

they prepared to seek him—when to their joy he was seen approaching with hurried steps.

“I have found them at last,” he commenced; “having climbed yonder hill in the expectation of finding a better supply of decayed wood, I observed at the distance of an arrow’s flight, a bright light between two hillocks; favoured by the storm, I advanced far enough to discover those we seek;—we must be cautious in approaching, else Mambertou, finding he cannot carry off, may slay his captive.”

The party on gaining the hill top, crept stealthily towards the light, taking advantage of every intervening bush and tree trunk, until they were within a hundred yards of it, but were betrayed by the snapping of a dry stick.

Mambertou darted towards Emily; and hurried her to the brink of a precipice a few yards in advance, and uttering a horrid yell, held her over!—As if to prolong the dreadful suspense, he then drew her back and flourished his scalping knife before her face! Afraid to advance, the pursuers stood dismayed and undetermined what course to adopt, when Mambertou turned his back for an instant—Dormer raised his rifle and pulled the trigger;—no sound followed, and the loud laugh of Mambertou rang above the loud roar of the storm. Ere it had ceased, the wind, as if purposely directed to a single point, bellowed furiously, and catching up an isolated beech, hurled it over the precipice! Mambertou appeared for an instant among its spreading roots, and then fell a crushed and mangled corse!

“’Tis the judgment of the Great Spirit of the Storm,” said Great Eagle, gazing with a subdued and humbled eye towards the tragic scene. “Many a time,” he continued, as a world of thought seemed crowding to his brow and his stronger passions melted before the bright ray of young friendship: “many a time have I skimmed the glassy lake with my poor brother there: often have we measured our strength on the sunny bank in harmless sport; side by side have we chased the bound-

ing moose, and slain him at the close of day; in the wood and on the river we shared each other’s toil; his goods and sports were mine, and where I was not, he could not be; until ambition fixed upon his heart, and parted us for ever!” Here he sat down and gave way to a flood of melancholy feeling too strong to be suppressed.

Hoary winter passed away, and spring with her budding charms opened brighter prospects to the hardy emigrant, whose song responded to the happy notes of his winged visitors.—Not the least joyous among the features of reanimated nature, was the light heart of Emily Davenport, on the day that saw her more closely united to the fortunes of Edwin Dormer.

Great Eagle was present at the nuptials; ascribed the preservation of Emily, over whose swooning body the fearful missile had harmlessly passed, to the special favour of the GREAT STORM SPIRIT: and when in after years the spirit of his tribe waxed faint, he often referred to the scene, and pictured thence in his own wild language, the dispersion of his race before the tide of civilization. W. R. M. B.

St. John, January, 1841.

Fisher’s Drawing Room Scrap Book.

THIS book,—says the London Literary Gazette—comes before us like the holy and beautiful image of the dead, and we open it with a strange feeling of melancholy; for there is still the “sweet lingerings” of that voice amongst its leaves which soothed and saddened us for years—the nightingale that mourned over this rose! The flower is here, but, alas! the sweet songster is flown. Yet a few of these pages retain her last notes, and they fall upon our heart like music heard midway between earth and heaven, dying away among the loosened silver of the bright clouds: low, sweet, and more sacred as they near the “golden gates.” But she is gone, and we have not even left us here her hallowed grave to weep over;—she, who should have slept “her long