

believed to be returning triumphant from Canada, could not stand before Frontenac, that brave old man, for he drove them from his castle walls ! so speaks the youth who came to us in the storm. Go, *Braves*, and paint yourselves black, that ye may be humble-minded with shame. The Scunk has defeated the Dog !”

This address was received by the band with a universal expression of mortification and anger, that showed how surely they had counted upon the success of the British in the long-talked of attack on Canada ; and the tenour of their observations, though unflattering to their allies, sufficiently proved the regret with which they heard of its failure.

“ How they will boast over their victory now !” remarked a gaunt warrior, knitting his brows and pressing his lips firmly together : “ The curs will become as noisy as jays ; it is long since they have gained such a battle.”

“ Ay, very long,” was the brief reply.

“ Would I had been there !” shouted a hot young *Brave*, brandishing his hatchet and grinding his teeth, as he transfixed an ideal foe with his eye : “ would I had been there ; by the blessed shades, I could have shown these pale-faces how a Maqua fights !”