

**HOPE LESLIE, OR, EARLY  
TIMES IN THE  
MASSACHUSETTS, IN  
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649606764

Hope Leslie, or, Early Times in the Massachusetts, in Two Volumes, Vol. II by Catharine Maria Sedgwick

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK**

**HOPE LESLIE, OR, EARLY  
TIMES IN THE  
MASSACHUSETTS, IN  
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**



*Satan Sedgwick -*  
Catharine Maria

"HOPE LESLIE;"

OR,

EARLY TIMES

IN

THE MASSACHUSETTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE LINWOODS," "POOR RICH MAN," "LIVE AND LET  
LIVE," "REDWOOD," &c.

Here stood the Indian chieftain, rejoicing in his glory!  
How deep the shade of sadness that rests upon his story:  
For the white men came with power—like brethren they met—  
But the Indian fires went out, and the Indian sun has set!

And the chieftain has departed—gone is his hunting-ground,  
And the twanging of the bowstring is a forgotten sound:  
Where dwelleth yesterday! and where is Echo's cell!  
Where has the rainbow vanished!—there does the Indian dwell.—E.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

1842.

## HOPE LESLIE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

"Those well scene natives in grave Nature's heats,  
All close designs conceal in their deep breasts."

MORRELL.

It would be highly improper any longer to keep our readers in ignorance of the cause of our heroine's apparent aberration from the line of strict propriety. After her conversation with Everell, in which we must infer, from its effect on his mind, that she manifested less art than zeal in her friend's cause, she was retiring to her own apartment, when, on passing through the hall, she saw an Indian woman standing there, requesting the servant who had admitted her "to ask the young ladies of the house if they would look at some rare moccasins."

Miss Leslie was arrested by the uncommon sweetness of the stranger's voice; and fixing her eye on her, she was struck with the singular dignity and grace of her demeanour—a certain air indicating an "inborn royalty of soul," that even the ugly envelope of a blanket did not conceal.

The stranger seemed equally interested in Miss Leslie's appearance; and, fixing her eye intently on her, "Pray try my moccasins, lady," she said, earnestly.

"Oh, certainly; I should of all things like to buy a pair of you," said Hope; and, advancing, she was taking them from her shoulder, over which they were slung, when she, ascertaining by a quick glance that the servant had disappeared, gently repressed Miss Leslie's hand, saying at the same time, "Tell me thy name, lady."

"My name! Hope Leslie. But who art thou?" Hope asked in return, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by the thought that flashed into her mind.

The stranger cast down her eyes, and for half an instant hesitated; then looking apprehensively around, she said, in low, distinct accents, "Hope Leslie, I am Magawisca."

"Magawisca!" echoed Hope. "Oh, Everell!" and she sprang towards the parlour door to summon Everell.

"Silence! stay," cried Magawisca, with a vehement gesture, and at the same time turning to escape should Hope prosecute her intention. •

Hope perceived this, and again approached her. "It cannot, then, be Magawisca," she said; and she trembled as she spoke with doubts, hopes, and fears.

Magawisca might have at once identified herself by opening her blanket and disclosing her person; but that she did not, no one will wonder who knows that a savage feels more even than ordinary sensibility at personal deformity. She took from her bosom a necklace of hair and gold entwined together. "Dost thou know this?" she asked. "Is it not like that thou wearest?"

Hope grasped it, pressed it to her lips, and answered by exclaiming passionately, "My sister! my sister!"

"Yes, it is a token from thy sister. Listen to me, Hope Leslie: my time is brief; I may not stay here another moment; but come to me this evening at nine o'clock, at the burial-place, a little beyond the clump of pines, and I will give thee tidings of thy sister: keep what I say in thine own bosom; tell no one thou hast seen me; *come alone*, and fear not."

"Oh, I have no fear," exclaimed Hope, vehemently; "but tell me—tell me!"

Magawisca put her finger on her lips in token of silence, for at this instant the door was again opened, not by the servant who had before appeared, but by Jennet. Magawisca instantly recognised her, and turned as if in the act of departing.

