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Sporting Sketches from New Brunswick.

BY M. H. PERLEV, ESQ.

LA BELLE TOLOTAH.

SEVERAL days were spent in ascending the Obscache; at times paddling swiftly along its rich alluvial banks, covered with luxuriant vegetation, beside which the deep, dark waters of the river flowed with gentle current; and then, again, toiling and struggling up a boiling rapid, in some narrow, rocky pass, where the pent-up waters were broken and lashed into foam, ere they regained their usual steady and placid course. On one occasion we encountered a rapid which, although long and violent, ran quite straight, and our Indians insisted that we could surmount it without a *decharge*; but in this they seemed likely to be mistaken, for twice we nearly gained the top, yet on each occasion had we failed, and been compelled to return to the bottom, and recommence the ascent. Before starting the third time, the trim of the canoes was altered, and we moved up the lower half of the rapid very slowly; then, by desperate efforts of strength, combined with great skill and dexterity, we succeeded in getting over the upper pitch, and pushed into an eddy, where we paused to take breath. The rocks here were of fine grey sandstone, lying horizontally in thin sheets, with the different layers very distinctly marked, and as the banks of the stream were quite perpendicular, they bore much resemblance to a lofty stone wall of ancient workmanship. From between two of the layers of sandstone we observed a jet of water, gushing out with considerable force, and as it looked cool and inviting, we landed to refresh ourselves with a draught from the living spring. Cups were hastily filled and eagerly quaffed, but oh! what grimaces and contortions followed! It was a powerfully impregnated mineral spring, destitute of smell, but, when swallowed, of great effect, and we

had the satisfaction of being treated to an apert draught, quite gratuitously and unexpectedly.

In ascending the river we found abundance of small trout everywhere, and amused ourselves with taking them from the canoes as we glided along, and in shooting whatever came in our way. We met with numbers of the *tee-tee-squass*, the green sandpipers, which, during the summer season, frequent the margins of inland streams, where they are generally found in pairs. They run very swiftly along the shores, and often into the shallows of the water, for they can swim a little, their feet being partially webbed, and the feathers, on the under part of their bodies, close and waterproof, like those of the swimming birds. The *tee-tee-squass*, as the Micilctes call them, are noisy birds, yet the shrill and wailing cries they utter are rather pleasant, as they serve to break the silent stillness of the lonely streams. We shot them as they flitted from side to side of the river, always, when disturbed, flying up the stream, and so keeping before us; they were exceedingly fat, and most delicious eating: when not torn by the shot, and carefully stripped of the feathers, and dressed, their bodies looked very like little lumps of butter.

Occasionally we landed to shoot pigeons, and amuse ourselves in the forest; but as the weather was very warm and dry, it became necessary to push on briskly, as the river fell rapidly. We reached the beginning of the *portage* in the afternoon of an exceedingly hot day, and then proceeded to make up our packs, intending to march across to the head waters of the Chemenpeek, distant about three miles, and there encamp for the night, leaving the canoes to be brought over the next morning. From the carelessness of some of the parties, who had formerly crossed the *portage*, in neglecting to extinguish their camp fires (a duty no thorough woodsman neglects), all the fo-

rest trees and shrubs had been burned for a considerable distance around; a few of the naked and sapless trunks, blackened and charred by the fire, were yet standing, but the greater portion, as they gradually decayed, had, from time to time, been thrown down by violent winds, and they lay across the *portage* in the wildest confusion and entanglement. We could perceive traces of an old path, but it had not, apparently, been used for many years, and was now so covered and choaked up with fallen timber, as to render it exceedingly laborious and fatiguing, and, in many places, almost impossible to get through, without the free use of the axe to clear the way. No description can do justice to the difficulty of passing through a piece of "burnt wood," where the trees have fallen and cover the ground with massive network; and encumbered as we were with our heavy packs, guns, rods, and spears, which it was frequently necessary to lay down, in order to use the axes, our progress was necessarily slow. To add to our discomfort, there was not a breath of air stirring, to temper the suffocating heat, or relieve us from the tormenting stings of the mosquitoes and black-flies, which assailed us in perfect clouds, covering our necks and temples with blood, and setting us half mad with the irritation arising from their incessant bites. The stifling heat, and motionless state of the atmosphere, were suddenly relieved by the rush and roar of one terrific blast of wind, which barely preceded the vivid flash of the forked lightning, and the loud and startling crash of the heavy thunder; the rain followed, not in drops, but in perfect sheets, as if a floodgate had just been opened, and the water allowed to pour down upon the parched and thirsty earth in one unbroken column.—We had been so long delayed in toiling and struggling among the "cross timber," that night fell ere we had effected one half the distance across the *portage*. Although wet to the skin with the first plump of the rain, and our packs greatly increased in weight by the water they had absorbed, we still struggled on to reach the shelter of the green-wood, which we expected to find on the banks of the Chempenpek, having had a distant view of it just before sunset. The night was intensely dark, and we should not have been able to proceed but for the vivid lightning, the flashes of which followed each other in such rapid succession as to light up the wild and dreary scene around us with one continued lurid glare, giving a most unearthly appearance to the dry and withered remains of the half-burnt and black-

ened trees, which were tossed together in every variety of form and position. Nothing could be more desolate or appalling than the appearance of that "burnt country," so utterly destitute of vegetation, and affording not the slightest shelter from the pelting of the storm; viewed, as we saw it, by the lightning's flash, amid a torrent of rain, the heavy thunder booming and crashing around us, and the wind sweeping over it in fitful gusts of the most violent character.

With the heavy loads which pressed upon us, it was no easy task to make our way through the fallen timber which obstructed our path: but, resolutely struggling on, our perseverance was at length rewarded: we reached the shelter of the green-wood, and the Indians quickly threw down their packs and prepared to encamp. Sabattis struck a light, and set fire to the pendulous bark of a grey birch tree, which, wet as it was, instantly blazed all along the trunk, even to the very top—a height of some thirty or forty feet. This enormous natural torch enabled us to select our ground; and then two salmon-spears being thrust into the ground with a gentle slope, a Macintosh cloak was stretched across them, at once giving shelter to ourselves and the stores. A roaring fire next gave a cheerful appearance to the spot, rousing our spirits with its genial glow, and the promise of comfort which it afforded. The Indians exerted themselves with great spirit and alacrity, and we soon had the satisfaction of finding ourselves under a dry camp, with a blazing fire in front, the prospect of a warm supper, and snug sleeping quarters, let the storm rage as it might. An almost incredibly short space of time sufficed to convert a dreary spot in the lonely wilderness into a habitation for man, and to vest it with many of the signs and tokens of active life and human enjoyment: and now that our toils for the night were over, we ate our supper, enjoyed our jokes, and sunk into deep sleep, lulled by the low rolling of the thunder, as it died away in the distance, and the soft patter of the rain which fell gently and steadily on our wigwam.

We slept long and soundly, nor did we rouse until the sun had attained considerable height, penetrating the thick wood in which we were encamped with his bright and cloudless beams, and displaying to great advantage the varied hues of the foliage around us, refreshed and heightened by the recent rain, which yet clung to it in crystal drops. The Indians had quietly departed before we were

awake, to bring up the canoes from the Obscache, and, during their absence, we prepared and ate our breakfast; after which came the task of cleaning our fire-arms, which were in very unserviceable condition. Our blankets and clothes had been dried by the great fire kept up during the night, and a very few hours saw us again on the march, with everything refitted and in good order; the morning air, cleared by the violence of the thunder-storm, was balmy and exhilarating as it came to us, loaded with the delightful odours of the verdant forest. A quarter of a mile brought us to the banks of the Chemenpeek, and, notwithstanding the rain which had fallen the preceding night, its waters afforded the most perfect contrast to those of the Obscache, and were bright beyond belief. The river was clear almost to a fault, for we could see scores of beautiful trout swimming about, even when standing at some little distance from the water's edge: we caught a few, and were delighted with the brilliancy of their appearance, so very different from the dark fish we had for some days been taking in the other river. The flies we found it necessary to use in the bright waters of the Chemenpeek, were small and neat, and of quiet colours, and our finest and most perfect casting-lines were required to ensure success; while in the brown flood of the Obscache, we had used the largest and gaudiest flies, with the coarsest tackle, and taken any number of fish we thought proper.

Two days were spent in descending the Chemenpeek, which we found had, in general, a gravelly and rocky bottom, and was much obstructed by shallow rapids: these caused considerable delay, as they were seldom deep enough to shoot without endangering the canoes. On the morning of the third day we found the water deepen, and we made rapid progress; after a run of a few miles we shot a long rapid, and at the foot met the flood-tide.

Here we halted, and in four hours' fishing at the tail of the rapid, just where the fresh and salt water mingled, the captain and myself caught upwards of 200 hundred trout, the smallest of which weighed nearly a pound, and the largest about four pounds, or, perhaps, more. These fish differed widely from those found in the upper part of the same river; they were well-fed sea-trout, fresh run, very short in proportion to their depth and thickness, possessing great activity and strength, the most powerful fish, and most difficult to kill, of any I have met with in British America. In spring at the small gaudy salmon-flies, which they

preferred to all others, they threw themselves entirely out of the water, and we found it absolutely necessary to restrict ourselves to one fly only, as, if more were on the line, two or three fish would be hooked at the same time, when they would all be lost, and it were well if the casting-line did not also go with them. Take it for all in all, it is one of the most splendid spots for fly-fishing in New Brunswick; and, ere this article appears in the pages of the *SPORTING REVIEW*, I hope again to wet a line in it, and enjoy some good sport. And should any brother of "the gentle art" find his way into this thriving colony, with the view of trying the fly-fishing, the writer will be most happy to give him directions for finding this favoured spot, where he will have sport, and to spare; for it is certain that almost every tide brings up fresh-run fish from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which ascend no further up the river than the foot of the rapid, where they remain for a season to taste the fresh water, and thus an inexhaustible supply is furnished to the sportsman.

With the ebb-tide we found the fishing fall off; then we dined, on a splendid boiled fish, the flesh of which was of a bright red, and very firm, with snowy curds between the flakes, a proof of the excellence of its condition. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and it was necessary we should proceed to the coast to obtain a fresh supply; so we took advantage of the strong ebb-tide, and made good progress down the river. We had not proceeded many miles, when we found that it opened into a wide estuary, over which sported numerous flocks of sea-fowl, of various descriptions, some upon the waters and others upon the wing; among the latter the tern were most conspicuous, and they afforded us fine sport in shooting them from the canoes. When one was brought down, hundreds would hover over the fallen bird, uttering their peculiar mournful cry, and we amused ourselves in dropping them right and left, until quite tired of the sport, when we gathered the product of the forage. The tern adds considerably to the interest of places it frequents, by the freedom and rapidity of its movements, and the plaintive wailings of its voice; they are birds of light weight, but clean and firm made, with very long pointed wings and forked tails.— Their length is between eight and nine inches, with more than a foot and a half in the stretch of the wings; the upper part of the body, the wings, and the tail are a pale bluish grey; the top of the head is black, while all the under

parts of the body are pure white; the legs and feet are of a bright red colour, and so is the bill, all but the tip, which is black. The terns career over the waters much in the same manner that swallows do over the land, whence they are sometimes called sea-swallows; the style in which they twitch down to seize the small fishes and fry that are near the surface of the water is really very splendid, and one knows not whether most to admire their rapidity of flight, or facility of descent to tip the surface of the water, and instantly again to ascend and be on the wing. How they can see with such unerring certainty, and change their motion so instantaneously from the forward rush of the wing to an absolute perpendicular descent, as if it were a stone or piece of lead falling, is a matter which cannot be very well explained, or even understood; but that they do it is certain; and as vision is the only sense they can have to guide them, their powers, in that respect, must be wonderful.

We shot several varieties of plover, and a few of the sea-ducks, or divers; but these last are very difficult to get at; and as we were now in the country of the Micmacs, whose camps we saw at a distance, we left off shooting, and pulled towards a cove where we noticed a large number of wigwams, determined upon taking up our quarters among them, not much to the satisfaction of our Milicetes, who dislike their neighbours exceedingly, and avoid intercourse with them as much as possible.

The Micmaes were formerly a very fierce and powerful tribe of Indians, who possessed the whole of Nova Scotia, and all the eastern coast of New Brunswick to the Baie des Chaleurs, where the river Nepisiguit formed the boundary between them and the Mohawks, a brave and numerous people, yet more fierce, and not so deceitful as the Micmaes.

The Mohawks are long since extinct in this part of British America, and I am not aware that any of the real descendants of this high-spirited and untameable people can now be said to exist. They defended the country which the Great Spirit had given them, with stern resolution and unflinching intrepidity, maintaining a proud independence to the last;—they died, but yielded not.

The Mimacs are still scattered along our eastern coast in very considerable numbers; they are a people much attached to the sea-side, seldom wandering far from it; whence the Milicetes, who delight in penetrating into the depths of the forest, and roaming among the lakes and streams in the interior of the Pro-

vince, call them "salt water Indians," always speaking of them with great contempt, from their want of skill in hunting, and their disregard of the mysteries of wood-craft, upon which the Milicetes so much pride themselves.

On reaching the wigwams, we found that they were deserted, but that the occupants had not been long gone, for the ashes of their fires were still warm; so we selected the most comfortable camp, which we occupied for the night, our Indians desiring us to keep our guns loaded near our heads, in readiness for immediate use in case we should be suddenly disturbed, and any difficulty take place. The night passed off quietly, and the morning meal completely finished all our stores; the bread-bag was shaken and produced little but dust; the last scrap of meat was eaten, and the tin tea-canister emitted nothing but a hollow sound; so, swallowing the last *coup* of brandy, we paddled about ten miles to the mouth of the river, where we found some three or four ships from Britain, at anchor, loading with timber, inside an extensive sand-bar, which, acting as a breakwater, warded off from the haven the effects of the heavy rolling surf which continually thundered in upon it. We boarded the first ship we neared, and my friend and myself scrambled up her lofty sides, greatly astonishing the worthy skipper by the purity of our English, he having mistaken us for a party of Milicetes, as we wore the dress of that tribe, and not having been shaved for some time, were not, at first, suspected to be "children of the pale faces." We soon explained our position, and related our adventures in the forest, stating that we needed an outfit of stores for our return, which the skipper, a right hearty fellow, and true son of the ocean, agreed to furnish, inviting us, in the meantime, to join him at his early dinner. The fish and fowl in our canoes were handed up for the use of the ship's company, and our light barks were left towing astern of the heavy timber-ship, thus affording the most perfect contrast imaginable; the canoe, all lightness, grace, and beauty—the ship, heavy, black, and clumsy, a floating mountain in comparison to our fairy-like craft.

We had a capital dinner, and the skipper gave us some excellent Schiedam, which he had brought from Hamburg, the last port he had visited; after the cloth was drawn, he produced some meerschaums and cigars, apologizing for having no wine fit to offer us, and regretting that all he had on board consisted of some weak wishy-washy French trash, not fit for an Englishman to drink, with which he

had been cheated in Hamburg. At our request, the steward brought a bottle, from the taper neck of which we extracted a very long cork, and found the contents to be capital claret; we praised it much, and drank freely, but the skipper declined joining, preferring, instead, to pledge us in *schnaps*, rather than let any of "the sour French stuff" down his case-hardened throat, and so all parties were satisfied. He told us that the Acadians on the coast (descendants of the French who were the first settlers) brought him excellent oysters daily, at the moderate rate of one shilling per bushel; that they charged a half-penny each for lobsters, which he had latterly refused to give, they being so exceedingly plentiful in the harbour, that the sailors at work on the rafts of timber along side were continually killing them with the boat-hooks and pike-poles, and catching them in pieces of net, and even bread bags fastened to hoops from the provision casks. The skipper assured us that from the hour of his arrival in the river, the ship's coppers had never been clear of lobsters night or day, and that he was so heartily tired and disgusted with seeing them continually caught, boiled, torn to pieces, and devoured, that he should never wish to see a lobster again so long as he lived.

