

"My father, we have chosen you, in full and perfect reliance that you will never betray the confidence we repose in your good faith towards us, your children—that your intentions will always show consideration and kindness, commanding our esteem and regard. We promise in return, that while the sun sheds her light upon the earth, and the moon casts her pale beams over the great waters, we will love and respect you—the good Spirit which we adore, will guide us in performing our duty—fulfil yours, and receive the name of Thadaconna. May you bear it in peace, till the dark mantle is thrown over you by the Angel of Death."

He paused, and remained standing proudly in expectation of a reply, which was made through the medium of an interpreter, as follows :

"My children, I accept with pride, the trust you have reposed in me. My aim shall be to merit it—though sprung from another race, and born in a far distant land, yet is my heart linked in amity with yours. Do we not kneel at the same altar to offer praise to that great Being, in whose sight the Indian is as dear as the White Man—for the salvation of both did he send his Son on earth, and he shall gather us together at the last day, from the east and from the west, and from every region of the globe—and those who shall have trusted in him, will He bring into one fold, under one shepherd. Until I die, will Thadaconna be faithful to his children."

A volley of musketry, accompanied by the repeated discharge of a gun followed this speech, and which closed the ceremony. The youths of the village, dressed in all their holiday finery, then prepared to end the day in dancing and gaiety, while Madame Montresor and her party retreated to the cottage selected for the purpose, where a splendid repast awaited them. Bouverie stationed himself near her, and appeared in unwooled spirits, talking and laughing immoderately, though occasionally he would receive a gentle remonstrance from his youthful mistress, who possessed great influence over him. His remarkably striking and handsome appearance attracted universal notice amongst the guests, many of whom cast on him glances of admiration, which he received with the careless indifference of one too much accustomed to meet such homage—yet to all was he polite and courteous, when they addressed him. Towards the close of the repast, a band of young Indians, headed by their chief, their hands linked together, entered the room, dancing and singing, and making significant gestures, as they moved round the circle, which was understood to be an invitation to go and witness their festivities—and as it would have been considered an insult to decline, Madame Montresor immediately rose, and accompanied by her friends, adjourned to the chosen spot, which was gaily adorned with garlands of flowers wreathed amongst

the trees. The Indians were at the moment performing their war dance, to music the most barbarous, composed of a rattle and a kind of tambourine. Their movements were monotonous—but their powerful athletic figures were displayed to advantage as they brandished their scalping knives and tomahawks, wildly tossing their arms above their heads. When this was concluded, a set for coiffons was formed, in which the women were to perform their part—a string of young girls then came forward to select a partner from amongst the visitors. Many of them were pleasing in appearance, but there was one who rivetted instant and surprised remark—she was rather taller than her companions, but slightly and elegantly formed. Her dark complexion did not destroy the matchless symmetry of her small and delicate features—but set forth yet more her brilliant teeth and her soft yet melancholy eyes—her raven hair parted from off her smooth forehead, was gathered up into a rich band, intermixed with the flowers of the magnolia—her petticoat profusely worked in beads of gold and scarlet, reached to the ankle, while the moccasins adorning her small and beautiful feet, were similarly ornamented—a deep crimson tinged her cheek on perceiving the notice she attracted, and she drew back while the one who held her hand advanced towards Madame Montresor, saying with a smile :

"J'ai pris avec affection pour toi—je veux être ton amie."

The youthful Constance gratified by her preference, accepted her hand and accompanied her to join the dancers. From the moment the beautiful Indian made her appearance, the eyes of Bouverie remained fixed upon her, as if suddenly fascinated by some spell—he followed the young party, and leaning his back against one of the trees, he watched her graceful movements as she glided through the mazes of the dance, in delighted admiration. Madame Montresor, equally interested by her appearance, enquired her name from her companion.

"Aulida is her name," replied the girl, gazing affectionately and proudly upon her; "she is my only sister, and they call her the Pride of Lorette; come hither, Aulida, and speak to the lady," she added to her.

Aulida immediately advanced, and answered the kind question of Constance, in a tone so sweet and melodious, that as she listened and gazed, she could have almost fancied her some bright and Heavenly visitant who had descended to earth on an errand of mercy, and would be briefly recalled to her native skies.

At the close of the dance, Bouverie approached her, and addressing to her a few words in French, tried to disengage her from Madame Montresor, and lead her away.

"No, no," replied the soft voice of Aulida;