

cheering light when he was absent; and, as a drooping flower, she declined till his return.

My friend had been called to check an incursion of the Hurons.<sup>(5)</sup> The well-known war-whoop of the valiant band, raised always on their return from successful enterprise, reached the fair Timoeë, while, pensively, she sat listening to the white-bird,<sup>(6)</sup> whose soothing melody accorded with the sadness of her heart; like a fawn suddenly awakened by the rustling blast, she started from her seat, and flew in the direction whence the welcome sound proceeded.

The warriors, just emerging from a deep dark wood, presented a pleasing though a dreadful aspect to the beholder! Their leader was in front; a garb of skins gracefully adjusted, unconsciously displayed the symmetry and vigour of his form; a countenance of majesty and kindness, elated with the pride of victory, was surmounted and adorned by a