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Pages 345 - 372 are misnumbered 355 - 382.



....he beheld a young Indian girl, surrounded by three stalwart ruffians,....but being armed with a knife, she was resolutely defending herself.

8

TALES
OF THE
ST. LAWRENCE,

BY
GARDNER B. CHAPIN:

—
ILLUSTRATED.
—



Montreal :
PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.
1873.

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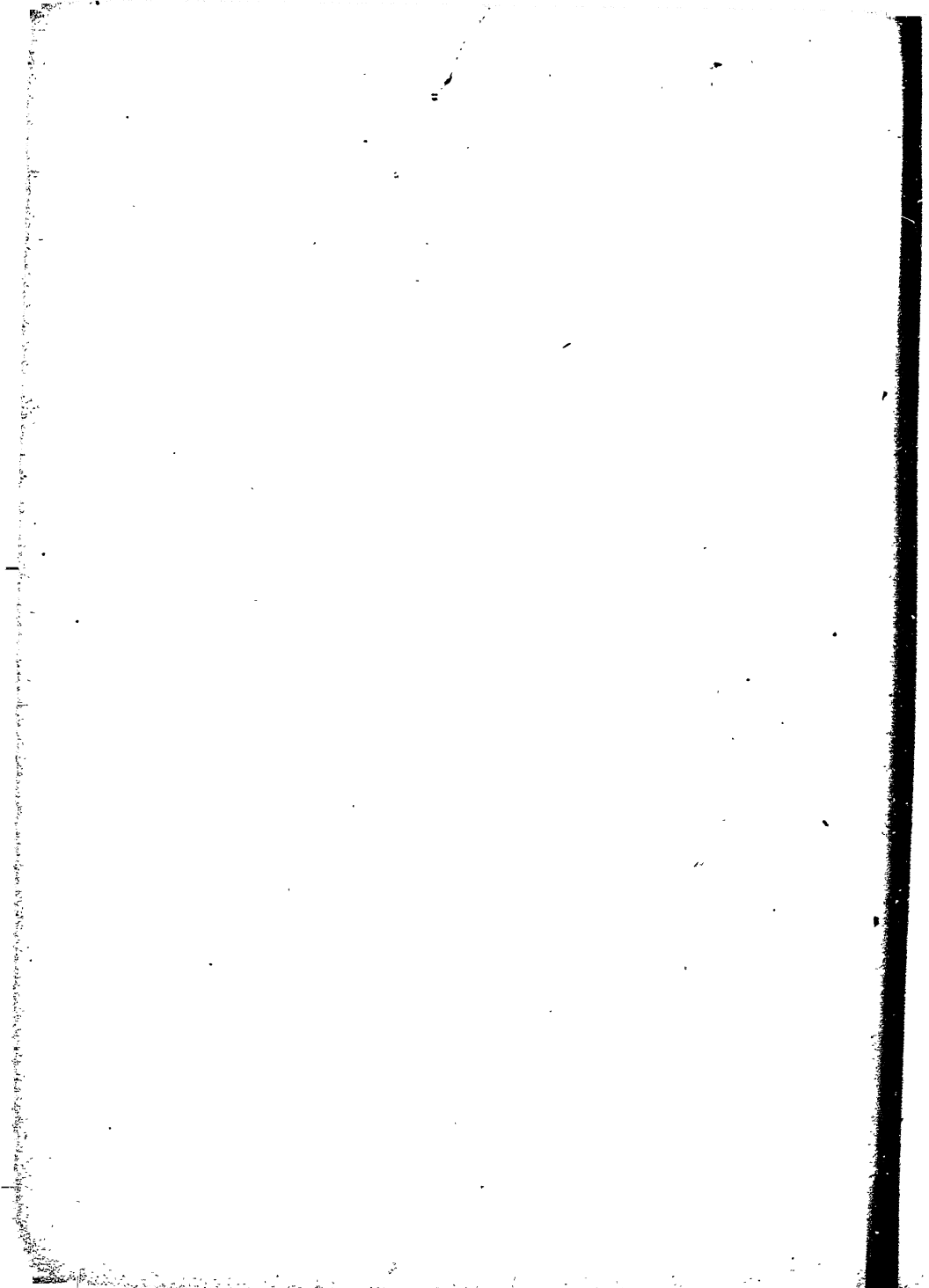
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CHAPIN, G.B.

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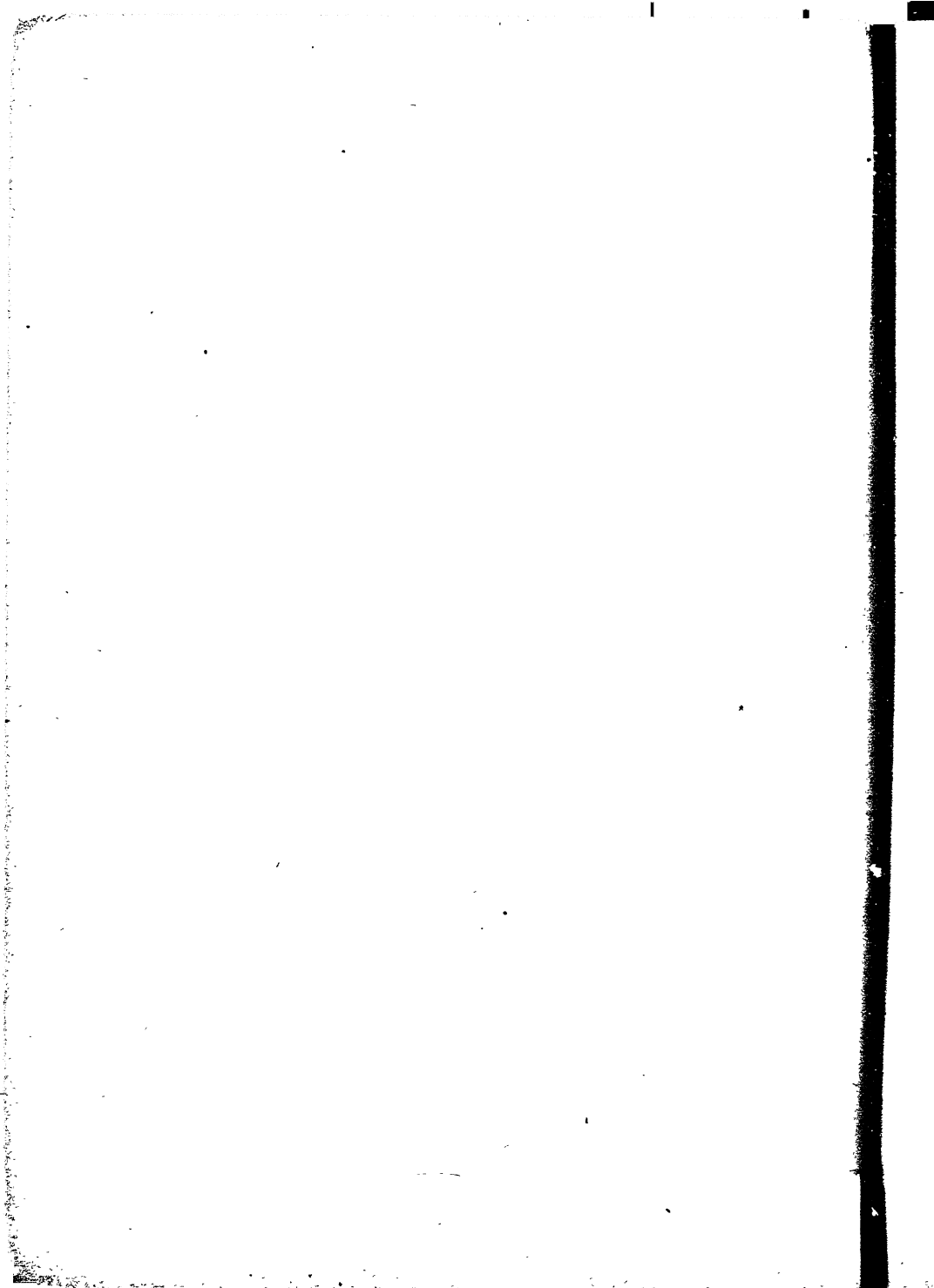
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To the Memory
OF MY DARLING
ANGEL BRIDE
Georgie,
WHOSE SWEET PRESENCE
FOR A WHILE
LENT A CHARM
TO MANY OF THE SCENES
HEREIN PORTRAYED,
ALL THAT IS GOOD
IN THESE PAGES
IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED.



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume of Historical Romance, the author submits to the public in the belief that it is the pioneer in the treatment of most of the incidents recorded, and of gathering, in a form for preservation, many of the detached occurrences of historic and romantic interest, that before can hardly be said to have had a chronicler; for the St. Lawrence, although perhaps the grandest of streams, bordered by ranges of scenery that the world may rival but not excel, bearing upon its bosom an Archipelago as lovely to the eye that beholds its "Thousand Isles" in their setting of crystal, as the famed one of Greece, and challenging the earth to present scenes as wildly grand as those formed by its mighty rapids, has had no one to gather for enduring record, the incidents whose memory should be inseparable with the localities in which they have occurred, or to place its views in a framework of tinted fact or the flowery garlands of romance.

And, if in the descriptions of the scenic charms of the noble valley and river upon which Nature has

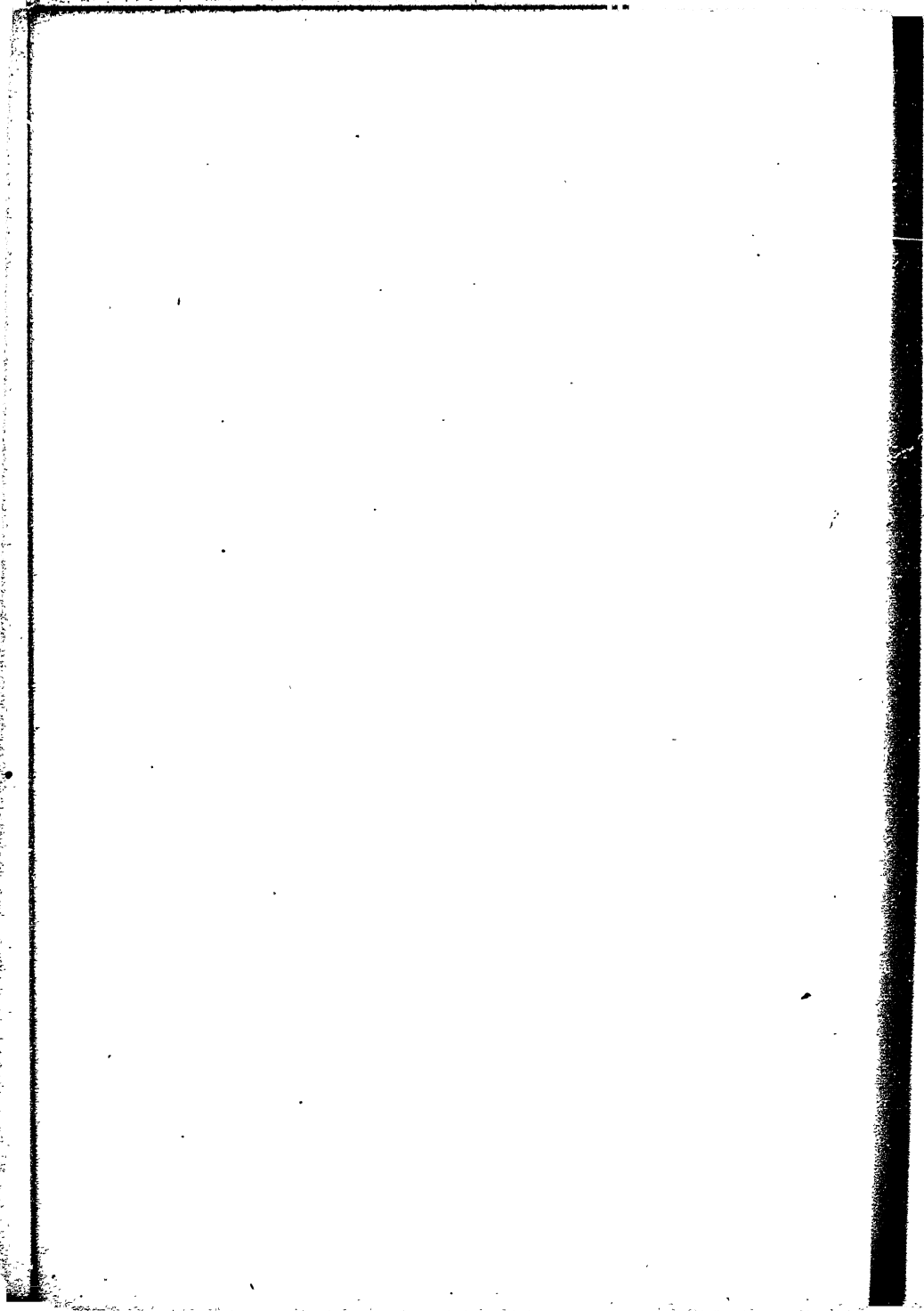
bestowed her gifts with so lavish a hand, he may at times be suspected of indulging in undue warmth of tone, this charge, he is confident, will not be brought by those who, like himself, have been familiar with them during life. A portion of the within sketches are strictly historical—others, and the smaller number, wholly moulded from fiction, save in the descriptions given of localities, which are always intended to be strictly accurate; yet they are presented in such a manner that it is believed that the reader will have no difficulty in discovering where the writer has assumed the brush of fancy to people the scenes that Nature has left vacant for them. Thus it is hoped that the work will both contribute to the instruction and entertainment of those into whose hands it may come; and if any apology is required for the assumption of the task by the author, he offers it in the sentiment of the poet Longfellow:

“O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.”

G. B. C.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1873.

Asadore,



TALES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

ISADORE.

It was on a morning of a July day in the year 1870, one of the brightest of the season, that I was journeying down the St. Lawrence upon one of the fine steamers of the Royal Mail Line. As almost invariably is the case, there were a large number of passengers aboard, but with none of them had I formed even a slight acquaintance up to the time that we were proceeding through that finest of nature's Archipelagos, the Lake of the Thousand Isles, which extends for a distance of about fifty miles from the head of the river. It was the first time that I had ever passed through it, and I was no more charmed than surprised at the panorama that was rapidly unfolded to the vision.

Partly for the purpose of enjoying this communion with the beautiful work of nature in silence and alone, and partly for the purpose of enjoying a cigar,

I had retired to the narrow space at the stern of the main deck, and stood leaning listlessly over the rail, now gazing abstractedly at the foaming waters that danced in the rear of the steamer and left a gradually receding line of billows, extending as far as the eye could discern, and then viewing the ever varying scenery through which we were passing. And here I will remark of myself that I am a young man with a professional avocation, keenly alive to and always deeply impressed with the beautiful in either the inanimate or living, and was at the time spoken of, enjoying an extended trip throughout the Northern country, being then ticketed for the river Saguenay, the fame of whose singular and charming scenery had long before created a desire to visit it.

From the upper deck came the sound of voices, but the words of conversation were inaudible. Above my head were also visible at times, small portions of dress-skirts and the extremities of gaiters whose size proclaimed them to belong to members of the fair sex, and at length I was aroused from my reverie by a very pretty female shriek accompanied by the fluttering of the ribbons of a falling hat and a very attractive hand and arm thrust over the railing in the vain attempt to grasp it.

Quickly reaching forth I secured the endangered article of millinery, and looking upward was at once more than rewarded for my skill by the sight of a face that of itself formed a lovely picture, and which I instantly and mentally pronounced to be as beautiful a one as I had ever beheld, and whose eyes and lips beamed with a half gratified, half provoked smile. It would have been a very easy matter for me to have returned the hat to the fair loser by climbing upon the bulwark and reaching it up to her, and had it belonged to a mortal of ordinary appearance it may be regarded as quite certain that I should have managed it in that manner, but as it was, I must needs enjoy the pleasure of delivering it to her in a more formal manner. Throwing away my cigar, I bore the puzzling combination of ribbons and flowers to the upper deck as carefully as if a breath of air or a jolt would cause it to crumble in pieces, and placed it in the hands of the loser.

With a few appropriate words of thanks and a beaming smile, she received it from me. Propriety certainly required that I should not take advantage of the circumstance to form an acquaintance, but I felt that I could not misinterpret the look that she gave me, inviting me to remain, as I was about to

withdraw, and I was not at all indisposed to occupy the vacant chair by her side and venture to introduce myself by presenting my card.

During the conversation that ensued, I had ample opportunity of observing my companion, and found my first impressions regarding her marvellous beauty more than confirmed. She was of medium height, graceful form, and in complexion a pure blonde. The mass of golden ringlets that clustered in profusion around her delicately formed head, and were sported with by the occasional light breezes that passed slowly by us, seemed of too pure a tint to owe their lustre to this land, and as for her eyes of blue, they were indeed a problem to me, and one that I sought then in vain to discover the secret of. Their expression, now dreamy and reflective, and again fitting and seemingly unreal, I can now behold as plainly in imagination as I did then when seated by her side, with their varying glances beaming with almost unearthly brilliancy.

Her conversation was marked by every indication of refinement and intelligence, and our topics were principally those suggested by the scenery and localities that we passed. A couple of hours were thus pleasantly whiled away, and we were approaching the

village of Prescott, a short distance above the first rapids, at which point we were to be transferred to another steamer—those plying upon the Lake being of somewhat too large size for the passage of the rapids—when my companion suddenly left a sentence unfinished, and with an apprehensive start looked toward the door of the cabin a few yards from us. Turning my eyes in the same direction, I observed a middle-aged lady of a very grave, and I fancied sorrowful mien, intently regarding us. Motioning to my companion to follow her, she turned away.

“It is my aunt,” spoke my *vis-a-vis* in explanation, and then with some excitement while her voice trembled and her eyes again beamed with that strange light, “she is so very strict with me—she will scold me for this—but *you* will not think ill of me or blame me?”

Too surprised to at first reply, I at length commenced some rambling sentence, which she cut short by exclaiming,—

“You need not tell me, I know that you will not—but you must excuse me now, as I must go,” and rising, she hurried away without another word or even a glance.

During the half hour that elapsed between the time

of our arrival and departure, I occupied myself, after seeing to the transferring of my moderate amount of baggage, and securing a state-room upon the Montreal steamer, in strolling along the deck and in watching the animated throng of humanity passing to and fro. While standing thus, I felt a hand placed lightly upon my arm, and turning, beheld a grave and gentlemanly appearing man whose features bore a strong resemblance to those of some one whom I had seen, but whose name I could not recall.

“Excuse me, sir,” said my accoster, in a deliberate tone, “but if I am not mistaken you are Mr. Charles Archer of ——, the son of my old friend and class-mate, Frederick Archer?”

“The same, sir,” I replied, “and I have the honor of addressing ——?”

“Henry Collins, of ——.”

The name I recognized as that of an old friend of our family, whose home I had visited in boyhood, and with unfeigned pleasure greeted the friend of my father. As the steamer was about moving from the dock we proceeded aboard, and entered the cabin arm in arm. At the further end of it I observed my acquaintance of the golden locks seated by the side of her *chaperon*. We proceeded toward them, and to

my surprise, my escort halted me in front of them and introduced the elder to me as his wife—the younger as his niece, Miss Isadore Dagobert. Nor could I fail to observe the startled glance of reproach that Mrs. U. cast upon her liege lord as he presented me, and still less fail to understand the delight that was spoken from the eyes of Miss Dagobert. And interpreting both, I imagined that I could understand why he dwelt with particular emphasis upon the fact that our two families had for the past half a century been regarded as reliable and ardent friends, while I mentally congratulated myself that I was now able to claim the acquaintance of one who had so deeply interested and charmed me.

Isadore, for now I will assume the privilege of thus calling her, took little part in our conversation, but at length the call of “the rapids—the rapids,” was passed along from one to another of those in the cabin, and obeying the common impulse, our party arose and proceeded out upon the forward deck. Standing there we beheld, a couple of miles from us, the leaping waves of the *Long Sault* rapids, the first in our course whose passage is attended with difficulty and danger. Isadore and myself took our place at the bow of the vessel, and my attention was about

evenly divided between the rapids and my fair charge, and I could not but particularly note the absence of all timidity upon her part, while most of the ladies aboard were pale with apprehension, and many of the sterner sex betrayed a feeling of uneasiness. Her eyes sparkled with delight, and as the boat reared and plunged in its mad course, she clapped her hands with delight!

“Is not this grand—glorious!” she exclaimed enthusiastically—“so like our lives—from a calm into angry surges!”

On we dashed, now sinking until the white capped billows seemed threatening to engulf us, and then quickly rising to the summit of the succeeding line of waves which seemed to be parting before us as if to allow us to be dashed to pieces upon the half visible rocks beneath that the receding waters show us with a threat hoarsely muttered by their angry voices, but which in an instant, as if controlled by a better impulse, seize the trembling boat and bear it lightly up, and as we leave them behind, the angry tones of the billows seem changed to derisive laughter at our apprehension!

That long afternoon witnessed repetitions of the scene. Mrs. Collins soon found the quietude of the

cabin more agreeable than the excitement on deck, and her husband soon followed her, leaving us alone. Each succeeding rapid that we passed awoke her enthusiasm, and once—as we were dashing through the “Lost Channel” of the “Cedars,” the steamer careened so violently that she grasped my arm for support and I instinctively drew it around her to prevent her from losing her foot-hold. The precaution was a timely one, for at that instant a sudden lurch of the vessel threw her against me, and for a moment her head rested upon my shoulder; her eyes, fully revealing the pleased confusion that she felt, met mine, and at that moment thought of all else fled from me, and a thrill of rapturous delight seemed for a moment to stop the pulsation of my heart!

The Indian village of Caughnawaga reached, the steamer is stopped and a boat is observed putting off from shore containing the Indian pilot who has become famed in the annals of the navigation of the rapids that we are about entering, those of the Lachine, by far the most dangerous and difficult passage attempted by vessels anywhere upon the Globe, and few are there possessing both sufficient courage and skill to pilot a steamer with its load of mortal freight through its perilous channel where a trifling variation

from the true course would ensure almost certain destruction to the vessel and the loss of life of all aboard.

The grim pilot whose countenance appears as if it could not relax a muscle, and as if his mind never dwelt upon a subject save that of the responsibility devolving upon him, ascends to the wheel-house—the steamer's prow is turned to the fringed line of billows in the distance, and the thought electrifies us that no human power can arrest our course, until we are in front of Montreal—or in eternity! There is a seeming species of wild audacity in the passage of these rapids, as if mortals matched skill and daring against the power of nature, coming nearly always off triumphant. Down a steep incline of several miles we dash with the rapidity of a projectile fired at the target of rocks ahead, and ricocheting over the water, until the course is barred by a seemingly impassible island of rock upon which the boat is directly headed. This is the critical moment of all—a few seconds of irresolution—the slightest mistake made in guiding the course of the steamer, and all would be lost! But with eyes steadily fixed upon the course ahead, the pilot, assisted by three stout men, does his work well. Borne upon the current, the vessel swings about so quickly that it is hardly comprehended at the mo-

ment, and it seems as if some unseen power had interfered to avert the fate that would otherwise have been ours! But Scylla and Charybdis are behind, and through another dangerous line of rapids the steamer speeds, from which it soon emerges into water that seems almost immovable by comparison.

As the declining sun was shedding its rays upon the glorious landscape that greeted our view upon every side, we passed under the Victoria bridge that is reared at the foot of the rapids, and stands in silent grandeur as if placed there by the daring hands of mortals who thus sought to challenge comparison between their work and that of Nature's. A few moments only from the wildest of the St. Lawrence rapids to a stream appearing as tranquil as the waters of an inland lake, and the city of Montreal lies immediately before us, with its massive stone quays, imposing squares of buildings and myriad of lofty spires reflecting the rays of the god of day.

Here I was called upon to part for awhile from Isadore and her friends, but it was understood that we would resume our trip together, down the river, on the succeeding evening.

The evening passed in visiting various points of interest throughout the city. I returned to my hotel,

but not in a mood for slumber. "But one night to remain in 'Old Montreal,'" I mused, and to spend that in slumber? As I paused irresolutely, a hackman propounded the inquiry,

"Have a carriage, sir?"

I was favored with an idea and it was acted upon; I took a seat in the vehicle.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the driver.

"To the summit of the mountain and across its front."

The somewhat astonished hackman complied without reply.

The varied lights and shadows of the moonlit streets rendered them much more picturesque than they appeared during the day, and with my thoughts wandering at will, and often, I must confess, straying to the spot where Isadore was slumbering, I puffed wreaths of smoke from my cigar in calm contentment.

As we came to a halt on the summit of the mountain, the moon was curtained by a mass of fleecy clouds that seemed to disperse its rays over the surface of the broad and tranquil river beyond, gilded the spires of Notre Dame Cathedral and revealed the sleeping city at our feet. The view by sunlight is grand—by moonlight it is sublime!

The mystified hackman did not seem to enter into the spirit of my dream, and when he was directed to drive up the Lachine road, seemed to imagine that the fact of my sanity was somewhat doubtful.

A drive of an hour and we reach the bank of the rapids that extend along this side of the island. Leaving the carriage I seated myself upon a boulder near the stream, and contemplated the scene in silent wonder and rapt enthusiasm. Before me, as far as the eye could discern, arose a succession of billows, one above another, whose white foam seemed to absorb the moonlight as they rose and fell in the wildest confusion. The view appeared too strange to be real—to be rather seen in a dream than beheld in reality! Entranced by it I for awhile forgot the passage of time, and fancied that I could hear the tones of Isadore falling on my ears together with the never ceasing voices of the rapids.

The day was breaking as we re-entered the city, and the sky was of the hue of its stone squares that we silently passed.

Amid the crowd on the dock at which the steamer for Quebec lay, I found my friends at the appointed hour. Mr. and Mrs. Collins welcomed me cordially, and as for Isadore, however much I had marvelled

at the expression which her eyes sometimes wore, I could not mistake the glad light that then beamed from them as she again greeted me.

As the shades of night were falling, we watched the receding city with its million of lights fade from our sight like the dissolving view of a fairy scene, and seated together upon the deck, watched the faintly gleaming stars of heaven appear in its canopy, while afar off, as if in rivalry with the celestial beacons, the lights flashed out from the light-houses that mark the channel, the steamer became radiant with its many-hued lights, and the deliciously cool breeze was laden with the sweet perfume of the beds of Canadian wild-flowers over which it had passed. A couple of times we met a flotilla of "fire fishermen," composed of canoes, each containing two or more persons and bearing a blazing fire of pine knots in its bow. When at any considerable distance, the brilliancy of the fire obscures both boat and inmates from view, and the canoes seem to be but a mass of moving flame upon the surface of the water, and when approached, in their lurid glare the inmates of the light crafts appear to the beholder to be voyagers who have ventured upon earth from the precincts of the Stygian Lake, rather than simple Canadian *habitants*.

There is oft-times more real enjoyment in the commingling of souls in silence than in disturbing the harmony of thought by words, and this we learned at this hour to appreciate. Seated apart by ourselves we were supremely, and for the most part, silently happy. Supremely happy, did I say? No, for although I ventured to retain one of her hands in mine, and felt that it was a connecting link of telegraphy from heart to heart, I did not venture to speak the words that were often almost upon my lips, to learn if the wild hopes that my heart cherished were to become precious realities.

On the following morning at an early hour we arrived at Quebec, but did not land, reserving until our return, the pleasure of visiting its many places of historic interest, and of inspecting the quaintest of all cities upon the continent, and the only one in Canada or the United States that has been in its day a walled town. From our steamer we passed to the one bound for the Saguenay, and soon were again progressing down the river, that from this point gradually widens and whose shores become bolder. Its light blue waters have become gradually tinged with a dark green hue, and the waves that we now glide over have come, not from the lakes

of the North West, but on the crest of the tide from the Atlantic.

The trip that day was not a very pleasant one. A strong wind blew up from the gulf, laden with Arctic frigidity, and calling for over-coats and wraps with which the great majority of passengers were very inadequately supplied. The steamer rolled about in the sea to such an extent as to cause the gravest apprehensions upon the part of those predisposed to sea-sickness, so that when in the evening the mouth of that most wonderful of all rivers and fit tributary of the St. Lawrence—the Saguenay—was reached, the spirits of those aboard were not, as a rule, the most genial. But as we passed the high cliffs that adorn its entrance and came to rest in the little bay of Tadousac, what transformation of atmosphere and scene! Had we been cruising amid the icebergs of the tempest-tossed Arctic Ocean and found ourselves suddenly transferred to the tranquil waters of the Grecian Archipelago, our surprise could scarcely have been greater. An encircling range of lofty hills surrounded us—the temperature was again that of summer—the river was unrippled by a breeze, while the tranquil landscape, as shown by the moonlight, was as picturesque as can be imagined.

A general expression of delight was succeeded by an almost unanimously expressed desire to explore the roads and paths leading through the range of scattered habitations before us, consisting of all varieties, from the cabin of the fisherman to the country seats of gentlemen. We had also read in our guide-books that here was located a small and very ancient church upon the spot that was the site of the first stone and mortar building ever erected upon the continent—so long a period does the history of this section embrace, notwithstanding that it preserves so much of its wild simplicity of nature.

In company with most of the party, Isadore and myself were soon gratifying this desire. Her relatives did not accompany us, and I was therefore delighted to have her to myself. Over the tortuous roads and through the winding paths we wandered, new beauties of the scenery constantly appearing before us. The ancient church, a remarkably plain and diminutive edifice, was visited, and gradually the large party became separated into groups and couples and lost to the view of the rest. Without premeditated design, we found ourselves alone, halting by a small inlet whose waters reflected on their surface the surrounding rocks and foliage, and for some moments

regarded our surroundings in rapt silence. At length, Isadore seated herself upon a moss-covered rock by the edge of the water, and I ventured to occupy a place by her side.

My eyes were raised to hers that I found bent upon me with so bright a light that they both thrilled and emboldened me.

I took one of her hands in mine—it was not withdrawn; I encircled her waist with my arm—she did not resist it.

Our eyes again met, and I saw that hers glistened with tears:

“Isadore! Isadore!” I exclaimed, passionately, “I love you!”

In a moment her head was pillowed upon my breast—her face was wet with tears, and her lips were upturned to mine!

A half hour had elapsed, yet we had spoken but few words. My happiness seemed too great to be communicated in them. At length she broke the silence by saying,

“I knew that you would come back to me, dearest—knew that you would not always remain away!”

“I do not understand you, Isadore——” I began.

She regarded me wonderingly for a moment, and continued with some manifestations of excitement.

“Do not understand me? That is strange! Then the time did not seem long to you—oh, so very long as it has to me! And you were not lonesome when away from your Isadore?”

“Do tell me what you refer to, please!” I said, in augmenting astonishment.

“Ah!” she continued, rather sadly, “do you not remember when we met here, many, many, years ago? I cannot tell you how long!” and she pressed a hand to her forehead as if the effort to recall some thought pained her, “but we sat here together as we sit now and you told me the same that you have just told me! They told me that we should never meet again, but I did not believe them—but you will never leave me again—never, never, will you?”

“Isadore, *do* tell me the meaning of your words!” I exclaimed, with considerable agitation, “for I cannot——” but here she threw her arms around me, and after seeking to stop my words by a kiss, exclaimed,

“Forgive me, oh forgive me! Do not mind what I have said, I shall not offend you again!”

At this moment we beheld a group of strangers approaching the spot where we were, and not caring to be surprised by them, we moved away and pro-

ceeded toward the steamer. On our way we passed the small church before alluded to, when she suddenly grasped my arm and pointing to it, exclaimed,

“You certainly remember that——” but observing my astonishment, did not finish the sentence but turned her face away and proceeded for some distance in silence.

On returning aboard, we parted for the night; but seated upon the deck I mused for a long time over the strange words that she had spoken to me, and marvelled what their meaning could be, but too happy in the thought that I was the accepted suitor of one whom I had in so short a time learned to love so dearly, to be troubled by them, at length retired to rest, and to dream of Isadore.

On my awakening in the early morning the steamer was not in motion, and my first impression was that we were yet at Tadousac. The distance from that place to the head of Ha! Ha! Bay, the extreme point of our destination, is about sixty miles, which is accomplished during the early hours of the morning, when slumber is the most easily wooed. On emerging upon deck, one of the grandest of views met my sight. The steamer was moored at a dock extending out a considerable distance from the shore

and filled with the strangest collection of vehicles that my eyes had ever rested upon. They were mostly of rude design and construction with but one seat besides the driver's, and drawn by one horse, but yet well adapted for the mountainous roads upon which they were driven. They were for the accommodation of such tourists as desired to explore the vicinity. Immediately in front of us rose an almost abrupt crag, several hundred feet in height; at our left lay a small village mostly peopled by *habitants*, in front of which several transatlantic vessels rode at anchor, awaiting their cargoes of lumber. Encircling the bay upon every side was an unbroken cordon of rocky ledges rising against the sky.

Proceeding ashore, a motley crowd of venders of trifles manufactured by Indians, and sellers of berries put up in birch bark baskets was encountered, with whom conversation was somewhat difficult, as few of them spoke either English or intelligible French. Passing these, I chartered one of the nondescript vehicles and made a circuit of several miles about the spot, over declivitous roads that wound around the hills, and returned in time for breakfast, when Isadore greeted me, as fair and smiling as the morn was, but I imagined, betrayed a slight manifestation of

disappointment that she had not been invited to accompany me, as I discoursed upon my ride and the scenery that I had enjoyed the view of.

At the conclusion of the meal, the fancy struck me to attempt the ascent of the cliff that rose so majestically immediately in front of the steamer, and I was soon engaged in the undertaking, which proved a somewhat more difficult one than at first seemed probable, and necessitated frequent rests. Each time that I paused in my ascent I observed that the eyes of Isadore rested intently upon me, as I knew with a look, half of admiration at my daring, half in fear that I should loose my foot-hold which was often extremely precarious. Had it not been for this consciousness, I should probably have abandoned the attempt ere reaching the summit, but did not, and at length, nearly exhausted, drew myself upon the highest point, a ledge of flinty rocks, and gazing back, beheld a handkerchief fluttering from a hand that I knew to be Isadore's, congratulating me upon my success:

I was surprised to find the elevation that I had attained to be a section of elevated table-land, quite level and covered with a stunted growth of vegetation, yet as wild and solitary in appearance as if the

foot of man had never before passed over it. While thus reflecting, coupled with the thought that I was the solitary inhabitant of the cliff, I was aroused by the sound of foot-steps approaching—foot-steps as light and stealthy as if belonging to beasts of prey, and started up in some alarm, but was surprised to see advancing toward me, a couple of little girls with uncovered feet, heads, arms and shoulders—complexions browned by the sun, but with forms and features that an artist might sigh for as models for sprites of the wood and mountain, and bearing in their hands branches of wild berries and leaves, which they tendered to me. Their sudden appearance in that spot suggested the fancy that they must be the presiding goddesses of the mount, who thus suddenly sprang from their abode to welcome the arrival of a stranger who had won their admiration by his daring ascent to their domain. They did not, however, refuse the silver pieces that were proffered them in return for their offerings, and disappeared almost as unaccountably as they came, but not to return no more, for soon after, as I was proceeding across the plateau I was again startled by the sound of footsteps, this time in pursuit of me, and turning, beheld my mountain fairies at the head of a

troup of a score or more of companions, each with a double handful of leaves and berries ! The reception of this bevy of juveniles not only depleted my pockets of loose coins, but excited wonder as to where their habitations could be, as none were visible, and the few residents and tillers of the scanty soil who resided in the vicinity were widely scattered, and from the nature of their avocation upon the sides of those hills, quite deserved the title of Agricultural acrobats ! The problem, however, remained unsolved.

Ere the morning was far advanced, the steamer departed upon the return trip, affording us the opportunity of beholding the wild and wonderful scenery of the Sagueuay, which is, perhaps, as remarkable as that of any stream upon the globe. This river is the receptacle of the waters of eleven large streams. Not far above Ha! Ha! Bay is a fall two hundred and thirty-six feet in height, which is visible at a distance of fifty miles, yet is seldom visited by the tourist or even generally known of, so little is the world at large acquainted with the scenic wonders of this region ! The shores of the river are constant chains of granite bluffs, averaging three hundred feet in height but sometimes rising to quintuple that elevation, while the water is from one hundred to one

thousand feet in depth at nearly all points, and, what is most singular, as deep, as a rule, immediately off of the shore as in the middle of the stream.

The delight of Isadore fully equalled my own, as having closely studied my guide-book, I was enabled to point out the places of special interest, either from their natural formation or on account of some incident connected with them—the tableau column, the cliffs of Cape Eternity and Trinity—Statue Point, whose rocks bear a resemblance to human figures and caused the devout Jesuit Missionaries, the first European explorers of the river, to imagine them to be formed by nature at the will of the Deity, to serve as saintly shrines for them to worship at—the spot where an Indian hunter who incautiously followed a moose to the edge of a cliff after it had made a fatal spring into the water below, lost his foot-hold and shared the fate of his prey, and others that need not be recorded here, of similar interest.

On reaching Tadousac, I learned that my friends, instead of at once returning to the cities, proposed remaining at that place, and an intimation from them that they would be pleased were I to remain, at once decided me upon doing so, and we were soon installed at the excellent hotel which is there maintained during the Summer season.

The evening of that day was a counterpart of the preceding one—warm and deliciously bright. I had for some time been pacing to and fro along the corridor of the hotel and occasionally glancing into the parlors, in the hope that Isadore would appear, when I was joined by Mr. Collins. At once was suggested to me the resolution of informing him of the attachment that existed between myself and his ward, and of soliciting his consent to our betrothal. With this purpose in view I proposed a stroll along the shore, which he cheerfully acceded to, and in a short time we were standing near the spot in which I had, a few hours before, received the sweet assurance of Isadore's love for me. On this occasion I observed the spot more particularly than I had done before. In front of us the river was as tranquil and brilliant as ever, but the mass of rock that overhung it at our left, seemed to cast a frown over the place as we stood in its shadow. I had fancied that my friend and his wife had viewed the growing intimacy of Isadore and myself with favor, and so broached the subject with confidence that his reply would be in no ways adverse to our hopes, but yet did not particularly observe the effect of my words upon him until I had concluded, when I was no less surprised than horri-

fied to observe upon his countenance a reflection of the agitation which they had caused.

"And have you told her of this?" he at length asked.

"I have."

"And she has told you——?"

"That she loved me!"

My companion was for awhile silent, and ere he spoke I observed a tear glisten for a moment as it fell, unheeded down his cheek.

"My friend," he said, with a tremulous voice, as he pressed my hand fervently, "I am truly sorry for you!" and then paused.

"What mean you?" I exclaimed, my agitation becoming as great as his own, and a cloud of the darkest apprehensions suggesting themselves at once to my mind.

"Have you not noticed," he resumed, "anything peculiar about Isadore—her manner or her behavior?"

Then I thought of her strange and incomprehensible words on the previous evening, but only looked my demand for an explanation.

"You have not," he faltered—"I should have known it," and then he crushed my soul, "*Isadore is insane!*"

I hardly know what followed—everything seemed to grow dim around me—I heard a few words of his attempted explanation, of how she had been engaged, three years before, to a person whom he then for the first time observed possessed a remarkable personal resemblance to myself. In company with himself and wife they were sojourning for awhile in Southern Italy—how they had been united in marriage, one evening, in deference to a romantic fancy, at a little chapel standing near the shore of the Mediterranean, and how the bridegroom met his death by drowning an hour afterwards, the intelligence of which had caused the loss of her reason. Of this I comprehended little, and only remember promising him that I would never see her again, when I heard a shriek, half in agony and half in prayer, that at once roused me to full consciousness again. Looking above us, we beheld upon the rock the form of Isadore, her gaze fixed upon us and her eyes riveting mine. Then, as my eyes followed hers, her face seemed to sink from the summit of the rock to the waves below like a falling meteor! A wild leap—a plunge into the stream—the waves closed over me and I remember no more!

* * * *

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself alone in my room at the hotel. A paper that had been placed to screen the light from my eyes, and upon whose date line my eyes soon rested, told me that over a month had elapsed since the time that I could remember. Wondering greatly at this, and finding myself unable to rise, I closed my eyes and endeavored to recall the chain of incidents that had occurred, but with a dull heart pang. Absorbed in this, I hardly noticed a footstep that approached until a form bent over me—then I beheld the face of Isadore!

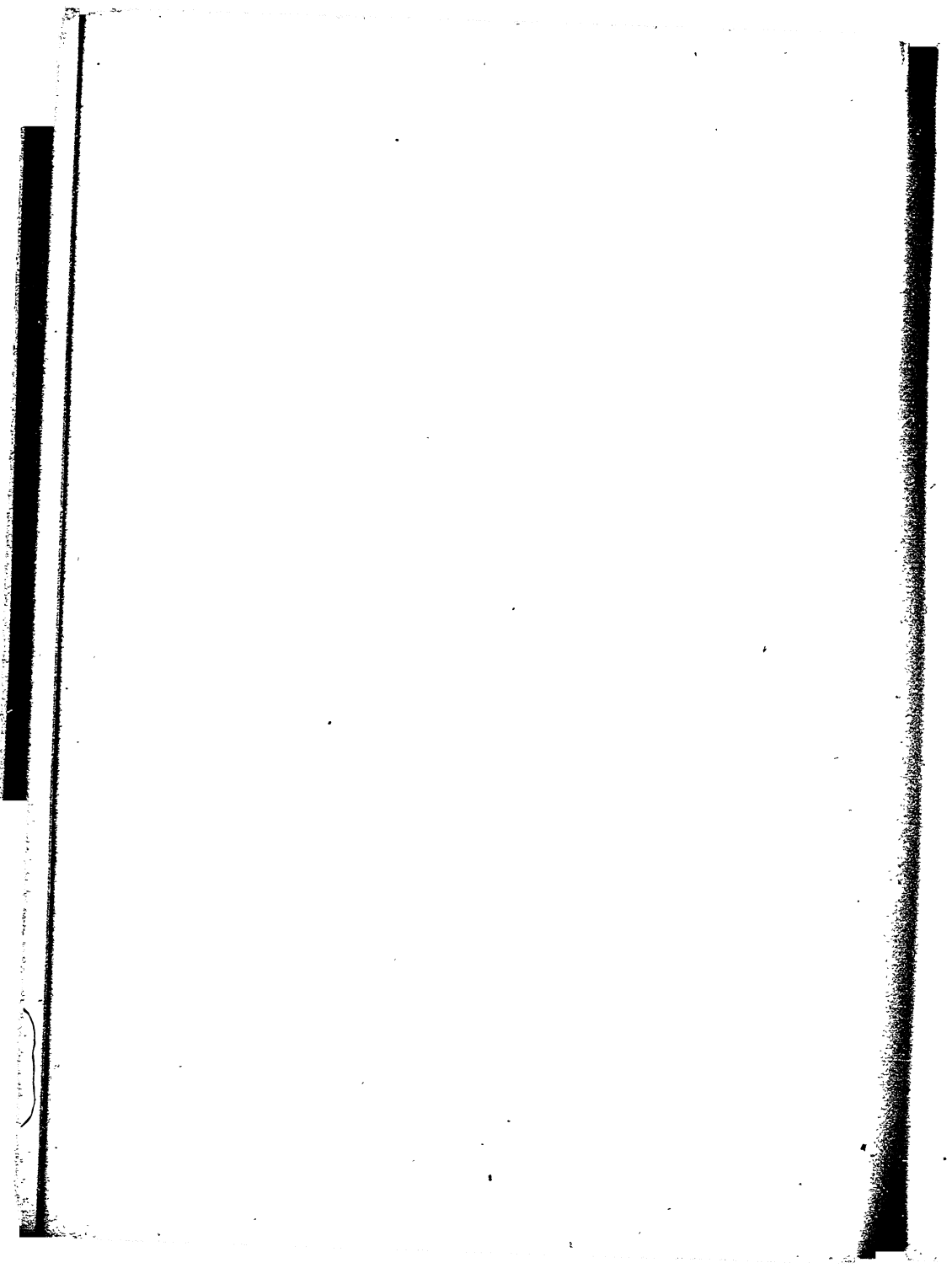
I repeated her name—our eyes read each others' enquiringly and wonderingly. Then as the recollection of the terrible revelation returned to me, I closed mine as if to still the memory of it. She divined my thoughts—her face bent over mine which was enshrouded in a mass of golden curls—her lips met mine, and her voice whispered,

“Yes, darling, it is your Isadore, and *insane no longer!*”

Her life-renewing words were true! The mental and physical shock which her attempted suicide and her resuscitation had caused, had in a mysterious manner—which, however, medical men satisfactorily

account for—led to her complete recovery. The bright waters of the St. Lawrence had dispelled the cloud from her intellect as effectually as those of the fabled spring of youth were once believed to dispel every human infirmity.

Malenta, the River Wais.



MALEETA, THE RIVER WAIF.

The spectacle of rafts of timber of immense size passing down the St. Lawrence was a few years ago a quite common one, nor has it yet become at all rare,



although the rapidity with which the Canadian forests, from which they are obtained, are being depleted, will ere long cause them to be numbered with things of the past. The sight of one is well calculated to engross for some time the attention of one to whom

they are a novelty, while their navigation not only requires peculiar skill and undaunted courage, but forms an occupation by itself, which seems to be ranked among the peculiar provinces of the few remaining Indians and the large number of half-breeds with which Eastern Canada abounds. Previous to reaching the rapids, the raftsmen have but to keep the huge masses of timber "end on" in the middle of the current as well as can be done, which is accomplished by means of a huge sweep—a stick of timber flattened on one end like a paddle and worked by a number of men in the manner of an oar—at either end of the raft, and float idly with the stream, but when the wild waters, threatening rocks and tortuous courses of the rapids are to be passed, the duty becomes one of excitement and hazard, and few save those engaged in the work care to brave the danger for the sake of participating in the excitement consequent upon it. These rafts are frequently upwards of one fourth of a mile in length, and being held together only by "withes" of wood, present, when passing the rapids or during rough weather, quite a variable surface. As each one requires a considerable force of men to navigate it, who are accommodated in a number of rude and easily constructed cabins

erected upon it, it presents a scene of animation, and one that is quite picturesque to the lover of the novel and the student of variety in life.

Before nearing the rapids but little care is exercised in the construction of the rafts, but before entering upon the only dangerous part of the trip, it is found necessary to reconstruct them in a manner that with good management and a fair share of good fortune will enable them to pass them without being broken up; hence they are made more compact and somewhat smaller, as well as being more strongly bound together. This is generally done at Windmill Point, a short distance above the first rapids and about a mile below the village of Prescott, a spot more fully described in connection with the historical incidents that have rendered it famous in another part of this volume. Here, during the rafting season, may generally be found an encampment of Indians who are engaged in this work, which is annually visited by many of the curious, who return with any ideas that they may have entertained concerning the romantic character of the modern aborigines—at least of those who condescend to render themselves useful in this work, wholly dispelled, for a more wretched and forlorn appearing collection of mortals it would be difficult to group together.

The habitations are a cross between the hovel and wig-wam, generally consisting of a few tattered blankets, quilts, or a fragment of discarded sail-cloth supported on poles and open at one or more sides to the weather. In, or clustered around these will generally be found, besides the descendants of the once monarchs of the river, a motley and disagreeable collection of females and children, half nude and generally ravenously hungry.

John Geary was a young representative of the legal profession, and a resident of the village of Prescott. Tall, erect, and in all respects quite a fair type of manly beauty, he was also quite an ardent lover of outdoor sports and pastimes. As his professional duties were not as a rule very arduous, he found ample time to indulge his proclivity for yachting, shooting and fishing upon the river and its adjacent territory. The raftsmen's camp spoken of, was a frequent place of resort of his, serving as it did as a terminus for an idle stroll.

On one summer evening as he was returning homeward across the fields, soon after sunset, when not far from the camp his attention was attracted by a group of persons in angry altercation, and hurrying his pace he soon discovered a scene that at once

excited his admiration and aroused his indignation to the utmost. In a corner of the field he beheld a young Indian girl surrounded by three stalwart ruffians who had waylaid and assaulted her, but being armed with a knife she was resolutely defending herself, and stood bravely upon her guard, standing at bay and thus far preventing any of them from placing hands upon her. Our hero was quickly by her side, and in a few scathing words rebuked the miscreants and commanded them to depart; but now more than ever maddened they turned upon him, but only to meet with a reception that they little expected. *A blow from his heavy cane felled the foremost assailant to the ground*, a well placed blow of the fist sent the second after him, while the third quickly concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and made a hurried flight. This scene finished, our modern knight-errant had an opportunity of regarding the one whom he had imperilled his person for, and as he had before given her but a glance, was more than surprised to behold how prepossessing she appeared for one of her class and station, when her look of intense passion gave place to a beaming smile of thanks and her stolidity to confused words in expression of gratitude for the service that he had rendered her. She appeared to

be of about fifteen years of age, was without covering for her head or feet, while the only garment that appeared to adorn or protect her form revealed her shoulders and arms in all of their well moulded proportions, and her long hair, as dark as the starless night, fell unrestrained. A seldom-found type of uncivilized beauty, a veritable wild-flower, she certainly was. He learned that she had been several miles from the spot, engaged in gathering berries in the wood, and was upon her way to the raftsmen's camp. She took up her basket and turned to depart, but fearful that she might again be exposed to harm, he insisted upon accompanying her until within sight of her place of destination, learning meanwhile the fact that her only relative there or elsewhere was her father, a raftsmen of the Caughnawaga tribe, over whose very moderate domestic arrangements she presided.

That night he retired to rest thinking of the fable of John Smith and Pochahontas, and when his conscious thoughts became dreams, he imagined himself to be the former, his newly found acquaintance the latter, and that king Powhattan was engaged in piloting rafts down the St. Lawrence !

On the succeeding day he found his way to the encampment, and with an emotion of pleasure mingled

with a full portion of disgust, found his fair savage maiden contentedly sitting beneath a miserable lean-to, composed of a ragged blanket and a piece of tattered sail-cloth supported on rude poles, in the corners of which were a few ill-appearing rags that undoubtedly formed the only couches that herself and father possessed, while a damaged iron kettle suspended over a smouldering fire in front, and a few tin cups and plates, seemed to comprise their culinary and domestic utensils and dishes. Yet the belle of the encampment did not seem at all embarrassed by her surroundings, but welcomed him with a *genuine* smile of pleasure and an untutored frankness that was at least in pleasing contrast with the manner of most of the fashionable belles of his acquaintance when receiving him. She was engaged in the manufacture of some light articles of bead work in which she exhibited no little skill, the receipts from the sale of which served to increase the scant store of her necessities of life. She invited him, after a few moments' conversation, to accept a seat near her, but the surroundings were so incompatible with his sense of refinement that he declined, but in stead requested that she would



accompany him to the river's bank, where seated upon a grassy hillock he watched her busy fingers at work, and in conversation learned something of her not very eventful history. Her name was the musical one of Maleeta—her mother she could not remember, she having died in her infancy, drowned while attempting to pilot a canoe down one of the rapids. She had many acquaintances among her tribe, but few whom she cared for as friends; no men, perhaps, save her father, and the village priest who taught her that she must be good. She loved the river and the woods, above all, the wild rapids—she often reposed by the river side at night so as to listen to their wild song, and sometimes endeavored to join them in it, but this always displeased the spirits of the waters and she became silent again. She could fish—she could shoot a rifle—she could run upon snow-shoes and manage a bark canoe. No, she was never afraid, save of bad men such as he, good and strong man, had protected her from on the previous evening, and of the wicked *Brumohanto*, the evil spirit of the wood, that often slew men and carried off maidens to his home under the far off mountains. She was fond of her life, yet she would rather be a rich girl of the St. Regis tribe, have gold ornaments and drive to Mont-

real in winter in a sled of her own with a white pony. She was wholly ignorant of the alphabet and never expected to learn it, but she had a few pictures that she often looked at, cut from stray copies of illustrated journals that had fallen in her way—one was a portrait of a very beautiful white lady that she thought must be a saint, so she sometimes prayed to it; the saints were all white people, she believed, for she had never heard of an Indian saint, yet they were kind, and would listen to the prayers of poor Indians. Yes, her father was kind—that is, always unless the white men sold him liquor, when he sometimes beat her. Of course she would like to be a white person, yet if she could not be, nor an Indian, she would choose to be a bird!

