handkerchiefs were pressed into their mouths, and the two wretches scrambled down the bank with them, as the tiger carries off its prey. The Czarina was ready to cast off her fasts. Julius was on board, and every thing waiting. The captives were secured in the inner cabin, and rendered incapable of cries for help, until the vessel was so far from the danger of a rescue, as to leave no apprehensions on that score. Nor did a presentiment of danger come to the thoughts of their friends, as they saw the Czarina pass them, scudding under the weight of the current and the wind,

CHAPTER XI.

Darkness and clouds surround thy righteous throne,
Eternal King! And thy mysterious steps
Are o'er the trackless deep. Oh, might I ask,
Why thou hast stored such fountains fathomless
Of love? why woven countless thrilling ties
Of exquisite and unnamed tenderness,
Within a heart ordained to break in death! M. P. F.

THE Czarina had already made some leagues down the Oregon, and the ships and Astoria were out of sight, when the captives were delivered from the suffocating torment, inflicted by two brutal sailors, who held handkerchiefs in their mouths, so as only to allow them respiration, while two others held them fast in their arms. The ruffians disappeared, left them in a little interior cabin, and bolted the door behind them.

Jessy comprehended in a moment, that wailing, and struggle with their destiny, and frantic grief, would be alike unavailing to mitigate their disaster. Beside, her heart had been exhausted by her recent agonies to such a degree, as to blunt her keener perceptions, in view of this new source of wretchedness. Through a kind provision of our nature, we can neither enjoy, or suffer beyond a certain degree. All farther is insensibility. Her recent cup of grief had been so full, that it could contain no new measures of sorrow. Despair first brought supine submission; and the ship had already touched the tumultuous billows beyond the mouth of the Oregon, before either of the orphans had uttered a word. Clapsed in each other's arms, their grief had the character of mute and inexpressible agony. The sensation of tossing on the sea, though never experienced by either before, told them but too plainly what was their position. The dim light from their little window and sky light panes was waning; and the heavy roll of the sea and entire darkness came upon them together. The fortitude of despair, and the indignant energy of a strong mind, slowly returning to a full consciousness of the new outrage practised upon her, began to supply Jessy with thoughts and words. She gently unlocked the embracing arms of Katrina, and placed the sobbing girl on the plank seat by her side. She kissed her repeatedly, and spoke to her in an assumed tone of soothing calmness. 'My dear companion in sorrow,' she said, 'all is not yet lost, so long as we are innocent, and can place our confidence in our ever-present heavenly Father. Grief and weeping will avail us nothing. God has appeared for me, and brought deliverance in a case, apparently as hopeless as this. Let us be wise, and call into exercise all our powers, while we invoke the aid of the Almighty. I charge you to imitate my example, to be as sparing as possi-

ble of conversation, when we are overlooked; and, above all, let us never be separated a moment from each other, while we have life.'

The affectionate Katrina threw her arms anew round her neck, watering it with a shower of tears. For a few moments her grief was boisterous and irrepressible. But the soothing persuasions of Jessy calmed her. She gradually restrained her sobbing, crossed herself, told the beads of her rosary, looked upwards in the darkness, and promised to act implicitly according to these directions. Both again fed in silence upon their gloomy reflections.

They had been at sea, perhaps, an hour, when the cabin door was unbolted; and Baptiste, with insolent satisfaction upon his countenance, presented himself before them, with a lamp and a tray, on which were various refreshments. He had not forgotten his usual obsequious politeness. He wished them *bon voyage*, and felt himself *infiniment hereux*, that he was appointed to attend them. He proceeded in his usual jargon of mixed French and English, to instruct them, what a happy condition awaited them. They were bound, he told them, to a paradise. *Messieurs*, the officers, were most charming gentlemen. Their old friends, Julius and Hatch, were on board. They had plenty of stores. They must enjoy themselves in another fashion here, from what was possible among the savages. He hoped to have the infinite satisfaction of seeing them happy. To this end he had brought them supper. As he said this, he sat his tray on a little circular table, manifestly disconcerted at the contemptuous silence, which Jessy maintained towards him. A slight suffusion colored his sallow and impudent face, as he stood bowing to persons, who deigned not the slightest mark of recognition in reply. After a few moments of awkward hesitation, he retired, muttering '*sacre bleu!* You are *dem fa-*

rouche et hautaine pour le present. N'importe; you find your tongue again, after leet time, sacre!"

Tea, meats, fish, bread and wine were before them; but beside, that they began sensibly to feel the motion of the sea, it may be readily imagined, that they had little inclination for supper. It remained untouched; and the desolate captives relapsed into a sad silence, interrupted only by an ejaculation interpreted by starting tears. An interval of some time ensued, before their cabin was again entered. Captain Orlow then introduced himself. His manner was that of affected and proud humility. He mentioned his name, and that of his ship, and explained some of the circumstances of the intended voyage. His conversation was in French, which he spoke with ease and fluency. He regretted, that a voyage in those seas must be unpleasant to ladies, notwithstanding all his efforts to render them comfortable. If any were wanting, which his means could supply, he hoped, they would so far honor, and oblige him, as to let him know their wishes. He feared, from seeing their supper untouched, that they were suffering from sea sickness, a circumstance of discomfort, that would soon pass away, with much more unmeaning commonplace of the same sort.

During this tedious harangue, Jessy had leisure to take a general survey of him, on whom, apparently, her destiny depended. His appearance was not destitute of nobleness. In society he would have been called handsome; and she remarked with a gleam of joy, that traces of feeling and humanity were not wholly obliterated from his countenance. Alternations of suffusion and paleness passed over it, indicating, that shame, in the consciousness of his outrages and base purposes, had not been entirely overcome. It was enough in their forlorn case to banish absolute despair. Perhaps he might be inspired with relent-

ings. Perhaps his feelings might be enlisted, to protect them from the ultimate purposes of Julius.

She summoned all her energy of self-possession, to answer him with calmness and discretion. She told him, that she was not wholly bereft of hope, in finding herself addressed by a person, who seemed to have known the manners of a gentleman, instead of receiving the greeting of a ruffian, which she expected, and for which they had prepared themselves.

Pride and wrath flashed in his eye. It was equally unexpected by him, he said, to receive the language of contumely and superiority, instead of the subdued and more befitting address of persons completely in his power.

‘Why are we in your power?’ retorted Jessy. ‘By what authority have you torn us from our friends and protectors, and imprisoned us here, as if we were seized to be sold beyond the sea, as slaves?’

‘By the authority,’ he rejoined, ‘which a natural guardian, an authorized relative has over a recreant fugitive, bringing disgrace upon herself and her friends. With such views, I understand, M. Landino has crossed the sea, and pursued you to your retreat among the savages of the interior. I am thrice happy, to serve such a highly respectable gentleman; and be in any way instrumental in restoring to honor and her friends a lady, at once so beautiful, and lost to a sense of reputation.’

She must have been more or less than woman, if such a speech had not roused her indignation beyond the measured terms of prudence and calculation. She dashed the burning tear from her eye. Her face glowed; and she made him feel in the powerful painting, which she drew of him, of Julius, and this outrage, what he was, what they considered Julius, and in what light they regarded the whole transaction.— There was no power in human speech, to probe an

unblushing reprobate's heart more deeply. A deadly pale came over his face, as she continued her cutting and humiliating view of his infamy; as she expatiated upon her sorrows, her destitution, and her claims upon pity and forbearance from being so recently and terribly made an orphan. 'The dastardly and abandoned wretch,' she concluded, 'of whom you are the vile instrument, no doubt, procured the murder of my parents. Condemned to the stake by the Shoshonee for a former outrage, I forgave him, and saved his infamous life; and this is my return! You, too, must be a fiend in the form of man, if, when you have learned the entire truth of these charges, you do not immediately release me from his bad power, and subject him to condign and deserved punishment.'

Her eloquent appeal, made with the invincible truth and severity of outraged youth, beauty and forlornness, appeared to produce the faltering feeling of transient compunction, pity and shame. Long habits of abandoned conscience, and loss of self respect soon resumed their accustomed sway. He waited, however, with decorous observance, until she had come to a finish. He then resumed, with the semblance of subdued and gentlemanly forbearance. His good fortune, he said, had thrown the beautiful in his path before. He was well aware, that ladies of her appearance were every where privileged, to say whatever came into their thoughts. She could not but know, that indignation infinitely became her, and added to her charms. It was a stratagem wholly unnecessary on this occasion, since she was but too irresistible without the necessity of resorting to any such arts. It was matter of infinite regret to him, that she considered herself, in his ship, in durance. Still he could not help thinking, that his accommodations might compare with those of the Shoshonee; and his protection, and that of M. Landino, with that of a

savage chief, or a vagabond American. The very circumstance of finding ladies, so young and beautiful, in such company and under such circumstances, was of itself sufficient warrant for conveying them, either voluntarily, or by compulsion, to more befitting society. He should consider it a proud circumstance in his life, that he might be in any way subservient to such a restoration of them to society. The testimony of the respectable merchant and the intelligent Frenchman on board, who had amused him with many passages of their residence among the Shoshonee, corroborated the narrative of M. Landino, if it had needed additional confirmation, which, however, he begged to assure her, it did not. Notwithstanding her harsh statements and severe remarks, he felt bound to continue resolutely to act on the presumption of the truth of M. Landino's statement, and to serve her against her will. He was willing to resort to measures as painful to him, as they appeared to be severe to her, to remove her at once and forever from such unworthy intimacies and predilections, as she seemed to have established. For the rest, he added, that very unfortunately, M. Landino had been ill from the moment of coming on board. The motion of the ship had rendered his illness severe, and had precluded him from the power of visiting them in person. He hoped, that this obstacle would soon be removed, and that he should be able to resign the temporary guardianship, which circumstances had imposed upon him, to the hand of their worthy and respectable relative.

This addition of insult to injury, under this show of gentlemanly and decorous views, added the ultimate finish to the outrage of their case; and by arousing indignation, and inspiring the elastic purpose, either to countervail their base intents, or to resist them to death, furnished them excitement and motive to ac-

tion. A ray of hope, too, beamed on the darkness of their prospects, in the information that Julius was sick. The intelligence fell upon Jessy's mind, as light from heaven. She hailed it, as an omen, that He, who had so wonderfully interposed for her deliverance before, would not forsake her now, in this her utmost need.

She replied, with a composure inspired by such purposes and hopes, that 'conference with a man, who, under the semblance of the manners and pretexts of a gentleman, could allow himself in such acts, and cloak them with such professed motives, was wholly useless and unavailing. You cannot but know,' she concluded, 'that we both equally feel, that your whole conversation, in relation to this abominable transaction, is one tissue of falsehoods from commencement to close. I have but too much reason to fear, that words are lost on such as you. Yet your countenance and manners cannot belong to a person, who will wholly forget, that I am a mourner, that in tearing us from those, whom you are pleased to call vagabonds and savages, you have removed us from every thing dear to our hearts. This poor child is, like myself, an orphan. The only favor you can render us, so long as we are compelled to remain in your ship, is to spare us the agony of your presence, and to leave us to ourselves. As to the food before us, we would willingly partake of it. But we know this *respectable* M. Landino, and we fear poison.' As she said this, the burst of indignation passed away. She sat down pale, and faint, to hide the trickling tears, which the affectionate Katrina kissed away, as they formed. Nothing, that wears the form of man, could be so hardened, as to see these innocent and lovely mourners in this predicament, wholly unmoved. The purposes of the captain seemed for a moment undecided. He hesitated, and was visibly touched with pity. He

murmured a half articulated curse to himself, that this was altogether a new business; and that these *belles demoiselles*, in his phrase, were *trop talentees pour lui*; and, with a smile compounded of shame, vexation and embarrassment, he began to taste of the different articles on the tray. 'It is enough,' said Jessy. 'Now have the goodness to leave me. You ask me, what you can do to render me comfortable, while on board your ship? I answer again, you can relieve me from the presence of any one, but this dear companion of my sorrows. It is all I ask of you.' He withdrew in visible embarrassment; and, in giving an account of the interview, he swore, that 'he had never been so completely thrown out of his reckoning in his life.'

When left to themselves, the debilitating and disheartening sensation of sea sickness, the feeling of utter desertion, the gloominess of their little lonely cabin, dimly lighted by a single lamp, their narrow and uncomfortable births, the difficulty of respiration, from the close air, and the various nauseating odors, all pressed upon them together. Katrina lost all fortitude, wrung her hands, wept like a child, and insisted, that she could not survive the night. Whatever discouragement was in the heart of Jessy, she felt that the emergency demanded a different spirit. She talked in a tone of courage and even cheerfulness. She expressed a firm conviction, that these circumstances of gloom would all pass away, that they should be delivered, and again see happy days. She rapidly presented soothing and encouraging images to the imagination of the dejected orphan, called upon her to take refreshments, and set the example, by making an effort over herself, assuring her that to avail themselves of the chances of deliverance, they must economize, and preserve all their strength and courage. The example of real magnanimity is, more

than any other, communicated by sympathy. They took refreshment, and assumed an air of resigned cheerfulness, embraced each other, recited their prayers with pious earnestness, and laid themselves down in their narrow births, without throwing off any portion of their dress, to such sleep and such dreams, as such a condition and circumstances may be naturally imagined to bring.

Next morning the sea was more calm. The ruddy beams of a bright sun fell upon their sky lights.—Baptiste entered with his usual obsequious bow, and national shrug, sat down his tray, wished them *bon jour*, and, though visibly disconcerted by their accustomed dead silence, which marked the contempt of not appearing even to note his presence, he put forth his usual loquacity, apparently from the habit of being unable to restrain his tongue. ‘The news,’ he said, ‘were *fort mauvaises*. Julius had one *dem fort fievre*, and cursed, like a madman. It would do him infinite good, if the demoiselles would condescend to go, and see him—sacre!’ ‘It is a token for good,’ exclaimed Jessy, folding her hands; ‘heaven be praised for this!’ ‘It is one *dem villain priere ca*’—cried Baptiste, shrugging as usual. But, encouraged, by having obtained a single word of reply, he continued to publish his budget of news, from which Jessy learned, that the wretch was in fact seriously ill in his birth, feeling, that the hand of God was upon him, and his mind alternating between the coward terrors of conscience, and blaspheming rage, in being thus a second time precluded the indulgence of his projects and desires. His was a condition of horror and rage, that no words could adequately express. It seemed to have wrought a salutary effect on the officers of the ship. His terrific execrations and blasphemies had appalled them with mental misgiving, and a certain superstitious shrinking from their purpose; which produced in their

favor a transient forbearance and respect. At least they were annoyed by no visits, but those of Baptiste, bringing in their regular meals. They felt, that this avoidance of dreaded evils, could they have forgotten the past, would almost have amounted to enjoyment. When the ship was still, they could occasionally hear the cries and blasphemies of Julius, even when their cabin door was closed.

At every visit Baptiste became more familiar, impudent and communicative. By the third day, he kept no measures of scruple or restraint of delicacy. Aware, that they could not silence his communications, and conscious, too, that it was of infinite importance to them, to be forewarned, and forearmed, in reference to whatever was in agitation respecting their fate, they drew up, and affected to receive his voluble narratives, as a disagreeable penance, which they could not avoid, and which they uniformly treated with silent contempt. They did not, however, the less hear, and perpend, that the two officers of the ship expected, that Julius would die; that they were already involved in an angry dispute, in relation to the appropriation of the captives. Each claimed Jessy, and each was pertinacious. The version of Baptiste not only taught them this; but, so vociferously and unscrupulously were these claims urged, that they occasionally reached the ears of the captives over the usual noises of the ship, and the delirious ravings of Julius.

To complete this composition of Hecate's cauldron, it was only necessary, that Julius should learn these kind prophecies and intentions of his co-partners, in regard to his case and the disposal of the captives. He did learn this, and, united to his delirium and terrors, it taught him the agonies of a fiend. Not only so, but Baptiste had more than once heard the captives express a decided comparative confidence in the

captain, over all other persons on board. Baptiste neither concealed, nor diminished the magnitude of his secrets. He attempted to win favor with the captain, by assuring him, that both the demoiselles were in love with him, and talked of him incessantly. In the same manner he furnished food to the inordinate jealousy of Julius, in his calmer intervals. 'The demoiselles,' he said, 'were certainly much taken with the *joli capitaine*, while, in regard to the lieutenant, and Julius, Hatch and himself, they were *farouches comme diables*. The best word, which they got, was a curse, *sacre!*' Such views tended not at all to lessen the distance between the captain and lieutenant, nor to soothe the troubled spirit of Julius.

During one night the death of Julius was expected. Every thing on board was in uproar; and it seemed, as if even the ship was left to plow its undirected course. In the extremity of his mental horror, Julius despatched Baptiste to implore Jessy to visit him, and receive his confession of his purposes and his penitence. Jessy deigned not to notice the request even by a change of countenance. The officious Baptiste soon returned again. 'His master,' (so he called Julius) was disposed to make all the reparation, for the injuries he had done them, now in his power. In case of his death, he intended to bequeath all his hereditary estate, and the blessing and protection of his parents, to Jessy.'

For once she departed from her wonted silence. 'Say to your master,' she replied, 'that had I the slightest persuasion of his penitence, much and irreparably, as he has wronged me, I would visit, and forgive him; but I am confident, his repentance is the coward horror of guilt, deprived of its purpose. With his health, all his vileness would return. May he see in his present condition the righteous reaction of an avenging Providence. He will not see me.'

As Baptiste reported this stern message to his apparently dying master, he added, that he had seen much of *demoiselles*, but never such *dem. farouches, impitoyables sujets* before. Their hearts were hard, *comme des roches, sacre!* Julius died not, neither did he convalesce. The passage was rather boisterous, and the ship made slow headway. The captain and lieutenant seemed to be withheld from outrage only by their mutual jealousies, which often found vent in such loud words and fierce menaces, as were overheard by the parties concerned, notwithstanding the frequent exclamation, '*hist! They will hear us.*' The tossing of the large, but mismanaged ship, the cries of the numerous and awkward crew, the intolerable odor of the skins on board, the rolling of a rough sea, narrow and uncomfortable births, and the cramping confinement, for more than a fortnight, to an area but a few feet square, such, along with their dark and foreboding anticipations for the future, were some of the circumstances, under which the captives made this voyage. One cheering point of view presented itself, from which Jessy failed not to derive strength and support. It was nothing new, that such men should be sick, or jealous of each other. But she could not but regard the singular coincidence of the sickness of Julius, and the abominable question of claims between the two officers, as providential arrangements, a wonderful neutralizing of one element by another, in virtue of which they had been hitherto left unmolested and to themselves.

After a fortnight's beating through these tempestuous seas, the prisoners perceived by the cries of the sailors, by the reports of cannon, and by the sudden quietness of the ship, that they had entered a haven. Through the narrow window above their birth, they descried a rugged and rocky shore, and log houses scattered here and there. The faint hum of popula-

tion and business, the blows of axes and the baying of dogs, the cheerful and shrill note of the chancleer, and the associated sounds of human habitancy, would have been the sweetest music in their ears, could they have hoped to find a single protector and liberty.— But to their dark thoughts, all showed as the home of their enemies, and the increased number and strength of the league against them. Night, too, the dark and foggy night of these northern regions, was settling upon the scene.

As the evening came on, they could easily distinguish the voices of the inhabitants of the village, in bustling communication with the officers and crew of the ship. How the heart of Jessy throbbed, as she could now and then distinguish a conversation carried on in English by an interpreter. ‘Suppose,’ said Jessy to Katrina, suddenly seizing the thought, ‘we should cry for help, and throw ourselves on the protection of these people. Do you, Katrina, open the cabin door, and see, if there are any chances of escape.’ The affectionate trembler implicitly obeyed; and for the first time, since their captivity, opened the cabin door, and advanced into the larger common cabin. A moment afterwards, the rough and fierce voice of Davidow was heard in loud expostulation. He caught the shrieking girl in his arms, brought her back to her narrow prison, and set her down beside Jessy with a curse, affirming, that if she was found moving from her place again, it would be on the penalty of being thrown overboard. ‘Desist, monster,’ cried Jessy, her face glowing with indignation. ‘You could do us no greater favor, than to deliver us from your power, by plunging us both in the sea.’ ‘Ah! lady,’ he replied, with a tone of irony and sneering, ‘yonder is your delightful home. Such a spirit renders beauty more piquant. That place has tamed many a spirit, as haughty as yours. We will soon

learn you, like the numerous, and happy inmates of that place, to love your keepers, and embrace your chains.'

Every thing was now in the bustle of busy movement. Captain Orlow presented himself. 'Ladies,' he said, 'we are at the end of our present voyage. Your relative and guardian, M. Landino, is too ill at this time to proceed for China; and we know of no vessel, that will sail for that country, perhaps for months. In the interval, and during the convalescence of M. Landino, we purpose to place you where you will be more pleasantly situated, than at this miserable town, without any befitting accommodations. The place, to which we transfer you, is a paradise. To reach it, we have to embark on a small coasting vessel, which sails immediately. The wind serves, and the vessel is ready. Your sick relative and your friends from the Shoshonee country are already on board. Allow me to aid you to join them.'

The name of the place of their destination had already reached her ear, and the terrible notoriety of that place had been the theme of conversation even among the Shoshonee. Her heart sunk within her, at the idea of being forced to that impregnable prison in the midst of the sea. Resistance was the first thought, and the purpose to yield her life, rather than be carried there. Her countenance and manner evinced the struggle within. 'Please to be speedy in your choice, ladies,' the captain resumed. 'We will die, rather than go,' she rejoined, as Katrina clung fast to her. The captain blew a whistle. Three or four horrid looking beings, dressed in seal-skins, and of a form and physiognomy unlike any she had seen before, appeared. The captain uttered a few words, which she comprehended only by the result. In a twinkling, they were carried by main force; and almost before they recovered breath, down a ladder on

board a small vessel, and through the common cabin, crowded to overflowing, in which a passing glance discovered to them Hatch, Baptiste, and Julius, haggard, and showing like the ghost of what he had been, and sustained in his birth by persons holding volatiles to his nostrils. On the deck and in the cabin by the glare of torches were visible a great number of strange faces, requiring little fancy to transform them in the eyes of the captives to demons. They had no time for more detailed survey. They were deposited in a little dark place beyond the main cabin, lighted only by the uncertain glimmer of a miserable lamp. Compared with this, their former cabin had been spacious and agreeable. In a few moments, they again felt the rolling of the sea, rendered more irksome by the pitching of the little crazy vessel, and a space too narrow to allow them the liberty of extending their limbs.

The second voyage, though excessively disagreeable, was short. The anchor was cast. The same uncouth beings in the seal-skin dresses clutched them again, and carried them on deck. A number of skiffs surrounded the vessel, and were successively filled with passengers, and immediately rowed towards an island, which began to be dimly visible through the uncertain light of morning dawn. Baptiste seemed to be deputed to superintend their transfer to their new destination. He asked them, if they would descend, *volontiers*, into the skiff, that waited for them; or if they desired the aid of their friends, the *jolis garçons* in seal-skin dresses? He could tell them, that in a few minutes, they would now see one *dem superbe place*, where there were great numbers of *jolies et riantes femmes*, and where there were *divertissmens*, like those of Paris, every day. Seeing that force was at hand, and that opposition would be unavailing, Jessy said, with an upward look, 'my dear Ka;

trina, let us go without being compelled, and as lambs to the slaughter. The time for resistance has not yet come. Let us enter the boat, and God be our guide.' With an air of resignation, they both stepped down the ladder to the skiff. Their uncouth keepers followed them, and took their oars. Baptiste closed the rear, and they sped away towards the island.

The isle of Ostroklotz, which they were approaching, is situated a few leagues from the main land, and rises with a high and bold front of rocks, on which a prodigious surf is always whitening, and bursting. When southern storms sweep over unimpeded wastes of sea for two thousand leagues, a sublimer spectacle can scarcely be imagined, than the surge, that breaks upon this front of cliffs, rising five hundred feet above the common level of the water. A moment after the blow is struck, the whole height is laved with the dashing brine from the base to the summit. When the wave retires, it seems to disclose the fathomless bases of the isle. The mighty mass, in its advance and recoil, shows, as if urged by Omnipotence acting upon the wrathful and heaving element. The incessant alternation of afflux and reflux, and the deep and hollow roar, and the irresistible sweep of the onward course of the wave, present that sublime spectacle, which can only be felt in its grandeur, when some immovable object opposes its power.

From the strength and mass of the current, which always sets towards this isle, mariners have a tradition, that, at fathomless depths, its bases are perforated; and that the ocean current rushes under it. A mile from it, there is firm anchorage, from which it is accessible only by small crafts, that can be chiefly guided by oars; and that only in one narrow channel. Whatever vessel, large or small, should attempt to approach it, in any other direction, would experience

the inevitable fate of being impelled towards it by an irresistible power, and shivered against the cliffs, like a potter's vessel. This constituted a very material part of its fancied impregnable security. From circumstances unknown, this strange isle was frequented by immense numbers of sea monsters, of all the uncouth and unwieldy classes of those seas. They alone can venture to sport beneath the tremendous surges, that break upon the shore. Here they resort for sun and repose in calm weather. During storms, even these expert water dwellers are wrecked, in such numbers as to have offered the inducements to the first settlement of the island.

From the bar of anchorage, about a mile from the shore, commences the narrow current, by which the small crafts are carried to the island. This current is as a rapid river, still much swifter, than the general current that sets towards the shore. On each side of it is an eddy. Those wishing to land on the isle, and initiated into the secret of this narrow and rapid ocean stream, commit their skiff to it. Oars are of little use. The skiff is borne passively and irresistibly onward. It sweeps them beneath the overhanging and moss-covered cliffs, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, during which transit they are in almost rayless darkness. They again emerge to the light of heaven, and view themselves still borne onward between parallel walls of stone, rising, as it were, to the sky. From the fury of the current, the stream is of a foamy whiteness. At the landing, it disparts from a cliff rising in its centre, and rushes on to unknown distances beyond in two branches. An eddy is formed by this rock, which becomes a natural harbor for the boats. Round a high point of this cliff they throw their fasts. Failure to seize this eddy would merge the boat in one or the other of the disparting currents beyond. To the experienced it is a

work of no difficulty to make the harbor. To all others, it would be destruction. Departure from the island is by either of the eddies on each side of the stream. Committed to either, the boat is swept almost as rapidly to sea, as the current brought it to land. Such are the peculiar circumstances of approach to this singular island, and departure from it. They have no parallel in any other known portion of the seas; and in the imaginative and superstitious thoughts of sailors might well pass for the work of enchantment.

The skiff, which conveyed the captives, was put into this current. It sped away, like an arrow towards the isle. The morning sun at the same moment emerged from the orient wave, and threw its own glory upon the blue and illimitable expanse.— Before them was the terrific burst of the full ocean upon the cliffs. The deafening roar, the surges swelling aloft, the dizzying swiftness of their motion, every thing about them would have inspired awe and terror in minds less painfully occupied with other thoughts. They had scarcely time to view their position, before they were swept into the dark chasm. Again the light of heaven opened on them from above. They, who managed the skiff, dexterously threw their fast around the point of rock. The skiffs, which had left the small vessel at anchor, had apparently just arrived before them. The rock spread out a broad table surface, on which Baptiste bade them land. Violence, they knew, was at hand if they did not. They stepped on the rock. '*Montez volontiers, s'il vous plaise,*' cried the Frenchman, in a tone of command, while one of their conductors preceded them. Natural blocks of sand stone formed commodious stairs of ascent for the greater part of the height to the level of the isle. Where they failed, stairs had been carefully wrought in the solid stone. The ascent of be-

tween four and five hundred feet was wearying, and would have exhausted the captives, had not the tension of their minds precluded the consciousness of the sensation of fatigue.

