

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

Vol. 2. }

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1842.

{ No. 7.

Written for the Amaranth.

## ARGIMOU.

A LEGEND OF THE MICMAC.\*

BY EUGENE.

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

### CHAPTER IX.

THE morning was cold and dreary upon which three persons left the works of Fort Cumberland, and took the path leading down into the meadows without attracting observation, as there were few, if any, loiterers at that early hour, and every object was enveloped in a cheerless fog, which soon covered the garments of the travellers in a frost-like condensation. As they brushed the branches of the low firs in passing, a thousand drops were rained upon their heads; which, with the moisture exhaled by the long grass through which they wended their way, rendered the situation of the most any thing but comfortable. Crossing the Lac by the dyke, they pushed boldly out into the broad marsh—the visual extent of which was at present confined to a very limited circle—and, to increase the discouraging nature of the prospect, a cold, raw wind rushed east from the bay, whistling through the bending grass and driving the thick mist against the faces and clothes with much violence, half freezing the one, and wholly saturating the other.

These persons, who might have been taken for Indian hunters from their garb and equipment were Argimou, Edward, and his servant, Dennis. The chief led the way with his gun

thrown into the hollow of his arm to keep the lock dry, and bow suspended at his back, which bore the additional burthen of a pack—with which, indeed the others were also furnished—and at his girdle hung the long knife and keen edged tomahawk. After him came Edward and his man, similarly clothed and armed, except that they wore skull caps of seal skin upon their heads, such as the Acadians sometimes used, and substituted as a covering for the feet, the stout-soled shoes of the Europeans for the light, flexible mocassins of the forester. Edward followed the rapid footsteps of the guide in silence and deep thought, which tended to sadden the joyful alacrity with which he had left his couch to commence his important journey. The picture of the poor old father of whom he had taken leave before his departure was continually before his eyes, and his mind was tinged with gloomy shadows and mournful forebodings, which the spectacle of the bereaved parent had awakened. How touching was the picture of that venerable soldier; broken down by suffering and anguish, when with countenance furrowed by grief and tremulous with emotion, he solemnly asked God to grant his assistance and blessing to those about to undertake the restoration of his beloved child.

Dennis Sherron brought up the rear in a very cranky humour, which was occasioned, no doubt, by the ungenial state of the elements; sufficient to make, as he said, "a philosopher, or even holy St. Patrick himself swear."—Thinking that a sufficient excuse for venting the strength of his feelings in sundry wrathful ebullitions, which, being addressed to himself, were incapable of giving offence to any body else, he commenced first by cursing his material and immaterial composition, from which not deriving altogether that satisfaction which was desired, he changed the recipient, and cursed the country, which was found much more palatable.

\* Continued from page 177.

"Mother o' Moses! aint here a country? faks, its a con-tra-ry, more likes; be the same token, that hits a meltin an a frazin yees, be turns—wan day a bilin an a roastin the sinses of a man with the hate, an the nixt a drivin intil him, like a sieve, lashins o' shiverins an a could water. Sure, its a blissin it is wan has the drhap to warm the insides whiles—praise be to God for that, anny way. Thunder! what a draft is tearin like mad over the bog, it 'ill be th' death o' me, it will.'"

Here Dennis' soliloquy was cut short, as an unusually fierce blast swept along a drizzling cloud, from whose penetrating properties he strove to shelter his face and neck by turning sideways, and burying his head under the lee of his burly shoulders, hugging, at the same time, the stock of his carbine closer under his arm.

Avoiding the swamps and stagnant pools, which were spread thickly over this portion of the great morass, by paths familiar to their Indian guide, they crossed the half-dismantled bridge of the Tantemar, and finally, after a weary distressing march of six miles, reached the termination of the low marshy district. As they advanced into the uplands, the fog gradually became less dense, and when the first hill top was gained, the sun suddenly burst upon the landscape.

Below them, heaving and rolling in snowy wreaths like a sea of billowy clouds, the travellers beheld the spectral mist clinging to the prairie they had left behind, which looked dim and dismal by the contrast of the scene around, lighted as it was by the clear, warm beams of the morning sun. Here a short halt was made to wring the water from their soaked garments and prepare for their journey through the woods.

With enlivened feelings the party pushed forward over an elevated country, shaded by extensive forests, which the choral songs of birds filled with enchanting melody. The active squirrel's shrill, quick chirp, gave its companions notice of the unwelcome intrusion of strangers into its secluded territory. The blue jay uttered its discordant cry, while the locust sang incessantly among the pines, and the brilliant butterfly flitted among the leaves like a gorgeous dream. But above all the cheerful sunlight touched and sprinkled the dancing spray, and poured in long beams of richest sheen through the leafy arcades, weaving fantastic webs, dew-spangled, on the dewy moss and feathery fern; and forcing warm smiles from old, leafless, storm-worn trunks, and giving a

bright glow to grim, hoary-looking rocks, until all things owned the spell of Nature's mighty Alchemist, the great *Eye* of Heaven, whose look transmutes every object into gold, making them leap out of the gloom in masks of laughing beauty.

Whether it was the transition that had taken place in the disposition of the weather, or the spiritual commune with a capacious black bottle which he had concealed in some secret pocket of his vestment, that imparted an impetus to the spirits of Dennis, our readers can best determine; but certain it is, that he followed his master with increased alacrity, and even ventured some pleasant remarks upon "the luck of having a good day for the beginnin;" and divers questions regarding the length of their excursion, and the "whereabouts would they find Miss Clarence, the blissid angels presarve her"—to all of which his master, who found it necessary to humour him at times, returned a good natured, if not very satisfactory reply.

In this manner they proceeded for some miles, when Argimou suddenly made a signal to stop, which was scarcely complied with when a stentorian voice roughly demanded, "*qui vive?*" while at the same time the warning click of a lock was heard, and a peasant showed himself with presented piece amongst the foliage of a thicket, a short distance to the right of the party. "Micmac," was the immediate reply of the chief, as, whispering the others not to move a step for their lives, he advanced directly to the questioner, with whom he remained for some time. When he returned to his companions Edward noted a change in his countenance, for it seemed darkened with a gloomy, anxious expression. Desiring them to follow, he led the way toward the left for a little space, when, stopping in a deep shady nook that afforded a secure hiding place, he said, "My brother, Argimou cannot go yet; his people are here with their father, and the Sagamou is wanted. Rest here in peace until he returns."

Edward, who did not fully comprehend the cause of this sudden change in the intentions of his Indian friend, suffered a shade of distrust to cross his mind; however, he quickly dispelled the unworthy thought, and sought an explanation of the other's views, which being satisfactorily given, he acquiesced with the best grace that his impatience at any delay in their progress would allow, with the consciousness, however, that the disguise adopted at the instance of the guide had undoubtedly been the

means of insuring their safety upon the unexpected rencontre that had occurred just before.

Argimou having provided for the security of his fellow travellers, rejoined the French scout, who conducted him beyond the thicket and through a small wood from which they emerged upon an open glade among the trees, where a piteous spectacle was beheld, furnishing a striking commentary upon the horrors of war. There must have been, at least, seven hundred persons gathered within the area, of each sex and every age, exhibiting every grade of wretchedness; from forlorn sorrow to the depth of extreme misery and want. Here, were mothers striving to afford their babes that nourishment and comfort which they wanted far more themselves. There were elder children, clamouring for food, which no one had to offer, yet still they cried on, the tyrant cravings of hunger disregarding utter impossibilities; and, nigh at hand old helpless men, stricken to a second childhood by the event that had befallen, lay moaning and wishing for death to release them from their woes, and mumbling that the grave was their only home now—the peaceful, quiet grave! While some again, disturbed the sanctity of grief with wild hysterical laughter, more allied to madness than mirth. It was fearful to hear them mocking happiness with shouts of glee and merry words, sound-fal but hollow, such as men, reckless with despair, put forth, the precursors of a failing brain or a breaking heart. These went about among the rest, calling on their fellows to be mirthful, for they had no cares, no dwelling places now but the woods—the brave old woods!—Though there were others, strange to say, the very converse of the last, for they were full of hope, although half naked and nearly starved; these would whisper cheering words to less trustful sufferers, telling them not to weep or be cast down, for “*le bon temps viendra*,” and they would be happy then. But there were some, and these alone carried arms, who sat stern and silent with their straw hats drawn down to cover their hollow eyes, and their heads resting on their clenched hands. These men never spoke nor answered a word, but sat hour after hour, still and motionless, as if in a lethargic trance, or as though they had been petrified into stone; yet in their souls the shaft that wounded all, pierced deepest and rankled with the greatest bitterness; with the withering ice of their despair, was mingled the feverish thirst, the insatiable longing for revenge.

The Indian threw a troubled look over the multitude, and his eye kindled with quick pas-

sion, and his chest swelled with gathering emotion, but he lingered not, as he passed on to the further part of the open space, where the blue smoke of several fires was visible among the limbs of the dark trees. Here were seated several hundred of his own nation, men, women and children, but a strange silence was observed by the assemblage, and, as their chief Sagamou stepped rapidly on towards a temporary wigwam, which had been made beneath a beautiful sugar maple in the rear, no sound of recognition escaped the group, though many sad faces were turned upon him at his approach. Gliding noiselessly by, Argimou entered the bough-thatched canopy, and seated himself, without saying a word, by the side of a recumbent figure, enveloped in skins, and stretched out upon a bed of fir in the centre, around which were gathered the principal warriors of the tribe. The chief asked no questions, waited for no explanation—all was told by the melancholy spectacle before and around him. The Anglasheou had triumphed; the pleasant hamlets of their Acadian brethren and his own beloved village by the shores of Baye Verte, were destroyed, and their inhabitants driven out, like wild beasts into the forest, in company with his tribe, who had come here with their Great Father—the old Tonea, that he might die in peace. This was the same ancient warrior who had officiated at the inauguration of the Bashaba. When he saw the face of that aged man, rigid, as if set in death; the eyes closed as in slumber—the long white hair, wreathed like a glory round the sunken cheeks; he almost repented having given his hand in friendship to one of the nation that had wrought this great evil. It seemed at that moment, a crime even deeper than ingratitude.

Shortly, old Tonea, whose senses were warped in a dull stupor, such as sometimes is seen to precede the dissolution of the aged, appeared to revive a little, for he began to murmur indistinctly, like a sleeping child. The chief bent down his ear to listen, but he could not distinguish the words uttered so feebly, therefore he said softly—“does my father speak?” At the unusual sound, the old Indian opened his eyes, but they were glazed, and incapable of vision, for he immediately closed them again, while he asked faintly—

“What voice troubles the dreams of Tonea, as the breeze of summer among the dead autumn leaves?”

“Argimou!” was the reply.

“There were many warriors of that name,” continued the old man, whose memory was

wandering amid the confused recollection of former years. "I have heard my fathers tell of one who led his warriors towards the frost where they fought the Esquimeaux 'till the snow was red as that berry which the pigeons love; but that was long before the Wennooch came over the salt lake from the sun-rising, yea, many moons. Then there was Argimou, the son of Sebatis; we were boys together, and went out first with the Etchemins against the Nehanticks, where we learned to draw the bow and shout the war-whoop like warriors. But the Black-Eagle died long ago, before my foot was heavy or my hair grey. Who art thou, with a name of strength and a voice of other days?"

"Argimou, the son of Pansaway," answered the Sachem.

"Does the grave speak?" rejoined Toncea, "they said the young Bashaba perished in battle, when the Wennooch were overcom'd by the unjust Anglasheou, yet was he valiant, and strong as a young moose, and pleasant to an old man's eye, but he too is gone."

"A bird sang a false song into the ears of my father; he was a prisoner among his enemies, but they never saw his back, and so their hearts softened—he is here."

"Then draw near unto me, my son, that I may bless the arm of the nation ere I depart, for the Great Spirit calls, and I must go."

Argimou immediately complied, by bending reverently down, and placing the old man's hand upon his smooth head; there it remained for some time, while Toncea gradually sunk into his former trance-like state, when it dropped quietly down again at his side. Another long, unbroken pause occurred, and the watchers were doubtful if the spirit still lingered in its time-worn tenement, when the dying man, after a few struggling gasps—again spoke, but his voice was changed, and his features had assumed a more unearthly hue and expression.

"My children, have the snows fallen? for Toncea is very cold, and it is dark—dark! But that cannot be, for I remember, when we came here the earth was green, and the sun brighter and more piercing than the eyes of many eagles—is it not so?"

"My father is right," replied a warrior.—"The sugar-tree is covered with fresh leaves, and they are glancing in the sunbeam."

"Then where am I, and who are these near me? my eye-lids are heavy with sleep."

"My father is in the country of the Micmac, and their warriors are around him;" was the reply.

"Country!" exclaimed the patriarch, with wild vehemence, starting up with sudden strength, and raising his bare, skinny arm to give full emphasis to the prophetic tenour of his words. "Children of the Micmac, listen to the voice of one who sees the dim clouds rolled away from the secrets of the days that come. He tells you that you have no country!—no hunting grounds!—no home! The strangers are as hungry as caterpillars, and numerous as the salt-water sands. I see the Wennooch hunted down like the deer; the hills are red with the flames of many villages; the big canoes carry them away to grow sick and die in a strange land. The Micmac are very brave. I have seen their warriors drive the Mohawk before them like a strong wind, making the bears growl; but the thunder of the stranger is like the Great Spirit's voice when the storm lightning kills. The red men must depart! the game vanishes—the trees fall; there are foot-prints on the graves of our fathers. Children of the Micmac—break the bow—bury the hatchet, for I tell you that you have no country! *The White Gull\* has flown over all!*"

Awe-struck by the warning conveyed in the voice, whose solemn tones seemed still to thrill to their souls depths; the wild warriors gazed upon the inspired speaker, as though a spirit from the grave had come amongst them. The eyes staring widely at what they fully believed, some unearthly vision not permitted to their inexperienced view; the gaunt arm stretched out in prophetic fervour, the ghastly face with the long hair like moonlight streaming behind; these still chained them with the spell his words had woven, though those lips were forever closed. But see! the arm slowly sinks—the rigid muscles relax—the body drops supinely back upon the ever-green couch. Though the eyes still glared, as if their latest faculty sufficed to paralyze their great nerves, and caused the lids to shudder spasmodically from their dilated orbs, yet when the mourners looked down upon the old man, they knew that he was dead; and each felt in his heart, that a good spirit had taken its departure from the dwellings of the Micmac.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE chief, with a hand that trembled slightly with the excess of his emotion, closed the eyes of the dead, and then—but not until that office had been performed, exchanged a glance

\* This epithet is applied to the whites, by the Micmacs, from their not confining themselves to any particular locality.

of intelligence with his father, who sat directly opposite, any stronger exhibition of natural feeling being strictly prohibited by the mournful occasion of their meeting. And now a loud wailing and wild burst of lamentation was heard from without, as the news of their patriarch's decease spread rapidly among the thronged assemblage, manifesting a universal grief for the loss they had sustained; for these simple people regarded old Tonce as the father of the nation, nor could the disseverment of the nearest ties of kindred have been attended with stronger evidence of affection, than an event which they conceived to be the greatest calamity that could have befallen the tribe. No, never more in the council hall will that venerable, white-haired warrior stir them with his eloquence, or instruct them with his wisdom. Never more in the "warm summer time," will he sit, as of yore, under the shadow of the broad oak, and bless his children, dancing in the calm twilight, or by the light of the silvery moon; nor will they see him smile with the joy of peace, as when the maidens would gather around, decking him with sweet flowers and lifting up their voices in a song to his praise.— Never more, when the snows fell, and the cold air drove the hunters to the shelter of their wigwams and the blazing fire, would they listen to Tonce as he rehearsed the legendary tales of ancient times—the warlike deeds of their ancestors, until each youth, roused at the relation, longed to be a man that he might prove himself a warrior's child; and the maidens were taught to choose husbands among the just and brave, that they might be the mothers of heroes.

