

some tawny Diana to carry your bow and amuse your idleness. But the bleak winter would soon bring you back to civilized life, for with all the appliances of comfort which gold can command, the piercing cold is scarcely to be endured in this northern region."

Mavicourt made no reply, for he had opened his *port feuille*, and was rapidly sketching the scene which had so agreeably impressed his lively imagination. Adolphe fell into a reverie, which, by a very lover-like process, carried him back to the old fortress of Quebec, and filled him with thoughts painfully anxious, though not untinted with tender and hopeful hues. Twilight, in the mean time, deepened to a dusky shade,—the stars came out and lay reflected on the stream; the town, then confined in narrow limits, shewed a few straggling lights, and the mountain lay like a graceful cloud on the verge of the western horizon. Mavicourt threw aside his pencil, and tearing the half finished drawing in pieces scattered it to the wind, singing half aloud,

"'Tis vain to try—vain to try
Without beauty's witching eye!
There's no smile to cheer the heart,—
Wherefore seek the meed of art?"

"For its own sake," said Adolphe, with a smile, "is not the pleasure of gratified success reward enough? or art thou, Mavicourt, turning recreant to thy principles; thou who hast always professed to set at defiance the knavish arts, by which a certain blind deity seeks to enthral thy heart?"

Mavicourt answered lightly in his usual strain,

"Time the tell-tale, will reveal
All that mortals would conceal;
Read'st my heart, thou cunning elf!
'Tis a riddle to itself."

"But look, Adolphe," he added quickly, pointing in a southern direction, "what is that blaze of light?"

As he spoke, several fires which seemed kindled simultaneously, sent up a red glare to the sky, illuminating the horizon far around, and revealing a large Indian encampment, filled with savages busied in various occupations. The whole scene was exceedingly picturesque, and though often witnessed in that neighborhood, it was a novelty to the young officers, who looked on it with excited interest.

Early in every summer, some twenty or thirty canoes laden with beaver skins, and navigated by the *Coureurs de Bois*, arrived at Montreal, for the purpose of trafficking with the

inhabitants. These canoes were followed by about fifty others, filled with the Ontaouais and Huron Indians who came from their own country on the great lakes, bringing valuable furs, which they sold at a higher rate to the citizens, than could be obtained at Michilimakinac and the small trading ports on the lakes. They had chanced to arrive that morning, and had been all day busied in arranging their canoes, and constructing tents or wigwams from the bark of birch trees that grew abundantly around the place. As the fires burnt up more clearly, Mavicourt and Adolphe could distinctly observe all their movements. The warriors were not clad in their brave apparel, but most of them with merely a cincture around their waist, were disembarking the furs, and placing them under shelter. Their tall, athletic forms, and their motions free and full of graceful dignity, would have been an admirable study for the pencil or the chisel of an artist, nor were their features in general unattractive or devoid of generous and noble expression.

The dark crimes which have stained the savage character and been recorded by historians as inherent in their nature, it is well known were very rarely displayed by any savage tribe, till the deceit and cruelty of civilized man woke the slumbering passions of revenge and hatred in their breasts. The cruel wrongs they suffered, and the fatal drink so basely ministered to them, to make them easier dupes to the white man's avarice and injustice, enkindled all that frightful warfare which ended only in the subjugation—rather the extermination of the rightful owners of the soil. It is a dark stain on the page of American history, and however, we may exult over our advanced civilization, the ineffaceable traces of the past are written in tears and bloodshed, and the ghosts of an injured people rise up reproachfully even in the crowded cities which stand on their once free domains.

The Indian tents, or wigwams, with their circular tops interlaced with green boughs, were clustered together like huge ant's nests, and covered a large elevated plain. They were shaded by birch trees left standing singly and in groups, and their tall trunks, partly stripped of the white bark, glimmered like polished shafts in the quivering fire light. Little naked children, tawny imps of the forest, were seen running about in savage glee, and the women of the tribes were busied in preparing the evening meal.

"What a charm there must be in that wild savage life," said Mavicourt, breaking a long silence, "truly, Adolphe, I envy you the happi-