When they reached the level of the island, they discovered an armed guard, at a point, where two could defend the pass against any numbers, that might approach abreast. Words of intelligence passed between the guards and the conductor, who preceded them. The former clubbed their arms, and motioned the captives to move past them. The orphans pressed their feet once more on the stable earth, and on grass and flowers. What a grateful change, under other circumstances, it would have been, from the roll of the sea, the deafening roar, and the awful spectacle of the swelling billows in their wrath threatening instant destruction. Ancient forests of larch and the most beautiful white birches, with their pensile branches, imitating the forms of the weeping willow, overshadowed a turf of the softest verdure. The fragrance came upon their senses like the breath of paradise. The fully developed vernal foliage trembled above them. Ginseng, the beautiful May-apple, innumerable columbines, vocal with the hum of bees, ladies' slippers, and purple violets decorated the sward. Strange birds flitted, and sang around them, and unknown animals skipped from their path. Here and there, a cone shaped hill arose, like the dome of a noble temple, from the forest, charmingly surmounted with spruces and cedars, and showing, in the uncovered intervals, gigantic piles of square blocks of stone of dazzling whiteness. Nature seemed to have exhausted her efforts, in giving to this remote northern isle the flaunty gaiety, the aromatic atmosphere and the rich vegetation of the south. Wretched as they were, their eyes still saw, their senses still conversed with this cheering nature. 'It is a beautiful spot,' said

Jessy, with an encouraging look to Katrina. 'You see, that the Author of beauty, and the Father of mercies has been here before us. Let neither our trust, nor our courage fail us.'

Their pioneer was before them, and signed them to advance, with a look, that required no explanation. Baptiste and the other conductors brought up the rear. The captives moved on, already warned by bursts of cannon, and the reports of small arms, and repeated huzzas in the intervals, that some peculiar festivity was enacting, but a short distance from them in the forest. They passed onward, at every step pressing down the strawberry blossoms, and their path was at the declivity of one of the curious, cone-shaped hills, that might easily have been mistaken for an artificial cupola of five hundred feet in height. Fifty paces carried them past this hill, when a circular plain of cleared ground opened upon their eye. All the varieties of domestic animals were moving about in seeming terror over this verdant plain, apparently frightened from their peaceful ruminations by the bursts of the cannon, the smoke of which arose, like a cloud, from a magnificent square and high fortification in the centre of the cleared plain. From its highest tower the Russian standard, with its proud national emblazoning, fluttered in the breeze. To persons, like the captives, who had never seen such works of art before, the fortification had an aspect of the most imposing grandeur. It was evidently composed of the massive blocks of white stone from the singular hills, that arose in its vicinity. Covered on the roof, as it was, with the bark of the white birch, it shone in the morning sun with a dazzling whiteness, forming a strong contrast with the deep and funereal green of the larches, that surrounded the open space. Arrived in front of this formidable place, the captives shrunk back, and turned, apparently with

the purpose to fly. A massive gate opened. Their conductors dragged them, faint and almost unconscious, within the walls. Soldiers surrounded them. The gate recoiled on its hinges. The roar of cannon was repeated. They felt, that they were shut up in the fortification. Overcome by terror, fatigue, and emotion, the whole scene swam for a moment before the eyes of Jessy, and she sank in unconsciousness.

When she recovered, she opened her eyes upon a spacious dining hall, carpeted richly, and gorgeously fitted up in the style of a sumptuous military saloon. She was on a mattress. The hall was full of people, many of whom were ladies flauntily tricked out for show, and the rest were chiefly officers in uniform, or servants. At no great distance from her lay Julius on a settee, in the sallowness of extreme and haggard debility, snuffing volatiles, and fanned by Hatch. Ladies were tendering him officious services.

Over her own mattress hung the captain and lieutenant. Women at her head and her feet were proffering aid, and bathing her temples. Katrina held to her by an immovable grasp, and a flow of tears announced her joy at being again recognized. 'Dear Jessy,' she exclaimed, 'I entreat you not to die just now, and leave me alone in this dreadful place.' 'I desire to live,' she answered, 'my dear companion, for thy sake, for the sake of my friends, and the confusion of these our cruel oppressors.'

This heroic manifestation, and the color again mantling her pale cheek, renewed the merriment and joy which rung in the hall at their entering, and which had evidently been suspended by the alarm, occasioned by her faintness. 'You are exhausted with fatigue and the discomfort of your voyage,' said captain Orlow. 'Rest and refreshments will soon, we hope, restore you. You are welcome a thousand times to Fort Ostroklotz, or, as we more familiarly call it, the

Northern Paradise. I have the honor to be commander-in-chief in this place. All its comforts are at your command, and its inhabitants your servants.'— 'Thanks for your infinite condescension,' replied Jessy, summoning spirit to sustain her, and striving to disguise her palpitation and terror. 'Our thanks are the rather due, as we receive all this kindness involuntarily. You proffer kindness. I take you at your word. I even ask it of you. I am feeble and faint. I am a woman, a captive and a mourner. You have availed of brute power to bring us to this detested den. Enjoy your triumph over two unprotected orphans. But, I supplicate, I implore of you one favor. The spectacle of what I here behold, in my present state of health, would shortly kill me. You cannot doubt it. Dispose of us in any way, so that we be by ourselves. Remove us from these hated sights. Allow us repose, and time to recover our thoughts, and reconcile ourselves to our hard condition.'

She folded her hands, and uttered these requests in the form of a suppliant, and with almost frenzied earnestness. Fearful that her faintiness would return, and apparently moved alike by alarm and some remains of humanity, captain Orlow assured her, that her request should be granted. He whispered a lady, who seemed to be a personage in authority among the women of the establishment. Whatever he had said to her, she received it with a laugh of derision. However, she disposed herself to execute his charge, and came to the bed. She said, that she would have the honor to aid her and her young friend to their apartment, and she offered her arm. Jessy immediately arose, and indignantly refusing her aid, begged her to lead the way. The female inmates of the place surveyed them meanwhile with intense interest, whispering in groups. The view of sin-worn beauty in gaudy finery, and in unblushing dissolute-

ness, contemplating them as a spectacle, nerved the faint mourner to firmness and dignity as she withdrew, casting upon them a look of withering scorn. The authoritative personage, who preceded the captives, before she left the hall, laughingly said to captain Orlow, 'why count,' (such was his title) 'you have brought to us queens of tragedy. Did I enact the virtuous and forlorn damsel as well, when I first came among you?' 'Indeed you did,' he replied; 'and I hope, she will be as docile, and as ready to lay aside the buskin, as you were.' 'No doubt of it,' was the answer from a dozen voices.

Their conductor led the way out of the hall, and the captives followed into a long entry, which led between two suits of apartments, apparently sleeping rooms. 'You,' she said to Jessy, 'will occupy this apartment;' 'and you,' to Katrina, 'that,' pointing to one, a considerable distance onward in the entry. A look passed between them. Katrina embraced Jessy. 'Be assured,' she exclaimed with resolute firmness, 'that death alone shall separate us.' 'It is the express command of the count,' said the woman, 'that you each occupy her assigned apartment. Each room is supplied with but one bed, and is intended for but one person.' 'We two, however,' rejoined Jessy, 'will occupy the same or none.' The boisterous tone of the conductor soon brought the captain and lieutenant, Baptiste and Hatch into the entry. A whistle summoned the uncouth beings in seal skins before them. 'Will you have the kindness,' said the captain, 'to repair quietly to your assigned apartments.' 'We will not,' replied Jessy, 'nor to any other, except together.' He nodded to the lieutenant, and, as if ashamed of what was to ensue, returned to the hall. 'Take them,' said the lieutenant to the persons in seal skins, 'to their separate apartments.' They attempted to separate them. But Katrina held

convulsively to Jessy, in a grasp which yielded not even to their force; and the abode was in the meantime filled with shrieks of such agony, as appalled even the callous and abandoned inmates of the place. A cry from the hall summoned Hatch and Baptiste thither. It was that of Julius, increasing the din by his execrations. 'I positively forbid you,' he exclaimed, 'on penalty of being abandoned, and disowned by me, from allowing any disposal to be made of the two girls, until I shall have regained my health, and shall be able to take my own measures in the case. In the mean time see to it, that they have one apartment, and are not separated. Let none carry them food, but yourselves. You are answerable, that they are shielded from all intrusion unauthorized by me.'

His determined tone brought on a violent altercation between him and the two Russians. Each talked of his claims. Each began to recur to threats of violence. Curses and recriminations ensued. Each one of the females took some part in the fray. The mercenaries of Julius were ranged on one side, and those of the Russians on the other. Dirks were drawn, and the place was filled with shrieks; and Hatch and Baptiste stood beside Julius, who was gasping with rage and weakness; while his champions, though armed to the teeth, were pale with affright. The doors were thrown open. Some of the inmates had already escaped to the esplanade, and the soldiers on duty hearing the infernal din, were advancing towards the hall.

The captain stamped on the floor, and ordered silence in a voice of thunder. The soldiers were ordered back to their posts. He conversed a few moments, in a low and confidential tone, with Julius. At the close of the parley, he gave new orders to the woman, to allow the young ladies, since such was their pleasure, to occupy the same apartment. 'Quiet

yourselves,' said he to the trembling captives. 'You shall be together, and no one shall intrude upon you, unbidden by yourselves, until M. Landino shall be able to decide upon future arrangements.' The woman led the way, and they followed her into a spacious apartment, at the end of the entry. The hangings were of glaring colors, covered with landscapes, figures and scenes, appropriate to the character and pursuits of the place. The bed was voluptuously curtained in the same style. 'This is the state room, and the apartment of honor in the castle,' said the woman, with a knowing glance at the style of the hangings and the curtains. 'The taste must be fastidious, that will not be gratified with the fitting up of this room.' Every part of the furniture was in perfect keeping; and the first movement of the captives was to examine every nook, corner and concealment of the apartment, to see that nothing dangerous was covered from view in it. The woman had thrown herself into a lolling chair, and laughed aloud, while they proceeded in the survey, as if unconscious of her presence. 'You will search in vain for a lover in this desolate place,' she said. 'You might have found better fortune in separate rooms.' The captives continued their search, and when finished, Jessy replied; 'you will perceive, that your presence is no longer desired.' At the same time she moved towards the door, to take possession of the key. The woman anticipated her. 'I am commanded,' she said, 'to hold this at my own disposal.' She dropped them a contemptuous courtesy, assuring them, she had no doubt, that they would soon be as ready to solicit other society, as they now seemed so outrageously desirous to avoid it. She wished them a good morning, and fiercely closing the door behind her, was heard locking it upon the outside.

The precious moments, after they were thus left to

themselves, were spent in conversations, arrangements and counsels; and in sacramental promises in relation to the conduct, which they mutually pledged to each other in certain specified cases of trial. Nor did they fail to invoke the aid and guidance of the Almighty, to sustain them in whatever might befall them. They then threw themselves on the bed, and reposed themselves, as they might.

Baptiste, as on ship-board, seemed to have been deputed to serve them with refreshments; and at once in his new position resumed his familiar and annoying habits of loquacity, being not less desirous, than formerly, to communicate all the news of the castle. 'It was a thing *dem strange*,' he was in the habit of remarking frequently, 'that Julius should be so much sick, just at the time, when he had such a particular desire to be well.' He was eloquent in praise of the place. Every one was happy to a charm. He admired at their taste to coop themselves up in that single dull room, like owls in a hollow tree. He constantly ended by averring, that the people there, though happy as angels, were *dem farouche*. We sleep, he added, shrugging, upon gunpowder. *Il fait grand peur*. To all this Jessy would sometimes say, 'were you not a happier man, Baptiste, when you were honest and industrious among the Shoshonee?' To this question, Baptiste would answer with his shrug, 'dem Spotted Panther non bon.'

It is foreign to the intentional brevity of these annals to give a detailed journal of the daily incidents of the captives during the many days of their imprisonment. Baptiste regularly supplied them with food. After the second day, the female inmates of the place seemed to have it in charge to visit their apartment in companies, with the professed object of being desirous to amuse their solitude. Nor did their frequent and pointed assurance, that these visits

were odious, tend in the slightest degree to shield them from the annoyance. They were soon made aware, that it was a persecution, for which they had no other remedy, than to submit in silence and patience. The insolence and immodesty of these visitants were neither to be avoided, worn out, or abashed. When the captives talked of other subjects, they still pursued their detestable theme at the same time. Nor could they, so completely was their moral sense destroyed, be brought to realize, that themes of such extreme interest to them could be disgusting to their victims.

It was manifest from their own account of their condition, that their want of understanding, and their unblushing destitution of modesty, had long deprived them of any interest even for their abandoned keepers. Some of the inmates, in weariness with life, put an end to their existence. Others went off voluntarily with the Aleutians, that inhabited the island, and became more filthy and disgusting, than even the native females. The loud and forced gaiety of brandy and revel made up the sum total of their joys. Their only mental pleasure seemed to be to beguile other unhackneyed victims to the same condition with themselves. Though such had been their envy, in regard to newly acquired favorites, that while they had labored with all their arts and powers to seduce the victims to their own level, the moment they had achieved their abominable success, they were known to have mixed poison for them.

It appeared from their tales of occasional confession, that they were natives of various countries; that some of them had arrived there to a certain degree innocent, as most of them had once been beautiful. It was the maxim of the establishment, always to prefer seduction to violence. The victims were mentally and physically drugged. Each one, that had fallen,

became an instrument, prompt and efficient, to drag the innocent down. Their principles were assailed. Their moral sense was weakened by gradual development of such views, as shocked less and less, every time they were contemplated. They were plied with company, or solitude, as was judged best to subserve the designs upon them. Their wants, their hopes and fears were all tried in turn. It was constantly sounded in their ears, that there was no escape from the castle. Sometimes it was hinted to them, that compulsion extenuated, if it did not destroy the guilt. It was the triumphant declaration of the inmates, that no one had ever yet resisted the seductions of the place.

The male partners of this establishment united in one reckoning business, pleasure and military defence. It was always in times of alarm garrisoned with one company of soldiers, who were for the most part supplied with wives from the abandoned inmates of the officers' harem. The present was a time of profound peace, and the soldiers scarcely exceeded twenty in number. It was a great depot of the furs taken in those seas, and the rivers, that emptied into them. A certain number of Aleutians always belonged to the establishment. The most rigid military discipline was sustained. Every instance of detection in any attempt, to enter or depart from the castle, except in the authorized form, had been most severely punished, and generally with death. The regular roll of the drum, and noise of arms and shouts of the bacchanalian inmates in their orgies, became familiar sounds to the ears of Jessy and Katrina; and they were the rather indulged in their wish to be to themselves, as regarded male visitants, inasmuch as it gratified Julius, who was now daily convalescing; and as solitude had been found by former experience the most effectual mean of bringing over the victims to the purposes of their seducers.

These callous debauchees measuring, as is their custom, the character of the species by their own amount of experience, found it difficult to doubt, that the same measures, which had proved successful in every other case, should fail in that of their recent subjects. Hence they were the more ready to practise the accustomed policy with their habitual forbearance; as they were at the same time avoiding the chances of a new rupture, and fulfilling their stipulated engagements with Julius, who, adroit and practised at intrigue, and with money at command, they soon found, had half the garrison in his interests.

The female instruments of their policy were, therefore, enjoined to show no temper, and to make no return in kind to the contempt and disdain manifested towards them by the captives. But they were bidden systematically to practise all their accustomed arts of seduction. Nor were these vile beings destitute of either ingenuity, or experience in plying their vocation. They knew well, could they find, where the slumbering passions were, to drop among them the kindling spark. They were acquainted with all the modes, by which the foundation of virtuous thought and feeling are sapped. At one time they uttered eulogies upon the master spirits of the castle. At other times they painted the pleasure of converse with new and unsubdued guests, and described with a voluptuous minuteness the downward course, by which they became as themselves. They were eloquent in describing the ever varying pleasures, and constantly appealing to their own example of reckless and exhaustless gaiety, as a proof that they were really happy. The island, they affirmed, was like the grave. No female, at least, ever escaped from it. Cut off at once, and forever, from all future communication with any portion of the world, except the inmates of this delightful island, what was the world, or reputation,

or opinion, or the slavish conventional law of society to them?

The master spirits of the castle, weary and impatient in view of their slow progress, would, no doubt, gladly have plied mechanical aid, and drugged their food or drink; auxiliaries, which had been called to their aid on other occasions. But the wary and unsleeping vigilance of the captives, in insisting upon partaking of nothing, which Baptiste had not first tasted, precluded their availing themselves of these measures. Their female visitants, they remarked, began to be less scrupulous of keeping measures of decorum in their presence. Baptiste, too, in his prolix babblings, darkly hinted, that more decisive measures in relation to them were ripening. Contrary to the practice of their first days of confinement, their door was purposely thrown open, and the entry guarded by soldiers. The door of the hall, communicating with the entry, was also opened. Hence the revelry of their hours of feasting, drinking and evening debauchery could not but reach the ears of the terrified captives. Not unfrequently they were obliged to hear their own case and character a subject of discussion by these vile men and abandoned women. What ludicrous, obscene, and shocking descriptions met their ears! Nor was it the least humiliating part of their penance, that the females generally transcended the men in these disgusting and detailed narratives.— Sometimes Hatch gave caricatured passages of their history among the Shoshonee, in his peculiar Dutch English, which Baptiste, with his own emendations and additions, translated into French. Next the preaching of Elder Wood and his amours with the Song Sparrow were travestied. His own adventure with his red skin wife furnished him merriment at his own proper expense. Then the hall would echo with long and reiterated peals of laughter. Every day,

as if in studied calculation, some additional outrage of this sort fell upon their ears. That no uncertainty might be left upon the objects of this course of discipline, if they closed their door, to avoid the annoyance of hearing, an Aleutian or a soldier was at hand to retain it in its place.

Their mental anguish may be imagined, and their horror calculated, when they ascertained, not only by the testimony of Baptiste, but by hearing the firm voice of Julius, that he was actually so far recovered, as to come to the table of the hall. He could be even heard urging his natural and bargained claims upon Jessy. Nor could she fail to have collected from different sources the state of party and the progress of future purpose in the castle. Julius had his devoted partizans; and although the Russian commanded, such was the character of the establishment on the main land, and the people of so many other flags were concerned in the interests of Ostroklotz, that policy had kept his passions in check. One motive had so mysteriously hitherto balanced another, that the innocent had remained unmolested. True, the Russians had, more than once, meditated despatching Julius by poison or assassination, and settling the captives upon themselves. With the instinctive keenness of native villany he had suspected, and anticipated such designs, and had always been so guarded, as to render such practices difficult, if there had been no danger in them.

Not only so, but when these wretches should even have disposed of Julius, they were aware, that they had their own appropriate difficulties in regard to themselves. The captain insisted upon Jessy. The lieutenant, though subordinate in the present command, failed not to remark, that he had held higher rank than his captain, in another sphere; and he pertinaciously insisted upon their settling their claims by

lot. Julius, by his own peculiar adroitness, and by access through his emissaries to the privacy of each, dexterously fomented this jealousy, which was rapidly ripening to a serious quarrel, when the decided convalescence of Julius put another face upon the aspect of things.

Such continued to be the order of events, until Julius felt himself completely recovered. His passions awoke, invigorated by returning health, and by their long slumber. The remembrance of his failure in his purposes at Manitouna, and of his humiliation among the Shoshonee, began again to kindle volcanic fires in his bosom. The beauty and innocence of Jessy, and the long and singular disappointment of his purposes, in relation to a victim so completely in his power, added fuel to his internal fires. As soon as he was in perfect health, he was immediately seen assuming that ascendancy among the master spirits of the castle, that superior always exercises over inferior intellect. It was soon discovered, that his will was the ruling star of this establishment. A conclave council was held. The parties came forth from it apparently agreed. His claims upon Jessy were formally acknowledged, with an understanding, that after a certain time, he should resign in favor of the captain. The two rivals drew lots for Katrina, and she fell to the share of the lieutenant. However indignant and chagrined, the affair had been settled upon stipulated premises; what was called honor in the castle, required the acquiescence of the commander. Departure from the terms of the treaty would be sufficient to generate a mortal fray. He gave his pledged word, that each was at liberty, the evening after the ratification, to take possession of his prize, or bride, as the phrase was with them. He swore his heaviest curse, that the parties should be unmolested by interference from any quarter.

The terms of compact were promulgated early in the afternoon. With an infernal promptitude Baptiste sped to the captives with the intelligence. 'It be only one marriage, after all,' said he. 'I marry T'sellenee, rather than be burnt to death. Surely it be one *plaisir infini*, to go out of this dem dull room, to marry such noble gentilhommes as Julius and the colonel—for the lieutenant was once a colonel, and a very big man. N'importe. Marriage first—love come in the suite. We shall have one dem fine wedding this evening after supper. We are to drink wine, and dance. I shall be so happy, sacré. One of the demoiselles takes to Baptiste, too.' Having published his bulletin, he sat down his refreshments, and capered away with a joy which apparently amounted to intoxication.

The orphans were alone, and the direct and earnest appeal of Jessy on her knees was to the Strength of Israel. It was that wrestling of the heart with strong entreaties and cries, which by seers and the holy of the bygone years was called the prayer of faith. She then conversed with Katrina on their immediate expectations. 'The hour is apparently come,' she said. 'How feel you, my dear companion, in view of what is before us?' As she went into a clear and unshrinking annunciation of their pledged course, she observed with inexpressible anguish, that the danger seen at hand, and measured in its palpable dimensions, affected Katrina far differently from its distant and indistinct contemplation. Tears of feminine terror and attachment to life rolled down her fair cheek. Brought up in view of frequent marriages, effected by Indian violence, that had afterwards proved as happy as others, she could not view, what their persecutors affected to call marriage, in the same horrible light with Jessy. Her mind had probably been enervated by confinement and terror. Possibly the

seductive blandishments, the lascivious appeals, the sophistical arguments of the female visitants, daily and hourly repeated, might have imperceptibly and unconsciously relaxed the strength of her principles. Youthful love of life and fear of death came in, as formidable temptations. 'Oh!' she said, as she wrung her hands, 'it is such a dreadful thing to die—and to die so young! Is there no escape? Is there no right way, but to die?'

'Dear Katrina,' replied the other, 'it is too late to inculcate new principles now. Follow the dictates of your own heart. For myself, I am determined.' Katrina threw her arms around her neck, 'and so,' she sobbed, 'am I. Think not, that I will survive alone, and in disgrace. I vow,' she cried, crossing herself, and looking upward, 'by the immaculate Mother of God, that I will in all things imitate thy example.'" High resolve and unshaken purpose, of an aspect in her glowing countenance, which could neither be assumed, nor mistaken, reassured the confidence of Jessy. The manner, in which they passed the remaining hours, until the sun was below the horizon, must be left to the imagination.

The roar of cannon, the crash of small arms, the hurrahs of the soldiers, the howl of the drunken Aleutians, witnessed, that a bacchanalian fete was at hand, and that brandy had already been distributed unsparingly. The passing footsteps were, as of persons treading on air. Every door was thrown wide. The glare of torches filled the esplanade. Women dized in tinsel flauntiness, and glittering in false jewels, and their faces rouged high, paced the entry, and repaired to the hall. The clatter of plates and vessels and of all sorts of preparation for supper succeeded. During the repast, their own supper was brought in by Baptiste, as usual. But this time it was deposited before them without a word. It may

be imagined, that it remained untouched. Meanwhile, riot and revelry grew louder every moment at the table. The clatter, the toasts, the noisy and incessant babble, mixed all tongues in the ancient confusion of Babel. Another burst of cannon succeeded; a rocket streamed aloft; and in a moment the hall was hushed, as in death. A marriage service, after the rites of the Greek church, was celebrated. A wag, with a voice of well imitated solemnity, enacted the Greek papa. Two of the harlot hags were god-mothers, and gave away the two orphans by proxy. The husband's vow was pronounced, first by Julius, then by the lieutenant; and that this part of the service might be intelligible, the vows were repeated, in French, Spanish and English. Two females, as proxies, for the captives, in like manner, pronounced the vows *to love, honor, and obey till death*, in the same languages. Cannon were fired anew. Rockets went up. Hurrahs and shouts rent the air, and reiterated peals of laughter shook the castle to its foundation. A full band then commenced glees and dances, and the revellers began to dance. The voice of captain Orlow was heard, meanwhile, above all the other din. 'Now to unflinching business,' was his order.

The captives were on their knees in prayer, and clasped in each other's arms. Six of the painted hags entered upon the privacy of their devotions. Half intoxicated, and their faces inflamed even above their rouge, they danced towards their victims. 'Abominable affectation!' said their leader, when she saw their occupation. 'I swear to you, my sisters, that they are returning thanks, that they are at last like to have husbands. Sweet ones, you are married, married with all the rites of the church. Handsomer husbands, you could not have found, the world over. We congratulate you, thrice lovely brides, and envy

you, at the same time. What a noble fellow is this Julius! What a gallant figure, the martial colonel! Poor dear count Orlow, he curses like a fiend; and we are obliged to keep him drunk, and treat him like a petted child, to prevent murder. Poor count! we must provide for him. Ah! girls, this crying, and sobbing is all for joy, and we understand it. Come now, have done with this nonsense. Dear girls, we have a trick, in these cases, of examining the brides. Please to humor us in this ceremony of the castle.— At the word they fell upon the victims. Part held them in a smothering grasp. Part proceeded to examine their dress. ‘Aha! here is a knife, and here are scissors. You are delicate brides in truth, to meditate murder, before the close of the honey moon.’ Another and another weapon was discovered. ‘Why these girls,’ they cried, ‘have carried the deception farther than we did.’ Their victims, exhausted with struggling, had ceased to resist. The hags proceeded to undress them, and to dress them again in night-clothes, which, having also examined, they appeared to consider harmless; for they exclaimed, when their work was finished, and their victims were allowed to rise—‘There, girls, you are no longer dangerous. Heaven defend us, what ideas you must have had of marriage!’ They then compelled them to endure the odious ceremony of their kisses, and with the customary wishes and peals of laughter, they left them.

Scarcely had they resumed their former attitude of supplication, when Julius and Davidow entered. In a composed, and business-like tone, Julius proceeded to announce the articles of the late agreement.— He talked much of the honor of both. ‘They meant kindness, protection, and inviolable fidelity. At any rate, the arrangement was inevitable. Cries, defence, entreaties, struggle, resistance, would be equally unwise and injurious. They should both infinitely pre-

fer an affectionate union.' He then offered his arm to Jessy, and begged her to follow him, a ceremony which Davidow repeated to Katrina. Seeing, that they did not relax their embrace, he said, 'come colonel, the time is fast spending.' Jessy fell on her knees before him, crying, 'Julius, you cannot intend to separate us from each other. Pity me for the sake of my murdered parents! Pity me by your hopes of heaven.' Katrina seemed inspired with a frenzy of heroic enthusiasm, as she heard the imploring words of Jessy, in tones, which might have softened a tiger. 'Jesu-Maria!'—she cried, 'monsters, you shall not harm her!' and she held her in a fast embrace, and filled the place with her shrieks. But Davidow seized her rudely, and tore her from the grasp of Jessy. Her cries, her resistance, and even her force were appalling. She held to the curtains of the bed, which were torn from their rods. Chairs, the table, and every thing in her way were overturned. Jessy made less resistance, for her physical strength was more exhausted. 'Wakona,' cried Julius, as he dragged her into the entry, 'the first, last purpose of my soul will now be accomplished. Thou hast my love. I care not, whether thou accept it, or not.' Screams mingled with peals of laughter, as the lights were extinguished, and the victims dragged away.

