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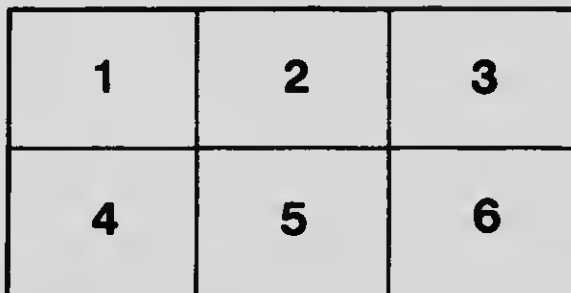
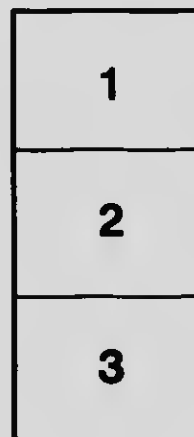
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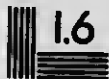
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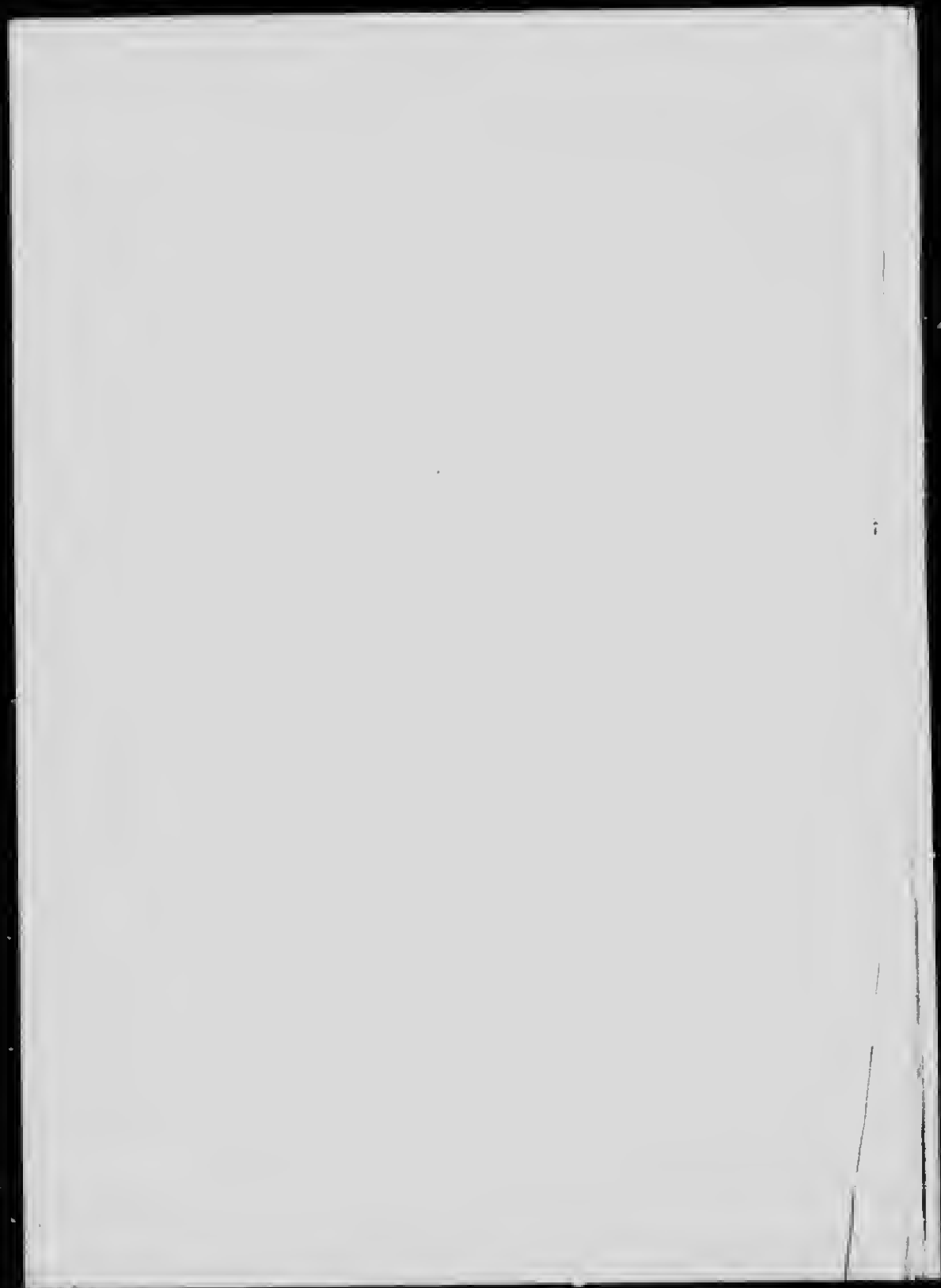
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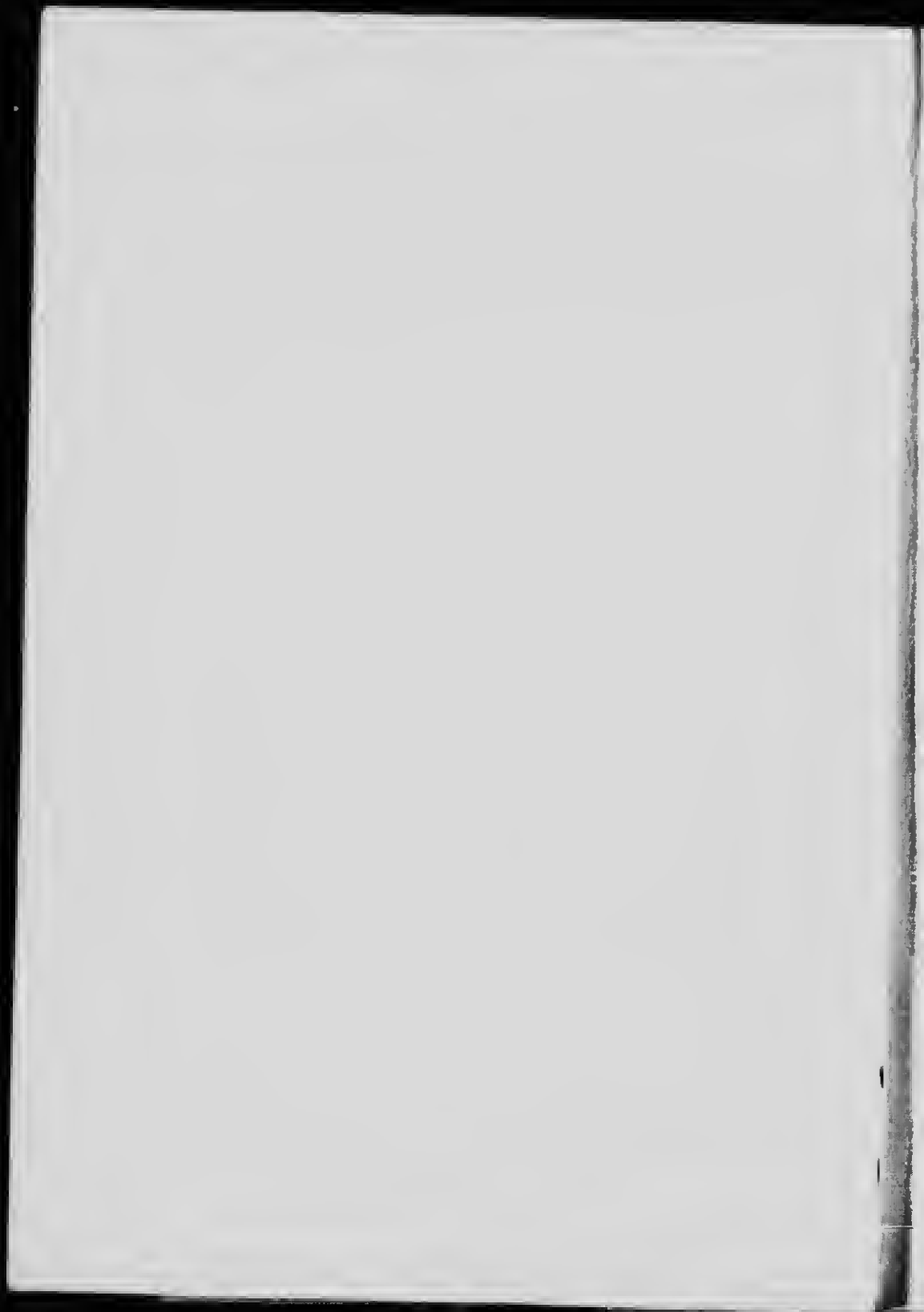
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THE
NOTARY OF GRAND PRÉ

A
HISTORIC TALE OF ACADIA

BY
A. J. McLEOD
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PREFACE.

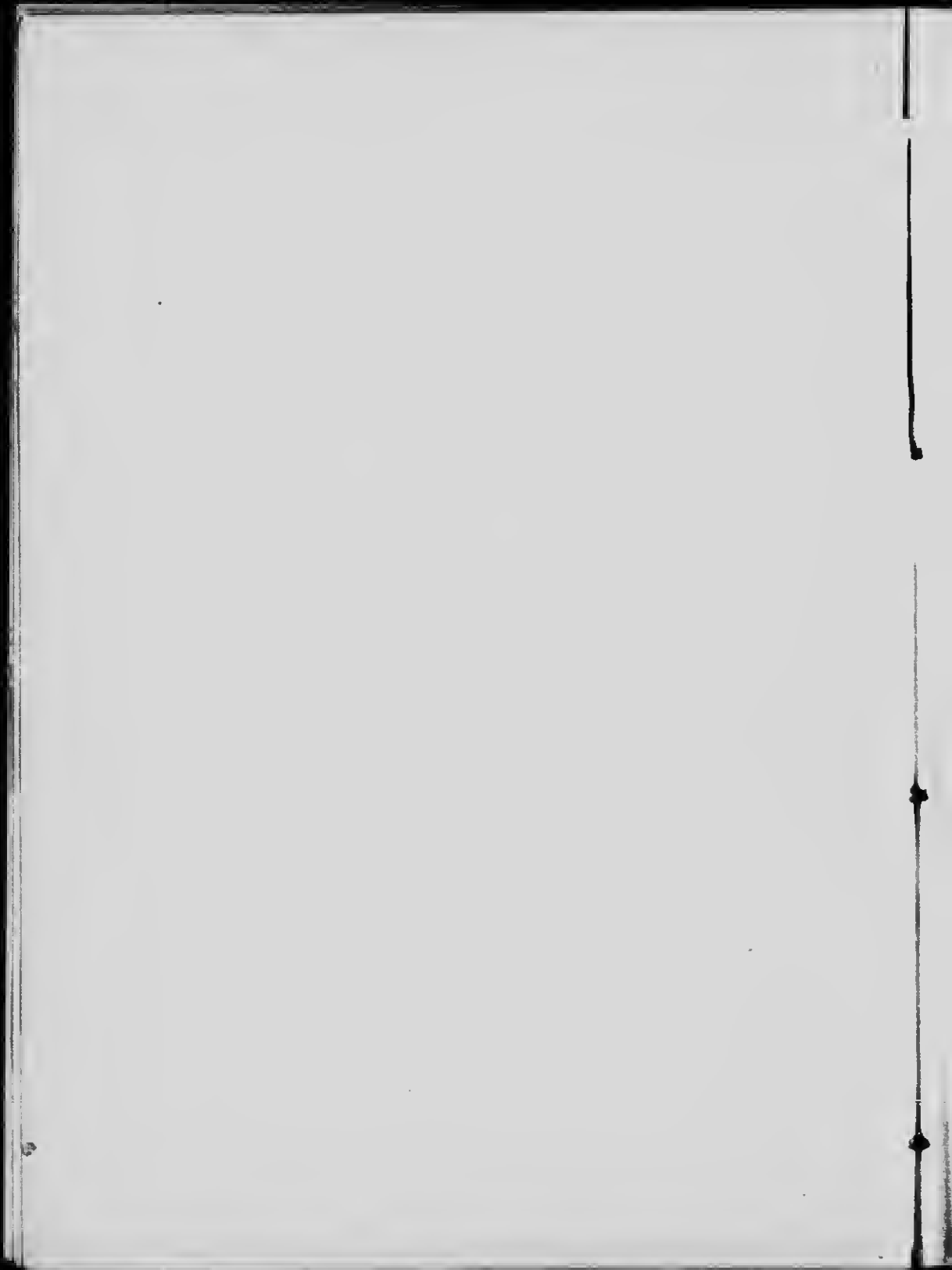
This story is a digest of legendary lore as related by descendants of the French Acadians and Micmac Indians.

As to times, places and historic events, it is substantially accurate.

The "Notary" is a real character, Francis Parkman, the historian, speaks of him as "the Notary Le Blanc," and other writers make mention of him as a man of importance with the Acadians at the time of their eviction. Longfellow erroneously represents him to be an old man.

But no word have we from either of these relative to his subsequent eventful life, as told in traditions of his people and herein fancifully narrated.

THE AUTHOR.



THE NOTARY OF GRAND PRÉ.

CHAPTER I.

Blomidon, mysterious abode of Glooscap, the mythic Micmac god, well rewards its visitor, be he scientist, pleasure-seeker, souvenir fiend, or mere idler awaiting glad surprises.

This grandest among sea-cliffs, rising abruptly out of the water four hundred feet, exposes to view three distinct strata of denuded, search-inviting rock.

Seen at low water, clean, tide-washed new red sandstone forms the base. Resting on this is a thick stratum of amygdaloid trap, veined with tinted gypsum and dotted with silicates of great variety and beauty, among which may be found chalcedony, jasper, opal, agate and other precious stones. Supported upon this gem-bespangled foundation, rises erect nearly two hundred feet of dark green crystalline, columnar, basaltic trap, all crowned with shrubbery and evergreen woods

of ancient growth, the whole cliff resembling ruins of some colossal art structure adorned by time and decorated by decay.

This majestic bluff is wholly, except the sandstone base, of volcanic origin, being the eastern extremity of a long ridge of trappean rock formed by an ancient current of molten stone or lava, erupted through the earth's crust and flowing over and cooling upon the red sandstone seabottom, on which the whole ridge now rests.

This great dyke of hardened lava, now locally called "North Mountain," extends westward from Blomidon 123 miles, and was at some time, in unrecorded ages, upheaved with its bed of submarine origin and became the south sea-wall of that tumultuous estuary of the ocean named "Bay of Fundy." Then commenced to flow the impetuous ocean current that in time became the now strange turbulent tides of this historic bay; unequalled for height and rapidity of onrush in any other known part of the earth, and never satisfactorily accounted for.

Subsequent to this, and before man began to note results of world-forming forces at work upon our earth, this surging tide, aided, most likely, by glacial drift, found a way through the extreme eastern end of the lava ridge, or between it and the vastly older adjoining rock, and

flowing inland upon a depressed area, settled finally into the large salt lake known as the Basin of Mines. And ever since, this swirling tide, like a mighty river, has flowed in and out the rock-lined strait, wearing ever wider and deeper its channel and fretting into fantastic form the resisting shores of the beautiful blue Basin.

On the rich alluvial land sloping south and west from the shores of this Basin, the French Acadians built the neat rural homes that formed the unique village of Grand Pre, and on the salt marshes piled up the vast dykes that dammed back the mighty tides from many thousand acres of the most fertile of known soils

Here, for more than a century, lived and toiled, and loved and died, a contented, prosperous people.

To the eastward of Grand Pre, the surface of the country is broken into irregularly-shaped hills that end at the shore of the Basin, thus forming a rocky coast-line indented with numerous small coves where the tide once came far inland among the choppy hills.

About four miles to the east of the village there was then a deep cove with cliffy shores and gravelly beach.

At the head of this cove, late in the afternoon of Sept. 5th, 1755, a man walked back and forth

near the water's edge as if impatiently waiting some expected event.

The sun was nearly down. The tide approaching its flood and fretting into foam on the rugged coast. The only living thing in sight was the man.

He was tall, compactly built, and clad in a complete suit of tanned buckskin, that fitted closely and showed a sinewy symmetrical frame.

A sharp-featured fine face, furrowed across the brow, gave him an old look; but his step was elastic, his form erect and there was youthful fire in his dark eager eyes.

It would have been difficult to guess his age. He might have been forty and, as likely, less than thirty years old.

Around his waist was a stout belt, and suspended from it, at the right side, dangled a long sword.

Back and forth across the beach he walked. The sun settled slowly below the horizon's verge, and as slowly above it crept the full harvest moon. The incoming tide surged up to its highest limit, then sobbed back against the gray rocks and rested. The yellow light of lingering day and silvery shafts from the moon flecked the blue surface of the broad basin, and elemental sounds were hushed to "soft quiet."

As the daylight faded, the light of the moon cast upon the gray sand a long shadow from a tall, craggy cliff on the east side of the cove. Strongly outlined and tapering to a point the shadow touched the water's edge. This seemed to be the expected event, for stepping into the ghost-like obscurity, a moment the man scanned with searching gaze the shore and the shimmering water to the utmost limit of vision. Then, as if satisfied that no human eye saw him, he stooped at the point where the shadow and water met and lifted from its place a large, irregular shaped rock that no ordinary man could have moved, and scooped with his hands a hole in the sand at the bottom of its bed. Then stepping to a thicket near by, returned with a strong looking steel box about ten inches long by five wide and deep, placed it in the hole and replaced the heavy rock. Standing upon it for several minutes, he searched again with suspicious scrutiny the whole range of land and water, then with rapid step entered the dark woods and disappeared.

If any of the people of the country, French, English or Indians, had seen this man they would readily have recognized him as the Notary of Grand Pre, a Public Official of authority in the place. Soon after the close of the last war between France and England he had come to the

country of the Acadians, already a commissioned Notary, and taken up his abode in the village.

None questioned him why or whence he came. Those were troublous times in La Belle France. Events were transpiring that resulted not many years later in the bloodiest of civil wars. There were fugitives, many from justice, and injustice as well, and the Acadian colony of the new world afforded a safe and inviting asylum. That the tall, handsome Notary was one of the former class, the Acadians more than suspected; but he was a good citizen and held high rank in the place, which was enough for this simple people. Among them the Notary acted as Judge in all Civil affairs, and had other Powers.

That was a tranquil sunset and silvery Autumn moon-rise, over the forest-fringed Basin of Mines; but in the quaint village of Grand Pre, a few miles distant, there was the black smoke and roar of devouring flames, mingled with the sobs of women and children, and muttered curses from stout hearted men with tear-stained cheeks, forced to behold the burning of their homes and helpless to defend their families fleeing therefrom.

