

The "York Herald" vs "Examiner"!!!
"A striking comparison"

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyances, when so desired.
The YORK HERALD will always be
be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest variety of interesting and readable matter for the business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.
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Each subsequent insertion, .50
Ten lines and under, first insertion, .75
Above ten lines, first insertion, .50
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An advertisement published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.
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The York Herald

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor. "Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion." TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.
Vol. IV. No. 35. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1862. Whole No. 192.

THE YORK HERALD
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.
ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PRINTING and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to—
BOOKS, FANCY BOOKS, BIBLES, CALENDARS, ASSASSIN'S BROTHERS, BIBLES, AND OTHERS, BIBLE HEADINGS, CHURCH, SOCIETY, AND PARISH PAPERS.
And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING
done in the best style, at moderate rates.
Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Font, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.
MEDICAL CARDS.
DR. HOSPIER,
Member of the College of Surgeons
Opposite the High Mills,
RICHMOND HILL,
May 1, 1861.
JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,
THIRD FLOOR.
Consultations in the office at the meetings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10 a.m. All Consultations in the office Cash.
Thursday, April 6, 1862.
ISAAC BOGGMAN, M.D.,
Graduate of the University of the
Col. & Provincial Legislature.
HAS settled (permanently) at Toronto, where he can be consulted at all times on the various branches of his profession except when absent on business.
Thurs. day, May 1862.

LAW CARDS.
W. TEEFY,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVENEANCE, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL DIST. OFFICE.
GREENGLASS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptness.
Richmond Hill, Aug 29, 1862.
A CARD.
W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, Inspector on the part of the V. C. of the City of Toronto, in the execution of the Common Law and Chancery Business, now, convening on the 20th inst. at 10 o'clock, and despatching the Division Courts attended.
Willington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1862.
Charles C. Keller,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Old Bank Office, Brock Street, Toronto.
Also a Branch Office in the Village of Newmarket, Township of Thuro, and County of Ontario.
The Division Courts in Canada, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860.
JAMES BOULTON, Esq.
Barrister
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861.
Mason's Arms Hotel!
WEST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.
ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends, and the travelling public, that he has taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. W. STEWART, where he hopes, by strict attention to the comforts and convenience of his guests, to merit an equal share of the patronage given to his predecessor.
Toronto, July 17, 1862.

Maple Hotel!
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a HOTEL in the Village of Markham, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c.
JAMES WATSON,
George, July 17, 1862.
George Wilson,
(NATIVE FROM ENGLAND)
Masonic Arms Hotel,
RICHMOND HILL.
GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stables.
The best of Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand.
The Monthly Fair, held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.
Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862.

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As his house possesses every accommodation for those who desire to stay, they who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860.
YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodations for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all kinds.
J. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1862.
CLARKE HOTEL,
RICHMOND HILL, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO, C.W.
JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostler always on attendance.
Toronto, November 1861.
James Massey,
(Late of the Kings Head, London, Eng.)
No. 25 West Market Place,
TORONTO.
Every accommodation for Farmers and others attending Market. Good Stabling.
Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock.
Hunter's Hotel,
Bridges Castles,
77 THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As his house possesses every accommodation for those who desire to stay, they who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.
W. WESTPHAL,
Corner of Church and Market Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861.
W. WELLS-KNOWN
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,
formerly kept by William Ralph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.
[PART OF THE MARKET] TORONTO.
WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,
[Successor to William Ralph].
Good Stabling attached. Tricky Hostler always on attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861.
JOS. GREGOR'S
FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT!
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.
Lunch every day from 11 till 2.
127 Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand.
Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861.
NEW BICCOING HOUSE,
LATE CHURCH HOTEL, No. 23, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Rent \$1, per
week. Parties always on attendance at the Cars and Boats.
W. NEWBICCOING,
Toronto, April 8, 1861.
YORK MILLS HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,
THE Subscriber begs to inform that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fitted it up in the latest style, travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention within his power.
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always on attendance.
WILLIAM LENOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861.
Wellington Hotel, Aurora!
OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.
GEO. L. GRAHAM, Proprietor.
A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this House the largest and best north of Toronto. Travellers at this House find every convenience both for themselves and horses.
N.B.—A careful order always in attendance at Aurora Station, April 1861.