A different and a louder cry was heard. It was the majestic voice of Elder Wood, 'The sword of the Lord and Gideon! The sword of the Lord and Gideon!' he exclaimed in a voice, that was heard to the remotest recess of the den. Cheowanna-ha! shouted the Shoshonee. The flash of guns glared upon the darkness. The war cry of Areskoui rang loud and terrible. Lights were rekindled. Areskoui appeared like a minister of the divine vengeance; and the glare of the sword of Frederic gleamed among the half intoxicated rioters. Elder Wood continued to

lay about him like a giant. 'Purge the accursed den,' he cried. 'Wash out the stains of lust and violence with blood. Accursed be he, who holdeth back his hand from slaying. Make Kentucky work of it.'—Davidow was cut down with the war hatchet of Areskoui. Frederic with the hilt of his sword felled Julius to the floor. The Shoshonee bound him in a moment. The half drunk, astounded, wounded and knocked down captain was also bound. Straggling discharges of fire arms and the war shouts of the Shoshonee gave evidence, that the soldiers were attacked on the esplanade. But victory soon proclaimed aloud for the invaders, and the triumphant war song of the red men rung long and loud over the plain. The soldiers and Aleutians had chiefly escaped by the open gate, and had dispersed in the woods. Two faithful Shoshonee were charged not to allow the escape of Baptiste and Hatch, whom they observed cowering behind the flying Aleutians. They groped along, ignorant of the way, until they also cleared the gate. The spies had anticipated them; and as they arrived in breathless trepidation at the flight of stairs, and were about to descend to the boats, each Shoshonee seized his victim at the same moment. Whirling them round with their whole force, they precipitated both into the dark and bottomless gulf below. A fiendish yell of horror noted their descent, and a hollow dash their final plunge into the fearful abyss. 'Cheowanna—haha!' cried the red men. 'Go, cowards, to the land of souls, and be tormented by old women.' At the same time, their peculiar and indescribable note, as they drew their fingers over their mouths, broken into countless fragments of their exulting scream, as usual, raised the howl of the dogs in chorus.

A number of captive Aleutians were retained, as pilots, and hostages; and the passage to the boats was guarded by some of the most brave and trusty Sho-

shonee. Lights were rekindled in all directions; and something like a report of what had been transacted was made to the reunited friends in the hall. As no words could at all reach the circumstances of rapture, in which the delivered captives were once more made free, and pressed to the bosom of their friends, the whole transaction must be left to the imagination. They were soon rehabited, and one at the right hand, and the other at the left of Frederic, were receiving wine and water at the table, to restore their strength, which had sunk under the united influence of agony and inanition. Their emotions were as yet too tumultuous and mighty for words, or even tears.

Elder Wood and Areskoui were still busy in the important business of trial and retribution. The women were all collected in the state room, which the captives had occupied. Shrieks and hysterics and cries for mercy, though they knew not to whom to address them, made the room a bedlam. Elder Wood heard some of their stories, as a kind of state's evidence. He came to some general and strong conclusions. 'I think,' said he, 'they would expound the law after this fashion in Kentucky;' and he entered into his views of justice in the case. 'Be it as you please,' said Areskoui. 'You know the medicine rules of the pale faces.' The captain was brought into the presence of the women. The Shoshonee gathered bundles of rods, after their fashion of preparing a victim to run the gauntlet. The women, who had used violence towards the captives, received a severe drubbing from members of their own fraternity who proved themselves not to have participated in the actual outrage. Others in the same predicament were compelled to whip the captain; and, if in either case, these extempore lictors showed the least lenity, or disposition to be sparing and unfaithful, the Shoshonee instructed them in the right manner of applica-

tion, by giving them a taste of the rod themselves.— Meanwhile, their capers and cries were such a treat to these red men, that they danced, and shook their heads, and wept for very laughter. Elder Wood stood by, guiding the discipline, according to his notions of even-handed and retributive justice, as it was understood in the earlier periods of his native state. The rod of justice was first stayed over the executive hags; but not until they were in a condition, to carry durable memorials of this exercise, which, Elder Wood prayed the Lord, might do them good, and lead them to repentance. The captain received a discipline considerably more severe, and protracted, Elder Wood preaching all the while to him in English, not a word of which he understood. At length, seeing him exhausted, ‘let the son of Belial alone,’ he cried. He, Areskoui and the Shoshonee retired, locking the door upon the outside, and leaving them to comfort each other.

‘We have done much, and fought valiantly the battles of the Lord,’ cried Elder Wood; ‘and now let me again embrace our dear lost children.’ Jessy and Katrina were pressed to his bosom, while paternal tears streamed down his venerable cheeks. ‘It is enough,’ he said. ‘I have seen enough. This second time in my life, I might repeat the words of the ancient Simeon, ‘Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ But my children,’ he cried, as embrace succeeded to embrace, and as Frederic and Areskoui joined the rescued, to solicit a share in the tender greetings, ‘let us away. Let us cross the sea, and go forth into the wilderness. I shall hardly feel liberty to pour out the fulness of my heart to the Almighty, till I am in the sanctuary of a Kentuckian, the free and wide forest. Let us reassemble all our friends, and report ‘what has been done, and take counsel, what remains to do.’ Areskoui uttered his peculiar

cry, and his warriors soon thronged round him.— There lay the miserable Julius, once more bound and a prisoner. ‘What shall be done with this wretch,’ cried Elder Wood. ‘It were meet, it seems to me, that we punish him condignly, where he lies, and in view of the victims of his outrages.’ ‘Not so,’ cried Areskoui. ‘We have medicine rules, that apply to his case, and we are unwilling, that the pale face should pass upon him again.’

The council was short, for the business was urgent. ‘We have to pass over a wide waste of wilderness,’ said Elder Wood. ‘We owe it to our necessities, and still more to avenging injured innocence, to do, what in us lies, to destroy the means of repeating such injuries, to plunder this den of lust, and these habitations of cruelty. Let us utterly spoil the tents of the Philistines.’ ‘The easiest and shortest way to this,’ cried one of the young chiefs, ‘would be to burn the wigwam and its inhabitants together. This would be a purification by fire, as well as blood.’ ‘Shall we so avenge ourselves?’ asked Areskoui. ‘God forbid,’ replied Elder Wood. ‘Many of these abandoned women may have been brought here by violence, like our rescued ones. Let us leave them a space for repentance. The more guilty are slain. Baptiste and Hatch are justly sent to their everlasting account. Julius is in our hands. Our triumph is complete. We will not stain it with cruelty. But this hinders not, that we should carry with us, for our own proper use, every thing, that will comfort us on our way, or be useful to the red people at their own homes.’

They, who had acted as guides, in conducting the Shoshonee rescue to Ostroklotz, felt, that residence in that region would no longer be safe to them; and they requested permission to return with the Shoshonee, and dwell among them. The plunder was collected, and such parts as were deemed worth bearing away,

were conveyed successively down to the boats by relays of Shoshonee, and the aid of the prisoners. The case was felt to demand despatch; and the most decisive promptitude marked all their movements. Many hands and extreme and hurried exertion soon completed their arrangements for departure. The prisoners and the stupid Aleutians, who had taken no share in the outrages, and who were not required as pilots from the island, were dismissed. The pilots advanced to the shore under a strong guard. Julius was in the keeping of four Shoshonee, who distinctly warned him, that the least movement towards escape would be punished with instant death. The rescue party took up their line of march for the shore, Areskoui at the head of his warriors, and Elder Wood leading Jessy, and Frederic Katrina. 'We leave the accursed abode to the malediction of God,' cried Elder Wood, as they cleared the gate, advancing onward by the glare of torches. The whole party rapidly bestowed themselves in their boats, with a pilot in the bow of each, who answered for the safe pilotage of his boat with his life. To increase the difficulties of pursuit, and of despatching tidings from the island, all the crafts, that were not filled with the expedition, and the plunder, were turned adrift, pushed into the eddies, and carried away to sea. But the expedition, the plunder, and the prisoners occupied the greater portion, that lay at the landing. 'Now may He,' cried Elder Wood, 'who holds the waves in the hollow of his palms, and the winds in his fists, guide us through this dreadful passage.' Eight boats, four on each eddy, cast off their fasts in succession. The heavy and eternal roar again sounded in their ears. The moon and stars, dimly shining amidst the leaden clouds, seemed to rest on the summit of the awful chasm; and they rose, and sank with fearful and dizzying movements. The glare of their torch lights

presented the chasm and the whole scene in all its terrific grandeur; and the poised and intense earnestness of the pilots, sufficiently instructed the crews that it was felt, that a single false dip of the oar would merge them in the angry brine. The lapse of a few moments showed them, in the brightness of their lights, the sublimity and terror of the subterranean passage; and by noting the strata of spar, two hundred feet above them, they could accurately measure the swell, which at one moment brought them so near it, that it seemed as if they could reach it. Plunging down the next moment, its phosphoric and gem-like radiance faded in their eye, resembling a shooting star. A dead silence, as of those who held in their breath, gave all its distinctness in their ear to the Ocean dash without, which sounded along this passage, like the angry howl of the monsters of the seas.

If the passage was terrible, it was short. Almost before they were aware, the eddy had shot them past the anchorage. A favoring and fresh breeze blew towards the main land. They erected their sails.—The moon emerged from the clouds, and the lights of the camp fires of those Shoshonee, who had been left on the main land, could be distinctly descried, glimmering in the distance, and affording the most unerring direction to their course. The joyful Shoshonee raised themselves in the boats at the sight; and the loudest and gayest *Cheowanna ha-ha* was sung in the most triumphant style of the red men, sounding more impressively in the stillness of night, and on the swelling bosom of the sea, a scene to them so strange and unaccustomed, than in their natural haunts in the desert. The spirit of music and enthusiasm and religious joy was stirred in the bosom of Elder Wood. The little fleet was speeding beautifully onward by the moonlight; and each craft within a few oars' length. Jessy was resting on the arm of her beloved protector, and

Frederic was sitting beside Katrina. 'It were better,' cried the excited minister, 'that those of us, that are Christians, sing our triumph in a song of Zion, than in these heathen and wild notes of the desert. Let us sing.'

They, that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep His wonders view.

The Indians all joined in the strain, and louder music has not been heard on the sea, than that of the Kentucky minister leading the Shoshonee through the strains of that hymn, which so delightfully celebrates the wonderful works and deliverances of the Almighty. They had scarcely struck the third stanza of the hymn, when the deep bursts of cannon from Ostroklotz notified them, that the dispersed inhabitants of the castle had reassembled, and were striving to make known their disaster. 'Let them pursue,' cried Areskoui. 'We shall shortly press the firm soil with our feet, and rejoin our brothers. Then let them come; and, so that we can safely dispose of our rescued ones, it would delight me to meet them in battle.'

A brief and happy passage landed the boats in the little cove, where the Shoshonee periogues had been built. What triumphant joy can be imagined more complete, what meeting, at the same time delightful and indescribable, more grateful to the heart, than that of the once more united Shoshonee! The warriors from the shore, in their impatience, sprang into the water to embrace their friends. Elder Wood raised his fair charge, who had fallen asleep from complete exhaustion, on his shoulder, and lifted her gently ashore. Katrina, too, slumbering as deeply as an infant babe, was gently laid on a mattress. The considerate Indians spared their accustomed *Cheowanna*, that they might not awaken the rescued ones.

Prudence equally dictated quietness and silence, that their position might not be betrayed to their enemies. And though united, armed and under the invigorating impulse of triumph, they might now have defied whatever forces their foe might bring against them, yet it was remarked in the hasty council, which they held, that nothing but revenge could be gained by a fight; and, as their retribution had been ample, that was no longer desired even by the Shoshonee.

The note of packing and preparation for departure was heard through the camp. The bright morning sun of summer shone upon this bleak coast, before their marching arrangements had been completed. A breakfast was prepared under Areskouï's tent.—Luxurious refreshments from the castle were spread before the guests. The finest fresh fish, taken by the Indians, who had kept the camp, and abundance of game, hardly required their long abstinence and their voracious appetites to be rendered sumptuous. The rescued sleepers were awakened, to renew the scene of tears, embraces, thanksgivings and unutterable joy. The imperious wants of nature were acknowledged even by them, for they had taken no sustaining refreshment for days. Sleep and food and joy soon restored their exhausted strength; and they were the first to rise, and call for that commencement of their return march, which prudence so imperiously dictated. The Shoshonee, their hunger appeased, and moderate quantities of brandy from the castle distributed among them, speedily loaded their horses and mules. Jessy and Katrina were mounted upon the surest and easiest horses. The general word to mount was given. The prisoner pilots were ordered to accompany them one day's march, that they might not guide the forces of the Russian establishment upon them. Julius was pinioned to a horse incapable of speed, and placed between two Shoshonee, who

rode fine horses by his side, and who were selected for their vigilance and trustiness. They gave him well to understand, that he could not move, except by their direction, and that death would be the instant penalty of any effort to escape.

The dogs raised the marching yell of delight. The Indians beat their drums. The horses neighed with pleasure, as if unconscious of the immense march, and the whole expedition set forth from the sea, with their faces towards their green retreats in the interior.

Many of the details of this return march are pre-termitted, and left to be filled out in thought. The march was rapid; for until beyond the first range of mountains, they could not feel secure from the assaults of their foes. It was fortunate, for the season was delightful; the horses were fresh; provisions and even bread, wine and brandy abundant. It was a triumphant expedition, loaded with plunder and peltries. Even Jessy, in the joy of recent deliverance, and the transition from terror and outrage to security and friendship, was as cheerful as returning remembrances, associated with her native valley, would allow. Hence the expedition encountered with cheerfulness the ocean of sand-hills. On its skirt, they dismissed all those prisoners, who did not prefer to remain with them, to return to the Russian settlement, as aware that they were now sufficiently secure against the chances of soon rallying, and directing forces in pursuit. Most of the prisoners voluntarily preferred to accompany them; but three only chose to return, and they were despatched towards their homes on horseback.

The expedition returned by a route different from that on which they came out, longer, but deemed more practicable and abundant in game. Beyond the first range of mountains they found it necessary to halt in order to rest their horses, and allow them

pasturage free from their burdens. Their encampment was in the verge of a beautiful wood, on the margin of a stream abounding in fish. Illimitable prairies, dotted with wooded isles, and with herds of buffaloes and elk quietly feeding on the grass, were in view. Their tents were pitched. The little extempore Shoshonee town sprung up in the wood, showing in its domestic hum, its streaming smokes, and its busy inhabitants, that a city of bark habitations can be as social and as cheerful as one of marble mansions.

The first business of such an encampment, after witnessing the horses luxuriating in the tender grass, was to take fish and hunt buffaloes. Supplies as ample, as their wants, were obtained with facility in a stream, which had seldom been rippled by a hook or a spear; and on prairies, whose buffaloes and elk rarely snuffed the scent of human footstep.

Around the abundant and cheerful supper of that evening in the tent of Areskoui were assembled his domestic guests. Katrina had resumed all her former freshness and buoyancy. Her raven curls hung in her neck in their former luxuriance; and whilst gaiety, delight, and feelings kindled from the sun beamed on her cheek and in her eye, she affirmed, that all, that was requisite to render her the happiest being in the world, was to see every trace of gloom removed from the countenance of Jessy; while she, aware how many more of the circle felt this want, as the only drawback to their hilarity, suppressed her deep remembrances, as she might, and made an effort to seem as happy as the rest.

It may well be imagined, how eager was the curiosity of the rescued to hear the whole story of their deliverance, a chronicle not a circumstance of which had yet transpired. 'Come then,' said Elder Wood, 'since God has again spread our table in the wilderness,

since the moon and stars look quietly upon us, since all, but the pleasant sounds of the whippoorwill, and the rippling leaves, and the murmur of the stream are still, since this is an evening of rest and jubilee, let us relate to these, my dear rescued children, the story of their deliverance. *Not unto us; not unto us, but to their Almighty deliverer be the gratitude and the glory.*'

A white stranger, whom the rescued had already noticed, as a member of the expedition, was introduced by the name of Jablinski, a Pole by birth, who, if his enormous mustachios had been shorn, and his seal skin dress replaced by that of a civilized being, might well have been called handsome. Tall, strong-built, and erect, dogged self-will and good nature sat on his countenance, which showed a certain amount of fairness through the varnish of smoke and the tanning of exposure to the inclement elements, which had been superinduced by time. He was requested to relate his agency in the deliverance, in his own way. He gave it in French, and it was to the following effect. He had been a soldier in the Russian army, and had served in Germany and France. Indignant at not obtaining promotion, he deserted, and escaped to Kamtschatka. There chance brought him in contact with the crew of a fur ship bound to the Russian-American settlements. He proved himself to possess capabilities of uncommon adroitness in taking seals and sea otters. These qualifications procured him the command of the Aleutian seal takers on the isle of Ostroklotz. Some hundreds of these people resided on the island, who were found useful subjects by the Russians, as being simple, incapable of resistance, perfectly docile and subservient to their purposes, and withal excellent fishermen and seal takers. Thither Jablinski had been removed. He took an Aleutian wife, and soon mastered their language. His superior intelligence, and this intimate amalgamation with

them, gave him a patriarchal influence over them.— Conversing frequently with the officers of the castle, he strove to win their confidence, and to obtain some appointment within its walls, where his imagination had fixed the abode of ail possible enjoyment. But he had too bright an eye, and was seen with a scrutiny too jealous, to be admitted into that place. He had even solicited some petty office in the castle, and had been roughly and peremptorily refused. The affront rankled in his bosom, and stimulated him to revenge. Curiosity, imagination, and a licentious temperament, sharpened his purposes. His whole study, while guiding his Aleutians to their pursuits, centered upon the desire of gaining illicit ingress to the castle. His dreams constantly ran upon the delights of that interdicted place.

On pleasant summer nights he often traversed the exterior of the quadrangle in the darkness, pausing from time to time to catch the softened sounds of music and revelry, that came on his ear from within. He had often climbed the nearest cone-shaped hill, from the summit of which he could look down upon the illuminated interior space, and see the officers and the gaily dressed women promenading the esplanade in couples. Oh! thought Jablinski, could I but once place myself in fair competition with these happy officers. He had meditated the expedient, (for Jablinski had read romances) of carrier pigeons, paperkites, and the other conveyances of amatory verses and assignation billets over envious walls and into such guarded recesses. But pigeons, kites, conveyances of the sort he had none. Even had he the conveyances, it was quite doubtful, if the fair ones could read. He had had no chance of captivating them by the exhibition of his person and mustachios. There would have been a most disheartening vagueness, in making love to a fair one, that had never seen him.

Even could he have gained an epistolary promise of responding sigh for sigh, the most formidable difficulty was, that 'she could not get out at all, and he could not get in.' One of the favored servants of the establishment, the confidential pilot, was an Aleutian. He might, perhaps, be bribed to procure his admission. But this kind of eunuch was a dull fool, and was in confidence, because known to be brave, a good pilot, and so stupid, as to be unable to practise concealment. Jablinski feared detection, if he should be found tampering with such an one. He knew, that death would be the inevitable consequence.

Earnest desire is probably the phrenological organ, where originates invention. The winter of Ostroklotz is excessive for its severity. Most of the Aleutians had their winter habitations in the caves, with which the island abounded. It was a country of that class of formation, which is every where perforated with long subterranean passages, and hollow caverns. Jablinski knew one of these, the entrance of which was a quarter of a mile from the walls of the castle, and its labyrinths tended towards that establishment. As an experienced trapper, he knew well, that even the animals had the discretion to burrow towards their objects. 'Have I not as much sense,' said he to himself, 'and industry, as an opossum?' Forthwith Jablinski was in the habit, whenever he had a spare day, or night, and the latter case often occurred, of repairing to this subterranean cave, of exploring it by torch light, of enlarging its passages, in the direction, where they tended towards the castle. He finally discovered one labyrinth, which had so many windings and zigzags, that it might have required a less acute or adventurous general lover to make his way by the clue of a thread. He was no geometrician; but his invincible desire to obtain an admission stood him instead of the sciences and inspiration. He satis-

fied himself, in one of his explorations, that he was perpendicularly under the castle, and that portion of it occupied by the female apartments. But there might be ten feet of earth and rock between them.—Forthwith he began to burrow, like a ground squirrel, or muskrat. Rocks and earth were detached from above, sometimes not without the risk of breaking his head, or burying him alive. In the employment of every spare interval, he had labored for some months, not without exciting, more than once, the suspicions of his honest Aleutian wife, in view of his long absences.

At length he had fairly wrought a practicable burrow quite to the surface of a female apartment. It happened to be the loose plank floor of a closet. The candle of the fair occupant shone through the crevices! Here, his heart throbbing with the triumph of successful invention and industry, and with voluptuous anticipations, he often heard confidential narratives and adventures, which would not be worth relating, and which the parties dreamed not, that they were shared by any ears, but their own.

To be brief, Jablinski emerged from his sepulchral den. The fair occupant screamed; but her curiosity outran her terrors. She was not long inexorable, or either loth, or slow to aid him, in removing a plank or two, that gave him admission. It was easy, when he chose to retire, to replace the plank by which he entered. He disappeared in his cavern, when the interview terminated; and every thing showed as before.

While he was thus exulting in the success of this clandestine intercourse with the interior, the two captives were brought there. Such parts of their story, as were known, became a subject of frequent discussion between him and his fair one. Her highly colored painting of their beauty aroused his curiosity.—Her story of their persecutions and wrongs stirred up his indignation; for Jablinski had a heart, notwith-

standing his propensities in the direction of gallantry. It happened, that he had been ordered, about that time, with his Aleutians, to the continent, to pursue a prodigious herd of sea lions, that had been discovered haunting that part of the shore. They passed the mouth of the cove, where the Shoshonee were preparing their periogues. Circumstances brought Frederic and him in contact. They both spoke French, and he was from innumerable sympathies much more likely to become a friend to Frederic, than the Russian officers. Frederic comprehended at a glance all the importance of gaining such a confederate. He was introduced to Elder Wood and Areskoui. After satisfying themselves as to his capacity and fidelity, they disclosed to him their position and their object. He was the more ready to participate in it, from the circumstance, that he had been made fearfully aware, that his female friend was already excessively jealous of him, having in fact discovered him to be on terms of intimacy with another inmate of the castle. It was not without difficulty, and after the most earnest protestations of breaking off all other acquaintance in the castle, except with her, that she had hitherto been withheld from disclosing the secret of his subterranean access. Carrying, as he was well assured, he did, his life in his hand, every time he thus visited the castle, and promised protection, reward, and citizenship among the Shoshonee on the other hand, he was prepared to enter with his whole heart into their plans. A more fit instrument could not have been found. Visiting the island frequently, and repairing by night to his castle confidant, he was made acquainted with the state of things within, and taught his new confederates, that no time was to be lost, in making the effort to rescue the captives. Perfectly experienced in the secret of safe approach to the island, he bribed the Aleutian

pilot to conduct one boat from Ostroklotz, while he steered another. They landed at the mouth of the cove, near the working camp of Areskoui. His two periogues were now finished. They would conveniently contain fifteen persons each, beside the pilots. He had procured two Aleutian pilots, already on the continent pursuing seals, to steer the periogues of the Shoshonee. Before sunset the squadron of periogues, with sixty select warriors, among whom were Areskoui, Frederic and Elder Wood, piloted by three Aleutians and Jablinski, hoisted sail from the mouth of the cove for the anchorage ground near the island. There they waited till dusk began to conceal their approach. They landed safely. The Aleutian pilot ascended the steps in the first instance, and drew the guards from their position, by pretending to have something of great moment to communicate. It was, beside, an evening of holiday; and they were already nearly drunk. Areskoui and three of his friends sprang up the steps, seized the guards, and made sure of the pass, without giving an alarm. Areskoui and his friends and warriors made the circuit of the woods, to avoid discovery, from which they were also shielded at once by the darkness, and the universal occupation of every thought in the revelry of the castle. They followed Jablinski, darkling, through his labyrinth. His fair one was occupied with the rest in the festivities of the mockery of marriage. Her room was filled with the confederates, one mounting through the subterranean avenue after another. They examined their arms, and took counsel for a moment together. Elder Wood was preludeing to give them an harangue on the occasion, when the increasing din, and now the shrieks of the victims, met their ears. The door was thrown open, and the armed mass rushed into the entry, at the moment, that the lights were extinguished, and the victims dragged

out of their apartment. They had at first so surveyed the two principal villains in the light, as to make sure of them in the dark. The orgies of the evening precluded, on the part of the inmates, and the soldiers without, any chance of effectual resistance. All were occupied in some way in preparation for the expected festivities. The inmate of the apartment, which they entered, made one of the detestable company, who searched the captives for weapons. The expedition passed, a part into the hall, and a part into the esplanade. The soldiers, drunk, paralyzed, and thunderstruck with terror, were either knocked down, disarmed, or disposed to escape through the gate, which was at once thrown open. With the subsequent transactions all parties present had been acquainted, by being themselves actors in it.

With her quick and instinctive sense of propriety, Jessy made such acknowledgments, and expressed such gratitude to the Pole, as the case called for; and as might be rendered, without trenching upon self-respect. It would be to no purpose, to think of presenting the joy and renewed congratulations of this group of friends, bound to each other by such peculiar ties, as they resumed their march, with restored cheerfulness and vigor, along the desert. The chief passed them at the head of his warriors, his countenance rendered more interesting by the sallow and pale cast of fixed melancholy worn into it by habit, and contrasted by the intense brilliance of his eye, kindled by recent triumph, and the consciousness, that Jessy was once more with him in the care of her friends. In passing, he paused, and enquired with considerate kindness, "if the march could be rendered less fatiguing to them, by change of horses, or any of the circumstances, under which they journeyed?"—"Sister of my soul," said Katrina, in a low voice, as he passed beyond hearing—"what a chief is this! How

noble and kind! Wonder not, that I, who have been reared in the desert, and among the red people, should look at him, as I do. Admire not, that to me he is nobler and more beautiful, than even our Frederic. There is something in his sad countenance and bright eye, that soften me to pity and almost to tears?—and her innocent and ardent spirit continued to dictate the most enthusiastic praise of every thing in the chief, that is naturally the subject of female admiration. Jessy sighed with the sad presentiment, that she had succeeded but too effectually, in inspiring her young bosom with love; and her mind immediately began to ruminate the ways and means of undoing the web, which she had so recently woven. Hence her thoughts strayed away to forecast the uncertain future, and meditate, how she ought hereafter to dispose of herself and her time. One sacrifice would probably restore the chief to all his former energy and cheerfulness. The Shienne were subdued beyond the power of working future mischief. Hope and joy would at once restore to Areskoui all that manner and appearance, the want of which had produced murmurs among the disaffected, that they loved not a chief with the spirit of a woman. She would ensure permanent protection. In fixing her destiny beside the graves of her parents, she would probably fulfil, what had been the most settled plan and desire of her father. The Shoshonee might be civilized, and Christianized; and the heart of her venerable adopted father, in view of becoming the Apostle of the nation, made as happy, as human heart could be. She could not but trace her double deliverance to the chief, as the prime moving agent. In looking back to the first remembered period of her life, every act of his had been so considerate, disinterested, and of such unmixed purity, heroism and self denial, that she chided herself for allowing the dreadful associations

with the word *savage* to mix with her thoughts.— ‘Have I not said,’ she asked herself, ‘a thousand times, that beauty is of the mind; and what mind can show more beauty and nobleness?’ In this way she would cancel, by the only mode in her power, her infinite obligations. Here was the beautiful, innocent and warm hearted Katrina, who saw all his worth, without a thousandth part of her sense of obligation. Why had she not a similar feeling? What was love, but a specious and deceptive word, an apology for the caprices of the passions in opposition to reason, expedience and duty? But alas! there was no mistake. The more deeply and faithfully she probed her heart, the more clearly she discovered, that truth and sincerity and an invincible repugnance forbade the idea; and at the same time, afflicting and terrible disclosures of another kind began to be manifest to her search. How unjust and capricious, she thought with self-abasement, is the human heart! How little is it swayed by a sense of right and duty!