These reflections forced the big tears from many an iron-hearted warrior, who turned aside that men might not see how weak grief could make an Indian brave; but the women, less regardful of appearances, let their tears flow on without concealment or shame. Who says that an Indian does not weep? The white man, if he feigns not sorrow, is conscious of a feeling which tells him there is a sacredness in woe that shuns observation as profanity, which seeks to hide itself from the eye of strangers with a show of dissembling, a hollow garniture, often lacerating the torn heart it covers—such is an Indian's grief. Think you that cold studied look—that stern indifference of manner, is an evidence of apathy and indolence? Ah! have we not often observed the native turn suddenly away from the unfeeling jest of the stranger, with a curl of quiet scorn upon his lip? Have we not heard the contemptuous com-

ment, the sarcastic laugh which followed some intrusion of white men into their unpretending abodes, treating the inmates as children, forsooth! with their arrogant condescension—their unsolicited patronage; and we have blushed involuntarily for human nature and our countrymen. Go, spoiled child of fortune or artificial habit, snap for a time the heavy chains that bind you, with giant strength, to those dens where men smile and cheat by rule, growing infamous in multitude. Go and look upon the pure unhackneyed face of nature; visit the wigwam of the red-man, *if you can find one*, and study, in their frugality and contentment, a lesson of wisdom, more serviceable than a volume of thread-bare precepts. There will ye find an only practical illustration of that beautiful and true moral of the poet—

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

When the first violence of their sorrow had somewhat subsided, the chief drew his father aside and acquainted him with the circumstances attending his capture; to all of which Pansaway listened with deep attention, until his son came to mention the ambush at the bridge, its success, the grief of the *Open-Heart*—meaning his preserver—with his offer to assist in obtaining the release of the *Sun-Beam*; when the warrior uttered the usual expression of surprise—"Ugh!" but said nothing. However, when Argimou concluded by informing him that two of his enemies, the ruthless destroyers of his people, were within a short distance, he started up, half drawing the long knife at his side, while a gleam of furious wrath darted from his swarthy face. But his kindling passion was restrained by the arm and gesture of his son, who stood with fearless but reverential dignity before him, while he spoke thus:

"Hear me, my father! Argimou has not the wisdom of his parent, nor is his heart as strong; but the same rain that waters the oak makes the small plant glad. So does the Great Spirit shed the knowledge of good equally upon the grown man and the little child. The pale-faces would, long ago, have dug the grave of Argimou had not one man with a generous word saved his life, that the son might look upon his father's face again, and be happy. That man is brave and without deceit. For his kindness, I call him Brother; for his virtues—*The open-heart!* My father knows that there are good men among all the red tribes, and why may there not be a few also among the Anglesheou? True, they are our enemies and have done us much evil; but if he saw the

Open-Heart my father would say, this man is no enemy. Therefore have I sworn, by the spirits of the air, to be just and grateful towards my brother; and perhaps my father will also come, for we travel in an unknown path; but his memory never sleeps, nor are his eyes dim—he can see his way through the Milicetjik country to the banks of the Ouan-gondy, as well as he can follow the broad road that leads to the graves of the nation. I know my father will come.”

Pansaway, while he listened to the artless appeal of his son, was affected with various emotions, altogether different from those which had excited him at the avowal of Argimou's intercourse with his foes. The feelings of the parent were awakened within, and as a flood of tenderness poured its softening influence into the Indian's heart, all his deep-grounded prejudices and antipathies were wearing imperceptibly away, as ice before a fervid stream.—Furthermore, he was aware of a personal object in the ready concurrence of his son, in a project to penetrate into the territory of the hostile Milicete, though the latter had not alluded to it in any way; so that after pondering upon the subject for some time, during which, Argimou awaited anxiously for his answer, he at length lifted up his head, and said,

“My son is young, but he has the wisdom of the co-beat \*; his words are very good. His father will go and show him a flower that grows by the river of many waters.”

Pansaway smiled slightly, as he saw the confusion of his son at the hint conveyed in the latter portion of his reply, but Argimou merely remarked—“it is good,” when both rejoined their brethren, who were now preparing the body of the deceased for its removal to the place of sepulture, in a distant part of the country, being appropriated from time immemorial as the cemetery of the tribe. After making the necessary arrangements, and deputed a subordinate chief to officiate in his stead, in the ceremonies to be observed on the inhumation of the lamented Tonea's remains, Argimou departed with his father, without exciting either the questions or curiosity of his people; his own reasons being considered sufficient to authorize any apparent inconsistency in his conduct. He tarried awhile among the poor, helpless Acadians, telling them that the Micmacs would assist in erecting huts for their shelter, and bring them game for food; mingling words of encouragement with their “*adicus*,”

\* Beaver.

the two warriors left the melancholy spot and came almost immediately, upon the advancing strangers; Edward, whose patience had been completely exhausted, having at the repeated suggestion of Dennis, at last been prevailed upon to leave their hiding place, being determined to seek out their guide, at all hazards.—It was very fortunate that the rash attempt met with almost instantaneous success, for had it been otherwise, it is very doubtful if even the influence of the chief could have prevented their lives from falling a sacrifice to the exasperated feelings of the peasantry, or the fury of his own revengeful nation.

Hurrying away from the dangerous vicinity, Argimou explained to Edward enough of the foregoing scene to account for his prolonged absence, pointing out the valuable acquaintance which the addition of his father would be to their party, as he was familiar with every foot of the region through which they would be obliged to pass. Edward, upon this, turned towards the strange warrior, and acquired an increase of confidence and satisfaction when he viewed his powerful frame, and bold, but melancholy countenance; though Pansaway returned not his scrutiny, but preserved a moody reserve, and seemed to regard the white men with involuntary distrust. The movements of the travellers were now directed with a greater degree of circumspection than at first, as they were in the track of the war-parties from the neighbouring tribes, all of whom not having as yet returned, there was a possibility of meeting with some of the stragglers on their journey to the west.

However, they relaxed not their pace through the entangled forests; Edward and his servant finding it rather difficult to keep up with the rapid progress of the Indians, who, moving without noise, and with the agility of wild animals, over the trunks of dead trees, the half-hidden water courses and yielding swamps, afforded a striking contrast to the heavy tramp, and uncertain, and even painful footing of the less practised companions. It was with a sensation of relief, which, though mingled with shame, Edward could not help admitting to himself, that after a tedious march they arrived at the bank of a river, near its mouth, appearing to have forced its way through a lofty hill, which rose steep and bold on either side, leaving an island in the middle of the passage, and he observed the Micmacs to throw off their burthens, as if to rest from further toil. Dennis quickly followed their example, for he was no less wearied than his master, which

was surmised by the latter, from the numerous excretions that escaped him, whenever any impediment occurred to obstruct their progress, which impulsive ejaculations had become more frequent latterly, accompanied by a fearful crashing of branches, as if a buffalo were forcing its difficult way through the thick underwood, making so much noise that the careful foresters turned their heads several times with an expressive "Ugh!" to enjoin a greater degree of caution on the part of their unwieldy companion. But while Edward was in the act of dressing himself of his pack, Argimou, after a hurried conversation with his father, in their own language, silently left the place, and disappeared among the willow bushes that grew to the edge of the river. Some time elapsed, and still there were no signs of his return, Edward was about to question the stern-looking Pansaway, who seated with folded arms upon the bank in front, seemed totally unconscious of the presence of any human being but himself, so little did he regard the strangers; when the young chief re-appeared paddling a canoe with rapid sweeps towards them, from a point of the stream above the place where they were. Backing water gracefully, to check its swift career, the arrowy bark floated motionless beside the bank, and the Indian stepped lightly on shore; another colloquy then took place between the father and son, during which the long drawn respiration and heaving breast of the latter evinced the violence of his strenuous exertions. In a few minutes they commenced depositing their guns and packs within the canoe, into which Pansaway stepped carelessly, and poising himself with much ease, walked along to the further end, where he seated himself upon his knees; while the chief holding the other with one hand, beckoned the rest to follow, which, with sundry misgivings and great difficulty, Edward accomplished—but here a new impediment arose. The moment that a just perception of the Indians' intention had impressed itself upon the understanding of Dennis, you would have imagined some horrible object had suddenly transfixed his vision. An expression of blank amazement and terror overspread his features, which were blanched to an unaccustomed talow hue, the ruby tints apparently chased away from his cheeks by the intensity of his alarm, taking refuge at the end of a fungus-like nose, where they burned with a condensed radiance, perfectly fearful to witness—while in exploring accents he muttered forth,

"O mother of heaven! is it thou, yer honor?

I can't—sure I can't; did'nt I thry wanst? an a drownded man I was, afore ye cud say by yer lave, or God save us. Didn't they rowl an rowl the could wather an th' life out o'me, a'most, afore they cud bring the sinsis back agin? And, by the same token, I tuck a great oath, says I—'may the divil fire me, and may I niver enter the gates o' glory, if iver the likes of Dennis Sherron puts a fut intil wan o' that same, any more.' An sure its a hagravation of blissed providence—it is, for a christian man to be a meddlin with what's only fit for wild hathens an salvages, for doesn't yer honor know the ould jintleman helps them, and its glad we might be ourselves, if we was out of this, entirely, God presarve us!" and here the speaker crossed himself devoutly.

But there was no time to waste in argument, so that the objections of Dennis were overruled in rather a summary manner, which might be termed an application of the "*argumentum ad hominem*," for, at a sign of his master, the Indians laid violent hands upon him, and, in a twinkling, he was laid like a log, at the bottom of the canoe, where fear of being upset, kept him perfectly still, though he gave vent to his feelings by muttering occasionally in an unknown language; while Argimou, placing one foot within the tottering fabric, with the other gave a strong push from the bank, that sent them out into the middle of the stream, then each seizing a paddle, applied himself to his task, causing the canoe to shoot swiftly along, while the broad blades dipped clean into the calm water, leaving only a string of hissing bubbles in their rear. Argimou then informed Edward, that, being desirous of shortening the route as much as possible, they had determined to search for the means at a well known landing place near at hand, where the Millicete war-parties generally left their canoes previous to entering the territory of the Micmacs, and he had been successful, for though farther up the river than they usually landed, after some search he had discovered twenty canoes—describing the number by displaying his open hands twice, from which he had abstracted one of the best for his brother's service, and if he wished, he would teach him to use a paddle like a red warrior, to which Edward willingly consented, though his first attempts were rather awkward, occasioning several ominous lurches in the frail shallop, which forced divers groans from poor Dennis, and scraping the withe-bound gunwale with the shaft of his paddle producing a dull grating sound. But by imitating the method of the



Indians he soon improved, and could not avoid admiring their steady, harmonious movements. Erect but supple, their fine figures were seen to great advantage by the free play of their arms and shoulders, as they cut into the clear water with powerful strokes, sending them forward at an exhilarating speed; while, ever and anon, the oval paddle blades glanced for an instant in the sunlight, and then disappeared in the limpid element.

## CHAPTER. XI.

ROUNDING the island at the river's mouth, they opened upon an extensive prospect of water, which was broken into sharp waves by the influence of a strong breeze, over which their little bark danced and bounded merrily "like a thing of life," every wavelet giving a *thud*, as it struck against its thin sides. But while each leap of the canoe gave the others a glow of pleasure and excitement, poor Dennis was only conscious of the latter feeling, and that amounted to a pitch of agony; for there he lay, groaning and perspiring like a squeezed sponge, though he was sufficiently moistened by the salt spray that occasionally greeted him from the paddle of his master, or the crest of an unruly billow.

Coasting along the eastward shores of the bay at its termination, the "*voyageurs*" entered a spacious estuary, called by the Indians *Petit-Condac*; but since then, better known by the name of the *Peticodiac*; the expanse of which was shadowed by the bold elevation of its western banks, and beyond, the lofty ridge of the *Shepody* mountain obscured the rays of the now declining sun. Crossing over to the left shore they glided into still water again, and paddled on under the cool shade without a moment's relaxation. The *Micmacs* threw a searching glance up the river, but nothing appeared to create suspicion—all was still around. No living thing was seen upon the unbroken surface, save, occasionally, a fish leaping out of its depths, leaving a rippling circle behind; and now and then a loon would appear, like a dark spot in the distance, but it dived instantaneously upon their approach, and reappeared far behind the canoe; while sometimes a solitary duck would skim like an arrow along the river, almost touching the water with its pointed rapid wing. Edward was gazing with sadness upon the peaceful beauty of the scene around, when a sudden exclamation of surprise from *Pansaway* drew his attention to a clayey spot on the shore they were then passing, to which the warrior pointed with his finger, as

he rested on his dripping paddle. A backward sweep of *Argimou's* arm whirled the canoe immediately toward the place; he also emitting the guttural "Ugh!" when he recognised the object that had attracted the notice of his father. Quickly leaping on the strand, they bent themselves down in close examination of several footprints plainly distinguishable in the tenacious soil; among which were to be seen the deeper marks of a horse's hoof. A brief survey sufficed to satisfy the sagacious natives, for *Argimou*, leading *Edward* to the place, and pointing beneath, said quietly:

"The *Sun-beam* has passed here."

"Ha! is it so?" replied *Edward* with emotion, but adding in a tone of doubt—"How do you know ye this? I see no marks by which these tracks can be distinguished from those of an ordinary party."

"Can a red-man forget, or is a warrior blind?" replied the chief haughtily, roused by the want of confidence in his skill, implied in the question of the other; than which nothing could more easily pique the pride of an Indian brave.

"Look, the *Open-Heart* has eyes, and he can feel. You see this mocassin tread? Well, it is not very long; but that's no matter. See how the big toe how it sticks out beyond all the rest, making the foot sharp, all one same like the beak of a *Millicetjick* canoe, that's only fit for treading in calm rivers, while you see all the other marks he round like a *Micmac* quetaw, so he can hunt porpoise with in the salt water when the big waves boil, and he will be always dry. The first is *Madokawando*, the rest are his warriors. Does my brother see the price of iron mocassins? What animal is it that leaves them? yea, surely the daughter of the pale-faces has been here."

If the lover was not thoroughly convinced by evidence, which to the acute perceptions of the hunters was clear as daylight—he was shortly undeceived, for a low call from *Argimou's* father, who had followed the trail a short distance through the trees, brought them quickly to his side, where the undoubted traces of a recent bivouac were discovered, and the very scanty shelter of branches, under which *Clarence* was rightly supposed to have slept, presented to the eyes of the agitated lover by the triumphant *Argimou*.

With uncontrollable emotion *Edward* threw himself upon the ground, watering with his tears the spot which was rendered sacred

him from having once sustained the pressure of his beloved; loud sobs shook his prostrate frame, and seemed as if almost rending his disordered breast.