All of this and much more she told in her simple words and artless manner, and when he departed from her it was with a strange interest in this young and beautiful, yet uncivilized being.

On the succeeding day he was again a caller at the camp, and this time he bore with him as a gift to her, a bright hued and serviceable shawl. If he possessed any idea that he would be called upon to use persuasion to induce her to accept it, he was mistaken, for she had not learned from civilization to refuse or to

offer a pretended declination of anything that she desired, but her delight much more than compensated him for the outlay and trouble that it had cost him. From this time his visits became frequent; each day that he visited her he assured himself would be the last—not that he imagined that any precautions to guard his feelings were necessary, but on the contrary, any such insinuation coming from another would have been regarded and resented as an insult—yet she came to expect him nearly every day, and not often was she doomed to disappointment. These visits he most frequently made the excuse of presenting her with some generally very moderately expensive article that he fancied would contribute to her comfort or pleasure—a needle-book—an assortment of thread—a picture book, which perhaps delighted her most of all—a cheap dress-pattern, or something of the kind—and while thus engaged in studying her wants and welfare, he imagined that he was actuated by purely philanthropic motives, and mentally gave himself credit therefor, although the other female occupants of the camp, more destitute even than Maleeta had been, did not receive from him a thought, much less a gift! It may occur to the reader that the amount of attention and number of gifts bestowed upon her

should have attracted the attention and received the unfavorable comments of her companions, but their ethics were not of the character that made them condemn anything of this kind, but rather led them to envy.

On one occasion Maleeta manifested her appreciation of his favors by timidly offering for his acceptance a quite pretty piece of bead-work, the purchase of the materials for which he knew must have depleted her scanty stock of dimes and pennies, and which he accepted with perhaps more pleasure than he had ever a previous gift from any one.

Thus matters continued while several weeks wore away, when fate interposed an occurrence that served to materially enliven the course of events and to render them more interested in the welfare of each other. One of John Geary's strongest passions was for yachting, and in the enjoyment of this sport he preferred strong winds and turbulent waves to light breezes and waves correspondingly tranquil, and on an afternoon when a strong "South-Wester" was prevailing, he shot out upon the river alone in his light boat, when most amateur sailors would have resisted all persuasion to accompany him. The almost gale had followed a terrific and cold rain-storm accompanied by

hail, of the previous night, such as sometimes occurs in that latitude in the warm season. The violence of the storm had awakened him from peaceful slumber, and his first thought was of Maleeta, whom he knew was reposing with the earth for a couch, without adequate covering or shelter, and unable to banish the vision from his mind, he had tossed restlessly upon his pillow until the morning dawned, the storm had subsided and the glorious sunlight again gladdened the world. Restless and almost feverish, he sought the wild billows for companions and the cool breeze for a comforter.

After making several tacks in safety, he shaped his course so as to run in near the Indian encampment, lured on by the almost unsuspected attraction that operated to so often draw him near Maleeta. When nearing it he discovered her upon the bank, her figure being easily discernible on account of the bright shawl, his gift, which she had folded around her. As he approached, she waved him recognition, and prompted perhaps by a slight vanity in the desire to exhibit his skill as a navigator to her, he approached too near to the shore to allow himself sea-room to bring the yacht about in with any degree of safety, and instead of coming about head on, it was almost

instantly capsized and its occupant plunged into the water. Now this of itself would have been no alarming accident as far as his personal safety was concerned, for he was an accomplished swimmer, and in calmer weather had even accomplished the feat of swimming across the stream, but as it happened, he was carried under beneath the sail, which both prevented his rising or of passing out beneath it, and his frantic but fruitless struggles would have doubtless soon been ended by death, had not aid been received from an unexpected source. On comprehending the nature of the accident, Maleeta at once threw aside her shawl and divesting herself quickly of her scanty clothing, plunged into the stream, and with the speed and facility of a frightened sea-bird, swam to him. Rising and falling gracefully upon the waves, she was not long in reaching him, for had she been, a few moments more would have been his last. Extricating him, she brought him to the surface to find that he was insensible. With excellent presence of mind she managed to support his form in the water and after a painful struggle conveyed him to the shore. What a picture would the scene then have made could it have been immortalized by the brush of a master hand ; as the Indian maiden arose from the waves,

more perfect in form than the proudest masterpiece of the sculptor—nude in her beauty, save as screened by the flowing hair from which the water streamed, and with horror and despair depicted in her countenance and in her eyes of living night, gently drawing the one of all others whom she cared for and revered, and had she known it—loved, from the waves!

Tenderly she placed him upon the sandy beach, and then in an agony of grief, forgetful of all else, threw herself upon his prostrate form with wild exclamations of grief and affection, and as by instinct—the instinct of love, whether in life or death, the world over—pressed her lips to his with passionate fondness. But only for a few moments, for slowly his eyes are opened, and her moans and words of despair are changed to exclamations of delight and thanksgiving. Then remembering her lack of attire, a bright hue suffused her face, her eyes drooped, and she seized the shawl lying near and quickly enveloped her person in it. Then seating herself by his side, she supported his head until he was sufficiently strong to rise, but when he attempted to express some sense of his appreciation of her heroic act, she fled like a startled fawn.

The yacht meanwhile had drifted ashore, and securing it, he returned home.

This occurrence led him to ponder very deeply concerning her welfare and the manner in which he could best repay the deep obligation that she had placed him under to her, but of the many plans that were suggested to his mind, there appeared to be none unaccompanied by obstacles that he could apparently surmount. While mentally debating this question, he visited the camp a few days later and found to his surprise that Maleeta was about to depart; the arrangement that had sheltered her had disappeared, and he found her occupying one of the wooden huts upon a raft that had been completed and which was about to leave for the vicinity of Montreal. He lingered with her until warned that the ropes that moored it were about to be cast-off, and then bade her farewell with little belief that he would ever behold her again. As for her she maintained in a great degree that stoicism for which her race is noted, yet could not conceal her grief at the parting.

He turned from her and hastened toward shore, at first with rapid steps, but his pace was gradually slackened, and when he stood upon the bank he paused a moment, apparently irresolute and in deep meditation; then he started on again rapidly, muttering to himself as he did so,

"Fool! to think of such a thing—let this be the last of this!" but when he had arrived at the crest of the bank he halted.

"One more look at my little heroine and then adieu!" he communed with himself.

Gazing back he beheld her watching him intently; as he returned her gaze she turned away and disappeared.

Again he seemed struggling with rival emotions, but at last hurried down the incline again and aboard of the raft. A few hurried words with the one in charge of it and he had arranged for the privilege of journeying upon it down the river. A short note was pencilled and forwarded to his friends to explain his absence, and they were afloat. Then he again sought Maleeta.

He found her, strange for an Indian maiden, in tears, and she greeted his very unexpected appearance with a cry in which surprise and delight were blended. In a few words he explained his purpose of accompanying them down the river, and thoughtless of a parting only deferred and happy in the enjoyment of the present, her face was again wreathed in smiles, her eyes again grew bright, and her words seemed softer than ever.

That journey—how can I describe it? Floating listlessly and tranquilly upon the placid stream, apparently almost motionless, for hours, or braving upon the frail and ever yielding structure the fury of the rapids. How can you, appreciative tourist who have indulged in a little innocent self commendation for presence of mind in that you ran the gauntlet of the rocks and waves with scarcely a tremor of the heart, standing upon the deck of a proud river steamer, appreciate the resolution required to dare their fury upon a framework of timbers, through and over which the billows chase each other in wild sport? At night, moored safely by the shore, while the waters reflected back the glory of the Heavens, and the relieved navigators made the air melodious with their wild songs, he listened to the artless words of Maleeta, or, withdrawn from the others, induced her to sing the songs with which she was familiar, for she possessed a voice that even without cultivation was both sweet and powerful. A more rude life than they led can hardly be imagined, but the rough planks that served for their couches were rendered by fatigue as soft as those of down, while their rude fare was relished as well as the dishes before the most satisfied epicure.

I have intimated that our hero was more than ordi-

narily courageous when brought to face the dangers of the river, yet I must record that when the first line of white capped billows of a rapid met his view, that he experienced a slight tremor of fear, or rather I should perhaps express it, of apprehension. Not so with Maleeta—she seemed a veritable daughter of the stream, and the wild rage of the waters awoke her enthusiasm and lent a brighter light to her eyes than he had before seen them luminous with.

The journey was nearly completed; the Mount of Royal on the isle of Montreal was visible in the distance, and but one rapid remained to be run ere their trip would be ended, yet that one was the difficult and dangerous one of Lachine. Floating out from their moorings near the Indian village of Caughnawaga, they entered upon the perilous descent. Her fortune, that had heretofore smiled upon them, frowned: the rapid was about half passed, when the unwieldy mass of timber, despite the efforts of those struggling at the "sweeps," turned a short distance out of the channel, and in a moment the forward part of it was a wreck upon the rocks and half a dozen of the raftsmen were engulfed in the treacherous stream. It was a moment of thrilling uncertainty, with the lives of all aboard held as if at the cast of a die, yet the

wrecked part separated from the remainder and clearing the jaws of death, floated through the residue of the course in safety. Then it was ascertained who were the lost, and among these was the father of Maleeta.

Ere the close of that day, John found himself standing upon one of the wharfs of Montreal with the sorrowing girl by his side, and involved in deep perplexity as to what disposition he should make of her. At length he called a hack and driving to a hotel had her assigned to a room with instructions to have her meals served therein—then he took a long walk, during which he puffed a number of cigars into smoke but without determining as to how he ought to discharge the involuntary guardianship that had been imposed upon him by fate; then he returned to the hotel and sought Maleeta, but she could only suggest a return to her tribe and the adoption into some other family, a proposition that he could not for a moment entertain—besides which she relied wholly upon him for directions as to what course she should pursue, and moreover as deeply grieved for the loss of her father as if he had been more worthy of her affection.

That night he remained up until a late hour, alone in his room, invoking again the goddess *Narcotta* to

aid in solving the problem that had been thrust upon him, and at length the way clear before him was seen, as if by a flash of inspiration. With a light heart he retired to rest, but arose again at an early hour and obtaining a carriage was driven out of the city to the excellent and popular convent school of Villa Maria. Here he solicited and obtained an interview with the Sister Superior, and relating to her all of the material parts of his tale, obtained her consent to receiving Maleeta as a pupil, and enlisted her interest and sympathy in the attempt to instruct her in the arts and graces of civilization. Not only this, but a kind-hearted nun, at his solicitation, consented to call at the hotel at an early hour and receive Maleeta, and before conveying her to the Villa to provide her with such an outfit as a *young lady* should possess. When he returned and informed Maleeta of his plan for her immediate future, she received the intelligence with mingled feelings of delighted ambition and extreme reluctance to accede to his proposition. Aware of her ignorance pertaining to all of the usages of polite society, and deeply sensitive of ridicule or reproof, she reminded him of a wild bird that dared not be domesticated. At last the argument and appeal, that if she wished him to be her friend during life,

and to be where they could associate together, that she must make the sacrifice of her feelings for the present in deference to the future, she consented, and when the nun called for her, appeared so much reassured by her frank and affectionate manner, as to be half resigned at once to the loss of her liberty and unrestrained freedom.

Our hero returned home at once—paragraphs concerning his singular fancy for an adventure, and fortunate escape on the wrecked raft, were going the rounds of the journals; but he was delighted to find that not even his acquaintances had received an intimation concerning Maleeta—that he resolved to maintain a secret until such a time as it might be necessary to reveal a portion of the history of their acquaintance.

From the Sister Superior of the school, he received frequent communications concerning his ward and her charge, for her sympathies had become very much interested in the little waif of the St. Lawrence. The first was in regard to her christening—Maleeta had no surname that was known, and must have a Christian name in the place of the one that she bore. She would be pleased with any name that he would choose, and the good lady suggested that her first name be

that of one of the Saints, and her last that of his own ; but with courteous compliment this proposition he rejected, and chose for her first name the pretty one of Lurline, and for the last the historic one of Cartier as the most appropriate that suggested itself.

The reports of the Superior were upon the whole quite encouraging. Maleeta at first had been so timid—even frightened at her new and strange surroundings and the curiosity and remarks that she excited from the other pupils, that little could be done with her, but they, at the solicitation of the Sisters and the natural promptings of their sympathetic hearts, had at length in a measure won her confidence, and partly on account of her natural greatness of disposition, and partly by reason of the daring that she exhibited in their sports and recreations—especially in the management of the boats upon their miniature lake, upon their swings and above all in the rather unladylike accomplishment of climbing trees, in which she was nearly as great an adept as a squirrel—was looked upon and treated as quite a heroine.

After the lapse of a few months, business summoned John Geary to New York, and then at once to Europe, where, combined with pleasure, it detained him for two and one half years. He had become familiar with the

gay capitals of the old world ; again and again had he been for the hour entranced with the world renowned beauty of the maidens of the sunny lands that he had visited—the superb Spaniard—the ethereal blue-eyed Italian—the vivacious, affection challenging maids of Paris, and while Maleeta was not altogether forgotten, and it was one of the fixed purposes of his life to never be neglectful of her welfare, he sometimes wondered at the fascination that she had once exercised over him, and thought of her only as a little untutored Indian maiden.

It was during the first week of summer that he sailed up the St. Lawrence upon his return home. As its familiar banks and well-known hamlets came into view, the vision of the old world grew more indistinct, and the recollections of bygone years came floating over the waters like notes from syren harp-strings. As the steamship sped on, the brighter became the remembrances, and coupled with them the desire to behold Maleeta once more. He remembered that, had she proven proficient in her studies, she would graduate in a couple of weeks from that time, but this he could not expect of one who was so very ignorant as she when he had placed her at school. But if so, again the troubling problem suggested itself to him—

what to do with her? She could not always remain at school—but the more he reflected the further he was from a determination.

Landed at Montreal, after lingering about the city sufficiently long to convince himself that he was not at all impatient to meet her, he proceeded to Villa Maria. The Sister Superior welcomed him cordially and awaited his inquiry before alluding to his ward.

“ Yes, Miss Cartier is quite well and has made very gratifying progress. She was awarded a silver medal at the close of the last term and would graduate very creditably at the close of the present one. She was now engaged at her music lesson—if he would proceed to the room he could meet her.

He acquiesced, and a nun led the way. Ere crossing the threshold he paused spell-bound, for a voice fell upon his ears that was certainly unlike any that he had before listened to, yet whose full and soft cadences, as the singer, who accompanied herself upon the piano-forte with fine judgment and effect, unconsciously awoke the bewitching spell that had held him captive in by-gone years. And that lovely brunette whose presence inspired him with reverential awe, who was the musician—? He paused with

the question only half mentally asked, for at that moment she partly turned her head so as to obtain a view of the new comers, when song and instrument at once ceased and with a cry of delighted surprise she sprang from her seat, and forgetful for the moment of the conventional proprieties of the place, rushed toward him with outstretched arms and his name upon her lips, but when near him suddenly paused in confusion, and with lowered eyes stood trembling like a leaf in a storm. His cordial pressure and moment's retention of her hand restored a portion of her confidence, although she conversed with much restraint during the short time that he remained.

When fate has become inevitable, why postpone the result? John Geary returned to his home, but not before he mentally solved the once vexing problem of what disposition he should make of his ward. Before the day of her graduation he returned to Montreal and when it arrived, proudly beheld her receive high honors. At the close of school he received her in his carriage and drove away; where she was going to she had not asked but trusted everything to him with the same blind confidence that had characterized their acquaintance.

"Maleeta," he said, as he took a hand in his, as

they skirted the mountain and the broad St. Lawrence burst upon their view, "Maleeta, I love you!"

She trembled a little, but her eyes were upturned to his unflinchingly—

"If you did not," she replied, "I would not live!"

He drew her towards him and for the first time since he lay upon the river's bank unconscious, their lips met.

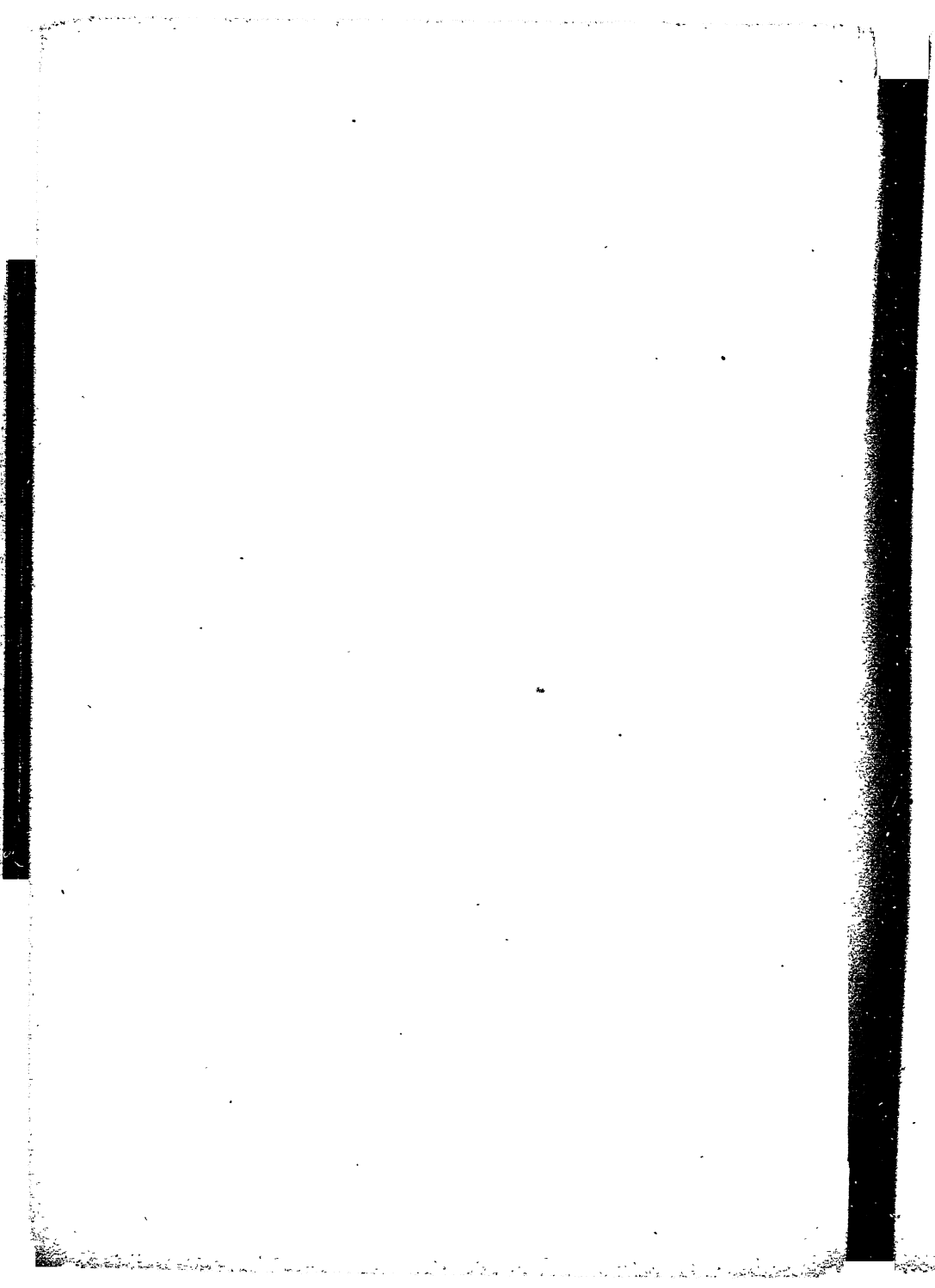
Then after a pause of a few delicious moments, he continued,

"Do not delay our happiness; be mine this day!"

"You are fearfully impatient," she returned; "perhaps just a little bit jealous of the civilized world of which I have seen so little, but I have never refused to do as you thought was best!"

And so they were united. They reside in one of the chief of the Canadian cities, and she is a belle whose claim none dare dispute. Her history and origin are known to but a small circle of friends—society admires Mrs. Lurline Geary, but to her husband she is ever Maleeta.

A Country lost for a love.



A COUNTRY LOST FOR A LOVE.

The destinies of nations like those of individuals, are often decided by circumstances that of themselves appear but the most trivial in character, as the course of an incipient river is changed by a trifling obstacle



in its way. And when fate has seemed to deviate from the natural path, in history, it is safe to assume that in a majority of cases the immediate cause may be found in the influence, so often all-controlling, of the "tender passion." The devotion of rival lovers to Cleopatra for

awhile threatened to materially alter the map of the world—to the loves of Henry the Eighth are due the “reformation” in England—devoted gallantry to the fair Queen of France is supposed to have lost both his life and kingdom to James of Scotland—the beautiful Thais was able to bring Alexander, the conqueror of the world, to her feet and to dictate the fate of empires—the conspiracy of Cataline, as well as its discovery, was owing to the “rosy god”—the devotion of Elizabeth to Courtney probably changed the succession, and with it we know not how greatly the destiny of England—the attachment of Mary for Rizzio had undoubtedly much to do with the fate of Scotland—but why multiply instances to prove that if love had much to do with the history of Canada and in securing the downfall of the power of the French and the establishment of that of the English, that in this instance the New World but borrowed a feature from the Old ?

The individual in question who was the chief instrument of Cupid in this interference in the domain of Mars, was Captain Robert Stobo, whose career was perhaps as singular and romantic as that of any adventurer in the field of arms, that can be cited. He was attached to the Virginia Volunteers, commanded

by Washington, during the war of 1754. In an expedition sent to drive the French from the disputed territory of Ohio, a considerable body of French Militia was encountered, under the command of M. de Jumonville, who, under the cover of a flag of truce, advanced in company with a number of others, to hold a parley with the Americans. Either through the treachery of some of Washington's subordinates or by reason of some confusion of orders, the French were fired upon and the commander and several of his attendants slain. This event created great indignation among the French which no apologies or explanation could modify, the act being regarded as a deliberate murder. Not far from the locality of this tragedy was an English Fort known as Necessity, which was garrisoned by about five hundred men. This position the French soon afterward attacked, and after a brisk engagement captured, together with its entire garrison. A truce was then entered into, the articles being signed on the part of the Colonists by Washington. By these they were to give two hostages to the French to be retained as a guarantee that it should be observed. One of these was Captain Stobo, who was taken to Fort Duquesne and there retained in custody. He was a person of remarkable tact, great daring and

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considerable ability, and although under restraint, sought to serve his country in every manner, however dangerous it might be, that lay in his power. Learning of the expedition of the ill-fated Braddock against Duquesne, he continued to forward to him communications giving him much valuable information concerning the strength of the French, and also a map of the route and diagram of the Fort. Previous to the advance of this General, however, Stobo was removed to Quebec. Here he was permitted, upon giving his parole, to enjoy the freedom of the city and its vicinity.

In this spot, separated thus from friends and kindred, it is not to be wondered that the prisoner should find the days drag wearily along, or that, being a person of very prepossessing manner and appearance, he should seek, and become quite a favorite in the somewhat limited society of the place, and that he came to be regarded as more of a friend than as an hostage of the enemy. This was not all, for it was not long ere the adventurous Captain made a conquest and was engaged in an intrigue with one of the fairest residents of the place. Whom she was cannot be stated, for Stobo very honorably refused ever after to betray her secret and the error into which she had been led by the tender passion, but tradition alludes to

her as a native of France, of witching personal charms and the wife of a French officer who was at the time absent upon duty in a distant part of the province. In this, tradition is probably correct, as it is certain that she must have been not only a person of some influence and with a reputation to preserve, but one who could obtain access to the military works of the post. How deeply he became enamoured of her, further than that he took advantage of the deep passion with which he had inspired her, does not appear save from the earnest desire that he manifested to return to Quebec after leaving it in the manner to be related.

That the lovers should have had some difficulty in arranging private meetings is not strange, but this, her knowledge of the vicinity soon served to overcome. She informed him of the existence of a single path leading from the summit of the Plains of Abraham to the water's edge, and this spot was for a time their rendezvous. All progressed well with the couple until the defeat of Braddock, when among his papers were found the letters, maps and charts of Stobo forwarded while he was detained at Fort Duquesne. For thus violating the laws of war he was at once arrested, thrown into prison, and con-

demned to be executed as a spy. But this death he was not doomed to suffer, for by means of assistance afforded by his fair innamorata, he effected his escape from prison on a tempestuous night and during the prevalence of a violent thunder storm, yet he was re-captured and again confined. His fair rescuer did not cease her efforts in his behalf, but with unexcelled devotion again afforded him the means of freeing himself from restraint, together with a small number of companions, in captivity. In bark canoes they floated from the city under the cover of night, thus journeying with the tide and by their vigilance eluding pursuers. When a considerable distance down the river, they encountered an upward-bound sailing vessel, and by a gallant act of daring, combined with skillful strategy, succeeded in making a prize of it. From thence in it they journeyed to Halifax where their arrival was warmly welcomed. Here for a while we lose sight of Captain Stobo, while the agency by which he succeeded in effecting his escape from his jailors remained undiscovered.

In the year 1759, and month of June, an expedition composed of about nine thousand men and fifty vessels of war manned by fifteen thousand sailors, under the command of General James Wolfe and Admiral

Saunders, arrived in front of Quebec without meeting with opposition in passing up the river. The troops were at once landed and the place invested, although the ardor of the besiegers was somewhat modified by the unexpected natural strength of the position which was manned by a force equal in numerical strength to that of the assailants, although it was not nearly as well disciplined, armed or equipped. The conduct of the siege is too much a matter of historical record to be recounted here—suffice it to say that the summer passed away in the vain attempt to force a capitulation, for although the town was badly injured by English shot and shell, the fortifications remained as strong as at first. The heights were impregnable in front and apparently inaccessible at the sides and rear—the vessels, if brought into action were compelled by the shallowness of the water to proceed up the main channel where they received the fire of the batteries on the heights that were safe from their fire—troops could not be landed to assault the French position between the St. Charles river and the Falls of Montmorenci, and at every point the English were baffled, while their enemies rested in fancied security.

The leaders were having the conclusion forced upon them that success was impossible and nothing re-

mained to do but to abandon the enterprise, re-embark the army and confess themselves vanquished. This was the condition of affairs, when, in the early part of the month of September, the General and Admiral commanding held a consultation at night aboard of the Flag-Ship, to which the principal officers of the army and fleet were invited. This was at night—the purpose to devise if possible, some plan that promised success, or that being impossible, to decide upon the abandonment of the enterprise.

The suggestions offered were few and those pronounced impracticable, for nearly all had formed the opinion that the further prosecution of the siege was useless, yet waited to have this suggestion come first from their leader. At length for a few moments silence reigned throughout the cabin where they were gathered—the Admiral restlessly paced the floor—each subordinate read the verdict “failure” in the eyes and countenances of his companions, while the searching gaze of Wolfe rested upon each of the others, as if to divine their thoughts ere he spoke.

The silence at length became painfully embarrassing to all—Wolfe aroused himself from his meditation and was about to speak, when there sounded a knock at the door.

In obedience to summons, a petty officer entered and presented a communication to Wolfe, endorsed "Private and very important."

The General hastily opened and perused it—then addressing the Admiral, he said,

"Here is a letter from some one signing himself Captain Robert Stobo, stating that he is very familiar with the vicinity of Quebec, having been detained as an hostage there, and has highly important information to communicate."

"Where is he at present?" inquired the Admiral, manifesting considerable interest.

"He is now aboard of the vessel," was the reply—"shall we listen to what he has to relate?"

"By all means—summon him."

The new comer soon entered—in person he was tall, dark complexioned and withal of handsome mien and easy and self-possessed manner.

The General and Admiral received him courteously, although formally.

The eye of Captain Stobo took in at a glance the nature of the conference that was in progress, as he waited to be addressed.

"You have informed me, Captain Stobo," said Wolfe, "that you have important information to impart concerning the defences of Quebec."

"Yes, General," was the quiet reply, "or rather I should perhaps state that it pertains to the manner of approaching them."

"Are you aware, then, of any means promising success that have not yet been tried?" asked the commandant, with considerable interest manifested in his tone:

"You are aware," returned Stobo, "that I was for a number of months a resident of Quebec, held there as an hostage, but permitted the freedom of the town and its environs on parole. I thus became familiar with every locality in its vicinity, and learning of your unsuccessful attempts to reduce the place, I have journeyed here overland from Halifax in order to place my knowledge at your disposal. Your desire, I have no doubt, is to obtain such a position with your forces that the enemy will be compelled to give battle on equal terms; am I right?"

"You are," was the reply, "and this has thus far been found wholly impossible; their position upon both sides of the river St. Charles is apparently inaccessible."

"Apparently, only, general. I am quite confident I can suggest a plan to you by which this may be done, or in the event of a failure, but little loss of

either men or prestige will be incurred, unless you suffer defeat in fair fight."

"Then proceed," said Wolfe, "and unfold your plan."

"Excuse me, General," returned Stobo, "but it is not advisable that the plan which I have to submit should be known to any save yourself and the Admiral. This is but a measure of common prudence; when this council has adjourned, I will, if you so desire, confer alone with you two."

This proposal was acceded to and the council soon dismissed. Then, seated alone with Wolfe and Saunders, Stobo produced a carefully drawn map of the environs of Quebec, showing upon it the Plains of Abraham, and from them, leading to the water's edge, the path by means of which he had once effected meetings with his fair captive. He then proceeded to explain the feasibility of the ascent by a large number of troops, in a well executed movement by night, and to urge the adoption of the plan.

The boldness and singularity of the proposal both charmed and startled his two auditors—landing an army in boats by night and ascending from the beach to the plain in single file by means of a "lover's path," certainly appeared too chimerical to be approved by

experienced commanders, but yet they could not deny that it appeared wholly feasible, and that the chances were greatly in favor of its success, and the longer the project was considered, the more it recommended itself for adoption.

The conference was a prolonged one, and ere it was concluded the day had dawned. At length, Wolfe, arousing himself from protracted meditation in which his acute and practical mind had considered the project in all of its details, said to Saunders :—

“Admiral, I am disposed to try it—what is your decision ?”

“The responsibility rests with you, General,” was the reply, “and I will neither urge nor dissuade you.”

“Then we will do it !” said the General, as he arose to depart—“the details will be arranged before I again sleep.”

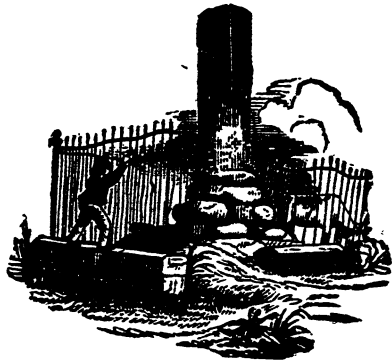
The rest is known to history—the well executed manœuvres of the army and fleet to deceive the enemy as to the object in view—the stirring address of Wolfe to his troops—the energy of Admiral Saunders in co-operating with him and in landing the forces—the complete surprise of the few guards at the summit of the hill guarding the path, their commander, so little was an attack expected, being captured in bed—and

the unobstructed ascent of five thousand men, whom at sun-rise on that eventful morning of September 13th were ranged in line of battle on the level Plains of Abraham in the rear of the town. Nor need I tell of the chivalrous although rash conduct of the French commander, Montcalm, in hastening from his entrenchments to give battle nor of the brief although sanguinary struggle that ensued, in which both of the heroic contestant commanders sacrificed their lives, and Canada was lost forever to France. Nor can I tell whether Captain Stobo again met his fair innamorata whose passion for him had been the means of losing so important a colony to her King, nor whether she ever regretted that she had lost a country for a love. Her fate and future history are shrouded in oblivion.

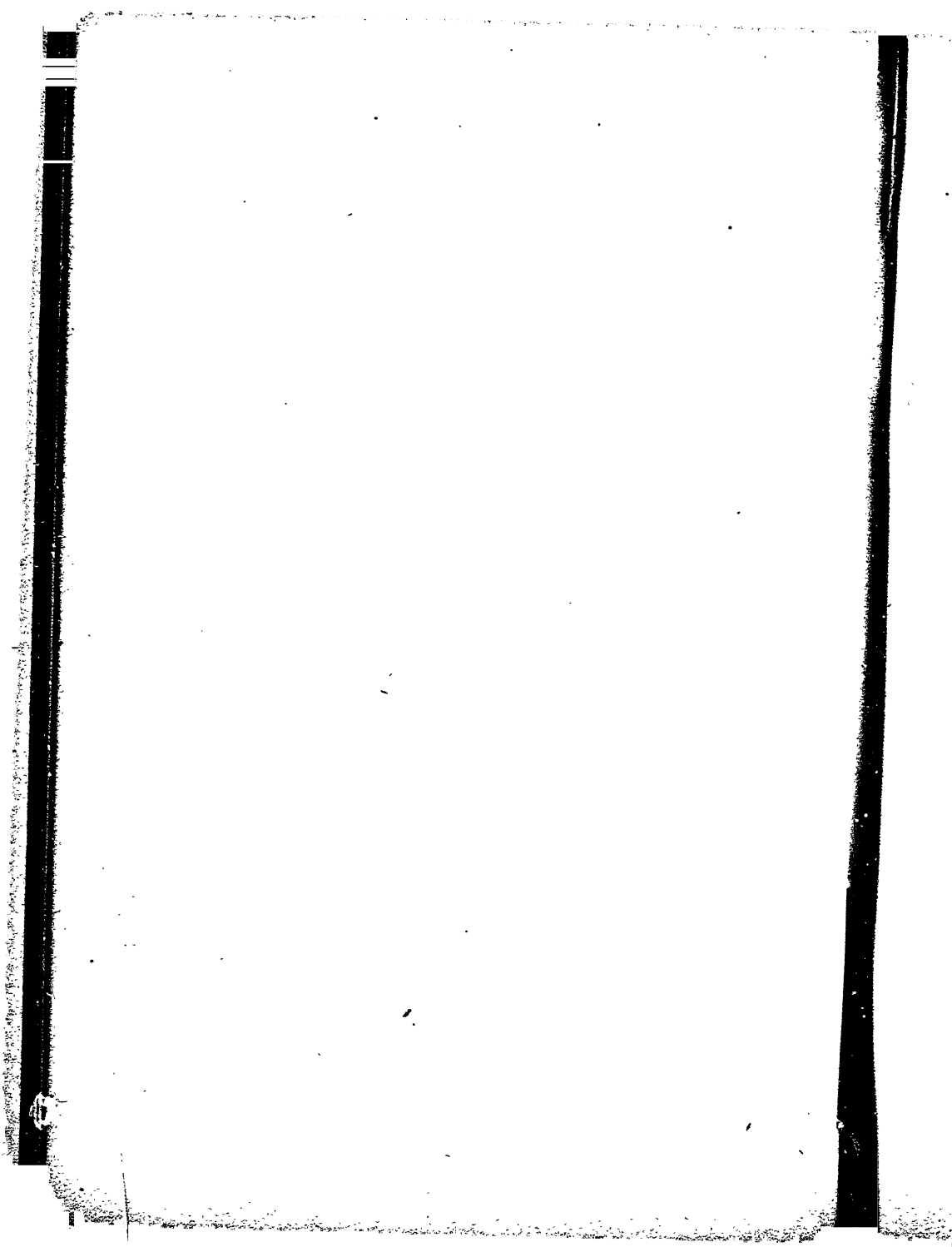
The important service rendered by Stobo was fully acknowledged, and in the year 1760 the Congress of New England manifested its sense of the importance



of it by voting him a reward of one thousand pounds. After the fall of Quebec, he proceeded to Virginia, and in the year 1760 journeyed to England as the bearer of letters from Gen. Moncton, recommending him to the favor of the government. These secured him a commission as Captain in the fifteenth regiment of foot, with which he returned to America in 1762. In 1767 his regiment was sent to the West Indies, and three years later he resigned from the army and took up his abode in England, but death closed his very romantic and eventful career before the expiration of that year.



The Triple Mistake.



THE TRIPLE MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was upon one of the brightest days of Summer that Wilbert Roscoe was strolling for the first time through that old and quaint yet active and enterprising city of Montreal. A city nestling in a comparative wilderness of surrounding, that from its appearance you might easily fancy to be an old European town ; from the tops of whose lofty spires can be seen on all sides, circling forests dotted with towns and hamlets. The waters of the mighty river in whose embrace it rests approach it, dashing, seething and bounding, in uncontrollable, savage glee, seeming to sport with the huge boulders that rest in its bed ; but when surprised by the sudden appearance of a magnificent city, that rises as if invoked by the genius of civilization from the solitude of nature, the waters seem awed by the view, and wonderingly pause to contemplate it, and are borne on murmuring words of admiration until their voices are drowned in the hoarse surges of the Atlantic. A city whose magni-

ificent squares of cut-stone contrast with streets of low, whitewashed dwellings—a place but a few hours' ride from the great commercial centres of the United States, in which a foreign language is very generally spoken, where news-boys cry their calls in French, and policemen and hackmen are frequently found as ignorant of the English tongue as they might be expected to be in Paris.

Pausing before an imposing edifice, the cathedral of Notre Dame, that raised its towering spires toward the heavens whose sunlight rays fell upon its sloping roofs and were scattered in showers of light over the passers-by, many of whom felt that it was especially blest by having kissed the brows of the statued saints who occupy niches in its towers—pausing to contemplate the massive cathedral, he entered one of its doors that in the day are always open.

Although by nature and education little apt to be impressed by any of the objects which met his view, yet as he gazed around the vast interior with its imposingly decorated altar, its paintings and statuary, the niches of saints before many of which knelt silent worshippers—the whole viewed by the mellow light that penetrated the stained glass windows, produced a powerful dramatic effect upon his mind.

Passing slowly around through the aisles near the walls, observing each object intended to inspire awe and create veneration on the part of worshippers, his eyes rested at length upon a figure standing near him in a spot between the marble statues of a couple of martyred saints. A waxen image of some gentle St. Cecilia he deemed it. The face was wondrous fair, the masterpiece of some eminent moulder, he thought, and knew that the luxuriant tresses that crowned her head must have been the offering of and shorn from some fair devotee to adorn the image of her patroness. The figure inclined slightly forward as though the attitude was that of meditation, and an open sleeve disclosed an arm of exquisite mould, while the hand reposed upon her breast, holding the mantle that enveloped her form.

“What mortal,” he reflected, “could have rivalled his Maker in conceiving and moulding a form of such divine beauty? Fair image of a gentle Saint, I know know not whose name you bear, but no worshipper ever offered more fervent homage than I, as I kneel before your shrine, for to me thou shalt be the goddess of beauty!”

In imitation of the worshippers around, he bent his knee reverentially before it, but, unlike them, raised

his eyes to its face. With a sudden and surprised movement, the figure retreated a couple of paces backward.

In great astonishment he sprang to his feet. What could it mean? Was it some ingenious contrivance—an automaton figure? No, for a simple glance revealed it all. The hand had fallen to its side and its eyes were bent upon him in supreme wonderment! The supposed image was a living, beautiful reality—a visitor to the consecrated spot like himself, whom he had surprised in deep meditation and fancied an inanimate being! Before he could recover from his surprise sufficiently to attempt to apologise, she turned and hastened away.

Leaving the cathedral he wandered listlessly through the streets for a couple of hours, his thoughts occupied with the strange adventure that he had met with, his singular mistake and the lovely face of the unknown.

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During the remainder of the period of his sojourn in the city, which was considerably prolonged by the hope, which he dare not fully own even to himself, of again beholding the one whom he had so surprised and startled, he paced the streets until weary—day by day, visited the cathedral, feeling that there was some intangible affinity existing between her and the only

spot that he could associate with her presence drove over, again and again, the roads through the picturesque region surrounding the city and frequented places of amusement, but was never rewarded by beholding her. His persistent search, although unavailing, seemed to but add zest to the infatuation that controlled him. His manner became abstracted. At night, in dreams he knelt before her inanimate form and made protestations of love, when, as before, she would seem to be at once animated with life, only to gaze upon him again in surprise and vanish from his sight.

“What can she have thought of me?” was his constantly self-pro pounded question—“It is not possible that she suspected the truth. Did she fancy me a religious fanatic, or imagine that I intended anything disrespectful to her? Or, still worse, has she forgotten the affair altogether, and refused to think of me at all?”

At length, fully resolved to dispel the hallucination that possessed him, he fixed a day for his departure. It was in the early morn succeeding, for he had accepted for that evening an invitation to attend a fashionable party at the residence of friends with whom he had become quite intimate.

Evening arrived, and as he alighted from his car-

riage, the parlors were already filled with guests. Welcomed with true English cordiality, he soon felt at ease as one of the brilliant assemblage.

"My dear Roscoe," said the affable host, at the same time taking his arm, "you will not refuse a glass of wine? Some just sent over to me, and I would like your opinion of it," and he led the way to an adjoining room where a table was loaded with as choice wines as ever crowned the goblet.

"Mr. Roscoe," spoke the smiling hostess, a few moments later, "will you please me by taking wine with me?"

"Come Wilbert," said the eldest son, soon after he was again disengaged, "you have not tried my brand of wine yet."

Returned to the parlors, one in whom he felt a more particular interest approached him. The only daughter of his host—a star of beauty that shone resplendent in the brilliant constellation before him; whose curls, dark as night, fell upon shoulders fair as morn's brightest ray.

"Why, Wilbert, where have you been so long?" she asked, with a half-reproachful glance as she placed her hand upon his arm; "you can think of some pretty excuse while I pour you a glass of wine," and

she led the way to the apartment previously alluded to.

“My dear Minnie,” he said, raising the proffered glass, brimming with sparkling nectar, “your unbounded Canadian hospitality is certainly playing havoc with my strict temperance principles; yet if the goblet contained a deadly draught, I could not refuse it from your hand. It could scarce be more fatal than those eyes——”

He paused. Through the open doorway he beheld a form, the sight of which seemed for a moment to suspend his very life! It was the young lady—the fair unknown of the cathedral! The goblet fell from his upraised hand, and was shivered to atoms upon the carpet.

His fair companion regarded him in amazement, wondering if the wine was already producing an unpleasant effect upon her friend.

“Pardon me!” he exclaimed, recovering himself by a mighty effort—“and forgive me for regarding you more than the wine!”

“I really believe that you did it so as to have an opportunity of paying me an exaggerated compliment,” she rejoined, handing him another goblet of wine, in which her health was pledged.

“By the way,” he inquired when they were once more in the parlors, affecting indifference, “who is that young lady opposite to us, now engaged in conversation with that naval officer?”

It need hardly be explained that he alluded to the fair unknown—his “patron saint,” as he had learned to think of her.

“That,” was the reply, “is the young Italian countess—Vittoria Daungelia.”

“An Italian countess in Montreal?”

“Yes; her father, a nobleman of distinction was obliged to flee from his country a few years ago, in consequence of engaging in an unsuccessful revolutionary movement. They have since resided in the city. I will introduce you.”

The countess received him very affably, yet he could not but observe a look of surprise beaming from her eyes, that she was unable to conceal, as she recognized him as the participator in the adventure at the cathedral. Minnie with the most delicate tact soon monopolized the attention of the naval officer, and Wilbert and the countess were left together.

The night wore on, and he seemed to be almost a fixture by her side. The *contretemps* of the cathedral he had full opportunity to explain, his statement

being received with an air of laughing incredulity at first, but when she became convinced of its truth, with a delicate flush of warm blood in her cheeks that caused her to appear two-fold more lovely. As he gazed into the depths of her eyes, bright with the hue of the sunny sky of her native Italy, listened to her voice that had grown melodious in infancy speaking the sweetest language ever known to human ears, and almost seemed to tread upon air as he glided through the waltz or moved through the mazes of the dance with her, the subtle spell that at their first meeting had been cast around his heart, was woven so firmly that no power, he felt, could exorcise it.

Although fully appreciating the delicacy of his position on so brief an acquaintance, there seemed to him a bond of sympathy existing between them from the first, and he managed to convey to her more than an intimation of his passion, and even dared to hope that he had inspired her with a regard for him which would ripen into an attachment as fervent as his own.

When the small hours of the night were with them and the time for the departure of the guests drew near, he contrived to lead her to a window apart from the throng, where the falling curtains nearly screened them from sight. Gazing forth into the heavens

they saw that but a single star of the countless numbers that lately studded its canopy, was visible. The air of the morning, laden with the sweets stolen from the flowers as they slept, fanned them and seemed to him zephyrs wafted by hope from the Elysian isles of love, and afar off, the winding river was seen, while its never silent voice was faintly heard.

He took her unresisting hand, and in a low tone, trembling with unfeigned emotion, said :

“ You must pardon my words or else forget. Can you have divined the secret of the regard with which you have inspired me—which caused me to at first worship your beauty, then to seek unceasingly for you, and now to feel that if you despise me for this, that all that is dear in life will have passed away ?”

Her eyes were cast down, and he fancied that the hand that he held so tenderly in his trembled, but she gave him no reply.

“ My life,” he continued, “ like yonder sky, has but one light to illumine its solitude. Must that one, with the coming morn, fade away ?”

She spoke not, but was as motionless as when he first beheld her in the cathedral, yet a truant tear escaped from her drooping eye-lashes and fell upon his hand, where it sparkled, brighter and more precious

to him than if lighted by the radiance of all the diamonds man ever beheld! A tear—and for him! His eyes seemed fascinated, and could look but where it fell. Hope was buoyant in his heart and promised success. But they were destined to be interrupted ere she spoke. A number of others, not aware of their presence, were approaching. Hastily withdrawing her hand, she turned away to meet them.

The guests had commenced to depart, when “A song by the Countess Daungelia,” requested some one, and a generally expressed wish echoed it.

Offering his arm, Wilbert Roscoe escorted her to the piano.

Without a word she selected from a pile of music sheets, the simple song, whose melody is familiar to all, of “Kathleen Mavourneen.”

Her voice, had it fallen upon the ears of the public, would have justly entitled her to rank as one of the “Queens of Song,” and ere she had uttered the words of a line, every sound was hushed and every ear eagerly listened. But there was a something in her tone—a spell that she was herself unaware of, and which at least one of her hearers knew was not to be attributed to artistic excellence, however perfect that might be; a something that combined with the mag-

netic glance from her eyes that met his, was to Wilbert Roscoe the answer to his passionate appeal. In notes of song her soul confessed its attachment, reproved him for striving to encourage it, and decreed his absolute refusal! With what full meaning the words were sung,

“And hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever,
And hast thou forgotten how soon we must part?
It may be for years and it may be forever!”

he too well understood!

She ceased. A moment of silence and then a spontaneous burst of applause greeted her. But one tongue was silent in showering praises upon her, and that was Wilbert's. As if in a trance he sat, with the tones of her voice still lingering in his ears, and sending warm blood in quick pulsations to his heart. He moved not until most of the guests had departed, and Vittoria Daungelia was in the hall, arrayed for departure, with her carriage in waiting.

“Wilbert,” said his lovely friend Minnie, approaching him and placing a hand upon his shoulder, “are you not going to bid the Countess Daungelia good night? You have almost monopolized her this evening. She is lingering in the hall, I more than half believe for you!”

“Thanks for your reminder,” he rejoined, starting up from his reverie, and proceeding to where the young countess was lingering under a pretence of arranging her attire for departure.

Her eyes brightened as she observed him approach, but she seemed to studiously repress any other indication of pleasure at again beholding him.

He offered his arm, which to the chagrin of a number of envious gallants in waiting, was accepted, and conducted her to the street.

They paused upon the walk. He felt that he could not depart from her thus, and in desperation seized her hand and exclaimed:

“Vittoria—dear Vittoria! will you coldly deny me, dismiss me without hope, never to meet you again?”

She was not now silent. Her reply came quickly, melodiously and, he fancied, sadly, as she clasped his hand with both of hers, but was spoken in her native language, Italian, not a word of which he understood. They were in the shadow of the mansion and the expression of her eyes he could not read, but her words, he felt, were but another denial. Slowly he raised her hand to his lips, mechanically assisted her into the carriage and sadly turned away.

As the carriage moved, he fancied that he observed a handkerchief fluttering in the faint light, very close to her eyes, and listened to the sound of the carriage wheels until each block of pavement announced its passage with yet fainter voice, all dying at last together in silence, and felt that not even the air would again bear him a message from her, dull and ominous though it might be.

He retraced his steps into the mansion. All of the guests save himself had departed. Minnie awaited his return. The fatigue of the night had but added a delicate languor to her appearance that but added an additional charm to her beauty.

"Well, Wilbert," she commenced, somewhat coquettishly, "you must have indulged in a very serious flirtation with my particular friend, the charming young countess, for I really began to fear that you had forgotten me altogether, and would not even return to bid me good night!"

"I hope not," he returned, "and also that you will forgive me for lingering outside until you were alone, instead of bidding you farewell while there were others present."

"Perhaps I may forgive you," she replied, a gentle anticipative blush mantling her features, as she toyed

with her fan, appearing surprisingly lovely meanwhile, and motioning to a servant who appeared in the distance to close the folding doors that separated the two parlors, thus securing them from all interruption. "But," she continued, "you were so very attentive to her this evening that I am pardonable for fearing that she might have carried you off bodily."

"Did I appear so very attentive?"

"Attentive!" she replied, in pretty astonishment, "infatuated is the better word for it. All must have noticed the young American paying court to one entitled to wear a coronet!"

Ah, my pretty Minnie, little did you dream what a pang each silver word of yours carried to the heart of your listener.

"But I will not tease you any more about her," she continued, "as you are to depart so soon, if you will promise not to wholly forget me!"

They were seated together upon a sofa and she was very near to him. As she made this last remark, she bent still nearer, her dark curls almost touched his arm, and her upturned lips, almost trembling in anticipation of what might happen, were as tempting as were ever lips crowned with temptations!

Why will he allow the phantom that beckons only

to despair to allure him from a fate that promises only bliss, and which many men would risk life and all for? Those can answer who have truly loved. The words of Vittoria's song seemed to echo from the walls and repeat their kind yet cruel meaning.

"How idle for you to imagine that I could ever forget you," he replied; but it is so late that I am sure you wish me gone."

He arose, and she accompanied him to the door of the room.

He took her hand—her eyes were bent downwards. "Good bye, Minnie!"

There was a moment's silence. His memory was free from the remembrance of vows or declaration of fervent affection made to her, yet he could not but feel that this manner of parting was not expected, and with some reason, by her; and he reflected how different all might have been had there been no meeting with Vittoria Daungelia.

