

macs. Another moment, and the deadly enemies met: and as the renewed flashes from the clouds showed every warrior his enemy, they fought on both sides, with the accustomed desperation of infuriated savages. The Micmacs fell in numbers before the tomahawks of the heroic red band. Ahtomah, with the nervous arm of first manhood, dealt slaughter every where around him. And as the lightning now flashed with scarce any interruption, the chief was witness of the deeds of his warriors, as they strewed the ground with the corpses of their enemies.

But now on a sudden, as if the good angel had awakened from a state of repose, and descended to aid his people, the lightning and the thunder ceased, and the winds were hushed. But, it was only a momentary calm, and the precursor of yet more terrific scenes.

The tempest now renewed its fury; and, as the very earth shook beneath their feet, dreadful noises proceeded from the ground, to which the raging of the elements above their heads was like the sound of a summer's gale. The firmest trees were overthrown, and masses of rock rolled headlong down the mountain; and the assailants and the assailed, now overcome by their equal terrors, hid themselves from the face of heaven among the closest thickets, or fell alike to the ground.

Some time the red warriors lay concealed, or prostrate with their faces to the earth. At length, Ahtomah first awoke from the sudden stupor, with which the war of the elements had possessed every soul; and, as he recovered his recollection, he perceived the light, as it seemed, of the sun.

The young chief started from the ground. But it was not day. It was the glare from the burning firs in front of them. The wood was on fire: and the flames, as they were driven before the tempest, rapidly approached the ground where the red men still lay. The chief now called aloud upon his warriors. In a moment they were again in arms. But no human enemy appeared.

All was now uncertain. None ventured to speak: but the countenances of the warriors, which were seen as by day, betrayed their thoughts. Could the Micmacs have retreated? or were all that had opposed them slain? The ground was covered with their dead.

But the time of inaction was of short duration; and Ahtomah now once more addressed his devoted followers.

"Warriors," said the young chief, as his people again gathered around him: "behold the bodies of your slaughtered enemies. Did we war against the Micmacs alone, how easy our conquest. But the demon is against us—and the evil spirit is predominant. See! he again approaches, and is armed with a fresh clement, and new powers. We cannot contend with the fire of the evil spirit. Let us open a way to the cave. We must rescue the women and recover the bones of Ottawa. We can then pass the mountain or die. Follow your chief!"

The warriors now seemed prepared to rush with their chief towards the cave; but as the lucid flames ascended to the skies, the fire began to fall in showers around them; and as Ahtomah raised his tomahawk in his right hand, they seemed to hesitate. The spirit of evil was indeed ascendant, and the sensible presence of the demon had overwhelmed the red men with terror.

"Warriors!" then said Ahtomah, as he again raised his voice above the storm: "Is the son of Ottawa, now no longer your leader? Let shame be the portion of every warrior that remains behind."

As the youthful chief thus spoke, he prepared to rush into the devouring element, which he would assay to cross in the direction of the cavern.

But ere the full trial of the fidelity of the warriors could be tested, the purpose of their heroic leader was arrested by the hand of one that in their confusion none had seen, which now unexpectedly caught him by the right arm. And as Ahtomah turned to disengage himself from its feeble hold, he perceived the fair form of Adalie.

"Thou needest not to seek the cavern," said the white maiden, as she released her hold upon the chief: "All there are the victims of relentless carnage. Adalie has alone escaped. She was saved by the arm of Shahidac which has borne her here. The Micmac died that would have stained the pure blood of the betrothed of the red chief."

"But hasten, Ahtomah," continued the maiden. "Lose not a moment to pass the hills. The bones of Ottawa lie no longer beneath the mountain. They are scattered to the four winds. None of the warriors, save those that stand around their chief, any longer survive."

"But where," now said the maiden, as she looked around her, "where is my father?"

As Adalie spoke, the aged white man appeared before her, and, as he embraced his child, Ahtomah turned to welcome

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