

had awaited the occasion, issued from the defences, and by a skilful movement, fell upon their rear; and by blows unseen; with their tomahawks, they now knocked down and slaughtered their enemies in numbers. Nor did they desist, until the flight of the attacking party proclaimed the full success of the bold and judicious manœuvre.

The short, but bloody conflict, was unaccompanied by any sound, save of the strokes of the tomahawk, and the deep groans of those who fell to the ground.

The second party also of the enemy, which had been discovered in the opposite direction, approached the skirt of the wood; but, upon the discovery of the obstacles to their farther advance, or alarmed by intelligence concerning the fate of the other, they retreated before the red warriors had time to do more execution, than to knock down one or two, by a random shower of arrows, which they discharged from behind the defences which sheltered them.

The warriors of the victorious parties now reentered the inner defences, and assembled in the presence of their chief. Thirty scalps rewarded the sagacity of Ahtomah, and the valour of his people, while not a red warrior was missing.

There was profound silence once more; but it was not long to continue.

The scouts had scarce resumed their roving, before they reentered at every angle of the defences; and all agreed in reporting, that the plain was swarming with the enemy in motion—that the grove was encompassed by a host. But the confidence of the warriors in the valour and skill of their young chief, and the virtue of his plans of defence, were unabated, and they dreamed but of the defeat and slaughter of their enemies.

And now, when hope and exultation seemed to possess every soul of this gallant band, as they awaited the commands of their leader, the young chief, while his countenance was still visible by the faint light from the expiring embers of their suppressed fires, unexpectedly, and familiarly, addressed his warriors, in demanding, whether there were any among them who might choose to fly—any that would prefer his assured safety to the uncertainty of the impending struggle.

"The road is open," said Ahtomah: "It is but to retire beyond the mountains, and ye may enjoy a season at least of repose. If then there be but one among ye so wise as to prefer his safety to the prospect before him, let him speak. He

shall be heard, and not reproved. Nay, even conducted—the son of Ottawa has said it—beyond the bounds of danger. There must be among you, some one more wise than to stay. Perhaps, indeed, the advantages to be gained, should the most complete victory reward the toils of the few that triumph, may be little greater, even to these, than retreat may insure to all. The battle of the Micmacs is not for a few scalps. Extermination is the aim of the war on their side—the remnant of a fallen people, their expected victim. Let the wisest among ye speak!"

There was a deep pause at the words of the young chief; yet no renegade foot moved.

"And wherefore this hesitation," said Ahtomah. "Or is every warrior ready to fly; and do ye want but a guide? Shall then your chief be indeed your leader, in this time of uncertainty and peril—your conductor to the place of refuge beyond the hills? Will not a warrior reply?"

But none spoke. Not a voice was heard.

Then, Ahtomah, after a long pause, breaking the expressive silence, thus continued:

"Red warriors, that are worthy of the great name which your fathers bore. The son of Ottawa should have known your fidelity. This trial of your patience, was but the means by which he would discover, whether but one of the crew of the seer were still among you. We are as one man. Let us raise, then, our thoughts, though our voices be mute, to the Great Spirit of the universe. Let us worship Him, who alone can turn aside the machinations of the demon—confound all the spirits of evil. Ye have given the son of the great Ottawa, the last proof of your devotion, your piety, your valour. The red tribe cannot perish!"

While the young chief had been speaking, the suppressed emotions of his people had from time to time reached his ear, like the sounds of a distant cataract, which the inconstant wind conveys at intervals, to the quick sense of the bewildered traveller, to reassure his steps and determine his path; but, as the last words of his address fell upon the ears of the warriors, one universal sound of approbation proceeded in half suppressed accents from the red men, indicating the confidence of every soul among them, in the favour of heaven, and in the skill and virtue of their leader.

It was enough. The chief, and his warriors, resolved to overcome their

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