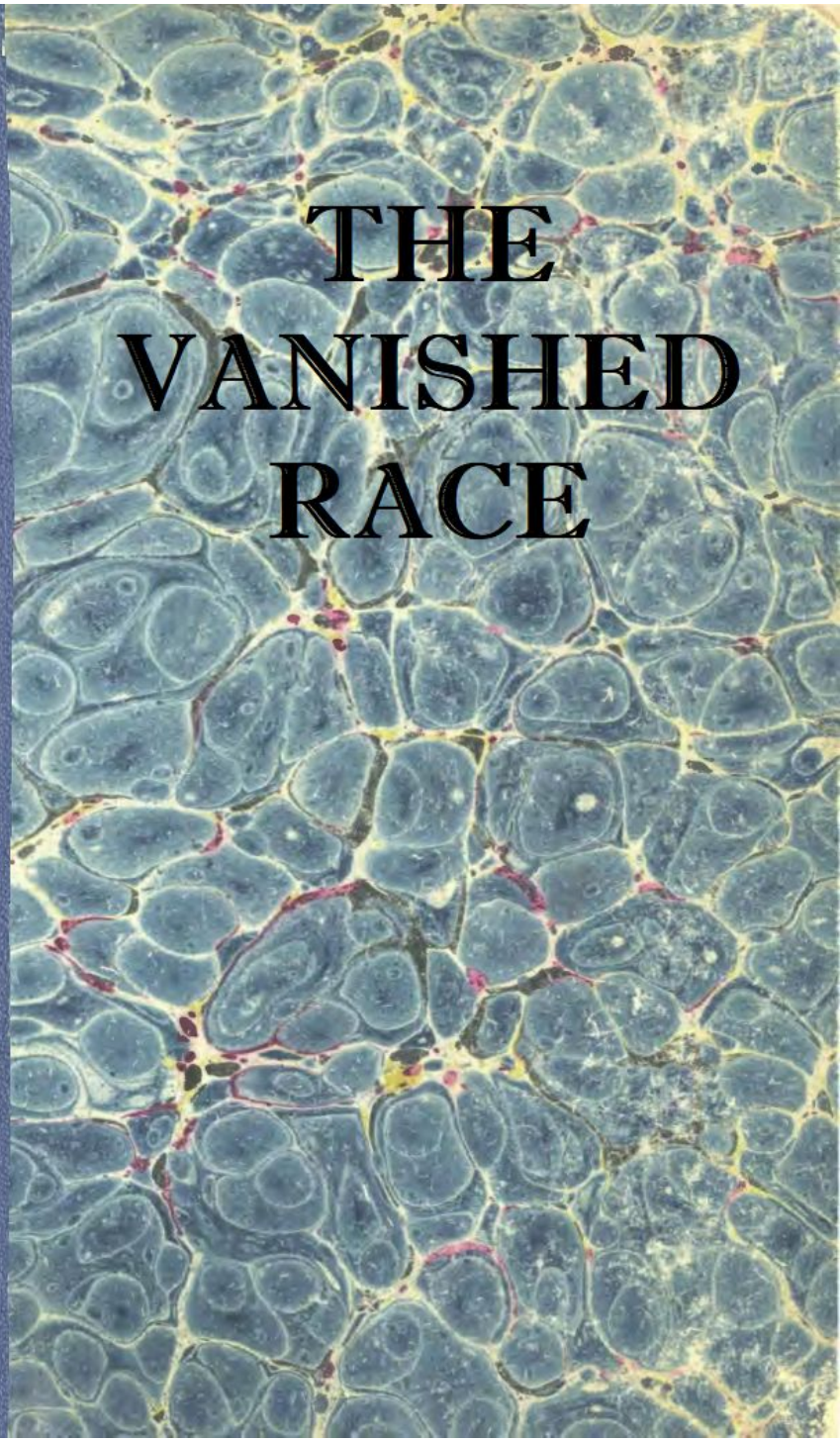
ARTHUR ENGLISH

THE VANISHED RACE



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ARTHUR ENGLISH

THE VANISHED RACE

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THE VANISHED RACE

INTRODUCTION

When the Europeans first came to Newfoundland they found it peopled by a vigorous and highly intelligent race of Red Men who called themselves Beothucks or Beothiks as it is variously spelled. These people were found to be very tractable and inclined to be friendly. Repeated acts of treachery and violence towards them on the part of the rude and ignorant settlers soon destroyed the docile disposition of the natives who became suspicious of the white man. Acts of violence on the one part led to acts of retaliation on the other, resulting in violent deeds and bloodshed and finally the total extinction of the Red Man. It was considered an act of virtue to kill an Indian and hunting parties were got up on purpose to destroy the native. Micmac Indians from Nova Scotia in pursuit of furs settled along the shores of the island particularly in Bay d'Espoir and Bay St. George. These would make journeys into the interior and they often came into premeditated conflict with the owners of the soil.

The Micmac being armed with guns had the advantage of the Beothucks who had only bows and arrows with which to defend themselves. The Micmac would often come to the coast with heaps of furs taken from the murdered Beothucks and no account of his crime was asked of him by the traders who were making a profit out of the murders of their dusky allies.

The result of these aggressions on the part of white man and Micmac was extermination. From the first coming of the white man the history of the aboriginal inhabitants was written in blood till, dele, was inscribed across the page.

From Harvey's Hand Book on Newfoundland the accompanying brief outline of the history of the Beothucks has been taken in the hope that readers of this romance may find an account of the Indian race with whose last days this story is concerned of some interest. In the story I have endeavoured to relate, I have woven a fabric, the woof and warp of which is as true to the material facts provided by history as the exigencies of the romance will permit.

The actual story of the extermination of the race of aborigines has not been materially interfered with even where imagination has been called into play.

The introduction of the little Irish girl has been prompted by the tradition at one time current about the west coast to the effect that travelling with the nomadic Micmac was a girl with blue eyes and flaxen hair. She was known to the people contemporary with the times seventy to eighty years ago as "Irish Mary". Her real name or where she came from was never known. I have for the purpose of the story given this girl to the Beothucks.

The scene of the supposed stranding of the ship is placed somewhere about Cape Ray. A dangerous group of rocks known as the Brandies lies off the bill of this low cape and here the Brian Boru is supposed to have come to grief.

The boat in which the little girl left the stranded vessel landed on the smooth sand near Shoal Point. The river which the boat subsequently entered may be recognized as Little Codroy.

A long sand spit runs out between the sea and the river on the south side. At the time our story opens, dunes, probably forty to fifty feet high, formed a row of low hills along the sand bar which was considerably wider than it is to-day. A process of coast erosion has permitted the encroachment of the sea to a depth of probably a quarter of a mile within the past century. In the course of this denudation, the dunes have almost entirely disappeared under the combined action of wind and wave aided by the loosening of the grass roots by the feet of cattle. Sand dunes are, as is well known, aeolian hills or mounds that have their origin on the sea-shore but invade the land in regular progressive marches. In their drifting they bury every object in their path and in time as in a process of erosion, they expose again things long buried.

About twenty years ago such an erosion or denudation, occurring near the mouth of Little River, exposed an upturned boat under which lay the skeleton of a tall man. This incident suggested the idea of a burial by the Beothucks as told in the following story.

Cormack in his narrative of a journey across Newfoundland in 1822 tells of a meeting with a Montagnais Indian hunter on King George the Fourth Pond. With this Montagnais the last remnant of the Beothucks travelled to Labrador. While there can be little doubt that the last of the Beothucks perished in Newfoundland there is a view somewhat entertained that they fled across the Straits of Belle Isle and there mingled with the Montagnais.

The author has taken hold of this belief and fitted it into the story in order to account for the final rescue of Rosaleen O'Connor and her restoration to civilization.

For reasons that must appear to be justified, the various scenes of adventure are not given names in the story because such places had no names at the time of the narrative. These will be easily recognized by those familiar with Newfoundland.

The most of the incidents related occurred along the Exploits River and Red Indian Lake. Badger Brook is the tributary stream mentioned and the sea coast scenes of tragedy are in Notre Dame Bay.

[Transcriber Note: By the 1980s, the spelling of the ethnonym Mi'kmaq, which is preferred by the Mi'kmaq people, was widely adopted by scholarly publications and the media. It replaced the previous spelling Micmac. Although this older spelling is still in use, the Mi'kmaq consider the spelling "Micmac" to be "tainted" by colonialism. The "q" ending is used in the plural form of the noun, and Mi'kmaw is used as singular of Mi'kmaq. It is also used as an adjective, for example, "the Mi'kmaw nation". From Wikipedia.]

THE BEOTHIKS

"*The Indian race found in Newfoundland called themselves Beothiks. This was their tribal name. Their features resembled those of the continental Indians. They had high cheek bones, small black eyes, straight black hair, and were of a copper color. Their weapons, canoes, tents or wigwams and domestic utensils resembled those of neighboring tribes on the continent. Their habits of life were alike in many respects and they lived by hunting and fishing. Among learned men who have studied carefully the few relics which have been preserved, and examined the meagre and uncertain vocabularies which contain all that remains of their language, there is a difference of opinion as to whether they were a branch of the wide-spread and warlike Algonkins who once occupied nearly the whole of Canada and a large portion of the United States, or whether they were a separate and older race of Red Men, who had at an unknown date migrated to this island, where for many centuries they sustained themselves and increased in numbers. There is a certain amount of evidence in favor of the latter view, but no certainty can now be reached.*"

CONDITION OF THE BEOTHIKS

When Cabot discovered the island, in 1497, the Beothucks were a numerous and powerful race, well-developed physically, ingenious and of quick intelligence, gentle in their manners, tractable, and not indisposed to friendly intercourse with the pale faces. They had lived for unknown ages unmolested. The island with its abundance of wild creatures of all kinds, its shores and countless lakes swarming with fish, was to them a very paradise. Countless herds of the finest reindeer wandered over the savannas of the interior, in their annual migrations. The ponds were abundantly stocked with beaver; the lordly salmon crowded the rivers; vast flocks of ptarmigan and other game birds were everywhere met with. Wild geese and ducks in the early spring arrived in myriads from the south. The Beothiks must have revelled in savage abundance, being "monarchs of all they surveyed." They practised no agriculture; but the wild berries, in their variety and luxuriant growth, supplied them with abundance of vegetable food. The skins and furs of the wild animals gave them abundant clothing. With their spears, clubs, bows and arrows, slings, and many ingenious devices for capturing their prey, they were rarely in want of food and clothing. Newfoundland is still a fine sporting country, but what must it have been in the time of the Beothiks!

SUFFERING OF THE BEOTHIKS

The coming of the white men sealed their doom. For three hundred years afterwards they continued to exist but were gradually becoming weaker and weaker. For a short time friendly relations between them and the invaders existed, but soon quarrels arose. Deeds of violence led to acts of savage vengeance. The first rude trappers, hunters and fishermen, as they spread into the northern parts of the island, were outside the control of the law, and but little disposed to try conciliation and kindness on a tribe of savages whose presence interfered with their pursuits. The poor Beothiks were treated with the most brutal cruelty and for a long period were regarded as vermin to be hunted down and destroyed. Such treatment led the Red Man to deeds of fierce retaliation and "war to the knife" became the practice between the two races. In such a contest the weak must go to the wall. Their weapons could avail little against the firearms of the white man. Gradually their numbers were reduced and they were driven from the best hunting and fishing grounds. Famine and disease thinned their ranks.

THE RACE EXTINCT

When at length, in modern days, the spirit of humanity awoke and attempts were made in 1760, and renewed up till 1823, to conciliate the Red Men and save the poor remnant from destruction, it proved to be too late. Sad experience led them to distrust and hate the white men, and they could not be approached with kindness. In despair the forlorn band that remained retreated to their last refuge, at Red Indian Lake; and here they died, one by one, till not a living representative of a once vigorous and warlike race remained. There is no darker chapter in the history of the white man's progress in the New World than that which records the fate of the unhappy Beothiks.

A MELANCHOLY RECORD

In 1825 a final effort was made to open communication with a remnant of them which were supposed to still survive. An expedition was organized which penetrated to their last retreat at Red Indian Lake. Only their graves and the mouldering remains of their wigwams were found, but no living Beothik. Silence deep as death resigned around. There were fragments of their canoes, their skin dresses, their storehouses, the repositories of their dead; but no human sounds were heard, no smoke from wigwams mounted into the air, their camp-fires were extinguished, and the sad record of an extinct race was closed for ever.

THEIR RELICS

In the Museum at St. John's may be seen a collection of their relics and remains which have been carefully preserved. There are a few skulls, some bones, and the almost perfect skeleton of a boy, found in a grave on Pilley's Island, in a wonderful state of preservation. Their tools, arrow-heads, gouges, and other stone implements are to be seen, but they are gone

"*Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,*
Like the withered leaves of Autumn."

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS

A full account of all that is known about the Beothiks may be found in "Hatton and Harvey's Newfoundland," in Rev. Dr. Patterson's admirable paper read before the Royal Society of Canada on the "Beothiks, or Red Man of Newfoundland;" also, in "Cormack's Journey Across Newfoundland," and in Bonnycastle's and Pedley's Newfoundland. Dr. Patterson's is the most exhaustive account published.[1]

From Hand Book on Newfoundland
By Rev. M. Harvey, LL. D., F. R. S. C.

[1] This was written prior to the appearance of Howley's work.

THE LAST BEOTHUCK

The Indian woman Shanawdithit who died in St. John's on the 6th of June, 1829, was, as far as is known the last survivor of the race of Red Men who once inhabited the island of Newfoundland.

She was said to be a most remarkable person in many ways and endowed with a brilliant mentality. During the six years of her residence among the white people she gave constant proof of being possessed of a very strict sense of morality and never permitted the slightest familiarity on the part of the opposite sex.

She was a tall well-developed woman being nearly six feet in height, of dark complexion but strikingly handsome features. Her teeth were white, small and even. Her disposition was bland, affable and affectionate. She is said to have been married and to have two children.

At the time of her capture in April 1823, she is said to have been twenty-two years of age. The story of her capture is briefly as follows: A party of hunters upon the ice at New Bay in Notre Dame Bay came upon three native women who were in a starving condition. The women were taken to the home of John Peyton, Magistrate of Twillingate who subsequently brought them to St. John's.

These three women were mother and two daughters. The old woman and the elder daughter were in a very delicate state of health, but the younger woman was in good condition.

The women arrived in St. John's on June 18th, 1823, and the 28th of the same month Comm. D. Buchan ordered that they be brought back to where they might again reach their tribe if any were living.

They were accordingly brought back to Exploits Bay by John Peyton, who, giving them a boat left them at Charles's Brook near Exploits river. Here they were left on July 23rd.

The two sick women died here, and Shanawdithit paddled back in the boat to the house of John Peyton. She lived as a servant with the Peyton family six years and contracting consumption was brought to the hospital at

St. John's by Cormack, where she died. She lies buried on the south side of St. John's.

Shanawdithit was the niece of Mary March's husband, who was killed on Red Indian Lake.

The amiable brutes who captured the three Indian women at New Bay, shot and killed at the same place a man and woman, for this crime they were brought to trial and acquitted. As an instance of Micmac cruelty, it may be said that one of these, Noel Ross, was a well known slayer and it is said often boasted of having killed 99. He once shot at and wounded Shanawdithit.

Other Micmacs were equally boastful of their murders and white men also considered it a virtuous act to kill a Beothuck.

Note. To the classical work on the Beothucks by the late James P. Howley, for many years director of Geological Survey in Newfoundland, the author is indebted for most of the historical references given in this narrative.

CHAPTER I

THE VANISHED RACE

In the year 1800, when in Ireland the horror of death hung like a pall over the country and repression and violence had raised the people to a frenzy, and one of the darkest hours in the annals of Christendom was ushered in, a baby girl was born in a little rose-embowered cottage not far from Dundalk.

A tragic hour in the history of Ireland must have left some of its genius to this child, for tragedy had surely selected this infant for her especial and most malign attention. She was born just in time to see the twin demons of bribery and corruption of the most reprehensible kind flaunting their ugly visages in the face of a cruelly wronged people unabashed and gloating their sinful nakedness. She saw the Irish parliament destroyed by the act of its own members and chicanery rewarded when worth, valor, honesty and honor marked their possessor for opprobrium, persecution and violence of every sort.

The child seemed to be born to be the epitome in her tragic experiences, of her country's cruel history. She lost both parents while she was still almost an infant. She was robbed of her guardian in the violent death of her grandfather at the hands of mercenaries. She saw her home destroyed and her patrimony confiscated and finally as if to crown it all she was destined to be the victim of a cruel fate which was to cast her alone and friendless among an uncivilized race and to be a witness to the extirpation of that race by merciless tyrants more merciless than the Hessian. Oh! inscrutable fate, will you tell us the meaning of it all? Why is it some are born to misery unending, to skies ever lowering where no genial sun is ever permitted to warm even for an instant the pathway of thorns? Why is it the noble of heart and mind are made to endure tribulation, injustice and wrong, while the base are given honors, wealth, ease, no matter whether they honestly strive or not? Why must some forever struggle against the tide whilst others have always pleasant sailing? Is it, Oh, you immovable Sphinx, just blind uncontrollable destiny or is it that some are born to propitiate the crimes of others? Why is it the guileless are so often the sacrificial victims while the guilty go scatheless? Why does the bread producer often go hungry, while

the slothful and wealthy who like the lily of the fields, neither toil nor spin nor gather into barns grow sleek while they array themselves in a glory never known to Solomon?

Charity doth cover a multitude of sins, but not more than some lordly titles conceal. Why? To all such questions there is no more answer than from the interrogated winds. If *Lex Talionis* be a law of nature, and an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth be a fixed principle, then the law of recompense must as certainly grant indemnity to those who unjustly suffer injury. Providence will as faith informs us, take care of all this, and even the sparrow's fall goes not unnoticed.

The child of whom we have just been speaking was born to Mary and Michael O'Connor and was named Rosaleen. She was scarcely three years old when her father lost his life in the "abortive rising" of Robert Emmet and shortly after this the mother died.

There were two children, the elder of whom was a boy, six years the senior of his sister. After the death of their mother, the children were taken to the home of their grandfather where they were most tenderly cared for. They attended school kept by a very scholarly old man in the village, and were growing up with every promise that one day they would add lustre to the name of a family that had long been an honored one in the history of Ireland. The boy whose name was Diarmud and destined to take his grandfather's place, was carefully trained in all those fine attributes which marked the Irish country gentlemen. He was to have the estate of his grandfather and was expected to be as careless of worldly wealth as he was careful to preserve a noble integrity of character. He was expected to love honor and country next to God, and to exercise towards the indigent, a bounty as munificent as a limited exchequer would allow. He was to be fond of sports and a leader in the pastimes of the folk in the country round. To be good and charitable and kind to all was to be considered the greatest virtue. In this atmosphere he was brought up. He was loved by all around him and especially by the aged and poor, for whom he always had a kind and cheerful word if he did not always have a shilling. At the crossroads gatherings he was always the favourite and his dancing was said to be the best in all the country. He grew up in possession of a robust health and had a merry disposition. Like all healthy boys he was at times fond of mischief and often got himself into trouble through some boyish prank or other. Growing up in such troublesome times it was no wonder he early developed sentiments of patriotism, which at times broke out into strong protests against the many acts of tyranny he almost daily saw committed against the

poor people whose greatest crime was to love Ireland and hate all that savored of injustice. At night when neighbours gathered in and sat drinking their claret in the spacious and comfortable sitting-room in his grandfather's house, he would often sit a silent but attentive listener to the conversation. The talk would start with a discussion of the crop conditions and drift along to the excitement of a political discussion which finally came round to talk about the present unhappy state of Ireland. When drink had warmed the blood, many's the plot for an insurrection was drawn up. There would be gathering of pikes down by the river and assaults upon the barracks of the soldiery to be followed up till not an enemy remained on Irish soil. Spirited songs breathing the national aspirations of Ireland generally ended up such gatherings and in the mellowness wrought by the wine and music, ill-feeling would die out and insurrection be forgotten. The neighbours would retire in the happy frame of mind which supposes a good time. The boy with the impetuosity of ardent youth would at such times long for a sword and a host of enemies to charge. On him the talk of his elders made an enduring impression which was never obliterated. His ardent desire was to be able when a man to lead his countrymen against the oppressor and drive all enemies from his native land. He spent much of his time when not at school in rambling about the country indulging dreams of a free Ireland. The spirit of revolt was in the air and the boy felt the influence and chafed at his impotent youthfulness. The sights which from time to time he saw in his rambles, of burning homes and of people hiding in hedgerows for shelter, did not serve to calm his spirit.

One day the soldiers came to his grandfather's home and there finding an outlaw and rebel whom the good old man was hiding from his pursuers, there was a double hanging on the spot, and the old man and the one he in vain tried to hide were hanged to the same tree in the yard, and the estate declared forfeit.

The cruel and arbitrary act of the soldiery put an end to the dreams of Diarmud O'Connor for it left him now to face the stern realities of existence. The death of his grandfather and the confiscation of the estate which followed, left the young fellow and his sister almost penniless. He had a few hundred pounds left him and this unless he could find some means of adding to would not last long. He was in sorry straits and was entirely unfit to face the world as far as he could view it from his present outlook. In his dilemma he sought the advice of his good friend, Father Sheehan. The priest was almost as sorely puzzled as the young man, for in the troublesome times through which the country was going, there was not much chance of a young and inexperienced fellow like carefree Diarmud O'Connor getting profitable

employment. Diarmud had friends in Canada who often urged him to come out to Quebec where opportunities such as are not offered in Ireland, await the industrious and intelligent. He thought of telling this to Father Sheehan who agreed with him that perhaps it were wise to go. He saw nothing but trouble for the young fellow, did he remain. He knew that before long the impetuous fellow would be engaged in business that must ultimately lead to an untimely and inglorious death in some ill-starred rebellion as his father before him. It was decided then that the young man should go to Canada for the present, and perhaps when peace would again smile on old Ireland he would return.

A few days after the conversation with the priest, Diarmud and his sister found themselves joining in the exodus, making the stream of Ireland's depopulation swell the more by draining into its main current, the small tributary rill. But added rills make a mighty torrent and from all over Ireland a thousand rills were pouring into the emigrant ships the best of the country's population. Thousands who embarked never reached the goal, but died on the way. Famine-disease, ship-disease or typhus fever claimed its full share of the poor people as they fled from persecution and famine at home.

It was early spring and Ireland was looking her best. The fields and woods were gay in their mantle of verdure. The linnet and lark were singing blithefully from many a hedge and copse all innocently enjoying the sweets which nature had spread for them and for the more highly endowed creatures. To the birds was given the happiness denied the human beings. Nature was kind but man, the lord of creation was savage. Already roses and ivy were gracefully twining over many a blackened ruin that once had been a peaceful homestead and larks were singing in the blue sky above the daisy embowered nests, on many a neglected meadow, where not long ago the merry, joyous cultivator of the humble farm was accustomed to drive his plowshare.

The hearts of the boy and girl were sad as they turned their backs on such pleasant scenes as they had known, but not altogether was it because they were leaving Ireland, so much as it was to see the ruins that lay about them as they passed. There was bitterness in the boy's heart at the sight of it all and he vowed that some day he would come back to help drive the tyrant from the land for ever.

Arriving at Cork, they sought passage to Canada on one of the fine ships lying at the docks and were lucky to have their search soon rewarded. Two ships were preparing for Quebec the "Brian Boru" and the "O'Malley". On

this latter frigate they were given accommodations and soon they were comfortably quartered on board.

It happened that they were the only passengers going out by the "O'Malley" and this afforded them the greater pleasure, because on a crowded ship there was apt to be discomfort as well as danger of disease.

They had a fine time out from Cork and after a couple of days they were able to enjoy the delights of a voyage at sea on a smart ship. The weather was fine for the most part and all went well. The two young people were great favorites with all on board and in the long cruise of four weeks in time they recovered their happy dispositions as youth has the blessed ability to forget the unpleasant in a short time. The ship when leaving Ireland had taken the more southerly route in order to avoid the inclemency of the more northerly as well as to avoid the possibility of collision with the ice-bergs which at this season were sometimes met on the Grand Banks. By this course the vessel had very pleasant weather. The warm blue waters of the Gulf Stream gave a balmyness to the air suggesting summer weather and everything was going pleasantly. The boy and girl were enjoying the sight as they watched the dolphins playing with the ship as a dog is often noticed to play with the horse which draws his master. The graceful animal would flirt with the stem of the ship by coming up in front of it and then by a graceful and rapid movement avoid being hit, just as the dogs avoid the feet of the trotting horse. Soon this pleasantness came to an end as the course of the ship was changed and her head pointed more northerly. After a time the edge of the gulf stream was crossed and a change was observed in the temperature of the air and in the appearance of the water.

In a few days they would be in sight of land and the journey would be coming to an end.

SHIPWRECK

The ship was now well in over the Southern edge of Grand Bank. The changing temperature which up to now had been quite balmy told of the proximity to Newfoundland. The deep, deep blue of the Gulf Stream had given place to the grey and light green which characterize the waters above the continental shelf. The clearly defined northern edge of the Gulf Stream where it met the cold water streaming from the north was noted by all on board as the ship made her way on her northern and western course a few days ago. There were many signs also by which the experienced seamen of the O'Malley could tell of their having passed in over the edge of the banks.

The color of the water tells of the transition but there are other signs in the air as well as in the water. There was a marked change in the character of the sea-weeds floating about, bunches of Bladder Wrack and other litoral flora were now seen drifting by. The graceful and playful dolphin had given place to the stately whale, an occasional one of which could now and then be seen resting on the surface of the ocean or plunging headlong through the waves, blowing at frequent intervals a jet of spray into the air. At times these great mammals came near enough to the ship to allow those on board to hear the giant sibilation, which sounded so mournfully like a great sigh, as to send a something like a tremor of undefined sympathy through the heart of the little girl, as sheltered under the protecting arm of her brother, she wonderingly observed all the strange sights and sounds which swept the watery world around her.

