

## SOANGETAHA.

It all happened more than two hundred years ago, but Soangetaha, "Strong Heart," seemed a very real personage as I stood upon the same breezy hill-top where the young brave had so often stood, and looked down upon the same winding stream where his little birch canoe used to speed like some fleet-winged spirit through the lovely valley.

An Indian lad born in the "Moon of the Fallen Leaves," he had now reached his fifteenth year, but he was so tall, so muscular and so finely developed that he looked much older. Eye and ear and every fibre of his little young frame had been trained for the chase and for the war-path. He knew the language of the grass and of the sky, the keenest methods of trail-seeking and of scent, and there was not a brave in all the tribe who could surpass him in matches of wrestling, shooting, running, jumping, or swimming.

"O Strong Heart," exclaimed the little Puritan lad, Makepeace Fuller, as he watched him race with his swarthy companions, "you are rightly named—you are strong in everything!"

Soangetaha smiled. He was used to admiration. His proud squaw mother had praised and admired him ever since he could remember. He was one boy among five girls—poor little red-skinned drudges who had been taught from their earliest years (according to the custom of their tribe) to wait upon the young brave, and to save him from all menial labor.

Soangetaha's great ambition in life was to be old enough to "strike the war post," and to make for himself a great name among the warriors of his tribe. He often called to mind what an old sachem had once said to him:

"Let your courage be mighty, your heart big, your feet light, your eyes open, your small keen, your ears attentive, your skin proof against heat, cold, water and fire. Then wait awhile and your turn will come."

The tribe to which "Strong Heart" belonged was a clan of the once great Massachusetts tribe that was governed at this time by the wise and peace-loving chief, Waban. Their wigwams were scattered all along the banks of the beautiful Charles river; and so friendly was Waban and his band of Indians to the early settlers of Cambridge, that six score head of cattle were sent every summer to graze on the Sachem's meadows—he agreeing to be responsible for their safety, and to receive in return some forty dollars' worth of Indian corn at Michaelmas.

Meantime a little colony of the Puritans, numbering some twenty families, had crossed the river and begun a settlement on the south side of the Charles, not far from these happy hunting grounds of Waban and his tribe, to which the apostle Eliot had given the appropriate name of Nonantum, "rejoicing."

The parents of little Makepeace Fuller had built a rude log house close by the cool spring where Soangetaha's mother and all the neighboring squaws came daily to draw the water for their wigwams. At first, Makepeace and his little brothers and sisters were very much afraid of these dusky visitors, but gradually their fear gave way to curiosity, and curiosity to an ever-increasing interest.

Sometimes the squaw mothers would bring their little papooses with them, strapped upon their backs, and while they did their morning's washing at the spring, the strange cradle boards—babies and all—would be hung in a row upon the nearest birch trees.

Sometimes, Soangetaha, who was just the age of Makepeace, though head and shoulders taller, would wander down to the Puritan settlement and peer in at doors and windows with wondering eyes. Once, the kind-hearted and hospitable little Makepeace had shared his dinner with the Indian lad, and ever since then a warm friendship had existed between the two boys.

Soangetaha was just now approaching a much-dreaded ordeal that every young brave in his tribe must undergo before he could expect either strength in battle or guardian care in death. This ordeal, imposed on them by their powahs, or sorcerers, was a fast and vigil of five days' length so soon as the Indian had attained his fifteenth year. On the last night of this vigil his dreams—occasioned, no doubt by the pangs of hunger—would reveal to him, so the sorcerer declared, some bird, beast or reptile which was thereafter to be esteemed his "medicine" or mysterious protector through life. This creature, no matter what it might be, that was revealed to him, must be hunted and killed by the boy, and its skin made into a pouch or bag which was afterwards stuffed with grass and worn by the young brave through life as a "charm" to exorcise evil spirits.

Now it so happened that the very day before this dreaded fast and vigil of Soangetaha's was to begin, the good apostle Eliot had come from his Roxbury home to preach to Waban and his tribe.

It was a beautiful day in that month of "falling leaves" and all the forest was aglow with color. The yellow birches, the flaming maples and crimson oaks seemed like so many torches among the dense green of the pines and the russet brown of the chestnuts. In the distance, the sparkling waters of the Charles wound in and out all around the beautiful valley, like the links of a silver chain. There was a drowsy stillness in the air, broken now and then by some wandering bird of passage, and over all the landscape hung the warm, purple haze of the Indian summer.

