

"Mother o' Moses! aint here a country? faks, its a con-tra-ry, more likes; be the same token, that hits a meltin an a frazin yees, be turns—wan day a bilin an a roastin the sines of a man with the hate, an the nixt a drivin intil him, like a sieve, lashins o' shiverins an a could water. Sure, its a blissin it is wan has the drhap to warm the insides whiles—praise be to God for that, anny way. Thunder! what a draft is tearin like mad over the bog, it 'ill be th' death o' me, it will.'"

Here Dennis' soliloquy was cut short, as an unusually fierce blast swept along a drizzling cloud, from whose penetrating properties he strove to shelter his face and neck by turning sideways, and burying his head under the lee of his burly shoulders, hugging, at the same time, the stock of his carbine closer under his arm.

Avoiding the swamps and stagnant pools, which were spread thickly over this portion of the great morass, by paths familiar to their Indian guide, they crossed the half-dismantled bridge of the Tantemar, and finally, after a weary distressing march of six miles, reached the termination of the low marshy district. As they advanced into the uplands, the fog gradually became less dense, and when the first hill top was gained, the sun suddenly burst upon the landscape.

Below them, heaving and rolling in snowy wreaths like a sea of billowy clouds, the travellers beheld the spectral mist clinging to the prairie they had left behind, which looked dim and dismal by the contrast of the scene around, lighted as it was by the clear, warm beams of the morning sun. Here a short halt was made to wring the water from their soaked garments and prepare for their journey through the woods.

With enlivened feelings the party pushed forward over an elevated country, shaded by extensive forests, which the choral songs of birds filled with enchanting melody. The active squirrel's shrill, quick chirp, gave its companions notice of the unwelcome intrusion of strangers into its secluded territory. The blue jay uttered its discordant cry, while the locust sang incessantly among the pines, and the brilliant butterfly flitted among the leaves like a gorgeous dream. But above all the cheerful sunlight touched and sprinkled the dancing spray, and poured in long beams of richest sheen through the leafy arcades, weaving fantastic webs, dew-spangled, on the dewy moss and feathery fern; and forcing warm smiles from old, leafless, storm-worn trunks, and giving a

bright glow to grim, hoary-looking rocks, until all things owned the spell of Nature's mighty Alchemist, the great *Eye* of Heaven, whose look transmutes every object into gold, making them leap out of the gloom in masks of laughing beauty.

Whether it was the transition that had taken place in the disposition of the weather, or the spiritual commune with a capacious black bottle which he had concealed in some secret pocket of his vestment, that imparted an impetus to the spirits of Dennis, our readers can best determine; but certain it is, that he followed his master with increased alacrity, and even ventured some pleasant remarks upon "the luck of having a good day for the beginnin;" and divers questions regarding the length of their excursion, and the "whereabouts would they find Miss Clarence, the blissid angels presarve her"—to all of which his master, who found it necessary to humour him at times, returned a good natured, if not very satisfactory reply.

In this manner they proceeded for some miles, when Argimou suddenly made a signal to stop, which was scarcely complied with when a stentorian voice roughly demanded, "*qui vive?*" while at the same time the warning click of a lock was heard, and a peasant showed himself with presented piece amongst the foliage of a thicket, a short distance to the right of the party. "Micmac," was the immediate reply of the chief, as, whispering the others not to move a step for their lives, he advanced directly to the questioner, with whom he remained for some time. When he returned to his companions Edward noted a change in his countenance, for it seemed darkened with a gloomy, anxious expression. Desiring them to follow, he led the way toward the left for a little space, when, stopping in a deep shady nook that afforded a secure hiding place, he said, "My brother, Argimou cannot go yet; his people are here with their father, and the Sagamou is wanted. Rest here in peace until he returns."

Edward, who did not fully comprehend the cause of this sudden change in the intentions of his Indian friend, suffered a shade of distrust to cross his mind; however, he quickly dispelled the unworthy thought, and sought an explanation of the other's views, which being satisfactorily given, he acquiesced with the best grace that his impatience at any delay in their progress would allow, with the consciousness, however, that the disguise adopted at the instance of the guide had undoubtedly been the