

swerved from its original course, apparently influenced by a far more serious object than the capture of a few prisoners; for it seemed as the canoes flew past in their passage upward, leaving the fort behind, that they were themselves striving their utmost to escape from a pursuing foe; for so rapid were their motions, that nothing could be distinguished but a multitude of black, nodding heads above the sharp canoes, and the lightning glance of paddle blades, as the river was broken and whirled into countless eddies by their impetuous propulsion. Hark! What deep sound is that which makes the life-blood of the soldiers dance with long-unfelt joy, as it breaks seaward and rolls majestically along the harbour, filling the clear morning air with lingering reverberations? What winged monster skips and tears its thought-like way over the waves and through the very midst of the retreating canoes; throwing them into confusion, and half hiding, with a shower of spray, the effects of its resistless stroke, as three of the number, with their wild crew, are scattered, piecemeal, upon the tide into which the iron scourge plunged, after its short but desolating career? O that sound!—that message—though the harbingers of Death to the Micicet,—“as the music of the storm blast,” the fury of its rush are to the homeless petrel; so were they welcome, doubly welcome to the ear and eye that received the delightful impression. Another booming roar, and a second shot, ricocheting along the river, cut its unsparing way among the yelling natives, from whom it culled a fresh batch of victims; then around the headland—

“Walking the waters like a thing of life,” came gliding into sight a swan-like frigate, her curving canvass shining like pale gold in the early sunbeam. How gloriously that most beautiful creation of man,—the ocean queen,—talked along over the blue waves, tossing the foam from her sharp prow, as if in scorn of the giant element she alone could tame.

“Huzza!” shouted Edward, throwing his cap into the air with uncontrollable joy,

“’Tis Rous! ’Tis Rous! Look, dearest;—two, three, there they are after all; and we are saved. God guard thee evermore, thou noble battle flag! Well know I thy hope-inspiring cross, for I have bled beneath its crimson shade; but never yet when I looked upon thee—emblem of my country—has my faith in thy prosperity ever faltered. Joy, beloved! See—there are friends—red jackets too, by St. George!—ferily, it were well if I go not distracted with delight.”

Such were the extravagant ebullitions of feeling with which Edward hailed the brilliant vision that burst so unexpectedly upon them, as three men-of-war in succession, came rounding into view, with every sail set to catch the light morning breeze; whilst his companions were no less moved by the sudden revulsion from the most gloomy anticipations to a degree of joyful bewilderment, which the prospect of a certain restoration to all that was held most dear, could, in their circumstances, be well imagined to produce. The leading frigate, when in front of Fort Bourbon, cast anchor, and as she furled sail, the hollow rattle of a drum resounded between her decks; while the flitting of dark objects in busy motion through the open ports, told that the crew were clustering thickly at their quarters.

The impatient Europeans would delay no longer. Hurrying to the landing with enthusiastic haste—which was singularly contrasted with the cool, collected manner of the stoical Indians,—they quickly embarked, and, with a handkerchief of Clarence fluttering on the end of a long spear, as a pledge of their amicable character, indispensable to their safe approach, paddled directly towards the ship. The moments flew; they beheld curious faces peering down from port and bulwark, as the canoe came along side. Then they stood upon the white deck, amid a host of friends, whose honest hands were convulsed with temporary palsy, as they shook those within their grasp, again and again; pouring at the same time, words of heartfelt congratulation into the wanderers' ears. The beautiful Waswetchoul gazed with affright at the strange objects that surrounded her, and pressed closely, with the timidity of a fawn, to the side of Clarence, for protection from the admiring glances of the *pale-faces*, as they passed below; and it was curious to note the wonder and awe with which the queer, outlandish looking jack-tars gathered, at a respectful distance, round the stern hunters of the forest; while they would roll their quids about and make their characteristic remarks in a mess-mate's ear. If the red men were a mystery to the amphibious sailors, the latter must have seemed a most remarkable species of the human race—a link between man and the frog—in the eyes of the Micmac warriors.

That day, the naval force under Captain Rous, remained in the neighbourhood of the enemy's fort, completing the destruction, which it then appeared, the garrison themselves had commenced, previous to its abandonment; not