That day in the village of Grand Pre alone three hundred houses, four hundred other buildings and one church were burned to the ground

and two thousand inhabitants made homeless prisoners.

Whatever for reasons of State policy, may be said in justification of this harsh treatment, and much has been so said and well said, there still remains the "steel cold tact" that it was bitterly cruel, thus to drive this almost blameless people from the homes, they had by tireless industry won from dense forests or reclaimed from invading tides, and export them to strange lands where they were unwelcome; where their language was not understood, and their religion a heresy.

This much, however, in fairness to England should be said, namely, that it was not planned by the British Government nor executed by British army regulars. It was conceived and planned by Governor Shirley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, assisted by Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia; and carried into effect by volunteers from the New England colonies commanded by John Winslow, commissioned by Governor Shirley for the purpose.

Colonel Winslow and most of his volunteers were direct descendants of the pious Pilgrim Fathers, who for a century had puritanically observed the Sabbath Day to keep it holy and been "constant in prayer": but had nevertheless been

at no time averse to the taking of human life on any pretext of just cause be it heresy, witchcraft or war; and were now more than willing to kill these Acadians and devastate their homes, although no state of war existed at the time between France and England, and for no more righteous a cause than that they were of a different nationality, were loyal to their King and true to their Church.

"Toil, trade and puritanism" had made them sharp featured, calculating and old-blooded, and it was easy for them to believe that they were doing God's service in any transaction that promised to themselves gain or glory.

It is worthy of especial note and seems like retribution that only thirty years after this cruel eviction, some of these same volunteers and many of their sons, in pitiable poverty and outcasts from their country, sought and found a scanty living on these very farms from which they had so ruthlessly banished the inheritors.

At the close of the revolutionary war between the American colonies and England all those who had remained loyal to their King had their property confiscated, and themselves forced to leave the country not to return on penalty of death. About ten thousand of them settled in Nova Scotia, many of whom asked and received

as charity, the right to possess themselves of the then impoverished farms of the evicted Acadians.

When on that dismal Friday the fifth of September, 1755, the male inhabitants of Grand Pre at three o'clock in the afternoon assembled in the Church to hear what Col. Winslow facetiously termed the "King's instructions," Renc Le Blanc the Notary was not among them. Instead of obeying the Royal summons he led to the door of his house, where he had always lived alone, a large black stallion as unlike the horses of the country as the Notary was unlike the peasants of Acadia. He had been tamed from the wild horses of the famous Ukraine breed and broke only to the saddle, strong, speedy and sure-footed over the roughest roads. He came to the country with the Notary and had been his daily companion in long and often swift rides over the narrow winding roads of the settlements. All the country from Port Royal (now Annapolis) to Piziquid (now Windsor) knew both horse and rider. To these rural people they were a wonderful pair, and in many respects were truly so. The saddle that now fitted his compact form and glossy skin was as foreign in make as was the steed in character. It was furnished with saddlebags and holsters of military pattern and stocked with heavy army pistols.

The sentient beast seemed to sniff the perils of the ride for which he was equipped, and stamped impatiently upon the ground till his master coolly vaulted into the saddle and guided him swiftly along a seldom travelled, circuitous route to the little cove where we saw him hide the box in the sand.

Soon after dark of this historic day, in the red glare and noise of crackling flames, and dun smoke of hundreds of burning buildings, rushed the black horse and his rider. Straight along the main road of the village with sword drawn and heels to his horse's flanks sped the undaunted Notary to where his own house still stood untouched by the incendiary's torch.

Mounted officers on guard about the Church seemed unwilling to arrest so swift a horse and daring rider. A few muskets were discharged at him by the soldiers, but the bullets went wide of the mark, and it is more than likely that the men who fired the shots, under command, intended they should, for dash and daring finds always admiration in the soul of the soldier. Reaching unharmed his house, he dismounted and went in for something forgotten in the earlier part of the day. In a few minutes he was again in the saddle and urging his mettlesome steed now flecked with foam along the rough and dan-

gerous road to Port Royal, then an English garrison. All through the dark night he rode and at daylight arrived at a small settlement of French on the intervale lands at the junction of the Nictaux River with the Annapolis. Here he rested for a couple of hours and fed his horse. To the people he told the story of the imprisonment of the inhabitants of Grand Pre and burning of the dwellings, and advised them to go to the Indian settlement a few miles up the Nictaux River and remain in concealment until the soldiers, who would march to Port Royal, had passed their settlement, and thus escape the fate of their countrymen to the eastward.

At sundown that night he reached Port Royal, then held by the English, but the country roundabout was inhabited chiefly by French, who were ignorant of the fact, that British soldiers were marching from Mines to make them prisoners and outcasts in the world. Of this he quietly gave them warning and counselled as to modes of escape.

But this was not his sole errand to the English garrisoned town. Leaving his good horse to be cared for by a friendly Englishman who lived about a mile outside the garrison, he walked directly to a small house near the fort. An old, poor woman lived here alone, her chief occu-

pation being the care of a little girl about two years old, that had been placed in her keeping by the Notary when only an infant. Beyond the fact that its name was Lete she knew nothing, although she had often resorted to feminine finesse to learn more; but if she did not more than suspect that the handsome Notary was its father, with a pretty girl mother somewhere, who could not show a marriage certificate, then she was a marvel among her sex.

She was quick also in noting that the child was certainly not of plebian parentage, and now being informed that the Notary would take it away in the morning, she pleadingly asked to be told something of its birth and destiny; but the polite Frenchman pleasantly declined to gratify her gossipy anxiety.

After bidding the woman have in readiness the child's best clothing and to wake him at day-dawn, or earlier if there should be unusual sounds, the Notary threw himself upon a low couch and was soon asleep. There was then no fear of telegraph messages having outsped him, and he knew that he was a full day's journey ahead of the soldiers, so he slept soundly till aroused by the day-break summons from the woman; then bidding her to dress the child in its best clothes, he ate a hasty breakfast and tak-

ing the little one in his arms, walked rapidly in the direction of the house where he had left his horse.

This house was in a small clearing in the woods that skirted the town, and hidden from view till within a few yards. As he emerged from the dim light of the forest and came in sight of the house, he saw three horses in the door-yard, and in the road directly ahead of him three stout men in uniform of British officers.

The situation dawned upon him instantly. These men had ridden through the night to capture him; and his black horse grazing in the early morning had innocently thus betrayed his master. The men were armed only with swords, but they were three to one and he must, at best fight against odds. But there was no avenue of escape, and nerving himself for desperate conflict, he continued his walk till within a few feet of the men, then halted, holding the child in his arms.

The largest of the three, in the uniform of a colonel, stepped a pace or two nearer him, and drawing his sword, said in commanding tones: "Monsieur Le Notary of Grand Pre your sword." The Frenchman quietly laid the child by the road side, and stepping backward against a clump

of bushes, drew his blade, and placing himself on guard, said: "Come and take it."

As he unsheathed his weapon the officer noticed that it was a straight French rapier several inches longer than his own heavy sword, and that it was to be wielded by the left hand. These two facts somewhat perturbed his insolent coolness of a minute before, as it placed him at disadvantage in single encounter; and for the moment, he thought of calling on his men for assistance; but he was stout, brave and skilled in the use of the sword, and waiving aside the cowardly thought, stepped forward and without word accepted the Notary's haughty challenge.

Then there was in the dim mist-laden light a flash of polished steel and the two brave men stood foot to foot in deadly encounter while the clang of clashing blades rang out upon the still morning air.

The officer with heavier sword and superior strength forced the fight, while the Frenchman stood coolly on the defensive, and skilfully parried each deadly cut and thrust, till he had fully measured the skill and force of his powerful adversary; then quick as a glance he took the offensive, and fell upon his antagonist with such fierce unusual attack, that in less than a minute the

big officer lay at his feet with a thrust through his breast.

With his dripping blade held at guard the Notary looked on while the men examined his fallen foe for hope of life, but there was none. The thrust was .. death deal and life had departed with it. "Am I to be allowed to pass or must more blood be shed?" calmly said the Notary. "We want no more of you," replied one of the soldiers. Then saddling his horse and placing the frightened child on the saddle-bow, he mounted; and holding her with one arm in front of him, galloped out of sight along the road he had travelled the day before.

He knew the soldiers were marching down this road to Port Royal, but trusting to his judgment as to where they were, he rode fast in the direction they were coming, for a distance of about ten miles, then turned off to the south into a narrow horseback road, cut through the thick woods. It was this road he had hoped to gain, and did not reach it a minute too soon, for the hum of marching men could be distinctly heard as he disappeared in the dense forest, where only wild beasts and their trappers and hunters were to be found.

Once out of sight of the main road he slowed his horse down to a walk, let the bridle reins

loose upon his neck and taking the bewildered child in his arms, for hours jogged leisurely along among the great trees that spread their branches across his narrow path.

Near sundown he reached a small clearing on the mountain ridge, where a trapper lived alone in a log cabin. The Notary had spent much time in the woods and knew this trapper and his place well. The man was not in his cabin nor about the clearing. But this did not disturb the uninvited visitor, who turned his horse loose in the field, and entering the hut made himself and the little girl as comfortable as possible. Some coarse bread and salt meat in the locker furnished a good supper for their hungry stomachs, and a heap of clean fir boughs made a comfortable bed.

The Notary expected the trapper's return before dark, but the night wore on and he did not come. All the next day he waited, but there was no sign of the woodsman. Another night passed and he did not come. Then he wrote on a piece of birch bark who had been the trapper's visitor, asked him to take good care of his horse till his return in a few days, and taking the child in his arms, set out on foot through the forest, a distance of about twenty miles to an Indian encampment at Nictaux, where he had two days be-

fore advised his countrymen to flee for a hiding place. There was no road through this forest, merely a trail known to the Indians, that could be followed only by daylight. It was a tiresome journey, carrying the child through the thick woods, but he made the distance in the day, reaching the camps a little after dark, where he found his countrymen, as he expected.

A young Sagamore* of this band of Indians was the Notary's friend, and to his wigwam he went, not caring to encounter the prying curiosity of his own people. For reasons he had told no one, he did not care to be questioned about the little child, and he knew the Sagamore would not care to know more than he should choose to tell him.

In race and culture, these men were as unlike as barbarity and civilization, but in many respects they were nevertheless alike; each was in the first prime of manhood, each was strong, handsome and athletic, each was a man of authority among his people and held in high esteem.

The Sagamore could speak the Notary's language quite well, the Notary had learned enough of the Micmac tongue to make himself understood, and though their homes were thirty miles

* One next in authority to the Chief.

apart, these men had in the last few years spent much time together, roaming the forest for game and for love of its somber solitudes.

The Sagamore had withstood the threats and persuasions of Priests and Jesuits, and was firm in the faith of his ancestors in the bountiful goodness of the Great Spirit, they had for ages trusted and accepted as the good father of the red men; and he preferred his belief in the certainty of a happy hunting ground in the land of the hereafter, to the uncertain heaven of the white man's religion, to be gained, as he thought, only by ceaseless prayers and meaningless ceremonies.

The Notary was a confident believer in the supreme power of man to manage his own affairs, and a scoffer of all religions; still these men were firm friends after Nature's kindly laws, and moulded by its benign influences were among the noblest of men.

In the wigwam of this friend the Notary and child remained for the night, and in the morning learned from his people that the soldiers were marching up the Nictaux river to capture them. They were unarmed and unused to warfare and had no alternative but to surrender. The Indians, however, were differently disposed. There were in the encampment about one hundred warriors well armed and always ready to fight the

English soldiers on any show of cause. The Sagamore was by his office their commander in chief, and after consultation with the Notary, decided that he was bound in duty to protect the people who had fled to his encampment for safety; and accordingly prepared to give the soldiers battle when they should reach his village. The Notary was burning to avenge the wrongs done his countrymen and joined the Sagamore in preparing for the fight.

It was about noon when the soldiers marched to the open plains near the Nictaux Falls, and sent armed officers to demand unconditional surrender of the French fugitives gathered within the grounds of the encampment; but before the demand could be made the wild war-whoops of the savages rang in the ears of the confident soldiers and filled their hearts with alarm. Hardly had they time to set themselves in battle array when the savage onslaught came, and arrows and tomahawks did deadly work before the soldiers could form in solid column and use the bayonet upon their fierce enemy. The Micmacs had a superstitious dread of this "sword-on-a-gun" as they termed it, on account of the wound being almost always fatal. The Sagamore and Notary led the wild warriors, and with sword and tomahawk dealt many a death blow. But

discipline proved more than a match for such wild warfare, and the battle was soon ended with the Notary and Sagamore wounded and prisoners.

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CHAPTER II.

The Indians having no quarrel of their own to maintain, fled to the woods as soon as they found themselves over-matched, and left the French fugitives to the mercy of the soldiers, who made prisoners of them all, except a few boys who took refuge in the bush beyond the hills. The next morning preparations for the march to Port Royal were made. The French habitants were allowed to march under guard without being in any way fettered. But the athletic Notary and equally powerfully built Sagamore were prisoners of a different character. The soldiers looked upon them as being the sole cause of the death of so many of their comrades, and not being supplied with proper manacles bound them with twisted withes round and round their bodies, confining the arms close to their sides. Then these wooden thongs were linked together with other withes twisted into a chain, so as to yoke the two men like oxen. Thus strongly fettered, they were forced to march ahead of the soldiers, each suffering from painful but not dangerous wounds.

Death certainly awaited them both at the garrison, and it did not matter much to the soldiers if it overtook them before they reached it. Feeling thus it was no wonder that they were denied a place at the camp-fire on the cold Autumn nights of the march. The night before the garrison would be gained was very cold. A raw east wind seemed to herald a storm of snow or cold rain. The two yoked prisoners had got together with their feet some dry leaves, and lay upon them on the lee side of the trunk of a great pine, blown down ages before and a little apart from the tents. The guard in pity threw over them a blanket, one side of which rested on the tree and formed a sort of shed. This pleased the Sagamore, as he had silently planned to escape that night. The storm came on with the darkness, and the guard feeling that the prisoners were safely stowed away for the night, took shelter from the rain in a tent near by. The Indian noted this, and bending his head forward under the blanket, commenced to gnaw the withes that bound his fellow prisoner's arms to his side. He could not get his teeth to bear upon his own bonds. Patiently he applied his sound ivory to the tough thongs and in a short time gnawed them asunder.

Thus freed it was but the work of a few min-

utes for the Notary to untie the withes that bound his wily comrade, who then said in a low voice: "Now we both free, we creep away, run through woods, get clear."

"No," said the Notary, "I cannot go. I do not know how to creep softly in the woods. I should make a noise and then we would both be shot, and my leg is sore and stiff from the wound. No, you go—creep sly and soft as Indians can, till out of sound of the tents, then run in the dark woods and be safe away. I will stay under the blanket and move it if the guard comes this way. It may be that they will not shoot me tomorrow when they get me to the garrison. They may keep me in prison in the Fort or put me on board a war ship now in the Port. I will bear what I cannot prevent and wait a better chance. If I get free I will come to you first of all. If I do not come, then take good care of the child I left at your camp. Wait and watch for me till ten times twelve moons have come and gone, and then if I do not come, get some one to teach the child to read and write French and English."

"And here, put this in your pouch. It is some gold to pay her teacher. Then from that time count nine times twelve moons more, and if I do not then come—you know 'Glooscap Cove?'"

"Yes," answered the Sagamore, "me know.

East Grand Pre, where Micmac God Glooscap jump from Blomidon across Basin, and make big track inland and pile rocks high on sunrise side. Many times I been there. Some time Glooscap he come again, land in this cove and make plenty game for his people."

"Well," continued the Notary, "you go there in September, nineteen years from now. Go the fifth day just before sunset. The moon will be full that day. It will rise an hour before sundown. The sky will be clear, the Basin calm, and the tide at the flood. You watch, and when the sunlight fades from the water, the moon will appear from behind the hills, and the tall, black rock on the east side of the cove will make a shadow on the sand. The point of that shadow will just touch the edge of the water. Go to where the shadow and water meet, and lift out of its place a large, ragged rock at that point, dig down in the sand in its bed with your hands, and you will find a steel box, not very large. Take it to the girl, open it and let her read the writing you will find on the top within. It will tell you and tell her all that I must not now tell any one."

"Ugh!" said the bewildered Sagamore, "too much like dream. Ten times twelve moons, nine times twelve moons—nineteen years. Yes, I wait so long for big white chief come back. He

no come; then I go 'Glooscap Cove.' But me no believe me find um dream story all true. Nobody he know what be so long time to come."

"It is not a dream," said the Notary. "It will all be as I say. White man he watch the sky very long; think very hard and find that every night the moon rises and sets, and all the time comes new, gets full, and old and new again, just the same as it did nineteen years before. And all the time it just repeats its movements and changes in a great cycle in the sky; every nineteen years just like every other nineteen years. Moon and tide and wind just the same."

The storm in all its pent-up force had during the talk of the prisoners overtaken the place and roared in the branches of the great trees as it swept in fitful gusts of cold sleeted rain along the ground. There was silence under the blanket that covered these two invincible men cuddled against the old tree-trunk.

At length the Indian, feeling his way, as it were, in the wild tumult of the elements and the bewilderment of his senses, said:

"Storie very big—night very dark—all same you talk to me. I no understand why wind blow so hard—why rain come down so fast—so cold. All same I no understand how white chief he know so much not yet come. All dark same as

night—all strange as storm. But me no forget; me do all my white friend he ask me. Now I go. You stay till bad bayonet cut get well, then Great Spirit he help you get free, same he help me get free.”

“You helped yourself,” said his companion. “You gnawed the withes asunder and freed yourself.”

“No,” said the Indian. “Great Spirit he give me strong, sharp teeth. I gnaw like beaver, and twisted wood it no good any more to make me fast. Not myself, but Great Spirit, he make me free. I no could make myself teeth like chisel. I no could make the night dark and stormy. Good Spirit he make the way and Indian follow scent—no more.”

“Very good for you,” said the Notary. “You trust your God for help, I help myself. By much trying I made me very strong and supple. I can run fast and far. I lift great weights. I fight with sword best of any man in the world. I shoot far and straight. I ride horseback safe and strong; and when danger comes I make big fight and get free myself.”

“Yes,” answered the solemn savage, “my white brother, he much smart I know. He strong like moose, he nimble like snake, he cunning like fox, he brave like bear. But some time maybe he get

in place where all these no good to save from death. Then he feel weak and cry to Good Spirit. He save him then."

"More like I shall save myself," said the confident Frenchman. "Some day we will meet again, I hope. Remember the nineteen times twelve moons and the shadow on the shore, and the box under the stone, and be very good to the little girl; she has no mother. Now, good-bye."

