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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER, 1842.

{ No. 9.

Written for the Amaranth.

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-pinch-
ed brow, without the tinge of gold, which, like
the night, erst slept among its luxuriant curls.
Her 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

their import, overcome by the magical power of association, which music is so well known to possess,—could not restrain her tears, for every note, wild and mournful in its swell or cadence, as the singer breathed her every feeling in accordance with the mutations of the song, awoke some sweet remembrance of past days. Gushing forth, as from an unsealed fount, the large drops coursed swiftly down the fair, but attenuated cheeks; Oh! what a joy it was to weep! The captive felt that it would be a blessing if it were permitted that the dark stream of her life might be poured out with that soul-welling flood.

'Twas a simple legend that Waswetchcul half carelessly sung, in the expressive language of her people, and the air was wildly irregular, but sorrowful as the subject it was intended to convey. Those only who have listened to the untutored, but dulcet voices of the Indian maidens, caroling their hymns or national discants in the recesses of the forest, can well conceive the extraordinary effect—the pathos which was imparted to the following, by the Wild Flower of the Milicete.

SONG.

Always by the blue waters;—ay, always,
Poor Nateen sits weeping so mournfully,
She has gather'd the grapes and the white lily;
But the fruit is untasted,
And the lilies are dying.

Oh! fair is her face as the moon's soft beam—
Like a bird her voice—as the honey bee
Her breath—as the star of the eve' her eye;
But where is her memory?
O! where is her memory?

By the break of morn went a hunter forth,
His snow-shoes tracks o'er the hills, they say,
Follow'd the deer until close of day;
But the frost-wind's breath was cold,
And it blight'd that hunter bold.

The berries and the vein'd water cups
She has plucked, and the tears in her eye,
Like their fountains, are never found dry;
She is crying bitterly,
Under the butternut tree.

Ever by the river side;—ay, ever,
The poor maiden wanders, wanting to die
Like the flowers, though she cannot tell why;
It is sad, very sad to see
She has lost her memory.

As Waswetchcul ceased her strain, the faint cry of the night hawk was indistinctly heard in the evening air, and through the open door

the low hum of insects fell drowsily upon the ear, broken at times, by the mellowed shout of the children, calling to each other among the wigwams of the village, while the shades were deepening around as evening melted imperceptibly into night. It was one of those twilights—so pure, so unutterably calm—by whose influence we are oftentimes whiled away from the distracting cares and engrossing objects of life for the deep hush of nature awes the troubled heart into stillness and rebukes the vain desire of quietude of man. Why are our fondest and purest emotions ever linked with sadness?—Why in such an hour—when stirring within us, the immortal spirit spreads its wing and soars nearer to its home, enticed away by the spell that hallows all things—do we muse on sorrow, nursing it even unto tears? And yet doth that causeless grief soothe and elevate the soul it fills, loosing the shackles of mortality, and lightening the load of earth upon our breasts, until we wonder at our love for the dreary world, for the base things that persist, and deem ourselves as exiles from some fairer and more genial clime. Come hither, O mournful Twilight! and tell us why are ye so powerful;—wherefore so sad? Lulled to rest by the deep repose of nature, the two maidens sat silently indulging in a reverie of interwoven thoughts in the pleasant stillness of the summer eve, nor dreamed how soon and wildly an enchantment would be broken.

Why does Waswetchcul start and throw back the dark hair from her ear with sudden impulse? Listen! The clear hoot of an owl is borne upon the calm air with a plaintive cadence;—it is repeated—whereupon all doubt to the cause quickly vanished, for the girl's eyes kindled with a bright flash of joy, and her cheek burned, as springing up from her listless attitude, she hurried away at the beck of the well remembered call.

Clarence, surprised at the unwonted excitement of her companion, knew not to what could be imputed the sudden change she had witnessed, neither had she been conscious of the sounds that had interrupted the reflection of the other. Unnerved, as she was, by suffering and constant dread, her heart beat violently in her bosom, and she trembled with excessive agitation.

The previous day there had been an unusual bustle in the village, warriors hurrying to and fro, and signs of hostile preparation. But the commotion had altogether ceased after a short time, and a large party, including their most effective men, had departed from the place.

so Clarence concluded, from the few loiterers she observed about, and the unaccustomed quiet that succeeded. The chief she had not beheld since the occasion of his memorable speech, and she felt a great relief from his absence, which had been infinitely increased by that of his wife, the malignant old squaw, before alluded to, who had gone that morning, on a visit to her kindred on the other side of the river, leaving the captive in the gentle custody of Waswetchcul, who did the utmost that lay in her power to diminish the grief and hardship which she saw, clearly, was breaking the fair stranger's heart. Often in the night, the only time that she could do so without observation, would she go over to where the captive lay sobbing, with convulsive vehemence, and passing her arms round Clarence, kiss her forehead while she strove, with the most endearing arguments which her language was capable of affording, to chase away the sorrow from her friend, and when she found her efforts of no avail—for Clarence knew not a word of what she said,—then could she also weep, and strive to bear a portion of that anguish she could neither dissipate nor assuage.

After a brief absence the Indian girl re-entered the hut, and gliding to the hearth, she drew a brand from the smoking embers and blew it into flame, then approaching Clarence, the latter saw that her face was flushed with excitement, and that her eyes were sparkling with unusual light, as she put a small strip of bark into her hand. Was it a dream? or did she in truth, behold what entranced every faculty with amazement and delight? On its smooth white surface were traced, in familiar characters, these life-restoring words—

“Courage, dearest—there is help at hand.—Follow the messenger without delay, to him who will offer protection with his life.”

Clarence read the scroll, and then uttering a cry of joy, sunk into a deep swoon.

By the aid of a little water sprinkled over her face, Waswetchcul succeeded in soon restoring her to sense, when, enveloping her fragile person in a blanket, and concealing her brown hair beneath the low tresses of a squaw's cap, the girl put her finger to her lips, significantly, to enjoin silence, and beckoning the willing Clarence to follow, passed quickly out of the cabin.

Pressing her hands tightly over her heart, to controul its violent throbbing, and folding the mantle closely around her, the timid captive trod swiftly in the footsteps of her conductor,

secure from observation by the completeness of her disguise. But her courage almost failed her and she trembled with agitation, as they passed through a lane of wigwams, at the doors of which, several elderly Indians sat listlessly smoking their long stone pipes; and she was scarce able to avoid screaming with terror, as a tiny arrow from one of the children, struck her shoulder and bounded harmlessly from the thick envelope, against which it had been playfully aimed. The loud shout that hailed the successful marksman, only added to her apprehensions, but she was immediately screened from further view by some low cedar bushes that fringed the confines of the encampment.

Waswetchcul, removing one of the enclosing palisades, motioned for her companion to pass through, after whom she immediately followed, and having replaced the picket, led the way among the birch trees covering the ascent of the hill beyond.

Clarence, almost bewildered with the rapidity of her flight and the dangers she had just escaped, saw that her conductor was joined by an Indian whose figure she could barely distinguish in the gloom; but where was he? and who were those advancing towards her, in the garb of her foes; was she the victim of a vain delusion? O no! A voice that made her thrill with long unfeigned rapture, whispered her name; the next instant she was clasped securely in her lover's arms, and weeping hysterically upon his faithful bosom.

CHAPTER XVII.

As the soldier held, in a fast locked embrace, the form of his rescued love, he felt himself amply repaid for his toils in her behalf, but there was but little time allowed for fond endearment then.

“*Enavant! Enavant!*” muttered the deep voice of Pansaway, and imprinting a wild kiss upon the lips of his betrothed, Edward lifted her in his arms and hurried speedily away from the dangerous vicinity.

Relinquishing his precious burthen, when she had sufficiently recovered not to need any further support, Edward breathed words of comfort and encouragement into the ear of Clarence as they traversed the woods with rapid haste, guided by the Indians in advance, after whom stalked Dennis, in high spirits, indeed all were much elated at the ease with which the most difficult part of their project had been effected, namely, the abduction of the captive from one of the strongest villages of the Millicete.

It was not without considerable difficulty that they pursued their course, for the night was settling in the forest, and the underwood grew thick and in many places impervious, rendering the passage tedious and painful in the imperfect light.

As they approached the morass where the canoe had been secreted, they were alarmed at a faint sound of lamentation that appeared to arise from that quarter, and making a detour, as a proper precaution, in case of some unforeseen danger awaiting them, the fugitives arrived at an elevated spot that overlooked the scene of the previous contest, where, with feelings of the deepest mortification, was beheld a sight which caused an immediate destruction of their fondest hopes.

Some distance on their left, and in the very spot where the deadly fray with the Milicete had occurred, was gathered a group of phrenzied savages, evincing by their gestures and vociferations, every token of sorrow and impotent rage.

They had discovered the bleeding bodies of their dead brethren, and had dragged them from their watery grave and laid the disfigured corpses upon the verge of the morass, where a crowd was collected to lament over their mysterious fate. The dull flame of a new-lighted fire threw a ghastly glare over the whole scene, and played, like blue lightning, over the stagnant pools of the swamp; now shrouded in a thick unwholesome vapour, and only revealed as the unsteady flicker of the flame flashed across their surface. The unearthly appearance of the assemblage was also heightened by the more vivid light of numerous torches which were tossing, in wild confusion on every side, and among the adjacent trees, as the bearers threw their limbs about, and leaped into the air, with extravagant grief—or rushed, now here, now there, in search of something upon which to wreak their excited fury, for they seemed frantic with excess of passion; and with the yell of baffled vengeance, was mingled the howl of distracted men, and the low wail, or shrill, piercing accents of woman's grief, as they bent over the dead, with streaming hair and distorted faces, visible only by the red and searching torchlight.

Clarence clung with terror to her lover's side, when she beheld the dreadful vision, and turned tremblingly away, as some more violent shriek would burst from the maddened Indians, who, brandishing their weapons, were now scattering themselves through the adjoining woods, in search of the unknown foe.

Cut off from their intended retreat, hemmed in on every side but one, by infuriated enemies there was but one course left to the fugitives—and that, after a moment's parleyance, they quickly availed themselves of.

Preparing for immediate action, the guides loosed the knives in their sheaths, and grasped their carbines with stern determination, as they struck into the wood upon their right, while Waswetchul led them by the most secure route, being familiar with the ground over which they were constrained to proceed. Edward again lifted the helpless Clarence in his arms, and closely followed by Dennis, dashed onward with desperate speed through the thickets of cedar and spruce, which grew plentifully thereabouts.

As they skirted the deep ravine on their left through which a gleam of water was observed they were quickly informed of the manner in which the discovery had been made—for, on the further side of the hollow, at some distance below, were noted the fires of a large encampment, that seemed, from the confused noise heard in that direction, to be in great commotion, as it was most probably apprised by this time, of the extraordinary incident that had taken place. The wigwams were clustered among clumps of cedar, and along the edge of precipitous rocks, at the base of which an ample stream that seemed to expand beyond into an extensive flood, reflected brightly the beams of the numerous camp-fires. When it is remembered that into this dull blood-stained rivulet from the swamp tracked its way, it can easily be imagined how the fugitives had been enabled to trace to its origin the suspicious colour of the stream that ran past their very wigwams.

It was fortunate for the fugitives that there was one among them who was acquainted with the localities, for the sagacious Pansawavowed himself, here, completely at fault. As the village in their vicinity had been established since his former visit, and having no definite knowledge of the path they were pursuing it was a difficult matter to determine whether or not it might lead them into more serious difficulties than those from which they had yet escaped. In this dilemma the Milicetege was alone capable of acting with any degree of certainty, and she instantly settled the matter by conducting them toward the thickly wooded heights upon their right. Gradually ascending, they toiled onward over huge fragments of rocks and through dense thickets for some time, when, as Edward was on the point

falling with his burthen, from sheer exhaustion, the Indians halted, and looking down he saw that all further progress in that direction had terminated; for they were standing upon the verge of a steep precipice far beneath which the rays of the pale stars appeared, as if reflected upon a black void, or an opaque mirror whose surface was invisible, lying at an indefinite depth below; and from the southward, swelling on the warm breeze of night, came the angry roar of agitated waters.

Edward inquired what river that was, for he saw that they were standing on the brink of a mighty flood, overshadowed by the gloom of the hills through which it flowed.

Pansaway turned to the soldier, and stretching out his left arm impressively, replied—"Ouangondy."

Concealing themselves as much as possible, within a small gully, into which they had been led by Waswetchul, where the cedars meeting thickly overhead, excluded all observation from without, and offering an additional pledge of security, in being situated on the very brow of the cliff, and more suitable for the nest of an eagle than a resting place of man. Here it was that our adventurers calmly awaited the pursuit which they well knew would inevitably follow upon the first intelligence of the captive's having disappeared.

Several times, considerable alarm was excited by shouts and cries that resounded through the forest, though at a great distance. Occasionally these sounds would approach nigher the retreat of the fugitives; and Argimou, who kept watch on the rock above, once or twice descried the blaze of a flambeau, twinkling like a star, now growing full and bright, then waning, or suddenly obscured, as it moved at random through the woods. But at length all cause for immediate apprehension terminated, for the light vanished entirely from among the trees, as the cries became fainter and more remote, and finally ceased altogether to trouble the solitude around.

Assured of no further molestation, for that night at least, the chief rejoined the group in the hidden lair, and seeking the spot where Waswetchul awaited his return, a little apart from the rest, he seated himself by the girl's side, and folded exultingly to his heart the wild flower he had so secretly wooed and won. His promise was fulfilled; he had sought his love by the banks of her own river, and never more would the cripple of the Penobscot gaze upon the fair face whose cheek now rested upon his own, making the blood tingle with tumultuous

pleasure as it rushed through its channels, warmed and quickened by the soft, smooth pressure. In the silence, in the solitude—beneath the thick cedar shade, through which the prying stars pierced not, the children of the wild poured out their whole soul in the fervour of delicious commune. What to them were the "pomp and circumstance" of that, which among those misnamed wise, is but a mockery of genuine impulse, a restriction of natural enjoyment? *There* were no cold formalities—no starched petrifications of humanity—with eyes of envy and hearts of ice, freezing the gushing current of delight in young bosoms, with the callous frigidity of conventional rule; the languid pace of hacknied sensibility, deeming the reduction of mental and physical excitement to the low scale of vitality that actuates a polypus, to constitute the *ultima thule* of principle and philosophy.