The stoical Indians beheld with unforged surprise these demonstrations of grief in the soldier. Taught as they were from their earliest years to conceal all signs and expressions of suffering, as unworthy of a warrior, a feeling of contempt, for what they deemed a reprehensible weakness in the Englishman, rose in the minds of both; which, however, in Argimou at least, was soon softened by a touch of compassion.

The reader can surmise the source from whence, as from a clear fountain, a sudden stream of pity gushed within the heart of the chief. Had not that one common sentiment unconsciously created, from the first, a bond of sympathy between this rude forest child, and the polished, but pure minded stranger?

When the poignant sensibilities of the lover had somewhat subsided, he noticed the many indications of a temporary sojourn of those holding captive the dear object of his thoughts and aims, and marked the direction of the route the party had taken, running, as it did, along the bank of the river, expressing, at the same time, an earnest wish that they would push on in pursuit without an instant's delay.

Upon their return to the canoe they found Dennis seated upon its edge, comfortably curling a cloud of white smoke from the corner of his mouth, for he had made shift, with flint and steel, to light his pipe—as great a curiosity as its owner, by the way—and seemed more reconciled to his fate. At that moment he had finished trying to settle with his conscience—whether he was responsible, considering the circumstances, for the infraction of his oath; but being unable to arrive at any definite conclusion in his mind, he did as others do on similar occasions, dismissed the subject: being inwardly resolved to consult the priest upon the first occasion that offered, as, doubtless, his reverence would settle the matter to his satisfaction.

Following the course of the river, they propelled their bark onward until they emerged from the deep shadow of the hills; then crossing over to the eastern side, the adventurers landed at a convenient spot near the junction of a tributary stream; for the sun had long set, and a strong current began to impede their progress, as the tide was on its ebb. Lifting the canoe bodily from the water, the guides made choice of a secluded spot among the

trees; and kindling a fire, made preparations for passing the night—the underwood being cleared away, the arms and other articles deposited in divers places near at hand, and blankets spread upon the mossy ground. The light of the fire diffused a cheerful glow upon the little circle, tinging the foliage around, which formed a natural bower above their heads; and so calm and quiet was the evening air that not a leaf was in motion, save, only, where the heat and smoke, rushing upward, made them quiver as they escaped into the pure atmosphere beyond. After partaking of a simple meal of dried venison, prepared by the Indians, Edward stretched his fatigued limbs upon the soft moss, and wrapping his cloak around him was soon buried in sleep; nor was Dennis backward in following his example. But the foresters trimmed the fire and disposed themselves gravely by its side. Pansaway, filling a tobacco bowl in the back of his war-hatchet, lighted it and drew several long whiffs from its hollow stem without speaking, he then handed it to Argimou, who also puffed awhile, after which he returned it again to his father. In this manner the two-fold implement—emblematic of peace or war, according to its uses—was handed from one to the other three distinct times, when the elder warrior, replenishing it from his pouch, broke the silence by alluding to the object of their present journey; and proposing two different routes by which their purpose could be effected. One by pursuing the trail of Madokawando, which was the shortest and would lead them directly to the banks of the great river, where he knew the chief's village to be situated. The other was to follow the Petcodiac to its head waters, and from thence cross over to the St. John; a more circuitous journey, but presenting less difficulties than the first, as they would thus in some measure avoid the danger of meeting with war-parties of the Micicete, and lessen the distance they would have to travel on foot; which, though hardly an object to them, would, nevertheless, be a great relief to the pale-faces, who, as was evident, were unused to the woods, and unable to encounter its toils with impunity. The speaker avowed himself in favour of the latter course, but desired his son to offer his opinion on the subject, which he did with much deference, suggesting that the delay necessarily attendant upon their deviation from a direct path to the sunset, more than counterbalanced the objections to an overland passage; therefore, though he fully admitted the truth of what his father had said, and he was much wiser

than himself, still he was inclined towards their adoption of the route first proposed.

When the young warrior had finished his remarks, Pansaway quietly laid his tomahawk down, and taking a burnt stick from the fire, traced upon a piece of white birch bark, the several courses of the Peticodiac and the St. John, with the lakes and tributary streams lying intermediate. Then, with a slight emphasis in gesture and utterance, he pointed out with his finger the several lines upon his rude, but intelligible map; showing his son that the deflection was not so great as he imagined.—That the former river, though it appeared to come from the frost, would soon turn in the required direction, and so continue until near its head, when it bent backward and terminated in two small branches. That at its upper curve, a short portage would carry them, if requisite, at once into a broad-water that ran into Ouangondy; but he proposed to take a well known path which would lead them sooner to the latter. And, finally, he dwelt upon the unpromising nature of the wide hilly tract of country, covered with dense forests, through which it was his son's desire they should journey to the sunset. Argimou, impressed with the force of the arguments adduced against his proposition, saw its inutilty, and immediately yielded to the superior experience of his parent. Confiding most implicitly in his knowledge and sagacity, he entrusted their further progress entirely to the management and guidance of the latter; whereupon, Pansaway, apparently satisfied, drew his blanket over his shoulders and laid down to repose, leaving the young chief to watch over the security of the bivouac.

Edward awoke in the night rather suddenly, for he dreamed that he was struggling with a number of fierce savages who held him down with superhuman strength, while others were dragging off Clarence into the thick woods, that seemed to swallow her up forever from his eyes; and, O God! that dread shriek again pierced through his brain, yet he could not free himself from the hands that held him in their grasp. Disturbed by the terrible intensity of the vision, and that wild cry for help, Edward for a moment, thought the fearful sound still lingered in his ear, though his eyes were open, and his senses perfectly collected. But all was as silent as the grave, save the seething of a half-rotten log, on the fire, over which a few distracted ants were running with wild agitation, as the heat drove them from their retreat in its interior, and gradually encroached upon their only remaining place of refuge, until they

fell, one by one into the smoky flames— occasionally, a long, heavy breath from the sleepers beside him. Beyond the fire, and scarcely recognisable in the dim light, he observed the dark figure of Argimou, upright, still and motionless as the trees around. He was about to speak to the Indian, when again the sound which had startled him from sleep rang through the forest, arresting the faculty of speech, and causing his flesh to quiver, so wild, thrilling and unnatural it seemed. It was unlike any thing he had ever heard, yet it approached nearer to the cry of a human being in torture, partaking the character of both a scream and a holloa, than ought that at the time, he could attribute it to; and it appeared to issue from the very heart of the forest, echoing among the groves, and reverberating from the hills and projecting shores of the river.

In the mean time, Argimou, observing movement among the sleepers, turned his head towards the fire, and seeing the astonishment depicted in the face of Edward, his composed features relaxed in a smile as he said playfully—

“Does my brother know that voice?”

“It is some one in distress,” replied the other, hurriedly, “let us haste to his deliverance;” and the soldier was in the act of springing upon his feet, when the chief approaching put his hand upon his shoulder, and said—

“Stop! I will bring him to my brother;” and placing his hands to his mouth, he gave a long, clear cry, so perfectly resembling that which he had heard, that Edward at first fancied it to proceed from the same throat. The effect was instantaneous, for both Pansaway and Dennis bounded from the ground as if they had been shot through the heart, though the former quickly recovered his composure after a few explanatory words in the Indian language, had been addressed to him by his son, who motioned the half-awakened Irishman to make no noise, with which request he found it exceedingly difficult to comply; being strangely puzzled to account for the unreasonable uproar. Hark! another repetition of the same discordant scream, with variations, penetrates, painfully, their ears; not as at first softened and indistinct from distance, but apparently uttered from the very tree under which they were gathered. Edward's eye instinctively sought among its dark branches for the cause—but in vain. At that moment, a twang of a bow-string was heard, and a light streak glanced upward among the leaves from the place where the chief sat; a faint shriek

followed, and a bundle of feathers fell heavily at the feet of Edward. The mystery was explained; for, gazing at him with closing eyes, he beheld the quaint, venerable-looking face of a dying owl.

"An troth, a ciever man he wor, that gave it thon name," remarked Dennis, "for devil a bird ever *owled* the likes ur it afore, anny way, an that's the truth."

After this incident, Pansaway took his son's place as sentinel, in spite of Edward's entreaty that he himself should fulfil that duty, while his companions reposed. But they would not admit of any such thing, well knowing the fatigue of the Englishman, and the difficulty he was unused to their habits, would have in overcoming the natural tendency to sleep. Edward therefore resumed his attitude of rest, but they thought chased away slumber from his eyelids. How dissimilar were the relative positions of his native companions and himself.—Here in the great wilds, where the knowledge and resources of civilized life were worthless as chaff, and he felt himself as a child endeavouring to read a book, of the characters of which he is entirely ignorant; here were beings apparently as familiar with the mysterious secrets, the subtle indications of nature's workings in the wilderness, as the European with the principles of an art he practices; drawing forth wisdom from its original source, rendering every material subservient to some useful purpose, and supplying those natural wants which are essential to the comfort and happiness of man, simply and effectually.—Waste to the creatures of civilization, the very perfection of means creates a multiplicity of necessities, and in thought, as in habit, they become artificial and depraved—in fact—mere society machines. The sated tastes crave for the indulgence of unnatural luxuries to stimulate their exhausted powers, until the hydra disease, multiplied and nourished by the festering vitiated system coils its serpent folds entirely within their vitals; and surely, a sophisticated morality must ever accompany physical abasement. So thought Edward, and we leave it to the unprejudiced philosopher to determine, not the justice of his arguments, but the actual degree of their general applicability. Then he listened, long and intently, to the awful stillness of the surrounding woods, broken only at times, by those indefinite sounds produced by the creaking of one tree against another—which so often startles one in the forest; though there was not a breath of air stirring. The wind seemed dead, and

night to sorrow for its departed moan. His reflections naturally wandered from the deep repose to the myriads of living things, hidden beneath the leaves, or in the secret lairs, now hushed and powerless by the spell of slumber; their natural fierceness rendered innocuous by that best physician of the weary earth—sleep. Subdued by its potency, the grim bear forgot his strength and his hunger—the fox his craft—the rabbit his timidity. No struggle for life, no care for food; there was a brief truce between the robber and his prey; and Peace, taking advantage of the temporary suspension of that universal law, which, for some wise, though mysterious purpose, has bequeathed eternal strife and carnage to the world—stole softly down and pressed her lips upon the aching brow and the wayward heart.

## CHAPTER XII.

WITH the dawn they were up and moving, for the roar of the tide was already rushing upward from the sea with great noise and impetuosity. Taking advantage of the rapid current, they launched the canoe and darted along with swift speed up the river; the shelving mud banks of which were quickly disappearing, as the encroaching flood poured in from its mouth, and filled its half-empty bed. Ere long, the correctness of Pansaway's observation was fully proved, for the stream made a gradual bend toward the west. or, as he would have significantly termed it, to the sunset; and so they went on, hour after hour, uninterrupted by sign or sound of any human being.—Once Edward ceased paddling, and directed the attention of the foresters to a low, dark object moving slowly along the water, from a distant point above. But he was told, that what he fancied a canoe, was only the trunk of some tree, upturned by the tempest, or decayed with age and washed from its place by the freshet floods when the snows thaw. Sometime afterwards they came up with it, and as the canoe shot past, it looked like the blackened corpse of some dead dryad of the woods.—Its scraggy arms protruding bare and leafless from the gigantic trunk, were deformed with shreds and gouts of slimy swamp grass and interlaced brambles, uprooted in its struggles to cling to its more congenial element. It appeared to have been floating about for a lengthy period, having altogether, a most dreary, woe-worn aspect. Argemou related that sometimes, by such a tree grounding in shallow parts, or becoming entangled with rocks or projecting branches from the shore, multitudes

of other wind-falls are intercepted in their passage to the salt water, until the channel is altogether closed with organic remains, and in this way many rivers become completely choked in their upper courses, and thus continue impervious to the "royageur" for many years, oftentimes causing an inundation of the surrounding country, until they are destroyed by means of fire, or some great storm or freshet bursts the barricade with tremendous force, leaving the pent-up waters again free.

The river became narrower as they advanced, until it was altogether shaded by the foliage of the beautiful birch and maple trees, growing to the water's edge, and they glided beneath a continuous bower, while the sunlight glanced like silver on the breeze-ruffled leaves, though they were themselves sheltered from the heat of its midday beam. The wild grape hung in graceful festoons from the supporting branches, intermingling and lost in the profuse verdure around; and, here and there, some half-hidden flower would woo the passing eye with its contrasting tint, or peculiar formation. And, oft times, the brief mournful call of a bird would echo an instant, among the leafy arcades; and then the silence of the solitude seemed never to have been broken by so clear and musical a sound.

At length, as the ebbing tide prevented them from making any further progress without considerable difficulty, they landed, and shouldering the canoe, the travellers followed the bank of the river for many miles. With much ease the Indians carried their burthen, which was at last deposited in a small gully, overgrown with willows, and carefully concealed, in case they should require its services thereafter.

Here a rest was made, and the party refreshed themselves with a hearty meal of moose meat, after which, a short consultation was held by Edward and his guides; the latter explaining the course they deemed it most prudent to follow, in their passage through the Milicete country, on the borders of which they now were. Edward, as may be supposed, was only too willing to concur in their views, being well aware of his own incapability of judging in a matter so foreign to his usual sphere of intelligence. He merely urged them to make no unnecessary delay—for a feeling of restlessness had taken possession of his mind, and even the arrow-like speed with which they had travelled hitherto, appeared slow and torturing to the stiffness he deemed compatible with his wishes. Something seemed to gnaw

incessantly within, and would not give him a moment's rest or ease, unless he were constantly in motion. Strapping on their packs they proceeded on with increased caution, as was thought probable there might be some of the Milicete encamped thereabouts, for the purpose of fishing, the river being a favourite resort at that season. However, though they passed several fresh traces of their fires and wigwams, they met with no hinderance to their progress. Deviating from the bank of the river, near its upper bend, they plunged directly westward through the forest, and arrived in the evening at a small spring; from which when Pansaway had cleared away a thick carpet of dead leaves that concealed it, a clear, cool stream welled out of the rocky ground and lost itself in the moss that fringed its borders like a carpet of richest green. The Indian knelt down and took a long draught, smiling as he beheld his stern features reflected, mirror-like in its dark depth. But the expression soon changed to sadness, when he remembered the long years that had passed since he last saw his face in that spring; and he traced the changes time had made upon its lineaments, but felt them to be far less than the scars vicissitudes had graven upon his heart.

They spent that night under the beech tree which grew plentifully around the natural fountain, and Edward bore his portion of watching, being relieved towards morning by Dennis's trial. But, alas! for the competency of human resolve, when arrayed against the strong fortress of disposition or confirmed habit; he kept awake bravely for a certain period, equivalent to the time generally allotted a sentry, by the rules of military service, for quiet meditation or to give him an appetite for sleep, ere a real enabler him to test the virtue of the experiment—after which, feeling rather drowsy and uncomfortable, a sound might have been heard similar to that produced by the sudden extraction of a cork, followed immediately by a backward inclination of his head and shoulders towards the stars, at which he appeared to be gazing through a short telescope, until apparently satisfied with his astronomical observation, he recovered his former position, and lighting his pipe, rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, looking quite brisk and wakeful, notwithstanding, at the same time, something about the impossibility of catching a weazel ardequally to Dennis's. How long an impartial observer would have considered, as just, a comparison between the two animals, we cannot say, but the fact is incontestable, that with

Argimou awoke, it was broad day-break, and Dennis was fast asleep; emitting, through his nose and mouth, sounds similar to a saw and were working for a wager, and his pipe was still clutched between his teeth, though it had long expired; yet, nevertheless, he gave it a hard smack now and then, in his sleep, as if he were smoking in a dream—and when the chief shook him by the shoulder, he mumbled indistinctly, “guard turn out!” and “weasels be d——d!”