"Indian never forget," said the savage. "Good-bye; remember Good Spirit he help you when ask him," and creeping along the side of the great log the dusky forest rover was soon beyond fear of capture and on the way to his people at Nictaux.

The storm increased in fury and the soldiers did not break camp during the next day, and it was late in the afternoon before any notice was taken of the fettered prisoners. Then a soldier, with some food, lifted the soaked blanket from the log and found, soundly sleeping, the Notary, unbound and alone. He was quickly marched into camp and questioned as to how and when his yoke-fellow had escaped. Beyond the fact that the Indian cut the thongs with his teeth and crept away he would give no answer; and in reply to the question why he did not himself escape, he simply said, "I was not then ready."

The next day's march brought them to the garrison at Port Royal. The French fugitives were put at once on board a vessel and taken to some place on the Continent, and the Notary held in the barracks a prisoner of war. On account of his wounds he was not put in a prisoner's cell. The fortress walls and picket-guard were considered sufficient to prevent his escape. He claimed to be only an ordinary habitant of Grand Pre, but the Commander of the British forces, however, believed him to be a man of importance, and as such had strict watch kept over him. He was allowed the garrison limits during the day, but at night was confined in the stone prison in a yard surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high, built of rough-split granite. In this prison yard he often walked, as the door of his room opened into it and was unfastened. One of the corners of this wall was sharper than an ordinary square corner, making an angle of considerably less than 90 degrees. This corner attracted the attention of the prisoner the first time he walked in the yard, and he thought of it as a possible means of escape.

As the days wore on and his wound healed, the idea took definite hold upon his thoughts, and he began to lay plans for getting out of the garrison and away from the town. In his youth

he was a trained gymnast and still possessed all the strength and much of the suppleness of those days. Among the ancient Greek athletes there was a feat seldom performed in modern times. It was that of scaling a wall by climbing a corner. This was done by pressing the hands and knees against the sides of the walls that formed the angle, and by supple muscular power ascending the perpendicular corner. It required great strength of muscle and lightness of body to do this seemingly impossible feat. But in the eighteenth century there were in France several youths who could do it, and the Notary was among them, but now he was considerably heavier and not proportionally stronger; still he had fully made up his mind that he could again do it, especially as this corner was an acute angle and the stone rough from the quarry. It seemed to offer a means of escape unsuspected by those whose duty it was to watch him. Having fully determined on making the attempt as soon as circumstances favored, he set about to fit himself for the experiment. He took daily active gymnastic exercise, much to the amusement of the soldiers, who thought him going crazy. He ate all the lean beef given in his rations and sent outside and bought it, bribing the soldiers to get it for him, they thinking it simply an insane no-

tion. For weeks he kept this up without exciting suspicion.

The lay of the land outside the walls of his prison yard and the garrison grounds he knew well from former visits to the town; and from an old woman who peddled apples in the fort he learned where the sentinels were posted and their beats.

At last he was ready to make a bold break for liberty. But there was a point first to be gained. His sword had been taken from him and kept in the armory. Liberty without his trusty rapier would be short lived. He had seen it every day hanging upon the wall, and pondered much for means of securing it, but had not compassed a plan, bribery of the guard seemed at last the only possible chance of getting the coveted weapon.

At the time he was taken prisoner at Nictaux, he was, and ever since had been, clothed in the suit of close-fitting buckskin that we saw on him the day he buried the box in the sand. This dress did not indicate to the soldiers anything more than homely comfort, and for that reason he was not searched, but the fact was, he had stowed away in the recesses of this outfit a large sum of money in the gold coin of France, and now he decided to try its power on the red-coated

sentry, and but waited a favorable night in which to test his loyalty.

It came on the first day of November. The day had been unusually fine, but the night brought a storm and darkness, and wind and rain. This elemental war was what he wished for. It was his best ally to escape. The sentry-box of the guard was at the doorway into the prison yard, and from it could be seen the Notary's sword on the wall of the armory. About midnight he went to this door, with a number of gold coins in his hand, which he held out toward the sentinel, and pointing with the other hand to the long blade, said, "I'll give you all this for that rapier on the wall, and then you will never see me more."

The soldier looked at the glittering coin, at the sword in its scabbard, at the anxious, confident face of his tempter, scanned keenly the surroundings, then snatched from its hook the strange weapon, and put it into the hand of its owner, at the same time grasping the price of his perfidy.

Not a word further was spoken by either man, and in less than a minute the prisoner was in the darkest part of the dark yard, and making his way to the experimental corner in the high wall. Reaching this place he buckled the sword on so

that it hung at his back, rubbed his hands in the wet sand at his feet, then on the outside of his buckskin trouser legs, drew in a long breath, and holding it pressed himself into the sharp angle of the high wall and scaled it like a cat. Once on the top, the descent was easy, as it sloped off to the grounds of the garrison, and in a few minutes he was walking the drive-way towards the outer gate. The darkness and storm favored him. The soldier on guard had taken shelter from the storm in the sentry-box at one side of the open gateway, and did not see him till he attempted to pass through; then giving the challenge quickly, presented his bayonet almost to the breast of the unreplying stranger and laid his finger upon the trigger of his musket. But the man who had come so suddenly upon him from an unexpected quarter was alert, and, with a quick thrust of the long blade in his strong arm, laid the startled sentinel upon the ground, and stepping over his prostrate form passed through the gateway and was free once more; and made straight (as in the darkness he could) to the woods south of the garrison, not daring to trust himself to travel the road or to take shelter in a house.

The great gun that notified the country of the escape of a prisoner or of a deserter had been

fired before he was half a mile away, and that left no safety for him, except in the fastness of the dense woods. Into this he plunged, hastening onward with no object but to place distance between him and the hated prison he had left. It did not take long to do this, and then, finding shelter under a shelving rock, he rested until daylight.

With sunrise the skies cleared and he was able to shape his course for the trapper's hut to the eastward, where he had left his horse nearly two months before. All day long he kept his course through the trackless forest, and near sundown came across a pathway up the mountain side.

He soon convinced himself that this was a trail to the clearing he wished to reach, and followed it southward. It bore no evidence of recent travel and this surprised him. At the end of the path was the cabin, but no signs of the trapper. On the farther side of the clearing was the horse feeding quietly. In the yard was untrodden grass, in the doorway were wind-piled Autumn leaves, and inside all was as when he had left the morning he started with the child in his arms for Nictaux. It was certain the trapper had not come back. Either the soldiers had surprised and carried him off, or some accident had befallen him in the woods. The intelligent

horse had sniffed his master in the air and came prancing to him, showing all the gladness possible to express without speech. Autumn winds had made breaches in the fence, but the faithful beast had staid where his master left him.

Hunger had been for hours chafing the empty stomach of the Notary, and he began to look around for some means of satisfying it. There was a small piece of salt pork in the cabin and outside plenty of potatoes ripe for digging. With the pistols which had been left with the saddle, he set fire to some dry moss and soon had a mess of boiled potatoes and fried pork. With these he made a hearty meal, and laid down in the trapper's bunk and was soon asleep.

The sun shone above the tall trees and gemmed the white frost on the frozen grass of the clearing when he awoke refreshed, and collected his distracted senses into a realization of the situation. Here he was in the wild woods twenty miles from human habitation and safe from pursuit; but safety alone did not satisfy his restless ambition, and he soon decided to make on horseback the perilous journey to his countrymen at Beaubassin, a settlement at the head of the Bay of Fundy, or at Louisburg, in Cape Breton. The first fifty miles of this way must necessarily be through that part of the country

just devastated by the soldiers, and was fraught with the danger of being killed or captured for the reward he believed had been offered for his arrest; but he liked adventure and did not shrink from the undertaking on that account. Darkness and his coal black horse would be valuable allies. The Indians were his friends, and his long rapier would be his best defender. This part of the journey safely accomplished would land him at Piziquid, where the British commander was his friend. From there to Beaubassin the way would be difficult but not dangerous. All this thoughtfully considered, he stoically left his bough-bunk determined to take the journey.

The day was spent in making ready for the ride to Piziquid. The remainder of the pork was boiled and a few potatoes also. From coarse flour he mixed and hard-baked some biscuits, and stowed all in the leather saddle-bags. Then as the sun neared the horizon and settled behind the tall trees he saddled the black horse and leading him by the bridle, left the solitary cabin, and slowly pursued the narrow pathway among the crisp autumn leaves toward the main road, which he reached just as darkness settled over the land; then mounting, he rode swift and silently eastward. All night he kept the saddle and hastened over the lonely rough way, and at

day-dawn concealed himself in the thick wood away from the road.

The second night's ride must be through the ruined village of Grand Pre, where, he learned from an Indian, there were soldiers on the lookout to capture him, as he was now charged with the murder of the sentinel at the garrison, and the price of fifty pounds was set upon his head. This, however, did not deter him, as he had confidence in horse and sword to carry him safely through.

It was near midnight when he reached its outskirts and dismounted to allow his horse to gather fresh energies for the three-mile dash through the village and over the bridge across the Gaspereau River. There were several roads, but one only that led directly to the bridge, and that was the main street, on or near which the principal dwellings had been built. This way he decided to take, although most likely to be patrolled by soldiers quartered among the ruins, on the lookout for the fugitives who had fled to the bush; but it was smooth and hard and thereby best suited for the speed he intended to make.

Having rested for half an hour and seen to it that every equipment of horse and rider was made secure, he mounted, and touching with un-

armed heel the flank of his spirited courser was off with the speed of a startled stag.

The night was dark, save the glint from far away stars set in a cloudless sky, outlining the charred and jumbled ruins of burnt dwellings that looked in the ghostly light like blotches upon the fair fields. And it was still, except the noise of his horse's feet on the gravelly road and occasional skurrying of startled cattle grazing among the brands of demolished homes.

On through this black desolation went the stout horse till the bridge was reached, then suddenly stood still and snorted as if alarmed. He had seen before his keen-eyed master had that the entrance to the bridge was guarded by a squad of mounted cavalry in full uniform of the regular army with sabres drawn as if expecting his master's arrival. As the noise of his own horse's feet died away, the Notary distinctly heard behind him the sound of many hoofs, and realized that he was in a trap. Horsemen in front, horsemen behind, and no side retreat.

Direful as was the prospect and deadly, as almost certain, seemed the outcome, the brave horseman did not despair; but coolly counted the drawn sabres ahead of him and listened to the clatter of approaching horsemen in his rear; then fixing more firmly his feet in the stirrups, he

tightened his grip upon the bridle, plucked from its scabbard the long rapier and grating his firm-set teeth, was ready to make a desperate dash for liberty, or death in fighting for it; then pressing hard his horse's flanks, leaned forward to breast the expected impetus, but the hitherto obedient beast stood stoically still, and giving a wild savage neigh, reared his great sinewy form almost erect upon his hind legs, and uttered the terrifying bellow of the wild stallions of the desert when enraged; then jerking the bridle from his rider's grasp, he bounded forward in great leaps and stamped the foremost horse to the ground as if it had been a harmless cow, seizing at the same time in his great jaws a horseman slatted him as a dog does a reptile; then with foam-flecked mouth distended, and ears laid back, he stamped through and over the terror-stricken squad of hirelings as triumphantly as if they were a flock of timid sheep; and with the speed of thought swept over the bridge, along the dark but familiar road to Piziquid, and did not slacken his wild career till many miles from the strange encounter and secure in the darkness from pursuit.

It had required all the Notary's skill of horsemanship to enable him to keep the saddle, and he was glad when his mad courser at last, of his own bidding, stopped. If ever mortal man was

grateful to beast, the Notary was to the noble animal that had so unaccountably saved his life. He patted his foaming neck, with kind words coaxed him back from his fierce frenzy, and tried to find the cause of such strange behavior. And he thought he did by recalling the fact, that the animal had been captured at the head of his wild troop in the Ukraine country, by a company of Cossack cavalry, in uniform very like the squad that had so enraged him. Whether or not, this was the true cause of the almost miraculous conduct of the beast may be matter of conjecture for the reader. It satisfied the Notary, as he had in mind a memorable cavalry charge of modern times where horses without riders charged furiously upon the enemy and fought madly with teeth and heels. And also the horse in Holy Writ so graphically portrayed as "he goeth forth to meet the armed men" . . . "turneth not back from the sword" . . . "Swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage" . . . "Saith among the trumpets ha! ha! And smelleth the battle afar off."

CHAPTER III.

The Sagamore found no difficulty in making his way through the forest to his people at Nic-taux, where he found the little child safe and well. To his mind now the mysterious talk of the Notary in the storm, made the child an object of strange concern. The box in the sand, the shadow and the moon-cycle, were all linked with the life of the little waif, so solemnly entrusted to his care; and he determined to obey with savage certainty every request of his friend.

Pursuing this resolve, he made from the mystic red cedar a slender strip about four feet in length and tasked himself to cut in it one notch for every full moon thereafter, leaving a space between every twelve. This slip of wood was carefully guarded in his own camp, and no one but himself allowed to touch, or to have any knowledge why he kept it.

After eight years he broke up the encampment and moved with his people to the old hunting ground of his tribe, near where had been the village of Grand Pre. Only the great meadows won

from the sea and the roaring, foaming tide of the wide blue Basin were the same as when he last dwelt there.

Immigrants from New England and old England, attracted hither by the King's offer of a free grant, had possessed themselves of some of the farms, had put new buildings on the old sites and introduced new manners and customs. With these people the Sagamore hesitated to make friends. To his rough sense of justice they had no right to the rich, cultivated farms they were enjoying without price, while the men who made them were castaways in the world.

Here and there in the neighborhood of his camp was a French family that had escaped to the woods at the capture, had returned and taken the oath of allegiance to the English King and now occupied their own lands. These families the Sagamore knew, and it was chiefly to give them charge of the child's education that he came here.

With their children the little girl spent much of her time during the day, but at night always she slept in the wigwam of the Sagamore. She was healthy and pretty and attracted general attention in the settlement. "Lete" was what the Indians called her, and no one thought of asking her other name. The child herself did not know

it, nor did the wise Sagamore. That much only had he learned from the Notary, and made no further question.

Time wore along, and at the age of twelve years the wild beauty of the white Indian girl was remarkable, while the readiness with which she mastered both French and English astonished her teachers and pleased the Sagamore, who could himself speak each of these languages fairly well.

About this time there came to the little roadside inn of the village near nightfall, a stranger, and engaged lodgings for the night. This was no unusual event. Strangers came and went daily—some came to stay, others to view the land, and yet others for no avowed purpose. The whole settlement was a strange neighborhood of people strangers to each other and of different habits.

But this comer was a man to attract attention and arouse suspicion. He was fully six feet and a half tall, square shouldered, deep-chested, straight and athletic-looking. His large, well-shaped head, covered with light curly hair, was carried proudly as a mountain stag's. His features were regular, and the whole face massive, handsome and stern. He was one of those men upon whom the eye lingers with that look of

mingled wonder and admiration people call a stare. His speech betrayed his nativity. He was a Scotchman, sure ; and his bearing raised a well-grounded suspicion that he was a deserter from the British Army. At the inn he asked few questions and answered few, for no one of the many callers at the little hostlery ventured to seek his acquaintance.

The next day after his arrival the stranger walked alone about the neighborhood, spending many hours on the shore of the Basin, watching the rush of the tide as it came and went over the great mud flats and dashed against the rough shores. On his return to the inn he asked what made this terrible on-rush of water and high flow of tide. "The Bay of Fundy" was all the answer he received, and that, to the minds of the settlers was a sufficient explanation for any freak of Nature or outburst of elemental singularity.

There were still some good farms in the vicinity of the old village to be had from the Government for the asking, but the stranger either did not care for a farm, or did not want what must be asked for at Halifax. So after a few days' wandering about the settlements, he "pre-empted" a little clearing of nearly three acres, half a mile distant from the village. This field was a slope of alluvial loam washed from a cluster of rocky

hills nearly surrounding it, and had been cleared and cultivated by some Acadian farmer for raising root crops.

In one of these rocky hillsides there was a cave-like opening. This spot the stranger chose for his dwelling, and purchasing rough materials and some tools he constructed with his own hands a cabin, three sides of which were cliff. To this grotto-like dwelling he took some rude furniture, a full hunter's outfit and there lived alone.

Most of his time was spent in the cultivation of the little field, where he raised vegetables and small fruits of excellent quality. Often he was seen in pursuit of game, which he shot only for food, and frequently gave it away to the poor settlers. He was civil to all, but certainly not sociable. None of the settlers knew his name, but they called him "Big Scott," and he good-naturedly answered to it when he had occasion, which was seldom.

Since the days of the possession of this land by the prosperous French Acadians, man's productive energy, and the ever chafing elements have combined to greatly change the coast line and irregular shores of the Basin of Mines from what it then was.

At that time, near where is now the classical

village of Wolfville, there was a deep gorge into the land, generally called a creek, into which the water from the Basin, long since diked out, came and went with the tide. Near the land end of this channel the shores widened into a small bay of about an acre in area, with what is rare in that locality, a pebbly bottom; while the outer end of the creek and surrounding shores were red mud. At low tide there was no water in any part of this little basin, while at full tide there was from fifteen to thirty feet over its bed. About the middle of this pond there was an outcrop of the underlying rock of the country, broken and jumbled into a heap of about eight feet at its highest point, forming a small island at some stages of the tide, and at others many feet under water.

This rocky ledge was strewn with shells and veined sea-worn pebbles of great variety; and at absolute low water the children of the settlement could see no reason why they might not go and gather these pretty toys. But such was the treachery of the tide that their parents and teachers had strictly forbidden them to go at any time upon the tempting ledge.

The seventeenth day of June, 1765, was a year after the Scotchman had taken up his abode in the village. There was this day a wedding in the little church on the hill, and many of the people,

mostly women and children, went to see the bride and the ceremony. After the marriage was over a group of children went to play along the margin of the little basin. The bottom was dry and the children wanted to go to the rocky ledge and get some of the coveted curios. With these children was Lete, the little wild girl, as she was called, and liked the breezy nickname.

Her forest life had made her bold and daring, and she went to the rocks against the warnings of her companions. The tide was coming in and could be seen down the creek; but the child did not know the rapidity of its approach. She climbed the rocks, and in the engagement of gathering the forbidden treasures forgot to watch the water, till aroused by the dash of the tide's preceding wave against the base of the reef. She then clambered quickly down its side, but it was too late; already she was on an island and the water too deep to wade.

All she had heard of the swift tide and its dangerous eddies, came now quickly to her thoughts, and climbing to the highest part of the ledge she stood watching the foaming water, as it swirled around the rocks and spread away so wide and deep, but a low bewildering cry was all the sign of fear she gave.

