

within the wigwam, and prepared a kettle of hot tea, of which we all partook; then rolling ourselves in our blankets, with feet stretched to the fire, we commended ourselves to sleep.—Mahteen was appointed to keep watch, lying within the entrance of the wigwam, and directed to keep up the fire during the night, as the heavy mist, which would roll up from the river just before morning, would render the night-air at that time exceedingly damp and chill.

We slept long and soundly, as tired sportsmen generally do after the fatigues of a busy day, but at length our slumbers were suddenly broken by a loud snort, followed by a long-drawn yell from Mahteen. All were instantly on their feet, and each seized the weapon nearest him, whether gun, spear, or tomahawk; some of the party rushed out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but the young moon had gone down some hours before, and the dense night fog, combined with the darkness which precedes the coming day, rendered objects perfectly undistinguishable at the shortest distance. Some minutes elapsed ere we could obtain any explanation from the frightened Mahteen; he at length told us that he had fallen asleep, and on awaking found the fire nearly out, that he groped together the few remaining embers, and turning round to go out for more fuel, he had seen, at the door-way, a tall white spectre! That it was very tall, he was certain, because he had seen its eyes, which appeared to be looking down and viewing the interior arrangements of the wigwam, through the opening left at the top. On his approaching the door-way, the figure uttering the sound we had first heard, glided slowly and steadily away in the darkness and mist, and then he gave that ear-piercing yell, which had so suddenly roused us and dispelled our dreams. It was clear that no further explanation of the mystery could be had until daylight; so a good fire was kindled, round which the Indians clustered, conversing in whispers, while we dozed, occasionally, un-

til day was fairly established, and the first rays of the morning sun had begun to disperse the mists of night.—Then we sallied out, and Tomah almost instantly pointed out to us, the hoof-prints of a horse, and striking on the trail, he dashed off into the bush like a hound in full cry; ere ten minutes had elapsed he returned, driving before him a tall, gaunt, half-starved white horse, the veritable spectre of the preceding night, who was received by our admiring circle with a shout of laughter that made the welkin ring, and roused the slumbering echoes. Mahteen looked dreadfully crest-fallen, and had to bear as best he might, the bitter jests and biting sarcasms of his red brethren, who now that all doubts of our having been visited by the ghost were dissipated, enjoyed the night's adventure with uproarious glee, while the lean and miserable horse, with drooping head, stood in our midst, passive and motionless, giving no sign of life, save an occasional whisk of his untrimmed tail. We concluded that the ancient animal was the property of some poor settler, who, being destitute of pasture, had turned him loose to seek his own subsistence during the summer, and that he had wandered thus far in the wilderness in search of some promised land, but evidently without finding it. We managed, with a little trouble, to swim him over to the rich and verdant intervalle on the left branch of the river, where we left him to revel in capital feed; and we returned to breakfast, which we enjoyed the more from having done a good act in providing for the earthly wants, and quieting the troubled spirit, of "THE WHITE SPECTRE OF THE WEEPEMAW!"



TO A WITHERED ROSE.

NATURE's warm spirit's from thee fled,
As now thou hang'st upon 'thy stem
All sapless, withered, wan and dead
Yet fragrant still, sweet gem!

So is it with the pure in life;
When, from this earth, they pass away;
Their deeds, with virtue's sweets are rife,
They live beyond decay.