

ruptly to the north-west, over the high ground. Here it was again lost, but Pansaway needed not further assistance, for he kept on without hesitation, as a man confident in the knowledge of his way. They were still on the confines of the morass, and about crossing the summit of a precipitous fir-covered rock, when Dennis, who had deviated slightly from the path of the guides, approaching too near its verge, his clumsy foot slipped on the green mould, causing him to lose his balance, and the heavy pack, with which he was encumbered, preventing him from recovering his perpendicular again, he missed his hold and tumbled over the side of the rock with a tremendous crash, among the bushes; while his gun, cast violently from his hand, exploded as it struck the ground below.

With expressions of impatience and strong displeasure, the Micmacs hurried to the spot, but they were anticipated, for when they stood upon the edge of the steep whence their luckless companion had been precipitated, the terrible war-cry of the Milicete rang in their ears, and they beheld seven Indians rushing, with uplifted tomahawks, towards the extraordinary apparition which the fallen Dennis must have presented to their eyes, from a canoe by the side of the shallow pool. The advanced Indian had reached the half-insensible Irishman, and was on the point of burying his axe in the other's brains, when a ball from Argamou's carbine laid him dead at the soldier's side. The Milicete astounded by this proof of a new enemy being in their vicinity—having probably imagined that Dennis was some prisoner who had escaped from a returning war-party,—stopped abruptly, and before they had recovered their momentary surprise, Pansaway and Edward poured in a deadly discharge, which made two more of their opponents bite the ground, one being shot dead, the other struggling in the agony of a mortal wound.—Then, with a shout of defiance, the Micmacs drew their knives and bounded down the steep face of the rock, followed by Edward, brandishing his tomahawk, gaining swiftly the level ground below, they rushed with great impetuosity upon their remaining foes.

The Milicete uttered in wonder the dread name of Argamou, as they recognized the famed warrior of the Micmac; yet they wavered not, but awaited with dogged determination the collision of their enemies. It came. For the brief moment there was a swift play of steel in the sunlight, a tossing of limbs wildly, a yell of fury.—It might be pain; then the Milicete

gave ground and retreated, closely pursued by their opponents. But a fourth body was left stretched upon the green-sward behind, and Pansaway's robe was dripping with blood from a flesh wound in his breast.

Here now remained an equal number of combatants, and the conflict was continued with unflinching stubbornness, though the Milicete retired before the desperate onset of the others. As each became separately engaged with his adversary, the distance between the parties gradually increased, until all chance of assistance from either side, in case of need, was rendered doubtful; therefore, as each knew that upon his own resources he was alone to depend, a deeper character was given to the combat; fighting as they did, purely for life or death.

Edward was engaged with a powerful savage who aimed several blows with a knife at his body, which were parried with much difficulty by means of the hatchet with which he was armed. So rapid were the thrusts of his opponent, that the Englishman was obliged to act altogether on the defensive; not having time enough to hazard a blow in return. At length he was forced to fall back before the savage, who, seeing his advantage, suddenly caught the uplifted axe in his left hand and wrenched it from the other's grasp, but before he could strike his keen weapon into the unguarded breast of his adversary, Edward had darted upon him, and they fell together, to the ground. Fast locked in the embrace of hate; they rolled and twisted with dreadful distortion of body and limb, one seeking to sever the vice-like clasp of the other, for the purpose of using his knife to advantage; the other, with the strength of despair, endeavouring to prevent that object, as he well knew, that his life would be forfeited if he relaxed in the smallest degree, his exertions to hinder the Milicete's arms from bursting the bonds that confined them tightly to his side.

The superior strength, however, or the power of physical endurance which the savage possessed, was gradually overcoming the almost exhausted grasp of Edward, whom he had forced underneath, and a few moments would have sufficed to determine his fate, had not Pansaway, who had vanquished his foe, perceiving the critical situation of his ally, hastened speedily to his deliverance. Finding that he could not arrive until it would, probably, be too late to save him from the deadly stab of the Milicete—the old Indian, at a great risk, but which was warranted by the urgency of the occasion,