There would be little to interest the reader, in dwelling upon the several incidents that rendered the day's journey less irksome than it would otherwise have been. Edward beheld, with astonishment, the extraordinary growth of such vegetation acquired in those solitudes; the great girth of some trees, the wire-drawn height of others, as if in the constant effort to reach the air and light, above the gloomy and crowded space. Their lower branches were lean and brittle, snapping at a touch; but their leaf-crowned tops waved, like feathery plumes, in the breeze that played over the forest, though no breath disturbed the indefinable stillness beneath, nor was there ought to indicate its existence, but a constant sound, like the roar of agitated waters. He noticed also many strange freaks of nature, such as trees and branches twisted and bent in every variety of unusual posture, and bulged out in enormous tumefactions, as if endeavouring to get rid of the excess of nutrition; while, projecting horizontally from the huge boles, broad funguses were seen, spreading their lobes and lobules, one over the other, of various and brilliant colours.

Now and then on reaching some lofty ridge, the eye could range over miles of hill and valley, all covered with the thick, interminable forest. It was magnificent to see the different shades produced by the peculiar nature of the trees, or the intervention of a cloud, as it sailed overhead, obscuring the sun's rays which shone with increased brilliancy upon other parts of the prospect; and all was in motion. The trees waved and bowed gracefully to the warm breeze, as it swept along the hill sides, tossing the foliage like green waves; and over the majestic scene the vision wandered in an ecstasy of delight, while the soul felt awed by its intense solitude—for there were no traces of man or any living thing in its beautiful retreats, and no sounds were heard to break the eternal stillness, but the occasional note of a bird, or the moan of the homeless wind.

At one time they were entangled among the crumbling remains of an ancient grove, prostrated by some devastating storm, and piled in

indescribable confusion around. Over these wind-falls, at the expense of several bruises, the white men toiled painfully, but the agile Indians leaped in their moccasins from trunk to trunk, with the lightness of squirrels, poising themselves gracefully as they stepped along the slippery bridges; sometimes high above the heads of their companions. By the time this impediment was overcome, Edward and his servant were completely tired out, so that they were obliged to halt. Meanwhile, some wild pigeons, which were very numerous thereabouts, almost darkening the air as they flew over in large flocks, had been struck by the never-failing arrow of Argimou—who forbore to use his gun, as he was fearful of alarming some straggling party of Micicete that might be in the vicinity. These being soon denuded of their feathers, were split open and roasted, affording a delightful repast to the wearied travellers. Indeed, the sight even made an old, hungry woodpecker's mouth water, who was clawing up the side of a hollow tree, hard by; and, forthwith, he commenced tapping away furiously with his bill, in search of live ants, which were bolted raw—he holding in thorough contempt all culinary processes whatsoever. Refreshed by the savoury food, Edward fell into a contemplative mood, to which, in fact, he was rather prone, as the reader may have discovered ere this. As the Micmaes were finishing their frugal meal, he thought how little, after all, the luxuries, the advantages of a civilized state of society, were capable of ameliorating the moral or physical condition of man. What benefit had art and intellectual culture, after the lapse of thousands of years, conferred upon his nation that these simple children of Nature did not receive from their mother's hand, unsolicited? His belief in the progressive improvement of the human race was shaken, as the lamentable truth forced itself upon his understanding, that mankind seemed to have journeyed further from the right, as they deviated from the plain habits and principles of the primitive ages. Was there want and woe and crippling disease among the haunts of luxury and wealth? Here in the rude forests he beheld plenty, cheerfulness, and frames untainted by the enervating maladies of the Old World. Here, among men unrestrained by penal codes, or chains, or strong dungeons, were to be found the most unflinching virtue; the elements of a beautiful philosophy; a morality that would put to shame that thing of circumstance, which in cities takes shelter under the name, as though hypocrisy could deceive heaven with the same

facility that it mocketh man ! Did the bigoted followers of a gloomy creed pay their blind vows at the altar of an earthly idol, in mistake for the divinity ? here, in these deep, solemn shades was a temple "not made with hands ;" where "even the green leaves seemed stirred with prayer," the soul turned irresistibly to the worship of the true and only God. And here the poor Indian lifts up his voice in earnest gratitude to the Great Spirit—the author of all blessings—to him who sends the summer to melt the snows, to fill the desert places with the song of birds, the track of wild game ;—whose voice is heard in the thunder—whose power is made manifest in the storm. And why should his prayer be rejected and the white man's heard ? Here were no fawning sycophants, no slanderers of their neighbours, no smiling faces with false hearts, no robbers in the garb of honesty, no niggards that would grasp the accursed gold and see their brethren starve. When men met in the wilderness it was as sincere friends, or open, determined foes.

"O ! worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart !"

Reflecting somewhat thus, upon the character of those nations, denominated savage—thereby, as with a sweeping censure, excluding them from the pale of human sympathy or association, he reverted to those ancient tribes that have become bywords for virtue, bravery, and all those qualities which make one people greater than another, by rules drawn from those subtle truths taught them through deep observation of the natural and moral world ; subduing by the force of the indomitable will, the weaknesses attendant upon humanity, until their very children became heroes. And he discovered a great resemblance between those remarkable people and the hunters of the new world.

With recruited strength the party pushed on, crossing a river, near its source, which appeared to flow northward, but Pansaway—whose reserve had gradually worn off, as he became more accustomed to the presence of the strangers, and imparted much information to Edward, relating to the country through which they were travelling, though he spoke the French "patois" much less fluently than his son—informed him that after one day's journey, it turned to the sunset, and grew very broad before it joined Ouangondy, near its junction with the salt water, and its name was Kennebeckasis ; furthermore, at its mouth was situated the Miccete village, where, doubtless, they would find the one they sought. Stimu-

lated by this intelligence, Edward forgot his fatigue, and, increasing his exertions, they arrived at nightfall on the banks of a second river near a lake, from which it seemed to take its origin.

Here they made their bivouac, and the soldiers, completely worn out by their day's tramp, were glad to cast themselves on the soft ground, deeming it the most luxurious couch they ever rested upon, nor was it long ere they were both immersed in the oblivion of sleep. But as for the Indians, their tough sinews and hardened, compact frames appeared incapable of weariness. Lighting their pipes they extinguished the fire, and conversed together beneath the light of the rising moon now nearly full, sailing in a misty sea of light clouds, subduing without rendering altogether obscure, its rays. The wippoorwill uttered incessantly, its triple call to the night ; not a sorrow, but rather as if, like some great king rejoicing in his solitude, it strove to fill the whole voiceless forest with its unaccompanied song.

The old warrior was occupied in a manner which above all things an Indian loves, namely, recalling the traditions handed down by his fathers, from the earliest times, which are perpetuated with wonderful fidelity, by oral transmission alone. Then is it, that these singular people are enabled to indulge largely, in those talents for oratory and metaphor, which are so peculiarly the gifts of the red man.

Pansaway, as they proceeded on a journey, every step of which reminded him of some past scene, had become more absorbed as it were in the recollections of a former period of his life. At the present moment, however, his reflections were deep in the perusal of an old legend that had been lying carefully preserved like a scroll, in his memory since he was a child, and only required a moment's abstraction of thought to render its characters as distinct and legible as when they were first impressed upon its tenacious page. At length he laid his *to-ma-gan* down, and raising his right arm impressively, said to the attentive chief as follows,

"The *trick-quill-yelch* \* tells his tale in the beam of the round moon, but Pansaway will read a *bat* by the light of times that are gone. Listen, my son ! to thy father's words, that when he goes hence they may not be forgotten like a coward's deeds. They are the words thy sires have spoken—the deeds they have

\* Wippoorwill.

gone! I am the son of Natanis, whose father was Sabatis, a just man and a famous warrior that lived when the great Mambertou was shasha of the Micmacs; about the time that the *pale-faces* first came from the great water, beyond the sunrise, to the red man's country, and asked a little ground to build their huts and plant corn; for they said they were sick with their long journey on the salt water, and very hungry. So the Sagamou's heart grew soft to the strangers, and he gave them land, and when they would have all perished—for the snows were deep and very cold, the Micmac brought them food from the forest, and preserved them from death. When the thaw came, many more war canoes with great eagle-wings whiter than the gull's, and filled with warriors, flew over with the wind, from that unknown country; and the Sagamou wondered that they should wander so far to see a strange land, and what they wanted of the poor Indian—for he had only the skins of wild animals—his stone arrow—his strong heart—his fathers' graves; but these strangers were rich and powerful with precious ornaments and clothes that the squaws love, and they used the Great Spirit's thunder in battle. Yet they said they only came to see their brothers, the Micmacs, and smoke peace with them, and the Sagamou wondered, for he had never heard his fathers tell of this nation, nor was there any belt that preserved their name or their friendship. But they were very peaceful and generous, and built a fort, and armed it with the great thunder. But the Micmacs were not afraid, for they were brave and numerous, having just returned from the frost, after fighting the Esquimeaux for many moons. But the hatchet was still unburied; the marriage song unsung.

"Listen, O my son! to the words thy fathers have spoken—to the deeds they have done!

"Who can count the green, salt waves? The hairs of the head who has numbered? Such were the tribes of the sunrise—such were the great Abenaci! Thick as the quills of the mat-tawess,\* were their arrows; their arms, as the whirlwind, strong. When the fierce eagle screamed, they laughed; they jeered when the storm howled! Yea, louder than many eagles, or the north wind's voice, was the sound of their war-cry;—when they whooped the black bears trembled!

"But why are the tribes gathering? Why is the bow strung? Because the war-path is

open, and it leads to the country of the Armouchequois.† Over the broad sky there are clouds. On the salt lake there are waves; and red as the blood we must shed, are the streaks that the sun-set leaves.

"The white foam dashes in the roaring wind. The keen lightning quivers. The rocks and the hills are shaken! Yet in the storm, and the thunder, and the darkness, went Mambertou and his warriors, from the Micmac country to the tribe of the Ouangondy. Their course was known by the stars. By the great northern bear were they guided; they were lighted by the pale fires of the north.

"Peel Atteou came with the Marcachite warriors, and Toquelmut, the fierce eyed, with his Terratunes—wild as the cariboo, and as swift as light as the birds of the air. Like the fins of the sea-dog—like the roll of the black porpoise, was the dip of countless paddles in the wave of the great-water. Green as the leaves on the tree, or the grass of summer, was the path in which they travelled.

"The rivers came down with the red men in swarms. From the Passamaquoddy, the Penobscot, the Kennebis, and their thousand isles came war-parties. Their faces were terrible with war-paint, and when they shouted their battle-song the strong winds grew still! Listen, O, my son! to the words thy fathers have spoken—to the deeds they have done!

"There remained not one wigwam in the country of the Armouchequois! The tribes of the sunrise came, like a fire in the forest, and consumed them, root and branch. Their villages were made desolate by the storm. The owl screeched in their lone council-hall! In the grove lay their dead, unburied. The snows made them a pale grave, and their spirits were glad; but, when the thaw came, their ghosts lamented over the uncovered bones! The wolf picked them clean; in the wind and rain were they whitened. What will their children say, when they are asked for their fathers' graves? They are a dishonoured people! Like a red man's hair are the long black weeds, where the salt waters come and go. The white foam licks the rocks and plays with their floating scalps, like the locks of a drowning man; while the white-gull shrieks, and the cold waves moan.

"In the sun, in the moonlight, in the storm: by the rocks, by the isles, by the great mountain, the tribes returned to the morning. In

† A numerous and powerful people, inhabiting the country near Cape Malabarre—(Cape Cod.)



joy, and in grief they came. Over the foe they had triumphed: over their dead warriors they mourned. In skins of the dark otter were they wrapped, in skins of the precious beaver. They must rest in a cedar grave, by the bones of their fathers. Can they sleep in a strangeland? Their spirits glide in the evening track—in the trail of the red sun they follow. They go to the hunting grounds of the just, with the foe-man's scalp and the brave man's spear!

"By the Kennebis, the Penobscot, the tribes returned to their homes, by the branching Piscataqua. From the isles of the Passamaquod to the rushing Ouangondy, there was a sound of joy, there were songs of rejoicing warriors.

"But Mambertou went on to the morning, over the blue waves. Between the Etchenins and the Souriquois the salt-water rolls. He comes to drink the fresh rivers, like a thirsty man. He comes and goes with a sun, and swells very large in the light of the bright, round moon. Beyond the big-drink was the Micmac country; it looked the same like a bank of grey smoke—bodiless and dim.—Why should a Micmac fear the thick mist, or the howling storm? Is he not the hunter of the salt-water? Is he not born within its roar?

"In the mountain, where the ice never melts, where the salt mist curls. In the green valleys, by the rivers of the moose and bear, there do our warriors dance—there is the pipe lighted! The wampum is woven—the scalps are dried—the hatchet is buried! The braves rest in the shade and tell their deeds. The children listen and burn—the maidens turn pale with fear. The father's place is empty no longer in his wigwam, or by the council fire of the nation.

"And Mambertou made a strong friendship with the *Wenzooch*; its chain shall never grow rusty! The old bashaba and the pale faced chief were like brothers in their love. In his arms Mambertou died. A warrior may be brave, but he cannot live for ever. Who, like the white-haired Mambertou, has seen twelve hundred moons rise? You might count their number in the scars upon his breast! His name could never die!

"Such is the story of Mambertou, when he went with the tribes of the sunrise to fight the Armouchequois, in ancient times. Such, my son, are the words thy fathers have spoken—the deeds they have done!"

Pansaway ceased, but his chest still swelled with proud emotion which the relation of this tradition had awakened; and his dark eye gleamed, bright and piercing in the moonlight.

While the attitude of the chief resembled that of a wild cat, ere it makes its deadly spring; so much was his fierceness roused by the wild legend of his father. Grasping, with iron clutch, the long knife at his side, he appeared upon the point of pealing forth the dread whoop from his parted lips. When he had recovered sufficient composure to speak, he said with emphasis—

"Ugh! Mambertou was a great warrior!"

"Ay," replied Pansaway—"many times is the axe been sharpened, the war-song sung—Many times has the Micmac bent his bow against the light-haired stranger, who is greeted as the blue-eyed *palge-a-way*\*. Many times has the earth drunk blood. Yet never since that time has such a warrior been seen among the hunters of the Micmac. But why should I—a hurable man, try to brighten the name of the great Mambertou? Who has not heard of his deeds? Who has not seen his grave?"

The old Indian having concluded his story laid himself down quietly to sleep, while Mambertou kept watch until midnight.

At that time, Edward—as he had previously desired, was awakened by the chief who relinquished his duty to the soldier, and sought his own scanty portion of rest, though not united with habitual caution, he had placed his carbine at his side ready for instant use, in case of sudden alarm, for between the place where he lay and the sloping bank of the river, were only a few thin bushes, through the stems of which glistened the broken, shallow water.

