Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Summerside Markets.

February 13, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

February 13, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	2d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 4d
Butter	14d a 16d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m from 2 p.m to 4 p.m

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m., from 2 p. m., to 4 p.m.

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store o Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 18, 1867. tf

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N.B. April 11, 1867.y

Business Cards.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
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Commission Merchants,
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The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions. Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.

Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.

Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ⅛ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.

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Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.

Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable refernces given when required.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9. King Square, St. John, N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, - - - - - - - - - $1 00
One Week, - - - - - - - - 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, - - - - - - $3 25 to $4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.

D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

Apprentice Wanted!

A LAD, not more than 15 years of age, to learn the Tailoring Business One from the country preferred.
ANGUS McSWEEN.
Su 1867

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

Business Cards.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN --- P. E. ISLAND

CARD
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Mechant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

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ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

PRINCE COUNTY
Tobacco Factory.

THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY
In Summerside,
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of
Natural Leaf Tobacco.
equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly
Twenty per cent. Cheaper
than it can be imported into the Island.
FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.
Try it and judge for yourselves.
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.
PATRICK REILLY,
Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

Ladies Sewing Circle.

THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.
President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson,
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McRae,
Treasurer—Mrs. Charles Strong.
Summersiee, Nov. 14, 1867.

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oc. 18, 1867. oct 24

POETRY.

SONG OF PERSEVERANCE.

MEN are agents for the future!
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation—
Widen education's plan;
From the majesty of nature
Teach the majesty of man!
Take the spade of perseverance;
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every bar of true instruction
Harrow out and cast aside!

Give the stream of education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gates to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight!
Take the spade of perseverance;
Dig the field of pregress wide!
Every bar of true instruction
Harrow out and cast aside!

Select Literature.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

THE son of Rohana grew in beauty and strength. She loved him with all the affection of an idolizing mother, for he served to remind her of the days of her early love, as yet the most delightful of her existence. While the younger Mahtoree, so named from his grandfather, was growing up to manhood, the elder was sinking into old age; and when the son had reached maturity his venerable ancestor had gone down into the grave.

Few, who had seen Rohana in the days of her girlish innocence and beauty, would have recognized her in the moody, quiet being, whose heart had been so chastened by sorrow, and broken by early disappointment. But the feelings which once controlled her spirit had suffered a terrible revulsion.

The rage of the lion may be quelled; the winds of heaven may be controlled; even the lightening may be wielded by a rod; but the heart that has once been crushed and broken, once won and neglected, will, unless subdued by divine grace, seek out for itself a just and terrible retribution.

She, who, in the earliest period of her desertion, had looked with fond expectation for the return of her lover, now desired his coming only that she might seek, what she deemed a just revenge; and when the first paroxysms of her grief had subsided, her love was displaced by the most deep and bitter hatred.

Mahtoree soon became the pride of his mother and the solace of her lonely hours. He had heard of the exterminating wars which the pale face was waging in the land of his fathers, and he longed to join the ranks of the Miamis, who were marching to liberty or death; but a glance from the mild eye of Rohana would recall him home, and subdue his spirit like a spell.

For her he roamed the forests in search of game, or guided his fishing boat about the quiet bays of Lake Erie; and for her he quelled his spirit of wild adventure and daring heroism, lingering about the peaceful shores of the lake, dreaming of the day when he might enroll his name among the bravest of the Miamis.

The mother looked with pride upon her son, and gradually, as he rose to manhood, unfolded to him the mystery of his birth, her early love, and the treachery of her lover. Then it was that his eye would kindle with passion, as he vowed unrelenting vengeance against the race of him who had stolen, like a viper into that quiet wigwam, and left his mother's heart a wreck.

