

"Where then are we going?" asked Helen, concealing as much as possible the uneasiness she felt at this declaration.

"Where you will be cordially welcomed," replied her guide, "and by those whose color is fair as your own."

"But my father, my sister—"

"Shall hear of your safety very soon. But you are much farther from Hemlock Knoll than you imagine."

"So you know the name of our house," said Frank in surprise—"what is the name of yours?"

"Leafy Hollow."

"And are we going there?"

"Yes—are you not afraid to go to an Indian's dwelling?—see here is my tomahawk," and he pointed to a small Indian hatchet which hung from his belt.

"But you do not scalp people with it?" said the child wonderingly.

"Why not? Do you think I am not savage enough?"

"Yes," replied Frank, innocently.

A dark frown passed over the face of the Indian youth, but as he gazed on the soft artless features of the boy, the cloud cleared away from his aspect and he smiled. "But you are not like the Indians I saw at Quebec and Montreal, resumed the unconscious Frank; "They looked poor and dirty, and had blankets about them. You are not like them."

"But do you know why they looked poor and dirty?" asked the young Indian, again fixing his dark gleaming eyes on the English boy—"It is because people of your blood and color have taken their hunting grounds and made them their own. Before the white men came, my fathers were brave, free and happy—now they are degraded, broken-hearted and vanishing from the earth!" He paused, and then as if apprehensive that his vehemence might terrify his companion, said in the gentlest tones to Helen, "Lady, your delicate feet must be weary, but courage, you shall soon have rest."

They now speedily emerged from the forest path which they had been pursuing, into a broad and open clearing. Descending into a deep valley, laid out in fields of waving grain and meadow land, and pastures in which sheep and cattle were reposing divided by stone fences, their guide conducted them into a tolerably good road. Clumps of trees and bushes added beauty to the scene, without encumbering the land, and the murmur of a stream, whose banks were concealed by copsewood, fell softly on the ear. In the midst of this valley stood a large white-walled house, so hidden

by tall trees and embowering shrubs, that they had reached the gate before Helen was aware of its presence. The gate, with a paling at each side, was of wood, painted white, and giving his companion entrance, the young Indian led the way through a field of rich and golden maize to the dwelling. A large verandah, or in country phrase, stoup, fronted the house, before which was a grass plot and parterre, the odor of whose flowers impregnated the soft summer air. Without knocking, he opened the door, and admitted Helen into a large sitting-room filled with the bright light of a wood fire.

There were several persons in this apartment, all of whom turned their gaze with surprise on the young English girl, thus unceremoniously introduced among them, while she, her white dress damp with the night dew, her beautiful hair hanging damp and uncurled from her brow, the flush of agitated surprise on her cheek, and her hand shading her eyes, dazzled by the transition from the pale moonlight without, to the vivid blaze in the room, presented to the imaginative eye of one among them the image of some bright Naiad newly risen from the wave.

CHAPTER XI.

MEETING thee was but to meet

That without which, my soul, like th'arkless dove,  
Had wandered still in search of; nor her feet  
Relieved her wing till found.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

THE room in which Helen found herself, though large was low, and plainly, almost coarsely furnished, yet, notwithstanding, possessing an air of great comfort and neatness. In the upper end of the apartment was a fire-place of monstrous size; with iron dogs of corresponding dimensions, on which were disposed a number of light tops of the bass-wood the blaze from which illuminated the whole room, and as the evenings at this season are frequently chilly, contrasted with the excessive heat of the mid-day, its warmth was by no means unacceptable. The floor was strewn with the young twigs of the hemlock, and, where it appeared through that primitive carpeting, was white as snow. The chairs were beech, painted black with a scarlet and gold flowered border; the tables were of grey walnut, and two or three American rocking-chairs were not the least conspicuous articles of furniture there. The walls were of boards painted white, and were broken into numberless doors, cupboards and recesses; a cumbersome side-board stood in one niche, and a large book-case in another, on which lay a flute and two