

hushed. I thought how often the Indian hunter had concealed himself behind these very trees—how often his arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and his wild halloo had here rung for his victory. And then, turning from fancy to reality, I watched a couple of white owls, that sat in their hooded state, with ruffled pantalets and long ear tabs, debating in silent conclave the affairs of their frozen realm, and wondering if they, "for all their feathers, were cold," when suddenly a sound arose: it seemed to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as if a fiend had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet.

Presently I heard the twigs on shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly, and not of a spiritual nature; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. The moon shone through the opening of the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once these were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength, which seems part of their na-