Strong heart was on his way to the distant hill-top where he had been sent by the powah to keep the five days' fast, but seeing so many of his people leaving their wigwams and hastening to the valley, he turned and joined the eager throng. It was not the first time that John Eliot had visited the Indian settlement at Nonantum, but it was the first time that Soangetaha had seen and heard him.

With wondering eyes and ears the young brave drew closer and closer to the great preacher. The opening prayer in English he could not understand, but the kind face and earnest manner of the apostle held him spell-bound; and when, after the prayer was ended, he began to hear, in his own language, about the Great Father who had made all things, and was everywhere present, his eager young mind drank in every word with the keenest interest.

Very earnestly did Eliot strive to impress upon his hearers the fearful consequences of violating any of God's laws, and

one by one he repeated to them in their own dialect the Ten Commandments.

The short afternoon was drawing to a close, but still Strong Heart lingered by the side of the good apostle and asked him question after question. Suddenly through an opening in the forest, he caught a glimpse of the setting sun, and remembering this vow to the powah, he wrapped his blanket about him, and sped like an arrow to the neighboring hill-top.

Perhaps it was not strange that after the long fast was over, the very first object that came to the dreams of Soangetaha was a beautiful white doe—a rare albino type—that Makepeace, the Puritan lad, had snared in the woods some weeks before, and was trying to tame for a pet. But would it not be stealing to take it—even for the sacred "medicine pouch?" And even if it were his, would it not be wrong to kill the gentle creature when the kind-hearted "pale face" loved it so?

A week ago these questions would not have troubled Soangetaha, but now the words of the good Apostle were ringing in his ears:

"The Great Spirit says: 'Thou shalt not steal—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Very slowly came Strong Heart down the hill. It was early morning, the five days' fast was over, and he was not very hungry, but he dared not meet the powah empty-handed. What should he do about that medicine pouch? Nobody was up in the little Puritan settlement where Makepeace lived, and it would be an easy matter to carry off the tame white doe while everybody was sleeping.

Suddenly a stealthy footstep came up behind him, and a shrill voice whispered in his ear:

"Are you ready to become a great warrior? Where is your 'medicine pouch?'"

It was not the powah, as Soangetaha feared, but Metacombet, and the boy knelt down before the great sachem in lowly obeisance.

"Your tribe is friendly to the pale face. I have sworn to kill them all! Help me, and I will give you belt of wampum, and make you a great chief."

Soangetaha's eyes sparkled. To "strike the war post" with King Philip (as Metacombet was called by the English) was an ambition far beyond his wildest hopes.

"Call all the young braves together and tell them that Metacombet looks to them for help. Waban, Wampas, Cutashamakin and Plamobou have all gone over to the pale face. I will give you new chief. But first we must kill the preacher—he is who is spoiling all our braves. You know where he lives—you shall carry the tomahawk and bring me the scalp lock!"

"Soangetaha's face changed, and Metacombet was not slow to mark it.

"Ha! you, too, 'praying Indian?' he asked in a sneering tone.

"Me like preacher—he good and kind," faltered the boy.

Metacombet gave a low whistle, and instantly from out the underbrush sprang a band of the Wampanoags who surrounded Soangetaha on every side and made him a prisoner.

The boy well knew the cruel tortures before him but he made no attempt to escape. Indeed, he was too weak after his long fasting to make much resistance had he tried, and the wily Indian lad knew better than to waste his strength in useless struggles.

In a few days Eliot had promised to speak again to Waban and his tribe at Nonantum. Possibly, he had already started from his home in Roxbury, at all events, his life was in immediate danger while Philip and his band of Wampanoags were so near.

How could he warn the good preacher in season?—that was the one thought that filled Soangetaha's mind, as his cruel captors, having beaten him with knotted cords, now lashed him to a tree and began to blister his feet with fire-brands.

"If you will tell me where to find the preacher then we will let you go," said Metacombet, who could not help admiring the unshaken fortitude of the boy.

Strong Heart made no reply. His eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, his jaw relaxed, and a deadly pallor stole over his face.

"He is dying!" exclaimed King Philip, "he is no good to us now—stop your tortures and let him die in peace."

Merciful nature had indeed come to the relief of poor Soangetaha, but not in the guise of death as his captors thought. The long trance-like state lasted until midnight, and when he began to regain consciousness, he found himself alone in the forest.