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage and Waggon
MAKER,
UNDERTAKER,
&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Noble opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862.

HOTEL CARDS.
RICHMOND HILL HOTEL
RICHARD RICHOLLS, Proprietor.
A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves Toronto at half past 3.
A Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861.

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As his house possesses every accommodation for those who desire to stay, they who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860.

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
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Aurora, June 6, 1862.

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Toronto, April 19, 1861.

Poetry.
THE SONG OF THE RAIN.
Lo! the long, slender spars, how they quiver
And flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down
Rank and file, by the million, the rain-lances
dash
O'er mountain, and river, and town.
Thick the hattle-drops fall, but they drip not
in blood;
The trophy of war is the green, fresh bud.
O, the rain, the plentiful rain!

THE rain, the plentiful rain!
The pastures he laked and the furrow is bare;
The wells, they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore
leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement and sweep
from the eaves!
O, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains
tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the hill-torrents leaping to the shower,
And the hills-torrents lift up their voice;
And the pools in the hollows mimic the flight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up
in light.
O, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain
A single thrush pipes full and sweet;
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving, meadows and meadow-grass wheat,
So the voice of hope sings in the heart of our
leaves,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's
tears.
O, the rain, the plentiful rain!

Literature.
THE DEVIL'S TOP:
OR,
THE LIGHT OF HEART.
AN INDIAN LEGEND OF POINT AU BARQUE.
If the reader will spread the map of Michigan before him, and run his finger along the Western coast of Lake Huron, northward to the point where the Saginaw bay flows into it, he will find 'Point au Barque' designated. It is about one hundred and forty miles from Detroit, and seventy-two from Fort Gratiot. This Point is bold composed of red sand stone, over forty feet in the height, and most singularly formed; deriving its name from its almost perfect resemblance to the hull of a vessel—and with this curious phenomenon of nature our tale is connected.

There was a time long gone by, when the Indian tribes living on the shores of Saginaw bay were at enmity with all those of the Miami valley, and frequent inroads were made by war parties into the dominions of each other. Upon one occasion, a party of about twenty warriors of the Saginaw tribe, succeeded in laying waste several plantations of corn belonging to the Miami, which were at that time left to the care of the women and old men—the warriors being out on a similar crusade among their enemies, farther west. After butchering, indiscriminately, men, women and children, they selected a beautiful young squaw, whose Indian name we have forgotten, but interpreted, signifies 'The Light of Heart', and carried her into their own country. Her charms, her grace, her vivacity, and sweetness of disposition, (for of these accomplishments the aborigines are not ignorant)—nor are they less susceptible to their power than the more enlightened portion of their race.) won the hearts of the youthful warriors among whom she was a captive, and great was the contention for the possession of the dark-eyed beauty. Each used his best endeavors to win her love; but all were equally successful.—She would listen to none of their importunities. The music of their flutes fell upon listless ears. Their presents lay in heaps unnoticed before her—in vain they endeavored to soften her heart by heroic exploits or kind caresses. She was a Miami, and she spurned the offers of the enemies of her nation. She laughed at them and called them