He felt something fall upon his hand. It was a tear! Another tear! How strange it was—one an hour before because he told of his love—one now because of his coldness! Both caused by the pain of hearts that knew but truth and sincerity.

"Wilbert!"

The tone was reproachful, the voice trembled, her lips were upturned.

- Can you blame him? The next moment his arm encircled her form, her head rested upon his shoulder, and his lips clung to hers!

He descended the steps of the mansion feeling very much like a thief who had borne away with him a precious treasure, and culpably miserable. He had professed a love that he was far from entertaining, to one whom he highly esteemed and who was worthy of the purest affection that earth could bestow, and one who doubted not his sincerity.

Venturing a look back as he was passing out of sight, he observed her still peering into the darkness to watch his retreating form.

For the first time he felt that he had forfeited the right to love a pure-hearted girl. Within a few minutes he had parted from the one whose love, he had vowed, was all that he cared to live for, and held in his arms and taken sweet kisses from the lips of another whose heart he had felt throbbing wildly against his own!

CHAPTER II.

A couple of months later and we find Wilbert Roscoe at home and alone in his study. The night is far advanced. The hands of the clock point warningly to the hour, and as the stillness of the night wears on unbroken, its voice seems to sound louder and louder, uttering its monotonous ticking as though to call his attention to the fact.

For a long time he has sat with his head bowed and resting upon his hands. Now with a sudden start he rises, and his footsteps break the silence as he restlessly paces the floor.

On the desk before which he is sitting, lies a delicately written missive on the smallest and most finely tinted of sheets. Taking advantage of our invisible presence we will peruse it, and in it find the solution of his apparent indecision and irresolution.

MONTREAL, ————— 186—

Dearest Wilbert:—After waiting so very long a time for a line from you, all the while being fearful that my last one never reached you, I received your brief one this morning. I was delighted at first—almost as much as I would have been had it been yourself instead of the postman that called; but since reading it—and, dear Wilbert, I have read it over very many

times—I hardly know whether I feel happier or more troubled. Perhaps I am wrong for so imagining, and I hope that I am, but it seemed so cold and commonplace that I actually looked at the commencement of it again, after reading it through, to assure myself that it was really intended for me, and not written to some one else and sent to me by mistake. I may be very foolish, and perhaps if I could see you I should be convinced of it; but I had such a fearful dream last night that I have not yet recovered my spirits, and almost dread to have night arrive again for fear that it will be repeated. It seemed to me that I was walking through a wild and picturesque country where all was beautiful, and the paths were bordered by hedges of rose-bushes in bloom, and that I was searching for you, momentarily expecting to find you. At length I came to where you stood, and looking, saw that it was upon the brow of a very high precipice, and at your side was a beautiful young lady to whom you appeared to be very devoted; she seemed to be some one with whom I was acquainted, yet I could not tell whom. You did not notice me until I was very near to you and addressed you, when you angrily seized me and hurled me off the cliff into the yawning chasm below. I continued to fall, down-

ward, still downward, my terror each moment increasing, until at length with a shriek that aroused all of the inmates of the dwelling, I awoke! Father, mother and the servants all came rushing into my room to find out what had happened, all of them much alarmed. Of course I did not relate all of my dream to them, but mamma would not allow me to remain alone during the rest of the night, and said in the morning that I had cried in my sleep. If I have no occasion to feel thus, you must give me a good scolding for it; but, Wilbert, if you do not love me, be merciful and tell me so at once. I will try and be brave enough to endure the pang that it would cost me to hear it. I know that you will not deceive me. If there is any one, dear Wilbert, that you love better than you do me, I will not claim your affection.

Your affectionate

Minnie.

P. S. I have made this letter all about my troublesome self. The Countess Daungelia, whom you cannot have forgotten, called to see me to-day. She has not been in very good health lately, and is quite pale. I think of nothing else that would interest you.

Since the occurrence of the incidents narrated in the preceding chapter, he had striven with all of his

power to honorably enact a part that he could not bring his heart to sanction. Had his conduct been true on that eventful night, as his affections ever had, to the one who had rejected them unconditionally, he felt that there would have been joy in his despair. The realization that for the priceless affection of Minnie he could offer but a vacant heart and ruined hopes, continually reproached him.

It was not surprising that she should have discovered his coldness toward her, much as he had striven to conquer it. Her letter had now brought the whole subject vividly before his mind with all of its memories, and the reply that he should make to it was the subject of his long deliberation. Should he allow the secret passion, as wild as it was hopeless, to gain the mastery—should he frankly inform her that her fears were but too true, or should he resolve that the will o' the wisp of a hopeless passion should no longer allure his footsteps from the path of happiness?

His resolution at length was formed; "My sweet Minnie," he said, half aloud, "no one but myself could have avoided loving you dearly; henceforth you shall be loved as you should be, despite all else!"

Seating himself at his desk, with just a trifle of desperation in his manner, as though fearful that his

resolution might fail him, and seizing a pen, in a rapid and nervous hand he wrote a couple of pages. When he had concluded, he hastily folded it without glancing it over, as if eager to have the matter through with, and withal, somewhat mistrustful of his own power of will. It was a full and absolute avowal of love for Minnie, and the assertion that he cared for no one in the world but her.

Well he knew that every word was false, yet he felt that it should have been true, and was fully determined that it yet should be.

Before enclosing it, he arose and approached one of the open windows, with it in his hand. As he drew back the curtains a flood of moonlight brightened the apartment. Leaning against the side of the window his eyes were fixed upon the missive in his hand, which seemed to exercise a sort of fascination over him. As he thus stood, the scene seemed to gradually change, and the low murmuring of the river, the strains of sweet music and the confused sound of voices fell upon his ear. By his side stood Vittoria Daungelia in her radiant beauty. Again he clasped her hand and gazed into her eyes, and again told his devotion. Then an expression of scorn came over her countenance, and her only reply was to point to the letter that he held in his hand!

With a cry of "It is false!" he awoke, and before he could fully comprehend the illusion, the letter was torn into an hundred fragments.

On the succeeding morning was formed the resolution to defer an answer until his mind became somewhat calmer and his tranquility restored. To attain this, he determined to travel for a few days, and was soon *en route*. Starting without a definite place of destination, he found himself, three days later, at that great resort of pleasure-seekers, Niagara Falls.

Here he was soon engaged in endeavoring to solve the problem as to whether the residents of that locality have succeeded in instituting enough annoyance to destroy the pleasure that an admirer of the sublime and beautiful experiences in contemplating this great work of Nature's.

He allowed himself to be initiated into all of the various parts with which a visitor is expected to become familiar—the gauntlet of swindling hackmen, the succession of petty annoyances and the unvarying round of extortions practised under guises too numerous to be catalogued, and finally found himself among the syrens at the so-called "museum" upon the Canadian side, and after bestowing numerous dollars upon the pretty and unscrupulous maidens in attendance,

was led, with a party of other unsuspecting victims, who, however, in this instance were in a measure repaid by the return offered for being victimized, to the upper story of the building, where a gigantic specimen of the African race fitted them out with oil-cloth suits for venturing under the falls in, with the bland assurance to those who had become cautious of the human sharks infesting the vicinity, that "There is no charge gem'men, no charge—only you give me something if you chooses;" which is found to be literally correct, but the fact dawns upon the wondering mind after the suits are returned, that a high charge is made for egress from the building.

In company with a number of others, presenting somewhat the appearance of sub-marine residents as we are accustomed to have them pictured to us in books of fables, he descended the stairway at the edge of the falls, passed under the overhanging remnant of "table rock," when they were fairly under the falls. Here they overtook another group of persons, among whom were a number of ladies, the latter in a still more noticeable costume, but which disguised them so effectually that it would have been difficult to have recognized the most intimate friend.

When fairly beneath the archway, formed upon

one side by the shelving, frowning rock and upon the other by the mighty curtain of water, he paused for a short time to contemplate the scene. Then for a moment the recollection of all earthly sorrows passed away, and all else seemed hushed in the roar of the cataract as if the voice of Nature spoke.

The harsh voice of the guide awoke him to recollection again, and he moved on with the others. The path, which is wide at first, grows gradually narrower until it is darkened by spray, and finally ends in the torrent that mortal cannot breast.

The more timid halted ere the spray had but dampened their water-proofs, but a number rivalled each other in penetrating the dangerous passage. Among others who stood by his side where the waters threatened to sweep them from their foothold upon the steep and slippery ledge, and objects at the distance of a few yards were not distinctly discernible, he noticed a young lady. His admiration for her boldness was accompanied by fears for her safety, and with good reason it proved, for as they paused, having penetrated nearly as far as foot had ever trod, there was a quick movement as of some one falling discernible through the water, and a shriek that the roar of the cataract did not permit to be heard far, told him what had occurred.

At the bottom of the shelving rock, where it seemed impossible to withstand the fury of the falling torrent, he could discern her clinging to a projection of rock with frantic desperation, from which the current threatened each instant to bear her away.

Regardless of danger he at once sprang quickly down to her, and plunging in, seized her with one arm and the rock to which she clung with the other. Then ensued a desperate struggle—a struggle for life. Blinded by the water, endeavoring to ascend a treacherous incline, and compelled to often pause in order to press his face to the rock in order to secure a breath of air, he persevered with varying result, until the attention of others was attracted, a couple of adventurous guides came to his assistance, and they were in safety.

The insensible form of the rescued one was quickly borne to the upper world by her friends, and after a rest of a few moments, he was able to also ascend and divest himself of his oil-cloth suit.

On his return to the American side, he finds that the fame of his exploit has preceded him, and that the young lady has returned to consciousness. He finds that he has become the lion of the hour. Gentlemen regard him critically, ladies with unconcealed admi-

ration, while busy reporters, ever upon the alert for a Niagara sensation, solicit full details of the occurrence. All of this is very distasteful to him, and finding that a train is about to leave, he resolves to depart at once from the spot, and is soon at the depot. As he is about to enter a car, his arm is grasped by a gentleman, tall and of rather martial bearing, evidently a foreigner, who has been hurriedly following him.

"I ask your forgiveness, sir," he commenced in very good English, "but in me you behold the father of the one whom, by your gallant daring, you rescued from impending death!"

"I hope that the young lady has recovered from the effects of the accident?"

"Very nearly so, I thank you," replied the stranger, "and if you can add to the debt of gratitude that she owes you, it will be by allowing her an opportunity of thanking you in person."

"It was my excellent fortune," returned Roscoe, "to be at a spot where I could render her some assistance, but I fear that you have both magnified my action unduly."

"I have never met a brave man," replied the stranger, with a touch of military enthusiasm, "who was

not as modest as he was brave!—but my daughter has told me all, and I hope that it will not be impossible for you to gratify our wish.”

This was said with so much earnestness that Roscoe, much as he would have desired to avoid what he could not but imagine would be a scene of the bestowment of extravagant compliment, could not well decline, and was soon at the hotel of the stranger.

The latter at once led the way to his private parlor, without apparently having recollected to either announce his own name or ask for that of the other. There was but one inmate—a young lady seated at one of the windows with her face turned from them.

“My daughter,” said the stranger, “I present to you your rescuer!”

She quickly arose and turned toward them.

“Vittoria Daungelia!” burst from the lips of Wilbert Roscoe!

“Wilbert Roscoe!” she faltered.

“What! why, and you are acquainted with each other!” exclaimed the Count, “you must really forgive me for not informing you whom we were, but I did not for a moment imagine that you had ever before met.”

Vittoria Daungelia spoke no thanks, and Wilbert

Roscoe seemed strangely disinclined to indulge in many words. It would not have gratified him to have had her offer any words of praise. This, their third meeting, he would not, could he have chosen, have devoted to words that would so far have failed to convey their thoughts. The Count, after fruitlessly endeavoring to make the conversation general, at length remarked, "As I find that you are previous acquaintances, please excuse me for a short time," and withdrew.

For a considerable while both were silent. Several times had each essayed to speak, but neither could. Wilbert Roscoe felt that the spell against which he had so long striven held him enthralled, and that fate used its most potent agencies to frustrate his resolutions.

Her gaze rested for a moment upon the falling waters, and drawing back with a shudder, she pressed her hands over her eyes as if striving to shut out the recollection of the almost tragic event.

He arose, feeling that the interview was painful to both, and determined to conclude it.

"You are not about to leave?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "I am compelled to."

"But you will call again?"

"I leave by the first train."

She hesitated a moment.

"I have not yet given you the slightest thanks for being my preserver," she said faintly.

"And do not do so; if you would render any reward do so by forgetting that it was I that saved you."

"Why would you have me forget?" she asked, after a pause, her eyes for the first time since their first words, meeting his.

"Must I tell you then?" he rejoined; "must I remind you of the occurrence of a few weeks ago? No, for if I did so, I might perhaps repeat the words that I uttered then."

She drew herself proudly up, with the air of an injured empress.

"You need not remind me," she replied, "for I perfectly well remember all that you would refer to, you have given me full proof of your sincerity, and I do not ask a repetition of the scene."

He received her condemnation in silence, for his heart told him of its justice, and he doubted not that his apparent devotion to Minnie was the subject of her allusion.

He bowed and was about to withdraw.

"Stay!" she exclaimed, appealingly, her whole de-

meanor changed in an instant and unable to longer repress her tears, "how can I treat you thus! Forgive me: instead of addressing you in such a manner, I should remember to whom I owe my life!"

"I deserve more than you have said," he replied; "but although we may never meet each other more, it will render my life less desolate if you will only believe that my words were those of sincerity."

She gazed at him wonderingly but made no reply, and he continued;

"My subsequent conduct may have appeared strange to you; you may have marvelled that my acts have not been more in accordance with my words, and you may have considered that it would have been more chivalrous on my part to have cherished a hopeless passion rather than to endeavor to overcome it."

"I cannot comprehend your meaning!" she replied in a tone manifesting some surprise.

"Did you not forbid me to hope?" he continued, "did you not decree eternal separation between us?" he asked with some bitterness.

"Are you serious! have you forgotten?" she asked, very earnestly.

"I have not forgotten that you denied me the privilege of calling upon you or meeting you again!"

“When? how?” she inquired in unfeigned surprise.

“It was my last request,” he replied, “made just as you were about to enter your carriage; you do not forget the moment that I detained you?”

“There is certainly some mistake!” she said, “for I remember but too well the reply that I gave you, for I have often marvelled at your conduct. I allowed myself to admit that I could not be wholly indifferent toward you, and gave you permission to call upon me at any time!”

For a moment he appeared almost stupefied, and wondered if he understood her aright. Then, like a flash of lightening illumining the night, came a remembrance that explained it all!

“Oh, Vittoria!” he exclaimed with a passionate burst of emotion, “what a cruel error this has been: how different would all have been, had you not—”

“Done what!”

“Spoken it in Italian!”

“In Italian!” she echoed, in amazement.

“Yes, and I supposed that it was a refusal!”

“I comprehend it all now,” she said, softly, “when I am deeply moved and speak from an overflowing heart, the words of my dear, native tongue are first upon my lips.”

"Then let us forget it!" he exclaimed, and would have caught her in his arms.

She prevented him by a gesture :

"And Minnie?" she asked, hoarsely.

That one word destroyed the illusion of the moment and recalled him again to the reality of his position.

Yes, what of Minnie? He was alone with Vittoria Daungelia and she had confessed that she loved him and that his despair had been causeless. Now, when his dearest hope could have been realized, the vision of her whom for a few moments he had wholly forgotten seemed to stand between them and separate them more widely than before.

He sank upon a seat and gazed upon her as though all that could ever be dear to him was soon to pass from his sight forever.

"I love but you!" he said, yet clinging to a hope.

"But Minnie loves you, and believes that you love her," she said slowly, as if every word cost her a pang.

He was silent.

"Is it not true?" she asked, a trifle severely.

"It is," he replied, faintly.

"Then," continued she, pressing her hand to her

heart meanwhile, as if suffering acute pain, and speaking very slowly, "you must think no more of me—we must think no more of each other—you *must* love Minnie!"

"Promise me," she continued, as he made no reply, advancing toward him and taking his hand; "promise me by the love that you bore me, swear to me that you will forget me and give to her the love that you have promised her! Do this for my sake as well as your own!"

He raised his hand, but for a moment could not speak.

"You foolish children!" exclaimed a voice near them.

They beheld Minnie standing before them!

As pale as marble, Vittoria sank upon a sofa. Wilbert Roscoe seemed to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"You seem surprised to see me, Wilbert," she said, extending her hand which he mechanically received, "did not Vittoria inform you that I was her travelling companion?"

"No," he replied, endeavoring to recover his self-possession, "I supposed that you were in Montreal."

"I have not been listening to your conversation,"

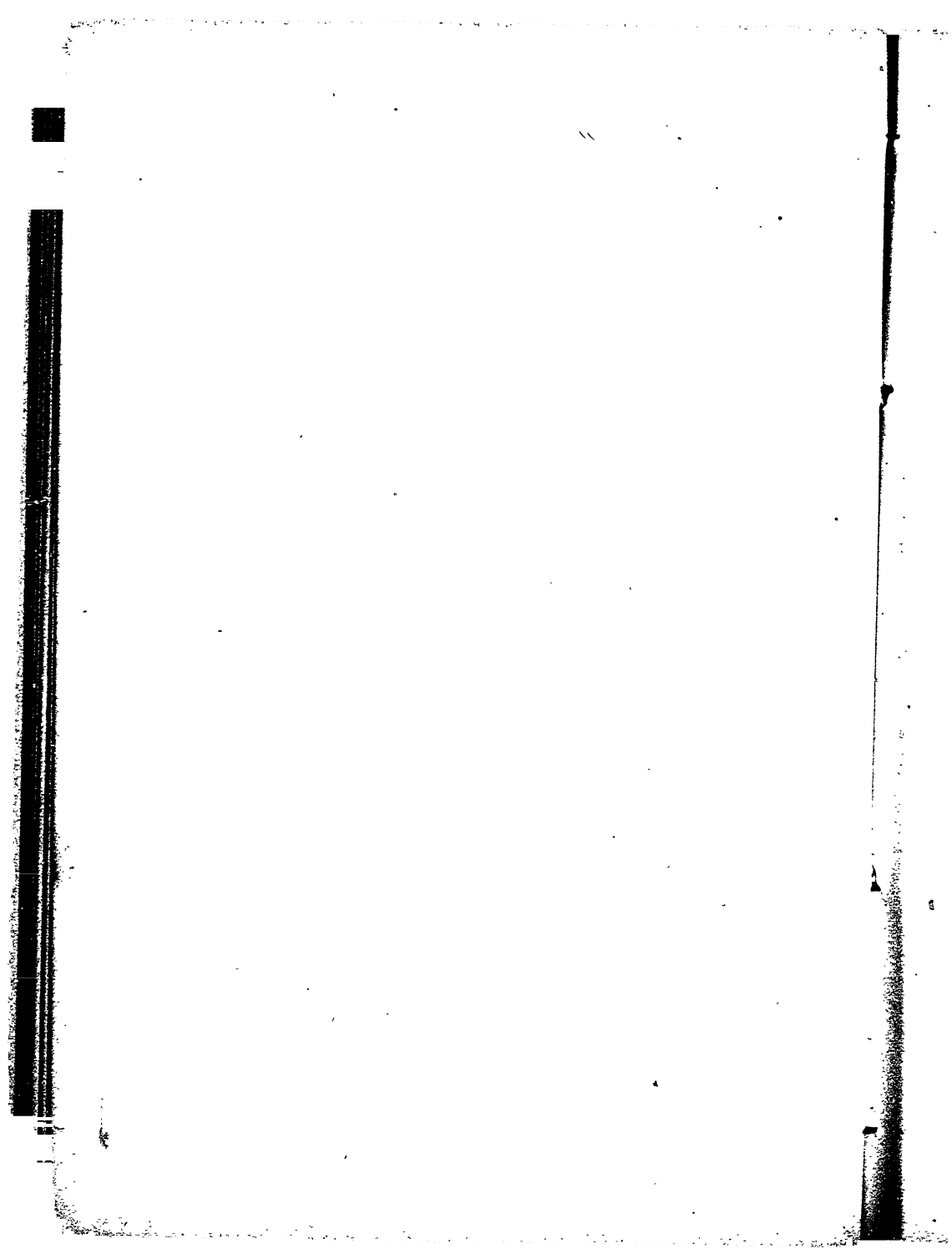
she continued, "but as you were too much interested in each other to observe my entrance, I could not avoid hearing the latter portion of it. I forbid you to utter a word," she said to Vittoria, who was about to speak, at the same time re-assuring her with a kiss, "until I conclude. I have learned nothing that I was not before aware of. You do not forget, Vittoria, that I shared your couch last night. I remarked to you this morning that you were quite restless during your sleep, but I did not tell you that you were dreaming and talking of Wilbert during nearly all of the night! I was not a little surprised at first, I confess, but I was not long in understanding why the roses have left your cheeks and you require to travel—and also, let me add, why he has proven so negligent a lover to me! I will admit that I felt a sharp pang at first, and had you awakened at one time you would have found me in tears. But they are now dried, and in your happiness I cannot but be happy!"

How like an angel she appeared there then! Her noble generosity of heart, he often admitted to himself, affected him more deeply than her rare beauty could ever have done, and had not Vittoria been pre-

sent it is quite possible that her proffered release would have been refused by him!

“It is now happily terminated,” said Minnie, when all had been explained to her; “but in order to guard against a great deal of misapprehension, in future when you address him in Italian, do not fail to furnish him with the *libretto*.”

Given to the Wolves.



GIVEN TO THE WOLVES.

Antoine Gauchey was a worthy descendant of one of the French colonists of the last century. The honorable and genial gentleman has departed this life, but the substantially built mansion with its ponderous



walls and mammoth chimneys that he erected and was the occupant of at the time of which I write, about the middle of the present century, is still to be seen

and visited, some half a hundred miles below the city of Quebec. He was well known for a long distance around as an enterprising agriculturist, a veteran sportsman and a hospitable host, and was believed to have accumulated a considerable fortune by trafficking in furs with the Indians and settlers along the river. It was not to be wondered at then that his residence should be the frequent resort of the better class of stranger sportsmen and resident farmers as they passed up and down the river in summer, or drove for long distances upon its frozen surface in winter for the purpose of visiting it. Yet there was a stronger reason—a greater attraction than the cheerful hearth, good cheer and pleasant stories of the host, that lent a charm to the spot. Gauchey was the happy father of two lovely daughters, Lucille and Marie—two wild-wood flowers that had inherited the beauty of their Parisian-born mother, and bloomed there in the wilderness. Nor did their beauty excel their graces of mind and manner; of nearly the same age, medium height, lithe and graceful as fawns. They had been carefully educated at a Convent school at Quebec, and in addition to the accomplishments of a polite education, could ply the oar and handle the rifle and fishing-rod in a manner that might have

aroused the envy of the most ardent followers of the chase, while as equestrians few could have excelled them.

It was not surprising, therefore, that these Dianas found numerous Actæons in the form of wooers penetrating their woodland seclusion, and of these we have a double pair to deal with.

Albert Curtis and Edgar Ralston were residents of Montreal, of excellent families and professional avocations. While upon one of their at first annual, but latterly more frequent hunting and fishing excursions, they had encountered these goddesses of the chase; armed and equipped and accompanied by a pair of trained dogs, by coming upon them suddenly in the forest, a couple of miles from their residence, and charmed as much as surprised, had endeavored to detain them for a short conversation, but found their overtures promptly yet courteously declined. Ascertaining, however, their names and place of residence, they soon afterwards made a severe storm the pretext of soliciting shelter under the roof of the Gauchey mansion, and finding their families not unknown by reputation to their host and his fair daughters, were well received, and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in an intimacy that at the time of which I write, they

entertained the brightest hopes of leading to the realization of their dearest wishes, the bestowment of the hands and hearts of Lucille and Marie.

Paul Vaudreil and Louis Levis were young men of about the same age as the former, of Canadian birth but of French descent, and resided near each other, about 15 miles lower down the river than the residence of the Gauchey's. They had been life-long acquaintances of the family, and for many months assiduous suitors of the two daughters, but without receiving encouragement from them. This ill fortune they were not slow to attribute to the favor shewn to their rivals, and this belief had awakened the most bitter and malignant feelings of jealousy. For natures such as theirs, this was perhaps inevitable; but in no event is it probable that they could have lighted the fire of love in hearts at once as gentle and as brave as those of the objects of their adoration. In appearance they closely resembled each other. Both were tall, muscular and very dark complexioned, but in the eye of Vaudreil could be read a crafty cunning, and in that of his companion, that his nature was suited to follow the dictates of one more subtle in planning, but not more unscrupulous in executing.

At the time of the occurrence that I am about to

relate, the rival suitors had been for several days inmates of the residence of Gauchey. The presence of their rivals had detracted very much from the enjoyment of all of the suitors. The gentlemanly and always courteous demeanor of Curtis and Ralston was often placed in strange contrast to that of the others, yet as both the host and his daughters constantly strove to secure the enjoyment of all, an open rupture had been avoided. On one morning there appeared a wondrous change in the demeanor of Vaudreil and Levis. Frowns and malignant glances gave place to smiles, and half insulting words to frank greetings and jovial repartees. This apparent improvement in their dispositions could not fail to be noted by all, as well as gladly welcomed, and when they proposed to their rivals to test the speed of their horses, of which they had manifested considerable pride, upon the smooth ice of the river, by moonlight, a ready acceptance of the invitation was returned.

It was in the month of February. The earth was covered with snow but not to a great depth, while that upon the ice was so encrusted as to hardly yield to the feet of the horses. The moon shone brightly as they departed after promising to return in a short time, and the cold wind sighed through the dense

forests that their course led them near. Vaudreil and Levis occupied the back seat of the sleigh with Curtis and Ralston facing them, while a couple of stalwart men filled the seat of the driver. The team sped rapidly along to the music of the ringing runners.

From the time of setting out, Vaudreil and his companion seemed to relapse into their former moody and uncomfortable state of mind, varied by an occasional attempt at gaiety, and appeared to be labouring under a feeling of anxiety or excitement for which the others could imagine no reason, and finding that all attempts at maintaining a conversation proved futile, they relapsed into silence.

At length, after traversing a distance of several miles, the wind bore to their ears the shrill cry of a myriad of the denizens of the wilderness. None spoke, but all knew it to be the voices of wolves. A few moments later, and the horses were turned from their course and ascended the steep incline of the bank, and then suddenly came to a halt at the edge of the forest.

Before either Curtis or Ralston could inquire the meaning of this singular proceeding, a noose at the end of a rope was dropped around each of them by the

men in front, and ere either could sufficiently recover from his surprise to offer effectual resistance, they were overpowered and bound by the other four inmates of the sleigh!

“What means this proceeding?” demanded Curtis, as soon as he could recover sufficiently from his surprise to understand that the assault was a real one.

“You shall soon know, you English dogs!” returned Vaudreil, hoarse with passion, while his eyes gleamed with a fiendish light, and then after a series of frightful oaths, commanded the others to assist him in dragging the captives to a couple of trees that stood near, to which they were securely bound!

“There!” cried Vaudreil, contemplating them savagely, “I have my revenge! You sought to win Marie and Lucille from us with your smooth words and devilish acts, but what think you of it now? You dared to cross the path of Paul Vaudreil, and he in return now leaves you to make the acquaintance of the wolves!”

“By all that is human!” spoke Curtis, as the two commenced to fully comprehend the dreadful purpose of the others, “you do not intend to leave us to die thus?”

“For the sake of heaven!” pleaded Ralston, “do not commit this terrible crime!”

A bitter, mocking laugh—such as a fiend might utter upon listening to the supplication of a lost soul, was Vaudreil’s answer, while the others maintained silence. “*Au revoir*,” he said, as the sleigh moved away with the four, “a pleasant death to you and my compliments to the devil!”

Vain would it be to attempt to portray the feelings of the two who were thus treacherously abandoned to this terrible death. With all of the strength that desperation could lend they struggled to free themselves from their bonds, but their enemies had done their work too effectually for this, and as they became aware that the wolves were rapidly closing it upon them by the swelling chorus of their voices that constantly increased in volume and came nearer and nearer, they resigned themselves to the fate that appeared to be inevitable, with as much firmness as possible.

The trees to which they were bound stood within a few feet of each other and a short distance from the edge of the forest. The branches of the evergreens shut out the moonlight, and rendered it quite dark around them.

Nearer and nearer sounded the expectant voices of the wolves—then was heard their footsteps upon the snow, few at first but increasing in number until sounding like the rustling of the wind over its frozen surface. Then a pair and soon a hundred—a thousand pair of eyes gleamed like coals in the darkness around them. Then in a surging circle were dimly seen around the hungry animals. Slowly it closed upon them; timid at first, those in front were crowded forward by those in the rear.

“Only a moment more!” spoke Curtis, “try and bear it bravely—good-bye!”

“Good-bye!” returned the other in a firm voice, “God bless our loved ones!”

“God bless them!” responded Curtis, and the names of Lucille and Marie were upon their lips, as they closed their eyes to shut out the sight before them, and awaited death.

But a moment later there was heard the rapid gallop of horses approaching, and the bright glare of torches cast their glare through the wood. The daring riders, two in number, came dashing on through the herd of wolves bearing each a flaming pitch pine torch before which the animals shrank away to a short distance.

The new hope of life animated the bosoms of the prisoners, and they shouted lustily to indicate the spot in which they were. In a moment the riders were before them, and they beheld in them Lucille and Marie!

The latter uttered a shriek as she beheld them, and appeared ready to fall from her horse.

"Courage!" shouted her sister reproachfully, would you have us fail now!" and without dismounting she drew a knife and cut the rope that bound the captives.

"No words!" she commanded imperiously, "mount behind us and take the torches."

She was quickly obeyed, and the horses were soon dashing madly through the herd again, toward the river. More than one adventurous wolf sprang at them, but the flaming torches proved effectual weapons of defense until they were fairly upon the river.

The entire pack now seemed to comprehend that they had been thus far outgeneraled and robbed of their prey by a brilliant *coup d'état*, and with a universal cry of rage started in pursuit. Then commenced the race for life! Ahead of them was the unobstructed ice of the river—behind them a flying cloud of thou-

sands of speeding forms with glaring eyes, howling voices and protruding tongues! The torches were soon burned out and thrown away, and the only hope of safety lay in speed. The race continued for awhile with varying results—now the pursued would gradually draw ahead and then the pursuers would close up again upon them until the gap between became almost imperceptible, but it soon became evident that the doubly laden horses could not much longer maintain the speed at which they were flying, while the pursuers showed no sign of exhaustion. Every muscle was strained to its utmost tension, and they needed little urging, for well the noble animals appreciated the danger that they were in, yet there was an involuntary slackening of pace. The pursuers, leaping and bounding over each other, often surrounded them upon all sides and leaped savagely at the horses and their riders.

Not a word had thus far been spoken by any one, but Curtis at this juncture said to Lucille,

“The horses are too heavily laden—we cannot all be saved. I must be a sacrifice—then save yourself!”

“Never!” was the one word spoken in reply.

“But consider,” he protested, “we will all be lost if

we continue thus—you and Marie may at least save yourselves!"

"We'll die together," responded the brave girl, "if it be the will of Heaven, ; but I swear to you that if you leap off that I shall turn and ride into their midst!"

This deterred him from his purpose, and the unequal chase continued until it seemed that all possibility of escape was cut off, and that at any moment they might fall a prey. But Providence was not thus to desert them, for on doubling around a point of the river's bank, they came upon a sleigh in which were seated four persons—Vaudreil, Levis and their confederates! Hearing the sound of approaching horses they had halted to ascertain whom the passers-by were. On beholding the wolves they sat for a while spell-bound, then attempted to turn and fly, but their horses became wild and unmanageable, and dashed madly off into the pack that at once gave up the pursuit of the others and closed in upon them!

The rescuers and rescued felt that danger to them was now over, yet spoke no word nor greatly lessened their speed until the Ganchev mansion once more appeared in view and they drew up by its door. Then springing to the ground, the rescued caught in their arms the fainting forms of their rescuers!

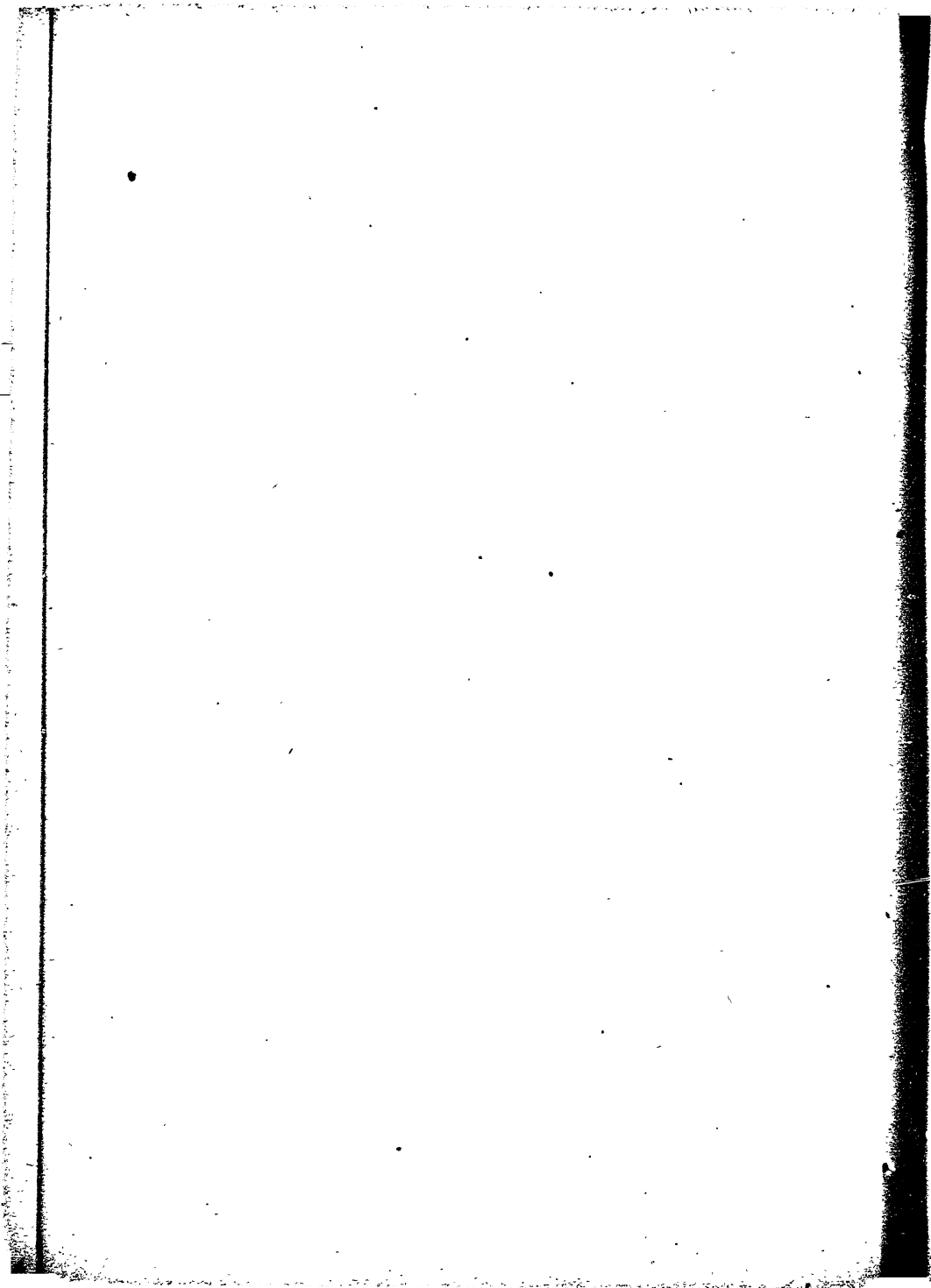
The household was aroused, and on the application of simple remedies the young ladies were restored to consciousness. Then a full explanation was given by the four. Shortly after the departure of the party in the sleigh, an aged female servitor of the family sought an interview with Lucille and Marie, and revealed to them the plot of Vaudreil and Levis which she had overheard as the former was giving instructions to his assistants as to the part they were to enact in it. On seeking their father and finding that he was temporarily absent from home, they had quickly saddled their favorite horses and followed the sleigh in the hope of overtaking it before the plan was put into execution, but fearing that this might not be possible, as proved the case, they took with them torches of pitch pine, for the purpose of frightening the wolves, with the fortunate result that has been related.

On hearing this, Gauchey, accompanied by Curtis, Ralston and a few of his men, mounted and started down the river. On reaching a spot not far below that where the riders encountered the party of Vaudreil, the sleigh was found and near it the bones, almost denuded of flesh, of the four attempted murderers and the horses! The wolves had done their work well and

had retreated to the forest. The remains of the dead were forwarded to their homes for interment, the tale of their villainy left untold, and it was only known to the world that they had fallen victims to the wolves. It may here be said in explanation, that after leaving their intended victims bound as has been described, they had driven back to and by the residence of Gauchey, and thus did not meet the rescuers upon their way, and then, desirous of witnessing the result of their plot, were returning to the vicinity of the intended tragedy, when the wolves were unexpectedly encountered. In what manner they had intended to account for the disappearance and death of the two, had their plan succeeded, can never be known.

These shocking events in a great measure destroyed the charms of a residence in that locality to the survivors, and when spring came, the Gauchey estate passed into the hands of another, and the former proprietor became a resident of Montreal at the same time that the two fair rescuers became the brides of those whom their heroism had saved. In that city the two families yet reside, blessed by a full portion of worldly prosperity and marital joys.

Church Bell of Caughnawaga,



THE CHURCH-BELL OF CAUGHNAWAGA.

On the south side of the St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal, lies the Indian village of Caughnawaga. Here resides the remnant of the once large and warlike tribe of Caughnawagas. The place possesses sufficient novelty in appearance to render a visit to it interesting, but the descendants of the race of warriors appear but a burlesque upon all recorded tales of the valor and prowess of "the noble redman." Invincible to all other foes they have been conquered by the evils of civilization, and now, almost without exception, dirty, squalid and indolent, acknowledge the rule of king Alcohol as represented by his vice-roys, villainous Canadian Rum and Whiskey.

In strange contrast with the streets of wretched looking log habitations, stands a large and massive stone church, whose tin roof, reflecting the light of the declining sun, is the first object to attract the attention of those who descend the river upon the line steamers, that generally stop in front of the village for the purpose of taking aboard an Indian pilot

to guide the vessel through the wildest of all the series of rapids, the Lachine, that commence a short distance below. In the tower of this church hang two bells—one of large size and modern design, the other small and a relic of the last century. The tones of the latter are seldom heard, but it is preserved with the greatest care and valued above all other bells on account of its singular history.

Sometime about the year 1690, Father Nicols, a zealous and energetic missionary of the Roman Catholic faith, who had been quite successful in making converts from among the Indians of the Caughnawaga tribe and had established a church at that place, induced his congregation to contribute a portion of the furs that they secured, for the purpose of purchasing a bell for the edifice. The Indians were, of course, profoundly ignorant of the nature of a bell, but understanding that it was a necessary adjunct of their worship and a something that spoke its messages in consecrated tones, were not long in accumulating a sufficient stock of furs for its purchase. These were forwarded by Father Nicols to an ecclesiastical friend in Havre, France, who exchanged them for the article required, which was shipped for Montreal. Priest and congregation long waited

impatiently for its arrival but waited in vain, and it was at length regarded as certain that the vessel bearing it had found its port upon the ocean's bottom, and that the bell had perchance been appropriated for the chapel of Neptune and, rocked by the waves of the sea, mingled its tones with the chant of mermaids! But at length the intelligence reached them that the ship had met its fate above and not below the waters, and had been captured by an English cruiser—for this was during the period of a war between England and her ancient enemy—and taken to the port of Salem, Mass., and still more, that the bell hung in the belfry of the church at Deerfield in the same state, and was made to speak at the bidding of Puritans instead of good Catholics.

The Indians already revered the unseen bell as something akin to the supernatural, and this intelligence not only plunged them into the deepest gloom but aroused their most savage resentment. Their bell, which had not yet received the sacrament of baptism, was a captive in the custody of heretics, and they registered a vow that the first opportunity that offered should be seized upon for its recovery. Several years elapsed before this longed for opportunity arrived, which the Savage Christians diligently

employed in adding new converts to their religion and in religiously plying the tomahawk and scalping knife upon such of their unregenerate neighbors as refused to acknowledge the new faith; but sometime about the beginning of the year 1704, the then Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, desirous of sending an expedition against the English colonies, solicited the aid of the Caughnawagas, through their recognised diplomatic head, Father Nicols. This he would give only upon the condition that the objective point of the expedition should be the town of Deerfield. The condition was acceded to, and assembling his congregation together, the pastor in stirring words informed them that the time for rescuing their bell from the hands of its captors had arrived, and appealed to the warriors to rally *en masse* and march upon the crusade for its recovery. His words fell upon responsive hearts—weapons were put in order, war-paint donned, and with an enthusiasm not excelled by any of the crusaders who had revelled in Saracengore or found graves in Palestine, the noble army of liberation of the idol of brass departed in the middle of the winter to join the regulars of the noble Marquis at Fort Chambly, where they arrived just in time to meet the marching column.

The French, unused to winter marches in American wilds, suffered great hardships from the outset. The weather was excessively cold and the snow deep. All provisions and supplies had to be transported by hand. The troops loudly murmured, and were with difficulty restrained from open mutiny, while the Indians, familiar with snow-shoe travel, progressed almost as easily as if the season had been that of mid-summer. At the head of his legion marched Father Nicols, while by his side a stalwart convert bore the banner of the cross. At night the force encamped beneath the shelter of a hill or mount, and while that portion occupied by the troops echoed with curses and complaints, the Indians were cheered by the voice of their leader in prayer and exhortation. On arriving at the head of Lake Champlain, the expedition marched upon the ice until the spot now occupied by the city of Burlington was reached, when it took its course by compass through the trackless and mountain-interspersed wilderness of Vermont, for Deerfield.

From this point the hardships of the troops were doubled, and even the Indians became sufferers. As for Father Nicols, he came near being a martyr to the cause; but, sustained by remarkable zeal, managed to continue on, until the expedition, on the 29th day

of February, beheld its destination and halted to await the approach of nightfall, four miles from the town.

At daylight D'Rouville ordered his forces to advance. A strong wind was blowing, and the snow was encrusted with ice which broke beneath the weight of the men. He therefore adopted the stratagem of ordering the column to proceed a short distance upon a run and then to suddenly halt, and repeated this until the stockade was reached, thus imitating the sound of gusts of wind rattling the icy branches of the trees of the forest. It is doubtful if this precaution was necessary. The inhabitants of the town were wholly unsuspecting of any hostile movement against them, considering that the perils of a march through the forests from Canada at that season would deter all persons from attempting it. All, even the solitary sentinel upon duty, were bound in slumber, and the hard snow, piled nearly to the top of the sides of the stockade, afforded the assaulting party an easy means of ingress. Quickly and silently they scaled the wooden walls. The sleeping sentinel was the first to fall, receiving a death blow from a tomahawk. The surprise was complete, and few offered resistance. A scene of inexcusable massacre ensued. A few escaped, forty-seven persons were slain, and about one hundred and twenty were made prisoners.

The troops rioted amid the plunder secured, but the chief thought of the Indians was concerning their bell. At the solicitation of Father Nicols, the commandant despatched a soldier to ring it, while the Indians silently gathered in front of the small church with mixed feelings of awe and expectancy. As the first tones of the bell sounded upon the cold morning air and fell upon their ears, they reverently knelt, while the priest solemnly returned thanks to God for their success. What a picture was there presented for the delineation of an artist! The ground strewn with the mangled and mutilated corpses of the innocent slain—the trembling and sorrowing captives mourning the loss of relatives, friends and homes, and fearing death at the hands of their barbarous captors—the French gazing in wonder upon the scene, with jeers and laughter, and lastly the savages seeking to do homage to an unknown God whose precepts commanded kindness and love, but whom they sought to serve by slaughter and cruelty.

The bell was removed from the belfry and hung upon crossed poles, made ready for being transported, the buildings of the place fired, and the expedition retreated over the route by which it had advanced. The captives, men, women and children, were forced

to keep up with the column, and when, through exhaustion, any were unable to do so, they were tomahawked before the view of the others, and their gory scalps added to those already adorning the belts of the savage conquerors. The bell, borne in turn by details of the Indians, constantly tolled out its sounds, its voice being invested with supernatural reality by them.

Among the captives was the family of the Rev. John Williams, embracing father, mother and several children. Mrs. Williams, who was at the time an invalid, was soon unable to proceed farther, and was consequently murdered. A daughter, Eunice by name, soon bid fair to share a similar fate, but as a tomahawk in the hands of a warrior was upraised, his arm was stayed by the interposition of a young brave, who, after a few words of angry altercation with the other, himself assumed charge of her, bearing her in his arms for many miles when she was unable to walk, and in every way treating her with the greatest kindness.

By the time that they had arrived at Burlington Bay, the Indians were thoroughly exhausted with the task of carrying the bell, whose weight their snowshoes would not sustain. It was therefore deter-

mined to bury it and return for it in the spring. A spot not likely to be discovered was selected, and it was consigned to the earth.

When the earth and forests had again assumed their mantle of green, the warriors of the tribe in a body, headed by their pastor, proceeded to the spot where the bell had been entombed and found that it had been undisturbed. Joyously it was borne homeward, while all of those at Caughnawaga eagerly awaited its arrival. Those who had been upon the expedition that effected its capture had described it in glowing terms. It was said that its tones were sweeter than those of the birds, clearer than the rippling melody of the river, and that it could be heard beyond the murmuring of the rapids. At length, as all were assembled at twilight discussing the anticipated arrival of the wonderful thing, a novel sound was heard afar in the forest. All intently listened as it was repeated again and again, growing louder and louder. At length a voice shouted, "The bell! It is the bell!" "The bell! the bell!" shouted all in chorus, rushing to the edge of the forest, where they met the returning expedition, at the head of which were yoked two snow-white oxen bearing the bell hung between them. Both bell and oxen were

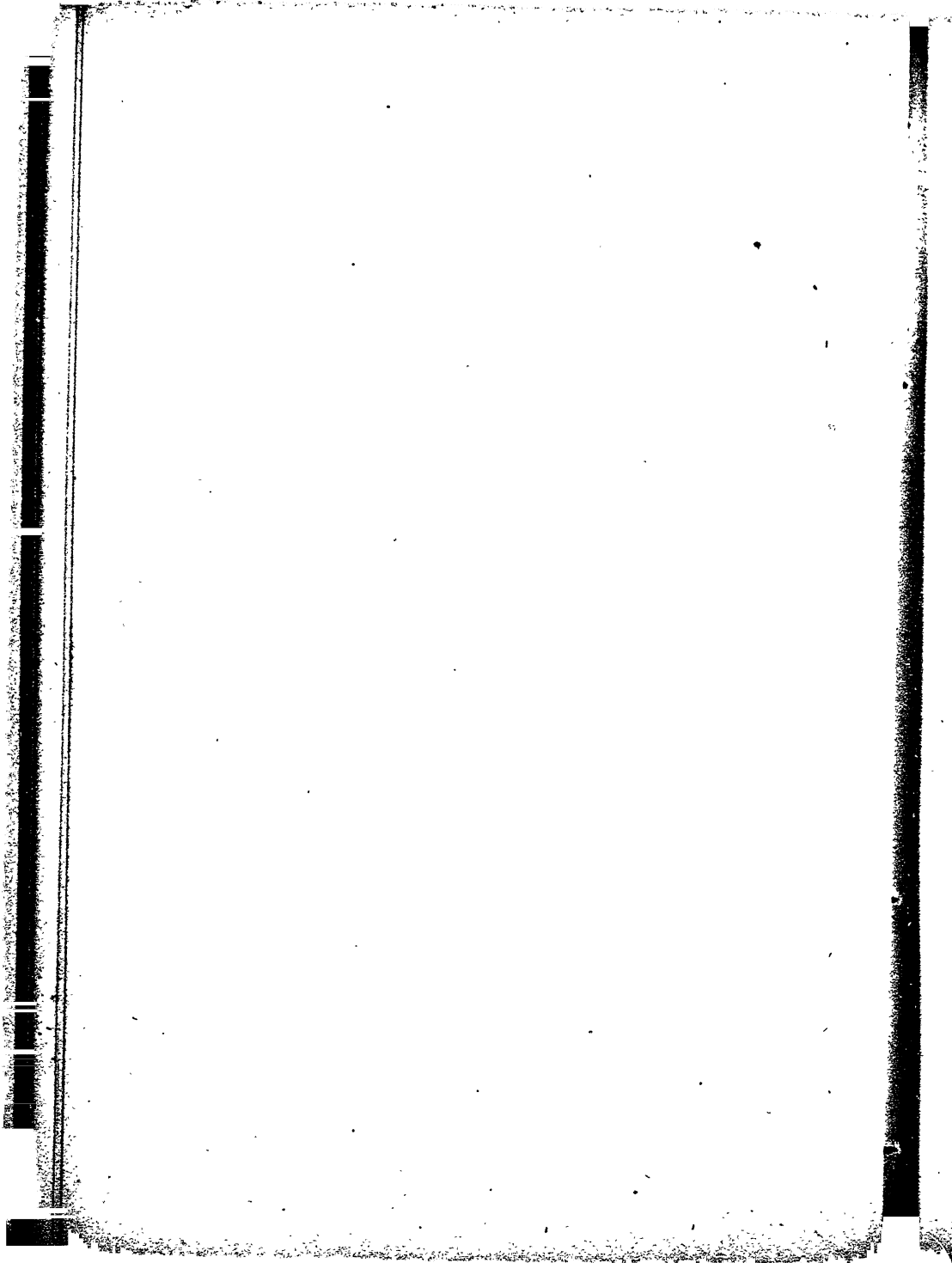
adorned with wreaths of leaves and wild flowers. The march into the village was a triumphal one, and the bell, after having been closely examined by the curious, was raised to its place in the belfry and with its tones awoke the echoes of the St. Lawrence.

The Indians for many days continued their rejoicings on account of the recovery of the bell, but its tones fell upon the ears of the captives as the death-knells of murdered relatives and a reminder of destroyed and desolated homes which they nearly despaired of ever again beholding. Two years later, however, through the efforts of the Massachusetts colonists, seconded by the Governor of Canada, those that survived, fifty-seven in number, were released and returned to Deerfield. There was one exception, that of Eunice Williams, whose chivalrous rescuer proved to be a lover, in the course of time, who so won her affections that she could not be induced to part from him, but embraced his faith and was united in marriage to him by Father Nicols. In after years she several times visited the scenes and friends of her childhood, and always expressed herself as fully satisfied with her choice. Her descendants bore the name of Williams. Many of them have been very prominent men in the tribe, and the family is yet well represented.

This wild tale is believed to be strictly true in all particulars. Popular belief has credited St. Regis and its tribe with the incidents narrated, but very erroneously. St. Regis was colonized by parties from Caughnawaga, but was not founded until the year 1760, or fifty-six years after the capture of Deerfield, while the genuineness of the smaller of the two bells in the church at the latter place and the reliability of the statements herein made, are well proven.

5/5

A Memory of a Masquerade.