Her playmates spread the alarm, and from

every part of the settlement came men and women in haste to rescue the child. There was no boat near, and by the time the first man reached the shore, a wide girdle of turbulent water was about the reef and surging shoreward. Outside in the Bay there was a storm that increased the rapidity and tumultuous on-rush of the pent-up water in the creek. The men knew its treacherous eddies and strong undertow, but they were brave and sturdy and pushing into it waded for the ledge, now surrounded breast-high, but only to be thrown off their feet and swept shoreward. Again, and again, they tried in vain to ford the swirling current. Nothing but a boat could render aid, and there was none.

Only a couple of feet of the ledge now appeared above the waves, and on this stood the child, mute as the rocks beneath her. Presently she stretched out her hands and gave a wild shout that startled the helpless crowd upon the shore, and rang far out over the land. Still holding her arms out she repeated the cry, and gazed steadily over the heads of the people in the direction of her outstretched arms. All eyes followed the appealing arms and saw, coming across the field with the strides of a startled moose, the big Scotchman, throwing off his outer garments as he ran, and clearing a fence at a single bound, he

dashed into the foam-crested water, and threw it from his great sinewy legs like spray from a ship's prow. On into the swirls and eddies he went, planting his great feet firmly and bending his broad breast against the current that parted round him as if he were a pillar of stone. Higher and higher rose the angry water; deeper and deeper into it went the strong man, breathlessly watched by the astonished and anxious spectators. Shoulder-high he stood; and a curling wave dashed over his head still held firmly above the tide. Then there was a faint cry from the child as a higher wave swept her from the now submerged rock, but within reach of the long, muscular arms, that struck out over the surface and grasped her before she could sink. With the ease of an expert swimmer the stout man turned upon his back with the child on his breast and his feet toward the shore, and keeping himself afloat allowed the tide to drift him shoreward till the water was shallow enough to wade. Then giving the affrighted girl into the care of the women, he walked away before any one had thought to thank him, or even speak to him, so bewildering was the strength and courage he had displayed, and their joy at the rescue of the child.

Next day the Sagamore and Lete went to the Scotchman's place to thank him for his brave

deed. He was in his cabin and asked them to come in. To no one in the year he had lived there had he ever extended this social favor.

Once inside the rude rock hut, the Chief felt himself at ease and in few but expressive words spoke his gratitude for saving the child. In the forest tramps for game these men had met before and exchanged friendly salutations. The Sagamore had liked the Scotchman because he was tall and strong like the great trees of the forest, and because he did not talk too much; and for the exact same reasons the Scotchman had friendly feelings towards the Sagamore.

While in her perilous perch on the rocks the child had witnessed her deliverer's conquest of the raging tide that had tossed other men like bits of cork upon its surface, and she felt that there was not another so grand a man in all the world as this big Highlander, and in the childish simplicity of her grateful heart climbed upon his stout knees and kissed his swarthy cheeks; and the big blue eyes moistened and had a far-away look as he reminiscently smoothed her glossy brown hair and scanned her face inquiringly.

The interview was characteristic of the men. Every word spoken was sincere, and the Redman went away to his wigwam feeling for the first time in his life that he had met a greater Brave

than himself. After this the two men often joined in the hunt and were much together and very friendly.

The desire of the men in the settlement to be intimate with the Scotchman now increased, but with no one of them was he more than civil. The door of his cave-dwelling was strongly fastened whenever he was not inside, and when he was, no man dared ask admittance, or expected invitement.

Three years later, in the summer of 1768, the first vessel was to be launched on the placid water of the Basin of Mines, where since hundreds of gallant craft have made their maiden plunge into the briny element. The vessel was a large Brig and had her masts put in while on the ways.

It was the custom in England in those days, and in British possessions, for the owner of the vessel to give a dinner on the day of the launching, and all, far and near, were free to come and see the launch and eat their fill of homely nutritious food. It was late in October when the day for launching was set, and late in that day when the tide suited for setting the great craft afloat. Nearly all the people of the settlement, young and old, were in and about the ship-yard when the water of the Basin lapped the highest rim of

its rugged shore, and waited the impulse to recede.

The wild girl Lete had been chosen to stand on her deck when launched, to break the bottle of wine and unfurl the flag at the masthead on which was the name. This was called christening the ship, and it was considered an honor.

Dressed like the daughter of a Micmac Chief she stood on the deck and waited the command, "Knock out the wedges" to be given by the master-builder. Presently it came, and the clean-modelled craft glided over the smoking ways and struck the water as buoyant as a sea-loon. As she rose from the plunge Lete smashed the bottle on the bowsprit, jerked the cord, and the flag streamed to the breeze showing the name "Senemqua," which is the Micmac for wild goose.

During the afternoon while waiting the hour for the launch, there were groups of men, debating with the earnestness born of dread, a subject known to but few of the assembled people. A rumor that day had reached the village that a band of Mohawk Indians had been seen in the neighborhood. These dreaded natives were from the country about the Hudson River, and were cruel, relentless savages. Many times during the last fifty years marauding bands of this tribe

had killed and robbed the white settlers of Acadia, and made bloody ravages among the less warlike Micmacs.

After the new ship was securely moored and congratulations over; the people sat down to a good dinner; then there was dancing on rough boards spread upon the green sod, and the lively music and clatter of nimble feet dispelled for the time all thought of the dreaded Mohawks; and it was dusk when the music ceased and the light-hearted people left for their several homes scattered over many miles of sparsely settled country.

The old Port Royal road lay like a backbone through the whole settlement. Along this highway to the westward had been the most thickly settled part of the village of Grand Pre; and now was the road homeward for most of the party. Numbering about one hundred at the outset, they gradually dropped away as their homes or the branch roads that led to them were reached.

When some three miles had been thus travelled there remained but about twenty—mostly women and children, whose homes were beyond.

Among the few men was the big Scotchman. He had taken much interest in the building of the ship, and spent a portion of nearly every day in the yard, often lending a helping hand when some heavy timber was to be put in place. With

the children was Lete, pretty and proud of the favors shown her that day.

Near a strip of thick forest through which they must pass, stood the ruins of the first French chapel built in that part of the country. It had been set on fire at the time of the destruction of Grand Prc and most of the woodwork burned. But the walls had been built of rough stone laid in clay mortar and remained standing. This clay was not a cement, and the walls were in consequence made very thick. The end wall opposite the door was about four feet thick and rose above one of the gables in shape of a turret to the height of thirty feet from its base. The great timbers that held the side walls together had not been burned and still girded the weather-beaten sides of the grim ruins; but this turret wall had no support except its foundation and corner connections. Time and storms had weakened the mortar, and cattle and sheep enjoying its inviting shade in sunny summer days, had trodden away the ground about its base, and the great rough mass leaned outward and but waited some impulse to send it crashing to the earth.

As the little group of settlers passed near to these ruins they discussed the probability of its tumble at any time, and kept at a safe distance.

Hardly had it been passed, when from the woods near by a wild, savage yell chilled their hearts, and the next minute long feather-winged arrows whizzed around and among them, wounding several. There was no mistaking this war-whoop. Some of them had heard it before, to their sorrow. It was the blood-curdling yell of the Mohawks. The crumbling walls of the old church offered the only refuge at hand and within them the frightened people huddled and quickly barricaded the doorway with ends of burned timbers, that lay amongst the long joists that once supported a floor.

The openings in the wall where had been the windows, were too high for entrance from the ground. Here at least was a shelter from the arrows, but the savages would certainly scale the walls and enter at the windows. From cracks in the weather-worn masonry the Indians could be seen, about thirty in number, cautiously approaching the walls within which their victims had so suddenly disappeared. Warily they circled the ruins in search of an opening. The windows were too high and the doorway strongly fortified. The wily villians then crept together under cover of the great end wall, through which there was no opening for the discharge of fire-arms that their victims might, for aught they

knew, possess. Close to its base they crowded and debated how to get inside.

The Scotchman, through a crack in the corner of the walls had been watching the movements of the Savages, and as soon as they were well seated on the ground, he seized a long, heavy oak beam, that stretched from wall to wall, and placing one end on the ground about midway between the sides, called on the men to hold this end down. Then bracing himself firmly, he raised the huge timber hand over hand to a perpendicular position, poised it a minute then straightening his great arms, sent it with tremendous force against the nodding wall.

There was a quiver of the tottering mass, a cloud of dust, and down went the tall pile, with a roar and crash that brought screams of terror from the women and children, mingled with groans and wild cries of agony from the heap of stones and mortar, where a minute before had been seated in confident security the savage marauders.

Following up his victory, the stern man ran quickly out and with great stones put to death the few survivors of the tremendous deadfall he had sprung with such fatal success. Then accompanying the terror-stricken people to their respective homes he went alone to his grotto in

the rocky hillside and for many days did not appear in the village.

No more was heard or seen of the Mohawks. If there were others skulking in the woods they learned the fate of their villainous companions and fled the country.

CHAPTER IV.

We left the Notary and his crazed stallion in the security of forest ambushade "sobering-off" from the furious ride and recruiting for further perilous adventure.

It was day dawn when the Notary arrived at Piziquid and found, as he had hoped, the military commander still friendly, although he had taken reluctant part in the expulsion of Acadians from his commandery.

A day's rest here, and he started for the forest trail to Beaubassin, first providing himself with hard biscuit for horse and rider, and a heavy steel tomahawk with which to lop away impeding boughs and underbrush, and provide fuel for camp fires. Three days travel, leading his horse much of the way through thick underwood, brought him to what had been the town of Beaubassin; but was now a desolation. The enemy had been there and burned the buildings and were still patrolling the neighborhood in wait for the return of fugitives who had fled to the woods, and in the hope of capturing the bold French-

man who had escaped from the Garrison at Port Royal and killed the sentry on guard.

This left him no alternative but to continue the journey through the woods to a settlement of his people on the Straits of Canso, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles; and from there, if possible, get passage by vessel to Louisbourg in Isle Royal (now Cape Breton), the then French Strong-hold in America.

Through this wilderness there had at one time been cut a military roadway, by the lopping of branches that stretched too low for horsemen to ride under with safety. Little else was needed to make this road, for the trees were of immense size, set far apart, with no underbrush, and interspersed with long, wide vistas of hard level surface, through which horsemen could ride for miles without obstruction.

This roadway had been seldom travelled since made; but remained sufficiently open to be easily kept, by one experienced in the following of trails. It ran through a forest ages older geologically than the Acadian woods the Notary had hitherto frequented; and was prowled by fierce beasts of prey not to be there found. Notably among these was the great American panther or jaguar, a ferocious beast of the cat family about six feet long, now nearly extinct, that lay-wait

among the branches of trees and sprung unawares upon its prey. This treacherous brute was the most dreaded by man of all the wild animals of the woods. There is now little left of this truly "forest primeval" except calcined remains of its monster pines, stretched a hundred or more feet along the ground among the newer growth of small timber, that now covers the unsettled parts of this same fragmentary eastern end, of that old laurentide ridge of land, that first appeared above the water of the vast undivided, unexplored ocean, and formed the backbone of what is now the continent of North America; older by aeons than other parts of the Province of Nova Scotia.

Through this wild country, along this rough roadway, the Notary took his course about noon of the next day after his arrival at Beaubassin. Huge pines towered aloft above him, gigantic oaks and beeches flung great branches, of centuries of growth, across his path, and ripe wild grasses and many colored Autumn leaves covered the ground in all directions. It was indeed a venturesome undertaking with cheerless prospect, and depressing environment; but it suited the mood and exigence of the fugitive horseman, as he sped along the untrodden ground confident of ability to cope successfully with any adventure that might overtake him. Near sundown he

came upon a long stretch of open ground, level as far as his eye could reach, and drew in his horse to dismount and prepare to spend the first night on a bed of boughs, when suddenly his horse stopped and seemed alarmed. The next moment there rang out upon the still air a noise so dismal and loud that it made both horse and rider shiver with dread. Looking in the direction of the sound, the Notary saw sitting on its haunches directly ahead of him in the road, what he thought was a large dog, but closer inspection convinced him was a huge wolf. Taking one of the pistols he levelled it at the brute and fired. The shot took effect, but too late. The skulking scout had sounded the starveling brute-call, and before the report of the pistol died away there came from the forest around answering yelps. There was no doubt now that a pack of hungry wolves had been notified and were gathering their forces for attack. Knowing something of the villainous character of these carnivorous brutes in Europe, the Notary knew there must be a race for life of himself and horse, and he lost no time in dismounting, slackening the saddle girth, adjusting the stirrups, and seating himself firmly for a desperate race over rough ground. Already the lurking beasts were collecting in the road behind him and preparing for their cow-

ardly attack. Hardly had the alarmed horse started with a snort, when the whole pack was in full headway after him. Seldom had the Notary's horsemanship been put to a more severe test. One stumble of the affrighted animal under him would doom them both to a dreadful death. Steadily he sat and checked, or encouragingly urged the stout beast, as the condition of the road or speed of his pursuers gave occasion. Mile after mile, and the howling pack gained no ground, although the horse was not at his best speed. Coolly his rider kept him under control, and toyed with the hungry brutes by letting them gain a little, then dashing away ahead thinking thus to discourage them, but they kept up the same fierce hurry and horrid yelping.

Daylight died away and stars peeped through the treetops, still the dismal race kept up. On in the silent night went the fleet horse, and behind him, with long tireless gallop, came the savage wolves slowly, but surely at last, overtaking their victims. The intrepid horseman dared not turn his searching gaze from the uncertain roadway ahead, to give a backward glance at his pursuers; but he knew they were nearing him, for he could now hear the stealthy patter of their cushioned feet, and the rustle of dried leaves as they swished through them, and pressed his heels to the

horse's foaming flanks. The intelligent beast knew this meant greater speed, and strained anew his sinewy frame, and with vehement effort struggled fiercely onward but to no avail; his savage might had been tasked to its limit. The vital gap grew narrower and narrower, and he could hear the victorious brutes snapping their frothy jaws in foretaste of the rich repast almost within their reach. Without the weight of his rider the nearly spent horse might yet escape. This chance for life his master quickly resolved to give him, and keeping a keen eye ahead, presently reined-up under the spreading branches of a great beech, and springing from stirrups to saddle grasped with both hands an extended bough, swung himself aloft and lay secure among its thick branchlets.

The dark mass of lolling brutes crowded together to fasten their fangs into the helpless horse, that would not leave without his master's word. That word he was about to give, when there came upon his ears a low snarling growl, so near he felt the animal's hot breath, and looking up saw stretched on a limb just above him, a huge panther with great fiery eyes, lashing his sides with his tail in the act to spring.

The situation was utterly hopeless. Human skill and strength of no avail. Horrible death

from the ravenous wolves below, or the same fate from the great growling creature above him, seemed certain. Quick through his throbbing brain flashed the last words of the solemn Sagamore, as he left him alone that dismal night in the forest.

"Some time maybe you get in place where all these no good save you, then you no feel strong, you cry Great Spirit. He help you then. Remember Great Spirit."

The words had now a strange new meaning. His bold self-confidence wavered, and closing his eyes upon the horrible fate confronting him, in an agony of hopeless dread, he cried aloud to a Power mightier than man's might to save, and sobbed like a frightened child that had rushed to its mother's arms.

Instantly the great panther uttered a loud sputtering snarl and sprang from the limb above him down among the greedy wolves. Crunching in his great jaws and tearing with long sharp nails, the huge puma made short and bloody work of the greedy grinning brutes, and in a few minutes all that were left alive of them had skulked out of sight.

*It evidently was not for food that the monster

*This animal has a natural hatred of wolves as a cat has of dogs, and lies in wait to spring upon them.

cat had so savagely attacked the wolves, for without even lapping the blood he had spilled, he climbed back into the tree almost within touch of the bewildered, subdued and now fearless man, who presently let himself down from the tree and patted the head of his nearly exhausted courser, took off his saddle and bridle, rubbed his sweaty legs and foaming sides and fed him with biscuits from the saddle-bags. Then looked aloft at the great tree tops, at the sky so beautifully blue, at the shining stars so far away, listened to the whispers of the swaying pines and thought new thoughts.

The sudden transition from helpless dread of certain horrible death to confident security in the face of nearly the same danger, overcame his accustomed anxiety for self; and breaking some fir-tips for a pillow he lay down within springing distance of the panther and slept soundly till morning, when he was awakened by the horse grazing some wild grass near his head.

The sun was sending shafts of golden light through the interwoven branches of great trees, and sparkling on the crisp frost covered herbage beneath. Never before had he "seen the sun so rise." In its genial warmth and all pervading light he now saw soul-convincing evidence of a "Great First Cause." Heretofore he had loved

the sunshine for its vitalizing influences, the forest because its trees were huge and defiant, the flowers for their grateful fragrance, and the stars for their brilliant beauty, and with no thought beyond; now he saw with other eyes and read in them all faultless design, and an Omnipotent Designer.

His first realistic thought was of the great beast in the tree, and looking among the branches he saw the sleek animal gazing at him with grave quiet eyes. Within a few yards lay the mangled bodies of several wolves, and near the trunk of the tree was the half eaten carcass of a caribou; remains likely of a hearty meal made by the panther before he had taken up his position on the bough, where the Notary had first seen him in the act to leap.

Four days he journeyed through this forest primordial sleeping at night on beds of boughs, and sharing with his more than ever valued horse the biscuits brought from Bcaubassin. Never once was he lonely. Trees, and birds and beasts and flowers were to him companions as they before had not been. To his divinely aroused conscience all now seemed

... "but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is and God the soul."
Many and high were the resolves he made in

the solemn silences of the grand old woods, and faithfully did he carry them into effect in after life.

Multitudinous were the things recalled he wished had not been done, and firmly did he bind himself, in promise, to undo them as far as he possibly could.

Foremost among these resolves was the one to go back to France, as there was something there to be undone ; and he was favored in this by finding at anchor in the Straits of Canso, a vessel bound for that country, and when she sailed the Notary was a passenger ; having first parted with his black stallion to a French cavalry officer, whom he met in the woods near the end of his journey, with the stipulation that he treat him kindly and deliver him back should he ever demand it.

CHAPTER V.

The summer of 1769 was one of prosperity to the people about the shores of the Basin of Mines. Crops of every kind yielded abundantly. The grain and hay had been harvested in good condition, and the mellow Autumn days were ripening the later productions of the rich soil.

By interchange of thought the thirtieth day of September of that year was set apart for a day of rest and rejoicing. Along with this concord of feeling went a desire to spend the day in an excursion through the woods, and a picnic on the shores of the immense ocean Bay of Fundy with its marvelous tides and strange storm eccentricities.