dogs. All milder efforts failing, they resorted to fear, but with no better success. She vowed she would rather die than be the wife of a Saginaw. It was at last resolved that he who should bring to the village the greatest number of bear skins, should be entitled to the Miami maiden, and that she should be forced into a compliance with his wishes.
After much preparation, and the usual feats and dances for the success of the expedition, and sacrifices to the Spirit of Good for his blessing, and the Spirit of Evil, that he might keep from their path, nearly one hundred warriors set out upon the great hunt, each in anticipation of being the victor.
The decision of the old men, made in council, to prevent the shedding of blood, in which they eventually end, struck terror into the Light of Heart, but it soon gave place to a settled determination to escape even at the peril of her life. Nearly two months had passed away, no tidings of any of the party had been received, and all things carefully and secretly prepared for her flight being ready, she only waited a favorable moment to effect her purpose. The day previous to the time fixed for their return, news was brought that the party was within a day's march of the camp, and our heroine well knew that she must effect her object that night, or be consigned to a fate she loathed and abhorred. Morning dawned, and with it came the triumphant whoop of the competitors. Each deposited his pack at the feet of the judges, who were to decide on the merits of the several claimants.—Many, however, withdrew from the contest, by a cursory glance at the odds before the council prepared to enter into the examination, six only presented themselves.
Of these six, Maccose proved to be the successful candidate. This young warrior was the bravest among his tribe—possessed of powerful muscular strength, but not very remarkable for his good looks. His disposition was violent—his temper ungovernable. Implacable—merciless—treacherous and revengeful—he had frequently and for slight causes, struck an adversary dead on the spot; fear of his prowess and belief in his supernatural agency, preventing retaliation according to Indian custom. His success, therefore, was much regretted by all—belles and beau, in the tribe, as it was prized by him. When, however, on repairing to the wigwam of his intended, he found she had flown, his rage was ungovernable. Mad with disappointment he flew from cabin to cabin making inquiries of every one what had become of her. But no information could be elicited which could furnish a clue to her disappearance. All were satisfied that she was in her hut at the hour of rest, but they had been too much excited at the return of the huntsmen to think of her. The impetuous young warrior was not thus to be thwarted.
A thought struck him at last and he proceeded to the beach, where his quick eye soon discovered the absence of their lightest and best birch canoe. He was no longer at a loss as to the route she had taken. Maccose leaped into the nearest canoe and called upon others to follow his example and assist him in his pursuit. But the jealousy they felt at his success, and the utter desolation in which he was held, caused them to a man, to refuse their aid. He was not, however, to be baffled by these difficulties; but with expectations of defiance he pushed his canoe from the shore, and soon glided past the mouth of the river.
Ten miles to the South West of Point au Barque, there is a second part stretching out into the Bay, almost as singular in appearance—called by the Canadians Point au Chapeau. At this point about twenty feet from the main land, a rock rises out of the water to the height of thirty feet, crowned by pines and a low growth of spruce and hemlock, which gives it at a distance the appearance of an immense hat, from which circumstance it derives its name. Still farther up the bay a third point presents itself formed by the mainland and a large rock, marking an island much resembling the lower half of a loaf of sugar. This is called 'Sugar loaf

Point.' Although these points are from twenty to forty feet high, and very perpendicular, the shore intersecting is low and sandy, forming a beautiful beach, gradually rising till it recedes into knolls of an equal elevation with the points.
Moving up the bay, the next point we arrive at is 'Point au Chien'—low, but remarkable for the delightful forest of oak which covers it, seemingly set out by the practiced hand of the most systematic gardener; and for the dangerous rocky shoals extending for three quarters of a mile or more from the land.—A few miles above this point, Crooked River pours its waters into this bay. Upon the bank of this stream, in a most lovely spot, the camp of the Saginaws was located. I doubt not whether there is a coast of equal distance which presents such varied and singular scenery as that of the Saginaw Bay. In some places it is truly beautiful, high and luxuriant in vegetation—in others low, marshy, and disagreeable. But to return to our story.

The Light of Heart had, by a choice of canoes, proved herself a girl of discretion, for it glided swiftly, with little exertion, through the water, and seemed scarce to touch the surface. Ere her flight had been discovered, she had succeeded in gaining Sugar Loaf Point. Finding as yet, none in pursuit, she felt that the distance between her and the camp was sufficient to secure her escape, and as her exertion during the night had sharpened her appetite, she landed, built a fire, and after partaking of a hearty meal and such repose as her fatigue demanded, she proceeded slowly on her way. In the meantime, Maccose as we have previously shown, had left the village in pursuit of the fugitive. As he approached Sugar Loaf Point, he came in full view of the Light of Heart, standing upon Point au Chapeau, and with a whoop of exultation, he redoubled his exertions. He now felt sure of his prey, as his great physical powers enabled him to gain upon her at almost every stroke of the paddle.

