

ous to the introduction of iron and fire-arms among them, by the adventurous Frenchmen, who were the first to visit this portion of "L'Acadie," and open a communication with its peaceful and unsophisticated inhabitants. He told us that the ground whereon we were encamped, from its facilities of access, and other natural advantages, had been, in the olden time, a favorite *wee-pe-maw*, or camping-place, with the hunters of the tribe. Here they had erected lodges of a permanent character, and in this cherished spot they had been accustomed to leave their squaws and papposes, while absent on their hunting excursions, resting assured of their abiding in peace and safety during the most protracted absence. We inquired why a spot which had been so long favoured by the Milicetes, and which must be endeared to their memories by many pleasing recollections of former days, had, to all appearance, been deserted for a very long period, and allowed to relapse into the solitude and silence of the uninhabited wilderness. He told us that at the period when the Milicetes were first visited by the French traders, a young Indian had been particularly serviceable to two of their number, and had shewn them much kindness and hospitality, during their stay with the tribe. In return, they had taught him the use of fire-arms, and at the close of the trading season, when they were departing for the sea coast with their packs of valuable furs, they had presented him with a gun and a quantity of ammunition, as well in token of their regard, as to enable him to hunt more successfully, and provide a larger quantity of skins against their return the succeeding year. The Indian was highly delighted with his gift, which he fancied would give him unlimited power over the animals that might fall in his path, and, by way of exhibiting his newly acquired skill, he several times loaded and fired the piece, causing great astonishment at his daring, among the wondering hunters who surrounded him. His squaw was seated at the door of their lodge, and his pappoose

rolled, and frolicked, and tumbled by her side, receiving an occasional check for some unusually exuberant outbreak; but she paid little attention to what was passing, and evinced no satisfaction with the gift of the traders, declaring it boded no good. Touched by her apathy, the Indian jestingly presented the piece close to her head, declaring he would fire, and at the instant, by some accident or awkwardness, it exploded, and in a moment the unfortunate squaw was a corpse! For a few moments the Indian remained terror-stricken and paralysed; then, uttering a yell of agony, he tossed the accursed gun into the river, and rushed off to the forest. It was long, very long, ere he was again seen, and then he was found in the last stage of exhaustion, by a hunting party, who used every exertion to rouse him from the torpor into which he seemed to have fallen, but without success, and death soon after terminated his miserable existence. The pappoose was adopted by one of the Sachems of the tribe, and brought up with great care and tenderness; but it was alleged that the spirit of her luckless mother wandered about the camping-place, as if anxious to watch over and protect the helpless *peeb-squaw sis* (little girl) from whom she had been so abruptly torn away. The circumstances attending this melancholy event, and the reputed visits of the troubled spirit had caused the place to be deserted, and allowed to become once more a portion of the silent forest. "But," concluded Tomah, "it is now many years since the spirit was seen, and we did not object to encamping here, as it is an excellent place, and we believed that the spirit would not venture to visit so many white men."

This tale cast a shade of thought over the before merry countenances of our companions, and sobered their mirth, while it led to some quaint remarks as to the best manner of meeting the ghost, and some subdued laughter as to what might happen in case of a visit. While this was going on, Mahteen, the youngest of the Indians, had lighted a fire