Foremost in promoting this excursion was Lete, who had now reached mature girlhood, tall, symmetrical and agile as the wild roebuck; with large, dark earnest eyes and madonna-like face tinged with austerity.

In early childhood she had been allowed to play with the bright, murderous tomahawk that the Sagamore carried in his belt. To her child

mind it was but a plaything. Later she learned its true use; but still it had, in times of peace, other uses, and she took a great liking to the savage weapon; so much so that when she was about fifteen years old the Sagamore had a blacksmith make for her a finely fashioned one out of the best and brightest of steel. This she wore much of the time at her side in a broad belt of beaver skin despite its sanguinary repute.

As she grew older she was often in the homes of the settlers, with whom she had become a great favorite; but no persuasion could induce her to take up her abode with them, and abandon the wild, free life she seemed so much in love with. The Sagamore and his people were attached to the handsome, robust girl and guarded her with jealous care, keeping always watch over her conduct.

Many times in later years she had been with the Indian Braves across the mountain to the great Bay, and joined them in the sport of spearing from canoes the fish-like animal called a porpoise, much valued for its oily flesh and tough skin. These strange cetaceous creatures continue to frequent the waters of this Bay. The rough, wild scenery delighted the romantic girl, and she told in simple, graphic language to the children of the settlement and their eager listen-

ing parents, her impressions of the tide and whirlpools and white-caps, of the tumultuous water that stretched away to where it met the sky, of the cliffy cave-worn shores with pure copper clinging to the crevices of the hard grey stone, of the delicate shells, and the tide-submerged rocks overgrown with a strange edible seaweed called dulse.

The people who had settled this land of the despoiled Acadians were strangers to the country, and but few of them had ever seen the Bay of Fundy except from the deck of a vessel. Many were the marvels related of it, and young and old alike wished to look upon this great arm of the ocean that lay behind the wooded mountain; and when the holiday had been decided on, about thirty of the most rugged of the children and as many men and women started, early in the morning, on the long tramp, the women and children carrying baskets and pails well filled with provisions, and the men guns to protect them from wild beasts, then numerous in the unbroken forest through which they must pass. The Sagamore and the girl Lete went also, as guides and guests of the party. There was only a trail to follow, and the distance about eight miles, but all were light-hearted, strong-limbed and firm-footed; and the morning sun was not high in its

westward climb when the whole company of adventurers stood on the margin of the majestic Bay and gazed out over the blue surging water to where its grey mist merged into sky, and saw afar off the white sails of a ship, and porpoises turning somersaults in the waves, and the dark forest frowning down to the water's edge.

The first gaze of wonder being over, the young ones made hungry onslaught upon the salt dulse among the dripping rocks, while the older ones selected a suitable place in which to prepare and eat the dinner that voracious appetites would soon demand. They were not long in finding a natural arbor at the seaward end of a great rocky bluff, where the fallen leaves had made a clean, variegated carpet. Here the baskets of provender were deposited and the women joined the children, who soon tired of eating the strange seaweed, scattered themselves along the mysterious shore in search of shells and wonderfully shaped stones. The men went along the craggy cliffs in search of copper nuggets clinging to the crevices of the hard trap-rock. Their search was abundantly rewarded, many of the precious nuggets were in a short time collected, and so the hours passed unheeded.

In the mean time that blessing of childhood, called appetite, got the better of gratified curios-

ity in one of the small boys, and he made a clandestine visit to the dinner baskets. He was not missed from the crowd till cries came from the direction of the bluff where the food had been left. The women were the first to hear the cry and reach the spot, but only to add their own screams of terror. The straggling men secured their guns and hastened to the rescue. When they reached the place they saw a monster brown bear tossing the boy about and playing with him as a cat does with a mouse. At sight of the women and children the savage brute had not hesitated or stopped his cruel amusement, as he had no cause to expect harm from them; but when the men appeared with guns, he seemed to recognize enemies and to know the danger. Backing up against a great rock he caught the boy in his strong, shaggy forelegs, and raising himself upon his huge haunches, held the victim close to his broad, hairy breast, as a mother would hold a child, and looking savagely at the men, seemed to say, "now shoot if you dare." It was a defiance at once understood. The only exposed part of the beast into which a bullet could be sent with certainty of killing was his breast, and against that he held the screaming child for a shield. With small, cunning eyes he watched every movement of the men, and licked with his

rough tongue the head and face of the child as if in preparation to eat him.

The Indian had strayed farthest away and was last to reach the scene of danger. He went at once many paces nearer the animal than the other men, and kneeling on the ground within a hundred feet of him levelled his gun to shoot; but the wily creature seemed to understand the intent, and so turned his body as to make the child the only possible target for the threatened bullet.

The Sagamore was cool and steady nerved, and accurate in aim; but he dared not take so perilous a shot. He knew that the ugly beast must be killed outright with the first discharge, for if wounded only, he would crush to death the child in his grasp and likely kill others before he could be finally dispatched.

The head of the defiant beast was exposed, but he knew that the skull of so old and large a bear would turn a bullet as effectually as the rock at his back. There was, he knew, in that adamantine skull, just between the eyes, a tender spot, and the cool, determined Indian kept his gun levelled in expectation that the sly brute would lower his head, so as to bring that spot within direct aim; but as if he knew the intent of his fel-

low forest denizen, the beast kept his head erect, so that only a glancing shot could be taken.

It was a case of the mastery of brute force and animal cunning over human skill and intelligent knowledge.

The cries of the boy held in rough embrace of the creature were being stifled, and it was clear to the terrified lookers-on that the life was being squeezed out of him.

Strong men looked in silence at each other for some suggestion or order of attack, but no one knew what to say or do.

Lete alone of all the children had made no outcry of fear, and as soon as the Sagamore came upon the scene, took her place beside him and watched intently the conduct of the bear. Suddenly without a word she snatched the tomahawk from her belt and took firm slow steps toward the ugly looking brute. A dozen alarmed voices called her back, and the stern Sagamore bade her stop; but for the first time she dared to disobey him; heeding only the faint cries of the child, she steadily approached its tormentor and before the astounded animal could understand that she meant harm to him, her shapely brown arm was raised in air, the shining steel crashed into his brain, and he fell dead at her feet.

She had learned from the Indians where a blow

could be struck that would easily kill a bear, and the upright position of this huge prowler exposed him to just such a blow. All this the intrepid girl had considered in the few minutes of hesitating alarm that had kept back the strong men, and she instantly decided to strike this blow. The cool courage born of her forest life nerved her to make the perilous attack, and the muscular ability gained in the same stern school enabled her to deal the blow with such deadly effect.

The boy was badly frightened but not harmed beyond a few deep scratches and bruises. The baskets and pails that contained the dinner were nearly empty. The hairy, unbidden guest had eaten it all, and that is why he played with the boy instead of eating him. In place of a nice dinner eaten off rocks for a table, with fingers for forks, the children were obliged to content themselves with a lunch from the fragments left by the bear.

Then the shells and seaweed and pretty stones already collected were gathered into the empty baskets and preparations made for a return. The young ones were too badly frightened to find further pleasure in the wildness of the place, and the older ones had another reason for shortening the time of stay upon the storm-fashioned shore.

The white sail away down the Bay that had been seen at the first sweep of keen eyes over the broad water, was now nearly abreast of them, and the men had "made it out" to be the Senemqua on her return from a voyage to England. Wind and tide were favoring the staunch vessel and she would reach the moorings in the village in a few hours. The return of a ship in those days was a matter of great interest to most of the people in her home-port.

That was especially so in the return of this the first voyage of the Senemqua across the ocean; and all were anxious to greet the pioneer ship at the wharf.

Soon as the Sagamore with the help of a couple of the young men had skinned the bear and cut from his great thighs some good fat steaks, they all started back through the woods for their homes in the peaceful valley.

To the children the delight of threading the thick woods that a few hours before had thrilled them, was now changed to dread of being caught in the clutches of fierce beasts that seemed to be crouching behind every great rock and tree, and they kept close to the proud girl with the steel tomahawk in her belt. Even the great Chief with eagle feathers in his hair was to their minds less a hero than she.

The memory of that day lasted them through life, and their great-great-grand-children tell the story today with the freshness of recent events and mild flavor of oft-told traditions.

It was late in the afternoon when the party reached the settlement, wearied with the tramp and satisfied with adventure.

An hour later nearly the whole village was assembled on the shores to welcome the vessel from her ocean trip. She had now rounded the high cape of Blomidon with every sail set, and filled with favoring winds, was cleaving the surface of the beautiful Basin of Mines.

The tide was at its flood. The sun nearing a clear horizon, streams of mellow light glanced against the white caps of the billowy water, and gleamed from the storm-bleached canvas of the careening vessel, speeding onward as if eager to reach her port.

It was five months ago she had left that port to cross the then strange and stormy Atlantic; and since that day there had not passed between ship and shore a single word of intelligence.

The captain and crew were all from the settlement, and there were anxious fears as to what might have happened to dear ones on land and sea in this long unheard-from interval.

As the trim craft drew nearer the shore, up to

her masthead went the flag, and up from the crowd on shore came a glad "hurrah!" The flag at that point was the signal that no one of her crew had been lost and that all were well on board.

No such sign could be given from the shore, and the stout-hearted sailors must wait till the landing to know that all was well with those on land whom they loved.

Nearer and nearer came the white-winged messenger from distant lands. One after another the sails were furled, the welcome craft glided to her moorings, and the long voyage was at an end.

There was then no Custom House entry to make. The vessel was out of reach of Revenue Laws, and free to load and discharge, and come and go, as the wild fowl whose name she bore.

The deck was soon crowded with eager expectants of news from the Old World, and they were not disappointed. Verbal messages, letters, and more tangible expressions of love or friendship were received on all sides.

At that time there was no regular mail across the ocean, and every ship carried gratuitously all letters and parcels of small bulk. Each sailor was the custodian of heart-gladdening missives and his only recompense was the joy it gave to

others. Besides these tokens of remembrance there were pleasant exchanges of interesting and gossipy news and the ship was alive with glad hearts and cheery voices.

But on the deck crowded by so many light hearts there was one who neither expected nor received any more than mere recognition. It was the white Indian maiden, Lete, who with the Sagamore had come to welcome home the vessel. Apart from the rest she leaned against the bowsprit upon which she had joyfully broken the bottle of wine at the christening a year before. Gathering tears clung to her quivering eyelids, and a sad, forsaken look was over her handsome, sun-browned face. Never had she realized that she was alone in the world; never had the shadow of bereavement darkened her thoughts; never till now had she felt the loneliness of having neither father, mother, brother, sister or kindred of any kind. In all the wide world beyond the great sea, she now thought, was there no one who had a loving word or a little gift for her? The happy faces and merry voices echoed the sad answer, "not one," and the salt tears slid from the pained lids and fell on the seamed and weather-worn deck. It was her first real grief and seared the fringe of her hitherto bright life.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the first day of October, 1772. The was crisp and clear, the sky without a frown, the sunshine mellow, and the forest foliage brilliant with many-tinted leaves. The hunting moon's auspicious horns were partly filled, and Micmac braves preparing for the October game of calling the male moose and caribou within shooting distance, by imitating the note of the cow at this season of the year.

The Sagamore and many of his braves and hunters had gone a few miles to the outskirts of the great wilderness to the south of Grand Pre, and camped on the margin of a small lake. Among the few women allowed to go with the party was Lete, whom the Sagamore did not now allow to be long out of his sight, as he knew she was approaching womanhood, and might under its eccentric influences be tempted to abandon her wild life and elude his control. All the bright Autumn day she had been busy building for herself a small wigwam, by forcing into the ground in circular form the sharpened but-ends of long



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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hard wood limbs, twisting the slender tops together in tentlike form, and thatching the sides with overlapping boughs of many colored leaves.

It was pretty to view and inviting to enter; but she sat outside near the doorway on a moss-covered stone with her lap full of bright flowers which she listlessly fingered, and allowed to fall upon the ground about her delicately moccasined feet. She was not pleased with the snug abode she had toiled so patiently to construct. It was as trim as any one she had ever made, the thatching boughs were as many-hued and the flowers as daintily colored; but her heart had not been in the work as in times before, and she did not enter the neat little primitive dwelling. The pretty birds flitted about the trees and carolled as blithely as in any day within her memory. The deep blue sky and forest-crowned hills were beautifully mirrored in the placid surface of the quiet lake, and the noisy brooklets bubbled down the mountain sides to join its limpid waters. She saw and heard it all, but was not delighted. She was in strange mood and knew not why nor wherefore, and was mentally groping her way to the unthankful knowledge that she was no longer a child; but into what this happy child-life was merging she had neither hint nor hope nor dread. She had no knowledge of herself save what the

Sagamore had told her, and from that she thought about seventeen years was her age. She never had a birthday like other children she knew. Not even the month of the year she was born, nor her mother's or father's name did she know, and until this day had not cared much to ascertain. But benign sunshine and mellowing airs of golden Autumn days had ripened childhood desires into maidenhood aspirations; and in the dim light of guiding instinct she was striving to find out what had befallen her, when the sound of heavy shod feet fell upon her ears, and she saw approaching from the lake an English guide and hunter from the settlement, whom she knew, and with him three stalwart looking strangers in foreign dress.

She did not leave her seat and as they came near, the guide asked her in English to direct them to the Sagamore's wigwam. She answered in the same speech, but taciturnly, taking no care to conceal the fact that she was displeased at the intrusion. As the men turned to leave one of them, evidently the youngest, lingered a little and seemed to be admiring the pretty wigwam and the flowers on the ground entangled with the dainty beaded moccasins, and raising his eyes to the maiden's face met her eyes bent upon him, and instantly there was that lightning-like,

indescribable interchange of glances that as assuredly and unconsciously results when certain eyes meet certain eyes, as flashes the spark when opposite poles of an electric battery approach each other. The man started as if pricked by an unseen poniard and turned his eyes upon the treetops. The girl bent her's upon the ground at her feet, and nervously cast the flowers from her lap. After a minute or so, he turned his gaze from lofty boughs full upon the abashed face of the maiden, still sitting with downcast eyes; then turned to join his companions, and as he did so, said aloud to himself "Vous benisse ma petite Jolie."

He thought she would not understand, for he reasoned that the guide who could speak French, would not have addressed her in English if she understood French; but had he looked back, he would have seen the girl start to her feet with flushed face and hastily enter the wigwam.

When the men were all out of sight and hearing she took her seat again on the mossy rock. She was not now in pensive mood, and her fine face was radiant with a light never before there. Soon she left and hastened through the untrailed forest to the Sagamore's Camp. As she left her seat a red squirrel above her on a bough let drop upon her head a hazelnut he had been exploring,

and skurried away among the branches with a cheery, saucy chatter which seemed plainly to say: "I've caught you, caught you, my pretty fair maid. I've caught you."

The men who accompanied the guide were sportsmen, who had come from France to enjoy the hunting season in the woods of Acadia, and had sought out the Sagamore to obtain his consent to kill game in the great forest of the south, claimed as the hunting ground of his tribe. The youngest of the party was the youthful Count de Rochambeau, the eldest in line of a wealthy noble family, handsome and of good repute.

When Lete arrived at the camp the Sagamore and his braves were in consultation, as to what they should ask of the sportsmen for the privilege of killing game in the best game woods of Acadia. A little apart from them stood the guide and the strangers; but she did not see the one who had loitered at the wigwam and looked at her with such proud head and speaking eyes, and she searched with earnest gaze the woods in every direction, but he was not to be seen. She could have asked the guide where he was, and did not understand why she hesitated so to do, nor why she should feel at all bashful about inquiring.

Of this psychical perplexity she was soon re-

lieved, by the Sagamore telling her to go into his wigwam and prepare some smoked salmon and dried venison, for the strangers to eat before they left. This command she willingly obeyed, but soon discovered that she needed some dry sticks with which to replenish the fire, and went outside to gather them, with the result, that after a much longer time than was needed to obtain the fuel, she returned with her arms full of kindlings, and her heart full of suppressed chagrin at not seeing anywhere the handsome stranger. Yet she counted him in the number for whom she was preparing the savory repast, and all the while wondered if he really would come in with the others; if he liked salmon better than the venison, and almost wished he would prefer it because she liked it better.

It was not long till the Sagamore entered with the three strangers, who showed that they were used to camp life, by finding each a seat for himself on the bough-bunks of the capacious wigwam. Lete saw them as they came in and was pleased but appeared not to notice and kept her eyes upon the food she was tending with more than ordinary care, and her thoughts upon what had happened at the little wigwam.

The Sagamore with native politeness spoke to her in French, and explained that the strange

men were great brave hunters, who had come from across the broad sea to kill game in the woods of Acadia. That in their country they were chiefs and mighty men, who were his friends and that she must treat them kindly.

When the Count thus learned that the girl could speak his language he was embarrassed, for now it was certain she must have understood the flattering monologue with which he parted from her at the lake side.

Soon as the food was prepared and served, the Sagamore sent Lete outside. This piqued her, for she wished to see the men eat and hear them talk, and as she passed by them her gazelle-like eyes looked full into the teutonic blue orbs of the young Count, and love's potent batteries again emitted enigmatical flashes, and the blood in the veins of each tingled with accelerated impulse, that flushed the cheeks of the nettled girl as she reluctantly left their presence.

Not being in mood to attend to outside camp duties, she loitered among the trees and finally found herself at the little wigwam, on her moss-cushioned seat at its doorway. She was not perplexed, as earlier in the day she was, with abstruse meditations. Her thoughts were now undeniably of the handsome man who had so mysteriously set her maiden heart pit-a-pat ; and she

was wondering if he possibly would stroll off again alone, and find his way to the little moss-rock and look at her again, and perhaps say nice words to her. She had not long to surmise, for he was even then walking alone along the lake shore at a little distance away, trying to make himself believe that it was the beautiful lake gemmed with islands and the musical swash of its limpid wavelets on the pebbly shore, that he came there alone to see and hear; but vain is all such ruse of the brain against emotional desires, and the conscientious Count soon found himself beside the maiden, making excuses for intrusion, and asking forgiveness for having called her his pretty little dear in language he thought she did not understand. The situation had for Lete its charm, but she was terrified at the strange new delight, and left him abruptly and went to the Sagamore's camp. She soon saw the Count join his companions, and heard him tell them of the lovely lake, the pretty birds and the golden sunset behind the trees; but never a word did she hear of the maiden on the moss-rock, nor did he now even look at her.

When the Frenchmen had gone for the night the Sagamore gravely told Lete that she must not be with the strangers or talk with them more than was needed to be civil and pleasant.