Lighted by the pure ray of love, implanted by the good Creator as a source of inestimable blessings to mankind, in their wearisome pilgrimage on earth, these two simple beings forgot the perils that surrounded them, in the oblivion that enwraps joy's wildest dream—a, whose reality is as a dream!—In the deep, solemn night—dark as their eyes, voiceless as their sealed lips—the "*Flower of the Wilderness*" unfolded its leaves beneath the warm atmosphere of passion, whose mild dew descended, pouring a refreshing balm into its depths, enhancing its fragrance, deepening its fairest hues, nor were its grateful odours, its stores of untrifled sweets withheld sparingly in return. The pale moon rose up sorrowfully out of the sea, like a spectre, and the stars vanished away, while darkness drew its broad mantle from the sky; what heeded they? *Love* was their full moon, their living light; *hope* their o'erarching sky, whose beacons never waned;—the *present*, their universe!

And where was Edward and his rescued Clarence? Soothed and revived by his impassioned tenderness; restored to happiness by the certainty of his existence, his presence, and her own emancipation from a lot of hopeless captivity, not even their present jeopardy, nor the dreary prospect which the future presented, sufficed to check the sudden revulsion of feeling that accompanied their unlooked-for meeting. Like a ruffled, tempest-tossed bird that seeks the guardianship of its parent's wing, as a babe clings closely to its mother's bosom for protection; even so did poor Clarence nestle her fair head upon her lover's breast and give vent to a full flood of delicious tears.—

'Twas his arm that enclasped her, his low, broken words that instilled comfort and gladness into her woe-worn heart; and feeling the surety of this, and the sense of safety and confidence which such knowledge bestowed, what sufficient cause had she for further sorrow or apprehension? After a full interchange of thoughts, and an unreserved relation of all that had happened to either, since their separation, the maiden prayed fervently awhile, and then sobbing like a child in its first grief, sunk with weariness in the arms that encircled her, so, pillowed upon a breast that swelled with overflowing love for her, Clarence enjoyed the first unbroken slumber that she had experienced since the fatal morning of her departure from Fort Lawrence.

With fondest care, Edward watched, hour after hour, the sleeping maid; wrapping a warm mantle that he usually reposed in, during their journey, closely around, to shield her from the damps of night, he folded the attenuated form of his beloved nearer to him, until he could count the quick pulsations of her heart, and drank the soft breathings from her half-parted lips, listening with strange delight, to the low murmurs which, like a fitful breeze, ever and anon, caught his ear as they escaped from the slumberer; the offspring of some evanescent dream.

Oh! who can image the depth of those thoughts which shook the soul of Edward, as gazing upon the sweet face beneath, upon which the placid moonlight fell, itself, as purely pale, he traced the ravages of sorrow and wretchedness upon its tender lineaments, deprived as they were, of the deceptive lustre which enthusiasm ever imparted, at other times, and the dazzling radiance of the then shrouded eye; his own were blinded with moisture, when he conceived the extent of those sufferings so touchingly delineated in the features of his beloved. A large drop glistened tremulously upon the white cheek below; 'twas pity's offering, moulded in the fond eye that bent over, wrung from the pained spirit's wildest emotion. There is something fearful in the intensity of human sympathy, when it urges to sorrow, in true affection something very beautiful—'tis so pure—so steadfast, but in its profound, passionate tenderness there is much that is inexpressibly sad.

When the moon had climbed half way to the zenith, the gloom that shrouded every thing like a black pall, was entirely dissipated, or sought refuge under the lofty steeples and the o'er shading trees. A striking and comprehen-

sive scene of flood and forest was revealed in the clear, mellow light, from the elevated spot where the party rested.

This was that bold commanding range of hill, or rather mountainous steep, which, terminating abruptly and in some places almost perpendicular, forms the northern shore of the St. John, where it makes a sudden turn eastward, ere its stormy exit, as though,—like a condemned exile, tearing himself desperately away from the dear associations of his early years,—loath to leave forever, the gorgeous scenes—the majestic solitudes—the haunted dells—the laughing mountain sides through which, in calm and playful breeze, it lingered lovingly, 'erewhile.

The mighty stream glided far below, without sound or any perceptible motion, from the height they occupied; and beyond, full wooded banks rose high, dark and awful in their utter stillness, for not a leaf shook—not a bough waved. To the left the river swept for a little space, then expanding into a capacious basin upon which the moonlight shone like frosty silver, flowed directly onward until it appeared to terminate, for the enclaspings eminences and wooded points confined its level sheet on every side; but upon the very verge of the liquid expanse, where the eye in vain attempted to penetrate the dark zone of hills, and the ground cast a deeper shade, an incessant flash, as if waves in violent commotion, broke the general gloom of the surrounding shores, and the exceeding quiescence that reigned elsewhere around; while the bright streak was parted by black lofty masses that seemed distinct from the adjoining banks, but whether they were islands or jutting promontories, from that distance, and in the indefinite light, it was impossible to discover.

Edward knew that the rumbling noise which had for hours excited his notice by its continual din, must proceed from that place, and he concluded that what he beheld, was the broken fall at the mouth of the St. John, where was situated the French fort we have alluded to before, and he was satisfied of the correctness of his surmise, when he discovered on bending back a projecting limb that obstructed the view that on the hill to the left of the torrent, where its ridge was slightly depressed, the sea seemed to rest, for it glittered above it like a radiant belt, unobscured to its far horizon, and presenting a clearly defined outline against the pearl-grey sky.

The break of day found the party awake and concerting measures for their further ge-

dance. After a long deliberation, during which several measures were proposed and discussed, that suggested the means of escape from their present precarious situation, Edward, as usual, determined after some hesitation, to adopt the advice of his allies, which was on many accounts, most preferable, and the only method by which there was a probable chance of their effecting a safe retreat from the neighbourhood of the Milicete, though their personal liberty would be compromised thereby. Completely hemmed in by revengeful enemies, from whose vigilance their present security appeared provisional, the only course remaining open was the river, the rapids of which were said to be impassible, when the tide was on the flood; and to afford the means of prosecuting this plan, the chief proposed abstracting a canoe from the Milicete village on the following evening. But this route, though less liable to a rencounter with their foes, was still extremely hazardous, as Waswetchcul informed them that a short time before, her uncle, with the fighting men of his village, had gone to the salt water to assist in the defence of the French fort, against the armament, whose destination seemed so well known to the enemy. Indeed it appeared to the soldier, quite impossible that they could reach that fortress without being intercepted by outlying parties of the natives, as it had been decided that they should yield themselves up as prisoners of war, rather than endure the uncertainty, and perhaps ultimate captivity and death, in its most harrowing forms, which might result from an attempt to run the gauntlet through the very heart of the hostile tribe; and even were they fortunate enough to achieve that step, what progress could be made with so weak and delicate a charge as Clarence, debilitated as she was already, would surely become? At Fort Bourbon, as it was called, Edward could depend on securing courteous treatment, and above all, suitable comforts for his betrothed, until according to established usage, an exchange could be effected and their freedom regained.— Amidst this cheerless prospect, one bright hope could intrude itself, and like a ray of sunlight in a Rembrandt picture, illuminate the else relative void.

As nearly as he could judge, the projected attack of this same fort was to be made about that very time, and the intelligence of the Milicete girl rendered it probable that an investment had not yet taken place, which—in the case, and provided they made the descent from the St. John, unmolested, would afford a

ready means of relief and restoration to the British settlements, should they find Captain Rouse in the vicinity, on their arrival at the sea coast.

Having concluded upon adopting the *dernier resort* above mentioned, and leaving their ulterior movements to be biassed by the aspect circumstances thereafter might assume, Edward turned his attention to the more immediate perils by which they were encompassed. Nor were they of trifling consideration, for scarce had the cheek of Clarence, who was wonderfully refreshed by her slumbers, begun to glow with somewhat of its pristine bloom, as the lover spoke in low, earnest tones at her side, when it was blanched to a deadly hue, and she trembled with sudden agitation, gazing meanwhile, with a look of dread, at an object beneath the cliff. Following the direction of her eye, Edward observed three canoes dart simultaneously into view from a point of the stream above, and sweep down the river with astonishing speed, directly under the aerie-like cleft, where they were concealed.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Pansaway; "the wolves are on the trail of the stray deer; but their noses are full of dust. They cannot see the *Sunbeam*; for you see, their eyes are all the same like the owl's in the day-time. What say ye, brother?"

"Yes," replied Edward, with despondency, unconsciously adopting the style of the natives; "but well I know their errand—they go to give notice of the captive's escape, that the warriors may quicken their scent, and wash the film from their eyes, that they may seek for the unseen enemy; is it not so?"

"The *Open Hand* has said it," rejoined Pansaway, "but the Micmac shall be as the wind;—you can feel him—you can hear his war-cry, but always with a powerful arm and a sound, he comes and goes—no man knoweth whence or whither; and even where the wind can pass, there may the *Sunbeam* follow!"

Still as Edward beheld the prospect thickening with danger, his heart sunk despairingly; for himself he had no care, but the thought of what might befall the cherished being, whose fate was so closely interwoven with his own, almost unmanned him. The feeling, however, was only momentary, for he rallied quickly when Argimou, who had been reconnoitering, told that a party of Milicete were ascending the brow of the hill on their left. Quickly drawing Clarence within the furthest recess of the fissure in the limestone rock, where she was

soon joined by Waswetchul—the soldier with his companions, planted themselves, well armed, among the thick foliage of the cedars at the mouth of the gully to await the ordeal which they were about to undergo.

Was it a shadow that moved from out the gloom, cast by yon tall pine, on the forest's verge? Ah, no! See how stealthily the phantom steals onward—would it were such!—the spirits of the dead are harmless! See the dark vision, how cunningly it creeps along; now pausing to listen, now rolling its gleaming eyes on either side, and clutching a long knife with a warmer grip than ever, perchance, those bony digits deigned to proffer friendship.—Awake, Edward! 'Tis the living thou hast to dread. Seest thou not his war-paint, his shorn scalp, his haughty gait? Truly, it is time that thou shouldst know a Micicete warrior, though he may appear somewhat strange in his fantastic embellishment, yet every line, every shade of which is significant either of personal attribute, terrible incentive, or the stern and unchangeable purpose that actuates the wearer's heart.

Closely following the leading savage, the whole spectral band, like a string of shadows, one by one, passed the pine tree and came fully into view. It was a sight that might have made the flesh of a bolder person than Edward creep with terror; for each individual of the war-party was entirely naked to the waist, and painted in emblematic devices of a most startling and extraordinary character.

The leading warrior was clothed as with skeleton armour; for upon his dark skin was traced in ghastly white, bone after bone, a horrible portraiture of death; the eyes like bright jewels, glowing, as it were, from deep hollow caverns, and the grinning mouth lengthened and distended, apparently lifeless and distorted by the deceptive potency of art; while with the resemblance of rib and arm bone, marked out in all their characteristic leanness, the fear-inspiring warrior strode before his followers—as some old tenant of the grave, who, aroused from sleep by the cry of disappointed vengeance, had come to conduct his countrymen to the lurking place of their undiscovered foe. The rest, if not presenting so hideous an exterior, were severally formidable, though after a different fashion. One was wound as with a huge, scaly serpent, portrayed in vivid colours, and usurping with its reptile head, that of the body around which it was curled; the basilisk eyes dilating in a series of fiery rings, and the jaws distended—as if to seize its prey; while

the low crown was furnished with a bristling crest, formed from the black pinions of the crow. Another, again, was covered with a variety of figures traced in sombre tints, while his face was striped red and white, in alternate bars.

This painted crew—that seemed more like the perverted creations of a delirious brain, than any thing human or real,—was evidently occupied in making strict search for the enemies that had left a bloody token of their hostile intrusion on the previous evening. To an unconcerned spectator, it would have been curious to mark the subtle motions of the savages as they scrutinized every bush and hollow within sight of those concealed; now moving parallel to each other—now encircling the groups like baffled hounds, then crossing and recrossing in every imaginable direction, while all the time, not the smallest sound was uttered; but their eyes were in continual motion, and the morning ray shone occasionally upon the bright weapons as they flitted backwards and forwards, among the rocks and cedar groves. But to those most deeply interested in the issue, the spectacle was productive of gloomy apprehension of discovery and the most intense excitement.

Edward was several times on the point of firing involuntarily, as one of the enemy would approach rather too near their place of concealment; and Dennis was with difficulty restrained from enacting some extravagant stacy, which would, unquestionably, have led to their immediate disclosure. Fortunately Clarence was spared the trial that operated so strongly upon the feelings of the rest, for being precluded from all observation, by the narrow limits of her place of refuge, she knew not, at that time, the little space that intervened between her friends and an exasperated foe. Even when the danger seemed greatest, while the snake-coiled Micicete thrust his serpentine head close to the dense screen of cedar, beneath which the party were ensconced, and their discovery appeared unavoidable, the Micicete warriors were calm and collected. Twice Amou's bowstring was at his ear, and as many times gradually relaxed again, retaining its position, as the eye of the searcher was observed to denote only the acuteness with which its faculty was brought into play as it roved, here and thither, without evincing any change of expression, such as would have surely hailed the first assurance of its object being achieved.

At length the fugitives breathed more freely for having searched minutely over every foot

ground to the very edge of the precipice where the secret gully was situated, the savages gradually moved on in pantomimic masquerade, and after a time, altogether disappeared in the gloom of the shadowy forest.

"The holy saints be glorified!"—ejaculated Dennis, devoutly, as he laid down his firelock and filled a stone pipe that he had procured from the chief; "ivery shoul of em, St. Patrick especially ah-min! May I niver, if ever I seen the likes afore;—praise God all the same. Musha! Iv it didn't make the wather pour aff o' me like a mill-sluice—so it did. The bloody bathens! May be I wudn't been letting the hate out o' wan o' thim, only for ould sarious, who'd a been a christian man uv th' black inimy hadn't spoilt his skin in th' makin, and th' Segimmes likewise. T'are-an-ages! I've seen many a white man that couldn't luck at thim in the fashionin uv a pipe or th' judgma-tic lying uv an ambushment; by the crass—I say it."

"Ugh," exclaimed Pansaway as the enemy departed, remarking to the chief;—"the Millicete *boo-woo-win* is pretty strong, he can arm a warrior with war-paint, but he cannot sharpen his eyes with cunning words."

"Argimou laughs at the blind moles of the Millicetejik—he has vanquished their *boo-woo-win*;"—was the proud reply.

As Edward moved from his position, he felt as though a heavy load had suddenly been removed from his breast, and while he sought the nook where Clarence had been left, he could not withhold his belief in the assurances of his guides as to the probability of their being able to accomplish their ultimate escape.

"The *Open-Hand* sees," said Pansaway,—that the Millicetejik is a hog what buries its nose in the ground; he crawls on the earth like a blind worm, and cannot look at the sun—was a Micmac—without shedding tears. You understand?"

"I do," replied the soldier, with a smile.