Our Indians were most hospitably regaled in the fore-castle, and were highly delighted with their visit to the ship, and the reception with which they met; but as we had all feasted to our heart's content, it was thought advisable for us to be off, and resume our forest life. The skipper, with true English hospitality, insisted on fitting us out most abundantly with the stores we needed; and, after heartily shaking hands with him, and thanking him for his exceeding kindness, we seated ourselves in the canoes, when we found that, in addition to a liberal allowance of claret, he had added sundry square Dutch flasks of his favourite Schiedam, interspersed with a number of neat little bottles of Copenhagen cherry-brandy. Against this excess of generosity we remonstrated, without effect; while the worthy skipper stood in the gangway, hat in hand, and his jolly red face glowing in the evening sun, prepared to give us a cheer at parting. We pushed off, and then we had three cheers from the ship's company, such cheers as sailors, and British sailors only, can give! One of the blue jackets, who was on the raft of timber alongside, in the excess of his zeal, flung his tarpaulin into the air, and attempting to catch it as it fell, missed his foot, and pitched headlong into the water; our canoes were turned like lightning

to push to his assistance: but, as he rose, a messmate caught him with a boat-hook, and he was safe. Sabbatis, on seeing there was no further danger, gravely remarked to the sailor who was holding on his brother tar by the boat-hook, "Brother! you catch 'em bery large lobster dis time. How you boil so big one?" This sally elicited a roar of laughter from the jolly tars, who swore the Indian was a right funny fellow, and that he should have a glass of grog, and one cheer more.

At length we were fairly off, and with the flood-tide proceeded rapidly up the river to the same camp we had occupied the night previously. We found the wigwams still tenantless; and we had just secured our stores, and lighted a fire, when Mahteen rushed in to announce that the Micmaes were coming, and we went forth to receive them. They were, not, however, the proprietors of the wigwams, but a party from a branch of the river higher up, who had been down to the coast, gathering shell-fish, and shooting sea-fowl; they were on their return, and, like ourselves, had stopped at the camping-place for a night's lodging. The Micmac and Milicete languages are entirely different; yet our Indians managed to converse with the new comers in a mixture of French, English, and Indian, which made a most extraordinary confusion of tongues.—We were treated with the utmost civility and attention, and the whole of the party, generally stout, well-built men, amounting to thirty or more, visited us in succession; they brought us abundance of fine fresh oysters, and, in return, we treated them to tea and ship-biscuit; so the evening went off very harmoniously and pleasantly.

A widow and her daughter, who accompanied the party, were among the first to visit us, and quite established themselves in our camp, where they were very useful in making and helping the tea, assisting us to do the honours and entertain the company. When the last visitor had left, the widow told us that her name was Kcewozoze; that she was a Milicete, which we had suspected from the first, as well from the contour of the face, as from her speaking the Milicete language quite fluently. Her daughter's name, she said, was Tolotah; she was a bright flower of the forest, numbering about sixteen summers, whom, from the moment of her coming, we had been gazing upon and admiring. Tolotah was one of the most perfect Indian beauties I ever beheld; light, easy, and graceful in her motions, with a magnificent dark and sparkling eye, full

of life and intelligence. Her silvery voice and sunny smile were really enchanting, quite too much, we soon found, for the susceptibility of our young Indian, Mahteen, who was speechless with admiration, and watched every movement of the fair young squaw, and each glance of her bright eye, as if perfectly fascinated.— We complimented Keewozoze on the beauty of her daughter; and she told us, with no small share of motherly pride and exultation, that her girl was universally admired and greatly sought after; that the young Frenchmen on the coast extolled her charms exceedingly, always calling her “La Belle Tolotah,” a designation by which she had become generally known among her tribe. The old woman took an opportunity of telling the captain and myself, that her daughter had been frequently asked in marriage, but that, as yet, no one had struck her fancy, which was somewhat wayward and capricious; and she added, that they were on their way to a settlement of the Micmacs, where a chief resided, who had lately become a widower, and had given Keewozoze to understand that he wished her daughter to become his bride, a match she was very anxious to bring about; and she was taking Tolotah to the settlement, ostensibly on a visit to a brother-in-law, but, in reality, with the expectation of effecting a marriage between her and the widowed chief. As our camp was a large one, we invited the old squaw and her daughter to remain in it for the night, to which they consented. The Indians sat by the fire, sipping tea and chewing biscuit, evincing no desire to rest: we noticed that Mahteen seemed to have found the use of his tongue, and had seated himself by the side of Tolotah, whom he had engaged in close and earnest conversation. She had learned enough of the Milicete language from her mother to converse in it readily, and she seemed by no means averse to receiving the attentions of Mahteen, appearing rather to encourage them: as he was a fine looking young fellow, quick-witted and active, with great fluency of speech, and an easy off-hand manner, he seemed well calculated to win the smiles of the petted and half-spoiled beauty of the Micmacs. The captain and myself, rolled in our blankets, slept soundly until day-break, when we were roused by the general stir and preparation for departure. It was the morning of the sabbath, and a calm and beautiful morning it was; the first rays of the rising sun were cast upon us, as our little fleet of canoes pushed from the shore, and we proceeded briskly up stream with the Micmacs, who

induced us to accompany them to their settlement, whence they assured us we could easily *portage* to the head-waters of a river, called the Misgosquil, which would take us down to the St. John by a shorter route than that by which we last came.

We reached the settlement early in the forenoon, and spent a rather pleasant day with our new acquaintance, but did not feel perfectly at ease, the Micmacs being of a more sullen and reserved character than the Milicetes, and of much more violent temper. We saw the chief, who was desirous of obtaining Tolotah as a wife, and at once decided that he was the ugliest Indian we had seen; he was old enough to be the father of his intended bride; but, fancying himself still young and handsome, he commenced paying attentions to Tolotah, which were received most ungraciously, for which she was severely rebuked by Keewozoze. Then Tolotah, for the first time, began to understand the purpose for which she had been brought to the settlement, when the proud blood mantled in her cheek, and her dark eye flashed forth most fiery glances of anger and contempt. In the evening, as my friend and myself were strolling by the river side, we came suddenly upon Mahteen and Tolotah, who were conversing in hurried whispers at the edge of a thicket of young cedar, when they vanished almost instantaneously in different directions: but from the hour, the place, and the secrecy of the meeting, we concluded that Mahteen was making progress in the affections of the belle, and determined to give him all the assistance in our power.

The next day the Micmacs helped our Indians to carry the canoe and stores to the Misgosquil, by a *portage* of about four miles; while this was being effected, we spent the time in spearing conger-eels which are there found of very great size, and excessively fat. They are taken by the Indians in large quantities for the purpose of being salted down when they are sold to the lumbermen for winter use in the woods, where they are much esteemed as wholesome food, and an agreeable change of diet. The carrying party did not return until the afternoon, in consequence of being delayed in clearing out the *portage* road which had not been used for some time, and then we made ready to take leave of the Micmacs, and proceed on our route. Sabattis and Mahteen reported that all had been got safely over, and they took the few small articles which remained, leaving the captain and myself our guns only to carry: thus lightly equipped, the Micmacs

passed us in their canoes over the stream near which they were encamped, to the opposite side, where the *portage* commenced. There was a very general turn out to see us off, and we took that opportunity of distributing a few presents which we had provided for such an occasion; but Tolotah was nowhere to be found, and we gave a pretty necklace of beads, which was specially reserved for her, to Kcewozoze, with strict injunctions to deliver it to her daughter in our names. The afternoon was well advanced when we took our final leave, and struck into the forest; we moved steadily on for about half a mile, when a halt was called by Mahteen, who had hitherto been very silent, and seemed lost in deep thought. We seated ourselves by a cool spring, to listen to what he had to say, when he explained to us, in very few words, that "La Belle Tolotah," utterly disgusted with the match which was intended to be forced upon her, had agreed to go off with him, and join his fortunes, for better or worse. He earnestly desired us to wait until after nightfall, when she would join us; then we could get to our canoes, and, by proceeding all night down the Misgosquil, would, before morning, be far beyond the Micmac country, and out of the reach of pursuit.

Sabattis, at first, expressed his entire disapprobation of such a proceeding, as likely to lead to a quarrel between the tribes; but we told him very peremptorily that he must give his best assistance, for we were determined to succeed in the adventure, and carry off the Micmac beauty at all hazards; so, finding that we were fully bent on the measure, he entered zealously into our plans, when it was arranged that he should go over to the Misgosquil, load the canoes, and remain in them afloat, ready to start on the instant we should arrive with the fair fugitive, while we remained with Mahteen to escort her across the *portage*, and assist him in case of pursuit or a scuffle. In pursuance of this arrangement, Sabattis forthwith proceeded to the canoes, and, after nightfall, Mahteen, the captain, and myself returned to the bank of the stream we had just left, opposite to the encampment, where we lay concealed in a thicket, waiting until all should have retired to rest. At length, when everything appeared perfectly quiet, Mahteen imitated the sharp cry of the night hawk three times in succession; the signal was heard and understood, for, in a few minutes, we saw a light figure on the opposite bank, stealthily slip into a canoe, which was allowed to drop a little down stream with the current, and was then pushed quickly

across. The next moment Tolotah sprung on shore; and, as there was not a moment to be lost, we all started by the *portage* path in double quick time; in less than an hour we reached the Misgosquil, where we found everything ready; so we leaped into the canoes, wrapped Tolotah in our blankets, and were off instantly. There being a strong current in the river, we swept swiftly along, and were highly elated with our success, but were told by Sabattis not to be in too great a hurry; that about twenty miles further down the Misgosquil there was a long and dangerous rapid, which he knew well; this rapid the Micmacs could reach by another *portage* of about nine miles, in consequence of a great bend in the river; and that if Tolotah were missed soon after her departure, we might make up our minds to be intercepted there, and, perhaps, have a brush: we therefore plied steadily at our paddles, in the hope of passing the rapid before daybreak, but the darkness just before day delayed us considerably, and the first grey streaks of dawn were appearing, when Sabattis told us that another mile would bring us to the rapid: we soon neared it; and the acute senses of the Indians told them that a fire was lighted in its vicinity, for they smelt the strong and pungent smoke of burning wood.

The left bank of the stream was bold and precipitous, while the right sloped easily down to the water's edge, and on that side we might expect to find our pursuers. Sabattis landed on the left bank, and, crawling along the top of the cliff, discovered that about half a dozen Micmacs were seated by a fire at the water side, near the crest of the rapid, each with a gun across his knee, and that two others were just beginning to fall into the stream a large pine standing on the bank, for the purpose of stopping our passage should we attempt to run the rapid, a very unusual thing without making a *decharge*, and using great care and precaution. We were told briefly, but expressively, that we must run the rapid at all hazards, as our only chance of escape. Sabattis said that he with the captain in their canoe would lead, while Mahteen would follow closely with the other, in which were Tolotah and myself. We dropped down under the shadow of the cliffs until near the top of the rapids, when we dashed boldly for the middle of the stream, and just as the canoes sprung almost together over the first pitch, we were discovered; a bullet whistled over us; but the canoes were now in the boiling, foaming, and roaring torrent—leaping, plunging, and flying along with the speed of

sea-mews in a gale. The rapid, a quarter of a mile long, was passed in an incredibly short space of time, Sabattis leading in beautiful style; and although the Micmaes, yelling like fiends, had each a shot at us, Mahteen did not lose his self-possession, until at the last pitch, where there was a short turn, he allowed the canoe to swerve slightly and take one plunge. A little water was shipped, but it was of no moment; and then we answered the yells of the Micmaes with shouts of exultation at our perfect safety: we had turned the bend of the stream; were off in a different direction, with a swift rushing current, beyond the danger of pursuit, and the bride was won!

All that day, however, we kept steadily on, halting only once for refreshment, and, before sunset, reached the principal village of the Milicetes, where we found the priest attached to that mission. Brief was the shrift he gave the young couple; and, ere we threw ourselves down to rest from our fatigue, we witnessed the marriage ceremony, in the curious bower called the chapel, congratulated Mahteen, and wished all health and happiness in the marriage state to "LA BELLE TOLOTAH!"—*London Sporting Review*.



"OUR LIFE IS AS A SHADOW."

BY MISS LOIS BRYAN.

THE dream was sweet, but could not last,
The vision bright, but soon 'twas past:
The morning sun was glorious too,
But soon it changed its golden hue,
And, robed in clouds of threatening form,
Betokened fast approaching storm.
Thus falsely youth's bright dream has shone,
And lured the thoughtless votary on,
'Till, like a transient meteor light,
It disappeared in sorrow's night:
And hope's fair visions too are flown,
That once in heavenly brightness shone,
And smiles, that erst upon the cheek,
Of health and happiness could speak;
All, all are fleeting, false, and frail;
The sunken eye, the cheek so pale,
The quickened pulse, the shortened breath,
Proclaim the swift approach of death.
But let the transient glories die,
We will not heave one longing sigh,
Nor wish them back, in all their power,
To smile upon the parting hour,
While pleasures new, and joys untold,
The opening gates of heaven unfold.

For The Amaranth.

A MOORISH SKETCH.

IN the midst of a beautiful plain, three leagues and a half North-west of the desert of Sahara, stands one of the most remarkable castles of the Moors, the chieftains of which have long since passed away. It is accessible from the beaten road, by a bridle path that winds pleasantly along, crossing brooks with green borders overrun with wild flowers, traversing gentle knolls, and passing under branches of lofty palm trees, for nearly half a mile.

In this frowning old castle, surrounded by deep palm forests, through which the beams of the glad sun rarely pierced; there formerly dwelt an aged Moorish chieftain. He was the father of a tender maiden, bright-eyed as the gazelle that roved wildly amid the woods—she was the only companion of his solitude.

Every evening when the old chieftain went forth to hunt, his daughter would wait patiently his return, and fly to meet him; but once the sun had set in rosy clouds, and the evening shadows were becoming dark and gloomy, and yet he came not. Zoe had listened long and anxiously for his home-turned footsteps, twice she had trod the path, that led to a deep ravine, beyond which her father had forbidden her to go. Now she sat beneath the tall tree that shaded her little arbour, and waited with a heavy heart, his coming.

At last he came, but not alone—there was a stranger with him in fetters. The stranger was a Spaniard, and very young. "Rejoice, Zoe," said her father, "I bring as a slave, one of our hateful oppressors." Zoe's heart beat fast, for she knew when a Spaniard crossed her father's threshold, from thence he would never return. Once she gazed with a pitying eye on the young stranger, for his step was weary, and his limbs were tightly bound, and her heart whispered, "oh that he was my brother," and then she looked on her father; but his face was stern, and darkened by a look of triumph. With a sigh she drew her veil over her face, and hastened toward the castle.

The Spaniard was put to work in the garden, and often Zoe would walk there, and lighten his labour by her sweet converse. To her he would speak of his home, of his widowed mother, and his fair young sister, who mourned him as dead. He would tell her of "the orange groves of sunny Spain," and of her renowned warriors,—and as he spoke of them his form would dilate with pride, and his dark eye gleam with fire. Zoe would tremble at his appearance,

but when he looked upon her fair form and gentle countenance, his voice would resume its music, and his eye would sink beneath the sorrowful look of hers.