Whether it was that the alert savage had noticed the exchange of glances, and the flush on her cheek as she left the wigwam, or was only wisely prudent, is a matter for conjecture, but very likely it was the former. Just how delightfully the wayward, enamoured girl clandestinely disobeyed him, only the birds and squirrels knew; for the old "pathless woods" had then many a coy retreat where lovers might retire and fear no eye that would reprove, or tongue that could tattle; and the maiden was a ready guide to such unguarded cloisters.

To ambush love in such sylvan solitudes and observe with exacting ken all its devious ways, from magnetic flash of mutual eyes, to interchanging sigh of fondly fettered hearts would be unfair, so suffice it to know that before the moon began to wane they were ardently in love each with the other. The Count painfully so, for he knew there can be no legitimate attainment of love's precious dowry where it is forbidden by family pride, and prohibited by social edicts; yet he had without protest yielded to dulcet influences of stolen hours and maiden's artless charms, and had allowed the delightful days to glide on unimbittered by other than tacit recognition of the cruel fact, that it was all sadly wrong. He could not summon courage to even

hint this to the innocent, sincere girl who knew nothing of barriers of blood or caste, and felt no hindrance to their loves save the stern Sagamore's disapproval, which she had so naively set at defiance.

He knew her desires were untamed by restraint, her blood aflame with love's avidity and that she could no more be reasoned with than a forest fire. She loved and was beloved and that was all she cared to know of prurient knowledge.

He was her senior by half a dozen years, and had been much in the society of fine ladies and lovely girls, without even confessing to himself a preference; but here was this waif of the woods without refinement in dress or manners, so captivating him that he could not obey the dictates of his aroused conscience, and tell her even ever so tenderly that she must not love him.

Each knew that the day was fast approaching when he must leave the woods of Acadia not to return; but neither mentioned it to the other, or had any definite idea of what that day would be to them. He knew it must be a painful parting. She had never thought it possible they could part to meet no more. How they would continue to remain unseparated she knew not, cared not, only that it must be so, somewhere, somehow, and like the babbling brooks, "go on forever."

"Time, the avenger," with unrelenting exactness brought at last the day when the hunters were to leave for far away France. It was much like the day they had first entered the woods, and the two older men were busied with preparations for the journey; but the young Count was away by the little wigwam at the lake side where he had first set eyes on Lete.

The afternoon sun had crept around behind the trees and was sending horizontal shafts of shimmering light along the rippled surface of the lake, an old owl in a neighboring thicket was welcoming the dusk of approaching night with dismal hoots, and the lovers were seated on the moss-carpeted rock for the last time. It was a single seat, and narrow, but it held them both. The dainty moccasined feet were not now among negligently strewn flowers, but snuggled timidly among dried crackling leaves.

Neither had spoken since thus seated. He fearing to say what he felt must be said, and she dreading to hear what she instinctively feared he might say. When at last the Count choked down a sigh and essayed to speak, she playfully placed her hand over his mouth. He gently put it aside, and she passionately pressed her red lips to his and held them there, determined to keep back the dreaded words and drive them from his

thoughts ; but it was useless all, the man had been sternly trained to "go where duty calls" and here was the most inflexible call of his life.

Tenderly he withdrew from the thrilling caress, and indulgently held her pale face a little from him, while he told in words that burned her ears and seared her heart, that in his country he was a great chief and belonged to high-born Society, that could not allow him to marry one who was not born of noble parents. That he was in duty bound to this Society not to make her his wife, although he loved her "never so fondly"; because she did not know her father's or mother's name, and what rank they held in society. As he finished speaking her fair head drooped listlessly upon his forward-bent shoulder, while the abundant brown hair loosened from its slender tie, fell floating over his arm unconsciously raised to clasp the lovely languid neck. It was a heart-breaking silence that followed. To him it seemed that she would never raise her head or speak again. He could see her bosom heave with suppressed emotion, and felt as guilty as if he had actually killed her, and began to dread as fatal a result, when she sprang to her feet and stood facing him, her tall form proudly erect, her handsome pale face beaming with triumph that flashed from her dark menacing eyes. The guile-

less, imprudent, unrefined girl had vanished, and in her place stood a stately maiden of as haughty mien as the proudest damoiselle of proud Paris, and but for her primitive attire would have been deemed such. The self-condemned man was amazed at the sudden transformation, and unable to account for the refined expression over her faultlessly formed face.

After thus confronting him for some minutes she said with slight acerbity of voice, "You tell me that you love me and no other, and I believe you. You know that I love you, and no other. Yet you say that I cannot be your wife because you are great and belong to a proud family and I only a wood nymph, a name you so fondly often called me. Why did not you tell me this before I loved you? You knew at the first of our meeting that I did not know my parents' names. You say there is a something called Society that you are in duty bound to obey when you marry. I too owed a duty more sacred to the good savage, who without reward has cared for me and kept me from harm. He warned me against being with you, but I have been false to him and shirked my duty for your love. You knew it and did not even chide me. You are proud looking, and I know you must be great and noble. That is why I loved you."

“It is now all over! Go to your Society dames, but remember, I have shot my quiver full of arrows into your haughty heart, and they have made wounds that will never heal. Go where you may. Do what you will, your heart is forever mine. No other love shall ever nestle there. If I am not to share in its joys, I will hold it captive till death; and before that day comes it may be known that I am your equal in blood and rank. Think of this possibility when your heart aches any you find no cure for it in all the gay world; au revoir.” And she walked slowly away. He replied with a sad adieu. Soon as the word reached her ears, she turned quickly, and with minacious emphasis repeated slowly au revoir, and in a minute was out of sight.

That night the Frenchman left the woods of Acadia forever, and Lete returned to her life in the forest, but no more to be the wayward happy child of Nature. She had taken her first lesson in worldly wisdom, and felt the sting of innocent imprudence.

CHAPTER VII.

In the sunny land of France on the seventeenth day of April, 1756, and early in the morning of that day, a French vessel from a far-away and foreign land dropped anchor in the harbor of the port of La Rochelle.

Among the first to go ashore was a tall, stern-looking man who at once took his way alone, along a narrow road that wound among small fields and shreds of old forests. The morning sun freshened the green of the just unfolded foliage of shrubs and trees, and glistened from dewy grass and flowers. The beauties of Nature soothed the man into indolence, and stretching himself upon the clean turf of a rocky hillside he let the mist-laden sunrays fall upon his tanned and salt-sea-hardened face.

Above him was the bright cloudless sky; around him were beautiful flowers and warbling birds and grazing cattle. Giving himself up to thoughts born of impulse from inanimate things, he fell asleep.

Soon the hum of human voices broke upon his

ear and roused him from pleasing dreams. In the direction of the discordant noises he saw on the road near him, small groups of men hurrying along towards the business part of the city. It was about half-past nine o'clock, and he noticed at once that the men were clearly not of the working classes.

This fact drew his attention, and joining the brisk pedestrians, he soon learned from overheard conversations that the County Assize was being held in the city, that an important criminal trial was to be that day commenced, and that they were all going to witness it.

The Court House was soon reached. It was a dingy-looking gray-stone building that depressed the spirits to look at, and seemed to exude misery from its crime-soaked walls. By ten o'clock every seat in the great dreary inside space was filled, and crowds of excited men hung around the outside.

In a sort of iron cage near the Bar, sat a man about forty-five years of age, well dressed, evidently belonging to the wealthy traders of the community. And it was noticeable that the vast assembly in the great room were mostly of the same class.

Inside the Bar, were many of the ablest Advocates in the country. The Judge, a dignified-

looking man, soon took his seat. The Court was opened, a jury empanelled and sworn, and the charge against the prisoner read.

Then the Public Prosecutor, a hard-faced, hard-hearted man, made so by long communion with crime, but of great learning and ability, slowly arose, and in a voice as cold as steel, addressed the jury as follows:—

“Gentlemen, it is my painful duty to present for your solemn deliberation, a wonderful chain of circumstantial evidence of the guilt of one of our hitherto most respected citizens. The prisoner before you is charged, as you have heard read, with the infidel crime of robbing the Sacred Treasury of our Most Holy Catholic Church of Saint Jacques, and of profanely using the sacred spoils in the purchase of merchandise.

Most of you very likely know the prisoner to be a wealthy merchant. But neither riches nor rank in society can have with you any weight in your consideration of the question of his guilt. No stronger evidence is necessary to convict this man, than would be required to convict the poorest and most obscure man in the Kingdom.

This crime was committed eight years ago in the night time, and no trace of the robber could be found, although the ablest Inspectors and

most experienced detectives were at once put upon the case.

They, however, were able to establish certain facts, among which were these:

1st. That the robber gained admittance to the church through a window that he forced open.

2nd. That he was disturbed in his work, consequently left the building hastily before he had completed the job planned.

3rd. That he took off his shoes when he got inside the church, and left them near the window where he entered, and in the suddenness of his flight did not take them with him.

4th. That he left the tools used in breaking into the Sacred Chest in a position that showed him to be left-handed.

5th. That he took from the altar as he passed out, a gold candlestick which was seven feet, seven inches from the floor where he stood, plainly showing that he was at least six feet tall.

6th. That about the time of the robbery, the prisoner suddenly became very prosperous in business, and made large cash purchases of merchandise.

7th. That there was taken from the Treasury that night, three small rare, gold coins of very ancient date, and having impressed on one

side of them the head of Saint Peter, founder of our Church.

Last, but not least, that there was found on the floor among the tools left, a mailed glove or gauntlet of ancient pattern and ingenious make. This glove was evidently used by the robber to keep his hand from being bruised by the rough steel bar with which he pried open the treasury chest, showing that he had a delicate hand; and it is a left-hand glove, showing the robber to be left-handed.

Except the finding of these facts, nothing could be gained that would even fix a suspicion on any one, and so the years ran on, till a few months ago, a carpenter making some repairs on an outbuilding belonging to the prisoner, had occasion to remove some of the wainscot, and found between it, and the outer wall, the gold candlestick taken from the church. The prisoner's house was then searched, and one of the three gold coins was found in his possession. He was then put under arrest, and is now on trial before you for the robbery I have described.

Gentlemen, you will now harken unto the evidence as I shall present it."

The silence in the Court Room was oppressive, as an officer placed on the Prosecutor's table, a pair of genteel looking shoes evidently

made for a man who could afford to pay a good price, also a gold candlestick and a small gold coin.

The Prosecutor broke the silence, by calling an officer to place a stool for the prisoner's feet, and then to take off the shoe from his right foot. This was done, and the neat silk-stockinged foot trembled as the Prosecutor took the right shoe in his hand, and said:—

“Gentlemen of the jury, you are about to witness one of the most crucial exhibits of self-conviction ever imposed upon a man charged with a crime. We had not the right before to force this man to try on these shoes. And now if they do not fit perfectly, it will be your pleasant duty to acquit him, for it can be established beyond a reasonable doubt, that these shoes were worn by the man who robbed the church, at the time he entered the building.”

Then he handed the shoe to the officer, who put it on the prisoner's foot. It fitted him well, as all could see.

The prisoner turned pale as death, and his foot slid nervelessly from the stool upon the floor. A sad look appeared upon the faces of the eager spectators, but the Prosecutor heeded neither the prisoner's distress, nor the pained look on the faces of his friends. For him it was

a professional triumph, and lifting the collusive foot in full view of the jury, he patted it approvingly, and said: "A perfect fit, gentlemen, as you can plainly see."

The shoe was then taken off, his own put on, and he was told to stand up. An officer produced a guage, and setting it on the floor, brought the slide down upon his head, and said, "Six feet, one inch." The Prosecutor handed the guage to the jury to see for themselves.

"Sit down," said the officer. The prisoner dropped, rather than sat down. His agitation was now absolutely painful to all except the Prosecutor and detectives. To them it was evidence of guilt and it pleased them, strange as it may seem.

A sheet of paper and a pen were placed upon a table before the prisoner, and he was told to write the words, "gold candlestick." He hesitated for a moment, then, as if with great effort to control himself, took the pen in his left hand, and wrote the accusing words in bold, well-formed characters. A murmur of discontent came from the agitated people. To them it seemed cruel to thus force the man to furnish such damaging evidence against himself.

A priest was then called to the witness stand, who testified to the robbery, and the finding of

the shoes, and identified the pair on the Prosecutor's table as the ones found. He also identified the candlestick as the one taken from its place on the altar the night of the robbery, and said that he knew the height from the floor to where it sat to be seven feet, seven inches. The gold coin was then shown to him, and he swore that it was one of the three stolen from the Sacred Treasury. And on cross-examination said he knew it to be one of the three coins, because only these three remained from the small number struck. The others had been all recalled and melted by order of the Emperor of Rome, and these had been, ever since the year A. D. two hundred, in possession of the Church as sacred relics of its persecution in the early days of its history.

A carpenter swore that he found a gold candlestick, in the space between the wainscot and outer wall of the prisoner's coach house, and identified that on the Prosecutor's table, as the one he so found.

Two wholesale merchants testified to the prisoner, having about the time of the robbery, made large purchases from them for cash down.

A detective then swore that he found the gold coin in the prisoner's house, and that it was hidden away.

An Instructor at the gymnase testified that the prisoner often took lessons of him in fencing, that he sometimes wore gauntlets and that he wielded the sword in his left hand.

Then the prosecutor took from his table a mailed glove, and said, "Gentlemen, this is the most material evidence in the whole case. These gloves as you probably know are worn by swordsmen for a protection to the hand and to secure a firm grip upon sword hilt. Since the commencement of the present century they are seldom worn. This particular glove is skilfully made from platinum, a rare and valuable metal of great durability. It is flexible, but not elastic, and was made from accurate measurement of every part of the hand. Each joint of the fingers and the hand, must be exactly matched by the joints in the glove, and the whole fitted closely, and when so made would not fit another hand in a thousand.

The palm of this glove plainly shows wear from the sword hilt, as you may see," and he passed it to the jurors for inspection. "As you may also see, it is a left-hand glove, and the owner of it must be a left-handed swordsman, a very rare occurrence in the art of fencing. It has been proved that the prisoner is such a swordsman. This glove was made to fit a large

gently formed hand. The prisoner has such a hand.

Now, gentlemen, you shall see this glove tried on the prisoner's hand, and if it fits, you will give the fact its full weight in determining his guilt."

An officer then tried on the glove. "A good fit, gentlemen," said the prosecutor, holding up the trembling hand and bending the fingers to show that the joints all matched. "A little tight, I admit, but in eight years the hand has grown a trifle stout." The glove was removed from the hand of the prisoner with difficulty, as he had lost all control of his nerves and fallen back against the iron cage in amazed stupefaction.

This closed the case for the prosecution, and the prisoner's lawyer, an able and learned advocate, made no opening to the jury; but stated to the Court that the evidence for the prosecution was of such a character that it could not be rebutted by positive testimony of any kind that it was possible to obtain, and therefore he asked that the prisoner be allowed to make to the jury the best explanation he could of the circumstances which seemed so conclusively convicting.

To this the Prosecutor objected, on the ground that one on trial for a crime could not testify in his own behalf.

The judge ruled that he could not testify un-

der oath, but that he might make a statement in explanation if he desired.

The prisoner had by this time, to some extent, mastered his agitation, and he slowly arose and in a voice husky with emotion, said:—

“I know nothing about the candlestick. I never saw it till shown to me by the carpenter at the time he found it.”

“The shoes are not mine. I never had them in my possession for a moment.”

“The gold coin has been in my family for many generations. It lately came into my possession by the death of my father, and there is now no one of the family living who knows of this fact except myself. The last one, my sister, died three months ago, and I am glad of it—as she has been spared this disgrace.”

“The merchants told the truth about my purchases, but I got the money to pay for the goods, out of an unusually lucky voyage of one of my ships, but the captain of the ship is dead, and no one else knew of the profits of the voyage; my books would show that, but my Counsel tells me they cannot be used as evidence for myself, although they may be so used against me.”

“It is all very strange, but I did not commit the robbery.”

The prisoner's lawyer then briefly addressed the jury, earnestly warning them of the danger of conviction on purely circumstantial evidence which might be found to fit another man as well.

The Prosecutor claimed that where the chain of circumstances constituting the evidence was complete in every link, it had always been held by courts to be safe ground of conviction.

He was cold and cruel in his tone and manner, and confidently claimed a verdict of guilty.

The judge's charge was concise, and clearly in favor of conviction.

The jury were out but fifteen minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty.

It took several minutes to quell the mutterings of dissatisfaction that came from the whole audience when the verdict was announced.

The judge rose, and the prisoner was told to stand up.

The doomed man with evident effort did so, and the judge said:

"Receive your sentence."

Then there was that painful pause and smothered breathing always noticeable in a criminal court just before the passing of sentence.

At the same time the prisoner rose, a man on one of the rear seats stood up, and commenced

to walk toward that part of the room where the lawyers and witnesses sat.

An officer called to him to sit down, but he paid no attention. The man was tall, with face nearly the color of bronze from evident exposure to the elements, the features were clean cut and classical, and at his side was a sword.

This weapon attracted the attention of all. He had no right to be armed in that room. This each one who saw him knew. How he had got into the room, and why he wore a sword, were questions mentally asked, as he coolly walked inside the Bar, and stood in front of the jury, facing the judge.

The officers looked inquiringly at each other, to see which one would venture to arrest the daring intruder, but no one seemed to be willing to lay hand on so athletic looking a man.

After standing thus long enough to give them a chance to make the attempt to take him into custody, he said in a clear, firm voice:

"I demand a stay of proceedings."

Both judge and lawyers were startled at the apt and precise legal language of this demand. And the judge, fearing he might be confronted by some learned lawyer in disguise, answered him in like language:

"On what grounds?"

"On the ground that the prisoner at the Bar did not commit the robbery," replied the stranger.

"How do you know this?" demanded the judge.

"I was there and saw it done," answered the man.

"Do you know the robber and where he now is?" asked the judge.

"I know the man, and he is in this room," was the quick reply.

The excitement in the room, had each minute, since the strange man stood up and refused to sit down when commanded, been getting more intense, and now at this unexpected announcement, nearly every man of the hundreds present, started and looked accusingly each into the other's face, as if mentally searching out the man who had done this wicked thing. The suspense seemed unbearable, as the Judge said sternly:

"Point out the robber!"

The stranger, now the only cool and collected man in the room, ran his keen eyes deliberately over the long rows of almost breathless men, as if in search of the culprit. Then turning to the Judge, looked him full in the face for the space of a minute, and said:

"Here he is—I am the man!"

The spell was broken, and a great sigh of relief came from the long benches.

As soon as the judge could recover from the effects of this unexpected announcement, he said:

“Officer, put this man under arrest!”

The stranger laid his left hand on the hilt of his sword, and said as he looked savagely at the officers:

“No man lays a hand on me and lives long enough to take it off.”

