

The rolling ages, it will brighter grow,
 And aged men, with pride, to children show
 The brilliant page that faithful record bears
 Of maiden brave,—THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES!

[In 1692, the people of Canada, or Nouvelle France, at that time only 12,417 in number, were harassed by incursions of the Iroquois, the fiercest, perhaps, of all the Indian tribes. Mr. Stanislaus Drapeau, in a recent number of that interesting French periodical, *Le Foyer Domestique*, informs us that Abbé Daniel in his history of the chief French families of Canada, relates as follows, the tragical event at Fort Verchères and the intrepid conduct of Mademoiselle de Verchères. M. Daniel's authority was M. de la Potherie a contemporary writer:— "The Iroquois, who had come in great numbers, avail themselves of the time when the men were employed at the harvest labours, to rush upon them and strangle them. Mademoiselle de Verchères, at the time fourteen years of age, was walking on the banks of the river. As she observed one of the savages approach stealthily, and discharge at her five musquet shots, she fled with all speed and endeavoured to gain the fort. The Indian immediately starts in pursuits, arms in hand, and presses hard on her steps. Mademoiselle redoubles her exertions. She is on the point of escaping from her formidable enemy and reaching the fort, when she feels herself seized by the shawl which she wore around her neck. She quickly unties it, opens the gate, and, shutting it promptly against the savage, she calls out, "To arms! to arms!" Without attending to the groans of the women who were quite disconsolate on seeing their husbands carried away, she ascends the bastion where stood the sentry. There, having exchanged her head-dress for a military cap and shouldered a musquet, she performs several military evolutions in order to give the Indians to understand that there was a numerous force, whilst, in reality, there was only one soldier. She loads a cannon with her own hands, and, as there was no wadding, she uses a towel for the purpose, and fires at the enemy. Her aim is so good, that, at each discharge, she knocks down one, and sometimes two, of the savages. Astonished at resistance which they had not expected, and seeing their warriors fall, one after another, the Iroquois begin to lose heart. Mademoiselle de Verchères observes their confusion, and skilfully profiting by it, fires more rapidly, and, with the assistance of the soldier, ceases not to ply the cannon, she was still firing, when, hearing the cannonade, M. de Crisai, one of the bravest warriors of New France, hurried from Montreal to her assistance. The savages were gone. They had fled, carrying with them their prisoners. The resolute officer pursued them without loss of time, and, after three days' march, overtook them on the banks of Lake Champlain. They had entrenched themselves in a wood where they had heaped up trunks of