

reaction of the blood, the swelling of the veins, the twirling and twittering of the brain, the throb and palpitation of the heart, had not dethroned reason, given a double-sighted perception of danger, made calamity doubly ruinous. It was otherwise with the son of the forest; foiled as he had been, he seemed to be bracing up his powers for increased vigilance; his eye roiled painfully in its socket, his nostrils expanded, his chest swelled, and with a sudden bound he unchained his struggling might; plunging through the tangled alders he swept along until he gained the creek, but could perceive no traces of the fugitive.

"Which way do you suppose they have taken," asked Dormer, on coming up to where the Indian stood, regardless of their approach; starting at the sound, he beckoned them to follow, and taking the downward course of the stream, strode on, much against the judgment of his companions! In a short time he stopped, and with a grim smile of satisfaction, shewed them an incontestible proof of his superior sagacity. The sight of the canoes on the opposite bank, gave a new impulse to the sinking spirits of Horace, who prepared to plunge into the stream, but the Indian waved him back.

"Do not deceive yourself," said he, "the cunning of Mambertou stops not here, the barks have been pushed across from this side; had he landed there, he had taken care to conceal them."

"But the handkerchief on yonder bush," interrupted Dormer.

"Calculated to mislead also," Great Eagle replied, and he began to examine the margin of the stream.

Dormer and Davenport now placing implicit confidence in the judgment of their conductor, followed him slowly down the stream, and it was with little surprise, therefore, that after a brief search, they again struck into the trail of the subtle Mambertou.

The sky which had been cloudless all the morning, became suddenly darkened. A slight rustling was heard among the leaves, which had been mo-

tionless until now, and the woods in the distance gave out a heavy moaning sound, resembling the deep groan of some unhappy prisoner, threatened with an exposure to the rack on which his limbs have been already torn;—then came a startling noise, like that produced by the passage of a cannon ball over head, and then all became hushed as before. The Indian looked upwards and observed that these were indications of an approaching tempest. The young men shuddered at the thought of Emily being exposed to the gloom and fury of the angry elements, and in the power of a relentless savage.

Large drops of rain began to patter upon the branches, and increasing with every moment, seemed one unbroken flood, filling up and eradicating the traces of the fugitive.—Again was heard the awful voice of nature overhead, and the gale swept the tall forest and bent it like a field of ripe grain, the equinoctials having set in with more than their accustomed fury; showers of leaves and heavy branches, mingling with the descending rain, entirely impeded the pursuit. Meantime the party, now thoroughly drenched, and each unwilling to trust his fears to his companions, stood vainly looking for some token of a change. A choked utterance of a hope, excited by the parting of the flying scud, or an instantaneous lull, was the only evidence of animation.

Great Eagle was the first to break the silence, by observing that they had better look to their own safety, since further exertions would be unavailing.—Dormer, who had been resting his chin on his rifle, peered fiercely from under his raised brows at this suggestion, but instantly perceiving the truth of the observation his anxious mind dreaded to admit, he silently prepared to follow the advice.

While Dormer was engaged in the difficult task of kindling a fire, the Indian went in search of dry fuel, but not returning as soon as expected, his friends began to fear that he had been surprised and slain by his enemy.—Hastily snatching up their weapons,