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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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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 XIII.

THE day was about breaking when Argimou awoke, suddenly—for something was snuffing and snorting violently above him as he lay. Turning his head softly, he looked up and beheld what, at that moment, made his strong nerves tremble with superstitious fear. He thought, as he afterwards said, that *Mun-doot* was looking at him; but recollection soon came to his aid, and with it returned the wild courage of the warrior.

Directly over him, with starting eyes and nostrils expanded, was the head of a large moose, protruding from the willow branches in which its body was hidden, and apparently under the influence of extreme terror; for its long upper lip was retracted from the glistening teeth, and upon its stretched neck the stiff hairs rose like the bristles of a wild boar. When, to complete this apparition, we add, that the forehead of the animal was furnished with a pair of broad, branching antlers, the first sensation that predominated in the mind of the half-

* Continued from page 209.

† The evil-spirit, Satan. This curious rencontre, with the ludicrous incident to which it gave rise, actually occurred, though at a different period; and it is related as told the author by the Indian hunter to which it happened, some years since.

awakened Indian, may well be excused. When Argimou had regained his self-possession, he sought immediately the gun at his side, which was drawn forward slowly and without noise, though his arm shook with intense excitement. Laying a finger on the trigger, and pointing the barrel among the leaves—as nearly as possible in the direction he imagined the body of the animal to be concealed;—for one second not a fibre of his frame quivered—then a loud explosion rattled sharply over the woods, which was instantaneously followed by a shrill cry. The moose gave a spring forward over the body of his destroyer, and across the startled sleepers, striking Dennis smartly with his hoof, as he fell with a heavy crash among the branches of the thicket beyond.

Now the individual thus unceremoniously treated, was a bit of a practical philosopher, and an "ould campaigner," and being strongly impressed with the necessity of that primal law, denominated self-preservation, he had, with a praiseworthy solicitude for the promotion of science, and its being made applicable to the amelioration of man's condition here, with, also, great thought and self-mortification, as a step in the grand scheme—discovered what he conceived to be the great "element" which interfered most with the comfort of the human system. Nor was he the only wiseacre that regarded Nature as the inveterate enemy of mankind. Plodding, like his betters, in the quagmire of metaphysics, he traced effects to their maternal origin, and, at last, concluded that cold, or, in scientific language, the negation of caloric, was the adversary he had to overcome; for he observed that all life came from heat, which axiom he deduced from many familiar examples, such as the germination of "prates," the hatching of chickens, etc.; and it followed, as a plain inference, that any deprivation of that essential quality, would cause an approximation to the opposite extreme. And

was it not the case? was not cold the blighter of vegetation, the terror of the animal kingdom, the nipper of noses; and did not all bodies become cold as soon as the life was out of them? But what occasioned him most immediate alarm was this. In the course of his philanthropic investigations he ascertained that there was inherent in the human body a continual tendency to cool, and he strove to overcome this propensity, as the main cause of man's want of longevity, in later ages; for it was clear that when a certain quantity of heat was deficient in the system, the person must die. So that, it might be said, he firmly believed that within the two principles, heat and cold, were "clasped the limits of mortality."

He had another idea, equally original. He thought that the blood of man rose and subsided twice in twenty-four hours, simultaneously with the tides, with a circulation somewhat similar to that of the sap in trees; flowing upward from the feet to the head, and "*vice versa*." Now, to correct the injurious defect in his own constitution, he had early taken to the use of strong drinks, to create an artificial stimulus, and keep up the desirable "*quantum*" of warmth in his inner man. Deriving astonishing comfort thereby, and following up his experiment, he devised a plan to fortify his outer man, during the unavoidable exposure to which he was subject when on a campaign. This was simply a blanket, the two sides of which were sewn together, like a bottomless bag. This gave great relief when lying out at night, as it was slipped over his body, to which it closely fitted, confining the motions of his arms, and rendering its divesture a matter of some difficulty,—closely resembling that peculiar article of attire which is kindly forced upon the acceptance of demented persons by the generosity of their guardians and friends;—and it may be, that many a saner man than Dennis Sherron has slept in a coat of the same pattern.

Now, whether it was the stroke of the moose's hoof, or the noise of Argimou's gun, that awoke him, we cannot say; but the fact is incontrovertible, that Dennis gave a great leap, somewhat in the manner of a fish, immediately after the extraordinary intrusion of the four-footed beast upon his slumbers, as before related. With a celerity which he never afterwards could account for, he wriggled himself upon his legs, and the first things that struck his comprehension, were a strong sulphurous smell, and a thick suffocating smoke that enveloped every thing around. Accordingly, the foremost idea that suggested itself to his con-

fused brain, was a visitation from the lower regions. He thought he saw distinctly, through the stygian cloud, the figure of a native of that blessed country approaching to claim relationship and honor which he was by no means desirous of obtaining—not being an advocate of the "actual cautery," as a promoter of the living principle; he even caught a glimpse of a decided tail, whisking in the smoke, and knowing that to be an unquestionable proof of satanic origin, he hung his brief decision thereon.

What could he do? He was not a coward naturally, but there are modes and circumstances of bravery; there are limitations, beyond which that inestimable quality ceases to obtain any influence over human actions, and here was a case in point. Who could face so unexpectedly, a denizen of the tartarean world? Besides his arms were firmly pinioned to his side by his straight jacket, rendering him as helpless as an infant; and worse than all, he could not even make the sign of the cross, the only infallible means of protection prescribed in similar emergencies. As for moral courage, he had never heard of such a thing. But the tail—*alias*, Argimou's gun—decided the motions of Dennis. Following the instinctive suggestions of his great primal law—self preservation—he turned his back instantly and fled into the woods, crashing, stumbling and howling, in his precipitate course, for he imagined a troop of the unhallowed brood were rushing after him in full cry. Some time he held out in his mad career, until further flight was stopped by the intervention of a perpendicular rock against which he suddenly dashed. Here he was found by the rest, who had heard his retreat and followed quickly, shouting for him to return. Edward could not avoid laughing at the figure which his servant presented, as he stood revealed by the grey light of morning with his back to the bare rock. His hair was disordered and standing out like diverging rays from fright; his eyes protruded from his head with an insane expression, strictly in keeping with the singular apparel in which his body was encased, giving him the appearance of a madman broke loose from his keepers; while he mumbled a number of inarticulate sounds like one in sleep, indeed the poor fellow's senses were so thoroughly confused, that it was not until his master had spoken several times and endeavoured to conduct him back, that he was undeceived with regard to the diabolical character of those near him. At last he was prevailed upon to return to the bivouac, and

his astonishment may be imagined when he beheld the huge carcass lying close to the place where he had slept. Having received a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, he said not a word, but with a series of violent distortions worked himself clear of his blanket—somewhat in the same manner that a caterpillar casts its skin—when, seizing a knife, he deliberately severed the threads that connected the sides together; thereby rendering a second addition of the foregoing predicament, as far as human foresight could discern, utterly impossible.

Edward experienced a sensation very like shame, when he thought of his careless neglect of duty; but Argimou laughed when he mentioned the subject, and merely said,

“My brother was weary. He knows not the woods; nor can he say unto the spirit of drowsiness, like a red-man—‘I will bind thee, thou thief, with chains, and not until I call thee shalt thou come, for thou art a warrior’s slave!’”

The chief rekindled the fire and commenced skinning the dead moose. Upon examination, it was found that the ball had penetrated the heart of the animal, which Edward—having learned the uncertain manner in which the aim had been directed—thought an excellent shot. Argimou, however, did not appear to regard it as evincing any great skill in woodcraft, but expressed his wonder at their finding a moose so far in the Micicete country; telling his companion that species of deer generally confined itself to the hunting grounds of the Micimac, and seldom was known to stray so far to the westward. A cloud of anxiety settled upon the Sachem’s face, as he added—

“Our wise men say, it is a bad thing for any wild animal to follow the hunters; it is an evil sign. Wherefore has this thing travelled in our track? Because he must obey his master what sent him; and, as sure as the Great-Spirit’s word, ill luck will follow.”

Not understanding the mysterious allusion that seemed to fill his ally with serious alarm, Edward turned from the dismembered carcass and was immediately struck with the grave demeanour of his other guide. Pansaway had seated himself before the dis severed head of the animal, and from his impressive action and low earnest tone, appeared to be addressing it in an apostulatory manner. Of course the soldier could not understand what was said, as the other spoke in his native language, but he drew foreboding conclusions from the sudden change evident in the bearing of the two forresters.

Let us translate, for the reader’s benefit, the strange harangue of Pansaway to the spirit of the slain deer.

“It grieves me, my cousin, to see you so low. Where is the fine mist gone? Where is the breath of thy nostrils? The morning will not hear thee call. Thy sister will listen for thy voice, in the autumn time; she will be very sorry when you come to her no more.* Poor fellow! he cannot hide away from the hunters, in the deep lake waters, any time again. The snows will not see his tracks, nor will he feed on the pine-tree bark when he is hungry. His legs were swift, his scent was keen; but death, O! Death is strong! Do not be angry, my cousin. What have we done? we did not know his face in a strange land. He does not stop here. Who has coaxed him away from the sun-rise? He must, O! he must be strong! But my cousin won’t do us any hurt. We were born in the same country—we go to the same home. What is his master’s name? that we may speak to him. He must be a wise Micimac. The moose would not do things for a stranger; what does he want of his friends, that he sent a messenger so far? He must be a very cunning man. Do not be angry, my cousin. The cat-bird is very deceitful, but the moose could not listen to his song; what would his own bird say? O, no! he would not do that thing. I am sure that my cousin’s master is a wise and an honest man. *A-di-cu-tuc!** I am sorry—I am sad. Thy face looks mournful: dull is thy once bright eye. I would say to your free spirit—come back! and roam in the land of the morn! but it may, O! it may not be.”

In an exceeding short time they were regaled with broiled moose steak, which, though not in proper season, was much relished by the travellers. Indeed Dennis, soothed and refreshed by his breakfast, forgot altogether the adventure of the morning; and while the Indians were preparing for their departure, he filled his doodeen and, with the luxury of a confirmed smoker, commenced twisting and curling white wreaths from the corner of his mouth, in all kinds of fantastic flourishes and spirals. He had taken off his cap to be more at his ease, and his blushing head contrasted pleasantly with the green foliage behind where he sat.—His master was wiping the night dew from his gun at a little distance. Pansaway sat directly opposite, beyond the fire, with his carbine lying across his knees, also smoking his hatchet—

* Farewell to thee.

pipe, with seeming composure; but a close observer would have seen that his keen eyes were turned suspiciously from time to time upon the thicket at the right of Dennis. While the chief, partly hidden from the view of the latter by an intervening branch, was occupied in cutting up venison for more convenient carriage, and making up the packs of the party.

Suddenly, the Indian expression of surprise escaped the lips of Pansaway, and his pipe was immediately dropped, while his ear was turned in an attitude of intense listening towards some sound that had caught his attention, in the copse on his left. Nor was he at fault, for that instant the well-known twang of a bow string was faintly heard in that direction, followed by a whirring sound, as an arrow, cutting its swift passage through the smoke of the fire, dashed the doodeen from the mouth of Dennis, and buried its flint head deep in the stem of an ash tree hard by, where it quivered "like a reed shaken by the wind!"

"Holy Mother! wat's thon!" exclaimed Dennis, clenching the inch of clay that remained between his teeth with terrible energy, while he felt his nose carefully, for the missile had actually tickled its extremity as it passed. But the old warrior motioned him to be still, making at the same time a sign with his finger to Argimou, who stole noiselessly away among the willows, in a line parallel with the flight of the arrow from their unseen assailant. Not a muscle moved in the face or limbs of Pansaway, during the momentous silence that succeeded, though a second arrow, urged with truer aim, passed through the hair of Dennis; who, with his master, had sprung upon his feet in a state of uncontrollable excitement. They were about to fire at random among the bushes, when a deep groan was heard; whereupon, the stern, imperturbable old Micmac, perfectly assured of the result, calmly reit his *to-ma-gan* and puffed away as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Rushing to the place whence the sound proceeded, they found the chief bending down over the body of a dead Indian, whose bloody head and breast told a sufficiently expressive tale. The soldiers shuddered as they beheld the mode in which so many of their comrades had been destroyed, and Edward could not avoid a momentary sensation of repugnance toward the author of such unnecessary mutilation. But he soon overcame the prejudice common to his race against the usages of savage warfare, when he reflected that, after all, it arose from a false fastidiousness; the

result, rather of difference in habit and idea, than indicative of a superior national morality; for he remembered, with a sense of degradation that both the French and English governments sanctioned the custom of offering large rewards for the perpetration of the very act he deprecated, not—as with the Indians—for the sake of preserving a trophy of their prowess, but for the express purpose of diminishing, as much as possible, the numbers of their opponents. Each scalp was the warrant of a liberal premium—somewhat as, at the present day, a bear-killer receives a bounty, upon the production of the animal's paw—thereby giving encouragement to a wanton destruction of human life. As for the barbarity of the thing, many of the English settlers were well known to practice the same performance upon the Indians they slew, and even ministers of the gospel, with fanatical zeal, had stooped to gather, with their own hands, the bloody spoil. But the refined French of the Canadas, not to be out done in anything, with a genius for inventive cookery, in which they are allowed to excel all other nations, after torturing to death some prisoners that were captured at the massacre of Shonectaday, * perhaps with the same view that bulls are baited, viz., to enhance their quality and flavour—*boiled them in soup*, graciously serving out the infernal concoction to their less barbarous allies. But this is digression.

The three were standing beside the lifeless foe, upon whom they each gazed in silence. Edward, at length, picked up from the ground the bow that had so nearly caused the death of one of their party at least, and as he examined its construction, asked "what warrior is this that you have slain, Argimou?"

The chief wiped his red blade on the bearskin robe of his dead enemy, and replied exultingly—

"One who is stronger than many warriors and wiser than the serpent what charms."

"I do not understand you," rejoined the other, "dost thou think he is alone? may not be, that even now, we are periled where we stand?"

"The *Boo-wo-twin* is alone," was the brief reply.

Edward asked the meaning of the expression just used, but the Indian, taking a roll of fresh roots from beneath the garment that partly covered the bosom of the dead man, said to his questioner,

* See Colden—page 73.

"Come, let us go to my father, that he may know of this thing. They are destroyed—master and slave. The sky is bright again, my brother. Ugh! Who can say like Argimou?—I have killed a *Boo-wo-win*!"

Returning to his father, the chief, without speaking, laid at his feet the fresh scalp, to the solitary lock of which was bound the dried skin of a snake, and the coil of roots he had discovered; whereupon, the old warrior manifested considerable surprise as he remarked—"it is good."

Then followed a rapid colloquy in their own language, during which, many references were had to the above mentioned articles, and, by their expressive gestures, they seemed to connect them, in some way or other, with the moose they had killed, for Pansaway pointed several times to the horned head, the only part of the animal that retained its original appearance. After the earnest conference had terminated, Argimou turned towards Edward, and addressed him as follows—

"My brother asked what a *Boo-wo-win* was? I will tell him. What does he call that man, among the *pale-faces*, who is greater than those which fight their battles? He who vanquishes the bad spirits of the pestilence, with roots, and charms, and wise words?"

Edward thought for a moment, ere he replied—

"You mean one who dealth in medicines."