A MEMORY OF A MASQUERADE. •

Sweet Nettie Louton! No romantic circumstances or incidents marked our first meeting. A moment's pause amid the hum of voices and exchange of salutations in a crowded parlor hemmed in on all sides by rustling silks and wondrous toilettes. An introduction, a formal greeting, a few very commonplace remarks and a separation. Then suddenly the mind seemed to recall the fact that the interview should not have been passed over as being one of so very ordinary a character, and the impression of the careless glance at her form and features demanded to be satisfied by more attentive regard, very much as a person might feel when passing through a picture gallery, where the masterpieces of genius were few, and grown careless by the contemplation of counterfeits of art, had passed a genuine *chef-d'œuvre* with as careless a glance as had been bestowed upon the others. Then, when possible, I regarded her more critically. How can I describe her to you? Imagine, if you can, a figure delicate but not fragile; eyes that outshone the jewels that spark-

led in the toilettes around her, and brown hair that fell, half-restrained to her half-concealed shoulders, that were of as perfect a mould as the gaze of the lover of the beautiful ever rested upon—one whose soul was at once read from her eyes; whom your well founded enthusiasm could not but stamp as “formed of every creature’s best,” and when your thoughts rested upon her, you could not but think of her as Nature’s darling, although you dare not think of her as your own!

I did not again approach her, but observed her every movement almost unconsciously, nor was it until I was again alone in the solitary street with only the flickering gas-lights for companions, that I realized the fascination that had controlled me, and that I had had for the hour my heart entangled in the meshes of those brown tresses!

To change the scene. Place, a skating rink; time, many days after our first, and until then, only meeting. The rows of gas jets seemed to burn as merrily as if they were participating in the enjoyment of the throng below them, while the bed of crystal ice tossed back a myriad of answering rays. Hundreds of skaters, an incongruous throng, swept around the circle in a continuous line, some timidly venturing

upon the not yet familiar footing, while others, combining grace with skill, called forth applause from the long and well filled galleries of spectators.

Music contributed to the gayety and all was enjoyment, save when some unlucky skater would meet with a fall or other accident, and thus contribute to the amusement of others at the expense of his own. Several times had I mingled with the throng, and was resting for a moment, when my attention was attracted by the face of a new comer who was about venturing upon the ice—a face that had been present in my dreams, and the vision of which came before the realities of the day—that of Nettie Louton.

Her greeting was kind and she did not refuse me the pleasure of escorting her. She was not extremely proficient in the skatorial art, which I regretted less as it obliged her to depend almost wholly upon me to guide and support her; yet she was endowed with as much courage as a veteran skater and even more graceful upon skates than in the parlor, if possible.

She was attired in a very tasteful skating suit whose skirt revealed the prettiest imaginable foot and ankle, while upon her head she wore a small hat with a metallic band resembling gold, while her brown hair was left to float free, half in curls. Around and

around we went, while the strains of music sounded an enchanting waltz that mingled with softly spoken words and silvery laughter. Several times had I been so absorbed in regarding my fair companion that we narrowly escaped collisions, and at length, in turning a corner some one struck against her in a not very gentle manner—her feet slipped between mine—there was a kaleidoscopic view of appealing eyes, brown curls, flushed cheeks, golden band, gaiter boots, etc., etc., and we were prostrate together! I was instantly upon my feet and assisted her to rise. She made the attempt and failed—again, and stood upon one foot—the other seemed useless. A fearful thought nearly unnerved me for an instant! Had she broken a limb? No, for in faltering tones she at length made me understand that her foot was “only—only—only—entangled—just a little”—in her crinoline. She could not move and there seemed but one expedient. I knelt upon the ice and supported her while with one hand she furtively labored to release the captive foot from the treacherous meshes of the steel network. The music sounded as before, the skaters whirled by us, each one regarding us curiously, and with a but half-repressed smile, until at length the foot and steel cords were released from companionship. A few times

more around and we parted, but the accident alluded to, for some undefinable reason, seemed to break down the barriers of reserve, and render us at once as intimate as if we had been acquaintances for years.

These incidents occurred in a not large but flourishing city on the American side of the St. Lawrence. About a month from the time of our meeting at the Rink, I received in common with a number of acquaintances, an invitation to attend a skating carnival and masquerade, to be followed by a ball, at a Canadian town, distant about a dozen miles; and Nettie accepted an invitation to accompany me. In order to reach our place of destination, it was necessary that we should cross the St. Lawrence, which was ice-bound, save where a powerful and regularly plying steamer maintained a channel, and from thence proceed by rail.

In due time, as we supposed, we proceeded to the dock of the steamer, but only to behold the receding boat and a number of our expected *compagnons de voyage* sorrowfully waving us adieu from its deck. Our trip must be abandoned or we must cross upon the ice, and we were not long in determining upon the latter course. An open sleigh, drawn by one horse, was the only vehicle attainable, but we were not to be deterred, and were soon upon our way.

The day was a cold one, and it was necessary to make a considerable-detour in crossing; but, worst of all, ere we were fairly upon our way, one of those fierce storms that occasionally sweep down the St. Lawrence valley and come without warning, burst upon us. The wind was a gale and bore with it an avalanche of snow-flakes that soon shut out all sight of land upon either side of the stream. My first impulse was to turn back, but reading the word "courage" in the eyes of my fair companion, in answer to my mute inquiry, I directed our driver to proceed, which he did somewhat reluctantly.

Several times the violence of the gale nearly took the horse from his feet and threatened to sweep the sleigh and occupants along with it, yet we were not seriously alarmed for our safety; but at length a cry from the driver, as he stopped the horse, and at the same time a surging wave rolling over the ice, rising almost to the level of the sleigh, caused me to spring to my feet. A glance told me the nature of our danger and the extent of it. The wind was breaking up the ice and had already detached a section of it several hundred yards in extent, upon which we were floating, while over it the waves were rolling in quick succession, as it rose and fell! Around us upon all

sides was open water. The driver sat spell-bound in terror incoherently muttering a prayer.

In a moment I realized that there was but one course of action that offered a hope for our preservation; and that appeared to be but a faint one. Our piece of ice, I observed, was being gradually carried by the wind and current to where it would for a moment touch that of the main body. Could we be at the exact point at the moment of the collision, there was a possibility that we might drive over in safety, but a greater probability that the ice would be crushed and that we should be engulfed. But it seemed to be the only chance, and I determined upon attempting it. First, however, I resolved that Nettie should be alarmed as little as possible, and that if we were to die, that she at least, should suffer the pang as few moments as possible. With as much coolness as I could command, I reassured her in a few words, for she by no means comprehended our danger, and then said,

“This wind is too severe for you to face; you must let me wrap you up in this robe;” and suiting the action to the word, enveloped her completely, shutting out the view of everything, to which she did not in the least object.

There was no time to lose. Seizing the driver by the collar and shaking him vigorously, I soon restored him to a state of animation, and gave him directions how to act. Inspired by the hope of life and the confidence of having some one to think for him, he was once more equal to his work.

“Run the horse!” I shouted, “you are racing with the ice!”

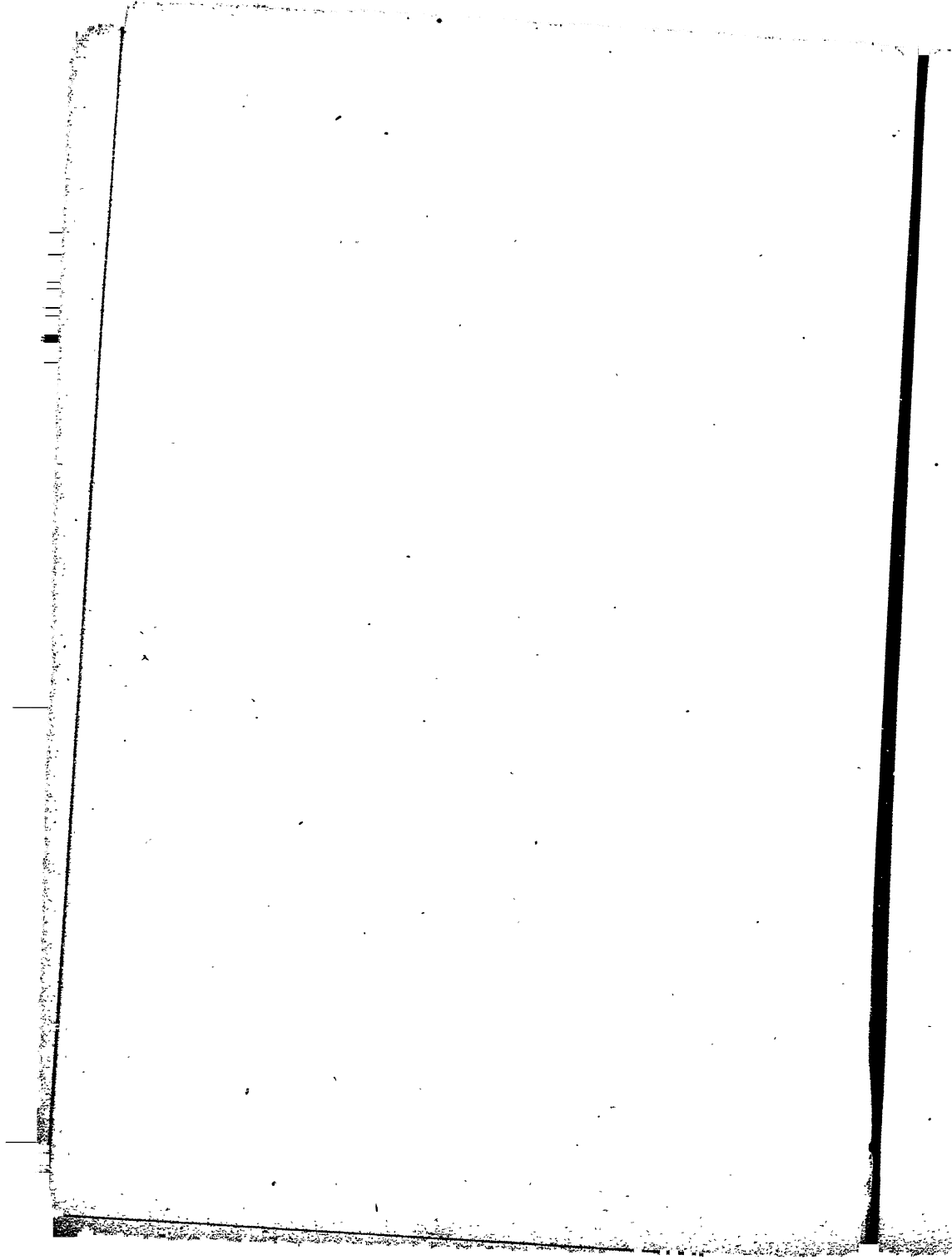
Horse as well as man responded well to the appeal, and we seemed to fly over the smooth surface and swim through the waves!

In a few seconds would come the decisive one. I seated myself by the side of Nettie, clasped her tightly with one arm and placed my face beneath the robe and very close to hers. If death awaited us, it should receive her clasped in my embrace!

Those were long moments—then our speed was slackened—almost ceased—then I clasped her more tightly and awaited the worst—then a dull crash as the ice met ice, and the sharp, quick reports as a considerable portion of the piece that we were upon was dashed into fragments; then a flying leap of our good steed—a wild shout of joy from our driver, and I sprang up to behold behind us the seething waters hurling about in angry confusion the fragments of



Then a flying leap of our good steed—a wild shout of joy from our driver, and I sprang up to behold behind us the seething waters hurling about in angry confusion the fragments of ice which had held us.



what had been the section of ice that had held us.

Nettie did not then fully comprehend the late situation, nor will she until this meets her eye, but she knew that we had escaped a grave danger, for in my joy I embraced her then and there!

We soon afterwards, without further adventure, reached the opposite shore without mishap; but alas, cruel and relentless fate, with a myriad of dire misfortunes, seemed to be yet pursuing us; for, as we approached the depot, it was only to behold the train in motion, speeding from us!

We exchanged few words over the subject of our failure; but Nettie's eyes spoke a volume of regret.

While sitting by the fire in the station waiting-room; endeavoring to devise some plan for annihilating distance, there was a loud rumble of wheels and a train rolled slowly up. Hope revived and I rushed out to find it but a freight train. But my desire for a car just then was equal to that of Richard for a horse at Bosworth field, and I had heard of freight trains being used for the purpose of transporting more precious burdens than they were designed for, if not as precious as that I now proposed to put aboard of it. The person in charge proved to be genial and accommodating, and in acceding to my request, I believe

to this day supposes that he was assisting a young couple to elope and escape pursuers! There was a car having a fire and lights, and no load excepting a few chests and boxes.

“Come”, said I, returning to Nettie, “the train is ready;” and it was enjoyable to observe her look of surprise as I assisted her into the car.

“This,” I proceeded to explain, “is the English style of travelling—private compartments!” The doors were closed, the train was in motion.

We seated ourselves upon a chest, selected, after much grave deliberation, near the stove, and reflected upon the incidents that had thus far occurred. It was now night and the lamps shed their uncertain, flickering light, and the jolting of the heavy car was far from rendering our seats those of downy softness, but Nettie’s spirits triumphed over all, and as the melody of her laughter awoke the echoes of the car, or at my request she sang sweet melodies, the wooden walls that encompassed us seemed to rejoice, for they must have been strangers to so sweet sounds since they stood in the forest and the zephyrs of summer murmured through their branches.

At the place of our destination, and at an hotel. Supper, and then to our apartments to dress for the carnival.

Attired as an officer of Zouaves of high rank, I entered the parlor. Soon a masked figure in an elegant costume of an Andalusian, joined me. A drive through the brilliantly lighted streets, and we were among the throng of masqueraders.

The scene was brilliant in the extreme. Almost every character of nationality seemed represented, and human ingenuity driven to an extreme to devise incongruous and fantastic costumes. Nettie and myself, separated or together, were, as an enthusiastic local reporter phrased it, "conspicuous in the blaze of beauty that scintillated around the charmed circle!"

A sylph-like figure, representing a post-mistress, with letters and call-horn, approached me.

"Hast thou no missive for me, fair messenger?" I asked :

"Yes, brave warrior ; read and believe."

I opened the little note—it read :

"Deceive yourself—be happy while you may. Your joy of to-day will be your anguish of the morrow."

"Fair Queen of cards," I said, addressing another masker, "I would prove the truth of the cruel prophecy that this missive contains, by the language of thy cards."

"They never deceive," was answered; "to the brave have always belonged the fair!"

After leaving the ice, the motley throng proceeded to the hall where Terpischore reigned until the day dawned. Here the scene was even more incongruous than before. A Moor danced with a Lapland maiden; a clown waltzed with a nun, a snow-shoed Canadian was attending a flower-girl; a Greek priest seemed enamored of a Scotch lassie; a pretty vivandiere was the companion of a crusader; and in other parts of the building, strange couples mingled as strangely. A Scottish chief and a wild Celt contended at billiards; Oliver Cromwell and a North American Indian were sipping champagne together; John Bull and a Russian peasant girl strolled about, arm-in-arm; Henry the Eighth and George Washington promenaded with Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth, while Duke Alphonso, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Brother Johnathan and a "gentleman of color" were grouped together.

"Gallant officer," said a Turk, taking my arm, "pledge with me in sparkling wine the star of my harem!"

"To the star of yon bevy of beauties, Sir Turk, for there are but two stars in my heaven—the eyes of her whom I adore!"

“Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet—but, if you adore but the stars of which you speak, and they rise not, then is the night indeed dark to you!”

The festivities over, we returned to our hotel in company with our party, and became but ordinary mortals once more. I retired to my room, but my brain was filled with such a variety of thoughts, that all idea of sleeping away the few remaining hours of the morning, was dispelled. Pulling aside the window curtains and seating myself in a comfortable arm-chair near it, I watched the changing sky until each twinkling star disappeared and Aurora opened the gates that admitted the morn.

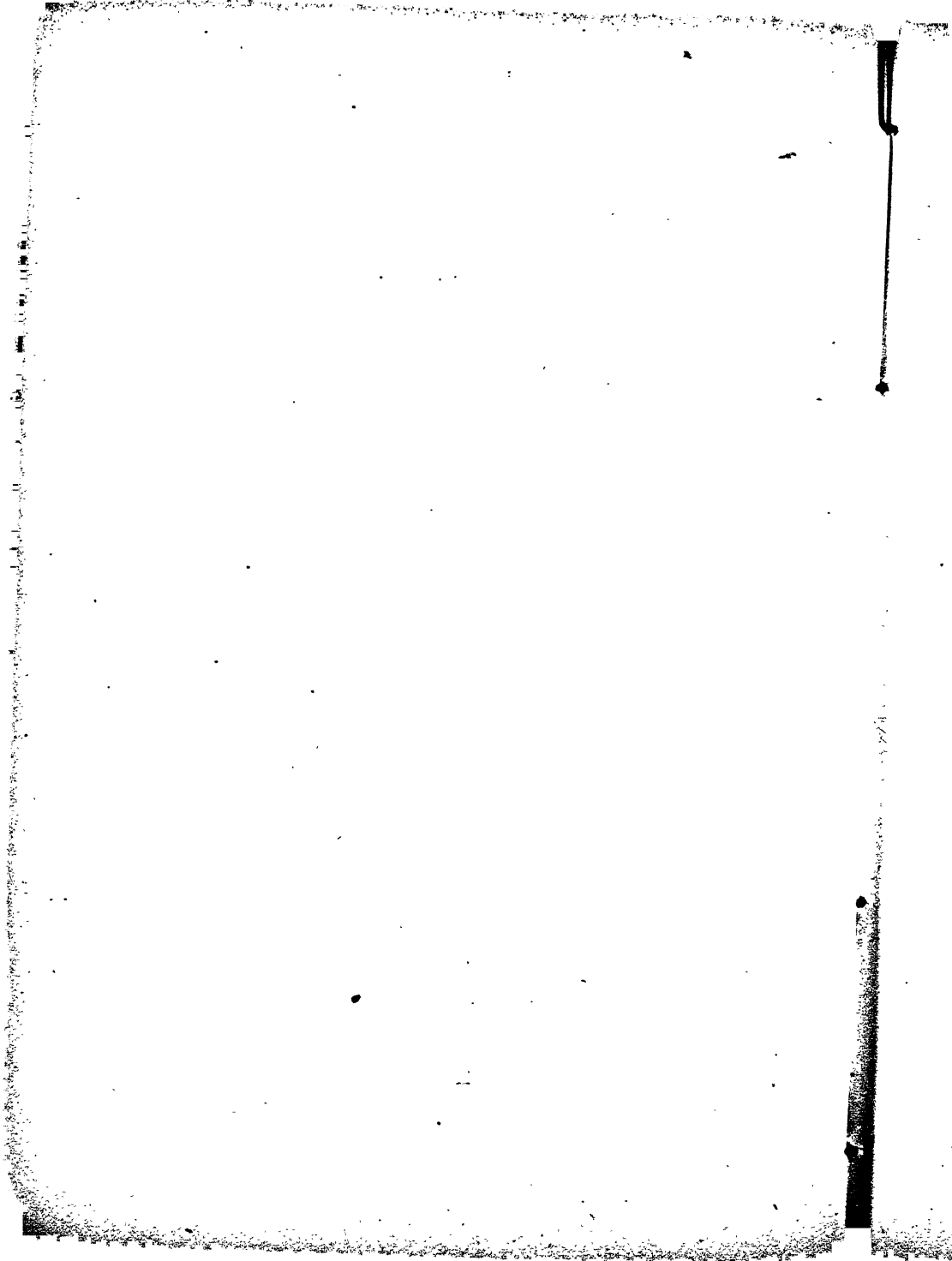
At first I was supremely happy, but as the stars faded, one by one from view, a feeling of sadness and despondency stole over me. They seemed a part of the pageant of the night and to have formed a portion of the scene of enchantment that the presence of Nettie had invoked; and as they faded away, the realisation came more forcibly that the act of the life drama was over.

* * * * *

“A broken idol?” you inquire. No, I answer—on the contrary, one that yet occupies its niche and

receives its silent homage. The scenes of that night I choose to fancy, as memory reverts to them, those of characters peopling another world, and not, as this sketch implies that they are, but the memory of a masquerade.

The Tale of Chateau Bigot.



THE TALE OF CHATEAU BIGOT.



About five miles from the city of Quebec, hidden in a wilderness of its own that seems desirous of preserving the spot from the inroads of the civilization of the present century, are the ruins of the *Chateau Bigot*. The crumbling walls and neglected grounds have a tale as wild as any of those lingering about the castellated ruins of the old world, whose interest often causes the tourist to visit the spot, and requiring no embellishment from the pen of the novelist. It is a well-authenticated tradition, the facts of which are

as romantically wild and deeply tragical as any of the half-fanciful tales narrated of German Feudal strongholds or the recesses of the Black Forest.

During a portion of the last century, Canada was under the Governorship of the French Intendent, Bigot, whose official and chief residence was within the walls of Quebec ; but being an ardent lover of the chase and of the solitude of the primeval forests, he caused a dwelling to be erected at the spot that has been indicated ; massive and substantial, as became both his position and the possible needs of the situation in the event of hostilities with any of the neighboring tribes of savages, who, however, at the time of which I write, held friendly and cordial relations with the Intendent and the people of the colony generally.

On a bright day in the spring of the year 1757 the Intendent had been out hunting, unaccompanied, and, wholly engrossed by the excitement of the sport had wandered a considerable distance from the *chateau* without noticing the decline of the sun in the Heavens, and the god of day was already disappearing below the horizon, when he chanced to obtain a shot at a deer. His usually steady aim was, however, this time at fault—was it by chance or was it by the direct interference of fate, as many might easily believe in view

of the events to which this ordinarily unimportant incident led?—for he succeeded in but wounding it, and not so seriously as to prevent it from seeking safety in flight. This, to the Intendent, but lent additional zest to the hunt and he at once gave pursuit, following it for a long distance into the wilderness, and when finally compelled to relinquish the chase he found to his dismay that he had not only strayed away from that portion of the forest with which he was familiar, but that the darkness bid fair to prevent him from retracing his course to the *Chateau*. Sitting down to rest with a hearty malediction bestowed upon his unfortunate passion for the hunt which now held out to him only the reward of remaining in the forest during the night, under the discomfort of ascending a tree to maintain his safety by sleepless vigil and watch for prowling beasts of prey that abounded in that vicinity.

While thus musing, his quick and practised ear caught the sound of a footstep approaching—a footstep as light and cautious as if belonging to one of the savage denizens of the forest whose presence in the darkness he feared. Hastily seizing his fire-arm, which he had dropped upon the earth beside him, he sprang to his feet, and seeking the shelter of a tree,

awaited its approach. He had not long to wait, for in a moment a form was visible and in an instant the arm was at his shoulder. In another instant it was dropped, and with an exclamation of surprise he stepped forth from his place of concealment to confront the new comer, sadly in doubt if he was facing one of mortal mould or a sprite of the wood, which the faith of those days taught him had existence. And well might he be pardoned the doubt, for the figure that met his view was a young female of marvellous beauty, whose symmetrical form was but poorly concealed by the scanty raiment worn. In complexion the nut-brown hue of the savage seemed mellowed into brightness by the infusion of a light tint, while her profusion of hair seemed endeavoring to conceal her finely moulded shoulders in a mass of ringlets darker than the night. The surprise of this mysterious beauty of the forest was not less than that of the hunter, but her flight was arrested by a few words, and rejoiced to find that she understood and conversed in the French tongue, a mutual explanation was soon given and her history learned. She was of the Algonquin tribe, yet a child of passion, her father being a French officer. The name that she bore was Caroline. In evident pity for the lost Intendent, she consented

with but little persuasion to conduct him out of the forest, with every part of which her wanderings had made her familiar, and to his home.

Darting swiftly ahead she led the way, and experienced as was her follower in traversing the intricacies of the wilds, it required no little effort upon his part to keep near to her, and as she sped onward—now into the dense shadow of the screening foliage, to reappear a moment later in a moon-lit opening whose light displayed her form for an instant to her follower, could the gods have beheld them they might well have supposed her to be the the fleeing Daphne and the Intendent the pursuing Apollo.

So absorbed was his attention by this forest beauty that it seemed but a short time until they stood before the walls of *Chateau Bigot*. Here the maiden paused, and pointing toward the dwelling, without a word, but with an involuntary yet graceful movement of her hand, would have bidden him adieu and in an instant disappeared from his view, probably forever, but in a few words of passionate entreaty he summoned her back, and taking her hand besought that she would accept his hospitality and the shelter of the *Chateau* for the night. This she would have declined, and in the most musical of tones protested against it,

yet soon allowed her reluctance to be overcome, and together they entered its portals.

* * * * *

The wife of the Intendant did not share the passion for rural sports and scenery for which her lord was so noticeable. To *Chateau Bigot* she was almost a stranger, preferring to remain at their town residence to seeking enjoyment in its solitude. That her husband should so often be absent from her she did not marvel at, until a strange infatuation seemed to have seized him for remaining almost constantly at the *Chateau*, and the rumor in some way came to her ears that he was enslaved by the bright eyes and peerless form of an Indian maiden resident at the house of whose history all seemed in ignorance, and of whose marvellous beauty many tongues bore evidence.

Being of proud family and of passionate nature, she could ill brook a rival, and therefore took the earliest opportunity of herself paying a visit to the place, where she beheld the forest beauty, and from the lips of an old family servant whom she bribed to reveal the knowledge that he possessed, found that her worst apprehensions were too true and that the maiden Caroline had proven a successful although innocent rival of herself. Yet by no word or act did

the proud and wronged wife betray her knowledge of this fact, while, upon the contrary, during her return trip, accompanied by her husband and a number of others, all marvelled at her seemingly exuberant spirits, and none noticed the burning light that shone from her eyes, which not all of her craftiness could repress.

This discovery was made on the first day of July. The succeeding night and the following day the Intendent found no time to visit the *Chateau*. On the night of the second, a fearful storm raged. The winds shrieked wildly—the lightning almost momentarily illumined the intense darkness, and the rain fell in torrents. The Intendent, seated in an apartment alone with his wife, appeared to be in particularly bad temper, and frequently ceased his regular pacing to and fro across the room to gaze from the window upon the war of elements raging outside, but discovering no indications of its abatement, invariably turned away from it with a muttered imprecation, and resumed his fretful walk.

The wife of the Intendent was a beautiful woman; and had he not been wholly infatuated by the charms of Caroline, and had not his mind been wholly engrossed with the desire to proceed to the *Chateau*, he

would have noticed that she never appeared more beautiful or more attractively costumed than on that occasion. He might also have possibly noticed that the tender solicitude with which she regarded him was not wholly real, and that the brilliancy of her eyes was not altogether that of love!

"Why do you appear so annoyed, my dear?" at length she asked in the tenderest of tones.

He vouchsafed no reply.

"Are there any vessels out upon the river or gulf, that you appear so anxious in regard to the storm?" she again inquired, but her voice grew cold and stern and her proud lips curled sarcastically as she pronounced the last words, yet all unnoticed by her companion.

"No," he replied, at length, halting before her, "but important matters demand my attention at the *Chateau* to night, and despite the storm, I must wend my way thither."

"Assuredly," she rejoined, "no affairs of the government can require you to proceed thither on this tempestuous night—the morning will certainly suffice!"

To this he returned no reply, and after a long pause she again said, approaching him with a smile

that should have won back the allegiance of a husband not wholly emmeshed in the toils of a syren, and placing a hand caressingly upon his arm, while her eyes spoke a mute entreaty for the bestowment of a lost affection, "will you not sacrifice all for the sake of her to whom your love is more than all else?"

For a moment only he paused—for a moment only gazed into the eyes that looked beseechingly into his own, and then turning away, muttered, "It cannot be!" and striding to the door of the apartment, called to a servitor and directed that his horse should be saddled and brought to the porch of the building. Then the strange, wild light again shone from her eyes, but, as before, all unnoticed, and when he returned, she said :

"At least, if your duties require that you should absent yourself from me on this night, you will not refuse me the poor satisfaction of pledging me in a goblet of wine before you depart upon your dreary ride?"

Rejoiced to find her so acquiescent, he raised the proffered goblet to his lips, and with a few words of bestowed compliment, drained it to the bottom.

A few moments later, and a retainer entered to announce that the steed was in readiness; but the Intendent reposed in his chair, unconscious!

But a short period elapsed, and a form emerged from the building and approached the waiting steed; but it was that of a closely masked female. Glancing apprehensively around to satisfy herself that she was unobserved, she mounted, and giving the horse rein, was soon lost in the darkness of the storm.

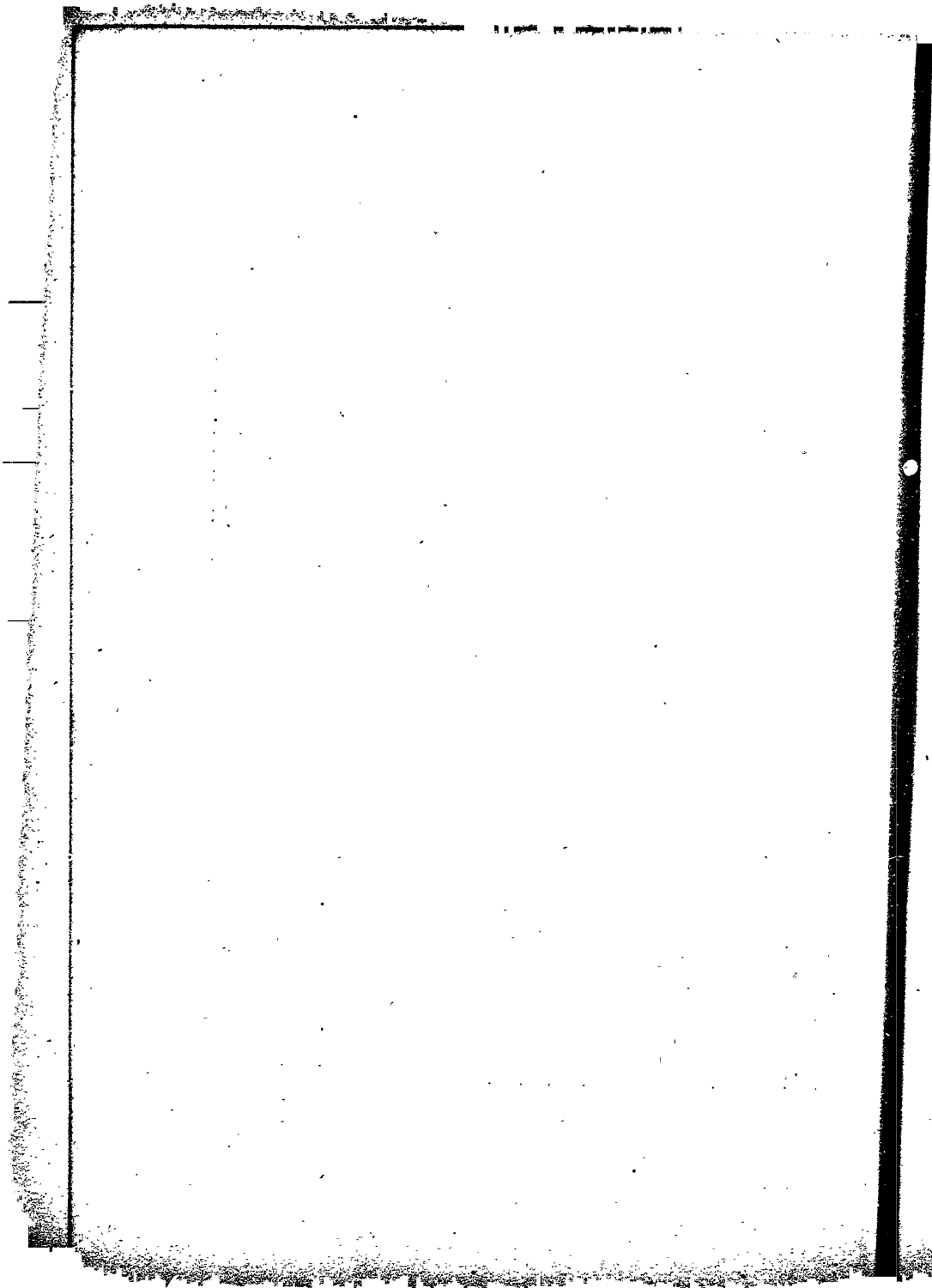
The distance to the *Chateau* was soon accomplished, and drawing rein, the wife of the Intendent, for it was none other than she, fastened her steed in a place of concealment, and approaching a low side door, which is yet plainly visible, gave a preconcerted signal by rapping in a peculiar manner upon it. Such was the violence of the storm that for several minutes there was no response to her call, but at length it was opened by an aged attendant to whom a few words were spoken instructing him in the service that he was to perform. She then disappeared in the direction of the chamber of her husband.

She soon reappeared, and placing a heavy purse of gold in the hand of the aged door-keeper, without a word passed out into the darkness and was lost to sight.

The old man muttered a few half-broken exclamations of fear coupled with prayer, and as a vivid flash of lightning soon afterwards revealed a flying horse



... A form emerged from the building and approached the waiting steed but it was that of a closely masked female.



and masked female rider dashing away as if the steed and rider were phantoms and raced with the gale, he crossed himself in terror, hastily closed the door and seeking his couch, assiduously told his beads and muttered prayers until slumber claimed his senses.

When the Intendent awoke from the sleep into which he had been thrown, by the influence of a powerful opiate, he roused himself as speedily as possible and chiding himself for having fallen asleep, proceeded out of the house, first having glanced into an adjoining apartment and observed that his wife had retired to their couch. His steed he found where he had directed it to be left, and mounting, he soon arrived at the *Chateau*. This he did not approach in the stealthy manner of the previous comer, but the sound of the footsteps of his horse and his loud calls speedily brought forth a number of servants.

"A devil of a ride this that I have had," he muttered to himself, "and all for the sake of yon little beauty, whose love will soon cause me to forget its hardship," and ascending to the second story he entered the apartment that she occupied.

A low fire burned upon the hearth, whose fitting rays dimly illumined the room.

"Caroline!" he spoke; but there was no reply.

“My beauty! are your slumbers so deep that the voice of your lover will not awaken you?”

And yet no response. He could plainly discern her form reposing upon the couch, yet listened in vain to discern her breathing.

He approached and bent over her—at that instant the flames shot higher upon the hearth and revealed her features to him. Her eyes returned his gaze, but it was with a vacant stare that the dim light but half revealed. One uncovered arm rested upon the outside of the coverlid—he placed his hand upon it—it was icy cold! With a wildly throbbing heart he pulled down the coverings—they were red with blood and in her bosom was planted erect a dagger that pierced her heart!

He uttered a wild cry that aroused the inmates of the dwelling who hurried to the apartment, and whose consternation quite equalled his.

Early on the succeeding morning the Intendent returned to his town home. Entering the apartment of his wife he apparently aroused her from a sound slumber.

“What has happened?” she inquired in a tone of alarm—“something—I know it by your features!”

“Yes,” he returned, “a most foul murder was perpetrated last night at the *Chateau*!”

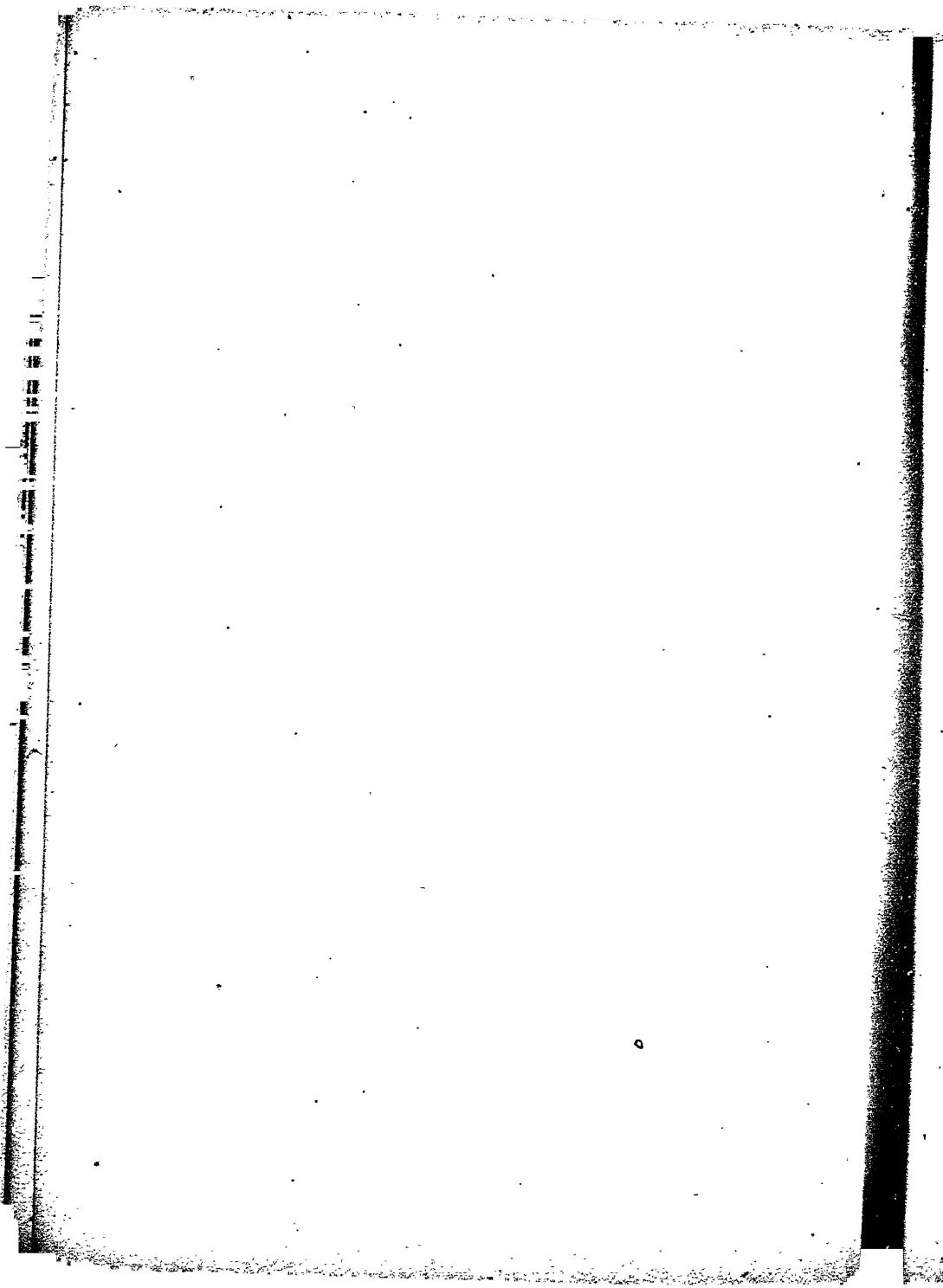
“ A murder ! And at the *Chateau!*”

“ Yes, the Indian girl, Caroline—you have seen her—was last night murdered in her sleep!”

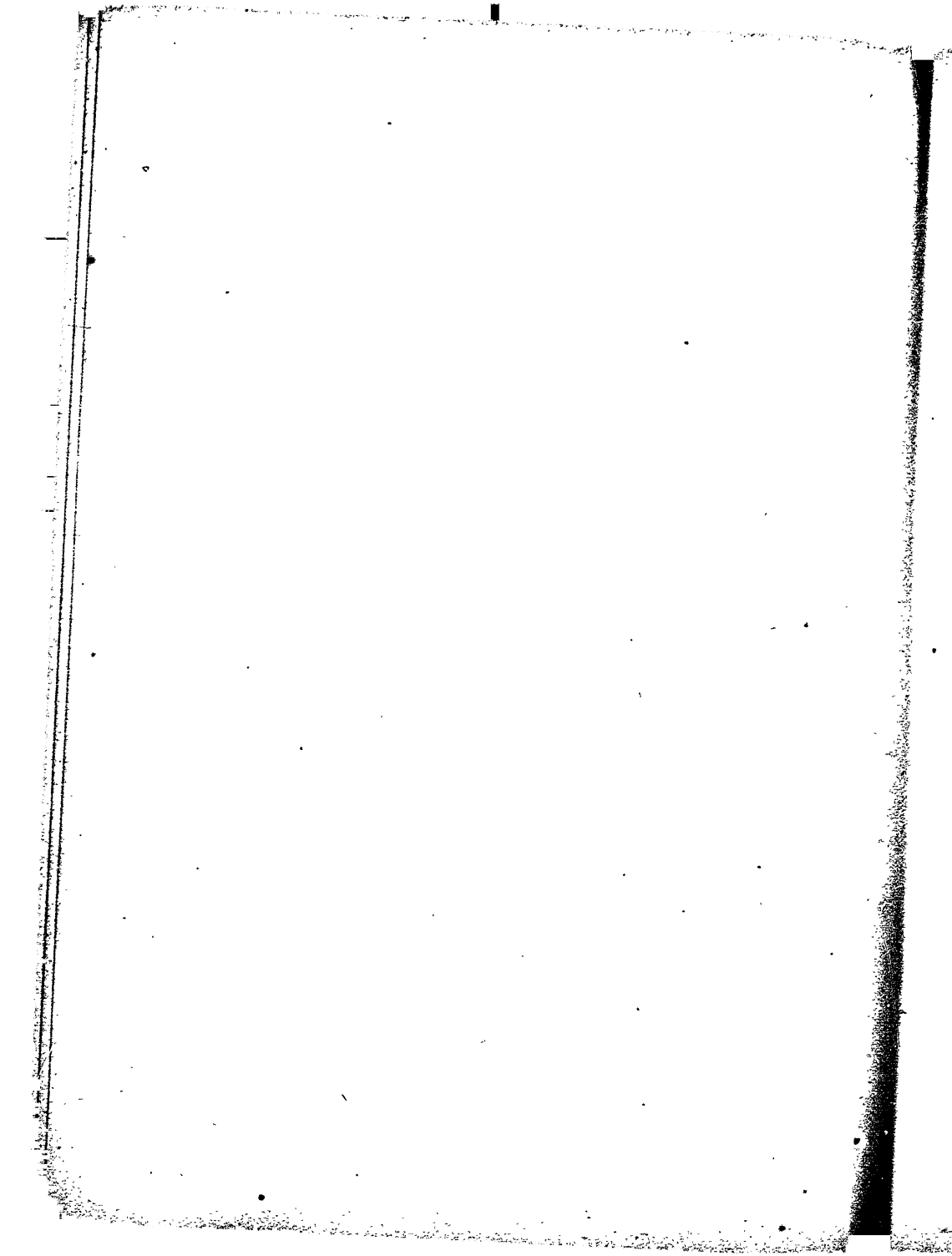
“ An Indian girl!” she repeated half scornfully, and then her musical laughter rang through the room—
“ and was it worth disturbing my slumbers to tell me this? By my faith, if I am not tempted to believe that she was an improper favorite of thine, her death seems to afflict you so sorely !”

* * * * *

Such, reader, is the legend of *Chateau Bigot*. The dwelling is her tomb. She was interred in a grave in its cellar with Christian rites, and a stone, bearing only the initial “C” placed over her grave. This stone has recently been removed, but whether by the vandal curiosity seeker or by some one with a personal interest in her history, cannot be stated. The *Chateau* was at once abandoned and soon fell into ruins, and its crumbling walls have never been disturbed, while dense, wild foliage forms an appropriate cover for the grave of the Indian maiden, and wild flowers bloom as they blossomed when she plucked them to weave into garlands to crown the brow of the pride of the Algonquins.



The Hidden Treasure.



THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF ISLE ROYAL.

Isle Royal, better known in its immediate vicinity by the designation of "Chimney Island," lies about three miles below the city of Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence and upon the American side of the boundary line. It is of irregular shape, nearly level surface, and embraces an area of six acres. At the time of the occupation of Canada by the French it was strongly fortified, and being at the head of the chain of rapids, was regarded as the key to the river. The embankments of the fort which embraced nearly the whole of the Island, still rise above the surface in an almost unbroken chain, and on the American side seem to have preserved nearly their original height and form. The wooden palisades have left no trace behind them, but on the inside of the embankment the foundations and ruins of the block-house and powder magazine yet remain, and near these are buried those of the French who perished in the conflict which resulted in the fall of the fort. On the Island at present is but a single structure and that a small

wooden one located on the top of the embankment and facing the American shore, used as a temporary resort of sportsmen during the summer season. Near this stands a monster tree, the only one remaining of those whose branches shaded the island at the time that the French flag waved over it. From the summit of this the approach of parties or expeditions, friendly or hostile, and events occurring in the vicinity, were observed.

In the year 1760, the English formed a plan which proved successful, for the complete conquest of Canada. Three expeditions were fitted out, the largest and most important of which, under the command of general Amherst, numbering over ten thousand regulars and continentals and about one thousand Indians of the Iroquois, rendezvoused at Schenectady and from there proceeded to Oswego. At that place the entire force was embarked in open boats, and, convoyed by two armed brigs, proceeded down the St. Lawrence. The invaders were pursuing a route almost unknown to them, and the brigs in endeavoring to pass through the archipelago of the Thousand Islands, became separated from the boats and almost hopelessly confused amid their intricacies. At this juncture two French vessels appeared and threatened

destruction to the entire flotilla of small craft. General Amherst promptly gave orders for one of his regiments to pull for and board them, when one was gallantly carried and the other made a hasty flight and was seen no more until the arrival of the army at Fort la Presentation, located on Light-House Point, the present site of Ogdensburg. Here, in company with another, the hostile vessel again barred the passage of the river, and lying at anchor at the mouth of the Oswegatchie river, awaited its approach. To Colonel Israel Putnam, afterwards General Putnam of American Revolutionary fame, was assigned the duty of capturing them. Dividing his row-galleys into three sections he rapidly advanced upon the larger of the two vessels. Two of the sections of the galleys were instructed to engage the attention of the broadsides at long range, while the other, led by Putnam in person, rowed under its stern. This was successfully done, and the vessel boarded and captured, when the other craft struck its colors without further resistance. The capture of the vessels was immediately followed by the evacuation of Fort La Presentation by the French. From here the invading army advanced to Fort Levi upon Isle Royal, and upon the 20th day of June it was invested. The fort mounted thirty-five

pieces of ordnance, the largest of which were twelve pounders. As a gun of this calibre was classed as "heavy artillery" at that date, it is probable that the besiegers possessed none that were heavier. Batteries were therefore erected at the distance of a few hundred yards, upon the Island below and the adjacent shores. Three days after the investment, fire was opened by the besiegers with such effect that most of the guns of the Fort were soon dismounted and its successful defence rendered impossible. On the succeeding day, as preparations were being made to carry it by assault, the garrison capitulated unconditionally, those surrendering numbering three hundred men, besides non-combatants.

There was in the possession of the commandant at the time of the investment of the fort, a considerable amount of treasure belonging to his government. When it became certain that he must capitulate, he resolved that, if possible, it should be so concealed that the victors should not be able to discover it and yet where it could be reclaimed when the war was over or the fortune of battle again gave the possession of the Island to the French. On the night succeeding the surrender it was therefore quietly committed to the earth, and so secretly that those engaged in the

labor of burying it did not suspect the nature of the work that they were engaged in, and with the commandant alone rested the secret of the spot that contained it. The fact of its burial, or rather a well-founded suspicion that it had been buried upon the Island, became public in after years, and treasure-hunters by the score sought to discover its whereabouts by excavations and by the various divinations that popular superstition suggested. All search however proved fruitless, and at the date of the occurrence of the incidents that I am about to relate, even the report that treasure was there buried had nearly been forgotten.

On a night of August, 1870, as the shrieking winds bore with them the peal from a church belfry announcing the hour of midnight, an individual wearing a slouched hat and enveloped in a capacious cloak, wended his way along Water Street in Ogdensburg, and after pausing many times in order to obtain from a coming flash of lightning a view of the buildings upon each side of the way, halted before a respectable appearing residence upon the river side. The rain fell in torrents, while the white-capped waves were dashed over the low dock in the rear of the dwelling, and rolled to its door-way. A light from an upper

window shone faintly through the curtain, and announced that, late as was the hour, all of the inmates had not retired to rest.

Pausing a moment to observe the surroundings and assure himself that he was not mistaken in the locality, the pedestrian rapped loudly upon the door. In a few moments it was opened by a man.

"Do I address Captain King?" inquired the stranger.

"That is my name," replied the other, adding an invitation to enter, and leading the way into a small room having windows upon three sides of the building.

Removing his hat and cloak, the stranger disclosed himself to be a person in the prime of life, of martial bearing and evidently a foreigner. The other, who waited in silence, after pointing him to a seat, to learn his motive in calling upon him at such an hour, was one whose appearance would naturally attract attention anywhere from those who make a study of the human countenance, was of about the age of the stranger, erect in bearing, almost as dark-complexioned as a savage, with coal-black hair and eyes, and whose every motion appeared to be at once as stealthy and rapid as that of a panther in its native wilds.

The stranger took the proffered seat and for a

moment regarded him in silence, evidently attempting to read his character, while King bore the scrutiny with an air of affected unconsciousness that might have easily deceived the most practised eye.

"You are a Pilot upon the St. Lawrence?" at length spoke the stranger.

"I am," was the "reply and have been for many years."

"And are aware of the channels though the rapids?"

"No one better posted, I believe."

"And know the location of each rock and each Island?"

"Yes, sir—I have struck them all."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger, "while you have been piloting vessels yourself?"

"We all touch a rock occasionally," was replied, "but I can take you through without any damage, if that is what you desire."

"Are you familiar with Isle Royal or 'Chimney Island' as you call it here?" asked the other without noticing the implied question.

"Chimney Island!" returned King in some surprise, "that is only three miles below here! You do not need a pilot to take you to it."

In lieu of answer, the stranger produced a cigar

case from which he selected a cigar and then passed the case to his companion, who followed his example. Both smoked for awhile in silence, with the demeanor of experienced diplomats. Finally the stranger broke the silence again.

"Captain King," he said, "you are an utter stranger to me, as I am to you, but I believe that I can trust you."

"You can, at least with your confidence," was the reply.

"First then," resumed the other, "I am a native of France and my name is Pouchet."

"Pouchet!" repeated King, half to himself, "Chimney Island!" and as a sudden recollection seemed to strike him he sprang from his seat and gazed upon his midnight visitor as if to assure himself that he was confronting a person yet of mortal form and not a spectral visitant. The stranger regarded him with increasing interest.

"Excuse me," resumed King, again seating himself and relapsing into his nonchalant manner, "but you spoke of 'Chimney Island' and if I am not mistaken I have frequently heard my grandfather, who was upon it when it was captured by the English, speak of the officer in command of it as Pouchet."

"You are the man!" exclaimed the other excitedly rising and approaching him ;

"No, I am not!" returned King hastily retreating, his superstitious fears now thoroughly aroused and feeling almost certain that he was confronted by the spectre of the commandant of Fort Levi ; "it was my grandfather !"

"You misunderstand me," replied the stranger, smiling grimly as he comprehended the fear of the other, "you are the person of whom I came in search, and I assure you that I am not my grandfather returned to earth, but his grandson—and now to the business in hand ; have you ever heard anything in relation to there being a quantity of treasure buried there at the time of the surrender ?"

"Yes—the Island has been dug over to find it, but I do not place any confidence in the story."

"But I know that it is true—and more, can take you at once to the spot where it lies buried!"

"Are you in earnest ?"

