

weapons, and De Soulis, after reflecting a moment, and bridling his feelings with a strong effort, again began to urge his bark against the current. The cheek of his wife wore a deadly pallor, and she leaned her head on the side of the canoe for support. After gaining a few hundred yards, De Soulis again approached the shore, and when within reach, he swung the bow out into the stream, and leaped upon the strand with his carabine.

"The wife of Nita will remain," he muttered between his clenched teeth, and strode into the wood.

In a brief space, the war-chief's daughter heard the report of fire-arms on the brow of the height below—then the suppressed shouts of men came to her ear, as when engaged in mortal conflict—but soon all was still.

A sickness of the heart came over her, and her head drooped upon her bosom. "Nita!" her lips feebly uttered, and then all consciousness left her. When next she revived, the soft winds of summer were fanning her cheeks out upon the waters, and De Soulis was whispering in her ear the soft accents of his early love. Bathing her forehead and neck in the bright sparkling water, he continued to soothe her until she had entirely recovered,—he then resumed his seat in the stern, and commenced singing her a *chansonnette* which had become a favorite with her. His countenance wore a slight expression of sternness, but his manner was gay and sprightly as in the morning.

Gradually Ominee recovered her composure, and without once referring to the frightful scene which had occurred, they arrived in due time safely at the Fishing Islands, and were received by the whole village with those demonstrations of joy and rejoicing which were the rightful meed of an Indian princess, and the pale-faced gallant whom she had condescended to wed. The war-chief gave his grand feast, and was even prevailed upon by his son-in-law, and brother-in-law, (for he still persisted in so entitling him,) to discharge his prize carabine more than once, in honor of the occasion—a feat which he had no doubt would soon be known in the Mohawk country, to the great terror of all those Mohawks whom he did not kill at l'Isle Royale, in his last grand onslaught and unequalled victory.

The incident which occurred to De Soulis at the pictured rocks, never transpired; but some few days afterwards, some of the hunters of the tribe pursued their game in that direction. They found the body of the Big Buffalo propped up erect on the verge of the cliff, with a bow in his hand, and what astonished them more than all, with a silver chain around his neck, and a small mirror, broken and indented, suspended on his breast. Lifting up this bauble, they found a slight perforation beneath in the breast of the chief, from which the