

force threatening him from the Ourana. Ominee, on perceiving the expedient which her father had adopted, to evade the imminent danger which threatened him, began to entertain hopes that she herself might be enabled to effect her escape in the confusion which prevailed, and she accordingly glided lightly down the stair, and out of the open door, unperceived. Fearful of attracting attention, she avoided escaping from the palisade where the pickets had been withdrawn, and sought to effect her purpose on the opposite side. By the cross timbers which aided in the support of the line of defence, she gained the top with facility, and with the aid of her mantle, which she hastily fastened to the pointed upright posts, she descended to the ground unharmed. Great was her joy, in passing through a thicket of alders towards the southern shore of the island, in finding that her escape had been entirely unnoticed, and she there continued until the shouts of the Mohawks led her to believe that they had all embarked on the river. Pursuing her way to the lowermost point of the island, she gained a station where unseen she might observe all that was passing. The cries from the river continued, and on casting her eyes in the direction where she last saw her father, great was her joy in finding that one of the canoes, in which she was certain she recognised the forms of Mascawa and Wasga, had succeeded in picking up the war-chief, and was now turning towards the Ourana.

"Ah! the war-chief is no longer himself, thus to leave his daughter, with the Mohawks before him, on the river of his fathers," sighed the maiden, when she saw them retiring; and higher still her indignation arose, when she also observed the whole of the Knisteneaux canoes turning from their enemies, and also making their way back to the Ourana. The Mohawks at the same moment raised a cry of derision, but contented themselves with this manifestation of their valor, instead of pursuing the war-chief's party back to their island, and entering into a strife where the victory would be more than doubtful, with double their own numbers against them. They also began to make their way back to the island which they had held, and Ominee had ample time to reflect on the course which she should pursue for her own safety, while they were toiling by slow degrees up the strong current which they had to encounter.

While she reflected on the certainty of her again falling into the hands of the Mohawks, through the indifference of her tribe to her fate, she could not but recall the image of the chivalrous Frenchman who had but a short period before saved herself and her father from this same enemy, and bitter were her feelings when she could not account for his absence in any other way, except through the ingratitude with which all his services and hazards on her account had been met.