"Wholly so. Not long since, in looking over a package of papers left by my grand-father who died shortly after returning to his own country and before the close of the war, I discovered one giving a full statement of the affair and stating the exact spot in which

"Then come in the morning," exclaimed King, unable to conceal his excitement, "and I will take you to the Island."

"The morning will not do!" said Pouchet, "we must go to-night!"

"To night in this storm! It cannot be done!"

Before replying the stranger took from his pocket a handful of gold coins, and placed them upon the table. Pointing to them he said,

"To night! It must be! These will be yours for taking me there, and as many more as you can grasp in your two hands when we have succeeded in reclaiming the treasure!

The eyes of King glistened as he gazed upon the gold, and he replied,

"We will try it! I will obtain a heavy boat and a few stout fellows to pull the oars."

"That will not answer," replied the other, "you must take me there alone—the secret must not be shared with another man!"

"I cannot do it then to-night," returned King, "not even for your gold!"

"The greater the danger the greater shall be the reward," said Pouchet, placing another handful of gold by the side of that already upon the table."

The pilot gazed regretfully upon the gold, but shook his head in reply.

"I am disappointed in you," said Pouchet with some asperity—"your grandfather would not have feared any danger that this river could show, if what I have heard of him be correct, and I expected to find in you a man of the same courage!"

"Enough—I will take you there;" exclaimed King, nettled at the charge of cowardice—"come with me."

The two arose, and now for the first time noticed that they were not alone, and that a third party had overheard a portion at least of the conversation that had taken place between them. This person was a girl apparently not more than sixteen years of age, delicate and fragile of form but with regular features and eyes that fairly sparkled with light.

"Who is this person?" demanded Pouchet excitedly.

"She is my daughter," returned King dryly.

"She has overheard our conversation," continued Pouchet.

"No matter," was the reply, "you can trust her—she is as true as can be, you may depend."

Without regarding the stranger, the girl approached her father—"You are not going upon the river to-night?" she inquired in tones of apprehension.

"Yes," was the reply, "I am going with this gentleman—business requires it—so do not sit up for me, for I shall be gone for some hours."

"But no boat that you have can live in such a sea!"

"Do not be alarmed, Libbie," replied her father very tenderly, in a tone that did not share the confidence that his words implied, "we shall be very cautious, you may depend."

Proceeding to a slip near by, a light and frail skiff was launched, although not without difficulty. The rain had by this time ceased but the gale raged with undiminished fury. Dark masses of clouds rolled across the sky, through the apertures in which, stars would peep for a moment and then be lost again to sight. With his cloak drawn closely around him, Pouchet sat silently in the stern, while King, hatless and coatless, vigorously plied the oars.

The trip was indeed a perilous one, and the boat, managed by an inexperienced person, could hardly have kept afloat and unswamped for the period of a minute. The wind favoured them and ere three quarters of an hour had elapsed it floated in comparatively quiet water, on the lee side of the island which was their destination, and a few moments later its

keel struck upon the pebbly beach and both were quickly ashore.

From the front of the building previously alluded to shone a bright light. Cautiously our adventurers advanced to reconnoitre the premises. Peering through the windows, they beheld a large party of sportsmen engaged in having as jovial a time as their ingenuity could suggest. The greater number of them had evidently left their camps to seek shelter from the storm, and from their uncouth attire and the appearance of the apartment, guns and equipments adorning the walls and filling the corners, they might easily have been mistaken for a band of freebooters by one not familiar with their present avocation. The stranger intimated as much in an inquiry to his companion, but on being informed as to the true state of the case and also that there was little probability that they would emerge for a considerable while, appeared much more at ease.

Bidding King remain by the boat, Pouchet made a careful survey of the island, and after the lapse of considerable time, returned to him much dejected.

"I cannot find my starting-point," he said, "it was a large tree that formerly stood on the southerly end of the island."

"I can show you the spot," returned King "my grand-father has often pointed it out to me as one that then stood; come with me," and leading the way, he soon halted at the large tree upon the top of the embankment.

"This is the tree," he said.

The delight of the other scarcely knew bounds. With many muttered exclamations of delight he produced a piece of cord, a compass and some fuses. The cord he fastened to the North Easterly side of the tree and then extended it to its full length; then lighting a fuse, he moved until the compass indicated the point desired, when he drew a dagger and sticking it into the earth, exclaimed,

"This is the spot! Four feet beneath us lies the treasure!"

Hastening to the boat, King speedily returned with a couple of spades that had been provided before starting. The other threw aside his cloak and the two sat at work making an excavation as rapidly as possible. This was not the lightest of tasks, for the earth had not been disturbed to any considerable depth for upwards of a century, and was as firm as virgin soil.

With occasional pauses for rest and the exchange of but few words, they labored for an hour. The

•

gale manifested no indications of abating, while the voices of the revellers at the hotel still were heard in apparent mockery of the storm.

The spade of King at length struck upon something hard, that gave forth a dull, metallic sound. Eagerly he again inserted it and threw up—a white scull that seemed to smile fiendishly upon him!

With an exclamation in character between an oath and a prayer, he dropped his spade and sprang out of the pit! This revelation produced quite a contrary impression upon Pouchet. "This is the spot—we have found it!" he exclaimed gleefully, while King continued to slowly withdraw, gazing upon him meanwhile with horror-dilated eyes, half convinced that he had brought a spectre to the spot who was arduously engaged in searching for its long buried skeleton!

"This is the spot!" repeated Pouchet, "it was buried to avoid suspicion, in a grave, with the body of a slain soldier above it! We shall soon strike it!"

"Not I!" returned King, somewhat reassured, but hardly less horrified, "I will not rob a grave, much less on a night like this!"

"Not for gold? hard, yellow gold!"

"No, not for all that was ever coined!"

"Without other reply than a few muttered words,

comments upon the cowardice of his companion, Pouchet resumed his work, and was soon rewarded by coming upon the sought-for treasure. With an exclamation of delight he seized a handful of it to assure himself that he was not mistaken and then removed the remainder of the earth from it as speedily as possible. It had been buried in a heavy oaken case which was so decayed as to crumble at a touch, but which had held it compactly together.

Producing from his capacious pockets a couple of stout bags of leather, attached to which were long and stout straps, he as quickly as possible filled them with treasure.

The excavation was then filled in and all traces of their work as far as possible removed.

It proved a test of their strength for each to convey one of the bags of gold to the skiff.

As they were embarking, a number of persons came out of the building and observing them, hastened toward them but only in time to observe the skiff tossed about by the waves, disappear in the darkness.

Owing to the direction of the wind and the current, the return trip would in any event have been much the more difficult and perilous, and the added weight of the treasure now caused the light craft to labor so

heavily in the waves that the utmost skill could not have prevented them from breaking over it and threatening constant submersion. The island was soon lost sight of—the shores were invisible and not a light, save that of the Ogdensburg Light-House, was to be seen. Pouchet manifested no indication of fear and had passed the straps attached to the treasure bags around him. After narrowly escaping several waves that threatened to capsize them, King ventured to express his opinion, speaking between his strokes of the oars, that it would be impossible to make a landing unless the treasure was thrown overboard. This proposition the other wholly refused to entertain. "One bag of it," then pleaded the oarsman—"Never!" almost hissed Pouchet, as he tightened the straps around him.

"It must be thrown overboard," persisted King, "or we shall never make the shore"—"you can attach a cord to it with a float as a buoy to mark its location and we can recover it when the storm is over."

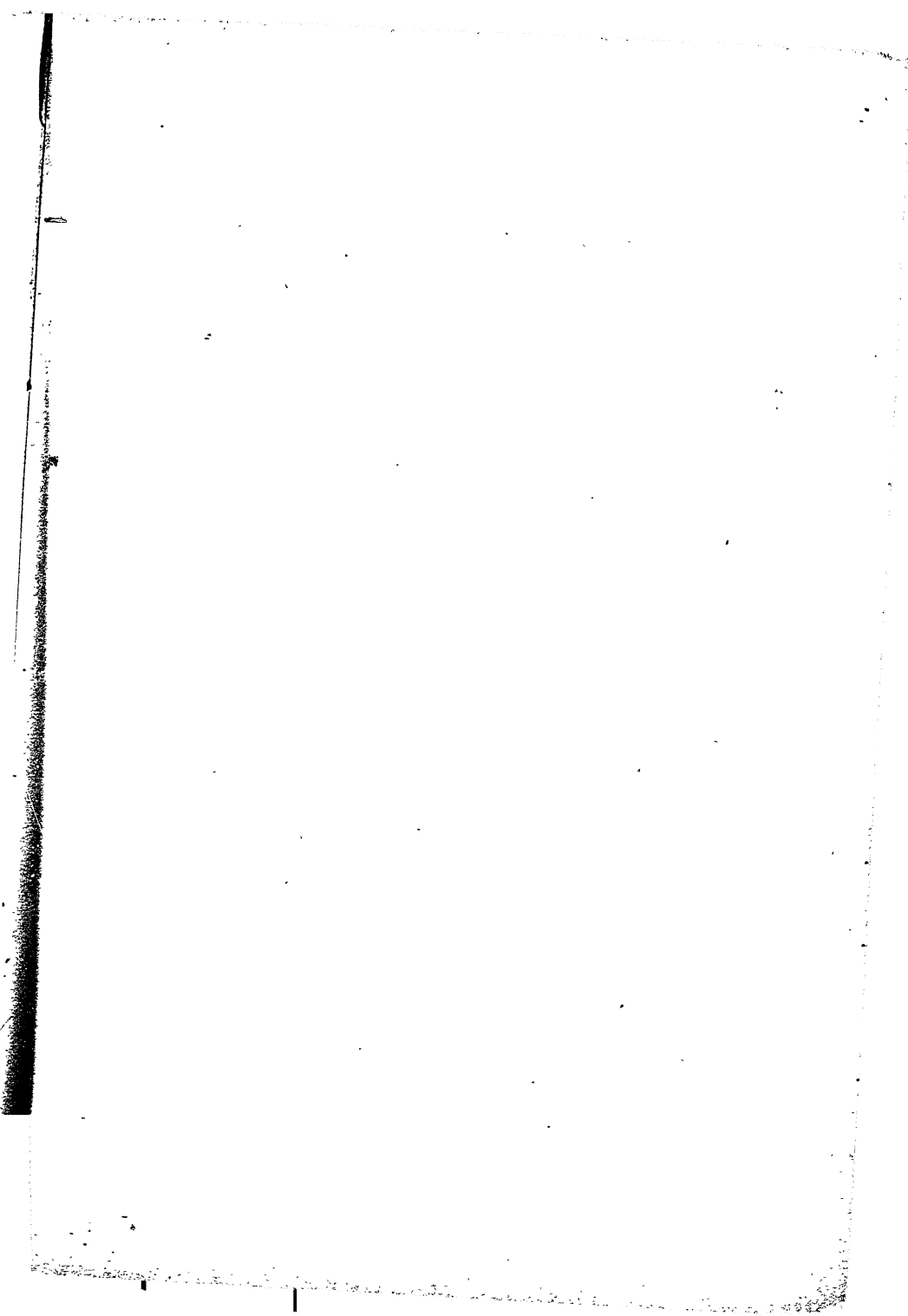
"Understand me!" shouted Pouchet in reply, "I will take it ashore with me or go to the bottom with it," and he resumed the employment of endeavoring to keep the skiff bailed out by dipping up the water in his hat.

The other urged him no more, but bent to his oars in silence.

Nearly an hour had passed since leaving the island, when they arrived at a point opposite to the place of starting. The first indications of the coming day were visible in the sky. The most dangerous portion of the trip was now entered upon, for it became necessary to work the boat across the line of waves instead of heading it directly upon them as before. King exerted his utmost strength and employed his greatest skill, yet the water continued to constantly rise in the skiff, notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of Pouchet to keep it free. At length two mighty waves came following each other in quick succession. The first filled the boat to the gunwale, rendering it unmanageable—the second capsized it!

Uttering a terrible cry—one that sounded afar above the voice of the gale, and sounded like the wail of one that had staked his soul against gold and lost, Pouchet sank beneath the waves, sinking as quickly as a cast lead—carried to the bottom by the weight of the gold!

King, agile and unfettered, seized hold of the edge of the boat, and although frequently for a few seconds at a time under water, maintained his hold. How





He was rapidly becoming exhausted, when, from out of the lowering gloom suddenly appeared a ship, headed directly towards him.

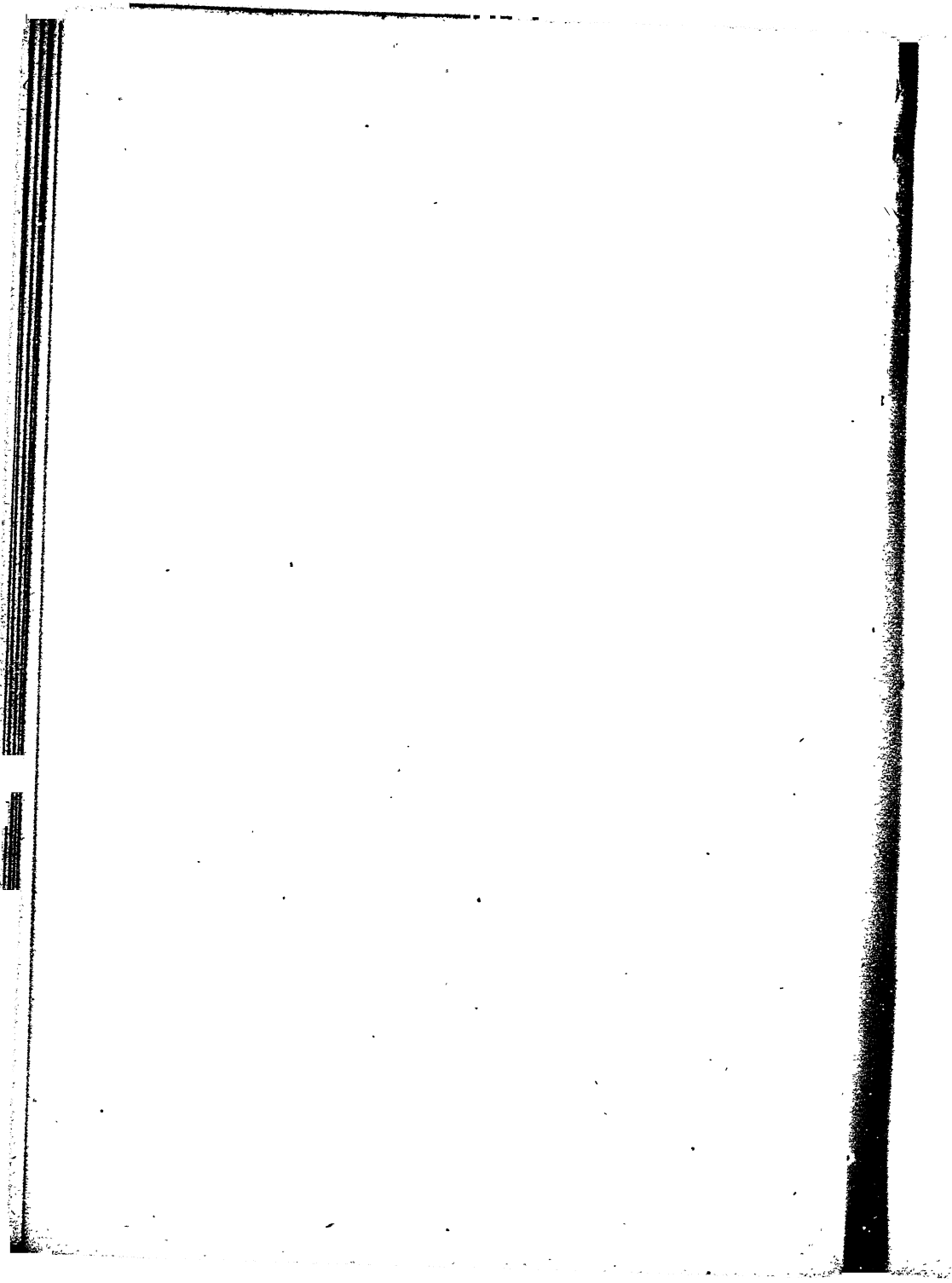
long he thus floated, buffeted about by the winds and the waves, he could not tell, but he was rapidly becoming exhausted and had given up all hopes of life, when from out the lowering gloom suddenly appeared a skiff headed directly toward him. It was skillfully and deftly handled, and he was soon able to grasp its stern and felt that he was saved! Then did he first recognize the daring oarswoman who had risked life to rescue him, and knew that it was none other than his daughter to whom allusion was previously made! Overhearing sufficient of the conversation to learn the destination of her father and his strange visitant, she had not retired to rest during the period of their absence, too alarmed concerning their safety to think of it. The dying cry of Pouchet was borne to her ears, and satisfied that they had met with a serious mishap and being skilled in the management of a boat, she had quickly and unhesitatingly proceeded in search of them, and favored in a great degree by fortune, succeeded in finding her father as has been described.

No words were exchanged between the two, and it required not a little skill upon the part of both to enable him to get safely into the boat, and when it was accomplished, she relinquished the oars to him,

and nearly fainting from the effects of her exertions and excitement, sank upon a seat and spoke not a word until home was reached in safety.

The treasure yet rests upon the bottom of the St. Lawrence, and with it, perchance, in sad mockery, the skeleton of Pouchet.

The Battle of Wind-Mill Point.



THE BATTLE OF WIND-MILL POINT.

Few persons who have passed down the St. Lawrence have failed to notice a tall stone structure, resembling in form and appearance the solitary round-towers of the age of chivalry, that stands in ruins yet not ruined on the Canada shore, about one mile below the village of Prescott, and a short distance from the head of



the Gallops or first rapids. Nor in regarding the silent shaft of masonry, can the passer-by have failed to notice the encircling line of the ruins of stone dwellings that form a grimly picturesque and appro-

priate background for this monument of a conflict of the past, for the locality is the scene of the engagement in which the revolutionary movements of 1837-8 culminated, which have been designated by historians as the "Patriot War."

At that time the then village of Ogdensburg, nearly opposite, was a place of not more than three thousand inhabitants—that of Prescott but a small settlement, gaining its principal importance from being a military post, while Fort Wellington, an irregular-shaped earth-work, fronting upon the river, presented an appearance very similar to what it does at present.

On the eleventh day of November, 1838, the steamer *United States* left Oswego en route for Ogdensburg upon a regular trip, but carrying, in addition to those that were known to be journeying for private and peaceful purposes, a party of about one hundred and fifty men, who, although ununiformed and having no arms in sight, the most careless observer could not have failed to have noticed were a military organization, and under the command of leaders whom it was not difficult to distinguish by their bearing and the deference paid them by their subordinates. The entire party was without baggage save a few large trunks and iron-bound boxes which they insisted upon them-

selves handling, and a small number of very heavy kegs, the head of one of which, as if to leave no doubt as to the character and hostile intent of the party, on being rolled aboard, came out, and disclosed the fact that its contents were leaden bullets.

The party preserved exceeding decorum, and, gathered in small groups about the steamer, conversed together in low tones, invariably relapsing into silence on the approach of a person not of their number. Of those composing the expedition, whose object, as the reader has by this time surmised, was to effect a landing on Canadian soil and co-operate with expected bodies of disaffected Canadians in achieving the independence of the Provinces—we have to deal with but two individuals particularly. One of them, a young man of about twenty-eight years of age, tall, erect, dark complexioned, with an eye that indicated a spirit daring even to recklessness—the other, one whose appearance ill recommended him for martial pursuits and the dangers and hardships of a campaign, almost a counterpart of the other in appearance: slight of stature, light complexioned and with eyes nearly of the hue of the waters upon which they were almost constantly bent, as if in deep meditation. The former was Arthur Gillespie, captain of a company

from the western borders of New York. He was almost constantly either engaged in consultation with the other officers of the command, or moving about giving whispered words of instruction or advice to the men; the latter was a private in his company known as Frank Clark. Seated alone on deck near the stern of the boat, he had spoken to none since coming aboard, but sat in silence, his eyes only being raised from the river to gaze furtively and almost apprehensively upon the form of the captain of his company for a moment, when he again invariably relapsed into meditation.

At the foot of Long Island, and a short distance from Millen's Bay, two schooners were found lying in the stream, and evidently awaiting the arrival of the steamer. On approaching them, one of the passengers, who was evidently an officer of the party, requested that they be taken in tow, asserting, with a peculiar smile, that they belonged to him and were laden with a choice assortment of merchandise for which there was or soon would be a great demand near Ogdensburg. The captain of the steamer, either from sympathy with the objects of the party aboard, or knowing that refusal would be useless, acceded to the request, and the schooners were

lashed, one on each side of the steamer, with little delay.

Had there previously been any doubt in the minds of those not connected with the party aboard as to its real character and objects, it was now removed. The hatches of the schooners being thrown open, armed men lined their decks, while the mysterious trunks and boxes aboard of the steamer were opened, disclosing a full complement of arms, equipments and uniforms, with which the men of the party were at once uniformed and equipped. All attempts at concealment were thrown aside—the companies were formed and the officers assumed command.

As the vessels drew near to the village of Morris-town, about twelve miles from Ogdensburg, the larger part of the men aboard of the steamer, by order of the one in charge, "General" John W. Birge, proceeded aboard of the smaller of the two schooners, named the *Charlotte of Toronto*. The two sailing vessels were then cast off with directions to proceed upon their course together for Prescott, while the steamer with the remaining portion of the men and the commandant of the expedition, continued upon its way to Ogdensburg.

This movement, which at the time was considered

by the "Patriots," as they termed themselves, as caused by some unexplained requirement of military strategy, proved to be but an act of skulking cowardice upon the part of the braggart leader, whose courage, wrought to fever heat by his own eloquence in rallying volunteers when afar from the scene of danger, diminished in proportionate ratio as it was approached. The command then devolved upon "Colonel" Von Schoultz, a Polish exile and veteran soldier, who, however mistaken as to the justice of the cause in which he had enlisted, fully believed that it was meritorious.

On board of the schooner named were Von Schoultz and the company of Arthur Gillespie, together with a couple of hundred other men. Drifting slowly with the current, carrying only sufficient sail to enable the vessels to be steered, the two schooners arrived opposite Prescott shortly before day-light.

The officers of the expedition had been informed that the surprise and capture of Fort Wellington was contemplated, and lashed together, side by side, the two vessels moved slowly in toward the dock at Prescott most contiguous to the fort, whose dim outlines were faintly visible through the darkness. On

the dock a sleepy sentinel paced up and down, with his attention upon the cloud of canvas looming up before him, while the inmates of the garrison slumbered, all unsuspecting of an armed and dangerous foe within musket shot of them.

At this point, addressing his superior, Captain Gillespie proffered the request:—

“Colonel, I have to ask that you will accord to me the post of honor in the column—that of leading the advance!”

“No! please do not!” sounded in startled tones upon the group of consultants, and turning to the speaker, all beheld for the first time, that Private Frank Clark had been a listener to the conversation, and with earnest tones and pleading gesture asked a refusal of the entreaty.

“Go to your place, boy!” enjoined Captain Gillespie sternly, “how dare you attempt to interfere!” and with averted eyes and abashed look the youth moved away and took his position in the ranks of the men drawn up amidships.

Passing along the line of his men, Captain Gillespie paused when he came to Private Frank Clark, and almost repenting his harsh words of a moment before, said:

"I reprimanded you rather severely, Frank, but you are young and unsuited to the dangers that we are about to encounter; you should not have enlisted in the forlorn hope of such an enterprise. You may remain aboard of the vessel when we embark, and not risk your life in the undertaking."

"No! by no means, no!" rejoined the young recruit in trembling yet anxious tones. "I must share all dangers that you do! Forgive me for my hasty words—you will find that I will not flinch when we encounter danger!" and the tones of the last words were almost indistinct, while an undoubted tear sprang from its hidden font and coursed down his cheek!

"Well, as you will," returned the Captain turning away, and muttering to himself, "that boy is an enigma—I never saw him until we reached Oswego, and yet his voice and countenance seem familiar. One moment he seems as timid as a girl, and the next to possess the courage of a hero!"

The larboard vessel grated along the side of the dock; a person detailed for the purpose sprang ashore with a line for the purpose of making it fast; the expectant invaders stood in readiness to leap upon the dock and advance upon the Fort upon the double-

quick ; when at this critical moment the affrighted sentry discharged his piece, which so terrified the line-bearer that he sprang aboard of the vessel again, without accomplishing his purpose.

Borne on by the wind and current, the vessels were soon so far past the landing that it was impossible to renew the attempt, even if the garrison had not now been aroused and in readiness to receive them.

This act of cowardice, as was afterwards proven, sealed the fate of the expedition and perhaps of the expected revolution, for had a landing been made and the fort assaulted as proposed by Von Schoultz, there is not a doubt that it could have been carried with little loss of life, when the expedition would have at least been safe from capture, as its guns commanded the river and would have secured a safe retreat to American soil when the fortune of battle became adverse.

A landing of the force was effected, after daylight at the Wind-mill, by the schooner upon which was Gillespie's company, cannon and stores conveyed ashore ; and the line of occupation extended to encircle the brow of the hill. The other schooner, in attempting to go about, grounded upon the bar at Ogdensburg but the leader of the expedition, Birge,

who manifested the utmost zeal in conveying others to the place of danger which he was too cowardly to share with them, seized the steamer *United States*, which made several trips from Ogdensburg to the Wind-mill, conveying the men from the schooners together with a number that had arrived at Ogdensburg to join them. On the last trip made, however, a cannon shot from the English gun-boat *Experiment*, which had arrived at Prescott, entered the wheel-house and decapitated the wheelsman. This sufficed to not only dampen but to wholly extinguish the courage of the great "Agitator," and he disappeared from the scene, and was for a time invisible. At about this time, a party of volunteers in sympathy with the invaders, succeeded with a small ferry steamer, the *Paul Pry*, in getting the stranded schooner afloat. Passing down to the Point, a portion of her cargo of stores was soon removed ashore, when both vessels returned to Ogdensburg.

The events just narrated occurred on Monday. That night was a busy one. The invaders, whose camp-fires were built under the shelter of the river bank and within the grove of cedars that then stood upon the point, that their light might not reveal their operations to the foe, were employed in erecting

batteries, throwing up light earth-works and in doing what else was possible to strengthen their position, while throughout the surrounding country messengers were speeding, rallying the militia to arms, and the roads resounded with the sound of the footsteps of men hurrying to places of rendezvous, and the march of battalions for the scene of action.

Early Tuesday morning two English gun-boats, the *Coburg* and the *Victoria*, arrived at Prescott with a small detachment of regular troops, which being landed, the steamers came down the stream and opened fire upon the position of the invaders, which was returned with spirit by their guns. A force about double in numbers to that of the invaders having also assembled, line was formed and an advance made upon the position. The assaulting party advanced spiritedly in two columns. The defenders were silent and invisible, with the exception of a party of sharpshooters stationed on the flanks of their line, who did great execution, especially in picking off the officers of the advancing columns, until the foe was within easy range, when a ringing cheer along the line and a deadly volley opened the action on their part. Both sides fought with coolness and bravery. The company of Captain Gillespie

held the centre, and as he passed up and down along its line, his eye often rested upon Private Clark, whose coolness contrasted strangely with the timidity that he had previously manifested; but what appeared as most singular was that his eye sought his furtively and almost constantly, and with a meaning that he could not comprehend. "There is some mystery connected with that boy," he muttered to himself, momentarily, regardless of the whizzing bullets; "he did not join the expedition on account of the love of adventure or for the love of Canadian independence, I will warrant."

The action was of considerable duration. Sheltered behind stone walls and earth-works, the defenders fought at a great advantage over the assailants who advanced over open fields, yet they were finally victorious, compelling the invaders to retire to the shelter of the houses and mill. The loss of the former was officially stated to be seven officers and seventy-three rank and file, and that of the former but nineteen men. A company of the invaders, however, numbering fifty-two men, discouraged by the success of the attacking party, and acting without orders, attempted to effect an escape, and were cut off and captured. This mishap to their fortunes caused

the spirits of the invaders to become correspondingly depressed.

From that time the action assumed the form of a seige. The gun-boats took up positions in the river and kept up a steady cannonade, while batteries erected on the land also maintained an almost incessant fire. Added to this, a considerable body of U. S. troops had arrived at Ogdensburg under the command of Colonel, afterwards Major General W. J. Worth, for the purpose of preventing any reinforcements for the beleaguered party from leaving American soil. The long days and longer nights wore on. From the summit of the Mill, Von Shultz, in almost constant consultation with his more trusted subordinates, swept the range of country around in search of indications of the approach of succor in the shape of columns of Canadian rebels whom he had been promised would arise and co-operate with him immediately on his landing, but looked in vain. The moderate store of ammunition and provisions that they possessed had been designed only for rapid field movements and not to enable them to withstand a siege, and was, by Thursday, nearly exhausted. The coward Birge, from the American shore, communicated with them

each night by means of a pre-arranged signal-code of lights, and, by false promises of succor, succeeded in maintaining in a measure their hopes of being relieved.

On this day Colonel Worth had an interview with Colonel Young, a modern Chevalier Bayard, the English commandant, and asked permission to remove the invaders to American soil, pledging that he would be responsible for their conduct in the future, thus staying the shedding of blood and preventing the sacrifice of the lives of so large a number of brave men. It is my pleasing duty to pay the tribute of putting on record the noble and morally courageous act of humanity of Colonel Young, performed upon this occasion. It was an act nobler than could have been performed upon the field of battle. The invaders were defeated and were captives within his power—the time of their surrender was a matter of but a few hours—no human agency could relieve them or take from him the well earned fame of their capture, yet he proved that, for the sole purpose of preserving the lives and saving from the gallows and felons' cells men whom he had found brave adversaries, he was not only willing but anxious to forego the reputation already within his grasp and become the object of blame and pos-

sibly of military disgrace. Yet this request he could not grant, consistently with the duty owed to his flag, but endeavored to serve the interests of humanity as well by stating, ostensibly in an indifferent manner, that two of the three gun-boats had gone up the river that morning while the third one was lying at Prescott undergoing repairs, and would not be out again until two o'clock on the following morning. This was quickly understood to be a hint, by Colonel Worth, that an opportunity would be thus afforded for the escape of the party, and acting in accordance therewith the steamer *Paul Pry* was despatched shortly before midnight in charge of a party of volunteers to accomplish that object. This party was composed of citizens of the then village of Ogdensburg, and was under the charge of Preston King, afterwards the eminent United States Senator of that name. No difficulty was experienced in effecting a landing and in sending a messenger ashore to communicate their object. All was still save the occasional exchange of shots by the pickets upon both sides, and no obstacle interfered to prevent or hinder the proposed embarkation of the entire force.

Von Shultz at once assembled his officers to consider the proposed offer of transit to American soil.

All at once decided in favor of embracing the chance of escape so unexpectedly offered, as all well knew that their power of resistance could not last much longer. As this conclusion was reached, a messenger descended from one of the upper stories of the Windmill to the lower one, in which the consultation was being held, and placed in the hands of the leader a communication from the signal officer stationed above.

“Ah!” exclaimed Von Shultz, after scanning it eagerly, “from Birge—your attention to this, gentlemen:”

“Important risings reported in Canada!—Reinforcements will reach you in the morning! Hold your position!”

BIRGE.”

With loud-spoken maledictions upon the coward who, though not daring to share their peril was yet desirous of sacrificing them for the faintest chance of achieving personal reputation, it was at once voted by all to disregard it and embark, but before this could be accomplished, the civilian party aboard of the steamer became exceedingly restless and fearful of the return of the gun-boat, and took its departure. A grave mistake had also been made in not selecting

as the chief of the rescuing expedition, a military man whom trivial dangers would not have rendered timid, or at least a person of well-known and tried courage. Had that been done, a bloody page would have been torn from Border History. As it was, the invaders were thus left to their fate.

Possessed of a noble and generous nature, yet not one fitting him for such a trust as then devolved upon him, the leader of the expedition of rescue, chagrined at his failure, soon became a raving mad-man and was placed in an asylum. He afterwards recovered his reason and rose to an exalted position, as has been stated; but the memory of that night haunted him throughout life like a spectre, and on its anniversary, twenty odd years later, while occupying the lucrative and enviable position of Collector of Customs of the Port of New York, he committed suicide by jumping from a ferry boat in the harbor of that city, having previously taken the precaution to weight himself with bags of shot, thus sacrificing his life for the regret of not having risked it so many years before.

The steamer, however, conveyed away a few of the wounded, and while assisting these aboard, and before being aware of the decision of the council of officers, which he feared might be adverse to an abandonment

of the position, Captain Gillespie observed Frank Clark standing near him. Moved by a kind impulse, he approached him, and said :

“Frank, you have been a good soldier and have done your duty well, but you are young and unfitted for this life. You may proceed aboard of the steamer and go to Ogdensburg, and I will assume the responsibility of it.”

“Thank you, Captain,” replied the youth, in a sad yet singularly melodious voice, “but I do not desire to abandon the expedition.”

Something as before in the voice and manner affected Captain Gillespie, yet what that something was or reminded him of, he could not have guessed, but it prompted him to continue his efforts of persuasion.

“Perhaps not,” he said, “but from some reason I have taken a fancy to you, and will tell you that I consider that our lives are already forfeit to the enemy! Colonel Von Schultz will probably refuse to embark his force upon the steamer and abandon the expedition, in what I fear is but a delusive hope of obtaining succor. We will soon in all probability be captives—you need not share our fate; please me, at least by going.”

“I do not wish to leave you!” was the reply, in a

low, sad tone, and without another word the youth turned away.

“Singular—very!” mused the Captain, but in the multiplicity of matters that engaged his attention, Private Clark was soon forgotten.

With the steamer departed the last hope of escape of the invaders, for in an hour afterwards the river was again patrolled by the flotilla of gun-boats that maintained a constant fire during the night.

The morning dawned and the day wore away, but brought no succor, and upon the following day all hope of receiving it was abandoned. A brief consultation of the officers decided that resistance was no longer practicable, and calling his force together, Von Schultz in few words informed them of the existing condition of affairs, and earnestly appealed to them to charge together upon the line of the enemy and perish together as became soldiers. To this a half implied consent was given by the majority, and the company of Captain Gillespie was designated to lead the advance.

Upon a run and with a faint attempt at a cheer, it advanced toward the crest of the ridge that marked the enemy's line, while Von Schultz endeavored to urge forward the remainder of the force to its support.

The advanced company was met by a storm of bullets that caused its demoralization, and its leader beheld all of his followers save one, break from the ranks and flee for a place of shelter.

“Cowards!” he muttered, hoarse with rage, “so you alone are made of true metal! But you can return with them—I will die alone!”

“Oh Arthur!” cried the other wildly, “do not destroy yourself—come with me!” and rushing to him, his arms were thrown around his Captain as if he would enforce his request.

At that instant, and before Gillespie could reply, there came a volley of bullets from along the entire English line, and they fell side by side, clasped in each other’s arms!

“Arthur! Arthur! do not you know me—your Lillian!”

“Lillian! my God! it is true!” exclaimed the dying officer.

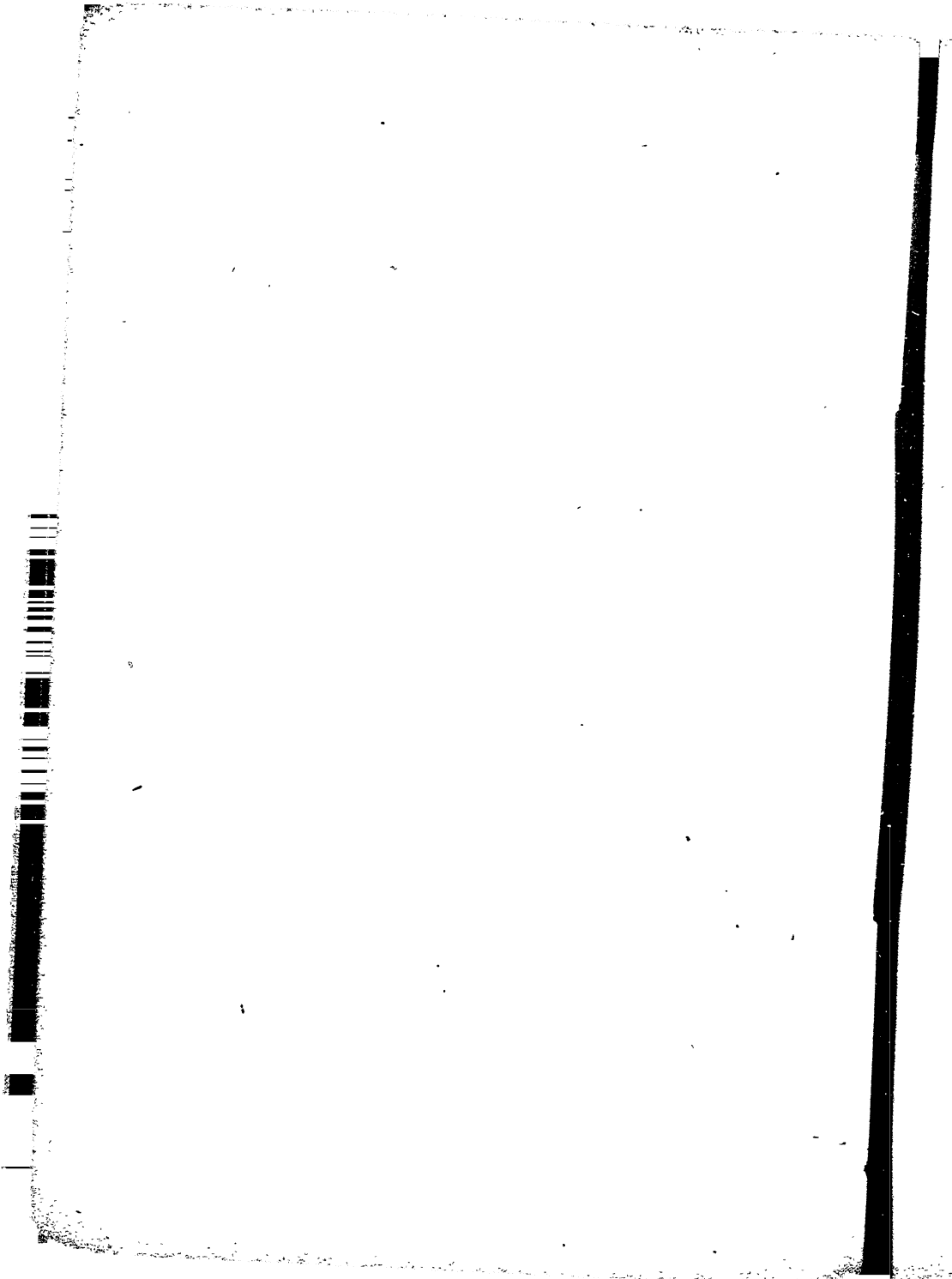
“I could not be parted from you, dearest, and so came with you thus, and am so glad that I did so!”

“Kiss me, darling!” came in faint tones from the other. Her lips were pressed to his once—twice they moved and then grew rigid. Both were dead!

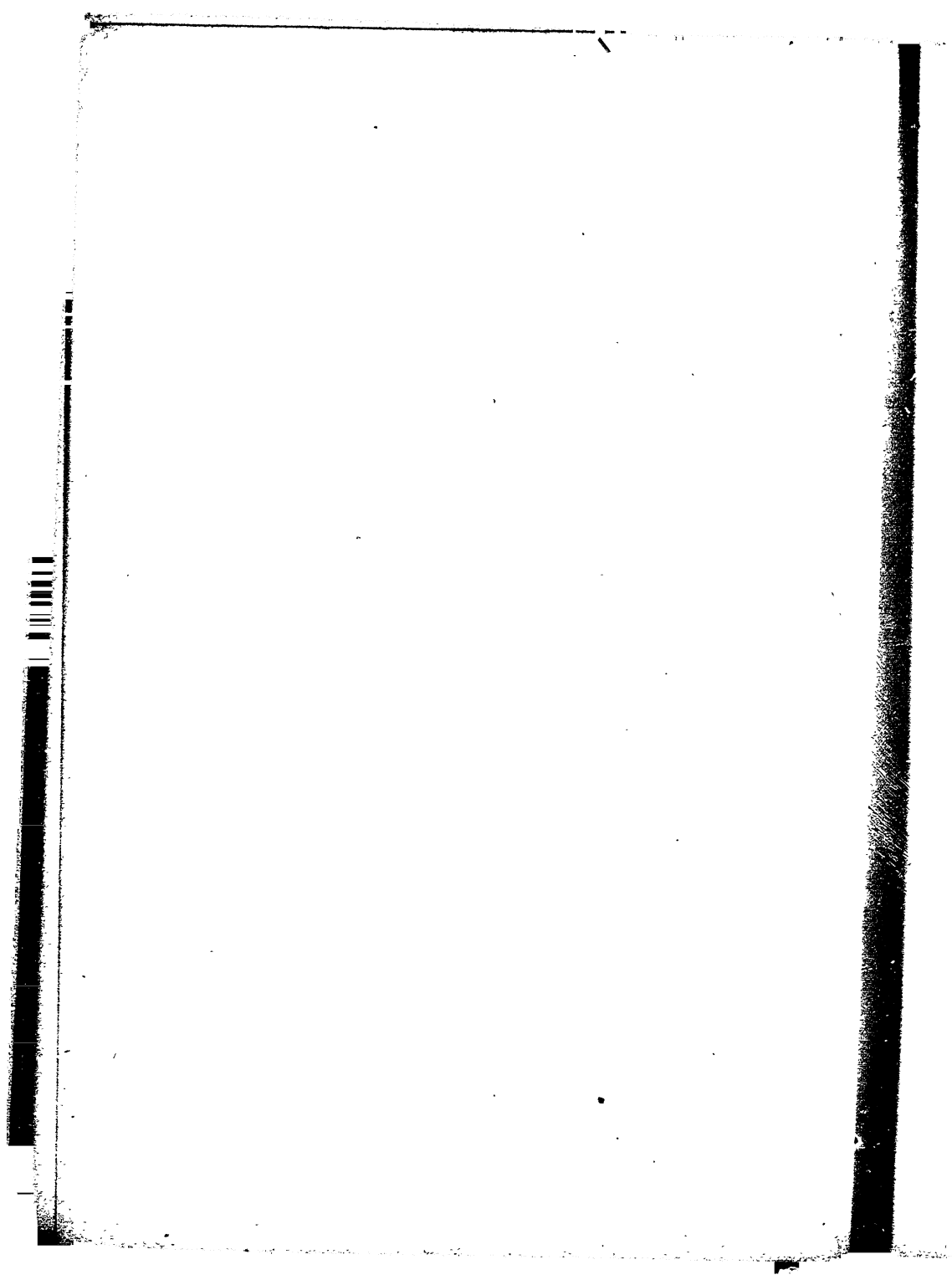
The contest was over. A white flag was displayed

from the Mill and an unconditional surrender made—a surrender that meant death upon the gallows to those holding rank, and transportation for long terms for the others.

An unmarked grave, whose precise locality cannot now be distinguished, but which lies between the Mill and the present wagon road, contains the uncoffined remains of those who fell upon the field. The corpses of the lovers were not parted, nor was the secret of the sex of the heroine of this sad tale discovered by the victors. As peacefully they sleep as if sculptured marble marked their resting place, while the old Mill, yet steadily resisting the encroachments of time, stands near by, and is often visited by those familiar with the historical events related, and always shunned after nightfall by those residents of the vicinity who are of superstitious mind, who aver to having beheld the spirits of Von Schultz and his slain comrades peopling the old tower when storms have raged, and those of the lovers strolling over the turf and along the shore, when the moon has shone brightly and the old ruin cast its shadow upon their grave!



William Johnson.



WILLIAM JOHNSON.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, "The Pirate of the St. Lawrence" as he was dubbed by all excepting his friends and sympathizers, a title, which, by the way, was not at all displeasing to him in his latter years, was one of the prominent actors in the ill conceived and ill fated "Patriot" campaign, if the operations of the self-styled "Liberators of Canada" merit the dignity of being so styled, and quite a remarkable character in his way, possessed of no small amount of courage, resolution and tact. He held a commission from the provisional Patriot Government as "Commander-in-chief of the naval forces and flotilla." It would have puzzled him to have imagined even a mythical navy under his command, while his "flotilla" consisted of the few row-boats and canoes that with his band of adventurous followers he was able to secrete among the islands, and for a considerable time maintain

possession of, despite the efforts of both the English and American Governments to effect his capture.

On the night of the 29th of May, 1838, the English passenger steamer *Sir Robert Peel*, while on a trip up the river, stopped at a wooding station on Wells' Island, near the head of the stream; here it was boarded by Johnson, at the head of something over a score of well armed men, disguised in Indian costume, who at once proceeded to put the passengers and crew, about forty in number, ashore, and then to fire the boat, which was soon burned to the water's edge. This act of hostility towards one government, and the violation of the neutrality of the other, was productive of great excitement—a reward was offered by the Governor of the State of New York for his apprehension, and strenuous efforts were made by the British military authorities to effect his capture.

When closely pursued, Johnson had a secret place of retreat, that for a long time served as a place of concealment, and the knowledge of the locality of which was known but to himself and a few of his most trusted confederates. This was a cavern, upon one of the almost innumerable islands of the archipelago of the river, sufficiently capacious to serve as a place of residence and concealment for a score of men, and

whose entrance it was very difficult, for one not acquainted with the spot, to discover.

Stimulated by the rewards offered, or by a desire to gain the plaudits that the consummation of the act would secure, as well as probable promotion, a young and daring English officer then in Canada, but unattached, undertook the project of effecting the capture of Johnson, and proceeded in a cautious and systematic manner that promised success, if that was possible. Enlisting half a score of trusty men, to but a couple of whom however he entrusted the secret of his mission, he quietly started out upon a cruise among the islands in a yacht, under the guise of sportsmen. This gave them sufficient excuse for going well armed without their hostile character being suspected. For the period of several weeks their mission was nearly fruitless, for although they at times met small bodies of men who avowed themselves to be partisans of Johnson, and others whom they had reason to suspect were in league with him, the notorious leader seemed to evade them like a Will o' the wisp. Every resident along the banks, and every hunter or fisherman encountered, had some report or tale to communicate concerning him, yet these were more variable than the winds; one located him strongly fortified in

one locality—another as cruising with a flotilla in another, while his name was a terror along the Canadian border; no farmer retired to rest at night but in fear that the morning would behold his dwelling and barns in ashes and his place pillaged by "The Pirate," while the residents of the villages stationed sentries and kept out patrols to announce his coming and summon the Yeomanry to the defence. And yet there is no evidence that this once noted personage, this Robin Hood of the New World, had at any one time more than two score of followers obedient to his will. But that was not the age of the Telegraph and Railway; and startled rumor travelled faster than the lumbering mail coaches.

Fortune at length rewarded the perseverance of Captain Boyd, for such was his name, and the secret of the outlaw's retreat was discovered to him, as is believed, by one of Johnson's band, to whom a few gold pieces proved a stronger incentive than the oath of fidelity given to his leader. He also became cognizant of the fact that the disturber of the peace was sojourning at the cave, accompanied but by half a dozen followers; and by watching the opportunity Captain Boyd was enabled to not only surprise him when there was but a single follower with him, but

to effect an entrance to the cavern unopposed, backed by his men, who with presented rifles covered the two inmates.

The insurgent leader could not but manifest some trepidation at first at this very unexpected intrusion, but almost at once recovered his presence of mind, and in a firm voice demanded:

“Who are you? What means this?”

“I am Captain Boyd, of the English Army, and you are my prisoner!” was the prompt reply.

“Well! Captain, I will not dispute you,” returned Johnson, coolly, “but come in, and we will talk the matter over.”

As he spoke he pointed to a seat upon a keg at one side of the cavern, which apartment was of about ten feet in width by something less than forty in length.

The Captain accepted the proffered seat, and at a glance surveyed the strange room. The view that it presented was in keeping with the character and pursuits of those whose home it was—rifles, powder-flasks and bullet pouches adorned the walls—at the further end were couches formed of branches of evergreens covered with blankets—at one side was a rude fireplace, the smoke from which found its way upward through

a crevice in the rocks above, while the place was lighted by day by the aperture of a hollow tree-trunk sunk through the roof so skilfully that upon the outside it appeared to have grown there.

The remainder of the captors remained at the entrance, with rifles held ready to answer any possible demonstration on the part of the two prisoners.

"It is a rule," resumed Johnson, as he took a bottle from a shelf in the rock, "that all persons who visit Fort Wallace shall partake of its hospitalities; we are plain people here and have no use for the luxuries of life, among which we rank glasses, so be kind enough to partake of it from the bottle."

The Captain, astonished at and admiring the coolness of his captive, courteously accepted it and placed it to his lips, but, fearful of some ruse, permitted none of the liquor to pass them.

"*Your friends,*" said Johnson, "will they not partake?"

"No, thanks," returned the captain, smiling involuntarily, "not upon this occasion!"

"Your health, Captain," said the other, receiving back the bottle, and partaking of a liberal quantity of its contents.

"Well, Captain," he continued, after replacing the

bottle carefully in its place, "we have a little business to transact and I suppose that you are impatient,—and that the subject is open for remarks; to commence; what do you wish of me?"

"To accompany me, at once."

"To what place, permit me to inquire?" and as he asked this he seated himself upon the head of a barrel opposite to the Captain.

"To whatever place we may choose to convey you."

"To Kingston, perhaps?"

"Quite likely."

The captive appeared to reflect for a moment—then he walked toward the fireplace and took from one of his pockets a pipe;

"No objections to my smoking, I suppose?" he inquired.

"None at all."

The outlaw calmly proceeded to fill the pipe—then he took from the embers a large coal and placed it upon it, and returning to his seat upon the barrel, proceeded to give a couple of invigorating whiffs.

"Come," spoke the Captain, "I cannot delay longer; you must come at once."

Johnson calmly removed the pipe from his lips and held it in his hand ;

“ I object to accompanying you to Kingston,” he said, “ but if you so determine have no objection to making a quick trip with you to h—l !”

“ This barrel,” he continued with a meaning glance, as he observed the expression of surprise upon the countenance of the other, and removed one of the boards of the lid, “ contains powder, and this,” as he held the pipe over it, “ is a coal ! Shall we make the journey !”

Brave as he was, it is feared that the adventurous Captain, as he quickly comprehended the situation, paled a little, while his followers made a rapid movement toward the entrance of the cavern, and sought safety in flight, save a couple, more valiant than the rest, who remained at the door to keep Johnson and his single follower covered with their pieces.

A pause succeeded—an unpleasant one for all, since a spark from the coal, or the coal itself, was momentarily liable to fall into the barrel of powder and usher them into eternity, without further warning.

Johnson was the first to speak—“ You should have known, Captain,” he said, “ that William Johnson could never be taken alive ; now we can treat on equal terms ; a life for a life, if you so decide !





"Keep your seat," thundered Johnson, handling the pipe menacingly.

"I confess myself beaten," commenced the Captain, rising as he spoke.

"Keep your seat!" thundered Johnson handling the pipe menacingly.

The Captain resumed his place upon the keg.

"Now I will listen to you," said the outlaw.

"I was about to say that I was willing to confess myself beaten, and propose that we call this a draw—we depart, and you remain in peace."

