

Matchi-monedo, in that dangerous gorge, termed the Devil's Grip.*

Whether she was equally discreet afterwards in assisting her father to restore De Soulis to consciousness, may be more a matter of question, but we decidedly take part for the young lady, and highly applaud her humanity.

At length De Soulis gave signs of returning life, and the war chief remained with him no longer, but set out for the upper end of the island, to call another canoe to his assistance in transporting the Coureur back again. Ominee held the head of the young Frenchman in her small trembling hand, and continued to chafe his temples, and apply to his nostrils an aromatic herb she had found, until a long drawn sigh proved to her that he would soon arouse himself, when she gently yielded his form, which half reclined on her arm, to the thick moss of the rock, and withdrew a few paces, still watching him intently. In a few moments he opened his eyes—his reeling senses became fixed and regular, and he would have moved to arise from where he lay, but the exhaustion consequent on his long struggle and exposure in the water, prevented him. In the effort, however, he had turned his head, and his eye rested on the form of Ominee standing near to him, but with averted face.

"Ah! Ominee—so near, and yet render me no assistance," he sighed, still continuing his efforts to rise.

"Nita must not move until he be more recovered," replied the maiden, now approaching him with that natural timidity which added such lustre to her beauty, in the eyes of De Soulis.

"I will not move then, Ominee, but do you come near me—I think I am dying," gasped he, again fainting down upon the moss. It was but the work of an instant, when the maiden again flew to his assistance, and kneeling down, she raised his head once more, and finding on his countenance a deathly pallor, the idea was conveyed to her mind that he was indeed dying. She leaned over him with a look of despair and intense agony, endeavoring in vain to glean some faint indication that he yet existed. Her long hair hung down her neck and mingled with his, as he lay in her arms, and as she again, with a trembling hand, essayed to apply the remedies which before had been successful in restoring him, while the big round tear-drop rolled from her cheek in the intensity of her emotion.

"Nita is gone," she moaned, "gone to the spirit-land, from her who loved him,—gone with no word spoken by her that she ever hath loved,—from the broad lake, the river, and the islands, he hath departed for ever, leaving no sun to glad the long night remaining for Ominee. Why hast thou left me, my pale-face lover?"—she sighed, while her large passionate eye

* If the Devil's Grip be bad enough now, to the canoe-man, what must it have been when the river was thirty feet higher, which it must have been, judging from its water-worn banks?