

From the sloping beach of Isle Royale, a light canoe is thrust out upon the foaming river, in which are two beings with light hearts, and joyous countenances, one of whom seizes the paddle, and gracefully commences urging the bark against the stream; the other is seated in the bow with her face turned towards her companion, dimpling all over with smiles, while the air rings with her joyous laugh at his efforts to conquer the swift flowing tide.

"Take care, Ferdinand! you will drown your young wife, and then we will have nothing but sighs, and the discharging of pistols at a head in which it would be a good shot to find any brains. Ah! Ferdinand—you had better give the paddle to your wife—you know she saved you from the Matchi Monedo before. Ah! Ferdinand—Ferdinand," cried a wild young man from the shore, who, with a number of his companions, stood laughing at the efforts of him in the canoe.

De Soulis, for it was he, replied in a bantering tone, still continuing his exertions until he had gained the smooth water above, when he arose in his canoe and swung his plumed hat in triumph towards his companions, his wife laughing immoderately the while.

"Ah! Ferdinand—Ferdinand—give my love to your father-in-law, and tell him I want him to get me a wife who will save my life from the Matchi Monedo. Ah! Ferdinand—the Big Buffalo will be on your trail—take care of the Mohawks on the Fishing Islands, Ferdinand," continued the young adventurer, from the shore, amidst the laughter of his companions.

De Soulis remained joyous under the jibes of his comrade, but at the mention of the Big Buffalo, all the hilarity of his companion disappeared.

"You smile no longer, Ominee, why so suddenly changed?" enquired De Soulis of his wife, when he had again taken his seat, and was quietly urging along his canoe up the centre of the stream.

"Nita is aware that the name of the Big Buffalo is disagreeable to Ominee, since the night he aimed his war-club at Nita, when about to aid her father in vanquishing the Mohawks," replied the daughter of the war-chief.

"He is a dog whom I will spurn the first opportunity, Ominee, for the foul blow he gave me; yet, why think of him now when we are moving upward to the great feast of the war-chief, where all are expected to bring joy?" returned De Soulis, cheerfully.

"The war-chief's daughter misdoubts him still, and dreads his enmity," she replied musingly.

"When Nita left the Fishing Islands, after the defeat of the Mohawks, in anger at the treatment he had received, he grieved less at parting even from Ominee, than in leaving