

wandering amid the confused recollection of former years. "I have heard my fathers tell of one who led his warriors towards the frost where they fought the Esquimeaux 'till the snow was red as that berry which the pigeons love; but that was long before the Wennooch came over the salt lake from the sun-rising, yea, many moons. Then there was Argimou, the son of Sebatis; we were boys together, and went out first with the Etchemins against the Nehanticks, where we learned to draw the bow and shout the war-whoop like warriors. But the Black-Eagle died long ago, before my foot was heavy or my hair grey. Who art thou, with a name of strength and a voice of other days?"

"Argimou, the son of Pansaway," answered the Sachem.

"Does the grave speak?" rejoined Tonea, "they said the young Bashaba perished in battle, when the Wennooch were overcom'd by the unjust Anglasheou, yet was he valiant, and strong as a young moose, and pleasant to an old man's eye, but he too is gone."

"A bird sang a false song into the ears of my father; he was a prisoner among his enemies, but they never saw his back, and so their hearts softened—he is here."

"Then draw near unto me, my son, that I may bless the arm of the nation ere I depart, for the Great Spirit calls, and I must go."

Argimou immediately complied, by bending reverently down, and placing the old man's hand upon his smooth head; there it remained for some time, while Tonea gradually sunk into his former trance-like state, when it dropped quietly down again at his side. Another long, unbroken pause occurred, and the watchers were doubtful if the spirit still lingered in its time-worn tenement, when the dying man, after a few struggling gasps—again spoke, but his voice was changed, and his features had assumed a more unearthly hue and expression.

"My children, have the snows fallen? for Tonea is very cold, and it is dark—dark! But that cannot be, for I remember, when we came here the earth was green, and the sun brighter and more piercing than the eyes of many eagles—is it not so?"

"My father is right," replied a warrior.—"The sugar-tree is covered with fresh leaves, and they are glancing in the sunbeam."

"Then where am I, and who are these near me? my eye-lids are heavy with sleep."

"My father is in the country of the Micmac, and their warriors are around him;" was the reply.

"Country!" exclaimed the patriarch, with wild vehemence, starting up with sudden strength, and raising his bare, skinny arm to give full emphasis to the prophetic tenour of his words. "Children of the Micmac, listen to the voice of one who sees the dim clouds rolled away from the secrets of the days that come. He tells you that you have *no country*!—*no hunting grounds*!—*no home*! The strangers are as hungry as caterpillars, and numerous as the salt-water sands. I see the Wennooch hunted down like the deer; the hills are red with the flames of many villages; the big canoes carry them away to grow sick and die in a strange land. The Micmac are very brave. I have seen their warriors drive the Mohawk before them like a strong wind, making the bears growl; but the thunder of the stranger is like the Great Spirit's voice when the storm lightning kills. The red men must depart! the game vanishes—the trees fall; there are foot-prints on the graves of our fathers. Children of the Micmac—break the bow—bury the hatchet, for I tell you that you have *no country*! *The White Gull* has flown over all!*"

Awe-struck by the warning conveyed in the voice, whose solemn tones seemed still to thrill to their souls depths; the wild warriors gazed upon the inspired speaker, as though a spirit from the grave had come amongst them. The eyes staring widely at what they fully believed, some unearthly vision not permitted to their inexperienced view; the gaunt arm stretched out in prophetic fervour, the ghastly face with the long hair like moonlight streaming behind; these still chained them with the spell his words had woven, though those lips were forever closed. But see! the arm slowly sinks—the rigid muscles relax—the body drops supinely back upon the ever-green couch. Though the eyes still glared, as if their latest faculty sufficed to paralyze their great nerves, and caused the lids to shrink spasmodically from their dilated orbs, yet when the mourners looked down upon the old man, they knew that he was dead; and each felt in his heart, that a good spirit had taken its departure from the dwellings of the Micmac.

CHAPTER X.

THE chief, with a hand that trembled slightly with the excess of his emotion, closed the eyes of the dead, and then—but not until that office had been performed, exchanged a glance

* This epithet is applied to the whites, by the Micmacs, from their not confining themselves to any particular locality.