"Well," was the rejoinder—"very well; go to the *Sunbeam* and say, when comes moonlight may be we can go, make your heart strong. Certainly we will go down Onangonny—certainly we must see Anglasheou, and he will go home and say—'Sunbeam has come back again, my father.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMAINING close within their secret retreat, the party experienced no further molestation during the day, which was not altogether spent unprofitably, at least on the part of the chief,

who made several excursions in the neighbourhood, to ascertain the exact position of the Millicete village, and the local circumstances which might be rendered available in his projected plan to obtain a canoe for the purpose beforementioned. Accordingly, having satisfied himself fully of the feasibility of his scheme, as soon as the twilight deepened into night, and the objects around became blotted in one indefinite mass of shade, while the increased roar of the falls,—which through the day had altogether ceased, as the salt water poured upward and lessened the inclination of the river current,—told that the tide was ebbing from the sea coast, Argimou departed, carrying with him the warm wishes and fervent hopes of the rest, for upon the success of his perilous adventure all their future prospects of deliverance mainly depended.

An hour having elapsed, and there being no evidence of the chief's approach, Edward began to entertain fears for his safety, when the notes of a wipoorwill were heard beneath the steep bank to the left, upon which Pansaway, who was near, rose and asked the soldier what he called that bird? Edward avowed his entire ignorance of the species that emitted the sounds, while the old Indian, as he tightened the lacing of his moccasins and took up his pack and gun as if to depart, quietly rejoined—

"The Micmac listens to him in the dark, talking to the white moon or the red stars; and some people do say, because he sings always when other birds are asleep, therefore he must be some poor squaw who broke his heart when bad husband left him alone. Then you see, he didn't go to the good land when he died, and so the spirit of that poor squaw came back again to look after him; and that's the reason why he does sing always by night, sometimes cheerful, more often very sorry, saying, '*come to me! come to me!*' We call him *wick-quill-yetch*, or the night-hawk what sings. Will you come and look for this singing bird?" asked he, playfully—"may be we will find him pretty soon."

Directing them to proceed with caution, the guide moved from the covert and commenced descending the bank at a place where it sloped less vertically to the river side. Edward, leading Clarence, followed in his footsteps, with the Millicete maid and Dennis in their rear.—They were much surprised to find, instead of the bird they sought, something far more welcome in their present circumstances, for the Europeans saw with joy, that, floating motionless and close to the sedgy shore, was the pro-

mised canoe from which Argimou stepped lightly, and while the others disposed themselves severally in its interior, under the direction of his father, he returned to the secret hiding place and brought down the remaining packs and arms.

When all were embarked he took the seat reserved for him, and pushing the canoe clear of the bank, the whole party were fairly afloat and speeding rapidly on their hazardous passage to the sea. Sweeping to the right, when they reached the curve of the stream, they came in full view of the Indian village, the numerous lights of which were reflected on the placid river in long, dagger-like corruscations; no sound broke the deep repose of the hour, except the shrill bark of a dog which echoed and re-echoed among the headlands and coves with startling effect. Gliding past close within the shadow of the western shore, they shot noiselessly along the broad expanse, which was spread out before them, embayed, as it were, by a dark zone of hills, through which, directly in front, the river rushed with foaming impetuosity, slight luminous by the rays of the low moon just rising in the east, while, as they approached the rapids, their booming reverberations increased and the bed of the river seemed shaken with the continual sound that rolled like thunder, majestically above its surface.

Entering a cove that indented the western shore, near the verge of the falls,—where it was their intention to remain until day-break, when the flood tide would allow them to proceed in safety to the coast,—Edward congratulated Clarence upon the ease with which they had accomplished the descent thus far; while as they paddled towards the shore, which was cast completely into shade, the moon breaking from a dark mantle of clouds, shed a sudden brightness upon the scene, with a power almost equal to the light of day;—that beam was their salvation! Close under the bank, and only a few yards in front, lay a canoe that they had not before observed, in consequence of the deep gloom in which it was concealed, and 'ere their way was stopped to effect a retreat before they were recognized, the opportunity was lost, for no sooner had the brilliant light glanced on the side of their bark vessel, than a loud yell proclaimed their discovery, and, like an arrow, the Milicete darted out after them in rapid chase.

It was futile to think of ousting the enemy, overburthened as the canoe was, and even if that were possible, every moment would but bring them nearer to the encampment it

had been their purpose to avoid, which was sure to be alarmed by the shouts of the pursuers, when their destruction was certain; for there was no course open to them but that by which they had just descended, and, when once beyond the noise of the rapids, a single war-cry would suffice to conjure up, on every side, a legion of exasperated foes. It was an instant of great emergency, requiring the utmost judgment and self-possession to determine the most prudent mode of action, and was promptly taken advantage of by the unmoved Pansaway.

With a calm clear eye he measured the distance between the two canoes, and then glanced towards the fall which was close at hand before him, indistinctly glimmering, were barely discernible, the lights of the hostile village, and his choice was decided; 'twas a desperate expedient, but it suggested the only hope of escape. Making a sign to Argimou, who was steering the canoe, its direction was speedily altered, as a half-turn brought the prow to bear upon the eastern shore, then with a whoop of bold defiance they dashed their paddles into the rapid current and struck immediately across the river, while the Milicete, with wild shout and reckless determination, followed madly in pursuit.

Then occurred a scene of most thrilling excitement which it would be impossible to portray, with the force of its terrible truth, by the power of human language. Such periods sometimes make men suddenly old in mind and features, as though the former were prematurely blighted by the scathing fire that seared the latter like a parchment leaf. Such wild moments condense in one intense pang, the fear and agony of a life, turning the hair white; an enduring memorial of suffering long after it has passed away.

Without a word, the guides bent their sinewy frames to their herculean task, making the canoe and its living contents almost fly over the water with the tremendous strokes of the paddles, and sending the troubled element boiling and hissing behind in a long luminous trail as they urged impetuously onward in desperate career; while each minute, they were drawn nearer the vortex of the fall which yawned beneath, as if waiting to engulf them in its remorseless waves. The calm stream over which they darted, looked like ink—so black, motionless and still, but, nevertheless, it was bearing them swiftly and surely onward to the torrent's edge, which rolled with a gradual slope below, where, in startling contrast to the river above,

as far as the eye could distinguish, was to be seen one perfect sea of foaming waves in endless commotion; while the ear was deafened by the eternal din rising up from the tumultuous war of waters.

When the dangerous passage had first been attempted, they were considerably above three small islands covered with pines and situated close to the opposite shore, the last of which reached to the extremity of the fall, but as they advanced, the current swept them gradually down, until it became a matter of doubt whether they would be able to reach the lowest of the group, which if impracticable, inevitable death would follow. Therefore to overcome the fatal influence of the current as much as possible, the canoe was propelled obliquely upward, being directed towards a point far above its intended destination, and the enemy, incited by revenge rather than a desire of saving their lives, brought their canoe, likewise, stem on to the stream; so that the two were moving in parallel lines, their broadsides being presented, while each instant they were drawing nearer to each other and the wrathful whirlpools.

The bewildered Clarence, in an agony of terror, shrieked aloud, but the sound was lost in the overwhelming roar of the torrent, and then she hid her face beneath her lover's mantle to shut out the dreadful sight. Edward was assisting in the propulsion of the canoe with main strength, and the Indians bowed their heads as they plunged their broad blades into the eddy, and brought them up again with quick action, dripping and glistening in the moonlight.

Meanwhile several shots had been fired at them by the chasing canoe, which fact was known only by the effect, for the report could not be heard. One bullet dashed the paddle from the hands of Edward, and it was with some difficulty caught by the chief as it flew past. Another perforated the thin bark of the canoe near the gunwale, where Dennis lay leaning in an ecstasy of rage and apprehension. As soon, however, as he observed the shot hole, he was roused into a complete forgetfulness of his precarious situation. With frantic energy he sat up in the canoe, and seizing his gun, rested it deliberately upon its side and fired at their pursuers. A shout of exultation escaped him as he beheld the steersman of the Miskete fall heavily over the side of the canoe, which was nearly upset in consequence, passing it to swerve from its course and drift always down upon the fall.

This event seemed to add new life to the Micmacs, for they appeared to employ an increase of strength as they neared the islets, and strove by vehement efforts to gain a landing which was offered by a ridge of low rocks which formed an imperfect communication between the two last, whose sides were almost perpendicular and incapable of yielding any means of escape from the torrent that rushed furiously by. A dozen strokes of the paddle would decide the matter; life or death depended upon the issue. The feelings of those not actually engaged in the employment of most violent muscular exertions, were wound up to a pitch of distraction; but though Clarence shrieked piteously, and Dennis, prompted by partial insanity, made as if about to spring at once into the dark tide, the Indian girl sat still, motionless and pale as the sculptured marble. Her large, full eye was dilated, but it quailed not as she viewed, unshrinkingly, the foaming and whirling rapids; and turning to the chief who sat behind, guiding the frail bark with consummate skill, and eyes intently fixed upon the rocky ledge they were approaching, there concentrated every thought and feeling.

A statue could not be more hushed and stone-like in its awful calm, than Waswetchul upon that terrible occasion.

What is that giant power which steals the soul with fortitude in such momentous scenes, where the weak, the undistinguished at other times stalk forth, like gods, superior to fear, while the strong, the arrogant, shrink away with prostrated energies of body and mind?—Strange is it that the tender, sensitive woman should often meet reverses and death with a degree of courage and noble endurance, which the hardy and rough-hearted are incapable of exhibiting.

Urge on, brave men! A few more strokes and ye are safe. God, how the stream leaps and roars along the adamantine sides of the islands! Will the shallow fabric ever stem the torrent that rushes there? Alas!—in vain, in vain! Like a straw the canoe whirls away with the flood; the pines, the rocks appear to fly backward. They shoot by the landing with the speed of light, while every thing reels before their eyes and their brains grow giddy; yet can they almost touch the ledge of rock with the foremost paddle. In vain, in vain! Down into the abyss of death, the whirlpool gapes beneath; its angry voice is in their ears shrieking for prey. O heaven! is there no hope, and must they die?

One look of despair—one short prayer for

mercy, and the canoe was borne along by the rapid, and all chance of life seemed gone, but even then, when the horrors of the fate before them were half experienced in the intensity of anticipation, the eddy dashed them on the rocks midway between the islands, which they had tried their utmost to reach without avail, and before the canoe could be again influenced by the current, Pansaway had leaped upon the slippery sea-weed, with which the ledge was covered, and with superhuman strength lifted it bodily with its occupants half out of the stream.

What we have taken some time to describe were the events of a few brief moments, but whose history was burned in scorching characters, the traces of which would never wear away upon the memory of those that participated in their peril. The whole party were instantly rescued from their hazardous position without scarcely the consciousness of their providential escape. So sudden was the transition from absolute despair to a sense of relief,—vague indeed, but O how boundless!—that the mind was unable to span at a single effort, the immeasurable space that separates the two extremes of good and evil; it seemed impossible that they could be saved, that they stood actually upon the firm rock, and were no longer the sport of the treacherous waters.

Edward had hardly borne Clarence to the strand when she swooned in his arms. Turning to seek the aid of some one, he saw that the Indians were watching the motions of their pursuers, for they stood staring with painful intensity towards the fall, and their figures were rigid and seemed rooted to the rock.—Following the direction of their gaze, the soldier's nerved heart grew cold, and his hair rose, as he witnessed the awful catastrophe from which they had so recently been preserved.

The Millicote canoe, at a short distance from where they stood, was hurrying with frightful rapidity towards the rapids, while its savage crew, desisting from their useless toil, with the exception of one warrior, stood upright and tossed their arms wildly about, and shook their paddles with unrelenting hate at the rescued party; but if they spoke, the feeble sounds were drowned in the voice of the mighty torrent. Like a lightning flash the canoe shone as it dashed down the dark declivity with its human freight, whose extravagant gestures were seen for an instant with hideous distinctness, strongly relieved against the ghastly foam into which they sank, then the watchers sought in vain, among the boiling billows, for further

traces of their enemies; every earthly vestige had entirely disappeared. Yet they caught one more glimpse of the canoe, but at some distance below the first fall, for it shot up perpendicularly into air from out the whirlpools, as if poised by the weight of one clinging with expiring grasp to the lower end; then it gradually subsided again into the yeast of waves, and as it sank, a cry was faintly heard to penetrate the din—shrill and piercing—such as the last utterance of a strong man's agony and despair;—but the deep thunder of the torrent made reply, and the waters curled and danced in scornful jubilee over the Millicotes' unhallowed grave.

"*Open Hand!*"—shouted Pansaway, placing his mouth close to Edward's ear; "did you hear an Eagle scream? 'Twas louder than Ouangondy, and even the Great-Spirit can scarce hear himself speak when *he* drives the salt water away. 'Twas the death-howl of Madokawando. Water is more stronger than the cunning Sagamou. I know him. His arm was big, his war-whoop very noisy—*be he had a fox's heart!*"

Lifting the senseless girl in his arms, Edward, with some difficulty ascended the steep margin of the island, which, though covered with ragged pines and underwood was formed of iron-like rock that terminated almost perpendicularly on every side, as if worn by the constant strife of waters which for ages had swept its bare brow. Having gained the mossy soil clothing its summit, he tried every means to restore the consciousness of Clarence, but it was long ere her senses recovered the violent shock they had sustained. At length she woke, as from slumber, and gazed wild around. A fit of hysterical laughter and lamentation succeeded which finally resulted in a flood of tears; then sobbing tremulously she fell gradually into a tranquil sleep. Wrapping his cloak closely around, the lover left her in Waswetchcul's care, and assisted in raising the canoe from the sea-weed below, which was considered an insecure position, and then crossed to the further end of the island which was but a few paces in extent; here was witnessed one of the wildest sights it had ever been his fortune to behold.

From the elevated spot on which he stood to the place where the view soon terminated the river was walled in by towering precipices that frowned in savage grandeur, while on the eastern side they presented an impervious shield to the lambent glances of the moon. Sweeping round, with point and cove and

jointed fragment, the eternal barriers approached their clasping arms from either bank, each within a surprisingly short distance of each other, when they terminated abrupt and sheer, and through this narrow intersection, as through a gigantic portal, the majestic St. John, with all its countless tributary streams, burst in wrathful impetuosity, when making a sudden turn to the left, the river disappeared from the sight, apparently bounded by a lofty hill covered to its base with dark evergreen woods; with which, indeed, every summit and beetling crag was crowned, adding to their commanding altitude and heightening the peculiar character of the scenery.

