

amid the ruin he has made," woos him to spare!

Why doth yonder sentry stand, as if in deep abstraction, upon the bastion's top? are the stern duties of his calling forgotten in a reverie of his native land, and the endearing memories ever associated with the absorbing spell of home? And yet methinks, his posture savours more of earnest watchfulness than listless contemplation: his suspicious eye is intently scrutinizing an object on the verge of the horizon, a mere speck upon the division line of sea and sky—'tis the loom of a gull, or the fragment of a cloud resting on the waters. But behold! that sunbeam has tinged it with a snowy gleam, too brilliant for a cloud, and too steadfast for a bird's wing.

"Ha!" exclaimed the soldier with sudden emphasis, "I am right after all. See there are two, three, yet another, by the blessed virgin, 'tis the enemy at last!"

And now arose within the fort, the hum and bustle of preparation, the confusion of many voices, and curious faces gazed with disquietude at the fleet gathering like a flock of ill omened birds in the south-west. An alarm gun thundered from the ramparts its grave warning, which was quickly repeated from the post on the river. The warriors under the old tree sprang from the ground with a joyous cry and elastic bound, to gird themselves for battle; but the peasant girls turn pale at the inauspicious sound, and hurry homeward with trembling limbs, to sorrow and to weep.

Before night-fall, the scouts sent out to watch the movements of the enemy, returned with the intelligence that their whole force was landed about five miles from Fort Lawrence, and had bivouaced; for the day had been spent in the disembarkment of stores and baggage, and no demonstration of immediate approach was observable, so that the repose of the garrison, would be most probably undisturbed for one night longer, ere they awoke to the stirring business of a beleaguered fortress.

When the sun went down, a large fire was kindled upon the bank of the Massiquash; for the Indians were about to celebrate the custom, which from time immemorial, they have always observed on the eve of a great conflict. By the flickering light, was gathered a motley crew of able savages in warlike array, and faces rendered terrible by the expression of ferocity which the war paint alone can create. Their bared limbs and bodies, unclothed to the waist displayed their muscular proportions in the glory of strength and manhood while the

bronzed skin shone with a clear polish as they moved within the glow of the flame. At length it burnt upward with a steady blaze, shedding a wild and ruddy gleam, that gave an unearthly character to the objects around, and revealing a scene where human passion revelled in very drunkenness of unrestraint, wholly devoid of that check which usually prevents all manifestation of natural feeling in the mien of the savage. At first, with linked hands and grave gestures, the warriors moved round the hissing pile in solemn measure to the cadence of a low melancholy chant, uniting, at intervals, in the sudden ejaculation which burst in full chorus from each throat, and then as quickly relapsing in the clear tones of a single voice, protracing the song. Now they sever and recede with quickened movements, or advance toward the centre, beating incessantly their buskined feet upon the hard ground; then, as the accelerated blood bounds and swells in their arteries with the excitement of the war-dance, the dread whoop rings over the valley, curdling the life-blood of the listener's heart. Faster and faster, with giddy speed, they whirl around the pyre, until the stars seem to join in the frantic reel, and then fell dizzy and exhausted into inexplicable confusion. Then by virtue of his rank, a lofty warrior steps forth into the area, with features hidden beneath a mask of colours, traced in bands of fiery red around the piercing eyes, and shading the lower part of his face in a streak of densest black, but the beauty of his form, and the proud majesty of his mien sufficiently denoted the presence of the Micmac Sachem. Three times he encompassed the pile with a bright tomahawk flashing in his waving hand; then with impassioned utterance he harangued an imaginary foe, in the metaphorical spirit of his race, ever seeking to embody their ideas, for the purpose of illustration, in the likeness of familiar objects. And seizing a burning brand, dashed his exertions against it with action suited to the vehemence of his words—scattering the sparks like red rain on every side, and cleaving it with repeated blows, until nought remained but a few splintered fragments, which were regarded with a triumphant look, as if a real combatant had fallen by his prowess in the field of battle. Another chief then took the place of A-gumou, and enacted with still greater energy the pantomimic combat, who was in turn succeeded by a third, and so on, till the chiefs of the different tribes had each borne a part in the violent exhibition. At last the gigantic leader of the Malicete party burst into the ring with