

Open-Heart my father would say, this man is no enemy. Therefore have I sworn, by the spirits of the air, to be just and grateful towards my brother; and perhaps my father will also come, for we travel in an unknown path; but his memory never sleeps, nor are his eyes dim—he can see his way through the Milicetjik country to the banks of the Ouan-gondy, as well as he can follow the broad road that leads to the graves of the nation. I know my father will come.”

Pansaway, while he listened to the artless appeal of his son, was affected with various emotions, altogether different from those which had excited him at the avowal of Argimou's intercourse with his foes. The feelings of the parent were awakened within, and as a flood of tenderness poured its softening influence into the Indian's heart, all his deep-grounded prejudices and antipathies were wearing imperceptibly away, as ice before a fervid stream.—Furthermore, he was aware of a personal object in the ready concurrence of his son, in a project to penetrate into the territory of the hostile Milicete, though the latter had not alluded to it in any way; so that after pondering upon the subject for some time, during which, Argimou awaited anxiously for his answer, he at length lifted up his head, and said,

“My son is young, but he has the wisdom of the co-beet *; his words are very good. His father will go and show him a flower that grows by the river of many waters.”

Pansaway smiled slightly, as he saw the confusion of his son at the hint conveyed in the latter portion of his reply, but Argimou merely remarked—“it is good,” when both rejoined their brethren, who were now preparing the body of the deceased for its removal to the place of sepulture, in a distant part of the country, being appropriated from time immemorial as the cemetery of the tribe. After making the necessary arrangements, and deputing a subordinate chief to officiate in his stead, in the ceremonies to be observed on the inhumation of the lamented Tonea's remains, Argimou departed with his father, without exciting either the questions or curiosity of his people; his own reasons being considered sufficient to authorize any apparent inconsistency in his conduct. He tarried awhile among the poor, helpless Acadians, telling them that the Micmacs would assist in erecting huts for their shelter, and bring them game for food; mingling words of encouragement with their “*adieu*,”

* Beaver.

the two warriors left the melancholy spot and came almost immediately, upon the advancing strangers; Edward, whose patience had been completely exhausted, having at the repeated suggestion of Dennis, at last been prevailed upon to leave their hiding place, being determined to seek out their guide, at all hazards.—It was very fortunate that the rash attempt met with almost instantaneous success, for had it been otherwise, it is very doubtful if even the influence of the chief could have prevented their lives from falling a sacrifice to the exasperated feelings of the peasantry, or the fury of his own revengeful nation.

Hurrying away from the dangerous vicinity, Argimou explained to Edward enough of the foregoing scene to account for his prolonged absence, pointing out the valuable acquisition which the addition of his father would be to their party, as he was familiar with every foot of the region through which they would be obliged to pass. Edward, upon this, turned towards the strange warrior, and acquired an increase of confidence and satisfaction when he viewed his powerful frame, and bold, but melancholy countenance; though Pansaway returned not his scrutiny, but preserved a moody reserve, and seemed to regard the white men with involuntary distrust. The movements of the travellers were now directed with a greater degree of circumspection than at first, as they were in the track of the war-parties from the neighbouring tribes, all of whom not having as yet returned, there was a possibility of meeting with some of the stragglers on their journey to the west.

However, they relaxed not their pace through the entangled forests; Edward and his servant finding it rather difficult to keep up with the rapid progress of the Indians, who, moving without noise, and with the agility of wild animals, over the trunks of dead trees, the half-hidden water courses and yielding swamps, afforded a striking contrast to the heavy tramp, and uncertain, and even painful footing of the less practised companions. It was with a sensation of relief, which, though mingled with shame, Edward could not help admitting to himself, that after a tedious march they arrived at the bank of a river, near its mouth, appearing to have forced its way through a lofty hill, which rose steep and bold on either side, leaving an island in the middle of the passage, and he observed the Micmacs to throw off their burthens, as if to rest from further toil. Dennis quickly followed their example, for he was no less wearied than his master, which