

the import of that sharp yell. Another minute brought him to the brink of a wide pool, embayed between rough cliffs of sandstone, and overlooked by a gnarled and leafless oak, on the highest branch of which a solitary raven sat unmoved by the fierce clamour, and expecting with a sullen creak its share of the after-carnage. In the farther corner of this basin, clear as the virgin crystal in its ordinary state, but turbid now and lashed to foam by the conflict of the animals, the stag had turned on his pursuers—nor had he turned in vain; for one, a brindled bloodhound, the boldest of the pack, unscamed from shoulder-blade to brisket by a thrust of the terrible brow-antler, lay underneath his stamping hoofs a lifeless carcass; while others bayed at a distance, reluctant, as it seemed, again to rush upon an enemy who had already left such painful evidences of his strength and valour on their gored and trampled limbs.—Nor, though his velvet coat was clogged and blackened with the dust and sweat, and though the big tears—tokens of anguish in its expression well nigh human—rolled down his hairy cheeks, did the noble animal exhibit aught of craven terror at the approach of his inveterate pursuers; but, as the veteran advanced upon him, with the glittering wood-knife bared and ready, leaving the dogs as if beneath his notice, he dashed with a bold spring against his human persecutor, eye, hoof, and horn, in perfect concert of quick movement.—The slightest tremor in the huntsman's nerves, the most trifling slip or stumble, might have well proved fatal; but, although seventy winters had shed their snows upon his head, his muscles had been indurated so by constant exercise in his beloved field-sports, that many a younger arm had failed in rivalling their power, though unelastic, firmness. When the despairing deer made his last effort, eluding by a rapid turn his formidable front, Sir Henry struck a full blow as he passed, completely severing the tendons of the hinder leg.—Hamstrung and crippled, the gallant brute plunged headlong forward, and

received in the next instant the keen point in his gullet. One short gurgling bleat, and two or three convulsive struggles of the agile limbs, the full eye glazed, and, in a moment, all the fiery energy, the bounding life that had so lately animated that beautiful form, was utterly extinct for ever. Then came the thundering shouts and the long cadences of the French-horns, their joyous notes multiplied by the ringing echoes, and sent back from every heath-clad knoll or craggy eminence, the merry narrative of harmless accidents, the self-congratulations of the select and lucky few, who from the start to the death had kept the hounds in view,—the queries for the absent,—the praises of some favourite horse or daring rider,—the stingless raillery,—the honest, unfeigned laughter!"

The Chieftain's Daughter.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"EVERY part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhatan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude, with their blood-stained weapons, stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment.—But Smith was not thus destined to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her