At noon they halted among rocks and cliffs, on the lofty table summit of the second range of mountains, they had to pass. ‘There,’ cried Areskoui, as they dismounted, and prepared for dinner, ‘there is our country. We may now defy the pursuit of the Russ. Wakona, never to unbend thy brow to cheerfulness, is to be ungrateful to the Master of Life. Thy parents are in the sunny plains of joy, in the land of souls. If thy brother has deserved aught in thy rescue, let me be repaid by once more seeing the smile of the early days of thy life.’

At the foot of the mountains was the most northern hunting range of the Shoshonee. A salmon stream laved their base. Beyond were intermixed woods, and prairies, and a wide plain abounding in game. They crossed the stream by a natural bridge of fallen trees, and encamped in this region of abundance, to hunt,

refresh their horses, and spend the festival of green corn.

Julius had been brought on thus far, pinioned after the Indian fashion, and guarded with such unremitting vigilance, that the thought of escaping from the tried Pentanona on one side, and Dembea on the other, had scarcely occurred to him. His horse, he knew, was purposely of inferior speed; and he felt, that the first movement to escape would be met by cutting him down. Bitter, it may be imagined, was the theme of his reflections, as he moved onwards, fatigued, despised, and shivering with anticipation at every halt, that there his fate would be decided. It tended not to mitigate the anguish of his dark thoughts, to see the affectionate courtesies of Frederic and Areskoui to Jessy, and the smile of gratitude, with which they were received. Every redoubled effort to soothe, and cheer her on their part, carried a new pang to his heart. Her murdered parents sometimes come over his mind, like a dark cloud. He felt within himself the strange enigma of the tormenting fury of his base appetites still unmitigated, and unsatisfied. 'There they go,' he reflected, 'loving and happy as angels; and what am I, and what soon to be!' Dark and interminable views of the dreadful future would then scorch his brain, as though it were pierced with a stream of lightning. Hopes of rescue or escape alike relinquished, his last reliance was a new appeal to the shrinking tenderness of Jessy. Horror thrilled from his heart to his remotest nerves, as he remembered the position, in which the weapon of Frederic had felled him, and the improbability, that Elder Wood and Frederic, and much less the Indians, would relax from their firmness, even if Jessy should ask his release. Whenever he contemplated the chances of his trial, the clammy sweat of death instantly started on his fore-

head. A stronger image of the tortures of the damned could no where be imagined, than in his case. The Indians, who passed him, deigned no reply to his questions, and looked at him as a thing that no longer had a sensitive existence. A hundred messages had been requested by him to Elder Wood, Areskoui, Frederic, Jessy, and even the more influential of the warriors. Not the slightest recognition or reply was manifested by either.

When his thoughts wandered, as they sometimes would, during his long and silent marches, from the horrible reality of the present to the dreamy remembrances of the past, there rose his magnificent home, in its oriental splendor and voluptuousness. There were the soothings, the indulgent fondness, the unlimited homage from numerous dependents, of his early years. There were his long revelries and the blandishments of riches, art, and the unlimited scope of his passions in the bowers of pleasure in Europe. He remembered the fawning obsequiousness of the victims, he had betrayed. He remembered in how many circles of the fair, titled, and distinguished, he had seen mothers stealthily pointing him out to their daughters; and he comprehended by the interpretation of vanity, the flattering portraits of these experienced instructors, as they described his wealth and amiability and beauty to their daughters.

What was he now? An abhorred, pinioned captive, a wretch in the midst of the American deserts, an object of abhorrence even to the meanest retainer of an Indian camp. The twice outraged, and rescued object of his guilty passions, passed in her loveliness, every day in his sight, and the vision of her beauty not rendered less interesting by the unalterable sadness of mourning occasioned by assassination of his procuring, and conscious that the fact must now be known to her. Yet, on her relenting, all his hopes of mercy must rest.

He had often striven to call up the hardihood necessary to suicide. When riding, as he had often done, on this long march, on the verge of precipices, whence a single plunge of his horse would have dashed him in pieces on the rugged rocks below, he had looked fearfully, and wistfully down the dizzy depths, and attempted to imagine the momentary mortal agony of the quiver and recoil, which would precede, what he hoped would be the extinction of his being. His head whirled, and he became faint at the thought. Then he meditated the death, which he could procure from his guards, by attempting to escape; and his coward heart shrunk at the imagination of feeling the cold hatchet's edge in his cleft brain. *'Not now. Not now. To-morrow. Another time. Hereafter I may feel nerved to an unshrinking fortitude to die.'* Such were his mental soliloquies. Once he thought he might strangle himself in such a way, as not to feel himself die. He seized his throat with his right hand, and held fast, till his effeminate dread of pain convinced him, that he could no way beguile himself out of life, without feeling the transit. Not unfrequently, the most torturing thought of all was, the last snatch of his broken slumbers, when a disturbed dream presented Jessy once more struggling in his arms. The contrast of his waking consciousness was a darkness of the soul, like that of Egypt, *to be felt.*

Areskoui informed his guests, as they halted on the opposite side of the stream, that he had promised his warriors to remain there for the maize festival; and that he should repose his horses and the expedition by a rest of three days. Preparations were instantly commenced for an encampment of more than ordinary consequence. The thicket sounded with frequent strokes of the hatchet, and bark cabins, of considerable size, and even neatness, rose in the green wood shade. It is one of the joyous circumstances append-

ed to the condition of these free commoners of nature, that wherever their feet press the soil, wherever there are streams, woods, grass, game, fish and fowl, and the circumambient blue above, they instantly find, in the language of the bible, *their city of habitation*. Their moral world surrounds them, like the atmosphere, wherever they pitch their tents. Towns, mansions, spires, towers, the fastidious creations of art, the complicated wants and aspirations of civilized pride, ostentation and ambition, are not requisite to supply every association, that belongs to the universally sacred word, *home*. In a remote desert, with desolate mountains, which they had scrambled over, on one hand, in a wood, by a stream, and with an ocean prairie, where elk and buffaloes were feeding on the other hand, they were cheerfully trampling down the grass, to form the lanes and alleys of communication between the habitations, which had been the work of but a few hours. Jessy and Katrina had already decked their little abode with evergreens and fragrant flowers; and had sauntered with Frederic on the banks of this desert stream, unknown to song, sketching the outlines of the landscape, as they paused, to survey the lonely grandeur of the scenery about them more attentively. Conversations in such a place, and between persons so situated, could scarcely fail to arouse from their deep places the long repressed sentiments of their hearts. These walks and these conversations, uninterrupted by the presence of either Elder Wood, or Areskoui, whose whole thoughts and energies had been given to fishing and hunting, had already occupied two days of their sojourn.

During these two days, they had procured as ample a supply of fish, fowl and game, as the exigencies of the expedition required. On the third, the Indians showed in their countenances, that some ceremonial of solemn import, and of a more stern charac-

ter; than the maize festival, was to be consummated. A deep and murky gravity and thoughtfulness dwelt upon every face; and they answered the questions of their civilized guests with the shortest economy of speech. Areskoui breakfasted with his guests in unwonted silence. His voice faltered, as he addressed them on rising from their food; and an unusual paleness and melancholy marked his countenance. 'My sisters,' he said, 'medicine man, and you, younger pale faces,' pointing to Frederic and Jablinski, who at this moment entered the tent, 'we have a great medicine solemnity to keep this day, which can be duly celebrated only by an unmixed assembly of red men. You will bear me witness, that this is the first time I have ever intimated to you, that we wish to be alone. In yonder pleasant point of wood, at the foot of the river's bend, you will find a tent prepared for you of the pale face. You will perceive, that it is supplied with the best of our stores, and the medicine drink from the grape. You will meet there two servants of the Spanish race, that your food may be prepared for you, according to your pleasure. It is the day sacred to your Wahcondah, as we keep that, which is hallowed to ours. It is right, that your medicine man should sometimes perform his more sacred rites, undisturbed by the presence of the unbelieving red men. When to-morrow's sun shall have walked forth above the mountains, we will unite again and resume our march in peace.'

Elder Wood and his friends, ruminating the import of this solemn prelude, arose to depart. They comprehended, that this separation was enjoined, chiefly, that the Shoshonee might proceed to the decision of the fate of Julius, uncensured and uninterrupted; without being diverted from their purpose by entreaties; and without having to exercise the harshness of refusing to listen to them. They perceived, too, that

Areskoui would feel reluctant to witness the horror, which such a spectacle would excite in their minds. In this view, the requested separation rather evinced considerate delicacy than harshness. 'Are they intending to sacrifice that man with the name not to be uttered,' asked Jessy, as paleness crossed the transient crimson of her cheek. 'Oh! were it not better, that we entreat his life once more?' 'The entreaty will not be mine,' gravely responded Elder Wood. 'I know not, that we ought to wish forbearance. I should feel no reluctance to hear, that he were punished with a quick and merciful death. We must leave him to that God, who is righteous and terrible in his judgments. I well know the ways of this people. Areskoui himself could as easily turn the sun from its path, as this people from their ways, even if he would. I am well assured, he would not make the trial. Let us refrain from intermeddling with their usages, which would not swerve their purpose, and might injure us?'

They arrived at their assigned tent, and were struck with the extreme beauty of the position, and the taste, with which it was fitted up. It was large, and cone shaped, and covered with buffalo robes, brightly stained, and neatly disposed upon long poles, bent over each other in an elliptical curve. Every part was decked with the gayest desert flowers; and, as they had been notified, abundant provision had been made for food and refreshment. The day was the Christian Sabbath, a solemnity, on which Jablinski placed no particular value. He felt, beside, that his presence would be no addition to the pleasure of their confidential privacy. He begged to be allowed to amuse himself with his yager in his own way. Elder Wood, after a short remonstrance touching the violation of the Sabbath, added, 'that a compelled observance of the holy season was not that incense of the heart, called for by the God of the Sabbath.' Thus the little en-

deared circle were left to themselves. Elder Wood immediately drew forth his pocket bible and hymn book. He read that beautiful psalm, in which the various deliverances of the Almighty, from the different calamities of human life, by land and by sea, are celebrated; and at the close of each strain of which it is added, *O praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.* He prayed, and touched with a tenderness, that filled his own eyes, and those of his hearers, upon the merciful and wonder working providence, which had been so conspicuously manifested in the rescue of his dear children there in the presence of God. Scarce had he risen from prayer, and given out the hymn which they commenced singing, than another song, the death song of three hundred Shoshonee, was heard coming in broken peals, and in its appalling energy over the plain. When the chorus sunk, its deep and guttural notes might be best likened to the hollow and distant murmur of a full mountain torrent.

The song of Zion was broken off in the midst. No one had the heart to sound another note. 'Let us away,' cried Jessy, 'before the sound shall be so in my ears, as that it can never be blotted from memory.' Giving, therefore, a hasty charge to have supper ready at the accustomed hour, and taking refreshments with them for dinner, they set forth towards a spectacle, which showed at the distance of more than a league to the east of their tent. It presented the appearance of an immense temple, separated a few paces from the perpendicular face of a high mountain. Even seen at that distance, the columns would have been estimated six hundred feet in height, and the magnitude of the whole in every respect corresponding. Compared to this desert temple, the pyramids were the erections of children. The morning sun shone upon its purple color, changing it to the most

splendid crimson. 'Let us visit this mansion of the Manitou,' (for such was the import of its name in Shoshonee) said Elder Wood, 'and in admiring the grandeur of the works of God, let us forget the angry and unrighteous passions of man.' The servants preceded them, bearing refreshments; and they hurried their steps over the flowering prairie, solicitous, as soon as might be, to get beyond the increasing fury of the Indian death song.

Before they reached the magnificent pile, every moment swelling its dimensions in their eye, they had ceased to hear the death song, except in some of the softened notes dying away on the breeze. *The temple of nature*, as Jessy named it, although at a distance it had the semblance of being scarcely separated from the mountain, when reached, measured a distance of at least fifty paces from it. The mountain rose in mid air between two and three thousand feet in perpendicular height from the level of the prairie. It was all of purple colored stone. Its naked front showed, as if it had been hewed, and polished. A considerable stream above, just before its leap separated into numerous channels, and streamed down this surface, like ribbands of lustring let down from the sky. The most splendid rainbows were painted upon them; and when they united at the mountain's base, they formed a beautiful transparent stream, skirted with innumerable wild flowers, surmounted with humming birds and bees. Turtles, orioles and song sparrows emulated each other's notes, in the beautiful shrubs that fringed the stream. The temple's roof was supported on more than a hundred columns. Its circular dome showed of Grecian proportions, and it rested upon circular ranges of columns. Near it rose tall pillars of the same purple and polished stone, showing like obelisks. Beyond were structures resembling pyramids. If all this magnificent show were really

the sport of nature, which its prodigious dimensions, and its indescribable grandeur showed it to be, nothing could more resemble the works of art. The party long contemplated this stupendous work in silent admiration and amazement, interrupted only by the devout ejaculation of Elder Wood, '*great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches.*'

To render the resemblance of this wonder of the solitude to a temple still more striking, the falling waters generated a breeze between the mountain side and the temple, which in rushing along the columns, and under the vaulted dome, formed a kind of Eolian harp of a hundred chords, and a power, like that of the deeper notes of the Harlem organ. Here they all joined in Elder Wood's favorite hymn, almost deafened, and alarmed at the extent and power of the echoes; and ceasing at intervals, only to listen to the incessant voluntary of the house of nature.

Between the mountains and the columns was an area of some acres, beaten perfectly smooth, and of a polished purple surface. It was one of those places, so common in the western portions of this continent, called a *Lick*. When they concealed themselves within the temple, in a direction not to be scented by the desert animals, it was covered with antelopes, buffaloes and elk, who came there to lap the saline particles, which nature had mixed with the earth. It was only to show themselves, and these free dwellers of the wilderness sped away, evincing how little grateful was the sight of man.

In listening to this music, in surveying this magnificent pile, in noting these habits of the larger animals of those regions, and in such conversations, as the day, the scene and their peculiar state of feeling elicited, they forgot the dreadful ceremony, and the

death song, which had driven them from their tent. Beneath a sugar-maple, where they heard on one hand the song of a hundred birds, and on the other the incessant swell of this magnificent Eolian harp, they brought forth their refreshments. They refused not the wine cup, dashed with the cold and limpid element, which fell from the mountain. When they had temperately partaken, Elder Wood bade them enjoy themselves in that beautiful place, while he retired to his solitary devotions in the interior of the temple of nature. One of those conversations ensued, which are chiefly interesting in the ear of the young, and which brought smiles even on the sad countenance of Jessy. It is only necessary to indicate, that Frederic became eloquent and most enthusiastically poetical, in expatiating upon the beauties of that place, and the perfect happiness, which he felt conscious, he could there enjoy with only the selected of his heart—of the world forgetting, and forgotten—worshipping with the beloved one in that temple, with its unceasing music, drinking from that transparent stream, sheltered in that beautiful wood, and feeding from the wild fruits and beasts of the desert, and the feathered tenants of the woods and the streams, as fearless of them, as the primitive races were of the first pair in Paradise, before sin had brought terror of man among them. ‘You would almost make me curious to hear the name of the Eve, who would share your Eden,’ said Jessy. ‘That name,’ he answered, ‘must rest ever unrevealed.’

That day, so passed, and in the calm delight of the confidential intercourse of the heart, each of the three felt to have been one of the happiest of their lives.—The slant rays of the sun were already falling in sober majesty upon the verdure of the prairie, imparting a rainbow tinge of gold to its green, when Elder Wood, having finished his private devotions, called

upon them to return to supper. 'I wish so deeply,' cried Frederic, 'to impress this scene upon my memory, that hereafter, by intense recollection, and by closing my eyes, I can recall it again.' 'And I,' said Jessy, 'have taken a method more consonant to our gross material structure, to preserve the vivid remembrance of this scene. She unrolled her port folio. There were the sleeping mountains. There was the polished and perpendicular surface of that, which impended them. There was the temple of nature, to which St. Peter's was but the erection of pygmies. There were the buffaloes and elks—ready to bound along the prairie, and the birds reposing in the firmament, and the ducks seemingly pattering in the stream. There was Frederic electing his Eve, and apparently about to build his bower;—in short, a bold and spirited outline of all, that was before them—with much of moral grandeur and sentiment which the sketch spoke to the imagination. 'To how much better purpose you have occupied your time, than we,' exclaimed Frederic;—and all this the work of but an hour;—for we have scarcely noted the operations of your pencil. You have grasped every thing, but the music;—and when I look on those columns, I shall easily imagine that also sounding in my ear.' 'It is for you,' she said, 'if you will accept it;—and as she presented it, he cried in classical enthusiasm, *Feriam sidera sublimi vertice*, and felt, that this was the happiest moment of his life.

They returned. Supper was prepared. Elder Wood renewed the worship and thanksgivings. The evening hymn was sung, and the parties sat at the door of their tent in delighted silence, listening to the blended cries of the desert, in which no voice of human being mingled, and in watching the appearance of the countless gems sparkling on the grass and flowers from the fire-flies. Pentanona entered the tent,

bearing, as he said, two letters, one to Elder Wood, the other to Jessy. Torches were lighted, and the latter turned pale, as she recognized the autograph of Julius. In other times, it had been one of extreme beauty. It was now with difficulty legible. Her hand trembled, as she essayed to make out the contents. She passed it to Elder Wood, requesting him to read. Though superscribed to her, the contents were addressed to him.

‘Minister of Jesus—A wretch in agony implores you by Him, who suffered for mankind, to have mercy upon him. He extenuates nothing. The vilest outrage and abandonment were his purpose. He confesses, that he deserves the worst. His only plea is, that he was ruined by the doting indulgence of his parents. Luxury and pleasure have enervated him, and he has not the courage to bear pain. Death is horror to him, and Oh, God! Oh, God!—the terrible death of a slow fire. Christ pitied his tormentors. Oh! let Jessy pity me. The agony is greater, than human nature can bear. Oh! Elder Wood, come, and pray with, and for
JULIUS.’

The other paper, addressed to Elder Wood, was a full and accurately drawn will, conveying his whole inheritance, in the amplest form, to Jessy, or her assigns, as some inadequate reparation for insults intended, or inflicted. Annexed to it was a line to his parents, confessing his repeated outrages to Jessy, and begging them to regard her, as their child in his place, and assuring them, that his only consolation in death was the firm persuasion, that they would regard that, as the last will and testament of their dying son. Of this will Elder Wood and Frederic were named witnesses and executors.

The whole was enclosed in an unsealed envelope, and it had evidently been prepared, as a last expedient, with a view to soften the heart of Jessy. The envelope was scrawled with these words.

‘They have unbound my hands, and furnished me with the means of writing this. They are dancing round the pile, on which I am to suffer by fire. My oath, that I would possess thee, at the expense of death and hell, rings in my ears, as a knell, that would awaken the dead. Oh God! have mercy. Every thing whirls before my eyes, and I can only pray, that you may forget, if you cannot forgive **JULIUS.**’

The countenances of the readers and hearers were equally pale, as they studied out these expressions, word by word. Katrina supported Jessy, bathing her temples, and holding her volatiles. Pentanona, the while, calmly smoked his calumet, appearing not to notice the successive changes of their countenances. When the reading was finished, he stood up, and said, ‘I am charged to inform you, that the bad pale face, who made these medicine marks, has gone to the land of souls. We have accomplished the most solemn sacrifice of the red men. We have sent the spirit of the bad pale face, with that of Nelesho, to minister to the parents of Wakona, and others slain in that fray, in the country of shadows. Tomorrow we resume our march. If the medicine man would know the particulars of this sacrifice, let him come forth, and I will relate them to him apart.’

Elder Wood followed him from the tent, and heard the appalling story. It was a recital to create horror and curdle the blood. When the Indians expire, in these terrible sacrifices, the hardened endurance, the seeming insensibility, the invincible apparent apathy, show, that there is training, that there are resources of firmness, that there are motives, under the influence of which, the moral exhibits a striking triumph over the physical nature—that, fear and every form of pain and death can be completely vanquished. The martyrs of all time, under certain circumstances the most sensitive and delicate women, and univer-

sally the red men of the desert, exemplify this fact. The sufferer of the latter class smokes, chaunts his death song, defies his enemies, and by every movement evinces that self-possession, which is the strongest testimony, that the mind has the mastery of the body—a most impressive proof, that man is not all clay, and that this elastic and invincible spirit, which quails not in the endurance of agony, has a presentiment, that it cannot be touched by death.

In this case there were none of these circumstances tending to mitigate the horror of the scene. The enervated coward, libertine, voluptuous, effeminate, and pampered from his cradle, united the most masculine fierceness of inordinate passions, the most unshrinking conceptions of cruel enormity to the nervous timidity of a weak and hysterical female, spoiled by affluence. When he meditated crime, mercy, consequences, heaven and hell, the present and the future, were alike laid out of the case. When his projects miscarried, and the righteous reaction of his guilt returned on his own head, his dastard spirit quailed, and the meanness of his humiliation was as extreme, as the cruel enormity of his purposes. 'Who could doubt,' Pentanona asked, 'that notwithstanding all his show of penitence, and his crouching submissiveness of supplication, to save his vile life, that, had he been spared, he would have renewed his purposes the first day of his freedom.'

There is a peculiar excitement operating upon the red men in cases of burning, which renders the beholders as inaccessible to feeling, and as inexorable to pity, as the sufferer seems to be incapable of pain. The preparations were all executed under his eye. He saw the warriors eagerly adding faggot to faggot, and mixing green billets with dry. He heard them carelessly discussing all the circumstances of torment, they were preparing. The medicine men, hideously painted, stood apart, beating their drums, and at in-

tervals starting the death song, in which the rest joined in those horrible strains, which had so rung in their ears at the tent in the morning. He saw these warriors, so peaceful in their repose, so shepherd-like, when reclining in the shade of their camp in the slumber of their passions, apparently transformed by this scene and singing to the rage and fury of demons. They yelled, leapt aloft in the air, and danced; and when they paused for a moment, it was to resume the fearful chaunt of their death song. An insatiable delight in the groans and agony of the victim had been created by the spectacle. He made his last effort to operate upon their obdurate natures, in thrilling entreaties, uttered in screams of terror, that they would not fire the pile, until they had a return to his messages to their friends. He struggled with his pinions, till his unheeded cries to the young chief for mercy sunk away from exhaustion. The serious and calm indifference of the chief might have been taken for the result of deafness. Not so the rest. Their shouts of laughter, and the energy of their dancing were increased to tenfold vehemence. 'The fair pale face cries, like an old woman,' they shouted amidst their peals of merriment. The medicine men, meanwhile, beat their drums with a seriousness as inflexible, and an industry as uninterrupted, as though the ceremony could not proceed, if they were for a moment to remit their beating. They occasionally chaunted, 'we hear their spirits cry for vengeance. Wait till the sun casts no shadow, and the debt shall be paid.'

The stake was a sapling shaft, stripped of its bark, of fifty feet in height, and planted perpendicularly. The moment to fire the pile was, when that stake should cast no shadow; and the fearful shortening of that shadow was noted by the quailing eye of the victim, who was bound fast to it. A human hand might now have spanned the shadow. The whooping and

the Cheowanna-ha! ha! at that moment could only have been aptly imaged by that impressive figure, *the sound of many waters*. The young chief raised his hand. 'The eye of the Master of Life is now directly upon us,' he said; and as his hand fell, a few low notes upon the drums, and the death song sinking almost under the breath of the warriors, and an imitation of the cry of one in the last struggles of dissolution, was the signal to fire the pile. The oldest warrior of the expedition seized a flaming brand from a fire in the centre of the camp, kindled on purpose. He flourished it swiftly three times over his head. He then calmly applied it to the pile, amidst shrieks from the victim, which none but a red man's heart could have endured.

As the fire streamed aloft, 'I saw,' said Pentanona, 'big drops rise on the forehead of the base squaw. You know, that Pentanona, cannot say the thing that is not. I saw the hairs on his head become white, before they kindled in the blaze. After all, our warriors, who suspended their dancing, and their songs, to feast on the groans of the squaw, were robbed of their joy. The green wood hissed with the steam of a hot, but slow fire; and we intended to have danced, and sung to his cries, till the setting sun. But, as the fire began to scorch his locks, we saw him fall lifeless and motionless.'

With the morrow's dawn, the Shoshonee expedition was in order for marching. The averted eyes, with which Areskoui met, when he presented himself in Elder Wood's tent, had been expected. 'I am aware,' he said calmly, 'that your thoughts utter, *this it is to be a savage*. Be it so. I bear the spirit of a red chief. The shades of the parents of Wakona, and of my slain warriors have visited my dreams. Their cry for vengeance has been in my ears. Their shades are now appeased; the bad

Shienne chief has company in the land of souls, and my bosom is lighter. The timorous shrinking of the pale face, which invites the repetition of crime, is with you mercy and civilization. Our stern and inflexible justice, which measures blood for blood, and life for life, is with you abhorrent savage cruelty. Had I once more released this pale face, I might say, that I should have been able no longer to control my warriors, who would have viewed me, as an old woman. But I will not endeavor to win your opinion by any insincerity. From the moment he came in my power, I laid myself under an interdict, that he should die. I would have preferred, that he should have fallen, as your men of war fall—pierced by the instant death of the yager. But, remember, our customs. They come down to us with the sanction of ten thousand moons. How barbarous would many of the ways of the pale face appear, deprived of this sanction.' 'There is ample truth in all that,' said the Kentucky minister, in whose bosom the calm sternness of the young chief found palliation, if not a kindred feeling.

'Sister of my heart,' said Katrina to Jessy, as their horses ambled side by side, 'how could you look so coldly on the chief, as he entered our tent this morning? Were my heart in thy bosom, he would no longer despair, though he has allowed his warriors to punish Julius;' and as usual, she continued to expatiate in the ear of her musing companion the praises of Areskoui.

Much of this return march was over mountains, unfrequented even by the Shoshonee. They were found to be of the most rugged and precipitous character; and opposing an uncommon distance of snowy summits, where sterile and inhospitable nature offered nothing to man or beast. Everlasting storm and frost reigned among these desolate and appalling peaks.

Their horses and mules died, in numbers, from hunger and fatigue. Here the expedition would have fallen, without a record of their catastrophe, had not Areskoui, as a pioneer, discovered a pleasant valley among the central mountains, which yielded grass, service berries, mountain sheep, antelopes and other game. The cold and ice formed torrents, also, were alive with the speckled trout. They reposed in this charming vale, called in Shoshonee the Valley of Deliverance, two days; and recommenced their march. The indefatigable young chief, although lean, sallow, and apparently in decay, alone seemed unwearied, undismayed, and alike impassible to hunger or fatigue. Even the Kentucky minister felt his limbs stiffened with toil. Jablinski was little more than a rough and unpolished voluptuary, and rather required aid, than felt disposed to yield it. Frederic, though he had the spirit of a lover and a hero, had the habits of endurance only of a common man. Jessy and Katrina were, in some passes of peculiar difficulty, physically exhausted beyond the possibility of further exertion. The capabilities of Areskoui were new even to them. It would have furnished a subject for the pencil, to see the son of Ellswatta bearing one of these fair girls, as incapable of further exertions as an infant, from rock to rock, and from cliff to cliff; and depositing her on a level spot, and returning for the other.

