

THE CANADIAN CASSETTE.

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERRIS.

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SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASSETTE.

ADALINE—THE FOREST GIRL. A CANADIAN TALE.

In the early part of September 1811, one of the most pleasant seasons of the year for travelling, especially in a new country, Captain Smith and his son George, a young man of twenty two, were journeying through the District of —, Upper Canada, Capt. Smith was from the state of Mass. where he had resided from early life and where he would have still remained but for the decease of his beloved consort the companion and sharer of his joys and sorrows for the last twenty five years of his life. Being a man possessed of acute sensibility, he felt that a residence in a place where every object served to recall the remembrance of his loss, would render life intolerable; neprosca to his son a ramble in the wild forests of Canada. The province, at the period of which we are speaking, instead of the continued marks of civilization and successful cultivation which now present a pleasing picture to the passing traveller, was then rude and uncultivated. A road was opened from Kingston around the lake to the Falls, with but here and there a small company of Pioneers on a cultivated spot like the little clusters of islands that are scattered over the wide Pacific. They chose to congregate for a double reason, first that it was more pleasant and agreeable and second in order the better to prevent an attack of the Red men who thronged the forests; consequently there would often be miles on the road where not a habitation was to be seen. At convenient distances along the road, at some of these little settlements, the well known signpost ornamented with some fantastical figure presented itself.

The day which one hour more travel of the sun would bring to a close, had been extremely pleasant and our travellers pursued their journey with cheerfulness and alacrity. The last house they had passed was two miles in the rear and the settlement they intended to reach for the night lay one

mile ahead. While they were indulging in a train of reflections which might have been on the scene around them or on their native New-England, their attention was suddenly arrested by the loud and continued shriek of some one in immediate distress. 'What is that?' said the Capt. as they simultaneously checked their horses and the shriek with its low plaintive echo died away among the distant hills. 'It is a female!' exclaimed George, whose ears were more sensitive, and turning his horse from the road he dashed he adlong into the ravine towards the place whence the sound proceeded. Capt. Smith too followed, though age would not permit him with the impetuosity of his son.

The report of a pistol soon reached the father and his face became ghastly pale through fear, as he thought, 'Geo. might be slain!' actuated by a parent's tender solicitude, he pressed onward with redoubled zeal and determination and was soon by the side of his son, at whose feet lay a sturdy giant looking Indian having the last gasp of convulsed nature, the reward of his atrocities; and another was seen bounding off in the forest as the Captain approached, with his thrilling whoop, which alone seemed capable of exciting terror in the boldest heart. 'Here is their victim,' said George, stepping aside to a beautiful young lady apparently about seventeen who lay stretched on the ground before him. He sighed as he stooped to see if the vital stream yet continued its flow, and exclaimed, 'oh the wretches! thus to destroy one of nature's fairest works.' The rescued captive now began to show some signs of returning life, and raising herself partly from the ground, she shrieked, 'the savages! oh! the savages!'—'They are gone and you are in safe hands now,' replied George. 'Gone! said you?' wildly asked the prisoner, and she sank again overpowered, on the ground, by her emotion. A gentle stream was gliding by, near them, and Geo. with his hands brought some of the liquid element, with which he bathed her brows until again nature triumphed, and she was enabled to arise from her unpleasant posture. 'Heav-

en bless my deliverers!' she exclaimed, falling on her knees before them—'the debt of gratitude here accrued will require a lifetime to repay'—she was checked by George, who raised her to her feet, saying, 'the practice of virtue is its own reward—but tell us, madam, where you reside and we will convey you there.' 'I live,' said she, 'at the next western settlement, where my father will be happy to receive the rescuers of his daughter.' Adeline (the name of our heroine,) was soon mounted on the horse of George, who advanced on foot and the party prosecuted their journey towards her home.

The sun was just sinking in the western horizon as they drew in sight of the little settlement. The time occupied in travelling this distance, to George seemed very brief, occupied as it was by the most pleasing conversation with his trophy of youthful valor. He found her like the rose in the desert—by her intelligence and goodness shedding a fragrance seemingly more pure than any under the culture of fashionable refinement. Artlessness, innocence, generosity and gratitude, with ease of deportment and enchanting beauty were all combined in her—and who then can wonder that George was pleased with her—that he admired her or that he loved her—for he felt all this fully the time they came within view of her father's neat little mansion. But here it may be proper to explain further the adventure in the forest.

Adeline had started from her father's to make a visit to the next settlement, for a day or two; and, seeing our travellers approach, retired a little distance from the road where she fell into the hands of those savages. The Indians had made very few depredations on the whites, for a long time; and, when they first crossed her path, she was but little startled; but when they seized her by violence, she uttered the shriek which happily brought her a rescue from impending death.

Our travellers had now arrived at the house of Mr. Howard, who met them at the door with the other members of the family, exclaiming, 'welcome my daughter—but why returned so soon? What's the matter?' She answered