

sunlight; while between him and the forest which partially hid its wind-stirred bosom, stood the rude inn or stopping-place, where he had been told it would be necessary to halt for rest, and to refresh both himself and his beast. So once more urging his horse, he soon drew rein opposite the tavern door. The building was a rude log hut, standing in the centre of a rough clearing, with a single door and window in its front, the latter without glazing, and a chimney built of sticks and mud, which rose slightly above the centre of its low sloping roof of grooved, hollow logs overlapping each other, and from which a faint curl of blue smoke was now ascending. Near this building was another of a similar appearance and structure, but with no chimney or window, which suggested that it was a store-house or shop of some sort, in that lonely spot in the wilderness.

As the young soldier instinctively cast his eye over the water before alighting, he saw with some astonishment, a small schooner or large lugger, spreading her canvas to the fresh breeze which had begun to ripple its surface. While he gazed in surprise, she disappeared into the open lake around the slope of a wooded bluff; and he fancied he saw an American flag run up to her peak, ere she dream-like swept from his vision.

With a startled exclamation, which he immediately regretted, he sprang to the ground and gave the bridle to one of two men who had been seated on a rude bench beside the door. The men were smoking short pipes, fashioned out of corncobs; and as the one who seemed mine host of the inn came forward to the horse's