

so much resolve, as desperation. In contrast to nature's peace, there was evidently the severest conflict in this man's soul. In his deep pre-occupation, he would sometimes permit his boat to drift almost ashore; then his impatient and powerful grasp upon the tiller bespoke a fiery spirit, and a strong, prompt hand to do its behests.

But, by the time he had crossed the flats, south of "Cro'nest," he seemed inclined to escape from his painful reverie, and take some interest in surrounding scenes. He looked at his watch, and appeared vexed at his slow progress. He took the oars, pulled a few strokes, then cast them down again, muttering,

"After all, what do a few hours signify? Besides, I am infinitely happier and better off here than in New York;" and he threw himself back again in his old listless attitude.

His boat was now gliding around that remarkable projection of land that has since gained a world-wide celebrity under the name of West Point. When a little beyond what is now known as the old Steamboat Landing, he thought he heard a woman's voice. He listened intently, and a snatch of wild melody, clear and sweet, floated to him through the still air. He was much surprised, for he expected to find no one in that solitude, much less a woman with a voice as sweet as that of a brown-thrush that was giving an occasional prelude to its evening song in a shady nook of the mountains.

He at once proposed to solve the mystery, and so divert his thoughts from a subject that was evidently