Zoe resolved to free the captive Spaniard, and she told him so, but he said, "no, dear lady, I gave your father my word that I would not escape," and in spite of her resolve, Zoe's heart beat with pleasure at his reply. She knew not the reason, she did not know that love was busy in her young heart; she did not know that Aza, the slave, was necessary to her happiness.

One beautiful evening, Zoe watching for her father's return, strolled on, until she was beyond the ravine, which her father had forbidden her to pass. She was not afraid, as only at a short distance from her, Aza was leading one of her father's horses to drink. She was standing waiting for her father, when she heard a rustling behind her, she turned and saw coming directly towards her, a large Numidian lion. She screamed and would have fallen, but she was grasped by the strong hand of Aza, who seeing her danger, had just time to mount the horse he was leading, and fly to her aid.

The lion sprung with his fore paws upon the horse, but never for a moment did Aza's presence of mind forsake him, he felt the claw of the lion sinking into his back, and his teeth tearing the flesh from his arm; yet with the other he supported his beautiful burden, who with one arm tossed wildly in the air, and her raven curls escaping from their jewelled fillet, seemed still more lovely to him in her helplessness. She depended alone upon him for her life; he whispered to her many words of hope and encouragement, pressed her closely to himself, and gave the reins to his horse, feeling truly, that only by his exertions, their lives could be saved.—And well did that noble animal sustain the trust reposed in him—on, on, he went, scarce touching the earth beneath his feet.

At last when Aza was nearly worn out by loss of blood, the old chieftain came in sight, almost frantic at the sight of his darling's danger, he scarcely knew what to do, but hurling his spear at the lion, and seizing a poisoned arrow shot him dead. The lion fell, and Aza had just strength to place the insensible Zoe in her father's arms, when he fell from the horse, exhausted by loss of blood. His wounds were dressed by the delicate hands of the fair Zoe, and many were the words of love she breathed to him, when in his delirium he would

speak of home, of his beloved mother and sister. He would sometimes fancy that the fair form, who flitted around his couch, and bathed his burning temples, was his sister, and then he would lament in passionate accents, the absence of Zoe.

At last he recovered—great was the gratitude of the old chieftain, who gave him his liberty. Aza would not take it, for what was liberty to him without Zoe?

The chieftain said to Zoe, "come to me light of my days, and tell me what shall be your noble deliverer's reward?" Zoe did not speak, but her agitation could be seen by the tremulous movement of her lips, and the old chieftain, after looking at her for a moment with a mingled air of gratified pride and affection, took Aza's hand and placed it in hers, with these words, "he was once my slave, I now give him to you, do what you will with him, reward him as you wish." Need I say that the hand of Zoe the chieftain's daughter, was Aza's reward.

St. John, August, 1841.

CLARA.



For The Amaranth.

—
SONG.
—

'Twas on Corrunna's height
The Scottish hero fell—
How deeply he was mourned,
Let England's armies tell!
Bright shone the tartan hose,
Which Egypt's sands had known,
For his own, his gallant Highlanders,
Again were leading on!

Moore gave the signal forth,
Heart-stirring words, though few:
And away on Victory's eagle wings
Britannia's ensign flew!
The battle wildly raged,
And yielding was the foe,
When forth there sped that fatal bolt,
Which laid the hero low!

A cheer ran o'er the line,
Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
But tears stood on each soldier's cheek
As they bore him off the ground!
The dying hero's blood
Fell faster than the dew,
And dimm'd proud Victory's eagle eye
With clouds of midnight hue!

St. John, September, 1841.

C. A. M.

For The Amaranth.

—
MALSOEF;
 OR, THE FORSAKEN.

—
 BY EUGENE.
 —

THE soft shadows were deepening on the face of the calm unruffled stream that mirrored the few fleecy clouds, and the clear blue of the o'erarching vault with the distinctness of reality. There was no sound—stillness was on the earth, the sky, and the waters; the very wreath of smoke hung listlessly over the pine tops that shrouded the encampment from our observation. The setting sun threw a golden radiance on the green foliage, as we lifted our canoe from the water and placed it on the gentle slope that ran to the edge of the river. In a few minutes we reached the wigwams and entered into conversation with the inmates, who were chiefly females, as the men were absent in the forest. I never saw a happier set of beings, they kept up a continued peal of laughter, which was a luxury to hear; 'twas so clear and joyous. They were variously occupied in their peculiar manner.—Some quickly twined the coloured wattles into baskets—others overlooked the dyeing establishment, or played with the dark eyed children, some of whom were just beginning to feel themselves the offspring of the red man, and to acknowledge the wild freedom of the woods as their heritage. But there was one in that living circle, who seemed distinct from association with all around—she was so mute and sad, when the ringing laugh and smile was upon every lip. Years have passed since I beheld that face, and vicissitude has dimmed the spirit of my youth, filling heart and memory with vivid and painful recollections; yet still that slight form and long wavy hair, that seemed to have caught the hue of midnight, rise up before me, like the ideal of all that is plaintive and mournful. Much fairer than her companions, and superior in intellectual expression, she sat apart and joined not in the conversation, but seemed deeply engaged with the moccasin which she was embroidering with minute white beads in the fashion of her tribe.—How much grace was evident even in the listless bend of her beautiful shoulders, over her work; how much of earth's history in the strange sadness which seemed entwined with the very being of so young a creature. We stayed long; so that darkness covered every object when we launched our light bark from its grassy bed. The cerulean tint and feathery cloud was gone,

but the fresh starlight, spiritual in their unearthly beauty—so lone—so changeless—harmonized with our feelings at the time. Suddenly a gleam of red light flashed athwart the water, and gleamed upon the dripping paddles, when turning, we observed the Indian girl who had so enchained our interest, emerging from the trees, beneath the glow of a torch of birch bark, which she held high above her head, descending to the margin of the stream; she stooped to fill her can with water, and even from the distance we were off, I could catch the character of that calm face, every feature wrought into high relief by the torch light;—so wild and sylph-like she seemed, that I could almost imagine her some spirit of the forest holding mysterious communion with the flood, in the deep solitude of the night. Some time afterwards I became acquainted with her sad story, the details of which are as follows:

In the — Regiment, stationed in the town of —, was a young officer that had lately arrived from England to join the corps. Like the generality of young men who enter the army, not from any actual fondness for the profession of arms, but for the sake of the gay carelessness and unprofitable idleness, which constitutes the life of a soldier in the time of peace; he gave no attention to the routine of garrison duties, and wasted his days in the frivolous pursuit of objects which lost their charm with the passing whim of the moment. Self, was the all-powerful deity at whose shrine every noble, generous thought was offered up as a willing sacrifice;—self was the centre around which every impulse and action revolved with unceasing attraction, and the concentrating point to which hope and memory ever returned. He was one who would not do an exalted deed for its own sake, for an intuitive love of the great and good; but from that cold policy of the world, which robs virtue of her sacredness, in making her acts subservient to the selfish views of those who are unworthy of the divine truth. There was a worldliness in his very smile—his features were never lit with that fresh enthusiasm which seems caught from the spirit's altar, ere its lamp is dimmed by the thick breath of life's experience. It was on a party of pleasure that he visited the Indian encampment, and saw, for the first time, the beautiful girl who is the subject of this reminiscence. They told me that she was fairer then, in the first burst of womanhood, before the blight had fallen, and the heart was withered at the core. In the untutored mind of the forest-born, his flattery found ample

room to work its poisonous effect; she could not dream of suspicion, that had never known wrong, living chiefly in the fastnesses of the woods, she had not learned to dread the wiles and deceit of the white man, and so her young affections fell an easy prey to the destroyer. They often met alone, and if her low sweet tones thrilled through his soul, they touched no pitying cord. Often when twilight lingered on earth and stream, their canoe glided noiselessly along the shore, or floated at rest, while its inmates held sweet converse with each other. She felt no fear—for stranger as he was, love—pure love, had bound her to him as though they had known for years; and thus a long bright summer passed away, and the girl was blessed in the fulness of a young, confiding heart. But these bright moments could not last forever; perhaps he joyed in secret that the time was approaching when the tie that bound them would be severed. Soon the troops would be removed, and he would be enabled to rejoice in his freedom once more; while the poor Indian maiden, in the spring-tide of her happiness, never gave a thought to the unknown future; the human heart is so proud to cast aside the shadow of the truths it would forget.

'Twas a warm evening in September, mellow and soft—such as we sometimes see, reminding one of a smile lingering on the features of some fair face from which life is silently departing. The yellow sun-light rested on the varied tints of the autumn leaves with a subdued lustre, and shed a crimson glow over the clear expanse of waters; while beneath the spreading boughs of a butternut tree, sat Malsosep and her lover. It was near the period of his departure, yet he shrunk from the effects he felt the avowal would create in her faithful breast. In the confidence of affection, one slight arm was cast around him, and her head, with its long raven hair, veiled the shoulders upon which it reposed. "Love," said she, "Malsosep is very happy when she sits thus, and looks upon the sky which the Great Spirit is shading with his mighty wing: for then I think he blesses us, when he looks upon our love; I feel the calm which is upon all things, enter into my heart when thou art beside me—for in the long dreary hours of absence I wonder at my thoughts, they are so wild and restless. Thou hast been good and kind to Malsosep since you first spoke to her in soft words, and now there is no smile on the wide earth that can gladden me as thine. You tell me that your friends are far away where the green

pine trees do not darken the hills, nor the Mili-cetejik hunt the deer on his snow-shoes—and can you feel joy in the love of a poor Indian girl, whose fathers were once chiefs of mighty tribes, that sent their war-whoop over the broad country where the white man now slumbers, but have departed forever from the face of the stranger—for the hunter could find no game—his bow was broken.—Yet the Sachem's heart could never grow tame to the white man's ways, for he had led his warriors to battle, and owned the blood of a race that was never conquered." And the fire which burned in the eye of the girl as she spoke of the fallen fortunes of her people, softened into deep melancholy as she concluded. "Still is Malsosep very sad; and when she sees the maidens of your country—for they are very fair and have much wealth—she fears she is too dark a skin to please the son of a tribe whose eyes are the colour of a stream where there is no cloud."

"Think not," he replied, as he drew her nearer, and clasped her small soft hand with feigned fervour; "think not that I yearn for the faces of my country women. Oh, Malsosep, they are all tame and worthless in my eyes before thee;—thou art dearer to my heart in your unsoiled beauty, than the fairest of them all with their ensnaring riches. Have I ever failed to meet you when evening warned me to your side?—then fear not that my heart is changeable as the fire of the north, which your people think the ghosts of dead warriors, gliding through the darkened sky: be it rather like that star, ever bright and fadeless, fit emblem of a lover's truth."

Warming with the enthusiasm of his words, he half believed the sentiment he uttered; and she—the fond and child-like—could she deem him false, as her eye wandered to the pure sky and noted the sweet star which he had associated with their love? But even then a shade came over her brow, as if a cloud passed over, and a sudden sadness weighed her spirit down as she watched its unspeakable glory. A slight breeze swept the foliage with a low mournful sound, and the girl hid her face in her lover's bosom, while her limbs trembled with some undefinable sense of coming evil;—such as will sweep over the soul in our most unconscious moments, as though an unseen wanderer from the grave journeyed near, chilling the heart's blood with its cold, lifeless shadow.

Time glided swiftly away—the forest leaves were strewn upon the earth, and the migratory birds in large flocks, began to spread their

wings to the far south; in the early morning, and clear evening air, the steady approach of winter began to be perceptible, yet 'twas so soft and invigorating, that the mind, rendered elastic by its influence, dwelt not upon the anticipation of its usual prognostics—storms and snowdrifts. Early one morning, the steamboat, on her way down the river appeared to be crowded with soldiers; the swell of martial music ascending from her decks, re-echoed from the projecting shores, or lingered on the waters until every object seemed alive with harmony. The Indian girl in wonder and alarm, crossed the stream immediately, and there learned blighting intelligence; her lover had departed with a portion of his Regiment for the adjoining province, without a word—not even farewell; she could not believe it possible that he had intentionally allowed her to remain in ignorance of his intended removal; in the midst of almost overwhelming grief, one hope still clung to her heart—she might see him once more, even were it to explain the unaccountable 'thwarting of their dream of happiness, which she in her simplicity, imagined the unavoidable exigency of a soldier's life. Cheered with the thought, she formed the wild romantic project of traversing on foot, the long dreary district, intermediate with the distant post, where she knew her lover was destined. Why should she not? Numbers of her tribe had traversed the route in their visits to the nation whose fires were kindled in the hills and vallies of that country, the shores of which are washed on almost every side, by the waves of the great sea;—and then the thought of meeting—of hearing his loved voice once more, made her bosom heave with determination, sufficient for the achievement of any peril that would produce such a reward.

CHAPTER II.

Without imparting the secret of her journey, the rising of another sun saw her far on her way through the dark interminable forest, the midday beam poured down upon her defenceless head, the chill of evening struck into her limbs, yet still she pursued her unwearying path, over the barren waste, the steep hill side, and misty morass; where the vapour gleamed like snow wreaths in pale moonlight; once a bear crossed her path, but merely gazed upon her for a moment, then passed on. Now and then after long intervals of travel, she rested in the cabin of some settler where she obtained food, and recruited her diminished strength; sometimes she could not procure shelter, ere

the night fell, then she reposed in the depths of the woods, with the natural security of a forest child; if a strange feeling of loneliness oppressed her in the long watches of the night, amid the unimaginable stillness of the solitude around, which the faint rush of the wind through the tops of the high trees, like the whispering of spirits, or the voice of some distant stream, served but to render more thrillingly intense; the fervour of hopeful love, which burned within, seemed to commune with her spirit and sustain her through all; that star was still shining above like a guardian watch over her unprotected slumber, and until its ray was dim she would trust in hope.