Hour after hour, the soldier sat at his post, thinking of *her* and his distant home, without a whisper to break the current of his reveries, except the murmur of the adjacent river, as it laved the bank, or was parted by the rocky impediments in its course; even the loathsome wipoorwill had long since ceased its song—Then he imagined that many persons were near him, and that they were speaking—he could even hear distinctly the words they uttered; but strange to say, although they resembled in garb and features, the Indians with whom he journeyed, yet he knew them to be his friends, for they spoke of old events that had happened, and called him by name. Starting up, all at once, he could scarcely believe at first that he had been dreaming; but all was still and quiet as usual. Angry with himself, that he should have allowed sleep to overtake him, he determined to be more watchful, and to cure a disagreeable heaviness in his eyelids—traced

\* Codfish.

erous experiment—he commenced counting the stars, that were becoming more visible in the north-east as the moon declined. This, at first, seemed very easy, but their scintillation soon confused his sight, and finally, they appeared countless, and then—but he thought it quite natural—they performed a dance, in imitation of the gnats he had noticed that afternoon, gambolling in a shady nook, by the river side. That was the last thing he remembered.

(To be continued.)



Written for the Amaranth.

### THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Thy slumber, my child, is calm and still,  
For thou ne'er hast had one dream of ill;  
And oh! may thy sleep be always light,  
As now it comes o'er thy hours bright.  
Yet, woman's fate is often wild,  
And her lot is over thee, my child;—  
But may He who makes the earth his care,  
Listen to thy Mother's Prayer.

I ask not for curls of sunny hair,  
To float above thy forehead fair—  
I ask not for deeply radiant eyes,  
Like the deep rich blue of Italian skies:  
But oh! may God thy spirit bless,  
With the beauteous light of Holiness.

I ask for thee one brilliant gem,  
But the treasures of the earth, I ask not them;  
Not for thee may the rubies shine,  
Nor the diamonds glow in Golconda's mine;  
Nor the emeralds lie all clear and cool  
In the lonely caves of Istamboul;—  
The one pure pearl of Truth I prize,  
Oh! may He shew thee where it lies.

I ask not for robes of inwoven gold,  
To deck thy form with their costly fold;—  
I ask not for richly waving plumes,  
From the distant land of the wild simoons:  
But oh! may God thy deeds still bless  
With the garments fair of Righteousness.

I ask not for thy name to trace  
The noblest line of a noble race—  
But may'st thou know the blessed fame,  
To bear an humble Christian's name!  
*Long Creek, June.* EMILY.



In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions: else, whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them who have the jaundice, to whom every thing appeareth yellow.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

### TRUE NOBILITY;

OR, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

“This is the prettiest low-born lass that e'er Ran on the greensward.”

“WELL, well, *mon ami*, I will not argue the point with you; as an American you are right in holding such a belief; but you must still allow me to think that there is something not to be despised in ancient and honourable descent. I cannot but believe that the descendant of those who for generations have been ennobled by lofty deeds of high emprise, will be more likely to perform magnanimous actions than the son of the humble plebeian.”

“You agree with me precisely, Henri; but we differ in terms. I assert that the children of a family which can look back with honest pride to deeds of integrity and uprightness, of virtue and heroism, are the true scions of nobility; for their patent bears the signet of an Almighty hand.”

“Then the son of an honest blacksmith ought to be as proud of his birth as the heir of a Montmorenci or a Conde: is that your opinion?”

“Something very like it, I confess, Henri; what was the origin of the nobles of the old world? Rapine and violence gave them their heritage of broad lands, while servile submission to a monarch, or perhaps treachery to his enemy, was often the price paid for their sounding titles. Had they been ennobled for their virtues, Henri, and had they transmitted these, together with their proud names, through succeeding generations, then well might their descendants have gloried in their birth; but surely you need not be reminded of the black catalogue of crime which might be appended to every genealogical chart in ‘merrie England,’ no less than in your ‘*grande nation*?’”

“I won't quarrel with you about it, Frank; but I shall never become a convert to your doctrine; perhaps I am too deeply infected with such prejudices, but they were a part of my lawful heritage.”

“I know it, Henri, the blood of one of the noblest families of France runs in your veins, and the only wonder is, that under such circumstances you should possess so much true nobility.”

“What do you mean?”

“I am surprised that you did not follow the example of most branches of a noble stock, and make the fame of your ancestors a license for your own worthlessness.”

"Frank, you are incorrigible," said Henri, laughing; "according to your creed I ought to rank you, who possess so many estimable qualities, among the lowest of the low."

"Place me in what situation you choose, Henri, so long as you find no cause for despising me. But you mistake; I do not think nobility of soul incompatible with nobility of birth; I only mean to assert that heroic deeds are more frequently performed by men in a lowly than in an exalted station, for the latter have an inheritance of fame, and are too often content to use it to its last grain, without adding anything to it for the next generation."

"I should like to see your father, Frank."

"You shall be gratified if you choose to accompany me home in the spring; but, in what station do you expect to find him?"

"If I must judge by *your* theory, I should say he is some humble artisan, but I know better than to believe such a thing; I suppose he is one of the aristocracy of your republican country, living in the most independent of all modes, as a gentleman farmer, and I should not be surprised if he had carefully preserved a box of old papers, which enabled him to trace his descent from some English yeoman of the time of the eighth Harry."

"You never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, don't tell me anything about him; I mean to go and see for myself, but no one shall persuade me that you could derive from any mean parentage the chivalrous sentiments which led you to save my life at the risk of your own."

"Pshaw, I wish you would not think so much of a trifling service."

"You may underrate your disinterestedness as much as you please, but if any one else were to tell me that the man who bound his own life-preserver on a sick stranger, when the black waters were yawning to devour him, had performed only a trifling service, I think he would find a little of the spirit of my ancestors in my reply."

The speakers who thus discussed points of honour while they puffed the fragrant smoke from their "Habanas," were Henri de Valence, a young West-Indian of large fortune, and his friend Frank Weston, who had left his native village to seek wealth in New Orleans, that Eldorado of all who can resist mosquitoes and yellow fever. They had met as strangers on board a Mississippi steamer, when Henri was suffering from the feebleness attendant upon a long illness. Before they reached their port of

destination, the boat was snagged, and the passengers were in the most imminent danger when Frank, seeing the pallid stranger at his side, quietly took off his life-preserver, saying, "I am strong and can swim, but you are utterly helpless, take this and save yourself." The opportune arrival of a steamer rescued them, after an exposure of some hours to the most imminent danger; but Henri never forgot the heroic act of his new friend. With the warm-heartedness of his age and clime, he attached himself closely to Frank, and even resolved to accompany him to his native home rather than part with him for a whole season.

The first spring buds were unfolding their soft green to the warm gales, when the friends set out on their northern journey. Henri was charmed with everything he saw in nature though strongly disposed to find amusement in some very *natural* traits of individual character. The bold and magnificent scenery of our beautiful land excited his enthusiastic admiration, while his prejudices were sadly shocked at some occasional glimpses of American life. By the time he arrived at New-York, he was more deeply confirmed in his ideas of the advantage of high birth, and as he contrasted the quiet gentlemanly deportment of Frank, with the coarse manners of some of their travelling companions, he could not help congratulating himself on having found a friend among the better class of our plebeian citizens.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those balmy days which make June so delightful a month in America, when the travellers approached the spot where Frank Weston was born and bred. As they proceeded slowly along a road cut in the side of a mountain, they looked down upon the village, lying at the foot of the declivity, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view. The neat snow-white cottages were clustered together in a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear and rapid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. Large elms, those most beautiful of all forest trees, were seen studding the inequalities of the ground in positions that seemed chosen for their picturesque beauty; and, as the beams of the setting sun shone aslant between their broad stems, gilding the surface of the little river, and reflected in gorgeous hues from the casements of the pretty cottages, Henri thought he had never seen as pretty a spot.

"You will find my native home rather a humble abode, Henri," said Frank, as he approached it. Henri did certainly look a little surprised when he found Frank's father occupying

house not a whit superior to his neighbours, a low-browed cottage, with plenty of room on the ground floor, but possessing no claim either to statchness or gentility. To be sure it was as neat as woman's skill could make it. Carpets of home manufacture covered the floors; tables of cherry wood, polished so as to rival mahogany, supplied the place of more costly furniture; chairs, evidently the handicraft of some village mechanic, offered little promise of luxurious ease; and the row of shining brass candlesticks which decorated the rude chimney-piece, were certainly better calculated to excite ideas of utility than of beauty. But Henri soon forgot these things in the pleasure which he derived from the warm and hearty welcome with which he was greeted. The family consisted only of Mr. Weston and his daughter, and the young stranger knew not whether to be most charmed with the frank and courteous manners of the old man, or the fresh and courteous beauty of his friend's sister.

Lucy Weston was a true American beauty; not one of those fragile delicate creatures to be seen in gossamer robes and silken slippers, treading the muddy streets of a great city, and awakening, by the very character of their loveliness, the painful remembrance of decay. She had a clear complexion, a deep yet cool colour upon her cheek, a mouth, perhaps rather too large for regular beauty, but full of expression, eyes blue as the sky in spring, and arched by brows of the darkest chestnut, hair of that rich golden brown which is rarely seen in perfection among the unmixed Saxon race, a form slender and graceful, yet developed into perfect symmetry by healthful exercise, and all these were characteristic of American loveliness.—Remember, gentle reader, I am describing the native charms of a village beauty. Lucy Weston had not been immured in the impure atmosphere of a heated nursery during her infancy; she had not spent the ten best years of her life amid the restraints of a boarding-school—she had not been taught that a game of romps was a very “ungenteel thing,” and that “little ladies should never move faster than a walk.” She had sported and played, and enjoyed a thorough drilling in that physical education which is now so much neglected. The merry little hoyden had acquired the rich treasure of health, while she was only pursuing the bent of her childish nature, and when she did apply herself to mental labour, she brought to her duties a robust frame and perceptions quickened by daily use. Sooth to say, Lucy would not have figured to much advantage at a musi-

cal soiree, or even at a ball. She was indebted to the village singing-master for her little knowledge of music, and though she occupied a distinguished place in the church choir, she would scarcely have been able to join in an Italian duet. And as to her dancing—it was lady-like, for she could do nothing that was not so, but certainly her teacher had added few “foreign airs” to her “native graces.” She was very deficient in the requisites for obtaining distinction in fashionable life; but then, she possessed no small share of useful accomplishments. She made the whitest bread and the sweetest butter that ever graced a breakfast table,—her puddings and pies were delicious,—her skill in darning and mending, that most necessary talent of “making auld clathes lark ’mais: as well as new,” was unrivalled,—she was the neatest and quickest of sempstresses, (no small accomplishment, let me tell you, my fair reader,)—and, to crown all, Lucy was one of the most systematic of housekeepers. There was no noise, no bustle in the house; everything seemed to be done as if by magic.—Rooms were “put to rights,”—the semi-weekly baking was accomplished,—the daily churning was done,—even the weekly washing, that most dreaded of all days to slovenly housewives, was quickly finished, without any body being made acquainted with the precise time when all these tasks were in progress; and when Lucy took her seat at the mid-day dinner, attired in a neatly-fitting dress, with her beautiful hair smoothly folded over her placid brow, no one would have dreamed that she had been the principal actor in the busy scenes of their rustic life, and that the profusion of healthful viands which loaded the well arranged table, owed their rich *gusto* to her culinary skill.

Are you shocked, friend reader, that a heroine should know how to cook a dinner? I know it is contrary to all established rules, for the suffering damsels of the *Minerva* press never even condescend to eat or drink, through three thick volumes of distressful adventure. They may sometimes “snatch a morsel of refreshment,” or “sip some wine from a richly chased antique goblet,” but to eat a vulgar dinner, would be destructive of all heroic and sentimental ideas. The heroines of those times were superior to the common wants of humanity; their immaculate white dresses never became soiled, even if they were plunged in the most loathsome of dungeons, their tresses never hung in other than rich ringlets, even if they were just snatched from a watery grave, and their appetites never led them to commit

such an outrage upon delicate sensibility as to eat a really good dinner. To those who are disposed to be pained by the unrefined habits of my friend Lucy, I can only say in the words of Boccaccio, "if you do not like my story, turn to another page." I am painting life as it is, and, believe me, actual life with all its chances and changes, presents many a picture more deserving of the artist's pencil than anything which exists only in the dream-land of fancy.

Henri de Valence was charmed with both father and daughter. Mr. Weston was a man of remarkably prepossessing appearance.—Upwards of six feet high, finely proportioned, and of almost Herculean strength, he presented a fine study for a painter as he sat in the porch at eventide, his vest open to the breeze, and his long gray locks floating upon his shoulders. His broad full brow, his deep blue eyes, his embrowned but ruddy complexion, seemed to form the very perfection of healthful and vigorous and happy age. Mr. Weston had rarely quitted his native village, but he was a diligent reader of good books, a close observer of men and manners, and above all, a profound and accurate thinker. His remarks were distinguished for their originality and acuteness, and one could not help believing, while listening to his simple but energetic language, that the fate which had destined him to a peaceful obscurity, had deprived philosophy of a noble votary. Henri's excitable and enthusiastic temper, afforded a striking contrast to the calm and grave tone of the old man's mind, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Weston liked Henri's frankness and warm-heartedness, while Henri was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in the father of his friend.

In the mean time, Frank Weston seemed to enjoy everything. He was glad to be once more at home, he was pleased at the respect with which his father had inspired Henri, because he had arranged a little plot against his friend's prejudices, which he hoped to bring to a successful issue, and he liked the respectful courtesy, which characterized Henri's manners to his sweet sister Lucy. But Frank was not as clear-sighted as he had imagined. He did not read all the feelings which were concealed beneath the polite demeanour of his friend.—Henri was fast becoming a captive, not of "bow and spear," but of rustic beauty and gentleness. He had mingled much in gay

society, and he had seen much of its hollowness; he had been courted by manœuvring mammas, and flattered by mercenary daughters, but he distrusted them, and shrunk from all their advances. It was not until he saw Lucy and understood her simple and truthful character, that he felt himself enthralled by the love of woman. Yet there were some points, on which he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet discovered Mr. Weston's occupation, for he went out daily before Henri had finished his morning slumbers and only returned at evening, while it happened, somehow or other, that Henri never met him in his village walks, nor ever heard him allude to his business. It was not until more than a month had elapsed, that Frank thought proper to enlighten him.

"I am going to take you by a new route to-day, Henri," said Frank, as they proceeded to walk, one morning.

"Have you any new beauty to show me?" asked Henri.

"No, but I have an old prejudice to batter down, and I am seeking the proper field for its destruction. Tell me, Henri—what do you think of my father?"

"In truth, Frank, you have just reason to be proud of him; he is worthy to have been a Roman, in the palmy days of the republic, when the name was a prouder title than that of king."

"And you would be proud of such a father, even if he were of ignoble birth, Henri?" asked Frank with a smile.

Henri laughed as he replied, "I think I may venture to say yes; but why do you always argue from impossibilities?"

"Will you forgive me the harmless plea which I have contrived to show you the fallacy of your opinions?" said Frank. "Look there," he continued, as a sudden turn in the lane brought them in full view of the blazing fires of a blacksmith's forge.

As Henri turned his eyes in the direction to which his friend pointed, he was thunderstruck. Towering by a full head above his swart workmen, and wielding an immense piece of iron which would have foiled a man of ordinary strength, stood Mr. Weston. His face was blackened with smoke, his muscular arms bared to the shoulder, were grimed with the dust of his forge, and his leathern apron shrivelled and scorched by long use, left no doubt as to the nature of his daily employment.

