

LEGENDS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

BY CINNA.

NO. III.

DE SOULIS,

THE RUNNER OF THE WOODS.

In an article in the first number of this Magazine, mention was made of the precipitous rocks below the town of Brockville, which form the banks of the St. Lawrence; and of a young Indian's leap from the same to escape the pursuit of a pale face who owed him no good will from the causes there stated. These rocks have other traditions connected with them, which we are determined not to have any thing to do with at present, intent as we are on being exceedingly serious, that the more sedate and retiring portion of the community may look up to us with affectionate esteem personally, and entire confidence in our assertions, while pursuing a rapid journey with us, on one of our magnificent steamers, some few miles down the St. Lawrence.

By being closely examined, the face of the cliffs above mentioned, will be found painted over here and there with red and scarlet paint, after the Indian fashion. Rude representations of canoes, filled with men, are to be seen in several different spots, against which the rain beats, and the rough waves of the river dash, in vain to erase the memorials.—Five and twenty years ago we saw them first, in the company of an old *voyageur*, in whose canoe, we thought then, (and think still,) we were much better employed than being kicked, cuffed, thumped, and foully belabored, at school. The old *voyageur* dropped his paddle, when passing these rustic devices of his brothers, the Aborigines, and reverently crossed himself.—We felt we ought to have done the same, but did not have time to know what to do, before the current had taken us past. What François told us then, it were needless to relate here. In a brief way we state that a long while ago—a very long time ago—certain Indian families were overtaken by a storm, while passing these cliffs in their gossamer canoes, and men, women, and children, were all drowned together, beneath the spot where the unfading mementoes of them, sketched afterwards by an unknown hand, are now to be distinguished. We have some suspicion that these paintings might very justly be accounted for after a manner altogether different, but not near so briefly, and therefore we give no weight to the suspicion whatsoever, it being far less trouble to be concise at the present time, than otherwise. We saw those paintings