Pleasure and pain, toil and repose all have their assigned limits in the ever varying vicissitudes of human things. Areskoui no longer had the pleasure of leaping down the mountains, carrying Jessy in his arms, as the mother bears her infant. The green vallies, and the wood fringed and winding course of the Sewasserna were once more visible from the declivities of the last mountain. The spirit of repose rested upon it, in the form of beautiful wreathings of

morning mist. The advanced warriors had already reached this view, before it had become visible to the household of Elder Wood. But they were cheered with the warrior's rejoicing song. 'We have come in triumph from the foiled Russ. We have come from the wigwam of ice. We have redeemed the captives. Thanks to the Master of Life, we see once more our own vale—where are our babes, and the bones of our fathers.'

Soon they were on the pleasant banks of the Sewasserna, feeling once more the bland south breeze, under the shade of branching sugar-maples. A short distance below was the deposit of their periogues. The horses were unpacked, and the crafts laden with their burdens. The conscious and joyful animals neighed for gladness, and commenced a return course, parallel to that of their riders, in a brisk pace, and guided by the unerring precision of instinct towards their homes. The dogs whined awhile for admission to the boats with their masters. A few favorites only were indulged. The rest raised a joyful yelp, and started away in the rear of the horses. The warriors forthwith, and Elder Wood's friends, were reposing in the cool shade of the over arching sycamores and peccans, as they floated down the sinuous bends of the beautiful stream.

The domestic smokes of these primitive valley dwellers were once more seen, rising in the quietness and repose of the setting sun. The thronging of congregated and reunited wives, fathers, children, friends, lovers, the joyful garrulity of clusters of acquaintances, endeared by habit, furnished that picture of the union of half a nation, that had been long over the hills, and far away, with the stationary half, which had remained to guard the sepulchres of the rude forefathers of the nation, which must be dear to the heart to contemplate. 'Welcome! Welcome!' cried

they, who came out to meet the returning warriors. 'Welcome from the far north—from the foiled Russ, and the mountains.' The song was more loud and cheerful—for it told of triumph and success, unmixed with mourning, and of abundance of peltries and spoil. As the venerable Ellswatta and his wife relinquished the embrace of their son, they most affectionately welcomed the friends of Elder Wood. With mute and delighted attention they listened to the story of their son's exploits, and the adventures connected with the deliverance of the captives, as successively told by Jablinski, Elder Wood and Frederic. As the eventful story closed, Ellswatta drew his calumet from his mouth. 'All we desire,' he said, 'of the Master of Life, is, that our son may come after us, as the sun rises upon the darkness, and that our rescued children, Wakona and Katrina, may be content with our valley, and never expose themselves to the cruelty of the bad pale face again.'

Jessy and Elder Wood were speedily settled in the house, built under other auspices, and for the Song Sparrow. Once more she sat beneath those pines, where she had first seen the light, and felt the parental caress. The deep strain of the evening breeze in their tops discoursed to her the joy of grief, remembrances of joys that were past, and restored the shades of the departed to the eye of memory. Close in view were the brands and coals and ruins of her paternal dwelling; and but a few paces thence the fresh graves. From what scenes, from what toils, from what wastes of land and sea had she returned! True, Katrina was by her side. But the presence of the blithe and buoyant girl accorded not with the tone of her mind on thus revisiting spots so sacred to memory.

The first bursts of feeling and sorrow, by the soothing influence of the effort to resume her former pursuits, and by the repetition of a few days, softened

into the settled and sober sadness of a composure not without its pleasures. Dividing her society and her walks equally between Frederic and the young chief, when Elder Wood accompanied them not, her manner seemed to say, 'I have had enough of adventures, in attempting to return to the world. I mean to cling to the shelter and protection of the valley.' But such had been the revulsion of the feelings and habits of all the parties, concerned in the terrible recent events, that it was many days, before the ancient order of things resumed its course, and brought its former interest. Elder Wood preached, and Jessy painted, and Frederic played his flute, and Areskoui governed, as those, who only performed the offices mechanically, and took little interest, in what they did.

The two orphans, indeed, wanted no temporal comfort. The confiscated property of Hatch furnished Elder Wood's establishment with such conveniences, as had formerly belonged to the habitation of William Weldon. Elder Wood manifested towards his two wards the good fidelity and the paternal solicitude of a father. The first return of intelligence from Astoria informed them, that the pecuniary and other resources of Jessy, left at her lodgings, when she was carried into captivity, were still in the custody of their host, and disposable at her order. Elder Wood, as a devoted missionary of the cross, was once more busy, *in season and out of season*, in the pursuit nearest and dearest to his heart, the attempt to bring these heathens to the obedience of the gospel. A feeling of shame aroused Jessy from the indolence and apathy of grief, as she saw all else beginning to be interested, and occupied as formerly. 'Shall I be the only being in this valley,' she asked herself, 'who cannot exercise sufficient energy of character, to awaken to a pursuit, and find interest in some duty, as if no duty in the universe any longer remained to me?'

With such purposes, she intimated to her friends, that she would strive to resume her pencil in the bow-er of the blue lake. This wish was as a command. Areskoui directed his warriors, while they grubbed up the intruding tangle of foliage. The vines were trained. The walks were smoothed. The interior was fitted up, as formerly. There were no longer fears from insurgent Shienne, or their moody and plotting chief. There could be imagined no grounds for fear of danger from aught, that surrounded them.— Her books and drawing apparatus once more surrounded her. Their suppers and their coffee were once more taken in this charming spot. But, while Josepha and Ellswatta sat on the sod seats, enjoying the cool of sunset, two figures were so conspicuously wanting, that tears unconsciously fell from the eyes of Jessy, while she was even speaking the accents of gladness. Frederic played his flute, but the tones sounded in her ear, as those of a dirge. She attempted to sketch the scenery; but her pencil involuntarily evoked the shades of her dear parents, as they used to ascend the acclivity, to conduct her home at night-fall.

Elder Wood was the only one of the establishment, who soon found himself completely at home. By his share in the property of Hatch, he was placed above the necessity of longer following his yager or his traps, except for exercise, and as an amateur; and the much enduring Kentuckian returned from his wanderings with an unbroken and unabated love for his holy function, bringing to that the same generous intrepidity, warmth of heart and capability of sacrifice, that had so endeared him to his friends and Areskoui on the late expedition. Again his sonorous voice was heard on the Sabbath, and whenever circumstances admitted of a gathering of the red men under the sycamore, in exhortations, prayers and hymns of praise,

The renewed experience, which his wards had had, of the paternal care, that God exercises over innocence in oppression and distress, enabled him to speak with more unction, and from a fuller heart, of the parental character of the Almighty. The vacant seats where Julius had been accustomed to sit, the wide unoccupied space, which had been formerly filled by the proud and Herculean Nelesho, in the centre of his Shienne, these circumstances were well calculated to be seized by an ardent and imaginative mind, like his, as themes of powerful and impressive eloquence. 'But a short time since, they had listened with us,' he said, 'in comparative innocence. They were swift as eagles. They were strong as lions. But they are fallen in their sins. They have gone down to the lake, that burneth with brimstone and fire; and a voice seems in my ear to come from their vacant seats, calling on you, who are still subjects of mercy, to avoid their doom.' The minister, as usual, once on this exciting strain, seldom failed to pour forth the fullness of his heart, till his own excited feelings caused the tears to descend his cheeks. The pale and thoughtful countenance and the tearful eye of one of his wards evidenced, that he carried her feelings, if those of none other, with him.

But while the man of God in his respectable employment was engaged and happy, while the nation had returned to its pristine quietness, while new trappers from the shores of the sea and the sources of the Missouri were occupying the vacant cabins of the Shienne, while Katrina, joyous, buoyant, and in the freshness of youth and health, was developing a beautiful form, and new personal charms, so gay and happy herself, as hardly to be capable of conceiving that care and gloom could exist about her, Frederic, Jessy and Areskoui were, each in their own way, proofs of the old adage, that men may change their sky and

condition, without changing their minds. The parents of the young chief had exulted, on his return, in the sanguine anticipation, that now, when nothing further was to be apprehended from the Shienne; now, that Wakona had returned, and it was understood, was to remain perpetually in the valley, sharing her kindness between their son and Frederic, as a sister to brothers; now, that he had come back in triumph from such a glorious expedition, he would be cheerful, spirited, and such a chief, as would more than replace his father. For a few days, his renovated efforts to resume his former spirit and activity, the gladness of a return to his parents, and the consciousness of the deliverance he had wrought for her he loved, seemed to promise the fulfilment of their hopes. But in situations of extreme peril, in the long and trying expedition, in the fury of the fray at Ostroklotz, when bearing Jessy in his arms over the mountains and precipices, in the distractions of a long journey, one sentiment neutralized another. Now, that events had resumed their accustomed course, that the valley was in repose, that a ray of cheerfulness played once more upon the pale cheek of Jessy, the one, single, absorbing sentiment of his heart began to resume its terrible empire there, as hectic fixes its surest influences, where every thing external gives the strongest promise of health and life. His parents remarked, and all that felt sufficient interest in him, to note his habits, observed, that he no longer cared for his wonted enjoyments. Sometimes he rose from his food, apparently unconscious, that it had been spread before him. He was absent, dreaming and abstracted. He returned vague and wrong answers to the questions of his parents. Even, when in council, or command among his Shoshonee, he was inactive and spiritless; and required, that his proper course should be dictated to him by another. Hunting, trapping, Indian

sports, warlike exercises, and all the varieties of prompt calls to precede in the duties of a chief, were either neglected, or required that Pentanona, or some other devoted friend, should whisper them in his ear. Chieftainship was indeed, to a certain extent, hereditary among his people. But, unless energy and the spirit of command descended with it, the charter of transmission soon became an obsolete form.

As this fierce people saw these symptoms of decline in their chief, saw him growing pale, feeble, languid and indifferent in the discharge of his duties, instead of pitying him, or being softened by sympathy for his case, they began to murmur in disaffection. They said, and they said perhaps, truly, 'that it was the poison of the mixed blood of the pale face in his veins, that rendered him the victim of this medicine spell, for which there was no corresponding feeling in a red man's bosom, to enable him to account. They remembered the fierce and ever active Neles-o. He, too, had loved Wakona. But it was a love, that rendered him more fierce and terrible, and abated no portion of his power.' They failed not, at the same time, to remark, that it was, because the enervating influence of no mixture of blood was in his veins.

His parents expostulated. His mother wept with him and for him, while his father used the stern and uncompromising language of a red man and a chief. 'It is shame to thee, my son, said the hoary chief in a voice of bitterness, 'as I have said to thee in seeing former follies of this kind, that thou hast no more spirit, nor pride, than thus to allow thyself to yield to this vile weakness, like a blighted prairie flower, cut down under the withering of a summer's sun. I have seen thine eye in battle become as that of the eagle; and then I joyfully recognized my son. But the moment thou camest back in triumph, and be-

holdest the rescued in peace, and ready to smile upon thee—the moment, thou once more becomest the light of thy father's and mother's eye, thou art languid, like a sick woman. I feel the bold and upward spirit of a chief still burning at my heart, old, and worn as I am. Art thou my true son, and yet become as a withered plant? Curse on the mixture of blood in thy veins. It has brought on thee the wrath and the medicine influence of the Wahcondah of the white race and ours. When I ask, who will govern the Shoshonee, after thy old father has gone down to the sunless valley, the thought of leaving behind me a weak and degenerate son, a passive slave of those, he should have commanded, I become, as though tormented by the little white men of the mountains. Perhaps a chief of the hated Shienne, for such a one holds the next place in the council to thee, will command my nation. Little men will walk over my grave, and Manitewah's prophecy will be accomplished, who foretold, that I should be the last of my race. Thou hast loved Wakona, and for that I blame thee not; for she is lovely, and at thy period of life, I might have yielded to the same folly. She returneth not thy love; and for that I reproach her not. The Master of Life is alone able to move the fountains of the heart. The sun, moon and stars, the streams and seasons, touched by this finger, move on in their unchangeable courses. But I do chide thee for not remembering, while thou beholdest the maiden of fair face and raven locks, that thou art a chief, and shouldst conquer a love, that cannot be returned, even as thou must learn to govern others by first subduing thyself.

'Thy son listens to thy words,' replied the young chief, 'with reverence, and as if spoken by the Wahcondah. But dost thou not forget, in thy stern reproof, that the way of the Master of Life in the heart

of thy son is as unchangeable, as in the course of the sun and the return of the seasons? Ask the wild animals not to love their offspring. Call on the birds to forget the spring season of their loves. I, too, am borne onward with the rest. Ah! it is, because every thing is unchangeable, and settled by the Master of Life, that I cannot tear her image from my heart.'

The heart of the mother of Areskouï, formed of a material less stern, rose against the kindly intended severity of her husband. All the mother was stirred in her soul, as she saw him pale, subdued and decaying, as a plant seared by premature autumnal frost. She remembered well the devouring fires of her own youthful bosom; 'and I,' she said 'have transmitted him this destroying inheritance. Let me try to soften Wakona herself.' With this purpose, she sought the mourner alone. 'Wakona,' she said, 'I am a mother in despair. I have an only son. I bore him in my bosom, to perpetuate my name, and be the chief of this noble people. Thou hast yet loved no one, but thy parents, and canst not have sounded the depths of a mother's love, or thou wouldst not leave us all to see him consume away, as by a slow fire. Wakona, did not thy parents love him? Played you not in love together under yonder pines, when we were all so happy? Rememberest thou not the pledges of a love, which fixed upon thee from his infancy? But I will not remind thee of his deeds of sacrifice and love from his earliest years, to his late return with thee from the cruel Russ. Canst thou say, that he is not noble in appearance, or that the tinge, which he derives from the red men; adds not a sternness to his visage, befitting a warrior; born to breast the elements, and look upon the sun? Is he less noble in thine eye even, than thy friend with the lily forehead? Were it not more worthy of thee, to be the wife of a chief, and to reign over this people by ruling him, than to be one of the

undistinguished million among thine own people? What a race, fair as the angels, beautiful as the children of the sun, would come after you? How glorious to thee, to seal his heart for the true God, and the faith of Elder Wood! We would raise the towns and churches, and make the great paths, and introduce the improvements of our own race into this fair valley. The books of our writers should tell of us in story and song; and the white people of the far countries would travel among us, not to trap beaver or cheat us of our furs, but to admire the female law-giver and queen of the Shoshonee. I beseech thee, Wakona, on my knees, to pity him, and not to destroy the hope of our race, him, us, thyself; for who will protect thee, when he is no more? I implore thee by the mother of God, and thy own parents, to listen to a mother in despair.'

While she was thus pleading with frantic earnestness for him, he entered, unavoidably instructed in her purpose, and the tenor of her words, by what he had heard. He spoke in a tone of calmness, but almost of authority, 'my mother, thou forgettest thyself, and dost not remember, that our medicine ways forbid us to importune those, who cannot love. Wouldst thou force Wakona to speak with a false tongue, and take from her the charm of truth? Wouldst thou by such motives use a violence only less, than that of Julius? Let us away. Wakona has lost her parents, and is not less sad than myself. I swear by the Wahcondah, she shall not be tormented by these importunities. Go, mourner, to thy medicine father; and thou shalt in this way be vexed no more;' and with a look of command, he requested his mother to allow her to depart, to join Elder Wood, who was waiting for her in the distance. This, thought the mourner, if my heart could be moved, would be the way to reach it. But even this noble forbearance, though it pro-

duced a feeling of the deepest respect, and the most detailed review of all, that he had done for her, of all the disinterested love and truth he had shown her, failed to awaken that tender sentiment, the reality, depth and torment of which she began herself too well to understand.

The destiny of Areskouï was accomplished. The great mass of our race are too little under the influence of reason, to follow other guidance, than the mechanical leading of temperament. What else could be expected of a chief, like Areskouï, who inherited the invincible and headstrong determination of his father, and the ardent and impetuous passions of his mother, born to the earliest cherished feelings of command and love, for his infant playmate? To the remonstrances of his parents, to the grave counsels of Elder Wood, to the confidential expostulations of his sub-chiefs, he soon learned to say, 'can you cure the headache, by exerting your will and reason against it? Can you cool the skin, and render slow and regular the beatings of your heart in a fever, because you are uncomfortable from the malady? Think you, that Areskouï loves pain? Think you, that he is the only being in the world, who does not desire his own happiness? Oh! show me, that you are able to cure disease, and old age, and death yourselves, and then I will follow your example, and pluck out the image of Wakona from my heart.'

What the world calls destiny, seemed seriously engaged in weaving a tissue of cross purposes for the dwellers of this valley. While the chief was thus cherishing these sentiments of a morbid and hopeless affection without a return, Katrina was steadily nursing a growing passion for the chief. Happily, she was scarce fifteen, and it was all a feeling of that transient and evanescent class, which in that period springs up in the bosom, like weeds, that, sustained not by reason,

pass away, replaced by another class of feelings, equally the birth of fancy and the blood. Her beauty might not be said to be intellectual in its associations, and of the deep and enchaining moral interest of Jessy's. But measured by the more common standard, she was every day developing more rich and luxuriant loveliness. The face was of that bright olive, in which the eloquent blood mantles the cheek with the passing sensations within—as the southern clouds chase each other over the sun. Her intelligent and glistening black eye was the window, from which looked forth the ever varying train of sentiments, ardent, frolic, merely sensitive, or intellectual, as they took their predominant hue from the store house, where they were generating. The most splendid, glossy, raven ringlets covered a head, and curled upon a form, which would have been sought by a statuary, as a model. Her ~~movements corresponded with her form, and were~~ bounding and elastic, the putting forth of the general expression of her countenance. Add, that she inherited the Spanish female voice of music, and that the English, which she had learned, was enunciated in the Spanish accent, and with a sonorous rounding of melody; and that her thoughts were naturally colored in phrases of quaint naivete, with a mixture of Shoshonee simplicity, and figurativeness, drawn fresh and direct from visible nature. Such was the ardent, charming and affectionate being, which the training of Jessy had developed from the squalid and forlorn captive child, won from the Black-feet. Jessy loved her as the most spirited, beautiful, and affectionate being, she had seen. She loved with the unconscious fondness of hidden self-complacency, and seeing in her the exquisite workmanship of her own hand. She loved, as a sister, a companion, and all she had to love. She loved her from the natural reciprocity of an affection, as pure, ardent and disinterested, as ever

warmed human bosom, manifested in every movement of her pupil. To her it was an incredible mystery, to imagine, that any one could contemplate this lovely girl, and not share something of her own love. A hope, that more than once had visited her mind before, carried a gleam of joy to her imagination. 'It is only necessary,' she thought, 'that Areskoui should see this girl in her loveliness, to transfer to her, in her freshness and capacity of responding to his sentiments, all, that he has felt for me.' Must it be said, that a ray of light passed through the general gloom of her thoughts, in meditating the possibility of another union of attachment? Startling disclosures, in regard to the state of her own feelings, began to be made to her, in a light, and with an evidence, against which she could neither blind herself, nor even remain longer in doubt.

But though she met with little encouragement in her effort to render Areskoui sensible of the attractions of Katrina, she became palpably taught, that she had fearfully succeeded in rendering her pupil abundantly alive to the merits of Areskoui. She was of course an object of the natural and national partiality of Josepha, as one of her own race. Similarity of natural temperament added another tie; and, wholly unconscious of a thought of establishing any relation between her and her son, she caressed the affectionate girl with a mother's fondness. This order of things placed her under the continued influence of an intercourse with the chief, altogether dangerous to her peace. She had been reared, from earliest remembrances, with the red people. She knew not higher standards, from which to institute comparison. To her there was neither ferocity nor degradation associated with the term *Savage*. Jessy was her grand exemplar; and her estimates of opinions were her laws. From her she learned the most touching views

of the wisdom, worth and amiability of the young chief. Her imagination had been struck with his imposing and intrinsically noble character. His wan and hollow cheek, the affecting tones of his voice, and, more than all, pity inspired by seeing him daily sinking under the influence of a hopeless passion, taught her a love compounded of admiration, compassion and heart-felt attachment. In many striking ways she manifested the sentiment; and fears that she would display it at improper times and places, began to be one of the annoying apprehensions of Jessy, whenever they met.

In their walks to the blue lake, along the banks of the Sewasserna, and whenever their pursuits led them together, Jessy invariably took the arm, and received the attentions of Elder Wood, as a child conducted by an affectionate father. Areskoui often shared their walks, and went thoughtfully by their side, silent, musing, and seldom interposing more, than a laconic sentence. Katrina, appropriated by circumstances to the care of Frederic, generally walked apart with him, and behind the chief, carefully observing his port and steps. The retorted eye of Jessy numbered every case, in which he yielded her any of those natural, simple and common attentions, called for by circumstances. It was equally new and alarming to her, to find, that those attentions, began to seem important, and particular, and to fill her with anxiety. 'Is it possible,' she asked, 'that the chief feels for me sentiments, which I have not power to return; that I have taught this ardent and inexperienced girl to love him who cannot reciprocate love; and that this stern, intelligent, high minded young American, whom I have so often deemed incapable of feeling love, is in his turn smitten with this beautiful and warm hearted, but untaught girl?' The last question, to her astonishment and grief, vexed her more than the painful conviction

of all the other web of crossed purposes and affections thrown away.

It was not long afterwards, that she was seated in private with her pupil of raven locks, delivering her grave and matronly lectures, hinting at dangers, prescribing rules, and instructing her, where to receive these attentions, and where, and how to avoid them, and intimating, at the same time, with sufficient clearness, that something was wrong in the case. The affectionate girl comprehended slowly, and with difficulty, the drift of her loved lecturer. When she did at length understand, that Jessy was cautioning her against walking so much with Frederic, she smiled through tears, which formed in a moment at her tone of rebuke, and archly said, 'my wise and good sister, I will obey. But how came you to know all these things? You are but young yourself; and have never been, as I think, in love.' 'No, Katrina, no. But in eighteen years I have suffered much affliction, and that has taught me much.' 'But, my wise sister Jessy, why should you cast on me that reproving glance, in reference to Frederic? You know, I may walk safely with him, because I am perfectly indifferent to his brotherly kindness. Ah! it is not so with the chief. Ah! my sister, if you could impart to me your stores of knowledge, and that look, which goes to my heart, as well as his; if you could teach me to transfer his love from you to poor unworthy me, he should not have occasion to waste away in vain, poor chief. You in turn would wed the fair young American, and how happy we should all become!

Elder Wood, deeply intent upon his Apostolic labors, now promising much more ample results than formerly, was the last of this group to note the influence of these capricious and misdirected workings of affection. It was long before he was fully convinced that the abstract dogmas of the Calvinistic school

were not the most useful and fundamental truths to inculcate upon the simple Shoshonee, almost the whole of whose thoughts ran in the channel of simple and sensible ideas. The experience of many efforts of fruitless exertions to make himself understood, and when he was understood, the never failing conviction, that his doctrines had inspired disgust, at length convinced him, that such ministrations were neither wise, nor expedient. He was far away from creeds and schools, and had no conclave to dictate to him. He determined to revolt his audiences no more with these mysterious, and to them contradictory and incredible dogmas. He gradually fell into their train of thought, and their modes of speech. The glorious truths of the gospel in their simplicity—the sure and certain hope of a resurrection from the dead—the perfect example of the Saviour—the paternal character of the Almighty—the connection of a benevolent and virtuous life, with happiness here and hereafter,—these became the prevalent themes of his preaching, and when expounded in their phrase and figure, produced an immediate, palpable, and most encouraging influence. New converts were almost weekly added to the church, and Elder Wood was exulting in the hope, that one of his catechumens would be trained to become a preacher, to continue the ministry of the gospel among them, after he should be gathered to his fathers.

Among other persons, who visited him for the purposes of religious enquiry, his most assiduous and earnest visitant was the young chief. He had been particularly impressed with a sermon, in which Elder Wood had eloquently set forth the parable of the good shepherd, wandering over the mountains in search of a single stray from his fold; and affectionately and joyfully bringing the wanderer home. He was also noted to evince particular delight in hearing the

preacher delineate the joys of heaven. He tired not of the description of the unfading verdure of the hills of paradise—the pleasant land, where the sun always shines; where the sun, moon and elements bring neither disease, blast or inclemency; where the bread fails not, and the water is sure; where there are no bad passions or rankling cares; and, more than all, where there are neither sorrow, tears nor death. Areskoui was often observed, during the discussion of such themes, to turn away, that he might hide his emotion, and he was often reported to exclaim, as he returned from the service, ‘that is the country for the young chief.’

Elder Wood labored, most of all, to indoctrinate the chief, upon whose conversion he sanguinely calculated, that of the nation would depend, in the spirituality of the Christian doctrine. It sometimes almost vexed him, that he could never instil into the mind of his catechumen, that we shall not carry from earth the same train of thoughts and feelings, which we have had here. He furnished an additional case, in proof of the general fact, that religious faith in every mind is apt to receive the peculiar coloring of the mental temperament, and the present state of the stronger passions. ‘Do you not believe, medicine man,’ Areskoui would say, ‘that there will be that peculiar love and appropriation, which belongs to the sexes in heaven?’ ‘They neither marry, nor are given in marriage there; but are as the angels,’ was the reply. ‘Be it so,’ replied the other. ‘Some spirit of the fair white race would rob me of the love of Wakona, even in the land of souls. It were better to be wholly free from the sting of that tormenting passion. But then, what would there be to desire there? Hopeless, tasteless and weary existence seems to be equally in store for me in this vale, and in the land of souls. I feel, as if existence itself were becoming a burden. It were bet-

ter not to be at all.' 'That, unfortunate pagan, is not in thy power. God gave it thee. He only can destroy it.' 'Well, medicine man, it may at least be worth the experiment, to see how that may be. The brightness of yonder great lamp has become as darkness to my eyes. Spring, with its flowers and fragrance, is to me as the fall of the leaf in autumn.— Upon whatever side I look, all nature is becoming as dark and desolate, as my own bosom. Wakona still walks, like a night meteor, surrounded by her own brightness. But the circle of darkness closes in around her. Oh! that I could fly away with the eagle above the mountains, or plunge into the thickest of the battle, and die. When I look down from Wakona's bower upon the sleeping bosom of the blue lake, and see the trees and the sky so beautifully repainted in its far depths, I would gladly throw myself down, and be at rest. Father, thine is a true talk, as I now know, when thou sayest, that all below yon bright lamp in the firmament is vanity. Well do I know that even the beauty of Wakona will pass away. Her fair face will be scathed with wrinkles, and she will be seen as a withered flower. Father, is there not an easy cure for this insupportable sickness of the heart? Thou knowest, it is natural to a red man, not to be afraid to die. If I have the incurable medicine-burning of the pale face in my veins, thanks to the Master of Life, I have also the soul of a Shoshonee.'