"You look surprised, Henri," said Frank. "ought I to be less proud of that parent, be-

cause he occupies no higher station than that of a village blacksmith."

"No, no Frank, you were right—the man would ennoble any station," exclaimed Henri, as he ran forward to grasp the hand of Mr. Weston.

"Softly, softly, my boy," said Mr. Weston as Henri sprang to his side, "or you may chance to scorch your broad-cloth," and the old man, who had early become a participator in Frank's scheme, made the welkin ring with his merry laugh.

Henri returned home a little disappointed, and not very well pleased at this attack upon his strongest prejudices. He could not but acknowledge to himself that had he known Frank's parentage he would never have become his guest, and yet he felt no disposition to depart from the hospitable roof. As he took his seat at the evening meal, and contemplated the sweet face of Lucy Weston, he could not help regretting that she should be so misplaced in life. "I have seen many a lady of fortune and fashion, who would give all her wealth for such a face and such a form," thought he;—"what a pity that she should be only a blacksmith's daughter." Lucy, who had also been a party to Frank's innocent design upon what he considered his friend's only weakness, narrowly scrutinized his conduct, in order to discover if there were not some change in his demeanour consequent upon the recent discovery of their humble origin. But Henri possessed too noble a nature to be guilty of such meanness, and whatever he thought, he allowed no trace of his feelings to be perceived in his conduct.

Months passed away, and the time drew near for Frank's return to New Orleans.

"Do you mean to accompany me, Henri," said he, one day to his friend, "or shall you spend the winter amid the gayeties of New-York?"

"That does not depend on my will," answered Henri quickly; "I mean to be decided by circumstances."

"What do you mean, Henri?"

"Is it possible you do not guess my meaning, Frank? have you not seen that I love your sister, and that her decision must govern my future actions?"

"My sister!" exclaimed Frank. "I trust you are only jesting, Henri, and yet it is a subject on which I can scarce bear a jest."

"I am serious, as I hope for Heaven."

"Then I can only say, that I shall deeply regret your having entered this humble abode."

"Frank, is this your friendship?"

"What will your friends, what will the world say, Henri, if you return to your native land with the daughter of a village mechanic as your wife? Will they not accuse me of a mercenary design, in thus introducing you into my family?"

"Give yourself no concern on that score, Frank: I am an orphan, rich and unconnected, surely I have a right to choose for myself."

"Does Lucy love you, Henri?"

"I wish I dared answer in the affirmative; I have never spoken to her on the subject, but my looks and manners must have informed her of my feelings; in truth she has become so strangely cold and reserved within the last few weeks, that I scarcely can flatter myself with hope."

"She understands it all. She is a noble girl; tell her your tale of love, Henri, if you will, and she will answer—"

"What?"

"As I have done. I know her character, my friend; she may love, but she will not become your wife."

"*Nous verrons*—the love which could overcome my prejudices, ought to conquer her scruples."

"The knowledge of those prejudices, Henri, has aroused her scruples; she is as proud as yourself, and the very fact of there being a single distinction between you, which could lead you to think you were *sloping* to an alliance with her, would be sufficient to make her reject your suit. Try, if you wish; I dare say she could love you with all the warmth of her affectionate nature, but she will not yield her consent to your proposals."

Frank was right, though Henri's lurking vanity as well as his love, made him hope a better result. Lucy honestly confessed that in other circumstances he would have been the object of her choice, but that from the moment when she discovered the noble qualities of his character, she had carefully guarded herself from the weakness of loving him.

"I am no believer in blind fatality regarding the affections, Mr. De Valence," said she; "I saw that you possessed the attributes which are most attractive to women, but I knew that you belonged to a different sphere of life;—mind, I do not say a *higher* one, though the world thinks it so. I might have loved you dearly, but I would not, and, even now, my heart rebels, but my decision is made."

"Lucy, dearest Lucy, with such feelings pleading for me in your own bosom, why will

you reject my suit? I have wealth unbounded; your life shall pass like a fairy tale."

"When you offered me a true heart, Mr. De Valence, you offered a stronger temptation than all the wealth of your Indian isles. No—had you been one of us, an heir to republican feelings and perhaps republican poverty, I could freely have given you the heart and hand which you seek. But you have prejudices which are a part of your heritage, and you would blush to have it known to the world that the father of your bride was an humble artisan. I am proud, lowly though I seem, I am too proud to be looked down upon."

"Suppose those prejudices were overcome, Lucy."

"I cannot suppose an impossibility; they exist in all their early vigour, but in this instance, you are willing to waive them. If I were to become your wife, you would be constantly on the watch, lest the secret of my birth should escape. You would be perpetually mortified by my ignorance of fashionable etiquette; every question respecting my early life would be torture to you; the ermine of my richest robes would seem to you to bear a smutch from the blacksmith's fingers. No, sir, for your sake more than my own, I dare not reciprocate your affection."

In vain Henri pleaded with all the eloquence of an impassioned lover. Lucy was resolute, even though her heart strongly asserted its claim to be heard. And thus they parted, Henri to lament over his unrequited love, and Lucy to cherish in the secret recesses of her heart a tender recollection of one whose professed affection she had rejected.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Five years had passed away—five years with all its chances and changes, ere Frank once more revisited his father and sister. He was rapidly winning his way to fortune, but his father, like the man in La Fontaine's pretty fable, had found her sitting at his door.—One of those speculative schemes which make the few rich and the many poor, had brought into great demand the land lying on the borders of the river which divided the village where he resided. Taking advantage of a mania which he did not share, Mr. Weston sold his farm at a price far beyond his wildest ideas of its value, and abandoning his forge, sought an abode in the populous city, where extensive libraries and the society of cultivated men afforded him the advantages he had so long sighed to enjoy. Frank found the old man occupying a neat and comfortable man-

sion, while Lucy was now quite a city belle, and really looked prettier than ever. Lucy was now three-and-twenty, and every one predicted that she would be an old maid, for she seemed to have formed some ideal scheme of happiness which could scarcely be realized in this cold world. But Frank had not returned alone; Henri de Valence was again his companion.

"I had great difficulty in persuading him to come," said Frank, as Lucy, blushing and trembling, endeavoured to welcome with caltness her brother's friend.

"Lucy," whispered Henri, "I came to you when all the luxuries of wealth were mine, and I determined never to appear before you again until I could convince you that those fatal prejudices which had been the barrier to my happiness, were entirely overcome. But fate has ordered it otherwise. I come not now as a lover, Lucy; no—my heart is still full of your image, but I am now a beggar; labour and sorrow are henceforth my portion."

"What do you mean, Henri?" asked Lucy, as Frank discreetly led his father from the room.

"A hurricane has ruined the value of my West Indian possessions, Lucy, and a general revolt of the slaves on the island has driven me from my native land. I have returned to your peaceful country to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I offered myself to your brother as a clerk, but he would not listen to my proposal, and I am now a partner in a commercial house."

"Do you still love me, Henri?" said Lucy, while the blood mantled her cheek and brow with crimson.

"God knows how fervently," responded Henri; "for your sake, I have become blind to the beauty of woman, and deaf to the accents of tenderness; but not now would I sacrifice for the love which you once denied; you refused to share my wealth, and there must now be none to suffer my poverty."

"Am I not now rich enough for both, Henri?" murmured Lucy, as she laid her hand in supplication, "The love which has survived so long a probation, is beyond all price; will you accept a free-will offering the hand you once sought in vain, or will you cease to value that which in so unmaidly a manner is bestowed and sought?"

Lucy became the wife of her early lover, and when in latter life, his renovated fortunes enabled him to display his beautiful wife in the salons of European elegance, the admiration

which her graceful manners and self-possessed dignity obtained, left him no cause to regret that he had found *true nobility* in the BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.



Written for The Amaranth.

**I'D BE FREE.**

To be free, I'd be free from the city's noise and strife,

Far in some woodland cottage, I would spend a peaceful life;

I cannot love the busy scenes which ever greet me here,

They never, never win a smile, yet oftentimes a tear.

I'd be free, I'd be free as the gentle mountain breeze,

Which sports and gambols lightly 'midst the foliage of the trees;

I'd live among the wild flowers, the violet and blue bell,

And I'd bathe in the calm waters of the sweetly murmuring dell.

I'd be free, I'd be free, like the bird of glittering wings,

As she soars in pride above us, while her echoing music rings,

O'er the mountain, through the valley, through the deep and shady grove,

Oh, like that feathered songster, I too would be free to rove.

I'd be free, I'd be free as the angry billows tossed,

In wild and awful grandeur, on a stern and rock-bound coast;

Oh I love their maddening foam as they fiercely wend their way—

And like those dashing billows, I would be as free as they.

I'd be free, I'd be free as the heart which feels not pain,

Where life glides calm and happy as soft music's gentle strain—

Who ne'er felt ought but gladness—is at peace with all mankind,

Oh, give to me the freedom of a pure and spotless mind.

St. John, June.

H. S. B.



EVERY wanton and causeless restraint of the will of the subject, whether practised by a monarch, a nobility, or a popular assembly, is a degree of tyranny.

TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL MONINS,  
69th Regiment,

COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN  
NEW-BRUNSWICK, &c. &c. &c.

The following Tale is (by Permission) most Respectfully Dedicated, by his most Obedient, Humble, and Devoted Servant, and Admirer,

THE AUTHOR.

Written for the Amaranth.

**THE MAID OF SAINT VINCENT.**

A TALE.—BY J. M. 69TH REGT.

CHAPTER I.

"Blest contemplation! hither would I come,  
To seek thy converse far from madd'ning crowds;

To trace the beauties of thy rural home,  
Thy grassy throne and canopy of clouds."

*Solitude and Other Poems.*

KIND and gentle reader,—a new candidate for the honours of literature appears before you as a prose writer; will you permit him, as he makes his *debut*, to ask you one question? It is simply this. Have you ever beheld the *beautifully* wild and *wildly* picturesque island of St. Vincent? This, you will say, is rather a novel mode of beginning a tale. True. Yet young as I am, both in years and in the literary field, I have seen enough of this sublunary world to be aware that in novelty consists the chief feature of modern story telling. Perhaps in the following tale little will be found to interest, as most of its leading incidents are *fact*; yet, a small spice of fiction will be blended in its composition, and as (I repeat) it is my first appearance upon the broad stage of literature in *this* form, I hope to have your kind indulgence for any inaccuracies which it may happen to contain.

Having thus obtruded myself upon your notice, permit me to repeat my question. Have you ever seen the island of St. Vincent? To you who *have* seen this earthly paradise, I can only offer my congratulations upon your good fortune; while to you, my *fair* friends, who have *not* been so fortunate, I must be ungallant enough to state the fact, that you have missed seeing one of the most beautiful islands of the Caribbean Sea, and one of the most delightful sights in nature. Its tall and majestic cocoanut and mountain cabbage-trees, which, like so many mimic Babels, rear their towering branches to the skies, throw a wild and sublime beauty over the surrounding country, which



must be seen to be properly understood, as no powers of description, however vivid, can convey an adequate idea of their grandeur and sublimity. Again, to behold the bright god of day, as just emerging from behind an eastern horizon, he throws his refulgent lustre on all around, painting the tops of the menarchs of a tropic forest with his golden hues; while far in the ocean beyond, the eye can behold the flight of those winged inhabitants of the deep, yclept "flying fish," as rising from the sea, they forsake their natural element for the purpose of eluding the pursuit of their enemy, the dolphin; he again gaining in the chase, until the whole fall into the hands of their common enemy—Man. Or gazing on the wild spray of the ocean, as each green wave beats against the rocky shore—sparkling in the sunbeams, and showing to the admiring eye a succession of beautiful miniature rainbows. To behold these objects, will convey a magnificent idea of the "wisdom, power, and glory" of that sapient, powerful, and eternal being who "holds the wind and binds the ocean"—the great Creator of Heaven and Earth.

I am not about to write a topographical account of this beautiful island, as I painfully feel my inability to enter upon such a task, yet I cannot avoid dwelling upon those scenes which conveyed such sweet gratification to the hours of my boyhood. Oh, how has my heart bounded with pleasure, when awoke from my matin slumbers by the cheerful song of the negro, as he walked forth to pursue his daily toil, ere yet the hoarse roar of the morning gun announced the approach of Aurora, dressed in all her glowing robes of beauty. Such scenes as these *must*, I repeat, be seen, to be known and felt. Feeble, indeed, has been my attempt to portray them, yet, they are brightly reflected in the glowing mirror of memory, and like the beams of the departing sun, which spread a soft calm over the surrounding scenery, the memory of those delicious moments falls upon the heart, conveying a sensation of indescribable pleasure, and a holy thrill of unspeakable delight.

From the harbour of Kingston—the capital of Saint Vincent—the first object which attracts the eye of the stranger, is the strong and eyrie-like garrison of Fort Charlotte, rearing its majestic battlements to the extraordinary height of six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The barracks—which are bomb-proof—are so constructed as to afford accommodation for three hundred men. The fort itself is surrounded by moats and draw-bridges, and is consider-

ed, perhaps, the most impregnable fortress of the West Indies. On either side, which might be supposed as capable of access from the sea, large pieces of ordnance are placed, where, frowning grimly from the embrasures, form an insuperable barrier to the approach of an enemy;—showing at a glance, the utter hopelessness and impracticability of taking the fort by storm, while guarded by such iron-hearted gentry—which seem to bid defiance to every attempt to approach it in a hostile manner.

Most of my military readers—particularly the sons of Apollo—will readily remember the place which I have thus attempted to paint in the canvass of their minds. Will not all, who have, like myself, shared in the fatigues incidental to the tropics, call to mind the many happy days we have spent together in Fort Charlotte? Some of them have indeed long since "gone to that bourne, whence no traveller returns," while those who are still in existence will at once remember many of the incidents in this little sketch. Our morning parade was generally over at seven o'clock after which, (if no other duty intervened) was sought to amuse ourselves in the best manner we were able; some would saunter through the woods, seeking for wild fruits, or through some of the neighbouring estates, to view the progress of the manufacture of sugar, or, the curse to man—*rum*; while a select few sought to slake their thirst at the rich fountain of literature. Among this latter class was formed the writer of this little tale. Oft have I wandered to the pebbly beach beneath the fort, my only companion, a volume of my favourite author, SIR WALTER SCOTT, and seeking the shade of one of the rocks—in which was hollowed out a natural cavity—I would sit for hours absorbed in the feelings of an *Itanka* or a *Bertram*, a *Jennie Deans*, or a *Robert*. Sometimes I would lay down my book, and amuse myself with my clarinet, and as the noise startled the iguana from his hiding place, I would watch the number of lizards, who were in their turn startled by him, rustling suddenly through the bushes, while the note of the tiny humming bird above my head, conveyed a delightful idea of animated nature. Thus would I stay, until the near approach of Phœbus to the verge of the horizon, notified me that the sudden transition from day to night, as is the case in the tropics, was about to take place, and that consequently it was time to turn to the garrison.

In one of those solitary perambulations, was my fortune to find the shell of a large

cocoa-nut, and having cleared away the sand which adhered to its sides, I discovered it to be beautifully mounted with silver, and carved in true antiquarian style: a little more rubbing with my handkerchief brought to view the following inscription.

"In the West Indies I did grow,  
Upon a tree so high;  
A negro came and cut me down,  
WILL CAULFIELD did me buy."