"That is satisfactory," rejoined the other, "but hold a moment—here, Sam," addressing his follower, who stood a few yards off, "hand me a coal from the fire."

The man silently obeyed; Johnson received it while the others watched him apprehensively, and placed it upon the head of the barrel, a few inches from the powder, where it gleamed with vindictive brightness. "The pipe is in danger of going out," he said, in explanation, "and I wish to keep another in readiness. Now, to continue, my terms are that you not only depart in peace, but that you give me your word of honor that you will not again attempt to molest me in any manner unless you should be called upon to do so in self-defence—that you will not disclose the secret of this retreat to any one, and that you will

require the same pledge from each and all of your men."

"I agree to them," said the Captain promptly;

"And give me your oath upon it?" said Johnson;

"I do, upon the honor of an officer of the English Army;—and now I suppose that we may depart?"

"Wont you try a little more out of the bottle, first," inquired Johnson, with mock gravity and provoking coolness.

"No—thanks!" returned the Captain, rising and leaving the cavern as soon as possible consistent with official dignity, preceded by the two men that had remained at the entrance. The remainder of the party were found a short distance away, and re-entering their boat, they took speedy departure.

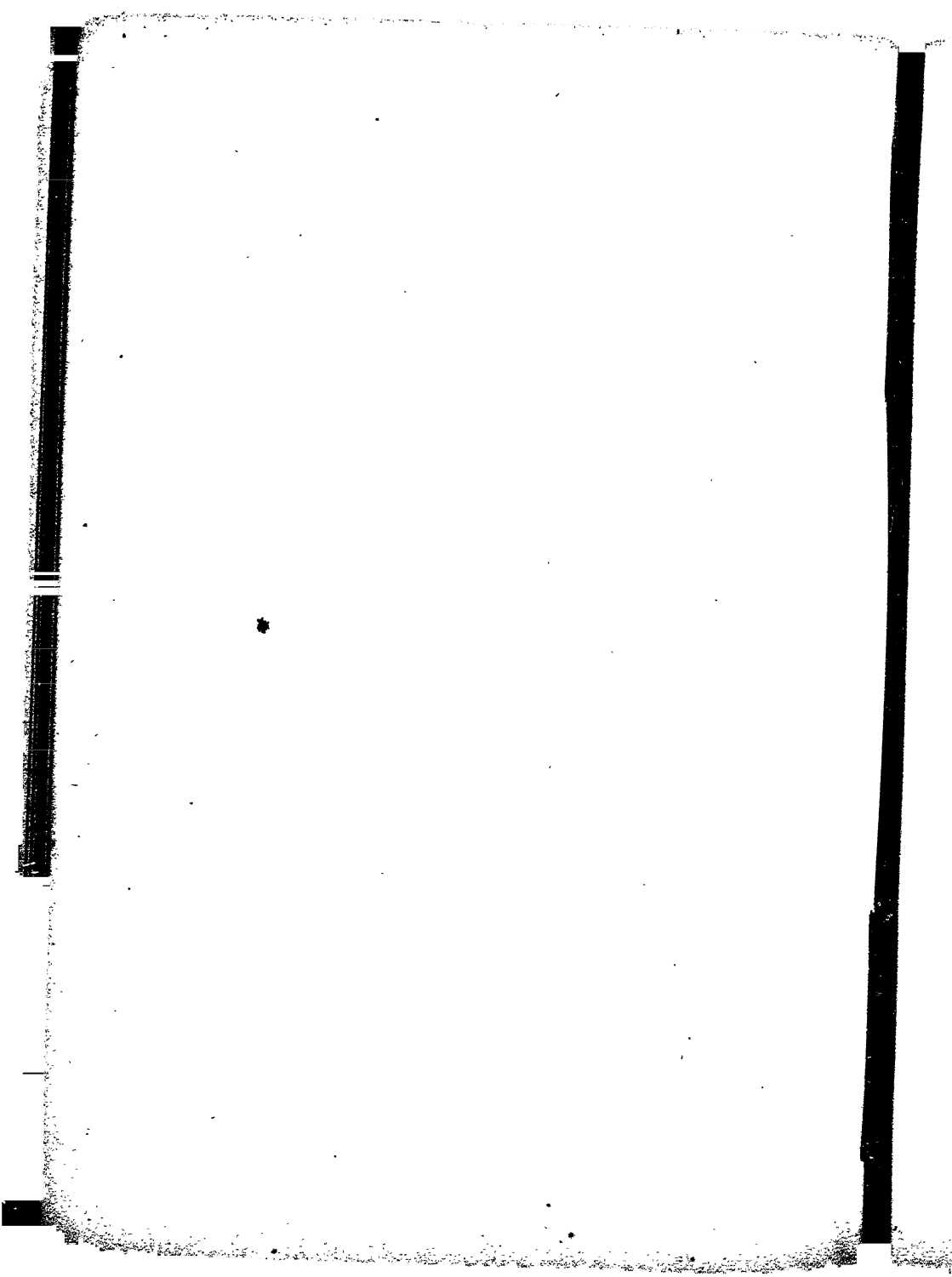
They were quickly followed from the cave by Johnson and his follower, rifles in hand, who, somewhat distrustful in regard to the good faith of their late captors, hurried to a spot on the island from where such of their companions as were in the vicinity could be summoned by signal to hasten at once to the rendezvous.

The signal had hardly been displayed and the boat of Captain Boyd had not disappeared behind the nearest island, when there was heard a loud explosion,

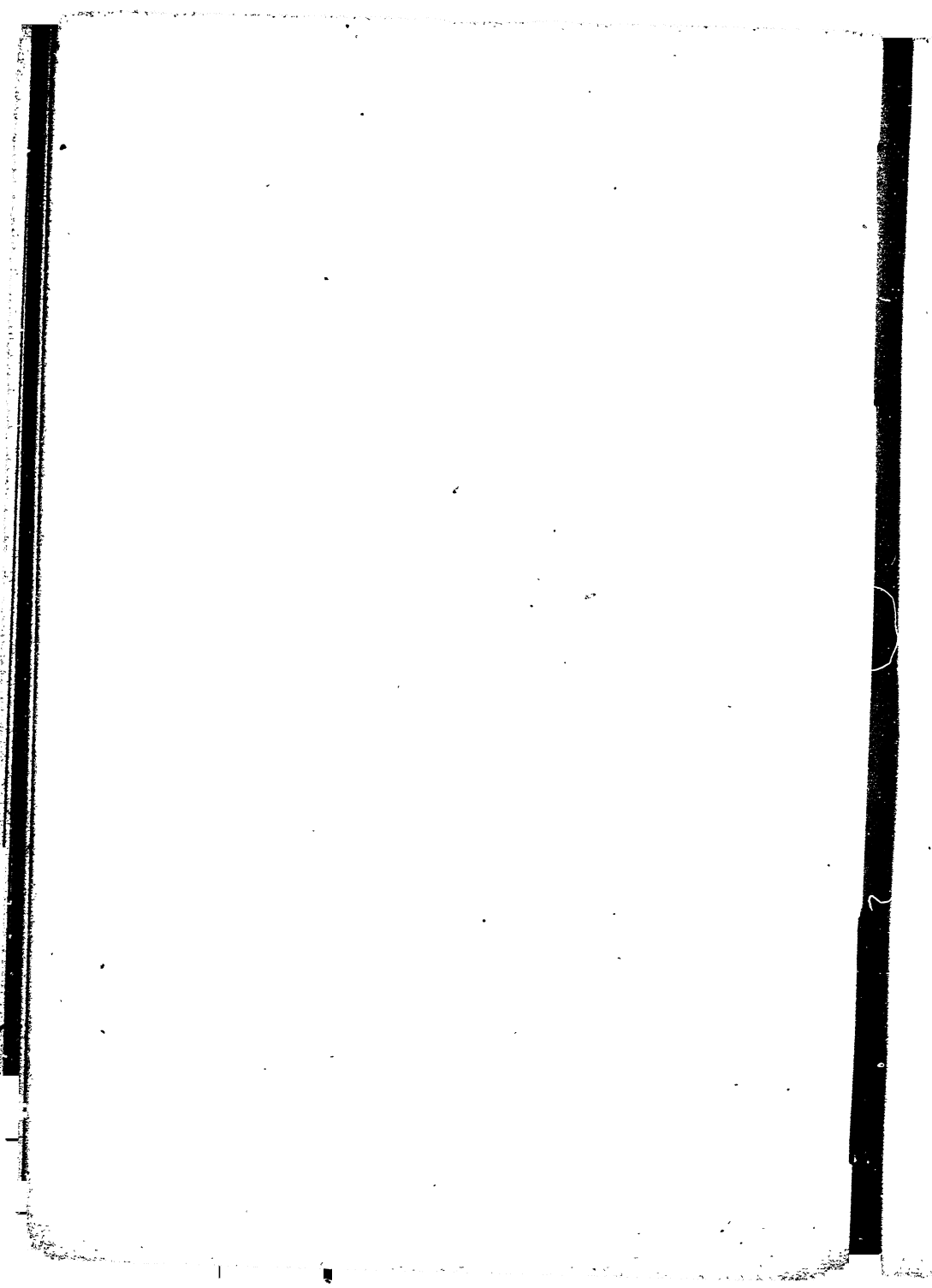
and from the spot occupied by the cavern, huge rocks, earth and trees were shot into the air. The truth was soon apparent to all—the barrel of powder had been fired, the cavern had been blown up!

“Wretched fool that I was,” exclaimed Johnson; “I left the coal upon the head of the barrel!”

Johnson survived this epoch in the border history of the two countries, and died but a few years ago, at a ripe age. After the cessation of the insurrectionary movements, he devoted his years to agricultural pursuits, tilling an island near the head of the river, which bears his name. Of the notoriety that he had gained he was somewhat vain—it was his greatest pleasure to recount to attentive listeners tales of his exploits, adventures and escapes; and above all, as has been stated, he was rather pleased than otherwise by the appellation of “*The Pirate of the St. Lawrence.*”



Saved by an Earthquake.



SAVED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

On the evening of the seventeenth day of December, 1867, a cheerful camp-fire blazed upon a bank of the lower St. Lawrence, its cheerful rays visible across the expanse of water, while its flames diffused genial



warmth and mellowed the chill air in its immediate vicinity. Before it, two persons, young men whose garb and demeanor proclaimed them to be amateur sportsmen, half reclined or busied themselves in pre-

paring their evening repast. The river was still, not a ripple from the shore being heard, and a dead calm prevailed. The stars took up positions, one by one on the parade ground of the heavens and gazed stolidly upon their companion planet upon which was the scene that I have depicted. A short distance from the fire and sufficiently near to be within the influence of its heat, was pitched a shelter-tent, supported in front by poles cut near by, the back of it being fastened to the ground, leaving the front and sides open. Guns, fishing-tackle and the other articles of their outfit were scattered around in what might aptly be termed well ordered confusion, while at the river's side lay a small but finely modelled and equipped sailing yacht. The individuals were citizens of the great Republic, drawn to the locality in which we find them in pursuit of game, which at that season abounds in that vicinity.

The meal was cooked and eaten almost in silence. The fire was then replenished, a sufficient quantity of wood collected to keep it burning during the night, and pipes being lighted, white clouds of incense to the somnolent god were soon floating upward from them.

Both smoked for awhile in silence.

At length one of them broke the spell by saying,

"What the deuce is the matter with you anyway, Tom—you have hardly deigned to favor me with a remark for the past two hours, while your thoughts seem to be anywhere rather than upon the banks of the lower St. Lawrence!"

A short, nervous laugh, suspended midway, was the first reply of the one addressed—then after a few quick puffs of his pipe, he said :

"The fact is, old fellow, that I hardly know what to tell you—I suppose that my manner has appeared somewhat singular to you."

The first speaker continued to smoke on in silence, awaiting the explanation which he felt certain of receiving.

"But I confess," resumed the other after a lengthy pause, "that I have felt for several hours as I have but twice before in my life, and the feeling has grown constantly stronger. It is the same feeling of vague apprehension, yet sufficiently strong to constitute a real fear, that I experienced shortly before that capsizing that we had at the head of the Beauharnois rapids, when we bade farewell to things earthly for awhile and would have perished but for the gallant act of the residents of the villa of "Sunny Side,"—and once again, years before, when the accident occurred that

deprived us of the life of my darling sister"—and the voice of the speaker trembled with emotion and he relapsed into silence.

"A presentiment of some ill to come, I suppose?" suggested the other, after another protracted silence.

"Yes," was the reply, "that very nearly expresses it. It is a feeling that I of course cannot account, nor assign any reason, for. And then there appears to me to be something very peculiar about the whole of visible nature to-night. How still the air is! One would not imagine that there had ever been a breath of it in motion. Even the river seems motionless, as if standing in awe awaiting some terrible commotion of nature!"

"All imagination, old boy! I can discover nothing startling in the appearance of either the earth below or the heavens above, unless it is the promise of a lively storm to succeed this interval of rest of the elements. We have weathered too many of those to be alarmed at one in advance of its arrival. So if you can base your fears upon nothing more tangible, I shall refuse to take any interest in them."

"I can hardly suppose that you will," returned the other, "and I should very much like to dismiss the thought from my own mind; as I stated, I can

give no reason for it. It is a something beyond human comprehension, and I dare say is as absurd as you deem it to be, but when I contemplate the past, I am unable to put it aside. Visible danger would trouble me little in comparison with that of the vague and indefinite. But without any reference to this, have you noticed nothing suspicious occurring during the past two days that seems to demand precaution upon our part?"

"Nothing whatever, unless it be the raid which your inordinate appetite has made upon the stores! Is the prospect of speedy starvation the cause of your apprehensions?" and he indulged in a loud laugh at his own witticism.

"Do you not remember," continued the other, unmoved, "the two villainous looking half-breeds that encamped near us last night?"

"Perfectly," was the reply, "but I cannot recall anything very unusual in either their appearance or behavior."

"You remember also that we were aroused in the night by the barking of our dog and were satisfied that we observed the forms of two men retreating from us?"

"Yes—some poor scoundrels who were doubtless more alarmed than we were."

“And you recollect also that this morning our dog disappeared—could not be found?”

“And may the villainous wretch who stole him from us perish by hydrophobia, without the benefit of clergy!”

“One thing more—you do not know, perhaps, that I discovered the two half-breeds steering after us, to-day, and I will wager that they are now not half a mile away from us.”

“Which all goes to prove, I suppose,” said the listener, removing his pipe from his lips and speaking very deliberately, “that they meditate foul-play toward ourselves. If you wish my opinion, it is that you have given the two individuals in question credit for more shrewdness and courage than the whole of their mongrel race possesses! If we are to be frightened at apprehended violence from a couple of fishermen, we should never have ventured into this part of the world!”

“I only mentioned what appeared to me to be a chain of suspicious circumstances,” replied Tom, half apologetically, “and should cause us to use all due precaution for our safety.”

“I do not wish to be thought unreasonable,” returned his companion, “but one thing you may con-

sider certain, and that is that I shall not lose an hour's sleep on account of all of the half-breeds in Canada!"

There was silence for awhile, and then the subject of conversation was changed. After the lapse of an hour, both retired to rest beneath their canvas covering. Fatigued by the exertions of the day, the incredulous sportsman was soon in deep slumber, but his companion could not rest. The terrible presentiment of coming danger grew constantly stronger, until he could endure inaction no longer. Rising without disturbing his companion, he proceeded to the river side and nervously paced to and fro. The night was clear, chilly and moonless. The strange stillness pervading nature seemed to him not only wonderful but almost unaccountable. The air was so still that his footsteps upon the sandy beach awoke echoes, and not even the voice or fluttering of wing of a night-bird was to be heard.

For several hours he thus maintained solitary vigil, but at length becoming fatigued, he returned to the tent and again lay down by the side of his comrade, fully determined however, not to close his eyes in sleep. This determination he was not long able to fulfil. Exhausted nature asserted its claims and he slept as did his friend.

A half hour passed, and then there emerged from the sable cloud of darkness that seemed to hang like a curtain behind the yet brightly burning camp-fire, two forms—those of men creeping stealthily forward, and the flames lighted up two countenances that glared like those of famished wolves!

Nearer and nearer they approached, pausing frequently to reassure themselves that their intended victims were unconscious of their presence. When within a few yards of the sleepers, they separated, approaching them one upon each side, until they almost bent over them.

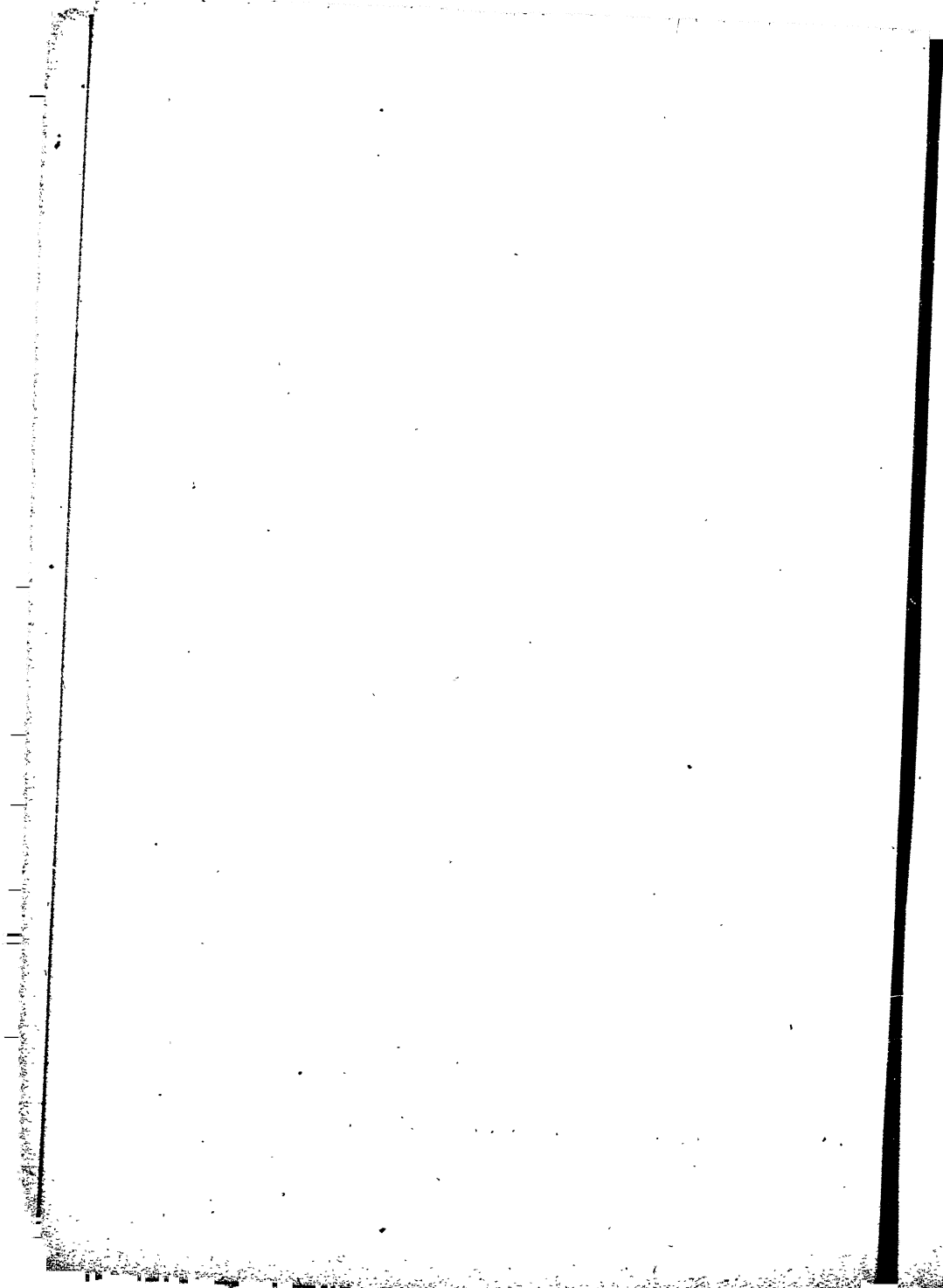
Then from their sheaths were drawn two long knives, whose blades brightly reflected the rays of the fire.

The weapons were firmly clasped and upraised above the sleepers, and the assassins paused only to assure themselves that their aim should be the heart!

But at that moment nature seemed to speak in remonstrance and anger against the commission of the dastardly crime! From all sides—from the tranquil stream and from the shore was heard the sound as of a mighty tempest, such as the Ruler of the universe might invoke to be the messenger of His wrath! A moment later and the earth trembled as if crumbling

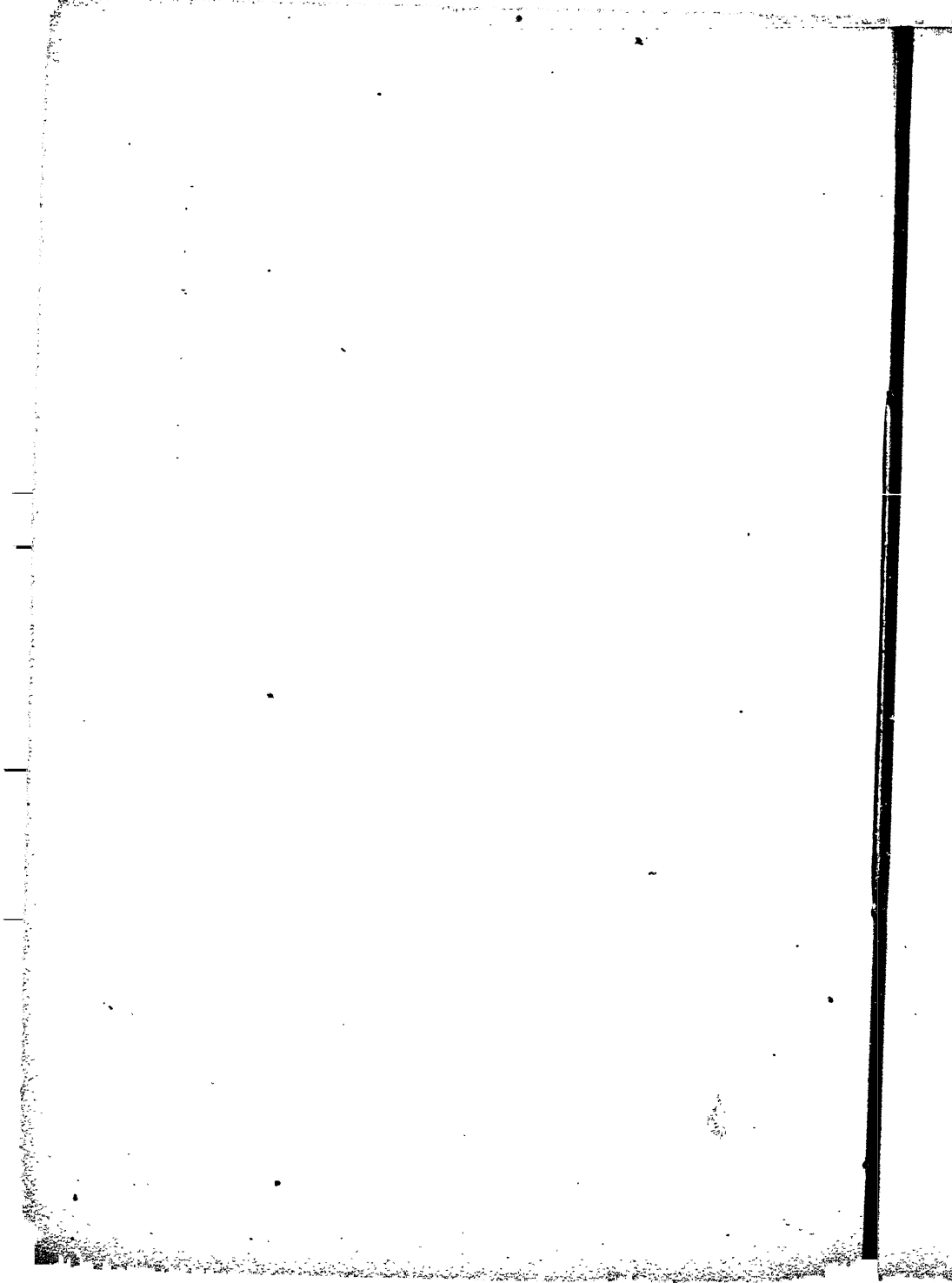


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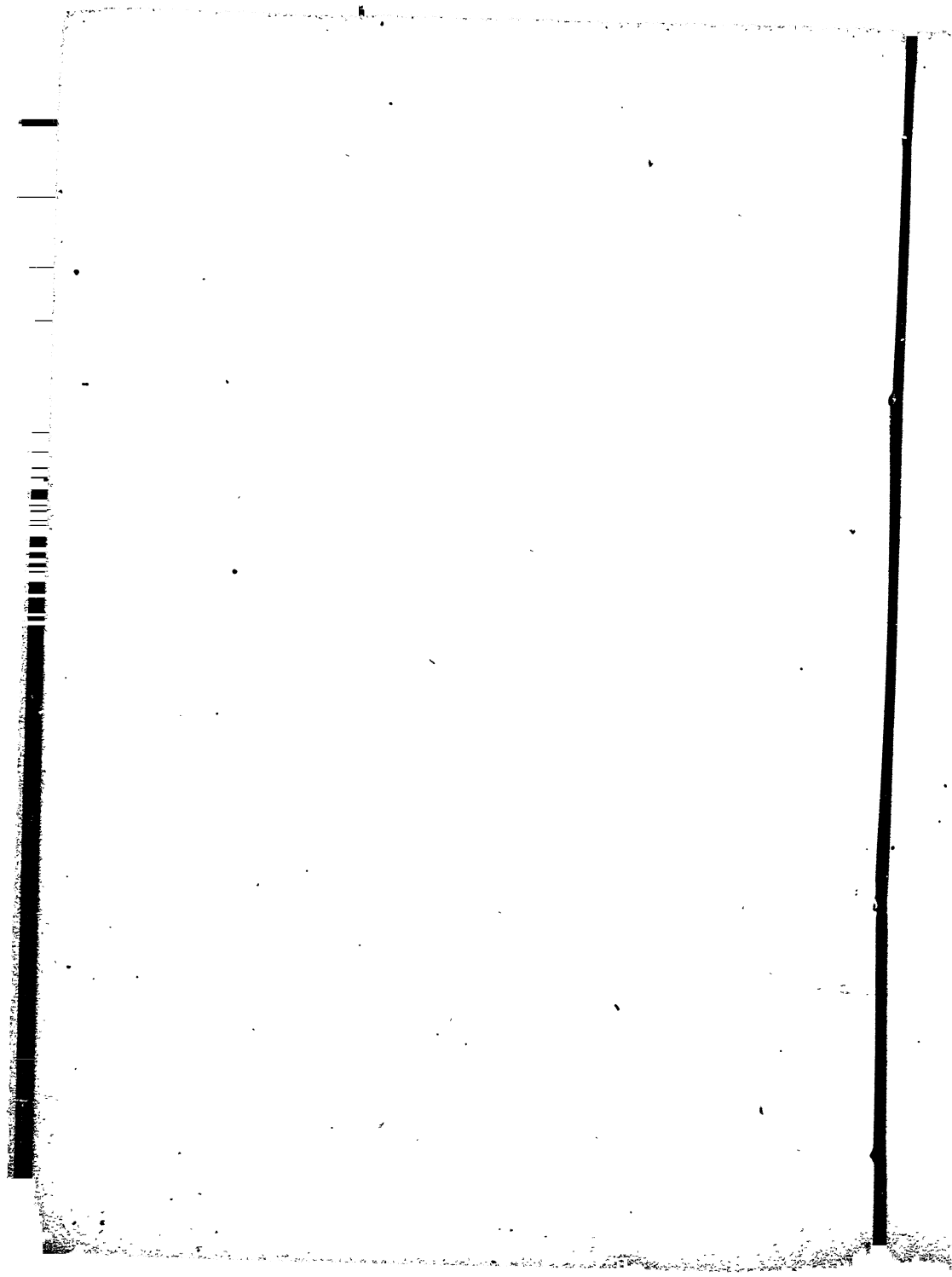


into fragments, while a dull roar, as if the combined thunders of the world spoke with united voice, in tones that could almost be seen—be felt, seemed to pass beneath them!

Hastily springing to their feet, the aroused sleepers at once realized that they had been awakened by the most severe shock of earthquake experienced along the St. Lawrence valley in modern times, and did not at first notice the abject and cringing half-breeds that lay prostrate upon the ground, almost insensible from the terror occasioned by their superstitious fears!



The Fatal Wager.



THE FATAL WAGER.

"*In love!*" exclaimed Frank Morris, with an incredulous laugh and tone of pretended amazement, "madly and desperately in love! Pray what act am I guilty of and what eccentricity have you observed, that you should imagine that my senses are about to forsake me?"

We were in the parlor. The rays of the declining summer sun shone into the apartment, mantling the walls with a hue of gold. I sat near one of the windows viewing the beauty of the landscape. He reclined upon a sofa. A sportive remark of mine had called forth this reply.

"And yet," I continued, "you would hardly be a singular case, should you become as desperate as you have fancied!"

"Marriage is very well," he replied, with the air of a person confident of the accuracy of his opinion, when youth has passed and the tranquillity of a home becomes the paramount pleasure of life, but until

then, do not imagine that I shall entertain the idea of it for a moment."

"Do not be so confident of your strength," I rejoined, "for you may yet encounter the bright eyes and fair features of one who will cause you to become a worshipper at the shrine of the rosy god!"

"Never!"

"Why so certain?"

"Not because I do not find the society of the fair ones very pleasant, but I am resolved never to sacrifice my freedom for a sweet smile or a designing glance."

"My ring against your watch guard," I said, "that you yield to some fair conqueror ere a year passes!"

"Done!"

"Your hand upon the compact!"

"Your ring," he said, holding up his left hand as if already beholding it in imagination, "will grace that finger. I always admired that diamond! Should there be danger of my yielding, you will have an opportunity of knowing how much more powerfully its rays will affect me than those of the brightest eyes that surround me!"

"That we shall learn!"

"Yes, that no woman, a Hebe although she may be,

is sufficiently beautiful or designing to achieve a conquest of myself, barren although the victory might be!"

He soon left the room.

For a moment all was silent. Then I was aroused from my reverie by the rustle of silk and the sound of a light footstep near me. Looking up I beheld Minnie Sherman, an intimate acquaintance of both Frank Morris and myself, and a reigning belle in our circle. A charming brunette was she of about twenty summers, whose claims to regal beauty none could dispute. Although usually vivacious in manner, I read an indefinable emotion in her entire manner that checked the light words of salutation in which I was about to address her.

I could not avoid regarding her intently and in silence. Her long curls seemed darker than ever in contrast with her pale brow, while her eyes beamed with a fierce light that I had never before beheld in them.

Seated outside of the open window, she had unwillingly been a listener to the conversation between Frank Morris and myself.

"Frank considers himself unimpressible," I at length remarked, with an attempt at a laugh, anxi-

ous to break the awkward silence, for which I could divine no reason.

“It was not my intention to listen,” she replied with some embarrassment and a scornful smile; if it may so be termed—and then in a moment, with an entire change of manner, she exclaimed, excitedly :

“You are a true friend of mine?”

“And hope to be always considered so.”

“Will you answer me a question—as if you were doing it upon your oath truly?”

“I will!”

“Then—do you think that I am beautiful?”

“Beautiful?” for I could hardly believe that I had understood aright.

“Yes; without flattery—as you value your word, tell me truly!”

I gazed upon her regularly formed features, upon the light glowing upon her cheeks, and into the depths of her glowing eyes, and with an impulse of earnest enthusiasm that carried conviction with it, exclaimed :

“You are—as it is possible for one to have ever been!”

“Could I—do you imagine it possible”—she paused—seemed confused, and hastily turning from me, hastened from the room!

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A couple of months had elapsed. On a magnificent river steamer, our festive party glided gaily down the noble St. Lawrence, its prow parting the unrippled surface upon which the moonbeams fell in a shower of light. The trees and rocks were dimly visible upon the somewhat distant banks, forming a frame work for the apparent picture of enchantment.

Frank Morris and Minnie Sherman were members of the party. Encountering the latter alone, my thoughts reverted to our wager, and I glanced at my ring. He seemed to divine my meaning—our eyes met. He smiled.

“Are you yet confident?” I asked.

“To be perfectly candid,” he replied, “I am not wholly so.”

“Already yielding?”

“Time will decide—I never could have been won by design; I may be by disinterestedness!” What charm, I marvelled, as he turned away, could have been exerting its spell?

An hour later, finding a life boat suspended near the stern of the steamer, I had climbed into it and reclined at ease, invisible to those that passed below. No sound broke the stillness save the faint but incessant hum of the plashing wheels.

and music from the cabin that floated off upon the air.

I was at length aroused from my pleasant reverie by the sound of voices near me. Looking over upon the deck, I beheld Frank Morris and Minnie Sherman. Her curls were unfettered by any covering and her manner seemed quite animated. His left arm partially encircled her slender waist, while his right hand held one of hers, when it was not toying with her curls. The deck was deserted save by them.

"Their conversation will not be so important," I thought, "that it should annoy them more to have me discover my presence to them than to overhear it."

"Is it not a glorious night?" asked she:

"Yes, but not more so to me than it would be were the moon and all of the stars to disappear in utter darkness, and the fury of the tempest rage around us, would you still but grant me a smile and permit me to retain this little hand within mine!" and he bent tenderly over it.

Her eyes were downcast—then her head touched his shoulder, but only for a moment.

"I shall really be angry with you, Frank," she said, "if—"

"I hope that I have not offended by being too truthful?"

"If you—because I have not controlled my feelings as well as I should, you would ridicule them!

"Ridicule? Minnie, dear Minnie, what can you mean?"

"Because I have foolishly treasured thoughts of you, why should you make avowals that are too wildly absurd to be true especially of me, for whom you would never entertain more than ordinary regard."

"Minnie, why speak thus? you render me happy and miserable at the same moment! Will you not believe me sincere?"

"I cannot think but that you will soon forget me."

"Forget you! By all that is true, I swear that I love you, fondly and passionately! Tell me again that I may hope to be loved in return."

She stood irresolute—then her head sank upon his breast.

He drew her toward him.

"Let this pledge it!" and he would have imprinted a kiss upon her lips, but she averted her head.

"A question first," she said.

"And then?"

"Perhaps!"

"Ask it, dearest!"

"You will be candid?"

"As the truth itself!"

"Frank!" and she turned more directly toward him and met his earnest gaze with a look of surprised inquiry.

"Well?"

"Are you really in love?"

"Minnie?"

"And with a woman?" she continued in a mock serious tone!

"Minnie, what *can* you mean?"

"Did you mean an offer of *marriage*, Frank?"

"What else could I mean?"

"Then I am indeed surprised!"

"Surprised Minnie?"

"Yes—that the joyousness of your youth has already begun to fade—did you notice that island, Frank, that we first passed? What a tranquil spot—and that little cottage?—Oh, excuse me, but I came near forgetting what we were conversing about!—that the joyousness of your youth should so soon fade and you should be so soon seeking the solitude of a home!" and her light laugh rang out merrily and provokingly.

He appeared greatly discomfited but rallying somewhat, asked:

“Why treat my love so lightly?”

“Lightly? oh no—for if it would not prove me conceited to indulge the thought, I should really consider that you were quite susceptible!”

“It is contrary to the laws of love’s warfare to treat captives so cruelly!” he said, with an attempt at gaiety.

“But, Frank, I always thought that you claimed to be a man!”

“Well?”

“And that although you might often chance to find the society of the designing members of our sex passably pleasant, that you would never sacrifice your manliness and freedom to a sweet smile or a designing look: was it not so?” and she gazed into his face; “and then, I always admired that watch-guard of yours and should be very sorry to have you part with it.” she continued.

“My foolish speech and thoughtless wager! so my kind friend has reported it to you!”

“You are quite too hasty. I had the edification of listening to those gallant words as they fell from your lips.”

“Then pardon and forgive. Behold me vanquished at your feet,” and he knelt and pressed her hand to his lips.

She was for a while silent—she seemed about to yield.

“Frank!” she said softly.

“My Minnie!”

“Do you indeed love me as you say?”

“Oh Minnie, what proof more can I give you of it?”

“You will not admire the next fair face that you meet, more than mine?”

“Through life and eternity,” he said fervently, “you are the only one who will possess any charm for me!”

“Truly, forever?”

“Forever and ever!”

“Bravo! Frank!” she exclaimed, “you do the dramatic splendidly! If you will only release my hand, I will applaud. You should go upon the stage without delay!”

“Minnie,” said he, rising as though a fearful conviction was forcing itself upon him, that he sought to strive against, “are you indeed as unfeeling as you would seem? Speak! Have you been deceiving me?”

“Now Frank,” she replied in an assumed tone of chiding, “if you speak so loudly you will alarm the persons in the saloon and will have them all out here to listen to you!”

“Minnie, if you have a heart, do not trifle with me thus unfeelingly! If you love me, do not torture me further. If not—”

“Love you!” and she again laughed gaily; “well,” and she pretended to look critically upon him, “you would appear very loveable if you did not wear such a woe-begone look! It is strange indeed that you should insist upon acknowledging the charms and influence of one of our sex!”

He made no reply.

“And to think,” she continued gleefully, “that the cold and unimpressible Frank Morris should actually be raging as desperately as the most foolish youth! I am surprised! And to me! Don’t tell of it, Frank, or all of my acquaintances will die of envy!”

He still seemed irresolute.

“And to think,” she continued, “that I should have succeeded in overcoming your invulnerability!”

“Succeeded!” he exclaimed fiercely, “have you then striven for this? Is this the meaning of your smiles? Is it for this that you have spoken words of encouragement and indicated by your manner more that you have dared to speak? Instead of an angel, have you been a fiend, enticing me on to ruin?”

“How unreasonable!” she replied, in a petulant

tone, "you are really becoming tedious! To think that you should rave about so trivial a matter as the loss of a wager!"

"Would that I could curse you!"

"Frank!" and her voice was now sweet and reproachful, "you do not mean it?"

"Will you unsay the words that you have spoken?"

"Could you forgive me?"

"Yes, all!" he exclaimed, newly animated, "only bid me hope!"

"After all that has passed," she asked timidly, "could you still love me as devotedly as ever?"

"May I give you proof of it?"

"And could you forget all of the cruel words that I have said, and how I have treated you?"

"Do not allude to it."

"Frank?"

"Dearest!"

"Look into my eyes!"

"To read your thoughts?"

"No, not precisely that."

"What then?"

"Have you examined them critically?"

"Have I not done so a thousand times?"

"Then tell me, pray, what there is about them that

has influenced you so much more powerfully than the rays of that diamond! Ha! Ha!"

He staggered back, clutching at the rail for support.

While this scene was being enacted, our surroundings had somewhat changed. The boat was no longer in tranquil water, but had entered the eddys of a rapid. Onward it rode, now sinking almost to the bottom as the waves receded and rose like silvery walls around us, and then daringly mounting their crests.

The grim pilot at the wheel bent every energy to his task. Above us, two stalwart men at the tiller answered to his commands.

From the saloon still came the sound of music and happy voices. The moon still smiled as if none but joyous ones were beneath it. By its rays I saw the face of Minnie Sherman. It was as placid as if she had not broken a heart!

There was an interval of silence. Frank Morris alternately gazed upon her—the heavens and the surging stream. In her face and in the heavens he read indifference—in the waters, forgetfulness!

He bent over the rail as if to resolve upon a purpose. Then he stood erect and approached her.

He folded her in his arms—she seemed unable to resist

"But one," he said faintly, as he pressed his lips to hers.

"Good by, Minnie! Think kindly of me!"

He released her—placed his hand upon the rail—a quick spring and he was overboard!

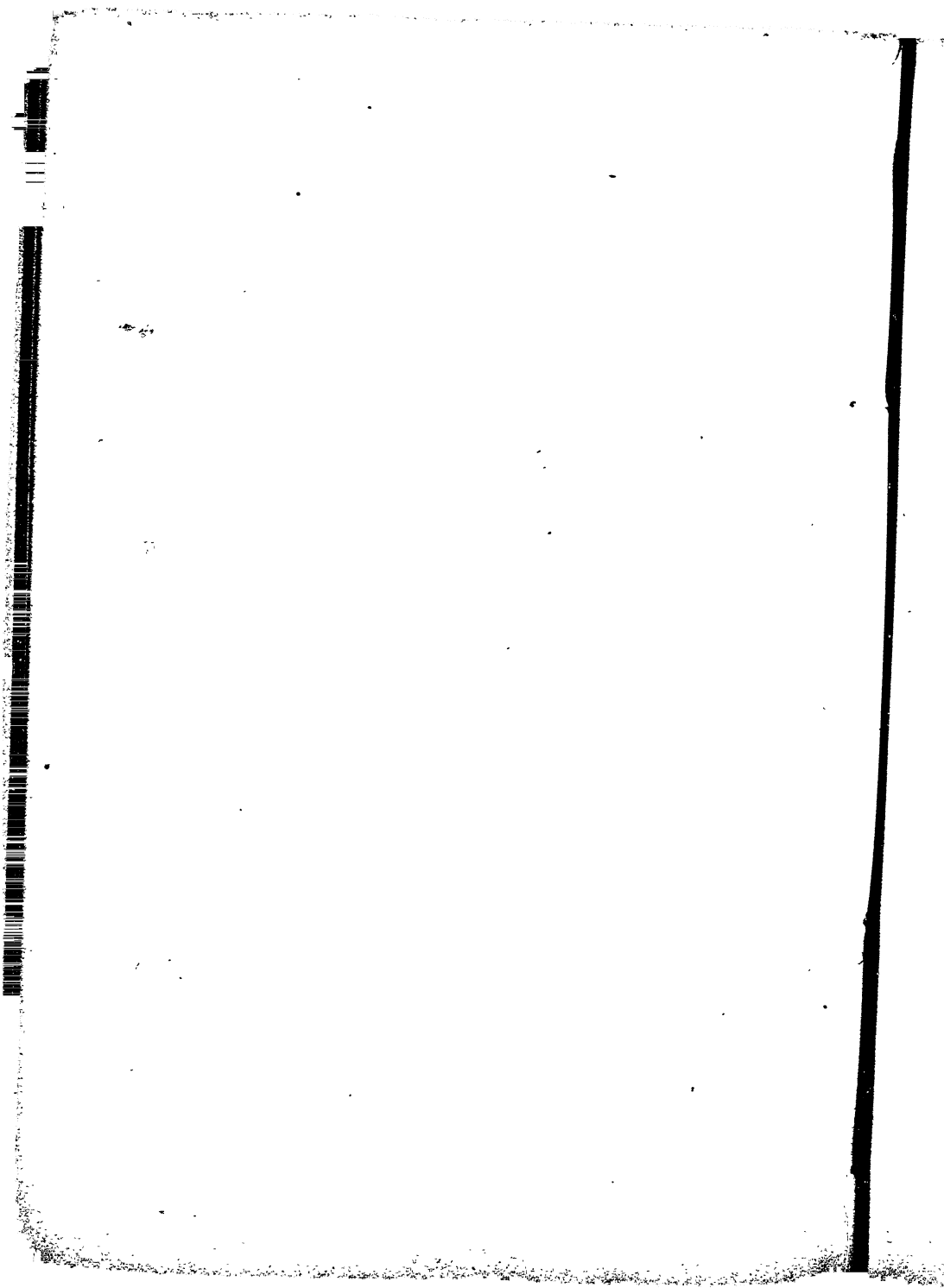
For an instant his form seemed suspended in the air. Then the angry waters seemed to rise and grasp it, while their infernal shout of exultation arose as it vanished from sight!

The rest seemed not so clear to me. I knew that I heard her agonizing shriek and that I sprang to the deck in time to catch her fainting form. There was a cry, fearful always, of "a man overboard," and a hurried tread of feet.

* * * * *

There is a fearful secret known only to Minnie Sherman and myself. It is the memory of that night. She smiles, but not as of old, and oft-times when the moon shines brightly and gentle words are spoken, I observe her grow suddenly as pale as she was when unconscious in my arms, or when she hears the sound of the rushing stream, I observe her shudder and press her hands to her eyes as if to shut out a horrid vision.

The Captives of Crane's Island.



THE CAPTIVE OF CRANE'S ISLAND.

In the lower St. Lawrence, about thirty-six miles from the city of Quebec, is a group of islands, the largest and most important of which is named Crane's Island. It is a wild appearing, and at the most unfavorable seasons of the year, a rather desolate spot; yet much of the surrounding scenery together with the waters of the noble river that here widens to a majestic range, relieve this and add a tint of romantic picturesqueness to the locality.

The islands at high tide lie low in the water, but on Crane's Island is an elevated plot of ground upon which stands a commodious and substantially constructed residence, the occupant of which may often imagine himself a veritable Crusoe from his surroundings, and especially when the myriads of wild fowl that have their haunts near, exhibit "the shocking tameness" of alighting in flocks by his door way.

The island was the scene of a drama in real life that, was it not tolerably well authenticated, would not be entitled to belief, but which found its fitting scene in

this wild, and, at the time of its occurrence, almost unfrequented spot.

Sometime not far from the year 1750, a French officer by the name of D'Granville, young, distinguished and of good family, obtained a grant of the Seignury of the group of islands of which this is one, and sailed for the new world accompanied by his youthful and beautiful bride. Canada at that time attracted many of the adventurously disposed of the old world, but none that landed upon its shores with higher anticipations of happy years of future enjoyment than did D'Granville and his bride. Few high-born ladies would at that day have consented to depart forever from the land of gayety and pleasure for a home in the almost wilderness, but entertaining an affection for her husband that amounted almost to idolatry, she warmly seconded his project, looking forward to a life in the new world with delight, the one thought that she should thus render herself dearer to him, while banishing a fear of a possible coming rival for his love, overpowering all others.

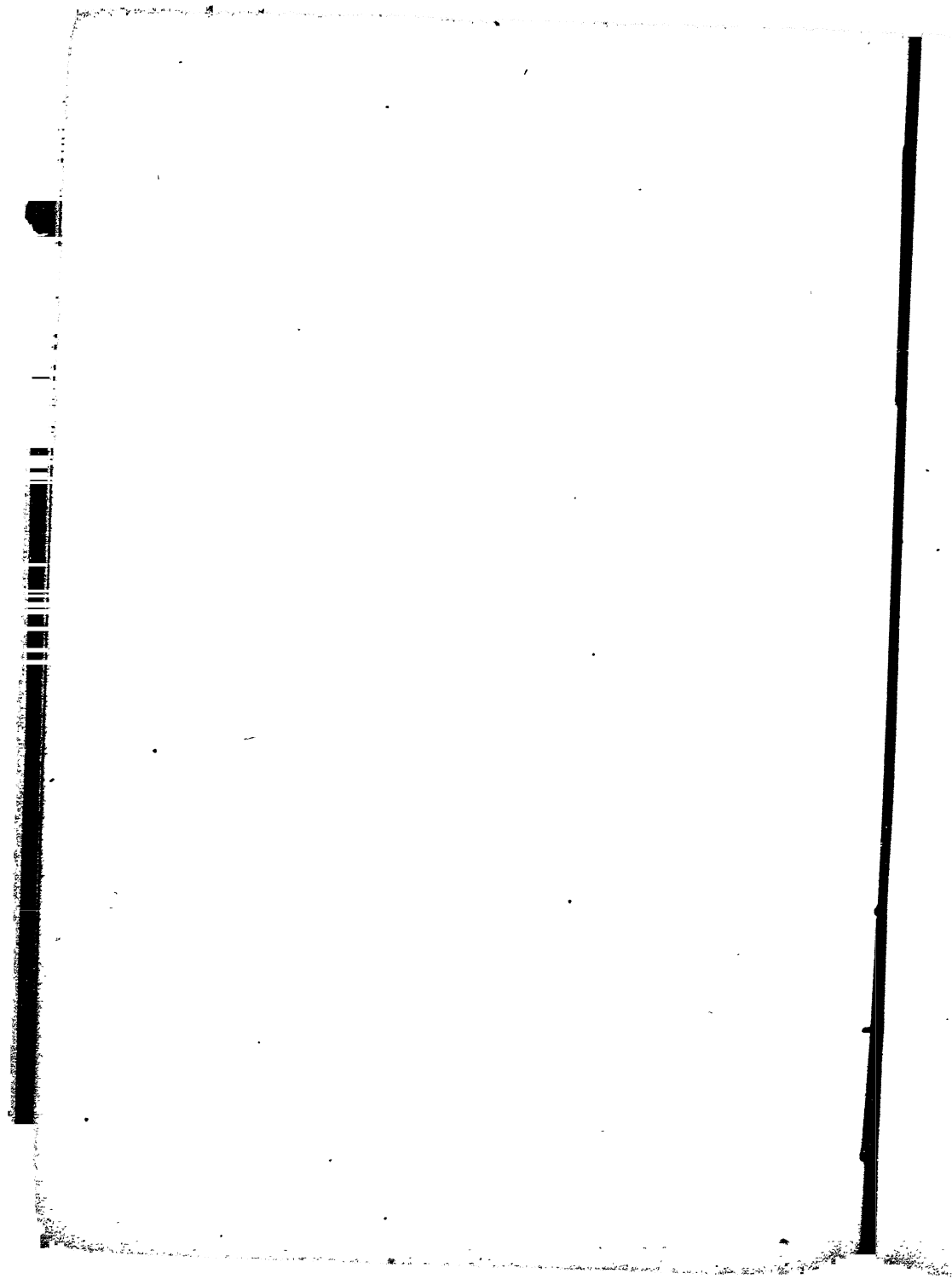
Accompanied by a small number of servants and retainers, they landed. A massive stone dwelling was erected upon the site of the one at present standing, and their life of dull monotony commenced. For

a time all passed pleasantly and the beautiful bride was happy in the enjoyment of the society and love of her husband, while in directing the cultivation of portions of his domain and in the enjoyment of the chase, he passed his days. The Indians of the adjacent tribes were friendly, and no danger threatened nor trouble intruded upon their private Eden.

But at length strange rumors of the infidelity of her husband reached the ears of Madame D'Granville, and these soon became too well authenticated to allow of her disregarding them. The lonely spot which they had chosen for a residence had proven as dangerous to her domestic peace as she had feared might the gay capital of France. A young Indian girl whose habitation was upon the mainland not far off, and who was said to be quite prepossessing in appearance, was reported to be the charmer who had won her husband from his allegiance to her. Almost frantic with jealous rage, she yet managed to conceal her suspicion of the secret until one evening at nightfall, rightly conjecturing that he was departing from home to meet his charmer, she followed him unseen in a canoe propelled by her own hands, and surprised them together. Then her anger found full vent and the scene that ensued between husband and

wife it would be vain to attempt to picture. Together they returned home, but all proposals for a reconciliation were rejected by her, save the self-made one that he should by solemn oath bind himself to never, during life, depart from their residence save by her permission. This obligation was at length assumed, and during his life she proved an assiduous and most unrelenting jailor. The sense of her wrong seems to have rendered her a monomaniac upon this subject, for all of his pleas for release from his vow were regarded by her as indications of a desire to again renew his intimacy with the Indian maiden. His life was one of continued captivity. Day by day and year by year he counted the monotonous hours roll by, gazing wistfully upon the opposite banks and sighing for the freedom which could only be purchased by the violation of his oath. She was ever kind and affectionate, and gratified his every want, but would never consent to speak the words that would render him a free man once more and render it possible for him to again prove unfaithful to her. In this relentlessly maintained captivity he lived for many years, and died without securing a revocation of the sentence, and when the earth relieved her of the trust of her once truant but loved companion, sorrowingly she recrossed the sea.