It was not the first time that Elder Wood had perceived the cherished purpose of suicide in his pupil. It may be easily imagined, that every motive operated to stir him to the putting forth all his eloquence against this act; closing continually with the natural and Christian view of the deed, as a perpetration, which, in its very nature cut off the suicide from the hope of the mercy of God. 'There, father,' the chief replied, 'I am again at issue with thy medicine book. The Mos-

ter of Life called me here, without my consent. I had no voice in receiving this hated gift of life. If I return him that bitterness, for which I asked him not, will he be angry with me? 'But thy parents, chief; is it not as a woman to desert thy parents? What will become of their gray hairs?' 'Ah! father, there you touch my heart. Thou sayest truly, that I ought to live for them. I have said so to myself, and that has caused me hitherto to sustain my burden. But then, I repeat again, that their moons will soon cease in the course of nature, even if they were happy, and I were all, they could wish. A short grief is better, than a long one. They had better follow me by one stern plunge to the sunless valley, than endure the slow agony of seeing me live on, a feeble old woman in the very freshness of my youth. Every plant, father, that is nourished by the dew of heaven, must wither. The Master of Life has so formed all things, that they soon change to blackness. Ah! father, thou wilt find it hard to persuade a red man, not to court stillness and relief to his bosom, when it aches to bursting.'

This was the strain to stir within the Kentucky minister all the ardent and affectionate eloquence of his ministry for a person so dear; for a case in every light interesting. 'Would to God, chief,' he said 'that I could show the eye of thy faith, Jesus, the conqueror of death, coming in the glory of his triumphs, with the brightness of the resurrection to the tomb. Ah! could I infuse into thy dark bosom the radiance of that eternal and unclouded morning, the rapture of that blessed meeting on the eternal hills, of that glorious country, where sin, tears, and death are equally unknown, how would all the little interests of this passing moment of life vanish? The mere animal fondness, which you call love, the play of the passions upon the imagination, dwelling on tresses, which will soon be grey,

upon a beautifully painted face, on which the worm soon will feed, how evanescent would these puerile fancies appear in the light of eternal truth, and measured by the standard of the sanctuary, the worth of the undying soul, and that day, which shall have no night!

Such at this time was the internal history of those dwellers in this interesting valley, upon whom these annals have chiefly turned. It is happy for mankind, that but a very small portion of the species are so constituted, as to be capable of such intenseness of either joy or suffering. Happily for men, the greater portion move calmly onward towards the grave, in an unruffled course, as unmarked by incident, as unscathed either by raptures or agonies, as the green tribes of the vegetable kingdom, that bud, expand, flower, mature and die in noiseless quietness. To the thousands of the Shoshonee, among whom these germs of joy and grief had evolved, and in the midst of whom these personages of our history daily moved, most of these developments would have been information of a state of feeling, of which themselves, though daily beholding the subjects, had not dreamed.

CHAPTER XII.

They bleach beneath the wave.
They pillow on the ever heaving brine.

ON a mild summer afternoon, when the mellowness of autumn was already beginning to steal upon the richness of the season, Elder Wood had risen from dinner with his two adopted children. He had just

taken his pipe, before commencing some afternoon visits among his enquirers. His two wards were proposing to accompany him. It had become a rare occurrence for the young chief to pay them a visit.—Frederic, for the most part shared their promenades with Elder Wood; and Areskouï appeared to consider his presence as adding nothing to their enjoyments, or his own. At this time he was announced, always a welcome visitant to Elder Wood, who grieved that they so seldom saw him; but rather a startling one to his wards, and apparently an unexpected one to Frederic. After the customary civilities of their meeting, he said, ‘Wakona, I ask of thee the strange, and I fear me, the unwelcome request, that thou wouldst this beautiful afternoon accompany me to the blue lake. I have somewhat to say, which I may say only alone with thee. Thou canst make this apology for me, that I do not often urge such requests.’

There was mystery in his manner, and extreme emotion in his countenance. A thousand sinister forebodings connected with the terrible event, that had already befallen her there, passed through her thoughts. The strongest pledge of unalterable confidence in the honor of the chief, which could be given, she instantly gave. ‘I will immediately accompany thee,’ she said; and made her arrangements to walk with him, while the other three prepared to go forth in another direction. He walked near her in seeming irresolute meditation upon what he had to say. Jessy, anxious to put him at ease, made many efforts to elicit whatever communications he might have on his mind. They arrived at the beautiful spot, and she seated herself as usual, unrolled her port-folio, and took her pencil. The red people, free and independent, suffer little from bashfulness; and for the first time she noted him apparently under the embarrassment of not knowing what to say, or not feeling

the requisite courage to say it. At length, he said, hesitatingly, 'I imagined, I had somewhat to say to thee, when I invited thee here. But the words have vanished from my memory.' Marking the transient glow occasioned by this address, so unlike his usual strain, he said, 'if I alarm thee, Wakona, thou hadst better return.' 'Not at all,' she answered. 'I would gladly hear thy words. Canst thou doubt the interest of thy sister?' 'I thought,' he replied, 'there was a fountain of words, like the flow of a stream, at my heart. Where can all have vanished?' Observing him to be excessively moved, marking his pale cheek, his trembling hands, and the various symptoms of debility and decline, an irrepressible pity, that at once banished alarm, arose within her. 'Chief,' she said, 'I now perceive, that thy countenance shows unusual illness. Thou wilt no longer trifle with the gratitude, pity and sympathy of thy sister, but wilt leave these wearing wanderings with thy people, and put thyself in earnest to medicine thyself. I have much faith in the skill of our father, Elder Wood. If thou art not fixed, to grant nothing to thy sister, thou must mind me, and attend to this matter.' He reached her his arm. 'I have far more faith, Wakona, in thy medicine skill, than in that of the father. Feel the pulse, as the father doth.' An unwonted smile met hers, as she took his arm, and applied her slender fingers to the tense and bounding pulse. 'Canst thou make nothing of it?' he asked, as the smile was replaced in his emaciated face by its customary sadness. 'This is mockery, Wakona. Thou knowest the incurable malady, but too well. I have not invited thee here to utter weak and unjust reproofs, because the Master of Life has not given thee the purpose, and it may be, not even the power, to heal the disease, that is drinking up my spirit.'

'Areskouï,' she said, 'my brother, pity impels me

to be frank with thee. I may not affect not to understand thy words. Sit down beside me, for thou art feeble; sit down, and hear the affectionate words of thy sister, which should have been uttered long ago.' The chief sat down, as requested, and regarded her with forced composure. She proceeded, 'chief, can I ever forget, what thou hast been to me; in whose presence we used to play in our happy morning days? Can I ever forget, that my parents loved thee? Need I be reminded of the long journeys, and the deliverances wrought by thee? It was, because sisterly feelings towards thee grew up with me, that I was rendered incapable of a less pure and less enduring love. My heart is opprest with a sense of my innumerable obligations. Have I not pledged this sisterly affection? If I cannot use false words, and belong to thee, chief, in another relation, I here promise thee, that I will never, while thou livest, belong in this relation to another. It seems to me, this ought to content thee, and restore to thee those sentiments, with which we played together in our infant days. Do I not, as a sister, suffer in thy sorrows? If thou wilt not arise in thy strength, and shake off this oppression, that wastes thy life, thou wilt kill thy sister, thy parents and thyself together. Oh! chief, if my parents were with me, I could endure every thing. Thy sister, an orphan, with none to claim a share in her sorrows, appeals to thee, in behalf of thy parents.'—Tears, which could not be repressed, rushed to her eyes, as she made this appeal.

'Pardon me,' Wakona, he said, 'I perceive, that I afflict thee, and it were well to bring to an end a conversation, which must be fruitless to both. Hast thou known me so long, and not yet learned, that I am capable of efforts over myself? Yes. I have said, what thou sayest, more than once; and I have struggled, Wakona, to forget thee, and to think only of my pa-

rents and my noble people. But I might as vainly strive to wish away this hair, this hated tinge, and put on the forehead and the locks of the pale face. Bitter, hopeless, useless struggle to forget thee, has made me what I am. The more I have resisted, the deeper has been my suffering; and I will patiently abide the allotment of the Master of Life. Thou hast no parents, Wakona. Oh! that mine too were under the green sod. It is not the least of my afflictions, that I bring them grief and shame, and sadden the brow of my pitying sister. A generation of braves of five hundred moons have preceded me. I am the only degenerate descendant in the whole line. Canst thou imagine deeper bitterness in my case, than to see me in the presence of my parents, my totem brother, Pentanona, my young warriors, my nation, and hear them murmur, 'there passes the mountain eagle, that has become a song sparrow?' I am ashamed to feel, Wakona, that I am worthy of pity.'

A silence of embarrassment ensued. As she again attentively surveyed the worn countenance of the chief, still noble in decay, visions of other days, painful gratitude, a thousand undefined emotions, darted through her mind. The words almost formed upon her lips, 'chief, I will be thine for life.' The effort was beyond her strength. The determination passed, replaced by another remembrance. Calculating pity again returned, in place of this momentary relenting. She seemed to hesitate for words, as she resumed, 'chief, I half believe that I can impart a cure to thee for this idle fancy.' There was a tone of mournful sternness and decision in his reply. 'Art thou the one, Wakona, who hast called this feeling, as old as my life, and the last, which will die with me, an idle fancy? Thou wouldst not, in a feigned humility unworthy of thee, deny, that thou art deserving of this feeling. It would be pain to me to believe, thou

couldst allow thyself to utter an unfeeling talk of words upon the tongue, which come not from the heart. And yet to look upon one, like me, borne steadily onward towards the sunless valley, by an incurable oppression of heart, and call his hopeless disease an idle fancy, seems not like the considerate kindness of Wakona.'

She stood reprov'd, and hesitating, and with a forced quickness added, 'thou seemest not to have remarked, what a charming girl our Katrina has become. She is as fresh in mind, and as ardent in her capacity to love, as she is beautiful in person. Chief, I could learn this fair girl to love thee, not with a sisterly kindness, as I do, but with an affection, such as thou wouldst desire in a wife.'

She had never heard him speak in a tone so like bitterness, as in his reply. 'This is not kind of thee, Wakona. I see, that my importunities weary thee, and that thou wouldst gladly divert them to Katrina, who is, I can see, as easily as thou, a beautiful and a thoughtless child. Could I forget all the past, and by a wish remove this disease from my bosom, and by another wish replace her image there, I see, that there would be no impediment between thee and the loved pale face.' The grave rebuke carried cutting truth with it; and the starting crimson in her cheeks told the chief, that his words had sped, like an arrow to the aimed mark. To hide her own confusion, she added rapidly, 'Yes, chief, this charming girl, an orphan, like myself, and desert reared, like thee, who has no thoughts beyond thy race, (I have no fear, that thou wilt betray, or improperly use my confidence) loves thee, loves thee with her whole heart; and if she find no requital, will doubtless suffer, as thou dost.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'Katrina is beautiful. She has been trained by thee; and reposing upon the rose, has caught something of its fragrance. It is possible, that

her docile affection for thee might teach her to love me. Thinkest thou, that I am so little versed in character, as not to know that this dear child will be likely at present to suffer little from feelings of a depth and permanence like mine? Wouldst thou compare with the transient feelings of such a one, that deep cherished affection, which has made a chief, the descendant of fifty braves, what I am! Ab! Wakona, turn the sun from its bright path in the sky. Roll back the Sewasserna to its source. Become thou Katrina, and transform her to thyself, and I will be ready to love her.' She replied, 'Chief, in stating so strongly the impossibility of loving her, dost thou not prove, that the affections cannot be controlled? Dost thou not furnish my own apology, when I confess, that I have admired, trusted, respected thee, felt as a sister to a brother, felt obligations beyond all words to express, reposed in thee unlimited trust, always rejoiced to see thee! Yet there is'—

The chief saw, that she broke off under the influence of such emotions, as he had never witnessed before. He saw, that she was unusually distressed. The generous and absorbing character of his disinterested affection produced its wonted result, in inducing him to forget his own sufferings in deeper concern for hers. A glimpse that she was verging to a new kind and degree of confidence caught his thoughts. He saw, that she was gathering confidence to make disclosures. He saw, that they could bring nothing of hope to him. Yet, as the eye of a youthful trembler is rivetted upon the terrific phantom, which imagination has created in the darkness, as the charmed bird rushes blindly towards its doom, to reach this terrible secret, whatever it might be, became the object of his most earnest desire. He put his hand on his forehead, under a kind of presentiment of what she would say. Whatever it was, he saw, that irrepressible desire

urged her to make it; and that at the same time it amounted to agony to declare what was on her mind. He resumed his self-possession and gloomy firmness, as he saw her struggling to speak, and yet withheld, as though speech had been repressed by a sudden fever, that had parched her lips beyond utterance. 'The afternoon is beautiful,' said the chief. 'The Great Spirit looks down approving what thou wouldst say. We are alone in the midst of the mountains; and human ear, save mine, shall not hear thy confessions. Thou owest thy brother full confidence. I will not ask thee, if I have not deserved it? The suspense which I have long suffered, in regard to thy sentiments, is the most afflicting of all evils. If thou now impart stinted measures of confidence to thy brother, I swear to thee, by the Master of Life, that I will never converse in this way with thee again. Do not I well know, that however terrible to me, thou canst make no disclosures, which will not honor thyself? I am now in a frame of mind to bear all; and this is the crisis of thy brother's fate. I adjure thee, by thy Master of Life and mine, to say all, and to keep back nothing.' Enthusiasm imparted to his pale and languid countenance a fearful brightness of excitement, and his earnest and impassioned tones caused tears to flow down her cheeks. 'Areskoui,' she said, 'I tremble at thy words; tremble at the disclosure of my inward thoughts; and tremble as I now feel, and as thou hast adjured me, to hold back. Hast thou not divined, chief, what I would confess? The moment, I have said it, we shall both wish, I fear, that it were forever committed to the silence of the grave.' 'I begin to comprehend,' he cried, his eyes glistening with an unearthly radiance. 'Chief,' she answered, turning pale, 'these conversations are not good for either of us. Let us return.' 'Not in this moment of compliance. I adjure thee by whatever the red men hold

sacred, be frank, and let thy brother know all. No thing, I repeat, is so terrible as suspense. I begin to divine, that I am in the way, and that I can yet do one thing more for thy happiness; and as he said this the big round drops formed on his forehead. 'Oh! Areskouï,' she answered, in the attitude of the most earnest entreaty, 'I implore thee, let me not see thee thus. Thou canst never know, what I suffer to behold thee wasting away in thy prime. Friends, as we are, we each seem destined to destroy the other. Katrina cherishes love for thee. Thou desirest from me the impossibility of an affection of a more earthly character, than the sisterly one, which is as old, and as unchangeable, as my being. I, too,—spare me the confession of shame and guilt; I have suffered from an internal wound, mingling its torments with my trials and bereavement, as an orphan, as a captive. I felt the smart, when another would have deemed it both impossible, and unworthy, that I should have thought of any thing, but the pressure of my own immediate sorrows. I have felt, that I owed most to thee. I have striven to control the affections of this capricious heart, even as the drowning would contend for life. Frederic, insensible, and immovable, knows not, dreams not, that I thus suffer. Or did he know it, the buoyant and beautiful Katrina, I perceive, would be the choice of his heart. Nothing remains for us, but the tried confidence of perpetual friendship. Let us adore the dispensations of providence, that have mixed for us this cup. Let us seek for eternal rest only in those mansions, which Elder Wood describes to us.'

To her astonishment the countenance of the chief began gradually to settle to a calm. His manner became collected. An imposing serenity diffused itself over his person. 'Now,' he said, in his customary tones, 'there is no mystery in all this. From the first

I thought it must be so. The pale face is fair and good, and what chances had an untutored red man beside him? Why hast thou not told him a hundred times the secret of thy love! You have been alone with him every day. A word would have explained all. He loves with an ardor as near like mine—as the colder and more calculating spirit of the pale face will admit. You have walked together in concealment and agony, deceiving and deceived, merely to torment each other. A curse rest on the deceitful ways of the pale face. And these are the fruits of civilization! Thou hast pitied Areskoui; and a love, which should have been as free as the winds, has been chained up by deceit, and the vile calculations of the pale face. Hast thou yet to learn, that Areskoui is generous and brave; and that if he is the slave of passion, he is only a slave in that? You shall see, how easily he can dispose of the only obstacle in the way of your enjoyment. My parents! They drag on an existence, which a red man abhors. Let their sorrows also come to an end.’ ‘Areskoui,’ she cried, ‘you terrify me. What mean you? Is it thus, thou wouldst render me happy? Ah! thou little knowest the heart of thy sister.’

At this point of their interview, Elder Wood, Katrina and Frederic approached the bower, alarmed at the length of the conversation, and remembering the result of a former visit to that place. A kind of recoil at the interruption affected both. Disclosures had been made, which might call in all the pride and stubbornness of the chief to cure this morbid indulgence of his passion. Pity for her, suffering from the same cause with himself, might neutralize and assist him to subdue it.

The entering party saw in a moment, that a conversation of no common interest had been suspended in the midst; and they stood in embarrassed si-

lence, as if waiting a signal, either to retire, or be seated. The chief motioned them to enter, and sit down. He stood himself a step in advance of Jessy, who also stood; and he was looking, apparently in profound thought, upon the bosom of the blue lake. A firm and composed serenity sat on his countenance. In an under tone the entering party remarked upon the extreme beauty of the evening. Half of the red disk of the sun yet shone above the highest western peaks. The beautiful lake, as a sleeping mirror, five hundred feet below, reflected the half of the sun's orb, the evening clouds of brass and crimson, that curtained his departure behind the blue summits. The green forests, the moon in the east, the sweet rural scenery, grouped with mountain grandeur, all showed more glorious in the far depths, than as they stood forth in the air! The Shoshonee smokes curled above their habitations, and then spread in horizontal curtains of ethereal whiteness. The baying of the dogs and the thousand domestic sounds of life brought up associations of repose and joy. The pines and hemlocks lifted their dark green heads in motionless quietness, as if waiting to tremble in the evening breeze. The council house was in full view, and Ellswatta and his council chiefs could be seen on their benches, as dusky specks; and it was easy to imagine, that the eye caught the smoke rising from their calumets. The turtles cooed at hand. The night hawk darted down the clouds with its accustomed scream. Song sparrows and orioles were discussing their vespers, before they rested in the green brake for the night. Every object was lovely; and nature showed in that holy repose, which invites meditation.

'How lovely this evening,' cried Elder Wood, 'the scene calls on us for our praises. Nature in its devotional silence praises him. Let us sing 'Rise my soul,' and he was proceeding to give out his accustom-

ed hymn. 'Not now!' said Areskoui, 'not now.' They saw him attempting to speak, and witnessed the new spectacle, that his eyes were filled with tears. But, as if summoning disdain, and all his former energy to his aid, he dashed them from his eye. In a moment they saw him self-possessed again. He waved his hand to the other three, and said, 'My words now, medicine father, are for thee. Father, seest thou this still evening and yonder fair valley? Is it not, as if the Master of Life had come upon the scene, bringing joy and peace? How beautiful are the clouds in the sky? and how quiet is every thing but this beating breast? But yonder, in the depths of the blue lake, is a world still more beautiful. There are the green trees, the mountains, the scaling eagle, the skimming swallow; and there, too, is Wakona—still brighter than here. How beautiful! Thither flies away to remain in shadow all that is pleasant above. There on those hills the spirit, which has here been imprisoned, can soar again, and look at the sun, which has left us behind the hills. The spirit of Areskoui longs to become, as yonder eagle.' The three, still unconscious of his purpose, approached him, as if startled at the strangeness of his discourse. He waved his hand to them, that his speech was still to Elder Wood. 'Father,' he resumed, 'remember my charge. Repair to Ellswatta with thy good medicine words about the land of souls. Tell my parents that they have said to Areskoui more than once, 'thy forefathers were all braves.' More than one of them, when sick at heart, determined to visit the Master of Life in the sunless valley. I am the end of this line of braves. True—but the leaves wither, the flowers fade. Winter comes. Is it strange, that a line of braves should have an end? Areskoui should have been as his forefathers. His heart, struck by the Master of Life, withered, and he could no longer hope to be a brave.

It will cheer my parents to know, that I had firmness for the last time, before my heart was all melted away. I swear to the Master of Life, I will not remain, to be as a feeble, and despised woman. I go to soar with the eagle, and to look at the sun. Wakona, there in the depths, shall at last be mine.' Astonished at his language, Jessy, Katrina and Frederic each grasped his robe at the same moment. It was spread loosely over his shoulder, and his usual dress, a close silk tunic. He gracefully folded his robe, laid it on the arm of Jessy, and with the quickness of thought poised his hands, bent forward his head, and darted down the depths, like an arrow discharged from a bow. The eye scarcely traced his passage down the dizzying depths, when the faint plunge was heard, and the disturbed ripples were settling back to repose.

The parties stood thunder struck for a moment in speechless horror. Jessy fell in faintness upon the robe of the chief. The scene produced on Katrina the natural effect of youthful exclamations and tears. Frederic sprang down the shelving declivity, and was in the lake, waiting to see, where the chief would rise. Elder Wood forgot for the moment his wards, the one unconscious in faintness, the other tearing her raven locks, and uttering the shrieks of agonized terror, and ran for the town. Mingled sounds of lamentation began to swell on the ear, and hundreds of the Shoshonee were flocking to the scene. Josepha started with the rest; but had scarcely made ten paces, before she uttered a shriek, and fell in strong convulsions, and was carried back by women, who felt that to be the most pressing duty, to her habitation. Two hundred of the most expert swimmers were diving in these fathomless waters. Others were pushing out canoes with dragging hooks attached to lines, which, it was soon found, reached not the bottom. Ellswatta sat on the rocks, watching these fruitless efforts, with

the affecting indifference of despair. A deep lugubrious chaunt was occasionally heard, as he dashed away the first tears he had ever been seen to shed. 'The last of my race has gone before me. Weak and solitary old warrior, it is time for thee to follow.' They dived, until the blood streamed from their nostrils, as they rose, to no purpose. They doubled, and tripled their lines, and found neither bottom nor body. The chief had descended with a purpose too fixed to allow his body to rise in the last struggle. He had sunk too far towards the roots of the mountains to be found. Two hours elapsed in these fruitless exertions. 'Come away, my children,' cried the chief. 'Let no other father be made childless, in searching for a corse.' Elder Wood approached him, sustaining Jessy on his arm, whose wild and haggard look intimated, that the stroke had almost touched her reason. In a moment the crowd gathered in mute and fixed attention round the father and the minister. 'Council chief,' said the minister, 'I have a message to thee from thy son.' He put his calumet to his mouth, wiped his eyes, and drew a whiff of the smoke. He then said, 'I listen, medicine father.' Elder Wood declared his last charge from Areskoui. As he repeated 'I go to soar with the eagle, and look at the sun,' the father took his calumet from his mouth, and raised the funeral Cheowanna ha! ha! and the awful dirge swelled high and long among the mountains. All was finished. The collection began to steal away in the darkness towards their homes. Elder Wood and Frederic bore home, as they might, the two orphans, and Ellswatta followed, occasionally chaunting 'The last of my race died a brave. Thy father will soon follow thee.'

Much, that ensued can be easiest imagined. Josepha, frantic with grief beyond endurance, expired in convulsions. Areskoui had always been the idol of

the nation; and this desperation of suicide among a people, in whose view fearlessness and contempt of death is the highest title to admiration, redeemed his memory from all the contempt created by the weakness of his last days. Revolutions in that fierce republic arose as suddenly, as a thunder storm. A hasty council, for the election of a new war chief, was assembled with a bustle and haste, which showed their terrors at the idea of an interregnum. Ellswatta cared no longer for any thing. The agony of Pentanona forbade his making an effort. Caucus and scramble and high words and electioneering, in its most odious forms, ensued. The Shienne were busy, and the real friends of the old succession paralyzed with horror. It was the hour for brooding and keen eyed ambition. Then the intriguing aspirant kindled his own star, and became the author of his own destiny. None slept that night in the Shoshonee valley. As Elder Wood and Frederic conducted the weeping orphans homewards, amidst the buzzing groups, they were sufficiently instructed, that their presence in the valley was now considered, as a circumstance of evil omen. 'They are leagued with the little white men of the mountains against us,' was the cry. 'Wakona witched our chief to death.' There was no indication of direct violence; but their best friends shrunk from them. They were indubitably convinced, that Jessy was considered, as having caused the death of the chief, and that even their safety would probably soon be a matter of question. A war chief was elected by the union of various factions, agreeing only in their envy and dislike towards the former succession. An enemy to Ellswatta, and a favorite of the Shienne now swayed the efficient power of this tumultuous republic.

Elder Wood, as soon as his young friend and the orphans had entered the house, shut, and barred the

door. 'They are,' cried the minister 'a strange and a fearful people. I would, we were far away from them. We will sell our lives, however, if they attack us.' The two men arrayed their guns and their weapons; and the two orphans sat clasped as on another occasion in each other's arms. Having made all possible preparations for defence, 'now,' said the minister, 'let us consult the word of God, and go to the throne of mercy, after all the horrors we have seen, and in view of what we have still to dread.' He turned the scriptures from passage to passage reading of Him, *who stilleth the noise of the waves, and the tumults of the people*; whose way is to be reverently sought, even when He planteth his footsteps in the trackless waters, and maketh his judgments a great deep. He went firmly through his regular and accustomed train of devotion, only omitting the call to them to join in the hymn, as he said, 'my children, it cannot be expected, that you have not been too much shocked, with what you have seen, to have freedom to sing. I am an old man, and nothing ought to be so strange or terrible, as to break in upon my devotions. There is nothing enduring but God, nothing important, but eternity;' and he sang his wonted hymn through, with a firm and collected voice. Having finished, he said, 'I charge you, my children, now, in any emergency, to act according to your duty, and not according to your fears or your feelings; and you, Jessy, I adjure you by the living God, to calm yourself, and take food, and lie down, and court rest. It is not unlikely, that we may soon be called to put forth all our self possession. There is no doubt, but we must speedily away from this people; and we shall have need of all our strength and calmness. Effeminate grief befits not the calls of present duty. Let Katrina have an example of composure.'

There were reason and truth in these paternal ex-

postulations. Jessy ceased weeping, and Katrina became comparatively calm. 'Go to your rest,' resumed Elder Wood, 'and Frederic and myself will keep watch in our arms.' They had scarcely turned to obey, when some one seemed to be striving to obtain admittance. The effort seemed one of determination, but not of violence. The intruder had already entered, and walked forwards, heedless of their pistols and swords. The orphans had retreated with the lamp; and it was some moments, before, by the uncertain light, they recognised Ellswatta. He threw off his buffalo robe, and stood before them in his tunic. His cheeks were painted black, and the furrows of his face seemed to have increased in number and depth. 'Thank God,' cried Elder Wood, 'that we did not slay you as a foe, before we knew you.' The chief drew his calumet from his mouth, 'and I should have thanked the Master of Life, if ye had killed me. It is the best service any one can now render me. Would I not have chosen to have thus fallen by the hands of friends, than to drag on a useless and despised life, or be slain by enemies?' He seated himself. 'On this seat,' he continued, 'I have seen my noble son a hundred times, in the midst of you;' and for a moment the recollection overcame him; and they saw Ellswatta, the hoary and firm, whose proud boast it had been, that the thunderer was not strong enough to wring tears from him, actually weeping. He struggled hard against nature, and attempted to resume his conversation. Deep spasmodic sobs, as of impeded respiration, repressed speech. 'I, too, am become a woman, like the rest,' at length he uttered, and resumed his calumet to regain self possession. '*Man that is born of a woman,*' said Elder Wood, '*is but of few days and full of trouble.* In every clime we see, that the original clay was moistened with tears, instead of water.'

