

The hall of assembly, was a building erected since the territory of the tribe had been circumscribed within its present boundary, and their former chief village destroyed, by their invariable enemies. It was constructed of close pickets set upright in the ground, to form the walls; and it was roofed with the same materials with which the wigwams were covered, with an opening left at the top to admit the light. It was conspicuously placed upon a rising spot of ground, about a hundred paces from the banks of a rapid stream. Around it grew the natural forest, which consisted chiefly of the varieties of fir of a stunted growth; and from its entrance down to the water, the trees had been torn up and removed, to form an avenue upon which no wigwam might be placed.

Upon raised ground, on one side within the hall, were placed mats which were always occupied by such crators and warriors, as from their deeds in war, or their age and experience, were entitled to speak upon all occasions of their assembling. In the centre of this space, a kind of small platform was raised, a little above the ground upon which the mats of the chief warriors and orators were placed. Upon this sat the chief of the Red Indian race; and the lower portion and great area of the hall was occupied by the rest of the warriors, who usually sat upon the ground.

A long and expressive silence—the first indication of their sense of the calamities they had suffered—was broken on this occasion by Ottawaah, their present chief, who arose, and thus addressed his people:—"Sons and warriors!" said he, "the same star of the night which began to exhibit his crescent form as we took our departure for the hunting grounds of our fathers, still shines in the sky. When we departed our wives took leave of us beyond the hills. But who came out to welcome our return? Your children! where are they? And where are our aged warriors who performed the sacrifices at our departure? Are they but gone on some hunting party? or, will they return no more? How shall we avenge our wrongs? Which of ye shall answer?"

An old and experienced seer, called Sutakoo, or the deer of his tribe, then stood forth, and thus addressed the warriors:—

"Well," said he "hast thou spoken, renowned chief, of this wearied nation. Well nary we thirst for revenge. But by this once strong, now withered arm, the

true emblem of our condition, and by my ancient credit in your councils, let me be heard. Listen to what I propose. Rush not into immediate and open war. Await the coming of the pure spirit which your fathers have foretold should re-establish your race and restore your ancient dominion. All of you remember our former disaster. Red men! you rejected my counsel; and how many of you returned? Some there are among you, who remember when the great capital of our nation, the ancient dwelling of your chiefs, was sacked and burned. The ashes of our fathers were scattered to the winds. But when we first sacrificed upon the altars before which we now bend the knee, what were our signs from the Great Spirit? Did not the clouds open, and were not our offerings accepted? Ye need then but to be wise; and your wisdom should be shown in patience, and in trust in the promise of the good spirit, and in considering the force of the Micmacs, and your former disasters. Our enemies have formed an alliance with men of fire, who come from beyond the rising of the sun, and have brought thunder and lightning from the dwelling of the evil spirit. Have ye not been deluded by a fatal confidence in your own strength? and have ye not lost the best blood of the red tribe? Are not our habitations desolate, so that the wolf would scarce shun our fires? Let us await with patience. Let us feed our hopes of a dear revenge, as we pass the time in forming plans of conquest, and in the invention of new tortures for the enemies of our tribe.

"And, Great Spirit!" continued the warrior, as he stretched forth his hands towards the sky, "look down from thy dwelling-place above the clouds! protect us now, and lead us hereafter to conquest!

Many shall be our victories. The Micmac hearth shall be desolate. Your enemies, O, warriors, shall toil in the chase when none shall greet their return."

Several exerted their best powers of eloquence, both for and against immediate revenge, when the opinion of Uttermoot, a popular seer of his tribe, seemed to determine their course by an impassioned speech, which he thus concluded:—

"If we delay, oh, warriors! the foe will be prepared to receive us; but if we cross the mountains while he is contemplating us in our grief, and rejoicing in the success of his arms, we shall encounter our enemies, inveterate by success, or sleeping in the belief that two snows will not ripen our plan of attack: we shall surprise him in his security, and avenge our