From the point where the perspective vanished, to the insulated rock on which the adventurers had taken refuge, the stream widened with a gradual curve, and again slightly contracted its limits till it seemed, with its bold margin, not unlike a boiling caldron, for its whole visual surface was wrought into a sheet of agitated foam, which assumed a ghastly lustre in the beam of the phantom moon. The excited waves, torn and split by the ragged channel through which they coursed, tossed and shook their white manes like warring steeds, now springing on with leap and roar—now turning in dizzy vortex; here belching up, as if ejected from hollow caverns below, there sliding back with slow and solemn motion, along the chasms and echoing coves.

The group of islands were close to the left bank, from whence they appeared to have been reached by some stupendous earth-quake which split the solid rocks, and tore a pathway through the hills to let the waters thrush. Between the shore and the two lower islands—the last of which, the party were,—the rapid rushed with a considerable inclination, and the swiftness of a fierce mountain torrent, boiling and dashing on its stormy passage, and parallel with the further shore, to which it extended. Edward observed, to great advantage, the unbroken fall of the river as it rolled with gentle hill-like swell, and without any appearance of motion, into the frothy whirlpools where the hostile Milicete had so horribly vanquished. And over the snowy rapids and the cold blue river above, the pale light gleamed and flickered as the black clouds intercepted its rays, while the deep base of the cataract, ascending from the steep and concavities, sang its tremendous anthem to the night, and with its powerful vibrations the islet trembled beneath their feet, as though it were about to rise from its hard foundation and resist the

fickle river no longer with its tower-like parapet of stone.

How grim and stern in the uncertain moonlight the titanic heights looked down upon the fretful waters at their base, rebuking, as it were, their feverish career, with calm, though storm furrowed brows. The gaunt, spear-topped pines bristled like a ridge of hair, along the summits of the cliffs; their midnight shade,—like the Almighty's hand,—seemed to still the tempest where it rested upon the struggling wave; and dread and unsparing as the red-man's vengeance, the lonely spirit or the place seemed to sit upon his savage throne, and brood, with malign delight, over the smoking gulf and its sepulchral gloom.

CHAPTER XIX.

THROUGH the long hours they watched the falls with unwearied patience, but it was not until towards morning that the tide turned, and a change was observed in the area of labouring waters; for the commotion was gradually subsiding, and consequently the noise grew less overpowering to their ears as the flood swelled upward from the sea, tinging the river water with its brine. While they waited for the rapids to become sufficiently calm to admit of their venturing down without risk, to the French fort,—which, as Pansaway said, was in their immediate vicinity, and only hidden by the abrupt bend of the river below the projecting precipices that so singularly confined its course—the warrior related to his son, who in turn interpreted its meaning to Edward,—the following extraordinary legend that he had heard when he sojourned with the Milicete, many years ago—

"You see," said Argimou, when his father had ceased, "the great Ouangondy did not always go through this place to *La Baye Françoise*, but when the first time was,—as many moons back as there are hairs upon brother's head,—it ran by a broader path; the same where, he remembers, in the swampy vale we came a second time upon the trail of Madokawando that is dead, and drank joy with our eyes as we looked upon the *Sunbeam's* journey. Now listen, and my father will tell thee, by the voice of his son, the ancient speech which says how this thing was.

"Older than the oldest tree, or wampum belt, or grave, is the story of Ouangondy.—How many times has the ground turned white and green, with the frost and the summer; how many tribes have been born, battles fought and warriors died, since the *Great Unknown*

were swept away with their villages and pride? Ay, how many?

"The Milicete sees their ghosts gliding over the mad waters where their bones lay crumbling, when the moon shines, or the lightnings quiver; and some do say that they have heard them shriek as the thunder of the storm rolled along the mountains, or shook the hollow rocks with its angry growl.

"Yet whether the spectres of that mighty nation do linger about the place where they perished—they and their name, nevertheless, it is certain that here they stopped, and here by the Great Spirit's arm were they overthrown.

"The memory of other times is always bright among the forest tribes, and our father's word is as an arrow—true, and goes straight into a child's heart, leaving its mark there evermore.

"No one knoweth whence the *Great Unknown* came. Some said from the inside of the ground; and some that they were thrown up in a wild storm out of the salt water waves. The *Man* above, if he would choose to speak, could only tell; for he knoweth the secrets of the dead, and the thoughts of live animals and men.

"Now, these people came and drove the tribe away from the salt water, and built villages, surrounding them with high walls of stone, and fished more than they hunted; yet though not numerous, still were they very powerful and of great stature;—even like the shadow of an Indian when he stands beside a clear lake, in the grey dawning of the morn.—Such were the light haired strangers who drove the red men to the woods in the olden time.

"The hunters looked out from the shade, and saw them dancing in the night, by the light of the red torches. By the gleam of the crackling pines their pale eyes glared, while they drank their foaming horns and vexed the hills with their fierce songs of battle. And ever when they would raise high their deep cups of bone and shout as one man, in a strange tongue, they turned always to the pathway of the morn.

"The Indian's heart grew cold when he beheld these wild warriors resting by the cedars of his fatherland, and he prayed to the spirits for help, upon the high mountains and in the dark groves of fear, where the dead slept—where their ghosts tarried. Ay, by the sacred graves—by the haunted shades the red men coaxed the breathless manes,—the viewless things that hover in the still air, in the leaves,

by the torrent, by the caves of rock, on the black whirlwind, on the blue lightning that kills,—to come forth in their dreadful strength and drive them away like weak flies in the storm: but they were angry and would not come.

"Then it happened that the wild strangers fell to fighting with each other—brother against brother, and all because some had found stones that shone like a sunbeam, among the caves of the valley; and they that had little fought with those that had more, so when these were killed they possessed their treasure. Therefore, in this way, became they enemies to one another, and the yellow stones were a destroying curse; for friend died by the hand of friend, and the spear and axe were painted with the blood of kindred; and the pure earth was stained.

"Then once more the red men prayed to the strong powers of the woods and the air; and they rose up against the wicked race, and tried to scare them from the land. But though the forest moaned, and each spirit of its countless trees awoke in wrath; though the red stars burst and were hurled along the sky of midnight by the dread spirits of the air,—and the armed watchers of the north rushed up to roofed them round on every side with ribs of fire, and shook their flaming swords at them in fury;—yet the *Great Unknown* were not afraid and would not go away;—for they had hearts of stone.

"Then the Great Spirit that ruleth all things gathered the lightning in his waving hair, and with the tempest, like a hungry eagle, perched upon his shoulder, came down from the east and rested upon the mountains. The earth trembled with fear, and silence fell over it like a shadow, what time *Kesauk* looked back and frowned; and in that black night the hearts slept without a dream.

"He said to the wind,—'go!' And to the lightning,—'speed!' Then shrieked the tempest through the vales and the proud hills were broken. Then roared the mad thunder, and the crooked fires cut through the land with winged knives. The rocks were split and hurled about like pebbles among the bad strangers, and their hearts melted with horror, as they were crushed. The earth was rolled and tossed to and fro, like waves; the forests were struck down, like grass in the mighty west wind, and the Indian thought the end of the world was come. In that black night, the warriors hid their faces and died, and the ancients appeared, for the ground shook so

they could not rest in their graves, therefore they came forth and stalked upon the hills, and talked to the thunder and the whirlwind.

"At length *Kesouk* said to the storm, 'cease!' And, like a weary bird, it folded its wings and returned again to sleep within the hollow of his hand.

"When every thing became still, and the sun rose once more in peace, the red tribe looked out of their hiding places and wondered.—In the green valley where the *Great Unknown* had built their habitations—there was a sound of torrents—there was a gleam of waters!

"Their limbs quivered, and their strained eyeballs reeled with dread; for the hills were split asunder, yea, the hills of rock were severed, and the mighty *Ouangondy* had been forced to wander by a strange path to the salt water; and even where the strangers had been, there rolled and leaped its roaring wave!

"After a while the hunters came down and peeped by the borders of the valley that was, and the unknown race troubled them not any more; for they slept beneath the river of many waters;—bright *Ouangondy* was their grave.

"Oft times, when the fisher takes his spear and torches by night on the still water, he starts and grows pale with fright, when he sees a white bone glistening among the long reeds that wave below. Then must he go some straightway, and ask the wise man for a charm of power, else will the spectre of the bone come to him in sleep, and he will sicken and die with the curse that clings to the spirits of the *Great Unknown*.

"Such, brother, is the awful word which strikes the brave that listens, more than the battle or the storm; such is the story of power, telling how the salt water race were struck down by the Great Spirit's wrath.

"Who can stand before *Kesouk*? His arm is the most powerful—his heart very strong!"

By the time that Edward, disturbed by the tale of *Pansaway*, started from the reverie into which the preceding extraordinary legend had changed his thoughts, day was dawning in the east, while the rapids, having entirely subsided, the river glided with an upward current, every moment increasing in height and swiftness. Past the shores and islands. Awaking *Clara* from sleep, which had great effect in composing her excited feelings, the adventures were again afloat over the spot where they had made their hurried escape from the falls, the ledge was now submerged by the flood.

Padding along under the black precipices,

where the silence—only broken by the crackling note of a restless king fisher, winging along the side of the cliffs, or perched briefly, on the branch of some gnarled tree, watching for its finny prey,—was deeply contrasted with the reverberations that a few hours since had shaken them to their very centres—they emerged from the rocky gateway, where to the left, a huge fragment, torn from the steep, lay half buried in the flood that swept peacefully at its foot. The next instant the dark mounds of *Fort Bourbon* were visible, as they turned the stream, and the eyes of all were eagerly cast around in search of the beleaguering force they wished, yet had scarcely hoped they might be fortunate enough to descry. Still an involuntary pang of regret wrung the breasts of the Europeans, as they beheld with bitterness, the utter solitude of all around, while they were quickly drawing near the strong hold of their national enemy. There remained now the only alternative of delivering themselves up as prisoners of war, and claiming protection from a foe it was no longer possible or prudent to avoid.

As the canoe approached the insulated point of land upon which the fortress was situated, near which was a second island of bleak and irregular appearance, it struck Edward that an indescribable air of neglect reigned about the place, and it certainly argued little for the watchfulness of the garrison, that they were enabled to gain within pistol shot of the walls unchallenged; for no warlike voice issued its stern summons from the ramparts, and neither sound or motion of life was observed about its defences; nor did the lofty flag-staff look as though it had lately borne a banner, for it was tottering over the bastion, and from its truck, drooped woefully, a remnant of the broken halliards.

With astonishment they passed along by the foot of the glacis, and gazed anxiously at the grassy ramparts, while still they were unquestioned, unwarned. Rounding the northern angle of the fort, a view was obtained of the open sea on either side of a beautiful green island that parted the broad expanse which was tinged with a faint crimson hue by the prophetic blush of day. They landed at the eastward front and entered, wondering, through the unclosed gateway, where the first sight of the interior suggested a ready explanation of the mystery.

The fort was tenantless and dismantled.—The works, partially blown up, or otherwise destroyed, presented a scene of wide confusion,

among which were conspicuous the blackened heaps of half consumed buildings; while fragments of iron, scattered about the encumbered esplanade, were the only remains of the artillery which had once defended the walls. The immediate conclusion of the soldier was, that while they had been delayed in making their escape down the river, Captain Rous had arrived, destroyed the fortress, and departed from the coast; which opinion was strengthened by the observation of his guides, who discovered, by the appearance of the charred remnants of the barracks, that its conflagration had but very recently taken place.

With unformed plans and baffled prospects, the fugitives sat about furnishing a meal, for they had fasted since the previous evening, 'ere they commenced the descent of the St. John, and were nearly worn out with extreme excitement and fatigue. Among the ruins of the dismantled fort Edward sat by the side of Clarence, with a cloud of care upon his brow which he endeavoured to shake off in vain; while Dennis wandered down to the sea shore, and strayed listlessly over the rocks and sand, as though there were some cord stirred in his rugged breast by the contemplation of objects to which he had for some time been a stranger, and the spell may have owned a deeper source, for they were closely associated with the recollections of his far island home. Clarence strove, with a woman's creative fancy, to banish the despondency of her lover; building up a fairy castle of hopes which was sure to be speedily demolished, as Edward would shake his head sadly, or with a faint smile, kiss her soft cheek with unutterable fondness. Yet still she spoke so trustfully in the assurance of some favourable circumstance occurring that might assist them in their present need, after the perils they had gone through, that her listener, in despite of his better judgment, felt relieved and enlivened by the hopeful words of the beloved one beside him. Meanwhile the Indians had struck a fire and prepared some venison, which was gratefully received by their fellow travellers. But Waswetchul partook not of the repast, for she sat apart with her long black hair shrouding her pale features, and though she spoke not, nor gave any stronger utterance to her suffering, yet the chief, as he cast a softened eye occasionally towards her, knew well that she was mourning deeply the recent fate of her relative; for although he had been ever harsh and unfeeling towards her, yet was he still her father's brother and the sole protector of her bereaved childhood.—

Directly opposite the French fort, the harbour was bounded by a dark, wooded hill, bold and broad, which extended on either hand, from the upper curve to where it gradually terminated the seaward entrance. Nothing could be more devoid of life or human association than its grim loneliness, its unmolested repose; yet the soldier little thought that 'ere a century's lapse not a vestige of forest growth would remain upon its side, and that where the spruce and cedar trees then spread their boughs, the habitations of his adventurous countrymen would be thickly clustered; and the clamour of a busy mart with its troubled interests, its wayward vicissitudes, usurp forever the peaceful heritage of the beast and bird, desecrating the simple but majestic solitude. Then, the sea shores gave back no echo, save that of a bird's song or a breaking billow; no fluttering pennon gleamed above the solitary wave: the gull flapped its wing with a shrill scream, as it sailed upon the wind, and the savage eagle of the sea held indisputable dominion over its tributary realm.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE the party lingered within the deserted fort, without having as yet determined upon any mode of proceeding in the unlooked-for straits to which they were reduced, by a circumstance over which they had no control; demand for promptness of action was suddenly presented in the alarming conduct of Dennis, who was observed hastening towards the works, from the shore, where he had been labouring, with violent speed, shouting at the top of his voice; "the salvages! God help us! the salvages!" and the justice of his apprehension was but too quickly proved; for, shooting beyond a point that had obstructed the view of their approach, the fugitives beheld, with an envious feeling, a perfect flotilla of canoes, urged with desperate haste, apparently to the very spot where they stood, aghast with amazement, by the numerous Indians with which they were filled. The first impulse of the whites was to fly into the woods behind the fort, for concealment; but the Micmacs, assured of its impossibility, when within an arrow's flight of so active and merciless an enemy—stood motionless, without even lifting their weapons from the ground on which they rested, and folding their arms, awaited, with calm fortitude, the doom that seemed so inevitable to their acute minds. But the anxiety of all was unexpectedly relieved; for instead of making directly for the glacié, the hostile

swerved from its original course, apparently influenced by a far more serious object than the capture of a few prisoners; for it seemed as the canoes flew past in their passage upward, leaving the fort behind, that they were themselves striving their utmost to escape from a pursuing foe; for so rapid were their motions, that nothing could be distinguished but a multitude of black, nodding heads above the sharp canoes, and the lightning glance of paddle blades, as the river was broken and whirled into countless eddies by their impetuous propulsion. Hark! What deep sound is that which makes the life-blood of the soldiers dance with long-unfelt joy, as it breaks seaward and rolls majestically along the harbour, filling the clear morning air with lingering reverberations? What winged monster skips and tears its thought-like way over the waves and through the very midst of the retreating canoes; throwing them into confusion, and half hiding, with a shower of spray, the effects of its resistless stroke, as three of the number, with their wild crew, are scattered, piecemeal, upon the tide into which the iron scourge plunged, after its short but desolating career? O that sound!—that message—though the harbingers of Death to the Micicte,—“as the music of the storm blast,” the fury of its rush are to the homeless petrel; so were they welcome, doubly welcome to the ear and eye that received the delightful impression. Another booming roar, and a second shot, ricocheting along the river, cut its unsparing way among the yelling natives, from whom it culled a fresh batch of victims; then around the headland—

“Walking the waters like a thing of life,” came gliding into sight a swan-like frigate, her curving canvass shining like pale gold in the early sunbeam. How gloriously that most beautiful creation of man,—the ocean queen,—walked along over the blue waves, tossing the foam from her sharp prow, as if in scorn of the giant element she alone could tame.