The maiden, however, had caught a glimpse of her pursuer, and she increased her speed when hid from his view by the projecting rocks. Two-thirds of the distance between the last named Point and Point au Barque had been passed, when Maccose again appeared at Chapeau. This nearer view of his person caused a shudder of horror to pass through the whole frame of the Indian girl: for of all the young men she had seen during her captivity, she despised him the most, and she knew by the high gigantic proportions of the pursuer, and by the peculiar dress he wore, that it could be none other whom she was doomed to serve. She had but one hope, and that lay in the lightness of her canoe. Although Maccose was fast gaining upon her she knew, if it were possible to get to leeward of Point au Barque before he came up, she therefore made directly for the point, passing unharmed through the breakers, which were quite high over the bar, extending along the coast within half a mile of the shore, and which to an observer would have appeared impossible to weather with such a sea and in such a frail and airy-like vessel. Even Maccose, the bold, fearless, undaunted warrior, viewed the attempt with surprise and vexation. He dare not follow—his wooden canoe would not ride the waves as did the light birch of the Light of Heart. He had then no alternative than to keep outside the surge, and endeavor to make up in strength what he lost in distance.

When Maccose left the camp in the morning, the bosom of the bay was as calm and smooth as a new polished mirror. It was September, when the heat of summer gives place to the soft and balmy winds preceding the autumnal blast. At this season, although marked at the west by its serenity, storms of great violence at intervals arise, frequently causing great destruction to property and life. As we have said before, the morning was a ripple disturbed the face of the transparent waters—the wild birds cheered the otherwise quiet scenery, by their sweet warbling, and above, below, around, all was dressed in Nature's loveliest guise. But the sun had scarcely passed the zenith, when Maccose, with his immediate—dark lowering clouds appeared above the

horizon—the waters were fast beating into a foam—the sky grew darker and darker—vivid flashes of lightning played through the heavens—the trees bowed their heads in token of submission to the spirit that hovered over them, and it appeared that the great war had let loose his artillery for the destruction of man.
During such storms as these, Point au Barque is exceedingly difficult to double, and is considered by mariners one of the most dangerous spots in their lake navigation.—Where then can we find words to describe the situation of our heroine amid this war of the elements, as in her frail canoe she endeavored to weather the fatal spot. She strove hard to gain it and with each moment the storm increased in violence, billow after billow rushed past, or poured into her vessel, threatening instant destruction, and at every sweep of the oar, her progress became more and more hazardous. Yet she strove as with supernatural strength, unconscious of the power of the storm, confident in the hope of finally overcoming all difficulty, for beyond the point she would be in comparatively smooth water, and she was aware of the utter impossibility of her pursuer's following in his low canoe.

Maccose had become over excited from the protracted length of the pursuit. Eager for his victim he felt not the danger of his situation, not for a moment harbored the idea of the probability of her escape.—He had now approached within a few rods of the pursued, and his wicked eye beamed with delight as he imagined her already within his grasp. The poor girl was well nigh overcome by excessive exertion—yet liberty was almost at hand—one last effort, and fear and doubt would be removed. It was done—but alas! for the weakness of humanity, the waves were more potent, resisted her efforts, and again she was driven back. One trial more, the surge might be overcome. Again she braved it and was precipitated into the raging waters.
Maccose gave a yell of exultation he plunged in after her. Although the Light of Heart was exceedingly fragile in form, and usually kind and mild in her disposition, she had become, by the now certainty of recapture, desperate, and resolute in her determination to free herself from her adversary, either by his or her death. She felt for her knife, but a new disappointment met her in its loss, it having escaped from her sheath as she fell from her canoe. She therefore prepared for the last alternative as the savage clasped her in his arms. A fearful struggle now commenced—she for self destruction—he to secure a wife. Her opposition and reluctance to become his increased his desire, and notwithstanding the danger he thus incurred, he would, as often as she succeeded in realizing herself, again grapple her. Repeatedly they would disappear beneath the water, and again would he bring her to the surface and tear her to the shore. Her late seemed inevitable, and she was about yielding to what she considered the Great Spirit, when a wave swept towards them with such force as to tear them asunder and cast her on the shore, while the undertow, in receding, bore him irresistibly back to sea. This was an unexpected deliverance, and hope again beamed within her bosom. She sprang upon the rocks, and climbing upon the table land that forms the point, concealed herself in the thick undergrowth which covered it.
It was now nearly dark, but from her position she could see her enemy bulking with the waves.—The storm increased in violence and he had to contend against fearful odds. Nevertheless, he gradually neared the shore. Fear and hope would eternally usurp dominion of her heart as he came nearer or was carried back by the flood. It was a desperate struggle between life and death. He had faced danger in many shapes without shrinking, but to die so ingloriously was more than his proud spirit could bear, and the recollection of him would call forth was still galling. But what is man that he should contend with the power of the Great Spirit! His efforts became fainter and fainter—his eyes glared with fury, and with horrible imprecations upon her for

