

gushing stream and forest dell, breathed in mute eloquence some tale of innocent enjoyment. These scenes which his presence had consecrated in her memory, when in the freshness of the dewy morn, at noon-day's sultry hour, and beneath the quiet, moon-lit heavens, they had together adored the loveliness of nature, were retraced by her, with the fond enthusiasm of a simple and devoted heart.

She was wandering one day, through the green recesses of a forest, which stretched along the river, at some distance above the fort. The oft frequented path wound through its deepest shades beneath a canopy of lofty pines, whose thickly woven branches created a perpetual twilight. Entering a familiar track, which crossed a sunny slope, cleared by the laborious settler, for future improvement, she reached a steep bank, that declined gently to the water's edge. It was one of those cheering days, in early autumn, which sometimes burst upon the fading year, with something of the warmth and brilliancy of summer, and seem for a brief space to reanimate the torpid energies of nature. The sun glowed in mid-day fervor, and myriads of the insect tribes, revived by his transient smile, wheeled their giddy circles in the light, and sent their busy hum upon the calm, clear air. The wild bee, provident for future wants, forsook his wintry hive, and sipped from many a honied cup, to swell the treasure of his waxen cells; while birds of passage, plumed for distant flight, folded their downy wings, content to wait till bleaker skies should still their melody, and warn them to depart.

Lucie threw herself on a grassy knoll, sheltered by the broad canopy of a native grape vine, which wound its giant stalk around a lofty tree, and throwing its rich garlands from bough to bough, formed a natural arbor, almost impervious to the brightest sun-beam. The opposite shore of the river was thickly wooded, chiefly by those gigantic pines, for which that province is still famed, but interspersed with other trees, whose less enduring foliage was marked by the approach of early frost, which had already seared their verdure, and left those varied tints that charm the eye in an autumnal landscape, while yet too brilliant to seem the presage of decay. The stream flowed gently along, bearing on its glassy waves the unbroken reflection of nature in her quiet, but ever glorious array, and mingling its faint murmurs with the busy hum of bird and insect, which sported their brief existence on its unpeopled banks.

Not far above, the river was hemmed in by craggy rocks, through which it had worn a rough and narrow channel. The noble stream,

arrested by this narrow passage, rushed boldly over the jutting rocks, and pouring its chafed and foaming waters into the calm stream below, which again expanding to its usual breadth, produced a fall of singular and romantic beauty. Every rising tide forced the river from its natural course, throwing it back from the rocks above, thus reversing the fall, which rushed with equal rapidity, though from a less dizzy height. Twice also, in each tide of that remarkable bay, the sea was on a level with the river, which then flowed smoothly over the rocks, and then only the dangerous obstruction was overcome, and the navigation unimpeded, at the place described.

Though Lucie had been long familiar with the scene, it was too grand and attractive to be viewed at any time with indifference; and she stood long watching the torrent, as it dashed from rock to rock, tossing high in air, its flakes of snowy foam.

The report of a fowling piece was presently heard, followed by De Valette's well-known whistle, and the bark of Hero, his favorite sporting companion. Lucie had strolled along the river bank, some distance above the waterfall, and not unwilling to avoid a tête-à-tête with De Valette, which of late was rather embarrassing to them both, she hastily threw herself into a bark canoe, which some Indian had left stranded among the reeds. A blanket lay in it, which she threw across her shoulders; and releasing her hair from the golden bodkin which confined it, she bound the flowing tresses with a string of scarlet berries, which had probably been brought there to adorn some tawny damsel of the forest. Directly, she heard approaching footsteps, and glancing round, saw De Valette, pushing carelessly through brier and bush, in pursuit of game, and Hero trotting gravely by his side. A loud bark from the dog boded discovery, as he, and his master, halted on a bank above her, and looked down to survey the occupant of the boat. Lucie, sportively inclined to carry on the disguise she had assumed, from a whim of the moment, plucked a few reeds, and began plaiting them after the Indian fashion, at the same time, chanting in a low, disguised voice, using a few Indian words, which she had learned, for the monotonous refrain.

"How now, my little squaw," said De Valette, advancing nearer, "have you got cast away among the reeds?"

"I am waiting for the tide, to go back to the fort again," she said, in such broken French, as the natives learned from their intercourse with the whites.

"And what are you so busy about, *ma belle sauvage*?" he asked, still advancing nearer.