

There was no need of further debate; and the chief and his son now retired to their wigwam, and the warriors as soon dispersed.

### CHAPTER III.

O! the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was the offering!

WINTER'S TALE.

*Prospero.* Hast thou spirit  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?  
*Ariel.* To every article.  
*Prospero.* My brave spirit,  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason.

*Ariel.* Not a soul.

TEMPEST.

THE once sacred mountain of the red Indians, is situated upon the eastern coast of the great northern arm of the island, and about a day's journey from the last seat of government of the tribe, which was at equal distance from the eastern and western coasts of the same district of the country. It raises its stately head above the clouds or mists which almost perpetually screen its summit from human view; and it was supposed by the red tribe, to be the special dwelling of the guardian spirit of their race, to whom they addressed their supplications, for his intercession with the Great Spirit, whenever difficulties or dangers of aggravated character surrounded them.

The valleys around the sacred mountain were not without vegetation; but its steep and craggy sides presented only dark underwood, and stunted firs, here and there relieved by a cluster of taller spruces, in the branches of which the hawk and the eagle built their nests beyond the reach of the reptiles which are wont to prey upon their eggs or their young.

Faithful to the resolution of summoning the Red Indians to a propitiatory and general sacrifice, the chief had sent forth his heralds into the most remote country of his people, so that not a village might want its representative on the solemn occasion; and upon the fifth day after the council at Ortawee, the parties began to arrive; and before the noon of the sixth day, the leading warriors, and the flower of all the forces of the tribe were assembled near the foot of the mountain. Here an altar of wood was now erected, and a Micmac chosen from among some slaves of that people which they still possessed, for the offering.

The seers of the several parties now marched in great solemnity towards the

pile, accompanied by four of the warriors, who bore upon their shoulders the Micmac already bound.

The human sacrifice, which was attached to a pole and firmly bound, was now placed upon the wood. Then the warriors retired, and a seer of Ortawee, whose worship was addressed to the good spirit alone, having stretched forth his hands towards the veiled summit of the mountain, the whole camp began to sing the hymn by which they were wont to propitiate the patron angel of their tribe, to avert the judgments of their offended deities, in the following words:—

"Immortal spirit—dweller above the mists—the chiefs of thy depressed people fall down in worship before thee.

"Guardian of the red tribe, and great representative of the good spirit, accept our offering; arm thy worshippers with lightning and thunder, raise the storm, and out of the clouds pour down destruction upon our enemies."

There was now a pause, when the good seer, turning to the south, stretched forth his hands towards the sun, as he exclaimed—

"And thou, bright and just image of the great spirit of the universe! first cause and principle of life and light! everlasting orb! before the brightness of thy full glory, when thou burnest in heaven, thy people rejoice. Night comes: thou sleepest: the spirits of evil are seen: they come from their caverns in the earth: they fill all hearts with fear. But thou awakest: they dare not behold thee; and at thy full morning ray, they mingle with the mists, and silently melt away. Then thy people, whom the warmth of thy beam first drew from the ground, call upon thee, and they see their enemies fly. The children of the evil spirit dare not so much as raise their eyes towards heaven.

"Let the spirit of the universe destroy our enemies; and make the red people again to outnumber the leaves of the forest trees."

Their adorations and prayers thus concluded by the address of the good seer, the warriors marched towards the altar of the supposed accepted offering, before the flame was yet put to the pile.

First came the chief himself, who held the sovereignty of the tribe, and presided over the national councils, and on account of whose recent calamity, with that of his particular party, they were now met to seek the aid of the angel of their tribe. He was of commanding stature, though a little bent with age, and was dressed in a