whom he had thus hazarded his life he sank to rise no more. Can we measure the wild and frantic joy of the Indian girl at this termination of her adversary's career—for the song and dances she offered up for her deliverance? Alas! little do we know the fate for which we are reserved.
We would here be willing to draw a veil over the rest, and leave the reader in happy ignorance of the fate of the Light of Heart. Were we to do so, however, how many pretty little hearts, would throb with anxiety to know her end; and how many sweet faces would be disfigured by vexation—perhaps this paper would in their anger be sent whirling into the darkest recesses of the room.
Night came on—with it, the storm ceased—vivid flashes of lightning made darkness visible—dreadful peals of thun for shook earth's foundation—trees were blown up by the roots and whirled far by the rocks and whirled and disappeared beneath the agitated waters, whose roar might have been heard for miles as it beat upon the rocky cliffs. Amid these fearful convulsions of nature the Light of Heart was obliged to remain alone, shivering with cold and terror struck upon the rock where she had concealed herself, momentarily in danger of being swept into the boiling gulf beneath, or crushed by the falling trees around her. But it was not thus she was to die.
A more horrid death awaited her—a death which makes the heart to quail to think of it, and causes the blood to chide in the veins.
Hour after hour crept slowly on, as she anxiously looked for daylight, in hope the angry elements would cease their fury with its dawn, and she suffered to pursue her journey homeward. She was doomed never to see the rising of the sun again; for with midnight came at intervals, as a temporary cessation of the storm would admit, what appeared to be the distant bayings of dogs.—At first she imagined it might proceed from the camp of some Saginaws in the neighborhood; but as the sound approached, her heart beat with pleasure at the thought that it might be a party of warriors from her own tribe seeking vengeance for the act of aggression above recorded. She cast her eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, as if it were possible to penetrate the darkness, in hopes of confirming her pleasing illusion. Nearer and nearer came the cry, and her own voice made sensible that her dream of happiness was not real, and that she had only been rescued from a watery grave to endure greater anguish and torture. The discovery of her by the wolves (for from these animals the cry proceeded,) appeared unexpected to them, and they set up a dreadful howl of satisfaction.
It is well known with what sagacity these animals surround a deer or buffalo, and after driving him heading over a precipice, proceed by a safe and circuitous route to its base and there devour their prey at leisure. In this instance they had their victim in a situation which entirely prevented escape, and left the unfortunate Indian girl but two alternatives—either to remain and be torn in pieces, or to plunge into the raging billow. The wolves, apparently afraid of treachery, approached slowly and cautiously at first, but no sooner perceived her making for the ledges of rock, which project over the abyss, than they closed upon her; several succeeding in getting in her front and curbing off her escape. Her eagerness to accomplish her object, prevented her noticing this movement, and ere she was aware she had rushed into their paws. With a sick she stretched the first two of her assailants dead at her feet, but the strength of their forces was too much for her exhausted state. A few moments more of desperate struggle—one heart-rending shriek, and her spirit took its flight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.
It is still asserted by some, that every stormy night, like the one on which she perished, her spirit may be seen contending with those of wolves, and with one such shriek the phantom vanishes. As to the remains of Maccose, it is said they took, through his supernatural agency, the form of a rock, which may be seen to this day by any one who will take the trouble to visit the spot, a little to the left of the table land. It much resembles a huge top with two points, and is known to voyagers by the name of the Devil's Tor.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—The following verses were found posted at the outer door of the Auld Kirk, Zealand, one of the rooms in which is used by the Episcopalians as a place of worship, and the seat on the ground floor as a sort of police-office or lock-up:
"Reader, if you have time to spare,
Then on St. Matthew's leaves,
And there you'll find a house of Prayer
Was made a den of thieves."
But now the times have altered much—
Oh, reforming the same!
The modern den of thieves has now
Become the House of Prayer."

