

have been known to possess, what, by a squeezing and perversion of the language, have been called *souls*—we apprehend none but this singular race of people, will consider such emulation any other than exceedingly praiseworthy and patriotic, particularly in a country like this, surrounded in such a way, that if we are not able to fight our own battles, we are not likely to hold our own in any other manner.

De Soulis became aware in a very brief space that he had most decidedly lost caste with the tribe generally, and when he again repaired to the lodge of the war-chief, he found him vaunting not a little of the effective manner in which himself and Ominee had saved the life of his brother-in-law, in the mouth of the Matchi Monedo, whom he had conquered for the hundredth time at least. Ominee did not make her appearance, and De Soulis continued to evade the topic of his own mishap as best he might, though pressed rather perseveringly on the subject by the war-chief, who seemed determined on making known the fame of this his last achievement, to all who had ears to hear. In the evening he expected to have seen Ominee, but she failed to appear, and he went to his lodge harrassed and annoyed beyond measure at the position in which he was placed. In the morning afterwards he again went out upon the river, to endeavor to retrieve his fortunes by a more than ordinary exhibition of skill in managing his canoe and handling his fishing spear, but his company was evidently avoided by the young warriors, led on by Mascawa, and either from an over-zeal, or a fatality which on ordinary occasions would not have been noticed, he caught very few fish, and in rounding the point of the island on his return, he again had the ill-luck to capsize his canoe, though now he was enabled to bring it safely to the land. He, however, retired to his lodge dispirited, amidst the suppressed merriment of the tribe, both old and young, among whom he appeared no longer to be the favorite of the first day. After some hour's reflection, he saw that no other course lay open to him than to return to his trading post at once, and on this he decided. He made known his intention to the war-chief, and received very slight inducements from him to remain. He also sought out Ominee, and having disclosed to her also his intention of leaving the island, owing to the bad feeling which the Big Buffalo and Mascawa had evidently excited against him,—her eye became dilated with delight on learning it.

"Nita does well," she replied, "when he returns, the young warriors will have forgotten his accident of yesterday, and they will no longer laugh at his want of skill as a swimmer," and this she uttered in a tone of such calm indifference as completely to take De Soulis by surprise.

"Laugh at me—Ominee!" he replied, in a tone of chagrin and excessive disappointment, gazing upon her steadily, as if