"Shall we really get to land so very soon," she asked of her brother, who had just been telling her of his plans soon as they had arrived at Quebec. He briefly told her of how the great river St. Lawrence up which they would soon be placidly sailing, swept by the romantic city just named, and then broadened out to receive on its bosom the briny waters of the Gulf.

Breaking the force of Atlantic and making a sheltered basin of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, proudly stood the great island of Newfoundland. They would pass quite close to the southwest extremity of this island as they entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and perhaps they might come close enough to it to permit them to see some of the wild Red Men who alone inhabit this

western extremity. Newfoundland, he told her, was uninhabited save for a few fishermen who lived mostly on the east coast. The Indians lived in the vast interior but they also came to the coast in summer to fish, where at times they were met by savagery on the part of the English settlers, so he had been told by men who visited the Island.

"Oh," the little maid exclaimed, "how cruel of those wicked men! But, the English are always wicked, aren't they brother? Do you remember how they burnt grandfather's house and stole all his cattle after they had hung him to a tree in front, all because he took Dan Finn into the house and fed him, when he was hiding from the soldiers. Poor grandpa, and he was so good and kind. Many a time he hid the soldiers too and protected them, when the pike men were chasing them. They did not hang him for that."

"No, nor reward him either," exclaimed her brother, whose anger at the mention of his grandfather's murder, could scarcely be suppressed.

"I do not like the English and perhaps, some day there may be a 'rising' out here in America and I will be able to revenge the foul murder of grandpa and the pillage which leaves you and me so poor to-day that we are driven from dear old Ireland to earn our living. There are only two of us on this ship, but on the Brian Boru which left Cork the day after we arrived there from Dundalk I am told there were three hundred passengers all leaving Ireland to escape persecution, hunger and death. Ireland is being drained of her population. Her young people are flying, while the aged are being left to mourn separation from all those they love. We have no father or mother so there are not many to grieve because we are gone. But it is sad to leave one's home, perhaps never to see it again."

In this strain he wandered on, now tenderest pathos in his tone, then angry intonations as his spirit rebelled against the injustice and tyranny his thoughts revived.

"Brother, do not be angry, it is, as you know, and good Father Sheehan always taught us, it is sinful to hate anyone or to seek revenge."

"You are right, little sister and it is very becoming in you to call me to mind in this manner for at times I feel bitterness and anger getting the best of me. But, I do not hate anyone, nor do those of our race as we have ever shown. I hate wrong and in our country the Englishman stands as the impersonation of all that is most apt to arouse the spirit of a generous man to deeds that are not indeed Christian. But let us thank God we are soon to be in a land where freedom to live in accordance with the best that is in us and in concord with all around us, is extended to all. In Canada we shall find

peace and happiness and opportunity to regain some of the fortune so cruelly robbed from us by the British. But I must not get thinking again of this wrong for such thoughts make me wish for a sword and a host of English enemies in front of me. Some day this may be, then let the Sassenach beware."

While the brother and sister were thus engaged in talk, a sudden change which they did not notice had come over the weather. The sky to the South had become dark and a black cloud seemed to hang on the water like a gloomy prison wall rising to heights never before seen in a prison wall, but, yet provokingly suggesting such an ominous thing to the disturbed mind of the young fellow whose thoughts were ever on the verge of revolt. To the North the sky was clear but over the face of the water a veil of mist seemed to creep. Over head the clouds seemed momentarily to grow more dense and to descend lower and lower.

Movements about the ship seemed to presage uneasiness on the part of the men and the hastily given commands coming from the after deck soon sent men moving rapidly here and there. Soon the bellying acres of canvas grew less and less against the sky and nothing but lower sails were left to impel the ship on her way.

There was as yet no storm, nothing but a light breeze was blowing. The day was fast approaching its close and night was coming on. To windward lay a bank of fog which might envelope them at any moment, to leeward lay land not far distant with its danger of unknown rocks and shoals. How far off lay their land the captain did not know exactly, and for this reason prudence forbade him an approach under full sail during what he knew was to be a dark and foggy night. A night on the wild Atlantic was before him, but of this he had little dread as he had a capable crew and a staunch ship, but a rocky shore somewhere to leeward is quite another thing and some thing to awaken every sentiment of heroic precaution. Nobody more fully experiences the force and meaning of the disappointing saying "many a slip, twixt the cup and the lip," than the seaman and no man more nobly accepts the inevitable delay than he. The harbor is under his lee, a few hours more and home will greet him, but, alas for fate. A sudden swoop of storm and his good ship is forced to fly from the land. Out again she goes, where there is room for a gallant fight, and it may be days, even weeks or months before she again gets to within sight of the harbor. Under reduced sail the O'Malley stood on her course and it was not expected that land would be seen before morning and if reckonings were reliable the first land seen should be the Pyramid Mountain which rises grandly behind lowlying Cape Ray at the

extreme southwestern part of Newfoundland. Alas for all his careful navigation. His observations and his calculations from these were minutely exact, but, of the treacherous sweep of ocean currents, that coming round by Cape Race from the North impinge on the coast with constant trend but ever varying force.

The night set in and the stars were obliterated by a mass of fog which shut in on the ship.

Confident of his position the captain gave orders to keep the ship on her course. He would thus pass Cape Ray and safely reach the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the land a mile on his starboard bow.

One bell had just rung from the quarter to be answered immediately, like an echo, by the one hanging over the fo'castle companion. This was the signal for the middle watch to get ready to come on deck when eight bells should announce midnight, ten minutes later.

Just then the Captain came out on deck to have a look around in order to assure himself that all was well. Near the wheel stood the mate conversing with the boatswain and giving him instructions, for it was now the boatswain's watch on deck.

"Ho! what's this?" said the captain as a gust of wind almost lifted him off his feet.

"A puff of wind from the sud-east," exclaimed the mate, "and by the looks of it we are in for a nasty blow. Since I came on deck at ten o'clock we have had several puffs like this, but, as they seemed to die out at once, I took no heed of them. Just now, it looks a bit threatening and I thought of calling you as I went below."

"I think, mate, we had better keep dodging along, but, boatswain, if it should blow a bit call me up and we will see what to do."

Captain and mate turned in. They felt that there was no danger imminent as there appeared to be a wide berth between them and the land. In any case the boatswain was a very careful seaman and to be fully trusted. The night wore on without much change in the weather although the squalls came with more frequency and a bit stiffer. It was just one of those nights which keep men ever anxious, for out of such a sky many's the storm had sprung. Southeasters come on with terrible suddenness and in those waters they are to be dreaded.

Four bells had just rung when with fury that was quite benumbing, the storm broke out with terrific violence. The ship plunged and seemed to leap

from the water. The commotion aroused captain and mate and both were soon on deck. Orders hastily given were as promptly carried out. Sail was further reduced and almost under bare poles the ship plunged onward with astonishing speed scarcely realized by any on board save the man at the wheel who could tell from the sense of touch that the rudder was resisting a fearful rush of water past. Nothing like alarm was felt though the captain experienced a sense of uneasiness on account of the proximity of the land which he knew was down there to leeward. How far, he did not know, and from this arose this sense of uneasiness though this state of mind was relieved by an assurance gained from most careful solar and stellar observations. According to all known laws of navigation, he was safely away from land and should be directly in the mouth of the Gulf, but, of the unknown forces bearing his ship onward he could have no knowledge. He did not know of the strong north western trend of the current which, sweeping in from the eastward, was here deflected towards Cape Ray, round which it curved into the Gulf and hugging the Newfoundland Coast swept into Bay of St. George, then west again in circular motion to run east with the Gaspe stream.

It was at last decided to bring the ship up into the wind and lie to. This was done but in the sea now making it was a very hazardous proceeding. In coming around she fell off a bit and received the full weight of a big sea that fell with thundering force on the deck carrying away everything movable or that could be wrenched from its secure position. A Niagara of water poured down the companions, flooding cabin and forecastle as if with the seething contents of a mighty cauldron. Trembling from end to end the good ship arose from beneath the burden of water, shook herself clear and lay buoyantly breasting the waves like a thing instinct with life. She lay to quite comfortably for a time but soon began to show a tendency to yaw and again seas came over, smashing the bulwarks and carrying away the life boats which were torn from the davits as if the lashing were made of cob-webs and not stout Manilla. To fly before the tempest was seen to be the only hope and with light headsails hoisted, the ship was soon running like a frightened creature from pursuing hounds. The force of the wind was such that in one solid sheet the spray was flying over everything, making the murk so thick that eyes were as useless orbs. Only the senses of hearing and touch remained to tell of what was going on. The ears were almost stunned into insensibility by the screeching of the wind and the uproar of hissing, pounding seas.

Crash! oh, heaven what was that? The ship leaped into the air and with a grinding sound that was more felt than heard she plunged headlong into the

sea. Down came the foremast bringing with it yards and rigging. A second later down came the main-top, but on the gallant ship rolled, her decks encumbered with a mass of wreckage. No attempt was made to clear the tangle from the deck.

Again, that awful crash and the ship seemed to stop dead in her tracks but only for a second or two when a huge wave lifted her from the ledge on which she had struck. She had gone over a reef into somewhat quieter waters, the barrier seeming to have broken the force of the waves. Then a pulsation seemed to pass through the ship. After this she came to a sudden stop her keel embedded deep in the sand.

Seas were now passing over the doomed vessel from time to time and it was seen there was no hope but one and that, the forlorn one of the boats.

Two life boats remained fortunately on the lee side. These were quickly launched and a desperate chance to reach the safety of land was made. With a prayer to heaven for help, brave men leaped into the boats. The boatswain was ordered into the first one to be got over and to take the little girl with him. In a second after leaving the ship's side the boat was swallowed up in the blackness of the night. The second boat got away also with the remainder of the ship's company, after a desperate fight against the doomed vessel. Every time the boat got away she was drawn back again into the vortex, oars and even thwarts were smashed like matches as strong men used them to urge the boat away. Finally she succeeded in rounding the ship's head and like a bit of cork on the sea she drove on, on into the void, into the uncertainty of what lay before them.

When day dawned they were drifting off the land carried by wind and currents, whither they did not exactly know, but, so far they were safe. Cold, hunger and fatigue were in the excitement forgotten. With scarcely a word those men sat in that small boat each one either too engrossed with the thought of what had happened or too stunned by its suddenness to be sensible of his neighbor's existence.

The broadening daylight gradually restored their minds to sensibility and they with true sailor instinct began to take cognisance of their situation and to prepare plans for their safety. A reckoning was taken and it was surmised that the *Brian Boru* must be somewhere in the vicinity. She was known to be much slower than the O'Malley and as she left port a day or two ahead of the O'Malley she ought to be somewhere in the vicinity. By a most singular coincidence the idea was scarcely put into expression when the mate, touching the captain on the arm, pointed towards the horizon and said, "I

believe I see the spars of a vessel there over our quarter and she seems headed this way." In an instant every eye was peering into the distance in the direction indicated by the mate. The practised eye of the sailor can see things not discerned by the untrained optic of the landsman, and soon the object was pronounced not only to be the spars of a ship but actually those of the *Brian Boru*. It was indeed she and coming up rapidly. She was made out to be not more than twelve miles away when her trucks were first seen against the sky.

An improvised mast was soon made ready. To this, a scarf which was worn by one of the men was made fast. This mast was then stepped in place. The scarf of variegated colors soon caught the breeze and fluttered gaily in the light of the rising sun. The weather was now clear and the wind had died out. A nasty sea was however still running, but to men accustomed to the turbulence of the ocean this could occasion very little discomfort. The weather however was quite raw, and hardy men, inured as they were to wet and cold, they sat shivering and no wonder for they were wet to the skin. The prospect of an early and providential rescue seemed to make all discomfort trivial and all hearts were throbbing with joyful anticipation. As the ship of their deliverance drew near she sent up a signal that she had seen the boat and was bearing down upon them, and now with the certainty of immediate rescue before them, there was a sudden reaction and rebound from the tense spirit of anxiety which had so relentlessly gripped them since the calamity of the night. There was joking and an effort to make light of what but for a miracle must have been tragedy of a supreme kind.

The sailors began to talk about being all Neptunes coming on board to be treated to snug cabins and wine and all the good things which a ship is supposed to have on board for such occasions, but, generally does not. Such is the wonderful resilience of the heart of him who dares tempest and shipwreck as if such things were only to be met and treated as ordinary events hardly worth noting.

The ship had now come to about cable's length to windward. With yards a back she hung there in the wind bobbing a welcome to those in distress.

A ladder was slung out over the lee just as the boat was coming up under the counter and had caught a hand line dexterously thrown them by a seaman on the quarter. The painter was soon attached and passed on board and made fast by a bow line to the loose end of a forebrace to give the lunging boat full scope in the swell which now lifted her to a level with the ship's deck, now dropped her to the bilge while the ship rolled and dipped in the sea. Soon all were safely on the deck of the *Brian Boru*, where they were

heartily greeted by the ruddy faced captain and given invitation to come below at once. A good stiff drink was poured out for each man as a preliminary courtesy in sailor fashion. The question of dry clothes was next attended to and the steward given the task of allotting to each man whatever the spacious slop-chest could provide of wearing apparel.

Before long every man had changed for warm, dry clothing, his own dripping wear. By this time a good meal had been spread for them and the discomforts of the past few hours were forgotten in the joy of deliverance and well attended bodily comforts.

Three days after, the quiet waters of the St. Lawrence were entered and from that on to Quebec the voyage was without event. On account of changing tides halts had to be made when the narrow parts of the river were reached. The hours at anchor waiting for the rising tide were not devoid of interest as each had plenty to do in preparation for end of the voyage, although there was a trifling display of impatience here and there among the passengers, who naturally were anxious to get to the freedom of the shore after their long period of enforced restrictions. Some of them were ill, most of them just convalescent, for, to people unused to the motions of a vessel a sea voyage means a period of very painful malady.

Meantime the question of the survival or not of those who left the stranded vessel in the first boat to be launched was being earnestly discussed. What had become of the boat and its occupants among whom was Rosaleen O'Connor?

The *Brian Boru* after having picked up the second boat made several reaches along the shore in the hope of seeing the boat and its crew but to no avail and the search had to be abandoned.

It was thought the boat had capsized just after leaving the wreck. In that event she probably drove ashore somewhere in the bight where two large rivers are known to debouch, about nine or ten miles north of Cape Ray at the point of which it was now supposed the *O'Malley* had struck. A group of treacherous rocks is known to exist off this low lying cape.

We will leave the party ashore at Quebec where they soon made themselves at home among their fellow country men who reside along the river side on Little Champlain St. in Lower Town, and return to follow the adventures of those who escaped from the stranded vessel in the first boat to be launched.

ASHORE ON THE BEACH

Five men besides the maid Rosaleen O'Connor were in this boat of whom the boatswain was given control. In the darkness of the night and on account of the storm the course to be taken was not given them to choose. They could only drive before the wind, but using every precaution which their sailor instincts could suggest to avoid mishap. The sea tumbling on the land told them by its sound of a rocky and perilous shore. The line of white breakers could be made out indistinctly, now and then they appeared to surround the life boat and to threaten the lives of those within her. After some time and just as dawn began to tinge the sky with gray, a low sandy shore became visible, and on this it was decided to make a landing. Up this beach, the waves were running wildly, but, it was felt they might run in on the crest of one of those waves and be out of the boat before the next wave had time to reach them if they acted quickly. A seaman, a young fisherman from Kinsale, well used to stormy shores was stationed in the bow. A coil of long painter was held in his hand. Carefully the boat was permitted to drift in towards the beach. The waves were chasing each other like race-horses to the shore. A bigger wave than the others came in a series of three with the others. It was decided to take this comber and to ride on its crest to the beach. This was done successfully. With a crunching sound and a sudden shock the boat ended her mad rocket-like projection. In a second the agile young seaman was out and running up the beach with the end of the painter to hold the boat against being swept away and submerged in the backwash. When this mighty wave had receded the other four men flung themselves ashore, the powerful boatswain carrying the fair-haired maiden in his arms to safety. The boat was soon pulled by strong arms up the beach and out of danger of being carried away by the sea.

Once ashore the vital problems of food and shelter presented themselves and to solve these required a resourcefulness hitherto never demanded of such men. At first it was thought that this was a matter needing only immediate attention as they either hoped for rescue or that they should find the homes of some inhabitants.

The question of getting something to eat was a pressing one, but, the young fisherman from Kinsale soon discovered a means of getting a breakfast. He was not long in finding a bed of clams in a lagoon back of the beach whereon they had landed. These were soon dug and before long there were delicious clams roasting in a fire they were fortunately able to make in the shelter of a huge sand dune on a pile of drift wood.

After having refreshed themselves with the simple but sustaining meal, a survey was made of their position. They soon discovered they were on a long spit or island, without trees of any kind, but whose surface was covered with a rank grass and bunches of saltwort, a spiny creeping plant with fleshy leaves. The surface of this island or *presque isle*, presented a smooth contour rising to a height of about forty feet in the centre. As it was composed of fine sand it was probably subject to frequent change of position. Being of aeolian origin it was liable to drift and to break down and to redeposit the material which formed its hills. The sea might at any time cut a channel through it. But this question as to the stability or permanence of their landing place did not give our mariners much concern as their thoughts were for the present only. Any thought of having to remain in their position never did occur to them.

On the lee side of the island was a broad lake or more probably a lagoon formed at the mouth of a river. The distance across from where they were was not over a quarter of a mile. On the opposite side they could see a level stretch of land reaching away into the distance. This land they saw was clothed with a growth of stunted trees peculiar to an exposed sea-shore. Some of the men thought they would walk around to those trees to see if a better shelter could not be found. Walking along the shore they made the discovery that a river cut them off from this farther shore. They would now wait for the sea to go down and they would bring the boat around from the open sea-shore to the lagoon by way of this river. That evening the boat was brought into the lagoon and the woody side of the lake examined. It was then decided to build some kind of shelter with boughs broken by the hand. For the first time it began to dawn upon them how helpless was their position without tools of any sort to work with.

However, a shelter was in time constructed with an open front. A floor of boughs made a fairly comfortable seat by day, and a bed by night.

Before the hut a fire was made and this gave them sufficient heat to dry themselves by and to afford them comfort at night when they slept. The fire was kept burning all the time. There was abundance of driftwood on the shore and dry branches in the woods. Next day the hut was reconstructed

making the walls up to about three feet in height, with logs brought up from the shore. Several pieces of deal were also found and these formed a floor and a transom along the front of the roof on which poles and branches covered with moss were laid to form a weather-proof covering. Between the logs moss was forced to close the cracks. After those efforts they had a fairly snug hut about eight feet long, six feet wide, about six feet high, in front and three feet high in the back. A fire of logs in front gave plenty of heat. They slept with their feet to the fire, in a kind of reverberatory heated chamber, and knew no discomfort from the cold.

One of the sailors who had resided awhile in Canada knew of a way to snare birds and hares, and as there were many of such to be seen about the sea-shore and the woods, it was not long before he had successfully demonstrated his skill in capturing animals and so the diet of clams was augmented by fleshy food. Though the winter had barely departed from the northern land this did not prevent them gathering some small fruit, of last summer's growth. In the marshes were abundant cranberries, like little sacks now, of red wine, and one day while exploring farther up the river a profusion of high-bush cranberries was discovered, also some small bulbous-rooted plants called Indian potatoes, (the Claytonia spring beauty). The tubers were of course very small, but to make up for this were very abundant. These were discovered by their tiny purple and white flowers, growing on slender stems, about three inches above the surface. Small as the tubers were, they were eaten with great relish and it was remarked how much they resembled the ordinary potato in flavor. When thrown for a minute in the embers and roasted they had a sweet and nutty flavor.

There were many large seals frequenting the shore but as they were too wary to be approached, none of these were killed. Had the seamen any weapons it might have been possible to secure one or two of the animals, wild and wary as they were. A rude spear was made by burning to a tapering point a piece of dried spruce rod. This was very effective in the capture of certain flat-fish which were fairly abundant in the shallow water. There was now no anxiety about the food supply and as summer approaching the prospect was not so gloomy as at first it appeared.

The little girl had one great sorrow in the absence of her brother. He happened in the excitement of leaving the ship to be separated from his sister, but as he fully expected to be reunited with her later on, he did not think the separation meant what it did. He was now in Quebec comfortably situated but filled with regret for the loss of the only one he had left to him. He believed she had perished in the black waters that stormy night. Did he

but dream that she was on that lonely and uninhabited piece of land he would be happy to think of their joyous meeting before long, for it is certain he could have secured a vessel and gone to her rescue. Somehow in the midst of his grief for her would come the belief that she was living. He would fancy at times a whispering voice telling him that she was alive and a prompting to go to her would be almost irresistible. He would at times tell his friends of his thoughts and they full of warm-hearted sympathy would not discourage a thought which seemed to give him a degree of happiness. After all, they thought, perhaps she is living and some day will be restored to her brother. The young and impulsive among his friends even planned an expedition to go in search of her. Perhaps she had been carried off by the Indians which were said to live on that island.

Time wore on and gradually the impression faded. Only now and then would the young man revert to the scene, and soon the matter faded from sight. But, not quite obliterated was the memory. It persisted in returning to possess his thoughts and on these occasions it was with the whispering that she still lived.

Meanwhile those marooned on that coast down by the Atlantic were daily extending their explorations and were gaining acquaintance with the country round about them. To the south rose a chain of mountains, whose sides yet bore in their ravines and underneath their brows large patches of last winter's snow. This range of hills beginning to the southwest in the Pyramid extended in unbroken series away to the eastward far as the eye could reach and there they seemed to melt into the landscape in purple haze. Down their sides tumbled full many a stream which seemed to hang like silver ribbons on emerald breasts. When the wind was in the south, masses of clouds would hide their summits and roll down in gleaming cascades that would fade away before reaching half-way down. To the north ran the sea-shore to where the line of vision was cut off by another but less majestic range of wooded hills. To the west the waters of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence extended in solitary grandeur to the distant horizon. Such were the sights which day after day greeted the little band of ship-wrecked men and little maid.

One day a herd of Caribou was seen in the marsh a little way back from the encampment and a black bear just aroused from his long winter sleep padded his lazy way along the shore, in search of food no doubt. The sea from time to time throws up a dead fish on the land-wash and such a find is delectable to a bear in spring. Bush cranberries and such fruit are welcome

to him and a few ants from a decayed tree stump furnished him with a dainty, which he seems greatly to enjoy.

Such sights greatly interested the men but the presence of the bear unnecessarily alarmed them. They did not know that the bear is a very shy and timid animal despite his great bulk. He has never been known to attack a man.

One day four of the men went away on an exploration trip towards the mountains and failed to return. What became of them will probably never be known. They might have fallen over some icy crag in the mountains, for they had spoken the day before of going up into the hills to stand on those snow masses and to see if a ship were in sight. A very dangerous experiment to approach this snow, for sometimes those huge masses give way without warning and hurl themselves in avalanches down the steep ravines. Or they might have been overwhelmed by an avalanche as they climbed the mountain. Whatever the cause, they were gone and their absence was heart-breaking to the two who were left—the boatswain and the little girl. The loneliness was almost unbearable, but the stout heart of the little girl seemed superior to grief and she would strive to cheer by her sympathy the big man who now was the only one left to protect her. How strange the anomaly. Here was an almost physical giant beside the tender little flaxen-haired maiden, broken with grief and the oppressiveness of the solitude, leaning as it were on the comfort which a child was capable of giving him. But, for her and her tender, winsome ways, her words of cheer and pity, he might have in his despair fallen, crushed to earth a raving maniac. She seemed the very embodiment of hope and when she knelt in childish prayer as she often did, nor ever neglected, involuntarily he felt imbued with a desire to join her. Together then they would recite their prayers for deliverance, and with those would unite their praise and their thanksgiving for mercies received. This done there was a sense of relief and gradually hope returned to a heart that had felt despair.

It was following one of those soul reviving orisons that for the first time he knew that this little girl carried about her neck a beautifully wrought reliquary which hung by a golden chain about her neck. Gems, of wonderous radiance, outlined a monogram, her initials, on one side, on the other side was a Celtic Cross also done with precious stones. This beautiful ornament was a gift from her god-father at the time of her baptism and had never been off her neck since he had placed it there, while she lay on her mother's arm an unconscious infant.

Little did anybody dream that day what a story should be attached to that little casket and its wearer or that it should some day serve to identify the wearer when every other trace had been obliterated. There was an experience before that little Irish girl that is not given to many to bear witness to. There was journeying over untrodden paths and strange adventures that when told in the following pages will read more like a romance than a history of actual facts which through diligent research have after a lapse of many years come to light. All the actors in the drama have long since passed away and a race that is linked by an odd trick of fortune to the story, has passed down the shadowy trail that leads to oblivion.

Not a solitary representative of the [2] Red Men who once peopled Newfoundland as the aboriginal natives remains alive to tell the tale of how his people were exterminated by the barbarous white men and their cruel allies, the Micmacs. The closing chapters of their history will be revealed in the course of this narration.

[2] See note about the Beothiks at the end of the story. [Transcriber Note: It is not clear which "note" is being referred to.]

There were sad experiences yet awaiting the little maiden, experiences so strange and so protracted that even the remembrance of her home, her kindred, country and her very language faded out to a faint, hardly realized impression, more like the shadow of a strange dream yet lingering in the morning light, than an actual recollection of things that once had a real existence.

The boatswain, the only remaining companion of the solitary, little girl, thrown by a horrible fate upon this uninhabited bit of storm-beaten coast, now fell ill. The food he had been eating was disturbing the normally rugged constitution and a painful disorder of the bodily functions had set in.

He at first took no heed of the trouble, believing as such men do as a rule, that it would pass off in a short time. So it might had he been given a chance to return to accustomed diet, as well as warm and comfortable quarters together with the complete cessation from all physical activity. None of this however, could the poor fellow claim, and he gradually grew weaker, till at length sheer inability to get about to the necessary work of providing food and fire-wood obliged him to remain on his bed of pine boughs.