'Twas early morning. A misty veil hung thick and damp upon the hills as she gained the last eminence which terminates the mountainous region, situate between the great prairie of Cumberland and the Bay of Minas—anon the pale wreaths of vapour like the shades of the dead, dissolved into blue air, or hung reluctantly like a hoary crown upon the top of some proud height. As the red sun rose in glory, Malscep beheld beneath her, as cloud after cloud melted away, a scene of enchanting beauty awakening into life;—dark forests tinged with richest gold in the solar beam, intermingling with the various shades of the leaves, from the deep green of the unchanging pines, to the bright orange and scarlet of the birch and maple; all, save the cedar and butternut-tree of her own country, were there; and over the glade and grove the pure atmosphere wafted fresh odours from innumerable flowers; so refreshing, that the heart of the poor girl felt invigorated, and her step more elastic as she inhaled the inspiring draught—far in the distance the waters of the bay slumbered blue and calm, mingled with the limpid stream of the Shubenacadie that poured its flood as a tribute into the briny wave; and upon its banks a clustered village gave evidence of progressive improvement and careless security in the very war path of the ancient red man; that river so famous in Indian story, that bore the canoes of the vengeful warriors, leagued with their Acadian allies to strike another blow to the very heart of the invaders, now wafted the produce of the earth to other shores; those arching trees which oftumes echoed the wild war whoop or the sound of returning triumph, now responded to the lowing of herds or the chime of the fisherman's song. The girl looked forth upon the unutterable calmness which dwelt upon all things, and an awe crept over her, as we sometimes expe-

rience when standing before the revealed sublimity of a sculptured god;—she pressed her hands against her beating heart to still its wild throbs, and bowing her young head in reverence, worshipped, *the Great Spirit who presides over solitude.*

She was suddenly startled into consciousness by the crackling of boughs by her side, when turning, she beheld a young Indian emerging from the dense foliage, who emitted an expression of surprise when he beheld the maiden. The instant flash of recognition which lighted up the faces of both, proclaimed that they had met before. In truth he was a noble sample of the native tribes;—tall, firm, and graceful—arrayed in the garb of a hunter, with the blue embroidered tunic descending to the knee, disclosing every excellence of attitude and form; leggings drawn tightly over the calf, and feet encased in moccasins of dressed moose skin; a gun and knife, with the powder horn slung behind, completed his equipment; while the long raven hair shrouded his broad erect shoulders, and his eye sent forth a gleam so bright, so fearless, so hawk-like, that the beholder trembled to imagine the soul that lit its ray, roused by the fire of anger or revenge. The features were aquiline, probably from a slight mixture of Acadian blood, but the prevailing expression was energy and deep resolve, the evidences of an unshackled spirit. As he stood over her after the first greeting had passed, the glance of his eye softened, and a shade of mournfulness, which is characteristic of his race, rested on his features, as he addressed her in the language of her tribe.—“Daughter of the *Milicetajik*! many moons have waned since last I sat in your father’s wigwam; at the wepemaw of your people you had the merriest heart and the lightest foot amidst the maidens in the dance; your laugh was like the voice of a bird to the heart of *Adela*—but he was a fool, and wandered away from your nation; the *Great Spirit* gave him a restless foot and a changeful heart, so he had no home. Now, oh *Malsosep*! there is a long path between thee and thy people—thou art a stranger in a strange land, and thy face is very sad; there is a troubled light in your dark eyes, like a lake when the wind passes; thy moccasins are worn with long travel—answer me, child of *Pe-el-pool*! *Adela* will listen to thy words!”

“Warrior of the terrible eye,” replied she, “I will answer thee, for you never spoke the false word. My father used to say that when the great God saw that the heart was clean,

he would not let his children do wrong—so with a pure breast have I journeyed from my people—think not evil of me if I cannot tell thee wherefore; there are things which we must not speak to another—my face may look sad, and nearly as pale as the stranger, for I have been on a long path—I am but a woman!”

“Then hear me,” rejoined the hunter, “I am journeying to the country of the great lakes from whence I came, when I tarried in the wigwams of your tribe—but I was not born there—you have heard how our fathers drove the *Mohawk*, like a strong wind, towards the setting sun, long before the *Wew-nooch* (Frenchman) sailed over the great salt lake, and came to claim friendship with the *Micmac* nation.—You have heard how the *Mohawk* grieved for the country he had lost, and that they sent spies every year to discover the strength of their enemies, that like brave warriors they might take counsel to destroy them, and so possess their hunting grounds as in the old time. These men come, even now, like black thieves in the dark, and steal many squaws and little children from the camps of the *Micmac*. I have heard the old people say, that sometimes when they danced in the moonlight under the shadow of the pine trees, they have clasped the hand of a bloody *Mohawk*, where they thought all were friends: they could not speak—the spell of a *boo-wo-win* (sorcerer) is very strong. I was a *mid-jou-a-jeegh*, (little boy) when, laying awake one night, I heard a bird singing a strange song in the trees—I crept out of the wigwam where my parents were fast asleep—I strove to see what bird it was at that late hour—a strong hand was forced over my mouth, I was carried away from my people—far, far, over the hills and swamps; while all the time deep voices, in an unknown language, were talking around me. Day dawned at last, then I knew that the *Mohawks* had stolen me. Their skin is redder than those tribes which dwell on the borders of the great sea. And so I was dead to my nation—but soon I grew used to the *Mohawks* ways; yet ever in my heart the thought of my parents made me yearn for strength, that I might see my own land once more. The *Mohawks* are a great nation, so are the *Hurons*, so are the *Iroquoi*—but I could not stay among them: so I journeyed to the east, and my heart felt glad as a young moose, when I leaped on the green hills of my own land. Alas! the house of my fathers was no more! I looked out upon the blue bay of *Chebucto*, and heard the boom of the wild waves on the rocks, as when I used

to gather shells in my young years—all else was changed. The wigwams of the stranger—the unjust *An-glas-e-ou*, (Englishman) like a full cup, had overflowed, and covered the whole country with people, thick as the sands of the sea; and on every side the big war-guns, that speak the white man's thunder, looked fiercely down where the hatchet was forever buried; yea, even beneath their hearth-stones!

"My mother had been dead years ago, and my poor old father's head was grey with age and sorrow. He had seen the forests melt away, like the glory of his race, till he was left alone in his heavy grief; he, the great Sachemmon! who once could gather with the signal of his outstretched arm, ten thousand warriors from Cape Sable to Cape Breton, was glad to beg his bread at the stranger's door, for his limbs were weary and his eyes dim. I tell thee, my heart was almost broken! I could not feel at rest among my people: I had learned different ways, and the air was thick and poisonous with the breath of the pale-faces. I was as a bird ensnared by the hunter, and set free after long slavery,—I had grown a stranger to my own; so I bid my old father farewell, and now the son of Passimi is a wanderer among strange tribes; he wishes he had no heart—it makes a woman of a warrior! Now hear me," he continued, "near the great lakes there are hunting grounds, still sacred to the tribes; the white man troubles them not—thy look, oh, Malsosep, has sunk into my soul and I am like a child before thee: wilt thou go with me, that I may drink the music of your voice, and gaze upon thy beauty, that my sight may never grow dim. The daughter of Pe-el-pool may dwell with the son of a great Sachemmon—he loves thee: his wigwam is silent, there is no voice to welcome him after a long weary hunt—his fire has gone out—I am alone!"

As he ceased his forcible appeal to the heart of the maiden, whose face was covered with her hands, while she listened to the eloquence of Adela, the bright tears forced themselves through her thin fingers; drop by drop they sank into the ground, and it was long ere her tumultuous feelings would permit her to reply, for she knew that no arrow would pierce with such keen anguish as her words; with a strong effort, at last, she uttered this answer:

"Son of Passimi, thou art just—thou art a brave warrior, therefore will I answer thee even as thou hast spoken—in truth. It may not be; the shadow of another has fallen upon me, and I have but one heart. Thy words are pleasant to my ears, yet it may not be. Oh,

Adela! there are many maidens of my tribe more fit for the wife of a great warrior than I—go! The Milicetejik girl blesses thee, though she may not kindle thy fire or sing to thee when thou art sad, yet will she ask the Great Spirit to protect thee, that the *evil eye* may not look upon your strength with envy, nor any strong grief wither up your proud heart."

"Grief!—grief!—speakest thou of grief!" cried he, and the muscles of his face worked as if tortured by some internal spasm, while his lip curled with intense scorn from off his clenched teeth. "The strong heart can wither, even as a pine that the fire has scathed. Ha! ha! the serpent-tongued stranger hath beguiled thee—the accursed pale-face hath breathed upon thee and thou art blighted!"—he exclaimed in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, as he drew his proud form to its full height and raised his sinewy arm in prophetic denunciation, while the long catalogue of wrongs and degradation which his race had endured from their ruthless conquerors, swept over his soul in one agonizing whirl, and fired his eagle-eye as he continued—

"Spirit of the great North, freeze their pale blood, and steal the warmth from their hearts that they may die!—curse the ground beneath them, that they may hunger and eat not;—and make them quench their thirst in the waters of the salt sea!

"Woe!—woe! to the *An-glas-e-ou*! The *fire-water* shall make them mad—the pestilence shall waste them bone by bone, even as our fathers died. May the Great God blast them with the thunder, and their coward hearts quiver with pale fear of each other! Their lying tongues have stolen away the country of our tribe, and we are as miserable men who have lost their way—even our women are enticed with their false words! Daughter of Pe-el-pool I go!" Yet as he looked towards her when the madness which possessed him had somewhat subsided with his passionate declamation, the expression of his eye softened, and his voice assumed that low deep tone which is so pathetic in the Indian, as he resumed—"when the stranger has deserted thee, and the light of the sun is darkened unto your eyes—when the snake has coiled itself around your heart, and gnaws by day and by night, drinking the life blood dry, then will you think of the son of Passimi and his strong love." As he turned to depart, a sudden thought struck him, and unfastening a wampum necklace he gave it unto her, saying, "thou knowest the bead letters—if thou shouldst want a brother

to assist, to strike for thee, let a messenger bear this to Adela, and he will come—*ca-sa-loo-el, e-di-eu!* (love, fare thee well.) Before she could reply, his form was hidden in the shrubbery, and gathering up the floating hair from off her face, she slowly descended the hill side, with a heavy presentiment of evil at her heart, conjured up by the Indian's words.

Two more days of toil through a barren country, and she beholds at last, the spires and thickly built town of Halifax, presenting an imposing appearance, street rising above street, covering its broad hill side with habitations; the grey smoke from so many fires, hung like a mist upon the lower suburbs; and above the obscure atmosphere, on the crest of the height, Fort George projected its granite bastions frowning with cannon, like a grim lion in repose; whilst waving lazily on its tall staff, gleamed the meteor flag of England. Floating like swans upon the scarcely ruffled water, the great war-ships looked not half so terrible to the girl's eye as the tales she had heard of their tremendous power would have led her to imagine.

And now she threads the streets with winged feet—she is near her lover, and that thought sends the red blood, with a joyous impulse, into her attenuated cheek; but she will be happy now. In the artless simplicity of her nature she enquired the way to her lover's quarters. As she approached the corner of a street, a person advancing in the opposite direction, suddenly appeared before her, and with one wild cry, she is in his arms. It is her own, her long lost love! Coldly he unwound her arms from their fond resting place, as, with a command of feature that Satan might have envied, he denied all knowledge of the being who addressed him. There was surely some mistake, he had never seen her before.

As though from a serpent's bite, the girl sprang a pace backward; the blood rushing in a torrent to her brain, till the veins swelled like tight cords upon her brow, then as quickly collapsing, left every feature as pale as the chiselled marble, and as still—all save the thin lips, which trembled like a moth's wing; and the wild, large black eye, dilating with the agony of feeling that raged, like a gathering whirlwind at her heart, shone like a spiritual thing: while the look it gave, pierced like a shaft of lightning into his guilty soul, and made him tremble at the silent accusation of her he had wronged; then without sound or sense, she fell like one dead upon the earth. Her heart was broken! Never by day or night,—in the festive hall,

amid other scenes, in the hour of sickness or health, was that dread look ever forgotten. It hath dashed the wine cup from his lips, and turned the smile upon his cheek to a mockery of joy. In the midnight he has started from a fearful dream, and hidden his pallid face, that he might not behold that harrowing glance—but in vain. He closes his eyes—fool!—were they blotted out thou wouldst still be pursued by the unearthly gaze! Will the grave with its strong bars of adamant release the victim? No!—Its red record will rise against thee in judgment. *'Tis sacred upon thy soul!*

CHAPTER III.

And now the spell was broken—that which had seemed so beautiful, so pure, that it could never know change or dissolution, had vanished like the mist of the morning. The glory that had radiated from her loving heart, forming a medium through which she beheld external objects, rendering them more fair, had faded from before her; and ye only who have offered up all of life's dearest hopes upon the altar of youth's affection—who have lived to feel the plighted heart grow cold, and the voice that once spoke music like a harp string, breathe eloquence no more—ye, only, can image to the mind the dreary blank, the unutterable woe which dwelt within the soul of the forsaken girl. The effect was immediate prostration of physical and mental powers. For weeks she was unable to leave the bed of rude boughs upon which she had been placed by a family of Micmacs, that had kindly afforded her shelter in their wigwam, and through her illness contributed all in their power to lighten the dark cloud on the stranger's heart. They were very poor, but hospitality is an essential virtue of the aborigines.

We will not follow her in her painful journey, now rendered doubly distressing, back to her own people. How she sustained its fatigue, its vicissitudes, in her weak state she could not tell, for she seemed to have no distinct memory of that period: no wonder that her mind wandered in its night of suffering. Her answer ever was, as she pointed with her finger upward—“*God is in Heaven!*”

The winters of 1837, '38, and '39, will ever be memorable in the history of the North American provinces, from the futile efforts of a party to subvert the authority of the British crown, in the Canadas, by raising the standard of rebellion and rendering the sacred name of liberty subservient to the vilest purposes of a democratic confederation. Never was a scheme so

wretchedly concocted, or so utterly productive of ruin and discomfiture to its partisans; the greater portion of whom, finished, by a cowardly desertion of their adherents, after sowing the seeds of dissension and misery among an hitherto peaceful peasantry, a career of ignominy and crime.

The season chosen, as most favourable for the designs of the conspirators, was that during which, from the severity of the climate, all intercourse with the mother country would unavoidably cease, except through the wild uncultivated tract, lying between New-Brunswick and Lower Canada, fondly hoping that little assistance could be rendered from that quarter to the military force then stationed in the disaffected provinces,—those deluded men dreamed not that through that very region, New-Brunswick was ready at a moment's warning, to march her thousands in support of those beloved institutions which their fathers had maintained at the sacrifice of man's dearest ties—kindred, and possessions.

At that period it was deemed desirable to send all the disposable troops from the adjoining provinces; consequently several Regiments were ordered "en route" in the depth of a northern winter; presenting the unusual appearance of armed bodies traversing the forests of Madawaska, exposed to the vicissitudes of that inclement time of the year. The loyal inhabitants cheerfully volunteering the performance of military duty, which in the absence of a regular force from the several garrisons, devolved upon them.

The clear notes of the bugle playing the air of "Lutzow's Wild Chase," rang through the icy streets of St. John one morning, arousing the citizens from their slumbers, and causing divers window sashes to be suddenly raised, and heads protruded forth to catch a glimpse of the soldiery that came tramping and crackling over the frozen ground, equipped for their passage through the wilderness. They were the last remaining division of the — Regiment, the rest having preceded them by companies, avoiding thereby the inconvenience of providing shelter and food for a large body of men at one time, in a desolate country during mid-winter; each company occupying at night, the cantonment left by the party in advance.

At the corner of one of the principal squares, a few persons collected to witness their departure, venting their sympathies in a hearty cheer as the troops passed on. The officer in command may have observed a group of Indians muffled in their blankets, standing in the

back ground; but did he imagine that one of the number gazed as in a dream, with every feeling wrought to intense excitement upon his retiring form, until it was blended with the rest in the distance. Yes!—Malsosep was there—forgetting in that brief moment her sufferings and her wrongs, as she beheld once more the object of her first and only love. A scene of former days came over her mental vision—again she glided down the shadowy stream with her lover, and listened to the evening song of the birds, not more happy or light-hearted than herself, nor more hopeful in the prospect of future blessings—a sudden start—a closer clasp of the envelope to her wasted form, and the delusion passed away; the calmness which had long settled upon her features, again returned, and with it the consciousness of her situation. She knew that day by day, the principle of life was consuming painfully away; she knew that ere long she would be at rest forever, where the cruel or the unjust could never disturb her quiet slumber—and that thought brought hope—the hope of the broken hearted!

The Great Spirit breathed upon the waters, and the ice barriers gave way. The pine trees were fringed with tassels of the lightest green, and the forest flowers began to show their modest faces in the moss-covered glades—but the loveliest flower that ever bloomed in the tribe of the Milicete, had long since been transplanted to a fairer clime. In the death hour she called one of a deputation that had come from the great lakes, to smoke at the council fire of her nation, and giving him the wampum necklace, desired that he would bear it to Adela with her last word; and so she died.