The hoary chief had recovered himself, as he began to sing in the customary strain of Indian recitative. 'My son is gone! My wife is gone! The frost has cut us off! Another chief reigns! I am the last of my race!' He then offered the calumet to each, who drew once or twice of the smoke, and puffed it towards the sky, in token that they accepted his pledge of peace. He then spake as follows. 'Father, and my children of the pale face, hearken. I blame you not, that I have neither wife nor child, nor friendly hand to lay me under the turf. I blame you not, because we have a chief, who was always an enemy to him, who was the light of my eyes. They were torn from my heart, without the fault of any one. Thou hast often said truly, father, that it is wise to drink patiently of the cup, which is mixed for us. Master of Life, Ellswatta, though gray headed and alone, murmurs not against thee. Neither, Wakona, do I chide thee, because thou couldst not direct the stream, that flows from the fountain of the heart. I rather honor thee, that thou didst not, like the deceiving pale face, feign, what thou didst not feel. I feel the warrior spirit returning. The life of man is but a few short moons. Had you loved him, had he lived, I, my wife, and even my son, would have soon withered, and gone down to the sunless valley, in the course of the seasons. I only lose the light of heaven a few days sooner. Every thing, that comes forth from the Master of Life, is marked with the dark speck of decay, and nothing, that has been, could have been changed. The red people here think not so. They murmur at their desolate council chief, and say, that his love for the pale face has brought all these evils. Their murmurs begin to be directed towards you. The very chief, who has become so by the death of my son, and who in his heart rejoices in his fall, charges the guilt on Wakona. He says, that the pale face

are in an accursed league with the little white men of the mountains, to extirpate all the red men of this valley, as they have destroyed them elsewhere. The crafty new chief would exult, in acquiring favor at the beginning of his rule, by arousing the sleeping vengeance of the red people, and then directing its fury upon you. If you would avoid danger and death, and spare them the guilt of inflicting it, arise, and depart from this valley, which is black with the curse of the Master of Life, before the morning shall arouse an appetite for blood. Ellswatta has lived too long; and he wishes to relieve his sorrows, by seeking his son in the depths of the blue lake. The forewarning of Maniteewah is accomplished. I should consider it a kindness of any of my people to kill me. But let not the stain of your blood be upon them. Come, my friends, not a moment is to be lost. The moon walks brightly in the firmament. My own periogue is at hand in the stream. Let its last office be to convey my friends from this blood-stained valley. Take all, that you wish to carry, especially enough of food to last you to the town of the pale face. Two faithful friends, who yet obey the orders of the old chief, will row you to the dashing of the great river. Away, my children. I should tremble to see you lingering here, until morning shall return over the mountains.'

The parties consulted a moment in a low voice by themselves; and unanimously agreed, that the chief counselled with his accustomed considerate generosity, and for the best. To Elder Wood it was indeed as tearing his deepest hope from the fibres of his heart, thus to leave the promise of a harvest of souls. But the recent horrors had sufficiently instructed him, how little dependence could be placed upon a people, subject to such violent and terrible convulsions. Besides, nature spoke in his heart, and told him, that his first duty was to the unprotected orphans; and that

it was by no means unlikely, that his own blood would be spilled uselessly with theirs. 'The crown of martyrdom,' he said, 'is a fearful, though glorious one. If you, my dear children, were safe, I should choose to remain, and risque my stake for it.' The cheek of Jessy blanched to a more deadly pale, and she said, 'I abide with you, be it to remain or depart.' 'Then God do so to me and more,' he cried, with his wonted energy, 'if I depart not with you forthwith.' 'Thou sayest wisely,' said the chief; 'for I doubt not, that thou wouldst be the first victim.'

All hesitancy being banished, Ellswatta and his two friends aided them to carry such articles, besides food, as seemed most indispensable to them, to the periogue. In less than an hour the arrangements were made, during which Ellswatta was assiduous beyond his age, in hurrying their preparations. When they were completed, Jessy desired a moment for a final visit to the graves of her parents, that she might there utter her everlasting farewell to the valley.— 'Thou art in the right,' said the chief, 'thus to remember thy parents; but in the wrong, in either wasting a moment, or trusting thyself alone on this terrible night. I will protect the sacred graves. Little men shall not walk over them, until they may safely do it over mine.' Seeing her and Elder Wood still disposed to linger, the good chief seized them by the hand, as the angel hurried his charge from burning Sodom, and led them to the river; and they cast off the fast, after their guides were seated to their paddles, to make their way down the stream by the melancholy radiance which the moon gave forth from the firmament. The venerable chief held up his hands towards the sky, 'Master of Life,' he said, 'give these, my dear departing children, bright suns and favoring gales; and waft them safely over the dark waters of the great salt lake.' He then embraced each in turn:

‘When memory,’ he continued, ‘recalls these blood stained vallies, invoke blessings from the Wahcondah on the desolate chief, the last of his race. Wakona, he, who loved thee, sleeps under the waters of the blue lake; but in this last embrace, I feel, as if I held him once more to my bosom. All the past is already no more, than the fading shadows of memory.’ The past rushed upon her; and in leaving the good chief, she felt, as if father and mother and friend had once more been snatched from her; and as she wept, and threw her arms around him—‘adieu,’ she said, ‘dear and venerable old man, would to God, that I had returned the affection of thy noble son, if that might have saved him.’ ‘Spend not the strength, which thy journey requires, in useless tears,’ said the chief, as he raised her gently from his bosom, and placed her in the periogue. They floated rapidly away, and the last sounds, that they heard from the shore, were the measured and diminishing wail of the chief. ‘My wife, my son, my friends are gone, and I am the last of my race.’

Few circumstances can be imagined to inspire more affecting sentiments, than those, that rushed upon the hearts of these departing guests, a second time leaving this vale. One of their guides sat in the bow, and the other in the stern, alternately dipping their paddles in the stream. The moon was sometimes hidden behind dark masses of clouds, and sometimes behind the lofty peaks of the mountains; and they saw the inverted trees and cliffs speeding in appearance up the stream. Jessy sat by Elder Wood in silent prayer. The man of God also said not what were the subjects of his thoughts. Katrina alone leaned on the shoulder of Frederic, and slept, as a babe in the lap of the mother.

The melancholy party arrived safely at Astoria. A passage was engaged for them in a fine American

ship, that was to sail in two days from Astoria. Their time was occupied either in the necessary pecuniary transactions, which were readily, and amicably arranged; or in endearing conversations, in which their future course was discussed. Elder Wood, as formerly, showed recoil, and a disposition to look after their departing guides, as he thought of the long voyages before them. 'A Kentuckian,' he said, 'better loves range, the green wood shade, and the smell of fresh fallen trees, than to toss on the wearying billows. What shall I do among the yellow and avaricious China-men, and the people, who follow no mystery, but the leaves of a ledger. Thank God, by trap and gun, by mountain glen, torrent and lake, I have acquired from the wild animals, granted by the Creator for the use and service of man, enough for all my wants. By honest spoils from the Russian, and the vile trader, I have something more than a competence. I hate the sea, and ledgers, and all the mystery of gain, that comes in that way. Would to God we were all safe in Kentucky. It is the best country after all. May my worn out frame be finally sheltered in its parent soil.'

'And I,' added Frederic, 'here feel myself once more a stranger among you. Why should I hang as an incumbrance, to a society, to which a mere idle imagination at first attached me? Yet I hope, you will not be unwilling, that I should take a passage with you over the sea.' 'Is it possible,' asked Jessy, 'that we, who have seen, and suffered so much together, and who sustain such peculiar relations to each other, should feel it necessary to talk in this way? Is it true, what my dear father used so often to repeat, that the free and full sentiments of the heart are only felt in solitudes, and among the red men? Is it true, that, the moment we touch the ships of commerce, and make arrangements to return to society, we begin

to breathe the atmosphere of mercenary thoughts? My good friends, I do not feel, as though one of us could be separated from the other. How little is my heart acquainted with ideas, like those, to which you allude. For you, Elder Wood, we two hold to you as daughters. Providence has assigned us to your charge; and we have no fear, that you will leave us, whether you consider us a burden, or not. For you, Frederic, you avow, that you have no distinct place for the future. Allow me to propose one. You are not to leave us either now, or wherever we shall settle. I have never thought for a moment of making use of the papers bequeathed to me by one, I need not name. You are the proper person, as you know the family, to attend to all these circumstances. I have enough already for all my wants. There need be no remonstrance. I will never avail myself of any thing, that may be obtained from that source. The whole duty and the whole bequest devolve on you, or no one. You will not show a disposition so uncompromising, as to refuse the charge, which I now deposit in your hands. Let us here arrange our future plans. China, I am satisfied, will be no country, in which any of us would choose permanently to settle. It awakens tender thoughts in me, only as the parent land of my dear mother. The great, free, and glorious country of my father, is that in which we should all probably desire to fix our permanent residence. Let us settle whatever is necessary; and repair thither, as speedily as possible. I look forward to the time, when we shall find some pleasant home, in which we shall constitute one happy family, to be severed only by death. I fix my mind incessantly on this consummation, so soothing to my troubled spirit, as a kind of remedy against the last earthly evil, mental alienation. The horrible scenes, through which we have all so recently passed, haunt my waking imagination,

and depart not from my dreams. I have been fearful of distraction, perhaps with the guilty complacency of having indulged too much satisfaction in the pride of reason. I have earnestly prayed God, that this cup might pass from me. Nothing would so certainly, and immediately inflict it, as the separation of any one of our number from us.'

Indeed, had the minds of the rest been sufficiently cool and disengaged to note them, there had been already manifold indications, that the interesting mourner, overwhelmed by the succession of tragic incidents, which she had experienced for the last few months, was at times under the influence of that species of mental excitement, called hallucination. She had, more than once, uninvited, commenced one of her valley ballads, singing it with a sweetness that thrilled the bosoms of her friends, at the same time, that her unwonted cheerfulness of expression struck them with astonishment. This gaiety was wholly unlike the retiring manner of even her happiest former days. She laughed in the midst of tears. A partiality for Frederic began to be visible to every eye, but the diffident one, towards which it was directed. She became unusually particular in her attention to her person and dress, studying, in the requisition of all her exquisite taste, how to dress, so as to display her person to most advantage. The glow of this recent excitement on the lily of her pale cheek, the almost fearful brilliance of her naturally bright eye, imparted a new and dazzling lustre to her beauty; and as she entered, the second morning of their stay at Astoria, to the breakfast table, even Elder Wood, not at all remarkable for having his attention arrested by beauty, whispered Frederic, 'my daughter Jessy shows the nearest like an angel, of aught that I have imagined. In truth, it would be hard to find her match in all Kentucky.'

Though nothing could now be apprehended to inspire them with any founded dread of danger, they agreed not to separate a moment from each other, during the day; and during the night, Elder Wood and Frederic slept, armed at all points, on the outside of their door. They spent the days in wandering through the adjoining prairies and hemlock forests. It was the musing season, so beautiful in every portion of the American forest, when some of the leaves already rustle, and fall; and the rest are in green, orange, scarlet and purple, exhibiting at once a richness and a fund of associations with the deepest thoughts of decay, and the fragility of whatever belongs to the earth, which render this season so delightful to a contemplative mind. As they walked on the verge of the glorious forest, amidst the million yellow flowers of the prairie, and the perfect repose of Indian summer, whose soft clouds slept in the firmament, they were startled from their meditations by noting Shoshonee periogues rowing up the magnificent Oregon. 'Do your thoughts, like mine,' asked Jessy, 'follow these red men, whom I cannot but regard as brothers, all the long way up this stream, and the Sewasserna, to the sweet valley? Do your thoughts turn with mine instinctively to yonder blue summits?' 'Assuredly,' answered Elder Wood; 'no one here loveth mountains, and that wild and beautiful country, as I do. The wild deer, the mountain eagle, and the Kentuckian, have the same instinctive love for range. The spirits of my people exult in nature's freshness of forests, which the axe has not touched; in secluded vales, where the bear and buffalo rear their young. We are yet a frank and unsophisticated people, and many of our noblest sons, unspoiled by the effeminate feebleness and sterility of refinement. It must be an instinctive and ever present sense of the vanity, meanness, rivalry, supplantation,

and subservience of the nobler to the more bustling and impudent, a consciousness of the sordid and pitiful passions always in action in society, that drives the generous thought to take shelter in the grandeur and repose of nature. The psalmist must have had the heart of a Kentuckian, when he cried, *'Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.'* What a delightful residence would have been yonder vale of the Shoshonee, had it been the abode of the security of law, and, what I once hoped it would be, of Christianity! Were it such, I would return thither to spend my days. But alas! Were our people there, the axe, the plough and the loom would follow. The grating of the saw and the clink of machinery would be heard. The barbarous dialect of political economy would be spoken, and the buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep would, in a little time, be found only as skeletons in a museum. The grouse would no longer whistle away from the mountain heath, nor the partridge be heard drumming among the dark pine woods. The innumerable flights of sea fowl, the regular lines of geese, swans, pelicans and loons, of every wing and cry, would no longer be heard careering on the vernal breeze, from the shores of ocean towards the interior. Towns, turnpikes and canals, and the smoke of manufactories driven by steam, would rise in the view of the Kentucky hunter. True; there is one glory in those lofty summits, that have sheltered us for so many years. Man cannot dig down their everlasting battlements. Thank God! He has made something, that defies the pick-axe and gun-powder. Those blue summits would continue to look down in derision upon the puny efforts of civilization. But the man of society would soon be the same there, as in towns. Even the Shoshonee in a few years would become prudent and calculating even in their loves; and the only medicine secret of direct-

ing the passion would be the amount of dollars or beaver, which the girl could bring. But alas! blue hills, roaring torrents, beaver streams, the range of the swan and the buffalo, and the free thought, I shall visit you no more. I must spend the remnant of my days, where the limits of the farms are recorded; and where the learned in the law have the highest places. Be it so. My better thoughts will be allowed no rest but in heaven.'

Such remarks sufficiently indicate the feelings, with which Elder Wood left this romantic country forever. The sails of the gallant ship, in which they took passage, shortly after were spread upon the Pacific.— There were many respectable American fur dealers on board. But there was an inner cabin; and it hardly need be said, that the Shoshonee emigrants, bound to each other by so many peculiarities, were seen almost constantly together. They talked over the past with such a tone, as the character of the incidents naturally imparted. Jessy amused herself in sketching from memory a hundred different spots which they had passed in their travels; and the conversation often turned upon the future. In these intimate communions in the narrow precincts of a cabin, and while tumbling on the bosom of the ocean, under circumstances, which, more than any other, tend to banish restraint and reserve, the rich, balanced and well principled mind of Frederic had an opportunity for its true display. If Jessy had loved before, she now cherished towards him all those sentiments which had hitherto been shared by other objects. Her self complacency, too, was soothed, to find that every conversation developed new treasures in his mind, and that now the severest scrutiny of her judgment confirmed the previous decisions of her heart.

Unhappily, Katrina saw him in the same light; and as yet entirely unadvised of the position of Jessy in

relation to him. The juvenile passion, which had just budded for the young chief, rudely broken off by his tragic end, now that she hourly experienced the courtesies, and saw the worth of Frederic, was transferred to him. Her glistening eye was too frequently, and intently fixed upon his high forehead, and his noble countenance, as he entered their state room. With the perfect frankness of her ardent and untrained nature, she was not slow to disclose her new secret to Jessy, who, won by this generous confidence, no longer felt the tortures of jealousy. 'I am a fool,' said the charming Spanish girl at her confessional. 'I thought, I should never again think of any one, but the noble chief. But Frederic is certainly handsomer; and, I am astonished to find, equally good.' Jessy this time caressed her, and repeated a longer chapter of matronly admonitions, and affectionate counsels, than she had given her on a former occasion. But the inexperienced girl was under the impulse of a fervor of feeling too strong to be arrested; and her marks of partial tenderness, unwittingly shown, were as innocent, as they were palpable. They finally caught the eye of even Elder Wood, little accustomed to note such matters. 'We must have an eye to our Spanish charge,' said he to Jessy; and they forthwith meditated an united lecture with the poor girl on the subject. In her Spanish-English-Indian dialect, half laughing, and half wiping away the tears with her clustering curls, she partly denied, and partly defended the charge. 'They allowed,' she contended, 'that he was good and handsome; why might she not love him? Was it forbidden the people in the civilized world to love, or required to dissemble?' 'The one,' answered Elder Wood, 'was contrary to the customs of society; and the other was unhappily often necessary. But were it otherwise, he had information to impart, which would operate, he hoped, through her pride, to pro-

duce concealment and, as fast as possible, conquest over this ill directed fancy.' 'What is that,' she eagerly asked? 'Our friend has confessed to me, in confidence, that he loves my daughter Jessy. The headlong earnestness of his confession astonished me, who had considered him a man remarkable for his calmness and self possession.' The alternate paleness and crimson in the cheek of both the girls showed, that this information fell as a thunderstroke upon them. The minister saw, that he had committed a most egregious and embarrassing blunder, by this direct announcement, and hurried out of the room.

The abruptness of this unexpected intelligence affected Jessy with palpitations, that poorly qualified her to impart the requisite consolation to her charge. She had scarcely succeeded in obtaining calmness herself, and a cessation of the audible grief of her companion, when the object of this discussion entered their state room, and begged a confidential moment with Jessy. The suppressed tears of Katrina started anew, as she retired to the cabin, and left them. 'I have never seen a young lady, save one, more beautiful and amiable, than that,' said Frederic. 'As playful as a fawn, she is as unsuspecting as an infant;' and Jessy learned, that his object was to remove any apprehensions, that he should note unfavorably the manifestations of partiality, with which she had honored him. Never had he exhibited to her a more honorable test of the permanence and dignity of his sentiments, than in the assurance, that he should allow neither to his vanity or his wayward inclinations a single movement of encouragement. Incapable of the slightest return, he promised, never for a moment to trifle with her peace. She had the satisfaction to see, that the pledge was redeemed to the letter, and to meditate upon this chivalrous decorum, practised towards a girl almost constantly with him, who was

Every day developing new loveliness. She saw in her cheek the rich carnation of the rose glowing on the polished olive. She saw her lustrous black ringlets, her sunny brightness of expression, her eyes of piercing brilliance, the glow kindled from a southern sun, and the infusion of the warm blood of her race, shaded, and softened with an inexpressible languor of tenderness and propriety. 'What must be the strength of that honor,' she thought, 'that dictates such forbearance? What the love, which has protected him from the influence of so much beauty?'

The three first days of their passage gave presages, that happiness was about to return to this endeared circle. On the fourth, a new and dark cloud arose upon their prospects. Katrina was the first to discover, that Jessy, after the announcement of Elder Wood, gave undeniable evidence of mental alienation. Instead of flying with the burden of the secret, as would have been the first impulse of a less noble mind, to the two gentlemen, the strength and prudence of her concealment triumphed over her terror. She practised an ingenuity of invention entirely new to her, in satisfying Elder Wood and Frederic, that she was so indisposed, as to preclude their visits; and yet without alarming them. During the first paroxysm, the patient sometimes fancied herself at Manitouna, and at other times in the castle at Ostroklotz, in the power of Julius. She then imagined, she saw him expiring in the flames. The scene of the massacre of her parents next passed so vividly before her eyes, as to excite shrieks of agony. She afterwards believed herself soothing Areskoui, confessing her paramount obligations, instructing him, that although she could not conquer her attachment to Frederic, yet, if he would receive her under such circumstances, she was ready to become his bride. More frequently, she appeared impress that it was an autumnal sab-

bath eve; that her parents and Elder Wood were sitting near her under the pines, in front of her natal home; that the evening devotions were just finished; and that they were talking of the life to come. Gleams of sanity and of the most intense anxiety, lest her friends should witness her in this state, radiated through these gloomy intervals, in which Katrina, in utter inexperience, was tormented with solicitude, what course she ought to pursue with her. On one point she was settled; the most scrupulous and delicate concealment of the case, if it might be, from her friends. 'Who knows,' she thought, with noble forgetfulness of self, 'what effect it might have upon the love of Frederic?'

The first paroxysm passed off, after enduring two days. The two friends were readmitted, not without painful astonishment and enquiry, what could have rendered such an interdict of their society necessary. Frederic especially expressed himself with unwonted energy, in delineating what he had suffered. Diffident, and even hopeless as he had been of a return of affection, it was with inexpressible surprise, that he heard her gaily affirming, that the whole affair had been a slight headache, magnified by Katrina into an illness so formidable as to preclude company. She was quite as eloquent, as he had been, in pourtraying her sufferings from this interdict; and promising, that, at the next attack, himself should be present to aid in nursing her. Her countenance, the while, beamed with an affectionate joy, which filled him with delight equal to his admiration.

The evening, that ensued, was delightfully calm. The ship, now touching the tropical climate, rippled along the gently swelling cerulean with an almost imperceptible motion. The sun, dipping his warm forehead in the encrimsoned sea, was making a glorious set in a canopy of golden clouds. It was one of

those lovely evenings, in which a sea life shows in all its charms. Immensity above, around, beneath, acted upon the little spot of life alone on the abyss, as the collected rays in the lens upon the focal object, giving intensity to the kind feelings of each for the other. The moon had already emerged from the orient, bringing cool and bland breezes in her train; and here and there a star began to twinkle in points of the concave above. All labor was suspended; and the passengers, as if bathing in the delicious air, were walking, arm in arm, along the deck in groups. The sailors were gaily conversing on the fore deck; and the frequent and reckless laugh told, that their bosoms were as light, as the evening was pleasant. The four were sitting together on a settee by the companion door. Jessy arose, and bowing gracefully to Frederic, begged the honor of his arm, while she walked the deck with the rest. He arose; she put her arm within his, and they began to promenade. With an easy frankness of confession, she led the way to a disclosure of his sentiments by avowals on her part. 'Is it possible,' he exclaimed with delighted enthusiasm, 'that you encourage me to repeat declarations, which I had thought forever interdicted?' 'Not only possible but certain,' she replied. 'Why should there be reserve between us longer? We have suffered too much, to inflict, or endure this gratuitous torment. Of the few, that remain of the dear circle of our valley, each of us owes too much to the other, to hold back from the most unreserved confidence.' They had returned, and were immediately in front of their friends on the settee. Katrina, with an ever vigilant apprehension, saw in her excited countenance the harbingers of another paroxysm. 'I have something,' she said, 'to impart to my dear sister. Let us to our state room.' Jessy, as it seemed, in a

momentary touch of docile sanity, gave her arm, and they walked below.

Another period of apprehension and horrible suspense ensued for the affectionate Katrina. Again Jessy conceived herself in the valley, in the presence of Areskoui and her parents. She seemed to hear them summing up her obligations to the young chief, and supplicating her to consent to a union with him, as the only circumstance, which would ensure them composure and confidence, in regard to her future condition. She opposed to these views her avowed love of Frederic. They still insisted; and such a struggle ensued between her sense of duty to her parents, and the claims of tenderness, as raised her excitement to such a fearful issue, that Katrina, vanquished by her terrors, called in Elder Wood. With considerate kindness she still interdicted the entrance of Frederic. It was in vain, however, longer to conceal from him, that Jessy suffered intensely from some kind of mental affection. He had been sufficiently quick sighted, much as affection blinded him, to note the change in her manners. Though, such was her instinctive and exquisite sense of propriety, that even her present transparent frankness sat naturally upon her, and might have seemed the result of the habits of a life. The excitement imparted a brilliance to her eye, and a transient glow to her cheek, which increased the interest of her loveliness. It certainly was not less gratifying to his self-complacency, to believe, that he had long been loved in concealment; and now, that a succession of horrible scenes, in which she had been tried, had occasionally destroyed the balance of her pure and noble mind, that the sentiment, which maidenly modesty had so long reserved to itself, was disclosed. His heart bounded in rapture, that the lovely, talented, and en-

thusiastic *Jessy*, whom he had so loved from the first day of beholding her, would finally be his; that all his visions of earthly bliss would at last be realized. Nor was it the least splendid point of his dream, to reflect, that, in being united to her, he should have chances to pay her those soothing attentions, and place her in that tranquilizing position, in which he might be instrumental, in restoring her mind to its usual tone. She was young; she was in the highest degree talented, and exquisitely beautiful; and she had opulence, and, more than all, an amiability and goodness peculiarly her own. His imagination was busy in painting the delicious spot, in which he would place her beside his friends, in his own great country; and he was firmly persuaded, that, in his own case, he should be able to give the lie to all that had been said and sung, in reference to the impossibility of perfect happiness on the earth.

Such were the visions of a lover's imagination. In his impatience, he called on *Katrina*, requesting admission, every half hour. But this paroxysm endured longer, than the preceding. At length she became more composed; and as the weather was still delightfully calm, she insisted upon sitting with *Katrina* alone on the quarter deck. From sunset till midnight, she remained profoundly silent, looking intently on the transparent bosom of the deep, glittering with the sparkling gems and phosphoric brilliance thrown back from the wake of the ship. The greater part of two following days she passed in the same state of mind; evidently solicitous to avoid the presence of even *Elder Wood*. The perfect calm of the weather, and the state of the sea, created that astonishing transparency, which certain portions of the ocean exhibit. In such circumstances, it is a spectacle of poetic and sublime interest, either by sun or moon light, to trace the cones of light downwards to

their almost fearful apex in the depths. It is, as a new universe were unfolded to the eye, the universe of imagination and magic. The eye of Jessy was intensely fixed on these cones of light. From a single remark, which the importunities of Katrina drew from her, it appeared, that her imagination had converted this beautiful sea green world, in which every object, in descending, became gem-like and radiant, into the paradise of departed souls. The gliding dolphins, glistening in colors more vivid than those of the bow or the prism, and the darting forms of innumerable fishes, as they gleamed in that world of enchantment, in their ocean play, seemed to her, happy beings exulting in the mansions beyond sin and death. She imagined mountains, a valley, the Sewasserna, her father's house, with its embowering pines, and her parents holding out their arms, and desiring her to descend to their embrace. In the wild ecstasy of filial affection, she made a rapid movement over the ship's side. Katrina grasped her in her arms; and, in the buoyant energy of youthful power and love, drew her back to her seat; and while fanning her, by the sternness of her expostulation produced a revulsion, that almost instantly restored her to reason and sanity. At the moment a cool breeze filled the flapping sails; and the ship once more bounded through the transparent waters. The elastic cheerfulness, created by the breeze and the motion, after the wearying ennui of a calm, diffused the sympathetic gladness through her bosom, as in the hearts of all others on board. She embraced Katrina, exclaiming, 'my headache is gone, and the oppression from my heart with it. I am afraid that Frederic should perceive, how happy I am. He may imagine, that I am impatient to arrive at Macoa, for the day of our nuptials.'

The following evening was even more charming than the preceding. The air had a bland feeling of

deliciousness, which is perceived only by the senses; but eludes the coloring of words. The parties, as usual, were walking in groups under the steady swell of the canvass, bounding over the billow by an advance, strong, and yet equable, under moon and stars, radiating from the ethereal brightness of tropical and cloudless azure. It was the time when, in the obtusest bosoms, remembrances of the natal spot, the loved affinities, and the cherished associations far away, spring up, and soften the heart to tenderness. Elder Wood and Frederic sat with their fair friends on the settee, now congratulating Jessy on the removal of her head-ache; now looking at the sea and the stars; and only at intervals dropping those unfinished sentences of joy, hope and anticipation, which are the peculiar indexes of a full heart.

