

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

No. 7. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1841.

{ VOL. I.

For The Amaranth.

THE LOST ONE.

A Tale of the Early Settlers.

BY MRS. B.—N.

BEYOND the utmost verge of the limits which the white settlers had yet dared to encroach on the red owners of the soil, stood the humble dwelling of Kenneth Gordon, a Scotch emigrant; whom necessity had driven from the blue hills and fertile vallies of his native land, to seek a shelter in the tangled mazes of the forests of the new world. Few would have had the courage to venture thus into the very power of the savage—but Kenneth Gordon possessed a strong arm and a hopeful heart, to give 'the lips he loved unborrowed bread;' this nerved him against danger, and 'spite of the warning of friends, Kenneth pitched his tent twelve miles from the nearest settlement. Two years passed over the family in their lonely home, and nothing had occurred to disturb their peace—when business required Kenneth's presence in the settlement up the river. One calm and dewy morning he prepared for his journey; Marion Gordon followed her husband to the wicket, and a tear, which she vainly strove to hide, with a smile, trembled in her large blue eye. She wedded Kenneth when she might well have won a richer bridegroom; she chose him for his worth; their lot had been a hard one—but in all the changing scenes of life, their love remained unchanged; and Kenneth Gordon, although thirteen years a husband, was still a lover. Marion strove to rally her spirits as her husband gaily cheered her with an assurance of his return before night. "Why so fearful Marion? See here is our ain bonny Charlie for a guard, and what better could an auld Jacobite wish for?" said Kenneth, looking fondly on his wife; while their son marched past them in his Highland dress and wooden claymore by his side. Marion smiled as her

husband playfully alluded to the difference in their religion; for Kenneth was a staunch Presbyterian, and his wife a Roman Catholic; yet that difference—for which so much blood has been shed in the world—never for an instant dimmed the lustre of their peace; and Marion told her glittering beads on the same spot where her husband breathed his simple prayer. Kenneth taking advantage of the smile he had roused, waved his hand to the little group, and was soon out of sight. The hot and sultry day was passed by Marion in a state of restless anxiety, but it was for Kenneth alone she feared, and the hours sped heavily till she might expect his return. Slowly the burning sun declined in the heavens, and poured a flood of golden radiance on the leafy trees and the bright waves of the majestic river, which rolled its graceful waters past the settler's dwelling. Marion left her infant asleep in a small shed at the back of the log house, with Mary, her eldest daughter, to watch by it, and taking Charlie by the hand, went out to the gate to look for her husband's return. Kenneth's father, an old and almost superannuated man, sat in the doorway with twin girls of Kenneth's sitting on his knees, singing their evening hymn, while he bent fondly over them. Scarcely had Marion reached the wicket, when a loud yell—the wild "war-whoop" of the savage—rang on her startled ear. A thousand dark figures seemed to start from the water's edge—the house was surrounded, and she beheld the grey hairs of the old man twined round in the hand of one, and the bright curls of her daughters gleamed in that of another; while the glittering tomahawk glared like lightning in her eyes! Maddy she rushed forward to shield her children; the vengeance of the Indian was glutted, and the life-blood of their victims crimsoned the hearthstone! The house was soon in flames—the war-dance was finished—and their canoes bounded lightly on the waters, bearing them far from the scene of their havoc.