* * * * *

The last gleam of the sun had vanished from the broad expanse of Lake Erie, whose waters were covered and bound with the thick ice, over which that day had passed a body of troops, and a few pieces of artillery, with the intention of dislodging a rebel force that had taken possession of Pele Island, lying about twenty miles from the British shore.

The sound of contest had ceased. The enemy, driven from their position, had retreated within the American lines, leaving the discoloured snow strewn with the dead and dying. The groans of the wounded had given place to the sound of the cold night wind that swept through the leafless boughs with a melancholy moan.

The British troops had departed, yet a few warriors of the six nations still lingered around

the spot where the conflict had taken place.— In an open space enclosed in a circle of trees, where the trampled drift gave evidence of the late struggle, and a few bodies were stiffening in the sharp atmosphere, the indistinct glimmer of a fire threw a wild lurid flash on the objects around, revealing the placid features of the dead, and the movements of several Indians who were passing through the clear space and the forest adjacent. Beside the flame sat a young chief, with his head resting upon his hand, and his body reclining in an attitude of weariness, from unusual exertion and the loss of blood occasioned by a gunshot wound in the leg.

The fiery ardour with which he had prosecuted the strife, nourished by the exciting roar of artillery, the shout of the troops as they rushed to the charge, succeeded as it was, by the cheer of triumph, as the enemy were driven in disorder from the field, had passed away; and acute physical suffering with the loneliness of the scene around, awoke feelings of a melancholy nature, which the presence of the still dead, in their snowy shrouds—mysterious and unearthly as they appeared to the superstitious mind of the Indian, was not calculated to subdue.

Gradually his thoughts wandered from the prospect before him, to another country and a former period. The face of his beloved, as he had last seen her—pale and sorrowful, appeared to grow out of the indistinct gloom, now obscured in a volume of smoke, but again visible as the cloud rolled slowly away, awakening bitter remembrance and painful regrets, which he imagined had long since been banished from his heart; yielding now to their impulsive violence, he buried his face beneath the folds of his blanket and nursed the grief that had fed so long and secretly upon the freshness of his youth.

Suddenly the noise of an approaching footsteps, followed by the fall of some object at his side, startled the chief from his reverie. Looking up, he observed some one retiring in the dark shadow of the trees, and with astonished wonder, lifted from the ground, the necklace of wampum which he had given so long since to the being then uppermost in his thoughts. With a wild foreboding, he held it to the light of the dying fire, and distinctly traced in the peculiar arrangement of the beads, of which it was composed, a confirmation of his fears.— It bore this legend—

"Peace unto Adela!—his word was truer than the heart of the stranger. The Great

Spirit called his child to the land of the just—she has gone!"

Before many moons had waned, the sachem left forever, the tribe of his adoption, and endeavoured in the prairies of the "far West," amidst its fierce hunters and exciting associations, to subdue his sorrow.

Malsoep sleeps beneath the butternut tree, on the banks of her own bright river, where she had so often sat in the dewy eve, by the side of her false love. The soft breeze parts "the long summer grasses," and the wild bee murmurs his drowsy song over the flowers that bloom in the shade of the o'erarching leaves, as in the old time; but the true and gentle heart that would have joyed with the gladness of her warm youth, in the exceeding beauty of the green earth, lay mouldering below.

Twice has an unseen finger painted the autumn leaf with the hues of the setting sun, since her voice was heard in the dwellings of her people. Yet the Indian maidens pause, and the merry laugh is hushed as they pass that quiet grave, while they speak in whispers of her beauty and broken heart, that trusted in the white man's love; and a lesson is taught them from the memory of her sad history,—never to put faith in the words of the unjust pale-faces.

The following lines suggested by the evidence of premature decay, stamped upon her appearance when I first saw her, prophetic as they proved to be of her untimely departure, may not prove uninteresting to those whose sympathies have been inlisted in the perusal of this true record.

To gaze upon that pallid cheek,
And that eye's wild mournful light;
That faultless form, so wan and weak
With the crush of the spirit's blight.

The raven hair on her youthful brow—
That register of care;
In shadowy folds hangs listless now,
For sorrow's touch is there.

And her plaintive voice is low and sad,
As she sings by the forest fire;—
You could not 'wake to accents glad,
The cords of a breaking lyre!

How could the love of a stranger wring
From its gushing fount, thy heart's warm
tears;

Flinging the shade of grief's dark wing
O'er the cloudless light of thy sunny years?

Aye, ye loved him!—and he made
 Thy artless breast a ruined shrine;
 Oh will he find in truth array'd
 A love so pure and fond as thine?
 And will he give, when far from thee,
 With friends and home united,
 One pitying thought—one tender sigh,
 For the heart his baseness blighted!

Thou art fading from the earth, wild girl—
 Like a breeze from the whispering pine;
 As the lonely forest flowrets furl
 Their leaves in thy native clime.

Thou art passing from the dark green grove,
 As the home of thy childhood cherish'd—
 Thou art breaking the chain of thy early love,
 For the hope of thy heart hath perished.

Oh, the hunter's foot shall lightly tread
 O'er the grave where thy sorrows rest—
 But the *pale-face* false will never shed
 One tear o'er thy faithful breast!

St. John, September, 1841.



SLEEP.—Too much sleep encourages corpulency, languour, and weakness. The time requisite to restore the waste occasioned by the return of the day will depend on the activity of the habits and the health of the individual; but it cannot, in general, be less than seven, and never ought to exceed nine hours. By means of sleep, the muscles are again rendered active; the quickness of the pulse is moderated; and the digestive organs are assisted. Sleep is indispensable for the preservation of health and life, and contributes largely to the removal of disease; the want of it is injurious to the nervous system. It comes on easily after taking food; and where this propensity has grown into a habit, it must not be interfered with, particularly in old subjects. "All-healing sleep soon neutralizes the corroding caustic of care, and blunts even the barbed arrows of the marble-hearted fiend—ingratitude." When the pulse is almost paralyzed by anxiety, half an hour's repose will cheer the circulation, restore tranquility to the perturbed spirit, and dissipate those clouds of *ennui*, which sometimes threaten to eclipse the brightest minds and the best of hearts.—*Book of Health.*



An honourable distinction is purchased only by toil and self-denial; by painful vigils, and persevering efforts. It requires the same steady and unceasing application which is exhibited in the pendulum of the clock.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS OF 1642.

THESE are few lovelier spots in all England than the wild banks of the small river Jolle; banks which remain even at this day rich in the native and uncultured charms of woodland scenery. No churlish ploughshare has ever marred the velvet of the old mossy greensward—no cultivator's fire has ever rioted in the tall fern that waves its graceful plumes in every sheltered dingle, or in the tufted clumps of furze or broom that flaunt their golden blossoms to the summer sunshine on every knoll and hillock of the forest—no axe has ever razed the gnarled and knotty bark of the huge oaks—time honoured, immemorial Titans—which scattered far and near in isolated grandeur, lift their white thunder-splintered heads, stag-horned, and sere, and blasted, above the dark green foliage which still clothes their lower limbs—strange living monuments of bygone generations—unconscious witnesses of ages—mute teachers of man's vanity and weakness!

Beneath their shadow the bowstring of the chivalrous and world-famed outlaw twanged terror to the royal deer, whose far posterity still roam the glades of Sherwood. Ages have fled over them, aye! ages. Perhaps they stood there in their youth when the dense march of Rome's unconquered infantry swept onward, like a moving wall of brass, beneath their solemn umbrage—we know that they stood there proud in meridian majesty, when the mailed chivalry of the first Norman kings rode, lance in rest, over the liberties of Saxon England—and there they stand now, old indeed, and gray, and timeworn, but still erect and strong as in their prime—and there they shall stand, years—long years—after the grass has grown green o'er the bones of us, and our sons' sons, who moralize a moment before we go hence to be no more seen. For not an English hand, while English hearts preserve their boasted semblance to the proud island tree, would desecrate one bough of those hoar giants—no! not for a king's ransom.

There are few lovelier spots, indeed than that where the great northern road, leaving the rich and garden-like expanse of country watered by the tributaries of the broad Trent,

"Who, like some earth-born giant, spreads,
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,"
 crosses the little river, named above, on a rude wooden bridge, where it winds in and out through dark-leaved brakes of alder, *brambling*

and laving with its clear waters the sedge and willow-tufts that fringe its margin, and sweeps over a sandy eminence into the heart of this wild sylvan solitude. That rivulet, for it is scarcely more, that little hillock, are as it were a barrier of eight hundred years. There we were in the very midst of the much vaunted wealth, the artificial wants, the needless luxuries, the wonders, the improvements of this utilitarian age.—A little space, which a child might race over in a minute!—and we are here in the rude solemn majesty of the tenth century. While all has changed, all been improved around, there is no sign, no vestige of improvement, of change, here!—The widgeon flutters up from the reach of the stream, at the rattling approach of the modern mail, just as she did long centuries ago, scared by the gallop of some proud baronial train—the squirrel rasps his acorn on the same mossy limb—the blue-winged geai flutters and screams in the same tree tops—the great green woodpecker sends forth the same wild laughter as he wings his jerking flight from oak to oak—the mighty stag frays his new antlers against the self same trunk—and the sun pours the same rich yellow light over the velvet turf, chequering it with long blue shadows, and making every dew-drop on the grass gleam like a diamond of Golconda, which he shed there eight hundred years ago. Nor, as the eye loses its way among the vistas formed by the giant boles which stud the upland, or rests on the dense brakes, and bosky dingles thick set with hazel, mountain-ash, and holly, which clothe the side of every glen and hollow, does it require any wide stretch of fancy to people those long aisles and alleys green with characters appropriate to the times, which are recalled so strongly by the nature of the scenery. We pass a moss-grown cross, broken perhaps and headless, and almost wonder that we see not the burly form of the gray friar telling his beads beside the consecrated emblem. We cross the opening of some grassy glade, or bridle road, meandering with its sandy track through the deep forest, and we can almost picture to our eyes the clouds of rising dust, with the bright gleams of knightly armour flashing from out its smokey wreaths, and lance heads twinkling in the sunshine with fluttering penoncelles and banners waving above all—we dive into some darksome glen, the startled deer, which have been lurking in its shadows during the noon-tide heat, flit timidly across our path and vanish in the nearest thickets, and we feel something nigh akin to disappointment that we hear

not the deep bay of the bloodhound, the merry flare of the buglehorn, and the fell whistle of the clothyard arrow, hard on the traces of the quarry. Such are our waking day dreams, nor are we aroused fully from our reverie, before the limits of old Sherwood are behind us, and our road has again emerged from the wide lonely woodlands into the bright and cultivated champaign.

It was a still and breathless morning of July, nearly the middle of the seventeenth century, whereon our tale commences—the newly risen sun was shining cheerfully among the rich green leaves, and filling all the air with light which was itself of an emerald hue: the voice of many birds was singing through the forest, and there was not one breath of wind abroad to shake the dew drops from the branches, or to awake the breezy murmuring voice of the tall tree-tops. No human beings were in sight, but a thin wreath of pale blue smoke might be seen worming itself up in graceful folds among the stems of the great oaks at a small distance from the road, although a sudden rise of the ground, and the rich verdure of a clump of young birch trees, concealed the cottage from which it probably arose. From the same quarter there came frequently the light and frolic laugh of childhood, the playful barking of a dog, and ever and anon the rich, sweet voice of a girl giving vent to the feelings excited in her breast by that delicious summer morning, in bursts of unconnected song. This might have continued for an hour or better, without the appearance of any living thing except a little wryneck, which was busily running up and down the knotty bark of one of the large trees, prying into every cranny in search of its insect prey, and two or three gray rabbits feeding upon the dewy grass, and limping lazily among the mazes of the tufted fern—when suddenly a louder sound, and one entirely different from those, with which the woods were rife, came up the road from the southward—it was the heavy tramp of a horse urged to the top of his speed, mixed with the sharp and angry clash of spur and scabbard. In a moment or two, the cause of the disturbance came into sight;—a young man, of some five or six and twenty years, dressed in the full magnificent costume of the court of Charles the First. He wore the broad blue shoulder scarf and the black feather in his slouched hat, which had been assumed by the Cavaliers, in contradistinction to the Orange shoulderknots which the Parliamentarians had borrowed from the liveries of their leader Essex. But the blue

baldric was all dabbled with recent blood stains, and the black plume defaced and broken, and the whole of his rich dress besmirched with dust, and blackened with the smoke of gunpowder. The very horse which he bestrode, a powerful, thorough-bred charger, fully caparisoned for battle, bore signs which could not be mistaken, of having been but lately in the midst of some hot mella—*for* the blood was still streaming fast from a deep wound in his quarters, while several other slighter and superficial cuts were visible upon his neck and shoulders—his gallop, too, was heavy and uncertain; and he rolled in his gait, changing his leg from time to time, and stumbled more than once as if his strength were failing him; although he was recovered quickly by the spur and curb of his rider.

The rider, too, seemed in no better plight, for he reeled in his saddle, wearily, and his head drooped, and his cheek was deadly pale; although he struggled evidently with the increasing faintness of his wounds, and bore himself as one who knew that life itself was on his horse's speed. That speed, however, was fast failing; and as he reached the summit of the little hill, from which the smoke of the woodman's hut was visible, the good horse once more stumbled, and though he rallied at the touch of the reins and recovered himself for a moment, he floundered again heavily, and fell with his head quite under him, despite the exertions of the cavalier, who strove so long to bring him up again that it was not without much difficulty he disengaged his leg, as the poor brute rolled over on his side, and after one convulsive struggle and a few gasping sobs lay lifeless at the feet of the master, whom it had died to serve. Too imminent, however, was his peril, and far too brief his time, to suffer him to mourn over his faithful servant; for a moment or two, he appeared stunned by the fall and half bewildered, for he raised his hand to his forehead with an aimless and uncertain gesture; but then he rallied instantly, listened intently for a moment, and hearing nothing that would indicate immediate peril, gazed all around him, as if in search of some place of shelter. The wreath of curling smoke instantly caught his eye, and the low mirthful sounds that floated round the peasant's cottage; and leaving the road without farther consideration, he hurried with faultering and uneven steps toward that happy dwelling. Happy, indeed, and pleasant was the scene, that met the eyes of the war-worn and bleeding fugitive, when, having toiled up the sandy slope of the hillock,

he parted the screen of the weeping birches, and gazed unseen upon the little group before the door.

