

# HISTORY OF ZORRA AND EMBRO

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## CHAPTER I.

### MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

'Twas a still clear night, with the moon nearly full riding high in a cloudless sky, throwing into bold relief against it the rugged outlines of the hills rising higher and higher to the north, till one or two peaks seemed almost to touch it.

At the foot of the orchard lay the mill-pond looking calm and peaceful, not a ripple upon its surface.

No breath of wind stirred the leaves of the beautiful maples on either side of the valley.

My friend, Donald Cameron, and I sat out upon his verandah, surveying the lovely scene in silence. There had been a lull in our conversation for some minutes,—doubtless both felt the soothing influence of that June night.

My friend sat with elbows on both knees, smoking his pipe with that far away look in his eyes that was habitual with him, whilst rapt in deep thought.

During the earlier part of the evening, whilst in a reminiscent mood, he related to me an event which occurred at McLeod's shanty on a winter's night in