

panies had driven them to such vexatious difficulties, that an open war was the consequence, and the aborigines of the country being occasionally engaged by both parties, many fearful and bloody encounters took place, in which unheard of cruelties were perpetrated on both sides. The Calumette was then considered far in the interior. A party of voyageurs, on their way to assist their friends, arrived at the Portage about mid-day, and departed from it late in the evening. They paddled on, keeping time, like the gay galleys of Cleopatra, to the merry tune, and ever and anon casting careful glances around in search of their savage enemy, from whom, as sad experience taught them, they might expect no quarter. For a few miles all went smoothly as the placid stream on which they rowed, and they began to fancy that something extraordinary had occurred, for the dangerous pass of the Calumette had always been the "look out spot" of the wary savages; and fortunate were the voyageurs that cleared its neighbourhood without "hand to hand conflict" with their treacherous assailants. Our adventurers had just arrived within shelter of a point which stretched out some distance into the river, and the wind blowing in an opposite direction, they kept as close to the shore as possible; not a word above a whisper was spoken, as this was a spot in which their enemies had often lain in ambush. They were about to round the point (now silent as the grave, except the slight splash their paddles made on entering the otherwise noiseless element) when, to their dismay, they beheld two large canoes, filled with their enemies, bearing down upon them. To put to shore was their first impulse, but hardly had they time to land, before the foremost canoe touched the bank some distance from them. To face their foes was "to fight and die"; escape might yet be possible, and they again made for the river, having now to force their way through the savages, who had landed from the first canoe. They succeeded in getting to their canoe, with the exception of one poor fellow who had been wounded, and who lay senseless upon the ground. The savages left four of their number victims to that insatiable thirst for human blood which always characterised the North American Indian. The voyageurs reach their canoe—scarcely do they regain their paddles before the other and larger canoe is close at hand, and their only chance of escape is to make for the rapid. Even there death seems inevitable, for down this dreadful abyss no living mortal had yet dared to pass. But the death which there awaited them would be a blessing in comparison with the excruciating tortures the inflexible savages would inflict upon them. They shape their course for the rapid, and

loud shout the demons in pursuit. Our voyageurs are a-head—their frail bark bounding like a hunted stag, at every pull—

"The hearts of those within are quivering."

Onward still they go; the other canoe is manned, and joins in the pursuit—the rapid is almost gained—the first of the pursuing canoes is fast closing upon them, and the other keeps in shore to prevent a landing. Now comes the fatal warning—the shelving swells, formed by the swiftness of the current as it neared the foaming cataract, gave our voyageurs notice that their earthly ties would soon be snapped asunder—that their time was limited; and, as if by general and holy impulse, they fall upon their knees, and with eyes cast up to heaven, make their last orison to the Giver of all good, as an offering for their many misdeeds. The infuriated pursuers, emulating the bold venture of the voyageurs, and trusting to their skill, follow in their wake. They gain fast upon them—now one uplifts his paddle to cleave the steersman's skull—another pull, and it falls harmlessly into the boiling surge. Now came the dreadful plunge; the pursued canoe leaps like a thing of air, from wave to wave—the voyageurs are in a kneeling position, and the bow and stern paddles seem to be still in motion. The pursuers are almost at their side, but lost in anticipation of that death to which they too have doomed themselves, their intended victims are untouched, and, as if in mockery of their original intention, they are, too, in an attitude of prayer. The greatest leap is now at hand—the Indians are engulphed where

"The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss,
The hell of waters, where they howl and hiss."

The voyageurs clear it with a bound—they behold a supernatural being, arrayed in snowy white, sitting in the bow of the canoe, who lends them o'er the rocks in safety. The danger is now past—they make the shore, and their guide and preserver is no longer visible. They again fall upon their knees, and pour out their heartfelt thanks to the Mighty Ruler of the universe. The bodies of the Indians are cast upon the shore, and are interred by those with whom they were so lately engaged in sanguinary conflict. The voyageurs returned to Montreal—detailled their adventure, and were immediately sent with a reinforcement, on their original expedition. They gained the spot where their wounded comrade had been left without molestation. On a tree they found deciphered an account of his recovery from the blow which he received—it only stunned him—that he had witnessed the descent of the rapid, and had concealed himself in the woods