

wearisome details, gave by contrast, more zest to the rapture with which he followed out the green indentures of the winding coast, or suffered his eye to drink its fill of pleasure from the wild and rich magnificence of the scenery before him.

He was aroused from his pleasant contemplation, by the sudden motion of the vessel, which receiving a new impetus from the hand of the helmsman, was shaping her course for the south, thus indicating that the conference from which he had withdrawn, had terminated in a decision directly opposed to his wishes. Indignant to be thus thwarted by those whom he had a right to command, he once more vehemently remonstrated against their proceeding, but finding every argument urged in vain, they still maintaining that their safety depended on propitiating the natives before placing themselves in their power, he declared his intention of landing alone, or at least of entering the cove far enough to examine the inscription said to be engraved upon the projecting rock, whose rugged summit they could just discern at its extremity.

The old seaman, who had virtually the command of the *Sea-bird*, strenuously opposed his design; there were indications, he declared, of a coming tempest, and as storms were said to arise with incredible swiftness and fury in that region, it might burst suddenly, and drive them out to sea before he could regain the vessel.

Of this, however, Frank had no fear; he rejected counsel and warning, and ordering the boat to be lowered, he sprang into it, and promising to be back in half an hour at farthest, he grasped the oars, and plying them lustily, found himself in a few minutes entering the still, deep waters of the bay, and advancing toward the shore, that seemed to stretch forth its green arms in smiling welcome to its new guest.

The rock, on whose face he hoped to read with a glance the inscription he sought, was overgrown with moss, and garlanded with vines whose long streamers hung like rich and graceful drapery around it, but hid from Courtney's eyes the one magical word he was so eager to behold. He stood up in his frail boat beneath the deep shadows of the overhanging mass, and with the extended oar sought to lift the screen of verdure which concealed the rough grey surface of the rock. But this in his present position he could only partially effect; it was necessary to scale the precipitous crag in order to accomplish his object, and as it presented many firm footholds he was sure the attempt would be unaccompanied with difficulty.

And so in truth it was,—when having moored his boat below, he climbed from ledge to ledge, removing the moss, and displacing the lovely gar-

niture of vines, till the dark rock trickling with moisture gleamed sternly forth, showing on its bare front the single word *Croutan*, and the hand, plainly, but rudely carved beside it.

An emotion of joy and thankfulness swelled the young man's heart as he gazed upon it,—it seemed to him like a greeting from his long lost brother, a sign to lead him once more to his arms, and as his eye followed the direction in which the finger pointed, he fancied he perceived a path, nearly obliterated, but which had the appearance of having been once well trodden, leading away into the thicket.

With more ardour than prudence he followed it; the feet of one dearest to him on earth, had, he felt assured, trod it before, and as in the enthusiasm of the moment, he pressed fearlessly on, beneath trees whose giant trunks and broad branches seemed coeval with the earth, mingled emotions of awe and admiration filled his soul.

All around him was brightness, beauty, novelty. Strange birds saluted him with their songs, and at every step he crushed out fragrance from the cups of rare and bright flowers, that enamelled the velvet turf with their exquisite forms and hues. Onward, unthinkingly, or rather with the one fond thought engrossing him—onward he went in this fair paradise, rousing the timid hare with the unwonted sound of his step, and starting from its covert the mottled deer, which fled at his approach, swiftly as from the arrow of the Indian hunter.

But no human being crossed his path, and strange it seemed, in such a world of magnificence, not to meet the lovely form of man, for whom was created all this prodigality of beauty and of goodness. Man dwelt there—aye, and civilized man, if any still survived of that adventurous band with whom the brother he came to seek, had linked his fate. But where, amid those boundless solitudes, could he be found?

Absorbed by many, and varying emotions, it seemed to Frank that his allotted half hour had not yet expired, when suddenly a deep gloom seemed to pervade the forest; the shadows darkened on his path, and looking upward through the trees, he saw the heavens, which so bright, overcast with heavy clouds, whose billowy forms, tossing to and fro in wild disorder, portended an approaching tempest.

The warning of the old mariner was not an idle word, and too late sensible of his imprudence, Frank turned, in some anxiety, to retruce his steps to the boat. But he had plunged with reckless daring into the dense forest, and without guide or compass he knew not how to extricate himself from it. Whatever way he turned, he seemed still more deeply to involve himself in