

long, white billows at its foot, with a booming roar.

The guides pointing in that direction, shouted, "*La Baie Francoise!*" but that portion of the sea was better known to Edward by the more modern appellation of the Bay of Fundy; and had he doubted the correctness of his companions, the sudden change in the temperature, and the grey cloud of mist that shut out the line of horizon from view, were of themselves, sufficient to prove its identity.

Yes, there was the eternal fog—that curse which hangs forever about the coasts—haunting them like a remorseless ghost in the summer season, sifting each particle of warmth from the prevailing south wind, and collapsing the vital impulse of every living thing doomed to struggle on within its blighting influence.

Edward, who had been journeying for some days through the thick luxuriant forest, where the heat was sometimes overpowering from its intensity, beheld with surprise, the pigny growth of vegetation upon the borders of the sea; and his blood felt chilled by the cold, raw air which rushed with a strong draught up the marsh. Descending to the alluvial tract—which presented further appearance of having at one time, been the bed of a great river, the guides, instead of crossing to the opposite side, abruptly changed their course and followed the valley down; keeping close at the foot of the hills bordering on their left. Argimou and his father now began to examine, carefully, every foot of ground over which they passed, conferring at times earnestly in their own language. After proceeding some distance in this manner, they appeared evidently at fault, and the chief, turning toward Edward, with a somewhat anxious look, said,

"My brother remembers when on the evening of our first day's journey, we looked upon the tracks of Modokawando and the *Sunbeam*, and how the trail, after rising the river, turned straight away to the sunset; well, that was good. Then, you see, my father said, we will follow the river to the evening, and get between the frost and the *Milicotejik* trail—and we did so. Now, many days have we journeyed on a long path, but we have seen no marks crossing to the frost, therefore we knew if the *Sunbeam* was brought to Ouangondy, at this place—between us and the salt water,—we would surely find foot-prints of the war-party; but it is not so. Our eyes are crooked and we are like bats in the daylight—the way is dark before us."

While this disheartening information was

being afforded the lover, Pansaway had gone on somewhat in advance of the rest, and as his son ceased speaking, they saw him stop, as if waiting for them to come up. When they reached the place, he was leaning musingly upon his carabine, and gazing upon some object of interest on the moist, black soil at his feet. Ay, there they were. The same foot-marks they had witnessed before on the bank of the Peticodiac. There was the same remarkable moccasin-print among the numerous impressions on either side, and, above all, there were the deep indentations of a horse's hoofs, whose could it have been but Clarence's?—and away they ran, directly to the westward.

Argimou gave a leap of delight, in which, however, he was completely eclipsed by the enthusiastic Dennis, who afterwards went on his knees and kissed the impress of his enemies, swearing that they were "the rare sort—the darlints, and he'd hold them agin any white man or Ingen that 'ud gainsay his say, for a half-pint, or a fig o' backey; so he would!"—As no one seemed inclined to accept the challenge, Dennis was obliged to cut another gymnastic flourish in the air, which was accompanied by something very like an Indian whoop, ere he could relieve the effervescence of his feelings. Edward spoke not, but he could with difficulty restrain his emotions. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed at the tracks of Clarence's horse for some time, and then suddenly stepped onward in the direction they indicated, waving his arm, as a sign for the others to follow. Forging several swamps and pools of water, which appeared to be supplied by the influx of the tide, and a deep creek that ran through the centre of the marsh; the party lost sight of the trail as they ascended the rocky uplands beyond. But after passing by the borders of a small lake, they again discovered traces in the swampy ground, and taking the precaution of making Dennis—who was more largely gifted than the rest, in the development of his lower extremities—lead the van, they followed in Indian file, each treading in the footsteps of his predecessor; preventing thereby, any suspicion as to their character or numbers, in case they should attract the casual notice of an enemy.

After this fashion, they advanced in silence and without making any noise for some time through deep woods and thickets of spruce and cedar intermixed, guided by the tracks which were very distinct in the moss and wet loam until, having reached a half stagnant pool at the extremity of a morass, the trail turned at