"Ay!" quickly interrupted the other, raising his arm emphatically: "the *medicine-man*.—Such is a *Boo-wo-win*. The white medicine-man is strong, and knows many things. But Indian medicine-man is much wiser and more powerful; for he can speak to the wild animals and scare away the evil spirits from the body, to their homes in the earth and the air. Over every thing has he power, except *The Great Spirit*, who is above all things. But though the *Boo-wo-win* cannot make the thunder and the storm, the green leaf or the winter ice, yet above other men he is very strong.

"He can say to this animal—no matter what kind, may be otter, beaver, snake, wild-cat, bear, cariboo, moose, any kind of live thing at all—'do this! Go, and search hard for that man; he must not live any more!' Then that man may sing his death song; for he will surely die!

"But you see, my brother, as there are some nations more wise and powerful than others, so are their *medicine-men*. You have seen that a *Milicetejik Boo-wo-win* cannot be very mighty, for I, a plain *Micmac* warrior, have ta-

ken his scalp. Then comes the *Boo-wo-win* of our nation. He is a *walking-fear* among animals and among men! But, above all nations, the *Mohawks* are the most terrible.—They are brothers to the bears.* They are a nation of *medicine-men*. Who has killed a *Boo-wo-win* of the *Mohawks*? Who says he has taken *his* scalp? I would laugh him to scorn!—it is a thing that cannot be! These great men send animals into the hunting grounds of their enemies, and find out their secret thoughts. They even can go themselves into the wigwams of strange tribes, and be like air to their eyes. Ay, 'he *Mohawk Boo-wo-win* can throw his arrow up in the sky as straight as the stem of a pine tree, and yet will it go on till it strikes the heart of him he hateth—'tis certain, brother. Who can turn away the white-man's ball and the Indian's knife? Who but the *Mohawk Boo-wo-win*? Then, you see, these men work with roots that grow in the woods, with scarce birds and snakes; and so they stop away many days—sometimes many moons—in search of these things, and they always go by themselves: for if any other eye looked upon their actions they would be weak, all the same like one little child. Now," concluded the Indian, "does my brother believe that the *Boo-wo-win* is alone, or that the moose followed in our track?"

Edward, whatever his own opinion might have been, was careful to avoid all dissent from the argument of his simple companion. He knew that it would be useless to attempt combating the deep-grounded prejudices of the natives, and felt too thankful for their escape from the serious danger with which they had been threatened, to venture any imprudent remarks upon so unimportant a subject. Covering the body of the *Milicete* and the remains of the moose with boughs and heavy stones, the travellers resumed their packs and departed from the eventful bivouac. Dennis lingered in the rear, with slow, disconsolate pace, making a mental oration over the fragments of his broken pipe—shivered emblem of mortality—which he held in his open palm, and regarded wistfully for some moments. At last, he picked out the piece of the stem that had remained in his mouth after the catastrophe, and casting the rest upon its original earth, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he put it carefully in his pocket, as a "parable of his ould clay." Then, revert-

* The words *Mohawk*, *Mohog*, *Maqua*, and *Mourin*, mean bear in several Indian languages; therefore, the *Mohawks* were sometimes styled "*the tribe of the bear*."

ing to his great first law, he commenced an abstruse calculation of the loss of caloric he would sustain by the unfortunate accident; which, with the prospect of his main supply being shortly exhausted—for the black bottle gave indications of being very low in spirits—was becoming a source of much uneasiness to the feelings of the philosophical Irishman.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Indians impressed upon their companions the necessity of preserving the utmost silence and caution, as they moved on, for they were now approaching the haunts of the Milicete, and knew not at what moment they should be called upon to act, as it was thought very possible that they might fall in with detached stragglers or hunting parties. The clouds that had prognosticated, for some time, a change in the weather, now condensed the moisture with which they were surcharged, and watered the woods with a heavy shower of rain, rendering the plight of the party any thing but agreeable, as they journeyed on under the forest trees, which afforded little protection from the watery deluge, for every leaf multiplied the torrent, by gathering the drops, spout-like, and transmitting them in huge globules to the thirsty ground. Every bough which was shaken slightly in passing, sent a shower-bath upon the heads of the travellers, and in a short time they were completely drenched, their heavy packs gaining additional weight by the fluid which they absorbed; so that, though the weather soon became more favourable, and the bright sun shone upon the woods, still they felt fagged and uncomfortable. At length they emerged at a cleared spot upon a bend of the same river, at a higher part of which they had bivouaced the night before, and the rapid, shallow waters sparkled and danced along cheerfully in the fresh morning beam.

Here they halted among the ancient ruins of what, as Pansaway said, was once a village of the Acadians, though it appeared to have been deserted for many years, the only traces remaining of man's having once abode there, being a few grass-covered heaps of stone, a number of crumbling logs, and an old, shrivelled, worn-out moccasin.

After a reconnoitre of the place, to assure themselves of its security, a fire was lighted, and blankets and outer garments, being rung out, were suspended upon stakes before the flame. Edward and Dennis employed themselves in drying their soaking hose, but the restless natives were wandering among the

mouldering fragments of the French settlement, which they seemed to regard with deep interest and curiosity. Old Pansaway had seated himself upon a stone, beneath the shade of a large cedar tree, situated upon the verge of the surrounding forest, and he seemed absorbed in thought, for his head rested upon his hand, and his features had assumed an expression unusually grave and mournful. Making a sign to his son, who stood with folded arms at a little distance, the young warrior was soon at his parent's side, when, motioning him to be seated, Pansaway addressed him in these words;

"Would you ask, O my son! of a people whose hearths are deserted, whose foot-prints are washed away?—Listen, and be wise.—Thy father's heart is a grave where the deeds of the past lay buried; their dim ghosts, travelling to and fro, have worn a pathway down into its depths. Where are the years that have gone—where are *their* grassy graves?"

"Whither has the smoke vanished—like a dead man's breath? Why are the ashes cold? Roll back, O moons of my youth! for the night is dark and mine eyes are growing dim."

"Thy father was like a green twig of the forest that delighteth in the fulness of its living joy, and he had heard of battles and of men, but his arm was tender, and his knife red only with the game he had vanquished; for the grass grew in the war-path of the Micmac, and though the hatchet was not buried, yet had it become edgeless and rusty. So he said to himself, I will go away from my people and tarry among the tribes of the sunset, and learn to be a warrior, that I may have honor when I return. Therefore, when the snows melted, thy father left the hunting grounds of his brethren, and wandered by strange paths among tribes that were friendly to his own.—And he found that the earth was very big, and that the country of the Micmac became as a little wart, upon its side, with a shape like a *wallum-quetch* * claw; and, likewise, that there was no end to the nations and the languages; and that the sun never set, but was only hidden by the hills and the trees.

"These are the red tribes of the sunset, and they are numerous,—yea, very strong!"

"First are the Mohaws, or tribe of the bear, these are nearest the salt water, and the Souriquois; the Oneidas, the Onondagoes, the Cayugas, the Senekas are next, on this side the great river that runs from the big lakes, near the

* Lobster.

evening; and they are called the Iroquois, or five nations. Then come the Algonquins, on the other side of that great river, by the frost; they were once glorious hunters, they were the masters of the earth! Beyond them stopped the tribe of the Huron, about the lake that bears their name. These were no hunters, but tillers of the ground, and their hearts were weak as water—yea, they had a woman for their Sagamou! Further on, were the Foxes, the Otters, the Canzas; warlike people whose war-cries filled the woods by the rivers that flowed to the sunset; whose hatchet was never buried. They eat the flesh of their enemies. They hunted the buffalo on wide plains of many days journey, they were fierce—they were without hearts!

"But of all the nations thy father saw, the Iroquois were the bravest and most wise. With them he first learned to fling a tomahawk, and how a warrior should die.

"He has heard the *black-caldron* hiss like an angry snake, he has seen the war-dance of the linked tribes: he has shouted their battle cry. The club is red—the eagles are drunken with blood—the bright knife is stained—the wolves howl with joy.

"Come back, O, days of my youth! for my limbs are heavy and my heart very sad.

"Listen, my son, to the strange things that thy father beheld, in the times that are gone. He has seen the worm from which the shells are got to weave the wampumbelts, so precious amongst nations. He has seen them clinging to the body of a drowned man, in the rivers of that land.

"The bird what mocks he has seen, and listened to his song in the night, by the waters of the Wabash. By the dim Ohio—by the salt-licks he has seen the great bones of that animal whom no man has beheld alive or hunted—whom the Great Spirit slew.

"He has looked upon the strong Niagara, in the country of the Iroquois; where Erie, like an overfull gourd, pours its waters into Ontario—where the rocks are like a wall, and the lake rolls over like the hollow of your hand, so that you can walk underneath, and be alive; though its voice is louder than the thunder, and it makes a man's heart leap, and moves the hair upon his head with fear.

"There the winds skin the foam from their war-caldron, by the beat of the torrent's drum, and the *Storm-slayer* hangs in the wave clouds his many-coloured bow. Ugh! The wonder of the Iroquois is a great warrior. He is stronger than the north wind—he cannot take his

scalp. He shakes his grey locks at him and laughs; he cannot bind him with his ice-chain. His lick burneth the frost's cold hand, and melts his sharp knife away. Ay, more mighty is he than the winter or the whirlwind, for he never grows weary. It is *Kesouk's** plaything! It is the Water-spirit's home!

"But after many moons word came that the nations by the summer had taken up the hatchet with the Wennooch, against the blue-eyed Anglasheou. So I joined a war-party of the Abenaci, and crossed the hills and the forests till we reached the shore of the salt water; and I felt glad when I tasted its green waves, and saw them rushing on, with a leap and a song, to the country of my childhood's home. We met many of my own people there, and I laughed! for they looked all the same like the children of the pale-faces. The Micmacs are smaller and less red than the tribes of the sunset. The salt mist has washed their faces white—the cold water winds have stunted their growth like the pines on their rocky shores.

"Roll back, O moons of my youth! for the night is dark, and mine eyes are growing dim.

"There was a gathering of many tribes from the Pascataqua and its streams—the Penobscot and the rivers by the setting sun. They were like the branches of a tree, they sprang from one trunk, one root—they were the tribes of the Abenaci.

"Numerous as the fire-flies in spring, were the fires of their wigwams, and more bright than many stars, they shone in the calm Kennebis. On its banks were they encamped, under Castine their Bashaba—the son of the Wennooch sachem, whom the red men love! In peace were they come to hear the *Great Voice* speak—the wisest among men.

"O! it was a pleasant place—the Norridge-woack—where they built a fort, and sat under the trees, or in the big chapel, and listened to the good word.

"There the *Great Voice* of the Wennooch dwelt among the hunters, and talked in the languages of the tribes. He told them how the world first was, and called the *Great-spirit* God. He said that men were very wicked and unjust, and that a great flood came—higher than the highest mountains—and swept away the animals and the nations from the whole earth, all but one man and his family—for *Kesouk* saw he was good, and told him to make a big canoe, and put into it an animal, male and female of every sort, of the earth and air;

* Great-Spirit—God.

so, when the waters rose up, he and his people were carried on the top, it might be, for one moon.

"Then *Kesoulk* looked down, and when he saw that all were dead he was very sorry; and raising his finger, he said to the storm—"be still!" and it was so. For the waters went away, and the man and his children and the live things walked upon dry land, and the earth was again covered with people and wild animals.

"But they became bad a second time, so *Kesoulk* sent his son (*Which-wil-le-nix-cum*),* in the body of a man, that he might teach them how to be good. But wicked persons took him prisoner, and nailed him to a cross, and so he died. Yet his spirit was very mighty, for it went up to the sky in a great storm, and the dead rose from the ground, and the hills were rent and shaken. My son," here *Pansaway* drew near *Argimou*, and spoke low,—“I have heard it said that the *Anglasheou* was that bad people, and so, for a punishment, the Great Spirit set his curse on them evermore, and they became wanderers upon earth.

"Such is the word that the Great Voice spoke to the tribes at the *Norridgewoack*.

"But the black *Powa* is dancing—the war-axe is bright! By the starless night, by the clouded moon, the red fire is burning—the war-song is sung! Bring the paint, O ye that can arm a warrior! Make him look terrible in battle: let him be a death-howl to his enemies.

"I see many light-haired scalps, I see many spoils. By the shores—by the rivers of the morning, I have drunk the *Anglasheou*'s blood: I have heard him screech his death-song by the salt water's roar. Let them come to the *Kennebis*; the arm of the red man is strong. He will count their scalps: he will tread upon their bones! There is *Mogg*—the bloody knife—and his tribe, and *Assacombuit*, the great sachem; there are ninety-eight notches on his war-club—you will find so many pale scalps in his wigwam. He has seen the sun rise beyond the salt water; he has seen *Onanthio*—the white-gull drops dead at his name.

The warriors are hungry. The black crow waits, for he scenteth the strangers from afar. Is the *Anglasheou* a woman? or a singing-bird in a red man's ear?

"Such was the song of the tribes, when they made ready for battle at the *Norridgewoack*.—The braves of the *Abenaci* came down from the hills and strung their bows, but not to chase the deer; and while they danced by the

smoking pile, the keen flashing of their knives was as the blue lightning in the cloud. Such O my son, was the gathering of the sunnae tribes, when they sharpened the axe, and stood still for the coming of the *Anglasheou*.

"The stranger came, and the earth and the river water were the colour of a red bird. Cold Death stalked through the village and rested in every wigwam, and brave warriors looked upon him, and sang their song without fear. What could the Indian do against the long spears and the thunder that kills?—he could only die.

"The Great Voice went out to talk to the wicked stranger in the words of peace, but they answered him with a whoop and a shower of death hail; and though many warriors rushed on before his path to save their father, it would not do, for he fell down—he and the warriors that were with him—at the foot of the cross he had set up to *Which-wil-le-nix-cum*'s memory. And so the Great Voice departed from among the forest tribes: and *Mogg*, the *Basha*, died like a man, with his wet knife in his hand, and his eyes open. Go to the wigwam of *Assacombuit*, and you will see many more light-haired scalps: you will feel many more notches in his war-club.

"But the tribes were scattered and struck by the thunder, and their homes were made desolate.

"When the storm ceased and the sky was clear again, miserable men went back to sea for the Great Voice that was still; and when they had found him, they wept. Ay, stout-hearted warriors—wild hunters of the *Abenaci* shed tears over their father, and were made ashamed.

"Woe to the *Anglasheou*! They had taken his white-haired scalp, they had torn his flesh, they had filled his mouth with dust of the ground, and his bones had they broken. But his spirit could not curse his enemies; for he said always that it was not a good thing to give evil for evil.

"Then they buried him where the chapel had once been, and *Norridgewoack* was his memory. And the tribes departed in sorrow, and their father remained alone in his bloody grave.

"Where is his spirit—O where? His was like the summer, like rock-water to a thirsty man—like the calm glory of the morning. But the green leaf turns red, and the forest trees doth come; and the spring—the sugar maple runs, the blue rivers roll on, yet the Great Voice he never returns. Where is his spirit, O where? Listen, my son, and be wise.

"The *Wennooch* and his brethren came

* Jesus Christ.

the sunrise seeking for a home, and here they built them huts and planted corn. But always were they sad and lonely, saying that they must live near the Great Voice's grave. So after many moons those red men who had been signed with a sign and a word of power—among whom was thy father—returned to the evening and dug up the bones of the Great Voice, and brought them back with them unto this place. Then, a second time, we buried them, and set up a cross by the head, and planted a cedar to his memory; and the Wennooch was glad and lamented no more.

"Look down, O my son!"—here Pansaway pointed to a slight inequality in the soil at his feet—"Dost thou see a grave? canst thou read a name?" And putting aside the spreading branches of the cedar tree with his hands, he showed his son an ancient, moss-covered cross, the broad top of which he scraped clean with his knife.