When Maccose left the camp in the morning, the bosom of the bay was as calm and smooth as a new polished mirror. It was September, when the heat of summer gives place to the soft and balmy winds preceding the autumnal blast. At this season, although marked at the west by its serenity, storms of great violence at intervals arise, frequently causing great destruction to property and life. As we have said before, the morning was a ripple disturbed the face of the transparent waters—the wild birds cheered the otherwise quiet scenery, by their sweet warbling, and above, below, around, all was dressed in Nature's loveliest guise. But the sun had scarcely passed the zenith, when Maccose, with his immediate—dark lowering clouds appeared above the

horizon—the waters were fast beating into a foam—the sky grew darker and darker—vivid flashes of lightning played through the heavens—the trees bowed their heads in token of submission to the spirit that hovered over them, and it appeared that the great war had let loose his artillery for the destruction of man.
During such storms as these, Point au Barque is exceedingly difficult to double, and is considered by mariners one of the most dangerous spots in their lake navigation.—Where then can we find words to describe the situation of our heroine amid this war of the elements, as in her frail canoe she endeavored to weather the fatal spot. She strove hard to gain it and with each moment the storm increased in violence, billow after billow rushed past, or poured into her vessel, threatening instant destruction, and at every sweep of the oar, her progress became more and more hazardous. Yet she strove as with supernatural strength, unconscious of the power of the storm, confident in the hope of finally overcoming all difficulty, for beyond the point she would be in comparatively smooth water, and she was aware of the utter impossibility of her pursuer's following in his low canoe.

Maccose had become over excited from the protracted length of the pursuit. Eager for his victim he felt not the danger of his situation, not for a moment harbored the idea of the probability of her escape.—He had now approached within a few rods of the pursued, and his wicked eye beamed with delight as he imagined her already within his grasp. The poor girl was well nigh overcome by excessive exertion—yet liberty was almost at hand—one last effort, and fear and doubt would be removed. It was done—but alas! for the weakness of humanity, the waves were more potent, resisted her efforts, and again she was driven back. One trial more, the surge might be overcome. Again she braved it and was precipitated into the raging waters.
Maccose gave a yell of exultation he plunged in after her. Although the Light of Heart was exceedingly fragile in form, and usually kind and mild in her disposition, she had become, by the now certainty of recapture, desperate, and resolute in her determination to free herself from her adversary, either by his or her death. She felt for her knife, but a new disappointment met her in its loss, it having escaped from her sheath as she fell from her canoe. She therefore prepared for the last alternative as the savage clasped her in his arms. A fearful struggle now commenced—she for self destruction—he to secure a wife. Her opposition and reluctance to become his increased his desire, and notwithstanding the danger he thus incurred, he would, as often as she succeeded in realizing herself, again grapple her. Repeatedly they would disappear beneath the water, and again would he bring her to the surface and tear her to the shore. Her late seemed inevitable, and she was about yielding to what she considered the Great Spirit, when a wave swept towards them with such force as to tear them asunder and cast her on the shore, while the undertow, in receding, bore him irresistibly back to sea. This was an unexpected deliverance, and hope again beamed within her bosom. She sprang upon the rocks, and climbing upon the table land that forms the point, concealed herself in the thick undergrowth which covered it.
It was now nearly dark, but from her position she could see her enemy bulking with the waves.—The storm increased in violence and he had to contend against fearful odds. Nevertheless, he gradually neared the shore. Fear and hope would eternally usurp dominion of her heart as he came nearer or was carried back by the flood. It was a desperate struggle between life and death. He had faced danger in many shapes without shrinking, but to die so ingloriously was more than his proud spirit could bear, and the recollection of him would call forth was still galling. But what is man that he should contend with the power of the Great Spirit! His efforts became fainter and fainter—his eyes glared with fury, and with horrible imprecations upon her for