“Huzza!” shouted Edward, throwing his cap into the air with uncontrollable joy,

“’Tis Rous! ’Tis Rous! Look, dearest;—two, three, there they are after all; and we are saved. God guard thee evermore, thou noble battle flag! Well know I thy hope-inspiring cross, for I have bled beneath its crimson shade; and never yet when I looked upon thee—emblem of my country—has my faith in thy prosperity ever faltered. Joy, beloved! See—there are friends—red jackets too, by St. George!—ferily, it were well if I go not distracted with delight.”

Such were the extravagant ebullitions of feeling with which Edward hailed the brilliant vision that burst so unexpectedly upon them, as three men-of-war in succession, came rounding into view, with every sail set to catch the light morning breeze; whilst his companions were no less moved by the sudden revulsion from the most gloomy anticipations to a degree of joyful bewilderment, which the prospect of a certain restoration to all that was held most dear, could, in their circumstances, be well imagined to produce. The leading frigate, when in front of Fort Bourbon, cast anchor, and as she furled sail, the hollow rattle of a drum resounded between her decks; while the flitting of dark objects in busy motion through the open ports, told that the crew were clustering thickly at their quarters.

The impatient Europeans would delay no longer. Hurrying to the landing with enthusiastic haste—which was singularly contrasted with the cool, collected manner of the stoical Indians,—they quickly embarked, and, with a handkerchief of Clarence fluttering on the end of a long spear, as a pledge of their amicable character, indispensable to their safe approach, paddled directly towards the ship. The moments flew; they beheld curious faces peering down from port and bulwark, as the canoe came along side. Then they stood upon the white deck, amid a host of friends, whose honest hands were convulsed with temporary palsy, as they shook those within their grasp, again and again; pouring at the same time, words of heartfelt congratulation into the wanderers' ears. The beautiful Waswetchew gazed with affright at the strange objects that surrounded her, and pressed closely, with the timidity of a fawn, to the side of Clarence, for protection from the admiring glances of the *pale-faces*, as they passed below; and it was curious to note the wonder and awe with which the queer, outlandish looking jack-tars gathered, at a respectful distance, round the stern hunters of the forest; while they would roll their quids about and make their characteristic remarks in a mess-mate's ear. If the red men were a mystery to the amphibious sailors, the latter must have seemed a most remarkable species of the human race—a link between man and the frog—in the eyes of the Micmac warriors.

That day, the naval force under Captain Rous, remained in the neighbourhood of the enemy's fort, completing the destruction, which it then appeared, the garrison themselves had commenced, previous to its abandonment; not

having sufficient confidence in their prowess to resist the armament which, as they had learned, was about advancing to attack them. With the evening tide the anchors were weighed, and the ships, spreading their broad wings, bid farewell forever to the banks of the wild St. John.

As they stood across the Bay of Eundy, the twilight was deepening around, and Edward walked the deck in converse with doctor Dickson, whom, it will be remembered, we introduced on a former occasion;—he had been sent as a professional guardian to the detachment of troops on board, and seemed greatly astonished at the success of his young friend's scheme; having expressed his firm conviction from the first, that it was one of the most decided cases of monomania that had come within the sphere of his observation.

"My boy," said the doctor, in reply to some remarks of the other, "what you tell me is singular—very singular; but, forgive me if I cannot reconcile it with the discrepancy of known habits, and a brutish incapability of receiving instruction, or, in fact, a want of perception, and consequently a depreciation of, not only the beautiful and exalted in nature, but the incalculable blessings which accrue from a cultivated understanding and the adoption of a more rational mode of living. See yonder savage;"—continued the doctor, pointing to Pansaway, who was leaning with folded arms against the mast, and gazing abstractedly at the waste of waters before him. "See what apathetic disdain he exhibits toward the surprising products of art and science that surround him. Methinks the sight of a British man-of-war might well, were it possible, excite a spark of curiosity and emulation in his cold soulless bosom; '*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*'"

The doctor, having run himself out of breath with his indignant reproachings of the unlettered heathen, appealed to his well stored snuff-box, which,—like the widow's cruise,—was never empty, and he found its contents to accord better with the pungency of his feelings, than the loud laugh with which his speech was received by his auditor.

"Come, doctor," returned Edward, "spare your abuses of my venerable friend, and let me tell you that you were grievously at fault when you supposed yon brave man devoid of observation, or the finer qualities of our nature; believe me, many a man, rich in worldly gifts and unproductive wisdom, might receive a moral lesson of humility and contentment from that poor Indian, ignorant though he may

seem to the eye of prejudice. But, as you speak the French, hold discourse with him, and you can judge for yourself; as, according to your axiom, one case in point is better than a thousand theoretical deductions."

"Granted," was the pertinacious reply, "*experimentum crucis*;" I lay my life the result will fully establish the accuracy of my argument."

Upon this intent, the two advanced toward the Indian, and the medico, somewhat with the same tone and manner used in speaking to a child, addressed him thus, in French—

"Brother,"

"Ay?" Was the guttural reply, as Pansaway turned his head slowly round to the questioner, seemingly loath to be disturbed from his reverie.

"What think you of these things?" Rejoined the other, pointing to a shot-rack at his feet; but Pansaway turned away without deigning a reply, and fastened his eyes again upon the curling waves.

"I said so;"—whispered the man of science triumphantly, to his companion,—"*the creature is merely gifted with instinct, and so is a beaver; 'fruges consumere nati,'*" here he took another pinch.

"Forbear," muttered Edward, sternly, when he addressed his faithful ally in a very different style.

"Pansaway, we would learn your opinion on the ball that the big thunder drives; what say ye?"

At the sound of Edward's voice, the warrior turned immediately round and replied, in broken patois,

"Me think him pretty strong; may be more stronger than medicine-man's *spelowwey*; some time he no cure um. But big thunder—s'pos him go through somebody, then certain he never be sick no time any more;" and the Indian's white teeth shone as his lips parted in a quiet grin.

"Confusion!" Exclaimed the astonished Dickson: could he have meant me? How knows he my profession?"

Upon repeating the question to Pansaway he answered, without looking round—

"Cos him head crazy."

Not understanding the inference, or the reason why the Indian associated an idea of mental derangement, with the practice of medicine, Edward applied for an explanation upon which Pansaway, turning to him, said—

"Open Hand, listen! Indian medicine-man say, whatever place you be sick, there I

must be take something for cure : may be roots, may be drink—may be tye leaves on him spot more better ; so he will do. Then you see, *Boo-wo-win* think a good deal, so he can grow more wiser ; but, s'pose his head not strong enough, then he will go crazy, and be no good any more. Then may be he will take medicine in him nose, all same one *Anglashcou Boo-wo-win*. Certain his head must be very sick, so he will take tobacco dirt up his nose all the time. Certain—poor man—he should be very crazy ;—me sorry."

And the undaunted forrester affected to look with condescending pity upon the chop-fallen object of his provoked sarcasm, 'ere he walked away, while Edward could not restrain his mirth ; which irritated the doctor so much, that he made a rather sharp reply, upon which the old forrester, drawing himself up to his full proportions, and regarding the other with an expression of ineffable scorn, raised his arm with the dignity of a sovereign, as he cut short the speaker with this pithy rebuke—

"Show me a warrior and I will talk to him. Go, stranger—Pansaway is no fool."

It was long 'ere Edward attempted to mention the subject again to his medical friend ; when he did, however, ask his opinion of the Indian, he shook his head mysteriously and strove to hide his evident confusion, while he muttered between his teeth, in the pauses of each nasal inhalation—" *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*"

On the following morning the ships of war, entering a narrow passage through the mountainous range that traverses Nova Scotia,—a natural bulwark,—from east to west—from the basin of Minas to St. Mary's bay,—swept into a beautiful sheet of water at the head of which Annapolis Royal was situated. To the left, the view was bounded by an uniform ridge of mountains whose several bases were projected boldly into the green meadows beneath, like the bastions of some titanic fortification, in various depths of light and shade ; and along their summits the valley's mist sailed slowly, clinging fondly to its native soil in curled and distorted wreaths—having somewhat the appearance of a wild charger's mane—'ere they were torn away by the breeze and melted imperceptibly into the warm blue atmosphere of morning.

In a short time they were at anchor above the town ; and Clarence Forbes found an immediate asylum among the many friends by whom she was so well known and so warmly esteemed. There, through the kindness and

attention lavished upon the rescued maiden,—which also were extended to her faithful and attached companion—the fair Waswetchcul,—between whom and the former, that pure regard which had sprung up amid scenes of wild excitement and distress, was neither doomed to languish when it was needless as a bond of security on the one part, nor on the other pass away with the occasion that stirred it into being ; for 'twas the offspring of pity and mutual attraction.—Clarence was somewhat restored to her original tranquility and beauty, though it was long 'ere her cheek recovered its wonted richness of bloom, or the impress of anxiety, woven by vicissitude and sorrow, was erased from her young brow. The bud of her sweet life had been chilled by the sharp frost of early grief, and time alone could heal the ravages it had made upon its tender texture ; indeed it may be doubted if she ever perfectly recovered that joyous elasticity of feeling, which is so seldom to be seen when we have outstripped our first years, and which takes wing so swiftly upon the approach of the heart's sad trials. And is not its glorious, star-like ascendency the sole period of life which may, without exaggeration, be termed our golden age ? Like our early love of all things beautiful and true,—it may be a simple flower, a song, a worldless thought, a fair young face, pure as the heart it reflects ;—like the hopes we have buried,—like its painted sign ; as the kiss of passion—as the love it seals,—so is the glow that warms, the fresh gladness that plumes the free spirit of our youth, and so surely as the day advances, doth that *life of life* vanish mournfully away ; for it cannot bear the noon-tide heat, the strife and dust of middle age.—Then, when the soul awakes from its brief and pleasant dream, and, as some lone exile from a better land, beholds the rugged and toilsome pathways of the world, is it wonderful that memory,—the urn which holds the records of the lamented past,—should be more fondly treasured than the hope which hath always forsaken ? 'Tis a phantom, luring the victim on, ever on, with deceitful smile, until, grown merciful at length, it beckons *truly*, from the heaven that gilds our grave.

With the return of the troops from the frontier, where all hostilities had ceased, Clarence was restored to the arms of her father, who had been apprized of her safety, and, as soon as his wounds would permit, hastened to Annapolis. Like the painter that threw a mantle over the face of him whose emotions he felt were incapable of delineation, we will not at-

tempt to portray the voiceless depth of those feelings which hallowed the meeting of the father and his child; 'twould indeed be a vain and useless task. A few days subsequently, Edward Molesworth received the hand of her whom he had proved himself so well worthy of possessing;—whose virgin affections had so long been unalterably his. And at the same altar, by the desire of her European friend, the wild flower of the Micicete was united to the Micmac chief, by a rite which, though it might consecrate, could not link a firmer bond than that which pure affection had already woven.

A return to his native country being considered necessary to the perfect recovery of Captain Forbes, he took passage in a transport about to leave for England with invalids, the charge of whom, upon application, Edward was fortunate enough to obtain.

Mournful was the parting between the Europeans and their forest friends; for a community of suffering and peril had bound them to each other. Many were the tears that Wawetchcul shed, as she clung to Clarence, long and sorrowfully, upon her departure for the old world: nor was she alone in the indulgence of passionate regret. Clarence pressed her lips upon the clear, soft brow of the Indian girl, and bidding her not to weep, threw a memento round her neck; one brief clasp to the heart that throbbed as if it would break with anguish, and she hastened tearfully away.

O! how often in after years,—whose flight was noted by the successive presents which each spring was sure to bring as a pledge of fond remembrance from those so far away,—did the faithful squaw sit by the sea shore and muse upon that unknown country which lay a moon's journey over the wide, interminable waters; wondering if the *Sunbeam* was thinking, in her happiness, of the one that loved her so well—so truly still, and if there were many like *her* among the daughters of the pale-faces. Then would she weep bitterly, and gaze upon the pictured resemblance of her friend, which ever hung at her bosom, with every token of fresh, impassioned grief.

Even the stern warriors forgot their habitual self-restraint as they shook the hand of Edward on taking leave. Argimou turned away with strong emotion, and the iron-hearted Pan-saway could not meet the sad look of the *Open Hand*, as he bid adieu, without faltering; and his parting words were low and inarticulate to the ear of him he had so nobly assisted in time of need. Nor must we forget to mention that Dennis, inspired by a fit of spon-

aneous generosity, purchased two hunting knives and presented them to the foresters with these words—

"Here, Sagamy, avic, and yerself, ouks sarious; kape *thim* for the sake o' Dennis Sherron; an may they niver want an edge nor a male's mate to dale wid, nor--be the same token—an appetite to take a houl't on; divi a thing else, plase God. Amin."

Some time previous to his departure, Edward tried to persuade the chief to return with him to England, but without avail. The answer of Argimou was characteristic and expressive:—"Brother," said he, with pathos—"it can never—never be. When you take the moose from the woods and keep it among the settlements of the pale-faces, it will pine away and die. O no! Argimou must go to his people; for they are without a guide. We were born on this ground, our ancients lay buried under it; shall we say to the bones of our fathers,—arise and come with us into a foreign land?"

