

with her exceeding loveliness, and secretly resolved to devote his energies to the possession of her affections, but he was prompted by as pure and deep a passion as ever sprung within the breast of man. What he would have aided in thwarting for the sake of justice alone, the excusable selfishness of love rendered infinitely more onerous and desirable; and when many a furtive glance had indicated that mutual interest which a stolen interview fully ripened into the glow of reciprocal attachment, Argimou made a deep vow that his Flower should never be sent to wither in the country of the Penobscot, and he only awaited a favourable opportunity to fan the spark of animosity which he well knew only smouldered in the bosoms of the Millicete and his own nation; ever ready to burst the temporary restraint which policy had enjoined: their confederacy with the French alone preventing it from raging with all the malignancy, and stern unappearing hostility that characterizes an Indian feud.

The warriors betook themselves to their several cabins, on their arrival, where round the social fire their voices might be heard chatting and laughing about the occurrences of the day. 'Twas with mingled sensations, from each of which, as from many sources, a bright stream of pleasure arose and united in one broad current of happiness, giving an elasticity to the thoughts and bearing, that Argimou put aside the blanket curtain over the door of his wigwam and responded to the affectionate congratulations of his father, a middle aged warrior of a grave, commanding appearance, whose bold, aquiline features were reflected in a softer outline on the noble profile of his son. A slight indisposition had prevented him from witnessing those observances associated with the dearest aspirations of a parent, namely, the exaltation of his child, and now he beheld the decorated figure of his proud boy with undisguised triumph and an emotion of tenderness that brought an unaccustomed moisture to his unwavering eye. During the earnest conversation which followed, the father impressed upon his offspring the serious nature of the duties incumbent upon him in his future career, and in conclusion, alluded with mournful pathos to the companion of his youth, the mother of Argimou, who had gone to the Great Spirit when the strong and intrepid warrior before him now, was a little helpless child, with the fond memories of long years busy within his breast, unfolding the half obliterated scroll of the past and its hopes and sorrows venerable

with the dust of time, Pansaway enveloped in body, silently, in the skin of a deer, and stretching himself upon the pine branches matting the tent, was soon wandering in those mysterious regions which an Indian supposes to be swayed by the prophet—Manitou of dreams.

But it is not to prepare for slumber that Argimou divests himself of his newly acquired and somewhat cumbersome ornaments, nor does he look at the stars that he peers out into the night. His head is turned in a listening attitude, but no sound escapes from the pyramidal dwellings around, and even the incessant bark of the irritable watch cur has ceased to trouble the drowsy woods with its sharp querulous sound. With noiseless tread he steals from the birchen canopy, threading his way among the trees until he reached a solitary dell, through the midst of which an unseen rivulet prattled in a low whisper, with the flags and entangled shrubbery hiding its devious track. Here Argimou paused, and applying his concealed hand to his mouth, emitted a correct imitation of the distant hoot of an owl, which was repeated after a short interval, when every sense of the utterer was directed to catch some expected signal of reply, 'ere long the acute ear detected a slight rustle of the leaves such as a rabbit would occasion in his tiny path, and before the vision was conscious of a darker shade in the gloom of the foliage, the quick pulsations of a soft, warm breast, was felt against the ample chest of Argimou, and a voice whose faintest tones thrilled to the listener's soul, breathed in accents of most intoxicating melody beside his burning cheek.

"My sweet flower still keeps its perfume for the son of Pansaway," said he, as the maiden released herself from the close embrace of her lover, yet allowed an arm still to encircle her lithe form, and a hand to smooth and part with trembling caress the long silky hair which shaded a face lovely as was ever worshipped beneath the starlit heaven.

"Love," she replied, with all the tenderness of her sex, and the low, musical enunciation of her people, "Waswetchoul is only too happy if she fills the thoughts of Argimou when he wears the wampum belt of a Sagamou; so very—very joyful is she, that she almost forgets the crooked path in which she must travel. The moons will come and wane, that will sever our hearts for ever, before she awakes from this pleasant dream—speak—young brave!—that this fearful mist may pass away from my eyes like the haze of the morn, and my heart be refreshed by the dew of your kind words, like the