Though almost an infant in years, the call upon her, so unexpectedly developing in the prostration of her protector, brought forth in this child, qualities scarcely looked for in one of such tender years and moreover in

one more accustomed to be waited on than to serving. She became in one bound a ministering angel to the stricken man. She kept the fire so indispensible to their comfort going, nor ever left it out, by night or day. She collected such pieces of wood as were not too heavy for her slender form to handle, and she gathered food by the means already provided by those now gone. She even succeeded in spearing with the pointed rod a number of flat fish and even a trout which she discovered in the eel grass by the shore after the tide had gone out. Her attention was attracted to the spot by a disturbance in the water and the violent lashing of some snake-like creature. Quietly approaching the spot where she assumed a struggle was going on she saw that the commotion was being caused by a combat between a large trout and an eel, which finding the trout almost helpless in the shallow water and tangle of eel grass, had attacked it. Holding tenaciously to the fish's gills, the eel was striving to kill it. Though it gave her some qualms she did not hesitate to strike at the struggling fish in an effort to secure so welcome a bit of choice food. She succeeded admirably and soon had both eel and trout on the shore. The eel she permitted to get away which it lost no time in doing, for as soon as it could detach itself from the gills of the trout it made for the water, probably to search out another creature on which to steal in the hope of destroying. On the second day of the boatswain's illness during which she had to perform alone all the duties of keeping food and firing supplied, and just as she was about to go down to the shore, what was her surprise to see a boat approaching, coming down the river. In it she beheld two strange looking brown men dressed peculiarly. The boat looked unlike any boat she had ever before seen. The men, for such they turned out to be, were sitting facing the direction in which their boat was being impelled. They were not rowing as she had seen men row, but were dipping short, broad blades, held in both hands, into the water, in beautiful, rhythmetical sweeps, under the impulse of which the boat rapidly approached.

In mingled feelings of surprise, hope and fear, she flew to tell the sick man what she had seen. He knew at once the invaders of their solitude could be none other than Indians. In dread he essayed to rise, and to put himself in front of the little girl, as if he would protect her with his life. Bidding her not to be alarmed he assured her the men she had seen were friendly natives who would guide them to where help and a means of getting back to civilization might be had. Saying this he got proudly to his feet and assuming an attitude of confidence he did not feel, induced his little protege to remain seated in the rear of the hut.

He had not long to wait the coming of those strange visitors. Looking out he saw the two dark forms coming cautiously towards where he stood

leaning against the tree which supported one end of the ridge pole of the lean-to. When in plain view and about ten yards away they halted like men afraid or too cunning to risk another step before a thorough understanding of the situation had first been obtained. They carried no weapons save bows and arrows. They stood there in silence a minute and then apparently satisfied that there was no danger to be dreaded, they stepped majestically forward till directly in front of the white man where again they stood in stoical silence, betraying in their lineaments neither fear nor hatred nor any emotion. Calm and dignified like regal beings they stood, their bodies upright, displaying in every way forms fitted for either combat or sprightliness of movement. They were clothed in garments made from the tanned skins of animals and on their feet they wore beautifully wrought moccasins of the same material.

After a careful view of his strange guests, the white man stepped forward with extended hand and words of greetings. The elder of the two Indians evidently taking the attitude and words of the white man to mean friendship, quietly took the outstretched hand and shook it while a smile for a moment seemed to light up his face. The younger man, a mere boy in appearance, then shook hands and at the same time uttering some words which though unintelligible to the white man seemed to convey friendship.

The elder man was closely observing the face of this stranger in the land of his fathers, but now displaying feeling, unlike the unmoved and immobile expression with which he first met the gaze of the boatswain. His keen glance detected the wan and pained look on the face of the man and his quick intelligence seemed to grasp their portent. There was sympathy now in the look as he gently laid a hand on the white man's shoulder and made a gesture as if bidding him sit down. He then addressed some words to the boy who made reply and then turned into the woods. The two men now sat down side by side and for the first time the Indian appeared to notice the form of the little girl. Perhaps etiquette prevented him taking further notice of the child for he paid no attention to her presence. The boy was not long gone, but soon returned bringing with him some barks, roots and leaves of several kinds. The elder man took those from the boy and having found two stones which appeared to suit the purpose, he took some of the herbs and bark and began to bruise them between the two stones. He then prepared a neat vessel by deftly folding a piece of birch bark into rectangular form the folds of which he fastened with some spruce roots which he used as thread. Before attempting to fold the birch bark he held it awhile near the fire to make it soft. When he began to fashion his vessel, the material he had to work on was soft as a piece of silk, and did not crack in the attempt to fold it. When

the bark cup or boiler was ready, he caused the boy to fill it with water from a little brook which ran close by. He then put into it some of the bruised herbs and placing it in the embers caused it to simmer awhile. He then removed it from the fire and after setting it aside a bit to cool he offered the infusion to the boatswain with many a gesture as much as to say: “drink, it will cure you.” Having taken the medicine the sick man lay down to rest.

The two Indians next repaired to their canoe which lay hauled up on the beach and taking an armful each of large sheets of birch bark and a number of light poles they began at once to erect a large wigwam which in a surprisingly short time was ready. To this the sick man was invited. It was left to him to invite the child for presumably it was beneath this proud Red Man to take any concern for a girl. When he entered the wigwam he was surprised to find how snug and warm it was. There were furs of several kinds invitingly laid out on a mat of boughs and in the centre a fire was cheerfully burning sending a column of smoke up through an orifice where in the peak the poles were left uncovered on purpose. The Indians, having accomplished so much, disappeared and did not return again before night. When the stars were just beginning to show through the gathering dusk, these men strode quietly into the wigwam and without a word spread some robes of bear and deer skins, on which they sat mute as statutes except that now and then the one would address a word to the other, in a soft tone, scarcely more than a whisper, so low and murmuring were their voices, like the voices from the sands on the shore when the light summer breeze blows across them. Next morning before the sun had yet risen the Red Men were up and away without making a sound that could disturb even the light sleep of the white man who had been trained in a life of vigilance at sea to rouse himself at the slightest call. But, even at sea one does not acquire the alertness one learns in the forest. The creatures of the wild must be trained to sleep ever with the senses keenly attuned to catch the significance of every sound no matter from what source it may emanate and they must be possessed, soon as the eyes are open, no matter how sudden and unexpected the call, of every faculty ready to meet the demand whatever it may be. They must also as a natural accompaniment to this, learn the stealthiness of the cat and the cunning of the fox. Men, because of their higher degree of intelligence acquire these faculties in a supreme manner. Men can outwit the animals around him and develop a keenness of the sense perceptions not inferior in any way to that of the lower orders. His sense of hearing is acute as that of any creature, his sight is in no way inferior and his sense of smell is not shamed by comparison with any animal as far as getting a taint on the air. He may not be able to follow by scent the footprints of another, but for

this drawback he is compensated by being possessed of reason. When he wished to follow another, be it man or beast, when the trail is not to be seen he discovers the direction by applying reason to the problem. Knowing the habit of the one to be followed he is generally able to find his quarry. Only those who have been long in the woods can attain these qualities and then, if he be a white man he must know nothing of the use of tobacco. There is no question whatever but the use of tobacco dulls the sense of smell if indeed it stops at that.

Mindful of the sick man the Indians returned to the wigwam just as the sun was beginning to warm up the land, and making a fire they prepared some broth from some freshly caught fish which they offered the white man before they partook of any themselves. The poor fellow was almost too ill to take any of the proffered nourishment tempting as it was. He ate a little and then lay back again on his couch of deer skin. The boy for the first time approached the girl and in a manner that might grace the sophistry of some lordly mansion offered her in sign language some breakfast they had prepared. She took some and finding it sweet and palatable smiled her thanks. The youth returned the smile and a friendship was at once established that was destined to last for many a day until at last he sealed it with his life on a far lake, away in the interior of Newfoundland.

Days passed in which the Indians continued their ministrations to the stricken white man, who in spite of all their kindly attentions gradually sank lower and lower till at last he passed peacefully into eternity.

It was known to the little maiden who received his last words that not bodily malady only was the cause of his break down, no it was the thought of his bereaved wife and her two helpless children, of his aged widowed mother in far off Connemara that weighed on his heart. The thought that he should never see them again possessed him from the start like a premonition now alas verified in this fatal illness. He died with a prayer on his lips in which he begged from the Father of all Mercy, God's blessing on those he loved.

It was with a sad heart the poor little girl knelt beside the dying man to offer her simple prayer for his soul's happy reception into eternity.

Often to the weakest of His vessels the Almighty grants supernatural strength and it seemed to this tender child had been given fortitude under trial rarely vouchsafed to even those of more mature years. She arose from her knees beside the body of the last white man she was to know for many a

day and stood in the centre of the wigwam in mute appeal to the two men as if to ask them what ought to be done.

Seeming to understand from her attitude her dependence on them to perform the necessary work in connection with the disposal of the body, they spoke a few words to her which though she did not understand seemed to assure her.

Together they left the wigwam and went out in the direction of the sea-shore.

In a little time they returned bearing a kind of mat made of some kind of tanned skin neatly sown together. In this they wrapped the body of the dead seaman. This done they lifted him to their shoulders and carried him to the boat in which they laid him. They launched their canoe and taking the boat in tow paddled towards the sand dunes. Here a grave was soon made in the sand and in this the body was laid. The boat was then laboriously dragged into position beside the grave and turned bottom up over the corpse and some sand heaped around it.

In time the drifting particles would gather round this and a mound would rise obliterating all traces of the simple tomb. Perhaps some day a process of coast erosion induced somewhat by the destructive operations of men, as well as by those natural changes steadily going on, the tomb might be again exposed and men would wonder who the stranger was and how he came there. Portions of wrecked vessels would perhaps appear at the same time and men would form theories. They would see a gallant ship in a storm driving helplessly into destruction. Then men struggling in the waves and finally the battered and lifeless bodies would come upon the shore. They would see them rolled back and forth at the edge of the sea amid other bits of broken wreckage as little cared for by elemental nature as the sticks of driftwood torn from the mountain side during some tempest.

Nature takes no heed, she grinds everything in her mill and reckons not whether it be rocks, fungi, flowers, trees or human forms. She is without emotion and with the same forces she treats all her creatures alike. With the same forces she builds up and destroys. She produces but to destroy and from the ruins of one she rebuilds another, using the same elements with marvelous resourcefulness and though she is merciless in the way she treats her children she is benign in her care. She provides for the wants of all and she adapts them all to the forces surrounding them while she makes them the sport and the playthings of destructive forces without feeling.

She has no more respect for the rose than for the skunk cabbage; for the man than for the mole or the slime which she gathered in stagnant pools to be the breeding place of many a noisome gas or creeping thing. No, all's one to her and the rapid overwhelms the "lord of creation" with the same indifference as it does the rabbit. It disgorges the form of the drowned man with other debris that gets swallowed up in its seething waters and piles all together man and sticks and broken trees, nor recks of what her grist is composed.

Alas for human pride, how it melts away in the presence of a piece of human wreckage being tossed and tumbled on a muddy land-wash, with dead fishes, weeds and cartilaginous remains. Take a walk along any wild strand and note the quality and the quantity of the fragments of what were once beautiful things that are there being ground to dust to be further resolved when the trituration had done its part, to its indissoluble elemental parts, and ask yourself why all this ceaseless destruction. Why are not things made to endure? Why create only to annihilate? Where is the sage who can unfold the mystery to our groping minds? The Molloch of destruction receives all into his insatiable maw nor has his appetite any appeasement. Oh, gormandizing fiend you have caused enough sorrow and pain in the world, can you not relent and leave the world in peace? The ocean represents the tears you have caused to flow and you use its stormy depths as an instrument in your terrible assault upon the living things of the world. With it you tear down the very lands themselves and bury whole continents in the depths. Some day you will tear up the grave just made by the side of the sea and scatter the poor bones of this sailor and expose them to the fury of the storm, but, that poor sailor will one day see you like Prometheus bound and your sceptre broken. Then we shall all know the secret of your painful sway over created things. We shall know why you were permitted to wreck with uncontrolled destruction and run your Juggernaut over hapless creation. When Gabriel shall sound his trumpet while he stands with one foot in the sea and the other on dry land perhaps our sailor-man may be the first to hear the joyful call. Perhaps on this very spot the angel shall descend when he comes to summon all men to judgment. Till then poor sailor-man Vale, vale.

JOURNEYING INLAND

After a few days, during which time the Indians had done considerable fishing and secured a quantity of seal fat which they put away in skin bags to be taken inland for winter use, a departure was made and our little girl began a most amazing journey with none but the two Indians for company.

They treated her with the utmost kindness and at all times seemed most solicitous for her comfort. She, poor child, hardly knew what was happening. All she knew was that the boat was made ready one afternoon and she was invited into it and the journey up stream was begun. Under other circumstance she would have enjoyed the delights of such a journey, but, pressed down with the weight of such sorrow as she had so recently undergone, no wonder she felt melancholy.

Tears, uncontrolled tears coursed down her cheeks as she gazed on the wild and desolate spot where lay the body of her late protector and she uttered a silent prayer for his eternal welfare. She continued to gaze at the lonely spot till distance obliterated it, then she sank her head on her breast and wept. The sun was just going down on the sea as the canoe turned a bend in the river and faced the mountains. Half a mile further on another bend took them again towards the east and a great valley running at the base of a range of beautiful mountains opened up before them.

Soon a halt was made for the night. A lean-to was quickly put up and in front of this a fire was made while robes were spread on a soft bed of pine boughs. A more luxurious bed cannot be imagined. It was soft as down, warm with a degree of comfort unknown to those who have never experienced it, and sweet-smelling as the breadth of Araby. The pine boughs were fragrant as the jasmine while the light smoke from the blazing resinous wood smelled like the incense which burned before the altar in that little far away Irish church, when Father Sheehan gave nightly Benediction.

The pleasing suggestion in the scent of the smoke seemed to cheer the child and that night she slept peacefully, surrounded by the happiest dreams. Once or twice she awoke to hear the lonely cry of the loon. The plaintive cry seemed to be the call of some person who, wandering alone, had got lost.

She did not know then what caused the strange cry, but she became aware in later days and learned to imitate it, a faculty which often in the course of her wanderings she used to signal her friends when only by such means was it safe to make a sound.

Next morning she awoke to find the sun pouring his first slanting rays into the lean-to. She then arose and going down to the river she laved her face and hands in the limpid waters, after which she said a few simple prayers.

The Indian boy had by this time prepared a breakfast in which some wild fowl's eggs were an important part.

The place on which the encampment had been made was a rising bit of ground in front of which the river expanded about half a mile wide. The mountains rose in majesty to the south and distant about two miles. The trees had a grander appearance than those near the sea-shore and here rose to noble heights. The pines, like living Gothic spires, reared their heads above the wider spreading trees of deciduous order comprising various species; prominent among these latter were the birches whose bark furnished the Indian with so many useful things from canoe to vessels in which he cooked his food. After breakfast, in the leisurely manner of the Indian, preparations were made for the departure and soon our wayfarers were gliding up stream with the sun in their faces.

About a mile from their last night's halting place they entered the real mouth of the river where it debouches on the tidal basin or estuary. The banks approached to within one hundred feet of each other and here were low and flat. Beautiful trees hung their branches above the waters on which they were reflected so perfectly as to give minutely every detail of leaf and bough. The mirror-like surface over which they glided, as silently almost, as the shadows of the trees that waved with the undulations caused by the welling of the waters against an obstruction here and there, was now and then broken by the wing of a duck as it rose in alarm. The charm of it all was beginning to weave its enchanting spell about the little maid and gradually she was growing superior to the depression which had fallen upon her. She found herself also gaining some knowledge of the strange and musical language of her companions. She knew the Indian names of many of the familiar objects about her and this helped somewhat to mitigate her loneliness and knit her more closely to the Red Man.

All day they paddled, only now and then stepping from the canoe to lift it over a shallow. At times the little girl was permitted to walk where a

stretch of gravelly beach permitted such exercise. The setting sun found them at the junction of two streams, one of which came in from the south. The water of this tributary stream was wonderfully limpid and almost as cold as ice. On a point of land where the two streams met, camp was made. Here our little wayfarer made further acquaintance with the sights and sounds which are the accompaniment ever of the primeval state of nature. She saw a shadowy owl sail by, ghost-like, on noiseless wings and greatly wondered why she could not hear a sound from such mighty wings. Later she heard the hollow, sepulchral boom coming from its throat as it called to a distant mate, whose answering voice, mellowed by intervening space, came back to him in strangely weird and plaintive tones.

The night came on perfectly still, not a breath of air stirred even the leaves of the tremulous aspen. Now and again a volume of sound like muffled thunder smote the prevailing stillness and rising to full diapason would die away in musical cadence. What caused this swelling sound and whence came it? She later in her mature experience learned that it came from the reverberation of a cascade among the mountains. She went down to the side of the brook to listen to the sounds of the night and was surprised at their variety. Distant though it was she could hear the sound of waves beating on the shore. Many a little creature stirred in its sleep among the trees and gave forth a plaintive cry. In the gurgling of the brook as it poured over its pebbly bed she could hear the tinkle of silver bells. Those and a multitude of sounds familiar enough to the experienced traveller in the wild were wonderful to the little maid, but she was to learn much yet in her strange wanderings, for almost every day brought its new wonder of motion, form and sound.

What a chord lies between the awful thunder peal that seems to shake the very earth and the sighing of the sand under the zephyr's faint touch. Poles apart are those sounds in volume and tone, yet they are intimately linked in utmost harmony by a million notes as on a harp whose strings are strung between the sky and the earth. Man alone makes discord, all nature is finely attuned to melody. It is said that the very spheres of heaven make music as they glide in their mighty orbits and that limitless space is filled with sweetest sounds we are too dull to hear.

Delighted with her experience of this calm night, she went peacefully to a bed of scented boughs and the snug comfort of the soft furry robes. She slept peacefully after having commended herself and her new but kindly guardians to the care of the Almighty.

Next morning they were early astir but it was not till the sun had risen high in the sky that they made a start on their journey. The river had now contracted to little more than a mountain stream. The hills were now quite near at hand and little could be seen save the boles and boughs of mighty trees that flung their arms and umbrage across the stream, at times almost shutting out the sky. Getting the canoe up stream was now a very toilsome operation and it was only on rare occasions that smooth unbroken water was encountered. Progress was slow, but the Indian knows how to conserve his energy so admirably that though he toils you scarcely realize it. At noon a halt was made for rest and refreshment. The appearance of the country had undergone a change since morning. Open spaces began to appear and these were covered by a low flowering shrub, a species of kalmia or mountain laurel. Before them rose a mural height, a broken and barren mass of rock that seemed to tower to the sky and shut off the way.

After a considerable rest the most turbulent part of the stream was met and the way led between large rocks round which the water foamed. A low cascade had also to be surmounted over which the boat had to be lifted. At last smooth water was reached and the canoe shot out into a beautiful lake into which fell on either side mountains whose awful masses reared themselves a thousand feet in almost vertical height above the water which laved their feet.

So suddenly did those cliffs rise from the black depths of the lake that scarcely a foot-hold might be got anywhere along the margin. Such footing as might be obtained could only be at those points where a talus rose above the surrounding depths. Legend says the abysmal depths run down a thousand fathoms and that in their gloomy waters lurk creatures of awful mien.

The solemn grandeur of the mighty hills, the silence which pervaded the scene and a thought of the mysterious depths with only the thickness of a frail birch bark canoe separating her from them sent a thrill like an uncontrolled dread through the heart of the child. Even the stoical Indian soul was not unmoved and paddles dipped deeper while the beat increased in frequency. There was no doubt that some undefined fear lurked in the hearts of those children of the forest. Spirits haunt such places, the Indian knows, so the paddles fairly bent under the strain put upon them and the canoe leaped as if it too felt the dread and would hasten from the scene.

About half-way up the lake, which is about three miles long, this tension relaxed. An almost abrupt turn opens up such an enchanting vista to the sight that awe gives place at once to rapture as an indescribably beautiful

panorama bursts upon the view. An exclamation of delight broke from the lips of the girl and even the Indian displayed emotion as the scene unfolded itself. A smile came over the sphinx-like face of the elder man and he, departing from his attitude of silence, broke into musical words that must have been a rapturous description of the scene. The younger man remained silent but a nod now and then conveyed the impression that he felt the force of what the other was saying. The placid water of the lake, here about a mile wide, stretched before them for upwards of two miles. The surface was undisturbed and lay like a vast sheet of mother of pearl, broken only here and there by a mere ripple as a stray puff of wind stirred it into cats-paws.

The course of the lake ran southwards into the mountains and at the farther end, the ground after running level for a mile or so sloped gradually upwards to the summits of the hills. The level ground was covered with giant trees of pine, birch and poplar. The trees climbed the slope some distance thinning out as they advanced up the declivity and became more and more stunted in size till they died away and were succeeded by shrubby growth and finally to patches of grass and heath. Two streams danced down the slope and wandered through the delta-like level land which bordered the southern end of the lake. Great flocks of geese swam about in the shallow water or stood contentedly preening themselves on the yellow sandy beach. The afternoon sun was pouring his golden rays on the hills to the east of the lake and the sloping stretch of wood and gorse and waving grass, while the western side of the lake lay in the shadow of the mountain. A more inviting scene never yet did offer more appeal to the imagination.

Here was a place to stay, here may one rest in perpetual delight amidst such peaceful and care-beguiling loveliness. The young girl felt the lure of it all and in her heart she hoped that here at last should she end her journey. Surely, if her dusky friends were seeking some earthly paradise they had found it here. The Indian, as if divining her thoughts, give her that evening some idea of their destination. On the smooth sands of the lake-shore, with a stick he sketched for her the route they had come. Seeing she recognized in his drawing what he meant to convey, and that she understood, he at first pointed in the direction they had come, then pointing to the east he began again to draw in lines upon the sand. The map showed many lakes, streams and tortuous windings along which the three figures marched till finally coming to a river they once again entered a canoe and sailing came at last to a mighty lake where were many wigwams.

To the child the distance seemed interminable and she felt at her heart a sense of terrible loneliness such as she had never before known. Poor child

she seemed to realize that from now on there was to be no more hope that she should ever again see the homes of civilized people. No wonder that undefined but still oppressive longing for her loved ones took possession of her at this time. There was a premonition of suffering that was to be hers and this was perhaps the cause of her desire to remain in the beautiful place they had just come to.

A couple of days were spent here in the labor incidental to such an arduous journey on foot as lay before them. Three caribou were killed before the departure from the sea-shore. Their skins which lay tightly rolled in bundles were now taken out and with stones the hair was rubbed off them. The skins were then cut into certain shapes and joined cunningly together with sinews made by stripping into fine threads the broad muscle which runs along the deer's back above the loins. This muscle when dried is capable of being divided into threads fine as silk. A piercing tool ingeniously made from a dog-fish spine was used to make the holes in the skin through which the pointed ends of the sinew were passed, much as the shoe-maker passes his sewing thread of waxed hemp or flax. What those skins were so fashioned for she could not guess, but one day when they had come to a large pond which lay in their course she knew it to be a boat. Three long and slender saplings were cut with the stone axe they carried. Two of those were attached at both ends to one another by means of thongs of deer-hide. They were put lengthwise on the skins sewn together. One end was fastened to the skin and then while one of the men pulled the rods apart in the centre to form an elliptical loop, the other took the loose ends and placed them under the edge of the skin and there securely fastened them. The edge of the skin was sewn to the rods all around and the gunwales or upper edges of a boat were formed. Short rods were next secured and bent round with their ends tucked under the gunwales. The thing now represented the form of a canoe and it only remained to add the third and longest rod. This was put in above the transverse ribs and either end bent upwards under the gunwales to form the stem and stern posts. This rod was next securely tied to each rib by thongs and the boat was complete.

Leaving the lake the party wound their way slowly up the sloping ground to the east and after a couple hours were on the top of the mountain gazing down into a broad valley through which they could see the river they had so recently traversed, wending its way like a silver thread to the gleaming sea which lay in the distance. To the west and north lay another but larger stream and beyond this a range of mountains clothed in their summits with forest trees. Below them lay the lake, all beautiful in its matchless setting, with the morning sun now lighting up its precipitous

western side. An eagle sailing majestically along the face of the mountain to its aerie, cast a gigantic shadow down its side, which looked like the demon of the lake pursuing it. To the east, far as the eye could reach, lay hill on hill showing for the most part barren and sterile tops, their slopes displaying varied shades of green and yellow. Here and there were darker masses which marked the presence of trees of hardiest kind. Those trees were black spruce but so low, gnarled, twisted and compressed by storms and cruel drifts of winter, that they grew in masses so thick and low that it was impossible even when along side them to distinguish the branches of one from those of its neighbors. Numerous small ponds lay about in all directions apparently without either inlet or outlet. Every now and then with loud clucking and noise of wing, a ptarmigan would arise, make a short flight and come down again to disappear as suddenly as if the earth had swallow it up. A hare with some traces yet of its winter white about it, would sit in the shelter of a drab rock to stare in wonder at the invaders of its mountain solitude. Many deer were seen browsing on the slopes or lying down in the midst of a copse. Foxes too would dart here and there in that furtive way so peculiar to one so crafty. In search of mice or lemming one might be seen poking his pointed nose into every opening likely to conceal a vole. In spasmodic runs he would flit from low eminence to low eminence on every one of which he would halt a second or two to look carefully around before making the next short run. Caution seemed to mark his every movement.

In like manner the old Indian emulating the fox in all but the rapidity of her movements never left a vantage point, which he would climb carefully, before passing his eager eye all about him. Evidently he dreaded enemies. His every action betrayed a caution that could only be developed so fully in one though a hunter lived the life of the hunted. As if wholly conscious of his ability to meet with equal sagacity the cunning of his foes whoever they might be, he never betrayed that in his soul was a craven fear. He was calm as if mortal enemy he had never met or knew anything of. He stalked through a region he well knew to be the hunting-ground of his inveterate and implacable enemy with a spirit as unmoved as if the Micmac never existed. He was cautions but not timid. He was brave, but not reckless of danger. He therefore watched keenly every inch of country as he advanced, determined not to be caught in any ambush. To avoid contact with any wandering bands of Micmacs he had selected this route by which to get back to his people, but as those marauders were ever on the move he might happen upon some of them even in here on those mountains.

