

For The Amaranth.

A SCRAP FROM THE FOREST.

"No chase'em farder—no chase 'em more!" said the Indian guide, laying his hand firmly on my shoulder, as if to draw my attention from the chase, which now nobly breasted the tiny waves of the lakes, tossing their antlers proudly aloft as they dashed through its waters just out of reach of our rifles. "Don't chase 'em," said he again, yet more earnestly than before, with unusual anxiety depicted in his countenance, generally so immoveably fixed and stolid.

"What! not chase them, Louis?" said I, answering him now for the first time, as I completed repairing a leak in the canoe, by daubing with pitch the opened seam—and I cast my eyes at the three moose which had nearly gained the centre of the lake.

"No!—see!" and he pointed with his finger to a cloud of Stygian blackness, slowly overspreading the sky, but which had as yet entirely escaped my observation. I paused reluctantly as I finished my task, and still fired with the ardour of the chase, would have pushed off in pursuit, heedless of the consequences, had I not been prevented, by Louis taking the canoe on his shoulder and carrying it to a place of safety on the brow of a precipice which overhung the lake. Finding remonstrance useless, with my calmer and more deliberate ally, I shouldered my rifle, and joined him on the commanding situation he had chosen for our encampment.

'Twas now I became aware of the impending danger, and from our elevated situation a glorious scene burst upon our view. On one side a heavy cloud rose high in the heavens, enveloping in its sable folds the lofty peak of Mount Kathadin, and fringing its base with snowy wreaths of mist gradually increasing in density—their edges tinged with the brightest vermilion, and resting in splendid contrast on the borders of the cloud with the deep blue of heaven, half of whose vault was as yet unsullied, and there the sun shone in all her wonted brilliancy, lighting with burnished gold the sleeping lake.

The stillest silence reigned through the woods; and if a single bird sent forth a note, 'twas perchance for a moment his shrill whistle struck the ear; and as you listened eagerly for its prolongation, glad of thus breaking the drear monotony, it was instantly hushed, as if the incautious songster felt aware of some ap-

proaching uproar of the elements, and feared to incur the wrathful displeasure of the "Spirit of the Storm" by its sweet revelry.

The deer which had now gained the centre of the lake paused terrorstruck, the ripples sank around their sides; first they would turn their heads in the direction they had taken, but before them frowned a high, inaccessible precipice, while our presence secured the only point of egress from the waters to which they had betaken themselves. Already the first low murmurings of the tempest were heard, as a fitful gust would sweep the bosom of the lake, and sink in silence 'ere it ruffled half its surface, as if loth to mar so bright a mirror. But the deer as the scents of the mountains were borne to their nostrils, seemed aware of their danger as they snuffed the breeze, for holding their heads high in air, they made directly for us, redoubling their exertions as the low howling blast came sweeping down the ravines, and died on the bosom of the lake. Kathadin's hoary top was no longer visible for its crown of clouds, and the misty mantle flung around its shoulders; the heavy trees which covered its base swayed to and fro as if some mighty wind was moving through the branches—but on our side not the slightest zephyr had fanned our cheeks, all was as yet so still and silent.

We had but erected a temporary shelter under an overhanging rock, by turning our canoe so as to afford the most effectual protection, when the storm began. A vivid flash of lightning played a moment round the mountain's peak and seemed the signal for tumult; the thunder almost instantaneously followed, and as its roll vibrated among the hills, I thought how fit a precursor it was for such a tempest as was now about to burst upon us. Another and another flash succeeded; each vying with the other in heaviness, while the thunder seemed like the bursting of the firmament, so loud its tone; the rain came down in torrents as if the floods of Heaven were loosed upon the scene, and the small brook which ran at our feet, but a few minutes before so clear and limpid, now poured its rushing mud-stained waters in violence from the hills. The wind roared in its might—the tallest trees bent beneath the fury of the blast, or sent their torn branches far into the foaming, storm-lashed lake.

It was grand and awful, and as if impressed with our own insignificance, simultaneously we stood upon the cliff amid the storm, when suddenly the lightning struck the opposite