

dious details, we will now transport him to the Indian village of St. Regis, where, after a slow journey of six days' duration, our party, increased by four stalwart Iroquois braves, whom Anès had engaged to assist in carrying the wounded officer, arrived with their burthen at the priest's house. The good father received our hero with cordiality, called in the village doctor to attend to immediate requirements, while he lost no time in sending to Cornwall for the regimental surgeon. As to Marie, she at once became his own especial care.

Dr. Dixon, accompanied by the Colonel, with whom Ralph was a private, was on his way to the bedside of the wounded man who, although he suffered immense pain, was perfectly sensible, and able at intervals, and in broken sentences, to relate how he had detected Jouskeha on his path of vengeance, the manner of his giving warning to his companions by firing his rifle, and of the stinging shot which had disabled him; then his vision during a brief season of awakening from insensibility, of the Indian girl, and of his friends, Sharp and Anès.

We will not dwell on the details of Dr. Dixon's examination and of the tortuous process of probing for the extraction of the ball, which was found embedded under the shoulder blade, where it had lodged after traversing the chest. Our hero had a very narrow escape, and although the surgeon promised a complete recovery, he also said that the process would be slow and tedious and that many days must elapse before the patient could be removed to head quarters.

Leaving our hero to the care of the worthy priest, Father LeGras, and of Anès, who insisted upon remaining to nurse his friend and patron, we must now take a flight across the ocean, where we sent Captain Edwards to add new laurels to his naval fame.

Captain Edwards on his return to England had not been commissioned at once to a ship, but being well known at the Admiralty as a man who was gifted with rare administrative talents, had been kept at home by the anomalous Lords of that most important department. England was remodeling her fleet and reorganizing her army; the political atmosphere of Europe was very murky; the charlatan of France and false friend of England, Louis Napoleon, required watching; a war with China was imminent, and India was disturbed. With all these evils looming in the distance, England and need of her best men at the helm. Canada's late unpopular Governor, Lord Elgin, was sent to the East to endeavor to effect a pacification with China and Japan, his efforts resulting in the Chinese war; the real pacification being ultimately accomplished by England's sea and land forces led by her Edwards, Napiers and Straubenzies. The first named officer's name is still remembered with pride and admiration in connection with the Peiho forts. It was while engaged on the attack, these strong-holds, through the courtesy of the American officers who so gallantly gave material assistance on that occasion, that Captain Edwards received tidings which induced him to hasten home with all dispatch.

The tidings which Captain Edwards had gathered from New York papers were of a nature, to disturb him and necessitated his immediate return to England, that he might communicate personally with his solicitors.

The Yankee papers contained among much gossip on English scandals, an article which is diligently catered for by them, and much relished by their free and enlightened readers. They related, with a few preliminary pious comments, that the dissolute Earl of Buckfastleigh, who for the past eight years had, as Lord Haddingford, been a sojourner in the modern Gotham, the darling of its *demi monde*, the horror of its Upper Ten Thousand, and the *bête noir* of all respectable mammas with susceptible daughters, had come to a tragic end by being pistolled in a saloon broil, by one of the *jeunesse doree* of the aforesaid Gotham. This no-

bleman, whose youth had been ruined ten years before, completely *blasé* and exhausted by the pleasures of London, in and out of season, had incurred ostracism from society on account of his superlative vices, and exile from the kingdom in consequence of hopeless insolvency. His father had allowed him a sufficient income to live respectably, but the man was irrepressible, irreclaimable.—The old Earl had not been four weeks in his grave when the unworthy heir met his disreputable fate as related, a fit end to an unworthy career.

The Earldom with vast estates in Devonshire, houses in London, consols and money at Count's was therefore in abeyance until the lawful heir could be found.

The family had never, since the creation of the Earldom in 1713, been prolific in sons; daughters had been born and had, mostly, married into the families of wealthy commoners; one of these had married a member of the distinguished naval family of Edwards, whose grandson, the Captain Edwards of this tale, had many reasons to suppose himself to be the rightful heir to the Earldom and estates of Buckfastleigh.

Once arrived in England, Captain Edwards lost no time in seeking his solicitors and was pleased to find that those gentlemen had already taken the necessary steps towards proving their gallant client's claims. In short, my gallant Captain, said the venerable senior partner, Mr. Dawes, shaking that gentleman's hand very warmly, I hope to have the honor of congratulating your Lordship at Buckfastleigh Castle this day month, which, if I mistake not, is my godson Ralph's birth day.

