

forms under which nature continually presented herself to their eyes, had impressed them with a sense of their own insignificance, and of the transitoriness of their daily occupations and enjoyments, and rendered them thoughtful, taciturn, and unsusceptible. I seated myself at the root of a large tree near the wigwam, and continued observing its inmates, till, overcome by fatigue, I sunk into a deep sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by some one pulling my hand, and, on looking up, I perceived the Indian who had opposed my accompanying them, and whose name was Outalisso, standing beside me. He put his finger on his lips, by way of enjoining silence, and motioned that I should rise and follow him. I obeyed, and he led me behind a large tree which grew at a little distance from the wigwam, and said, in a low voice, "Listen to me, my friend.—I told you that you would receive no harm from us; and shall I belie my words? Thakakawerenté, who requested that you might be allowed to follow our steps, says that his father was murdered by a party of people under your command, about nine moons ago. This may be true, and you at the same time may be guileless; for we cannot always controul those who are placed under our authority. He tells me that the spirit of the old man has twice appeared to him in his dreams to-night, desiring him to put you to death. He has gone to repose himself again, and if his father visits him a third time during sleep, he will certainly kill you whenever he awakes. You must, therefore, hasten away, if you wish to live any longer." "What can I do?" cried I; "death awaits me whether I remain here, or fly from Thakakawerenté. It is impossible for me to reach home alone." "Be patient," returned Outalisso, "and I will try to save you. Not far from hence, the roots of a large oak, which has been blown down by the wind, stretch high into the air, and may be seen at a great distance. You must go there, and wait till I come to you. Keep the mossy side of the trees on your left hand, and you will find the place without any difficulty."

Outalisso motioned me to hurry away, and I departed with a palpitating heart, and plunged into the recesses of the forest, and regulated my

course in the manner he directed. The moon was rising, and I could see to a considerable distance around. The rustling of the dry leaves among my feet often made me think that some one walked close behind me, and I scarcely dared to look back, lest I should see an uplifted tomahawk descending upon my head. I sometimes fancied I observed Thakakawerenté lurking among the brushwood, and stopped short till imagination conjured up his form in a different part of the forest, and rendered me irresolute which phantom I should endeavour to avoid.

I reached the tree sooner than I expected: It lay along the ground, and its immense roots projected from the trunk, at right angles, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, their interstices being so filled with earth, that it was impossible to see through them.

I sat down, and found the agitation of my spirits gradually subside, under the tranquillizing influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees, the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead. The nests which the birds had made the preceding summer, still remained among the branches, silent, deserted, and unsheltered, making the loneliness of the forest, as it were, visible to the mind; while a withered leaf sometimes dropped slowly down—a sad memorial of the departed glories of the vegetable world. A small rivulet ran within a little distance of me, but its course was so concealed by long grass, that I would have been aware of its existence by the murmuring of its waters only, had it not glittered dazzlingly in the moonshine at one spot, while flowing over a large smooth stone. When I looked into the recesses of the forest, I saw the trees ranged before each other like colossal pillars, and gradually blending their stems together, until they formed a dark and undefined mass. In some places, a scathed trunk, whitened with the moss of successive centuries, stood erect in spectral grandeur, like a being whom immense age and associations, rivetted to long-past times, had isolated from the sympathies of his fellow-mortals. As the moon gradually rose on the arch of heaven, her light fell at different angles, and the aspect of the woods was continually changing. New