

time she, by some means, rose to a high position in the esteem of her captors, whose untaught superstitious minds, beheld in her the embodiment of some strange power. The terrible scenes through which she had passed had weakened her intellect, and at certain times she would remain in some solitary part of the forest for whole days, and at others she would assume a lofty deportment, and when the wise men and warriors were assembled in solemn conclave, she would step into their midst and, with strange words and stranger gestures, address the assembled council. The wild hunters of the forest ever listened to her with profound attention, till on account of circumstances occurring which she had seemed to prophecy, they came to regard her as the guardian spirit of their tribe, and never departed on any enterprise without first placing offerings at the door of her wigwam. As time wore on she grew weary of her captivity, and, hearing that the white men were about making another settlement on the river, she embarked in a frail canoe, and once more appeared among her own people, to whom she related her simple story, and was kindly received by sympathizing friends, who compassed her sorrow. It is ever those who suffer who are most ready to aid the suffering, for misery is a dark brotherhood, bound by ties unknown to the butterflies who bask in the sun of prosperity.

And what, O, tell me, ye philosophers! had this poor waif of the wilderness to do with love? and yet she loved. There was one among these adventurers who treated her with brotherly care and affection, one of those characters whom we sometimes meet in the byways of life, upon whose heart the hand of sorrow has heavily pressed without crushing therefrom the sweeter sympathies of nature, whose very being seems formed to love all things coming within the sphere of its wide affection. Little can the small creatures of narrow hearts and aims comprehend such a nature; and it is well, for the love of such should not waste its greatness on vain and undeserving objects. But to proceed. The French were not allowed to take undisturbed possession of the fair Island of Montreal, and they were often compelled to defend their half built walls from the incursions of their ruthless neighbors. In one of these encounters, he whom I have described, was wounded and carried away by the fierce Agniers; rapidly crossing the river they retired to a gloomy recess of the forest, where, gathering their friends together, they prepared for holding a grand and solemn feast, during which they intended to sacrifice the captured white warrior. The poor girl Adele missed her friend, and on learning his fate, determined to follow his captors and save his life; knowing the ways of the savages from the years she had spent with them, and entirely forgetting her own peril, she, without imparting her intention to anyone, left the settlement,

and strong in the noble purpose of her heart, took her way to the Indian camp. The place where the Iroquois had built their wigwams was on a point of land above where two deep and rapid streams united their turbulent waters; about the camp they built a high palisade of fallen trees, that their deep devotions, during the solemn Feast of Dreams, might not be disturbed by the incursions of their enemies. Their huts were ranged in three circular rows around an open space cleared for the purpose: here the women and children of the tribe were collected over the most cruel and determined torturers of unhappy prisoners. Here, upon a lovely morning in midsummer, the white warrior was led forth to die: they must have had a great opinion of his prowess, for these savages never demeaned themselves by inflicting torture upon an enemy whom they did not admire for his bravery. With his hands strongly bound he was first led into the centre of the assembled throng, when an old warrior arose and called upon him, with every verbal insult he could think of, to sing his Death Song. The brave christian soldier, undaunted by the preparations around him, lifted his voice, and repeated the sublime prayers of his faith; he prayed for strength to bear this last terrible ordeal, for the loved ones from whom he was torn, and lastly, he prayed his cruel and ignorant tormentors, that they might be converted from their superstitions, and led into the life giving light of Christian faith. When he had ceased with a grunting chorus of satisfaction, his guards delivered him up to the women of the tribe. If ever a poor mortal deserves commiseration, it is he who is given up to the tender mercies of a mob of infuriated damsels; better for him to be surrounded by the wolves of the desert, for his pangs, if keen, would be short; and when at last he was rescued from the rude embraces of these muscular ladies, he staggered blindly about amid the jeers of his torturers, till faint and dizzy, he fell prone to the earth; then the former captor of Adele, a fierce and mighty chieftian, stepped forth, and, placing his foot upon the neck of his prostrate foe, he called aloud addressing his people: "Who has lost a son, O! men of Onida?" A wild cry from fifty savage throats made reply. "Who has lost a hunter, who killed the wild deer for the little ones?" A long shriek from the women answered this appeal. "Who," he cried again, "will take this warrior to his wigwam heal his wounds and call him brother, son, or husband?" There was no answer to this, but a deep and ominous silence. The Chief stood as if awaiting an answer, when, gliding from among the assembled people, the slight form of Adele came forward, and standing by the chief said in the Indian tongue: "I will take the wounded warrior to my wigwam, heal his sores and call him brother!"

"My white sister is not of our tribe," replied the chief, "she cannot save the prisoner."

"Then!" she exclaimed, assuming the wild attitude which had often swayed this strange people, "Before the Sun God sleeps in the isles of the west to-morrow, all ye great warriors will be seeking the soul of you fathers in the hunting grounds of Manintoulin!"

Overward by this fearful threat, the chiefs and warriors drew apart and held earnest council, and Adele was left with her lover, she looked into his eyes, but they returned not the glance of affection, she felt his heart but it was still, she put her ear to his lips, but the breath of life had vanished forever: he was dead. . . . .

The dread prophecy which Adele had spoken in a moment of frenzy was strangely fulfilled, for the next night a large war party of the tribe were surprised by de Maisonneuve, and only two escaped to bear the news of the disaster to the village. Completely terrified by this speedy retribution, the remainder sought their captive to implore her to make peace between them and her people; but they found her laid by the body of her dead lover, cold, silent, still,—the last chord that bound her to the weary earth had snapped apart when he perished, and by his side in death she found that peace she never knew in life.

The Agniers then sent an envoy to Montreal praying for peace, which was granted and a treaty made; when at a signal from the chief, twelve warriors came from the neighboring woods bearing two slabs of bark on which were laid the bodies of the captives, they were borne into the midst of the settlement and laid before the Governor, then all the Indian Chiefs arose, and with solemn step and in deep silence departed; and Montreal never again knew as friend or foe a child of the wild tribe of Agniers. Generations have been born and have passed away since then, and this legend was forgotten; but never yet has man built for himself some great monument of pride or power, but its walls were baptized and sanctified by the blood of some beloved victim. Since the building of Solomon's temple even to the present day it has ever been thus. "The corner stone," as the old Egyptian saith, "must be anointed with blood lest it crumble and fall away!"

#### REMITTANCES RECEIVED

During the week ending September 7, we have received as follows:

Lloydtown—Capt. A. A., \$2; Lieut. J. T., \$2; J. W., \$1. Newmarket—Capt. A. B., \$2. Sheron—Capt. J. W. S., \$2; W. R. E., \$1. Bradford—Capt. J. W. W., \$2; Lieut. E. A., \$2; J. M., \$2; J. S., \$1; A. C., \$2; Capt. R. T., \$2.