

the preserver of the maiden. But the faithful sharer of all the sorrows and the hopes of the white child and her parent, had sunk into the arms of a warrior; and the red stream that now ran down his honoured breast, too plainly betrayed the price at which he had purchased the safety of the great object of his care—the sole motive of his life.

The faithful Shahdac died. It was no season to chant his funeral dirge. "Lay him," said Ahtomah, "among his brother warriors that have fallen. Perhaps, after the flames have past over them, and the bright sun is arisen, we may yet perform their funeral rites, and sing their death's song. Let not Adalie see the corse of her protector."

The flames, which separated the red men from their enemies, rapidly approached the position which the companions of Ahtomah held.

The young chief now placed his right arm around the waist of Adalie, and raising his tomahawk above his head with his left, as a signal of retreat, he led the way.

The warriors that had survived, followed the steps of their chief. The curling flames and clouds of smoke pursued them, until they were beyond the grove, whence they ascended towards a defile of the mountain, by which they determined to pass; and there was now every appearance of their safe retreat.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view:
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

BYRON.

THE carnage being arrested in the manner we have seen, at the very moment that the utter extinction of this gallant band of the red men appeared inevitable, seemed propitious of the returning regard of the Good Spirit, and of the approaching ascendancy of the powers which the red warriors worshipped, over those whose vengeance they seemed to have excited by the very virtues for which they were distinguished from their enemies.

But—did the Great and Good Spirit indeed now lead them? and were the clouds and darkness which still veiled the firmament, but the type of the moral darkness which conceals all the

ways of the Great Spirit, and the fire the last effort of the demon? Or, had the evil spirit himself, as he looked upon the scene, been touched with human remorse, and arrested the course of the horrors which he had originated?—were the questions which suggested themselves to the followers of the red chief, as they silently continued their way; but there was none to satisfy their doubts.

Of more than four hundred warriors which the red party numbered when the sun went down, not a third part rallied around their chief, as they entered the defile of the mountain by the light of the flames from the burning grove, that fed alike upon the ashes of their enemies, and of their slaughtered friends.

As the red men removed from the scene of devastation, and the excitement of the battle subsided, they became more and more dejected; until, if any hope still clung to their minds, it was rather in the belief, that the force of evil could go no further, than in the ascendancy of good; and it was rejected, as the suggestion of the evil spirit, to augment the ills that still awaited them.

They were now far advanced in the pass of the mountain, when, as they picked their way among the broken rocks and shrubs by the imperfect light from the burning wood, they seemed to see spirits in many forms, passing to and fro around them, as if the demon with all his host were mocking their fate, and only delayed the moment of their extirpation, that he might the longer protract all their sufferings. Some of their new enemies, whose forms were concealed, as they glared upon their prey from among the dark spruces on either hand, shrieked louder than the shrill sounds of the wind in the clefts and crevices of the rocks, and with hideous gestures and the laugh of fiends, exulted aloud, in the misery, and approaching extinction, of the unhappy race.

At length, the warriors, overcome by fatigue and the effects of their superstitious fears, now called upon their chief to forbear his attempt to proceed further.

"Let us return to the plain," said they, "and perish by the hands of the Micmacs, rather than seek a fate more terrible than common death. Fiends environ us. We have entered the habitation of demons, the region of perpetual night. Let us return to the plain, and, meeting death as becomes red men, merit a better fate than that which awaits us here."