Had a white man been there, he might have deciphered, perchance, the half-obliterated words, 'PERE RALLE.' But the chief, not being able to understand the letters of the old world, was contented with the perusal of a curious roglyphic, which was deeply inscribed over the unknown characters; for he knew that, in the written language of his nation, the same symbol was used to signify, '*the Word of God.*'

As the father bent with reverential awe before the hoary relic, that sacred emblem of christianity seemed reflected in moonlight on his swarthy breast; for, escaping from the loose folds of the tunic that had concealed it heretofore, a silver crucifix hung from the old Indian's neck, glittering by its suspending chain.

What psalm is that which saith—

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust?"

Truly, the small stream that had flowed quietly on through the wilderness, making the desert places green, poured not out its pure offerings in vain; nor was it altogether swallowed up and lost in the great ocean of time. The red man's friend might be forgotten in his own land and among his own people, but with the children of his adoption his memory would never grow mouldy: the Indian never forgets. Here was one of that race, after a period of thirty years, bearing witness to his successful ministry, and speaking volumes in his praise.

Pansaway, after a few moment's pause, resumed his tradition—

"But whither has the smoke vanished?—Why are the ashes cold? Because, after many

years, the pestilence came and licked the blood of the Wennooch, so that their children died and their corn was blighted. Therefore, thinking that an evil spirit haunted the place, they quenched their fires, and took their goods and cattle, and travelled further to the sunrise, till they saw the morning come over the great water, and there they rested peacefully, evermore until now.

"But these things were before Pansaway looked upon the face of his son's mother. How strange is the life of a man! How joyful is his morning—his evening, how sad. Where are ye—O remembered voices? Hopes of the day-break, where have ye your home?"

CHAPTER XV.

Pursuing their route, after some delay at the deserted hamlet, the travellers advanced with great circumspection, while they began to observe indications of their approach to the sea coast; among which, was the sterile, rocky nature of the country they were passing through, and the more diminished growth of the trees. The soft, light foliage of the hard wood became more rare and scattered, giving place to the less graceful but more sturdy ever-greens of the different species of pine, which clung to the scanty soil of the hill sides, and were grouped upon the granite rocks, like granite warriors guarding the land from hostile intrusion. The dark and broken summits of the ridges were bristled with their spire-like stems; and, here and there, alone, forlorn and tottering on some precipice's verge, a grey-haired old sentinel fir, would wave its scraggy arms solemnly in the wind, as if to warn the strangers away; while the crow flew over head, flapping lazily, his ragged wing, and croaked hoarsely as he flitted past—like an evil thought: indeed, the character of the whole scene was stern and forbidding as the savage people who were known to make their homes within its forest lairs.

About midday, they reached a long strip of marshy interval, situate between two ranges of hills. Its level plain, being covered with long, rank grass, contrasted richly with the deep foliage of the picturesque high grounds on its verge, which, like the banks of a bold river, advanced and receded in every variety of point and indent, whose effect was enhanced by the endless shifting of light and shade, as the cloud and sunshine ran races over them. This secluded valley stretched away southward, as far almost as the eye could discover, terminating in an open sheet of water that rolled in

long, white billows at its foot, with a booming roar.

The guides pointing in that direction, shouted, "*La Baie Francoise!*" but that portion of the sea was better known to Edward by the more modern appellation of the Bay of Fundy; and had he doubted the correctness of his companions, the sudden change in the temperature, and the grey cloud of mist that shut out the line of horizon from view, were of themselves, sufficient to prove its identity.

Yes, there was the eternal fog—that curse which hangs forever about the coasts—haunting them like a remorseless ghost in the summer season, sifting each particle of warmth from the prevailing south wind, and collapsing the vital impulse of every living thing doomed to struggle on within its blighting influence.

Edward, who had been journeying for some days through the thick luxuriant forest, where the heat was sometimes overpowering from its intensity, beheld with surprise, the pigny growth of vegetation upon the borders of the sea; and his blood felt chilled by the cold, raw air which rushed with a strong draught up the marsh. Descending to the alluvial tract—which presented further appearance of having at one time, been the bed of a great river, the guides, instead of crossing to the opposite side, abruptly changed their course and followed the valley down; keeping close at the foot of the hills bordering on their left. Argimou and his father now began to examine, carefully, every foot of ground over which they passed, conferring at times earnestly in their own language. After proceeding some distance in this manner, they appeared evidently at fault, and the chief, turning toward Edward, with a somewhat anxious look, said,

"My brother remembers when on the evening of our first day's journey, we looked upon the tracks of Modokawando and the *Sundance*, and how the trail, after rising the river, turned straight away to the sunset; well, that was good. Then, you see, my father said, we will follow the river to the evening, and get between the frost and the *Milicetejk* trail—and we did so. Now, many days have we journeyed on a long path, but we have seen no marks crossing to the frost, therefore we knew if the *Sundance* was brought to Ouangandy, at this place—between us and the salt water,—we would surely find foot-prints of the war-party; but it is not so. Our eyes are crooked and we are like bats in the daylight—the way is dark before us."

While this disheartening information was

being afforded the lover, Pansaway had gone on somewhat in advance of the rest, and as his son ceased speaking, they saw him stop, as if waiting for them to come up. When they reached the place, he was leaning musingly upon his carabine, and gazing upon some object of interest on the moist, black soil at his feet. Ay, there they were. The same foot-marks they had witnessed before on the bank of the Petocodiac. There was the same remarkable moccasin-print among the numerous impressions on either side, and, above all, there were the deep indentations of a horse's hoof, whose could it have been but Clarence's?—and away they ran, directly to the westward.

Argimou gave a leap of delight, in which, however, he was completely eclipsed by the enthusiastic Dennis, who afterwards went on his knees and kissed the impress of his enemies, swearing that they were "the rale sort—the darlints, and he'd hold them agin any white man or Ingen that 'ud gainsay his say, for a half-pint, or a fig o' backey; so he would!"—As no one seemed inclined to accept the challenge, Dennis was obliged to cut another gymnastic flourish in the air, which was accompanied by something very like an Indian whoop, ere he could relieve the effervescence of his feelings. Edward spoke not, but he could with difficulty restrain his emotions. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed at the tracks of Clarence's horse for some time, and then suddenly stepped onward in the direction they indicated, waving his arm, as a sign for the others to follow. Forging several swamps and pools of water, which appeared to be supplied by the influx of the tide, and a deep creek that ran through the centre of the marsh; the party lost sight of the trail as they ascended the rocky uplands beyond. But after passing by the borders of a small lake, they again discovered traces in the swampy ground, and taking the precaution of making Dennis—who was more largely gifted than the rest, in the development of his lower extremities—lead the van, they followed in Indian file, each treading in the footsteps of his predecessor; preventing thereby, any suspicion as to their character or numbers, in case they should attract the casual notice of an enemy.

After this fashion, they advanced in silence and without making any noise for some time through deep woods and thickets of spruce and cedar intermixed, guided by the tracks which were very distinct in the moss and wet leaves until, having reached a half stagnant pool at the extremity of a morass, the trail turned at

ruptly to the north-west, over the high ground. Here it was again lost, but Pansaway needed not further assistance, for he kept on without hesitation, as a man confident in the knowledge of his way. They were still on the confines of the morass, and about crossing the summit of a precipitous fir-covered rock, when Dennis, who had deviated slightly from the path of the guides, approaching too near its verge, his clumsy foot slipped on the green mould, causing him to lose his balance, and the heavy pack, with which he was encumbered, preventing him from recovering his perpendicular again, he missed his hold and tumbled over the side of the rock with a tremendous crash, among the bushes; while his gun, cast violently from his hand, exploded as it struck the ground below.

With expressions of impatience and strong displeasure, the Micmacs hurried to the spot, but they were anticipated, for when they stood upon the edge of the steep whence their luckless companion had been precipitated, the terrible war-cry of the Milicete rang in their ears, and they beheld seven Indians rushing, with uplifted tomahawks, towards the extraordinary apparition which the fallen Dennis must have presented to their eyes, from a canoe by the side of the shallow pool. The advanced Indian had reached the half-insensible Irishman, and was on the point of burying his axe in the other's brains, when a ball from Argamou's carbine laid him dead at the soldier's side. The Milicete astounded by this proof of a new enemy being in their vicinity—having probably imagined that Dennis was some prisoner who had escaped from a returning war-party,—stopped abruptly, and before they had recovered their momentary surprise, Pansaway and Edward poured in a deadly discharge, which made two more of their opponents bite the ground, one being shot dead, the other struggling in the agony of a mortal wound.—Then, with a shout of defiance, the Micmacs drew their knives and bounded down the steep face of the rock, followed by Edward, brandishing his tomahawk, gaining swiftly the level ground below, they rushed with great impetuosity upon their remaining foes.

The Milicete uttered in wonder the dread name of Argamou, as they recognized the famed warrior of the Micmac; yet they wavered not, but awaited with dogged determination the collision of their enemies. It came. For the brief moment there was a swift play of steel in the sunlight, a tossing of limbs wildly, a red of fury—It might be pain; then the Milicete

gave ground and retreated, closely pursued by their opponents. But a fourth body was left stretched upon the green-sward behind, and Pansaway's robe was dripping with blood from a flesh wound in his breast.

Here now remained an equal number of combatants, and the conflict was continued with unflinching stubbornness, though the Milicete reared before the desperate onset of the others. As each became separately engaged with his adversary, the distance between the parties gradually increased, until all chance of assistance from either side, in case of need, was rendered doubtful; therefore, as each knew that upon his own resources he was alone to depend, a deeper character was given to the combat; fighting as they did, purely for life or death.

Edward was engaged with a powerful savage who aimed several blows with a knife at his body, which were parried with much difficulty by means of the hatchet with which he was armed. So rapid were the thrusts of his opponent, that the Englishman was obliged to act altogether on the defensive; not having time enough to hazard a blow in return. At length he was forced to fall back before the savage, who, seeing his advantage, suddenly caught the uplifted axe in his left hand and wrenched it from the other's grasp, but before he could strike his keen weapon into the unguarded breast of his adversary, Edward had darted upon him, and they fell together, to the ground. Fast locked in the embrace of hate; they rolled and twisted with dreadful distortion of body and limb, one seeking to sever the vice-like clasp of the other, for the purpose of using his knife to advantage; the other, with the strength of despair, endeavouring to prevent that object, as he well knew, that his life would be forfeited if he relaxed in the smallest degree, his exertions to hinder the Milicete's arms from bursting the bonds that confined them tightly to his side.

The superior strength, however, or the power of physical endurance which the savage possessed, was gradually overcoming the almost exhausted grasp of Edward, whom he had forced underneath, and a few moments would have sufficed to determine his fate, had not Pansaway, who had vanquished his foe, perceiving the crucial situation of his ally, hastened speedily to his deliverance. Finding that he could not arrive until it would, probably, be too late to save him from the deadly stab of the Milicete—the old Indian, at a great risk, but which was warranted by the urgency of the occasion,

threw his tomahawk before him toward the prostrate pair, and his well practised skill did not fail him in the extremity.

True to its aim, the weapon cut clean and crashing into the spine of the enemy, who sank back, with a baffled cry, into the arms of Edward, from whom he had partly raised himself. A wild shudder—an agonized spasm—and Edward felt the limbs of his foe stiffen above him in death, while a torrent of hot blood welled from the open mouth, which was lying close by his left ear. Removing the dead Indian from off the soldier, Pansaway helped him to arise, but he staggered with debility, and was obliged to rest himself on a small hillock, while his preserver went in search of his son, who was not in sight, as the trees were scattered in clumps over the place where they fought, and prevented them from seeing each other during the struggling conflict that had taken place.

Pansaway, advancing a few paces, discovered that Argimou was still engaged with his adversary, who wielded an enormous club, the powerful sweeps of which were avoided by the active Micmac, while at the same time he managed to plant several blows with his knife upon his opponent's body, though he was unable to close with him, in consequence of the rapidity of the other's motions—now to one side, now to the other; while the chief kept advancing, and both were approaching the shallow pool before mentioned.

But when the Micmac saw the father of his enemy approaching, his heart failed him, and throwing down his war-club with a shrill yell, he sprang toward the canoe, and jumping in, pushed out into the stream and plied his paddle with amazing swiftness—causing the light fabric to shoot like a dart towards a wooded point, which, if placed between it and his pursuers, would enable him to escape, as the morass was impassible at that place, being interspersed with sunken pools and quagmires.

Again Pansaway raised his glittering axe dripping with gore—if one man escapes they are undone—whirling round like a revolving wheel, the missile flew from his hand, cutting the scalplock from the bowing head of the Micmac, who screamed in derision as it dropped with a splash into the dark water. One more canoe's length and he is safe—vain hope!

The chief unslung his deadly bow from his shoulder, where it ever hung, and with the speed of thought fitted an arrow to the string. For one instant that eye is stone—that arm is iron, so devoted are they of motion—the thumb is at the ear, the string at its utmost tension: away

the shaft speeds on its fearful message! One wild shriek told that it had taken effect, though the object was immediately hidden by the shrubbery of the point, beyond which the canoe had glided. On gaining a position which overlooked the place, it was seen filled with water on a floating level with the surface, but its occupant had disappeared beneath the turbid stream which was coloured with black mud, oozing from its disturbed bed, mingled with a bright ruddy tinge—imparted by the bleeding body below.

Drawing the canoe to land, they turned it uppermost upon the bank, and then hurried back to the place where Edward was. By that time he had somewhat recovered his strength, and proceeded with the others in quest of Dennis, who had not been seen since the commencement of the fray, they having left him when he had fallen—the unconscious origin of a circumstance that had well nigh put a sudden termination to their scheme, upon the very eve of its accomplishment.

Passing the bodies of the Indians, they found that they were all quite dead, but an expression of stern ferocity, which even death could not eradicate or tame, still lived upon their bronzed visages, the latest they would ever wear. 'Twas the last seal of the unconquerable spirit which left its perishable tenement forever.

Dennis was discovered seated by the river with a woeful air, somewhat in keeping with the appearance of a bloody rag which was fastened round his brow, for he had received a severe bruising in that quarter by his unfortunate summerset over the precipice; and in the absence of other appliances, had made shift to manufacture a bandage from the capacious skirt of his under garment. But all this was trifles when compared to a far greater misfortune that had befallen him; for, alas! there on his side lay the shapeless fragments of a black bottle, the lumpy bottom of which alone remained entire; and from that and the mossy ground there emanated an odour very much like rum. Poor Dennis! With the inveterate faith of an Empiric, in the infallibility of some all-curing panacea, he had applied the last remaining drops of his "elixir vitæ," to the lumps upon his forehead, and afterwards began talking to himself in a very disconsolate mood.

Pansaway, at the urgent entreaty of Edward, allowed him to examine his blood-stained breast, but the warrior laughed as he displayed the superficial wound in his pectoral muscle, deeming the matter not worthy of any attention at such a moment. In fact, no time could

more precious, for the evening was advancing and an attempt to effect the liberation of Clarence, from whose supposed place of durance they were then not far distant, if not made that night, might be attended with obstacles which it would be impossible to surmount—surrounded, as they now were, with numerous and watchful enemies.

With hasty purpose the dead bodies were dragged to the side of the swamp and thrown into the pool, as the most effectual means of concealing them that suggested itself in the hurry of the moment. But there were crimson stains upon the green sward they could not hide; a record of their fate, traced in characters of dreadful import, over their grave, which they could not obliterate.