Down the Rapids.



DOWN THE RAPIDS.



It was hot—roasting—unendurable! The sun seemed bent on reducing the world to a cinder. The clouds of the heavens withdrew their protecting shade. Trees, shrubs and even the blades of grass bent in mute supplication, imploring, as they had when Phœbus made such a wretched failure in driving the chariot of the sun, the intervention of Jove's thunderbolts to stay its course.

Very natural thought—why waste sweet moments in this torrid spot? Fortunate thought—to take a trip down the St. Lawrence Rapids. Query—will Murphy go? Explanatory—Murphy and I, Ralph Elmore, *always* travel together. Should one of us be seen perambulating alone, there would be no occasion for publishing the obituary of the other. Illustrative

—Murphy is married. When he courted the present original Mrs. Murphy, there was much speculation in regard to which one of us aspired to benedictine honors, as he never called upon her without me. I once ventured to hint to him that she preferred me. The poor fellow thought otherwise, so I humored his fancy.

Joyous solution—Murphy would go. So behold us embarked.

The day was pleasant, the river breeze was refreshing, there was a pleasant party aboard and all seemed determined to be happy. Slingo was with us. He is, however, always along. It is his business to be along without being aware of it. Conundrum by Slingo—“When does a boat resemble a snow-bank?” Answer by Slingo—“when it is a drift!”

We approach the first rapids with commendable promptness. Held a three-cornered council in regard to their appearance. Not at all pleased with the general looseness of their movements. Precautionary thought—Resolved ourselves into a committee of three. Asked the captain to tie up until they had quieted down. Satisfactory reply—that there would be no difficulty in going over; that it would, in fact, soon require all of their energies to prevent the boat from

going over. Inquisitive thought of Murphy's—"Is a vessel considered safe after it has gone over?" Slingo has meanwhile been immersed in contemplation, from which he emerges thus—

"How strange it seems, as time to time
We think the matter o'er,
That though they never run on land,
They often run ashore!

And yet again, when viewed aright,
The thought gives us a shock—
That though they never run on land,
They can on a rock!"

The first rapids are reached. We shoot onward, rolling, pitching, tumbling—past islands, through devious channels and intricate courses. The more bold of the excursionists are congregated upon the forward deck, in order to fully enjoy the danger and sublimity of the scene. Others shrink from it and are assembled in the cabin, where ample accommodations have been provided for ladies desiring to faint. All of the young ladies are out forward. For the first time we realize the peculiar charm of the trip. The young ladies, we notice, are all acting as clingists. For the first time, also, recalled the fact that I had no one to cling apprehensively to me and shriek

prettily, where the agitation of the waters was the worst. Determined, if possible, to remedy the deficiency. Practical thought—Sought the captain and inquired of him if “clingists” were not included in first class tickets?—if so, to provide us. His reply was negatively emphatic and will not be reproduced.

Returned to the deck and observed a very fair young lady seated alone. She was not only fair but a blonde. Blue dress, pink and white complexion, sun-hued curls. She evidently had no one to cling to. Seated myself near her with Murphy.

Slingo had disappeared before we came to the rapids. Poetic thought—to whisper audibly to Murphy, concerning water-spirits. Stupid comprehension of Murphy’s—he asserts that it is not wise to water spirits. Sentimental expression fades from the fair one’s countenance. Agonizing thought—first assault disastrously repulsed! Mental suggestion—to restore the equilibrium of feeling by punching Murphy’s head! Suggestion not acted upon.

Slingo now reappears, and I retire with them into the cabin. Fortunate thought—to get them engaged in conversation with the persons there seated, and then to leave them. I say something about the Aborigines of the country. Murphy wishes to know

if I refer to Aboriginal Indians! Slingo takes up the subject and proceeds to descant upon the "noble red men" of the past and the indigent residents of the present age. "This noble country," he remarks, as he politely accepts a glass of wine that a waiter has just poured out for an aged and irritable foreigner, "was once inhabited by reds without a white, but is now peopled by whites without a red!"

Leaving them, I return to my seat near the fair one. Can distinctly hear Slingo and Murphy discussing Indian affairs with the party in the cabin. Slingo explains that Tom A. Hawk was a famous chief of the Oswegatchies, while Murphy is anxious to ascertain if he was any connection of S. Q. Maux's!

In a few moments I observe a well known form approaching. Have not noticed him before since coming aboard. His name is Bings and he is a dreadful bore, as I know to my sorrow—always wanting to borrow money, and all of that. Lucky thought—to pretend not to know him! He approaches me, apparently delighted, and accosts me familiarly. I take his extended hand doubtfully. "May perhaps have met him before—so many strange faces—cannot recall him, &c." He explains, but all to no purpose, and abandons the attempt in bewilderment. He seats

himself by the side of the fair unknown. He calls her "Maude!" What can it mean? yes, it must be so. I have often heard him allude to his sister Maude, and had I not been so foolish as to have cut him, an introduction to her would have at once followed our meeting. But now I can understand that he is explaining the matter to her, and fully understand the involuntary look of scorn that she gives me. Fortunate thought—to pass it all off as a practical joke! I approach him and put my hand upon his shoulder. He looks up. I remark, in a very meaning way, that I begin to remember him. Before he can make any reply, I follow it up by saying that he "takes jokes easily, to-day!" The plan works to a charm; Bings admits that he "was most staving taken in," I am introduced to the fair Maude, and we are all happy.

On approaching the Lachine rapids, an Indian pilot is taken aboard; and I calmly appeal to the unbiassed reader, if it is to be wondered at, that Slingo, unaware of this proceeding—on emerging from the cabin and beholding this son of the forest standing immovable and serene in front of the Pilot-house, should have mistaken him for a cigar sign?

"Got any cheroots?" he inquired of the man at the helm, in a business-like tone. And I also ask if any

rational person can marvel at the fact of his being sufficiently disconcerted by the shout of laughter from a deck-load of passengers that greeted his mistake, to cause him to miss his footing as he approached us?

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, addressing Bings, "for treading upon your foot!"

"It was not my foot," was the reply of that individual.

He offered the same apology to me, and received a similiar assurance.

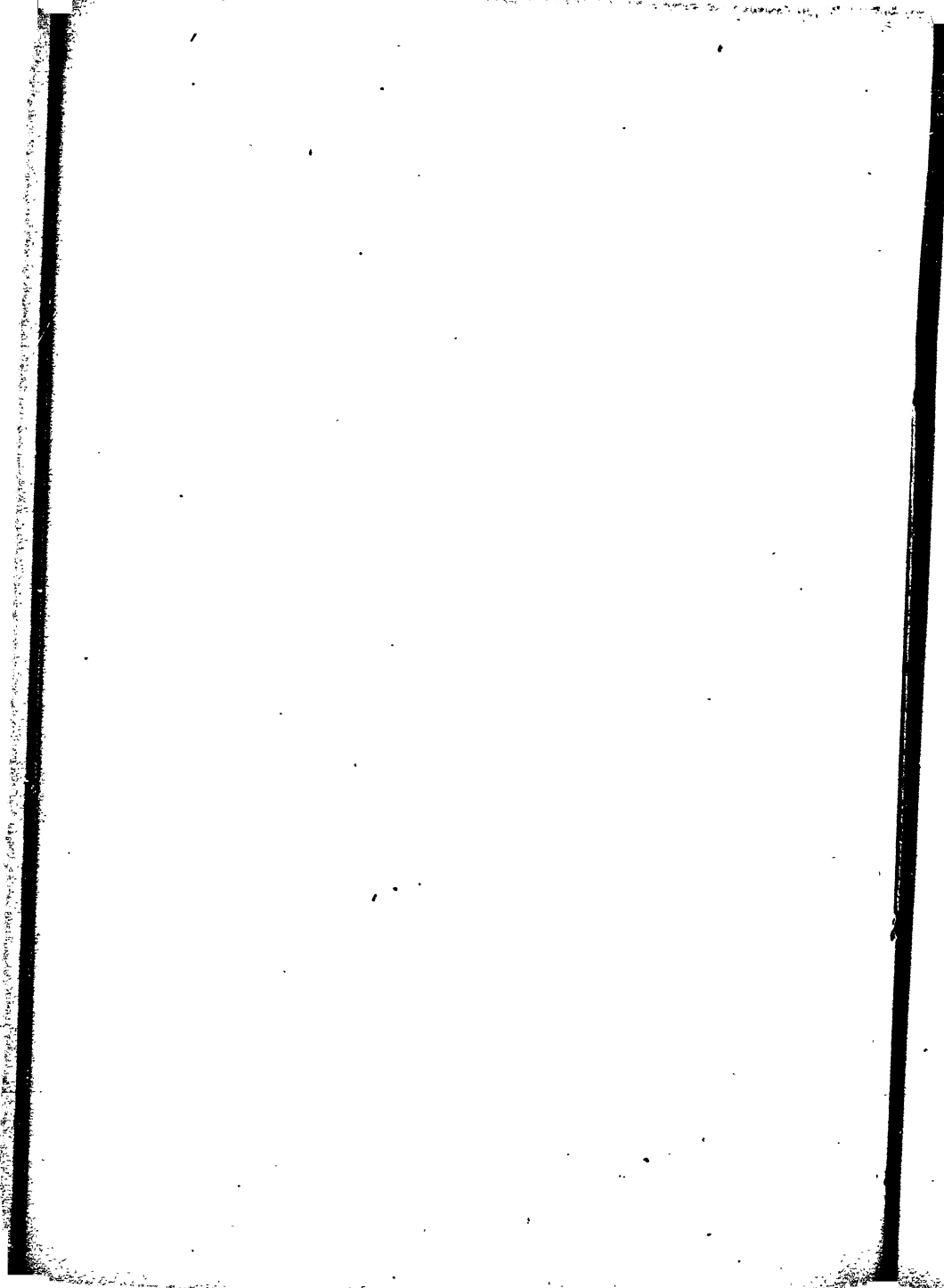
"Then," said he, carefully removing his hat and adressing Miss Maude, "I still more deeply regret it; and be so kind as to accept the most humble apology that I can offer."

"You labor under a mistake, sir," she replied; "you did not step upon my foot!"

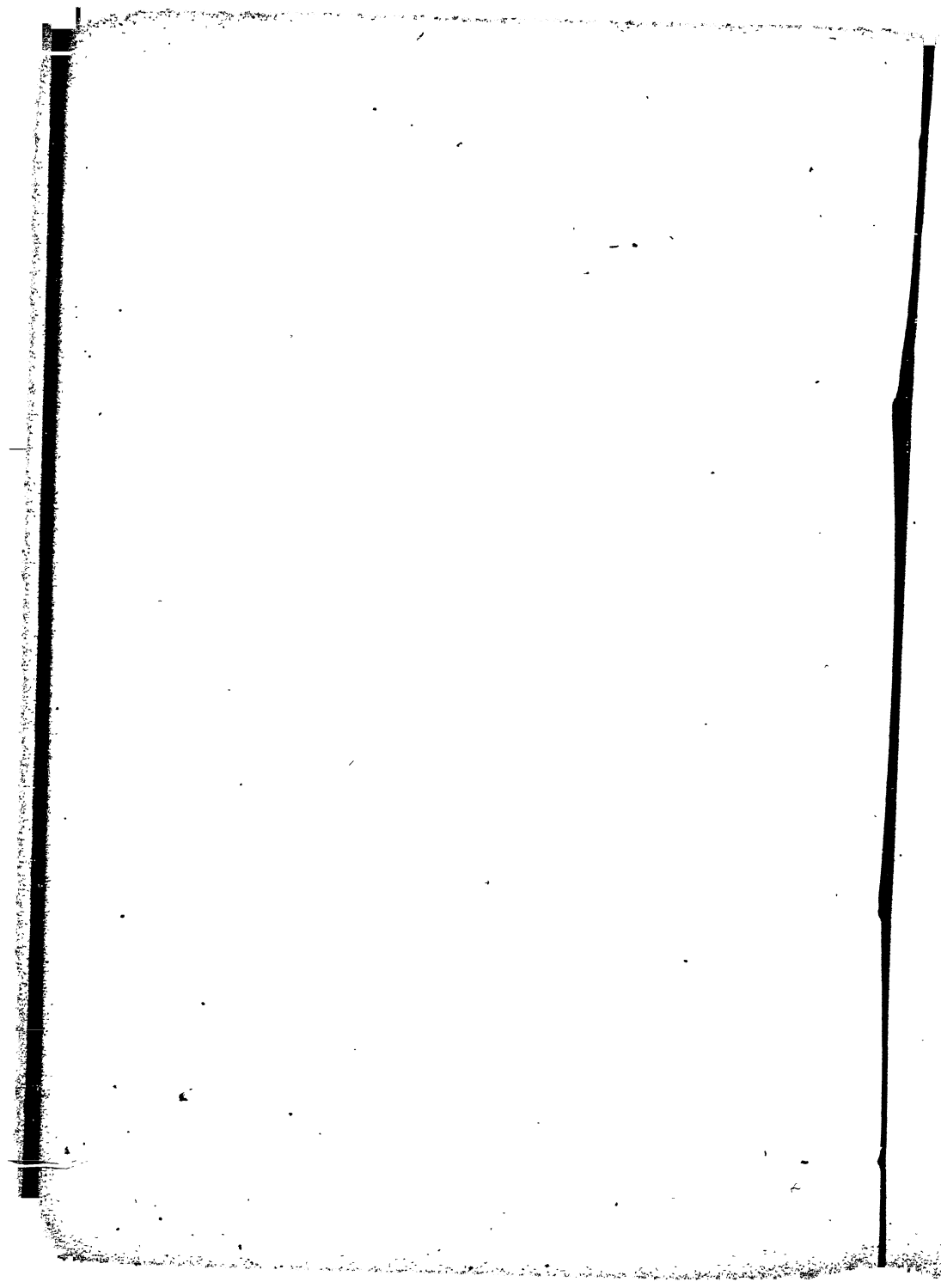
"Then," he exclaimed, with fearful earnestness, as the truth dawned upon him, "it was my own foot that I stepped upon! Slingo my boy, have the kindness to pardon me!"

Fortunate thought—(three months later)—to ask Maude to change her name to that of Maude Elmore.

Sensible thought—(six months later)—to be married in June and to include a trip down the St. Lawrence in our bridal one.



The Isle of Massacre.



THE ISLE OF MASSACRE.

At the time of the settlement of this continent, the Adirondacs were undoubtedly the most powerful and warlike of all of the tribes inhabiting it. Their country embraced the Northern portion of the state of New York bordering upon the St. Lawrence and extending to the Southern limit of the Adirondac and Green Mountain chain. After the union of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas under a treaty of mutual alliance, offensive, and defensive which rendered them in their dealings with other nations, as one people, these united "Five Nations" or as they have been generally known, the Iroquois, became at once both powerful and bitter enemies of the Adirondacs and a long and sanguinary contest was waged between them. Although the war continued without decisive results, the advantages gained were yet considerably in favor of the Adirondacs, until, in the year 1615 the Iroquois defeated the combined forces of the Adirondacs and Hurons within six miles of Quebec, the French being obliged to remain neutral

in the struggle. A peace was then concluded between the Iroquois and Adirondacs, and the former were so much encouraged and emboldened by their success in this campaign that on the following year with a force of over a thousand men, they set out with the intention of attacking the French settlements, but when proceeding through the territory of the Adirondacs and when not far from the present site of Ogdensburg, they fell in with a noted chief of the Adirondacs named Piskaret, a famous warrior and one who had inflicted much loss upon them. To him they made the strongest protestations of friendship, with which he was so thoroughly deceived as to be led into informing them that the warriors of his tribe were separated into hunting parties. The Iroquois abandoned their plan of campaign against the French, and determined to again wage war upon their ancient enemies. After putting the captive chief to death with as cruel tortures as their ingenuity could devise, they separated into parties and fell upon the unsuspecting and unprepared bands of Adirondacs. So successful were they that the power and prestige of the tribe were forever destroyed and the survivors forced to abandon their country and take up their residence at a greater distance from their enemies.

Nor were the feats of valor performed by the Iroquois confined to their immediate locality, or war waged only upon their neighbors. They penetrated to the section bordering upon the South Atlantic, crossed the Mississippi and gave battle to the tribes of Maine and the St. Lawrence Gulf. In the Summer of 1688 a force of twelve hundred of them made a descent upon the Island of Montreal and put to death nearly every person that it contained, numbering upwards of one thousand, a blow from which the colony for a long time did not recover.

About one hundred and seventy miles below Quebec is a small island whose name marks one of the triumphs of the Iroquois, as well as an incident that well illustrates the craft and skill that characterized their movements and in a great degree contributed to their many successes. It is termed *L'Islet au Massacre*. Upon it is a large cavern, of sufficient size to contain several hundred persons. The entrance is near the water and is of considerable size.

On a night in the sixteenth century, a party consisting of upward of two hundred members of the Micmac tribe of Indians, who from time immemorial had been foes of the Iroquois, landed upon it. The party embraced warriors, women and children.

They were journeying from one to another of their villages, entirely unaware that any of their enemies were within hundreds of miles, but for days their old and implacable enemies had been stealthily following upon their track. On the night in question their canoes were drawn up upon the bank beyond the reach of the tide and the entire party retired to rest in the cavern. So secure from molestation did they believe themselves to be, that the ordinary precaution of placing sentinels to give notice of the approach of a foe was not taken. The night was dark and well adapted to ensure the success of a party intent upon surprising them. At an early hour in the morning the Iroquois landed from their canoes upon the adjacent shore and despatched experienced and trusty scouts to reconnoitre the position of their foes and victims. These soon returned, reporting, to the great delight of the others the situation of affairs. The chiefs of the Iroquois then resolved upon both a surprise and the death of the Micmacs in a terrible manner. Providing themselves with a liberal supply of fagots and birch bark, they noiselessly effected a landing upon the side of the Island opposite to that upon which their foes were encamped. Stealthily and noiselessly they advanced

until the mouth of the cavern was reached, and then succeeded, without awakening the slumberers, in building a wall of bark and fagots in front of the entrance.

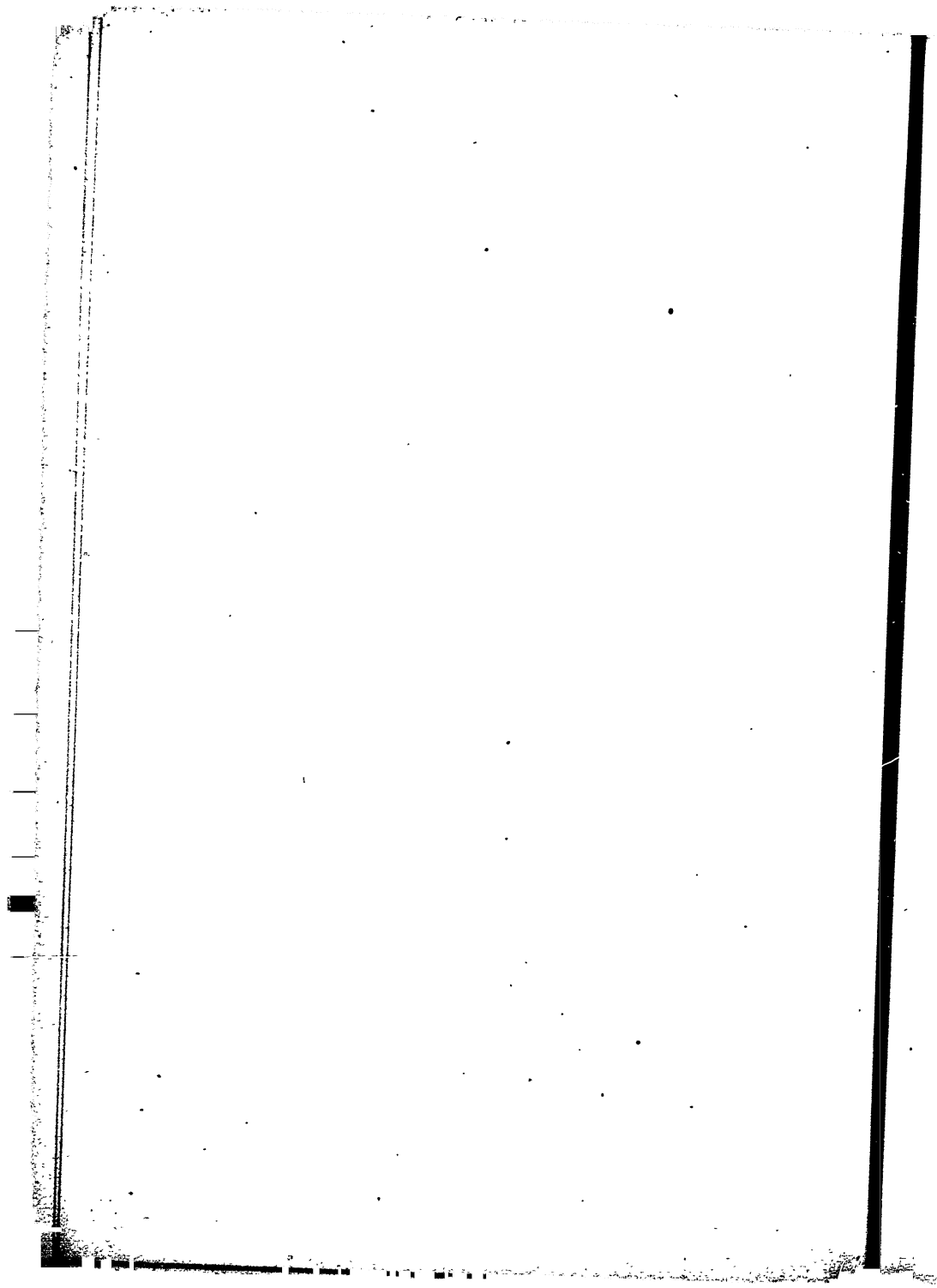
From the lurid light of the flames that suddenly lighted up the cavern, the Micmaes obtained their first intimation of the presence of a foe. By the time that they were able to fully realize the nature of the danger, a wall of fire barred their passage. With one accord, the warriors seized their weapons and attempted to rush through the flames to confront their antagonists, but as fast as they emerged to view they were pierced by the arrows of their invisible foes. The scene cannot be portrayed. The glare of the flames reflected upon the agonized countenances of the victims—the showers of whizzing arrows—the exultant cries of the Iroquois who remained invisible in the darkness—the death-cries of the perishing warriors combined with the shrieks and cries of burning women and children, all combined to make the scene one that fiends might envy the conception of, and cause all mortals to contemplate only with a shudder!

Of the Micmacs but five persons, it is believed, effected an escape. All of the remainder perished upon the spot. The whitened bones of the slain, un-

less they have been removed within the period of a few years, yet rest in the cavern and attest the truth of what has been related.

As a portion of this article has related to the war-like nature and ability of the two most powerful tribes of Aborigines, the reflection may here be made that to the one cause of constant and sanguinary wars between the tribes that inhabited the continent, is due the success of whites in being able to maintain settlements and finally to acquire sufficient power to practically exterminate the natives. The Indian tribes combined, and having resistance to the whites as the first article of their policy, could easily have defied all of the forces that the nations of the old world could have sent against them. Had a Tecumseh lived in the seventeenth century, America would doubtless have yet been a wilderness.

Catching a Smuggler.



CATCHING A SMUGGLER.

The blue waters of the broad St. Lawrence sparkled in the sunshine of an August day, bright and even as the surface of a mirror, save when a cooling breeze in fitful breaths, ruffled for a moment its serenity.

The United States Revenue Cutter "*Chase*," a six-gun vessel, lay at anchor near the Ogdensburg Lighthouse. The current just sufficed to keep her headed with the stream; the awning that covered her main-deck was tightly drawn; her ensign now and then endeavored to display its folds, but always disappointed by the fickle breezes that but toyed with it to speed away, its eagle folded its wings and drooped lazily downward. The sun-beams glistened from her battery of brass guns that stood in dignified silence, and so trimly was every rope adjusted that it would have required no great stretch of the imagination to have fancied her "A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The scene from the deck was quite picturesque. To the left were the wharves, warehouses and harbor of the city, bordering the blocks of mercantile structures

and streets of residences. On the right, a mile away were the stone walls and glistening spires of a Canadian town. Near by, steamers plied to and fro, a connecting link of passage, thought and amity between the two nations; the young giant Republic, sturdy in his vigor of manhood that has not yet ripened to maturity—whose shoulders bear up, Atlas like, the skies of freedom: whose brow is fanned by the cool breezes of the North and whose heart is warmed by the sun of the South—and Miss Canada, almost of a marble frigidity in her classic beauty, who has thus far answered “nay” to the wooing of her neighbor when solicited to exchange the regal diadem that decks her brow, for the bridal flowers of the Republic!

Aboard of the vessel all was quiet. In the galley, the cooks had given a parting polish to the brass-ware and were engaged in a friendly game of cards. In the fore-castle and under the awnings of the forward-deck, blue-garbed sailors were gathered into groups or were reposing in their hammocks. On the main-deck, behind the armory, was seated a group of officers interested in a closely contested game of chess. After taking this view, a person might very naturally conclude that the surrounding waters were never troubled by the crafts of bold or crafty smugglers, or that if

they were, that the smugglers were in little danger of being annoyed by those aboard of the cutter. But he would decide too hastily. On the upper deck is a watchman who appears nearly as unoccupied as the others, but whose vigilant eye is ever upon the river or the opposite shore. His attention now seems to be engrossed by some object near the Canadian side, upon which he frequently brings a glass to bear. At length his doubts appear to shape themselves into a certainty and descending the steps leading to the main-deck, he approaches an officer—the one upon duty for the day—and after giving the customary salute, waits to be addressed.

“Well, what is it?”

“If you please, sir, I have been watching a boat for some time that put out of Prescott harbor; I think that it contains articles to be smuggled.”

“What kind of a boat is it?”

“A small one, sir; a skiff.”

“How many persons are in it?”

“Two, sir—both of them women.”

“Why do you believe them to be smuggling?”

“Because, sir, I watched them with the glass when they were getting into the boat, and saw that they had packages of something with them.”

The officer gave a last look at the undecided game of chess, took a spy-glass from the cabin stairway and approached the side of the vessel.

"Where is it?" he inquired.

"It is that skiff that is now opposite to us and pulling to cross our stern.

The lieutenant, slowly and apparently without much interest in the matter, save in the routine discharge of duty, adjusted the glass and proceeded to examine the suspicious craft; but no sooner had he obtained a view than all of his indifference vanished, and he scrutinised it very particularly, and if he thought but of the danger of the government being defrauded in revenue, then the country had, for a short time at least, a very efficient officer.

"Yes," he remarked, after a long examination, "there are two of them; one in the stern and one rowing—the latter carries a full head of curls—looks like a man-of-war decked out with the flags of all nations!"

"Women smugglers!" echoed the group around the chess board, and the game was suddenly forgotten, while a rush was made for the post of observation, and the glass passed around until all had satisfied their curiosity in the matter and volunteered comments accordingly.

"Seems to be a pretty girl that is rowing."

"Don't think that it would do to brag much upon the other one!"

"Those oars are handled well—she would make just the wife for a sailor."

"I don't see any package," said the officer on duty to the look-out.

"They have it, sir," was the reply. "They put it under one of the seats before coming out."

"I suppose that I must report the matter to the captain," said the lieutenant, after a moment's hesitation, and he descended the stairs and rapped upon the door of the cabin of that officer.

"Come in!" responded he, arousing himself from an afternoon slumber, which had been graced with dreams of days spent upon the shores of the Mediterranean, in Italy and in sunny France, and assuming a proper dignity before admitting his subordinate.

The lieutenant entered.

"Captain Cornell, there is a small boat passing down the river with the evident intention of landing below us. The look-out reports that he observed them concealing a package of goods at starting."

"Very well; signal them to come to, and if they do not comply, send a shot over them!" command-

ed the veteran, one of the truest men and best officers that ever graced any service, and now numbered no longer among the living.

"But, captain, they are ladies!" replied the troubled lieutenant.

"Ladies, eh?" responded the now interested commander, "we cannot treat them in that style, if that is the case. I will go upon deck and take a look at them."

The two officers accordingly ascended to the deck, and the captain indulged in a close inspection of the objects of interest with the glass, the others standing by in respectful silence.

"They remind me," said he at length as he lowered the glass, "of a joke that my officers once had at my expense. It was many years ago and the government had kept us upon the Lake Superior station for so long a time that a tribe of friendly Indians there imagined that we were to remain during life and wished to adopt us into their tribe. I had a lieutenant with me who was considerably like Macintyre here, a good looking young fellow and a great favorite with the fair sex. "Stay with us," proposed one of the chiefs, "and we will do well by you. We will get nice little squaw for lieutenant—any old hag will

do for the captain!" The moral of the story is that the pair in the skiff yonder, appears very much like the one that was offered us!"

After the laugh which this incited had subsided, the captain continued :

"I suppose that it is not consistent with our duty to allow smugglers to escape, if they are women. Lieutenant Macintyre, man a boat and intercept them!"

"Yes, sir," replied that person, evidently a little embarrassed in regard to his duty in the matter, "and what then?"

"You will accompany the boat; if you find that they have nothing, allow them to proceed; if they have, bring them aboard!"

One of the boats that were floating idly by the side of the vessel was soon manned by half-a-dozen stalwart and experienced oarsmen and taking his seat in the stern, the lieutenant gave orders to shove off, and headed it so as to intercept the skiff which was now proceeding at a moderate rate toward the American shore, but headed at an angle down the river.

Let us now pay some attention to the disturbers of the peace of the watchful guardians of the country's revenue. In a light, small and delicately formed

skiff—one evidently designed for rapid rowing—were two persons. One of them, a middle-aged female, was evidently not designed by Nature to furnish inspiration for poets or a model for artists, or, it may be added, to excite the admiration of the wearers of shoulder straps! But there is no necessity for a detailed description of a maiden lady who has some time ago seen the summers of forty years, and whose features, never lovely, and voice never sweet, had not improved with the flight of time. She was seated in the stern of the boat and busily engaged in keeping up a conversation with her companion, in which, however, she had to bear the greater share, as she received but brief although pleasant replies.

We cannot pass the fair rower with as few words. Clad in a close-fitting dress of blue that displayed her form to excellent advantage as she deftly plied her light oars, the exercise causing her eyes to beam with more than usual brightness and sending bright hues to her cheeks—her brown hair falling from under a small "sailor's hat" and her half-parted lips appearing like rose-buds half unfolded, you might have fancied her to be some fair water-spirit, guarded with jealous care by the dragon near her, lest some enamored mortal should strive to bear her away!

To descend to plain realities, the younger and fairer of the voyagers was named Hattie Wheeler and resided in a very pretty cottage upon the American side of the river. Having been reared near the stream she had been allowed to indulge her passion for boating until she had become the skilful rower that we find her. Her companion was a maiden aunt "from the country," who had been for some days honoring her family with a visit, and the two had this day proceeded to Canada, a distance of but from two to three miles from home.

Aunt Cynthia, for such was the name that she bore, was somewhat positively expressing her opinion in regard to the Canadian styles and customs that came under her observation, to which Hattie was dutifully listening, when the approach of the boat from the Revenue Cutter was discovered.

"I declare!" exclaimed the former, "if there is not a boat-load of those water soldiers coming right toward us!"

"Yes," responded Hattie, after looking in the direction indicated, "although the title might perhaps prove new to them; and there is an officer in the stern of the boat."

"An officer? What, that pert-looking chap with

those brass trunk-handles on his shoulders, that looks for all the world like my old brass-bound trunk all over?"

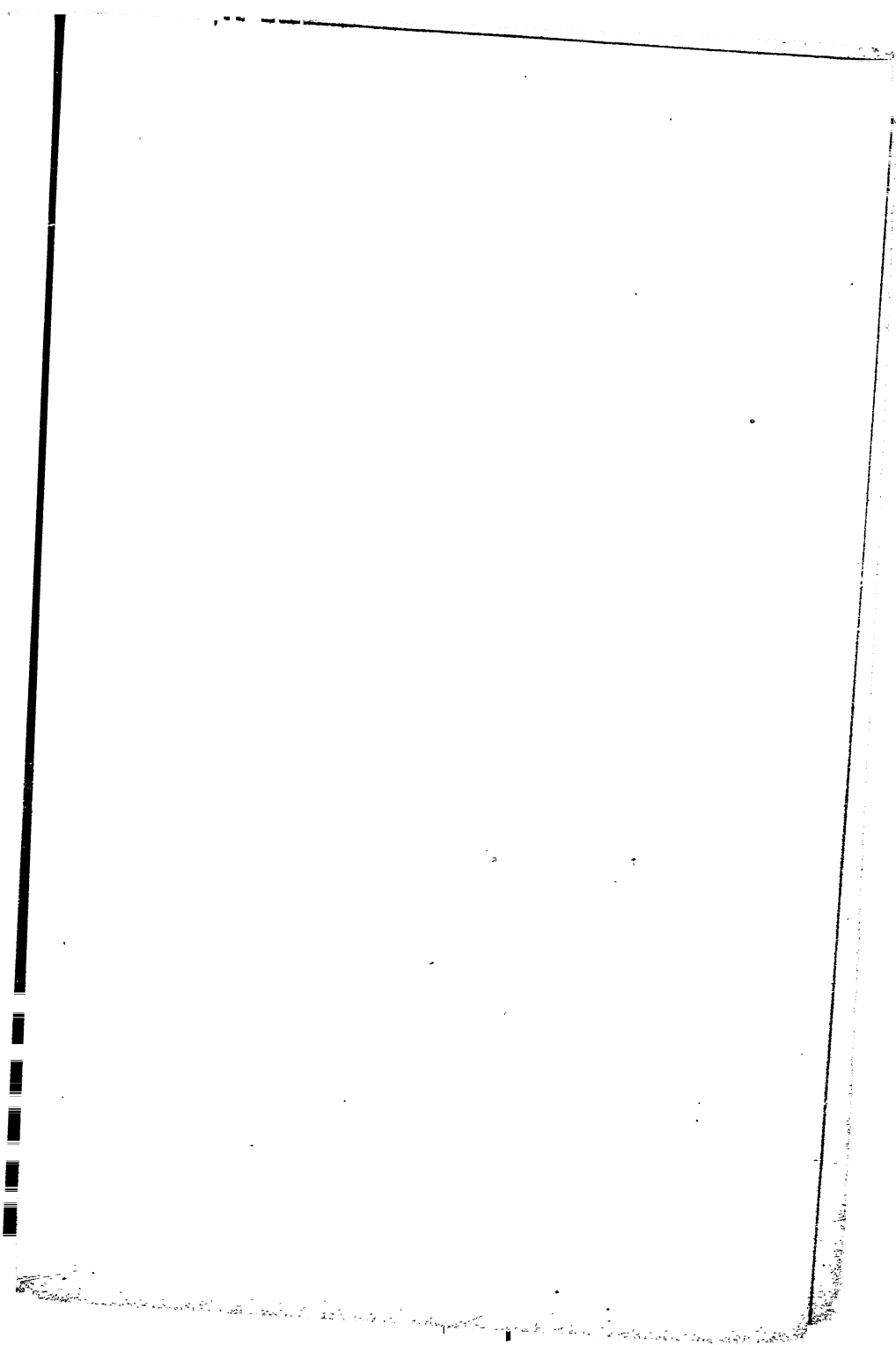
A merry peal of laughter was the answer to this description of their unsuspected pursuer, and was borne across the water to the ears of the officer in question. She had not fully recovered her gravity, and this she may well be pardoned for—a laugh became her so well—when Aunt Cynthia again spoke :

“You will have to be careful of your rowing, or that boat will be striking us!”

The pursuing boat was headed just across their course, and with the intention of allowing it to pass Hattie ceased rowing. She was surprised to observe the officer in charge direct its course so as to bring his boat alongside of her, and quite astonished when he stopped it there. The two boats were a couple of lengths of oars only, apart.

While his observers regarded him in undisguised wonder, the lieutenant raised his cap very politely and thus addressed them :

“Pardon me, ladies, for stopping you thus, but we have been informed and have reason to believe that you have goods with you of which a report should be made at the Custom House.”





“ You will have to be careful of your rowing, or that boat will be striking us.”

"Is that the reason that you have followed us in this manner?" returned Hattie, somewhat indignantly.

"You are perhaps aware," replied the lieutenant, deferentially, "that we are stationed here for the purpose of preventing anything from being smuggled into the country. In a case like this our duty becomes a very unpleasant one, and if you will assure me that you have nothing dutiable with you, we will trouble you no longer."

A deep blush overspread Hattie's face, plainly expressing her mortification, and telling of her insulted pride; then an appealing tear clung for a moment to her eyelashes and then fell, while the lieutenant for a moment almost forgot the matter in question and only thought to himself, "how pretty she is!" and then, for the first time in a life of eventful service, feared that he might prove unequal to the stern requirements of duty.

"I cannot give you such a positive assurance," she at length said, in a not very firm tone.

"Then," said the lieutenant, "in obedience to the instructions of the captain, I must request that you will accompany us to the Revenue Cutter."

"To the Revenue Cutter?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Smuggling!" fiercely exclaimed Aunt Cynthia, who now for the first time seemed to fully comprehend matters, "I'd like to know *who* has been smuggling? We have not got an inch of cloth with us, and if you come a foot nearer I will throw the whole twenty-seven yards at you and your blue-shirted scoundrels, you old brass-factory!"

"Aunt, do keep still," said Hattie, now partly recovering her composure and not knowing which was the greater, her amusement or mortification at this speech of her companion, and then addressing the lieutenant, "you will please give our compliments to your captain, and say that we cannot accede to his request!"

With this she quickly seized her oars again, and with a single stroke her boat was sent twice its length from the other, and each succeeding one rapidly increased the distance.

"Yes!" screamed Aunt Cynthia, "tell him that we can't stop to-day!"

The gallant lieutenant was for a moment nonplussed and mentally cursed the fate that placed him in so embarrassing a position. It was certainly bad enough to be sent to intercept a young lady on such a mission

had she willingly acceded to his request—still worse if she acceded unwillingly, but now to cap the climax of provocation, she flatly refused to do anything of the kind and boldly set him at defiance!

His first impulse was to return to the Cutter and risk being censured for failing in his task, but a look in that direction showed that all aboard, from the captain to cabin-boys were watching the result of the undertaking, and the thought of being ridiculed for being thus easily baffled, overcame his inclination, for he could easily imagine the jokes at his expense that would be bandied about the ward-room, for even in the faces of his crew he read that they appreciated it, and so gave orders to continue the chase. It is quite possible that he may have also been prompted in this by being somewhat piqued at the manner in which the pursued beauty had treated him, and the evident haste that she made to escape from his presence, for certain it was, that—

“Not his the form nor his the eye
That youthful maidens wont to fly!”

On sped the skiff, and on went the boat in chase. The lieutenant urged his men to redoubled exertions, and they bent to their oars until the tough, ashen blades threatened to snap asunder. In the skiff,

Aunt Cynthia lent words of encouragement and exhortation as well as indulging in a spirited denunciation of the wearers of shoulder-straps in general and of their pursuer more particularly. The groups upon the decks of the cutter watched the race with much interest, and freely made wagers as to the result; the decks of a passenger steamer that chanced to be passing, were crowded with persons who witnessed the novel contest in undisguised wonder and freely indulged in demonstrations of encouragement to the pursued, although evidently considering it but a friendly trial of speed. The brawny oarsmen panted with exhaustion, and the large drops of perspiration rolled down their foreheads; but with every stroke of the oars Hattie widened the distance between them. The heavy boat of the Cutter was not able to cope with her light one in speed, and very soon would victory have been decided in her favor, had not an accident occurred that put it out of the question. Without the slightest warning, one of the row-locks of her boat proved treacherous and gave way, and the oar floated useless. The boat was now wholly disabled, and its occupants had no option but to await the arrival of their pursuers with as much composure as they could assume.

We can easily pardon the lieutenant for not being perfectly self-possessed and observant under the peculiar and trying circumstances, and he was so earnestly engaged in urging his men to do their utmost that he failed to observe the accident that had befallen his fair competitor, as her boat, owing to the momentum that it had acquired, did not immediately stop. And here it may be parenthetically remarked that he had formed a resolution that was a compromise between his gallantry and sense of duty, that if he succeeded in capturing the objects of his pursuit, he would simply request that they should, on landing, make report of such articles as they might have with them, and then generously allow them to proceed upon their way. But when he discovered the accident that had disabled the other boat, it was too late to avoid a collision. Although he frantically gave the order to "back water" and the men obeyed with alacrity, the heavy boat struck the frail skiff in the center, almost cutting it in two, and the next moment its two inmates were engulfed in the stream and he saw the brown curls of Hattie Wheeler disappearing beneath the waves, while her soft eyes were reproachfully fixed upon him, accusing him of being her murderer!

For a moment everything seemed to fade before his eyes; a sharp pang seemed to paralise his life and he came near falling insensible, but summoning every energy, he recovered his self-possession, and without a second thought, sprang into the stream in the spot at which she had disappeared!

Aunt Cynthia was meanwhile frantically struggling in the water.

"Throw the old woman an oar!" shouted one of the sailors.

"Don't you call me an old woman, you—" but she sank ere the sentence could be finished, but a man sprang after her and succeeded in bringing her to the surface.

A few moments of terrible suspense. Then a hand emerges from the water—is caught hold of, and the lieutenant is drawn into the boat, but alas, the lieutenant alone!

When he had recovered breath, he paused for a moment irresolute. In diving he had not been able to reach the bottom and had not seen her, although the water was as clear as crystal. Then a small bubble appeared upon the surface of the water. It was her fleeting and expiring breath rising to the surface!

A seaman would have gone down, but with a cry the lieutenant prevented him and again sprang in. Down, down, he went, with no thought of his failing strength and with but one resolve—that of rescuing her or of dying with her.

Almost exhausted, he struck the bottom. Not far from him, nestled between some rocks, lay the inanimate form of her whom he sought. With a strength inspired by desperation he grasped her, raised her in his arms and sprang for the surface.

For a short distance they rose and then seemed to remain stationary. The surface is but a few yards away; he can distinctly see his boat and the anxious faces of his men peering into the depths, yet finds that his strength is rapidly failing and that his efforts to rise further are wholly in vain.

The instinct for the preservation of his own life is strong, and he has time to reflect that if he clings longer to her, both must perish; that it is possible, aye, more than probable that the one whom he would save is beyond all human aid: if he relinquishes her his safety is assured.

This he nearly determines upon, and his grasp is loosening, when his manhood reasserts itself: again his arms are clasped firmly around her, and slowly they sink until they rest together upon the bottom.

He pressed his lips to her cold forehead and thought, "I could not save you, but in death I will not leave you!"

He closed his eyes—"A moment," he thought, and all will be over!"

Nothing less than a divine miracle, it seemed, could save them, yet a very simple thing did so. In the boat above was a man—one of a not small class, who in times of great excitement, cannot remain idle, whether what they do has any prospect of being of the slightest service or not. This one had taken a grapple carried in the boat, to which was attached a rope of considerable length, and lowered it into the water. In sinking, it chanced, by the merest good fortune to strike the lieutenant. Instinctively he grasped for it and caught the rope—it remained firm in his grasp—a new hope animated him and the warm blood again coursed through his veins! The men above felt his weight and pulled upon it with a will, and in a few seconds, the two were at the surface seized by strong hands and drawn into the boat.

As quickly as possible they were taken aboard of the Cutter, where the efforts of the kind hearted and energetic wife of the Captain, seconded by those of Aunt Cynthia, to whose credit be it said that she im-

PLICITLY followed the directions of the former, Hattie was soon restored to consciousness, while the lieutenant was as well cared for by his brother officers.

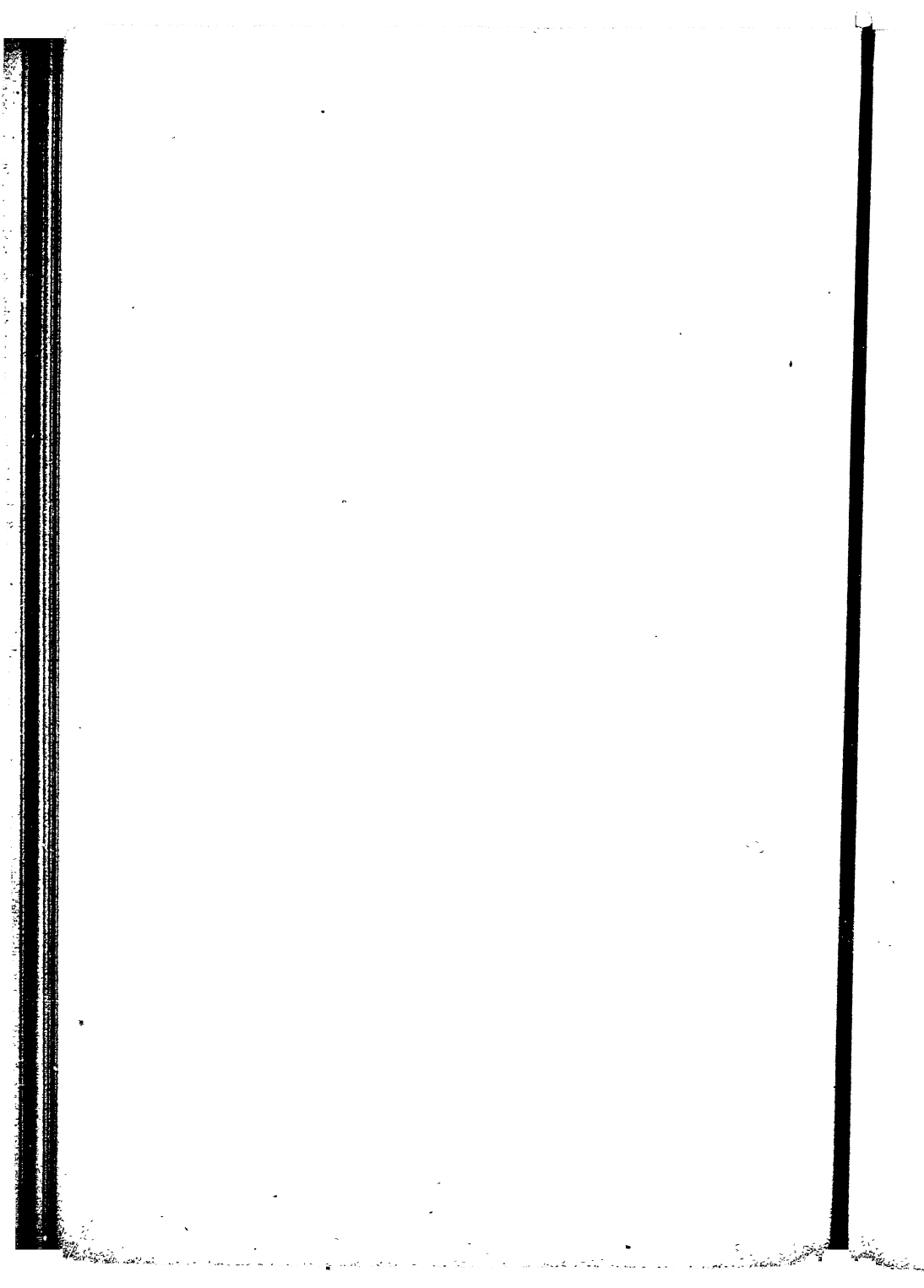
As was to have been expected, quite a serious illness resulted in both cases. Hattie went on no more boating excursions for a couple of months, while it was a number of weeks before the lieutenant could do full duty again.

The conclusion of the story is best told in Aunt Cynthia's own words :

"Lieutenant Macintyre is a pretty clever sort of a fellow, after all, and will manage to get a wife by means of the affair, but he didn't get my dress-patterns, after all! But you don't get me across that river again if I live to be all of your great-grandmothers!"



The Phantom of Isle Perce.



THE PHANTOM OF ISLE PERCE.

Nature has been liberal in its fanciful adornments of many portions of the lower St. Lawrence, and so wild and unique are many of its specimens of handiwork as to become the natural foundation for superstitions, not only of the simple minded and naturally credulous, but of all of the past century who were believers in the physical manifestations of supernatural powers. Perhaps the most remarkable of all of its freaks was the creation of the "Phantom Ship" or "Shiphead" Rock, a large projection of rock standing near Cape Rosier, at the very mouth of the river, its base washed by the rolling seas of the Atlantic, and presenting to the eye of the observer when a short distance from it, the appearance of a ship under full sail! This remarkable rock has within a few years crumbled to pieces and the greater part of it fallen into the sea. A sufficient portion however yet remains to fully mark the spot upon which it stood. Near this is another singular formation, standing upon a small island of jutting rock, known as Isle Percé,

which formerly consisted of two archways of considerable size, the central support of which has fallen into the water, leaving a single one, through which a large sized yacht can pass under full sail.

As is not strange, these have a wild and thrilling legend connected with them which the greater portion of the residents of the adjacent county and the many fishermen who frequently pass and repass them, implicitly believe. They may perhaps be the more readily pardoned for this as the solitary and wild grandeur of that portion of the world, with its accessories of storms, mists, vapors, mirages, optical delusions and occasional floating icebergs, seem to combine to suggest the unreal. Not far from here is also the spot—a ledge of dangerous reefs—upon which an English transport fleet was wrecked in the year 1711, eight vessels being driven to pieces and nearly nine hundred lives lost. The superstitious *habitants* and fishermen yet believe that the spirits of those that perished at that time still linger near the spot and that they re-inhabit their bodies at the beginning of a storm and again and again endure the agonies of ship-wreck and death. Numbers conscientiously believe that they have beheld a legion of the corpses rising from their resting places upon the bottom, swayed to and

fro by the waves. Imagination hears in the angry roar of the seas breaking against the rocks, their cries for help and screams of despair, and in murmuring tones of the lightly impelled waves when the winds are the gentlest, their voices as they confer in whispers. Valiant indeed is the voyager who dare approach this reef after night-fall, or pass the "Phantom ship" or Isle Percé rocks without invoking Divine protection.

