

On this journey they met a reinforcement of the Mohawks who had heard of the raid and were come to render assistance, if possible.

A consultation was now held, and it was decided that Gordon with his brother and White should return with the women and children home, while the war party thus gathered should endeavor to intercept and surprise the Abenakis on their return journey. This was done so effectually, by ambuscade, that more than thirty were killed in the attack, and the whole of their plunder, horses and other property, recovered. It was during this journey of some forty miles, through the forests, in company with the Gordons, that White formed an acquaintance with Miss Florence which ended in their marriage. It was clearly a case of love at first sight, for his first glance at Florence, as she sat outside the fort, was the moment he was smitten with love's dart.

Soon after their marriage they removed to a farm situated on a tributary of the Mohawk river. The house on this farm was a good, substantial log building, with a strong palisade fence, such as the Colonists, on the borders more especially, had to erect, for protection, about their dwellings, and around which the prowling Indian, like some blood-thirsty wolf, would stealthily watch for an opportunity to murder and plunder.

CHAPTER V.

The frontier raids and border wars
 Show the dark passions of man's race,
 Plain as the seams and ugly scars
 Which sometimes mar the human face.

Here the wild Indian's vengeful mood,
 Which takes delight in shedding blood ;
 Or the foul schemes of pale-fac'd brood
 Are seen uncurbed as boiling flood.

Thirteen moons had waxed and waned since the events we have narrated had occurred. The grand old maples, Canada's sylvan glory, were indicating that rich, red tint, which, when lit up by the setting sun, gives such a charm to the woods where the maples abound. The day had been close and sultry, for the time of the year, and there were indications that before long a storm would disturb nature's repose. The sharp taps of a wood-pecker were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the woods, as bathed in the golden rays of the setting sun they lay in a dreamy calm.

Upon a narrow promontory overlooking a very small lake were two length and varies from two to three miles in width. The number of islands dotting its surface are reported to be the same in number as the days of the year, 365. But it is not only celebrated for the rich picturesque beauty of its scenery—but the charms of historic incident throw around its wild loveliness an interest highly romantic. Along its shores are the remains of ancient forts of which history gives no record ; while the more perfect remains of others can be located in the French and English border wars ; and the principal, figure in the later wars of the Revolution—for it was at the head of this lake that Gen. Burgoyne had his depot of provisions for the army before his disastrous march to Saratoga.