Then turning to the Judge, he said:

“You know, or ought to know, that you cannot lawfully cause my arrest for a crime of which another man stands convicted.”

There was a hurried consultation between the Judge and Prosecutor, and then the latter turned to the stranger and said:

“How am I to be satisfied that you committed this crime?”

“By better evidence than you used to convict an innocent man,” replied the stranger.

“How can that be?” asked the Prosecutor.

“Bring those shoes and try them on my feet, and you will find that they fit perfectly. You will also find, if you examine them more closely than did your sharp detectives that they are not mates. You committed a great error in trying

on only one shoe. If you had tried on the left shoe, you would have found that it did not fit the prisoner, and that he never could have worn it. His advocate should have compelled you to try on both shoes.

"My left foot is slightly deformed and considerably smaller than the other. To prevent this being noticeable, I have my shoes made the same size and shape outside, but the left one is always lined with thick, soft morocco that fills the shoe to some extent, and yields to the deformities of the foot, while the right shoe is lined with linen or thin kid. In this pair it is linen, and not the same color of the morocco."

Then turning to the table of the Prosecutor, he seized a pen in his left hand and wrote in bold characters the words, "You are but an engine of the law." And changing the pen to his right hand, wrote the same words in as good form and passed the paper to the Judge, saying at the same time to the Prosecutor:

"You see I am ambidextrous. Your detectives said that the man who robbed the church was left-handed. They should have been able to find from the way the work was done, and the tools left, the fact that he was double-right-handed.

"Measure me, and you will find that I am six

feet six inches tall. I could take easily an object from a place seven feet seven inches above the floor, but the prisoner could not. A man cannot reach to grasp an object higher than fifteen inches above his head. You should have tried this."

Then turning suddenly to the priest who had testified, he unbuttoned an inside buckskin jacket, and from a small pocket brought forth three gold pieces, and laid them on a table near him, saying:

"Look at these! They are the coins taken from the Sacred Treasury."

The reverend Father bowed his head in silent contrition. And the stranger, without waiting for his answer, said to the Prosecutor:

"I took the gold candlestick on my way out of the church, and when I got outside, I took temporary refuge in a small building near by. This building was in course of construction, and its doors and windows not closed. Here I hastily concealed about my person the ill-gotten treasures. The candlestick bothered me, and I threw it behind the partition that was only partly built up, intending some night to come for it; but I changed my mind and left the country next day, and did not return until a few hours ago."

Then taking the glove from the table, he laid

it palm up, and from some recess in his clothes produced and laid beside it another glove. It could be plainly seen that they were mates. Holding them up he said these gloves were made to fit my hands and they do fit, and he hauled them on. The left one was made to fit my sword hilt also, and there is not another like it in the world, for I designed it myself, and he fitted the inside of the glove upon the curiously fashioned hilt at his right side and said, "Are you convinced that I robbed the church?"

There was another consultation between the judge and prosecutor, and then the judge said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, in view of what you have just seen and heard, you may reconsider your verdict."

There was a few minutes of suspense, and then the foreman of the jury said:

"We find the prisoner not guilty." A murmur of suppressed applause came from the mass of people on the benches, and the Judge said:

"Prisoner at the Bar, you are discharged."

An officer opened the door of the iron cage, but the dazed occupant did not stir from his seat, or seem to understand the effect of what had just so strangely transpired before his eyes.

The Prosecutor then turned to the stranger and said:

"What is your name?"

"That I will not tell you," said the man. "I have furnished all the evidence against myself that I intend to. The merchant has been discharged and cannot again be tried. My object has been accomplished. I am not now anxious for my own conviction."

Another consultation, and an officer placed a chair in front of the jury, and the Prosecutor said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now hearken to the evidence against this man," and turning to him, said:

"Prisoner, take that seat!"

The stranger turned fiercely and said:

"I am no more a prisoner than you are. I came voluntarily here. I remain here voluntarily. I could even now, with this good blade which I won the right to wear in the service of my country, cut my way out of this room, and beyond the jurisdiction of your Court. Take back that word or I will use it now on you!"

The Prosecutor hesitated till the irate stranger half drew his glittering weapon, then he said:

"I recall the word, and say, stranger, seat yourself on that chair."

The man sat down and an officer tried the

shoes on. They fitted exactly each foot. Then they were given to the jury to examine and were found to be lined as the man had said.

"Stand up!" said the Prosecutor.

The man obeyed. An officer measured him and said: "Six feet, six inches."

The priest was then put on the witness stand, and said that he had now no doubt that the gold coins were the ones kept in the Treasury.

The stranger looked at the subdued and abashed witness and said:

"A little while ago you swore that the coin then showed you was one of these coins, and that there were but three of them in the world. Let this be a lesson seldom learned by clergymen, that what you only believe, is not necessarily true. The truth is there are many of these coins extant. What you swore to was not truth, but tradition."

The Prosecutor here said to the Court, that he should not offer any further evidence, and asked the jury to find the man guilty on his own confession.

The Judge then asked him if he wished to make a defence.

"Only to say that I was in desperate need when I took the treasures, and that I am able

and willing to restore the full value of it to the Church," was the only reply.

The jury after short deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy.

The condemned man was told to stand up, and the Judge then said to him in a stern voice:

"Now that I am about to pass sentence upon you, I demand of you in the King's name that you tell me who you are."

The man fixed his hard eyes upon the judge, and said with a voice that seemed full of hidden meaning:

"Edouard Gilenormand, were I to comply with your unwarranted demand, you would not dare to sentence me, and then a great crime would go unpunished. It is better that you proceed with your duty."

"Sentence the man, not the name."

At the mention of his name, the Judge grew pale, and his voice trembled as he said, after some hesitation:

"The minimum penalty allowed by the law is twenty years in the Galleys. I sentence you to twenty years."

The man unbuckled his sword-belt, and laid the sheathed weapon on the Judge's desk, and said:

"Keep this blade till I call for it. It has been baptized in the blood of the enemies of France. When I come for it I will tell you my name and rank." Then turning to the officer, he said: "I am now your prisoner. Do your duty."

Two of the stoutest of the officers laid each a hand on his shoulder and moved toward the outer door. At this moment the acquitted merchant seemed for the first time to realize that he was free, and springing from his cage like a wild beast, he exclaimed:

"O Mon Dieu! It is true! It is true! I am free! And I must thank the strange man for my deliverance!"

And he rushed for his liberator, but it was useless to attempt to force a way through the mass of struggling men, who seemed now to have lost all interest in him, in their frantic efforts to get a last glimpse of the mysterious stranger as he was led out of the room and away to the cruel Galleys, a self-condemned malefactor and erstwhile invincible Notary of Grand Pre.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sagamore had cut the last notch in his stick, the ten times twelve moons and the nine times twelve moons had been faithfully chronicled to the limit of an hour, and on the rock-lined shore of the deep cove described in the beginning of this story, he stood leaning against a jutting point of the black cliff that was to cast for him a guiding shadow on the sand. With folded arms and frigid face he waited for what he doubted would be.

About him were the wild things of nature, and himself as much a part of them as the crag against which he leaned. Untaught in the perplexities of science, and stoical in hard unbelief of its truths, he wondered why the tide came and went, why its small curling waves were always crested with white, why the leaves of the forest were many colored in the Autumn, what made the rushing wind that sterwed them on the ground, why the moon waxed and waned, and why it should rise this night at the same time and be full, as it was nineteen years before ; and

what meant the strange word, "cycle," told him by the Notary.

More than doubting he watched the shoreward surging of the tide till its last inward swell had spent itself on the wave-worn stones, and the sun had sunk behind the western hills. Then he looked back to the east, and there, round and yellow, glowed the full harvest moon. Presently on the beach was outlined a dim shadow of the tall rock with its tapering point touching the water's edge, just as the Notary had said that dark night in the woods so many moons ago.

Amazed, he did not stir from his niche in the rock till, to his keen eyes and rough senses, clearly appeared all that had been so mysteriously told him would happen.

Then, with wary steps as if stalking some fierce beast, he walked to the point of the shadow. There was the sea-polished, irregular shaped stone, just as it had been described.

It took all his savage strength to lift it from its bed in the wave-packed gravel. Eagerly he dug in the sand at the bottom of the hole till his strong fingers grasped the metal box. Then raising himself erect with eagle gaze, he swept the shore up and down and the wide water away to the dim horizon, then seizing the box from its grave of nineteen years he walked swiftly into

the thick woods above the ledge. Here he sat down in a recess of a cliffy hillside, and waited till darkness and the lateness of the hour would shield him from probability of being seen by any other than night prowlers of the forest.

He was firm in the beliefs of his people about the Gods and myths of the mountains, and now he was troubled at the triumph of the white man's irreverent knowledge. His simple faith in the mysterious guidance of the Good Spirit was disturbed by the hard facts of human calculation, and he trod the trail to his wigwam in meditating mood, threw himself upon the fragrant boughs and did not leave them till late in the forenoon of the next day.

The enigmatical box had never been out of his grasp; waking or sleeping, he had kept it close to his side. And when in the full light of day he had carefully scrutinized it, he sent Lete to ask the big Scotchman to come and see him. This man was the only one of the settlement who had his full confidence. Some time in the afternoon the girl returned, and the Highlander, with whom she had of late years become a great favorite, was with her.

The Sagamore told him no more of the box than that he had found it in the sand on the shore, and asked him to open it. Red rust had

incrusted it and the Scotchman was obliged to pry it open.

Lete had not before seen it, and now she was curious to know its contents, and hers was the first eyes that looked under the raised lid, and were rewarded with a sight of bright gold coins on the top of some time-stained papers.

When a child she had seen the Chief handle these glittering coins, and sometimes he had allowed her to play with them. When she grew older and went to school he had occasionally given her a gold piece to pay her teacher, and the sight of them now filled her with delight, as she wondered if they were for her own.

When taken out and counted, the papers were carefully removed and the box examined for any other thing it might contain. All but one of the papers were tied with tape and had a great seal of red wax attached to them. That one was written in a bold plain hand in the French language, and the Sagamore gave it to Lete to read aloud. He understood French and the Scotchman said he did also, much to the surprise of the Indian and the girl, as neither of them had ever heard a word of it from his lips. This is what was written on the paper:

"To the Girl Left With the Sagamore Glode.

"Your name is Hypolete Guavain. That was

your mother's maiden name. She died the day you were born. You will never know your father's name, and he does not know that you ever lived. He was a common soldier in the British army; but he was large and handsome, and your mother, a young girl full of romance, saw him on parade while on a visit to London, foolishly loved him, afterwards secretly married him and followed his regiment across the ocean to Quebec, where you were born and she died. He was poor and plebeian; she was rich, beautiful and noble of family. You were placed with the Sagamore when a little child that your father might never know you. The papers with the seals are title deeds to the rich inheritance that is yours in France by descent from your mother. If your father knew that you were born alive he could legally claim a life interest in these estates.

"The title to all this property will vest in you the day you are twenty-one years old; and that will be the first day of September, 1774. You will go to France with your papers and possess your property. Keep your mother's maiden name and no one will dispute your title. The papers are old deeds of family lands; she was heir to all these lands and you are her sole heir. If I am then alive I will come to you if I can. I

am your mother's eldest brother, and the only one who knows all about her marriage and death. It was I who concealed your birth from your father, carried you to Acadia and gave you to the Sagamore. The gold in the box will help you to get to France, and then you will have plenty of money and be a great lady.

Guilliams Guavain,
Count De le Frontenac,
In Acadia Rene Le Blanc,
Notary of Grand Pre."

The rough experiences of a forest dweller had fortified the girl against the effects of sudden surprises, but here was much more than a surprise. It was a realization of the most romantic thoughts of herself, a fulfilment of her foreboding words flung so proudly at the Count in the wild anguish of her bleeding heart, as she bade him au revoir, that, last to her, of sweet twilight hours.

Leaving Lete to her thoughts, the men went outside and seated themselves on a fallen tree at considerable distance from the camp, and commenced to talk over the strange revelations of the last hour, and what to do with the girl whose fortune had so suddenly changed.

The sound of footsteps among the fallen leaves soon arrested their attention, and looking in the

direction of the noise they saw approaching with firm step, a tall man. He had on the broad brimmed chapeau and long grey robe of the Recollet Friars of that day, a class of Franciscan monks remarkable for their piety and bravery, but his head was not shaven as was the custom of monks, and long iron-grey hair rested on his broad, slightly stooped shoulders. Unhesitatingly he walked directly to where the two men sat, and at once gave to the Sagamore the Micmac salutation of peace, then turning as if to salute the other, he started suddenly back, and his eyes flashed as a menacing frown came over his fine features.

Instantly a like change distorted the usually frank face of the Scotchman, as he rose to his feet and met the stern gaze of the Priest. "Plebeian seducer," muttered the monk in a half growl. "Escaped convict," replied the Scotchman in a higher tone.

There is but one sequel to words like these from such men, and it came instantly, for the Priest threw off his robe and sprang like a tiger upon the Scotchman, who met the attack much as a bear would that of a mountain cat. He threw around him his great sinewy arms and endeavored to squeeze him into submission, but found that his antagonist was muscular and

athletic. Both men were unarmed, but maddened with some deadly hatred of each other, they fought fiercely for the mastery. The great strength of the Scotchman was countered by the trained muscle of the Priest's arms and legs. It was a desperate clinch from which neither man sought to release himself, but struggled with all his might to overmatch his adversary.

The Sagamore looked on with about the same interest that a boy watches the fight of two bulls, when his father does not own either bull. He was himself strong and brave, and saw with savage delight these muscular men contend for the mastership, although he knew neither why they fought, nor what would follow the defeat of either.

Furious as was the strife it lasted several minutes without advantage to either, till the Scotchman got an under-hold, and lifting his foe from his feet raised him breast high and with tremendous force flung him upon the ground, where he lay senseless. Then, without a word to either of the men, he walked rapidly in the direction of his dwelling. He had unexpectedly met a mortal enemy and was not retreating, but biding time and place to meet in deadly conflict.

The Sagamore did not stir from his seat till the Priest had recovered consciousness and put

on his long robe, then he walked to him and laying a heavy hand on his shoulder, said, "Notary Grand Pre welcome back to woods of Acadia." The Priest did not return the salutation, but with faltering voice said, "The little child," and with painful look waited reply; the Indian made none, but pointed to the wigwam and led the way.

The meeting between Lete and the Notary was embarrassing to both. She had heard the Sagamore tell of his many daring deeds, and had fancied him a dashing, military appearing man, and was disappointed when he now told her that this robed and demure looking monk was the great Notary of Grand Pre. And he in turn, was not prepared to see his niece a tall, shapely, nut-brown Indian maiden. She was handsome, that his heart conceded; but he fancied she would be pretty and petite like her mother at her age. Neither spoke of this, but each intuitively read the thoughts of the other.

The Sagamore understood the situation, and turned the current of their minds by asking the Notary to tell him how he had become a Priest.

Willing to be diverted from thoughts that were painful, the robed, and now pensive man, commenced at once with his imprisonment and escape from Port Royal, and told all the perils

of his long journey to Canso—especially narrating in full the encounter with the wolves, and his miraculous deliverance by the attack of the panther. Ugh! said the Indian. Great Spirit. How he had gone back to France and given himself up to be punished for a crime he had many years before committed, and was sentenced to serve twenty years in the cruel chain-gang of the Galleys in place of the man who had been wrongly convicted. How after five years of this worse than imprisonment, while working one day near a steep mountain side where two little boys were playing on the top of a rocky ledge, he saw one of them slip through a crevice and fall upon a shelving rock, more than a hundred feet from the ground below, and inaccessible from the top. How the people assembled by hundreds and every known effort was made to rescue the child, but none succeeded; and night was near when he would fall asleep and tumble off his perilous perch. How he then asked the guard to unlock him from the chain that he might save the little one from what seemed certain death. How the guard did so, and he by great strength and gymnastic-acquired skill in climbing, scaled the steep, craggy mountain and with the aid of men from above and a rope had the child safely landed on the top of the ledge;

and then climbed to the peak of the mountain himself, and feeling that he had been sufficiently punished easily escaped, and took refuge in a monastery, where he remained concealed many years, and studied with the pious monks, and became one himself, and was at their request pardoned by the King, then joined the Recollet Friars, so that he could do much good to people in need, and now had come soon as possible to Acadia to aid the orphan girl in getting her property and to reward the Sagamore for his care of her.

The Indian listened without interruption, and said in turn but few words. There was on his mind a weightier matter, and he asked the monk to take with him a walk in the woods, and when they were some distance from the wigwam he said abruptly:

"Tell me what you know of the man you saw with me, and why you both fight so hard."

The reply of the priest was ascetic enough to suit even his laconic questioner.

"That man," he said, "is Lete's father. He is a deserter from the British army. I will inform on him and he will be shot."

While saying these words the black scowl came again over his face and he seemed like the

Notary of Grand Pre as he had seen him on the day of the battle at Nictaux.

It was some minutes before the Indian spoke. Then he said slowly and with a look of savage certainty:

"He will not be shot. You will not tell. He big white Brave and good. Notary Grand Pre he big Brave too, but he no dare do harm to him. He my friend—same Notary Grand Pre my friend.

Then he told how the Scotchman had saved the girl from drowning and with great strength and wonderful cunning had destroyed the Mohawks, the dreaded enemies of the Micmacs, and thus again saved Lete's life.

The result of this conversation was that the next morning the Sagamore and Priest and Lete, went together to the cabin of the Scotchman, where a reconciliation was brought about, and the orphan girl gladly accepted a father in the grand looking, kind man she had so much admired for his strength and bravery, and had secretly loved for a cause she did not till now know.

Once that friendly relations were established, there were many things to be settled, and the four strangely related persons spent the day together. Lete prepared a dinner, and the men

talked over the affairs in which they were all more or less interested. It was finally decided that Lete's father should receive from the estates in France an annuity of three thousand francs, and that he remain in Acadia. He had in a quarrel with an officer killed him with a blow of his great fist, then deserted, and dared not be known.

It was now too late in the season to take voyage across the ocean, and they decided to wait until spring, and then charter the *Senemqua* for the trip.

This was Lete's proposition. She had been launched in the vessel, had christened her, and now to be borne in her across the wide ocean to *La Belle France*, the home of her people, would be so romantic; that she stipulated as her part of the arranging, that the vessel be engaged for the voyage. To this the others conceded, and further plans were left for future days.

Spring came at last, and on the forenoon ebb of the tide, on the first day of May, 1775, Lete, in the wild garb of the daughter of a Micmac Chief, and decked with violets and Mayflowers gathered from the woods by many willing hands, stood by the helmsman as he guided the buoyant ship, and waved a farewell to the land of Acadia, and her free, happy girlhood life therein.