Now who the deuce was Will Caulfield? Some old soldier, I concluded from the number of antiquated military figures, which were carved on its surface:—a poet of the first class from the beautiful quatrain, engraven on it, but it mattered not who or what he was, I was highly elated with my prize, it seemed to me the *beau ideal* of perfection, and in the exuberance of my joy, I hastened to show the article to my comrades, thinking to excite their admiration. I interrupted them, as they were playing a sharp game of cricket, with which they sometimes lightened the burthen of their leisure hours, and calling their attention to my shell, demanded "if they did not think it superb?" but judge my surprise, when they all called it "a foolish piece of trumpery," and one in particular, "whom the gods had made poetical," pronounced the lines to be by no means above mediocrity; indeed he said that they were "*the worst kind of doggerel*."—Highly indignant at the *sang-froid* exhibited in their condemnation of my cup, which I could not forbear to interpret as the effect of envy, I stoutly challenged them by their united efforts to make a cup which could upon inspection, be pronounced half as good or handsome as the article in question. This challenge roused their pride. What? challenged by a boy? 'twas not to be borne. A council of war was immediately called, from which I was, of course, excluded, and in about an hour, two of them were seen returning from Boyd's sugar estate—which was just below the fort—laden with six of the best cocoa-nuts, which by the assistance of an obliging negro, were detached from their parent tree, in less time than I have taken to write about it. Now then to work we went, I say we, for I began to take as lively an interest in the progress of its manufacture, as any of them; there were the carver, polisher, engraver, and poet, all in the band, and (this being a new method of defying the power of that old fellow—*time*, whose slight appeared to us very slow at different periods in the West Indies,) each had his separate portion of the work assigned him, and in about two hours,

the shell was ready for mounting; but an obstacle now occurred, to which none of us had given a moment's thought, namely, the want of silver; here we were at a complete stand, 'till the engraver, whose name was William Henry, enquired "if pewter might not be used as a substitute for the more precious metal?" The idea caught like the ignition of a Lucifer match, and many a bright pewter spoon—the owner of which had polished it "tune out of mind," for his "*kü*,"—now left the holdall\* for the melting-ladle, and the work proceeding with renewed vigour, was soon ready to receive the inscription. Our poet, a trumpeter, having set his brains to work, produced the following—which was duly transferred to the shell:—

"Once towering to heaven, how gaily I flourished,  
And spread out my germs to the zephyr-fann'd air;  
In beauty I dwelt, by my parent stem nourish'd,  
'Till to gratify man, I was torn from its care."

Nothing could have been more complete—the cap was now ready, and I was obliged to confess that it far surpassed mine in beauty, and in the decidedly scientific figures which had been engraven on its exterior by William Henry. A bottom having been added, it formed an excellent drinking cup, and thus was a splendid article produced through the whim of a moment.

But I think I hear one of my fair readers exclaim, "what has all this stuff concerning a "*nut-shell*," to do with "*THE MAID OF ST. VINCENT*?" Patience, my dear Miss, or madam, and you shall know all in good time. I like to dwell upon this little incident, as to it, I owe some of the brightest moments which have opened on my chequered existence—nor can I dwell upon it even in retrospection without feeling a pang of regret. But I must recollect that I have written for your gratification, therefore shall not be too selfish; but as you have borne with me thus far, I hope to have your company to the end of my journey.

## CHAPTER II.

"Hannah had an excellent voice for singing, and her tones in speaking had a silvery sweetness in them, which seemed to ring through the heart."  
Mrs. B—n.

She is the leadstar of the north,  
That points to Brunswick's shore;  
Virtue upon her brow beams forth,  
Bright as Peruvian, ore—

\* A case used by soldiers for containing small articles, such as knives, forks, &c.

While meteors roll, from pole to pole,  
Or Luna's orb shall wane;  
The trump of fame shall sound thy name,  
New-Brunswick's lovely Jane.

J. M., 69th Regt.

It was a beautiful evening in February, after the usual roll-call was over, when William Henry and myself sought the town of Kingston, and having arrived at a large mangoe-tree, whose location was midway between the fort and the town—a tree by the way which if it were gifted with the powers of speech, could tell more tales concerning those people who made the shade of its branches their rendezvous, than they would thank me for having read public—we met a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Howard. This person was a particular friend of mine, and we stopped to have some discourse together. After the usual compliments had passed, Mr H. returned with us to the town, and we were soon snugly seated over a glass of rum and lime-juice, in the well known inn kept by a true English Boniface, named Ianson. After various topics had been discussed, the discourse turned upon the two cocoa-nut shells, and my friend indulged in a hearty laugh at our expense, in which we also joined, however I assured him that the cup which we had made was a very neat article, and he expressed a wish to see it, but as we had not brought either of them to town with us, he invited us to spend the following day at his residence at Cane-Garden-Point, which invitation we accepted, and promised to bring the shells along with us. After breakfast next morning, we obtained leave to proceed to Cane-Garden-Point, and having set out from the fort, we reached my friend's lodge about nine o'clock. Mr. H. received us very kindly, and after we were seated I handed him the cups, when, having had the satisfaction to hear him express his admiration of our article, I begged his acceptance of them both—he thanked me, and turning to Henry, asked “if he could play at backgammon?” William being an adept at the game, assented, and the pair were soon engaged in “filling points,” while I taking up a book, amused myself by reading till dinner was announced. After dinner, the “nut-shells” having been filled, we pledged each other in the generous juice of—not the grape, but the cane, and my host and comrade were again deeply engaged at the backgammon tables, while I sauntered forth to enjoy the beauties of a tropic evening. It was about five o'clock, the sun was gradually advancing to the western

horizon, while immediately above it, were numerous golden clouds, piled in beautiful regularity each over the other, reminding the beholder of the enchanted castles of a fairy tale. I had unwillingly wandered farther than I had intended, when my attention was drawn to a most beautiful cottage, which seemed as if just merging from a delightful cluster of lime-trees which surrounded it, a number of bannana-trees grew on each side; while here and there a solitary cashew-apple, or mangoe-tree lent a lovely and delightfully wild grace to the whole. As I gazed in silent amazement upon this lovely spot, with fruitless conjectures as to who could be the owner of this miniature Eden, the soft strains of a harp,—the strings of which seemed to have been swept by no earthly fingers—rose upon the breeze, and, as the last note of the symphony died away in the distance, accompanied one of the most dulcet and beautiful female voices I had ever heard, to the following verses:—

“Home of my fathers, land of the free,  
I pant thy lovely green bowers to see;  
Thy snow-white cliffs, thy verdant plains,  
Where Philomel warbles his softest strains  
With rapture I'll listen  
To the larks softest carol,  
As the bright dew-drops glisten,  
Like pearls on his feet;  
While up he flies unto the skies,  
His gentle mate with joy to greet.

I long to hear the soft murmuring rill,  
Of the streamlet rushing by some lone hill:  
To wander forth at eventide—  
To view the ocean in all its pride.  
Land of freedom and beauty,  
In prospect I hail thee;  
Still my heart's fondest duty  
Shall point unto thee;—  
'Neath tropic skies I'll e'er prize  
Britannia glorious, brave, and free.”

The songstress ceased. I stood for several minutes as if entranced—I could scarce believe that I was not an inhabitant of fairy land, and that the beautiful scene before me was not the effect of enchantment; yet it was strange—There was nothing in the simple air of “The green hills of Tyrol,” from Rosini's Opera d’ “Guillaume Tell,” nor in the words to which that air was sung, to call forth any emotion more than ordinary. But oh! there was that in the angelic voice of the singer which called up every hallowed feeling of the soul, feelings which my pen cannot attempt to describe. I remained for some time in breathless silence—I could hear the slightest breathing of the zephyr, as it waved through the leaves of the lime trees which enveloped the cottage; I stood, eager to catch the slightest sound which might emanate

from thence, till I was aroused from my mental trance by the voices of Henry and Mr. Howard, who, alarmed at my protracted absence, had come in search of me.

"Ha, ha!" said the latter, as he saw where I was standing "so you've found the residence of old Mr. Montrose, have you? But beware, there is a pure gem contained in that casket—pointing to the cottage—not to be viewed by vulgar eyes; once seen, however, it is not very easy to forget her."

His words found a ready assent in the breast of him to whom they were addressed. "Alas!" thought I, "it must be as you say; for if I am thus agitated at the mere sound of her voice, what must be my emotions should I behold her heavenly form?" Affecting an indifference I did not feel, I apologized for the trouble which I had apparently given, accompanying my apology with a request that "he would be pleased to inform me something of the inmates of the cottage."

"You know almost as much of the matter as I do," replied Mr. Howard, "all the information I can give you on the subject is, that the name of the old gentleman who inhabits the cottage is Montrose; that he has been a resident here for some time previous to my arrival to take charge of the estate, now ten years since. He appears to have suffered deeply in his time, but on this subject he is by no means communicative; when he has mixed in our festivities—which he does but seldom—I have made some attempts to draw him out, but he invariably repulsed me, coldly, yet politely; and as any attempt of this kind almost immediately deprives me of his company—which I highly prize—I have latterly desisted from questioning him."

"It is more than probable, that he has been a sufferer," I rejoined, "I have often read of men, who, through the scurry treatment of their fellows, have secluded themselves from society, and eventually become perfect misanthropes."

"Ay, but he is not one of those; on the contrary, he courts society rather than avoid it—he appears to possess riches, and he makes no bad use of them; he is known among us by the beautiful appellation of 'the friend of the poor,' who always find an excellent advocate in his daughter."

"Is the cottage visited by many?"

"No, he admits no visitors; indeed no person chooses to force himself upon him, for although kind and affable to all whom he meets, he is rarely engaging in conversation, yet he seems

to have an instinctive dread of any intrusion in his domestic circle."

"But you said—if I understood aright—that he had a daughter. Does she ever appear abroad?"

"Seldom. Indeed he appears to take a more than ordinary care of her, never permitting her to be absent from the cottage, except to take the air, and then she is always accompanied by her governess—an elderly lady—who, with a black boy, a slave, constitutes the whole of the household of MONTROSE."

This latter observation brought us to the door of mine host, and our leave having nearly expired, we returned to the garrison, where, having arrived, Henry gave a graphic description of our entertainment at Cane-Garden-Point, while I—who was hitherto remarkable for my volubility of speech—was particularly noticed for my unusual taciturnity. Having been rallied on the subject, I attributed my silence to fatigue, which answer seemed satisfactory, and I soon retired to seek repose; but, alas! sleep was a stranger to my eyes, I could not banish the idea of the fair vocalist from my mind, and if I *did* happen to slumber for a moment, it was but to dream of her, who, though yet unseen, engrossed my every thought.

Tired and wearied, I arose the following morning with the sun, and pursued my usual morning walk, nature was clad in her most splendid robes, yet she failed in her attractions, at least to one, whose thoughts were with a more terrestrial object, a being who appeared to his vivid imagination, one of her most beautiful children.

"I will see this fair one," said I, unconsciously giving utterance to my thoughts, "I will see her, be the consequence what it may."

"You'll have devilish hard work then," said a voice behind me, "remember Mr. Howard told you that the old gentleman admitted no visitors."

I turned quickly round, and beheld William Henry, who politely informed me, that as "he was fearful I might hang myself, he had out of pure friendship come to lend me a helping hand."

"Thank you," I replied, "but you see there is no occasion for your services—"

"Except to inform you, my love-sick swain, that the warning bugle has sounded for parade, and if you don't look sharp, why perhaps your name will do as well as yourself."

I accordingly returned with him, and was soon dressed and upon the citadel, awaiting the sounding of the assembly.

During the eight days which succeeded, I employed myself in copying some new music, for a purpose I had in view; yet time seemed so great a laggard, that I imagined as many years had flown. On the ninth morning I again obtained leave to visit the scene of my former ramble. Having arrived before the door of the cottage, I hesitated as to the best mode of obtaining an introduction to its owner. Being, however, possessed of a tolerable share of a certain commodity yclept by soldiers "a hard cheek," *Anglice*, impudence, I boldly knocked at the door, resolving to trust to chance for my reception. The door was opened by Mr. Montrose in person, who in a seeming kind manner demanded my business.—Encouraged by the affability of his demeanour, which was so different from what I had been led to expect by Mr. Howard's account, I frankly related my accidental visit to the exterior of his little domicile, about a week previous, also telling him that, having heard the notes of a harp, which accompanied the voice of a lady, I had taken the liberty to bring a few pieces of music, which had arrived by the last mail, from England, and concluded by begging his acceptance of them.

To my utter surprise, he in the most polite manner invited me to enter, I accepted the invitation, but if I was surprised on a former occasion at the external beauty of the cottage, I was now doubly so at the air of neatness and regularity which every where pervaded its interior. Specimens of all kinds of shells and minerals, were arranged with the nicest exactness, and in such a manner as showed the predominance of female taste. At one end of the room stood the harp, but I looked in vain for the musician—she no where appeared. Mr. M. however, showed me some of the music, and on glancing over it, I was astonished to observe several of the most popular pieces by Rosini, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and the best composers, ancient and modern. Having shown me several articles of exquisite workmanship, with which the cottage was adorned—among which, suspended over the mantel piece, I noticed a Waterloo-medal—he requested me to be seated, and asked me a few questions, as to my age, length of service, etc., all of which tended to exemplify Mr. Montrose's knowledge of a military life. At length I ventured to request that he would permit the lady to play over some of the pieces which I had brought with me, adding "that they were quite new, and as I had myself attempted to arrange them for the harp, I was anxious to hear if

they were correct." He gazed at me for a moment, with a look full of meaning, then ringing a small silver bell, which lay upon the table, the summons was answered by the black boy.

"Is Miss Constance returned from her walk?" asked Mr. M.

"Yis, me massa, missy he come back a long time."

"Tell her that a young man of the band has been kind enough to bring some music from the garrison for her acceptance, and that he wishes to hear her try it over."

"Yis, massa, me tell young missy, good."

The young negro disappeared, and immediately returned announcing Miss Constance.

"Never did my ideas of beauty soar to so lofty an eminence in the fertile regions of imagination, as to conceive there existed such a picture of loveliness, as now stood before my ravished eyes in the person of this angelic creature. Arrayed in virgin white, she did indeed appear innocence itself. Her face, (the lovely mirror of her soul,) in which the opening rose and the chaste lily were beautifully blended, each striving, as it were, for the mastery—yet each seeming to yield the other the preference—was beauty and grace personified, while a straggling curl, escaping from the snow-white braid, which confined her silken tresses, (and which formed an excellent contrast to the rare locks beneath it,) fell here and there in delightful negligence over a neck fairer than the brightest beam of the Aurora-Borealis, or the snow which clothes with its pure unmingled hues, the summit of a northern mountain—Her eyes which were of a soft, a heavenly blue, beamed on the beholder with a refulgence equal to the first bright rays of the morning star—I had read of the houris of a Mahomedan paradise, and the Venus of a heathen Mythology, but *their* fabled beauties sank into insignificance, when compared with those of this enchanting being. She was indeed all that

"Lovers could paint, or poets dream."

She spoke, and, although her words were moulded into a simple expression of thanksgiving "for the trouble which I had taken," the tones of her musical voice thrilled to my very soul, but as her sylph-like fingers flew over the strings of the instrument,—at the request of Mr. M.—and played a few delightful preludes I could not avoid fancying myself in paradise, and gazing upon one of its pure spirits. At my earnest entreaty, she sang that beautiful air from Haydn's Oratorio of the "Creation

entitled "With verdure clad," and as she proceeded, her azure eyes raised to heaven, I could no longer forbear giving utterance to an exclamation of heartfelt rapture and delight. Such was the fair being whom I now introduce to my readers.