Secreting the canoe with care, near a small rivulet that ran from the morass, and drained its half-stagnant waters into a creek below, they resumed their march; yet not before Argonou, turning again to be assured of its security and concealment, saw with deep concern that the rapid watercourse was already tinged with the blood of the slain. It might divulge a secret to the Micchete he had much rather should remain forever buried in oblivion.

The sun was setting as the travellers stood upon an elevated knoll, and gazed with excited feelings at the prospect before them. Beneath, at a little distance from the position they occupied, was spread out the calm surface of the Kennebecasis, not, as they had first seen it, rising through the over shadowing forest in wash-like career; but, having acquired its matured growth, rolling a broad, majestic river, near its confluence with the St. John. At that place the flood appeared enclosed, as it were, by the projecting points which pierced far into its expanse on either side; though to the right the eye could descry the more distant headlands and coves which the river swept past, on its passage to pour itself as a tribute into the bosom of its mightier neighbour.

Directly in front, several islands, crowned with dark pines and birchen spray, rose from the sheet of clear water, like emeralds in a lake of molten rubies, for the deep flush of evening tinged the few clouds that hung in the western sky with the richest hues, from the mellow orange to the most brilliant carmine and purple, with every variety of intermediate tint which, like the colours of a dying dolphin, changed incessantly, as the orb of day sank lower beneath the hills westward of the St. John; or the light strips of cloud, like crimson banners, sailed imperceptibly onward. While from the

firmament above a roscate blush was transmitted to the mirror below—so pure, so transparent, that hinner would have despaired at any attempt to imitate its exquisite, though fleeting delicacy, by the poor resources of his art. The wooded shores, on either hand, were overflowing with exuberant vegetation, and the feathery foliage on their crests and projecting limbs, reflecting the direct rays of the level sun ere it sank, shone like glowing gold above the dark evergreens and the crimson tide; then as the radiance vanished from the leaves, and the twilight approached, all individual character was lost in one indiscriminate mass of shade. Beyond the opposite shores, which rose bold and majestic, long sweeping lines of hills could be distinguished, receding in beautiful perspective, one above the other, and thrown out in relief by dissimilarity of shadowing, until the prospect terminated in an undulating, mountainous ridge, blue and indistinct in the waning light and the hazy horizon.

The whole scene blended the elements of the beautiful and grand in a degree that Edward was fain to confess he had seldom, or ever witnessed before. The pellucid, spacious river with its wooded amphitheatre of hills, infinite in form and shade; the fairy isles, studding its expanse with their rich green coronals—the gorgeous sky, the deep harmony of repose which pervaded all, were sufficient to arouse the admiration of the coldest observer. But an object of more engrossing interest, at the moment, withdrew the eyes of the lover from that which at any other time would have called forth sensations of most passionate delight, so replete with graceful profusion and majestic dignity were the romantic features of the landscape.

Upon a sloping bank of the river, directly beneath the place where the travellers stood, and close to a long, narrow strip of land—which appeared to connect the nearest islet with the shore, were to be seen the enclosing fence, and white wigwams of an Indian village, among the rude cones of which was contrasted the dingy walls of a log cabin, nor was Edward wrong in the surmise that within its roof was contained the precious being ever uppermost in his thoughts.

The thin grey smoke, ascending from the clustered dwellings, mingled in a dim cloud which lingered among the adjacent trees, like a blue vapour, and in one place, a fire was burning briskly in the open air, by the side of which, several squaws and children were seated, variously employed, while, ever and anon,

an old wrinkled woman would rise and stir a pot that hung, by a forked stick, over the flame, and the merry urchins set up a shout of glee, whenever their blunt arrows would strike against a deer's hide, which, being stretched on a frame of poles, offered a broad mark for their juvenile archery. So distinct and close appeared every object about the hamlet, that Edward almost doubted the prudence of venturing so near, in the full light of evening; but all seemed uncommonly quiet, and devoid of any thing to evince suspicion or alarm at the propinquity of a hostile party.

Keeping within cover of a thicket, the adventurers awaited till the deepening shades might enable them to put in effect their plan for the deliverance of the captive. It was proposed that Argimou, by his own suggestion, should endeavour to open a communication with the niece of the Milicete chief; the latter being supposed to retain the maiden as his own perquisite. If, through her assistance, the escape of Clarence was effected, Edward determined to follow the advice of Pansaway, which was, to return to the place where the late struggle had occurred, and transport the Milicete canoe by a short portage to the seacoast, through the means of which they could arrive, in a short time, at the British post from whence they had set out; or, perhaps, fall in with the naval force, under Captain Rouse, which was known to meditate an attack of the French fort at the mouth of the St. John, about that time. Edward well knew the impossibility of subjecting Clarence to the vicissitudes attendant upon a journey on foot through the wilderness region they had themselves traversed, and no other mode of performing the project presented itself to his mind. Trusting every thing therefore, to the providential sagacity of his Indian allies, he yearned impatiently for the moment of action to arrive. His thoughts, meanwhile, were wrought almost unto madness, by the wild suggestions of fancy, as he imaged, with dreadful distinctness, the fearful scenes which the tender Clarence must have gone through; indeed, what surety had he of her being still in existence? might not their merciless foes have long since, put an end to her sufferings by harsh treatment, or well-known usages, too horrible to conceive? He saw his beloved exposed to the gaze of heartless savages, and bound to the torturing stake; he saw the blood gushing from numerous wounds inflicted with malicious vengeance by her persecutors; her fair arms are extended in supplication, her face is phrenzied with agony

and horror! such was the vision which his vivid imagination conjured up to distract his brain,—racking every nerve with the throes of mental anguish as the lover indulged, not unnaturally, in ideas of anticipated evil, when the period drew near which would enable him to determine fully the justice of his fears.

Old Pansaway, as usual with him, when he rested, was seated, with his carbine on his lap, in a musing attitude, his hands supporting his head, and his eyes directed towards the group of islands; now blending their various shades of green, as the cold grey of advancing evening began to usurp the gorgeous colouring of the sky and river. His curiosity was attracted by a long, low object, moving parallel with the shore of the most extensive one among the cluster which was most remote from the village beneath.

Had a spirit of prophesy whispered into the Indian's ear, as he watched, half insuntively, the motions of the distant canoe, that ere another century had flown, those small islets he saw before him, would be the sole remaining possessions of the powerful tribe, an insignificant portion only, of whose noble heritage was then visible, would he have given credence to the tale? Why, there was scarcely soil sufficient, on their foundations of rock, to afford graves to the bold hunters of the Milicete! Yet is it even so!

(To be concluded in next No.)



THINGS DEAR TO ME.

THERE is one only calm sweet face,
One only bright and beaming eye,
Where I can true affection trace,
One breast that heaves for me a sigh.

There is one only sweet, sweet flower,
On which I love fore'er to look,
It grows within my naive bower,
It blooms beside a chrystal brook.

There is a low soft babbling rill,
By which I could forever dwell;
It winds beside my native hill,
It laughs along the green clad dell.

There is one only angel voice,
Whose music I for aye could drink;
One smile that doth my heart rejoice,
And in it forms one golden link.

There is one only spot on earth,
That holds my heart more than another,
It is the place that gave me birth,
The place were dwells my aged mother.

Written for The Amaranth.

THE MAID OF SAINT VINCENT.

A TALE.—By J. M. 69TH REGT.

[Concluded from page 224.]

"I would here throw a veil over the mental misery which succeeded, but I am obliged to continue my sorrowful history.

"Time rolled rapidly on, and the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to the continent. The 'modern Alexander' was then in the zenith of power: power which England was destined to crush, and that eagle which proudly spread his pinions over a moiety of the earth, soon sank beneath the paw of the 'lion of Albion,' never again to rise.

"It would be tedious to inform you of the numerous sieges, &c., in which I was engaged. There was scarcely a forlorn hope ordered for which I did not volunteer;—my courage was considered superhuman, alas! it was the courage of despair, for I still could not forbear thinking of the sudden bereavement of my adored Isabella, and my dear little Charles—but alas! it was useless to give way to grief; and for this purpose I sought every opportunity which presented of active employment, yet I could not banish the thoughts of them from my mind.

"I would here attempt to give you a description of some of the scenes through which I passed, but as you can at any time read accounts of the Peninsular campaigns, by some excellent writers who have served there, it would be a work of supererogation for me to take up the subject; it may not, however, be out of place to relate a circumstance which occurred to myself, and to which, on account of the part I had the good fortune to enact in it, I shall ever look back with a feeling of satisfaction.

"The morning after the storming of Badajos, was one of the most heart-rending I have ever witnessed; heaps of dead bodies were piled together in horrible confusion. After all was settled, I walked forth to view the town. The troops had three days allowed for the purpose of plunder, and as I promenaded the place, I was disgusted at the scenes of confusion and riot which every where presented themselves. Here might be seen, soldiers wives, who but the day previous, had scarce a rag to cover them, or a shoe to their feet, now rolling in rags, with large jewels adorning their ears and fingers, while the scenes of devastation baffled description.

"I stood for some time watching the pro-

gress of the plunder, and to the shame of the sex, be it recorded, that the wives of the soldiers were the greater plunderers. My heart sickened at the sight, and I unwittingly proceeded to the suburbs of the town, where I thought I might have been able to pursue my reflections uninterrupted by such scenes as those I had witnessed. Suddenly my senses were assailed by the piercing shrieks of a female, from a lonely house in the vicinity of my walk; repeatedly the cry of 'mercy' rang upon my ear, and I rushed to the spot, resolved to ascertain the cause. I entered the house when a scene opened upon my astonished sight, which was truly heart-rending. There stood a poor old man whose hoary locks alone might have claimed compassion, with a rope round his neck, while the other end was thrown over a beam, which extended across the building, and a beautiful young woman holding by his knees, rent the air with her cries. A Portuguese drummer who held the other end of the rope, annoyed the poor man, by now and then giving it a sudden pull, so as to compress the muscles of his neck, another fellow of forbidding appearance, was endeavouring to force the young woman from the old man's feet, while a third was continually demanding money, while the unfortunate man made the most solemn asseverations that he had not any to give them. To the honour of British soldiers, I must do them the justice to state that neither of the three was English, although they belonged to the allied army. I asked their reasons for attempting to take the poor old man's life, when the drummer exclaimed 'why does not the old — tell where he has hidden his money?' I turned to the poor man, who gazed at me with the most lively expression of countenance, while the young woman, whom I afterwards learned was his daughter, stood pale as a marble monument, and desired him if he had any money to give them a few dollars, and let them depart; but, with tears in his eyes, he informed me that he had already lost all he possessed in the general plunder, and had not a rial left. 'Oh, signior,' added he, 'for the sake of the blessed mother of God, if you have any influence over these men do not permit them to dishonour my child—do not permit them to leave her without a protector.'

"Moved by the old man's entreaties, as well as the tears of his daughter, I turned to the drummer, and addressing him in Portuguese, told him that, 'being a British officer, I could not stand by and see the orders of the Commander of the Forces disobeyed, which were

to the effect that, although plunder was allowed, yet no excesses were to be committed; and that if they did not instantly desist, I would most certainly let their conduct be known in the proper quarter.' This had the desired effect, and the trio immediately departed. I then loosed the rope from the unfortunate old man's neck, and had the exquisite satisfaction to restore him to his daughter, who, seizing my hand, covered it with kisses. He then related to me the cause which led to my having found him in the state which I have described. 'Having been pillaged,' said he, 'in the morning of all I possessed, I was preparing with a heavy heart to leave the town. Fearful that the beauty of Lisette—whom I had hidden from the soldiers—might attract their gaze, I was about to reconnoitre the premises, hoping to get her away unseen, when those three men entering the house demanded money; I told them that I had already been plundered, and that in consequence I had not any left, when they commenced in the most cruel manner to break every article in the house. See,' he added, pointing to the floor, which was covered with pieces of glass, china, &c., some of which were ground fine as powder, 'see with what cruelty they have acted. Being still unsuccessful in finding money, they threatened to put me to death;—this brought poor Lisette from her hiding place, who clung to me in the manner you saw. But they most probably would not only have put their horrible threats upon my life into execution, but have violated my child, had not your timely interference prevented it. You have saved my life, signior,' he continued, 'you have done more—you have saved the honour of my child; may God reward you, I cannot, for I am now penniless, but, wherever you go, may the blessing of the heart-broken attend you.' He turned away to hide his emotion, and seizing the opportunity, I slipped twenty dollars into the hands of his daughter, and hastily brushing away a tear which started to my eyes, I left the house, and having seen them safe out of the town, I returned to my quarters.

"Early on the third morning, the order arrived for us to march, and having left a few troops to form a garrison, we bid adieu to the town of Badajos.

"Numerous were the scenes of hardship and fatigue which I went through for nearly two years after the above occurrence, but I minded them not; I knew I was suffering for my country, and it little mattered what became of one who felt himself as I did, alone in the world, by the loss of all he held dear.

CHAPTER IV.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
POPE.

"The golden hues of a setting sun were rapidly giving way to the soft grey of twilight, as I entered the small but beautiful town of — at the head of my company—(I had just been promoted to the rank of captain)—we were on the march for the field of WATERLOO. An unusual bustle took place among the inhabitants, at the arrival of so many soldiers. When all had been told off to their respective billets, I walked out to enjoy the delights of a summer's evening. I had not proceeded far when I observed a very respectably attired old man, gazing on me with a deep expression of interest. The face was not entirely unknown to me, yet I could not tax my memory, as to the place where I had beheld it.' Observing him to continue gazing upon my countenance, I accosted him, saying, 'you seem to know me my friend?' He had scarce heard the sound of my voice, when he clasped me in his arms, exclaiming, 'know you! yes, signior, I do know you;—why should I not recollect the saviour of my life, and, of my daughter's honour; but it is not meet that you should stand thus in the street.' So saying, he seized me by the arm, and having hurried me onward, I was soon snugly seated in the parlour of one of the principal inns. A handsome young woman, whom I instantly recognized as the daughter of him whose life I had saved two years before,—sat in one corner, plying her needle while a cherry-checked infant lay in a wicker cradle, and a good looking young man occupied a chair in another part of the room.—Scarce had the young woman's eyes rested on my countenance, when she arose and welcomed me in the most rapturous manner, then running to the cradle, she held up her infant, saying, 'here is one whose smile will be more eloquent than words, he shall thank thee for his mother.' The little fellow crowed with delight, and oh! what a pang shot across my bosom, as I recalled the infantile smiles of my own lovely Charles, and his never-to-be forgotten mother. I was then introduced to the young man, who was the husband of Lisette, as 'the man whom he had often heard them speak about,' and was obliged to receive his thanks also. Indeed this worthy family treated me as if I were an angel, calling me their deliverer and loading me with blessings, and I felt a sensation of delight, at having seen those worthy people so apparently happy, and the

through my means, which nothing could diminish.

"After having enjoyed a hearty supper, the old man informed me that, 'after I had left them, he departed from the town of Badajos, and having met Vicentio (Lisette's husband,) who had managed to save something out of the common pillage, the latter united his little stock with what I had given Lisette, and having arrived in this town, they set up a small *restaurant*, which a little attention to economy, had enabled them to convert into their present establishment, and Vicentio and Lisette were united in wedlock.' He concluded by requesting me to make his house my own, during my stay in the town of —, and upon my departure, he presented a small parcel, requesting me not to open it until I was distant twenty miles from the town. I took the parcel accordingly and having traversed the required distance, opened it, and found the sum of fifty doubloons, which were highly acceptable in the then state of my finances; this plainly proved the truth of the adage which says that 'generous action is never without its reward.'*

"A few days after, was fought the memorable battle of Waterloo; this, as is well known, was one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by British arms. Thrice that day did I advance at the head of my company, and was as often repulsed, till at length a musket ball struck me in the right shoulder, and I was carried off the field insensible; but that Being who watches over the meanest of his creatures, extended his mercy towards me, and I was again restored to health.