By her side stood the tall, grey-robed Monk with eyes fixed on the restless, shadowy water, and the far-away pathless woods, and his pale, firm lips murmured a sincere prayer for the people, and the country where he first experienced a distrust in himself, and felt the certainty of a Higher Power somewhere in the Universe.

The last of the crowd to leave the shore was the Sagamore and the Highlander. They remained on the rough beach and silently watched the receding ship, till the glint of white sails was lost in the grey dusk of Blomidon, then each took a separate course to his rude dwelling in the woods.

The Sagamore was more than sad. He had sustained a double bereavement. The child so many years his constant care, and object of untutored grateful pride, had gone forever from his presence. Never again would her shapely hands brush aside his wigwam door. No more would her sunshiny face make light the dusky forest trails so often trod together.

And the Notary, too, his pale-face friend who wore buckskin clothes and high-top boots, and galloped his black stallion so fast and fearless, and looked so brave, now wore a cloak and shoes like women, walked with stooped head, looked afraid, and said prayers like a Priest.

And the solemn Aborigine registered his sorrow with a smothered sigh, and hastened his steps toward the lonely forest glades.

The Highlander was in different mood. His spirits were buoyant and his step elastic. He was not pained at parting with Lete. She was destined to live a widely different life from his, and he accepted the inevitable without a pang. He was her natural father, by kindred blood allied; yet he did not feel the same endearment that warmed the heart of the austere savage, alien in blood and race, who had watched over her childhood years, and defended her from harm.

Thus it is that Nature's righteous law defeats the vague theories and vain desires of man, and bestows rewards where best deserved.

CHAPTER IX.

France more than any other country of Europe has made history and moulded human thought. More than other nations has she manifested the folly of kings; the madness of despots; the extravagances of democracy.

Among the interesting products of her eventful history, is the old church of Notre Dame. For more than six hundred years, the colossal towers, tall shapely spires and wonderfully musical bells of this historic edifice have been the admiration of travellers and the pride of inhabitants.

Centuries ago, this building was a "Cathedral of Refuge." The claim of "sanctuary" uttered within its massive, gothic walls, was all-potent against the demands of justice or clamors of the populace. No matter what the charge made, or crime committed, if once the accused or condemned crossed the broad stone threshold of Notre Dame, and cried aloud the magic word, "sanctuary," he was safe from molestation. Away aloft in one of the great towers was fitted

up a strong room for his occupation and security.

One bright sunny forenoon in the month of May, 1778, there was in this old Cathedral a vast assembly of the most courtly men and fashionable women of the, then, proud city of Paris. It was a period in the country's history when dress was adored and beauty worshipped; and it was to see a new star in beauty's brilliant constellation, that drew so many of the vain elite to the ancient church at this early hour of the day. The soft yellow rays of a thousand flickering tapers tinged the grey daylight from the decorated windows as it fell mellowed, upon delicate embroidery, rich plumes, and lovely faces beaming with expectation.

Before the flower-wreathed altar, stood a noble looking man, and by his side, leaning on the arm of a tall, gray-robed monk, was a lovely girl in bridal costume.

All eyes were upon the girl and sparkling with delight. Her symmetrical form, and teasingly unnamable complexion of her soft-featured, small, sweet face, made up a type of beauty that belonged to no one of the many cultivated modes of that courtly age.

Among her feminine admirers there was no thought of rivalry, so unlike theirs were her cap-

tivating graces. It was the lily of the lakes beside the potted flowers of the conservatory; the perfection of nature outvying the enchantments of art.

Aloft in the time-worn belfry, mellow toned bells pealed a wedding chime, while solemn-voiced priests pronounced the marriage ceremony, and the youthful pair were pledged for life.

Already the reader knows that the bride is Lete. Her husband is the young Count de Rochambeau.

At a fashionable gathering, some months after Lete's arrival in France, she unexpectedly met the Count, and allowed him to discover her through the enchanting mask of society dress and polite manners; and to learn from others that she was his equal and more, in family rank and prestige. Then she took a sly little maidenly sweet revenge by permitting him to play the role of an unaccepted suitor for two years before yielding to her heart's desires and consenting to become his wife.

Youth, beauty and riches were their joint inheritance; and titled society welcomed them to its ranks.

But events were at this time transpiring, that shaped the thoughts, and determined the con-

duct of brave men and true women. On the continent of North America, there had been for the last three years, a struggle for liberty that stirred the hearts of patriots everywhere.

It was a contest between the common people and the power of kings; a strike for liberty of conduct. Already the youthful Marquis, de La Fayette, had espoused the cause of the colonists, and spent a year in the service of the rebel army, and was now returned with the title of General bestowed upon him by the so-called American Congress.

Count de Rochambeau was his personal friend, and soon decided to join him in his efforts to raise an army to help the Provincialists fight for their rights.

About seven thousand volunteers were soon collected, and ready to serve under the command of the enthusiastic young General. When the time came to sail for America, the Count and his General were astonished at the claim of the beautiful Countess to be allowed to accompany her husband.

She had already begun to tire of the platitudes of aristocratic society, and to long for the freedom of peasants and fellowship with wild things. Arguments were of no weight when cast into the scale against this desire to be again for a

while, in the familiar forests of America; and in less than two years from the day of the brilliant wedding, she bade good-bye for a season, to courts and castles, and took passage in one of the transport ships of General La Fayette, for the far distant continent.

It was September, 1780, when the fleet arrived at Rhode Island, where the soldiers remained inactive until December, when General La Fayette started, with two thousand soldiers, to march across the country to General Washington's headquarters in Northern Pennsylvania. Count de Rochambeau had been made a Colonel, and he and his wife went with this detachment.

The march was long and fatiguing, and when they were nearing its end there came over that part of the country a fierce snow-storm. It was one of those storms when the snow seems to come down in sheets, instead of flakes. All night long the wind appeared to be shaking the frozen vapors out of the dark sky; and by morning there was over two feet of solid snow, with a thin, sharp crust.

The French soldiers, unused to snow, were terrified at the severity of the storm, and the great depths of the icy element that seemed to them, impassable. Their position was perilous.

British troops far outnumbering them, were encamped only about ten miles distant, well equipped with snow-shoes, and the soldiers mostly knew how to travel on them. The Frenchmen could neither wade through the snow, nor walk on raquets if they had them, and there was not a pair in the whole outfit. They were in an open country, and without means of fortification. They knew also, that there was among the British soldiers a strong feeling that they had better have stayed at home and minded their own affairs; and that very little quarter would likely be shown in case of an attack.

General Washington's forces were equipped for travel over the snow and could easily come to their assistance if only they knew where to find them, and their danger. The day was intensely cold, and at times a fine sleet fell, and increased the thickness of the sharp crust, and by night all hope of making their way through the snow was abandoned, and General La Fayette called a consultation with his officers.

While thus engaged the sentinel informed the General that the Countess de Rochambeau would like to be admitted to the council. The General was gallant as well as brave, and the request was at once granted. When the door of the tent was opened every man started to his

feet, as what looked like an Indian warrior entered; but a minute sufficed to assure them that it was the young Countess in full Micmac dress. It was the same dress she had on the day she stood on the deck of the Senemqua and waived a good-bye to the land of Acadia. In her belt was the bright steel tomahawk, and the Count's army pistols, and in her left hand she held a pair of snow-shoes that she had carried away from Acadia. Not even her husband knew that she had these raquets or the dress with her outfit when she left France.

Not waiting for the officers to recover from their surprise at her strange appearance, the woman said:

"General, do you know in what direction is General Washington's camp, and about how many miles it is from here?"

"Why do you ask?" said the astonished Commander.

"Because I am going to reach him, and pilot his soldiers on snow-shoes here before the British can reach us."

"That is impossible," said the General with impatient confidence.

"It is possible," quickly replied the woman. "I can walk over the snow on these raquets, and if the distance is not too far, I can reach the

American army long before daylight. The British soldiers are a day's march from us, and they will not move tonight, and I can be back tomorrow with the help that we must have, or all be killed like wild animals in a trap."

The General looked scrutinizingly at the confident volunteer. She was tall, well-proportioned and lusty-limbed, as her odd attire allowed him to see. Then without a word, he took from his saddle-bags a rough chart of the country, and looking it over, said: "The distance is about ten miles; the direction north-west, but how can you keep the course?"

"The night is clear," said the woman, "and I know how to follow a course by the stars and the trees as the Indians do."

"But," urged the General, "the distance is long and the night very cold."

"The distance is short for me," she replied, "and I will walk too fast to feel the cold."

"There are wild beasts and savage Indians in the great forest through which you must pass, and there is no road," said the General.

"I lived too long in the wild woods to fear either of them, and the snow has made for me the best of roads. Have I your permission to go, General?" was the answer received to this last objection.

A perplexed look came over the face of the General, and he turned to the young Count, as if expecting him to protest against the rash undertaking; but he said not a word, nor withdrew his eyes for a moment from the fascinating woman, of whom he was this minute prouder than ever.

At length the General said in a sad tone: "The situation is desperate. We have no other hope of rescue—it shames me to say it—but go, brave woman, and may God speed you on the perilous way."

Without further word the willing messenger stepped outside the tent, and slipping her moccasined feet into the toe-straps of the raquettes, sprang lightly upon the surface of the untrodden snow. Some of the soldiers had seen her strange attire as she went to the General's tent, and the result was nearly the whole camp were now interested spectators. In the direction she was to take, there was between the camp and the dark forest to be threaded, a strip of barren about a mile wide. The snow had completely covered the rocks and dwarfed shrubbery, so that its frozen surface looked like a lake of ice.

For a few minutes the resolute woman stood on the brink of this shining surface, then kissing her hand to her husband, gave the military sa-

lute to the General, and started off with long, graceful strides over the white waste. The moon was near the horizon, and threw a long shadow on the silvery crust. Of all the thousand lookers on, not one had ever seen this feat of walking over the surface of the snow; and now as they gazed upon the tall figure chased by the long flitting shadow, she seemed like a spirit of the air on winged feet, and not a man of them left his tracks, till the shadow and substance blended and disappeared in the dark woods beyond.

Not daring to depend on the success of the woman's undertaking, the soldiers were set at work piling up the compact snow into breastworks, as some slight defence against the attack they knew must come on the morrow.

Midday arrived, and there were listening ears and searching glances in the direction from which the enemy was expected. Only a few cast hopeful looks along the line of track taken by the brave messenger the night before. One o'clock came, and plainly there could be heard the sharp crunch, crunch of raquettes breaking the crusted snow, and the confused noises that always accompany the movements of large bodies of men. Soon from the woods beyond the open space emerged the athletic woman, tramping firmly, as when she took the first steps

on her long journey; and by her side, General Washington himself, followed by a thousand soldiers all on snow-shoes.

Soon after, on the skirts of the woods, appeared Indian scouts in the service of the British, and next day it was learned that they were within two miles of the camp when the American troops arrived.

After a day or two, there came soft, south winds and warm rain, that soon dispersed the most of the snow, and the long march was resumed and finished in a day.

During the following autumn the war of Rebellion that had lasted for six years was brought to a close by a decisive battle, in which General La Fayette and his soldiers greatly distinguished themselves.

In the spring of 1782, General La Fayette and what was left of his army of volunteers, returned to France. Among them were Count de Rochambeau and his heroine wife, who soon became favorites in the gay dissolute society of that profligate period, from which dates the terrible uprising called the French Revolution.

The romantic life history and unrivalled loveliness of the youthful Countess made her the most desirable of company, and forced her into

extravagances of social indulgence, that always result in weariness, and often in aversion.

A few years of this festive life and the Revolution with all its mad fury broke upon the Royalists; and the Count de Rochambeau became one of their generals and fought against the same class of people he had fought for in America.

In this crazy insurrection the proud family of Guavin furnished leaders as cruel, strange and unrelenting as the insurrection itself.

There was the iron-nerved, haughty old Prince of Brittany, best known as the Marquis de Lat-enac, commander of the Royal forces. The giant young nephew of the old Marquis, Count Guavin, leader of the communists. And the bold, righteous Pere Guillaume Guavin, once Notary of Grand Pre, now a Recollet Friar. On every battlefield, among the dead and dying of each side, this robed and dauntless Monk was welcomed. Always cool and brave, always just and helpful, he had free access to every place where it was possible to aid or soothe the suffering.

At a time when religion was mocked, churches destroyed and Priests cruelly murdered, this intrepid man wore his sacerdotal robes unmolested, and on the bloody battlefield ministered to the needs of high and low, rich and poor alike.

The lovely Countess de Rochambeau, a child of the rough virtues of uncivilized life, secretly favored the cause of the insurgents, but openly braved the dangers of declaring herself opposed to the Republic, and shared with her imperial husband the perils of mad fanaticism.

In the country la Vandee, the home of the Guavin's, in the summer of 1790, there was indiscriminate slaughter of all who bore arms against the Republic or were suspected of noble blood.

This crusade of extermination was conducted by the infamous Carrier, who took delight in the invention of novel methods for the execution of prisoners. One of these favorite modes was what he facetiously termed "Noyads."

Only Priests and handsome women were favored with this mode of murder. As the word indicates, it was drowning, sometimes by putting the victims in boats that leaked, and letting them remain till the craft filled with water and sunk, and at other times exposing them naked for hours on rafts or planks floating and then dumping them into the water.

Early one sunny morning in the month of November, 1790, the Count de Rochambeau was shot down like a mad dog before the eyes of his brave and beautiful wife, and she with several

other ladies of rank, and like fatal charms, were doomed to furnish a "Noyad" for the blood-thirsty communists. Naked and bound with cords of yellow silk, they were placed on a raft of planks covered with red baize, and set afloat on the river Loire at a safe distance from the shore, but near enough to gratify the vulgar gaze of brutal spectators.

So cruel had been the oppression of the common people by the rich and noble that their thirst for vengeance knew no bounds; and early this bright day they commenced to throng the banks of the peacefully flowing river, and long before the fatal hour for dumping the prisoners, all the available ground in the vicinity was packed with men and women eager to witness strange cruelties and violent deaths.

Near by on the tower of an old cathedral was a clock; and the crowd watched impatiently for the hands upon the dial to meet over the figure twelve, which was to be the signal for the death plunge of their victims.

On the river's brink were stationed armed officers to keep in check this dangerous crowd. The hands on the clock neared the fatal figure and the executioner had taken his place on the vile floating scaffold; when suddenly there was a murmur of hundreds of voices, and the living

mass swayed aside as the well known form of Friar Guilliame, head and neck above the tallest and robed to the heels, pushed his way through them as easily as if they had been reeds instead of stalwart men and women. Somber and silent he reached the water's edge. The officers on guard not knowing his relationship to the Countess de Rochambeau, and assuming that he was about to receive some last message or administer absolution to the doomed prisoners, commenced to draw the float nearer the shore so that he might get on board; when to their surprise he sprang like a tiger from the bank upon it where it was, and bending over the beautiful Countess said a few whispered words, then from the folds of his clerical vestment produced a long, sharp dagger, with it cut the thongs that bound her and placed the trenchant weapon in her hand.

Instantly the agile woman was on her feet waiting while the demure looking Priest by means of the guy pulled the float nearer the shore; and in less than two minutes from the time he struck the raft they were both on the land, and confronted by the guards with drawn swords.

Quick from his broad shoulders the Monk threw upon the ground the Priestly robe, and

flashing in his firm left hand the long rapier of so many deadly encounters, set upon the surprised officers with such sudden and fierce attack, that the long unused weapon drew blood at every stroke, and laid at his feet each antagonist. At the same time the dagger in the swift hand of the outraged and avenging woman sheathed itself in the breast of every man who attempted to lay hands on her, or impede her fierce dash for liberty.

So unexpected, savage and sanguinary was this onslaught that the guard fell back abashed, while the dismayed crowd drew apart and allowed the two desperate slayers with bloody weapons in hand to pass through unhindered.

The Monk's familiarity with the neighborhood enabled him to find quick concealment from the baffled and amazed insurgents who would presently kill him at sight.

There was now no safety for either of them in the whole country. With the aid of her deliverer the Countess managed to get possession of a considerable sum of her ready money, and together they secured passage on a vessel ready to sail for the land of Acadia, and bade a silent good bye forever to "La Belle France."

After many weeks of ocean tossing they landed at Halifax and from there the Monk

went to Quebec, and entered upon that extraordinary missionary work among his people in America, so well known in later years of his eventful life and continued after his death by the famous Abbe Sigogne.

Lete, as we will now call her while in the land where she gained the name, travelled on foot to the little crescent-shaped cove on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, where the big Scotchman had made a clearing in the great forest and lived alone in a small house of his own construction.

Here she repeated the life of her girlhood, treading the old forest trails, loitering along the rugged shores of the stormy Bay, and sometimes accompanying the now aged Sagamore in his rambles over the wild country. After about three years of this absolute freedom of thought and action, she started one morning on a walk to Halifax, a distance of sixty miles, and reached it in two days.

Beyond the mere desire of change and love for adventure, this now more than ever before, beautiful woman, had no purpose in making the perilous journey. But Fortune that always favors the fair, had a hidden hand in the undertaking and it was soon shown.

One afternoon soon after her arrival, she was alone in the parlor of the little Inn, when a

large, handsome British officer of high rank came into the room in a careless mood, and noticing her, attempted a military saunter; but did not succeed to his satisfaction, for a pair of sparkling eyes were fixed upon him, and in less than a minute he found himself a much embarrassed man, and felt his heart thumping like a bashful boy's. He made his way out of the room much less confident than he had entered, and wondered what had come over him so suddenly.

The next day he came again, but with the landlady, and obtained an introduction, and the result was a marriage within a few months.

The next summer her husband's regiment was ordered to England, and she accompanied him. Soon after his arrival he was made Colonel of the Royal Guards, and thus permanently situated in London, where his handsome wife was admitted to Court, and greatly admired. After a few years she had gained influence enough to be able to obtain an amnesty for her father, who returned to his home in Scotland and spent the remainder of his days in the peaceful avocation of farming, and the little cove on the Bay shore where he lived so many years has become the port of a large village, now called Scot's Bay.

The Monk did not again cross the sea. The

reign of terror that followed the Revolution grieved him sorely ; but his usefulness there was at an end, and he finished his life among his countrymen in America, whose homes still hold cherished memories of the brave Notary of Grand Pre, and the pious priest Pere Guilliame.

The Sagamore lived to a ripe old age highly esteemed by his people over whom he ruled as Chief for many years, and respected by the white inhabitants of the whole Province ; and it was from his son, himself a Sagamore and old, that the writer had many years ago the story of Lete substantially as here narrated.

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