

large river, which Osborne judged to be the Shubenacadie. They must have proceeded for at least fifteen miles, for the sun was only two hours up in the heavens when they commenced their march, and the Indians moved as rapidly as if they were on a macadamized road. Close to the river the Indians lit a fire, and after having cooked their venison, which they supplied liberally to the prisoner, they made a rude camp out of spruce boughs. Osborne was allowed to rest under one of two canoes, which were hidden under some brushwood; and no sooner had he laid his head down on his hard bed than he fell into a deep slumber, from which he never once awoke until a few minutes before daylight, when he felt something warm nestling close beside him and licking his hands. It was only poor Beppo, who had followed the party cautiously during the whole of the previous day.

As the sun commenced to light up the tops of the trees, the canoes were floating on the river,—Osborne being seated in one with two of his captors. Under different circumstances Osborne might have enjoyed the scenery, for the country watered by the river was beautifully wooded. The stream itself, of no great width or depth at any part, now and then narrowed into a mere brook, perfectly overshadowed by large trees—birch, beech, maple, and clumps of spruce—whose branches kissed the very water, and grazed the canoes as they glided rapidly by. The prisoner's hands were loosely tied; but he was allowed to sit upright in the canoe and look about him with perfect freedom. The Indians, dressed in cloth which they got from their French allies, and in long leggins and moccasins, made out of moose or caribou hide, conversed with one another in their musical tongue; but they never attempted to speak to their captive.

The chief who was in the same canoe with Osborne was a noble looking man, with eyes of remarkable keenness and a firm decided chin and mouth. As Osborne watched the dexterous motion of the paddles in the hands of the Indians, in the other canoe, which was a little ahead, his attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of one who was seated in the

middle and gazing abstractedly at the banks of the river. His face was very dark, but neither did its hue nor its features altogether resemble those of his companions, and although his dress was the same as that of the others, yet there was that in the carriage of his head and his whole appearance which would convey the idea to a close observer that he was not an Indian of pure blood, or that he had mixed more among the whites until he had assumed some of their characteristics. But more than this, as Osborne caught his eye directed to him on one occasion, the expression of his face seemed strangely familiar; but when the prisoner again attempted to identify him, his face was turned in another direction, and no opportunity offered for observing him closely. Osborne soon forgot the subject, or if he thought of it again, it was to conclude that he had been misled by one of those tricks which our eye or imagination sometimes plays us.

They kept on the river for the greater part of that day, and at last landed at a prettily sheltered cove, where the Indians hauled up the canoes and hid them carefully under the bushes some two hundred paces from the shore, so that they might be at hand for future expeditions of the tribe. There they remained until daybreak the next day, when they started in an easterly direction, following trails, which showed to even Osborne's unpractised eye that they had long been used by the Indians in moving about that part of the country. They had not been long on the march when they came suddenly out of the wood to the edge of what gave indications that it had been once a clearing of considerable size—probably of some Acadians who had suffered from the same cruel mandate that sent so many of their race out of Acadia. He could see portions of the old fencing, and ruins of the chimney of a cottage; and as he looked on these relics of an unhappy people, driven from their own country by a mistaken policy, he recalled to mind the melancholy scenes he had himself witnessed at Annapolis where he had been stationed two years previously, at the time the orders for the expatriation were issued. He had only joined the regiment a few months before, and had been sent out