

that gradually swelled into a rich luxuriance of melody, which would suddenly change into a wildly energetic strain of loud and passionate feeling—and whose hurried tones swept along on the wind, as fancy would picture the voice of a despairing angel in his agony—and ceasing for a little, again begin with a melting expression of mournful lamentation, so sadly musical, so plaintively sweet, that the most obdurate bosom could not remain unmoved, nor the sternest eye refuse a tear to the feeling tones that seemed to expiate by their impressive effect, for the excess of impassioned anguish in which they had previously indulged. There was an indescribable enchantment in their fitful and entrancing harmony which wound itself round and penetrated into the inmost recesses of my soul; absorbing its every faculty in the overpowering fervency of enthusiasm to which it gave birth; and whilst the delightful illusion hung over me, that portion of my existence was in truth a waking dream of romance—a wild revelling in the seducing phantasies of a visionary enjoyment.

This nightly wonder had continued to charm us for a few months, when it ceased altogether; and was never heard again till the period of our quitting the place—which we did soon after its cessation, in consequence of being ordered to join in some offensive movement to be made previous to the army being marched into winter quarters.

The autumn of the year following that in which the peace was concluded that freed Canada from being the theatre of a desultory and harassing warfare, and the consequent exposure to all its calamities, saw me engaged in a deer hunting excursion with an Indian Chief