

soon joined by Waswetchcul—the soldier with his companions, planted themselves, well armed, among the thick foliage of the cedars at the mouth of the gully to await the ordeal which they were about to undergo.

Was it a shadow that moved from out the gloom, cast by yon tall pine, on the forest's verge? Ah, no! See how stealthily the phantom steals onward—would it were such!—the spirits of the dead are harmless! See the dark vision, how cunningly it creeps along; now pausing to listen, now rolling its gleaming eyes on either side, and clutching a long knife with a warmer grip than ever, perchance, those bony digits deigned to proffer friendship.—Awake, Edward! 'Tis the living thou hast to dread. Seest thou not his war-paint, his shorn scalp, his haughty gait? Truly, it is time that thou shouldst know a Micicete warrior, though he may appear somewhat strange in his fantastic embellishment, yet every line, every shade of which is significant either of personal attribute, terrible incentive, or the stern and unchangeable purpose that actuates the wearer's heart.

Closely following the leading savage, the whole spectral band, like a string of shadows, one by one, passed the pine tree and came fully into view. It was a sight that might have made the flesh of a bolder person than Edward creep with terror; for each individual of the war-party was entirely naked to the waist, and painted in emblematic devices of a most startling and extraordinary character.

The leading warrior was clothed as with skeleton armour; for upon his dark skin was traced in ghastly white, bone after bone, a horrible portraiture of death; the eyes like bright jewels, glowing, as it were, from deep hollow caverns, and the grinning mouth lengthened and distended, apparently lifeless and distorted by the deceptive potency of art; while with the resemblance of rib and arm bone, marked out in all their characteristic leanness, the fear-inspiring warrior strode before his followers—as some old tenant of the grave, who, aroused from sleep by the cry of disappointed vengeance, had come to conduct his countrymen to the lurking place of their undiscovered foe. The rest, if not presenting so hideous an exterior, were severally formidable, though after a different fashion. One was wound as with a huge, scaly serpent, portrayed in vivid colours, and usurping with its reptile head, that of the body around which it was curled; the basilisk eyes dilating in a series of fiery rings, and the jaws distended—as if to seize its prey; while

the low crown was furnished with a bristling crest, formed from the black pinions of the crow. Another, again, was covered with a variety of figures traced in sombre tints, while his face was striped red and white, in alternating bars.

This painted crew—that seemed more like the perverted creations of a delirious brain, than any thing human or real,—was evidently occupied in making strict search for the enemies that had left a bloody token of their hostile intrusion on the previous evening. To an unconcerned spectator, it would have been curious to mark the subtle motions of the savages as they scrutinized every bush and hollow within sight of those concealed; now moving parallel to each other—now encircling the ground like baffled hounds, then crossing and recrossing in every imaginable direction, while all the time, not the smallest sound was uttered; but their eyes were in continual motion, and the morning ray shone occasionally upon the bright weapons as they flitted backwards and forwards, among the rocks and cedar groves. But to those most deeply interested in the issue, the spectacle was productive of gloomy apprehension of discovery and the most intense excitement.

Edward was several times on the point of firing involuntarily, as one of the enemy would approach rather too near their place of concealment; and Dennis was with difficulty restrained from enacting some extravagant staccato, which would, unquestionably, have led to their immediate disclosure. Fortunately Clarence was spared the trial that operated so strongly upon the feelings of the rest, for being precluded from all observation, by the narrow limits of her place of refuge, she knew not, at that time, the little space that intervened between her friends and an exasperated foe. Even when the danger seemed greatest, while the snake-coiled Micicete thrust his serpentine head close to the dense screen of cedar, beneath which the party were ensconced, and their discovery appeared unavoidable, the Micicete warriors were calm and collected. Twice Amou's bowstring was at his ear, and as many times gradually relaxed again, retaining its position, as the eye of the searcher was observed to denote only the acuteness with which its faculty was brought into play as it roved, here and thither, without evincing any change of impression, such as would have surely hailed the first assurance of its object being achieved.

At length the fugitives breathed more freely for having searched minutely over every foot