

cesses of the forest, where the voice of the white man never disturbed his solitude. Civilization, with its wealth, joys, and ambitions he had left behind him; and, by the contentment with which he pursued the life he had adopted, seemed to cast no "longing, lingering look behind." It was whispered at the time of his arrival in the colony, that he had suffered a great affliction, which was not the death but the desertion of one whom he dearly loved. However this may be—and the story is likely enough—he played the role of "Timon" to an audience of owls and wolves, to his own infinite misanthropical satisfaction; but it happened that he was not permitted to conclude the drama in the way he fondly hoped. One day, as he lay by the door of his lodge, an Indian hunter came to him ill and weary, and begged the hospitality of his white brother. The hermit took him in, tended him kindly, and when the Indian was well and about to depart, he told his entertainer of the war which was raging between their people, and offered, as some return for the attention he had received, to conduct the Frenchman to the Fort of Cataragui, where he would be under the protection of his own nation. This offer the misanthrope refused, saying, "Your people are great warriors, O chief! and will not injure a lonely hunter, who has nothing but his life, which is worthless." Touched by the bravery and determination of this speech, the Indian took from his medicine bag his *okki*—the head of an ermine, rudely carved in wood—and presenting it to his preserver, said: "If my people come to burn thy lodge and slay thee, show them this and say thou art the friend of Kondikosh, whose life you saved; and you will find, O my brother, that an Indian chief never forgets one who has been kind to him."

The red man departed to join his people, and his white brother, drawing down the matted door of his wigwam, said: