

SHEPHERD,
BROUGHT TAILOR,
returned from Philadelphia and
with a well selected and choice
of articles in his line of business.

AND MARSEILLES,
and **Marseilles Vestings,**
and **CLOTHS & CASSI-**
MERES:

OS, CHECK AND PLAIN;
HECK DRILLINGS,
SATTEANS.
ORDER, OUTFITTERS,
men's wear. He will be glad to serve
and obtain new ones.

GRAMMER, JR.
FULLY notifies his friends and
public, that he has just opened, at the
of his father, nearly opposite the
building formerly occupied as a
house by Mrs. Robinson,
and well selected assortment of
GROCERIES,
will be happy to dispose of on
terms and for Cash.

AND FOR RENT OR
SALE.
sell a Farm containing about two
and seventy acres on accommoda-
or I will rent it for the balance of
year. Persons desiring to rent
will call upon the subscriber or
George Wells at Annapolis.

AND FOR SALE.
subscriber offers for sale a TRACT
LAND called
BEEN'S PURCHASE.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN-
EIGHT AND A HALF ACRES, situ-
ated in Annapolis county, near to, and ad-
joining the lands of the late Joseph M. Coney,
this land is exceedingly fertile, and
in a high state of improvement, plaiter
in great effect, and the land is in every
way adapted to the growth of Corn, Wheat
wheat, and is also peculiarly adapted to
the culture of Clover.

improvements are a large new BARN,
THREE QUARTERS for servants, in
this there is also an excellent TIMO-
SHADOW in fine order. Any one in-
terested in purchase will of course view the
premises. The TERMS will be made AC-
CORDING TO THE TERMS. Captain Joseph Owens,
near the premises, will show the prop-
erty to any person inclined to purchase. Ap-
plication can be made to me in the city of Bal-
timore, or to Capt. Owens, who will give
information as to terms, &c.

TO RENT.
THE BRICK HOUSE AND LOT,
fronting on Green Street, former-
ly owned by Mr. Bruce B. Brewer.
Good Tenant the rent will be low. Also
OFFICE in West Street, between the old
Alexander Randall and Dr. H. Nicholson,
rent. The rent of the latter property is
at \$50 per annum.

Arundel County, &c.
application to the Judges of Anne Arundel
County Court by petition, in writing, of Beale
County Court, stating that he is
of Anne Arundel county, and praying for
relief from the Act of the General Assembly
of the State of Maryland, passed in 1827,
entitled, "An Act for the relief of sundry
debtor's, passed at November session, 1827,
and several amendments thereon, on the terms
in said Act mentioned, a schedule of his property, and
of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascertain,
being annexed to said petition, and by Beale
County Court having satisfied the Court by com-
petent testimony that he has resided two years within
the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the
date of his application, and the said Beale County
Court having taken the oath by the said Act prescribed,
and delivered up the personal appearance at the County
Court of Anne Arundel county, to answer such inter-
rogatories and allegations as may be made against
him, and having appointed Joshua Warfield, of Beale
County, to be his guardian, and a conveyance and
assignment of all his personal real, personal and mis-
cellaneous property, and a judgment, that the said
Beale County Court be discharged from his conduct,
and that he give notice to his creditors by a newspaper
of this order to be inserted in some newspaper
published in the city of Annapolis, once a week for
four months, before the said County Court, at the
house of said day, for the purpose of recommending
for their benefit, and to show cause, if any
he have, why the said Beale County Court should not
be discharged from the benefit of the said Act, and the application
be granted.

FOR ANNAPOIS,
CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat MA-
RYLAND, will com-
mence her regular route
for Annapolis, Cambridge
(by Castle Hill) and
Easton, on FRIDAY MORNING NEXT,
the 1st of March, at 7 o'clock, from her usual place
of starting, lower end Dugan's wharf, and return-
ing to leave Baltimore on every Tuesday and
Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for the above
places throughout the season.
Passage to Castle Haven or Easton \$3 50
Annapolis \$1.
N. B. All Baggage at the risk of the owner.

LEML. G. TAYLOR, Prop.
March 24.

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PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WORM AND THE FLOWER.

By James Montgomery, Esq.
You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning tints arise,
From woody vales and mountain-streams,
To blue autumnal skies.
You're training for my lady, flower!
You're opening for my love,
The glory of her summer bowers,
While skylark's note above,
Goes with her locks with robeds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs swirl the water-floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.
But oh! there's another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lonely form
In the dark sepulchre;
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this,
Hard by, the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.
Faint emblems of frail beauty, yet
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust!
Yet like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the clod,
And shine, in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

From the Literary Cabinet.
The annexed sweet and plaintive effusion, is from
the pen of J. Mills Brown, of our Theatre, who is so
well known as a comedian, and ingenious mechanic.
Those who have witnessed Mr. Brown's delineation
of Gregory, Tony Lumpkin, Nipperkin, and Jack
Bunton, will be surprised that such a languid-
ing genius should be capable of producing such
genius strains.

HOPE IN HEAVEN.
(Written in a mental anguish.)
In mercy bind this bruised heart,
Thou Power, who bade me smile and weep!
Lift its wild thro'—or bid it part—
And endless sleep!
Oh! where's the hope for lofty minds?
Those souls of oak, who will not crave
To bend—though rent by ruthless winds!
Where?—in the grave.

*His com-mates fly the wounded deer;
The moon hangs sickly when the an-
d wintry storms, and howl from drear
Strip autumn's plains.*
But there's a rest for those who mourn;
A balm for bosom wring and grief;
Mid dreams for eyes with anguish worn;
'Tis—Hope in Heaven.

From the Lady's Book.
THE INDIAN BRIDE.

My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of
woman's love.

The plate we have chosen for our present
number, represents an imposing view of those
great natural curiosities, the Rocky Moun-
tains. The following story, the scene of which
is laid partly in these romantic regions, will
be read with great interest. It forms a suf-
ficient illustration of the engraving.

The funeral mounds, scattered over the
fertile plains lying upon the tributaries of the
Mississippi, that majestic parent of waters,
have, for two centuries, attracted the eye of
the solitary hunter, and awakened the sym-
paties of the humane and contemplative tra-
veller. Within the limits of the state which
bears the name of that dark and angry flood,
they are usually discovered upon the beauti-
ful levels irrigated by streams, every where
intersecting a region of undying verdure,
once the dominion and peaceful home of the
free-born Indian. Now they exhibit no vestige
of his race, save these green and solitary
tumuli, at once the monuments of his power
and instability. They are, nevertheless, the
sepulchres of brave, generous and gentle be-
ings. The warrior lies here, whose daring
deeds had struck dismay to the soul of the in-
vader; the maiden, whose only monitor was
the impulse of a guileless bosom; the matron,
whose native virtue and open handed hospi-
tality enlightened unfeeling men, who were
ready, even at her fireside, for deeds of vio-
lence; and the innocent babe, who only ar-
rived its eye from her bosom, to sport with
the dazzling instrument of merciless slaugh-
ter.

Their blood has sunk into the earth, the very
echoes sigh on the tale of desolation, and
sorrow sits in their solitary places, and cor-
ruption swarms the summits which will never
be with immortality; and bid the oppressor and
the victim to the awful tribunal of their com-
mon God!

But little of the history of the exterminat-
ed people is now known, even what remains
flows through the perishable medium of tra-
dition, unstable as the race of which it is a
memorial; but yet it furnishes many a tale of
high daring, stony passion, and consuming
vengeance; of true magnanimity, matchless
fidelity, and ardent affection—possessing frag-
ment and engaging interest. One of these

traditions is the foundation and material of
the present narrative.

About the year 1800, a surveyor of the
Natchez district was employed to compro-
mise the difference existing between the land-
ed proprietors, by the re-survey of certain
conflicting lines, which produced feuds and
collisions fraught with agitation to the com-
munity. These lands embraced a large por-
tion of the beautiful plains of Second Creek,
as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as they
now are by the civilized occupant. During
the progress of the survey, the chain-bearers
paused at the foot of a mound, over which the
compass directed their course. It was simi-
lar in appearance to those ordinarily seen, but
of much smaller dimensions, and encircled by
trees so disposed as to preclude the sup-
position that such an arrangement was the re-
sult of accident. The mound formed nearly
a sharp cone; and from its centre rose the
stately shaft of a magnificent oak, whose tow-
ering head, wrapped in a cloud of verdure,
shaded the entire circumference. The spot
was on the extremity of a peninsula, formed
by the meanders of the creek, and offered a
place of repose so attractive, calm and seclu-
ded, that the party halted for refreshment.
The eye of the practised surveyor is ex-
tremely acute; his curiosity was, on this oc-
casion, much excited; and, after a careful ex-
amination, he declared to his companions his
belief, that the earth had been raised to mark
an important corner.

"It," said he, "it were larger, I should pro-
nounce the mound to be a place of burial; but
the Indians didn't do these matters in so small
a way; they were never over fond of hard
work, and instead of digging graves, to save
labour, they piled the bodies in layers, you
see, one over another, until the height be-
came distressing, and then began again—
This little hill would hardly hold a pair."

"It can't be a Spanish corner," said one of
his companions, "for this oak grew here long
before a Spaniard ever trod the soil; its size
speaks it above a hundred years old, and
more than that, it's a planted tree."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the surveyor; "but it
may have been set in French times."
"Hardly," exclaimed the little care of lines
and corners as their copper-faced friends—
Land was too plenty, in their day, to make
them particular about boundaries, even if the
lazy devils had been disposed to drive a
plough, which they never were. Niggers
now, Indians then. The Natchez were the
cooks and bottle-washers for Mounseers; and
the fastest turkey, the best quartet of veni-
zen, and first choice of women always fell to
number one!"

"Spaniard or French," now shouted the sur-
veyor triumphantly, "here's the mark."
His companions hastened to the tree; but
though they examined with interested eyes,
they could not discover what professional ex-
perience so easily distinguished and eagerly
pointed out.

"Nothing but the rear of a poor shin," said
one, "from a flash of lightning" or a falling
tree."
"Or the marks of a red-headed ivory bill,
or the practicing of a Janu-buck," said the
other.

Neither bark, nor bird, nor buck, nor yet
a thunderbolt," replied the surveyor, "but the
work of man, and done with steel. But hand
a hatchet and the story is soon told."

The axemen were forthwith called, and a
chip of large dimension, running well towards
the centre of the tree, was detached, and ex-
posed to view the rude representation of a Ro-
man cross. At this denunciation the man of
the compass was exceedingly puzzled.

"It was done by the hand of man," said he,
"as I told you; but is no corner. A St. An-
drew," he continued very gravely, "would
have settled the matter; but a Roman cross
was never a surveyor's sign manual."

Here the investigation ceased; the chain-
bearers recommenced their labour, and the
whole party proceeded to matters having for
their higher interest and greater attraction.—
Since that period an aged Indian has related
the fragment of a tradition leading to the his-
tory of the oak, and of the mound on which
it grew. It was intended, as our friend the
empire remarked, only for a "pair" and a
hapless pair were they who slumbered in that
green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century found
the adventurous Frenchmen, who penetrated
the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great fa-
vour with the Natchez nation. The politeness
so proverbial of this versatile people, and
the ease with which they assimilate them-
selves to the strangers among whom they may
be thrown, give them advantages among savage
tribes, over all other nations. As regards the
unfortunate Natchez, the French did not pro-
perly appreciate their motives; and the honest
affections of native benevolence were ascribed
to duplicity or cowardice.

It is not now intended to detail the wrongs
of that race, who were distinguished above
every other within the limits of northern A-
merica, for the refinement of their manners,
the ardour of their affections, the chivalric
character of their courage, and the unsuspect-
ing hospitality which resulted from this felici-
tous combination of moral virtues. It is suf-
ficient to allude to the affliction of "nearless
implacable and notorious oppression by the French,
and the vindictive spirit which the fierce In-
dians, driven to desperation, would naturally
exhibit.

A young man, whose father bore a commis-
sion in the service of the French king, had
accompanied him to the Mississippi, at a pe-
riod when the best intelligence existed be-
tween the natives and the emigrant strangers.
The youth, though scarcely seventeen, pos-
sessed talents of a high order, a sound judg-
ment, and a most ingenuous disposition. His
form was just assuming the finest proportions
and graces of manhood; and, though with-
drawn at this early age from the discipline of
the schools, he was deeply imbued with the
love of virtue and a thirst after knowledge;
indeed, his whole character presented a strik-
ing contrast to the reckless spirits by whom
he was surrounded. On his arrival in the
western world, he became soon charmed with
the brave and adventurous character of the
natives; he loved to unite in their expeditions
in pursuit of game, and, urged on by a spirit
of curiosity and enterprise, he roamed far and
wide over those vast prairies which spread
around the centre of our continent, and whose
western limits are only fixed by the pointed
summits of the Rocky Mountains, which dart
high into the blue atmosphere, and reigned
then, as they yet reign, over vast regions
scarcely tributary to man. Settling at length
among the Natchez, his kindness and
suavity speedily rendered him a favourite.
He engaged in their pursuits, and joined in
their pastimes; no difficulty subdued his en-
terprise, no danger repelled his intrepidity.
The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance
and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior con-
templated, with admiration, the calmness of
his courage and his self-possession in the hour
of peril. Mild and engaging in his manners,
as he was dauntless of soul, the children
thronged tumultuously around him, and in the
warmth of their affection they named him
the "good Frenchman." He climbed the
trees for the grape and the pecan; distribut-
ed among them the simple ornaments which
they admired; gathered wild flowers for their
hair, and selected for them the most beauti-
ful feathers from the spotted heron and rose-
coloured flamingo. But beyond the mere desire
of pleasing, he aimed at being useful; and he
instructed this docile people, so far as they
came within his influence, in those domestic
arts most calculated to prove beneficial. To
the elder he taught agriculture and the man-
ual occupations adapted to their capacities; to
the younger, the literature of his native land;
and to all he held out in their grandeur and
sublimity, the bright promises of that religion
which influenced his own actions and exalted
his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre was the
daughter of a chief, in whose family he main-
tained the most friendly intercourse. She
was, at this period, but twelve years of age,
and in his estimation, as well as in fact, a
child. She listened with delight to his in-
structions, and her attentive manners and en-
tire confidence won his affections, while her
expanding intellect promised the most grati-
fying success in the cultivation of her mind.
This result became daily more evident; his
exertions were redoubled, and, in the lapse
of four years, the native genius of the interest-
ing Natchez shone forth in intellectual beau-
ty.

She was named, in the figurative language
of her race, "the Morning Star." St. Pierre,
in playfulness, or for the sake of brevity, called
her Etoile. They at length became insepar-
able; they walked together through the
boundless forests, which bloomed in their
native beauty around them together, they trod
the margin of that stream, whose living wa-
ters, even at that early day, bore upon their
bosom the silver strains of melody, and which
now, in the holy calm of a summer sunset, or
beneath the glittering serenity of a mellow
moon, are unsurpassed in brightness together;
they admired the sublime works of the Creator—
distant and resplendent worlds wheeling
in their immensity, their silent majesty, and
their unapproachable magnificence; and to-
gether they knelt in adoration of the Al-
mighty Author, amidst the stupendous works
of his hands and the evidence of his omni-
potence.

It is necessary to ask, if hearts thus in unison
had imbibed other sentiments than those
which characterized their earlier intercourse;
or whether the enthusiasm of the instructor,
and the emulation of the pupil had not been
exchanged for mutual admiration and deep and
ardent affection? At the age of twenty-one,
manly grace distinguished the stately form of
St. Pierre; and sixteen summers had unfolded
the beauties and matured the attractions of
this child of the wilderness, whom he now
loved beyond all the world besides.

At this period of our narrative, the en-
croachments of the French had attained a
point which became intolerable to the Natchez,
and every circumstance unequivocally
proved that opportunity alone was wanting to
bring down retributive vengeance on the ag-
gressors. Intercourse had gradually de-
creased, mistrust took possession of the minds
of the French, and they resumed, in appearance
at least, the discipline of a military post. St.
Pierre had witnessed these indications with
regret, and saw the approach of a storm, omi-
nous in its aspect, and destined, at no dis-
tant period, to burst with unexampled fury.

The stern warrior, who had heretofore re-
garded the intimacy of the Christian youth
and his daughter with the indifference of a
barbarian, was unacquainted of that league of
what had once been the encampment of the
French, where a smouldering heap of ruins,
and the ghastly spectacle of mangled and con-
suming carcasses, too surely indicated the
fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret
had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal
their expedition, which under the disguise
of a hunting party, was intended against the
French, that they fell upon them at sunset and
massacred them to a man. This was the
chance destined to distinguish the marriage pa-
geant of a warrior's daughter, and was em-
phatically called by the Indians, "the hunt of
the French dogs."

To St. Pierre he declared that faith and truce
with his nation were at an end, and that his
person would be unsafe among the Indians;
for the Natchez warriors were sworn to im-
mutable hate and deadly vengeance.

"I have no crime to allege against St. Pi-
erre," said the chief, "but that he is a French-
man. Go again across the great lake, over
which your nation have come to the distress
and ruin of an offending people. You are
now safe; when we meet again, which I hope
we may not; it must be as enemies in battle.
The spirits of my slaughtered children, from
the deep gloom of our forests, cry aloud for
blood!"

Arguments were lost on the inexorable war-
riors. St. Pierre urged, with impassioned
eloquence, every motive by which he hoped
to attain his purpose. As a friend to the Na-
tchez and a Frenchman, he proposed a media-
tion between the exasperated parties, and
hinted at a new and permanent compact.

"We have sworn by our God," said the old
man, pointing to the sun, whose setting beams
seemed to linger among his white locks, as if
to listen, "we have sworn by our God, and
the oath is irrevocable."

But when the unhappy lovers confessed the
nature of their attachment, the glance which
met the submissive look of the trembling girl,
too plainly indicated the high displeasure of
her father. He upbraided her as one un-
worthy of her lineage and nation, who could
consent to mingle her blood with the enemies
of her race. He spurred the idea with scorn;
and bade her prepare for a union with a war-
rior of her own tribe.

This sentence Etoile and St. Pierre knew to
be irrevocable. They contrived, however, to
arrange, during the busy interview, a mode
and place of meeting, should opportunity per-
mit; they renewed their pledges of unalter-
able attachment, and resigned themselves to
their fate, anticipating more auspicious days.
Weeks elapsed; but the obstacles presented
to a meeting, in the increased vigilance of
the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable.
Circumstances now transpired, rendering ac-
tion indispensable, without regard to conse-
quences. Etoile was informed by her father
that the period of her marriage, with a war-
rior of the Natchez was fixed, and that the
young and brave of the nation were to sig-
nalize the occasion by a hunting party, such
as had not been witnessed in their generation.
She betrayed no emotion, seemed to acquiesce
in the wishes of her father, but determined to
avoid, at any hazard, a fate to her more awful
than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she in-
duced a young Indian to bind himself to her
service, she instructed him to proceed by
night to the French encampment, cautiously
to approach the chain of sentinels, and to
send an arrow, which she had prepared, with-
in the lines. To it she attached a small piece
of paper, on which was inscribed, in emblem-
atic characters, the intelligence she was desir-
ous of communicating to St. Pierre. She
informed him that at the rising of the moon,
on the night appointed for her marriage, she
would meet him at a place designated by her,
that they might fly from scenes which, to them
both, were fraught with peril. This commu-
nication, being firmly fixed to the arrow, was
given to the messenger, who faithfully per-
formed his engagement. The missile was
picked up in the morning by one of the sol-
diers; curiosity, surmises and suspicions were
excited, but no explanation could be made of
what was called "the Indian picture." It
circulated among the officers, day after day,
until all excitement ceased, and the incident
was forgotten. To St. Pierre it presented no
mystery; and he silently and joyfully pre-
pared to obey the summons. The eventful mo-
ment at length arrived. Etoile appeared calm
and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque
costume of her nation, heightened in effect by
her own exquisite taste, she never looked
more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Sus-
picion was thus disarmed, and she was left
to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warriors had accompanied their
companion, whose singular good fortune was
that day to be completed in the possession of
the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon an
expedition which her father had represented
to her as one of hunting, in honour of her
bridal. The party was to return at night,
and the marriage to be solemnized amidst
general rejoicing. Towards the close of the
day, Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally,
from her unsuspecting companions; and pur-
suing her object with great rapidity, a few
hours brought her to the place of meeting, a-
greed upon with St. Pierre. The latter had
arrived before her, and they were once more
in each other's arms. No time was to be lost;
the night was advancing, and they knew that
the absence of the intended bride must soon
be discovered. They therefore turned their
steps towards the French camp as a place of
present refuge, resolved to remain there until
opportunity should enable them to reach
a seaport, whence they might embark for
Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They
were surprised on reaching the lines, to find
their approach undiscovered and unobstructed.
The challenge of the sentinel drum were
of the camp, the roll of the evening drum were
unheard, and the solitude of the desert, only
broken by the ominous shriek of the owl, fell
heavily upon their hearts. They reached
what had once been the encampment of the
French, where a smouldering heap of ruins,

and the ghastly spectacle of mangled and con-
suming carcasses, too surely indicated the
fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret
had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal
their expedition, which under the disguise
of a hunting party, was intended against the
French, that they fell upon them at sunset and
massacred them to a man. This was the
chance destined to distinguish the marriage pa-
geant of a warrior's daughter, and was em-
phatically called by the Indians, "the hunt of
the French dogs."

The onset was made, and the catastrophe
accomplished, during the time occupied by
St. Pierre and Etoile in reaching the place a-
greed upon for an interview. To describe
their sensations were a hopeless attempt, nor
had they leisure for the indulgence of unavail-
ing sorrow, danger pressed sharply upon them;
for they well knew that pursuit would be
speedy.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route
to the next French post, there lived in safety
and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Ro-
man Catholic order; he had retired from the
irreligion and depravity which latterly degra-
ded the French, and undisturbed by the In-
dians, who respected him for his humanity
and spotless life, devoted his days to prayer
and contemplation. To the hospitality of this
holy man they therefore resolved to commit
themselves, in order to solicit his services in
the solemnization of their marriage; after
which it was their determination to seek the
sea-board and sail for France. In the prosecu-
tion of these intentions, they entered the
wilderness, and on the following evening
reached the residence of the priest. He re-
ceived them with kindness, and heard the sad
fate of his countrymen with undiminished
grief; but well knowing the vigilance, sagaci-
ty, and matchless perseverance of the In-
dians, the good man urged them to prosecute
their flight without unnecessary delay. He
first confirmed their vows in the holy sacra-
ment of marriage, and pronounced their in-
dissoluble union. A hasty repast was pro-
vided by their host, a blessing pronounced, and
again they sought the depths of the forest.—
The moon rose in cloudless majesty, seeming
by the cold serenity which sat upon her change-
less disk, to mock the thousand emotions which
alternately agitated the wanderers. St. Pierre,
well versed in the habits of the Indians, pur-
sued his path through the most intricate
woods and defiles. On reaching a stream,
the fugitives would plunge into the water and
follow its meanders a long distance, that their
trace might be lost to their pursuers. In the
practice of these and similar stratagems, they
passed the night. On the ensuing morning
the sun shone out in splendour, the forest re-
sounded with the gush of music, hope held
out bright prospects for the future, and their
spirits seemed to react under these reflections,
and the vivifying beauties of the coming day.
Exhausted nature, however, after such exer-
tions, required repose; and the sun had awak-
ed the zenith before the wearied youth awoke
from the false visions which transported him,
with that beloved one, to home and kindred,
far from persecution and danger, among the
green hills and sunny glades of his own vine-
clad land. Etoile was yet slumbering on this
side, and he most unwillingly dispersed the
fair dreams which seemed to impart to her re-
pose unbroken serenity. They now arose;
the evening was delightful, the sky was un-
obscured by a cloud, and a balmy and refresh-
ing breeze, with almost a conviction of safe-
ty, inspired the travellers with renewed vigour.
Apprehension, though thus allayed,
was not banished from their minds. The
anxious and vigilant St. Pierre had paused
frequently within an hour, as if in the atti-
tude of listening; he climbed a tree to the top-
most branch, and again descending, pressed
his ear closely to the earth.

"My fears are groundless," said he, "it is
but the moaning of the forest wind."
"But hark! Aguz! Pshaw! It is the cry of
the wolf; he is early on the chase; some strag-
gling deer has passed his den, and the savage
is roused by the scent of blood."

And now at briefer intervals there came
upon the breeze, low and broken, but not un-
melodious sounds, like the closing ring of a
distant guitar, or the parting wail of an Ae-
olian harp; now for a moment pausing, as if in
doubt and perplexity, and again bursting forth
in the ecstasy of triumph. The strain came
booming on, the deep notes swelled out to
their fullest scope, and pealed suddenly among
the drowsy echoes of these deathlike solitudes.
"It is not the cry of the wolf," resumed the
agitated St. Pierre; "nor yet the yell of the
panther and dogs, there are none in the wil-
derness."
The wild sounds, now opening from the
highlands and approaching the valley where
the travellers stood, fell coldly on the heart
of the terrified girl; for it was beyond a doubt,
that a foot, unerring as death, hung like des-
tiny on their flight. Etoile flung back her
luxuriant hair, turned her ear towards the
quarter whence the sounds proceeded, and a
fixed look of speechless amazement too truly
told the sequel.

"It is the bay of Sanglant," at length she
exclaimed; "we are lost, for ever lost! My
father's blood-hound is out, and when this cry
is heard, death—death is on the wind. Faith
herself may now abandon hope!"
With but sufficient strength to utter these
words, the agonized wife sunk into the arms
of her husband.

(See fourth Page.)