

Suiting the action to the sentiment, Argimou, he concluded, dropped the tomahawk into the grave, and afterwards presented a belt of wampum to the President as a record of his alliance. When the earth was carefully smoothed with the customary observances, over the emblem of war, the health of the Sovereign was drunk with enthusiasm, by the assembled multitude, and three tremendous cheers proclaimed that the hatchet was forever buried between the Micmac and *Anglasheou*.

LONG years rolled away, and with them passed the power and happiness of the Indian tribes. The pestilence of the stranger swept them away, like a blighting wind; the *fire-water* wasted with unquenchable fever the strong frames that had once bid defiance to the winter storm and the most harassing toil.—And gradually,—with the introduction of foreign luxuries, and by association with the whites,—the stern hunters of the wild lost that simplicity and virtue, which had once taught them to despise the indulgence of propensities any further than natural wants required, or strict morality justified. The grand old woods were polluted by the clamour and wrangling bustle of greedy adventurers, before whose locust-like progress the green leaves vanished away; and with them came the guileful thought—the cold clutch of Avarice—the scorpion fangs of Disease. The men of iron—the chainless hearted—whose spirits might break but would never bend, said that they could not live by the salt water, for the air was poisonous with the breath of the pale-faces, and they had wrought strange ways among them: therefore they rose up in wrath and sorrow, and left their own country, and journeyed to the setting sun, where the white men had not yet penetrated, and they returned nevermore.—Some said that they could not hunt any longer, for the noise of axes, felling trees in the clear-

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 cheek, from her first love-kiss;—an aged Indian stood by a quiet spot in the deep and lonely forest. 'Twas a sad but solemn 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 area, 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 eloquent with the grandeur of repose. Many