THE DOOM OF MAMELONS

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY, BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

[*Continued from 2nd Page.*]

Smells of a burnt world filled the air. The nose shrank from breath and breathed, expectant of offense. The fire brought death to ten thousand living things and filled the black waste with stench of shallow graves, burnt skins and smoking bones.

The dead had saved the living for the old chief lived. From the red beach he saw the Trapper's race for life along the smoking ridge and paddled quick, to where he made his awful, headlong plunge, into Eternity. From the deep depths he rose, like a dead fish, to surface, his breath beaten out of him but clasping still in tight arms the muffled form. His tongueless savior—so paying life with life, the old debt wiped out at last—towed him to shore and on the beach revived him with rude skill, persistent. He came to sense with violence, torn convulsively. His soul woke facing backward, living past life again. To feet he sprang at his first breath and yelled: "*Awake, awake, My God, the fire is on us Atla!*" then plucked her from the sand where she lay, weak as a wilted flower, and started, with a bound, to fly. The touch of her bent form, drooping in his arms, recalled his soul to sense and he knew all, and reeled with the woe of it. Down at the water's edge he sank, cast covering cloth from head and hands, bathed her dark face and murmured loving words to her still soul. Through realms and spaces of deep trance her spirit, lingering in dim void twixt life and death, heard Love's call and struggled back toward the shore of life and sense. From pulseless breast her soul clomb up, pushed the fringed lids apart, and gazed, through wide eyes of sweet surprise, upon his worshipped face; then, leaving a sweet smile upon the lips, sank back within the safe enclosure of deep sleep. All day she slept within his arms. All night she slumbered on. Wisely he waited, saying: "Sleep to the overtaxed means life. It is the only medicine and sure. In sleep the wearied find new selves."

But when the second morning, after starless night, came to the world, she felt the waking grey of it upon her lids and stirring in his arms, like wounded bird in nest, moved mouth and opened eyes, and gazed slowly round as seeking knowledge of place and time and circumstance. Then memory came back she remembered all and softly said:

Art thou alive, Dear Love? I have been with the dead. The dead were very kind but oh, I missed you so," and with soft hand she stroked his face caressingly. The old chief, mutely stood, watching, with gloomy eyes the sad sight. He read the motion of her lips and in his tongueless throat there grew a moan and his dry lids wet themselves with tears. She noticed him and said: "You, too, alive, old servitor! The gods are strict but merciful. Two of the three remain. The one alone must go. So it is well." Then to her worshipped one.

Dear Love, this is a gloomy place. Let us go on. The smoke hides the bright world. I long for light. The fate is not yet sure. The blood of our old race holds tightly to last chance. We face it out with death to the last throb. Then yield, not sooner. Who knows? I may find sunrise yet at Mamelons." So was it done.

They placed her on soft skins within the boat facing him who steered. For she said: "Dear Love, the dead see not the living. If I go I may not see you ever more. So let me look on your dear face while yet I may. To-day is mine. To-morrow? I know not who may own two-morrow."

Thus, he at the stern, and she at the stem, softly placed on the piled skins, her dark eyes on his face, they glided out of the deep bay sailed around the base of the dead cape that eternal, and floated downward, with the black ebb, toward the sea. Past islands and through channels intricate they went, in silence, until they came to where the Marguerite, with tuneful mouth runs singing over shining sands, pouring out into dark Saguenay, as life pours into death, then breathed they freer airs and the freshness of untainted winds fell sweetly down upon them from overhanging hills. Then she:—

"Dear Love, I know not what may be. We mortals are not sure of anything. The end of sense is end of knowledge. We know we live for ever. For so our pride compels and some have seen the dead moving. But under what conditions we do live beyond we know not. Hence hate I death. It is an interruption and a stoppage of plans and joys which work and flow in sequence; severs us from loved connections; for the certain gives us the uncertain and in place of solid, substantial facts, forces us to build our future lives on the unfixed and changeful foundations of hopes and dreams. It is not moral state that puzzles. We of the old race never worried over that. For we knew if we were good enough to live here and once, then were we good enough to live elsewhere and forever; but it was the nature of existence, it's environment and the connections growing out of these, that filled the race, whose child I am, with dread and dole. For all the women of my race loved with great loves. The loves of lovers who sublimited life in loving and knew no higher and no holier, nor cared to know. We cast all on that one chance; winning all in winning, and losing all if we lost. With me it is the same. I love you with a love that maketh life. I am a slave to it. It is my strength or weakness, as has been with the women of my blood from the beginning. I have no other creed, nor faith nor hope. To-day I see thee and I have. To-morrow, whom shall I see?—the dead? I care not for the dead. There is not one among them I may love; for loving thee has cut me off from loving other one for ever, unless the Alchemy of death works back to the creative process, undoing all of blood and nature and sends us into nothingness, then foreign to what we were and wholly different from our old selves: which is a consumation horrible to think of."

