

in the fingers of the vengeful renegade! Thy wife—— But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still griped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffened thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not yet lost its power.* The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate

* The European mode of holding the arrow is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.