

Indians until morning, as night was now rapidly approaching.

While breakfast was being prepared in a primitive style, Emily wandered along the margin of the lake, partially revealed through the thick mist which the morning sun having dispersed and thrown into fragments, assumed a variety of fanciful forms, and like ghosts of departed night, vanished before the presence of the newly risen day. Attracted by the novelty and beauty of the scenery, she sauntered on, heedless of the distance she had gone, or the dangers that beset her, until finding herself bewildered in the mazes of the forest, she called aloud for help! In a moment a red man sprang into her presence, and the eye of Mamberton glared upon her with an expression of malignant triumph. To bear her half unconscious form to his canoe, was but the work of a moment, and the next found them gliding up the lake with the speed of an arrow.

Alarmed at her long absence, the young men enquired as to the direction Emily had taken. Suspicion of the truth flashed across their minds with the force of sudden conviction, on perceiving that Mamberton was not among the Indians. Tracing her steps by the scattered dew, they came to the place where the Indian had embarked. In an agony of doubt as to the course to be taken, each looked earnestly into the countenance of his companion, but found there an echo to his own fears. At this moment, Great Eagle, having loosened his canoe from her mooring, came up and directed their eager pursuit through the woods, while he advanced on the stream. In about an hour the frequent bubbles on the smooth water betokened the success of his exertions. Hate towards his enemy, and a desire to serve his friend, gave an increased vigour to his bold arm, which seemed at every stroke to throw the canoe clear of the stream.

A loud shout from the wood told that his pursuers were upon him, and looking round, he saw Great Eagle advancing with fearful speed. That the odds

were against him was evident, for though the light form of his prisoner was an insignificant burthen in itself, yet when he measured the strength of Great Eagle with his own, and found it equal, it became sensible. On he pressed with desperation; the issue was one of life or death, the laws of his tribe he knew had not condemned him for the part he had recently acted, but the vengeance of the white man was not to be appeased. On he sped, and the distance between him and his pursuers diminished not. Diverging suddenly from the main stream, he entered a smaller one, with the hope of eluding the pursuit, but relaxed not his exertions.

Too well accustomed to the trail, to be so easily baulked, Great Eagle, after setting the young men over the creek, lost not a moment in following the course of the floating bubbles. They soon found the canoe of Mamberton, which had been abandoned very recently, as appeared by the trodden grass, still struggling to resume its upright position.

On they pushed without delay, dropping an occasional observation upon the appearance of the trail, which became less and less distinct as they ascended the high ground, until it became altogether lost to the sight. Bidding his companions to remain on the spot where the footsteps were last seen, the Indian made a circuit. A quarter of an hour elapsed when a loud whoop rang through the woods;—following the direction of the sound, they found Great Eagle pointing to the ground, where they perceived the returning footprints of their enemy.—He had doubled. Retracing their steps, they found the place where the barks had been left, but were not a little surprised that both were gone! Feverish with anxiety and fatigue, Denner and Davenport now seemed wrapped in the desolation of despair,—had their own lives or fortunes only been involved in the adventure, courage, perseverance, and a cool determination, which had distinguished them in times more perilous than the present, had been shown, the rush and