"Time proceeded in his undeviating course, peace was restored, and my Regiment was ordered to England—when that trophy (pointing to the medal) was bestowed indiscriminately upon all, from His Grace, the Commander-in-chief of the Allied Forces, to the meanest drummer who served in that glorious action.

"It is now time that I should come to that part of my narrative which more immediately relates to Constance.

"After serving three years at home in comparative indolence, I exchanged into the —nd

*The concluding incident of the preceding chapter, which bears a connection to the above, is—together with this,—a fact. The author of these pages had it from CHARLES ARUNDELL of the 69th Band, who served with the 43rd Regiment, (light infantry) during nearly the whole of the Peninsular war, including the Siege of Badajos, and whose humorous anecdotes often kept the mess-table of the Band in a roar. He is now discharged on pension.

Regiment, which was then under orders for the West Indies; the exchange was the more welcome to me, as Major Thoroughgood, under whom I had served at Waterloo, was going out as Lieutenant Colonel in command of the regiment. To convey an idea of the virtues of this truly good man, and of his amiable lady, by description, would be impossible: the recital of their goodness would fill volumes. It must serve my present purpose to inform you, that a poor soldier's wife was never ill or in need, who was not sought out, and medicines and comforts administered by Mrs. Thoroughgood. The worthy Colonel himself was looked up to by all ranks as a pattern of virtue, and was obeyed as an indulgent parent more than as a rigid commanding officer. Although—for the maintenance of discipline—when he found it necessary to repress crime, he invariably visited the culprit with severe punishment, yet did his heart bleed when he was obliged to resort to summary measures. It is indeed far beyond my skill to paint the goodness of this worthy couple. Benevolence and religion seemed to have taken up their abode with them. On Sundays Mrs. T. used invariably to instruct the children of the regimental school in person: teaching them the truths of that holy religion which professes CHRIST, and Him crucified. To those who were diligent and attentive she usually distributed rewards, such as books, medals, &c.; while to the seeming backward she spoke in such a kind manner, that her words usually found their way to the hearts of the juvenile class to which they were addressed, and went far to prepare their young minds for the service of God, and their native land.

"The pestilential clime of Demerara did not agree with the health of the soldiers. Intermittent fever found its way among them, and numbers fell victims to the fatal influence of a distemper peculiar to that place, which was called '*The Demerara Colony Fever*;' so that it was soon found necessary to send to Europe for a draft to supply the loss made by the dreadful inroads of that epidemic. Accordingly, about a month or two after our arrival in this island, a detachment consisting of one hundred and eighty men joined from England, and were distributed part with the right wing stationed here, and the remainder with the left which was stationed in a neighbouring island. Among the new comers I noticed a fine young man, of about twenty-four years of age, by the name of Charles Osborne; he was married, and although his wife was one of the prettiest women I had ever seen, yet a fixed and settled

melancholy seemed to have taken possession of him, and to all my enquiries as to the cause he either answered evasively, or seemed averse to giving any answer whatever. I felt strangely, and indeed unaccountably interested in this young man; his features seemed familiar to me, yet I could not call them to mind—still as I would come across at any time, as he saluted me, and I gazed upon his countenance, I would feel an interest in my breast for which I in vain endeavoured to account. A rosy cheeked little girl had blessed his union with his lovely wife, she was about three years old on their arrival in this island;—you behold that child in CONSTANCE. You need not start," he added, observing my sudden bound from the chair upon which I was seated, "I have now come to the most eventful part of my history, and although I inform you that Constance is above you in rank, yet it is not the less true, that she is the daughter of a man who was once a *private soldier*—but of this anon.

"The character of Osborne appeared to be so excellent, and my interest in him daily increasing, I applied to my friend the Colonel, and had him transferred to my own company. His attention to his duties was unremitting—he wrote a beautiful hand, was well versed in accounts, and I anxiously sought an opportunity to recommend him for promotion. An instance soon occurred, which at once paved the way for what I had so ardently desired, in the following manner:

"Colonel Thoroughgood, who studied by every means which lay in his power to make the situation of the men under his command comfortable, having observed that a large quantity of brushwood had accumulated beneath the fort, which would, if permitted to continue, eventually become very prejudicial to the health of the garrison, gave orders for a fatigue party to be employed for the purpose of clearing it away from the surface of the steep hill, in a direct line to which, about one hundred yards above its foot was located the magazine, containing the whole of the service and practice ammunition of the fort. The serjeant who commanded the party, observing that it was very difficult for the men to ascend the hill and cut away the weeds, thoughtlessly gave an order to set it on fire. In a climate like the West Indies, where there is a continued drought for the space of two-thirds of the year, the weeds, etc., which grow about the place are so dry that if a spark of fire but touch them they burn like chaff. In this instance, scarce had the fire been applied at the bottom of the hill, than the

flames arose with the rapidity of an arrow shot from a bow, and it was evident to the most superficial observer, that they would, if not arrested, quickly reach the magazine, when the loss of life upon its explosion would have been terrific. At this moment, Osborne, who happened to be on guard upon the citadel, seized a practice-sword which was lying near, and jumping on the parapet in front of the magazine, succeeded in cutting away the brushwood, which had not been caught by the rapidly approaching element. The slightest step either to one side or the other would have precipitated him down the frightful abyss, when he would have been inevitably dashed to pieces. Had he not thus ventured his life, it is probable that not only every soul in the garrison would have perished, but the destruction would have extended to Kingston itself. For this courageous act I immediately brought Osborne to the notice of Colonel Thoroughgood; who, after having paid him a very high compliment upon his valour, made him a serjeant on the spot; and at the same time sharply reprimanded the serjeant who had so incautiously placed the lives of the garrison in such jeopardy.

"I had now gained my object with regard to this young soldier, and upon the discharge of my color-serjeant, about twelve months afterwards, I had him elevated to that honourable office, with the payment of my company, which capacity he continued to give me the most implicit satisfaction.

"At this period the regiment at large experienced a great calamity in the temporary loss of our worthy Lieutenant Colonel, whose health had suffered severely since his arrival in the West Indies. He had accordingly obtained leave of absence to return to Europe, and was to have embarked upon the arrival of his successor, who was daily expected from England. The whole of the soldiers deeply regretted his approaching departure, more particularly the Major who was to succeed him in the command, had recently joined the depot; and from the accounts received concerning him, they had occasion to believe that he was nothing but a cruel tyrant. To myself, his name, as I perused the gazette which appointed him to command, and, conjured up a thousand emotions in my breast, as his was a name I never could be expected to hear mentioned. I contented myself, however, with a hope that it might only have been a similarity in names, but upon his arrival in the regiment, my worst fears were confirmed as I beheld DALEY! He had joined from the 1st regiment, having purchased the second

major's commission about twelve months before. On the day after the major's arrival, the command of the regiment was given over by Colonel T. upon parade; and upon the departure of the latter, every soldier in the corps, proceeded to see him on board. This mark of attachment drew tears from the eyes of his amiable lady, and it was not until the vessel which bore them from us, was so far that nothing on board could be distinguished, that we no longer beheld her snowy scarf, waving her waledictory signal in the trade-wind's breeze. 'Twas then that many a heart-felt prayer ascended to the "Throne of Grace" for their safe passage over the treacherous deep, and for the Colonel's speedy restoration to health. We then felt that our best friend had left us.

Major Daley's first acts after the departure of Colonel Thoroughgood, were such as to prove that the accounts which had been received concerning him were far from having been exaggerated. Every succeeding day found some poor wretch almost suffocated in the cells, writhing under the torture of the lash; every day tended to shew him up to view as a cold-blooded, heartless tyrant, and many a poor soldier who called to mind the goodness of him from whom they had lately parted, could not forbear drawing a striking contrast between the tyranny of the one and the mild and gentle sway of the other; indeed those who had seen the —nd on the day the Colonel left, and about three months afterwards, could not have recognised the manly and upright bearing of the men at that period, in the stealthy paces and care-worn visages which now every where presented themselves.

"Added to the other detestable qualities of Major Daley, he was a professed libertine, and would it be wondered that the innocent beauty of Mrs. Osborne soon attracted his libidinous gaze. Alas! that it should have fallen to my lot to have found such a compound of villainy and lasciviousness as I have to relate dwelling in the breast of one who wore the British uniform: but so it was. He made several overtures to this virtuous young woman, which were at the first modestly, yet firmly repulsed; but he still continued to annoy her with his disgusting advances, and her pride—the pride of honest indignation, of womanly virtue, was roused, and she repelled his offers with the utmost disdain. But he was not to be so easily deterred in his pernicious purposes. One night when serjeant Osborne was on guard, the Major bribed the wife of one of his servants to bring Mrs. Osborne to her hut, which was lo-

cated in the vicinity of his quarters. Accordingly, having received her cue, the wretch invited the innocent and unsuspecting victim to tea; she at first refused, but at length, having been over-persuaded, she consented, taking the little Constance with her, more to get rid of the woman's importunity, than with any desire to leave her own room, for the purpose of gossip. Scarcely had they been seated when Daley entered, and began to assail her virtuous ears with ribaldry and coarse language. Mrs. Osborne evidently felt uneasy, but determined to hide her emotions, when the other woman rising left the hut upon some trifling pretence. Mrs. O. now began to perceive her danger, and was rising to depart, when Daley, seizing her in his arms, began by imprinting several kisses on her lips. She shrieked aloud, and disengaging herself from his embrace, ran to the door—it was locked on the outside, and finding too late that she had been led into a snare, she stood petrified with terror. At length Daley approaching told her that she was in his power, and that she might as well submit; 'else,' added he, 'force shall accomplish what your fastidiousness would deny me.' 'The poor creature fell upon her knees, and pointing to her child, whose smile would have turned a savage from his purpose, begged him for *her* sake to have mercy—but mercy was a feeling which had never found a harbour in the breast of Daley, and the lovely and innocent wife of Osborne was near falling a victim to the lust of this monster, when the door was suddenly burst open, and wild with rage, the injured husband stood between the major and his intended victim. Drawing his sword he made a sudden rush at the major, but the latter stepping aside, the point of the weapon entered the wall and was shivered in pieces. Daley did not, however, escape; the infuriated young man, who was of a powerfully athletic and muscular frame, proceeded to inflict upon him a severe corporeal chastisement; but this cost him dear. Taking his almost fainting wife by the arm he led her to their room, and instead of returning to his guard, remained with her for the space of an hour, during which period she had a rapid succession of fainting fits, which reduced her to such a condition that she immediately took to her bed in a state of high fever, which terminated in delirium.

"Meantime the villainous cause of all this trouble, having arrived at his quarters, sent for the Adjutant, and the latter having obeyed the summons, they proceeded together to the main guard-room. Daley immediately inquired for

Serjeant Osborne, but was answered by the Corporal that a woman had come there about an hour previous, and having spoken to the serjeant for a few moments, the latter left the guard-room in great agitation, and had not yet returned. 'Then,' said the Major, 'let us see if he be in his barrack-room; and you sir,' added he, addressing the corporal, 'I have a very good mind to confine for not having made a report of his absence sooner.' So saying he went to the room, where he found the poor fellow in a state bordering on distraction. 'Hallo, sir,' said he, 'why are you absent from your guard?' Scarce had he spoken, when the young man turned round and sprang upon him with the fury of a tiger. Several men, however, interfering, prevented any further mischief, and poor Osborne, who did not even get the usual privilege of one of his rank, in being confined to his room, was sent to the guard-room and hand-cuffed.

"A general court-martial was applied for by Daley, in which the charges of quitting his guard and assaulting his commanding officer, were stated against Serjeant Osborne, with every species of exaggeration; and in about a week afterwards a vessel arrived from Barbados, bringing an order for his immediate trial.

"I may as well digress a little at this period of my narrative, as it may be necessary to account for the sudden appearance of Osborne on the night when his wife was enticed to the hut where she met with Daley. The woman whom the major had employed, having perhaps, felt a little compunction, or shame, for the service in which she was engaged, had scarcely left the hut when she proceeded to the main guard, and having requested to speak with serjeant Osborne, informed him that his wife was then in her hut, and that Major Daley was there also, and as the Major's libertine character was well known, she thought it highly improper that they should be left alone together. This was sufficient. Blinded by passion, the unfortunate young man committed the very serious crime of quitting his guard, and the scene which I have related took place.

"The order for the trial of Osborne having arrived, the court was convened, and Colour-Serjeant Charles Osborne, of Captain Montrose's company, having been duly arraigned, pleaded '*Not Guilty*.' The evidence against him was indeed conclusive, and the prosecution having closed, the prisoner was placed upon his defence. He spoke in a manly, open and eloquent style, dwelling in a forcible and affecting manner, upon the circumstances

which occurred from the time he had received the intelligence, until he discovered his beloved wife in the situation already described; 'which of you gentlemen,' he continued, 'would not, if placed in my situation, have acted as I have done? Which of you, I ask, would have had such command over his passions, as to forbear inflicting summary chastisement upon a villain who sought to rob you of the honor of your wife? I am well persuaded that there is not one among you, who would not, if similarly circumstanced, have acted in a similar manner; I therefore leave the circumstances to your consideration, and will fearlessly await the result.' The appeal went home to the hearts of the greater portion of the members, of whom there was one, and this part of his defence having closed, witnesses to character were called, who one and all spoke in excellent terms of his previous conduct, and my own evidence with regard to his upright demeanour since he had known him, was also given, and recorded on the face of the proceedings; but as he had no evidence to prove the major's conduct, the court had to proceed in its painful duty, and a majority of the members having found him '*guilty*,'—it accordingly proceeded to award the sentence—that sentence was DEATH! In consequence, however, of the strong recommendation of the court, and the prisoner's previous praiseworthy character, the sentence was commuted to *transportation for life*.

"The result of her husband's trial had such an effect upon the health of Mrs. Osborne, who had begun slowly to recover, that she took a relapse of her disease, which in a few days terminated the existence of that beautiful and innocent young woman.

"My feelings cannot well be described as I witnessed the ruin of this little family, caused by the villainy of one, who, though ruling over a set of good soldiers, was far removed from them in the feelings of honour and of virtue. He was indeed a fiend in human shape. So I must frankly declare that the memory of his conduct with regard to myself, had great weight in my detestation of him. It is indeed a fortunate circumstance that there are few such characters as Major Daley, to be found in any grade, throughout the British Service. He was one who often brought to my mind those lines of the poet,

— 'Man, vain man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.'