"Nay, nay, it may not be," exclaimed the Trapper, "Our loves if they be large and whole grow with us and with our lives live on forever."

"It may be so, Dear Love," replied the girl. "Love's prophecy should be true or else your Sacred Books are vain, for in them it is written 'Love is of God'—But oh, how shall I find thee in the other world? For wide and dim must stretch its spaces and vast must be its intervals! This earth is small. We who live on it few. Within the circle of these generations, all can stand. But the dead are many. The sands of Mamelons are not numberless. They totalize the ages. The land they dwell in is beyond mortal compass. Who may be sure of meeting any one in such a realm? At what point on its boundaries shall I wait and watch? How signal thee by hand or voice when out of earth like feather, blown by that strange movement men call death, into the endless distances, thou comest, suddenly? Alas! Alas! I know not if beyond this day, I, going out of this dear sunlight may, ever and forever look upon thy face again!"

"Atla," returned the Trapper, "I know not what may be, but this I know and swear that if a trail pushed, seeking through a thousand or ten thousand years may bring me to thy side we two shall meet in heaven."

"Oh love, say those sweet words again!" exclaimed the girl, "Say more than them. Crowd into this one day that I am sure of the vows and love of half a life that I may go, if I go I must, out of thy sight, from Mamelons, with full heart, upheld by an immortal hope. And here, I pledge thee by the Sacred Fire that burns forever, that if power bestowed by nature or artfully acquired by patience working through ten thousand years may find thee after death, then will I find my heaven in thy arms, not found 'til then. So now in holy covenant will we rest until we come to Mamelons, and ever after. My life will soon be ended or begin, I know not which. I feel the breeze of spirit waters on my cheek and scent the salted air. I shall soon know if ever sunrise shine for me at Mamelons."

So went they down in silence with the tide which whirled itself in eddies toward the sea: Past L'Anse a L'eau, where now the salmon swim and breed against their will: Past the sharp point of rounded rocks, where sportively the white whales roll; and steering straight across the harbor's mouth, where her Basque sires had anchored ships before the record of recorded years, ran boat ashore where the great ledge comes sloping down from upper sand to water and shining beach and grey rocks meet.

But as they crossed the harbor's mouth, sailing abreast of Mamelons, the bright sands blackened with the shadow of a cloud, formed suddenly across the sun, and as they bore her tenderly to the terrace where stood tents and priest a tremor shook the earth and through the darkening air a wave of thunder rolled.

"Dear Love," she said, "It may not be. The fate still holds. The doom works out it's will. I may not be thy wife this side the grave. What right I have beyond I shall know later on."

Then lying on the skins, she gazed at Mamelons, standing vast and black in shadow and closing eyes she prayed unto God. But he would not have it so, and after prayer was ended, said:

"Atla, we have come far for marriage rite and married we will be. Thou are mistaken. Death is not on thee. Neither in eye nor blood of cheek are his pale signals set. I have seen many die and thou art far from death. The holy man is here. Here too am I, and here are ring and seal Forget the doom and let the words be read that bindeth to the grave."

"Dear Love, thou art in error, but thy word is law to me. My stay is brief for, Lo! the sands are dark on Mamelons and the hollow air has warned me. The earth is conscious. I am of those who sprang out of it, earth born, in the beginning, and it knows issue. The sun is sinking and my life sinks with it. But if it may stay up thy soul through the sad years, bid the good man go on."

Then took the priest his book and in the tongue of the old Latins so old to us, so new beside her own, whose literature was dead in dusty rolls a thousand years before Rome was, he began to bind by the manufactured rite which being of law and not of love is with us moderns so oft a mockery. But before he came to that sweet fragment stolen from the past, the giving and receiving of the ring, symbol of eternity, she suddenly lifted hands and said:

"Have done! Have done! No need of marriage now. No need of rite nor prayer, nor endless ring, nor seal of sacred sign, I see what is to be. The veil is lifted and I see beyond. The millions of my race lift over Mamelons. They come as come the seas toward shore, rolling in countless waves from central ocean. The Old Iberian race, millions on millions landscapes of moving forms, aligned with the horizon, come marching on. Among them, lifted high, the gods. On thrones, a thousand Queens sit regnant, raimented like me. Their voice is as the sound of many waters.

'LAST, BEST AND HIGHEST OVER ALL!'

The gods so say! So be it then. Mother, I have kept charge. My love has won him. The old race stops: but by no fault of mine. My people, this man is Lord and King to me. See that ye bring him to my throne when he come, seeking, to the west. Dear Love, you will excuse me now. I must pass on: but passing on I leave my soul with thee. Make grave for me at Mamelons. Put lily at my throat—green boughs on breast, bright sand on boughs. Watch with me there one night. I will be there with thee. So keep with Atla holy tryst, one night and only one. Then go thy way—we two will have sweet meeting after many days—" and saying this she lovingly placed her hand in his, and died;

Her lover kneeling by her couch put face to her cold cheek, not stirred. The holy man said softly holy prayer. While the old tongueless chief of Mistassinni wrapped head in blanket and thro' the long night sat as one dead.

