

last upon that still and exquisite face, while the red warriors scooped out her narrow grave. I cut from her beautiful head a tress of raven hair, which I still cherish next my heart, and then we laid her in her lonely grave, and my hand composed the garments over her blood-stained bosom, while my tears, and I shame not to say it, fell fast upon her lifeless features. The green sods were heaped above her, and there I trust her sacred dust still sleeps undisturbed, while the sighing of the forest breeze sings a sweet and perpetual requiem over the place of her repose; and often, often does my spirit haunt that distant mound, within whose hallowed breast moulders the once radiant form of the loved and loving Indian girl.

It were useless, even had I language, to describe the feelings with which I left that spot—time has not weakened their bitter remembrance, but they belong to that class of emotions, with which none may sympathize, or intermeddle. Before our departure, I learned from Olocatara that we had been betrayed into the power of Takaltha, by the Indian messenger whom Ascaora had entrusted with our purpose of escape. But, having been refused the reward, promised by Takaltha to his treachery, he through revenge, had determined to save us, and accordingly hastened to inform Olocatara of our capture, and urge him to flee with his warriors to our rescue. Prompted by a wish to serve one of my nation, and also by his hereditary hatred towards the ferocious Takaltha, the fierce "Buffalo of the Forest," as he was called, Olocatara summoned his warriors and marched against his foe, in time to snatch me from a fearful death, though too late to save the innocent victim of a father's rage. I have but little more to add—Olocatara, with his barbarian host, remained to fight the hostile tribe of Takaltha, who, recovered from their panic, were again rallying in their strength, and raising within the shelter of the forest, their war cry of defiance. But attended by a strong escort of armed and gigantic savages, I was conducted through the wide wilderness, and along the rivers, to the coast. There we found De Gourges and his followers, lingering among the ruins of Fort May, till their vessels should have received some necessary repairs. They welcomed me as one risen from the dead, and listened with eager curiosity and wonder to the few details which I was able to give them of my wild adventures. But the strange vicissitudes through which I had passed, the extraordinary excitement of my mind, and the severe injury that still affected my head, united to bring upon me a violent disease, that overthrew my reason, and threatened to terminate my life. Fortunately, De Gourges had in his company a skillful leech, and to him, under Providence, am I probably indebted for my recovery. Yet for a long period my brain was terribly affected, and it was not till the ocean had been passed, and the gentle influences

of home soothed my spirit, that I awoke to a recollection of the fearful past.

But that past has thrown its sombre and unnatural colouring over my whole life. I have been happy as a husband, and shed tears of unfeigned and tender sorrow over the tomb of a chaste and virtuous wife. As a father, I am richly blest in the affection and docility of my children, especially in the devoted love of my daughter, my fond and beautiful Florida, in whose smile I have ever fancied I could trace a resemblance to that of the bright forest maiden, whose history I have now told. Yet never, never, in all the vicissitudes of my after years, have such emotions agitated me, so profound, so intense, so full of the first passionate feelings of a young and untried heart, as those that had birth in the wild forests of America, and which to recall, even at this long interval of time, seems to unloose my intellect from its moorings, and open, as with a magic wand, the secret cells of the soul's cherished and long hidden memories.

I can hardly account for my shrinking and enduring sensitiveness on this subject, and am compelled to believe, either, that my brain, never having recovered from the shock so long ago inflicted on it, presents before my mind in too vivid colouring, the strange tale of my wanderings in the wilderness, and deepens to acuteness the impressions then received—or I have been for years the prey of a diseased and morbid sensibility, indulged to an excess that has robbed me of the power to enjoy, as I should have done, the blessings of a bountiful Providence, and the daily occurrences of a calm and happy life. You are young, my friend, and if this has been my error, be warned by it to guard in early youth, against the over excitement of passion, or of sentiment, for both are at variance with true enjoyment, and with the gentle spirit of that religion whose fruits are peace and love.

Montreal.

SOUNDS CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY.

Mr. SELLIER had found it sufficient to place an electric diamond upon a pane of glass in order to produce sounds. When a well polished sewing needle, suspended from a hair, is placed in a glass bowl filled with an acid sulphate of copper, the bowl crackles, even after the needle has been withdrawn and the liquid poured out. Small currents of common electricity become perceptible to the ear by means of a wheat straw struck upon a drum of vegetable paper.

DECEPTION.

ALL deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.