

than himself, still he was inclined towards their adoption of the route first proposed.

When the young warrior had finished his remarks, Pansaway quietly laid his tomahawk down, and taking a burnt stick from the fire, traced upon a piece of white birch bark, the several courses of the Peticodiac and the St. John, with the lakes and tributary streams lying intermediate. Then, with a slight emphasis in gesture and utterance, he pointed out with his finger the several lines upon his rude, but intelligible map; showing his son that the deflection was not so great as he imagined.—That the former river, though it appeared to come from the frost, would soon turn in the required direction, and so continue until near its head, when it bent backward and terminated in two small branches. That at its upper curve, a short portage would carry them, if requisite, at once into a broad-water that ran into Ouangondy; but he proposed to take a well known path, which would lead them sooner to the latter. And, finally, he dwelt upon the unpromising nature of the wide hilly tract of country, covered with dense forests, through which it was his son's desire they should journey to the sunset. Argimou, impressed with the force of the arguments adduced against his proposition, saw its inutility, and immediately yielded to the superior experience of his parent. Confiding most implicitly in his knowledge and sagacity, he entrusted their further progress entirely to the management and guidance of the latter; whereupon, Pansaway, apparently satisfied, drew his blanket over his shoulders and laid down to repose, leaving the young chief to watch over the security of the bivouac.

Edward awoke in the night rather suddenly, for he dreamed that he was struggling with a number of fierce savages who held him down with superhuman strength, while others were dragging off Clarence into the thick woods, that seemed to swallow her up forever from his eyes; and, O God! that dread shriek again pierced through his brain, yet he could not free himself from the hands that held him in their grasp. Disturbed by the terrible intensity of the vision, and that wild cry for help, Edward for a moment, thought the fearful sound still lingered in his ear, though his eyes were open, and his senses perfectly collected. But all was as silent as the grave, save the seething of a half-rotten log, on the fire, over which a few distracted ants were running with wild agitation, as the heat drove them from their retreat in its interior, and gradually encroached upon their only remaining place of refuge, until they

fell, one by one into the smoky flames—occasionally, a long, heavy breath from the sleepers beside him. Beyond the fire, and scarcely recognisable in the dim light, he observed the dark figure of Argimou, upright, still and motionless as the trees around. He was about to speak to the Indian, when again the sound which had startled him from sleep rang through the forest, arresting the faculty of speech, and causing his flesh to quiver, so wild, thrilling and unnatural it seemed. It was unlike any thing he had ever heard, yet it approached nearer to the cry of a human being in torture, partaking the character of both a scream and a holloa, than aught that at the time, he could attribute it to; and it appeared to issue from the very heart of the forest, echoing among the groves, and reverberating from the hills and projecting shores of the river.

In the mean time, Argimou, observing a movement among the sleepers, turned his head towards the fire, and seeing the astonishment depicted in the face of Edward, his own composed features relaxed in a smile as he said playfully—

"Does my brother know that voice?"

"It is some one in distress," replied the other, hurriedly, "let us haste to his deliverance;" and the soldier was in the act of springing upon his feet, when the chief approached, and put his hand upon his shoulder, and said—

"Stop! I will bring him to my brother," and placing his hands to his mouth, he gave a long, clear cry, so perfectly resembling the which he had heard, that Edward at first fancied it to proceed from the same throat. The effect was instantaneous, for both Pansaway and Dennis bounded from the ground as if they had been shot through the heart, though the former quickly recovered his composure after a few explanatory words in the Indian language, had been addressed to him by his son, who motioned the half-awakened Irishman to make no noise, with which request he found it exceedingly difficult to comply; being strangely puzzled to account for the unaccountable uproar. Hark! another repetition of the same discordant scream, with variations, penetrates, painfully, their ears; not as at first softened and indistinct from distance, but apparently uttered from the very tree under which they were gathered. Edward's eye instinctively sought among its dark branches for the cause—but in vain. At that moment, the twang of a bow-string was heard, and a light streak glanced upward among the leaves from the place where the chief sat; a faint shimmer