Frederic begged her to take his arm, and walk the deck for exercise; and she promptly consented. After a silent turn or two, he resumed the theme nearest his heart. 'You have not, I hope, my dear friend, been playing cruel jests with me, in the hopes, you allowed me the other evening to entertain?' 'You know, Frederic,' she answered, with a kind of gay seriousness, 'that jesting belongs not to my powers; that every thing with me is seriousness and from my full heart.' Upon the word, she had no longer occasion to reproach him, as she had sometimes in her heart before, with the cold and studied words of an unfeeling heart. His extravagance and enthusiasm of profession almost excited a smile. It is sufficient to say, that, amidst much fire and some smoke of poetic declaration, the speech contained a most ample proffer of love, homage and fidelity to death. She held out her hands to him, not without something of jest in her manner, (for he was in the fit posture for such a confession) 'begging him, not to mock her with this affectation of humility;' and with queenly courtesy aided

him to rise. 'I suppose,' she added, 'that it may help to restore your countenance, after this humiliation, as well as evidence the best returns, in my poor ability, for such an eloquent declaration, to admit, that I, too, have loved from the second week of our acquaintance.'

After the rapture of this ample *éclaircissement*, and the consequent confidential conversations and arrangements, she entered into a free analysis of her past thoughts and feelings in the valley, and during her captivities. The first remembered feeling of her heart had been gratitude towards Ellswatta and Josepha, and friendship for their son. This latter feeling had so grown with her growth, had been so identified with gratitude, and a deep sense of obligation, that she probably would never have known a different or more tender sentiment, had not the appearance of Frederic in the valley furnished her new quickness of internal sight, in analyzing the nature of her sentiments towards one and the other. Alas! she found, that duty, gratitude, respect, and every other association with the young chief, had been merged in a tyrannic and master feeling, which inspired more reluctance at the thought of being united to Areskoui, every time the idea was contemplated. She admitted, that an ever present sense of obligation, beyond all hope of cancelling, that the calm testimony of her judgment to the moral dignity, and intrinsic worth of the chief, her pity for his morbid and hopeless passion, her full sense, that an union with him was the wish of her venerated father, would forever have prevented her from allowing her own heart the indulgence of love for another, much less the thought of an union. The terrible scenes, through which she had recently passed, had still more effectually precluded any thoughts of the kind.

'But now,' she concluded, 'that the grave has closed

over my parents, and that Areskoui has insanely, though I doubt not, with the generous purpose to remove an obstacle from my way, destroyed himself; now, that we are in some sense alone to each other, I know of no reason, to withhold the avowal of reciprocal love. If my dear parents could indicate from their holy abode their wishes, it seems to me, they would rejoice to see me so safely and honorably connected.' The conversation ended by a promise, that she would be his, as soon after their arrival in China, as decorum in relation to her parents would admit.

The rest may be imagined. Elder Wood and Katrina were notified in due form, that the parties stood pledged to each other, as engaged lovers. As such, the minister joined their hands, and gave them his parental and sacerdotal benediction. There being no reason for concealment, the news soon became the common property of all on board; in whom the surpassing beauty of the orphans, the exaggerated estimates of their supposed wealth, and the romantic outline of their adventures, had excited a high degree of interest.

In considerate kindness, Jessy requested Elder Wood to inform Katrina in such a way, as would be most likely to reconcile her thoughts to this inevitable blow to her own partiality for Frederic. Katrina had thought, she was prepared for the intelligence, by considering it as a probable event. But, when she heard it, as a certain fact, that he was pledged to be another's forever, the information struck her as a blow, that at first bewildered her thoughts. The paleness, that ensued, was partly occasioned by the bitter sensation of self-reproach, on finding, that it did not cause unmixed satisfaction to hear, that the sister of her heart was about to be happy. The ardor of her nature was that of a generous and noble bosom. The thought of too many girls in her predicament, and

with her amount of early moral training, would have been to have hinted to the lover, that he owed the avowal of his mistress to insanity. It would have been easy for such a one to frame insinuations, calculated to damp the ardor of love, and perhaps to break off the connection. All might have been so naturally cloaked under a pretext of honorable motive, an unwillingness to see him become the subject of such a sad mistake, that could scarcely fail to render him afterwards wretched, and consequently indignant towards those, who allowed him to be led blindfold to the consummation.

Not so the noble minded Katrina. The physical fervor of the veins touched not the internal spring of truth and honor. Nature said to her, more than the schools have learned to the many. She wiped the tears away with her silken tresses; and her high purpose was formed in a moment. Jessy, the beloved, and pledged of Frederic, became from that circumstance dearer to her thoughts, than ever. 'Noble young man, charming sister,' she reflected, 'I shall always be near you, and see you happy, if I may never be so myself.' Jessy became thus invested with tenfold claims upon her respect, delicacy and unsleeping vigilance, to prevent her mental alienation from showing in such forms, as to be calculated to inspire any diminution of his love. She foresaw, that the declared lover would have new claims to be with his mistress during the attacks of these dreaded paroxysms; and the difficulty of her task of concealment would be increased.

The tenderness of her solicitude, her ever watchful assiduity began to astonish, and almost annoy her charge; as usual, unconscious herself, of what was obvious to all about her. The transient gleam of a moment's lucidness enlightened the patient to her own condition, and the motive of the watchfulness, with

which Katrina attempted to exclude Frederic from seeing her in her alienation. But, as in the midst of horrible dreams, we sometimes comfort ourselves, that the shadowy terrors, under which we suffer, are but a dream, Jessy gladly escaped from these fearful intervals of sanity, to the exhilaration of her excited hours; and then, though not aware of her malady, she was distinctly aware of the untiring vigilance of her Argus, and her ingenuity in the invention of expedients, to keep Frederic from visiting her state room. The same cause, that had unsettled the balance of her admirable intellect, had ruffled the sweetness of her temper, and the uniform tenor of her equanimity.— Her impatient earnestness, to see, and converse with her lover, at length overcame her docility to this duress. Somewhat sternly reprimanding Katrina's officious exercise of authority, in refusing him admittance, she begged, that herself might be allowed to judge in the case, and refuse or admit his visits at pleasure. 'I am at a loss,' she said, 'to divine the motive of such an unauthorized assumption.' The reply was a burst of tears, and these words, 'thy sister has not thy eloquence of expression, or she could explain herself. I must endure, as I may, till I find my apology in your own heart.' The sight of the beautiful and generous Katrina in tears, at her harshness, operated a revulsion of sanity, and a conviction of her own cruelty. She folded her in her arms, and they wept together. She then put her hand firmly to her forehead, and asked, 'is it not the first time, sister of my heart, that I have been capricious and cruel? Forgive me this once. I am sure, all is right at my heart. But you will pity, and excuse all, when I tell you I have an inexpressible apprehension, that something is wrong here.' It was the first time, Katrina had ever seen her in the light of asking forgiveness. Accustomed to consider her, as an exemplar

almost too much exalted above the errors and follies, of which she was herself conscious, habituated to receive her word with implicit docility, as a command—love and pity, mingled with new emotions, presented her with new associations of endearment. ‘Forgive you, my dear sister?’ she said. ‘Yes, and would have you repeat the offence every day, if it would give me a chance of feeling, that I love you more in your failings, when you approach nearer to myself.’ Henceforward this girl of heroic affection was perusing all the medical books, that could be loaned on board, while Jessy slept, in search of the symptoms, prevention, and cure of mental diseases. All the efforts of an untrained, but vigorous mind, were directed in the channel of inventing expedients, to present the soothing view and the sunny side of existence to her patient, and to prolong to the utmost possible extent the exhilarated and happy train of her feelings. The schemer seeks not perpetual motion; or the mathematician the square of the circle, with a more intent application of all their powers, than she sought to acquaint herself with the chain of ideas, which, she had previously discovered, brought on the melancholy hallucination. No physiologist could have reasoned to better purpose, than did her nature taught mind, impelled by the keen promptings of affection. As though to reward her kind and intelligent efforts, a lucid interval of three days ensued, days to the two lovers apparently of the highest and most unalloyed happiness, that earth could bestow. They talked over their future plans, in presence of Katrina and Elder Wood, and they wove all the splendid gossamer webs, and they built all the high towers, and painted in all the prismatic colors, the terrestrial hopes fabricated in the imaginative warmth of the hearts of youth and love.

When Frederic and Elder Wood retired to occupy

contiguous births, in a low and confidential tone, the former remarked to the minister, in the emphatic phrase of the bible, that he dared only to *rejoice with trembling*. Naturally sanguine, and indisposed to forebode evil, he began, for the first time, to feel himself alarmed with indefinite apprehensions drawn from human mutability. He felt, as if the present expansion of heart, like the vibration of the pendulum, raised too high on one side, would settle back to some hidden alternation of sorrow. 'Have I not warned thee,' said the man of God, 'that there is nothing, on which to rest the affections, but God; nothing, that should elevate, or depress the spirit, but eternity?' On Jessy the excitement had produced, during her happy intervals, a delightful kind of hectic ecstasy, precisely that state of happy mental tension, in which the mind can dictate those wonderful acts, which transcend the ordinary compass of human experience and credibility; and which fits it to triumph over fear and death. Her eye sparkled with an unearthly brightness. Her fancy painted every object as with a pencil dipped in sunbeams. Her intellect showed an action of preternatural vigor; and her expressions had a mellow richness and felicity, as if dictated by the same temperament and power which inspired the English songstress of the heart, the unequalled Felicia Hemans. A benevolence still more ardent, than that which had formerly led her to go about, among the Indian cabins, *doing good*, sought all possible objects of manifestation, and colored every word and action. Even for the hardy sailors, passing to their appropriate tasks, she had some well timed salutation, some remark implying affectionate interest, which won her, along with her pre-eminent beauty, the universal good will of all on board. Frederic, too, was of that kind, frank and unsuspecting temperament, which naturally begets popularity. The happy lovers were favorites

to enthusiasm. They, who would learn the avenues of approach to the human heart, should have noted the deportment of these happy persons. Such might easily, also, have become acquainted with the natural reward of such manifestations of good feeling, by hearing what was said of them by the congregated groups of sailors at their mess, or their conversations. The extravagant encomiums and hearty good wishes, lavished upon them, expressed in the peculiar quaintness and originality of the dialect of the sons of ocean, would have convinced any one, that the most splendid prospects and the most fortunate condition do not, as some have supposed, necessarily generate envy.

Not a single circumstance, connected with this case of mental alienation, imparted to it any association either disagreeable or alarming. On the contrary, the subject had never shown more attractive loveliness. Something of unnecessary reserve was banished, and a peculiar brightness of the eye and quickness of manner indicated, that the internal movements were exerted to an accelerated and wearing velocity. In other respects, every word and action was so perfectly fit, appropriate, and in keeping, and her whole conversation and deportment imbued with so much sense and heart, that her lover could hardly desire that an excitement, which rendered her society so delightful, should pass away. He delighted to yield himself to the illusion, that the whole was the result of painfully concealed love, now indulged in unrestrained scope, diffusing itself in excited benevolence and hilarity over a nature, the affections of which had never before been aroused from their slumbers.— There was, beside, over the whole, a sanctity of internal propriety regulating every action. In short, it was an excitement, that he could almost excuse himself in wishing it might last forever.

The sun was descending for another of those deli-

cious tropical evenings, so indescribably beautiful in the lone wastes of mid ocean, and with the fresh air of that peculiar balmy influence, which is only felt on the sea. Jessy was still cheerful, and had been enquiring of the captain, in how many days they might expect to land at Macoa? She retired to her state room, to hear Katrina expatiate upon a theme of equal interest, the virtues and attractions of Frederic, a topic upon which the speaker dilated with but too much earnestness of conviction. Her slender fingers played with the glossy tresses of her patient; and, delighted to witness the longest lucid interval that she had yet had, since her alienation, she was tasking her invention to array every possible view of gladness before her, that she might so far break the morbid chain, as to leave no fear of another assault. To this end she was describing, from her own imagination, the scenes and circumstances, in which, were she in her place, she would deck the bride, the bridal bower and abode.

While the subject was under that animated discussion between the fair ones, which such themes naturally excite in persons of their years and circumstances, Frederic entered. They related to him the tenor of the interrupted points at issue. 'We will settle it on the quarter deck, after tea, among us four,' said Jessy, gaily rising, and giving her arm to Frederic, as they were summoned to tea in the cabin.

Accordingly, after tea, the four friends assembled on the quarter deck. 'Pleasanter sky and stars never canopied the ocean, nor softer breeze fanned the atmosphere,' said Jessy; 'nor lovelier spectators surveyed the one and felt the other,' cried Frederic; 'at least than two of ours. One can hardly talk at such a time and place, and in a position, like mine, except in poetry. The muses love alternate strains. Let us now, in that way, settle the question of your recent

discussion. Let us imagine the bond, we contemplate, made immutably fast. Let us imagine ourselves landed. Let us thence suppose ourselves wafted, in the delightful privacy of our cabin, over the immense wastes of sea between China and my ever loved native country. You have studied its geography quite as attentively, as myself; and its physical and moral advantages are equally well known to you as to me. Where shall we select that spot, which shall be consecrated by the sacred name *our home*? Shall it be, where the orange and the fig ripen, and the jessamine and the laurel pour their perfume in the bland climate of the sunny south? Or will you prefer the wide medial regions; or the industrious, municipal and moral north, with its frequent white villages, and towering spires? Or will we shelter under the spreading beeches; or fix on the grassy plains of the west, in its virgin freshness? Where shall be the ark of our rest? Let it only be where there is plenty of noble trees. For me, next to my few friends, I love a fine tree more than most things else. Wako-na, thou art to me, on this subject, as on all, oracular; speak thou, and I will hearken, as though I heard the words of the Master of Life. To give thee freedom to fix, be assured, that the shores of the arctic sea, with thy presence and love, would bloom for me an eternal Eden.'

He sat between the two fair girls. The moon shone full and sweetly on the calm bosom of the sea. The stars trembled as brightly in the cerulean depths, as they twinkled in the air. They were perceptibly nearing the land, for a voluptuous aromatic breeze fanned their temples; and even Elder Wood seemed aroused from his meditations by the rather extravagant compliment, with which Frederic had closed. Jessy arose, and threw her curls from her neck. She bowed a kind of ironical acknowledgment. 'This is

all Ciceronian,' she said; 'and so finely spoken, that my worshipper cannot but go away accepted. Thou hast paid thy homage to the oracle Wakona, for the first time in thy life, in the beautiful phrase of the red people. It befits thee to a charm; and it reminds me of the soul of honor and truth, whose native language thou hast adopted. But in this beautiful speech, thou hast glozed a flattery, learned among thy own race; and as thou well knowest, but too seducing. Well! thou hast spoken in the flattering words of the pale face; and I will answer thee in words as simple and true, as though I were a maiden of the race of the red people. Thou demandest of me, when we two have sworn to be one, where we shall fix the ark of our rest? Ah! if the dear Shoshonee vale were the home of civilized men, and under the rule of laws! Dear winding Sewasserna! Sublime sheltering mountains! Beloved natal spot! Resting place of the ashes of my parents, of the noble and magnanimous Areskoui, who endured and died under the singleness of one motive! Venerable Ellswatta, the last of thy race, and Josepha, on whose maternal breast I have so often reposed! Blue summits, that have so often conducted my thoughts to God, I see your rounded points stand forth in the air! Spring formed torrents, I hear your deep discourse of music, as you pour your brown waters into the dells below! I feel your breeze rustling the first formed leaves of spring; and mark its influences passing away, in the eddying whirlwinds on the sides of the hills. I behold the red bird starting away in song from the tangle. There I have felt peace and repose, before this bosom learned to swell with this new sensation. Ah! had I the wand of power, to wave over the sleeping dead; could I evoke them from the narrow house; and had we there our good Elder Wood, and our church, surmounted with its church going bell, and

our Christian congregation of converted red men, in that dear vale, secluded from the stormy passions, from the hardening intercourse, the folly, vanity and ambition of the world, there, of all places, I would choose to fix the ark of our rest, and hope to renew the scenes of Eden. These hearts, I know, are formed for high and exquisite enjoyments. Thence we would offer continually to heaven the incense of devout, benevolent and satisfied hearts. There we would descend the vale of years, without perceiving it; and a stronger affection should spring up from intimate acquaintance and the long communion of the offices of love, and from moral relations of beauty, than any compound of sentiment based upon the bloom and freshness of youth. Thence, resigned, and cheerful at the call of Him, who made us, dropping the manacles of clay, we would soar away towards our father's house, as the mist curls in its ethereal whiteness from the mountain tops towards the morning sun. But alas! we cannot awaken the sleepers, and that dear spot may not be our home. For the rest, the world is all before us. Wherever my dear Katrina, and thou, and Elder Wood should choose to dwell, there will be my chosen place of habitation.'

Whoever had noted her countenance, as the entranced speaker uttered these words, would have seen the indications of a mind already severed by sorrow from its earthly ties, and about to take its last flight. Katrina, trembling and pale with apprehension, as she thrilled with the tones of her voice of unearthly music, rose, and put her arm within hers, reminding her, that her health was delicate, and that she feared the evening air was too fresh and humid; and begged to be allowed to lead her to their state room. 'Not yet; I have not a fear,' she replied. 'Never have I felt joyfulness, like that of this hour; and we may not hope such long measures of satisfaction in this evan-

escent gleam of existence, as to spend such moments as these in sleep, or the estranged sterility of heart in our silent births. And, now I recollect, it is our accustomed hour for better thoughts. I dash from my imagination the associations of the senses. Elder Wood, this is the wonted hour of prayer. There soar the blue outer walls of our temple. The stars look down from their high abodes of purity and light upon us. I hear the footsteps of the bygone days returning with gentle tread. Certainly the spirit of prayer is upon us; and a felt inspiration from above hovers over us. Thanks to our heavenly Father, my ever dear parents, your weary daughter has returned from her persecutions, and her far wanderings by land and by sea; and we are once more united. Why will you not embrace your long lost daughter? Well! your hearts are too full. Father, thou art weary with the idle and useless chase over those rugged hills.—Repose on this soft seat, dear mother, beside the daughter that loves thee even as herself. Ellswatta and Josepha, come in. Areskouï, thy noble heart is not all pagan; and thou too shalt sing with me the praises of Jesus above the stars. What a blessed union, after such a long and terrible separation! Elder Wood, there is the book of God. We are all ready. Now recite that sweet hymn.

There was a solemn pause, in which each of the three listeners suppressed the sigh, that rose involuntarily in their palpitating bosoms. But prayer and praise seemed the natural balm for the visible malady of the interesting sufferer. Katrina trembled beyond the power of speech; and Frederic and Elder Wood more distinctly perceived the extent of the misfortune, than they had ever before. But she was eloquent; and she was calm, and apparently triumphant in her joy. The moon fell upon a face, which, as Elder Wood afterwards said, shone like that of an

angel. There was so much elevation, tenderness, sweetness and method in her madness, that they could hardly have desired to call her down from her heights of inspiration to the common place and obtuse sanity of worldly discretion, and the measured prudence of a speech, the source of which is no deeper than the lips. All were awe-struck, and still, as the minister read an appropriate portion from the scriptures, and then gave out

Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
Thou joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art.

That pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

Elder Wood was a good man—a man of strong, though undisciplined genius, and capable of the profoundest feeling. This prayer might be fitly termed wrestling with God. Precisely those words sprang to his lips, and they were invested with the tone and the pathos, which the occasion demanded. It was one of those impressive seasons, when right words carry a thrill of unutterable feeling through the frame. As though the Author of Nature had accorded an answer of peace to these earnest prayers on the great deep, the breeze which freshened a moment before, had lulled to a dead calm; and the ship seemed as still as if anchored on the unfathomable waters. The joyful cry *land! land!* was heard from the shrouds; and the mingled perfumes from the flowers of that near and sunny shore floated on their senses an atmosphere of aroma. Jessy sat perfectly composed, looking upon the unruffled mirror, sparkling with stars. Katrina arose. ‘Gentlemen,’ she said, ‘it is late.—We need rest to prepare us for the bustle of landing

to-morrow. Remember, that our dear Jessy is an invalid. It is high time for her to retire. You must give the example; for, while you sit there, we are reluctant to retire to our births.' 'She is right,' replied Jessy calmly. She shook hands with Frederic, saying cheerfully *bon soir, mon ami; et demain nous serons en joie*. She sat at the moment, in her wonted position, as they retired, leaning against the taffrail, alternately casting her eyes from the stars above to the depths below, in which the firmament was beautifully repainted. She complained of thirst; and requested Katrina to follow the gentlemen, and order her a glass of water, in a tone of such perfect composure, as left the affectionate girl joyfully assured, that her paroxysm had passed away. In three minutes she returned with the water. Jessy had disappeared. A single piercing scream brought the ship's company on deck. Katrina had fallen, fainting.

To attempt to describe the scene that ensued, would be equally painful and hopeless. Lamps, candles, pitch, and splinters of the pitch pine were kindled in a moment, and threw a portentous glare upon the calm cerulean—and the ship would have shown at a distance, as in a conflagration. Coops, casks, planks were thrown overboard. Ropes and boats were lowered down. Every person on board, who could swim, was in the water. Frederic was among them, diving to such a depth, and remaining so long beneath the water, that when he rose, the blood gushed from his nostrils. When Katrina recovered from her first faintness, it was to utter such agonizing shrieks, to save her sister, as chilled the heart. Elder Wood was at first transported utterly beyond the precept and habit of Christian submission and endurance. 'My daughter! My dear lost daughter,' he cried. 'I could have borne every thing, but this.' Old, and unused to swimming as he was, he escaped from the friends, who

attempted to hold him, and he also was in the sea.— Not a breath ruffled the mirror surface, that showed of transparent purple. Twenty persons were diving in the depths, through which the eye traced the cones of light, from the glare on board, in all directions from the ship, to almost fathomless distances. Innumerable fishes were pursuing their ocean play, as though it were no concern of theirs, that a fair maiden had gone down breathless to their deepest retreats. The white anemonies, like numberless shooting stars in the water, were performing their quick contractions and expansions in their uninterrupted sports. A mote might be traced in the pale green element at immense depths.

It was in vain, that Katrina continued to cry, 'oh! save my sister,' as though her heart were bursting. It was in vain, that Elder Wood, taken up in a boat, when well nigh drowned, groaned, and scattered his hairs into the sea, exclaiming, 'all else I could have borne.' It was in vain, that Frederic exhausted himself in ineffectual struggles, to force the mysterious element to give up its dead. It was to no use, that he made spasmodic efforts to escape from his kind keepers, that he might spring overboard again. It was in vain, that the heart-rending cry arose from various points, find her! oh! find her. Mark where she rises! To whatever extent the vision of the swimmers could extend through the pellucid element, her brilliant eye, glistening through the wave, her glossy tresses floating from her neck, her beautiful form—were no where to be seen. The voice of music was mute. The heart of unutterable tenderness had imparted its warmth to the waters. She had gone down beyond the power of imagination to follow, or find her. All further hope of renewed communion with the loved and lost must now rest on the resurrection morning. Two hours had been spent

in these unavailing efforts. A strong breeze then arose from the direction of the sea. However the agonized friends of the lost one wished still to linger on the fatal spot, there was no anchorage, and the ship was rapidly driven towards the shore.

It may be supposed, that her birth, trunks and cabinet were searched, to discover whether she had left any written indication of her feelings and purposes. She had been observed writing the day before this disaster. That writing was found in her cabinet to this effect. 'Merciful God! if it be possible, let the cup of insanity pass from me! Is it truth or illusion, that I see the dear valley, my loved parents, the young chief, my natal spot, all distinct in the sea? I feel my hands, and close my eyes, and look again. It must be real. There are the same dear images; and now they move, and hold out their arms to me, and chide me, that I come not. Oh God! sendest thou these illusions, to manifest thy frown upon this union? Thou art righteous and terrible in thus declaring that this long cherished love is a guilty one. I cruelly compelled the young chief to quench his noble spirit in a watery grave. Be it so. Let me make all possible reparation. I am now alone with God and my conscience. And should I lose my reason, I bequeath all my wordly substance, of which disposition is not already made, to Katrina, the orphan sister of my heart, hoping that all the wishes of her innocent bosom may be gratified. I charge her on the care of Elder Wood. She will not fail to bestow right portions of it on her guardian and father. Frederic! Yes. If it be a guilty sentiment, in presence of God, I tear it from my heart; and if it may be, bequeath her his love. Should this be my last act of a sound mind, those who come after me, will consider this my last will and testament.

JESSY YENSI WELDON.'

The ship anchored next morning in the harbor, where it remained but for a few days. Frederic was seen for the most part sitting on the cliffs alone, looking stedfastly in the direction, where the lost one had left him. During this stay, he prepared the following epitaph for her ocean grave:

She sleeps alone! She sleeps alone!
 Down the green depths of ocean's bed.
 The restless surge, with reflux moan,
 Rolls noiseless o'er her peaceful head,
 As with its dark, unceasing tide
 The sweeping waters onward glide.
 She has no marble monument;
 She wants no stone, with graven lie,
 To tell of love and virtue blent
 In one, who seem'd too good to die.
 We shall not need such useless trace,
 To point us to her resting place.
 The mariner, as gliding by,
 May see, indeed, no mark, from whence
 To learn, that he is wafting nigh
 The sleeping corse of innocence.
 But by one heart that ocean spot
 In death alone will be forgot.

All, that is known further of these wanderers, is, that the father of Julius was found to have deceased. The mother conversed with Elder Wood and Frederic, and perused the document from her son. A satisfactory arrangement of all secular interests was speedily accomplished through the agency of Elder Wood, in whose mind duty was always the prevalent idea. Frederic appeared perfectly reckless, in regard to the opulence, which had thus visited him unsought. They shortly afterwards sailed from Canton for the United States, in the ship *Pacific*. That ship was spoken off Callao by the ship *Mentor*, both in a dead calm. Visits, as usual, were interchanged between the ships. The captain of the latter ship arrived first in the United States; and, among his letters to his friends, was one, which, with other matters, contained

the following particulars; from which it would seem, that the appearance of the three Shoshonee emigrants had a striking interest even for passing and disinterested spectators.

‘We supped in the cabin of the Pacific. A venerable looking man, dressed as a minister, with gray locks floating on his shoulders, led to the table the most beautiful girl, I had ever seen. Beside her was a fine looking young gentleman, who might have been her brother or her lover. They were all three in deep mourning. As they came to the table, the previous gaiety and loud talking was instantly hushed, and each one spoke under his breath. I know not, but it might have been the grief in the countenance of this lovely girl, and the interesting young man, that struck us so much. But I have not been introduced to persons who left such a vivid impression upon my memory. After they retired, I failed not to ask their history. I give the following particulars, as I received them.

‘They had been among the Shoshonee, in the interior of the country on the Oregon, where they had lived, and met horrible disasters. They took passage to China. They spoke with awe, and never without tears, of a young lady who had been one of their number. They represented her, as lovely and interesting, in terms of gloomy enthusiasm. The young gentleman was to have married her. In a state of derangement from religious melancholy, she threw herself overboard. It was wonderful, that two such splendid young persons, as rich as India merchants, should keep up mourning and look dismal so long. There was said to be, however, a strange sacredness in their privacy, and a something in their manners, which had wonderfully conciliated the attachment and respect of their fellow passengers.

‘I can hardly account for the uncommon interest, which I took myself in these interesting people. At any rate, the young lady need have no fears, if she once arrives safe in America. Forgive these extra memoranda. My next shall be on matters of business.’

7

THE END.

BU MAH I TOIA



