

subsequent history of the boy, together with an urgent entreaty that good care should be taken of him until he arrived in Boston, and was placed in the way of reaching his friends. The *voyageur* spoke with vehement warmth in behalf of Conrad, as though he were his own child; and so entirely was he engrossed with the subject, that he forgot that he to whom he was making his earnest appeal was a stranger and an enemy.

But the British officer appeared to enter fully into his feelings; for he assented readily to his wishes, and told him in his own language, that his young friend should have both safe conduct and the best treatment he could offer, as long as he remained under his care. Thus satisfied, the good-hearted *voyageur* turned again towards Conrad, for already the fastenings were cast off, and the shallop leaving the quay, and grasping his hand strongly, with a tremulous voice he muttered:

"Adieu, my boy. Remember Couteau-croche, and may God protect thee!"

"That will I, my preserver and friend, thou mayest be sure," was the fervent response, and the next moment the *voyageur* had leaped ashore.

Conrad gazed wistfully at his tall and stately figure, conspicuous in its Indian garb among the uniforms of the soldiery, until distance destroyed