And so they parted. One to his ancestral abode in a country where life and human happiness was the object of man's mightiest achievements in science and art; where every means of enjoying a paradise on earth, was within reach of those who could command a little yellow dust;—if the world were ever capable of yielding, but for a season, ought to be able to beguile the restless mind of man, craving with an immortal longing for the unattainable, the unknown.—The other to his green forest shades, with a store of memories and thoughts to occupy his lonely musings after years. By the red camp fire, in the still watches of the night; in the hour of trouble and when his wronged heart was torn with dreadful anguish, he remembered the words of the *Open Hand*, and straightway the curse that was about to issue from his lips, sad, powerless and untold. He strove to forget for his *brother's* sake, the cruelty and injustice of the race to which he belonged.

CHAPTER XXI.

To those whose interest may have been engaged in the foregoing pages,—an irregular narrative of vicissitude and suffering, not unusual to the early adventurers among the woods and wilds of the new world,—we would address ourselves briefly. If such are impelled by the spirit of old romance, to refuse all further sympathy to the trials of those who have triumphed over the vexatious obstacles ever supposed to encumber the rarely-trodden path of true love; with grateful thanks for their fa-

arance thus far, we could courteously recommend them to stop here. If we have awakened one genuine feeling, touched one chord of gentle memory, we have our reward. But with those who take a deeper glance at the motives and consequences of human actions, those who are more prone to reflect upon the dark struggle of man, for all he holds most sacred upon earth—the want and woe which results from human oppression—the agony and despair that wring the exile's heart—the sad legend of a nation's downfall,—than to grieve at the brief but eventful record of that which forms but an episode in the history of our troubled lives;—we would tarry a little longer. To the moralist, the man of thought, we offer a subject of mournful but not unprofitable meditation.

Argimou went back to his tribe, among whom he acquired considerable fame by his justice and wisdom; and he was ever conspicuous, throughout the great changes that each year wrought in the destinies of his people, for the calm fortitude and bravery with which he struggled against, and partially retarded the untoward events that, in the end, were fated to crush, evermore, the power and prospects of the tribe. And long the *wild flower* of the Ouangondy bloomed beneath the shelter of his wigwam: while the good Panaway was honoured for his deeds and his virtues, and 'ere he slept that sleep which knows no dream, he taught his grandson how to be a just man and a brave warrior.

In the progress of time, the tie that bound the native tribes to the interests of the French, was dissolved; for a great revolution had taken place in the concerns of the American colonies; the English having finally become sole masters of the wide realm over which the French had once securely ruled. The strong town of Louisburg had fallen, and of its battlements—its palaces, scarce a vestige remained. The prophetic denunciation of the Jewish temple of old might have proclaimed the judgment that had befallen the fated stronghold; for not one stone remained upon another, and, in the expressive language of the historian, the fisherman, as he sails along the now-deserted shores, points out to the curious stranger, a few dark mounds, as the place where once stood the proud and flourishing Louisburg.

The reduction of the island of St. John immediately followed, and 'ere long, the British were in possession of the Canadas, from which the last remnants of the French were finally expelled. Though, by flood and forest, blood

had been poured out like rain, on the broad St. Lawrence and by the Great Lakes, the "Tri-color" was forever furled; the war-whoop heard no more. A new race dwelt by the majestic streams, and listened with awe to the roar of the giant cataract, from their homes in the deep green solitudes; while the warrior tribes were journeying away from their homes and the haunts of the stranger, whose hearthstones were planted on their ancient soil—whose broad roads led over their fathers' graves; whose friendship had proved a honied poison—whose presence a destroying curse!—Then, only, was it that the Micmacs entered into an alliance with the English; for the Acadians had long since been driven out of their possessions, and ruthlessly torn from home and kindred, to linger and die exiled among strangers; still their faithful allies clung to the doomed peasantry, with unswerving steadfastness to the last. But it was vain to resist the sure, though rigorous decree of fate. The overwhelming tide of civilization rolled from the sea coasts, and though met and contested at every point, with unflinching bravery by the warlike hunters, yet, step by step, they were gradually driven back from the shores, and isolated within the woods that were already beginning to vanish away before the axe and fire-brand of the settler; so that, wearied with incessant strife and shorn of their bravest warriors, a doubt whether they would be enabled to exist much longer, as a distinct tribe, was the grave motive that induced a reconciliation with those it were useless any longer to oppose. It was resolved, therefore, to accede to the offer of friendship on the part of the English, which had been ever rejected with scorn whilst there remained a single hope of baffling the invaders of their fatherland. This interesting ceremony—which, at the time, was considered of some importance, as a guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of the colony—took place at Halifax in the year 1761, shortly after the death of Governor Lawrence; when the management of provincial affairs devolved, temporarily, upon the Chief Justice, Jonathan Belcher, Esquire.

Within a room of far less pretension, in size or decoration, than the chamber from whose walls, at the present day, old England's later sovereigns look down in grandeur upon her descendants,—conspicuous among whom stands the pictured donation of *The Sailor King*;—a brilliant throng was gathered, such as had seldom been seen at that day within the infant colony. There were the members of His Ma-

jesty's council in antique costume ; remarkable for their well bred courtesy of demeanor, mingled with a lofty reserve, befitting their important station ; there were the representatives of the people, not—as has been observed at an after period—men possessing neither the polish of cultivation nor the simple dignity of the savage ; but men of high toned manner and unquestionable loyalty. There were, also, comfortable, quiet looking citizens of broad build and peaceful disposition, who came to take a safe look at the grim warriors they had heard so much of, and whom they respected in the same ratio that they were feared ; and, in contrast to the burghers, both in dress and air, were to be noticed the officers attached to the military force of the garrison ; while, last, not least, many a fair face and form evinced that the curiosity of the softer sex had induced them to venture a peep at the wild men of the woods.

The President, having taken his seat, expressed his readiness to receive the deputation from the Micmacs ; upon which the door opened, and, with bold, fearless bearing, the Indians strode into the chamber and walked directly up to the foot of the throne, without deigning to return the innumerable glances directed towards them, from every side. A murmur of half suppressed wonder—it might be apprehension,—ran round, as the whites beheld, for the first time, within their palisaded town, the fierce warriors who had so long kept them in continual dread by their determined animosity, while many openly expressed their admiration at the noble figures and easy gestures of men, tutored only in the rough schools of nature ; whose tall frames were displayed to advantage, by the embroidered tunics in which the chiefs were clothed, with the additional decoration of wampum belts and variegated plumes. But, of all there, the most striking was their leader—he who, by superior rank was alone qualified to speak the word of his tribe to the *Anglashcou*. This was Argimou, the *Bashaba*. The eventful years that had elapsed since the incidents previously narrated, had wrought some changes in his appearance ; for, though his face still retained its ingenuous and noble expression, yet was it also possessed of a sterner character than formerly ; but there was the same proud fearless lip and eagle glance—the same erect, symmetrical form as of yore : time—though it had robbed it of its youthful curve—its panther-like pliancy of motion,—had imparted a more massive breadth of proportion and a more majestic severity of outline. Half

hidden among the group,—as if seeking to shun observation,—stood Pansaway, now a worn weary-looking man, with iron-grey hair and furrowed, melancholy countenance. During the whole ceremony he kept his gaze fixed intently upon his son's face, and never, for an instant, suffered it to wander around the thronged and unaccustomed assembly ; what went *they* to the old Indian ? The child of his manhood—the great warrior-chief of his age—was the sole beacon of his heart and eye !

After several introductory ceremonies had taken place, the President made a speech wherein he exhorted the chief to render faithful submission to the Sovereign with whom he was about to enter into a treaty of peace, which if broken, would never be again tendered, and incur the vengeance of the English government. That as he, the President, now took him by the hand, in token of friendship and protection, it would be incumbent upon his tribe ever to unite in resisting any hostile schemes against the British authority. The treaty was then signed by the President and the Micmac chief ; after which, in accordance with the ancient custom of the tribe, they walked in solemn procession to the place where a grave had been prepared, in which, as a pledge of eternal amity, a tomahawk was about to be buried. There the ornamented pipe of peace was lighted, and the chief after taking a few whiffs, handed it to the President, who received with courtesy, the propitious emblem and inhaled a long draught 'ere it was returned. Three successive times the tomahawk touched the lips of either, after which, the Sachem arose and spoke to the interpreter as follows :

"Listen ! that ye may convey truly, and without deceit, the voice of the Micmac to the ear of the *Anglashcou*. Tell my brother that he hears the nation speak through my words. (Then turning to the President, he continued) "When the *Wennooch* came to *Acadia*, the Indians made a peace with him that might last forever, and the Micmac swore to aid and protect the strangers and fight for *Onanthio*,—who was their great King and Father,—and they fulfilled their promise, justly, until their brothers' hearts were broken :—the Micmac can do no more. Alas ! the silver chain of love never rusted or severed : for it melted brightly away. Now, O stranger ! the friendship which we once gave to *Onanthio*, I offer to thy king and thy people, with a clean and fearless heart—and an open palm.

"Listen ! *Anglashcou*, and think not that I have been prompted by compulsion or unwil-

thy fear, to seek the good will of thy nation;—the Micmac is free,—and never made a talk with Fear! O no! I come of mine own accord, to smoke peace and call King Georgemy Great Father and friend. Now, therefore, behold, O Brother! For myself and in the name of the Chiefs and warriors of the nation, I, their *Babababa*, bury the hatchet forever, as a pledge of peace with the *Anglashcou*; and may it not be troubled: for so long as it remaineth hidden in the ground—so long will the chain be unbroken. In witness of what I have said—look ye! this *belt* will preserve my words!”

Suiting the action to the sentiment, Argimou, as he concluded, dropped the tomahawk into the grave, and afterwards presented a belt of pumpum to the President as a record of his Alliance. When the earth was carefully smoothed, with the customary observances, over the emblem of war, the health of the Sovereign was drunk with enthusiasm, by the assembled multitude, and three tremendous cheers proclaimed that the hatchet was forever buried between the Micmac and *Anglashcou*.

CHAPTER XXII.

LONG years rolled away, and with them passed the power and happiness of the Indian tribes. The pestilence of the stranger swept them away, like a blighting wind; the *fire-water* wasted with unquenchable fever the strong frames that had once bid defiance to the winter storm and the most harassing toil.—and gradually,—with the introduction of foreign luxuries, and by association with the whites,—the stern hunters of the wild lost that simplicity and virtue, which had once taught them to despise the indulgence of propensities any further than natural wants required, or strict morality justified. The grand old woods were polluted by the clamour and wrangling rasile of greedy adventurers, before whose lust-like progress the green leaves vanished away; and with them came the guileful thought—the cold clutch of Avarice—the scorpion fangs of Disease. The men of iron—the chainless hearted—whose spirits might break but would never bend, said that they could not live by the salt water, for the air was poisonous with the breath of the pale-faces, and they had sought strange ways among them: therefore they rose up in wrath and sorrow, and left their own country, and journeyed to the setting sun, where the white men had not yet penetrated, and they returned nevermore.—Some said that they could not hunt any longer, for the noise of axes, felling trees in the clear-

ings, had driven the game away; so they snapped their bows and became slaves to the fire-water, and thus, madly—miserably died. Meanwhile the strangers grew fat and multiplied, like pigeons, in the country of the Indians, and beheld them vanishing away from the groves, without heed, or even a kind word to soften the misery they had brought upon a once mighty people. But the starving native would not beg: he was too proud *yet*, and his heart and hope were not altogether crushed by the heavy woes that had assailed him. Neither had the iron of sorrow's fetter eaten its corroding way into the soul it bound; for he still firmly believed that at some future period, they would be restored to their ancient patrimony and happiness; that hope nourished the diminished spark within their breasts, and it would flash up, at times, when something of the spirit of former days roused them into a brief oblivion of regret. Then the dark void would be illumined with a dreamy vision, a pictured prospect, coloured, by that single ray, with a brilliancy more attractive, even than the memory of the olden time; alas! 'twas as false as the deceitful source from whence it sprung: as the last fitful flicker of the taper 'ere it forever expires! But the Indian never broke his alliance with the English, and bore his sufferings patiently without a murmur.

In the mild glory of a summer eve,—when the sun played laughingly, among the leaves, tinging them with mellow gold, and the sky was mantled in a rich flood of rosy light, soft as the blush of a girl's cheek, from her first love-kiss,—an aged Indian stood by a quiet spot in the deep and lonely forest. 'Twas a sad but solemn place, where a man might weep, unseen by aught save heaven, or the viewless spirits of the dead; and purge his soul by earnest commune with Nature's omnipresent God.

A small circle, green and mossy,—at a high elevation, had been reclaimed from the woods, centuries ago, and thickly scattered over its area, were innumerable mounds, unadorned and undistinguished, save, here and there, by a round grey stone or a wooden cross, half buried in weeds and long rustling grass; and on every side, gigantic, hoary pines, with occasionally an elm or white birch intermingling its airy foliage, rose high and gloomy, like a wall, overshadowing with their arms, the mysterious relics below; while through a vista, opening to the west, long sweeping lines of vale and mountain ridge were seen, steeped in the gorgeous colouring of fleeting day, and cloquent with the grandeur of repose. Many

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 within 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 *Millicete* country, with the *Sundream*

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 *Mohawk*, 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 Abenaci*; they were plentiful as the leaves and had strong hearts—yea, hearts without fear,—surely they should dwell in their old forests; their fathers' country? Go, stranger! Follow the sun from the cradle to his grave, you will see a great many 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 boy-like 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 murmur, 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

beam vanished away ; while dark night lit upon
the sacred tumuli, and from the dim, haunted
breast, that seemed to tremble at the sound, a
dead voice replied : " never ! " When the echo
fled away, Arginiou lay stretched upon Was-
satchul's grave—the heart of the *Sagamou*
was broken. Old Tonea's prophecy was ful-
filled : *the white gull had flown over all !*

Peace to the red men that are gone !
Their children are the pale strangers' scoff ;
The heritage of their Fathers is a mournful
thought ;
The memory of their glory—a broken song !



Written for The Amaranth.

CHILDHOOD.

BRIGHT vision of childhood, return ye again,
Eben calmest my sorrows, and soothest my
pain ;
Oh ! bring me again the wild gladness of youth,
When hope was my banner, arrayed in bright
truth.

