

bend by the manly figure of Heyward, until finally the shapeless person of the singing master was concealed behind the numberless trunks of trees that rose in dark lines in the intermediate space.

CHAPTER III

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Bryant.

LEAVING the unsuspecting Heyward and his confiding companions to penetrate still deeper into a forest that contained such treacherous inmates, we must use an author's privilege, and shift the scene a few miles to the westward of the place where we had last seen them.

On that day, two men might be observed lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person, or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its dark glassy current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapours of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds, and rested in the atmosphere. Still that breathing silence which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men in question, an occasional and lazy tap of a reviving woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear from the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accoutrements