CHAPTER VII.

Ralph Edwards recovery was very slow and tedious. He had the best and kindest of nursing, and Dr. Dixon was unremitting in his attention, but also stern and inflexible about his removal from the priest's house. Many delicate contributions suggestive of woman's tender sympathy, such as fruits and flowers, were placed every morning on Ralph's table, but he had not been able to discover who was the depositor of the offerings. He had his suspicions, however, and although he felt deeply grateful for the great service rendered by the Indian girl to his friend Anès, and for her timely assistance to himself when wounded and disabled, still her present sympathy and silent attentions troubled him much, for although Ralph himself had not felt that magnetic thrill which had awakened in the maiden the slumbering fires which were consuming her, he was anxious and sorrowful, and felt that it was his duty to drop out of her sight and if possible out of her recollection.

Ralph Edwards was not a coxcomb, but he had a proper pride and estimated himself at his true value as an English gentleman. He knew full well that the semi civilized forest maid, however lovely, pure and good, was no suitable match for him. That she had loved him with her whole heart was but too evident.—She must not see him again even at the risk of being deemed ungrateful and heartless. Father LeGras, also, had detected Marie's infatuation for the young officer. Having lived many years among the aborigines, whom he looked upon as his own children and wards, he grieved deeply over the poor girl, who was the prey of conflicting passions, the all absorbing first love of the child of nature warring with the native modesty of the forest violet. The girl was truly miserable.

Having on her first arrival at Father LeGras' been consigned by the worthy priest to the care of his sister that lady was not long in finding out the state of Marie's feelings, which she, in contrast to the majority of matrons and house keepers, respected, soothed and concealed, at the same time that she admonished, advised and calmed the sufferer.

She kept the stricken maiden in her own private apartments, where she employed her in assisting her in her household duties, and taught her resignation

and the hope of better things. The good old lady succeeded in winning Marie's confidence and love, and was rewarded for her motherly kindness by seeing the girl's mind, gradually recover its equilibrium and her cheek the bloom of health. Still, the faithful girl enquired every morning if monsieur Ralph Edwards had passed a comfortable night, and handed her a bouquet of fresh culled flowers or a dish of fruit to be placed near the young officer's couch.

The good priest at the solicitation of his sister, had taken the Huron maiden into his paternal keeping. He was not long in ascertaining that Marie's mind, although untrained, was not one of ordinary calibre, and that education acting on native talent and pure thoughts and aspirations would tend, not only to mitigate, but perhaps, ultimately to efface her present illusion and suffering.

The time had at last arrived, when Ralph might be removed to Cornwall.—Although still weak, he was able with the assistance of Anès to walk in the priest's garden. Dr. Dixon and Lieut. Sharp were to come on the following morning, in their yacht, the "Coquette," to take our hero back to his regiment and to his friends.

Marie had retired early to her dormitory, feeling very sad and sorrowful, but she had first sought Anès to whom she handed a small box made of the bark of the white birch, exquisitely ornamented with porcupine quills wrought into tiny violets and drooping ferns. She shyly asked the Abenakis to give the box with her adieu to monsieur Ralph Edwards.

Poor Marie would liked to have seen and spoken to the young officer before his departure, but her kind hostess advised her to forego the trial, and gently leading her to her chamber, left her there with her sorrow—and with God!

God help me! sobbed the poor girl, and falling on her knees before a crucifix, she poured out her soul in the following prayer:—

THE HURON MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

"Sa chienwoendio diwe onne' Oehion onentere. Sendionran itoch de Kukhon niane de te eatonhontaiona, itochien chendionraan itochien dank awendio. "Tan nende, stan ichien ea teen De te ikhon tak.

"Onno ichien andamote atones aa! Onno ichien onentere staat isen/dion zwithen aa!"

"Lord God, at last then I know Thee; dispose of me as Thou pleasest; whatever I suffer I will think only that it is absolutely Thy will.

"As to me I am nothing. "Although I was once exalted. Now it is that I thank Thee; now it is that I bow me to Thy will."

(To be continued.)

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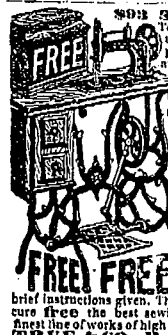
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