was repeated, and the leg was gradually lifted from the ground and placed in an easier posture. What murdered man lies buried here? thought I. The moon was bright—far brighter than sunlight to me then. I gazed at the limb, and as I gazed, another leg, withered looking, with tattered, dirt-covered cloth over it, was brought from the shadow; and as the limb rested, I stretched my full length from the tomb, and stood some distance from the spot. In doing this I had to avoid touching these mouldy remnants of the dead. When I had sufficiently recovered myself I stooped a little, and saw beneath the slab, hidden almost in the shadow, as if in the very shadow of death, the figure of a man, motionless—still! I stooped, and with feelings that I will not now attempt to describe, I placed my hand on the foot nearest me; I grasped it strongly, with the strength of utterable terror, and pulled. I dragged the body forth; it groaned no more; it was helpless in my arms, and would have fallen heavily had I not held it tight. I placed it on the side of the tomb. Was it his tomb? I stood opposite the body; I held it by the shoulders; I parted the damp, mouldy hair from the forehead—the moon shown full upon his face;—the beard was unshorn, the eyes were closed. “My dear fellow,” I said at length, “what in the name of Heaven brought you here?” I took him by the hand, and we two walked from the grave, and I saw him to the cabin where he lived, and his wife pulled him in when I opened the door to tell her I had found him up in the graveyard, underneath a tomb. It was not necessary for me to tell her he was drunk. In fact, it was one of the college gardeners, who, like myself and my cigar, had taken himself and his drink into the graveyard to escape the law. w.

“Lo,” The Poor Indian: A True Story. [Read before the Society of ’87.]

I do not know whether Cooper’s “Last of the Mohicans” is founded upon fact or not. Two summers ago I came upon a story so similar that I am tempted to tell it. It is of red men, but red men of the modern type. The romantic part may be wanting, but the tale was so pathetic, to me, at least, that I shall never forget it.

Four boys were camping on Lake Antegionimac. Do not laugh at the name, for Parkman tells us it was that of a powerful tribe of Indians now supposed to be extinct. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water in the Canadian woods, so far in that few sportsmen have ever reached it. Here nature shows herself in all her beauty. The pine has been cut away near all our water courses, but here it is replaced by spruce and tamarac, growing so thick and so high that it is impossible for underbrush to flourish. Great ferns grow everywhere, and one can walk miles on the greenest and softest moss to be found out of the tropics. Here and there the dry soil of a rolling hill is covered with birch-trees, their light leaves contrasting strongly with the dark green below them.

Our tent was on a little point under the precipice, which rises two hundred feet from the water, and forms the western bank of the lake. We had never seen a prettier camping-place, nor one more likely to excite those feelings of awe and wonder which exist even in the most lively intellects. After we had been there a day we spoke in whispers, and hated to start an echo to the sound of our axe. Owing to our position near the cliff the sun set at five o’clock—and what a change! As the shadows crept over the still waters the pair of eagles that lived directly above our heads would break the silence with their screams. Ducks could be heard splashing and quacking, and the colony of beavers at the head of the lake would strike the water great blows with their tails. What they do this for I don’t know, but the sound is unearthly enough.

Near us were the only people that we had seen for a month,—an old Indian and his son. They were wretchedly poor, and lived entirely on the products of their hunting. They were both very shy, but we could see that they watched us with much interest, and we had received many substantial proofs of their friendliness. We would find queer plants, distorted knots, and the other curiosities known to the