

without having first inflicted punishment on the treacherous chief; and when he found his lodge at l'Isle Royale in the occupation of the Mohawks, he felt it less contaminated by such enemies, than afterwards by his presence, on the night when the war-chief attacked and slew them. The blow he then gave Nita must yet be atoned for, but this ought not to be a subject of sorrow with the war-chief's daughter," replied he.

"The wife of Nita has no feeling but for his safety. The treacherous chief is separated from her tribe by her father's command—he is seen often on the river, and may yet work evil to Nita," she continued.

"Ha! Nita will rejoice to meet him, and would go far to gain the opportunity," said De Soulis, with a slight frown, but changing the subject, he again became merry and light-hearted, gradually leading the mind of Ominee away to the theme of their intended visit to the home of her tribe among the islands, and to the expected gala days there to be enjoyed, until all sign of care and uneasiness was banished from her countenance. De Soulis was dressed in the gay, fanciful attire of the Indians, whose mode of life he had partially adopted, and on this day one of his companions had playfully suspended from his neck, with other ornaments, one of those small silver-cased mirrors such as he had worn on his first appearance at the Knisteneaux village. Continuing to converse with Ominee, he had now succeeded in reaching that part of the river opposite the first of the Thousand Islands, and over against the rocky parapet on the northern shore. At the suggestion of Ominee, he made for these rocks that she might obtain some flowers which hung drooping from the crevices in extraordinary luxuriance. While urging along his canoe at their base, he was startled by a scream from Ominee, whose eyes were directed above, and on looking upward, he saw the form of the Big Buffalo poised beside a tree which grew in the interstices. The malignant chief next bounded to the top of the height, and drawing an arrow from his belt, he, with the quickness of thought, discharged it full at the breast of the Frenchman. The dart struck De Soulis, but the silver mirror which had been the origin of all the deadly animosity of the chief, warded off the heavy flint point, through the intervention of which his life was saved, although his arm was wounded as the missile glanced away. De Soulis had sufficient presence of mind to raise his gun ere the chief could discharge another arrow, and his life was again saved in this way in all probability, for his assailant, upon seeing his fire-arms, immediately retired beyond view, with a cry of fierce rancor and disappointment.

Ominee had now assumed a paddle and shot the canoe away from the rocks, so as to be beyond the reach of the savage's