

falling with his burthen, from sheer exhaustion, the Indians halted, and looking down he saw that all further progress in that direction had terminated; for they were standing upon the verge of a steep precipice far beneath which the rays of the pale stars appeared, as if reflected upon a black void, or an opaque mirror whose surface was invisible, lying at an indefinite depth below; and from the southward, swelling on the warm breeze of night, came the angry roar of agitated waters.

Edward inquired what river that was, for he saw that they were standing on the brink of a mighty flood, overshadowed by the gloom of the hills through which it flowed.

Pansaway turned to the soldier, and stretching out his left arm impressively, replied—"Ouangondy."

Concealing themselves as much as possible, within a small gully, into which they had been led by Waswetchul, where the cedars meeting thickly overhead, excluded all observation from without, and offering an additional pledge of security, in being situated on the very brow of the cliff, and more suitable for the nest of an eagle than a resting place of man. Here it was that our adventurers calmly awaited the pursuit which they well knew would inevitably follow upon the first intelligence of the captive's having disappeared.

Several times, considerable alarm was excited by shouts and cries that resounded through the forest, though at a great distance. Occasionally these sounds would approach nigher the retreat of the fugitives; and Argimou, who kept watch on the rock above, once or twice descried the blaze of a flambeau, twinkling like a star, now growing full and bright, then waning, or suddenly obscured, as it moved at random through the woods. But at length all cause for immediate apprehension terminated, for the light vanished entirely from among the trees, as the cries became fainter and more remote, and finally ceased altogether to trouble the solitude around.

Assured of no further molestation, for that night at least, the chief rejoined the group in the hidden lair, and seeking the spot where Waswetchul awaited his return, a little apart from the rest, he seated himself by the girl's side, and folded exultingly to his heart the wild flower he had so secretly wooed and won. His promise was fulfilled; he had sought his love by the banks of her own river, and never more could the cripple of the Penobscot gaze upon the fair face whose cheek now rested upon his own, making the blood tingle with tumultuous

pleasure as it rushed through its channels, warmed and quickened by the soft, smooth pressure. In the silence, in the solitude—beneath the thick cedar shade, through which the prying stars pierced not, the children of the wild poured out their whole soul in the fervour of delicious commune. What to them were the "pomp and circumstance" of that, which among those misnamed wise, is but a mockery of genuine impulse, a restriction of natural enjoyment? *There* were no cold formalities—no starchy petrifications of humanity—with eyes of envy and hearts of ice, freezing the gushing current of delight in young bosoms, with the callous frigidity of conventional rule; the languid pace of hacknied sensibility, deeming the reduction of mental and physical excitement to the low scale of vitality that actuates a polypus, to constitute the *ultima thule* of principle and philosophy.

Lighted by the pure ray of love, implanted by the good Creator as a source of inestimable blessings to mankind, in their wearisome pilgrimage on earth, these two simple beings forgot the perils that surrounded them, in the oblivion that enwraps joy's wildest dream—a, whose reality is as a dream!—In the deep, solemn night—dark as their eyes, voiceless as their sealed lips—the "*Flower of the Wilderness*" unfolded its leaves beneath the warm atmosphere of passion, whose mild dew descended, pouring a refreshing balm into its depths, enhancing its fragrance, deepening its fairest hues, nor were its grateful odours, its stores of untrifled sweets withheld sparingly in return. The pale moon rose up sorrowfully out of the sea, like a spectre, and the stars vanished away, while darkness drew its broad mantle from the sky; what heeded they? *Love* was their full moon, their living light; *hope* their o'erarching sky, whose beacons never waned;—the *present*, their universe!

And where was Edward and his rescued Clarence? Soothed and revived by his impassioned tenderness; restored to happiness by the certainty of his existence, his presence, and her own emancipation from a lot of hopeless captivity, not even their present jeopardy, nor the dreary prospect which the future presented, sufficed to check the sudden revulsion of feeling that accompanied their unlooked-for meeting. Like a ruffled, tempest-tossed bird that seeks the guardianship of its parent's wing, as a babe clings closely to its mother's bosom for protection; even so did poor Clarence nestle her fair head upon her lover's breast and give vent to a full flood of delicious tears.—