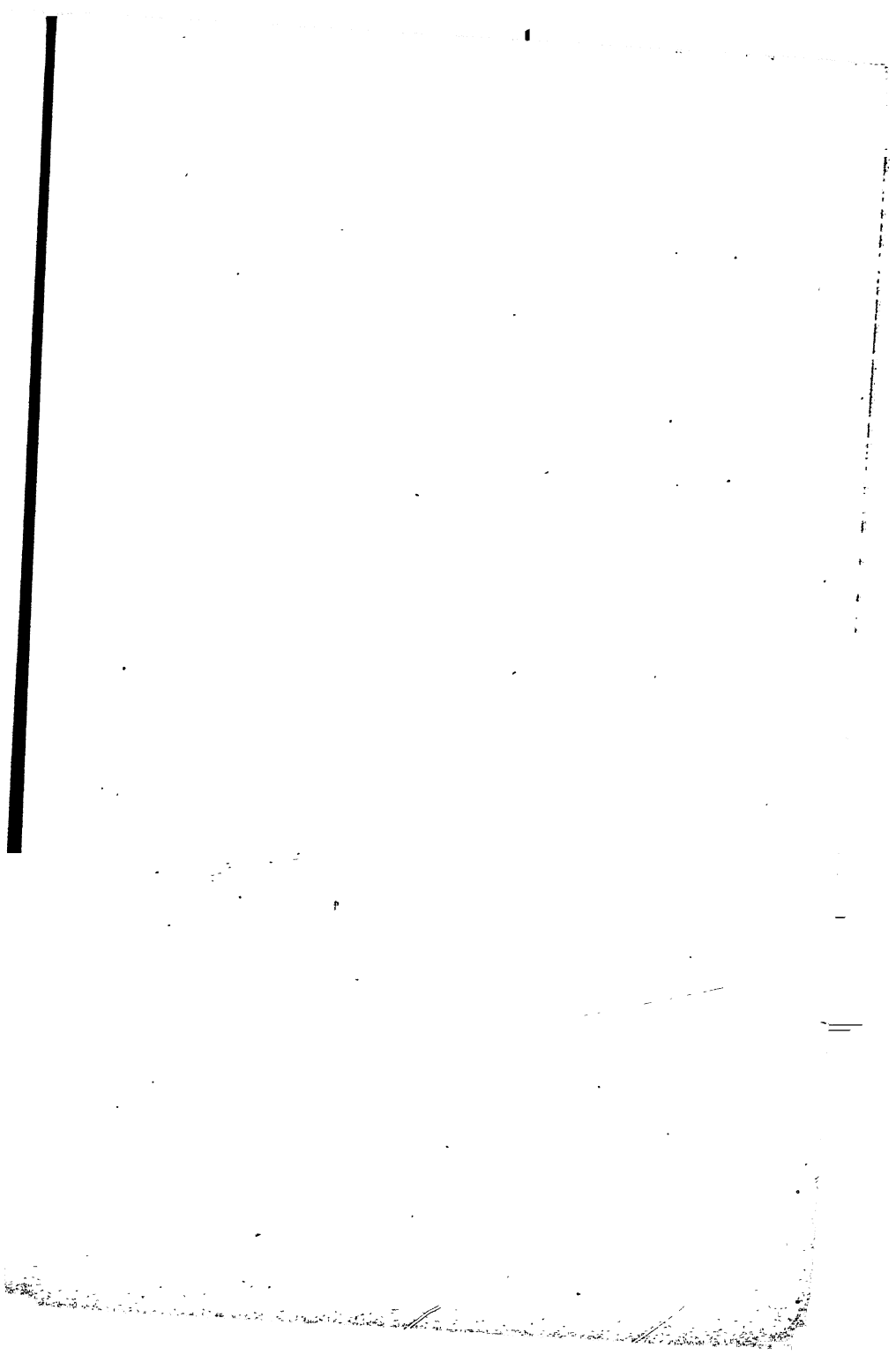
The legend accounting for the origin of the Phantom Ship rock and for the Phantom of Isle Percé, is, as nearly as can be learned, as follows :

Sometime during the last century, a young French officer of noble birth, commendable character and much ability, was called upon to depart suddenly from France with his regiment, for duty in Canada, where, on arrival, he was stationed at Quebec. He obeyed the call of duty with much regret, as he was forced to part from his betrothed to whom he was soon to have been united in marriage. As the date of his return was uncertain and his absence was liable to be prolonged for a considerable number of years, and her affection for him was so strong that she was content to abandon her home in the old world to share one with him in the new, it was arranged, soon after

his arrival, that she should join him, and accompanied by a few friends, she sailed for Quebec.

Before one half of the trip had been accomplished, the ship fell in with a Spanish Pirate craft, and after a desperate and sanguinary conflict, was captured. The captors at once proceeded to plunder and then to destroy their prize, after putting all upon board to death with the sole exception of the betrothed of the French officer, whose exceeding beauty excited the sensuous passion of the chief of the Buccaneers. Despite her supplications and prayers for death he resolved upon making her his mistress, and forced her to accede to his demands. Finding that she continued implacable and continued to seek every possible opportunity for committing self destruction, and having learned from her something of her history and the object of her voyage, with a refinement of cruelty he resolved to run his vessel within sight of Quebec that she might behold from a distance the spot where her lover, in ignorance of her fate, was awaiting her arrival.

This plan she contrived to frustrate as they were nearing the mouth of the river, by springing from a window of the cabin where she was confined, into the sea. Although deeply enraged at the success of his





When within a stone's throw of the column there suddenly appeared upon it a spectral form, whom all instantly recognized as that of her who had so lately been their captive.

victim in finding a refuge from his brutalities in the arms of death, he continued his vessel upon the same course, doubtless in the hope of encountering some outward bound merchant vessel.

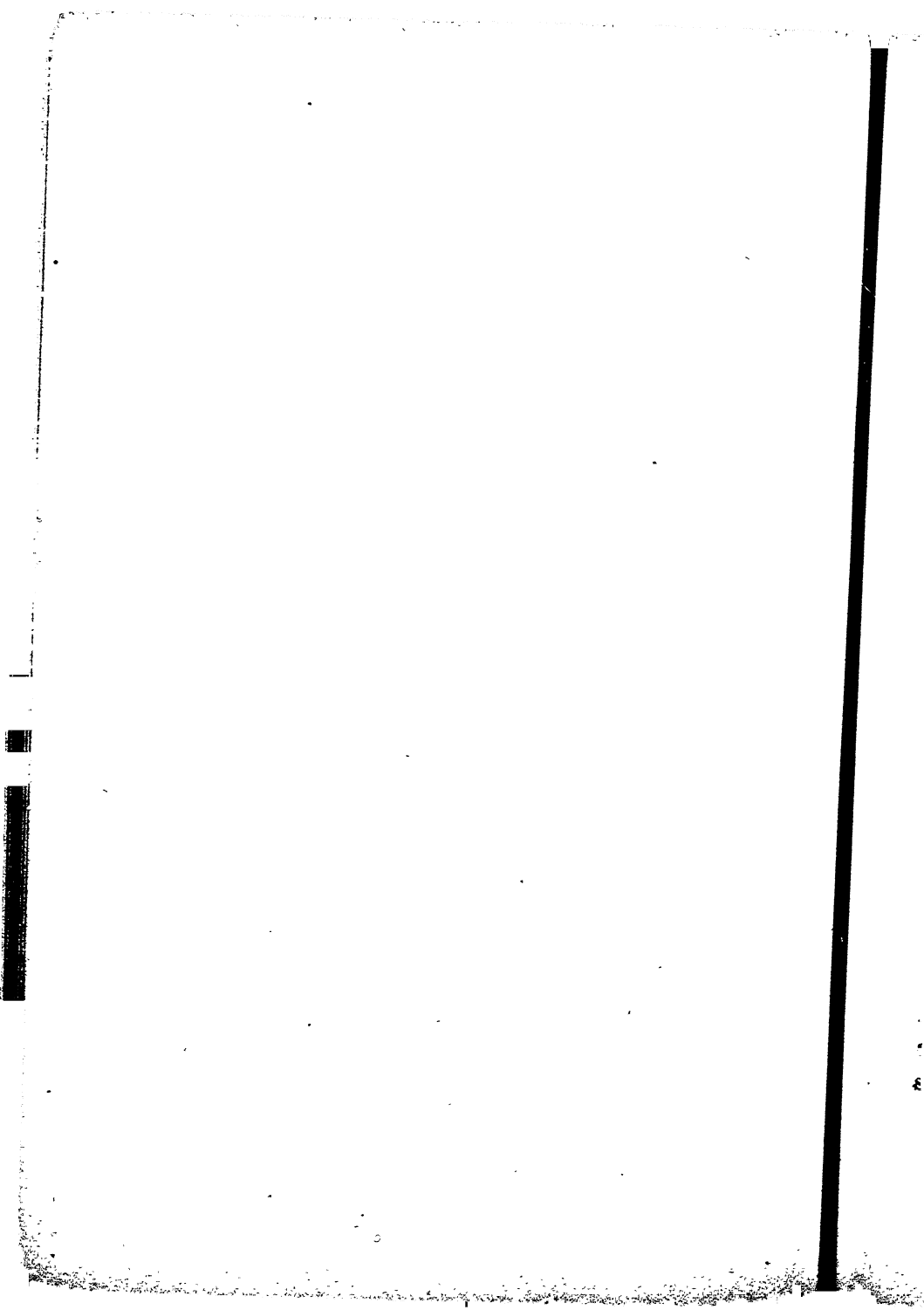
On the evening of the next day after her death, and at the same hour, the vessel was approaching, with a favorable wind, the rock of Isle Percé. The Pirate chief, standing near the bow of his vessel, scanned the surrounding shores and particularly the curiously formed rock, and impelled either by curiosity or by an invisible power, caused his vessel to head nearly upon it. The attention of all on board as well as of the leader, was directed to it. When within a stone's throw of the column, there suddenly appeared upon it a spectral form, whom all instantly recognized as that of her who had so lately been their captive!

Terror seized upon all, and the vessel was headed off, but ere proceeding far, was turned, together with all upon board, into a mass of solidly anchored rock which still retained the appearance of a ship!

Thus were the wrongs of the injured one avenged, and when the mists that oft encircle the summit of the rock assume shadowy shapes resembling mortal forms, the fishermen who behold them believe that

they look upon her spectre again returned and sometimes in company with that of her lover, to be assured that the doom pronounced and executed by Heaven upon her captors is not yet revoked and will not be while the world shall endure.

Little Mary of Villa Maria.



LITTLE MARY OF VILLA MARIA.

The edifice of the convent school of Villa Maria, under the charge of the order of the Black Sisters of the *Congregation de Notre Dame*, is located a couple of miles distant from the boundary of the city of Montreal, and stands upon a beautiful and commanding eminence, raising its sombre grey walls from out a mass of foliage in the embrace of which it seems to confidingly nestle. The location is a beautiful one; the light clouds that encircle the crest of the mount seem to form a crown of mingled earthly beauty and Heavenly radiance above it, while the surroundings combine the rival beauties of art and nature. The grounds are extensive, and the long walks, rustic rambles and the fairy-like lake that lies near, clinging to the hill-side, are as sacred from the visitation of man as were the groves of Diana.

From childhood, Little Mary, as she came to be familiarly termed, had been an inmate of the Villa, and at the time of which I write, hardly realized that she was no longer a child but a graceful young

woman. Hers was not the beauty of the glowing type of many of her companions, some of whom owned the sunny south for a home, and were like prisoned birds amid their lovely surroundings, but yet it would have been difficult to have chosen from them any who would as well fill the artist's or poet's ideal, or one who would so well serve to add grace to the spot. Small in stature, with a wealth of the darkest hair and dark eyes luminous with the expressive light of a rare spirit, and lips that of themselves suggested a reverently whispered "*Ave Maria*," little hands that seemed to fold themselves instinctively for prayer, and a step almost as light as those of the merry birds that were during the bright days of the year her companions and almost confidants.

It seems almost vain to write that "Little Mary" was a universal favorite and universally beloved by all, from the grave and exacting Sister Superior whose every thought and action was regulated by precepts that contained no maxims that were only deemed but adapted to earthly existence, to the timid and not successful "last pupil" whose instinctive confidence she at once became the recipient of, and whose tasks she assisted in at the sacrifice of weary hours to herself.

To Mary the world was in reality but a picture seen through the vistas leading from her mountain convent home—a moderate extent of surging river and its frame-work of beautiful scenery through which she journeyed once each year to be welcomed at a loving home—a few villages and the slightest imaginable knowledge of a bustling city whose blocks and spires were just visible from the Villa. It was not strange then that as she grew to womanhood, adopting the views of the self-sacrificing Sisters who were her constant companions and instructresses, she came to regard the world as a place to be avoided, instead of looking forward with eager anticipation, like most of her companions, to the day when she would be permitted to become one of the participants in its busy turmoil and changing scenes. To her the convent had become a home, and as she listened to the reverential tales of the Sisters, she too longed to be through life

“Where oft devotion’s glow
Can such a glimpse of Heaven bestow
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision and deep mystery,”

and Villa Maria became in her imagination a sweet place of refuge from the sinful allurements of the world, and little else than the antechamber of Heaven.

Instead of joining her companions of the graduating class of the next approaching school year in their self-congratulations at speedy escapes from the thralldom of school-days, she instinctively shrank, as might Moore's Peri, from entering the dark and sombre portals of the world, and finally gave a half promise that she had little doubt her inclination would cause her to doubly ratify, to resign it all at the conclusion of her school-term, and accepting the veil, become the bride of Heaven.

It was not reluctantly, however, that she accepted the opportunity of passing her last vacation at home, and it was during these brief, bright days of summer that she came to doubt if the world did not—perchance to believe that the world could after all possess a charm that is denied to the inhabitants of cloisters, saintly though they be and saintly though may be the reward of their self-immolation. This is a strict narrative of facts, untinted by the faintest coloring of fiction, and the subject is too sacred to be more than alluded to, yet a view—an undefinable reality of existence seemed to have awakened itself in her heart or rather that she had encountered the Magician whose presence, unknown to himself, had awakened in a few short hours, the life and love of womanhood!

For the first time, she would have prolonged her days of liberty from convent seclusion and scholastic tasks, and beheld the time for her return draw near with a faint pang of regret.

Nature seemed to endeavor to woo her spirit back to worldly scenes, on the last day of her accorded freedom, as, in the companionship of a number of loving friends, and one, ranking yet as scarcely more than an acquaintance—the Magician aforesaid, she sped down the St. Lawrence toward her convent home. The boat was rapidly drawing near to the wild rapid of Lachine and the mountain of Montreal raised its green cone in the distance, when by accident or design, Mary was alone in a secluded corner of the deck, in company with the Magician. She was for some time silent, and her eyes that occasionally sought the surrounding scene of wild grandeur, were as often withdrawn and dropped as if in deep meditation.

“Pardon me,” said her companion, after a long and involuntary pause, “but you appear sad—is the thought of returning to the seclusion of convent walls then unpleasant?”

She turned her large eyes to his, and after a long inquiring look, replied;

“It should not be, for those who never leave them enjoy a peace of mind and holy rest of spirit that those who belong to the world never can experience. And yet,” she continued, “I must own that I have been somewhat sad during this day, for you know that this will probably be my last day of worldly freedom—it is not right to feel thus, I know, but I am not yet as strong as I should be.”

“I—really—am not sure that I have your meaning!” rejoined her companion, with some hesitation;

“Why, I supposed that you knew!” she replied—
“I have resolved to become a Nun—to assume the veil on my graduation.”

“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed her companion:

A half horrified look—a rebuking jesture, were her only reply to this, while he impulsively continued;

“You mistake, I am certain, what is your duty. Heaven can require no such sacrifice; it gave you beauty, amiability and genius to assist in brightening the world, and you can best serve it by remaining with it; you are too pure to suffer by contact with mankind—the world cannot but be made better by your presence in it!”

He paused—a faint hue stole over her face, and

when she raised her eyes again their glance was not as steady as before, there was a perceptible tremor in her voice ;

“Would it please you,” she asked, hardly above a whisper, “if I should renounce my intention to take the veil?”

“It would—very much,” he returned candidly. She made no reply, unless a halfinquiring, half startled look that she gave him—a glance that he long seemed to feel attempting to read his thoughts—was one, and the conversation was at this point interrupted, never to be resumed.

The precincts of Villa Maria did not seem to possess the only charm that the world held for her, thereafter. If the birds sang as sweetly as before, their songs seemed to tell of some one absent, and her intimate companions could not but notice a marked change in her demeanor, nor did they fail to surprise her on more than one occasion, industriously at work upon a beautiful and intricate piece of needlework that was evidently intended as a gift for some one, but the only reply made to their questioning and gentle raillery would be the suffusing of her pale cheeks with the hue of the rose.

The Autumn passed—then the long Winter, and it

was Spring again in name, although Winter in reality. A few more weeks of study and seclusion, and with the earliest flowers of the Summer, Mary would bid adieu to the seclusion of the Convent and enter upon the great and to her almost unknown world.

At this time the fearful epidemic of small Pox was raging in Montreal, but in the isolation of their mountain home, the inhabitants of the Villa imagined that they at least were secure from the visitation of the demon, the blight of whose breath was death. But not even convent walls and the magic circle of the Church's power could form adequate protection against the foul plague, for without warning Mary was stricken down by it, to the consternation of the worthy Sisters, who feared also for the other members of their charge.

It was upon a cold and inclement night, that in company with a couple of attendant Nuns, she was driven in a close carriage from the Convent to an Hospital, for the nature of the disease would not permit of her retention at the Villa. Well enveloped in robes, she sat upright in silence upon one of the seats, while the Nuns occupied the opposite one. At length her head fell forward—her arms reposed by her side—she grew pallid—

The Nuns sprang forward, with many words of supplication and alarm, for they believed that her spirit had taken its flight, but she slowly recovered, and again regarded them :

“It was so strange,” she said, at length, “for I seemed to leave the carriage and fly to my home. I stood by the bed-side of my brother and awoke him and pointed to where I at the same time was riding in the carriage here with you !”

“Only a dream,” was the reply of the Sisters, and all relapsed into silence again, but at the very moment of the occurrence here related, in her far distant home, a brother was aroused from sleep and beheld—or beheld in his sleep—who shall determine ? his loved sister journeying at midnight in a carriage attended by two Nuns—it vanished and she stood by his bed-side, trembling and pale—she would have spoken, but with a cry he awoke and the vision vanished. With conflicting emotions of fear and doubt, he arose and for a long time upon his knees implored the protection of Heaven against the seemingly threatened ill.

At the breakfast table, he, now more calm and rather doubting his own senses, related the circumstance. It was viewed only as a dream whose fabric

was of course baseless, but ere the conclusion of the meal, the words of the telegraph had announced to them that it was sad reality.

A few days of terrible suspense followed. A devoted mother hastened to her side, and although all that love could accomplish was done, life and death struggled for the mastery. Calmly, sweetly and with a tranquil resignation that seemed of more than an earthly spirit, she awaited her fate.

It is hard," she once said, a sigh for the only time escaping her, "to die so young and with so much to live for, but if God wishes to take me to Heaven now, I should rather be thankful."

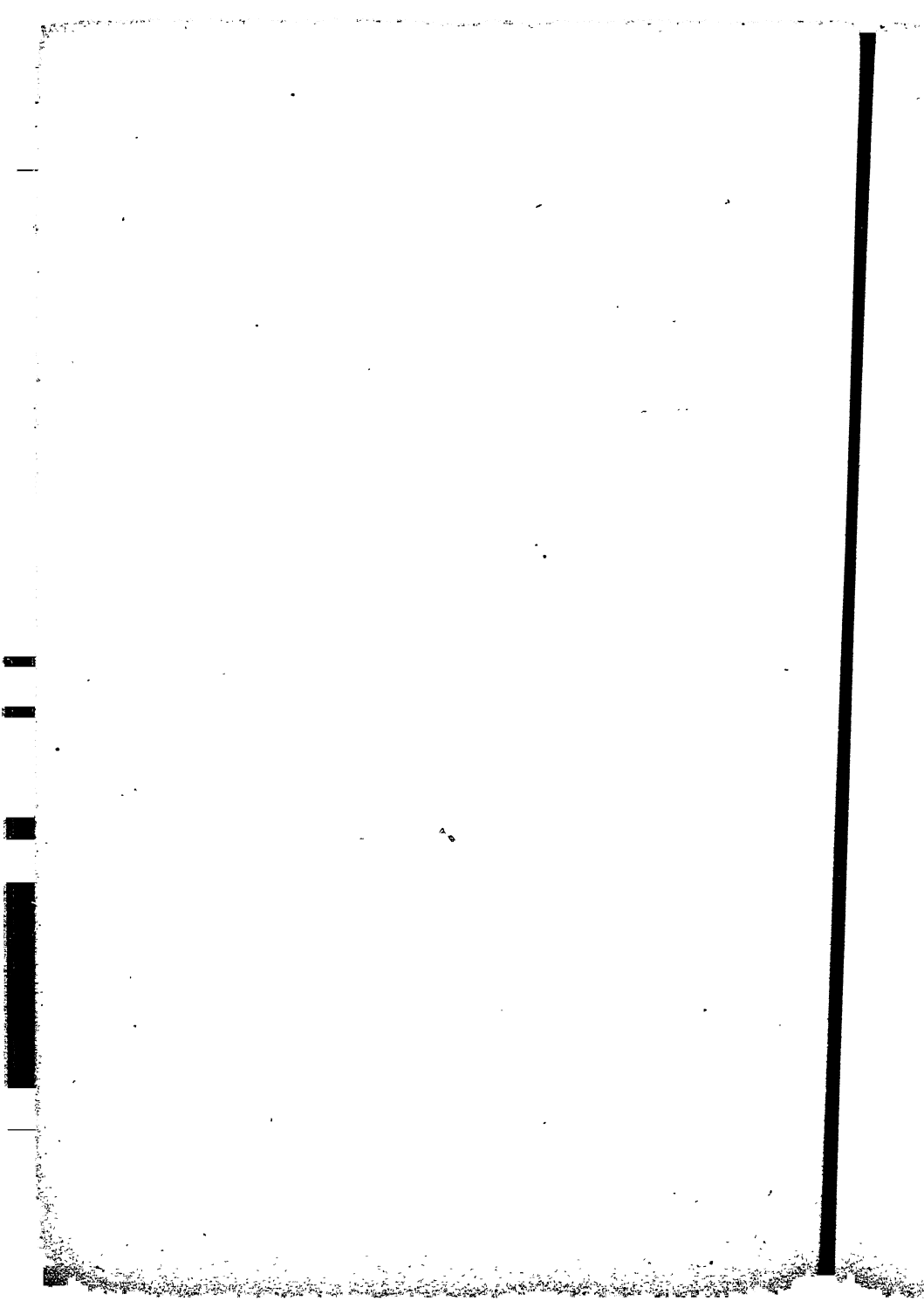
It was a wild, dark night, but in the apartment in which the sufferer lay, the storm was not heard. Lying upon her couch she had long been in silent communion with her own thoughts. Her mother and a Nun kept silent vigil near by. At length the summons came—an angel awaited by her bedside and whispered his message. She called her mother to her side—"Mother," she said calmly, "I am dying!"

"No my darling," was the confident reply, "you are better this evening than you have been before for days."

"No, mother," returned the sufferer, "you deceive yourself—I am your dying child!"

Then as calmly as if conversing in regard to the ordinary affairs of life, she made known her wishes concerning the adornment of her form after death—spoke a few words of farewell—arose, walked across the apartment and sat down—the attendant Nun hastened to her side, but the Angel had flown out into the storm, and not alone, and Little Mary was the Bride of Heaven!

Not far from the blue waters of the great river, loving hands laid her to rest. There she sleeps, heeding not the never-ceasing murmur of its waters, which fall upon the ears of mourning ones who wonder if its voice chants the hymn of the evermore, and gives a promise that the love of "Little Mary" shall not be only a bright, sweet, sad remembrance of the past, but a recompense of the unknown and limitless future.



The Hunter Lodge Movement.

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THE "HUNTER LODGE" MOVEMENT OF 1838.

The movement that occasioned so much international disquietude, and for which I can find no more seemingly proper name than that given above, and which culminated in the action of Wind Mill Point, was one of the most singular in its conduct and development of all that mark the history of the two countries. In it the deep-seated animosity that remained after the war of 1812-15 came to a head and found vent, and the bubble once exploded, became harmless. The English and Canadian participators in its scenes of tragedy and melodrama have had their actions voluminously recorded, but very much of interest concerning the purposes and deeds of the would-be "liberators" of Canada has thus far remained enshrouded in mystery, or what is worse, grossly misstated by those writers who have dwelt upon them. The death of nearly all of the leaders who participated in the Wind Mill Point affray—the banishment to penal servitude of nearly all of the others, and the cloaking of falsehood with which those who planned

for others braver than themselves to execute have covered their statements, have combined to render it exceedingly difficult to arrive at a full and reliable statement of the matter. Of the officers of the invaders who participated in the fight alluded to, but one survives—Hon. E. Wingate Davis, now a resident of the state of Wisconsin, who held the position of Captain in the service of the assumed "Republic of Canada," and who, recognising the claim made upon him, has prepared a statement, the first and only fully authentic one that has appeared in relation to the "Hunter Lodge" movement and its works, especially as relates to the most important of all.

The Fort Wellington expedition, which resulted in this engagement, was notably characterised by two opposite traits of character, as far as "The Hunters" were concerned, that stand out in bold relief fronting each other—the coolest of bravery and the most absolute cowardice! With one or the other of these characteristics every prominent participator in the exciting events of that week, seems to have been endowed.

The time for partisanship in authors treating of this matter has long since passed, if it can ever have been said to have been justifiable. Historical accu-

racy is all that is desirable, and I feel assured that the interesting and exceedingly lucid statement presented will be perused with equal pleasure by all, as all must now join with the writer in deploring that un-called for and extremely ill-advised enterprise.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN E. WINGATE DAVIS.

I will commence my narrative by saying that I left the state of Massachusetts late in the fall of 1837 and arrived in Schenectady at the time that excitement ran high in regard to the Van Rensselaer expedition on Navy Island, and was in that city at the time that the *Caroline* was cut out from Schlasser and sent over Niagara Falls, which caused excitement to run wild, and being unfamiliar with the ways of the world, my prejudices were made more intense against British rule in Canada than they had ever been against it in the United States. In the Spring of 1838 I went to the then village of Salina, where excitement was intense, and prejudice against British rule in Canada bitter in the extreme. Sometime during the summer a gentleman from Kentucky came through the state of New York organizing "Hunters' Lodges," a secret order in the interest of Canadian liberty.

A very few arguments from my employer induced me to join the institution.

In the month of August an expedition was set on foot to liberate four Americans, prisoners in Niagara jail, (in Canada,) who had been sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered and drawn on hurdles, for raising the American flag on the 4th day of July, 1838, at Short Hills, Upper Canada. A proportionate number of men from each Lodge along the border was called for, to make up the expedition. Five was the number assigned for our Lodge to furnish. Four others and myself volunteered to make up the quota. We went by the way of Oswego and thence by steamboat to Rochester, and from there by way of Batavia, Lockport and Niagara Falls to Lewiston, where about sixty men had gathered to act under the direction of a Mr. Bagley, a lawyer from Watertown, N. Y. But few of these men were armed, and he went up to Buffalo to procure the necessary supply of arms for the expedition, and during his absence I went by steamboat to the village of Niagara to "spy the land." The place is in the angle formed by the Lake shore and the bank of the Niagara river. On arriving at the village I found five hundred cavalry stationed in the place; nevertheless I visited the jail where the

men were imprisoned, located nearly two miles back of the place, and equi-distant from the Lake shore and river. I made a rough map of the place, giving the roads, streets and fences, especially between the river and the jail, and thence to the Lake shore, and in the evening returned to Lewiston. Mr. Bagley also returned from Buffalo with an ample supply of arms, and preparations were made to liberate the prisoners on the following night, but on the arrival of the boat, news came to us that the sentence of the prisoners had been commuted to banishment for life, and that they were already on their way to freedom. So that in this instance I failed to act the role of rioter and disturber of the public peace, and returned quietly to Salina.

A few weeks later—some time in the month of September, another call was made upon the Lodges for definite quotas of men to go to Rochester and organize an expedition to proceed down the Genesee river to Carthage and seize a Canadian armed steamer that had been forced into that port by stress of weather, and was obliged to remain a few days for repairs. After obtaining possession of the boat we were to cruise on Lake Ontario and prey upon Canadian commerce. Seven of us volunteered from the Salina

Lodge and immediately started for Rochester, but before we had accomplished one half of the journey, an express met us with orders to return home, as the commander of the armed steamer had become alarmed, perhaps through information received from some traitor, and had sailed away without completing repairs. So that in this case I failed to act the role of Pirate.

Sometime during the month of September, 1838, a congress of delegates from the various Hunters' Lodges in New-York, Vermont, Ohio and Michigan met in either Detroit or Cleveland and organized the Canadian Republic, electing A. D. Smith, President, and George Lawton, Secretary of War. This Congress also appointed officers for the army of invasion, and chartered "The Bank of the Republic of Canada," from which bills were issued, the sale of which, at a discount, was the only source of revenue, except small contributions. At the same time commissions were issued to the officers appointed, and signed by A. D. Smith, President, in secret characters, but George Lawton, as Secretary of War, signed his name in full English letters. A Captain's commission, without solicitation on my part, was sent to me by the hand of J. R. Tricaureau, the delegate from our Lodge, in consequence,

as he said, of the two very inconsiderate and inconsiderable acts of mine, in making a map of the village of Niagara, and manifesting a willingness to go with the expedition to seize the war steamer at Carthage. Von Schoultz and Buckley, two as cool and brave men as ever handled sword, received commissions also, the first as Colonel and the second as Captain, at the same time, and on taking the oath of fidelity to the cause, we were invested with the highest sign of recognition of the "Order of Hunters," which was only given to the highest officers of the army.

After receiving my commission, I enlisted about fifty men to go on a "hunting expedition," mostly "salt boilers" from the villages of Salina, Liverpool and Gettysburg. In the latter part of October I went to Oswego and took passage on a steam boat to Toronto where I remained nearly a week, stopping at the "American House," dining with, wineing and playing checkers with ten or twelve English Army Officers who were stopping at the same Hotel. Thus I obtained all of the information possible in regard to the state of feeling in Canada, without reciprocating favors of that kind. From Toronto I went to Port Hope, Coburg and Kingston, for the purpose of learning the actual state of feeling among the Canadian people.

In all of the places that I visited on this trip, I found persons belonging to Hunters' Lodges who recognized the "signs sent to them" by me. Most of the men assured me that the larger portion of the Canadian people were ripe for rebellion and would join our standard as soon as we had gained a foot-hold in Canada. Aside from this, several persons who had come from Canada to our Lodge had assured us that there would be a general uprising when Winter set in, as it would then be difficult for the British Government to furnish reinforcements and munitions, as well as to move their forces from point to point. And further, many persons high in social and official positions on our side of the line, from a pretended knowledge of Canadian feeling confirmed the foregoing assurances and gave the seductive information *that an invading force, in numbers all the way from 15,000 to 40,000 men would be concentrated on the border to invade Canada at the first opportune moment.*

From Kingston I crossed to Oswego and returned to Salina, a few days before our expedition was to start for Prescott, not knowing, however, its place of destination. On the day of the State election, in Nov. 1838, Col. Von Schoultz, Col. Woodruff of the N.Y. State

Militia, a volunteer without commission who had been with Von Rensselaer on Navy Island the year before, Captain Buckley with 75 men, myself with 50 men, and a few others went aboard of Canal boats at Salina and proceeded to Oswego, where we were detained for nearly two weeks, stopping at the City Hotel, kept by one Parker. This delay was because nearly all of those having duties to perform as assigned them in connection with the expedition, had neglected them. But finally, after many persons had become discouraged and turned back, on one Sunday morning we went on board the Steamer *United States*, taking passage for Sackets Harbor, Cape Vincent and other small ports at the East end of the Lake, and taking aboard men, munitions and supplies at all of the places touched at. It was nearly or quite dark when we entered the river St. Lawrence. While sailing among the thousand Islands, Col. Von Schoutz called Captain Buckley and myself into a state-room, and there for the the first time informed us of the place of our destination and the plan of attack on Fort Wellington. We were also informed that a force of about a thousand men was ahead of us in schooners, with large quantities of munitions, which we should overtake in the night, when the men and officers on the steamer

would be transferred to the schooners, when we would float down the river together, land at the Prescott docks, form a column of attack and marching through the village to Fort Wellington, seize it. Col. Von Schoultz was to lead the center of the attacking column, Captain Buckley the right and myself the left.

This programme was carried out until we reached the last dock down the stream in Prescott, and almost within musket shot of the Fort, and came alongside of it while still under-way. At this moment occurred the initial failure—the person assigned to the duty of jumping ashore to make the vessel fast to the wharf, failed to perform that very essential part of the programme. He sprang to the dock—an English guard fired an alarm gun that so alarmed him that he jumped back to the schooner as quickly as possible, and the vessels were past the dock before an attempt could be made to remedy the evil. An attempt was immediately made however, to go about, sail up the stream and down again and make another effort to land and complete the first arrangements, but our schooners were lashed together and thus rendered difficult to handle, and the attempt proved a failure, and wind and current carried our two unwieldy schooners over to the Ameri-

can side, where the larger one grounded on the bar at the mouth of the Oswegatchie river. As soon as it was day-light, the smaller schooner sailed into Ogdensburg harbor, taking along more than half of our men. I was left aboard of the grounded vessel, and therefore had an excellent view of the changing scenes of the panorama on all sides.

Sometime during the same night the steamer *United States* had arrived at its dock at Ogdensburg, and shortly after sunrise Monday morning, the celebrated Bill Johnson seized her, got some men on board and forced the Pilot to run her over to the Wind Mill, where she landed about thirty men who took possession of the Mill as a very good fort. As nearly as I can recollect or understood at the time, General Birge, Col. Von Schoultz, Col. Woodruff, Col. Abbey, Captain Buckley and some other officers whose names I have forgotten, went over to the Mill on the steamer, and all remained excepting Birge, who returned to Ogdensburg. While the men were landing at the Mill, a small steamer with about an hundred English Regulars and two six-pounders aboard, had fired up and come out of Prescott and "went for" the steamer *United States*, which being the faster boat got away from her by running over toward Mile Point. But

before she got out of range, the Canadian steamer fired at her, and the ball striking the water, glanced up through the Pilot-house, carrying away the back part of the Pilot's head, killing him instantly. Bill Johnson being the only man on board of the *United States* who understood anything of steamboat navigation, took charge and ran the boat up the American shore and grounded her on the Oswegatchie flats. The Canadian steamer was still active, and being suspicious that she would attack us on the schooner on the bar, the men were persuaded to get up two or three hundred muskets from the hold and load them ready for action, in case of an attack, but I failed to induce them to get up cannon, the men upon this vessel being all strangers to me, those that I enlisted having all gone down to the Wind Mill on the other schooner. A couple of boys in a small boat coming off at this opportune time, I hired them to take me to the steamer on the flats. My object in proceeding there was to get an order from Birge to have some cannon taken up from the hold of the schooner, in order to be prepared in case of an attack. On going aboard the steamer, I met a young man by the name of Leach, an active partizan in our cause, whom I had formerly known in Salina, and wished him to inform me where

I could find Gen. Birge, our Commander-in-chief, as I had been informed, but whom I had not seen as yet. Leach seemed quite reluctant to give me the desired information, and inquired what I wanted of Birge? I informed him of my desires and he then told me to go back and tell the men that the Commander-in-chief had ordered the cannon to be taken up. I insisted that I must have a written order, otherwise it would be useless. On finding that I was not to be put off, Leach took me up to the Pilot-house to see the dead Pilot, and then took me into the dining cabin to see our *Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Birge, stretched out at full length on a mattress which had been placed on eight or ten dining stools, pale as a ghost and senseless, apparently dead!* The death of the Pilot had shocked the great warrior's nervous system too severely! This part of the narrative will, I hope, give satisfactory light upon the question as to whether Birge was the original leader of the expedition, and whether he abandoned it through cowardice.

I turned with chagrin and disgust from the scene in the cabin, and immediately went back to the schooner with *orders from the Commander-in-Chief* that some of the cannon must be taken up from the hold, loaded, and prepared in case of an attack, which were

obeyed with alacrity. And as was expected, but a short time elapsed before the Canadian steamer came down upon us, when the hundred "red-coats" on its decks opened fire at us, shooting over our heads, riddling the sails which had been kept set in the hope that the schooner might be carried off the bar. Every man on the schooner kept himself active in picking up guns and firing them as rapidly as possible. This rapid firing or some other freak of fortune caused the steamer to leave us again, heading toward Prescott, and when at proper distance in range she received the contents of our cannon, which I think must have done some damage. Soon after this little affair, the Ferry Boat *Paul Pry* came along-side and took off some of the load from the schooner, when she floated and was taken into Ogdensburg.

Some time in the afternoon I learned that the small schooner was down at the cove opposite to the Wind Mill. I went down to it and found Bill Johnson in charge, ready to carry men over to the Mill, and he gave his pledge that if any did go, he would go over and stay with them! With this pledge I went up to the village and persuaded quite a number, about fifty, I think, to go over with him. It was near sunset when we landed. I met the commissioned officers at the

Mill, and confirmed the rumor which had preceded me, that Birge *had fainted!* A council of the officers was called at a stone house west of the Mill, previously used for a tavern, where we unanimously elected Von Schoultz our Commander-in-Chief.

Order was established and a picket guard set for the night. I had charge of the first watch, until midnight, and Captain Buckley of the second, until morning.

At early dawn on Tuesday morning, it was discovered that Bill Johnson had gone off with the schooner, taking all of our cannon except two six pounders and a small brass piece which was placed in position near the mill—nearly all of our cannon ammunition and twenty-five or thirty men, eight or ten of these men being a part of the guard that had been placed at the north or down the river side of our camp. The schooner and all of its war munitions was seized on Wednesday, by Col. Worth of the U. S. Army.

After this desertion, our remaining force consisted of about 225 officers and men all told. Soon after the discovery of this act of treachery, we made another sad discovery, and one that was not much more agreeable—a force of about six hundred men, two hundred of them being “red coats” or Regulars, was seen com-

ing out of Prescott and marching along the road to the West of our position. This force formed a line on a rising piece of ground where potatoes had been raised, and immediately opened fire upon us. Our little force having first formed a line near a stone fence perpendicular to the river, was by the enemy's position forced to change front and wheel up into a line parallel to the river in order to face them, and to extend our line as far as theirs. After keeping up a brisk fire for about an hour at the enemy, with two mortars throwing bombs at our rear from steamers on the river, Gen. Von Schoultz ordered us to take shelter in the stone houses and Wind Mill. Our men continued to stand their ground some time after the order was given, seemingly loth to give up the position until forced to. As soon however, as we did comply with the order, the enemy rushed upon us, led by a Major Johnson, I think, who being considerably in advance of his men, was instantly killed by having five or six balls put into and through his body. A young Polander went and took off Johnson's coat and a five dollar Canadian bill from his vest pocket when the bullets were flying about him as thick as hail. This act of bravery enabled the Polander to get away at the time of the surrender by passing

the British lines disguised in the captured coat. This, with many other acts, courageous and otherwise, could be made to form an amusing chapter.

Gen. Von Schoultz after giving the order to take shelter, took charge of our two pieces at the Mill, and with them did excellent service, driving the two Canadian steamers to a safer distance, and disabling one, the *Coburg*, so that she put into Prescott. When on the field, our riflemen, twenty five in number, sharpshooters, were placed at our right, doing good service, as the wind at the time was blowing up the river and cleared the smoke away, thus affording a chance for deliberate aim, which, with the random shots of the musket men, kept a number of one horse carts employed in removing the dead and wounded of the enemy to Prescott. On coming off the field, sixty odd of our men attempted to get away by running down the road, but were all captured or slain. Some of those killed remained within sight of the contending forces while we remained. But few of our men were killed or wounded in the engagement.

A portion of our force now took shelter in the stone tavern—a much larger number in the Mill and about twenty five in the stone house north of the Mill. On coming from the field into the road, I was hailed by

a Mr. Stewart and requested to come into the latter building, as there was no commissioned officer with them, which I did. Arrangements were immediately made for defending the house. The cellar door was barricaded and about eight sharpshooters placed in the half storey above, while those with muskets were stationed at the doors and windows of the lower storey, with orders to each to defend his position to the last. These arrangements seemed to be eminently necessary, as a large number of the enemy had come up very close on two sides of the house, under the shelter of the stone garden fence. Our rapid firing and direct aim soon drove them from this position, leaving quite a number of their dead behind them. Three or four of our men were killed in this house, and about the same number were wounded. The parties in the Mill were brave and active, which soon compelled our foes to retire to a safer distance, where they formed in squads at the north and west of us, to prevent any of our party from escaping.

A curious incident occurred during these fights, worth relating. We had taken two prisoners wounded. One had a ball pass across his eyes, putting them both ~~out~~—the other was disabled in the legs. The lame man was put on the blind man's back and sent

to the enemy's lines with a note from Gen. Von Schoultz to their commanding officer, desiring him to treat his prisoners as mercifully as he, Von Schoultz had, in sending them where they could have their wounds dressed, as we had no surgeon.

On Wednesday I was ordered to take charge of the second story of the Mill, Captain Buckley having previously been placed in charge of the first story. A wall of cobble stones, eight feet in height and of equal thickness, taken from the fences, was built around the door of the Mill, with ample space in the enclosure for the cannon which were placed in embrasures, one pointing up the road and the other down. Another occurrence took place this day, indicating our doom. Our Quarter-Master having between two and three thousand dollars with him, deemed it best to leave the Mill for a safer place, and took a small boat and with two others attempted to cross over to Ogdensburg. When nearly half way across the river a Canadian steamer with the inevitable "red-coats" on board, ran them down and the soldiers fired a volley at them. The scene could be plainly witnessed from the Mill, and we supposed that the whole party in the small boat must be killed,

but they were quickly taken aboard of the steamer, apparently uninjured.

During Wednesday and Thursday, the sharpshooters on both sides kept up a guerrilla warfare all around, and several times we had to get out our cannon and fire bullets sewed up in strong cloth bags, our cannon balls having been all exhausted on Tuesday. The fact was noted also, that the enemy was constantly receiving accessions to his force. The weather was cold and disagreeable with sleet and rain. We could have no fire in the Mill, and consequently had no warm food—scarcely any kind of food in fact, excepting “hard tack,” which with little sleep, materially discouraged and demoralised our little band.

Thursday morning a steamer came down from Kingston with a large reinforcement of men and three eighteen pounders on board, and two gun barges in tow. Most of the men landed at Prescott and marched down to assist our other enemies in guarding our little band of 113 men able to do duty, and 28 wounded, while one of the big guns in position in the potato field was doing effective work on the stone houses, killing and wounding several of our men. The other two big guns were on barges out in the middle of the

river, one opposite to the Mill and the other further down stream, firing all day at the Mill but doing very little harm to it.

Sometime in the first part of the night of Thursday, when all was much more quiet than usual with us, and also with the enemy whose actions governed ours, a messenger came to the Mill and informed Gen. Von Schoutz that Preston King with the *Paul Pry* was near the Mill, ready to take our party off if such was our wish. A man by the name of Nevins, an "Aid" to Birge also came from the *Paul Pry* into the Mill. A council was immediately called at the stone tavern. Captain Buckley and myself having charge of the first and second stories of the Mill, could not, on account of strict orders and stern necessity be both absent from our posts at the same time; consequently, Captain Buckley attended the council first, and after his return I went to it, when I found that all of the arrangements had been made for us to leave. I was hastily informed what these were, all of the officers acquiescing, and Gen. Von Schoutz ordered me to get the wounded down from the upper stories of the Mill, as they were to be placed aboard of the boat first. While on the way to carry out this order, I expressed some doubts as to the feasibility of getting all of our party

safely across the river while being closely watched by a vigilant enemy of nearly ten times our force, and was then told, but not by the messenger or any of the chief officers, that arrangements had been made with the British officer in command at Prescott, that King might take us away if it could be done without noise or discovery; that we must be very quiet about the matter. During this time the man Nevins was boisterously and confidently promising that in a short time we would have sufficient reinforcements to hold our position and drive the enemy away. But we had had enough of Birge and his "Aids," if not of his aid and could not see the propriety of remaining longer in a cold stone Mill without food or fire, and I hastened to obey the order, and personally superintended the removal of two very severely wounded comrades. These two were the last to be got down, and when we had reached the second storey of the mill the sad news came to us that the *Paul Pry* had departed. I immediately went down and out of the Mill, and dimly saw the boat leaving. The whole time that the steamer remained at the Mill, could not have exceeded thirty-five minutes. About that length of time after its departure, the Canadian armed steamer came out from Prescott and ran down the river until near-

ly opposite to the Mill, when she fired her two guns down the river and immediately went about and up to Prescott again. I cannot state that King did not come ashore, but I did not see him nor hear of his being there. After the first day's fight, Gen. Von Schoultz had the entire confidence of all of the men and officers in our band, and all would have obeyed a rational order from him as if in the Regular service, and his advice, in all matters pertaining to our situation would have been regarded as almost oracular—yet all of our men were so anxious to get away that I am sure that all advice or orders from him or any one else to remain longer when a chance of escape had been offered, would have been treated with almost unceremonious contempt, as were the advice and promise of Nevins. But neither Von Schoultz nor any other officer of our party ordered or *advised* a longer stay at the Mill after it was known that the *Paul Pry* was there to take us away, but all made as noiseless haste as possible to carry out the programme and get away from a place where nothing but death, either by the bayonet, bullet or starvation stared them in the face.

Just before the boat left, Nevins went on board, and I have always attributed the failure of the *Paul Pry*

expedition to his *benevolent efforts* in either telling King that we did not wish to leave, or in persuading him to leave us at the mercy of our enemies. There was a considerable bustle and stir throughout the enemy's lines just previous to the departure of the boat, which may have added force to Nevins' falsehoods or persuasions. Our sadly disappointed and suffering wounded comrades were taken back to their old quarters to pass a sleepless night.

Appearances were so unfavorable on Friday that all of our men voted to surrender at discretion. All of the commissioned officers refused assent to an unconditional surrender.

A little after sunset, foggy and cloudy weather making it quite dark, I contrived to obtain possession of a small boat, and well knowing that a surrender of the force was inevitable, resolved to attempt an escape. With some peril I succeeded in reaching the American shore, landing in the cove just above Mile Point. While proceeding to Ogdensburg, a continuous firing was kept up around the Mill and all along the enemy's lines to Prescott, and when I had arrived at the village, Prescott was lighted up and I supposed that all of the fuss, firing and lighting was on account of all of my late comrades having been shot, for I

really supposed that when the firing commenced so fiercely, that the enemy were shooting their prisoners, as it had been reported had been done at other places previously. I felt very sad and wished myself back across the river, sharing the fate of my comrades.

I found on my arrival at Ogdensburg that a party of indignant citizens were searching for a Major Ward, a jeweller from Auburn, commissioned in our service, threatening to do him personal violence, because he had, on the previous Wednesday refused to lead a considerable reinforcement from Ogdensburg to our aid at the Mill. I had become acquainted with Mr. Ward at Oswego and found him a genial gentleman, and while going down on the steamer we had mutually pledged ourselves to stand by each other in case of mishap or misfortune. Accidentally happening to come across a friend of his, I learned where I could find him. I went over to the South side of the Oswegatchie river, took him from his hiding place, changed coats and hats with him and we went together to the Hotel and slept until four o'clock A. M., when we took stage for Watertown and Syracuse. On the "Way Bill" of the mail stage in which we travelled, my name was placed with the information that I been at the Wind Mill fight and had escaped, which caused

me considerable annoyance, as I had to fight the battles over again at every station and stopping place along the route to Watertown. Besides this, people were stopping by the roadside, waiting for the stage, in order to learn the fate of the party at the Wind Mill. The people along the road were however very kind, thrusting money into my pockets to make up my losses.

In this narrative I have given a detailed statement of what I saw and heard in connection with the "Patriot War," and hope that it will subserve your purpose of a chapter for your Border History. I have given the names of but four of the eleven officers who participated in the Wind Mill fight, for the reason that I have forgotten them. My acquaintance with those not named was brief and under the circumstances unfavorable to a closer intimacy. With Von Schoultz I was acquainted intimately during the summer of 1838, at Salina, and found him to be an educated gentleman of good scientific attainments and excellent military knowledge and experience, obtained as Lieutenant-Colonel under his father, a commander in the Polish army, in actual war. He was a fluent speaker with just enough of a foreign accent to make it interesting. He stood six feet high, well proportioned, had a pleas-

ing address and a military bearing. I was also acquainted with Col. Woodruff during the same time and at the same place. He had no commission in our service, for the reason, as it was said, that he had been *a little too cautious* the winter before, in the Van Rensselaer expedition, and he went with us for the purpose of wiping out that stigma. He was perfect in a knowledge of military tactics and drill, and for a number of years had been employed to instruct and drill the officers of the Militia of the State of New York. He was a kind hearted gentleman, a firm friend, and as far as noticed, cool and brave. Capt. Buckley I saw almost every day during the summer of 1838. He was a Salina salt manufacturer and had accumulated a handsome property. He was a genial, generous man, of cool courage, and very popular among his associates. Col. Abbey I only became acquainted with during the trip on the steamer *United States*, and at the Mill. He seemed to be a genial gentleman, of very strong impulses. What I saw of the other officers, whose names I have forgotten, gave me a very favorable opinion of them and assurance that they could be trusted in any emergency of war or friendship.

It may appear singular, perhaps, to military men,

that Von Schoultz, aware of the desperate situation in which he was placed, should not at once have despatched a guard under the charge of a reliable officer, to take possession of and prevent the departure of the *Paul Pry* until his force was embarked upon it, but it must be taken into consideration that he was a Polander, having a very favorable opinion of American character, and not knowing of the want of military drill and experience among persons of such apparent dash and courage as volunteered in the expedition. This was illustrated throughout. He first placed implicit confidence in the representations, pledges and promises of men in high places, whom he supposed possessed that lofty honor that he had been accustomed to see manifested by the Polish noblemen, and by them was induced to believe that he was to co-operate with a powerful invading army, instead of leading a handful of men upon a hopeless expedition. Even when it was discovered on Tuesday morning, that Bill Johnson had abandoned us with our schooner, guns and ammunition, no doubt was entertained by him that he would return with reinforcements.

The character and standing of Preston King was known to us, and for Von Schultz to have doubted his courage or good intentions, or his ability to carry

them out, would have been regarded as very discourteous. A better acquaintance with the persons with whom he was brought in contact in the expedition, would have doubtless rendered him more self-reliant.

None of our force was uniformed; all, even the officers, were dressed in citizens clothes, with no distinguishing insignia, and the only flag that we had was a small one with various designs and devices worked in varied colors on a white field of silk, by the ladies of Salina and by them presented to Von Schoultz a short time before the departure of the expedition.

On the following day an unconditional surrender of the force was made. The prisoners were conveyed to Kingston and there tried upon the charge of Brigandage. All of the officers and nearly all of the rank-and-file were found guilty. The former were all hanged and the latter, with the exception of a few pardoned, sent to Van Dieman's Land for long periods. The stone buildings surrounding the Mill were burned by the victors after the surrender, for the probable purpose of driving from their places of concealment any who might have taken refuge in them.

The action of the English Commandant, Col. Young, in consenting to the *Paul Pry* expedition, remains enshrouded in considerable mystery. He

was understood by Col. Worth to yield a tacit consent, while refusing it directly, and circumstances favor this belief, although it is but a matter of speculation. He was afterward tried by a Court-martial upon this charge—that of consenting to the escape of a foe held in his power, but acquitted.

While this work has been in press, the old tower of the historic mill has been rescued from decay by the Dominion government and converted into a Light House, from the dome of which beacon lights now gleam, not as of yore, a menace or signal light of incitement to strife, or the appeal of doomed men for rescue, but as a friendly meteor to those who guide the crafts of commerce upon the waters sailed over by Champlain, Frontenac, De la Burre, Vaudreuil, Amherst and their companions and co-patriots of the past centuries.