However, the first day's march ended in peace in a deep valley where they made camp for the night under the branches of some stately trees. They

had descended into the ravine to avoid the cold of the more elevated country and in order to find plenty of good fire-wood. A lean-to was quickly erected, in front of which a fire was carefully made of the driest wood procurable so that as little betraying smoke as possible would result. Only a very small fire was made but this was carefully attended through the night so that in the morning a blaze was quickly aroused from the embers. As the Indian knew nothing of matches his process of making a fire was tedious and somewhat laborious.

A short bow and a piece of dry birch were the principle elements necessary. Two small blocks of wood and some tinder were the other accessories. A turn of the bow string was taken round the centre of the piece of dry birch both ends of which were pointed. Both ends were pivoted on blocks of wood having small holes into which the points were inserted. One of the blocks rested in the palm of the hand, the other on the ground and held firmly between the feet. On this lower block the tinder was placed. The bow was then drawn back and forth and the cord or bow string travelling over the short rod caused it to revolve. In this way a friction was created which in a short time developed sufficient heat to set fire to the tinder. The tinder was made of punk, that is a sort of very dry, black fungus which grows on trees. This punk will not blaze but it ignites readily. Soon as this spark appears, some dried moss or the silky cambium layer from the outside of a dead and dry tree of the pine species is added. By blowing upon this a blaze is soon started.

Next morning shortly after having left their night encampment, the party found themselves on the top of the highest peak in the range, from whence they had a most magnificent view. Looking to the south and west they could see away in the distance, the blue waters of the sea, to the north they also could command a view of the salt water, but most marvelous of all was a white sea almost at their feet out of whose ghost-like depths rose many wooded islets. Undulations swept across the surface of this enchanted sea, and as they rose and rolled on, they flashed back again the light of the sun in gorgeous rainbow hues. As they gazed on this sight, a strange thing happened. It melted away almost in an instant and in its place there lay a beautiful broad valley clothed in woods. The white sea was but a vapor which lay in the stratum between the warm air of the valley and the colder air descending from the mountains. The rising sun establishing equilibrium between the two dissipated the vapour arising from the contact and the white sea melted away.

Leaving the high land the party descended to more even ground which they traversed till night again obliged them to rest.

To the south of them now lay a range of blue hills which seemed quite different in character from the mountains they had lately traversed, and they looked quite devoid of all vegetation. They next crossed a small brook and made camp in the centre of a grove of pines.

Here they met the first evidence of anything alarming. A freshly killed deer lay near the brook, showing the certain handiwork of the dreaded Micmac.

Placing the little girl in a carefully selected hiding place and bidding the youth remain with her, the elder man started cautiously on the trail of his enemy. About the same time the Micmac discovered that a strange party had passed, going to eastward. He saw there were two Indians, Beothucks he knew. There was also a track made by a small boot and this puzzled him. Fired by hatred and prompted also by caution to know where the three were spending the night, he slipped his pack from his shoulders and followed their trail.

Watchful as a lynx the young Indian who had been left in charge of the girl, made out in the gathering dusk the form of the Micmac drawing towards him and the girl. Grasping his bow and a sheaf of arrows he stole forward to meet this savage. Twang, twang, twang, saw the bow and three arrows fled almost instantaneously in the direction of the skulking Micmac, who, evidently wounded, sprang forward like a tiger at bay, to grapple with the boy, who met him with a blow of his tomahawk. Agile as a panther, the Micmac leaped aside to catch a glancing blow of the stone axe on the shoulder. He grasped the youth and raising a murderous knife would have ended the career of the valiant young man had not his hand caught the branch of a tree as it descended. The knife was torn from his grasp by the impact and now the two grappled in deadly embrace.

The Micmac was a powerfully built man and it would have fared badly with the youth had not his first arrow entered the breast of his foe. This weakened him considerably and were it not for this he might have strangled the boy in that death clutch. Just as they were rolling over on the ground, the older man attracted by sounds of combat arrived on the scene. One blow of the tomahawk and the Micmac fell over dead.

Few words were spoken between father and son, for such is the relationship, as the Indian is very chary of words. Just enough was said to give the elder man the details of what transpired after his departure, nothing

more. It was now night but as the sky was clear and a crescent moon hung in the west, there was sufficient light for such men whose wood instinct is so keenly developed that even on the darkest night, they can make their way unerringly through the pathless woods.

They turned from the corpse of their late foe with as little regard as if he were a tree they had just cut down. He was dead, and so was beyond the power of giving them trouble. That was all they thought of in respect to the lifeless body. They left it there to be discovered by his own or devoured by foxes and wolves.

It was not long before a shelter had been made. A fire they did not make fearing to attract other enemies who might be in the vicinity. The robes were spread and all were resting serenely. The older man however, slept very lightly, if at all. He was watchful and vigilant as the doe when her fawn is by her side and the wolf is prowling. It would be difficult for any foe no matter how crafty to steal unobserved upon the camp so carefully guarded. The young people slept soundly till roused by the other just at dawn. Waking them up he bade them arise and be on the look-out while he would be away from camp. He stole out in the gray morning light to have a look round to see if danger in any way of the Micmac enemies were about. When he got back to them he reported all well but bade them prepare for early departure as he wished to put himself and the boy and girl as far as possible at once from the scene of last evening's encounter. He was in enemy territory and knew that if he delayed the friends of the dead man would be upon him very soon.

They ate hastily and soon were marching rapidly eastward. They were in comparatively level and smooth open country and travelling was easy, at the same time it was beginning to tell upon the delicate maiden, but she kept heroically on with her strange associates, nor did a complaint escape her lips. Her shoes were beginning to give out which made walking a bit more difficult. The Indian noticed this and by a gesture informed her of his intention to make her a pair of moccasins. A few hours later the party descended into a little valley and here a halt was made and a fire lighted.

Some substantial food was taken and the journey again commenced. Somewhat refreshed by the halt and the food, the party walked on with sprightly tread till evening. They were now a considerable distance from where they halted the night before and in a deep and heavily wooded ravine where they felt they were secure. Here a substantial wigwam was constructed and every preparation made for a considerable stay. There was a double reason for this but which did not of course appear to the girl. The

weather was fine but there were signs, apparent enough to the one accustomed to marking such portents, that a storm was at hand.

The most ominous sign lay in the masses of fog which all day long kept hugging the tops of the hills to the south. The sky, as evening approached took on that lurid, streaky appearance towards the western horizon which ever precedes a storm. To the northeast were inky looking clouds and the wind was moaning in the trees like the dirge of the doomed. There was a melancholy spirit brooding over all nature as if it cowered before an impending blow. The loon like some lost soul was uttering from some nearby lake his peculiarly lonesome and weird cry. All these signs spoke plainly to the Indian and he was preparing to meet the inclemency he knew was descending upon them. With the tight roof of birch bark above them and the protection afforded them by the mighty trees in the valley they had little to apprehend from the storm.

A thicker mat of boughs than usual was laid upon the dry earth within the wigwam and reclining on the furs laid upon this, the little girl felt the luxury of it and tired out as she was, she soon fell asleep by the cheerful fire crackling in the centre of the hut.

While she slept the Indians, father and son, went to work upon a pair of moccasins for her. It did not take them long to get them ready and when she awoke she found the neatly made things lying beside her. She wondered how such soft and shapely things could be made out here in the woods, for childlike she could not think of such things as shoes being made at all, as they are always got in shops.

That night the storm came on. Heavy rain descended, making a noise as it struck the trees and the bark roof of their shelter, not unpleasant to listen to from the snug quiet within. Lying there she thought of the dead Indian away back there, alone out in the wilds with no one to care for him and she wondered if he were cold and calling for a friend to come to him. Then her thoughts wandered back to the night her ship was thrown on the shore and she was parted from her brother. Oh, where was he now? Was he too lying out in the storm calling, calling to her? She even fancied she could hear him in the voices outside and he was calling, calling to her. She wept at the thought, and weeping, fell asleep. In her dreams she was back again in the old Irish home and the sounds she heard were the voices, not of the dead, but of the merry dancers on the green. She could hear too the piper's playing and the laughter of the boys and girls as she used to hear them in the happy days before ruin came and she had to leave home. Once or twice she awoke from such pleasant dreams to hear the rain come down in mighty gusts on

the trees and the roof above her head. She fancied it resembled the tread of men and the rattle of sabres. She thought of the soldiers at home and falling asleep dreamt of midnight fires along the country side. She saw the stricken peasants wandering homeless down many a smiling lane where blackened homes seemed to offer affront to nature. She shuddered in her sleep as she saw beside the ruins of many a peaceful home the bodies of murdered men and women. Then the storm impressions broke in upon her half-aroused consciousness and again she heard the cry of helplessness go up from the corpses, yet no one answered and they lay out under the pitiless storm. Then calmer thoughts ushered themselves into her dreams and she heard her brother calling her name, not as from the dead but as living he sought her to return her to her home.

The night of storm wore on and morning broke, sullen, like one after a fit of passion, the fury gone but the soul destroying effect remaining. The morning which should have been smiling wore a frown. About noon the sun came out and shone resplendently above a drenched world. Heavy masses of clouds hung in the sky as if to gloat over the havoc they had caused, but one by one they were dissipated and towards evening they were nearly all gone and the blue sky hung its wonderous canopy over all nature. At night the stars came out and twinkled as if in gladness for a storm gone.

How wonderously clear the Milk Maid's Path, as it streamed across the zenith from east to west and how gloriously in the western sky shone the Dog Star while the no less brilliant Vega was regal in the eastern. There was the remarkable constellation of Ursa Major, pointing to the lode star of the mariner, that pivot in the firmament round which the heavens seem to revolve. Long into the night there lingered along the western horizon a peculiar illumination which did not come from a protracted daylight. This is the wonderous zodiacal light and is very cheerful to the wayfarer after the sun had gone down. The young girl found herself contemplating the beauties of the sky and for the first time mapping out for herself the positions of the many groups of stars whose orderly arrangement now for the first time caught her imagination.

Was this newly aroused interest a portent of a something to come? Was she unconsciously learning to know the positions of the stars that some day was to be an acquirement so useful to her by mere chance or was a beneficent influence guiding her to the study? However it may be, she found herself at once profoundly interested and night after night she would stand out under the sky enraptured and engrossed. At length she came to know the stars and the constellations with a familiarity truly remarkable. She was

acquiring the lore of the great outdoors and soon she was acquainted with the meaning of all she saw or heard. She knew the points of the compass and could tell by it night or day from what point arose the wind. She knew the nature of every sound and what bird or beast caused it. The whistle of the duck during his flight at night at first mystified her, but she soon came to understand though she could not see them when the ducks were flying over head. She was beginning too to know the usefulness of many objects around her. She knew where to find useful herbs, roots, leaves and fruit. Under the care of the boy she was learning the use of the bow and arrow.

The next day and the next were spent in their pleasant camp. This delay was to give the party rest for the next part of the journey and to allow the swollen streams to subside and the land to dry off. Finally a start was made and it seemed a joyous experience to the girl for the spirit of the wild was now getting its spell woven subtly about her. She was beginning to understand the ways of nature and this intimacy produced in her heart a love for all she saw. She was learning to feel something of kinship for the trees, the flowers, the birds and the animals and no longer did she feel strange with them. She was learning to understand her real relationship with all about her. She could now feel herself merged with all she saw, not standing apart as it were like a thing brought into a strange creation of which she was not part and parcel. She was now at home in every sense of the word with the trees, the birds, the flowers and the animals.

A strange feeling of delight came to her with this realization of her relationship to nature and she became more and more anxious to understand.

All day they journeyed on, their course bending more to the eastward. They passed many herds of caribou and saw a great many birds particularly ducks and geese. The geese seemed unable to fly and one or two were killed for food. She saw they had but few feathers on their breasts and undersides. It was now nesting time and it is said the old parent bird pulls the feathers off its breast to line the nest.

Thus did their days pass till one day they came to a large stream flowing in a northeast direction. Here the canoe we saw prepared some weeks ago was got ready to be placed in the water. The skin needed soaking to soften and stretch it before the framework could be put inside it. For this purpose it was placed in the water and stones to keep it down, were placed on it.

A couple of days were spent here before the journey down the river was begun, the time being spent in a relaxation which never till now from their first acquaintance did the girl know the Indian to enjoy. He seemed now

almost as carefree as the boy himself. The reason was he was now on his own tribal waters where enemies never had yet come. Soon he would be back again, with his people after his months of travelling in the haunts of the wily, treacherous Micmac, and he was happy at the thought of being among his own again.

The canoe was at last ready and one afternoon the party set out down the stream with their faces to the northeast. How pleasant to sit in a boat once again after all the weary travel on foot. Not once however did the Indians ask the girl to help carry the loads they themselves daily bore.

The river they were on was at first turbulent and narrow, but soon it widened out and gaining in volume from many a tributary it was ere long a large smooth-flowing river which presently opened out into a wide lake. Several days were passed in this paddling down stream and a couple of days were spent in waiting for rain to pass off.

They were now in a region of most magnificent forests. Pine trees towering to the sky nodded to one another across miles of forest and so beautiful was the country in its primal condition that it seemed like a Paradise into which neither crime nor sorrow could ever enter, and no wonder the old Indian was happy.

But, the Paradise was, not long after the epoch just opened with the beginning of our story, destined to be ruthlessly defiled and both crime and sorrow were to be the accompaniment of the invasion.

Dream on, child of destiny, dream on thou poor Beothuck, little do you know that you are to witness the extermination of your race. You can be no match for the cupidity of the rapacious white man and the murderous proclivities of his ally—the Micmac. Soon your race will be no more, and murder at last satiated, shall mourn too late her abominable crimes. They shall send offerings to you in a vain effort to propitiate and establish peace with the last pitiful remnant of your tribe, but too late.

The curtain shall ring down with your departure on the saddest episode in human history. Your country shall be robbed from you and the robbers shall quarrel among themselves over their ill-gotten gains, as a just retribution for their crimes. They shall devastate your lovely land and leave it a wreck. The caribou will be by the same ruthless hand forced to follow into the land of shadows and not a trace of you will be left. Your graves shall be rifled for a few miserable relics of a once numerous people. A museum shall hold a handful of your bones and the capital town shall hold the grave

of the last one of you to be seen, and the white man shall not know where it lies.

Passing through the first lake another river was entered, much broader than the first. Down this stream the party travelled several days, when they came out again into a big lake.

Traversing this they entered another river and the canoe shot out into a magnificent expanse of water whose farther end they could not see so great was the distance. To the girl it looked like a great sea. Giant trees of pine and birch came down to the water's edge and wandered in unbroken series towards the distant hills. The white pine was here the monarch of the forest and above his subjects he reared his broad shoulders, of lesser height the Gothic spires of the other species of pines the spruces and firs raised their beautiful silhouettes above the broad tops of the birches. This was the ancestral home of the Beothuck and here he had his retreat far in the heart of the country, far from the haunts of both Micmac and white. Here he felt secure, the very remoteness giving it fancied security. No wonder the Beothuck loved it. It meant security in a land abounding with plenty. Its waters traversed the island from coast to coast and this feature, while it contributed to his happiness by giving him an immense territory that was easily accessible, was alas, the source of his misfortune.

The frozen waters in winter made an ideal highway for the white man and along this frozen road came destruction.

Furs were most plentiful in that region of magnificent forests and vast waters, and a lust for the possession of these brought trappers from the coast. Micmacs were the first invaders and many a murder was committed for the sake of plunder.

How cheaply traders and murderous Micmacs held the life of the Red Man is told in tradition. In those far off days a pound of furs was exchangeable for a pound of biscuit, and how many a poor Beothuck was butchered by the mercenaries that this pound of fur might be robbed from them, not even tradition says, but, tradition is a lame jade and conceals as much as it gives up. It is known however, that traders have given their pound of biscuit for furs that bore marks about them to show they were not the honest property of the one who bartered them at the post.

Many a fine lady bedecked herself in furs stained with the blood of innocent people. Many a judge was robed in ermine that was secured only after its original owner had been slain by the plunderer. Yes, all unconsciously, they robed in this ermine while they heard the trial of the

felon who was less guilty than he who procured for them the robes they wore. Could the squirming and the creepings of the loathsome things revealed by the sudden turning over of a stone equal the perturbation that would excite the ordinary crowd of ladies and gentlemen could the mask which hides be unexpectedly lifted? How many ermine-robed would be found with minds uncontaminated? How many would be objects to excite admiration, how many to excite disgust? What a world of unreality we live in. The trader in blood-stained furs grew rich and powerful and perhaps later on bore a title given him by a king on the recommendation of some poltroon who climbed to state influence by the leverage of a golden bar whose source was crime.

The storm had not yet broken on this placid scene, but, the Beothuck had had warning. The coming of the white man opened up an ominous page in the history of his race that was to close only with his disappearance from the face of nature. The chapter is closed as far as the existence of the race is concerned, but, the inheritors of a land whose first page in history is written in crime so abominable are not yet purged from inherited sin, for the indemnity to retributive justice is still being paid. Truly the sins of the fathers are being visited upon the sons. The country cannot prosper till the last farthing of indemnity be paid, but must go on in travail, witnessing betrayal by her own children, as the most fitting corollary to the aboriginal crime.

The party in the canoe made many camps along the lake, seeing nobody although everywhere could be seen evidence of the proximity of human beings. Finally, one day as they paddled along the shore they were met by several men out hunting along the lake. The meeting was a happy one for the strange men were well known to the two men in the canoe. After a few words of greeting across the space which separated them, the group came up. They seemed by their demeanour to recognize in the elder man with whom we are acquainted a person of superior rank. They called him Nonosbawsut, and the younger man Mamjeasdoo. The girl was an object of great interest to them. They asked questions about her and to these Nonosbawsut gave replies which seemed to please them. He also related to them the events of his journey from the burial of the strange white man on the sea-shore and the killing of the Micmac, to their meeting.

Evening was approaching so the party made camp for the night on the west side of the lake. For supper that evening they had fish which the Indians called “ouinaniche” and the little girl thought it delicious. To this

were added some wild strawberries and herbs of various kinds, and for drink a decoction of pleasing flavor made by steeping some shrubs in water.

That night a larger fire than usual was made round which the Indians sat and talked till well into the night. Some story was being told by one of the party which seemed to give the chief Nonosbawsut a great deal of concern.

Evidently something of a very serious nature had taken place during the absence of the chief and his son, or perhaps was expected to take place, according to signs witnessed by the one telling the story. Whatever its nature there was somewhat of alarm caused by the narration and the party retired very solemnly to their wigwams that night.

The storm was about to break and portents were in the air, though the Indians betrayed no sign of cowardly fear. They were prepared to meet the fury with that stoicism and exalted, courage at the same time which mark the character of that truly remarkable though primitive people. Next morning a start was made down the lake and about noon the booming of a great cataract was heard and presently clouds of vapor reflecting the prismatic lights of the rainbow were seen to rise from a certain point on the lake's rim. This marked the outlet of a mighty river and clouds reflecting the rainbow light arose from the broken waters where they tumbled in wild confusion down a steep and rocky channel.

Soon after having passed the scene, smoke was seen to arise in thin columns from many points clustered in the woods which clothed a low sandy point on the lake. Many persons were seen about the same time moving about the shore. These turned out to be the kindred of those now fast approaching in the canoes. Soon our party was on shore and once again the story of their adventurous trip into the land of the dreaded Micmac was told and the little girl became the attraction of all.

Among the women was one whom they called Demasduit. This woman was the wife of Nonosbawsut and consequently one of very great importance in the village. She seemed kind and her eyes shone with remarkable intelligence. After the first greetings were over and the story of the trip told, the people moved off slowly to their wigwams. The children lingered to have a look at the strange white child. They one by one came timidly up to her and touching her hand as if to convey friendliness they shyly moved away.

Demasduit took the white child by the hand and smiling, pointed to a large square hut then led her along the path which led up to it. In front of this stood a large white pine, the biggest yet seen by the little maiden and

she wondered at its immensity, so straight up towards the blue sky it towered that she thought of it as some beautiful living spire in the forest temple.

She was later to see the temple desecrated by the foul murder of her friend Nonosbawsut and the callous separation of Demasduit from her infant child after the father had been brutally slain, while vainly attempting to protect the mother from the assaults of fiends in the forms of white men.

The toilsome journey at an end, the people settled down to the enjoyment of home life. The weather, it being now high summer, was most delightful and the little girl, now known as Emamooset, which signifies white child, had made friends with the people of the village, particularly the children and went on excursions with them and learned to join in their games and pastimes. She was also rapidly acquiring a knowledge of their melodious language. She already knew the Indian names of the most familiar objects about her, and gaining skill in fishing and shooting with the bow. She could paddle a canoe and knew how to make many useful and ornamental things. Later she engaged with the women and children in picking berries and drying them for winter use. Many roots of medicinal value had also to be gathered and preserved for use in the event of accident or illness.

The plants or parts collected embraced, *salix-kalmia*, the inner bark of the fir, Indian cup, beaver roots, chocolate root, etc. Turpentine which with the yolk of eggs was mixed to form a kind of salve they could gather fresh whenever wanted. Juniper was also collected and black spruce tops made a pleasant and wholesome drink. Emamooset was now dressed entirely as the Indian children through the kindness of her adopted mother and other women of the village. The dress was very simple and consisted of a large cloak or mantle of fur, a pair of leggings of deer skin, sleeves for the arms and deer-skin moccasins. Most of the children wore neither leggings, sleeves or moccasins but went barefooted and with bare arms. In the winter they however wore ample protection for the body against the cold.

The days passed by in happiness and contentment. Game was abundant and food was equally so. The wigwams were now being made snug and warm against approaching winter. This work engaged the attention of all, both men, women and children. At first a light framed wigwam was put up and this was covered with caribou hair to a thickness of three or four inches. Over this wigwam another was built of heavier material and when this was completed a very snug house resulted. Boughs were then brought in and laid with greatest care one over the other like feathers on a bird, with the soft terminals inclined upwards at a low angle, in the manner in which the

experienced camper learns to do it now. In this way a bed can be made in a short time to give luxurious repose to even a rheumatic. The balsamic aroma is delightful and refreshing as well as antiseptic. This bed must be renewed about once a week which is generally done by adding a top layer of finest boughs only.

Autumn was approaching when everything was in readiness for the winter and everybody looked forward with confidence to a season of repose and plenty.

Caribou had passed in almost countless numbers on their migration towards the south coast where they would spend the winter on the hills browsing on the lichens where the snow was not deep. In the spring they would begin their march towards the north, but as they are now thin in condition the Indian would permit them to pass unmolested.

At night now there were light nips of frost while the days were wonderous in their serenity and warmth. The Indian summer was upon them in all its charm of color, its marvelous liquidity of the air, its wonderful acoustic properties and its purple haze which gave a mellowness to distant objects no artist can depict. All the beauties of hue and form with which nature loves to clothe her handiwork seem at this time of the year to take on an added sublimity as if nature meant to display her most regal gifts in this one burst of amazing effort before she sank back into the arms of winter her work for the time accomplished. The seemingly blank spaces, where the unthinking see only a dull and monotonous waste are now transformed as by the touch of a magic wand into most gorgeous tapestries. The marshes which all summer seemed to be making little effort to join the season's revelry are now a riot of color while the wooded places display only here and there a blaze of color.

A fairy torch has passed over the dullness of the marshes kindling them into flames of fairest hues. How this steals on your perceptions you hardly know. In fact it does not steal, it leaps with sudden bound for one day, it strikes your eye in all its magical splendor. This is because we are not susceptible to the beauties of the minute or particular, but are impressed only by objects in the mass. A new glory now began to show in the sky at night and the Aurora Borealis hung its curtains, now low in the north, now athwart the zenith and streamed from east to west or reached over the visible firmament. Now they are still as the frozen surface of a lake, now agitated as if shaken by fairy hands. Pale yellow light streams from them illuminating weirdly the landscape, displaying every object to the vision but casting no shadow. At times the light assumes all the colors of the solar spectrum and

takes on the most whimsical forms. At one minute it may be but as a luminous cloud, then suddenly shifting it takes the form of a coronal and then a pulsating cable whose every strand takes on a color of its own. Varying ever, it shifts with the rapidity of light from horizon to zenith and from horizon to horizon again in kaleidoscopic frequency, till the mind tires of following the convolutions of the fantastic pale illumination.

Whence came this light the Indian did not know, but he, child of nature attributed it to the presence of departed spirits who were out for a merry dance, and he was in awe at the spectacle. In like manner he heard in the thunder the voices of the spirit world and was reverential during its manifestations. In the moaning of the wind, in the roar of the tempest and the waterfall, the spirits spoke to him and he interpreted them variously.

From the simple faith of the primitive man we have travelled far, and some, a great many, in arrogance of intellect have travelled as far beyond the confines of rational belief as the Indian in the opposite extreme, and of the two extremes perhaps the primitive were the better as it encourages reverence and suppresses pride, the besetting sin of our time.

From the primitive beliefs we have travelled through the harmonious groves of rational beliefs, through faith to the morass of absolute confusion. Intellect with pride can only lead astray, the bland and childlike beliefs of the simple can only lead upward, for any building must be towards the sky when the foundation is solidly laid on reverence and humility. It were better to have the Indian belief than the infidelity of the modern man who has slipped his cables and gone wandering without hope of port like the fabled Fliegende Hollander. There is much more of dignity in simple faith than in unbelief, as it is much more consonant with our absolute dependence on destiny, to call it by no other name. We are subject to laws over which we have no control or even understanding of, and those laws must have had a law-giver superior to them. Such metaphysical reasoning may have no place in the child-mind of the Indian, but without formula he was able to arrive at the gateway to faith, to knock and find entrance. Happy child of nature, by standing still you have outstripped the savant.

Days passed by without incident and bye and bye came the frost whose first appearance was in the rime which one morning was found clinging to bush and tree, withered stump and wigwam. As the sun came out this greyness sparkled with a splendour not exceeded by the crystal gem so sought after by lovers of such baubles, little less perishable, but of no greater intrinsic worth. Flashing with living light this creation of the frost king

scintillated wonderfully with every stir given the objects to which it clung, till it resembled fairy constellations just dropped from the sky.