The cottage was a low, white-washed building, of a single story, with a thatched roof projecting in a little porch before the door, and mantled by the foliage and sweet scented clusters of a woodbine, which climbed the rustic pillars, and overran the eaves, enclosing the small diamond-paned casements with a thick verdant curtain. On either side the porch was a narrow stripe of garden, decked with sweet peas, and blue and yellow lupines, and a bush or two of wild rose and sweet briar, and before it a space, perhaps ten yards in width, fenced in by the tall oaks, and here and there a beech or ash, and carpeted with short and mossy greensward, softer and of a richer hue than the most costly velvets of Genoa. At one end of the cottage was a thatched shed, from over the half door of which protruded the mild face of a sleek well fed cow, and at the other, a noble stack of faggots, larger than the cottage which it sheltered from the northeastern winds, and like it, provided with a thatched roof quite overgrown with lichens and the yellow flowered stonecrop. Under the shade of this lay a she goat, with two kids sporting round her, and the little cur, whose merry bark had been heard just before, peacefully sleeping by her side. A little way in front of the hut, forming the foreground as it were of this lovely rural picture, stood a young girl, of seventeen or eighteen years at most, busily engaged in hanging some sheets of spotless linen upon a cord which was attached to two of the large trees—while a few paces to her left sat a sweet little fairy child, with great blue eyes glancing out of the profuse flaxen curls, which fell at every moment over its bright and laughing features, playing with an enormous black and tan bloodhound of the old Talbot breed, which basked in the sun lazily beside the babe, occasionally giving its huge tail a flap upon the grass, or raising its great tawny muzzle to lick the chubby hands which were bedecking it with wreaths of buttercups and daisies. A little way from these, upon the green, was a fair boy, of some twelve years, practising with a bow and arrow at a mark set up against the boll of an enormous oak at sixty paces distance, which his shaft, headless though it was, failed not to strike at each successive shot, and ever and anon when he had struck the bull's eye, raising a shrill and joyous shout, which was re-echoed by the crowing laughter of his young sister, and listened to with a calm, well-

pleased smile, by the elder maiden. And beautiful exceedingly was that young maiden, her form so slight yet so voluptuously rounded, with snow-white swelling arms and a straight slender ancle, revealed by the short sleeves and somewhat brief proportions of her plain russet frock; her long and swan-like neck, gracefully rising from the blue kerchief that veiled her struggling bosom; her dark and glossy hair folded in simple braids around her broad, smooth brow—her soft, bright, hazel eye, full ruddy lip, and delicate complexion—and, even more than these, her tiny hands, and feet that scarce seemed equal to support her sylph-like frame, seemed to betoken rather some scion of a proud, time-honoured race, than a woodman's daughter. Such was picture on which the young man gazed with wistful eyes for a brief space, through the boughs of the birchen thicket which veiled it on the southern side; but so great and so imminent was his peril that he might not expend much time in feeding his eyes or his imagination upon a scene, so sweet to fill a poet's day-dream. He gazed, it is true, for a minute wistfully; but, though his mind was fraught with many a touch of poesy and wild romance, and though his eye was one which loved to dwell on all varieties of natural beauty, it was not poesy nor admiration of the beautiful that fixed his eye or his mind now. It was a wandering, restless, scrutinizing glance, which he cast into every nook and angle of the domestic scene before him; until, convinced, as it would seem, that he had taken every feature of the picture, satisfied that there were no other persons present than those whom he had seen already, and that they were of no formidable character, he drew the tangled branches quite asunder, and stepped at once, though with a quiet unobtrusive air, into full view.

"Be not alarmed, fair maid," he said, seeing that she was not a little startled at his sudden appearance. "Be not alarmed—I am alone, a fugitive, helpless, and wounded, and in search of safety. My enemies—the avengers of blood, are close upon my heels—the blood of my two brothers and my father are red upon their hands and weapons—and mine will flow, unless you can conceal me. You would not look upon my slaughter—conceal me, if you can, for one short hour, so shall I thank you for my life, and so shall you win favour before God. For I am guiltless of all wrong unless adherence to the faith of my fathers, and loyalty to my king, be a sin as the Puritans avouch. There is no time to lose, for they were scarcely a

mile distant, when I looked back from the last hill-top."

The blood which had ebbed from her cheeks, as he appeared, returned at his words, and although fluttered slightly and somewhat tremulous, she answered in a clear and distinct voice: "I can conceal you, sir—happy am I to say it—where all the malice of your enemies would in vain strive to find you. But you must promise me," she added, "never by word, or sign, or token, whether for good or evil, to divulge the secret of the hiding place which I will show you. This must you vow, upon your plighted honour as a gentleman and soldier—for ruin would come of it, and perhaps bloodshed, if you should fail in this.—Moreover, see what you may, or hear, you must rest satisfied and ask no questions."

"Be it so," he replied instantly; and laying his hand on his heart, he made the promise she required, using the very words which she had uttered, with a manner so impressive, that it could hardly fail to convey a full belief in his sincerity. Scarce had he finished speaking, however, when a distant shout was heard, followed by the thundering gallop of a squadron, and in a moment a second clamour, so loud, and seemingly so near, that the young man perceived at once that his pursuers had come up to the spot where his horse had fallen.

"It is too late!" he said; "thanks for your good will, maiden; thanks, and may heaven reward you!—but it is all too late!—at least, I will not die before your eyes, nor unavenged"—and as he spoke, he laid his hand upon his rapier's hilt, and turned as if to rush upon his foes. Quick, however, as light, the fair girl interrupted him, catching in the earnestness of her anxiety, his hand in her small snowy fingers. "No, no!" she said, "no! it is not too late!—rush not, for God's love, rush not on your doom; but follow me and be silent. Philip," she added, addressing the boy who had been shooting on the green, "you are old enough, and have sense enough to understand this, and to keep silence—go now and play with little Mabel, and the dog, till I return, which I will instantly—do you comprehend me?"

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the boy eagerly—"Yes! yes! I understand you, Constance; and you may be quite sure I would not tell the rogue Roundheads one word about this gallant gentleman, though they were to tear me with wild horses—go you and hide him, and I will quiet Mabel."

She said no more, but led him rapidly round the corner of the cottage, between the wall and

the wood pile, and having reached the farther end of the narrow passage, stopped and drew out with a little effort two or three of the large faggots which composed the stack. These being withdrawn disclosed the entrance of a low dark aperture about a yard in height, by half that in width, to which she pointed with her finger, saying hastily, "The stack is hollow with a large chamber in the middle, made for what ends you will see when you are within; creep boldly forward two or three yards space, and I will close it from without—you will be safer there from any peril of pursuers, than if you stood within the battlements of Belvoir Castle."

Of course he did not hesitate, and in less than two minutes from her leaving the children, she had bestowed him safely, built up the aperture, and was again upon the green beside them.—"Philip," she whispered, "take up your bow and arrows and go on shooting just as you were before he came—every thing now depends upon the avoiding suspicion," and as the quick-witted boy resumed his occupation, she too returned to her basket and clothes line, and began carolling one of the sweet old melodies, which had been on her lips before the stranger interrupted the tenor of her tranquil meditations.

Twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour now elapsed, without any further disturbance; and Constance was almost beginning to hope that the danger of interrogation and perhaps of discovery had already passed by, when the loud voices of several men, and the clank of their steel caparison showed that the enemy were near at hand, and rapidly approaching. "Ho, Win-the-fight," cried one, in harsh and dissonant tones—"here he hath passed but now—lo! here this foot print in the sand, with marks of the spur leather and the rowels; and here a blood gout on the green sward close beside it."

"Verily thou sayest true, Sin-despise," exclaimed another, "and here, among the trees, is a woodman's hut; past doubt, he hath fled thither for protection—I trow he hath but little spirit left to fight, or fly much farther, for I could see that my petronel planted its ball in his left shoulder, and Hezekiah Rumbold gave him a foul slash on the thigh in the first melody."

"Nay! be not thou too sure—they be a fighting race, these Desboroughs!—why thou didst see thyself how that old grayheaded malignant strove this morning, with all his viperous spawn about him. He was past eighty—of a verity I know it—yet he cut down three of our

stoutest fellows before he was himself hewn down; and when he fell at last, there was scarce blood enow in his cold veins to stain a rapier's blade. Past doubt, this young one will fight to the death, if we be in luck to tackle him; and if we fail, rest certain that the day will come when we'll be put in mind of this morning's work. But, come boys, on, and search the cottage!"

Within a moment, the party whose voices had announced their arrival, rushed violently through the little thicket, into the space before the door—they were seven privates of the Parliamentary horse, with a subaltern; stout, stern, morose, but soldierly men, well armed with head pieces, and corselets of bright steel, and huge jack-boots, reaching to the mid thigh—two or three of the number carried petronels, or musquetoons, and all the others had their swords drawn, the blades of which were dimmed in several instances with recent gore. At the appearance of these strange intruders, the bloodhound, which had lain playing with the infant Mabel, during the whole time that the young cavalier was present, taking no farther notice of his person than to gaze at him steadfastly with its full liquid eye, and to snuff the air, roused himself, shook his sides, and uttering one deep querulous bay, stalked up toward the leader of the party, with the hair bristling like a mane along his neck and spine!

"Come in, sir—come in, Mortimer," cried Constance, fearful of offending her unwelcome visitors—"come in, sir, and lie down," but the sagacious animal, although he heard, and in so much obeyed the voice of his young mistress, that he came slowly and reluctantly back, seemed to be taught by his instinct that these men were enemies; for he continued to utter at intervals a deep and stifed growl, showing from time to time his long white tusches, and eyeing the soldiers with a keen and jealous glance. Meanwhile, the boy Philip, throwing down his bow and arrows, ran timidly across the green and grasped the gown of the young maiden with the tenacious hold of mortal terror, while the younger child burst into a fit of vociferous crying.

"Ho! girl," exclaimed the officer, in a snuffing, sanctimonious tone, "see that thou answer unto that which we shall ask of thee, promptly, and in all truth—which way, and whither, went young Desborough—him who men call 'the Honourable Hugh,' applying to frail, erring mortals, the titles fitted only to the Most High!—whither went he, and how long since?—You cannot but have seen him, for we

pursued him hitherward, and lo! we found his foot prints on the sand of the hill side, hard by."

"So please you, sir," the girl replied, and it might have been observed, that as she spoke to the Puritan there was a rusticity in her manner, and something of uncouthness in her speech, which had not marked the few words she uttered in addressing the cavalier. "So please you, sir, I know not any such—we be poor folks, and dwell here in the forest, and rarely go out into the country round. Father has cut wood here in Sherwood, these forty years or better; so that we know few of the gentry even by name." As she ceased speaking, she twitched her frock rather abruptly from Philip's hand, and running up to Mabel, who was still crying out as if her heart would break, leaned over her and raised her in her arms as if to still her sobbings; although it might have been her real object to conceal the crimson flush, which covered all her brow and face, and even neck, at her evasion of the soldier's question.

"That turn shall not avail thee, my fair mistress," the other answered rudely; "thy speech, too, savours somewhat of evasion, and consequent malignancy. I should not wonder hadst thou concealed the scoffing and blood-thirsty royalists—lucky for thee if thou hast not, I tell thee! But speak out truly, an thou would'st scape worse treatment. He was a tall slight youth of whom we question thee, with a blue scarf, and a black feather in his hat; his jerkin stained with blood, and his gait faint and faltering, I trow, for he was wounded. Hast thou seen such an one?"

"I have, sir," she replied steadily, and looking the Parliamentary full in the eye as she answered him.

"Thou hast, indeed? Marry, come up! a rare queen thou art—and why didst thou deny it but this moment? See that thou answer truly."

"If at all, sir, most surely I shall answer truth. Thou didst ask me of Desborough, and Hugh, with other titles which I know nought of; and how should I tell thee a man's name, I never saw but for a moment's space, and be-like never heard of?"

"Verily, I suspect thy speech; thou'rt over glib of tongue, young mistress, and somewhat pert, if modest; thou didst see him, thou knowest of, within the hour?"

"Within the hour!" she answered.

"How much within?" the soldier asked again, even more harshly than before.

"Truly we have no sundial here! the forest, nor any clock to tell us the time, surely; and I looked not to the hourglass, about a matter that concerned me nothing."

"Be not so sure, thou, that it will concern thee nothing. Now then, speak up, girl—where hast thou hidden him?"

"If you believe that I have hidden him, hadst best search for him; thou seest all the places wherein a man could be concealed."

"Marry! we will; but, meantime, from thine own lips I would condemn thee. Whither went this same youth?"

"Across the green, past the hut end."

"And whither then?"

"I saw him not any farther—but best search thou, good sir; 'tis plain thou dost misdoubt me; and of a surety, if I had hidden him from thee, I should not be so mad to tell thee where."

A stern frown and a fearful threat was all the answer she received to the last words; but turning to the soldiers, he bade those who carried fire-arms, scout the woods round about and search narrowly for his foot-prints! "for if he hath gone hence, as the jade saith, he will have left his track, I warrant me, of blood upon the greensward." Then, as they turned away to do his bidding, he ordered the others to search the hut thoroughly, the shed, and all the premises; himself, meanwhile, annoying the poor girl with every species of canting and rude interrogation. Half an hour had, perhaps, been consumed thus, when the scouters came in and asserted positively that the fugitive could not have left the spot, but must be concealed somewhere on the premises, since the blood gouts by which they had tracked him from the place where his horse fell, and which were visible across the green and in the passage between the woodpile and the cottage, were not to be found any where beyond; at the same moment the others, who had been employed in searching the house, returned with word that no one was to be found there.

"Then, as the Lord liveth," cried the officer, "we must make this lass find her tongue.—Here, Win-the-fight and Sin-despise, take ye this malapert boy, tie him to yon beech-tree, unbuckle your swordbelts, and give him the strappado, till this fair lady buys his release by her secret."

"No! no!" cried Constance; "oh, no! no! ye are men, born of women, made in the image of your Maker; no! no! ye will not, cannot, be so cruel!"

"Can we not, pretty one!" retorted the brutal roundhead; "verily, thou shalt see; speak

out, or he shall faint under the scourge—wilt speak?"

"Thou wilt not ——"

"Away, men," interrupted their officer; and, despite the struggles of the boy and the entreaties of the maiden, they were dragging him off, when Constance, terrified by the imminence of his peril, cried—

"Spare him—spare the boy—spare him—and I ——"

"Constance, for shame! be silent," the dauntless boy broke in upon her speech; "be silent; I can bear the lash without a cry, but speak not thou, if they should kill me!"

"To the tree with him," shouted the puritan, maddened by this defiance from a quarter whence he the least expected it; "present your petronels and shoot him on the spot, if she speaks not. Thou, young spawn of malignancy, thy blood be on thine own head;" and with the word, he struck him a heavy blow across the shoulders with his sheathed sword; but as he did so, with a fierce yell, the mighty bloodhound dashed upon him; it seized him by the throat above the gorget, and shaking him with his long wolf-like fangs till the blood flew from the veins of the throat, bore him to the ground and throttled him with deadly force and fury. The two men who had hold of Philip, released him to assist their officer; and one of them levelled his carbine hastily against the bloodhound, and pulled the trigger; the fire flashed from the muzzle, and the near report was echoed through the forest, but clearly audible above it rose an articulate cry to God for mercy, and a deep human groan; the bullet destined for the noble beast, had merely grazed its ribs, but passed sheer through the body of the prostrate puritan; and ere the din of the report subsided, the dark and ireful spirit had gone to its long home. A moment of astonishment and terror followed, striking the furious soldiers with such a panic as kept them motionless and mute. It was, however, but a moment; for, maddened by the accident, and released from the slight restraint which discipline had previously imposed upon them, they rushed with tenfold fury and despite on the defenceless children, and had already torn them from the arms of the wretched girl, who, in an instant, was struggling in the licentious grasp of one, while another, drawing a pistol from his belt, mended his comrade's aim upon the gallant hound, and laid him lifeless on the body of his officer.

