

language, however, it occurred to him, that the natives were familiar with the patois of the Acadians, and as he spoke French fluently himself, through its means they might be enabled to converse. Nor was he deceived, for upon the interrogation, "who art thou?" a beam of intelligence flitted over the face of the Indian, and erecting himself with an air of pride, he answered in tolerable French—

"Argimou, the son of Pansaway."

"What wouldst thou with me?" rejoined the soldier.

"Listen," was the pithy reply. "The *Anglascou* are great warriors. The *Wemmooh* fought. They were driven away like dry leaves in the wind, but the red man never knew fear, nor showed his back to his enemies. His warriors were pierced by the long knives and spears of the stranger—like grass by the lightning, yet the eye of the *Sagamou* drooped not—he never knew fear. But the thirsty spears were at his heart, ready to drink his blood, when a young brave spoke, and at the sound of his voice, death vanished away—like a ghost in a sick man's dream. Does my brother know who that lone warrior was?—look! or has he changed since he became a captive among the pale faces?"

As the Indian ceased speaking, he approached nearer the ray of light that issued from the half-open door, and, to his surprise, Edward recognized the striking features of the gallant chief, whose life he had been instrumental in preserving at the taking of the blockhouse, and whom he had not thought of since, supposing that he was liberated with the Acadians found arms at the capture of the fort. With generous enthusiasm, the young Englishman proffered his hand in friendship which was as warmly clasped by the other, while he resumed—

"Hear me, my brother. The same spirit made us both, and to each, though of a different skin, he gave the same heart to teach him what is good. Our fathers have said, the memory of a kindness is like the sun, it never grows cold or wanes; an Indian never forgets. Argimou's eyes are weary, for he sees nothing here to make them glad; he would look upon the great hunting grounds of his nation, the faces of his kindred; the air of a dungeon makes a warrior very sick, and pale as the blue-eyed stranger. But Argimou did not forget, and when he saw the young brave carried home like a man asleep, and was told that his heart was dark with grief, for its sunbeam had departed, then he said, I will speak to my brother,

and we will go hence and follow the sunbeam, that he may smile again and be happy."

"Generous beings," replied Edward, with emotion, "I believe what you have said, for my own breast tells me it is true. Guide me to the lost one and freedom and all that wealth can procure shall be yours." But with a look of proud disdain, the chief drew himself up to his full height, and answered with emphatic enunciation,

"Argimou is a warrior. He is not greedy, nor would he tell a lie to save his life."

Edward, observing, with ready tact, that an idea of any prospect of reward having prompted his proposal, appeared to wound the feelings of the Indian, forbore all allusion to the subject, asking when they should commence the pursuit of Clarence, and what force would be required for the service. To which, Argimou replied—

"Does my brother dream, or is his hair painful to his head, that he talks of marching a drove of palefaces through the forest—like blind owls? Their scalps would be hanging dry, in the council hall of Onanthio, at Louisbourg, ere the moon is full. Listen, my brother. The *Milicetjck* have stolen the daughter of the stranger, for their *Sagamou* is a thief, and only he would be outlying when the war-path leads to the village of the *Micmac*. So that there is a long trail before us, and we must go alone, for a *Milicete* is a fox in cunning—and a serpent in deceit," and here the warrior threw himself into an attitude of great dignity, ere he concluded, impressively, "but the *Micmac* are a moose, in the sharpness of his scent—a cariboo, in swiftness—a beaver, in wisdom."

After seeing that every comfort which the nature of his situation would admit of, was afforded his grateful friend, Edward, with an elasticity of thought and feeling, to which he had been for some time a stranger, proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he met with a hearty participation in all his plans and prospects of achieving the deliverance of the captive maiden. Unlimited leave was granted to him, and unconditional liberty to his Indian guide. While every assistance in providing the contingencies necessary for the undertaking, was cordially rendered by his brother officers, among whom he was much esteemed for his acquirements and amiable disposition.

In one respect, only, was Edward at a loss to decide. It was his wish that his servant Dennis, who had proved himself so valorous,