

parts of the body are pure white; the legs and feet are of a bright red colour, and so is the bill, all but the tip, which is black. The terns career over the waters much in the same manner that swallows do over the land, whence they are sometimes called sea-swallows; the style in which they twitch down to seize the small fishes and fry that are near the surface of the water is really very splendid, and one knows not whether most to admire their rapidity of flight, or facility of descent to tip the surface of the water, and instantly again to ascend and be on the wing. How they can see with such unerring certainty, and change their motion so instantaneously from the forward rush of the wing to an absolute perpendicular descent, as if it were a stone or piece of lead falling, is a matter which cannot be very well explained, or even understood; but that they do it is certain; and as vision is the only sense they can have to guide them, their powers, in that respect, must be wonderful.

We shot several varieties of plover, and a few of the sea-ducks, or divers; but these last are very difficult to get at; and as we were now in the country of the Micmacs, whose camps we saw at a distance, we left off shooting, and pulled towards a cove where we noticed a large number of wigwams, determined upon taking up our quarters among them, not much to the satisfaction of our Milicetes, who dislike their neighbours exceedingly, and avoid intercourse with them as much as possible.

The Micmaes were formerly a very fierce and powerful tribe of Indians, who possessed the whole of Nova Scotia, and all the eastern coast of New Brunswick to the Baie des Chaleurs, where the river Nepisiguit formed the boundary between them and the Mohawks, a brave and numerous people, yet more fierce, and not so deceitful as the Micmaes.

The Mohawks are long since extinct in this part of British America, and I am not aware that any of the real descendants of this high-spirited and untameable people can now be said to exist. They defended the country which the Great Spirit had given them, with stern resolution and unflinching intrepidity, maintaining a proud independence to the last;—they died, but yielded not.

The Mimacs are still scattered along our eastern coast in very considerable numbers; they are a people much attached to the sea-side, seldom wandering far from it; whence the Milicetes, who delight in penetrating into the depths of the forest, and roaming among the lakes and streams in the interior of the Pro-

vince, call them "salt water Indians," always speaking of them with great contempt, from their want of skill in hunting, and their disregard of the mysteries of wood-craft, upon which the Milicetes so much pride themselves.

On reaching the wigwams, we found that they were deserted, but that the occupants had not been long gone, for the ashes of their fires were still warm; so we selected the most comfortable camp, which we occupied for the night, our Indians desiring us to keep our guns loaded near our heads, in readiness for immediate use in case we should be suddenly disturbed, and any difficulty take place. The night passed off quietly, and the morning meal completely finished all our stores; the bread-bag was shaken and produced little but dust; the last scrap of meat was eaten, and the tin tea-canister emitted nothing but a hollow sound; so, swallowing the last *coup* of brandy, we paddled about ten miles to the mouth of the river, where we found some three or four ships from Britain, at anchor, loading with timber, inside an extensive sand-bar, which, acting as a breakwater, warded off from the haven the effects of the heavy rolling surf which continually thundered in upon it. We boarded the first ship we neared, and my friend and myself scrambled up her lofty sides, greatly astonishing the worthy skipper by the purity of our English, he having mistaken us for a party of Milicetes, as we wore the dress of that tribe, and not having been shaved for some time, were not, at first, suspected to be "children of the pale faces." We soon explained our position, and related our adventures in the forest, stating that we needed an outfit of stores for our return, which the skipper, a right hearty fellow, and true son of the ocean, agreed to furnish, inviting us, in the meantime, to join him at his early dinner. The fish and fowl in our canoes were handed up for the use of the ship's company, and our light barks were left towing astern of the heavy timber-ship, thus affording the most perfect contrast imaginable; the canoe, all lightness, grace, and beauty—the ship, heavy, black, and clumsy, a floating mountain in comparison to our fairy-like craft.

We had a capital dinner, and the skipper gave us some excellent Schiedam, which he had brought from Hamburg, the last port he had visited; after the cloth was drawn, he produced some meerschaums and cigars, apologizing for having no wine fit to offer us, and regretting that all he had on board consisted of some weak wishy-washy French trash, not fit for an Englishman to drink, with which he