

a winding river, like a huge serpent, might be traced, meandering through glade and forest grove; many a shadowy lake, like a silver mirror, reflected back the heaven from the wide, woodland solitude; and hill and interval, melting far, far away into a mutual tint, were insensibly lost, while the level line that marked the boundary of the sky, denoted that the prospect terminated only with the ocean's broad expanse.

The Indian leaned him on a staff,—for he seemed weary and bent with time,—and uncovered his grey head with reverential awe, as he looked around and felt the dread stillness and solitude of the place creep within his very soul. Who would have recognized in that feeble, dejected man, the strong and fiery warrior who had once made the hills echo with his war-whoop, and hailed with wildest transport the music of the battle or the storm?

'Twas Argimou, at the burial-place of his nation. The last of all those warriors who could not bring themselves to the humiliation of asking assistance from their conquerors, he had protracted his departure, partly impelled by the strong love he bore his country, and partly urged by a sense of duty that revolted at the thought of deserting his unfortunate brethren, and enjoined protection to the poor lingerers who still wandered fondly around their desecrated haunts,—like timid birds whose nests have been rifled,—and could not tear themselves away. At length, with a bursting heart, he had come to look once more at the ancient memorials, 'ere he left his home forever. At his feet lay three half-obliterated graves, one of which was marked with a mossy cross, rude but expressive, telling that the slumberer died in the faith of the *Wenawoch*—a believer in the Son of God;—that was Pan-saway's grave. But whose is that, where the wild rose is shedding its leaves, as an offering on beauty's early bier; where the blue violets look up to heaven in the semblance of hopeful truth, pure and unnoted?—Whose but Was-wetchcal's; and that small mound at its side contains the ashes of her son. The *Wild Flower* had withered years ago, with the bud that sprung up from its root, in the scourging pestilence of the whites, and they were long since transplanted in "that flowery land whose green turf hides no grave."

Argimou bent down and hid his face with his shrunken hands, while he called to remembrance the beauty and gentleness of his only love; and the time when he carried her away from the Micmac country, with the *Sundram*

of the *Open Hand*, the only just man he had ever known among the greedy Anglashcou. He thought how lonely and homeless he had been since she and her child died; but when he remembered the dark troubles that had intervened, and then saw how peacefully the flowers and sunbeam shone on the quiet grave, he felt it was better so. Then, the change that had swept over the destinies of his race, shook his soul with a tempest of grief, as he looked abroad upon the country where his father had hunted; the streams where the white canoe had glided, and the canoe lay forever moored. Where was their ancient patrimony, their sacred inheritance? Like the voice of his beloved, the bold warriors of the Micmac, gone—forever gone! Where were the mighty Mohawks whose war-cry so often echoed on the confines of their territory; were they, too, driven away? Ay, the *Bear-tribe* was very numerous and strong, but it also hath vanished, no one knoweth whither. Go ask the wind!—perhaps it can tell. And the other nations of the Iroquois and the tribes of the Great Abenaki; they were plentiful as the leaves and had strong hearts—yea, hearts without fear,—surely they still dwelt in their old forests; their fathers' country? Go, stranger! Follow the sun from his cradle to his grave, you will see a great land few red men—but many graves.

While such-like musings suggested themselves to the old chieftain's mind, mournful and with trembling limbs, he bowed in hopeless lamentation over the mouldering monuments of the departed; and he would have shed tears, had not their source long since been dry. Shaking off, at length, by a violent effort, the unusual weakness that oppressed him, suddenly he stood erect, and his form dilated with excess of passion. Growing strong with the woe that wrung his soul, as he brooded upon their sorrows and wrongs, in fervent adjuration he raised his voice, filling the sacred burial place with unaccustomed murmurs.

"Great Spirit of the universe!"—he exclaimed, stretching his arm toward the vaulted sky—"Can this thing be?" And he listened awhile, but no sound, save a low, indistinct moan, broke the deep silence of the woods, and the light boughs were unshaken.

Then once more he spoke aloud—that lonely man.

"Shades of my fathers! Will the good time of the Indian never return?"

And a sudden wind swept among the funeral pines, and the innumerable leaves seemed whispering to each other in wonder, as the sea