A smouldering fire-brand had partly destroyed the things that bound him to the tree, and with a little effort he soon regained his freedom. Parched with thirst, and dizzy from hunger and pain, he crept slowly on his hands and knees to the banks of the river. Here he drank eagerly of the cool, sparkling water, bathed his bleeding wounds, and ravenously devoured a few nuts that had fallen from the frost-touched trees.

He had quite forgotten the white doe, his medicine pouch, and his vow to the powah—the one thought that absorbed all others now, how he could reach the good Apostle Eliot and warn him of his danger. Metacombet and his band might still be lurking in the forest, and every rustle of the dead leaves made him crouch stealthily in the low underbrush. He was close by the nearest forest trail to Eliot's home in Roxbury, and his feet were still blistered from the long torture of the fire brands, and he could make but slow progress along the rough path.

Suddenly, he remembered that Metacombet had not only threatened to kill the great preacher, but also to destroy the whole settlement at Nonantum. Which should he warn first? He must decide quickly, for every moment was precious. He thought of his boy friend, Makepeace, and a great desire filled his mind to warn him of his danger before he started on his long journey through the forest to Eliot's home in Roxbury.

It was morning again before Soangetaha reached the little log cabin where Makepeace lived, and the boy was feeding his pretty white doe as the Indian lad crept stealthily up behind him.

It took but an instant to sound the note of warning, for the Puritan colony knew from old-repeated tales of horror, the cruelty and subtlety of King Philip and his followers. The whole little settlement was immediately put into a state of defence, and all the women and children hurried to the well-fortified "block house."

"You are a good, kind Indian, Soangetaha! We owe our lives to you!" exclaimed little Makepeace as the young brave hastened back to the forest.

"See!" he added, "the white doe wants you and you shall have it for your own."

A sudden light gleamed from Strong Heart's passive face. His boy friend was safe in the garrison, and the white doe—his materialized "good luck," according to the powah—was really his very own! With the natural superstition of his tribe, Soangetaha felt that he was now secure from danger.

The beautiful deer, tamed already by the kind treatment it had received from Makepeace, gambled beside the Indian lad as he hastened back to the forest trail. He need not kill it yet, the medicine pouch he must not lose an instant now in his flight to Roxbury, and surely the "good luck" would be his if he kept the doe beside him. So the young brave reasoned, as on—on—through the forest path they sped, the doe far ahead, but always keeping in sight of Soangetaha.

The fearless Eliot and his little band of faithful helpers had just started upon their journey: Strong Heart's warning came only just in time to save their lives, for King Philip and his men were now in full knowledge of the secret trail, and were following in close pursuit.

Grateful to the brave Indian lad for his timely words of caution, Eliot and his little band returned to the garrison in Roxbury, and here they tried to keep Strong Heart till the immediate danger was over.

But the white doe had already escaped to the woods, and Soangetaha, with the inherent superstition and restlessness of his race, felt that he, too, must return to the forest.

A few days later, the poor boy was found near the Nonantum settlement, pierced through the heart by a deadly arrow that bore upon it the well-known "ark" of Metacombet—Enma E. Brown, in Portland Transcript.

The Harem in Modern Turkey.

F. Marion Crawford writes: "Harem" in the modern acceptance of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelor's establishment inhabited solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women.

The end of the Turkish railway carriage, curtained off from the rest, is a harem; so are the ladies' cabins on board ship, and the latticed gallery in a mosque. In the dwelling-houses it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family; and here I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife. The traditional Turk who has his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom.

Bear With One Another.

Strictly, no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend on our past experience, on our education, on the beliefs of our times on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests and our desires. But we bear this in mind, how many quarrels and disputes might be saved! How modest we should be in condemning how gentle in reproving, how careful in counselling.

May Have Been an Equity Judge.

A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound, and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness. "Humbly you, my good woman? What do you mean by that?" said he.

"Well, Your Honor," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it, exactly; but if a girl called Your Honor a handsome man, she would be humbugging you."

BORN.

St. Stephen, to the wife of C. C. Grant, a son.

Fairfield, Dec. 29, to the wife of James Wry, a son.

Turo, Dec. 29, to the wife of F. C. White, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 4, to the wife of W. C. Wilson, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 1, to the wife of Frank Hefter, a son.

Turo, Jan. 2, to the wife of J. W. Deane, a son.

Turo, Dec. 31, to the wife of C. L. Miller, a daughter.

Noel, Dec. 28, to the wife of Rev. E. J. Ratee, a son.