Return ye again ! let me thoughtlessly rove
By the meandering streamlet that wound
through the grove ;
Let me pluck the sweet flowers that grew wild-
ly along,
And dance to the notes of the nightingale's song.
Come, come and again let me wander in dreams,
And revisit in fancy the loved youthful scenes :
When my childhood passed sweetly, my days
were as bright

As the calm summer morn's gentle pale light.
Oh ! bright joyous hours—how swiftly ye
passed,
Touched by misfortune, unfit earth's cold
blast ;

When my heart beat as lightly, my voice was
as gay [ter's lay.
As the sweet evening notes of the wild songs—
Return ye, return ye, Oh ! bring to me now
The soft balmy zephyrs which fanned my
young brow ;

Oh ! bring me the lost ones, which oft with
me roved,
Once more let me hear the sweet voices I loved.
Alas ! they have fled, and my childhood is
gone,

No more shall I rove o'er my youth's treasured
home—

No more shall I list to the sweet evening bell,
Bright vision of childhood, farewell—O !
farewell !

N. John, N. B., 1842.

H. S. B.

For The Amaranth.

A TALE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"Thy drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense ;
'Till with deep flowing cups the mind possest,
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast ;
Think while thou swallowest the capacious
howl,
Thou lettest in seas to wreck and drown the
soul."

It was a bright and balmy morn in the
flowery month of June—the pearly blossoms
of the hawthorn wreathed with the crimson
buds of the wild rose, flung their rich odours
on the breeze as it swept the glittering dew-
drops from their leaves ; and the sweet melody
of birds rung forth from every spray, mingling
with the merry rush of sparkling waters, as
they sped on their path, bearing, as it seemed,
in their glad waves, a song of love and praise
from every creature of the fair earth. The sky
was cloudless, and the golden sunlight beamed
on all ; even the rugged mountains seemed
softened into beauty, and the lovely valley of
Glenallon looked lovelier than ever, in the
brightness of that glorious sabbath. Although
'twas not yet the usual hour of prayer, already
the kirk of Glenallon was thronged even to the
very doors, and among the green hillocks of
the grave-yard were gathered old men whose
white hair and trembling limbs, told that ere
long they would be laid by those who slept
around them ; and children, their laughing
eyes calmed into seriousness. And the strong
and the beautiful knelt there with the chastened
brow and men besuited those who are met
to hallow the christian sabbath.

It was a day of mingled sorrow and joy in
Glenallon. Their beloved pastor, the friend of
the aged and the guide of youth, he who had
long allured and led the way to brighter worlds,
overcome by the infirmities of age, was this
day to resign the ministry into younger and
abler hands. Sixty years had passed since he
first stood there to serve in the temple of God.
Few who looked upon him then, were yet
dwellers on the earth, still there were some.
Sweet and holy were the words of the aged
pastor to the pilgrims of his own days—they
had seen the brightest and the dearest treasures
of their hearts fade from before them ; the green
moss grew over them they had loved, and the
days had come when they had " no pleasure in
them." But far beyond the things of time did
the pastor point—to that brighter land, where
the blessed dwell in the fulness of that love, and
whos' peace passeth the understanding of man

and whose brilliance shineth even as a star upon the earth, to cheer the heart of the wanderer, and guide to a "home" of rest the weary and the heavy laden. Breathing the high hope which burned within himself, his address to the aged was touching and energetic, and in tones of sacred love and solemn warning, he spoke to the young, whose fathers he had blessed and whose brows he had marked with the symbol of salvation. He ceased, and when the last notes of the sweet psalm which followed, died upon the air, he again arose, and the young minister bowed his head before him. Raising his clasped hands, the old man implored a benediction on him, and then supported on the arm of an elder, he descended from the pulpit, whose sacred precincts he had illumined by the lustre of his piety. The new preacher stood up before the congregation--the sunlight fell on the fine features of his face and danced among the waving masses of his hair. None there but looked with pride and love on Morton Lindsay; the bright happy spirit of his boyhood had won their love, and the talents of his ripening years had been the hope of Glenallon. A fitter accessor could not have been found to him who had so long been the shepherd of their fold, for Morton's abilities were of the highest order--his head and heart glowed with every feeling that is great and good in man. One spot alone existed on the fair horizon of his character; alas! how soon was the blackness of its eclipse to overshadow him.--As yet, however, its dark shade was not visible amid the shining lustre of his qualities, and every ear hung with rapt attention on the rich eloquence of his first sermon, in his native village. It was a lofty theme he had chosen, and if it wanted the deep strength which long experience in the vital beauty of religion gives to the preacher, it glowed with high and fervent thought, and the rainbow gleams of a poet's mind breathed their sweet magic in its every tone.

Morton Lindsay's first sermon formed an episode never to be forgotten in the life of many a humble heart. Before him sat the reverend fathers of the synod, by whose hands he had been ordained to the sacred office. Many of them had known the childhood of the bright-haired boy, and as they listened with pleased attention to his "discourse," the monitor in their bosoms whispered that his perfection warned of their declining days. But who shall tell the thoughts of that aged man and woman who sit with hands clasped in each others, and gaze with uplifted eyes on the beaming face of

the preacher? they were his parents--the fondest wish of their heart had been gratified, but 'twas with feelings far too deep for joy, they listened to their son; tears flowed from the mother's eyes, and a crystal drop gleamed among the furrows of the father's dark cheeks; he was the child of their age, and they had given him to the Lord. They could see the long grass wave o'er the heads of seven whom they had buried. He was their only one, and who shall blame the pride which mingled with their deep love; far too intense for earth was their happiness, and deeply was their pride punished. Another of Morton's hearers that day, was Mary Lisle, a fair and gentle girl whom he fondly loved, and who had given him her young heart. The soft silky fringes of her downcast eye rested on her crimson cheek where the rich hue was deepened by emotion, as she heard that voice, whose lightest tone was echoed in her bosom. Her father had not looked kindly on her love--why, none could tell, save he was rich and the young student poor, but once only did the maiden raise her eyes, at the close of the sermon.--They met her father's, and she read there that Morton's suit would not now be denied.

The sun went down in glory that sabbath behind the lofty peaks of Glenallon, and the moon beamed in her calm beauty amid the glittering stars of heaven. The evening hymns from cottage "homes" rose upon the still air; that twilight hour, Morton Lindsay knelt with Mary Lisle before her father. While he blessed them he had given his consent to her wedding him, and seven weeks from that day they were married. Who to look on that beautiful happy girl, could think of the dark fate which awaited her, and who could suppose that the intellectual and noble minded Morton Lindsay, would become the slave of the low and most despicable of vices; but 'twas even so. A rumour, faint and distant, had reached Glenallon, that his conduct during his last season at college had not been so regular as might have been. 'Twas said he had mingled in the fashionable dissipation which then graced the capital; but the unwelcome truth had been hushed and were forgotten, save by one, a distant relation of Mary Lisle's, who had come unbidden to her bridal. She was lone and childless widow, whose heavy weight of sorrow had broken her heart and crushed her reason. She seized Mary's hand as she approached the altar, and with the wild earnestness of a maniac, addressed her.

"Oh! Mary, you have bound roses on your

hair, to day—'twere better for you, the cypress shaded your grave—better far you were a corpse than to be the bride of a 'drunkard.' " Mary an ear shrunk from the sound of that word, and many a brow frownd on her, who applied it to their favourite—but she heeded them not. "Mary, hear me!—now is the time to pause—now and now only. Look at me! I was the wife of a "drunkard," I was once like you—I saw not in the fond young lover of my heart, the dark demon whose deeds were to scorch up every spring of life—who dragged me to the lowest depths of shame and misery—whose vices withered the young souls of my children, and stained their crimes like his own. When I saw him first, Morton Lindsay would not have been his equal. When I saw him last, Oh! God! 'twas on the scaffold—a murderer condemned for shedding the life-blood of his own son. Mary! Mary! will you yet hear me?" she said once more as she was drawn away. She gave a wild laugh as they rebuked her for her disturbance. Her words were all unheeded, as her usual ravings, for little was known of her life, which had been passed far from Glenallan, but as Mary left the kirk, she again heard her unusual laughter, and it sounded chillily to her heart.

'Twas a fair and happy spot, that lowly Manse of Glenallan, with its shadowing trees and clustering roses, where the lovely face of Mary beamed amid the flowers as she hung on the arm of Morton, listening to his converse, which to her, contained knowledge and wisdom, deeper than she thought belonged to earth. Some years passed away, and a girl of fairy loveliness stood by her side, and called her by the sweet name of mother. But a shadow hung on Mary's brow, and sorrow seemed to have faded the rose on her cheek. Morton was no longer her companion; the black spot had spread, and he was sinking fast beneath its baneful influence. Save the hurried sermon on the sabbath, no other duty of a pastor was performed—no death-bed heard his voice—no soul was e'er reclaimed by him, to whom God had granted such rare powers. No study elevated his mind, his love for Mary, all was forgotten in the strength of that accursed vice which had gained so rapidly upon him. His time was spent in some wild revel in the city, or at home in fits of moody madness and the deep sleep of inebriety. Poor Mary had done all that woman might do, to save his character and reclaim him from the snare, but what can stem the demon tide of the drunkard's career. On the wretch rushes in

the giddy whirl, reckless of the broken heart, the blighted hopes and hours of agonizing woe around him, 'till soul and body perish—but not alone, the innocent and the beautiful, whose fate is linked with theirs, are destroyed amid the crimes lurking in the malign spirit of drunkenness, and wide is the circle of its devastation. The forbearance with which Morton's conduct had been treated by his parishioners, had been too long, and yet all were reluctant to lose him. Mr. Lee, the late pastor of Glenallan, full of years and honour, lay on his death-bed, and with his dying lips warned him of his fate; but Morton's very nature was charged, and he heeded not. The last night of his life, the old man wished for his presence, the messenger enquired if he was at home, and the lie trembled on Mary's lip as she assured him he was abroad; he was lying stripped, and senseless from beastly intoxication. Mr. Lee died, and the sabbath was appointed for his burial. His bier was placed within the aisle immediately below the pulpit. Around it sat the fathers of the church, to shew respect to the remains of him whom living they had esteemed.

It was a bright, calm day, beautiful as the one of which it was the anniversary that Morton Lindsay had preached his first sermon. The beauty of the scene contrasted strangely with the agitated thoughts of Mary. Morton had been absent the whole of the previous day and night—morn had come—the hour of prayer arrived, but still he came not. Mechanically she had gone to the kirk and taken her usual place; some time elapsed when a step ascended the pulpit stairs—'twas heavy and unsteady. Mary raised her eyes, but the burning blush of shame seemed to scorch her very brain as she looked on the figure before her, 'twas Morton; but who could recognize him in the bruised and bloated face, the inflamed eyes, the trembling hand and distorted attitude of the wretch who stood in his place. Anger and contempt were marked on every brow—'spite of his clouded ideas, he seemed to feel his situation. Drawing a handkerchief from his bosom, he displaced by his hand a pack of stained and worn cards, which fell from their concealment; some lay on the bible before him, others fell upon the coffin, and some upon the clasped hands of his mother who in the pride of her heart had taken her seat beneath his very feet. The outraged decency of God's temple could be borne no longer; the congregation instantly arose, and writhing under the stern rebuke of the elder

who spoke, Morton staggered from the spot where once he had been honoured, and whose sanctity he had now so foully disgraced. Bitter were the feelings of those who loved him at that hour of shame. Mary, with her spirit bowed to the earth, sought her home, not to reproach, for reproach or prayer to him were alike useless. His mother was aged, and his conduct fell like the icebolt on her heart; in a short time she slept within the grave by the side of those she had forgotten in her pride and love for that guilty one.

Degraded from his holy office, he now obtained a small school in the city, and sadly did Mary part with her once happy home in Glenallan. She was one of a large and loving family, and fondly they besought her to remain with them, but she followed the path where her duty, and alas! for woman's heart, her love also led her. Rapid now was Morton's decline, and as his means grew less the fascination of vice increased, his brutal thirst was gratified, while his wife and children suffered all the pangs of poverty. Money at last failed, and he forged a bill to a large amount—but for the maddening draught which destroyed him.

Transportation was the award of his crime, but even then, Mary still clung to him. Her father, enraged at Morton's conduct, had ceased to correspond with her; he however, relented, and a home was again offered her, and all that parental love could do to heal her sorrows; but she wavered not, and with her beautiful children she left her native land and accompanied her convict husband across the stormy deep. Their story was soon known, and for Mary's sake some consideration was shown them. Morton's employer possessed immense tracts of land, as is common in Australia, for the breeding of sheep, and on one of these Morton was now placed with his family, in all the enjoyment of liberty, save the name.

'Twas a strange and lonely place, yet beautiful in its solitude, bearing yet as it seemed, the first fresh fragrance of the world. Their dwelling stood on the margin of a glassy lake, bright and still as a silver mirror, and although at night strange stars were imaged in its depths, and birds, such as they had never before seen, floated in silence o'er its waters, yet Mary learned to love it, for she thought and hoped Morton's errors would be reclaimed, and the brightening hopes of the blighted heart seemed to be realized. How fondly did she hail his return to reason, for his past conduct

seemed to have been the result of madness.— How freely did she forgive him all the deep sorrow he had caused her, and although an exile in that distant land, her heart rejoiced in thankfulness as she witnessed his repentance. Once more she was happy. The first season passed, the short winter was gone, and the second summer of the year was glowing in all its rich luxuriance; around the broad plains were clad in living green, and the lofty trees were encircled with their gorgeous drapery.— The graceful kangaroo held its gambols among the long grass, gliding o'er the flowers in all its freedom, so unaccustomed to man, that it heeded not the eyes which looked upon it.— As yet no human being had approached their dwelling. At stated intervals Morton met his master and received his orders; by aught else their seclusion was unbroken, when one bright day Mary sat by her children's couch, the burning heat had overcome them, and they lay feverish and exhausted. Sweet, yet saddened thoughts were floating o'er her mind as she watched their slumbers. She thought of her own mother and her happy childhood; 'twas Christmas day, that time of sweet re-union of all the households of the christian world.— Fraught with hallowed recollections was the day to her, yet how different was its aspect now, far, far o'er "memory's sea," her fancy bore her to Glenallan. Again the fresh breeze blew on her cheek and the feathery snow-flake fell upon her brow. A dark shadow fell upon the floor, and Mary started from her reverie; three ill looking men entered the house and enquired for her husband. She trembled as she pointed to where he was engaged, and a chilly feeling gathered over her as she saw him leave her sight in their company. The sun, with all its glorious hues, had faded from the sky, and night, which in that clime, follows fast upon day, arose with its radiant stars and gleaming moon. Long, Mary gazed o'er the shadowy plains for her husband's return; the fearful sounds which came o'er the lake, filled her heart with terror, the strong heat had dried up every spring, and the wild beasts were driven from their secret haunts to search for water. The lake was diminished to half its former size, and they drew round its banks close to the cottage door. Midnight passed and on the breeze which heralded the dawn of day, came a distant sound; it drew nearer.— Oh! not half so fearful were the screams of the fierce animals to her, as was that voice.— 'Twas a wild chaunt of drunkenness—the bitterness of death was passed in that moment.

ony, and Morton entered the house reeling under the influence of drink. From that day, he fled—the poison he had in abundance, and more he was the raving maniac or the senseless wretch, who had darkened the existence of those whom fate had placed in his power. The strangers whose company he had shared were escaped convicts—men whose crimes were dreadful to think upon; they had become “bush rangers,” and frightful depredations were committed by them on the settlers. Dwellings were burnt and the wretched inmates murdered, whilst they escaped pursuit in the solitude of those vast plains, and with these men did Morton Lindsay connect himself; the once virtuous, talented, honoured and beloved—but such is drink’s doings, and obeyed by the power of the demon spell, he became their confidant. Now Mary’s sorrows increased; her son, a fair and gentle child, had withered, and lay at the point of death. Her daughter was her sole companion, Morton had been absent for a week with his new companions; the drought had increased, and oh! how horrible the scenes it brought—the grass withered and the earth opened in wide chasms, the lake had shrunk to a small muddy stream, and the black swan floated screaming o’er its waters. The wolf-dogs howled around it, ghastly as the sight, yet unable to approach the soft slime which lay between. The wild bird flapped its dreary wing, and animals, whose very being is a paradox on nature’s laws, with reptiles of hideous form, all gathered there, tormented by their raging thirst; and in the midst of this was Mary and her rag child—not one drop of water to cool its parched lips. Her tears fell upon his brow—he started from his sleep and said, “alas! mother! I thought I again felt the rushing of our own sweet brook at Glenallon.”