The wild geese had departed and many a feathered thing had flown, yet there lingered many a pretty creature who did not fear the wintry blasts. Ptarmigan had come down from the hills and could now be seen among the alders and other shrubbery by the lake. They had not yet assumed their winter disguise but retained the mottled brown and splashes of white which characterize them all summer. Ducks yet lingered about the lake and frequented the shallows in the coves and mouths of small streams. Owls were plentiful but other raptors had departed in the wake of the smaller birds.

A hush hung over the face of nature in which the small, cheery, crisp voice of the Nuthatch and Chickadee seemed to acquire a volume not noticed at other times.

How dreadfully ominous was the cry of the wolf at night on the lake-side or on the distant hill, how lonely sounded the snappy little bark of the prowling fox as it sought its wandering mate through the still woods.

All those sounds helped to accentuate the silence which clung with such solemnity to all the field of nature about the peaceful village by the lake.

One still dark night in the midst of this hush which generally ushers in the advance guard of winter in these latitudes, as she lay awake on her fragrant bed of new pine boughs, thinking of her brother and wondering when he should come to her, Emamooset thought she could hear a sound like the rustle of finest silk or the gentle crooning of a mother's lullaby. So soft was it that it gave the child a sweet sense of repose and she slept.

Next morning when she looked out it was to see the country all white with snow. Through this feathery mantle which heaped itself on every object, bush and tree and stone, the pines, where their leafy boughs were visible looked almost black by contrast.

Whether it is really so or not the evergreens seem darker in winter and it was this dark olive green which attracted the notice of Emamooset, after she had feasted her wondering eyes on the gleaming scene. The sun coming out caused the snow to fall in cascades from the trees and the branches, freed from the weight, were everywhere in motion as their spring and elasticity brought them back to their normal position. The chickadee as if pleased with the first snowfall was busy in the alders and his pleasing little cry as he flitted about in evident enjoyment was delightful to hear. Just then a silky, glossy otter glided down the bank and plunged into the water. His wide

smooth trail, punctuated on either side by the impressions of his front feet looked like a glacial groove in purest white marble. The otter loves to travel and slide when the snow is soft and moist, but, hard frosty snow keeps him by his pool where lurk the trout. He loves the bosky glen and the sequestered places where the streams invite the trout to linger. He is a solitary animal and generally wanders alone. In this way he differs greatly from the beaver who is gregarious in his instincts.

How black and fearful too the water looked, that yesterday was so blue and enticing. It did not look to-day like the same element that yesterday was all smiles. This was the first time Emamooset had seen a whole country under snow and it looked so wonderful to her, that she could not take her eyes off the scene.

The first snow did not remain long, it soon disappeared from the low lands though it clung to the heights till spring caused it to go. There was not much stir about the village at this time. A hunting band would now and then depart or come in and this was all. There was an occasional fishing trip to the mouth of the river where large ouinaniche could be caught with the cunning spear. Some of the fish caught were very large and weighed about forty pounds.

One day a small party arrived at the village after an absence of several months. They had a story to tell of a fight with some whites whom they met one day while out fishing. The white men stole upon them and without cause and without warning fired upon them killing one of their women. The Indians fled, realizing that in an open fight they had little chance against men armed with death-dealing guns.

That night the Red Men determined to invite by a ruse, a fight with the whites on more equal footing. In those days there were no breachloading guns and the only firearms were those which had to be loaded through the muzzle and then had to be primed carefully with powder at the lock. In a flash-pan a pinch of the explosive had to be placed. Into this when the flint and steel struck, a spark fell, igniting it and this in turn fired the charge within the barrel of the gun, reaching thence by the touch hole.

When night fell and darkness had descended upon the bay, the Indians crept up to within a short distance of the place they knew the white men were living. They brought with them two dummy figures and having lighted a fire in plain view of the white men and seated the dummy figures where the light from the fire would shine upon them, they crept away in the direction of the white men's abode. With hatchets and bows and arrows

ready, they silently waited. It was not long before they saw how successful their strategy. The murderous white men were soon seen stealing up towards their supposed victims. There were three of them and each carried a gun. Soon three shots rang out and before the echoes had died away the Indian arrows were flying like winged messengers of doom. In the darkness, however, these had little effect and the Indians, before the murderers had time to realize what had happened, were engaged in hand to hand mortal combat with those who had come out treacherously to kill them.

In the awful fight which ensued one of the Indians fell before the blow of a musket-butt, but the three whites went down, their brains spattering the rocky shore. The two Indians then fired the house lately occupied by their enemies. They took whatever loot they had a fancy to and destroyed everything else. This was the story which the two returning hunters had to tell. It was received in silence, each one of the listeners seemed to feel that trouble was brewing for the little band, for they knew by sad experience how vindictive the enemy they had to deal with. Many times before had they experienced the mercilessness of the white who would kill without provocation and merely to satisfy a lust for blood.

The race of Red Men was being exterminated and its members were being hunted like wild beasts. Trouble was surely settling like a pall on the devoted heads of those hapless beings. They feared the winter most, for then the frozen river offered excellent facilities for travel and no doubt this was the time of the year which their enemies would select, did they plan vengeance.

All the available fighting men were to go down the river on the first ice to meet and harry the enemy should he attempt to follow them into the interior. The Red Men would have an unquestioned advantage over the white man in his greater mobility and his intimate knowledge of the country. Beside this he had his *caches* where abundant food was already stored.

The white man would be obliged to carry heavy loads of food and equipment if he would exist in that country in winter. This would hamper his movements very grievously, especially should he be forced to leave the river ice to travel in the woods. The Indian, aware of this, with great sagacity prepared to take his enemy at a point where he would be at greatest disadvantage. For this purpose the head of the rough portage where any party ascending the river would be forced to a tedious detour around one of the big cataracts, was selected as the spot where they would meet the enemy. At the mouth of a large brook flowing into the main river from the north, a camp would be established as a base of operations. Here were stores and

wigwams already prepared. From this point to the portage was not above ten miles and small parties could keep watch below for the arrival of the enemy and give warning of his approach.

The time intervening till the river should be frozen over, was taken up with preparation for the journey. Bows and arrows in sufficient numbers were made, moccasins and rackets were got ready and, bye and bye the ice came and one morning the party moved off down the river to meet their foes should they come up the river.

The winter was spent in watching yet no enemy came. Spring was approaching. The ice yet held firmly on the river and conditions for marching were excellent, but, the break up might be looked for any time.

The watchers were experiencing the hope that all danger had passed, when one day the report of a gun was heard down the river. At once the alarm was sped and the Indians were soon stealing out to meet the invaders. That the white man was not coming in silence was a good augury for the Indian for it meant there was no expectation of meeting with the Red Man at this point. It would therefore be quite easy to trap such an unwary enemy. A small party of Red Men was dispatched to lay a trail for the incautious white man to follow. The main body made a detour to a point agreed on and there without revealing themselves waited beside the trail for the unsuspecting foe. The party coming up the river had just left the ice to follow around the cataract which interrupted their course, when their leader saw the trail of the Indian party leading almost in the direction they themselves were taking. The trail was fresh and revealed that a party of four had lately passed that way. There was surprise followed by agreement that the trail should be followed. This was accordingly done and the party moved on very cautiously in full expectation of coming upon the four men who might be easily taken. The trail now winded among some great boulders and crags. To the left was the falls with its column of vapor rising above it which, drifting down upon them, fairly froze the marrow in their bones. Giant trees wherever they could get a footing among the crags reared their sombre bulk above the advancing men. The trail was very plain and easy to follow and all were in great glee over the prospective capture and the glory that would be theirs.

But what was this? Was the trail leading into the river? Had the Indians crossed the stream? Surely not at this point, for here the river boiled and foamed as in a giant cauldron. Not even an Indian fearless and deft a canoe man as he is reputed to be, could cross the torrent here.

The party had all grouped themselves in a kind of hollow among the masses of rock. In front of them the mad waters rushed and seethed. Only ice, on which the foot could make no impression, lay at their feet. To this the trail led, but, what had become of the Indians? It seemed impossible for them to have passed out of that pocket unless they had plunged into the river. But, the Indians had not done this, they knew the place too well. The white men did not notice that the large pine near which they were standing held out its massive branches over the tops of the crags. Up this pine the agile Indians had climbed and got out in the high ground above by means of the long and strong arms of the tree. Not much time, however, was given the men to discover the possible means of egress for whilst they were debating the point, a rain of arrows fell upon them from the Red Men concealed above. Not one of the wretches escaped. All perished. Not a gun was discharged. They were loaded but not primed though the coverings were off the locks. The Indians obtained a lot of useful things from the outfit carried by the party they had so cunningly outwitted. Axes and knives they valued most among their new possessions. The guns they discarded for they dreaded such weapons. Greatly rejoicing over the victory, they did not waste any time, but set off immediately up the river. The desire to return to their lake village was very strong within them. First they wished to bring the good news to the women and children whom they left behind when they set off on the war path. The spring too was advancing and at any time the ice on the river might break up making the journey back extremely laborious and slow. In the early mornings now the travelling was good in the woods for a crust almost hard as ice covered its surface after the night's frost. The sun, however, soon caused this hard surface to melt when it could no longer be walked upon. To essay the task even with snowshoes was not an inviting prospect. To keep to the river then where the hard smooth surface afforded a firm foot-hold was the plan the party had in mind.

About forty miles separated the band of warriors from their home. This could be covered in one march for the days were long and pleasant. At their base by the mouth of the brook about ten miles from the scene of their exploit, they spent one night, and early next morning set out on the long tramp to the village, every heart rejoicing at the success of their adventure. For a year perhaps they were safe from invasion however much they might be harried in the summer when they would venture according to custom, down to the sea-shore. They knew with reason that no other party would venture up the river the present season as the ice would soon be going out which would make travelling impossible to the white, for some time.

How beautiful was the scene. The broad river lay mile on mile before them and over its banks hung giant arms of trees in all their primal, unsullied loveliness. Every branch and twig was gleaming with its array of frost gems and the surface of the ice shone before them with a million scintillating points. The angle of refraction was such that with every step, new constellations gleamed while the nearer ones were quenched.

As the party marched on in triumph it seemed almost fitting that their path should be strewn in star dust as the most fitting thing for the conquerors' feet. Never did victorious men have a more glorious path laid down before them. Not even the roses which Roman Legions trod could surpass in splendour the starry gems these Indian warriors were trampling under foot. At every step frost flowers six inches high were crunched and broken but without stint they were still munificently spread. Not a cloud in the whole expanse of the sky, except where in the south a faint opalescence scarcely dense enough to be called clouds betrayed the presence of vapour. The morning was calm and the tang in the air grew less and less as the sun advanced towards the meridian. The pale sheen in the south had towards noon assumed a streaky and definitely stratified form. The long streaming clouds began to stretch across the quadrant from the southeast to southwest and before evening dense clouds obscured the sky. The Indian knew the meaning of those wonderous frost gems on shrub and tree and path and was most anxiously regarding the sky all day. Its beauty did not appeal much to him, for his whole thoughts were occupied with the forebodings such beauty brought with it to the mind that understood its symbols.

A storm was making from the south and that it meant rain and the break up of the ice everybody knew. They knew there was little danger of the river ice going out before they could get home. This did not trouble them. The river would hold its ice for at least twenty-four hours of heavy rain, but, the lake might be impassible in a few hours. A storm from the south might break up the ice as it often had done even when it lay to a depth of three feet. In such an event the crossing of the lake would be an impossibility and thus they would be forced to remain from their kin perhaps for many days. Already strong puffs of wind from the south were being felt and at times a splotch of rain would strike against the face, but the party hurried on. There was a possibility that even though the ice should hold, it might be gone from the rapids where it seldom is quite safe. Should this be the case it would not be safe to attempt any longer getting home by the direct way of the river. They would be obliged to go by way of the woods and this would mean a longer direction and very arduous travelling. The level land along the river would be impassible and dangerous in the event of a break up of the ice. It is

marvelous how suddenly an inundation can take place. At such times the flood may rise almost as fast as a man can run.

The swelling river will at some weak point, like a rapid, over-ride the ice and break it down in a long row down the centre till the limit of elasticity of the ice is reached when it suddenly will give way. The loosened mass is now forced down stream and under the standing ice till the next break occurs. Another rush of broken ice down stream till some obstruction is met that is powerful enough to resist the mighty onrush. This obstruction may be an island or a shallow place in the stream. Here the ice will pile up in tremendous confusion and form a solid barrage. Behind this the torrent rises rapidly and as it bears on its surface large masses of ice these are thrown against and over the barrier raising it still higher. As there is nowhere for the water to flow it backs up and floods the land till the accumulated weight can break down the dam. The sudden bursting of the dam does not always occur, but, when it does, no tongue can properly describe the awful scene. Water, ice, rocks, trees and every conceivable thing along the course of that flood are carried away in tremendous confusion. A scene of wreckage always marks the path of such a sudden break up of the ice. Sheets of ice, maybe a foot or more in thickness and many yards in length and breadth are tossed and tumbled in the flood with as little concern to the giant force as if they were but sheets of paper.

With joy the party saw only the unbroken ice at the rapid. They pushed on with great hope and reached the lake in time to cross although they here met the full force of the storm. Blinding sheets of rain swept by, a fierce gale assailed the devoted band but on they marched their hearts gladdened by the proximity of home and warm and comfortable quarters. The lake was crossed in safety and here were the wigwams and their friends.

They were back again with their numbers undiminished, and there was rejoicing when the tale of their successful foray was told.

The storm continued with unabated violence and next morning under the rays of the rising sun, the swollen but limpid waters of the lake greeted the people as they came out of their huts. Along the shores were piled mountains of ice and some pieces floated down the lake before the wind. The sight of the open water gladdened the hearts of all. Emamooset felt its influence more than any. The weather was now quite mild by day though by night it was chilly and once or twice the ice spread its arms across the lake. But, winter's hold was gradually loosened and bye and bye came signs of spring. The willows had bedecked themselves in their silvery blooms and the honk-honk of the wild geese was heard as in their undulating triangle they winged

their solemn way across the rosy evening sky in search of some sedgy pool in which to rest at night. By the margins of brooks and in the oozy woodland pool the marsh marigold was putting forth its pretty flowers like golden chalices amid the verdure, the first wild flower to bloom. A thousand tiny little flowers were now venturing to display to an awakening world, their simple charms. The May flower scented the air in the dry forest glades and then followed the strawberry's pretty little flower along the sandy margin of the lake. Kalmia, as if disdaining leaves, had covered herself with only purple flowers and in moist places gleamed the pink and white of the primrose.

Morning and evening the Robin sang his wonderous song from the tree-top and the snipe or wabby boomed in the marshes, while its mate was responding from the air as it dipped and sailed above the nesting place.

In the glades the ferns were showing their charming veneration in downy circuitous folds. Bracken too was unfolding and gave promise of many a wholesome dish. Bracken fronds when young are cooked and eaten like asparagus which they very much resemble in flavor. In the marshes the women were finding abundant little wine sacks in the form of marsh berries and on the dry hills were partridge berries of delicious flavor. The outer cambium layer of the spruce and fir was also made use of as a variant in the diet composed so largely of venison. To the flesh of caribou which could be secured fresh at any time was added now and then some bear, muskrat or beaver. Game was now most abundant and the people lived in plenty. Abounding happiness was the lot of those simple people whose every want was supplied by nature.

Man alone, the so-called civilized being with his eighteen hundred years of Christianity as his boast, could bring sorrow to those people and of this they were to drink to the dregs. Their cup of joy was now full but its sparkle was clouded by one fear. They lived in dread, not of the beasts, not of the storm or flood, but of man. How well founded was that fear let the few pathetic relics that are alone left of the race, bear witness.

With the approach of summer came many engagements to the people. The long line of deer fences had to be repaired and canoes built. Following this came the migration to the sea-shore for the season's fishing. When the time at last came for the departure all was in readiness, and one day the whole village set out. Quite leisurely they paddled their canoes down the river till the large stream was reached where the warrior party camped in March. Here a few days were quietly spent during which time some repairs were made to the wigwams on the point. Bears had broken into the big store

and stolen some fish and the foxes following bruin's lead got in and stole whatever dried meat was about. From here the whole tribe ascended the stream coming to a chain of lakes which were traversed. By following the water-ways by lakes and rivers and by making several portages an arm of the sea was at last reached. Here the party scattered and in small groups disposed themselves according to nomadic fancy, in favored places about the bay.

In the autumn they would wander back to the interior for greater security during the winter. On the way back they would kill caribou enough for the winter's supply of food and to furnish themselves with the various articles of clothes required. The Indian in the matter of killing game sets a noble example to the white man. He has never been known to kill for the lust of killing or beyond the limits of his requirements.

The summer did not pass without incident for many brutal and murderous assaults were made upon the innocent people by the savage white men. As a result their numbers were terribly reduced and but a remnant of those who left their winter home ever returned. On Sundays and other various off-days it was the common custom among the brutal fishermen to organize hunts in which the only quarry sought were the Beothucks and in those raids many and many were most ruthlessly murdered. But, the white men did not altogether escape the vengeance of the outraged people, for many a one of them gave his life for his cruel sport. Loss of property as often as not, followed a raid upon the Indians. This inflamed the whites still more who now believed they were fully justified in defense of their property in killing the Red Men, for in truth it must be said that the Indian did not make any discrimination in the matter of destroying property. Often he would destroy the boats of men who opposed the brutality of their neighbours.

This plausible *self defense* attitude of the aggressive whites, who first would kill the Indians in cruel sport and then blamed the Indian for retaliating, is like the attitude of the one who, being set upon by the dog he had kicked, demanded the death of the dog, as a savage beast.

Time wore on, summer passing into winter and winter again into summer and each returning season found the Beothucks steadily diminishing in numbers under the constant assaults upon them by the white invaders of their ancestral home. Each year they migrated to the coast to be met by the savagery of a murderous crew, and each year saw a further invasion of their interior retreat.

Emamooset, now grown to a woman, had forgotten her language entirely and retained only a faint recollection of her home in a land beyond the sea. She kept her pretty casket though it had lost pretty well all meaning to her. She was now the wife of Mamjeasdoo and from him had a son who promised to be as sturdy a warrior as his father. The family would occasionally make long journeys into the country round about and once or twice penetrated to the south coast of the Island. During one of those trips while camped on a large lake at the head waters of the chain of lakes on which their tribe lived in winter, they saw a white man with a Micmac pass by with his face to the west. At the same time they made the acquaintance of a man from a strange race who said he had come from across a narrow sea in order to hunt a bit. He was, he said, come from a great country inhabited by a great many people and that he traded with the white men who were always good. He said he was a Montagnais. His people were not numerous, but had no enemies and lived peacefully. He heard from them their story of how they were being hunted and in pity invited them to join his people where they could live in peace. The story told by the Montagnais made a deep impression upon them and they promised that some day they would go with him to his tribe. He came every year to trap in this country and always near this great lake, he told them.

The summer wore on and after the season of hunting along the great river, the tribe settled down for the winter by the side of the lake. The fall had been a happy one and many deer had been killed. Abundant food to last them over the season of frost and snow was cached here and there where it could be had when needed.

The lake was again frozen over and the sudden rending of the ice often sent through the still frosty air reports like the sound of guns whose echoes would roll like the reverberation of the thunder. Such noises would often cause the heart of Emamooset to leap with fear for she had come to dread the horrid whites even as did her husband. It was during one of those frosty spells that word came to the settlement of the approach of a numerous party of whites, all armed with guns. They were encamped a few miles down the river and might soon be upon them. Preparations were made to make a counter-move against the whites to try if possible to circumvent them and to achieve by strategy that which they knew could not be accomplished in any other way. As on a former occasion they hoped to outwit their enemies and overcome them. All, but a handful of the men set out at once by a circuitous way to get between the enemy and his only line of retreat which was by way of the river. The discovery was made too late to prevent their advance to the

lake, nor did the country present any features whereby a trap might be laid for the invaders to walk into.

Emamooset remained with Demasduit and Nonosbawsut while her husband went off with the other warriors. Before parting with her husband Emamooset agreed on certain signals to be passed between them should it be found necessary to communicate tidings as to the movements of the invaders. The hooting of the Great Horned Owl would be the recognized signal and this repeated in a way agreed upon would tell of what was going on. If all went well no sound would be heard but in the event of trouble the cry of the owl would tell. On the still frosty air this sound would carry for miles in a country where often conversation may be carried in ordinary tones over a quarter of a mile. There are times though when a shout might not be heard at half the distance and there are even extreme cases of sound opacity where at fifty yards no audibility is possible, unless one shouted at the top of his voice.

Silently the warriors moved off and not a sound was heard save the booming of the river as it plunged from the lake into its rocky gorge. The village was peaceful that night to all outward appearances, but in the hearts of its few dwellers there lurked a foreboding sense of impending evil. Towards morning a party of armed white men appeared upon the ice not far from the silent wigwams. The Indians were surprised but remained quiet, displaying no fear even when the dreaded white men marched up to the wigwams. The invaders displayed every attitude of apparent friendliness at first and the Red Men and their women met those advances with trusting simplicity and gave the visitors venison to eat. The truce was soon, however, broken by the seizure of the men. These were tied to nearby trees while the brutes in the presence of their husbands and brothers laid violent hands upon the defenseless women. Upon this Emamooset who was concealed not far off stole silently through the woods till she knew no sound of her passage could be heard, then darted off with almost the speed of the hare to where she could get a signal to her husband. Hoo-hoo-hoo-who-who! rang out the cry of the owl. Hoo-hoo-whoo came back the faint reply. The signal had sped back and forth and Emamooset waited while from time to time she would raise the signal and each time got back the assuring reply. Mamjeasdoo was coming and with him a gang of warriors. Soon there would be a tragedy by the site of the wigwams and the brutal white men would feel the vengeance of an outraged people.

It was still early morning when Mamjeasdoo with half a dozen followers came up to where Emamooset lay concealed in wait for him. Soon as she

knew it was her husband who was approaching she ran forward to meet him. Hurriedly she related what had happened, which, soon as he had heard sent him and his band flying in the direction of the village. A look of avowed vengeance came over the handsome face of the stalwart Red Man as he leaped forward through the woods. Emamooset as fleet as her husband kept putting her snowshoe down where he trod soon as he had lifted his for the next stride. Never did snowshoes twinkle faster than did those of the Red Men that morning as they sped to relieve their friends or die in the valiant attempt.

When they had come within a short distance of the wigwams they with caution removed the snowshoes from their feet lest the noise made by their passage through the bush might give warning to the enemy whom they wished to take by surprise. Emamooset with her husband stole softly in advance of the small party and soon had the wigwams in view. Peering cautiously forward to see if an enemy were in sight they noticed that the men whom Emamooset saw tied to the trees in the dawning light were no longer where she had seen them and hearing no sound of voices within the wigwams she feared that all had been slain. Seeing no sign of life about the place and hearing no sound, Emamooset crept forward, and making the well known cry of the jay, followed at once by Beothuck words in mimicry of the jay's chatter, she was almost at once answered from within the wigwam. Now feeling assured she called to her husband and the others, who came up at once. Going to the large wigwam from which sounds of voices arose, they found the four men lying down with their hands and feet tied. One of them had almost succeeded in freeing with his teeth the bonds which bound the hands of the one nearest him, and no doubt soon would have set him free. The thongs were soon cut from the arms and legs of the men who leaped at once to their feet. The women where were they? Gone with the whites as prisoners. There were hurried preparations and without loss of time Mamjeasdoo and his small but heroic band started in rapid pursuit of the abductors. The four men whom they had just released were to remain awhile, but were to follow soon as possible.

It was learned that the main body of the invaders had gone on before, leaving only two men to guard the women. The leader of the whites had left his equipment which was a very heavy one a few miles down the river leaving two men to guard it. He was now anxious to get to his supplies for he feared attack upon it knowing as he did that the main body of the natives were out on either a hunting trip or some hostile effort against his own party. Should they reach his camp and overcome the small guard he had left to

protect it, death from hunger and exposure to his party would almost inevitably follow.

Meantime the women who were being marched off under escort of the two white men, in the hope of relief from their own deliberately refused to hasten. They walked slowly to give their husbands and brothers a chance to overtake them should they discover in time what had taken place. The leader of the white men had no thought of being exposed to attack both front and rear for he could not think of a party following. He had learned from the natives during the friendly intercourse at the wigwam before he treacherously set upon the unsuspecting people that all the men had gone down the river to observe the movement of those whom they knew were coming up. With this knowledge he was most incautiously led to abandon the escort of the captured women to two men only, and to hasten on to protect his stores from attack and destruction.

Mamjeasdoo and his followers made such haste that it was not long before they discovered, on rounding a point that the party they were in chase of were just ahead of them and moving slowly. To march up openly over the ice would be to expose themselves to gunfire which at long distance they had no means of replying to. It would be inviting sure death to expose themselves under such conditions so they made a detour through the woods with the intention of heading off the party. After having travelled about two miles as rapidly as they could they came out again upon the lake. Here they waited silently in concealment for the escort to come up. The two white men were marching behind the women, and soon as they had passed the spot where the Indians crouched, a shower of arrows fell upon them without warning and in an instant they were prone in death upon the ice. The women turned to see their friends leaping from the bank and running to meet them with every anxious enquiry as to how they had been treated. Amongst the women was Demasduit whose husband Nonosbawsut was among those whom Mamjeasdoo found lying in the wigwam with the cords of the white men about them.

Making no delay the party, now full of rejoicing, turned towards their wigwams. It was not long before they were met by the others who were hastening to meet them. With joy Nonosbawsut saw his young wife returning uninjured, for he never expected to see her again.

