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ARGIMOU.

A LEGEND OF THE MICMAC.*

BY EUGENE.

"I love the Indian. Ere the white-man came
and taught him vice, and infamy, and shame,
His soul was noble. In the sun he saw
His God, and worshipped him with trembling
awe;—
Though rude his life, his bosom never beat
With polished vices, or with dark deceit."

CHAPTER XVI.

LET us now, with the facility of the prince
in the eastern tale, transport the reader on the
winged steed of imagination to the interior of
the dwelling that contained the imprisoned
prisoner.

She was seated on a low block of wood, with
an air of torpid dejection, as though misery had
length worn down the edge of her acute
sensibilities, and left her a prey to that direst
of all evils, the apathy which springs from de-
pair. The soiled apparel hung loose over her
wasted figure; having lost that round, elastic
pliancy which seemed moulded by the fair and
joyous spirit that graced its every motion
in happier times. The rich bloom had depart-
ed from her cheek, and the brightness from her
wild blue eye, while the once beautiful hair
hung in dishevelled mazes,—significant token
of grief,—on either side of the pale care-pinched
brow, without the tinge of gold, which, like
the night, erst slept among its luxuriant curls.
Every sorrow was drinking her young life slow-
ly, but not less surely away; and, as hope
had gradually expired in the heart of the poor girl,
the fiend wormed his way closer to the core,
until it obtained full possession of the deserted

tenement, and like the miner of the fruit, fed
upon its juices until it faded and withered.

Near her sat Waswetchcul, who was feeding
with green leaves, two young moose that had
been brought in by some hunters, as a present
from the borders of the Micmac country, and
were fastened by thongs of their mother's hide,
to a ring in the floor of the cabin. It was
curious to see the docile manner in which they
cropped the foliage off a small branch that
the Indian girl held in her hand, and ap-
peared gratified and soothed by the soft mu-
sical tones in which she addressed them, from
time to time, as if they were capable of com-
prehending the mysteries of human language;
yet are the accents of kindness universal in
signification and suited to the capacity of every
sentient being. The unequivocal expression of
sound needs no interpreter but nature, to ren-
der its meaning intelligible to the brute creation.

Still was it strange to observe the distinction
which they made between the two maidens,
for when Clarence, impelled by a feeling of
pity towards the motherless pair,—they too,
were captives,—passed her soft hand caressing-
ly over their backs, they whined piteously and
turned their heads away from the proffered food
like frightened children; yet a gentler or more
harmless being than Clarence Forbes, never
yearned with overflowing sympathy towards
the needy or the distressed.

After awhile, Waswetchcul resumed her work
which was lying beside her, and commenced
covering a bark box with the beautiful colour-
ed quills of the porcupine, to form a peculiar
pattern which was marked out in lines, with
some sharp instrument, on the yielding mate-
rial. Holding a bunch of quills at the corner
of her mouth, whence they were severally ab-
stracted as she proceeded in her embroidery,
she accompanied her labours with a low plain-
tive song. So sad and melodious were the
strains, that Clarence—though she knew not