Sackville, Dec. 28, to the wife of Timothy Lane, a son.

Yarmouth, Dec. 19, to the wife of Louis Bourque, a son.

Kawdale, Dec. 28, to the wife of Lorenzo Ellis, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 1, to the wife of Sergt. Shen, two sons.

Wenmouth, Dec. 21, to the wife of Dr. Elderkin, a son.

Wolville, Jan. 1, to the wife of D. B. Shaw, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 30, to the wife of Francis J. Carew, a son.

Halifax, Dec. 29, to the wife of Joseph Chisholm, a daughter.

Tyron, P. E. I., Dec. 23, to the wife of John How, a son.

Lunenburg, Dec. 31, to the wife of Elijah Fuller, a son.

Campbellton, Jan. 2, to the wife of C. B. Champion, a daughter.

North Sydney, C. B., Jan. 1, to the wife of M. H. Ross, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 1, to the wife of Samuel McDonald, a daughter.

St. John, Jan. 2, to the wife of Rev. George Bruce, a daughter.

Riverside, Dec. 15, to the wife of Edmund Douth, a son.

Hopewell, N. B., Dec. 22, to the wife of Albert Milton, a son.

Lunenburg, Dec. 30, to the wife of Malcolm Fox, a son.

Fox River, N. S., Dec. 31, to the wife of David Gabriel, a son.

Richibucto, Dec. 15, to the wife of Thomas Fitzpatrick, a son.

Cape Traverse, Dec. 3, to the wife of George E. Burton, a son.

New Edinburgh, N. S., Dec. 4, to the wife of Joseph Leonard, a son.

Upper Newville, N. S., to the wife of Dr. Charles Edwards, a son.

Noel, N. S., Dec. 30, to the wife of Lanes Densmore, a daughter.

Millstream, Dec. 29, to the wife of R. V. A. H. McLeod, a daughter.

Lunenburg, N. S., Dec. 26, to the wife of Louis Richardson, a son.

Upper Newville, N. B., Dec. 30, to the wife of A. R. M. Wilson, a son.

Hibernia, N. S., Dec. 24, to the wife of Howard Martin, a daughter.

Parrsboro, N. S., Dec. 30, to the wife of James W. Fulmer, a daughter.

North Kingston, Dec. 30, to the wife of John Warner, a daughter.

Melville Square, N. S., Dec. 22, to the wife of Nel son Gates, a daughter.

Dec. 19, to the wife of Rev. J. W. Wittecombe, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, Jan. 2, William Thomas to Chrissie Rosewell Gay.

Barrington, Dec. 25, Alexander Demings to Mrs. Priscilla Kendrick.

Turo, Dec. 29, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, David H. Coffin to Sadie Barber.

Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. A. Simpson, E. P. Fletcher to Christie McKenzie.

Rose Bay, Dec. 30, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, Daniel Culp to Henrietta Culp.

Moncton, Jan. 2, by Rev. John Read, George J. Robb to Hetty Kincaid.

Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. E. Hall, James Hamilton to Mary E. Carver.

Riverside, Dec. 27, by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Wilder Kiever to Annie M. Peck.

Turo, Dec. 27, by Rev. John Robbins, John Fisher to Mrs. Elizabeth Foster.

Newcastle, Dec. 26, by Rev. L. S. Johnson, Frank Graham to Edith Malby.

Chatham, Dec. 26, by Rev. George Steel, James Ashford to Ida Blanchard.

Penobscot, Dec. 28, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Talbot Morton to Maria Freese.

Nappan, Jan. 2, by Rev. J. Johnson, Arthur A. Smith to Alice M. Gilroy.

Lunenburg, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. L. Batty, George A. Smith to Mary H. Hocking.

Halifax, Dec. 3, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Wellington Jemex to Elfreda Mitchell.

Fredericton, Jan. 2, by Rev. H. Hasty, William E. Volans to Gertrude Clarke.

Pugwash, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. M. Bent, Charles N. Coates to Elizabeth Carson.

St. John, Jan. 3, by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Henry Miller to Bertha M. Knight.

Halifax, Jan. 3, by Rev. Allan Simpson, William F. Dill to Jessie E. Gally.

St. John, Jan. 4, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Charles W. Earle to Jennie E. Gally.

Centerville, Dec. 27, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, John F. Grant to Annie Eaton.

St. John, Dec. 2, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Harry M. Goodhue to W. G. Peters.