The main body of the Indians arrived at the white men's depot just in time to see them all returning, but as they seemed to be returning in peace and without prisoners, no attack was planned. It was an unfavorable time in any case and offered little chance of success. So it was determined to wait

for them farther down the river where they might plan an ambush or some surprise attack where odds would be in their favor. The leader of the white men was now feeling concern for his two men whom he had left behind. As they failed to appear in camp that night, it was decided to return under cover of darkness to the wigwams if necessary to discover his men. He got to the village just at dawn to discover it deserted, the Indians no doubt, dreading a return of their enemies, had quit the place. He was puzzled by the disappearance of his two men and feared the worst. There was nothing now to do but to return by the trail they had come. After first burning the wigwams the march back was begun. As the party marched along the lake, they saw objects moving on and off the ice, back and forth between the ice and the woods. They at first could not make out whether they were men or not, but bye and bye they clearly made them out to be men. Hastening on to overtake these he came upon the bodies of his two men, pierced by arrows lying upon the ice. They were lying face down where they had fallen. Just as they were examining the bodies, some Indians were seen upon the ice who were evidently trying to cross the lake. A pursuit of the flying Indians was at once begun and a running fire was kept up in which several were killed. One of the natives evidently unable to continue the flight now lagged behind and was soon caught. When the Indian saw her pursuer almost upon her she turned and exposing her breast showed she was a woman. This was a mute plea to her captor for some show of chivalry. Her plea was in vain, for he seized her and roughly dragged her towards his followers. One of the Indians seeing what was happening returned and overtaking the white man begged to have the woman given back to him. He was not listened to and all the courage of his nature suddenly mounting to his breast he sprang at the white man and taking him by the throat was about to fell him with an axe he carried when one of the brutal captors raising his gun shot the Indian through the heart. This Indian was Nonosbawsut and the woman was his wife. Seeing her husband slain before her eyes the poor creature attempted to break from her captors to go to him but was not permitted. In anguish she was dragged away and brought out to the coast where more humane people treated her with great kindness, but what kindness shown now could make up to her the loss of husband and friends and cruel separation from her three months old baby. She became melancholy and soon contracted tuberculosis from which she died the following spring. Her infant also died and thus through one fell act a family of inoffensive people was destroyed. Emamooset felt the loss most keenly for Nonosbawsut and his wife Demasduit had been like father and mother to her.

Demasduit who became known as Mary March, from the month in which she was captured told of the white child—Emamooset—and of her coming to the tribe and how she lived so peacefully with her people. She told too of the casket of gold which she wore hanging on her neck. How came this white child to be with the Indians and who was she? Here was some mystery to be solved and the news soon got abroad. There was great speculation as to who this girl could be and how she came here.

There was no record of any child having been lost from among the settlers and the story of the wreck never became known.

An expedition into the interior was planned to take place the following spring to, if possible, open up friendly intercourse with the Red Men and to discover this reported white woman. All through the winter preparations were being made from the journey. Demasduit was to go back to her people in the hope that she might assure them of the white man's honest intentions. The Indian woman was treated well by the people and everything was done to create in her mind a good impression. She was given many presents and had the privilege of going into any shop and taking what she wanted without pay being demanded. She was docile and very intelligent, but she never got over the sadness induced by her tragical experience. At last it was seen she had contracted the fell disease, consumption, and it was feared she might not live to be the bearer to her people of the message of goodwill.

Tragedy seemed to accompany all dealing with those people and this would be a calamity should this woman die before reaching them, for it would convince the poor Red Man that her fate was but the fate of all, so unhappy as to fall into the hands of the merciless white man. When spring came round, a vessel was procured to take the party who were to make up the expedition to Exploits Bay. Demasduit was placed on board and the ship laden with presents for the natives set sail from St. John's.

The voyage happened to be a very rough one and poor Demasduit became very ill from sea-sickness. The sea-sickness and the already enfeebled state of her constitution proved too much for her and she died on board the vessel just before reaching Exploits Bay. A coffin was made and in it she was laid and the body was brought up the river to the interior and there it was left, in the hope that her friends might discover her, but not a trace of one of the Red Men was seen on the way up. The coffin was suspended on poles high in the air above a deserted wigwam, so that no beast of prey might get at it.

Many presents were left with the body and all the personal effects of the woman were left in the coffin with her.

Disappointed at not having seen the Red Men, the expedition returned to St. John's that Fall. This closed for the time all discussion as to the fate of the Indians. It was assumed they had all perished or migrated to some other parts of the interior.

INVADERS DESTROYED

After having seen the strength of the invading party and concluding it would be most unwise to attack them directly, the plan was adopted of destroying their depots and harassing their retreat. The Indians knew the white man's system of leaving at certain spots provisions to be used on the return march.

In one day's rapid march the first depot was discovered and destroyed and a couple of days march farther on, another was discovered and burned and thus as they travelled, they destroyed everything as they went, till the last one was given to the flames.

A slow retreat up the river was then begun and one day they discovered the white invaders in the act of making camp for the night. According to the white man's custom, a large fire was built and partly fenced around to give shelter from the wind. A lean-to was then built on the opposite side in which the men would sleep. When night with its favoring darkness came on, the Indians crept up to within shooting distance with bow and arrow and opened fire upon the men exposed in the fire light. Those standing up in the full light of the fire were shot down at once. Others, not having yet learned wisdom then leaped to their feet and fell almost instantly. The rest of them crept out of the fire light where they might see without being seen. Standing in the glare of a fire out doors at night it is impossible to see objects not illuminated or within the ring of light made by the fire. Beyond this narrow ring all is blackness profound even though the night may not be dark.

Soon as they were beyond the immediate glare of the fire, those who had crept out began to peer into the woods whence they believed the arrows had come. One of them thought he saw a moving form and discharged his gun in that direction. A cry of pain followed and he knew an Indian had been hit. A shower of arrows followed the discharge of the gun and the gunner was pierced by half a dozen arrows at once. No more guns were fired that night and when morning broke no Indian was in sight. Six dead white men were found. Five of those were killed by arrows and the sixth was shot by the white man who thought in his excitement he was an Indian.

Satisfied with their revenge the Indians at once retired to their village and there it was decided that it were safer for all to leave the place and retire into the deep woods to the west. This was immediately done and this is why none of the tribe was discovered by those who in the spring sought them with honest intentions.

A band of Indian hunters, however, saw the party of white men who brought the body of Demasduit but kept out of sight. After they had gone, the Red Men opened the coffin with axes and taking the body from it, buried it after the Indian manner.

The body was wrapped in birch bark and laid in a shallow grave. Over this sticks were laid in longitudinal direction and over these boughs were laid and the whole covered with earth and stones. The trinkets that were in the coffin with the body were carefully placed in the grave with the Indian woman.

Emamooset with sorrow left the place with her friends whose decimation was now grievously noticeable for only a remnant remained of the numbers she had known. She mourned the loss of Demasduit whom she missed terribly. A deep and abiding sense of loneliness and misery settled down upon the few remaining, as if a foreboding had come to them that they were to be the last of a once numerous tribe. Sickness too began to take hold of them and one by one they dropped off while deeper and deeper sank the gloom about them. The night of their doom was coming rapidly and the country should know them no more. Their wigwams once lit up by their fires should moulder and fall down to rot amidst the leaves. Their light and graceful canoes should skim the bright waters no more. The miles of deer fences so patiently constructed with laborious care should rot and crumble to be covered finally by the sphagnum moss and lichen. The green of the grass should forever show in a ring like the fairy raths of Ireland where the wigwam stood, till perhaps the white man had run his plowshare over the spot. Not even the trees growing over the site can hide it so tenaciously does this little plot of ground preserve the memory of the first owners of the soil as if in lowly protest against the usurpation. Long after all other signs of the Indian occupation of the land have crumbled into ruin, the grass keeps the spot green where once those people dwelt. One whole year was spent in the interior without making a visit to the coast, and the experiment, forced upon them by the dread they had of the murderous white man, came near putting an end to him all at once. There would appear to be something in the sea food or the atmosphere of the salt water necessary to the health of those people.

It was in a semi-starved condition they arrived again by the sea, but, not even their unhappy plight recommended them to merciful consideration, for soon as the settlers discovered them, the slaughter started.

A little band of those poor and hungry men and women were one day set upon by the fishermen. There was a bloody battle in which heroic desperation on the one hand and brutal ferocity on the other met in hand to hand endeavour. A white man seized hold of Emamooset and tried to carry her off whilst the fight was waging. Mamjeasdoo saw this and with one mighty lunge he threw the one he was then engaged with and braining him with his hatchet dashed after the one who was bearing away his wife. Worn out as he was with his recent struggle and almost fainting from hunger he was no match for the brute who held Emamooset.

Nevertheless he sprang at him and all but succeeded in killing him. Seeing the Indian about to attack him he dropped the woman to meet the onslaught. A terrific struggle followed. Over and over the two rolled, the one as lithe as a panther, the other strong as a bear. With his tomahawk aloft above his prostrate foe the Indian with his last ounce of remaining strength was about to strike when a knife was plunged into his heart. His falling blow only missed his enemy. The triumph of the murderer was only short lived. Emamooset when she realized the state of affairs, with wonderful courage and presence of mind dashed for a bow and arrow which she saw lying on the ground and returning was just in time to plant an arrow in the heart of her husband's slayer as he was about to rise. Once more the Indian was victorious but the victory had cost them dearly, only three remained. One of the white men got away with an Indian girl Shanawdithit, all the others were killed. Of the small band of Indians only two now remained and Emamooset made the third. Not a man of the Indians was left, all had heroically perished. In horror at what had transpired, the three women fled at once from the scene, their faces set towards the interior. Day after day they toiled desperately to put as much distance between themselves and their ferocious enemies as possible. Through lakes and streams they passed in their canoe down the river till it joined the main river flowing from the great lake they were aiming for.

Great vigilance was constantly exercised by the group of lonely women lest any wandering white men should discover them. They were very fortunate in this and not a man was seen. In a few days the lonely women arrived at the site of the once happy village. The desolation appalled them. Whither should they direct their way? To whom could they go, knowing nobody of a friendly disposition and surrounded by bitter enemies, the

Micmac on one side and the no less cruel white men on the other, the situation was enough to benumb the faculties of the stoutest hearts and send them into listless despair. The last of their race, they saw nothing but annihilation before them in the rigours of the next winter. One by one they would lie down to rise no more and oh, the thought of being the very last survivor. Alone, alone in the midst of winter and death's hand upon her. No one to minister to her poor wants at the hour of departure, no one to hold the hand as the life spark fluttered and the soul was about to go out into the awful and unexplored regions of the unknown. Each poor creature felt the possibility that she was to be the last one alive and no wonder despondency for a time took possession of their sorely tried and aching hearts. In the midst of her tribulations, the memories of her Christian teaching began to stir in the soul of Emamooset and in tears she knelt by her stricken friends and in thought she began to pray to the God of her childhood. Words she had long forgotten began to form themselves on her lips as she poured out her miseries before the Feet of Him who hath said "come unto me, all ye that labor and I will refresh you". From her simple prayers she arose feeling comforted and she tried to instil into the minds of her poor untutored friends some of the consolation she found herself so suddenly possessed of. Thoughts came clear and refreshing as light, where a few moments ago only dumb despair held sway. She began to formulate plans for their deliverance from the horrible fate they thought so inevitable. Exploring this line of thought, she bye and bye remembered her meeting with the kindly Montagnais hunter and it was not long before she had a plan. It was to go seek out this Montagnais, spend the winter in his wigwam and in the spring journey with him to his distant home across the narrow water. She told her companions of the plan she had made and of the good and kindly Montagnais hunter and the news cheered them wonderfully. To some there might be little to give comfort in the prospect which lay before those women, for it is only those who experience despair can know what hope is in even a forlorn chance. It is said that the drowning man will grasp at a straw and to the hopeless the faintest glimmer of light becomes a broad beacon to guide them on their journey. How joyfully will men step into a small boat in the midst of a wintry and stormy sea to escape the sinking ship.

How little the prospect of ultimately reaching the land does not obtrude its discouraging visage at that hour. The little boat is a haven of refuge and there is hope in her. A passing vessel may chance upon them or the shore might be eventually reached. The chance that they might meet with accident or be lost on the journey to where it was thought the Montagnais might be trapping, did not enter the minds of the women to disturb the rising hope

within them. For what were danger and difficulty now when surcease from sorrow awaited them somewhere out there to the southwest of them. What if it were miles away and all kinds of dangers lying between? The thought that the good Montagnais might not be at his accustomed place never entered their minds. They would go to him, they would find him.

Next day just as dawn was flushing the eastern sky with its gray and indistinct light, the three women entered their canoe and headed up the lake. Oh! the wonder of a summer dawn, of a world awakening to new life. Have you ever seen it expand across lake and hill and primal woods ere yet the sun had tinged the sky with red? How like lids slowly lifting from over wonderous grey eyes out of which a beautiful and unsullied soul is looking. Have you seen the smile illuminate the world as day in its conscious glory awoke? Have you seen the splendor of innocent eyes as consciousness swept back the slumber mists? If you have you know something of the magic of the dawn above an unsullied scene. The dew was spangling every bush and flower and blade of grass and like a rosary clung in glistening beads to every streaming gossamer thread. A thousand wonderous webs that otherwise might not be seen were by the dew revealed and when at last the sun rose above the trees were seen to flash with fairy gems, hung on their magic weaving.

The canoe kept close to the shore as it pushed its silent way along, in order to avoid being seen should an enemy be near. The women's hearts were sad but no despair filled them now. They were alone but self reliant and full of hope. On and on and ever on they pushed. Night came and they camped by a little stream into whose mouth they had turned the canoe. With inborn cunning these women erected their shelter for the night where no enemy might see it. A small fire was made and presently all lay down rolled in their robes of deer skin and slept.

Early morning found the brave voyageurs once more under way. Should the day continue fine they hoped to cross the lake that night and enter the river up whose stream they were to travel. Fortune favored them and unerringly the canoe, late at night, came to the mouth of the river. The water was smooth and made travelling easy for the women. About half a mile up, a halt for the night was made. No shelter was made, but in the lee of the upturned boat and a few boughs stuck in the ground a fairly comfortable night was spent.

Next day and next they travelled on and the party were now feeling a bit fatigued, so a halt for a day was made while they gathered some berries. High bush cranberries were plentiful here and getting to a stage of ripeness

when they were pleasant to eat. They snared and shot with bow and arrow many kinds of birds and small animals. They also caught trout with the spear and kept themselves well supplied with a variety of food.

After several days they came out upon a very large lake and Emamooset thought that this was the lake on which she met the Montagnais hunter while on her way with Nonosbawsut and Mamjeasdoo some years before. They kept along the margin of the lake, all the while hoping to see the Montagnais but with some dread of meeting with a Micmac or white man. Cautiously they travelled on keeping well in under the trees to avoid being seen. They travelled slowly now and halted much. They preferred to watch the lake for the presence of other beings. On a high point of land which commanded a broad view of the lake they would station themselves to watch while away back from the lake they built a wigwam and made themselves quite snug. The canoe was carefully lifted from the water and concealed in the woods.

Days passed and there was no sign of the hunter. One day they were startled by the sound of a gun fired in the distance. A dread of the wicked white man now took possession of them and they feared to move away from the point. The gun was heard several times but yet no sign of a man met the eyes of the patient watchers. At last one day they saw a canoe gliding to the shore some distance down the lake. Presently a faint thin column of smoke arose from the spot which would not have been seen, so faint was it only their eyes kept trained on the spot where the canoe was seen to enter. They watched that spot till night came on to see if the canoe would leave the place. As the boat did not again leave the shore, the watchers concluded that the person had a camp there. Was this person white man, Micmac, or the friendly Montagnais whom they sought? How to find an answer to these questions without first revealing their presence to the stranger was now the problem presenting itself to the women. With a patience not at all remarkable in a race brought up to take things calmly and to wait, the three made up their minds to allow the fortunes of time to discover to them a way.

They settled down to make a quiet study of the individual and to learn his ways, in the belief that this would furnish them with a key that would unlock the secret. Day by day they skirted round in the hope of discovering a clue and one day they came upon a trap set for a bear. This at first frightened the women, for what if the hunter coming to visit his trap should discover their trail and follow it up. This lead to double precaution. It meant that on no account should they permit the stranger to discover them first. They were obliged therefore to proceed always with greatest circumspection. Should the hunter find their trail and follow it they would

have him at a disadvantage, did they know they were being followed. They might lead him on and by doubling on their track lie in ambush for him. They hit upon the plan of watching him depart in his canoe. They would then visit his wigwam and leave a plain trail for him to follow. He would know they were women by the size and form of the foot-marks.

Next day they had the luck to see the hunter cross the lake and disappear round a distant point. On this they went to the wigwam. They knew from various signs about the place, the stranger was not a Micmac and being alone he was, in all probability not a white man. The style of the wigwam was not Micmac. The remains of the fire told them also no Micmac had arranged the wood in that way. The Micmac makes his fire of crossed sticks against a big back log. This fire had no back log and when laid stood on end in the form of a cone or in form like a wigwam. A white man makes a Micmac fire, but adds a fence of logs one on the other at the back. By these discoveries they were made easier in mind, for here was strong presumptive evidence that the man they had seen was the Montagnais. However they were too cautious to trust entirely to the evidence before them. They would return to their hiding place and wait for the man to follow them. They slept peacefully that night and were up next morning at dawn in anticipation of meeting the stranger as it was most likely he would be on their track at daylight. Armed with bows and arrows, the women with beating hearts lay concealed by the trail in such a way without risk of being seen, they could see down the trail. Emamooset went a little in advance of the others to meet alone the stranger should he venture along the trail. This would give her a chance to discover if he were friend or enemy. If he were the latter she was to lead him in the direction of their wigwam past the place where her friends were ready on a signal agreed upon to pierce him with their ready arrows. She was to keep on his side next to her friends. At the right moment she was to stoop low and at this signal the others were to shoot across her at the enemy.

The instinct which told them that the stranger in an effort to discover who his neighbours were, would follow their trail was correct. In a short time after they had concealed themselves and Emamooset had gone forward to meet the hunter they saw the man approaching. Then he met Emamooset and the two began to converse. It was seen that the man was friendly and anxiety gave place to happiness especially as at the moment a call to her friends to come forward was given by the girl. Without fear or embarrassment the two women came up to where Emamooset stood talking to the stranger and friendship was established between them. The stranger was indeed the Montagnais and he remembered having met the Beothucks

and Emamooset. Next spring he would be returning to his own people and he invited the women to stay with him the winter and go with him to Canada in the spring. To this proposal they gladly agreed as it was to seek him out and to go with him they had journeyed so far. He went with them back to their wigwam and gathering up the few things belonging to the women, he placed them in the canoe and bade them paddle along the shore while he himself would walk. When the canoe came to the landing place near the Montagnais' wigwam the Indian was at the shore to meet the women and to take their things ashore.

Work on the erection of another wigwam was begun at once and was soon completed. Although it was late in the summer the bark peeled quite easily from the birch and it did not take the women long to procure enough to make a double skinned hut. Between the inner and the outer shells a layer of moss was laid instead of the usual deer hair and this was found to answer the purpose admirably. The women now settled down in contentment to the enjoyment of a winter secure from the horrors of invasion by any foes and in pleasant anticipation of the spring and the promise it held out of removal forever from a land in which they had known little beside persecution.

The Montagnais whose name was Jean Michaud was a Christian and practiced truly Christian principles. He had been reared in the Catholic fold, as had all his brethren from the time when Father Albanel visited Lake Mistassini in 1671.

He could not speak much of the Beothuck language, but soon he acquired a very complete knowledge of it. He spoke French fluently besides his native tongue, a language he had learned from the traders who often visited the country where his people lived. He had not been to Canada for two years but as he had accumulated quite a store of furs, it was his intention to return in the following spring. In hunting and trapping and many long journeys which took them almost out to the waters of Bay d'Espoir, the winter months passed away, and the approach of spring bade them prepare for the long journey. The ice on the lake had turned black and only in the early mornings could it be ventured upon. Here and there where streams entered was open water. Ducks frequented those places in great numbers but no geese had yet come.

One day a warm rain from the south came on and it was seen after this that the ice was breaking up. In the arms of the lake it still held but it was getting thinner. In the wide spaces, open water showed in rippling lines of blue. The rivers were all open and muskrats and beavers were seen swimming about. The weather was yet fickle and would shift suddenly from

a genial state to one more resembling winter. The pussy willows were braving the inclemency and everywhere had put out their silvery catkins as if in defiance of the blustering north wind which sometimes came laden with snow. There was no haste to leave and they could wait for more genial conditions. About the latter part of May a start was made in a westerly direction, the country in that direction more likely to be free from Micmac occupation. The Montagnais was anxious to avoid meeting the Micmacs on account of having the Beothuck women with him. He himself was quite friendly with them and often met them during their hunting trips to the interior.

The country through which the party was travelling was composed of bare hills, open marshes, many ponds and streams. There was also some fine timber consisting of birch, pine and spruce. Deer were very plentiful as were many other animals such as bears, foxes, wolves, beaver, marten, muskrat, etc. Birds were also very plentiful. It was because of this great abundance of game and fur the country was so often visited by Indians.

At this time in the year not many Indians remained in the country so there was little fear existing in the mind of Jean on this score and not much precaution out of the ordinary was taken. One day when the Montagnais had gone after a deer, the women were surprised by a party of Micmacs who were travelling in the opposite direction to that they were taking. The women taken by surprise were soon overcome and forced into a large canoe which lay in the lake. The large package of furs belonging to Jean was also taken. A great many islands dotted the lake and among these the canoe was directed. On one of the islands the Micmacs made camp for the night. The women were placed in a wigwam to themselves and a guard kept over them to prevent their escape. Early next morning a start was made in a southerly direction, the route leading through a maze of islands which prevented all possible chance that Jean might be able to discover the direction they had gone. The lake they were on was a very large one and beside having its surface dotted with many islands had long arms reaching in every direction, the whole making a labyrinth very difficult to navigate.

Great haste was being made by the party as if they were very anxious to get to the coast with their prize for which they expected to obtain a big reward as a bounty had been offered by the governor of the country for the capture of a Red Indian.

When Jean got back from his hunt bearing a fine quarter of fat doe, he was surprised not to see the women where he had left them. Looking around he saw that his large bale of furs had also disappeared. His first thought was

that his women guests had been treacherous and fled with the result of two years hard toil and many privations. Calmer thoughts convinced him that this was most improbable as he had found them at all times most careful of his property and considerate of his happiness. No, gratitude for what he had done for them as well as their hope for the future would oblige them to be faithful to him, did not fear for the Micmac enjoin faithfulness to the one on whom they had to depend for safety? They could not have gone willingly. Then looking closely he found the explanation for the strange disappearance.

Here were the footprints of a party of men and there where they had forced the women into the boats. Yes, they were gone on the lake. In what direction he could not say but concluded they must have gone in a southerly direction which would be in the direction of the Micmac village in Bay d'Espoir. The party was most likely bound in that direction after a winter in the interior. He concluded to camp for the night and in the morning start off after the abductors and thieves. Before daylight made things quite distinct and while yet the brightest stars were on the sky Jean was paddling his light bark canoe towards the group of islands. Coming at last among them he sought by sight and sound and scent to discover if the Micmac had gone this way, for Micmacs he felt sure they were. Presently he thought he got an odor of charred wood and other scents that accompany a camp. He turned his canoe in the direction from which the odors were coming and was not long in discovering where the party had spent the night. Yes, he was right, they were heading south towards Bay d'Espoir. He felt a sense of relief on discovering this for he was pretty sure to come upon them at the village. He was, however, most anxious to effect the rescue of the women before reaching the shore, for once there the matter might be complicated by the interference of those in authority who were so desirous of getting hold of some of the natives. No delay was made, but the canoe was forced in a way it had never known before. The paddle flashed and dipped, flashed and dipped silently but with such force applied that only the toughest wood might stand. Under the powerful strokes of the stalwart Montagnais the paddle bent as if it would, it must eventually snap. It held however, and the canoe fairly leaped over the surface. The Micmacs were urging their canoes at topmost speed too and as each boat held two men with paddles the race seemed altogether in their favor. Jean realizing fully the position of affairs put all his strength and skill into his efforts. All day he paddled, determination to win, if that were possible, giving almost superhuman strength to his muscles. Only once did he stop to eat and then only for the briefest possible time. His hope was to overtake them at their next camping

place. To make camp they would be obliged to halt while yet some daylight remained. Jean could paddle on into the darkness and he might be able to see the fire made by the abducting party. Could he endure the strain? As yet he felt no weariness though the day had long past the meridian and from the trees the falling shadows were lengthening out. Darkness was coming on and with it came increasing hope that soon he should catch the gleam of the Micmac fire. There was danger of fouling some snag or rock and injuring the canoe whose covering of fragile birch bark was easily torn or punctured. The canoe was slowed down a bit in order to avoid accident or minimize the damage should accident really happen. It was well for Jean he took this precaution for presently he struck a snag and ripped a large hole in the side of the canoe. This unfortunate accident obliged him to go at once to the shore to effect repairs. He made up his mind to remain where he was for the night and make an early start in the morning. While his supper was cooking a patch was being put on the canoe. She was hauled up near the fire and allowed to dry and by this time some pitch had been melted in a pot on the fire. With the hot pitch a piece of bark was cleverly attached to the side of the canoe over the hole. In a minute the pitch had set and the canoe was ready for her work in the morning.

A lean-to was made in front of the fire and in this shelter Jean spent a pleasant night. His tired muscles relaxed on the bed of fragrant boughs and the soft deer skins and he awoke next morning full of vigour and brave determination to catch up with the Micmacs and regain possession of his furs and obtain the release of the women. Soon as daylight made it possible for him to see any obstructions that might lie in the shallow water he had to traverse, Jean was away. About a mile from where he had spent the night he came upon the scene of a mid-day halt by the fleeing Micmacs and it was not long before he saw the place where they had spent the night. He went ashore to examine the site in the hope of finding something to tell him how the women were faring. He soon made out the arrangement of the camp and found it was laid out exactly as the other one, the first he had seen. This bit of knowledge might be useful to him later on. He lunched here and while thus engaged he went over in his mind various schemes to get the women away from the Micmacs. With this accomplished he felt easy about getting back his stolen furs. As the Micmacs were travelling rapidly there was very little chance of them leaving the women to themselves except at night and then it was quite likely a guard was kept over them. At night then he should attempt the rescue. He would wait till all were asleep and then he would quietly approach the one on guard and overcome him before he could give the alarm. If the arrangement of the camp were followed out as in the other

two cases, the women would occupy a wigwam somewhat apart from the others and farther back in the woods.

