

to, was travelling with an Indian, who, having discovered the track of a moose in the snow, set off in chase of it, while the trapper pursued his way with the Indian's pack of furs and provisions on his shoulders. He had not gone far when he heard a shot, and the next moment a moose-deer, as large as a horse, sprang through the bushes and stood in front of him. The animal came so suddenly on the trapper, that it could not turn; so, rising up with a savage look, it prepared to strike him, when another shot was fired from among the bushes by the Indian, and the moose, springing nearly its own height into the air, fell dead upon the snow.

About a week after his arrival, the trapper departed, and left me again in solitude.

*The last voyage.*—There is something very sad and melancholy in these words—the last. The last look; the last word; the last smile; even the last shilling, have all a peculiarly melancholy import;—but the last *voyage*, to one who has lived, as it were, on travelling; who has slept for weeks and months under the shadow of the forest trees, and dwelt among the wild romantic scenes of the wilderness, has a peculiar and thrilling interest. Each tree I passed on leaving, shook its boughs mournfully, as if it felt hurt at being thus forsaken. The very rocks seemed to frown reproachfully, while I stood up and gazed wistfully after each well-known object for the last time. Even the wind seemed to sympathise with the rest; for, while it urged the boat swiftly away from my late home, like a faithful friend holding steadfastly on its