After she had tried over the whole of the music which I had brought with me, she again thanked me, telling me that it was quite correct; I muttered a few common-place words, and rising, took my leave—not, however, until Mr. M. had exacted a promise, in which the lovely Constance joined, that I would visit *Montrose* cottage frequently.

## CHAPTER III.

—"Lavinia can never be mine."—

*Mackenzie.*

*Rogue.*—I have been a soldier, and have learned something in the late wars.

*Lopé-Toche.*—Ay? Marry! I should be glad to know it.—*Mountaineers.*

I MADE the most of Mr. *Montrose's* invitation, week after week found me a constant visitor at the cottage, and if I happened to miss paying my hebdomadal visit, I was sure to have a note by *Sambo*—the negro boy—in which *Constance* informed me that she had some new piece to play over and to get my opinion on its merits, or something to be copied; at all events, the note would generally conclude with a request to come to the cottage immediately, and I never failed to answer it in person. On such occasions, I was always sure to find her alone, and after having given my opinion on the piece of music, or book, or whatever else she had to show me, I generally accompanied her in her walks, and drank deep and intoxicating draughts at the fount of love. But, alas! I was sowing the seeds of a hopeless passion;—hopeless, because I was far removed by the barrier of rank from the angelic being to whom I had dared to raise my aspiring thoughts.—But I must not anticipate.

There was something so indefinable in this beautiful creature, that it was impossible for a youth of eighteen to withstand. A thrill of ecstasy ran through every fibre of my frame, if I but heard the sound of her voice, which can only be perceptible to the romantic imagination of a youthful lover. Any indifferent person could perceive the impression which the lovely *Constance* had made upon me; nor was Mr. *Montrose* slow to observe that a similar attachment was likely to warm the breast of his lovely daughter. Accordingly, one morning as I was preparing to accompany her on

her usual walk, he signified his desire to speak with me alone, telling *Constance* with a smile that she would have to dispense with the attendance of her knight-errant for that day; "as," added he, "I have something particular to say to him." I accordingly made a virtue of necessity, and as she went out attended by her governess, Mr. *Montrose* motioned me to a seat, and, after a few moments had elapsed, thus addressed me,—

"I cannot deny, my young friend, that the painful truth has flashed upon my mind, that you entertain a passion for *Constance*; interrupt me not," he continued, observing me about to speak, "although I am not used to relate my private affairs to any person, yet I feel it a duty I owe to her, to you, and also to myself, to inform you of the most remarkable features of my own life, in order to show you how foolish it will be to encourage a passion which must ultimately tend to render one, or perhaps both, miserable. You erroneously consider her my daughter, and although I entertain for her the affection of a parent, yet there lives one who has a higher claim to her filial duty than I have." He paused a few moments, as if to collect his thoughts, and thus began—"Reasons, with which it is unnecessary to make you acquainted, must prevent my being known to you, save by the name which I at present bear, as I am connected with a family which possesses a powerful influence in Europe, and whose patronymic appellation would be of little consequence to the ensuing narrative.

"I entered the army as an Ensign, in the —th Regiment of foot, at the unusually early age of sixteen, my young heart panting with an ardent desire to imitate the brilliant achievements of those heroes of whom the pages of history furnished such soul-surring accounts. My brother officers were truly a set of as noble and worthy fellows as ever faced the mouth of a cannon. There was, however, among them a lieutenant called *Daley*, who had exchanged into the —th about three months before I obtained my commission. This fellow was a downright Irish boor, and though possessing a handsome countenance, yet, with this, he had within him all the venom of a serpent, as well as the most decided pusillanimity. He was the illegitimate son of a member of a very noble family, and by the interest of his reputed father, had obtained his first commission in the —rd Regiment, but scarcely had he joined that corps, when his ungentlemanlike conduct drew upon him the public and well merited censure of his Commanding Officer, and the

odium of his brother officers. This obliged him to effect an exchange into the corps which I had just joined, where he bore his present rank. To this gentleman I owe the greater portion of the misery which has attended me through life. I must, however, now relate a circumstance which had also a great effect upon my past condition.

"One beautiful evening in the summer of the year 179—, about six months after I had entered upon my military duties, and about a month after the corps to which I belonged had arrived in Ireland, I unconsciously strolled to the beautiful lake of *Saleen*, in the town of *Castlebar*. A number of small boats plied on the lake, dotting in chaotic irregularity the surface of the placid sheet of water. Among them I particularly noticed a handsome painted skiff, in the stern of which an old gentleman and a very beautiful young lady were seated. Two stoutly built islanders sat in the centre of the little vessel, resting on their oars. Suddenly a splendid barge—in which was stationed an amateur band, playing a lively air—shot across the lake at a short distance from the skiff; all in the latter rose, as if by one common impulse, when the lady, who had ventured too near the side, lost her balance and fell into the water. To pull off my coat and boots was but the work of a moment, and plunging into the lake I made directly for the spot where the lady had disappeared. Already had I been anticipated by the two brave fellows who had been rowing the boat, but it was my fortune to catch hold of her drapery as she was rising for the last time, and with the assistance of one of the men—the other having regained the skiff, where the old man still stood in speechless agony—I bore her lifeless form to the shore. She was then conveyed to the nearest habitation—where I changed my wet habiliments—and every means which human ingenuity could accomplish, having been resorted to, I had the exquisite satisfaction, after an hour had elapsed, to behold signs of returning animation. An opiate was administered by a skilful physician who had been called in to the aid of the lovely patient, and she soon sank into a deep sleep. The gentleman, who had been entirely occupied in watching the progress of returning life in the lady, who was his daughter, now turned to me, and having apologized for not noticing me previously, was profuse in his acknowledgements for the assistance I had rendered her, whom he called "his only child."

"'You owe me no thanks, sir,' I replied, 'for but an act of common humanity. I should but

ill deserve the name of soldier, or of man, did I not do all in my power to save the life of my fellow creature.'

"My heart, however, told me that a far different motive lay at the bottom, and I found that my future destiny was wrapped up with that of the lovely being whom I had saved from a watery grave. I then requested to know the name of the person to whom I was so fortunate as to render such a piece of service, when the gentleman offered me his card, at the same time requesting "the honour of my company next day at his residence." I looked at his address, and read simply 'THE EARL OF BANCROFT, *Smith's Hotel*.'

"I was surprised at a person of his rank being so thinly attended, but I did not then presume to ask any questions; so, bowing respectfully and handing my card in return, I took my leave and returned to my quarters. I subsequently learned that he had only been a short time at the hotel, and that he had come with scarce any attendants, merely for the purpose of canvassing for a relative, who was a candidate for the representation in Parliament of the county of Mayo.

"As soon as etiquette permitted on the following day, I stood before the door of *Smith's Hotel*, and having sent up my name, was soon ushered into the presence of Lord Bancroft. In a few moments his daughter entered, who though she was still very weak, "could not," as she expressed it, "resist the pleasure of thanking her deliverer in person." I muttered a few words of every day import—our eyes met, and my fate was sealed. From that moment my heart was devoted to the lovely *Isabella*, who was indeed a beauty; judge for yourself," he added, handing me a portrait, "whether a young man in my situation could resist the power of such charms."

I gazed on the miniature—it bore a striking resemblance to *Constance*, and was indeed a heavenly countenance, and I modestly replied "that the heart must have been of adamant which could behold such beauty unmoved."

He sighed and continued—

"I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as I possibly could to the beautiful *Isabella*, and I was delighted to observe that my attentions were not unfavourably received. Upon the arrival of her cousin to stand for the county, I had frequent opportunities of conversing with her alone, as the canvassing among the tenantry kept the old Earl almost constantly abroad. On one of these occasions I seized a favourable moment to declare myself in passionate terms

Isabella. Her lovely countenance was suffused with blushes as I informed her how necessary she was to my existence; and with down-cast eyes she informed me, that although she was by no means indifferent to her, yet she should be obliged to desist from receiving any further visits from me, save in the presence of her father, until such time as the sentiments of the latter might be ascertained, "you will perceive," added she, with a sweet smile, "that this is the only course which I can pursue, I hope therefore that you will only attribute my motives to their proper source, namely, a feeling of delicacy." I felt the full force of her reasoning, and, accordingly declared my intentions to Lord Bancroft on the following day. He said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than such an alliance, but that he should withhold his consent, until he should be assured that that of my own father—who was of an equal grade with himself—could be obtained. I lost no time therefore in writing to my father, and by the next mail I received his answer. It contained his decided approbation of my being allied to such a noble family as that of Lord B., but at the same time, he hoped that I should still continue in the service of my country, with which wish I entirely concided.

The election terminated in favour of the nephew of the Earl, when I, having obtained leave of absence for a few months, proceeded to the family seat of Lord B., where, (my father having arrived,) my nuptials with the lady Isabella Vernon were solemnized with all the pomp and magnificence.

My leave having expired, I rejoined my Regiment, taking my lovely bride along with me, who in due course of time, presented me with a beautiful boy, the image of herself, and my happiness cannot well be expressed, as the little darling was first enabled to climb my knee and hail me by the tender name of father; alas! little did I dream that the cup of bliss was to have been dashed so suddenly from my lips.

"I had lived in a state of unalloyed felicity in the society of my wife and child, devoting to them every hour which was not employed in the duties of my profession, the little Charles grew to be a fine boy, and although I had been now four years married to his mother, yet there appeared to be no likelihood of any further increase to our family, as Isabella's health was very delicate. By the advice of the surgeon of the Regiment, she proceeded to the beautiful town of Newport for the recovery

of her health, and a small detachment having been stationed there under the command of Lieutenant Daley, I solicited and obtained permission to place myself under his orders, that I might still be near those dear objects of my tender solicitude.

"While stationed in this delightful little town, I was several times dispatched by Daley, in command of small parties to assist the revenue officers, as the practice of illicit distillation was very frequent in those parts. Upon returning one evening from one of those excursions, I was surprised to find my darling Isabella in tears. To my anxious enquiries as to the cause of her grief, she returned evasive answers, but on my continuing to question her, she reluctantly informed me that she had for some time past been annoyed by the disagreeable attentions of Daley—who had recently attained the rank of captain, and was in consequence, soon about to return to head-quarters—that he had but just left her presence, with dreadful threats of vengeance in case of a non-compliance with his desires, and that fears for my safety alone, had hitherto imposed upon her the necessity of silence. With the wildness of a maniac, I flew from the house, and sought the quarters of this fiend, but he happened to be from home. This was a fortunate circumstance, as, had I found him, I should have certainly immolated him to my vengeance. After mature deliberation, I decided upon sending him a challenge, but instead of giving me satisfaction, he was cowardly enough to order me into arrest.—When, however, the circumstances attending the case, became known in their proper light, he received a severe reprimand from the officer commanding the Regiment, and his conduct with regard to the challenge, being viewed in no very favourable light, by the majority of the officers, he was sent to Coventry,\* and after a few months, he exchanged with a captain upon half pay; thus leaving a corps which was too happy to get rid of him.

"A few months after this occurrence had taken place, the station of the regiment was changed to Athlone, and as I had been lately promoted by purchase to the rank of lieutenant, I was, at my own request, sent in command of a detachment of thirty men to Roscommon, and took lodgings in a retired part of the town; and as Daley had now left the regiment, and my wife had been gradually recovering her health, I anticipated no further interruptions to

\* An officer is said to be sent to Coventry, when his brother officers refuse to associate with him.



our mutual happiness. How I deceived myself will soon appear.

"I had been in command of the party of soldiers which was with me for about a month, when one evening I was suddenly called away from the house which I occupied, to assist in quelling a riot which was said to have taken place at a short distance from the town. I immediately put on my sword, and proceeding to the barracks found the detachment already under arms, under command of the serjeant, waiting my arrival. After having ascertained that "all were present and correct," I proceeded to the village where the riot was said to have occurred, but on my arrival I found every thing quiet; and I then learned that the alarm was a false one, and that the magistrate who had sent for the military had been duped as well as myself. I accordingly retraced my steps to the barracks, and having left orders with the serjeant to have the men ready at a moment's notice, in case they should be required, I returned to my lodgings. Upon arriving at my house, I was surprised at the unusual aspect of affairs as I entered. Every thing which I possessed of any value, was lying about in wild confusion; trunks were broken open, tables defaced &c., while the silence which pervaded the place filled me with the utmost alarm.—With an anxious foreboding I called upon the name of my wife, but echo alone gave answer to my voice. I rushed up stairs, and sought her chamber, but my horror may be conceived as I beheld my servant lying upon the floor, covered with blood, and life quite extinct; near him lay the female attendant, bound hand and foot, and gagged. I proceeded to release the trembling wretch, whose terror did not permit her for some moments to recognize me; when, however, she was in some degree restored to consciousness, she informed me that 'I had been scarcely an hour gone from the house, when a band of ruffians, armed, and having their faces concealed, entered; and having blindfolded my wife, carried her and the child to a coach which stood at the door—the former being in a state of insensibility—two of the gang entered the coach, which drove furiously away, and the remainder returning, committed every kind of excess. The man-servant having attempted to resist, was inhumanly murdered, herself gagged to prevent her cries, and left in the state, in which I found her.'

"Not to weary you with the recital of the miseries resulting from the loss of the two beings which were dearest to me on earth, it will be sufficient to inform you, that I imme-

diately wrote my father and hers an account of the whole transaction, and a reward of a thousand pounds was offered for the discovery of the abductors, nor were any means left untried which love or vigilance could dictate, find what had become of my wife and child but all to no purpose. The anxiety of mind and body which resulted, threw me into burning fever, from which I slowly recovered only to wish that the grave had not been merciful to me, and in my madness I accused the Great Maker of the universe, of injustice. [To be concluded in our next.]

### For The Amaranth.

#### QUESTIONS.

Required to assume or find a point in the side of a Trapezium, that by drawing a straight line from said point to the opposite angle, will bisect the trapezium.

It is also required to divide a square into five equal parts, avoiding lines parallel to the sides or diagonals, with a geometrical demonstration.

Sussex Vale, June. J. O'CORCORAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Tale of Intemperance," by a Lady—"The Wounded Soldier," and other favors, will appear in next No.

## The Amaranth,

Is issued on the first week in every Month by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at the very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum; Persons in the Country, receiving the Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

All communications must be addressed to "ROBERT SHIVES, Office of the Amaranth, Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B."

#### Agents for The Amaranth.

HENRY S. BEEK, Bookseller, &c. *Fredericton*  
 OLIVER HALLETT, Esq. *P. M. Hampton, &c.*  
 N. ARNOLD, Esq. *Sussex Vale*.  
 JACOB BARKER, Esquire, *M. D., Sheffield*.  
 JAMES W. DELANEY, *Amherst, (N. S.)*  
 AVERY B. PIPER, *Bridgetown, (N. S.)*  
 N. F. LONGLEY, *Digby, (N. S.)*  
 J. O. VAIL, Esquire, *Westport, (N. S.)*  
 JOHN HEA, Jr. *Miramichi*.  
 H. W. BALDWIN, Esq., *Bathurst*.  
 W. Y. THEAL, Esq., *P. M. Shediac*.