Time had, indeed, wrought little change on Jennet, save imparting a shriller squeak to her doleful voice, and a keener edge to her sharp features. "Madam Winthrop," she said, "is engaged now, but says you may call some other time with your moccasins; and I would advise you to let it be any other than the fag-end of a Saturday—a wrong season for temporalities."

While Jennet was uttering this superfluous counsel, Hope sprang off the steps after Magawisca, anxious for some farther light on her dawning expectations.

"Stay, oh stay," she said, "one moment, and let me try your moccasins."



At the same instant Mrs. Grafton appeared from the back parlour, evidently in a great flurry. "Here, you Indian woman," she screamed, "let me see your moccasins."

Thus beset, Magawisca was constrained to retrace her steps, and confront the danger of discovery. She drew her blanket closer over her head and face, and reascending the steps, threw her moccasins on the floor, and cautiously averted her face from the light. It was too evident to her that Jennet had some glimmering recollections; for, while she affected to busy herself with the moccasins, she turned her inquisitorial gray eyes towards her with a look of sharp scrutiny. Once Magawisca, with a movement of involuntary disdain, returned her glance. Jennet dropped the moccasins as suddenly as if she had received a blow, hemmed as if she were choking, and put her hand on the knob of the parlour door.

"Oh," thought Magawisca, "I am lost!" But Jennet, confused by her misty recollections, relinquished her purpose, whatever it was, and returned to the examination of the moccasins. In the mean while, Hope stood behind her aunt and Jennet, her hands clasped, and her beautiful eyes bent on Magawisca with a supplicating inquiry.

Mrs. Grafton, as usual, was intent on her traffic. "It was odd enough of Madam Winthrop," she said, "not to let me know these moccasins were here; she knew I wanted them—at least she must know I might want them; and if I don't want them, that's nothing to the purpose. I like to look at everything

that's going. It is a diversion to the mind. A neat article," she continued; "I should like you to have a pair, Hope; Sir Philip said, yesterday, they gave a trig look to a pretty foot and ankle. How much does she ask for them?"

"I do not know," replied Hope.

"Do not know! that's peculiar of you, Hope Leslie; you never inquire the price of anything. I dare say Tawney expects enough for them to buy all the glass beads in Boston. Hey, Tawney?"

Mrs. Grafton now, for the first time, turned from the articles to their possessor: she was struck with an air of graceful haughtiness in her demeanour, strongly contrasting with the submissive, dejected deportment of the natives whom she was in the habit of seeing; and dropping the moccasins and turning to Hope, she whispered, "Best buy a pair, dearie—by all means buy a pair—pay her anything she asks—best keep peace with them: 'never affront dogs nor Indians.'"

Hope wanted no urging; but, anxious to get rid of the witnesses that embarrassed her, and quick of invention, she directed Jennet to go for her purse, "which she would find in a certain basket, or drawer, or somewhere else;" and reminded her aunt that she had promised to call in at Mrs. Cotton's on her way to lecture, to look at her hyacinths, and that she had no time to lose.

Jennet obeyed, and Mrs. Grafton said, "That's true, and it's thoughtful of you to think of it, Hope; but," she added, lowering her voice, "I would not

like to leave you alone, so I'll just open the parlour door."

Before Hope could intercept her, she set the door ajar, and through the aperture Magawisca had a perfect view of Everell, who was sitting musing in the window-seat. An involuntary exclamation burst from her lips; and then, shuddering at this exposure of her feelings, she hastily gathered together the moccasins that were strewn over the floor, dropped a pair at Hope's feet, and darted away.

Hope had heard the exclamation and understood it. Mrs. Grafton heard it without understanding it, and followed Magawisca to the door, calling after her, "Do stay and take a little something; Madam Winthrop has always a bone to give away. Ah! you might as well call after the wind; she has already turned the corner. Heaven send she may not bear malice against us! What do you think, Hope?" Mrs. Grafton turned to appeal to her niece; but she, foreseeing endless interrogatories, had made good her retreat, and escaped to her own apartment.

Jennet, however, came to the good lady's relief; listened to all her conjectures and apprehensions, and reciprocated her own.

Jennet could not say what it was in the woman, but she had the strangest feeling all the time she was there—a mysterious beating of her heart that she could not account for; as to her disappearing so suddenly, that she did not think much of; the foresters were always impatient to get to their haunts;