

from the Cochnawaga village—We set out together without any attendants; and after a week's rambling about, and but indifferent success in the prosecution of our sport, chance directed our steps to the little river before mentioned. We followed up its banks in search of game, until we arrived at the unfinished Block-house of our former position. As the mysterious nature of the circumstance which characterised my former station here a few years before was ever fresh in my memory, I determined, as the opportunity now presented itself, to obtain an elucidation, if possible, by penetrating into the obscurities of the little valley.

Therefore remarking to my companion that from its seclusion it must harbour a variety of game,—for I did not wish to acquaint him with my real motive, as he might not comprehend, or laugh at it, if he did—we turned our exploratory course along its solitary charms.

Our path for nearly a mile was through a long luxuriant grass beside the small rivulet, and unobstructed by either stump or stone until where it suddenly bent off from its straitforward bearing, from which it became more narrow and rugged for another half mile, when it reached its termination. This was a kind of area, something larger than an half acre in space, surrounded by lofty ledges of granite, from the crevices of which grew, scarcely nourished by the scanty portion of earth, the Sycamore and stunted Pine, whose dark foliage threw a dismal shade on the open space beneath—and which combined with the dreary silence that reigned here undisturbed, made me often start when the occasional sound of our voices was re-echoed from the recesses of the rock.

There was a spring which rose from beneath a fallen