After having refreshed himself and with the exciting plan of rescue before him, Jean could scarcely restrain his terrible energy. In his determination he came nearly undoing himself and recovered himself just in time to avoid being seen by those he was chasing.

The canoes the Micmacs were using were made of deer skin stretched over a basket-like framework of wood. This skin becomes tainted in a very short time and rots. In this condition even the pressure of the duffle carried, might break a hole through while the mere touch of a rock will rip open a hole. Such an accident had just happened to one of the Micmac boats and this caused an unexpected delay. A new covering of deer skin had to be made for this boat and as this takes some time, camp was being made for the night. When Jean's quick eye caught sight of the party quickly he turned his canoe into land behind a projecting point. Here he drew his canoe softly upon the shore and then sat down to wait in patience the coming of night. He made no attempt at preparing a shelter for himself for he knew there was no bed for him that night, for sterner business was to occupy the hours of darkness. From where he sat he could hear sounds proceeding from the labors of those who were preparing camp for themselves all unconscious of the proximity of the wily Montagnais. Jean was going over in his mind his plans for the night and vainly wondering what action on the part of the Micmacs would follow his raid upon them and their disappointment at finding the women taken from them.

The island on which the Micmacs had encamped was a very small one and this gave joy to the heart of Jean for it greatly assisted his scheme of stealing upon the camp. He would paddle round the island to the opposite side and make his way silently to the rear of the camp. There was less likelihood of being heard if he were paddling. Accordingly when the time arrived to put his daring plans into execution he slid his canoe into the water and without creating a ripple, paddled away on his mission. He knew it might bring death to him but Jean cared little for death, for did he not face that almost every day of his life? It meant death for the guard whoever he might be who was keeping watch that night. The death should come swiftly and on wings as silent as those of the Great Horned Owl. Not a sound betrayed to the light sleeping Micmacs that anything was amiss, for any noise would be sure to bring defeat to his plans and perhaps death to himself. Arrived at the rear of the island Jean draw his canoe up out of the water sufficiently to prevent her floating away and no more, for he wanted to

be able to launch quickly when his task was done or he had failed and was flying.

Seeing that his long hunting knife was in readiness he stole softly as steals the lynx on its prey, through the silent woods. To even break a twig would be ruinous. Neither must he permit a bough to brush against his legs. The Micmac would be sure to hear it and would know its meaning. Every bough must be pushed aside by the hand and silently let back again into position after the passage of the body. Patience and skill acquired instinctively led Jean silently as a shadow passing over the waters when some fleecy cloud sails across the face of the moon, and he came in sight of the sleeping camp. By a low and flickering fire an Indian watcher nodded as he sat like the spirit of silence itself in the gloom of the forest. He did not see, he could not hear the dark thing which crept slowly nearer and nearer to where he sat nodding. Presently there was a gleam and a flash like a meteor's glow in the sky, as the fire light caught the blade of a long sharp knife descending. Without a moan the Micmac guard fell backwards to be caught by the free hand of the Montagnais to prevent his falling. He laid the quivering body of the Indian gently on the ground and having done this he silently entered the wigwam where slept the three captives. Well for those Indian women and well for Emamooset and Jean that they had been trained to complete self-possession, for the smallest cry of alarm might at that moment bring destruction upon them. They heard Jean as he brushed aside the doors of the wigwam and lay there betraying neither by movement or sound that they were conscious of his presence. He came up to them and touched each one softly on the cheek. He then whispered in their ears who he was. At this they all arose and following him like shadows they reached the canoe and were soon paddling away. On another island not far off a camp was made and a watch was kept till morning broke. At the first faint peep of dawn they were away again with their prow to the north. Having concealed the women Jean again directed his course towards the camp of the Micmacs. His object being to regain possession of his furs which the Micmacs had taken.

The Micmacs when they found their dead comrade beside the empty tent were greatly alarmed for they had some fear of the Beothuck and they believed none other but one of that tribe had visited their camp during the night. They buried the dead man in great haste and departed from the scene as quickly as possible. The three men left, got everything into the two canoes in one of which they placed the large bale of furs giving it in charge of one man. The canoes had gone round the end of the island when Jean arrived at the deserted camp. They had gone, and he at once put off in

pursuit knowing by this time with certainty the course they would take. He was determined to have his furs back if he had to fight every Micmac in Bay d'Espoir. He had two guns in the canoe and plenty of ammunition if it should come to a fight, and there appeared little doubt as to this. It was not long before he espied the canoes of the flying Micmacs and bending every energy to the task, he found himself gaining on the two canoes ahead. The Micmacs soon discovered that they were being followed and it then become a race between them and the Beothuck—as they believed their pursuer to be. With the fire of determination burning within him Jean dipped his blade till the water gurgled about his wrist and reached nearly to the elbow. Rapid and powerful strokes of the paddle sent the canoe leaping over the water, the foam curling up by the bow and running along the side of the frail craft. As he removed the dripping blade from the water, a deft twirl ending in a circular sweep kept the boat on her course with the precision of an arrow in its flight. Neither to the right nor to the left did the bow swerve a hair's breath. On it sped like a thing of life, like a hound that scents the fox.

Jean kept his eye on the boat ahead and had the satisfaction of seeing himself slowly but surely cutting down the distance which separated him from his quarry. The Micmacs realizing that only one man was pursuing them slackened their pace to allow him to gain on them. One boat turned round and presently a puff of smoke arose from the canoe and a bullet came zipping over the surface of the lake, making spiteful laps at the water as it came. The range was evidently too great, for the missile fell one hundred yards or more short of its mark. It passed the boat just grazing its side and sang its shrill and ominous song as it went to find a lodging in a tree not far away. The first boat, the one containing the two men, had in the meantime turned in towards the shore of a small island where it was soon followed by the other. The Micmacs intended to give battle from the shelter of the woods and it was not long before Jean had evidence of their intention for presently two shots rang out and two bullets came skipping along by the side of the canoe. The range was still too great or the Indians had not properly gauged the distance. Micmacs are noted marksmen and Jean, aware of this, shot in under the land out of sight. He too preferred to have the fighting in the woods and with a courage truly wonderful, he invited battle between himself acting alone and three well armed and clever marksmen. With an assurance coming from long practice in these arts which a life in the wilds develops to fullest perfection, this lone man stepped out of his boat and with calm deliberation put everything ashore out of her and then lifting her from the water turned her down over the duffle. He then selected one of the guns and

a quantity of ammunition and stepped into the woods in the direction of his enemies.

Cunning was now pitted against cunning, woodcraft against woodcraft and both were perhaps equal, with the odds in favor of the Micmacs by reason of their greater numbers. He was one against three but Jean had confidence in himself and felt no timidity. Both sides were cautious and advanced very slowly and with utmost circumspection where the slightest noise or disturbance might mean instant death for the incautious one.

Bye and bye Jean thought he heard the snapping of a twig and he at once dropped to the ground in order to listen. Yes, he could hear a something advancing slowly, soft moccasined feet were surely causing that muffled sound as they depressed the moss. The sounds ceased, evidently the Micmacs were listening to see if their foe were coming. The light wind blowing came from the direction of the Micmacs and Jean got a taint on the air which told him his enemies were very near and just ahead of him. Just then a jay came sailing along and perched near where the Indians lay. He saw the still forms and at once by his actions betrayed their presence to Jean. A saucy little nut-hatch came also and being less timid than the jay peered into the very faces of the hiding Indians and began to utter its shrill little calls. Jean knew now just where the Micmacs were. He waited a bit and soon made out a form which he knew must be that of a man. Should he open the battle by a chance shot at the supposed man? He thought it would be just as well, so getting within convenient reach his paper cartridges and lead he paused to take a further view of what he thought might be a man. The more keenly he looked the more and more was he convinced of the correctness of his judgment. Then a shot rang out. Without waiting to note the effect he with his eye on the alert all the time, rammed a cartridge down the barrel of his gun and saw to the priming. Then a shot came from the Micmacs which closely grazed a tree above his head. The Micmacs knew his position and shot after shot came, every one of which struck quite close to the Montagnais. Jean held his fire but kept watching a chance to get in effective work. He slid some distance off from where he fired. He soon saw one of the Micmacs in the act of raising his gun to fire, again his gun was discharged. He saw the Micmac fall and knew he had wounded or killed one of his enemies. Another shot came and this time Jean felt a twinge of burning pain in his side. Yes, he was hit and blood began to pour from a nasty wound. The bullet had ricocheted from a tree and thus deflected to his side. He was badly lacerated and the wound was painful though he thought not dangerous. With the greatest fortitude he made not the slightest sign of discomfort but kept his vigilance and despite the anguish, was waiting another chance to fire.

The Micmac fired again and again Jean felt a bullet hit him, this time in the head just over the ear. The wound was just little more than skin deep but smarted terribly. Just then he noticed a little stirring of the branches at the spot the last shot had come from. He fired in the direction and saw an Indian leap in the air and fall heavily. If his first shot had been successful, the three Micmacs were accounted for, but caution bade him lie still for awhile. It cost him quite an effort to remain there while his wounds ached and bled profusely. He dared not move lest he might betray himself to a waiting enemy. He did not know that the three Micmacs were dead. His three shots had been well aimed and he was free to go did he realize it. After a time he ventured to move deliberately to see if a Micmac were watching. As no shot came in answer to his movement, he got to his feet and staggered back to his boat. Getting in he paddled to where he had left the three women. It was not long before they had deftly attended to his wounds. A wigwam was built and preparation made for a stay. Everything being done by this time to make Jean as comfortable as possible. The three women went to where Jean told them they should find the furs and it was not long before they returned with the package which was belonging to Jean taking nothing else from the dead men.

It was several days before Jean could rise to his feet or get about. During all this time he was carefully looked after by the three women. Soon as he could venture to travel, he advised departure and once again the interrupted journey was begun. Wherever possible water-ways were made use of but at times it was necessary to carry everything overland. At this the women proved wonderfully adept and they would not permit Jean to carry anything. His gun he however insisted on carrying. He was very weak and his wounds were still sore, but never for once did he betray by word or sign that he was suffering. Patiently he plodded on or sat in the canoe with his watchful eyes ever on the alert. At night the women would attend to the making of the camp and do all the work incidental thereto. In about two weeks they came to a river flowing west in the direction of Bay St. George. Down this river they brought their canoe in safety and soon came out on the beautiful Bay of St. George. A Micmac settlement here was carefully avoided and Jean and his companions slept that night in the woods some distance up the broad river they had just descended. The country here was well wooded with pine and birch, with larch, poplar and various lesser species. Salmon were very abundant and that evening Jean caught a fine one for supper. The country fairly swarmed with game of every description indigenous to the country, while the water teemed with fish of many kinds.

At the place where Jean and his friends came out the large river entered a small bay or harbor cut off from the wider bay by a sandy point. This smaller bay was about one mile wide and about three miles long. By the side of this small bay dwelt a number of Micmacs and Jean determined to avoid meeting any of these. He would wait till night and then steal out the river and then by keeping to the west side of the bay be out of sight of the Micmacs who dwelt on the east side. The night fortunately was just such a one as might be chosen for the task now before them. The weather was fine but the sky was overcast and not a star was shining. On such a night the country about the Bay of St. George is wrapt in Stygian blackness. The soil being dark no gleam of light however faint relieved the gloom. Only an Indian or one used to the country at night could find his way. To add to the gloom, a thick mantle of vapor lay on the water and Jean felt happy at the fortunate chance this gave him of avoiding a meeting with the Micmacs if he once could get safely out of the river. Fortune favored them and it was not long before they found themselves floating on salt water. By keeping to the west the shallow water near the sandy point was reached, and by keeping in touch with the bottom by dipping the paddle now and then, a safe course was made to the end of the point. Not a gleam of light could be seen, nothing but the pale phosphorescent gleam like fire-flies on the water at each dip of the paddle. Around the point and in the shelter of a grove of trees, a landing was made and here the party waited for daylight, which soon broke in grandeur over the waters of the magnificent bay.

The sun had not yet risen when the party was on the way heading for what appeared to be a water-way between the main land and an island. This channel appeared to be about twelve miles distant. It was a very venturesome journey to essay in so frail a craft, but the weather was calm and fine. The water was smooth as a pond and the journey should not take long to accomplish. Directly ahead of them the land rose in magnificent height. Up those heights grew beautiful trees above these in places rose the round, gray bald heads of the mountains. The rising sun, shining on those noble hills, while the bay and all the lesser declivities were yet in shadow added sublimity to their rugged aspect which seemed to compensate them for their isolation.

The sun was well up in the sky when the canoe grated on a gravelly shore. This was the channel that appeared to exist when looking across from the distance. A low neck of shingle joined the mainland to the island making of it a peninsula. To avoid a long journey of many miles the boat was carried across the beach and placed in the waters of Port-au-Port Bay and the journey continued. At the mouth of a beautiful stream across the bay camp

was made and here a few days were spent to permit Jean a chance of complete recovery from the effects of his wounds and also to permit the women a chance for a complete rest. They were now feeling quite happy for Jean assured them they were now well clear of all human enemies. No Micmacs or white men lived along this shore till a great bay a long distance to the north was reached where a few Micmacs lived. With those Micmacs there was little chance of a meeting as they dwelt a long way inland at the mouth of a big river.

After a few days of complete rest, Jean was at last able to get about with comfort, and his strength rapidly returned. The women too had renewed themselves wonderfully and, owing no doubt to the lifting of the awful strain consequent to living in the midst of merciless enemies, were appearing quite happy. As game was very abundant here and a lean country lay ahead of them for a time, a plentiful supply of fresh meat, fish, etc., was obtained during their stay here. Feeling quite refreshed now, the party one fine morning got in their canoe and paddled northward. Very high land which seemed to grow higher as they advanced came down to the sea all along here. For days and days they skirted this mountain land. They passed the mouth of a large bay whose outer reaches were dotted with many islands, most of them bald rocky protuberances, and here, Jean told the women, lived some Micmacs. After having passed this bay, higher land than any yet seen rose into the clear blue sky. Between them and the sea were miles of low and beautiful wooded country and beautiful sandy and pebbly strands. The mouths of some fine rivers were entered for the purpose of camping and obtaining some salmon which were found in abundance.

One day a group of strange copper-colored people were met with and these, so Jean told the women were Esquimaux, natives of Labrador, a land adjoining Canada.

Emamooset and the Beothuck women wondered to see the peculiar sharp pointed boats those people used, and they were surprised when they saw them in the waves. How buoyantly they breasted the seas and how swiftly they were made to go. Jean explained to the women that men from Canada came across here in the summer to fish and that he expected to find some of their boats here now. With some of those men he would engage passage to Canada for them and himself.

One day a sail was seen and as this turned out to be a vessel from Canada which had been on the Newfoundland coast for some time and about ready to return to her home port. Jean saw the Captain who was very obliging and willing to take the party. The vessel would be sailing in a day

or two and Jean was advised to camp on shore till the time of sailing had arrived. He immediately came back to the women and told them what the Captain had said. Accordingly a wigwam was erected and here a few days were spent in enjoyment of a leisure and cessation from anxiety they had not known in many a long day. When the time came for boarding the vessel which was to take them away from Newfoundland, it was pitiful to see with what fear those poor women put themselves into the hands of white men. What a terrible indictment against a race that was boastful of its centuries old civilization. It required a very strong courage on the part of those women who had seen so much of persecution at the hands of the white men to induce them near his dreaded presence. The confidence they had in Jean sustained them and timidly they followed him on board the vessel. The captain and crew were French and belonged to Quebec. In the Captain's veins ran some Huron blood and of this he was quite proud. His name was Groslouis and it became his splendid form. Tall he was with dark skin and hair, and in the majestic poise of the head one could see unaffected pride and spirit that bespoke a man with whom it were best to be square in all matters. In French, which he spoke fluently, Jean told the story of destruction by the cruel white settlers of the Beothuck, to which Captain Groslouis listened with meditative interest. In his mind he summed up recollections of Huron history and the bloody fights that the people from whom, on one side his ancestry had sprung had had with the terrible Iroquois. The murderous Iroquois were not more merciless than the white man who so wantonly waged exterminating war on the inoffensive Beothucks. The Hurons, first to receive the lessons of Christian civilization among the American Indians, had to bear the assaults of the uncivilized Iroquois, but from the white fathers they received only kindness as they did also from the French traders who carefully fostered the closest friendly relations with the savages. With evident veneration he recalled the memory of the earliest Canadian martyr to the savagery of the Iroquois the gentle Father de Brebeuf, whom they call the Apostle of the Hurons. From this he went on extolling in eloquent language, the conduct of the first settlers towards the savage races. This eulogy of the first white men to his country was his way of offering protest against the barbarity towards the poor Beothucks. Then as if he dreaded being any way neglectful of his other heroes he in turn related the wonderful stories of Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, Isaac Joques, Reni Goupil and John de la Lande. He was a real hero worshiper, this Captain Groslouis and characteristic of his people, his heroes were all of the saintly kind. Having told in glowing language some of the story of his heroes, he, with truly Gaelic vehemence broke forth in language anything but saintly, in awful imprecations against the brutal

murderers of a harmless people. Every now and again he would return to the subject which seemed to take a terrible hold on his mind, and at the end of every short ejaculation of pity would break forth a series of words not quite fit for type to express. His eye was fixed on the face of Emamooset while he was speaking, and a doubt was in his mind as to her relationship to the two women by whom she sat. He could not get any information from either the women or Jean on this point, for the women neither spoke French or any language clear enough for them to make the story plain. Emamooset however, as if understanding that the conversation was about her, displayed to the captain the casket she carried on her neck. That this woman who looked so unlike the other women, should possess such a trinket convinced Captain Groslouis that some mystery hung around the origin of this beautiful creature. He said nothing further, but the matter never left his mind. He believed Jean was perfectly candid in the relation of his strange story of what had happened in the heart of Newfoundland, but, yet he was not satisfied. This young woman had white blood of unmixed purity, of this he was certain, but how came she to be wandering with the last Beothucks and now sharing their exile. What tragedy, what romance was here? It took possession of his mind and he was determined to have it solved if a solution could be found.

The vessel now ready for sea was waiting a fair wind, and lay rocking in the gentle swell which rolled in from the more open waters outside. Not a breath of wind was stirring. On the distant horizon lay a bank of fog. As time passed on the swell rolling into the somewhat open roadstead began to heave with ever increasing strength. Towards evening the sea became so heavy, though there was little wind, that the ship began to plunge violently as she tugged at the restraining cable. Every now and then she would dip her bowsprit under and water would pour in through the hawsepipes and splash over the ballards. It might be dangerous to remain here any longer so sail was made and the anchor weighed cat-headed and securely fastened down. The cable was stowed under the forehatch in order to have the decks as clear as possible in the event of a storm which seemed brewing. Close hauled, the vessel stood up close to the wind and made her way slowly off the land.

There was still not much wind though a nasty sea was making. Behind this must be a storm, of this Captain Groslouis was certain and when after nightfall he did experience a gale he was not unprepared. The mainsail was tied up and in its stead was a triangular spread of canvas which sailors call a riding sail, so called because when at anchor it is often employed to keep the vessel steady with her head to the wind. The foresail was double reefed, a small staysail constituted the only head gear. With this the vessel behaved

splendidly but before morning there was a sudden change of wind which increased in fury. Daylight found the vessel running under bare poles chased by racing "white-horses" which every minute threatened to engulf her. Not a sea came on board with the exception of a bucketful which now and then leaped the taff-rail or flew in over the bows and raced in hissing lines of foam along the deck, to escape bye and bye through the scuppers.

After a time the sea went down and things became more comfortable. The vessel was approaching the land which here displayed a low escarpment composed of horizontally stratified sandstone of various colors of yellow, red and brown. This smooth level land was so different from anything yet seen by Emamooset and her women friends that they wondered. It looked less beautiful, less picturesque, less grandly wild than the land they were leaving, that no wonder it suggested rest, peacefulness and joy to the poor exiles. As they gazed for the first time on this land of promise, they forgetting their stoical reserve display were overcome by emotion and they silently wept. Their weeping was not in self pity, they were too brave, too noble for that, their tears were flowing for those whose bones lay in lonely graves where oppression and murder had laid them so early. Oh, had they but known of this happy land, they might have preserved the race from untimely extinction.

With the going down of the wind all sail was set and under a favoring breeze the vessel sped along. A warm breeze came off the land and it was sweet indeed to the children of the forest after the close confinement below during the tempestuous night. When evening fell the vessel was in smooth water and reaching along the land, but the wind failing, anchor was made for the night. Next morning, it being still calm, Captain Groslouis sent a boat to the shore for a supply of fresh water from a river which here entered the waters of St. Lawrence. Cool and delicious it seemed to the fevered lips and palates of the women who were very ill during the storm. For the first time those women drank water from a sparkling glass and they expressed the greatest wonderment and delight at the sight of the transparent crystal. They tasted also for the first time the white man's cooking and relished it greatly. They spent a great deal of time on deck watching the land as if they wondered what a country was like that produced such kindly men. Next day and the next the vessel moved on her way now reaching off the land, now tacking in towards the shore. Many white whales swam about or lay like snow on the blue surface of the water. Neither of the women had seen this species of animal before and they naturally became interested in things so beautiful.

Next day about noon the vessel came to an anchor at the mouth of the Saguenay River, and here Jean and the women debarked in their canoe taking all their effects with them. Captain Groslouis bade them a hearty good-bye and giving the women many presents he wished them good luck. In his mind he held a reservation that he was not yet done with the puzzle as to the identity of the beautiful woman. He felt himself irresistibly drawn to her and he could not get the thought of her out of his mind. He did not confess it to himself, did not perhaps recognize the sentiment, but, frankly he was in love with that woman. He wished now he had tried to keep her on board and all the way up the river to Quebec, he kept calling himself by all manner of uncomplimentary names. However, he would see her again and he would find out her history too, for strange history he felt she had. Arrived at Quebec he immediately went ashore and before proceeding to his home on Rue du Matelot he went into the little church of Our Lady of Victories to say a prayer in thanksgiving for the success of his voyage, and who can blame him if he also prayed to have the beautiful woman brought again into his life.

After this he went to his home and confided the story of his strange experience to his mother who kept house for him. He also told her as much as he could recollect the sad story of the extermination of the Beothuck race that once peopled the island of Terre-Neuve. Full of genuine sympathy the good old mother heard the story her son had to relate. She was much pained at the thought of the suffering endured by the poor Red Men and she almost felt vexed with her son that he had not brought the poor women to Quebec with him.

Encouraged by the remarks of his mother he formed at once the idea of returning to the Saguenay to get the women if he could persuade them to come with him or Jean Michaud to consent. The project took full possession of the sailor's mind and he could not rest. He would walk on the terrace and ramparts and there under the silent stars he would form his plans and commune with himself.

Kissing his mother fondly he strolled forth to be alone with the delirious thoughts which now had full possession of his brain. He would sail in the morning for the Saguenay without waiting to discharge his cargo of fish. About six o'clock the tide would be at flood and soon falling. This would be the time to set sail. He climbed the Côte de la Montagne and reached the Terrace. Here he paused to look down on the water three hundred feet below. Lights twinkled everywhere, from the heights of Levis they descended to the river in tiny star-like points here and there, then crossing the river they

climbed the steeps of Quebec to where he stood gazing on as magnificent and wonderous a panorama as exists anywhere in the new or the old world. But his thoughts were not on the beauties of nature, he was too impatient to ponder on such familiar trifles. No, he would entertain this new inspiration and this only could find lodgement in his mind. Up and down the length of the terrace he walked and never heeded the folk he saw loitering here and there or "tête à tête" leaning over the rail which guarded the outer edge of the terrace. Impetuously he walked on down past the Basilica where hung many wonderous paintings by the masters of classic art, and also a marvelous chandelier. Down Rue de la Fabrique he strode while all the air was a tremble with the music of bells ringing out from a hundred churches, convents and oratories like a glorious carillon. The music of the bells was like a soothing balm to his heart and the fever seemed under the influence to leave his blood. He walked with calmer tread down St. Louis till presently he found himself on the ramparts, overlooking the valley of the St. Charles. As he walked along on the heights he passed many a frowning gun that even now in their impotence looked formidable. He gave each breach a slap as he passed in almost entire oblivion to all about him. Then he found himself again in the Basse-Ville and wandering down the quaint Sous-le-Cap. Many an acquaintance hailed him as he passed:

—"Bonsoir, Capitaine Groslouis, beau temps!"

—"Bonsoir, Monsieur Bolduc, comment allez-vous?"

—"Très bien, Monsieur Capitaine. Bienvenu, Capitaine."

—"Merci, Monsieur Lavoie."

At almost every step the Captain was greeted by friends in this manner.

"C'est l'heure
Chacun dans sa demeure
Doit s'en aller dormir."

sang Captain Groslouis at the chimes of midnight rang out from fifty different belfries above the city and from the distant heights of Levis. It was time to think of sleep if he would be ready to take advantage of the tide that early in the morning would be flowing out the river. Somewhat calmed by the serenity of the night and the fatigue of a long brisk walk, the impulsive captain made his way home and to bed. At an early hour he was on board his vessel giving orders for immediate departure. He was in a jovial mood this morning and letting his ardent thoughts run away with him, he felt like a bridegroom going to meet his bride.

To the accompaniment of the ringing pawls on the windlass drum while the crew got the anchor under foot and ready to break out on the word of command, Captain Groslouis, who stood at the wheel toying with its spokes, began to sing:

"La mer est grise, calme, immense,
L'oeil vainement en fait le tour.
Rien ne finit, ni ne commence,
Ce n'est ni la nuit, ni le jour."