Next day the silent man made silent grave on Mamelons. At sunset they brought her there raimented like a Queen, they laid her body in bright sand; put lily at her throat, green boughs on peaceful breast, and slowly sifted clean sand over all. That night a lonely man sat by a lonely grave through the long watches, keeping holy tryst. And to his dying day the memory of that night was to his soul a comfort. But when the sun came up, rising out of mists, which witnessed over Anticosti, he rose and standing with bared head he said:

"Atla, we two will have sweet meeting after many days—" then went his way.

And there on that high crest, whose sands first saw the sunrise of the world, when sang the stars of morning, beyond doom and fate at last, the child of the old race, who lived in the beginning, sweetly sleeps at Mamelons.

THE END.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS

Herman Harms, of Utica, Minn., who has slept since 1875, with an interval of a few months, has finally awakened.

Advice to mothers. Many children suffer and die from no other cause than an excess of Worms in the Stomach or Intestines! to avoid this give Dr. McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup one child will take it.

The strike of the miners in the Schuylkill district of Pennsylvania has been declared off, and work is resumed in the Reading collieries.

Definite warning.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made at the next session of Parliament for the passing of an Act to incorporate the Chatham Railway Company and to authorize and empower said Company to purchase and acquire the line of railway running from the Intercolonial Railway at Chatham Junction to the town of Chatham and the River Miramichi, together with the Stations and other houses and property connected with the said line of railway.

Dated the 27th day of December, A. D. 1887.

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Nelson Miramichi, N. B, May 2, 1887

Assignment.

Notice is hereby given that Charles H. LaBillois of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, Merchant, has made an assignment of all his property to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

The trust deed now lies at my office, Dalhousie, where all desiring to participate therein are required to execute the same within sixty days from this date.

Dated the eleventh day of January, A. D., 1888

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Chatham, N. B., May 9th 1887.

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PLUSH GOODS,

—CONSISTING OF:—

Brush and Comb Cases, Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases Shaving Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Perfumery Cases, Baby Dressing Cases, Manicures, Clocks, Mirrors (set in Plush), Wall Pockets, Photo Frames, Perfumery Boxes and Baby Dressing Cases are Musical and play two tunes each.

SILVERWARE,

—CONSISTING OF—

CARD BASKETS, BREAKFAST CRUETS, SALTS, ETC

—ALSO—

Cups, Vases, Toilet Sets, Fancy Moustache Cups, Cut Glass Bottles Chinese Lanterns, Japanese Fire Screens, Bronze Clocks, Smokers' Sets, Cribbage Boards, Ink Stands, Work Baskets (German,) Perfumery in Fancy Bottles.

There is the largest and best assortment in Miramichi at the

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,

NEXT NEW POST OFFICE.

E. LEE STREET,
PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, Dec. 11th 1886

OF COURSE!

"Where are you going to buy your Dry Goods?" "At B. Fairey's Newcastle,

Most Certainly."

He has also the largest cheapest and best stock of furniture in the county.

NEW PLUSH AND HAIR CLOTH LOUNGES JUST IN.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

A Complete Collapse of Prices

—AT—

Sutherland & Creaghan's, Newcastle

Grey Union Flannels, 25 inches wide,	12 to 15cts	per yard.
Grey, pure all-wool Flannels 27 in. wide,	20	" "
A Good, strong Grey Cotton	3½	" "
A Good, thick, very wide Cotton	5	" "
Fine Dress Meiton Cloths all colors,	10, 12, & 15	" "
Very fine Saxony Melton Flannels,	18 & 20	" "
P E Island Grey or White Twill Homespun	30	" "
Ladies' all wool, Knitted Stockings,	25	" pair.

Blankets and Wool Goods of all kinds cut away down in price—Goods must be moved off regardless of cost—before Stock taking.

Sutherland & Creaghan,
Wholesale & Retail, Direct Importers.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

We have made our SEASON'S PURCHASES and CONTRACTS with Manufacturers, and our representatives

Having Revised their Prices

—AND—

Rearranged Their Samples,

are now on the Road. We ask our many customers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to continue to throw the kind favors and await their arrival with latest quotations and novelties.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,
Hardware Merchants.

St. John, Feb. 7th, 1888.

JOB - PRINTING

LOWER Water St. Chatham, MIRAMICHI

Having completed the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the building next N. B. Trading Co's. office, Lower Water Street, we are now prepared to execute all kinds of

BOOK AND JOB - PRINTING

in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city offices at the

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

at St. John, where it received a

—MEDAL AND DIPLOMA—

for "Book and Job Printing" and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.

We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms such as:—

RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
FISH INVOICES, (newest form,)
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.
DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.
SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS,
SHERIFFS' BLANKS.
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.
SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

☞ Send along your orders.

J. S. SMITH.

Chatham N. B.