"But to return. The tidings of the death

his wife fell with the weight of a mountain of lead upon the heart of Charles Osborne. He refused all sustenance, nor could he hold communication with any person; fears were entertained therefore that he would in the exuberance of his sorrow, lay violent hands upon himself, and every article which might have been made capable of facilitating such a purpose, was carefully removed from his cell.—The sentry placed at the entrance of his prison, had orders to call him every half hour during the night, and in case he received no answer, to acquaint the serjeant of the guard, who was instantly to proceed to his cell.—Such was the state of affairs, when one morning after the burial of Mrs. O.—which melancholy task I had undertaken to see performed—I went to the place where the young and afflicted widower was confined. There, stretched upon a few withered cane-tops, lay the unfortunate victim of tyranny and oppression, alas! sad was the havoc made by the ravages of grief and confinement upon his once handsome countenance, in those few short days. When I last saw him to converse with him, he was the picture of health, blest in the society of his affectionate and beloved wife, happy in the innocent prattle of his lovely child; what was he now? A doomed felon, but barely escaped the awful penalty of death, and for what? for attempting to save his wife from dishonour—his child from misery. Now deprived by the hand of the destroyer, of her he adored, and that lovely infant of her angelic mother. Ah! how much did his case resemble my own, how did I feel for his misfortunes at that moment, and how did I hate his cruel and unfeeling persecutor, ay, in the bitterness of my heart I cursed him; may God forgive me for the sin of that moment. I could have wept as I gazed on poor Osborne's pallid features, which appeared calm and placid, his eyes were closed as if in slumber, an involuntary sigh escaped me as I continued to look upon the sad wreck before me. The noise startled him—he awoke—he stared at my commiserating countenance, and bursting into tears which he vainly endeavoured to repress, broke forth into the following exclamations, 'thanks! thanks! oh! ten thousand thanks, worthy sir, for this additional instance of your never-to-be forgotten kindness!' then as if suddenly recollecting himself—'oh! God,' he cried, 'what will become of my child, thus at one blow deprived of both her parents?'

"'Fear nothing for her, Osborne,' I replied, 'she shall be my care.' I received no answer,

and upon turning towards the unfortunate man, I observed with a feeling of alarm, that he had fainted. I instantly dispatched a soldier who stood near, for some water, and while he was gone, I pulled open the breast of Osborne—a small locket set with diamonds, suspended by a ribbon, fell from his neck—I snatched it up—I examined it—judge my surprise—picture my feelings as I beheld on one side a miniature of my long lost wife, and upon the other were sketched my own features as I appeared on our wedding day. I knew the trinket, it was a present to my beloved Isabella upon that eventful morning, indeed I remembered having drawn the miniatures myself.—I touched a spring, within was a lock of hair which I instantly recognized as being of the same raven hue as that which adorned her head. The entrance of the soldier with water disturbed the train of meditation which followed this discovery, and I accordingly began to exert myself with the assistance of the man, for the recovery of Osborne—in whose fate the late incident caused me to feel a more than usual interest,—and after a few minutes, I had the pleasure to see him revive. I now narrowly scanned his countenance, the lineaments of which I had often gazed upon with a feeling for which I in vain endeavoured to account.—I mentioned to you, I think, in the opening part of my story that his features seemed familiar to me, and now, though pale and emaciated through long incarceration in a damp dungeon, I could plainly trace a strong resemblance to those of my dear Isabella. A new feeling now took possession of me, could it be possible then, that nature alone had prepossessed me in favour of this youth, and that I beheld before me, *my long lost son*? It must have been the miniatures, the extraordinary likeness, all, all assured me that Charles Osborne was no other than the child of whom I had been so suddenly and strangely deprived about twenty years before. But what had become of his mother? Ah! that was a question which harrowed up every feeling of my soul—a question which I anxiously panted to hear answered, yet, as the poor fellow appeared to be very weak, I resolved to suspend my enquiries for that period, and having taken a hasty farewell of Osborne, I left the cell and retired to my quarters."

CHAPTER V.

"*Jacopo Foscari.*—My father!

Doge.—My son, my son!" BYRON.

"——If there be a spell to stir the dead
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon."

BYRON.

"Die then, he said."

HOMER.

"It was evening when I left the dungeon, and sought the retirement of my quarters; my mind was agitated by a thousand hopes and fears, by a variety of joys and sorrows, I hoped that I had found a son and rejoiced in the hope, yet would a cloud of sorrow spread over the faint gleam of sunshine, which that hope conjured up, and I feared for the result, as I contemplated finding that son in the person of a convicted felon. The idea was revolting. I went to bed, but not to sleep, the thought that in Charles Osborne I beheld my son, still haunted me. Of this I could scarce entertain a doubt, yet having been so cruelly deprived of him for upwards of twenty years, to find him now—and in such a situation, oh! God, the pangs that thought cost me can only be known by one situated as I was at that moment.

"That night I slept not, and I arose on the first faint glimmering of day in the east. My resolution was soon taken, I would question Osborne as to the manner in which the likenesses came into his possession, at the same time I determined not to raise any false hopes in his breast, but ere I led him to believe that I was his father, to have the most convincing proofs, and if such were the case, to leave no efforts untried to effect his liberation. Accordingly, as early as circumstances permitted, I paid another visit to his cell, and having demanded how he had passed the previous night, I produced the miniatures and asked him to inform me how he had become possessed of them?

"'Sir,' he replied, 'I am indeed happy to see that trinket once more, I was fearful that during my fit of yesterday, the richness of it might have attracted the eyes of some of the soldiers, who happened to come in at the time, and that they had perhaps, taken it from me, and the supposition that I had lost it, caused me a greater pang than all the horrors of my situation.'

"'I am extremely sorry to have been the innocent cause of having given you any pain,' I answered, 'but Osborne, I must repeat my question, and in doing so, believe me I am not actuated by idle or impertinent curiosity, I always respected your feelings, never, as you are aware, having attempted to know more of your private affairs than you thought proper to

disclose—answer me then, I conjure you, how came those miniatures into your possession?'

"The earnestness of my manner seemed to have made an impression on him as he replied—

"'I can refuse you nothing, sir, particularly as you have ever manifested an interest in me, and I am satisfied that if you had not some weighty reasons, you would not ask the question, yet to give you a just answer, I must relate a brief history of the events of my past life. So saying, he commenced as follows—but as I have been already too prolix with my own affairs, I must endeavour to condense his account of himself, by merely giving it in the abstract.

"'My memory, sir,' said he, 'carries me back to the period when I was about six years old. I well remember a woman, who even to my infant mind seemed a model of beauty. I also recollect an extraordinary looking man who paid her frequent visits, yet those visits seemed to give her pain instead of pleasure. One day he had been unusually vehement in his desires, and left her in a high state of anger. On his departure she burst into tears, and lifting me on her knee, kissed my lips, as she hung that little trinket about my neck, and said, 'alas! my child, you will soon lose your mother.' I wept, although I could not tell the reason, and when I next saw her she was stretched on a bed, cold and stiff. I tried to kiss her, but they told me she was dead! I saw her no more.

"'The scene was changed, I found myself in a superb mansion, with all the paraphernalia of liveried servants, coaches, &c. I lived in this manner until I had attained the age of fifteen, with the idea that the master of the house was a near relation—accident discovered the contrary in the following manner—

"'A rich merchant who lived in the neighbourhood, had a most beautiful daughter, twenty years my junior, I loved her—passionately loved her, and she returned my love with an ardour equal to my own. I was now within a few months of eighteen. One evening as we were exchanging our mutual vows, we were discovered by her father, who instantly repaired to the Honourable Mr. Daley, (here I started,) acquainted him with what he had seen, and insisted that I should either marry his daughter, or never see her more. To the first of these demands Mr. Daley answered, in my presence, that as I was no relation of his but merely sent to him by a friend, who paid for my education, &c., he could exercise no control over me. This was enough, the man

stant who was a prudent man, although he was willing enough to marry his daughter to the nephew of an *honourable*,—which he had supposed me to be,—yet he could not think of bringing her to a person unknown. He therefore forbid Adelaide to receive any more of my visits until my parentage could be known. For this purpose I immediately waited on Mr. Daley, but he informed me that he knew nothing, save what he had already informed Mr. Glowden in my presence, he merely knew that the miniatures were likenesses of my father and mother, and that I had been entrusted to his care by one who had informed him that my father had been in the army, had died abroad, and that my mother did not long survive him. Not having been able to gain any further information concerning my parents, I determined no longer to be a burden to Mr. Daley. That evening I sought an interview with Adelaide, determined it should be my last. She heard me, but love being stronger than prudence, we at once eloped and were in a few days joined beyond the power of man to separate us, but we soon found that love alone could not support us, and—having relinquished the name of Daley, which I had previously borne, for the one I bear at present—I enlisted in this corps, about a year subsequent to my wife having been delivered of a girl. With the remainder you are acquainted, but it is a source of happiness to me that my parents live not to blush at the fate of their unhappy son.' He ceased, and I found it necessary to reply—

"'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'my noble boy, my brave fellow, you have at least, ONE parent, who will not blush to own such a son, your fate is not caused through any depravity of your own, but in the manly and virtuous act of protecting the honour of your wife. Come then, no longer Osborne, but Charles——, the scion of a noble house—come to my arms, receive the embrace of *your father!*'

"A feeling of joy, to which I had long been a stranger, diffused itself through my frame at that moment, as I pressed my long lost son to my heart; and *he*—how did *he* receive the tidings? Though stretched upon the hard boards which formed the excuse for a guard-room in the damp bomb-proof dungeon of Fort Charlotte, though worn to a thread by confinement—though full of grief for the loss of a wife whom he tenderly loved, and though weak from hunger and fatigue of mind and body, yet a fire kindled in his eye as I announced myself his father, which seemed to dissipate all his sorrows—like the bright beams

of the morning sun, struggling to escape from the dark clouds which obscured him from our view, until at length, bursting forth in all his unclouded splendour, the glorious monarch of the day sheds light and life, where a moment previous all was darkness and overpowering gloom.

"I could endure no longer—nature was stronger than I, and I wept. A tear was given to the memory of his sainted mother—his little history had left no doubt on my mind, from the mention of the name of Mr. Daley, who was father to the major, that the latter had been the cause of her abduction, and that she had fallen a victim to his machinations; this I determined at all hazards to be assured of, and having given my son another embrace, I left his prison, with a promise to visit him at an early period, and proceeded in the direction of Major Daley's quarters.

"Since this officer had joined the regiment, a recollection of his former attempt to injure me, had been the means of my keeping him entirely at a distance. We never spoke—even at the mess-table—except when duty rendered it necessary; it had now, however, become proper for me to have the matter cleared up as regarded the fate of my wife, and it was for this purpose that I sought an interview with Major Daley.

"Upon arriving at his quarters, I sent up my name by the servant and was thereupon shown into the drawing-room. In a few minutes he appeared, and as he entered the room, desired an orderly who was in attendance to remain within call; and having desired me to be seated, addressed me in an apparent easy manner, as follows:

"'May I be permitted to ask to what extraordinary chance am I indebted for the *honour* of a visit from Captain Montrose?'

"'Major Daley,' I answered, 'it is *indeed* something more than ordinary which has made me an intruder upon you at this moment, and as you hope for mercy at the bar of a righteous God, I conjure you to give me a patient hearing. It is the man whom you once attempted to injure in the most tender point who now humbly sues to you.' I paused, overcome by conflicting emotions, and foolishly imagined that I had made some impression upon him, as, in a hollow voice, he bade me proceed: I continued—'You doubtless remember my beautiful, my adored Isabella?'—he started—'I once was blessed beyond all earthly beings in the society of her, and of a lovely boy; but, oh! gracious God! in one night I was suddenly

and cruelly deprived of them both. Years of anguish have I endured since then, having used every means to trace them, but without having gained the slightest intelligence respecting them, and I had given them up as lost. Judge then my feelings, Sir, upon finding my son in the felon who inhabits yonder dungeon. Daley, circumstances have come to my knowledge which make me believe that it was through your means I lost my wife and child. The man who never bowed the knee to any save his Maker now lowly supplicates you—misery has made me humble: tell me, what have you done with her whom I adored? Use your interest to restore my unhappy boy again to society—to that child made motherless through *your* means; do but this, and I will not only pardon all your cruelty to me, but I will supplicate that holy Being, who holds each man's destiny in his hands, in your behalf, that he may extend His pardon to you also. If you have the feelings of a man, Daley, spurn not my request, it is that of a bereaved husband—of an unhappy father.'

"'Upon my word,' he replied, 'I was not aware that the gallant Captain Montrose had been so eloquent. Pray,' added he, in a tone of irony, which made my blood boil, 'is it long since you took orders?'

"I looked at him;—I did not imagine till then that there existed a being so demoniac among the most noble of God's creatures. I endeavoured, however, to appear calm and collected, as I replied in a firm tone:

"'Major Daley, this is no child's game which we are playing; I require an answer to a simple question, and in doing so, believe me I am not actuated by any feeling of vengeance—*what has become of my wife?*' I spoke those last words with peculiar emphasis. Indeed I had not a doubt that she was dead, by the recital which I had heard from my son, but I wished, if possible, to know all concerning her.

"The villain arose from his chair—'Leave the room,' said he, 'nor pester me any longer concerning your strumpet or her brat—leave the room, sir!'

"I had borne thus far with a coolness that surprised even myself, but when I heard the memory of my injured wife insulted, and my noble son's name coupled with so disgraceful an epithet, and by a demon who had caused the destruction of both, I was no longer master of my passions. I raised my hand, and the next moment he was stretched at my feet. The noise of his fall brought in the orderly and several of his servants; I was removed by force

or I should have killed him on the spot. I returned to my quarters. In half an hour I received an order through the Adjutant to draw up my sword, and to remain in my room a prisoner. Charges were preferred against me, and I was ordered to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Barbados by the first opportunity, there to be tried by a general Court Martial!

"One evening, about a week before I was to have sailed for Head Quarters, a grand ball was given at Government House, upon the arrival of a new Governor. Every officer in the garrison was invited, save myself, who was a prisoner. Taking advantage of their absence, I sought an interview with my son. As I was generally liked by the men of the regiment, I found no difficulty in persuading the sergeant of the guard to give me ingress to his prison. I exhorted him to bear up against his misfortune, and having acquainted him that I was to depart the following week for Barbados, and that it would probably be the last time I would be allowed to see him, I took an affecting leave of him, and returned to my room.

"Far different was the scene which was that moment enacting in the upper-barrack guard-room, which I will take upon me to describe, as I heard the account.

"The guard for that night consisted of an Englishman named John Jarvis; a Scotchman named Alexander Magill, and two Irishmen, who severally answered to the names of Patrick Murphy and Michael Rooney, the latter a corporal in command of the guard. After the draw-bridge was raised, the watch set, and every thing quiet, John Jarvis having been relieved by Sandy Magill, Corporal Rooney thus broke the silence which had reigned in the guard-room:

"'I'll tell yez what it is, boys, an' it's my opinion over an' over agin, as well as over another's son in the ridgmint, that this d—n'd major of ours is playin' the very devil with us, an' an be-me-sowkins I'm thinkin' that if he let go on in this a-way much longer, there'd be no stannin' him at all, at all.'

"'True for you, corporal jewel,' said Patrick Murphy, 'an' God knows its time fur id us to put a stop to—there's poor Sargeant Asbury's wife he kilt out an' out; there's himself, got to be thransported, and our own Captain, the son of a— out to be the Sargeant's own father, undher a'rest, an' goin' to be thred; faith, meself that's thinkin' he'll soon give us the same sauce, if we don't take care ur he

"'Asto that, Pat,' said Jarvis, 'we can eat

'take care of him,' as you say; o've been-a-thinkin' myself, as ye say, lads, that he has carried the joke rather too far, and that its time his power was ended; its very easy done—its a bold measure, certainly—the new Governor gives a ball to-night, now, as he returns, what's to hinder an ounce of cold lead and he becoming close acquaintances? Do you take?'

"'Maybe ye're jist about right, John,' said Rooney; 'it is a bould measure—but who d'ye think 'ill do it?'

"'Whoy, if in case you foind no one else, oi don't moind giving him a pill myself.'

