

more precious, for the evening was advancing and an attempt to effect the liberation of Clarence, from whose supposed place of durance they were then not far distant, if not made that night, might be attended with obstacles which it would be impossible to surmount—surrounded, as they now were, with numerous and watchful enemies.

With hasty purpose the dead bodies were dragged to the side of the swamp and thrown into the pool, as the most effectual means of concealing them that suggested itself in the hurry of the moment. But there were crimson stains upon the green sward they could not hide; a record of their fate, traced in characters of dreadful import, over their grave, which they could not obliterate.

Secreting the canoe with care, near a small rivulet that ran from the morass, and drained its half-stagnant waters into a creek below, they resumed their march; yet not before Argonou, turning again to be assured of its security and concealment, saw with deep concern that the rapid watercourse was already tinged with the blood of the slain. It might divulge a secret to the Micicete he had much rather should remain forever buried in oblivion.

The sun was setting as the travellers stood upon an elevated knoll, and gazed with excited feelings at the prospect before them. Beneath, at a little distance from the position they occupied, was spread out the calm surface of the Kennebecasis, not, as they had first seen it, rising through the over shadowing forest in tooth-like career; but, having acquired its matured growth, rolling a broad, majestic river, near its confluence with the St. John. At that place the flood appeared enclosed, as it were, by the projecting points which pierced far into its expanse on either side; though to the right the eye could descry the more distant headlands and coves which the river swept past, on its passage to pour itself as a tribute into the bosom of its mightier neighbour.

Directly in front, several islands, crowned with dark pines and birchen spray, rose from the sheet of clear water, like emeralds in a lake of molten rubies, for the deep flush of evening tinged the few clouds that hung in the western sky with the richest hues, from the mellow orange to the most brilliant carmine and purple, with every variety of intermediate tint which, like the colours of a dying dolphin, changed, incessantly, as the orb of day sank lower beneath the hills westward of the St. John; or the light strips of cloud, like crimson banners, sailed imperceptibly onward. While from the

firmament above a roseate blush was transmitted to the mirror below—so pure, so transparent, that limner would have despaired at any attempt to imitate its exquisite, though fleeting delicacy, by the poor resources of his art. The wooded shores, on either hand, were overflowing with exuberant vegetation, and the feathery foliage on their crests and projecting limbs, reflecting the direct rays of the level sun ere it sank, shone like glowing gold above the dark evergreens and the crimson tide; then as the radiance vanished from the leaves, and the twilight approached, all individual character was lost in one indiscriminate mass of shade. Beyond the opposite shores, which rose bold and majestic, long sweeping lines of hills could be distinguished, receding in beautiful perspective, one above the other, and thrown out in relief by dissimilarity of shadowing, until the prospect terminated in an undulating, mountainous ridge, blue and indistinct in the waning light and the hazy horizon.

The whole scene blended the elements of the beautiful and grand in a degree that Edward was fain to confess he had seldom, or ever witnessed before. The pellucid, spacious river with its wooded amphitheatre of hills, infinite in form and shade; the fairy isles, stud-ding its expanse with their rich green coronals—the gorgeous sky, the deep harmony of repose which pervaded all, were sufficient to arouse the admiration of the coldest observer. But an object of more engrossing interest, at the moment, withdrew the eyes of the lover from that which at any other time would have called forth sensations of most passionate delight, so replete with graceful profusion and majestic dignity were the romantic features of the landscape.

Upon a sloping bank of the river, directly beneath the place where the travellers stood, and close to a long, narrow strip of land—which appeared to connect the nearest islet with the shore, were to be seen the enclosing fence, and white wigwams of an Indian village, among the rude cones of which was contrasted the dingy walls of a log cabin, nor was Edward wrong in the surmise that within its roof was contained the precious being ever uppermost in his thoughts.

The thin grey smoke, ascending from the clustered dwellings, mingled in a dim cloud which lingered among the adjacent trees, like a blue vapour, and in one place, a fire was burning briskly in the open air, by the side of which, several squaws and children were seated, variously employed, while, ever and anon,