

pipe, with seeming composure; but a close observer would have seen that his keen eyes were turned suspiciously from time to time upon the thicket at the right of Dennis. While the chief, partly hidden from the view of the latter by an intervening branch, was occupied in cutting up venison for more convenient carriage, and making up the packs of the party.

Suddenly, the Indian expression of surprise escaped the lips of Pansaway, and his pipe was immediately dropped, while his ear was turned in an attitude of intense listening towards some sound that had caught his attention, in the copse on his left. Nor was he at fault, for that instant the well-known twang of a bow string was faintly heard in that direction, followed by a whirring sound, as an arrow, cutting its swift passage through the smoke of the fire, dashed the doodeen from the mouth of Dennis, and buried its flint head deep in the stem of an ash tree hard by, where it quivered "like a reed shaken by the wind!"

"Holy Mother! wat's thon!" exclaimed Dennis, clenching the inch of clay that remained between his teeth with terrible energy, while he felt his nose carefully, for the missile had actually tickled its extremity as it passed. But the old warrior motioned him to be still, making at the same time a sign with his finger to Argimou, who stole noiselessly away among the willows, in a line parallel with the flight of the arrow from their unseen assailant. Not a muscle moved in the face or limbs of Pansaway, during the momentous silence that succeeded, though a second arrow, urged with truer aim, passed through the hair of Dennis; who, with his master, had sprung upon his feet in a state of uncontrollable excitement. They were about to fire at random among the bushes, when a deep groan was heard; whereupon, the stern, imperturbable old Micmac, perfectly assured of the result, calmly reft his *to-ma-gan* and puffed away as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Rushing to the place whence the sound proceeded, they found the chief bending down over the body of a dead Indian, whose bloody head and breast told a sufficiently expressive tale. The soldiers shuddered as they beheld the mode in which so many of their comrades had been destroyed, and Edward could not avoid a momentary sensation of repugnance toward the author of such unnecessary mutilation. But he soon overcame the prejudice common to his race against the usages of savage warfare, when he reflected that, after all, it arose from a false fastidiousness; the

result, rather of difference in habit and idea, than indicative of a superior national morality; for he remembered, with a sense of degradation that both the French and English governments sanctioned the custom of offering large rewards for the perpetration of the very act he deprecated, not—as with the Indians—for the sake of preserving a trophy of their prowess, but for the express purpose of diminishing, as much as possible, the numbers of their opponents. Each scalp was the warrant of a liberal premium—somewhat as, at the present day, a bear-killer receives a bounty, upon the production of the animal's paw—thereby giving encouragement to a wanton destruction of human life. As for the barbarity of the thing, many of the English settlers were well known to practice the same performance upon the Indians they slew, and even ministers of the gospel, with fanatical zeal, had stooped to gather, with their own hands, the bloody spoil. But the refined French of the Canadas, not to be out done in anything, with a genius for inventive cookery, in which they are allowed to excel all other nations, after torturing to death some prisoners that were captured at the massacre of Shonectaday, * perhaps with the same view that bulls are baited, viz., to enhance their quality and flavour—*boiled them in soup*, graciously serving out the infernal concoction to their less barbarous allies. But this is digression.

The three were standing beside the lifeless foe, upon whom they each gazed in silence. Edward, at length, picked up from the ground the bow that had so nearly caused the death of one of their party at least, and as he examined its construction, asked "what warrior is this that you have slain, Argimou?"

The chief wiped his red blade on the bearskin robe of his dead enemy, and replied exultingly—

"One who is stronger than many warriors and wiser than the serpent what charms."

"I do not understand you," rejoined the other, "dost thou think he is alone? may not be, that even now, we are periled where we stand?"

"The *Boo-wo-twin* is alone," was the brief reply.

Edward asked the meaning of the expression just used, but the Indian, taking a roll of fresh roots from beneath the garment that partly covered the bosom of the dead man, said to his questioner,

* See Colden—page 73.