More than twenty years had passed since that eventful day when the vessel that bore away the heart of Rohana, had disappeared from the beach. The mother and son were sitting in the door of the wigwam, calmly contemplating the swelling billows of the lake. Rohana had the air of a being whose early life had been unfortunate, upon whose heart sorrow had left an indelible impress; while Mahtoree, with a striking resemblance to his parent, looked like a youth whose fiery spirit had been restrained by domestic ties, but who still longed for more active duties than were allotted to him on the shores of the lake.

* * * * * * * *

The sun had set in gloom; the lightning gleamed from the cloudy west; the evening wind swept in fitful gusts across the stormy waters of Lake Erie; while on the heights of the crags which arose in the distance, the rocking pines, dimly visible in the darkness, were swayed wildly to and fro by the blast. The Indian woman and her son looked upon the wild scene without any extraordinary emotions, for the same phenomena had been witneseed from that spot a hundred times before.

But a strange sail was visible through the gathering mists, driving before the wind at a furious rate. As the vessel hove in sight, Rohana and Mahtoree started to their feet, and cast involuntary exclamations to Manito to preserve the hapless voyagers from the fury of the storm. The wind arose in its strength, and was again lulled to repose, and as the waves dashed wildly against the shore, the vessel was stripped of its rigging, and left to the fury of the blast.

"Look there, mother! can we help them?" exclaimed the youth, starting to his feet as a fresh squall struck the boat.

"Hist, Mahtoree!" said the other, quietly surveying the wreck. "The treacherous pale-faces! let the wrath of Manito fall upon them. Many years ago, your father came in a storm like this—it is enough! let the will of Manito be done!" were her hurried exclamations, as she bowed her head upon her breast, and thought of the past.

For a moment Mahtoree was silent, but his eye kindled as he exclaimed, tauntingly,—

"Your lover — my father — may be there!"

A dark frown passed over the features of Rohana, and she replied,—

"Yes, yes—why should they perish?" and her eye piercing through the gloom, descried the ill-fated vessel as it dashed upon the rocks.

The boat! the boat!" cried the Indian woman, as she bounded from the wigwam and hurried toward the beach; but Mahtoree, anticipating her wishes, had launched his boat on the lake, and bore his mother boldly and fearlessly above the billows towards the wreck. The waves dashed in their fury over the Indians, while the lightning glared brightly on the two forms that sprang from the wreck into the water, and buffeted the waves. Swift as thought, the Indian mother and her son leaped from their little boat and grasped them as they sank.

Instinctively Rohana came to the support of the man, while young Mahtoree clasped the woman to his breast. There was a wild cry of horror, as the Indian woman tore the mariner from the being whom he supported, clutched his throat in her nervous grasp, and plunged beneath the waves.

Meanwhile, Mahtoree, sustaining his tender burden with one arm, and with the other struggled bravely with the billows, and approached the shore. He looked wildly back, he listened for the voice of his mother, but he heard naught but the sullen roar of the rolling waves. Wave after wave swept over him. The delicate form in his arms had swooned, and her heart beat faintly to his own, while the lightning glared upon her face, displaying a beautiful white girl, pale as death, with her raven tresses playing wildly with the surf. He leaped upon the beach — he called upon the girl, but she sank in his arms—he called upon Rohana, but all was still. He pressed his burden to his bosom, and hurried to the wigwam. For hours he employed every simple method which his skill could devise to restore her to sensation; and the morning sun was high in the heavens ere she opened her eyelids, and gazed wildly around her.

"Where am I?"

Mahtoree was startled by the low, sweet tones of a voice like that he had heard in his dreams.

"You are safe, lady; the storm is past; the Indian has saved you."

And, as he spoke, the girl gazed in admiration at his tall, manly form.

"The boat—the storm—that wild rude man—where are they all?"

"All gone, lady. The vessel has gone down, the storm is over, and you alone are saved. My mother—"

"Have you a mother, sir? are you not alone?" were the simple questions of the beautiful girl, as she arose from her reeling posture, and gazed earnestly at Mahtoree.

"I had a mother, lady. She ventured with me into the lake; and as she grasped a man by the throat, there was a wild, thrilling shriek; they sank, and I heard no more."