"'There's not the laste taste an occasion in us for you to do any thing o' the sort, John, Paddy,' said Paddy, 'sure there'll be enough to run their neck in the halther, widout you, to let corplur what d'ye say, if we call Sandy a aff-a-sentry, and see what he sez about it.'

"'Agreed,' answered the corporal, 'we're be ourselves, an' divil a wan 'ill notice iot, so come in, Sandy, an' tell us what you think av us.'

"Sandy accordingly lodged his musket against the wall, and entered the guard-room. I had forgotten to state that a bottle or two of rum,—as the soldiers termed new rum—had been brought from the little village, called Edinburgh, just below the guard-room, during the previous evening, in some 'mobbie'* bottles. Sandy having taken a *long pull* out of a cocoa-nut shell, was as he stated, 'primed for service;' and the result of the deliberations of the other three having been made known to him, he took another draught of the 'poison,' and delivered himself as follows—

"'Why lads, this is a serious business ye are sought my counsel upon, the mon who does sae, will nae doot suffer—sae if ye tak my advice ye will leave him to fa' into ither hands, but if ye are bent upo' the thing, the only counsel I can gie, is to cast lots, and the mon upon whom the lot sall fa', let him watch for the coming of the auld fellow to the outside o' the moat.'

"'The latter proposal was agreed to—lots were cast, and the lot fell upon Corporal Rooney,—now Rooney was a married man, and had two children,—he accordingly prepared to load his piece, when Murphy interceded with a spirit worthy of a better cause;

*A beverage made from the bark of a certain tree, and sweetened with sugar, which, when bottled, emitted a quantity of froth.—Bottles of spirits with a little of this froth on the top, were often clandestinely introduced into the garrison.

for, however, the major might have been disliked—his life was in the hands of God! nor could any thing excuse the dereliction of duty in these men, not to speak of the awful crime of murder which they had so deliberately planned, and which one of their body, was now preparing to execute.

"'Corplur,' said Murphy, 'I can't let you do this, we all know the consequences of sich an act, the man that shoots ould Daley, 'ill hang as round as a hoop; you have a wife, and a couple o' children to keen afther you, whom this deed will lave to be thrown on the wide world, 'ithout any one to puctect thim—and as I have divel resave the wan at all—at all, to lave afther me but mesel', I'll watch for the ould fellow;—I am for senthry at three o'clock in the mornin'. Daley 'ill be comin' back about four, and niver fare but I'll give him his dose, an' no wan need be the wiser that you had any hand in id whatsomiver.'

"Rooney insisted, Murphy was equally obstinate, the arguments of the latter, backed by the other two, were at length successful, and Paddy loaded his musket.

"Two hours passed in every species of irregularity, the liquor was all drank, and all were pretty tipsy—the index of Rooney's watch drew rapidly to the fatal hour, and Murphy was planted on sentry.

"An hour had elapsed, and the voices of the Major and Adjutant were heard, together with the trampling of horses. Murphy, who had been smoking, now shook the ashes from his pipe, and putting it into his chako, demanded the usual question—'who comes there?'

"'A friend, let down the bridge,' was the reply.

"The corporal of the guard proceeded to lower the draw-bridge, yet either through the effect of the liquor he had drank, or, a nervousness occasioned by the anticipation of the crime about to be committed, some moments elapsed before the ponderous machine fell; the Major observing this, let fly a volley of oaths and imprecations, and concluded by swearing that he 'would bring the corporal before a Court-Martial in the morning, for neglect of duty.'—Scarce had he said those words, when the portals of the bridge being lowered, the Major entered on horse-back, followed by the Adjutant, and as he gained the centre of the draw-bridge, the voice of Paddy was heard exclaiming—

"'A-then by your lave, Major, acushla, I'm thinkin' that its few more corplurs er minnither, that you'll punish no more!'

"'Corporal,' roared Daley, 'take off that

fellow's belts, instantly,' he repeated, 'and put the rascal in irons.'

"The sharp click of the musket, as Murphy cocked it, now rang upon his ear, and the next moment the unfortunate man fell from his horse. The ball had entered his thigh, close to the groin. The frightened steed plunged over the bridge, and rolling down the awful precipice, fell into the ocean beneath, where the sharks soon tore him to pieces. The Adjutant clapping spurs to his horse, gained the Fort, and gave the alarm, when a strong party having arrived, Murphy was strongly manacled and conveyed a close prisoner to the garrison.

"A litter having been hastily constructed, Major Daley was conveyed to his quarters, where an unskilful surgeon having attempted to extract the ball, but without success, a mortification ensued, and it was announced to Major Daley, that a few days would terminate his mortal career.

"On the following day, I was surprised by a visit from the Adjutant, who informed me that Major Daley would not press the charges against me, and as he had not yet made his report to Barbados, he had issued his orders for me to be released, and expressed a wish to see me as soon as I could make it convenient, 'in the mean time,' added he, 'allow me to have the pleasure to return you your sword, and to congratulate you upon the pleasant termination of this affair.'

"I thanked him, and having dressed myself in my uniform, I went to see Daley, in compliance with his wish, as expressed through the Adjutant. Upon entering the room, where he lay on the bed of death, all my feelings of animosity vanished, I ceased to remember my own sufferings as I observed his sunken eye and pallid cheek, and one feeling only, namely, that of pity for the dying man, filled my breast;—he essayed to speak as his glassy eye caught mine, and gasping with difficulty for breath, thus addressed me—

"I sent for you, Captain Montrose, to entreat your forgiveness,—as I cannot die in peace without it,—as also to give you all the information I can, concerning your wife. As you truly surmised, it was through my agency she was taken from you, but as I have not power to relate to you the whole, you will find it confessed at large in this packet, which I got drawn up yesterday and witnessed. Here is also a copy of it with a confession of my behaviour, with regard to your son, and a petition to the commander of the forces for his release.'

He ceased, exhausted with the effort he had made, nor did he again speak, save to solicit my forgiveness, of which I unequivocally assured him. 'Father,' he ejaculated, 'may'st thou be as merciful.' And having said those words, he with a deep groan, expired. God of Heaven! I sincerely hope, that that appeal for mercy was not unheard.

"An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of 'wilful murder,' returned against Private Patrick Murphy, —nd Regiment, who was instantly committed to the goal of Kingston upon the coroner's warrant, to answer for his crime, at the bar of his country.

"Having left the house of death, my first act was to dispatch the Petition in favour of my son, to Head Quarters, when having opened the other packet, I read as follows—

"TO CAPTAIN MONTROSE.

"Much injured man,—As I find that my end is fast approaching, and that there is but a step between me and eternity, I think it but justice that I should satisfy you in every particular as regards the sudden disappearance of your wife and child. With the cause of my departure from the —th regiment you are already acquainted; suffice it then to say, that as I viewed you as the cause of my disgrace, I was determined to leave no means untried to injure you, and having been aware that you passionately loved your wife and child, I determined to deprive you of their society. For this purpose I disguised myself one evening, and having sought out a magistrate, informed him that a dreadful riot had just broken out within a few miles of the town where you were stationed. This hoax succeeded, and having employed five men—giving them a well filled purse of gold—I had your wife and child conveyed to a carriage which was in waiting at a short distance from your lodgings. Isabella's health having suffered severely by the fright attending her abduction, I could not pursue my guilty design upon her at that time, more especially as I had again been called to serve upon full pay in the —th regiment, on account of the war. I have ever, bribed a person upon whom I could depend, to watch all her movements, and to give me intelligence from time to time concerning her. The accounts which I continued to receive inflamed me to such a degree, that my guilty passion returned in all its force, and being feigned myself sick, I again visited Ireland. Upon arriving, I sought the earliest opportunity to wait upon your virtuous wife, with infamous proposals; to all of which she gave the most decided negatives, adding, 'that although she might never see you again, yet she would die rather than prove faithless to you.' I threatened to use force, but she gave me to understand, that rather than survive her dishonour, she would, like another Lucretia, plant a dagger in her bosom. My resolution was shaken—I cared nothing for her threats, and I was preparing to put my infamous design into execution, when my *confidante* came to inform me that she was dangerously ill. I arrived too

enough to see her expire, and from a small vial which lay near her, marked "*Laudanum*," I had no doubt that she had sustained her own death, rather than endure shame.

"As I had been thus the occasion of her death, I resolved to compensate for it in some measure, by giving her child an education due to his rank. For this purpose I left him with my own father, as I was obliged to rejoin my regiment, telling him that he was the son of an intimate friend, who had died abroad, and that his mother had not long survived the death of her husband. I also informed him—which was indeed true—that the trinket round his neck bore the miniatures of his parents. I sent home yearly remittances through the regimental agent for his support, and requested that he should bear my name until I should return to claim him. My next advices from home informed me that my young *protegee* had eloped ere he had attained the age of eighteen, with the daughter of a rich merchant in the neighbourhood, named Glowden. I heard no further account of him until you informed me that he existed in the person of Charles Osborne. I did feel a little compunction for your sorrows as you knelt on that day at my feet, yet my evil genius would not permit me to acknowledge it, and I received you with insult, instead of giving you the satisfaction for which you on that day took so humble a position. Can you forgive me, Montrose, as you glance your eye over these pages? I dare not hope it! Yet I must endeavour, while life is left me, to seek the pardon of an offended God. When these times meet your eye I shall be no more, yet if I have not your forgiveness, oh! Montrose, curse not my memory; but I know your noble heart, and I firmly believe that in my grave you will bury all animosity against the unfortunate being who now signs himself,

"The penitent

ST. GEORGE RODERIC DALEY.*

*Signed in presence of us—James M'Pherson, Adjutant, John Dunn, Surgeon."

"Thus was the story of the *ci-devant* Charles Osborne, confirmed in the most minute particulars; I was now assured of the death of my wife, and through Daley's means. But I had forgiven the unfortunate man, and, I wanted not with the dead! I but gave the tribute

*The author thinks it necessary to apologize for having drawn a British officer in the character of such a villain as Major Daley, and to state that that gentleman has no existence save in imagination. The manner of his death is, however, no fiction. A Major of a regiment which was stationed in Saint Vincent before the "South Lincoln" sought those shores, was shot by the sentry on duty at the draw-bridge, near the upper-barricade guard, as is here stated. The sentry suffered for his crime as recorded in the narrative. The author would also apologize for having introduced a certain gallant Colonel and his lady, in the characters of Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Thoroughgood, but the "*causæ scribendi*" having seized him, he could not resist the opportunity of doing them that justice which their actions so eminently merit.

of a few tears to the memory of my Isabella and again sought my son.

"By the death of Daley, I, as senior captain, succeeded to the vacant majority, and in consequence, to the command of the regiment. I took it upon myself, as I also commanded the garrison, to release Charles from his confinement, and to give him a room in my own quarters—only requiring his promise that he would not attempt to escape; this he readily gave, and the next arrival from Barbados brought his unconditional pardon. Upon the arrival of Colonel Thoroughgood in a few days, I purchased my son's discharge, and having sold my commission, I retired to this little cottage, and selected the widow of a brother officer, who had died some months previous, as governess for my little grand-daughter, who has faithfully fulfilled her trust.

"By my desire my son went to sojourn on the continent, where he had resided for about ten years, till by the death of his grand-father last year, the title reverted to him, when he returned to England. I therefore expect the announcement of his having taken possession of the title and estates every packet, when I intend to revisit Europe; and as an elder brother enjoys the family title, I will devote the remainder of my days to the service of Him, who has supported me through all my trials and afflictions."

He ceased, and I ventured to inquire, "what had become of the man who had shot the Major?" He informed me briefly that he was tried for wilful murder, and executed in presence of every soldier in the garrison, upon the very spot where the murder was committed, and that one of the others having confessed their share in the transaction, the remaining two were transported for the term of their natural lives.

Thus ended the story of Mr. Montrose, and evening being now waxed late, I returned to the garrison fully convinced of the impenetrable distance between me and the beautiful MAID OF SAINT VINCENT.

CHAPTER VI.

"In my bosom memory lingers,
Past enjoyments to recall;
Like the sun-beam's golden fingers,
Bright in some deserted hall."

Solitude and Other Poems.

To those who have ever dwelt in tropic latitudes, it will be unnecessary to paint the beauties attending the first dawn of morning in the West Indies. Yet, as many of the Amaran-

thine readers have not visited the spot from whence the opening scenes of this tale are drawn, it may not be deemed a work of superelevation, to say a few words concerning it, as we proceeded to the "Finis" of our story.

Like the departure of Phœbus—to which almost immediately succeeds the sable curtain of night—so is his reappearance. A few faint glimmerings of light are at first perceptible in the East; next, like so many golden wands, the rays of Apollo shoot over the horizon: and at length the glorious orb of day—merging from the fetters which bound him beneath the ocean, bursts forth in all his splendour, the emblem of a glorious and immortal Deity. And the fair Queen of morning, dressed in her brightest robes, and wearing her blandest smiles, appears dispensing her favours to all around, like some coquettish maiden, who delights in a medley of lovers, yet seems to favour no one in particular. Immediately the loud report of the morning gun announces her appearance, the shrill notes of the fife, accompanied by the long roll of the drum, are heard in the well-known Reveille, and all among the military portion of the community—where a few minutes before a solemn stillness reigned—is now bustle and activity.

On one of those beautiful mornings—the memory of which still lingers in my breast, as the native poet, from whom the motto which adorns this chapter is selected, beautifully expresses it—"like the golden fingers of the sun, shining bright over some deserted mansion," while all beneath and around is desolate. It was on a morning such as I have endeavoured to describe about a fortnight after my last visit to Montrose cottage, that I again stood on the beach beneath Fort Charlotte. My breast was filled with a holy feeling, as I gazed upon the beauties of Nature, which our opening chapter discloses. Suddenly at an immeasurable distance in the ocean beyond, arose a thick volume of smoke, where a vessel appeared like a speck on the verge of the horizon. A minute elapsed, and the faint report of a gun announced the want of a pilot, when three boats having been instantly manned, could have been observed leaving the harbour of Kingston for the stranger. I cast my eyes to the windward flag-staff, where the artillery man had just hoisted the Union Jack. It was a ship of war. But stay, what new signal is this which now rises to the summit of the flag-staff to leeward? Can it be—so soon, so unexpected—yes, it is—the tricoloured flag—the stranger brings the English mail; two guns from the fort announce the

welcome intelligence to the inhabitants. Every one is on the alert—anxiety is depicted on every countenance, as they alternately hope to receive tidings of a wife or a sister, or perhaps—which was my case—a beloved mother; or fear that they will have to wait, perhaps, for three months longer, ere they can hear from those friends over the far deep. Immediately on the above announcement, I sought and obtained liberty to proceed to Kingston, and the vessel cast anchor just as I arrived in town. She was a beautiful craft, every thing about her showing the most perfect symmetry of form. As I stood in admiration of the beautiful ship, I observed the gig leave her side, in charge of a midshipman, and as she approached the shore, I could perceive a man of a noble looking countenance in the stern. A backward sweep of the oars served to steady her, as she gained the shore, and the stranger rising from his seat stepped on the quay, followed by a servant carrying a portmanteau; he appeared to be about thirty-six years of age, he was tall and well proportioned, and was attired in a dress of deep mourning. Drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, I observed a beautiful morocco covered pocket-book fall on the ground. I picked it up and handed it to him with a levee bow. He thanked me, and in a very easy manner, at once entered into discourse with me, and asked me several questions concerning the people of the island, &c. I answered him as I was able, and was proceeding to speak about the fort, when he interrupted me rather suddenly, as I imagined, with, "I know enough about Fort Charlotte already, young man—I was myself a resident there ere now; indeed the object of my present visit to Saint Vincent is to see an old friend, whom I left here some eleven years since."

