

must be take something for cure : may be roots, may be drink—may be tye leaves on him spot more better ; so he will do. Then you see, *Boo-wo-win* think a good deal, so he can grow more wiser ; but, s'pose his head not strong enough, then he will go crazy, and be no good any more. Then may be he will take medicine in him nose, all same one *Anglashcou Boo-wo-win*. Certain his head must be very sick, so he will take tobacco dirt up his nose all the time. Certain—poor man—he should be very crazy ;—me sorry."

And the undaunted forrester affected to look with condescending pity upon the chop-fallen object of his provoked sarcasm, 'ere he walked away, while Edward could not restrain his mirth ; which irritated the doctor so much, that he made a rather sharp reply, upon which the old forrester, drawing himself up to his full proportions, and regarding the other with an expression of ineffable scorn, raised his arm with the dignity of a sovereign, as he cut short the speaker with this pithy rebuke—

"Show me a warrior and I will talk to him. Go, stranger—Pansaway is no fool."

It was long 'ere Edward attempted to mention the subject again to his medical friend ; when he did, however, ask his opinion of the Indian, he shook his head mysteriously and strove to hide his evident confusion, while he muttered between his teeth, in the pauses of each nasal inhalation—" *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*"

On the following morning the ships of war, entering a narrow passage through the mountainous range that traverses Nova Scotia,—a natural bulwark,—from east to west—from the basin of Minas to St. Mary's bay,—swept into a beautiful sheet of water at the head of which Annapolis Royal was situated. To the left, the view was bounded by an uniform ridge of mountains whose several bases were projected boldly into the green meadows beneath, like the bastions of some titanic fortification, in various depths of light and shade ; and along their summits the valley's mist sailed slowly, clinging fondly to its native soil in curled and distorted wreaths—having somewhat the appearance of a wild charger's mane—'ere they were torn away by the breeze and melted imperceptibly into the warm blue atmosphere of morning.

In a short time they were at anchor above the town ; and Clarence Forbes found an immediate asylum among the many friends by whom she was so well known and so warmly esteemed. There, through the kindness and

attention lavished upon the rescued maiden,—which also were extended to her faithful and attached companion—the fair Waswetchcul,—between whom and the former, that pure regard which had sprung up amid scenes of wild excitement and distress, was neither doomed to languish when it was needless as a bond of security on the one part, nor on the other pass away with the occasion that stirred it into being ; for 'twas the offspring of pity and mutual attraction.—Clarence was somewhat restored to her original tranquility and beauty, though it was long 'ere her cheek recovered its wonted richness of bloom, or the impress of anxiety, woven by vicissitude and sorrow, was erased from her young brow. The bud of her sweet life had been chilled by the sharp frost of early grief, and time alone could heal the ravages it had made upon its tender texture ; indeed it may be doubted if she ever perfectly recovered that joyous elasticity of feeling, which is so seldom to be seen when we have outstripped our first years, and which takes wing so swiftly upon the approach of the heart's sad trials. And is not its glorious, star-like ascendancy the sole period of life which may, without exaggeration, be termed our golden age ? Like our early love of all things beautiful and true,—it may be a simple flower, a song, a worldless thought, a fair young face, pure as the heart it reflects ;—like the hopes we have buried,—like its painted sign ; as the kiss of passion—as the love it seals,—so is the glow that warms, the fresh gladness that plumes the free spirit of our youth, and so surely as the day advances, doth that *life of life* vanish mournfully away ; for it cannot bear the noon-tide heat, the strife and dust of middle age.—Then, when the soul awakes from its brief and pleasant dream, and, as some lone exile from a better land, beholds the rugged and toilsome pathways of the world, is it wonderful that memory,—the urn which holds the records of the lamented past,—should be more fondly treasured than the hope which hath always forsaken ? 'Tis a phantom, luring the victim on, ever on, with deceitful smile, until, grown merciful at length, it beckons *truly*, from the heaven that gilds our grave.

With the return of the troops from the frontier, where all hostilities had ceased, Clarence was restored to the arms of her father, who had been apprized of her safety, and, as soon as his wounds would permit, hastened to Annapolis. Like the painter that threw a mantle over the face of him whose emotions he felt were incapable of delineation, we will not at-