The thoughts of the beautiful pale-face seemed to wander. She pressed her hand to her brow, and muttered,—

"Yes, it must be the very same; thank God for such a deliverance!" and a flood of tears, which Mahtoree could scarcely account for, suffused her cheeks.

With an inate delicacy of feeling, the Indian left her alone with her tears, and strolled out on the beach. He looked upon the lake, but its waters were as calm as at creation's dawn. No trace was left of the storm, but a few broken spars floating on the waters. As he looked in quiet contemplation on the scene before him, musing on the strange adventure of the preceeding night, he beheld two corpses lying on the shore. There lay his mother, with her hand clutched tightly around the throat of the dead mariner, who seemed to have struggled madly in her embrace. He bent down and pressed his hand upon her heart, but there was no pulsation to tell of life within, and a stern smile of satisfaction had settled on her stiffened brow. United as they were by a strength which he could not sever, he bore the dead bodies in his arms to the wigwam, and placed them on a couch.

The loss of his mother, the only being whom he had ever known and loved, was too much for his Indian stoicism. He threw himself wildly beside the corpse of Rohana. For a moment his breast heaved like a heaving billow, and then all was still. He was too proud to weep, and his sorrow was too deep for tears.

"Lady," he said, turning to the being who thus strangely had been thrown into his protection, "she was my mother, and I an only son."

"Your father, where is he?"

"I never saw him, lady."

"That is he!" said the girl, pointing to the form of the dead mariner.

"How, lady! speak; do you not jest?" said Mahtoree, throwing himself at her feet.

"Have you never heard how, many years ago, a sailor lad rescued your mother from a watery grave, tarried a few days in this wigwam, and then deserted her?"

"Who are you, lady?" exclaimed Mahtoree, looking with superstitious awe on the beautiful being who had so nearly corroborated his mother's story of his birth.

"Listen! Far away from this spot, beyond many miles of lake and river, stands Fort Deiroit. It has passed successively from the French to the British colonies, and thence to the Americans. My father is now commander of that fort, and, as I was an only daughter, I was willing to meet the perils of the wilderness that I might be near him. The fort is erected in the bosom of a heavy forest, and by the margin of a beautiful river. By degrees I became attached to the romantic life of western pioneers; I soon came to love the hills and the woods, and the beautiful river that wandered by.

"Too often, indeed, I became weary of confinement, for guards were placed by all the gates, and I could only see the distant world from behind the walls of the fort. Stealing out, very often when the sentries were asleep, I would roam at pleasure through the deep forests that skirted the shores of the lake. A few days since, in one of my solitary rambles, I beheld a strange vessel approaching the shore. My heart bounded as I saw it swelling in my sight, with its broad sails glittering in the sunshine. I met the captain on the beach, and he decoyed me into his boat, with the promise of a delightful excursion and a speedy return. Scarcely had I placed my foot on board, when the sails were again hoisted, and as the vessel bounded over the waves, and the air of the lake blew softly around me, I forgot that my father would expect my return, until the topmost spire of the fort had disappeared. By nightfall, when the novelty of the adventure had subsided, I turned to look for the distant shore, and saw naught but a waste of waters. I begged the captain to return, but he delayed my request; I threw myself at his feet, but he was inexorable.

"Night came down upon the waters, but it was not so dark as the gloom that brooded over my heart. Suddenly, a dark suspicion of his villany flashed across my brain. Twice did I look from my birth to the dark waves that rolled beneath me, and fancy that I would rather trust to their embrace than yield to dishonor; but I hoped that his heart might yet relent, and induce him to restore the only daughter to the disconsolate father.

