

conduct towards her, that Ominee could not but reflect upon it, and this was probably the first time that she became aware that the warmth and favor of the young Frenchman's addresses, although not entirely acceptable to her, still were far from being displeasing. She thought him much changed since they had left the trading post below—there he was all that could be desired by a young girl anxious to be known to have a train of admirers—here love seemed entirely to have been superseded by the excitement to be found on the river. She could not account for it, and when they arrived at the encampment, learning all that had passed in the course of the day, the magnificent prizes awarded by De Soulis, and heard from every tongue such over-wrought eulogisms on him, a feeling of disappointment came over her that she had missed so much in the foolish excursion which had detained her the entire day. And Mascawa, too, the ingrate—he might have known better—but he probably preferred dancing attendance on them in the pretended fear that they ran a risk of being captured by the scouting Mohawks, than to be bravely contending for the handsome trophies of the Frenchman, with the chance of his having something to show to her on her return, like her father and the others. Mascawa was in fact entirely to blame for all her disappointment, and this she would take the opportunity of informing him ere long. De Soulis was not entirely free from censure either, for he pretending so much admiration for her, and wishing her to become his wife, he might have delayed the pastimes until her return, had he not been an ingrate also. It was clear that every one was ungrateful to the young chieftainess, even down to her father, but this he stoutly declared was not the case, so far as himself was concerned, while he held the prize carabine on his knee, and gazed into his mirror, at first complacently, afterwards with a grim scowl, aimed at the Mohawks, and which, had they seen him, would have made them particularly careful how they confronted so terrific a war chief afterwards.

De Soulis returned the next morning with his canoe burthened down with fish, and in the highest spirits. It was so much relief to him to throw off the restraints of business connected with his post—he had enjoyed himself so much—he was so happy that his friends had left him—now he could follow his natural inclinations, and live in the woods a few moons, alone—all this he said to the Chief, and it may have been heard by Ominee, for she was inside the lodge, and he spoke very softly, but very distinctly, in her own language.—Probably she heard it, and possibly the young Frenchman intended she should hear it. Refreshments were offered De Soulis, and Ominee could do no otherwise than make her appearance. She appeared cold and distant to the guest of her father—her lustrous black eyes being averted from him,