

to see the redskins dispossessed of their territory, and rather grumbled at the march of events which were transforming the game-covers and feed-grounds into farms; so that he built his shanty in the wilderness as a depot for his furs, and not as a permanent home, and he drew his canoe amongst the shrubs and herbs that grew in rank profusion upon the alluvial flat by the river's side, as a temporary voyager, and not as an aggressive spoiler. If Mark might be regarded with suspicion by any of the denizens of the north-western forests, these were not the Indians; for while he hunted and tracked the grey squirrel; possum, and minx, he rather avoided than sought the haunts and homes of the redskins. Nobody that possesses the faintest idea of a trapper's life will accuse Mark Walker of cowardice, albeit he shunned the villages which the redmen had built by the creek that flowed into Green Bay, for he who could voluntarily leave Fort Mackinaw and, crossing the stormy bosom of Lake Michigan, take up his solitary and dangerous abode in the pathless, savage wilderness, could scarcely be accused of timidity. Mark Walker, although a trapper, was not one of those vulgar savages who, forsaking the paths of civilised life, sink down into a state of heathen darkness. There are men whose natures are so fragile and so pliant that association with dogs and horses dogify and horsify their dispositions, there are some so inherently strong that they elevate all inferior things that associate with them by the power and influence of their nobler sympathies. Mark Walker had been well educated at an eastern seminary; he had laboured and purified his heart as he filled the ground in an eastern farm; and then, seduced by a romantic imagination and a tendency to solitude, he had joined with Andrew Blennerhasset in a migration to the unexplored western territory. The wild and majestic grandeur of nature had captivated the hearts of the poetic adventurers, and they had built a wigwam upon a little island in Lake Michigan, about one hundred miles south-west from Fort Mackinaw, and were indulging in dreams of seclusion, sovereignty, and happiness, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians. Blennerhasset was slain, and Mark Walker with difficulty escaped.

Undeterred by the massacre of his friend, the sturdy and adventurous woodsman had gone again and again upon his solitary journeys, braving dangers and enduring toils; and now we find that once again, for the sixth or seventh season, had Mark brought his stores of ammunition and his relays of guns and traps to the pathless wilds.

The hardy hunter had already been a month at his lonely vocation, when, in the grey twilight of a September morning, as he went forth to count how many of the furred denizens of the woods he had trapped over night, his quick eye caught the broad fresh trail of an elk, and in a moment all other objects and considerations were forgotten in this, to a hunter, most momentous and exciting one. Unslung his rifle and tightening the belt whence hung suspended his tomahawk and hunting-knife, he bent his tall athletic form to the trail, and lightly and nimbly moved off in pursuit of his game. For two or three hours the vigorous hunter pursued his unerring though devious track through the wood, and at last beheld the object of his pursuit browsing beneath a broad fir, whose branches almost shaded a rood of land. The click of Mark's deadly instrument caused the weary, timid buck to throw up his majestic head, and in another moment the bullet was buried in its broad chest, and it lay upon its knees, panting, and

bleeding, and lapping its trembling lips with its bloody tongue. The excited hunter had rushed upon his prey with his knife on high, and he was just about to bury his blade in the throat of his victim, when his hand was suddenly caught, the knife was wrenched from it by a powerful Indian, and his arms were pinned to his side by a grasp of iron.

'Hugh!' said the grim savage, as the astonished white man turned his face towards his captor—'How! how!'

'How! how!' said Mark, in low, firm tones, as he recognised the Indian, at the same time passively submitting to a restraint which he felt it would be dangerous to attempt to free himself from. 'How is it that Hickory steals my knife and then clasps me so tightly to his bosom?'

The Indian smiled grimly as he uttered a 'Wah ha!' and then adroitly and rapidly passed a thong round the arms of his prisoner, in which operation he was assisted by a comrade, who had suddenly glided from the covert and stood at his side. 'Does Walker suppose that the hunting-grounds of the Menominees are the Mackinaw station?' said the Indian, who knew his captive well; 'or that they have been purchased and paid for, because that dog Natokee mingled the smoke of his kneek-kneek with that of Magomb's agout? No, no, paleface!' said the Indian, lashing himself into a fury; 'my brother, the Crow, and I have already taken the scalps of two of thy tribe, who were hunting game by the Menominee River, and if we do not take thee it is because Hickory would let the young Whitedove of the Menominees see that her lover is brave and powerful.'

Mark Walker knew as well as any man how to make a virtue of necessity, so he submitted quietly to his fate. He cast a lingering look, however, at the noble deer, across whose throat the Crow had drawn his knife; and even in his disheartening position he could not forbear from smiling upon the redskin as he nimbly plied his blade and honourably illustrated his powers of woodcraft. The skin was flayed from the reeking carcass with the utmost rapidity, and the saddle was selected and cut out with the nicest care, and then, being wrapped up in the skin, the same was laid upon the shoulders of Mark and sustained there by Crow, until the village of the Menominees, about twenty miles distant, was reached.

Hickory was the chief of the Snake band of the Menominees, and he was as fiery and sanguinary in his disposition as the emblem of his band was cunning and venomous. The Menominees are not a tall nation, neither are they remarkable amongst Indians for any of these graces of form which so distinguish the Crows and the Seminoles; but there never stepped an Indian in mocassins who was of more imposing carriage than Hickory, or whose form would have been a fitter model for that of an Adonis. Tall, graceful, and a dashing gai, the proud chief walked, about mid day, with his prisoner, into the heart of the village, his hand carelessly holding a lash that was attached to Mark Walker's wrist, while Crow, ostentatiously displaying the gory scalp, still held the venison poised upon the shoulder of the poor weary prisoner. Hickory and Crow led Mark into the centre of the village, and as they chanted in boastful strains of their prowess and success in war, the women, children, young men, chiefs, and warriors came crowding to the square, where the stately white man now stood, calm and self-possessed, while