whom he had thus hazarded his life he sank to rise no more. Can we measure the wild and frantic joy of the Indian girl at this termination of her adversary's career—for the song and dances she offered up for her deliverance? Alas! little do we know the fate for which we are reserved.
We would here be willing to draw a veil over the rest, and leave the reader in happy ignorance of the fate of the Light of Heart. Were we to do so, however, how many pretty little hearts, would throb with anxiety to know her end; and how many sweet faces would be disfigured by vexation—perhaps this paper would in their anger be sent whirling into the darkest recesses of the room.
Night came on—with it, the storm ceased—vivid flashes of lightning made darkness visible—dreadful peals of thun for shook earth's foundation—trees were blown up by the roots and whirled far by the rocks and whirled and disappeared beneath the agitated waters, whose roar might have been heard for miles as it beat upon the rocky cliffs. Amid these fearful convulsions of nature the Light of Heart was obliged to remain alone, shivering with cold and terror struck upon the rock where she had concealed herself, momentarily in danger of being swept into the boiling gulf beneath, or crushed by the falling trees around her. But it was not thus she was to die.
A more horrid death awaited her—a death which makes the heart to quail to think of it, and causes the blood to chide in the veins.
Hour after hour crept slowly on, as she anxiously looked for daylight, in hope the angry elements would cease their fury with its dawn, and she suffered to pursue her journey homeward. She was doomed never to see the rising of the sun again; for with midnight came at intervals, as a temporary cessation of the storm would admit, what appeared to be the distant bayings of dogs.—At first she imagined it might proceed from the camp of some Saginaws in the neighborhood; but as the sound approached, her heart beat with pleasure at the thought that it might be a party of warriors from her own tribe seeking vengeance for the act of aggression above recorded. She cast her eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, as if it were possible to penetrate the darkness, in hopes of confirming her pleasing illusion. Nearer and nearer came the cry, and her own voice made sensible that her dream of happiness was not real, and that she had only been rescued from a watery grave to endure greater anguish and torture. The discovery of her by the wolves (for from these animals the cry proceeded,) appeared unexpected to them, and they set up a dreadful howl of satisfaction.
It is well known with what sagacity these animals surround a deer or buffalo, and after driving him heading over a precipice, proceed by a safe and circuitous route to its base and there devour their prey at leisure. In this instance they had their victim in a situation which entirely prevented escape, and left the unfortunate Indian girl but two alternatives—either to remain and be torn in pieces, or to plunge into the raging billow. The wolves, apparently afraid of treachery, approached slowly and cautiously at first, but no sooner perceived her making for the ledges of rock, which project over the abyss, than they closed upon her; several succeeding in getting in her front and curbing off her escape. Her eagerness to accomplish her object, prevented her noticing this movement, and ere she was aware she had rushed into their paws. With a sick she stretched the first two of her assailants dead at her feet, but the strength of their forces was too much for her exhausted state. A few moments more of desperate struggle—one heart-rending shriek, and her spirit took its flight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.
It is still asserted by some, that every stormy night, like the one on which she perished, her spirit may be seen contending with those of wolves, and with one such shriek the phantom vanishes. As to the remains of Maccose, it is said they took, through his supernatural agency, the form of a rock, which may be seen to this day by any one who will take the trouble to visit the spot, a little to the left of the table land. It much resembles a huge top with two points, and is known to voyagers by the name of the Devil's Tor.