

the river, and he determined now on taking another course.—His canoe was lifted on the bank of the Island, and it displayed to the wondering gaze of the Indians a large assortment of all those weapons of the chase, and for fishing purposes, which every denizen of the woods is accustomed to admire more than aught else in the nether world perhaps, if we may except his wife, when he has been so fortunate as to get one. Carabines, fishing spears, rods, and curiously wrought bows and arrows were taken from the canoe in succession and carefully conveyed to the lodge of his friend, who had every idea that the trading post of De Soulis was about being transferred to the island; and again phantoms of beaver in abundance were seen in the dim perspective, and far shadowy shapes of the gilded invention of the pale faces arose before his anxious eyes, until his over-wrought feelings became so intensely joyous as to call forth one loud shout of welcome to De Soulis, far exceeding anything he had received from the warrior before his imagination had been thus aroused and thoroughly enkindled.

“Allons!” said De Soulis—“now let the sports commence in honor of my arrival,” and he presently had assembled around him the whole force of the encampment, to contend for the prizes which he set apart as the reward of those who might excel in the different games and trials of skill which he instituted. A highly polished brass mounted carabine was set apart for the victor in the race; a bow and arrows, ornamented also with brass, for the most expert bowman—while rods and lines and fishing spears were to be given to the best swimmers, and the conquerors in the canoe races. One looking glass only had he brought with him, on beholding which the chief with whom he lodged gave another shout of satisfaction, and straightway prepared himself to enter the lists with one and all in whatever trial De Soulis should determine to be worthy of the mighty prize. But De Soulis hung it around his own neck, intimating that he had no intention of parting with it, having brought it for his own use, and proceeding to admire himself, after the manner of the war-chief, amid the envy and wonderment of the surrounding beholders, particularly his host, whose imagination still continued excited on the subject, and who scowled gloomily on finding that he would not have an opportunity of outrunning the wind itself, in competing for a prize for which he so ardently longed.

De Soulis was himself the sole arbiter in the contests, and in the race, in which all contended, even the war chief himself, it was said that he shortened the distance to be gone over, purposely to give the father of Ominee an equal chance of winning with the others, he having somewhat injured his wind as was supposed, by over indulgence while reposing on his laurels already acquired in various wars. However this may have been, it is certain that the war chief and his host, the