

ground to the very edge of the precipice where the secret gully was situated, the savages gradually moved on in pantomimic masquerade, and after a time, altogether disappeared in the gloom of the shadowy forest.

"The holy saints be glorified!"—ejaculated Dennis, devoutly, as he laid down his firelock and filled a stone pipe that he had procured from the chief; "ivery shoul of em, St. Patrick especially ah-min! May I niver, if ever I seen the likes afore;—praise God all the same. Musha! Iv it didn't make the wather pour aff o' me like a mill-sluice—so it did. The bloody bathens! May be I wudn't been letting the hate out o' wan o' thim, only for ould sarious, who'd a been a christian man uv th' black inimy hadn't spoilt his skin in th' makin, and th' Segimmes likewise. Tare-an-ages! I've seen many a white man that couldn't luck at thim in the fashionin uv a pipe or th' judgma-tic lying uv an ambushment; by the crass—I say it."

"Ugh," exclaimed Pansaway as the enemy departed, remarking to the chief;—"the Milicete *boo-woow-ee* is pretty strong, he can arm a warrior with war-paint, but he cannot sharpen his eyes with cunning words."

"Argimou laughs at the blind moles of the Milicetejik—he has vanquished their *boo-woow-ee*;"—was the proud reply.

As Edward moved from his position, he felt as though a heavy load had suddenly been removed from his breast, and while he sought the nook where Clarence had been left, he could not withhold his belief in the assurances of his guides as to the probability of their being able to accomplish their ultimate escape.

"The *Open-Hand* sees," said Pansaway,—that the Milicetejik is a hog what buries its nose in the ground; he crawls on the earth like a blind worm, and cannot look at the sun—was a Micmac—without shedding tears. You understand?"

"I do," replied the soldier, with a smile.

"Well," was the rejoinder—"very well; go to the *Sunbeam* and say, when comes moonlight may be we can go, make your heart strong. Certainly we will go down Onangony—certainly we must see Anglasheon, and he will go home and say—*Sunbeam* has come back again, my father."

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMAINING close within their secret retreat, the party experienced no further molestation during the day, which was not altogether spent unprofitably, at least on the part of the chief,

who made several excursions in the neighbourhood, to ascertain the exact position of the Milicete village, and the local circumstances which might be rendered available in his projected plan to obtain a canoe for the purpose beforementioned. Accordingly, having satisfied himself fully of the feasibility of his scheme, as soon as the twilight deepened into night, and the objects around became blended in one indefinite mass of shade, while the increased roar of the falls,—which through the day had altogether ceased, as the salt water poured upward and lessened the inclination of the river current,—told that the tide was ebbing from the sea coast, Argimou departed, carrying with him the warm wishes and fervent hopes of the rest, for upon the success of his perilous adventure all their future prospects of deliverance mainly depended.

An hour having elapsed, and there being no evidence of the chief's approach, Edward began to entertain fears for his safety, when the notes of a whippoorwill were heard beneath the steep bank to the left, upon which Pansaway, who was near, rose and asked the soldier what he called that bird? Edward avowed his entire ignorance of the species that emitted the sounds, while the old Indian, as he tightened the lacing of his moccasins and took up his pack and gun as if to depart, quietly rejoined—

"The Micmac listens to him in the dark, talking to the white moon or the red stars; and some people do say, because he sings always when other birds are asleep, therefore he must be some poor squaw who broke his heart when bad husband left him alone. Then you see, he didn't go to the good land when he died, and so the spirit of that poor squaw came back again to look after him; and that's the reason why he does sing always by night, sometimes cheerful, more often very sorry, saying, '*come to me! come to me!*' We call him *wick-quill-yetch*, or the night-hawk what sings. Will you come and look for this singing bird?" asked he, playfully—"may be we will find him pretty soon."

Directing them to proceed with caution, the guide moved from the covert and commenced descending the bank at a place where it sloped less vertically to the river side. Edward, leading Clarence, followed in his footsteps, with the Milicete maid and Dennis in their rear.—They were much surprised to find, instead of the bird they sought, something far more welcome in their present circumstances, for the Europeans saw with joy, that, floating motionless and close to the sedgy shore, was the pro-