"May I take the liberty, without being considered impertinently inquisitive, to ask the name of the person whom you seek?" I asked.

"He is known," replied the stranger, "by the name of Montrose, and I believe resides in the vicinity of Cane-Garden-Point."

I started, and upon examining his features I instantly remarked his resemblance to the miniature shewn me by Mr. Montrose. I at once replied—"Then sir, if you will accept of my guidance, I am happy to say, that I know Mr. Montrose, who has honoured me by his name, and I shall feel happy to accompany you to his Montrose cottage."

"Is it long since you were at his residence?" he enquired.

"About a fortnight since," I answered.

"Was his health good, when you last visited him?"

"It was," said I, "as was that of the beautiful Constance, his grand-daughter."

"Indeed? You seem to know all about him. Is Constance so *very* beautiful?"

"She is," I replied, "as fair a creature as ever breathed."

"How came you acquainted with Mr. Montrose?"

I related every thing as it appeared in my introductory chapter, and concluded by telling him that "he had done me the honour to relate the particulars of his life."

"Then, he of course told you about the father of Constance, the unfortunate Osborne?"

"Yes," I answered, "I heard all about the sufferings of that much injured young man—and have even shed tears at the recital of his woes."

"I thank you sincerely," he replied, "nor will you wonder at my expressing my thanks, when I inform you that he who was Charles Osborne, and who is now the EARL OF BANCROFT, is the man with whom you are conversing. (I bowed.)

"I am happy," he continued, "to have met with a person who knows my father, and as my arrival is unexpected, you will do me a favour by proceeding to the cottage before me, and giving him these letters, as well as presenting him for the event of my arrival."

I assented, and in twenty minutes was inside Montrose cottage. In as few words, and in as delicate a manner as I could, I acquainted Mr. Montrose of his son's arrival, and delivered the letters. He opened one which bore a black seal, it announced the death of the Earl of Danswa, the brother of Mr. Montrose, without issue, by which event the title devolved upon the latter. The lovely Constance was rejoiced at the idea of meeting with her father, and her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears of joy. At this moment the door slowly opened, and Lord Bancroft entered. Mr. M. rose from his chair. "Charles, my dear boy," was all he could utter, then pointing to Constance, she was the next moment in the arms of her father. Such a scene was too sacred to be witnessed by a stranger, so leaving the cottage unobserved, I returned to Fort Charlotte.

* * * * *

"Hallo, you sir—going to sleep all day?—A man, here's a ducky been waiting for you half hour, and you've been sleeping as sound as a top—come, rouse and give the fellow his answer."

"Eh!" rubbing my eyes, "cursed cruel of you, Mr. Henry, to disturb a fellow after that manner. I had a delicious dream concerning Constance, when you awoke me by your confounded bawling—hang your ugly throat, its enough to make a parson swear."

"Oh, very well, Mr. M., if that's the way with you, lie there if you choose, but as you were dreaming of Constance, here's a juvenile specimen of Warren's blacking, who can illustrate the particulars of your dream, better than any thing I can say or do for you."

"No more Warren brackin' dan be yourserref, Massa Henry, but praps Lord Danswa, or Bancroft' no tunk me serve dis way, when me bring message from dem to misser M."

"What?" said I, "a message from the cottage? give it me, my sable mercury, I'll attend you in an instant."

"No, know noting 'bout sable mercry, Massa M.—mercry in de grass yander, dem call 'mometer, wat tell 'bout de wedder."

"Why, confound it Sambo, you are rather saucy this morning."

"Be sure I saucy, masser M., Garramighty! prirty ting, me head futman to two great lord, and must be sarv'd dis way, when me come on errand, nebber sabey sich a dem ting in me life."

The above conversation occurred one morning about a fortnight after the arrival of Lord Bancroft. I had rather overslept myself, having only returned about four o'clock that morning from playing at a ball which was held in the Court House on the previous night.—Having arose, and hastily dressed myself, I took the note from the little slave, who had come from the cottage, and having broken the seal, read as follows—

"As Lord Danswa and my father contemplate proceeding to England, in a few days, the former has desired me to request your attendance at the cottage, as soon as you can make it convenient.

Yours,

CONSTANCE."

I lost no time in complying with the request contained in the above note, and in about two hours from the time I received it, I was again at Montrose cottage. Upon entering the place, I found Constance alone. She had, since I last saw her, assumed a dress of the same sable hue as that worn by her father, which seemed to give additional lustre to her charms. I entered unperceived, she was employed in giving the finishing touches to a miniature. I caught a glimpse of it and was beyond measure gratified on perceiving my own features.

A slight motion which I made, disturbed her, she looked up and blushing deeply, was about to hide the miniature, but I begged of her not to deprive me of the gratification which such a discovery had conveyed. A heavenly smile illumined her lovely countenance, as she informed me that she had been engaged during the last fortnight in painting two portraits—one was that upon which I had just seen her employed, the other was her own likeness, "and as I intend making you a present of the latter," added she, "you cannot be offended at my keeping the other." So saying, she handed me a morocco case, in which was her miniature, painted on ivory. "When you look upon this," said she, "in future years, you will, perhaps, think upon Constance."

"Yes, beautiful Constance," I replied, "no matter to what country fate may call me, as I gaze upon this precious gift, I shall never cease to cherish the memory of this moment—and though an impenetrable barrier is between us, yet shall thy image be ever present to my mind—and fond retrospection shall convey a thrill of delight to my heart, as I call to mind the many happy hours I have spent at Montrose cottage, in thy loved society."

At this moment the two Earls entered, and each having made me a present of some valuable books, they informed me that as a ship was to sail on the following day for Europe, they had provided a passage in her, and would embark that evening. I accordingly pronounced my valediction and left the cottage.

I had got to the bottom of the path, when a light hand was placed on my shoulder, I turned and beheld Constance.

"Here," said she, "is a book which I had forgotten to give you; you will find my name written in it, and now once again farewell."—She extended her hand—I pressed it to my lips, and calling for a blessing upon her head, I tore myself away and saw her no more. The book was a copy of the liturgy, elegantly bound.

Kind and gentle reader,—My journey is nearly ended, may I be permitted to hope that you have not been tired of my company? It but remains for me now to dispose of my heroine, by either killing her or marrying her, according to the approved principles of tale-telling. As I have, however, already killed two ladies in the foregoing narrative, *you*, my fair friend, will not thank me if I do not let the beautiful Constance have a better fate, and as I cannot marry her myself, I must endeavour to provide a husband worthy of her virtue and beauty.

Twelve months after the departure of the

two Earls and Constance from Saint Vincent, I received a letter from Europe, announcing the marriage of the lovely *ci-dit*ant Maid of Saint Vincent, with the most noble, the Marquis of —, the eldest son of the Duke of —. The letter contained a handsome present from the young Marchioness, upon the occasion of her marriage.

Thus have I, gentle reader, brought my tale to a close; should it succeed in giving you any amusement, I shall be well repaid for the trouble of having written it. Meanwhile, I bid you adieu the present farewell—and if on this, my first appearance on the literary stage, I be not hissed for my presumption, I may at a future period trouble you with another of the reminiscences of

Frederickton, 1842.

A SOLDIER.



Selected for the Amaranth.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.*

ON yonder blood empurpled plain,
Beside the foaming ocean,
On whose steep shore the wild waves roar
In billowy commotion.
Contending Hosts the battle wag'd—
There burn'd the flame of fight;
And warriors in the tempest raged,
In unrelenting wrath engag'd,
Sunk to eternal night.

And when at last the victors fierce
The work of blood had ended,
And twilight grey had pass'd away,
And murky night descended;—
Then shrieks of pain and hollow moans
Terrific rent the air—
Expiring warriors' dying groans,
And all the agonizing tones,
Of horror and despair.

And high above the wither'd oak,
The mighty owl sat screaming—
And through the shroud of shadowy cloz
The moon seem'd scarcely beaming,
The whistling curlew hovered round
The wild and dreary shore—
The sad wind sobb'd a moaning sound,
And bitterns o'er the marshy ground
Pour'd forth their booming roar.

Near that bleak spot, where you grey rock
Frowns o'er the foaming billow,

* The above verses were sent us by a correspondent, who wrote them from memory, which will be an excuse for any trifling inaccuracies that may occur in them.—Ed. Am.

Stretch'd on the clay a soldier lay,
 The cold, cold earth his pillow ;
 Wounded, and musing on his woes,
 To Heaven he pour'd his sighs—
 And fervent pray'd that fate might close
 His burning tortures in repose,
 And seal in death his eyes.

When in the tempest of his grief
 And heart consuming anguish,
 To his lov'd home, his mind would roam—
 And for its comforts languish ;
 Thoughts of his fond, his tender wife
 And all his children dear,
 With whom had pass'd his happier life—
 Secure from war's ferocious strife,
 Oft forc'd the starting tear.

As thus the hapless warrior lay—
 And lost in mis'ry—ponder'd,
 A bloody train, who strip'd the slain
 Across the valley wander'd ;
 Women, or rather fiends of night,
 Who shun'd the eye of day ;
 But when the pale moon lent her light
 Roam'd brutal o'er the field of fight,
 Like savage beasts of prey.

And one of this remorseless crew
 Observ'd the soldier wailing,
 And heard his sighs and moans arise
 In sorrow unavailing ;
 Silent she stole along the shore—
 A tigress from her den,
 And in her red right hand she bore
 A battle axe all crimson'd o'er—
 With blood of murder'd men.

As near the wounded man she stood
 And gaz'd his figure over,
 (Thus high above the helpless dove,
 The hawk is seen to hover.)
 She wav'd the axe around her head,
 No second stroke intending,
 But ere its rapid course had sped
 To strike the fainting warrior dead,
 Her arm was caught descending.

Astonish'd ! quick she wheel'd around,
 With furious impulse turning—
 Her with'ring look, a soul bespoke,
 With rage malignant burning.
 When full before her on the strand,
 The shadowy rock below,
 She saw a lovely female stand
 And view'd aghast, a youth whose hand,
 Had stop'd the impending blow.

Baff'd the base assassin sunk,
 Then o'er the soldier kneeling,

With tender air, gaz'd on the fair—
 Wrap'd in tumultuous feeling ;
 For in her tender arms caress'd,
 Her wounded husband lay,
 And as in wild confusion press'd
 She held him to her throbbing breast—
 She saw him faint away.

But they have borne him to his home,
 Across the bounding billow,
 And friendship's bland, and love's soft hand
 Have smooth'd the warrior's pillow.
 And in the ev'ning of his day,
 Joy's beam hath warm'd his soul—
 His wounds, his cares have fled away
 As mists before the morning ray,
 Their fading volumes roll.

And see yon gibbet on the rock,
 With ev'ry wild wind waving,
 Where wheel their flight, the prowling kite,
 And vulture ever craving.
 There whit'ning in the passing gale—
 And moving to and fro,
 The assassin's bones o'erhang the vale,
 And trav'lers pointing tell the tale
 And curse her as they go.



ANSWER TO QUESTIONS IN THE JULY NUMBER.

1st.—In the trapezium draw a diagonal, and let two perpendiculars drop on it from the opposite angles ; find a point in the largest side that will cut off a part, bearing the same proportion to it that the shorter perpendicular does to the longer. Bisect the longer of these parts, and it will be cut in a point, from which, if a line be drawn to the opposite angle of the trapezium, which is cut by the diagonal, the figure will be bisected.—Q E F.

2nd.—Divide the two opposite sides of the square into five equal parts, draw two lines from either of the angles, which will form two triangles, each having for its base two of these divisions ; they will of course be equal, being of the same altitude. Do the same on the opposite side—you will then have four equal triangles, and a parallelogram, equal to one of the triangles, being on half the base, and of the same altitude ; and therefore the square is divided into five equal parts, none of the sections being parallel either to the sides or diagonal.—Q E F.

St. John, July, 1842.

P. S—w.



MAIDENS in love are pensive—when they get married, they become ex-pensive.

THE AMARANTH.

If any thing can tend to excite us to greater exertion than we have already bestowed in our endeavours to render the *Amaranth* acceptable to its patrons, it will be the numerous and highly flattering encomiums, which on the appearance of every number greet our publication. If the *Amaranth* is not so popular and so largely patronised in New-Brunswick as we might reasonably hope it would be, yet it is gratifying to find that in the sister Provinces, and especially in Nova-Scotia, it has gained for itself a name and notoriety which our most sanguine expectations never led us to anticipate. From private sources, we still continue to receive many warm expressions of kindness and regard—and here we cannot omit to record one extract from the numerous compliments lying before us;—and coming to us as it does, from a young lady of talent and worth—and who, by the way, is an occasional contributor, renders it doubly acceptable:—"Among the many periodicals we receive in our village, none is looked for with greater anxiety than your Magazine, which is a great favorite with myself and friends. Many express regret that your fair correspondent, Mrs. B—n, does not become a regular contributor, as her writings were very generally admired here.—Where is "W. R. M. B.?" that he does not any more appear;—his story called "*The Ingrate*," was chastely and beautifully written, and was much admired for the faithful delineation of the character of its hero, and its strict accordance with historical facts.—*Eugene*, as a romance writer, as regards correctness and beauty of style, and the interest and charms he throws around the scenes and characters he portrays, may challenge comparison with any of the writers of the Old or New World—and when I say this, I feel that I am saying a great deal. The scenery and conflicts between the English and the red men, described with such vividness by *Eugene*, form a part of the early history of our part of the country. All these writers are ornaments to the province, and deserve an imperishable record in their country's fame."

To the *Montreal Transcript*, a literary paper of great merit, and the *Montreal Royal Standard*, we beg the acceptance of our warmest wishes for their welfare, for their repeated and very flattering and disinterested notices of the *Amaranth*. To the *Halifax Morning Post*, the *Times*, and the *Morning Herald*, we owe

a debt of gratitude—and to our own Provincial News-paper press, we beg the acceptance of our kindest regard—their warm wishes are often expressed desire for our success, have cheered and urged us forward in the work.—Our chief object has been attained—the bringing forward a great mass of literary talent, and the securing for our Magazine a degree of popularity, equal to any ever enjoyed by any similar publication in the British Provinces. We extract from the *Halifax Times* the following being part of a very flattering notice contained in that paper: *

"They have got up a little work in St. John called the '*Amaranth*,' conducted with ability and talent, the articles in which in prose and verse, would be creditable in any community. It is a lovely flower blooming on amidst the fallen fortunes of the sister city, and diffusing its fragrance around to bid the wretched hope and the depressed in spirit once more imagine visions of happiness and prosperity. And will be the harbinger of hope, and many one who in the toils of adversity has felt the soothing influence of its sweet tales and poetry, will not in prosperity forget the gem and as they watered it amid trials and watered its early growth in beauty, will continue to nurture it until its blossoms shall have had a wider expansion, and the people shall gaze upon it with wonder and delight."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are sorry to disappoint the authoress of "*A Tale of Intemperance*," which we promised should appear in this number, by announcing to her that we had been compelled to omit it in order to find room for the conclusion of "*The Maid of St. Vincent*." If our correspondents will be patient they shall all be attended to.

"*Spring*," by "Wilhelmina;" "*A Journey to Fredericton*," by "Junius;" "*What is Business?*" by "H. S. B.;" "*Childhood*," the same, and "*Lines Written in a Landscape Album*," by "Kate," with numerous other favors are before us.

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