"I rose on the next morning from a sleepless repose, when the captain approached me with the smile of a demon, and told me that I was his. I looked at the far distant shores, just visible in the horizon, and I knew that every breath of wind, every stroke of the oars, bore me farther from home. Then it was that he told me how, more than twenty years ago, he had deceived an Indian girl on the border of this very lake, and that such should be my fate. Last night we were to have been married, but thanks to the storm and to you, the priest has found a watery grave, and the ruffian has met a ruffian's fate at last. Your mother, after the lapse of so many years, knew him still, for we can never forget the object of an early attachment; and she has had a most terrible revenge!"

The maiden ceased to speak, while Mahtoree looked in wild astonishment on the forms of his parents.

"Lady, I believe you," he said. "In early life they were one, and in death they were united; they shall not be divided now. In one grave shall they repose; and I! the offspring of treachery and crime, what shall be my fate?"

With a heavy heart the young Indian made a grave in the sands of the beach, and there placed the bodies of his parents, with a solitary stone to mark the spot. The pomp and parade of civic funerals would have added nothing to the wild sublimity of the scene. No bell was tolled, no knell was rung, no prayer was said, no voice was heard in wailing; but a solitary eagle screamed from the topmost crag, and the only mourner was the offspring of the dead, whose requiem was heard in the sound of the waves, as they rolled in sullen grandeur beside their lonely grave.

The next morning saw two beings, an Indian youth and a white maiden, embarking in a small fishing boat, on the bosom of Lake Erie. Mahtoree had proffered to restore the being whom he had saved to the bosom of her father; and, after laying in a supply of provisions sufficient for the voyage, he turned the prow of his little boat in the direction of Fort Detroit. While the vessel still lingered within sight of the shore, he looked back from time to time to the hills and the hut where he had been reared from a boy; but when the topmost cliff, endeared by past memories, had sunk into the horizon, he turned hurriedly away, and nerved his arm to the accustomed task with renewed vigor.

Thus journeyed the manly Indian and the beautiful pale-face, with the sky above, and a wide waste of waters around them. By imperceptible degrees she learned to wield the paddle with great dexterity. The Indian seemed to regard her as a being of superior intelligence, and he would have worshipped her as such, or loved her with all the ardor of a first and impassioned love, but he had no heart for such an attachment. Scarcely a word was spoken, scarcely a murmur was heard in all that voyage. How quickly did he anticipate every wish before it was half expressed, and how tenderly did he watch while she slumbered, so that even the dews of heaven might not harm her innocent pillow! There was no eye to mark their pathless course, no ear to hear the soft dip of the oars. And yet the stars never looked upon a scene, on land or lake, with a light more pure. It was a pilgrimage of filial love over pathless waters, confiding its all to the honor and protection of a heart that would have emulated Scipio's.

Day after day thus passed by. They entered the mouth of the river, and coasting in the shadows of the evergreens on the shore, they urged their boat in sight of Fort Detroit. It was a bright moment in the life of that beautiful girl, when she bounded once more on the shore. She turned and beckoned to her preserver to follow her, but his little boat shot out into the current.

"Come! my father will reward you for your kindness," she said eagerly.

"No! I must away!"

"He will give you many acres of land; come and dwell with us."

"No, it is all mine!" said the noble youth. "This lake and these forests were once my fathers', and they shall yet be redeemed!"

And another stroke of his oar bore him still farther down the current. The girl stood for a moment in wild bewilderment, and then running along the shore, that her voice might be heard, she made a last appeal.

"Come and be mine, then, brave Indian! I will love thee forever!"

Mahtoree turned and gazed tenderly upon her. For a single moment his arm was palsied, but a thought of all that he and his fathers had endured, came over his heart, and waving his hand in a last adieu, his boat glided down the current. The girl in frantic haste bounded off to the fort, and tearing herself from the embraces of her friends, she sought the highest battlement, and there watched his retiring boat, until shooting like an arrow down the river, it disappeared forever from her sight.

Mahtoree pursued his onward path. He never saw his mother's wigwam afterwards; but, leaping on the shore and plunging into the forest, he sought the encampment of his countrymen, who were making a last effort to rescue the beautiful land from the grasp of the invader. He