But other aid was nigh, of which they dream- ed not, in their savage mood; for almost si-

multaneously, a tall gaunt figure, clad in the leathern doublet of a woodman, and brandishing a mighty axe, rushed up the hill side from the forest; and from the stack of faggots, whence he had disengaged himself on seeing the peril of his young disinterested hostess, there flashed a pistol shot, which, taking sure effect, avenged the faithful Mortimer, followed by the young cavalier, who, faint indeed, but fearless, sword in hand, darted to the rescue. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, the roundheads drew back for a minute, and released once again their captives, who instantly, at the loud bidding of the woodman, sheltered themselves within the cottage; but the next moment, seeing that there were but two men who now confronted them, fell on them sword in hand. The woodman was of a powerful and seasoned frame, and wielded his axe with surpassing energy, inflicting ghastly wounds on all who came within its sweep; the youthful cavalier fought, as a master of his weapon fights, when life, and honour, and revenge, hang on each blow and thrust; still they were but two men, strong and brave men indeed, but unprovided with defensive armour, opposed to six stout veterans completely fenced with steel; and the result of the conflict must have been fatal to the smaller number, but, ere they had fought many moments, the jingling of spurs and scabbards, and all the clinking din of a squadron coming up at the full gallop, rang through the forest; and almost before either party, in the blind ardour of their strife, perceived it, twenty or thirty cavaliers, led by a servant in blue and tawny liveries, dashed through the scattered trees into the circle. An instant of wild, wheeling, desperate confusion followed!—pistol shots flashing, and sword cuts glancing in the sunlight!—that passed, no puritan was there, save those who lay gored with unnumbered wounds, senseless and lifeless on the spot which they had well nigh desecrated by their lawless and unholy violence.

"Thank God!—thank God!—Hugh," cried the leader of the party, "we have come up in time to rescue thee, although too late, I fear me, to aid thy noble parents."

"Too late! too late, indeed!" rejoined the youth. "Save in my veins there runs no living blood in any of the name of Desborough; and I, thanks only to the rare courage and devotion of this good woodman's daughter, live henceforth but for gratitude and vengeance!"

* * * * *
Years passed—long years! the blood of the

weak Charles flowed on the scaffold of Whitehall—his friends and followers were dispersed, outcasts and exiles—wanderers, and, bitterer than all, pensioners upon foreign bounty.—Yet still the woodman's hut stood safe and secret in the green solitudes of Sherwood; and the fair family it sheltered by its obscure humility, bloomed free, and virtuous, and happy! Years passed—long years! the men of iron passed away, the sway of the saints ceased, the might—the majesty of Cromwell vanished from the face of the earth! The men of silk succeeded, the reign of luxury and sloth returned, the king enjoyed his own again. Nor had he long enjoyed it, before there was a bright assemblage in St. George's Chapel; broad banners waved above them—the banners of the high order of the Garter—plumes danced and velvets rustled—and all the fairest and the bravest, the wisest, noblest, stateliest of the land stood round the glorious pair, who plighted their eternal faith before God's holy altar. It was the primate of the English realm who spoke the nuptial blessing, it was the monarch of the British isles who gave the blushing bride; and who were they who vowed—both young and in their prime, both beautiful, both noble, and both how surpassingly brave! Hugh Desborough, Earl of Nottingham, and the acknowledged heiress of the proud house of Rutland, long sheltered in her foster father's hut, long hidden from the world, under the humble seeming of THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.



PRIDE.—(ORIGINAL.)

"Pride which not a world could bow."

Lord Byron.

"The proudest Peer I now look down upon."

Lord Thurlow.

AMONG the various dispositions of the human mind, there are few more interesting, and none, perhaps, more important than Pride. It is not, however, always directed to its proper objects, or grounded upon proper principles. It is amusing, indeed, to observe the different inclinations of this disposition among mankind, and to examine the variety of reasons which are assigned for its existence.—One is proud of being the son of a Peer—this is being proud of what Lord Thurlow, in a speech from the Woolsack, called being "the accident of an accident;" and of which he spoke as perfectly contemptible in comparison of the rank, fame, and pre-eminence which men of great abilities and worth acquire for themselves. If a young nobleman's

conduct is such as to add to the glory of his ancestors, then, I think, he is fairly entitled to the additional lustre of his rank;—but if, on the contrary, he should act in such a manner as to tarnish his family escutcheon, then his rank ought to be an additional disgrace to him. Another is proud of being rich! If his wealth were the legitimate result of honest industry, I think he would not be proud wholly without reason. But the absence of this circumstance makes no difference; for whether he has become rich by his own dishonesty or that of his ancestors, his wealth is equally the source of pride. Wealth acquired by disreputable means, ought to entail disgrace, not respectability, upon the possessor. But the most amusing species of pride prevails in new countries, and is based upon a sort of mushroom rank! Whatever may be said in favour of hereditary rank, and family respectability, in old countries,—and every well regulated mind will venerate and admire both—respectability must, in young colonies, depend, in a greater degree, upon natural superiority, education and correct conduct. True respectability is in the *mind*; and therefore talent and integrity, adorned by education and polished manners, and guided by high principle and a nice sense of honour and propriety, *must*, in a new country, confer respectability; while the *little* efforts made by *little* minds, to get, in their own *little* ideas, a *little* above their neighbours, are really too contemptible for a mind of any noble or generous feeling to contemplate. The idea always reminds me of ants in a disturbed mole of sand, where one may see the greatest activity among the little creatures to get one above another!

There is, on the other hand, something worthy of admiration in the character of one who, conscious of his own *real* superiority, is modest and unassuming. His native dignity of character bids him stand erect. He feels that he has inherited from nature a sound understanding, superior powers of mind, and every noble and manly virtue of the heart; and, while he looks with complacency on those around him, he is too proud to be envious.—This natural superiority is, after all, the only true basis of rational pride; for no man makes any considerable figure in the world unless the plastic hand of nature has given him the impress of pre-eminence. I regard this natural superiority, indeed, as the gas in the balloon: it lifts the individual above "the vulgar level of the great," while *little* haughtiness remains in the dust.

NEANISKOS.

St. John, September, 1841.

For The Amaranth.

A SCRAP FROM THE FOREST.

"No chase'em farther—no chase'cm more!" said the Indian guide, laying his hand firmly on my shoulder, as if to draw my attention from the chase, which now nobly breasted the tiny waves of the lakes, tossing their antlers proudly aloft as they dashed through its waters just out of reach of our rifles. "Don't chase'cm," said he again, yet more earnestly than before, with unusual anxiety depicted in his countenance, generally so immoveably fixed and stolid.

"What! not chase them, Louis?" said I, answering him now for the first time, as I completed repairing a leak in the canoe, by daubing with pitch the opened seam—and I cast my eyes at the three moose which had nearly gained the centre of the lake.

"No!—see!" and he pointed with his finger to a cloud of Stygian blackness, slowly overspreading the sky, but which had as yet entirely escaped my observation. I paused reluctantly as I finished my task, and still fired with the ardour of the chase, would have pushed off in pursuit, heedless of the consequences, had I not been prevented, by Louis taking the canoe on his shoulder and carrying it to a place of safety on the brow of a precipice which overhung the lake. Finding remonstrance useless, with my calmer and more deliberate ally, I shouldered my rifle, and joined him on the commanding situation he had chosen for our encampment.

'Twas now I became aware of the impending danger, and from our elevated situation a glorious scene burst upon our view. On one side a heavy cloud rose high in the heavens, enveloping in its sable folds the lofty peak of Mount Kathadin, and fringing its base with snowy wreaths of mist gradually increasing in density—their edges tinged with the brightest vermilion, and resting in splendid contrast on the borders of the cloud with the deep blue of heaven, half of whose vault was as yet unshaded, and there the sun shone in all her wonted brilliancy, lighting with burnished gold the sleeping lake.

The stillest silence reigned through the woods; and if a single bird sent forth a note, 'twas perchance for a moment his shrill whistle struck the ear; and as you listened eagerly for its prolongation, glad thus breaking the drear monotony, it was instantly hushed, as if the incautious songster felt aware of some ap-

proaching uproar of the elements, and feared to incur the wrathful displeasure of the "Spirit of the Storm" by its sweet revelry.

The deer which had now gained the centre of the lake paused terrorstruck, the ripples sank around their sides; first they would turn their heads in the direction they had taken, but before them frowned a high, inaccessible precipice, while our presence secured the only point of egress from the waters to which they had betaken themselves. Already the first low murmurings of the tempest were heard, as a fitful gust would sweep the bosom of the lake, and sink in silence 'ere it ruffled half its surface, as if loth to mar so bright a mirror. But the deer as the scents of the mountains were borne to their nostrils, seemed aware of their danger as they snuffed the breeze, for holding their heads high in air, they made directly for us, redoubling their exertions as the low howling blast came sweeping down the ravines, and died on the bosom of the lake. Kathadin's hoary top was no longer visible for its crown of clouds, and the misty mantle flung around its shoulders; the heavy trees which covered its base swayed to and fro as if some mighty wind was moving through the branches—but on our side not the slightest zephyr had fanned our cheeks, all was as yet so still and silent.

We had but erected a temporary shelter under an overhanging rock, by turning our canoe so as to afford the most effectual protection, when the storm began. A vivid flash of lightning played a moment round the mountain's peak and seemed the signal for tumult; the thunder almost instantaneously followed, and as its roll vibrated among the hills, I thought how fit a precursor it was for such a tempest as was now about to burst upon us. Another and another flash succeeded; each vying with the other in heaviness, while the thunder seemed like the bursting of the firmament, so loud its tone; the rain came down in torrents as if the floods of Heaven were loosed upon the scene, and the small brook which ran at our feet, but a few minutes before so clear and limpid, now poured its rushing mud-stained waters in violence from the hills. The wind roared in its might—the tallest trees bent beneath the fury of the blast, or sent their torn branches far into the foaming, storm-lashed lake.

It was grand and awful, and as if impressed with our own insignificance, simultaneously we stood upon the cliff amid the storm, when suddenly the lightning struck the opposite

rock, separated only by a small stream; instantly the tuft of pines which grew upon its brow were in a blaze, casting a lurid glare around, fit beacon of such a strife; while a huge fragment of the rock, torn by the shock, went crashing from its high site, bounding from bush to bush, which vainly opposed its course to the beach below.

The storm did not last an hour—yet as suddenly as it came so it departed; the black o'er-hanging cloud was rent apart, and flow in airy pieces before the wind, which sank in its fury; and the sun again shone brightly forth. But where were the deer? One, the only one, a swollen carcass, lay at our feet upon the sand. The Indian turned my attention from it, and pointing after the feathery fragments of the storm, exclaimed—"The Great Spirit rules there!"

Saint John, September, 1841.



For The Amaranth.

THE PIANOFORTE AND THE SPINNING WHEEL.—A TRUE FABLE.

Not long ago a fine Piano,
The idol of the gay belle Anna,
For which her *Pa*, the best of ninnies,
Had paid some fifty pounds, or guineas—
Which at a fire's wild hurry—scurry,
(Excuse my diction Master Murray.)
Was broken, shocking!—oh, heart-rending!
Beyond all power or hope of mending;
Not along ago, I say, this thing,
Fit for the daughter of a King,
Was cast into the dust and gloom
Of that dread place—a lumber room;
'Midst broken kettles, crocks, and chairs,
And nameless things, not worth repairs,
Beside an antiquated reel—
Say Anna's grandma's spinning wheel;
Our music-chest in being plac'd,
Or thrown in Patrick all-work's haste—
Upon the wheel, it crack'd a spoke,
Which now in rising anger woke:—
You rude, intrusive, nondescript,
You ought to be severely whipt—
What wanton freak—what foolish whim
Has led you here to break my limb?
Who is it dares my place invade?
Your name—your family and trade?
You upstart coxcomb, get away,
I ne'er could bear a popinjay;
You're far too flimsy—flashy—fine,
To claim the strong, old Saxon line:
Your tinsel skirts and polish'd face

Bespoke you of some foreign race—
Perchance from Italy or France,
Come here to teach young girls to dance:
Musicians, now, and dancing masters
Are honour'd more than parish Pastors.

(Piano.)

Whate'er I be I'm far your *bettors*,
I'm vers'd in science, arts, and letters;
I'm patroniz'd by all the great—
The highest person in the state:
Ev'n Queen Victoria prizes me
Above the first nobility.
You maudlin hum-drum, vulgar thing,
I was presented by the King
To her who now is Britain's Queen,
The day that she attain'd eighteen:
She takes me by the hand each day,
And condescends with me to play;
She'd think her drawing-room was bare
If I, her fav'rite, was not there—
But *you*—she'd kick you out of doors,
To drudge in cots for country boors;
As one whose shape, and dress, and movement
Were all oppos'd to all improvement—
You obsolete—old-fashion'd creature,
Uncouth in voice, and form, and feature;
I do you honour, let me say,
By this my visit here to-day:
I own 'twas 'gainst my wish I came,
I'm prison'd here, all bruise'd and lame—
Misfortune, war, and wreck, and weather,
Will sometimes huddle those together
As diff'rent both in rank and worth
As jewels are from common earth.
Were I as I was wont to be,
As active, sound, and full of glee,
I'd scorn to stay with such as you,
How gladly would I say adieu,
And joyful as I went would play
"Over the hills and far away."
How dire my doom, what deep disgrace,
My charming voice—my beauteous face
The world will no more hear or see—
I'm past all hope of remedy.
My friends have tried the best of skill,
But all in vain, to cure my ill;
For still my nerves and heart-strings jar,
And mock the art of Doctor Barr.

(Spinning Wheel.)

Though one our doom and one our place,
How wide in contrast is our case—
What claim have you to sympathy,
Whose pride survives prosperity?
You only merit my displeasure,
Vain creature of a useless pleasure,
I rest from toil, I've done my duty;

Your former charming voice and beauty,
 But only mortify your pride,
 Now you are bruise'd and cast aside.
 How ill are life's reverses borne
 By those who nurture pride and scorn :
 You talk of "gems and common earth,"
 What weight are riches, rank, or birth,
 Tried in the scale with modest merit ?
 Light as a feather, I aver it.
 You proud, conceited, scornful ninny,
 Does wheat, or grass grow on a guinea ?
 And pray where is the silly booby,
 Would sow one seed upon a ruby ?
 Contrasting ornament with use,
 You place a peacock by a goose,
 The rosy wine by crystal water,
 Belle Anna by a farmer's daughter,
 A diamond ring beside a reel,
 You bauble by—a spinning wheel.

(Piano.)

Has music then, no use, old dame ?
 You soulless creature—fie for shame :
 This soothes the soul when grief is deep—
 It wakes to joy—it lulls to sleep,
 Whilst many a bright association
 Steals o'er the rapt imagination—
 Awakening mem'ry's dormant powers,
 To life's fresh morn, its sun and flowers—
 To distant scenes, and happy places,
 To absent friends, and smiling faces,
 And glory's field, and pleasure's bower
 Inspire with double bliss and power.

(Wheel.)

