ay fear, to seek the good will of thy nation; be Micmac is free,—and never made a talk nh Fear! O no! I come of mine own accord, osmoke peace and call King George my Great wher and friend. Now, therefore, behold, O woher! For myself and in the name of the hets and warriors of the nation, I, their Balaba, bury the hatchet forever, as a pledge of ace with the Anglasheou; and may it not be subled: for so long as it remaineth hidden in the ground—so long will the chain be unbrom. In witness of what I have said—look ye! hs bell will preserve my words!"

Suiting the action to the sentiment, Argimou, the concluded, dropped the tomahawk into tegrave, and afterwards presented a belt of impum to the President as a record of his lance. When the earth was carefully smoothd, with the customary observances, over the mblem of war, the health of the Sovereign as drunk with enthusiasm, by the assembled pultitude, and three tremendous cheers prolaimed that the hatchet was forever buried eween the Miemac and Anglasheou.

CHAPTER XXII.

Long years rolled away, and with them pasd the power and happiness of the Indian bes. The pestilence of the stranger swept hem away, like a blighting wind; the fireater wasted with unquenchable fever the rong frames that had once bid defiance to the inter storm and the most harassing toil.nd gradually,-with the introduction of forgn luxuries, and by association with the dites,—the stern hunters of the wild lost that implicity and virtue, which had once taught hem to despise the indulgence of propensities by further than natural wants required, or net morality justified. The grand old woods ere polluted by the clamour and wrangling usile of greedy adventurers, before whose loust-like progress the green leaves vanished way; and with them came the guileful thought the cold clutch of Avarice—the scorpion fangs Disease. The men of iron-the chamless earted-whose spirits might break but would ever bend, said that they could not live by he salt water, for the air was poisonous with he breath of the pale-faces, and they had rought strange ways among them : therefore hey rose up in wrath and sorrow, and left heir own country, and journeyed to the seting sun, where the white men had not yet enetrated, and they returned nevermore. ome said that they could not hunt any longer, or the noise of axes, felling trees in the clear-

ings, had driven the game away; so they snapped their bows and became slaves to the fire-water, and thus, madly-miserably died. Meanwhile the strangers grew fat and multiplied, like pigeons, in the country of the Indians, and beheld them vanishing away from the groves, without heed, or even a kind word to soften the misery they had brought upon a once mighty people. But the starving native would not beg: he was too proud yet, and his heart and hope were not altogether crushed by the heavy woes that had assailed him. Neither had the iron of sorrow's fetter eaten its corroding way into the soul it bound; for he still firmly believed that at some future period, they would be restored to their ancient patrimony and happiness; that hope nourished the diminished spark within their breasts, and it would flash up, at times, when something of the spirit of former days roused them into a brief oblivion of regret. Then the dark void would be illumined with a dreamy vision, a pictured prospect, coloured, by that single ray, with a brilliancy more attractive, even than the memory of the olden time; alas! 'twas as false as the deceitful source from whence it sprung : as the last fitful flicker of the taper 'ere it forever expires! But the Indian never broke his alliance with the English, and bore his sufferings patiently without a murmur.

In the mild glory of a summer eve,--when the sun played laughingly, among the leaves, tinging them with mellow gold, and the sky was mantled in a rich flood of rosy light, soft as the blush of a girl's check, from her first love-kiss;--an aged Indian stood by a quiet spot in the deep and lonely forest. 'Twas a sad but selemn place, where a man might weep, unseen by aught save heaven, or the viewless spirits of the dead; and purge his soul by earnest commune with Nature's omnipresent God.

A small circle, green and mossy,-at a high elevation, had been reclaimed from the woods, centuries ago, and thickly scattered over its arca, were innumerable mounds, unadorned and undistinguished, save, here and there, by a round grey stone or a wooden cross, half buried in weeds and long rustling grass; and on every side, gigantic, hoary pines, with occasionally an elm or white birch intermingling its airy foliage, rose high and gloomy, like a wall, overshadowing with their arms, the mysterious relics below; while through a vista, opening to the west, long sweeping lines of vale and mountain ridge were seen, steeped in the gorgeous colouring of fleeting day, and cloruent with the grandeur of repose. Many