“Oh! for one drop of its waters to give to me, my darling,” said Mary, as she kissed his pale cheek.

At that moment, Helen, who had gone to seek for water, had found a little; the crystal glass gleamed upon the vessel’s sides, and as she passed o’er the pale features of the boy, where she reached it to him, it was snatched from her hand and drained to the bottom.—Morton had come in, tormented with the burning agonies of a drunkard’s thirst, and seized the treasured cup; Mary sprung from her seat—but she paused—the child was dead, and that brutal father looked upon his corpse.

One morn when Mary sat weeping for her son, a party of soldiers came across the plain,

they were in pursuit of the three villains, the measure of whose crimes was almost completed—they passed, and that night the “bush rangers” met at Morton’s dwelling. He agreed to join and proceed with them further up the country. Mary heeded them not, when a proposition was made by one of them which thrilled her with horror, such as she thought not earth contained now for her. He declared that Helen should accompany him; the innocent, the beautiful girl, clung frightened to her mother—the fearful thought had never before crossed her mind. Helen was fourteen, but so child-like in her nature that even her mother fancied her younger than she was.—She flung her arms around her daughter, and on her knees prayed them to leave her, but Morton himself unloosed her grasp, and Helen was borne away in their strong arms; instantly she followed them, but how vain was her speed—still on she toiled, led by their voices through the darkness and the long tangled grass, ’till the glaring sun arose, and she saw them enter a thick coppice of brushwood, where doubtless they meant to rest during the heat of the day. The thought of the soldiers flashed across her mind—might they not now be returned. Heedless of the fatigues she had undergone, she retraced her path and met them returning from their fruitless search; she had hardly breath to declare her story. One of the soldiers was on horseback, her fainting form was placed beside him, and on they hastened in the direction she shewed; a red flame of fire arose from the coppice, and one wild shriek came on the air; they increased their speed, but ere they reached it, a light cloud of smoke alone arose on the cloudless sky. Amid the ashes of some rude building lay a blackened corpse. One long bright tress of golden hair was untouched by the fire, and Mary looked on all that remained of her lovely child.—The three convicts were taken at a short distance from the spot, and as they returned with their prisoners, the discharge of a pistol was heard near, and behind some bushes lay the disfigured body of Morton Lindsay, destroyed by his own hand; the grave was dug where he fell, and by the unhallowed grave of the “suicide,” was laid the ashes of his child.—Mary was borne from the dreary place, and once more she reached Glenallon. The events that intervened she could never tell, but the remnant of her life was passed in peace.

One day a meeting was held in Glenallon, and although not the sabbath, the kirk was thronged. A stranger from another land lec-

tured there on "temperance," the subject was new, and many heeded little his discourse, 'till they looked on one who stood beside him; they saw the dimmed eye, the sunken cheek, and the brow long since shaded with untimely silver—they remembered Mary Lisle—they thought upon her sorrows, and the "temperance pledge" was signed there by many an eager hand. B—N.

Mount Auburn, (English Settlement,) 1842.

—●●●—
For The Amaranth.

—
SPRING.
—

SPRING hath the ling'ring wreath of snow
Gilt by the moon's pale ray,
Whisp'ring that fairest things must fade—
E'en tho' in beauty's garb array'd,
And pass from earth away.

It hath the dew-drop glittering bright,
Pendant from forest bough,
Reflecting back the sun's red ray
As first he gilds with golden day
The pine-clad mountain brow.

And spring hath flowers, deep-tinted flowers
Its landscape to adorn;
It hath the odour pure and new,
Refreshing as the dripping dew
Of bright effulgent morn.

It hath the music tones of love
Floating æriel past;
From nature's warblers sweet they flow—
Incessant from the bowers below
Up thro' the boundless vast.

It hath the playful zephyr's breath
Meand'ring from the west,
Sighing amid its leafy bowers—
Calming the spirit's ruffled hours
And lulling it to rest.

It hath the magic twilight hour
Inviting sweet repose—
Or evening walk—before the shades
Of darker night the scene invades,
Its beauties to enclose.

It hath the tinted cloud at eve
Refulgent—glowing—bright,
Wreathing around the setting sun,
Ling'ring to see his journey done—
His last departing light.

Sweet childhood of the year, Oh! spring!
True semblance of my youth;
Thou bear'st the imprint of its joys
Without it's sorrows or alloys,
Its character of truth.

Liverpool, N. S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.

Written for the Amaranth.

—
ON PRAYER.
—

Oh! I love to pray when the daylight break
And tinges with "glory" the earth's blue lake
When the mists are floating o'er the dells,
And the dew lies deep in the lily's bells;
When the earth is bright with opening flowers
And birds sing in the forest bowers—
Oh! then on that fresh and balmy air,
How sweet to breathe the soul in prayer.

I love to pray when the sun rides high,
In radiance through the beaming sky,
And lightly plays through the leafy shade
Of some lonely and-silent glade;
When the streams have a soft and soothing
sound,
And silence and beauty is all around—
How sweet in that lonely glen untrod,
To raise the heart and thoughts to God.

I love to pray when the sunset glow
Sheds its light on the world below;
When the purple brightness of the west
Seems to the eye like a "home of rest,"
And the gleaming rays of gold,
Shine like the "pillared light of old;"
Oh! 'tis sweet in the glorious "even"
To praise the "Holy One" of heaven.

I love to pray when the light is gone,
And the still night comes calmly on;
When the moonbeams shine upon the stream
And the waters flash in their pearly beams
And the stars look down on the silent ground
From the blue vault of heaven above—
How sweet to pierce the clouds of night
And raise our eyes to the God of Light.

'Tis sweet to pray by the social hearth,
When eyes around are bright with mirth;
When no dark clouds of sorrow come
To mar the brightness of our home;
Then, then is the theme for praise and prayer
To rise to God for the blessings there.

But the joys of the world are frail and brief
And long are the hours of pain and grief:
When all the hopes of earth are fled,
And the loved ones of our hearts are dead,
And we see them hurried to the tomb—
As flowers fade in their first bright bloom:
Oh! in that hour of woe and care
How sweet to the wearied soul is "prayer"

Long Creek, Sept. 1842.

END

—●●●—
HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is contented to

For The Amaranth.

SONNETS WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM--
GIVEN AT PARTING.

TREASURE it well! this offering—the last fond
gift to thee,
None who'll keep thy vanished form long, long
in memory;
Who loved to watch thy infancy, when grief
his head had bowed,
And traced thy onward course through life, and
there was no dark cloud.

Cannot hope again to view that winning smile
of thine,
That sent bright summer into hearts more cold
and strange than mine;

For I am like the snow-clad tree in autumn's
parting moan,

That hath not one green leaf to look upon and
call its own;

And yet *not* as that tree when spring comes
forth with all her train,

For in brighter hues its emerald leaves of pride
will come again;

Set on my lonely hearth and home, green sum-
mer smiles in vain.

And yet not all in vain, for when I lift my soul
on high,

It seem to hear a promise given of immortality,
Hope 'ere long, of meeting where earth's win-
ters ne'er intrude—

A gift of love, to shed sweet peace o'er my lone
solitude.

Treasure it well! perchance 'ere long the break-
ing of a wave,

For the passing from a gentle flower of the breath
that summer gave,

For the rein-deer bounding from the cliff, in its
wild agony

For rock and surge, as though it knew that
death were liberty—

That 'tis but the eagle's heritage to live and yet
be free.

For the twining of the ivy leaf around some
ruined shrine,

May be more worth a moment's thought than
this sere heart of mine;

For I am old and weary, and my head unseen
must lie—

When thine is crowned with youth's fresh flow-
ers, and love's sweet melody.

Set not a thought unholy, in these pages find a
place,

But let thy sentiments be such as angels love
to trace;

Pure as the pitying tear that youth on misery
bestows—

Pure as the dew that on the violet's breast has
sought repose.

Write not a bitter feeling, or a word unkind and
vain—

Perhaps the calm of after years might wish:
them back again.

Be memory the fertile soil, and love the giant
tree,

Whose every branch shall seem a friend whis-
pering "*home*" to thee—

Whose every leaf shall bear a thought—a trea-
sure of the past,

And holy faith the clinging vine that binds
them to the last.

Farewell! farewell! At morn and eve when-
e'er thou bend'st the knee,

And pourest out thy soul in prayer before
heaven's majesty—

O think that in thy native land—*an old man
prays for thee!*

Saint John, August, 1842.



SUMMER.—This is the season of pleasure—all
partake of its beauties and enjoyments. The
man of business closes his ledger and forgets
his thirst for gain in the seclusion of rural life.
The young and neglected wife has now the full
enjoyment of her husband's society—not con-
demned to her solitary city home: wearying
for the hour to terminate the day, and bring
him perhaps moody and melancholy to her
arms. Bargains, speculations, and interest, are
here forgotten, in the sweet walk, the deep glen,
shady grove, or by the silver streamlet, recal-
ling again the moments of their first hopes and
affections. Her fairy form perhaps is changed
for that of the mother, and around them sport
in the innocence of childhood, a beautiful fa-
mily, bursting rose-buds from the parent stem.
Unseen by every eye but that of nature, in "the
dim sweet melancholy" of some wood, wander
a pair of youthful beings, who seek no society
but their own, who dwell in a world of happi-
ness, and look on the prospective as never to
be clouded with speck or stain—joyous mo-
ments, while yet the heart is fresh, and the
blight of age or mistrust has not fallen on the m.
Or wandering by the shore of the boundless
ocean, whose trump of eternal thunder never
ceases, in whose depths lie the spoils of nations,
for which the strong and the fearless have
struggled, toiled, and staked life and eternal
happiness; what must the rich man then think

and feel, when he reflects that he, like those who have there perished, is at the mercy of Him "who holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand." Of what does wealth avail him? Nothing—comparatively nothing; giving him an elevation, perhaps, above his fellow mortals in the sphere of fashion and its luxuries, but in no way cannot it secure for him a higher seat in heaven above the poorest of his fellow men. Apart, therefore, from mere enjoyment, is the participation in scenes of nature in her beauty and simplicity, calculated to soothe the distracted mind, to minister to the enlargement of our better feelings, and to humble the haughty spirit, which, in the plentitude of power and the exuberance of riches, forgets that there is a being in whose eye he is but one of the innumerable links in the illimitable chain of creation.



Written for the Amaranth.

TO ISADORE.

Thou sayest I am false—untrue,
And when thou sayest so
A cloud quick gathers o'er thy brow,
A shade of poignant woe;
'Tis then methinks I hear thee say
I well would like to know,
If falsehood lurks beneath the words
Why say, "*it is not so.*"

Thou sayest I am false—nor heedst
The anguish thou mayest give,
To feelings overwrought with pain,
By it made sensitive;
I am not false;—deceit to thee
Were sin I cannot know,
Oh! then believe me when I say
It never has been so.

I may have been what thou hast not,
Foolish, and proud, and vain;
But oh! I've suffer'd for the sin,
Deep and reproachful pain;
If thou couldst read the tortur'd mind—
Inspect the troubled soul,
Thou wouldst not *think* that I am false,
But say, "*it is not so.*"

Forget it love, 'tis slander's tale
And poison in thine ear;
Let not a doubt distract thy mind
Nor have a single fear.
I am not false—my heart from thee
Astray will never go;
Oh! then believe the truthful words
Which say, "*it is not so.*"

Though all forsake thee here below—
And leave thee to thy grief,
Yet I will cheer thee thro' the vale
And bring thee sweet relief;
While seasons roll their mystic rounds,
The sun with fervor glow,
I'll prove to thee I am not false,
And never will be so.
Dismiss that tear, sweet Isadore,
Light up thy beaming eye,
Let *hope's* assurance reign within—
Defer that thrilling sigh;
To thee I am not false, dear girl,
As well my actions show;
Thou know'st that I am *thine*, my love,
And ever have been so.

Liverpool, N. S., 1842. WILHELMINA

THE AMARANTH.

An Epitome of the History and Statistics of Nova-Scotia.—We omitted to acknowledge our last number, the receipt of a copy of this useful little work, which has recently made its appearance in Halifax. It is written by "*Nova-Scotian*,"—and judging from the flattering manner in which the Press has spoken of its merits, we doubt not but that it will be generally adopted in the schools of the sister province, for which it is particularly designed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The numerous favors which we have received, and which have already been noticed, will, as far as our space permits, be attended to in our next.

"THE BANKER AND THE COUNT," translated from the French, by G. R., Fredericton, will be commenced in our next; and "GEORGE NEVERS," an original tale, by W. R. M. B.

"A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE BERMUDAS," &c.; "THE STAR SPIRIT," by Clara; "NO SENSE," by Winnefred Middleton; "THE ENTHUSIAST," by Emily B—n; "FLIGHT OF THOUGHT," by Wilhelmina; "THE DYING CHILD," by Annette; with several other favors shall receive attention.

THE AMARANTH,

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