

his astonishment may be imagined when he beheld the huge carcass lying close to the place where he had slept. Having received a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, he said not a word, but with a series of violent distortions worked himself clear of his blanket—somewhat in the same manner that a caterpillar casts its skin—when, seizing a knife, he deliberately severed the threads that connected the sides together; thereby rendering a second addition of the foregoing predicament, as far as human foresight could discern, utterly impossible.

Edward experienced a sensation very like shame, when he thought of his careless neglect of duty; but Argimou laughed when he mentioned the subject, and merely said,

“My brother was weary. He knows not the woods; nor can he say unto the spirit of drowsiness, like a red-man—‘I will bind thee, thou thief, with chains, and not until I call thee shalt thou come, for thou art a warrior’s slave!’”

The chief rekindled the fire and commenced skinning the dead moose. Upon examination, it was found that the ball had penetrated the heart of the animal, which Edward—having learned the uncertain manner in which the aim had been directed—thought an excellent shot. Argimou, however, did not appear to regard it as evincing any great skill in woodcraft, but expressed his wonder at their finding a moose so far in the Micicete country; telling his companion that species of deer generally confined itself to the hunting grounds of the Micimac, and seldom was known to stray so far to the westward. A cloud of anxiety settled upon the Sachem’s face, as he added—

“Our wise men say, it is a bad thing for any wild animal to follow the hunters; it is an evil sign. Wherefore has this thing travelled in our track? Because he must obey his master what sent him; and, as sure as the Great-Spirit’s word, ill luck will follow.”

Not understanding the mysterious allusion that seemed to fill his ally with serious alarm, Edward turned from the dismembered carcass and was immediately struck with the grave demeanour of his other guide. Pansaway had seated himself before the dis severed head of the animal, and from his impressive action and low earnest tone, appeared to be addressing it in an apostulatory manner. Of course the soldier could not understand what was said, as the other spoke in his native language, but he drew foreboding conclusions from the sudden change evident in the bearing of the two forresters.

Let us translate, for the reader’s benefit, the strange harangue of Pansaway to the spirit of the slain deer.

“It grieves me, my cousin, to see you so low. Where is the fine mist gone? Where is the breath of thy nostrils? The morning will not hear thee call. Thy sister will listen for thy voice, in the autumn time; she will be very sorry when you come to her no more.\* Poor fellow! he cannot ride away from the hunters, in the deep lake waters, any time again. The snows will not see his tracks, nor will he feed on the pine-tree bark when he is hungry. His legs were swift, his scent was keen; but death, O! death is strong! Do not be angry, my cousin. What have we done? we did not know his face in a strange land. He does not stop here. Who has coaxed him away from the sun-rise? He must, O! he must be strong! But my cousin won’t do us any hurt. We were born in the same country—we go to the same home. What is his master’s name? that we may speak to him. He must be a wise Micimac. The moose would not do things for a stranger; what does he want of his friends, that he sent a messenger so far? He must be a very cunning man. Do not be angry, my cousin. The cat-bird is very deceitful, but the moose could not listen to his song; what would his own bird say? O, no! he would not do that thing. I am sure that my cousin’s master is a wise and an honest man. *A-di-cu-tuc!*\* I am sorry—I am sad. Thy face looks mournful: dull is thy once bright eye. I would say to your free spirit—come back! and roam in the land of the morn! but it may, O! it may not be.”

In an exceeding short time they were regaled with broiled moose steak, which, though not in proper season, was much relished by the travellers. Indeed Dennis, soothed and refreshed by his breakfast, forgot altogether the adventure of the morning; and while the Indians were preparing for their departure, he filled his doodeen and, with the luxury of a confirmed smoker, commenced twisting and curling white wreaths from the corner of his mouth, in all kinds of fantastic flourishes and spirals. He had taken off his cap to be more at his ease, and his blushing head contrasted pleasantly with the green foliage behind where he sat.—His master was wiping the night dew from his gun at a little distance. Pansaway sat directly opposite, beyond the fire, with his carbine lying across his knees, also smoking his hatchet—

\* Farewell to thee.