Halifax, Dec. 28, by Rev. Dyon Hagne, C. Welton to Louise Francis Hare.

Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. H. MacPherson, Harry Macdonald to Mary Robertson.

Perth, Dec. 24, by Rev. B. Young, John W. MacLus to H. Almeda Bradley.

Rodney, N. S., Jan. 2, by Rev. J. Johnson, Arthur Smith to Alice M. Gilroy.

Annapolis, Jan. 3, by Rev. H. Howe, James A. Riley to Margaret M. Miller.

Wicklow, N. B., Jan. 3, by Rev. D. Fiske, John R. Robertson to Hattie L. Gallop.

Gravelly Ferry, Dec. 24, by Rev. N. Daniels, Prof. J. B. Norton to Susan Benson.

Annapolis, Dec. 27, by Rev. James Strothard, Robert Reynolds to Sarah B. Coffin.

Dartmouth, Dec. 27, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Alton B. B. B. to Mary B. B.

Fredericton, Dec. 27, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Arthur B. Price to Edith Stack.

Annapolis, Dec. 30, by Rev. James Strothard, James Upham to Rachel White.

Weymouth, Jan. 3, by Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, Joseph P. Butler to Alice Doty.

Simonds, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. H. Kearney, Amasa Plummer to Sophia J. Raymond.

Bridgeport, Jan. 1, by Rev. F. M. Young, Jeremiah Roblar to Adeline Bernhardt.

Millstream, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Benjamin Lester to Charlotte Worden.

Fredericton, Dec. 27, by Rev. P. R. Knight, James Cole to Augusta J. Richards.

Cole Harbor, Jan. 2, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Thomas Ritchie to Bertha Thomas.

Tower Hill, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Fred Brown to Mrs. Maggie McAllister.

St. Stephen, Dec. 29, by Rev. William Penna, James Crockett to Minnie Compton.

Clifton, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. J. D. McGillivray, Wayward Smith to Louise Kaulbach.

Moncton, Jan. 2, by Rev. T. J. Dienstadt, John Beaumont to Sophia M. Harkness.

Lichfield, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. W. H. Jenkins, Lizzie A. Hardy to Charles Burney.

Upper Canada, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. W. Dawson, Wesley Blenkhorn to Alma S. Wood.

Jardineville, Dec. 27, by Rev. William Hamilton, D. D. Warnam to A. Mand. Stothard.

Lord's Cove, Dec. 23, by Rev. W. R. Pepper, Frank W. Whalen to Susan I. Parker.

Lunenburg, Dec. 30, by Rev. George Haslam, Reuben Roblar to Adeline Bernhardt.

Cumberland Bay, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. Coombes, William S. Gosmore to Ida E. Haines.

River John, Dec. 27, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Robert N. Beckwith to S. Alice Collier.

St. John, Jan. 4, by Rev. George Bruce, Frederick Dec. Davies to Jean Templeton Young.

Phillips River, N. S., Dec. 27, by Rev. M. Penlow, Nexton Davidson to Mrs. Sarah Ralston.

Barrington Head, Dec. 27, by Rev. C. Jost, William B. H. Hopkins to Charlotte Poane.

Stellarton, N. S., Jan. 2, by Rev. E. H. Burgess, Duane B. Cruikshank to Bessie McKay.

Dartmouth, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Abraham Palmer to Mrs. Elizabeth Seakins.

St. William, N. S., Jan. 3, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Auster A. Daniels to Lenzie V. Baker.

Woodstock, Dec. 27, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Charles G. P. Connell to Mary Abina Smith.

East Leinster, N. S., Jan. 3, by Rev. Mr. Burgess, H. B. Wood to Loretta McElmott.

St. George, N. B., Dec. 21, by Rev. H. E. S. Mader, William Wood to Mrs. Jennie McDermid.

Urbania, N. S., Jan. 3, by Rev. T. Chalmers, Jack William H. Stonehouse to Charity Kaulbach.

Shubenacadie, Jan. 1, by Rev. John Murray, assisted by Rev. A. B. Dickie, James Currie to Prudence Sharpe.

Kemptville, N. S., Dec. 28, by Rev. C. D. Turner, assisted by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Amos G. Travis to Martha A. Crowell.

Kemptville, N. S., Dec. 28, by Rev. C. D. Turner, assisted by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Frank L. Frosier to Lillias A. Crowell.

## DIED.

Halifax, Jan. 3, John Doyle, 45.