

buries her face in her hands; she cannot bear to look upon the sufferings of the noble animal. She will never make a huntress; her heart is cast in too soft a mould. See they have towed the deer ashore, and Jacob is in all his glory. The little squaw is an Indian at heart—see with what expertness she helps the old man. And now the great business is completed, and the venison is stowed away at the bottom of the canoe. They wash their hands in the river, and come at Catharine's summons to their breakfast.

The sun is now rising high above the pine-trees; the morning mist is also rising and rolling off like a golden veil as it catches those glorious rays; the whole earth seems wakening into new life; the dew has brightened every leaf and washed each tiny flower-cup; the pines and balsams give out their resinous fragrance; the aspens flutter and dance in the morning breeze, and return a mimic shower of dew-drops to the stream; the shores become lower and flatter; the trees less lofty and more mossy; the stream expands, and wide beds of rushes spread out on either side; what beds of snowy water-lilies; how splendid the rose tint of those persea-carias that glow so brightly in the morning sun; the rushes look like a green meadow, but the treacherous water lies deep below their grassy leaves; the deer delights in these verdant aquatic fields; and see what flocks of red-wings rise from among them as the canoe passes near—their bright shoulder-knots glance like flashes of lightning in the sunbeams.