He interrupted his aimless song to give the order to break out. In a moment the vessel swung round and before the anchor was to the cathead she was well under way down stream on the bosom of the tide. The wind was light but fair and on the tide the ship made good progress. This tide if all went well should take them as far as L'Ile Corbeau and to-morrow morning, or next day, would bring them to Saguenay.

"Chantez merles,
Dansez pies,
Les branches qu'elle plie,
Chantez les fleurs, chantez les nids."

The captain was very happy this morning. He stood at the wheel and his eyes were drinking the glories of the scene about him.

On the starboard was Point Levis, on the port bow was Orleans Island, away in the distance on the starboard Bellechasse, and there to port gleamed Montmorency Falls whose white robe is plainly revealed against the green of the surrounding country. Beyond Montmorency rise the green slopes of the Laurentian Range into whose great depths run smiling valleys holding in their peaceful bosoms many a pretty white villa. For twenty miles along the river, Orleans stretches a smiling length, then the cliffs of Grosse Ile present themselves to view. This little speck of land, not more than a mile and a half long, by a half mile wide, is woven most intimately into one of the most pitiful stories of modern times. Within its narrow confines lie buried in one common grave, five thousand of Ireland's children, who flying from famine and persecution at home, during the dreadful year of 1847-48 died of ship fever or hunger fever within sight of peace and plenty. Crane Island comes next and then Crow Islands. Here the vessel had to anchor and the sun was low down in the west before a start could be again made.

The vessel made some headway that night and next day the mouth of the great gap in the mountains through which the gloomy Saguenay pours the

waters of Lake St. John into the St. Lawrence was reached.

Up this river, a distance of ninety miles is the village of Chicoutimi and to this village Captain Groslouis was bound. It took them three days to get to Chicoutimi and here it was learned on enquiry being made that Jean and the three strange women had gone on with a party of Montagnais to Rupert House in James Bay by way of Lake Mistassini. Disappointed terribly Captain Groslouis lost no time in useless regrets. He returned at once to Quebec and there having discharged his cargo of fish at a handsome profit, paid off his crew and set about the task of enjoying himself in town.

Quebec was a pleasant place in those days and there were many cosy places for a young man to go of an evening to enjoy the company of the gay young people. Drinking places and cafés were plentiful and to those places Captain Groslouis would nightly retire to join in the revelry.

THE MEETING

It happened one night that Captain Groslouis was sitting at one of those drinking places telling a group of eager listeners the story of the Beothucks and the beautiful young women he had brought from Newfoundland, when Diarmud O'Connor catching something of the story where he sat sipping a glass of Boswell moved into the group to whom the story was being related. Eagerly he took in every word and as he listened he began to feel that somehow this story held something of more than ordinary importance for him. It dawned on him that this beautiful girl Captain Groslouis was speaking of might be his sister. When the speaker had finished, he went up to him and questioned him closely and then related what had occurred the night of the storm so many years ago when the good ship O'Malley was lost on Newfoundland.

Had this girl anything about her by which she might be recognized? Yes, she had a most beautiful casket hanging by a golden chain about her neck. At this Diarmud fairly gasped. It must, it must be his long lost sister Rosaleen O'Connor. When Captain Groslouis heard the amazing story of the young man, his interest in the beautiful girl grew greater than ever and he vowed right away he would go in search of her and bring her back even from the far off shores of Hudson Bay. Yes, that girl should be restored to civilisation and no matter what the hazard, he would attempt it. Leaving the noise of the bar-room he beckoned Diarmud to follow him and together they strolled down by the river. Sitting on a boulder that had tumbled down from the heights that frown above Little Champlain Street, he told of his plans to Diarmud and asked if he would join with him in the search for the young woman. Yes, of course, he would be glad to go with him. They sat there till late in the night discussing their schemes for the rescue of the girl. When they parted for the night it was arranged that they should meet at the Blanchard in the morning to further consider their plans.

Captain Groslouis was early astir the following morning and after having attended mass at the Church of Our Lady of Victories he proceeded to the Hotel Blanchard about a stone's throw away where he expected to meet Diarmud O'Connor. Too impatient to read the papers lying about the sitting

room of the hotel he sauntered around to the rear of the house where drinks were served. He was about to order a glass of his favorite Boswell when he was hailed with a cheery good morning Captain Groslouis. Turning round he met Diarmud, and answering his pleasant greeting invited him to a glass of ale. Over their beer the two began at once to talk of their plans for a trip into the northern wilds. There were several ways of reaching Lake Mistassini and each of these routes was discussed in detail. At first of course they thought the best way would be to follow Jean Michaud by the way he had gone, that is by the way of the Saguenay and Lake St. John. This offered the most direct route and earlier in the season no other way might receive any consideration. The season was getting late and the probability of having to remain all winter in the north brought with it the consideration of supplies of food and clothing. There was no trading-post at Lake Mistassini and perhaps the Indians might all be moved down to James or Hudson Bay points, such as East Main or Moose Factory for the winter. Even if the Indians were at Lake Mistassini they were not likely to have any surplus stores to share with a group of unexpected guests. The alternative route was a longer way but one that would keep them a longer while in touch with a source of supplies. This route would take them by way of Lake Superior, the Moose River across the head of James Bay to Rupert River and thence to Lake Mistassini. If Jean Michaud were bound to James Bay he would certainly be heard of at Moose Factory.

After carefully going over all the details it was decided they should follow Jean up the Saguenay. They would fit out the schooner Germaine belonging to Captain Groslouis with provisions and go down the river to the Saguenay. Having decided so far, the next thing was the getting together of necessary supplies. A list was carefully made out of everything likely to be needed on such a journey as lay before them. Among the items were sleeping bags, canoes, guns, axes, tumplines, tents, etc. At Lorette village three of the light and serviceable canoes for which this village is famous were procured, this was in case none might be had at Chicoutimi or Roberval. It was thought better to go provided with such indispensible things from the start, than to take the chance of disappointment and delay later on. As it was planned to have the Germaine return to Quebec after having landed Captain Groslouis and Diarmud at Chicoutimi, a crew of three men were hired to sail the vessel and afterwards strip her for the winter.

It took three days to get everything ready and at the end of that time, a start was made for the Saguenay. In due time the vessel dropped her anchor in the brown water of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, and at once preparations

were made for putting everything needful for the expedition ashore. Everything was soon on shore and tents set up. Captain Groslouis went at once to engage the services of four trustworthy men, who were expert canoe-men and were familiar with the country they were about to enter, upon so strange an errand. He was fortunate in this for there happened to be at Chicoutimi a number of men on their way to Lake St. John and these men it was found were open to engagement. The Lake St. John district has the reputation of producing the finest race of canoe-men and voyageurs in all Canada, and the group of men now assembled represented the best among these. Four men were soon engaged and like men who know their work thoroughly, they without delay began the business of putting things in order. A couple of days were spent in the necessary work of rearranging things so that when on the journey there would be no confusion. Joseph Sioui was cook and it could not be possible to get a better man anywhere. Lorenzo Neron was the principal canoe-man and chief guide. The cook and guide each saw to the orderly arrangement of his own particular department while the other men saw to putting the tents in order.

The plan was to reach the mouth of Mistassini River where it flows into Lake St. John and from the headwaters of this stream to portage across the height of land to the lake of the same name. Guide Neron who was most familiar with the country thought that in two weeks Lake Mistassini might be reached.

In due time the village of Roberval, situated on Lake St. John was reached and here it was learned that Jean Michaud and the three women had gone by way of Lake Chibougamau and not by the Mistassini river. This changed the plans of Captain Groslouis and Diarmud O'Connor but in no other way affected their scheme.

The Chibougamau region while sharing with its more northerly neighbour the Mistassini and all the northeastern portion of Quebec and Labrador its traditional mystery of weird spirit inhabitants who could raise storms at will and lead men astray, had a reputation for such terrible things greater by far than either of the other places. Here the Wabanau and the Windigau held high revel and woe betide the unlucky wight caught away from his camp after dark.

Around the camp fire at night the old guides relate stories to make the hair of the listener stand on end and the novice repeats the tale to others and so on from generation to generation, the tradition is kept up. Blood-curdling tales of terrible hardships and starvation are told to impress the traveller with the magnitude of the dangers attending incursions into the demon infested

country. Reflecting this belief in the horrors of the region and greatly assisting to keep it alive, are features in the surrounding landscape with such names as Sorcerer's Mountain and the Jugglers House. On a portage between McKenzie Bay and Wakonichi Lake is a magnificent spring where one may feel the pulse of the great spirit who made his home on Sorcerer's Mountain. When you poke a rod into the sandy bottom of this spring you can feel the pulsation of his heart throbs. The region is uncanny and the voyageur will frankly tell you he is a bit timid at night. The spirit is there to guard the secrets of the great lone land and when not in good humour from any cause is apt to wreak his revenge on an unlucky intruder. It is recognized as being a very difficult country to traverse. The rivers are for the most part turbulent and demand the use of poles almost constantly instead of paddles in urging the canoe along. This being particularly true of that part from Pimonka rapids to Lake Chigobiche. The portages are long and often traverse deep swamps or muskegs.

The Chamuchuan river enters the lake near the northern corner. The first camp was made just above the Lake and next day Poplar river was reached which is about twenty-four miles from Lake St. John. After passing Pimonka rapids, the river for about thirty miles or till it meets Lake Chigobiche is made of a series of falls and rapids and is very difficult to navigate.

At Pimonka Falls the land becomes hilly and here is Pas de Fond or the Bottomless Pass or rapid. Two granite hills stand out very conspicuously above their fellows, they are Pas de Fond and Epervier or Hawk Mountain. The Chaudière Falls is perhaps the most impressive sight along the route between Lake St. John and Chamuchuan and next in grandeur is the Vermilion Chute which has a vertical fall of fifty-five feet. Poling, tracking, pulling and portaging was the order of every day. In all seven portages had to be made some of them very long. Above Chaudière Falls the canoes entered Chigobiche River and passing over the little Chaudière and a series of rapids, Lake Chibougamau was at last reached. Here for the first time the party came upon a site not long since occupied by Jean Michaud and the three women. It was a great relief to the party to find themselves again in smooth water where the paddles could be used.

Game was found here in plenty and for the first time since starting fresh meat was eaten that night. One of the men killed a fine moose and that night little beside venison was eaten. It kept the cook busy for a time frying steaks of juicy moose meat. Next morning the breakfast consisted almost entirely of the same meat. Tea without sugar or milk was the drink as it is always with the voyageur who does not believe in loading himself with unnecessary

items. Tea is generally made in a large and open-mouthed kettle. Into this each one dips his cup as he requires a drink. Besides venison, muskrat and other meats the party had white fish, pickerel and trout for fish were found in abundance and a light net which Captain Groslouis brought with him afforded a ready means of catching those. Once the net was almost ruined by that tiger of the fresh water, the maskinonge, who becoming ensnared and making frantic efforts to escape tore the net very badly. The nights were now getting quite cold but with their warm sleeping bags of eider-down they slept very comfortably. A little ice would at times form on the lake at night and this floating about in the early mornings before the sun had had time to melt it had to be most carefully avoided for its sharp thin edges can quickly cut through the covering of a canoe at the water's edge. Journeying on from day to day and once or twice held up by bad weather they at length reached Lake Wakonichi that almost interminable and narrow sheet of water which stretches away to the northeast in the direction of Mistassini.

They camped in Outlet Bay and next night in Lake St. Regis. From this a series of small lakes led them at last to Lake Mistassini. They rested at night in Abatagush Bay. Here they expected to find the settlement of the Montagnais. A day was spent here, partly to rest and partly to explore the lake in a search for the Indians. Not a sight of them could be seen, but, there were indications to show they had departed for James Bay.

No time was to be lost so after due rest had been taken and every preparation made for the journey, the canoes were headed across the lake to the Rupert River down which a descent was made to James Bay. The descent of the Rupert was made without the occurrence of any untoward event. The water at first was smooth and deep. When within a hundred miles of James Bay many dangerous rapids had to be run and portages made but Neron was a master of the art of navigating boisterous rivers and not a single accident happened to mar the success of the voyage. At last House Rapids were run and the party was floating in the tranquil waters of James Bay. Near the mouth of the river was a Cree Indian settlement. Here the voyageurs landed to make enquiries respecting Jean and the three women. They learned from the Crees that the Montagnais had mostly gone to East Main, but that Jean and the three women had gone to the Nottaway where they would spend the winter in trapping.

A night was spent at the Cree Village or a short distance to the south of it and towards the Nottaway, and next day soon as daylight permitted, a start was made on what they hoped was to be the last lap of the long journey. With what anxiety Diarmud anticipated meeting Jean, can best be imagined.

Would his sister if it were she who was with Jean Michaud recognize him or he her. What if after all she was but an Indian woman and not his sister. But, how came this woman by the gold chain and casket which by description so much resembled the one worn by Rosaleen the night of the wreck. That night he could scarcely content himself to seek repose so eager was he to be going on.

How contentedly he bore all the many delays incident to the long journey they had made. How happy he was even to lie up for whole days. Now when the journey was about to materialize in the sight of the woman he had come so far to see he almost feared to put his hopes on trial. Yet, he wanted to go at once and could scarcely restrain his desire. When daylight broke the party was already astir and prepared to depart. The mouth of the Nottaway lay about eight miles to the south. Low flat shores bordered the bay. Those margins were covered with rank sedgy growth and were the feeding grounds for countless thousands of geese. A long, low sandy beach lay across the mouth of the river deflecting its outlet considerably to the west. To avoid having to paddle all the way a portage was made across the sand bar. The mouth of a small stream called The Broadback, was passed and the Nottaway River lay stretching before them. About eight miles on, a big heavy chute was encountered over this a portage had to be made. Above this rapid, the water was for the most part rough and paddling was heavy. Here and there smooth stretches of water gave some relief to the voyageurs and fully twenty miles up camp was made for the night. Captain Groslouis going out on a point at a sharp bend in the river saw the light of a fire some distance up from where he stood. Surmising this to be the party they were in search of, he made his way towards the light and presently came upon an encampment. Going up to the group of men and women he was gladdened to recognize Jean Michaud and soon he saw the lovely girl he had come to find. Telling Jean as much of the story of their adventure as he could compress into a hasty few minutes talk he asked Jean to wait in camp next day till he could bring up his party. Jean promised to remain. When Captain Groslouis got back to his own camp he made every effort to conceal from Diarmud his discovery. To get Diarmud's mind ready to receive the news he began by saying that he believed the party they were in search of could not be very far away. To account for this belief he gave a lot of plausible arguments, pure figments of imagination as far as he was concerned, but he had an object in talking so and he attained it. Not one among his listeners but approved of his reasonings and as the talk went on each one began adding reasons of his own in support of what Captain Groslouis had said.

Those men were arguing from analogy only not from anything they knew of Jean's intentions or his present whereabouts and it was most surprising how cleverly they made out a case in support of the view that Jean must be near at hand. From being a mere logical supposition it became a masterly conviction with those children of the wilds that Jean Michaud was quite near them. They lay down to rest that night with the feeling that next day would bring to a successful finish their long journey in search of that man and his strange associates.

Diarmud was happy too and had completely overcome his perturbation. He was now planning how he should meet his long lost sister and how he might cause her to remember clearly their relationship.

Next morning early the party was astir and the canoes headed up stream. At the foot of a large rapid just after rounding a point in the river, a column of smoke was seen and the party hurried on, in great eagerness to find out if Jean Michaud and the strange women were encamped there. Captain Groslouis kept assuring Diarmud and the others that he was sure Jean was there.

They arrived at the landing place near the encampment and had just eased the loaded canoes to the shore when a man came down to meet them, addressing them in French. Captain Groslouis, Neron and the others immediately recognized Jean and called him by name. He was then introduced to Diarmud O'Connor who at once began to question him about the women and where and under what circumstances he had found them. The story was told in French and before it was half told Diarmud was convinced that his sister was with the party. He asked then to be led to where the women were that he might see his sister at once. They climbed the bank and walking a short distance along the trail which led past the rapids they came to a group of wigwams. The women were moving about as if unconscious of the degree of interest they held for the group of visitors. Emamooset just then stepped out of a wigwam and on her Diarmud fixed his eyes in scrutinizing enquiry. Captain Groslouis gallantly restrained the impulse which prompted him to go to Emamooset at once, in deference to the prior position of a brother seeking a long lost and loved sister. Jean brought Emamooset to Diarmud who stepped forward to meet her calling her by the name of Rosaleen. She started at the word and stared at the man before her as if remembrance were struggling for supremacy. Her eyes fell on the face of the young man and a look of startled wonder flashed across her face and faded out again to be again evinced in wide opening eyes that glowed with wonderful light. He spoke to her this time saying he was

Diarmud, Diarmud O'Connor and she Rosaleen. Just then he caught the gleam of a golden chain about her neck and asked through Jean as interpreter if he might be allowed to examine the locket attached to the chain. He was permitted to see it and he at once recognized it as the one worn by his sister Rosaleen the night of the shipwreck. Coming close to her he could see the blue of her eyes and beneath the stain of years of exposure to the weather the golden color of her hair. He also noted the fairness of her skin where he got a glimpse as she unfolded her dress to draw forth the casket. In the lovely features too he could see the picture he had often formed of his sister as he fancied her grown to womanhood.

Gradually under the promptings of the Beothuck women and Jean she was able to tell something of her own history. She had a remembrance of her first acquaintance with the Beothucks and of a brother whom she said was drowned many years ago. When she came to this part of the story Diarmud was convinced this woman was indeed his sister. It now only remained to help her clear her mind and to see in Diarmud the brother she believed lost. He would remain at the Nottaway with her and in the current daily intercourse fostered by confidence she would soon come to repose in him, her recollection of him would return. In the medley of such strange experiences which had been hers, is it any wonder that coherent memory had been destroyed and the incidents of her life strangely confused. She could not speak a word of the English Language in which she had as a child been taught, but instead was speaking the language of an extinct race. To this she was rapidly adding a knowledge of the language of the Montagnais and French.

Diarmud thought that in the familiar sounds of English she might the more readily recall the history of her childhood years, down to the time of the shipwreck began now to instruct her in that language and was delighted with the results.

It was surprising too how quickly she learned the language once she got on the track of it, for memory like the veneration of the rose unfolded perceptibly from day to day. It was not so much a question of learning as of restoring memory. The winter up to about the first of February was spent on the Nottaway when the return journey was undertaken. By this time Emamooset who from now on will be Rosaleen O'Connor had had her mind perfectly restored and she could even talk of the old home in Ireland.

The winter was spent at the foot of the Iroquois Falls or about seventy-five miles from the bay. Furs were plentiful and the party returned with a great heap of beaver, martin, mink and fox. Their lines of traps lay along

both sides of the Nottaway and along the head waters of the Broadback, they even extended to Lake Mattagami. Moose were plentiful and there were abundant food supplies.

In a snug little valley at the foot of Iroquois Falls the party of trappers spent a fine winter up to the end of February, in profitable hunting pursuits. During all this time Diarmud had been training his sister to gather up the broken threads in the fabric of her memory and in this he had most wonderful success. English was becoming familiar to her also and she could relate to her brother pretty well all she had experienced since the night they parted on that stormy coast. When at last it was decided to go out, it was agreed that the route should be by way of the Moose and Abitibi Rivers to the head waters of the Ottawa and down the St. Lawrence. They might have gone up the Nottaway to Lake Mattagami and to the St. Maurice as a shorter way but for various reasons the former plan was adopted. By travelling down the Nottaway to the Moose they could dispose of their furs at the Hudson Bay Company's post at the mouth of the Moose River and also obtain the services of an Indian Guide who knew that country.

Jean also was anxious to rejoin his people on Lake Mistassini. The two Beothuck women were also to marry, one of them Jean, and the other Michel for a friendship had been formed between those that had this happy consummation. The party going out to Quebec would then consist only of Captain Groslouis, Diarmud and Rosaleen.

Iroquois Falls on the Nottaway River is without question one of the most impressive natural sights in all the northland and while it might be considered somewhat of a derogation to compare it to Niagara it yet possesses a character that appeals to one's sense of awe that not even Niagara can boast of.

It is difficult for one to describe Niagara and to do it justice, it is impossible to describe the emotions raised up in one who contemplates the seething turbulence of the Iroquois.

Niagara is beautiful in the orderliness of its approach to its brim and in the veil of water with which it conceals the precipice over which it pours. It is beautiful in all its mighty setting and in the mist in which it hides its union with the waters beneath. It is rhythmetical, orderly, ponderous, majestic and beautiful in the superlative degree, but it lacks the wild tumult with which such a display of power ought to be invested and therefore it is tame and uninteresting after having been once seen. The Iroquois while it may not boast of the magnitude or magnificence of Niagara, possesses an irresistible

power to hold one in awe before its terrible cascade. A volume of water equal to that which flows over the American side of Niagara, at Iroquois is contracted to narrow bounds and confined between granite cliffs against which it surges like infuriated beasts of mythical lore. A Hellespont magnified and lashed to a rage, it seethes and tumbles and roars in everlasting fury. In the middle of its course it turns half-way round as if to snap at the walls that confine it and here it swirls and leaps into the air in its impotent rage. In the seventy-five feet of fall there is more of awful grandeur than in a hundred Niagaras. Below the falls the river spreads out to nearly half a mile in width, which is here and there divided into two channels by islets which rise from its depths.

One day all being in readiness for the long trail ahead of them, the party left their winter camp and started out towards James Bay which lay seventy-five miles below them. After many trials in which deep snow and treacherous ice had to be contended with the party arrived at the mouth of the river. Here a rest of a day or two was taken before the next stage of the journey were entered upon. Moose Factory lay about one hundred and twenty miles beyond and the route lay across James Bay and for the most part over the frozen sea with only one short portage across a narrow neck of land.

Around Cabbage Willow Bay and the mouth of the Harricana there was the greatest difficulty in finding shelter, for here nothing grows within ten miles of the shore but a low shrubby willow. Three nights were spent along this shore with scarcely enough wood to make a fire for cooking purposes while the weather was extremely frosty. In due time Moose Factory was reached. Here the furs they had collected were disposed of at a handsome price and Jean was given the whole amount in recompense for all he had done for Rosaleen and the poor Beothuck women. Diarmud considered he was still the debtor and vowed he would some day look up Jean to further liquidate the indebtedness he felt he could never repay in full. From Moose Factory Jean and his friends together with the two Beothuck women now feeling very happy returned to Mistassini by way of Rupert River.

Diarmud, Rosaleen and Captain Groslouis having obtained the services of two Indians, set out early one morning up the Moose River to where the Abitibi entered it. The Abitibi flows through a well wooded country and the days passed pleasantly enough. The marching was leisurely and the days being short did not permit of more than seven hours of travel each day. In three weeks the head waters of the Abitibi were reached and a trail across country to the upper waters of the Ottawa entered upon. Here a halt of two

weeks was made to permit the ice going out of the rivers for a spring thaw had set in, quite unexpectedly putting an end to travelling on foot. From a party of Indians, two canoes were obtained and from now on the travelling was more pleasant. Occasional parties of adventurous settlers were now and then met with and at nights it was nearly always possible to obtain shelter at some comfortable cabin. Rosaleen was by this time regaining confidence in herself and beginning to feel at home in her new experiences. She was dressed entirely in the mode of civilized people and daily acquiring habits of feminine tastes and each day Captain Groslouis was more and more impressed by her womanly charm and never missed an opportunity to wait upon her. He vowed to himself that once they were at Quebec he would be her captain, her devoted lover.

Diarmud noticed the more than disinterested attentions bestowed upon his sister by Captain Groslouis and did not interfere. In his travels with the captain, he had come to admire him for his splendid traits of character and if he should ask the hand of his sister he could not think of refusing.

In due course they arrived at Quebec and when the story of Captain Groslouis' return after his most venturesome and romantic quest, all his friends were down to see him and to hear from his lips the marvelous story of his rescue, from a life of savagery, of the beautiful sister of Diarmud O'Connor.

Rosaleen herself became the object of the most beautiful and solicitous attentions on the part of the ladies of Quebec and they seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to compensate the lovely woman for all the miseries she had gone through.

On the advice of Father Lavoie to whom Diarmud related the romantic story of his sister's remarkable life of adventure, Rosaleen was placed in the Ursuline Convent to be instructed and trained in the ways of civilized life. In a very short time she was able to step out from the convent, a lady of culture. She was the attraction among the people where-ever she went, so stately, so beautiful was she, and many young men sought to gain her love, but in vain. She had fixed her affection on good kind Captain Groslouis and not long after she had come out of the care of the good sisters of Marie de l'Incarnation, she became the wife of her esteemed and manly rescuer.

Jean Michaud was at the wedding and he was proud of himself when Rosaleen told all her friends what a wonderfully brave man he was. He was the hero of the hour and most of the young fellows there declared they would rather be Jean Michaud than any of the heroes they had ever heard of.

Jean remained a week in the city, enjoying this admiration, so generously bestowed, and when he departed for his home on Lake Mistassini he took with him heaps of gifts for himself personally and for the two Beothuck women, who having been fully instructed in the Christian religion, were solemnly united in marriage to two strapping young Montagnais, Jean being one of these.

Captain Groslouis took him in his schooner, the "Germaine", to Chicoutimi, where final adieus were said. Now and then Jean would come to Quebec where he was always gladly welcomed by Captain and Mrs. Groslouis and Diarmud. He never again returned to Newfoundland as he feared the vengeance of the Micmac. He did well in the wilds of the Ungava where he at last turned to do his hunting. In that great territory he became famous as a guide and many a brave deed he performed in the rescue of men in peril. The two Beothuck women became the mothers of fine healthy children who in turn became renowned hunters.

Diarmud married a beautiful young lady from Quebec, whose name was Madeline Marie Bolduc, and by her had several children, but never again did he visit his beloved Ireland, for just as he was forming the project in his mind of returning to visit his native land in order to explore the caves or catacombs near his native Dundalk, he died from typhus fever, which he contracted while voluntarily attending the stricken emigrants on Grosse Isle.

THE END

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been normalized and obvious printer errors been corrected.

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A Table of Contents has been added to this ebook for reader convenience.

[The end of *The Vanished Race* by Arthur English]