

the latter was quietly paddling towards their place of destination, in his beautifully adorned canoe.

"The war-chief allows no presents to be given for such an achievement. The pale-face would soon make women of his warriors by his flattery. Does he deem Mascawa strong?—He never saw the war-chief in his youth," was the somewhat sulkily reply of the chief, who like many other important characters, was not very anxious to allow rivals too near the throne, if we may believe the tradition.

"The war-chief was great, and is now, as the Mohawks have very well learned," continued De Soulis, deigning to pamper the vanity of his friend in some small degree, for a very laudable purpose,—“but Nita believes the young brave deserving of reward for his having accomplished so daring an undertaking, and wishes to show his appreciation of his strength and skill. Moreover, Mascawa got none of the presents he first brought, on account of his not having been there to contend for them.”

Ominee gazed upon the face of the young Frenchman with a scrutinising look, delighted to find him so far recovered as to assume his usual bantering tone, but dubious as to the interpretation to put on his reference to their trip to the southern shore, wherein Mascawa had been their escort. Pleased to have attracted her attention, which had hitherto been apparently diverted to other objects, De Soulis soon convinced both the war-chief and his daughter by his lively sallies, that he had lost nothing of that buoyancy and gaiety of manner for which he had been distinguished before his late disaster.

They arrived at the camp-ground, and De Soulis again appeared arrayed in his richest garb, and assumed his most sprightly demeanor, while discussing with the several groups that surrounded him, all the particulars of his late desperate contest with the Matchi Monedo, but it was readily to be perceived that he felt excessively annoyed at what had befallen him, and the want of skill which he had exhibited before all the young warriors on an element which he had become so familiar during his residence in the Indian country. It was his ambition to be second to none of them in all their trials of skill and strength, whether displayed on the water, or in the forest; in the trying exercises befitting the warrior, or the equally laborious exertions incident to the life of a hunter.—Such an emulation seems to be natural to man, even after the refinements of society have opened the field of politics and religious discussion to his thirsty spirit of contradiction and disputation; and none but the most effeminate—the denizens of cities—the gregarious multitudes, delighting in brick, or stone walls, in preference to green hills, or wide forests,—the skip-jack half-made-up, small fry, who kill themselves by dissipation, some of whom, it has been asserted,