All this may do my pert piano,
 But City flirts like giddy Anna ;
 Unknowing harmony or measure,
 They play for pride—not music's pleasure—
 Whose jarring discord wounds the ear,
 And makes it misery to hear—
 Excepting ire, they raise no passion,
 But play, because 'tis just the fashion ;
 Whose dull monotony of thrumming
 Has far less music than my humming—
 But see at sunrise just beginning,
 A rosy farmer's daughter spinning,
 What pleasure in the sight and sound !
 It makes the very heart to bound.
 Men don't imagine, no, they feel
 The pleasure of a spinning wheel ;
 Away with rapt imaginations,
 All hail the warm associations,
 Of blankets, sheets, and shirts, and hose,
 To brave the winter's frosts and snows ;
 And homespun coats and pantaloons
 Have better charms than foreign tunics.
 I own my kind are much neglected,

Still they should ever be respected ;
 It was not Arkwright's fam'd machine
 That spun for *Bess*, when Britain's Queen ;
 Who, tho' she play'd upon the Harp,
 Might probably have spun a warp :
 For women then were *spinsters* all,
 Both rich and poor—both great and small,
 As they are now in *contradiction*,
 Yclept in matrimonial fiction :
 Whilst spinning yarn, and household cares
 Ill'suite Pianoforte players ;
 If girls would only fly to you
 When they have *nothing else to do*,
 Just for a transient relaxation,
 I then could brook your innovation ;—
 But now, to see our City girls
 Hung round with silk and lace and curls,
 Still thrumming you the live-long day,
 Their life and time absorb'd in play—
 Except to please some other passion,
 To see new finery and fashion
 They lounge awhile in drapers' stores,
 And swell indulgent father's scores ;
 Such "lilies" neither "toil nor spin"—
 Yet fine their dress, and fair their skin,
 They knit no sock, nor put a stitch in,
 Nor make a bed—nor sweep the kitchen ;
 And then to bake, or cook, or scrub,
 Or bend beside a washing tub,
 Or e'en to fetch a pail of water,
 Would almost be as bad as slaughter !
 "Helps meet for men"—to make them *poor* ;
 And help them to a prison door :
 For sheriff's writs, and marshall's sorties,
 Oft follow you, Pianofortes.
 Wait—"wait a wee," (as Scotchmen say),
 I would not wish to see the day,
 But should that villain, Labouchere,
 Accomplish what too many fear,
 Once equalize the timber duties,
 'Twill damp the pride of City beauties.
 Farewell high rents, and silks and laces,
 Pianofortes—smiling faces !
 Methinks such useless things as you
 Will be retain'd by very few ;
 The kitchen fire, or auction hammer,
 Will end your music and your clamour—
 The slighted spinning wheel and plough,
 Will have the advantage then, I trow.

MORAL.

Let not a fair and fine outside,
 But worth and use your choice decide !

RUSTICUS.

St. John, September, 1841.

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Set to Music by Franz Pctersilea, of St. John.

THE stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;—
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Set to Music by Franz Pctersilea, of St. John.

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of glad-
ness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

For The Amaranth.

THE FEMALE HEART.

THERE is nothing on earth so pure and fer-
vent as the heart of woman, so mild and tran-
quil, and yet how enchanting! Her heart's
leading feature are mildness and complaisance.
The happiest hours of a man's life, if he pos-
sess the common friendship of mankind, are
those spent in the society of his female friends;
and if he is in possession of a true female heart,
when they are separated he can feast his wan-
dering thoughts on that which is as dear to
him as life itself. He feels himself happy in

the possession of a heart that beats but for
him, and though weary of the troubles of life,
the memory of her will hush his cares to rest;
he thinks of the past, that she has breathed to
him her vows of love, and in secret she has con-
sented to become the partner and companion
of his life, to sooth his sorrows, and share his
grief, and to participate in all his enjoyments.
Who then would not be happy! In life there
is nothing more devoted than woman's love,
if her heart is fixed, it will remain unmoved.—
No earthly power can break the ties which
mutual love has bound. Nothing can triumph
over the feelings of a devoted heart; kings
may rule over nations, but they cannot over
minds. Nothing can banish from the mind
the object of its affection. The possession of
a female heart, is more precious than all the
wealth of the eastern hills. It is a kingdom of
itself, a throne to which all men are happy to
aspire; how dear to man are all her smiles, her
gentle emotions of love—give her one look of
love, one act of kindness, one token of true re-
gard, and it is responded to with a thousand
tender feelings that her heart cannot conceal.
There is no blessing like affection, no feelings
so tender as mutual love; there is nothing in
nature so fascinating as a faithful virtuous fe-
male. I would rather claim the heart of one
devoted, generous, virtuous female, than all
the riches of the Peruvian mines. Her mind
soars above what wealth can purchase, her
heart is true to the object which has won it,
she is in truth the messenger of peace and the
object of all man's enjoyment.

St. John, September.

E. D. F.

For The Amaranth.

A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LIFE OF A SAILOR.

THE island of St. Eustatius belongs to the
Danish crown, and lies in latitude 17.29 N.,
and longitude west of Greenwich, 63.04.—
The harbour or bay, (for it is nothing else) is
open to the south-east, and is exposed to the
swell caused by the continued blowing of the
trade winds; affording no shelter to the ship-
ping during the hurricane months. Business is
carried on in the bay or lower town, and the
merchants' dwelling houses are on an emin-
ence above, called the Upper Town, to which
each retires after the conclusion of his daily
toils. There is very little export of sugars
from St. Eustatius, or "Statia," as the island
is generally called—but during the last Ameri-

can war, and the nonintercourse of the American shipping with the British West India Islands, the articles of flour, corn, staves, and other American produce, were carried there by American, and shipped in British bottoms to the British islands; consequently keeping in employ a vast number of small vessels.

I sailed some time during the nonintercourse, in one of the English schooners employed in this trade, and in one of my visits to the island, became acquainted with an old negro, who made a livelihood by selling oranges, tamarinds, ginger beer, and other refreshments to the crews of the vessels visiting the island.—I chanced one Sunday afternoon to be on shore, "on liberty," and meeting the old man, he invited me to his house. After giving me the best he could afford in the shape of a dinner, we took a walk along the sea shore, and as the old negro was well acquainted with almost every event of note that had occurred in the island for fifty years previous, I gleaned during our perambulation, several tales of his younger days, of which he had a large store; and although delivered in the vernacular idiom of the blacks, I have been enabled to state in English, the following, which is more intelligible than was the broken English of the old man.

In the year 1790, two slaves, NICOLA, and JOSEF, the former the property of a merchant, the latter owned by a planter, formed together the diabolical league of putting to death every white inhabitant in the town, sparing neither age nor sex. It was agreed between them that on the dawn of a certain day, they were to commence this "ruthless piece of butchery," and there is not the slightest doubt they would have fully accomplished their murderous intention, had they both commenced the work of slaughter. Providence, however, as is often seen, partly frustrated their designs, by causing the heart of one to relent—who, had he obeyed the dictates of his conscience, might have prevented the dreadful and heart-rending atrocities which followed. But it is as well I should describe the actors in this dreadful tragedy.

Nicola, an African, and a native of the Comorandel coast, was a tall raw-boned negro, standing about six feet two inches, with arms of extraordinary length, a large mouth displaying a strong set of teeth, rivalling the snow in whiteness, and agreeable to the customs of his native place filed so as to resemble those of a saw; a hooked nose, and a large round head covered with a thick crop of curly hair, predominant in men of his colour; in

temper he was excessively violent, and the only method of keeping him in subjection was by a frequent use of the lash, which it lay in the power of the slave's owner to inflict without mercy;—he was the son of a Chief of great power, and Nicola had been trepanned on board a slaver some fourteen years previous, and brought to "Statia" and sold. The sense of injury he received, rankled in his breast, and he only waited for a fit opportunity of satiating his revenge on the white man.

Josef was from the same part of Africa, and was originally sold in St. Kitts, but had changed owners, and his present master, a planter, had removed to Statia. He was not so tall as Nicola, but possessed a powerful frame with almost Herculean strength; was cunning and intelligent, otherwise the traits in his character were such as to recommend him to the favourable notice of his master. Still the idea of slavery, and the harsh treatment he was subjected to, through the cruelty of his master, served to render him callous to all feelings of humanity. It was accordingly agreed that Josef, whose master lived a few miles from town, was to rise at midnight, murder his master and family, and proceed to town to Nicola's abode, when they were to begin their revolting deeds. The evening previous to the morning on which they were to carry out this work of carnage, Josef was listening to a young relative of his master who was reading the commandments; and the words, "*thou shalt do no murder*," operated so strongly on his mind as to cause him to break faith with his accomplice. But although he did not participate in the murders committed by Nicola, still he would not betray him, and thereby prevent the horrid slaughter that ensued.

Nicola passed a sleepless night; the ideas of revenge so long predominant in his mind, and now about to be realized, caused the hours to pass tediously away. Daylight however, found him impatient for the arrival of Josef; his passions were wrought up to the highest pitch, and after waiting for some time, without any signs of his accomplice joining him, he began the revolting work alone. Having possessed himself of his master's broadsword, he broke into his bedroom and put to death his master, wife, and two lovely children, before they had time to give the slightest alarm. He next sallied into the street and cut down indiscriminately every white person he met; those of his own colour flying from him in every direction. It seemed as though he was possessed of supernatural powers, for no one dared oppose

him, and it being barely daylight few were stirring, and those chiefly black, to whom he offered not the slightest violence, but continued exclaiming to such as came in his way, "Do not try to stop me, or I shall turn my revenge on you! I now will have vengeance for my loss of liberty!" Many were the houses he entered, just as the unsuspecting inmates were rising, and which he had no difficulty in gaining access to, as in that climate the entrances are not very secure against intrusion, and without mercy, exterminating every white person he found. A party of Danish soldiers were now sent in quest of him, for such was the consternation caused by his unheard of and murderous progress, that no one dared oppose him, but fled in all directions, or submitted tamely to be butchered by him.—The miserable squad of soldiers also, actually fled from his presence, on his issuing from any house when he had been at his dreadful occupation.

He had by this time put to death, about forty of the inhabitants, and rushed into a female seminary, kept by an elderly English lady; he found the scholars assembled for prayers, still he wanted more blood to fill up the cup of his bitter and horrid revenge; even the sight of the helpless females could not soften his heart. Some he slew, others through fright, leaped from the windows, and, although much hurt, and in some cases mortally, yet, those alone escaped his rage. The governess, he left for dead, with a dreadful cut from the sword, across her shoulders, and another by which her skull was laid open. Having done all he could there, he turned his rage to the next house, occupied by MARKS POLAC, a Jew. But the demon of destruction seemed now to have its ravenous jaws sufficiently satiated with offal, and Nicola's progress was about to be arrested in a quarter where it was most unlikely to find resistance.

Entering the house of the Jew, who was at his morning orisons, kneeling beside a chair, and bursting in on the Jew's privacy, his sword reeking with the blood of the innocent victims he had immolated at the altar of his demoniac and blood-thirsty appetite, Nicola was struck with a sort of holy awe at seeing the person of an unbelieving Jew, offering his prayers to the throne of mercy. He hesitated a moment from cleaving down the Jew, and that moment sealed his fate.—The Jew, seeing the monster hesitate, with eyes starting from their sockets, and flaming with rage from his great exertion, sprang to his feet, and in an instant felled him

to the floor with the chair beside which he had been kneeling.

Stunned by the blow which took effect on his temple, the negro lay at the complete mercy of the Jew, who might easily have taken his life before he recovered his senses. He however, bound him by securing his hands and feet, which he barely accomplished before symptoms of returning reason began to be exhibited in the slave. Taking the bloody sword, the Jew stationed himself in the door way, and shouting for help, was soon assisted by the soldiers who had been sent in pursuit, and thus they secured the murderer.

The slave was tried, condemned and executed, by being broke alive on the wheel, one of the most cruel modes of criminal punishment then known. He died without relenting in the least for his dreadful deeds; but as long as he was able to speak, continued to vent curses on the whites, and to taunt his executioners with their folly in trying to extend his sufferings. "I glory in what I have done," he cried, "and although I did not expect to have gone half so far in my revenge for my loss of freedom, yet that half would have been more than was sufficient."

St. John, September, 1841.

W. T.



"NATURE forces on our hearts a Creator," and never, perhaps, with more effect than in the calm twilight of a summer evening's walk in the country. At this hour there is a quiet and repose all around us, which incline us to meditation and reverie, calling up before us grateful recollections, and, perhaps, still happier anticipations. The sun, while sinking, as it were, reluctantly below the horizon, leaves behind him the impress of his glory on the vast tranquil piles of clouds which float, like isles of the blest, in the radiant-looking sky.—His parting smile yet lingers on the hill top, and touches, with a light that seems holier than the noonday blaze, the tall spire of the village church which crowns the hill, solitary and alone, like a faithful sentinel over the graves of those who sleep in the church-yard at its foot.

The sacred influence of the dead seems to pervade the quiet scene; and how palpably the form and features of the loved and lost rise before us, while the shadows deepen in the distance, and the stillness is, as it were, felt!—The least noise, the humming of a gnat, the clash of an oar, the echo of a distant waterfall sounds which are disregarded in a busier hour,

now are heard softly, yet distinctly, as they fall upon the ear, chastened, as it were, in harmony with the solitude which reigns around them. Even sounds the most rude and unpoetic, become harmonious in the evening hour. Thus Goldsmith described the hum of the neighbouring village, as one who knew and felt its charms:

"Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,

Up yonder hill, the village murmur rose."

Nor is he alone. Milton, Beattie, Gray, alike have felt and sung the inspiration of the evening hour. It is the poet's own hour. * * *

All feel the genius of the hour stealing upon them with its soothing mysterious influence, gentle as the whispers of some being from the "better land," yet speaking a language understood by all mankind. How mild yet powerful is this language, stilling their passions and teaching with silent eloquence, that reaches the inmost soul, the continued presence of that immortal mind, which pervades all space and exerts its power in the gentle evening breeze as surely as in the whirlwind or the storm.

THE AMARANTH.

THE NEW-BRUNSWICK MANUAL.—This is the title of a very useful work, compiled by PETER STRUBS, Esquire, Attorney at Law, and just issued from the press of Lewis W. Durant & Co. It comprises 130 pages, octavo, is neatly printed and bound; and will prove of great utility to all who may have recourse to its pages for the purpose of procuring information on the various law forms, &c. which it contains.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE SCENERY.—Mr. Robert Sears, of New-York, the indefatigable publisher of those beautiful and highly popular works entitled, "*Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible*," has just issued from the press, an entire new work, designed particularly for children, which comprises two hundred beautiful illustrations of scripture scenery. We would particularly recommend it to the consideration of parents and guardians of families; and we have no doubt that the unparalleled patronage extended to his previous works, will secure for this book an equally great and speedy sale.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.—Our brethren of the Weekly and Penny Press of this City, and of

Nova-Scotia, will please accept our warmest thanks for the friendly and handsome manner in which they have from time to time spoken of our Magazine;—we value their good opinion—and hope that nothing may occur to mar that friendship and honorable feeling which has been so frankly extended towards us.

The Song, "*'Twas on Corunna's height*," which appears on page 297, written by a gentleman of this city, has been set to music by Mr. FRANZ PETERSILEA. "*The Stranger's Heart*," and "*Lights and Shades*," page 317, have likewise been set to music by Mr. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Life in a Boarding House," by *Gaeney*, is a Sketch written in the same style as "*The Speculator*," published in the August number of our Magazine; and although it has many good points, and is more racy in its attacks on the peculiarities it shows up, yet it wants that point, which is necessary to interest and amuse the general reader.

The poetry, entitled "*The Dying Chief*," which appeared in our last number, as an original contribution, is an extract from a volume of poems, published in England. The gentleman (?) who sent the manuscript to our office, and who, instead of placing his *own* initials to it, added those of another, is cautioned against trying his plagiarisms in future. We had strong doubts as to the originality of the piece when we gave it a place on our pages.

The specimen verses sent us by "*Feronia*," which are extracted from her "*Sketches of the Forest*," give evidence of much taste—but we are unwilling to enter, however briefly, into the merits of any article sent us for publication. We should like to see the complete poem—at present we cannot say whether we will accept or reject it. We admire her frankness when she says, in speaking of the probability of our giving insertion to her effusions,

"If accepted, gratified—
If rejected, satisfied!"

"*The Money Lender*," is a tale containing too many personalities to deserve admission to the pages of the Amaranth. The manuscript can be had by calling.

"*Constantia, or the Recluse of the Cottage*," a tale of St. Vincent," "*The Ingrate*," an historical tale; and "*A short story, founded on fact*," will appear in our next.