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THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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SAINT JOHN. N. B., MAY, 1842.

{ No. 5.

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 I.

ARGIMOU, the son of Pansaway, was as brave a warrior as ever bounded in the war-path of the Micmacs. The speed of his arrow was like the lightning of the Great Spirit. The eagle of the salt water screamed its death-song as it fell pierced by the strength of his arm. His foot was swifter than the cariboo when it flies from the hunter's approach; and he cried to the blue-eyed pale-faces, "see! a warrior can look at the face of the sun without shedding a tear." His voice in battle was like the storm in the forest; as the trees fall by the blast so were his enemies swept away by the tempest of his wrath. The Mohawk told his name to the tribes of the great Iroquois; and the Peaboscot spread his fame in the land near the setting sun; but the warriors said to their young men, when the women trembled at the sound, "Go! wash away this big thought from our hearts in the blood of our enemies, that our mouths may not be filled with the praises of a stranger, or our dreams haunted by this Bash-la* of the Micmacs."

Such is the song which may sometimes be heard in the wigwams of the poor Micmacs, when they gather round the fire in the cold winter evenings, and seek a brief forgetfulness

of their poverty and degradation, in listening to the wild tales and triumphant recollections of the years that are gone. When the narrator pictures forth the secret ambuscade, the midnight attack that rooted out some plant of the invader from their fatherland; when he enters into minute details of the fierce conflict, the unyielding struggle—the number of captives taken—foemen slain, then may dark eyes be seen to flash again with their ancient fire, and heads are thrown back with the haughty bearing of warriors; while the sinewy hand grasps instinctively the knife, and the out-dashed arm plunges the weapon to and fro, as though seeking the heart of an imaginary victim in the maddening bursts of the war-song. Alas! poor remnants of a once mighty nation—ye are like the few remaining leaves on a tree from whence their companions have withered; a little while and the blast will moan a lonely dirge through the naked boughs—the voice of Nature will sigh her last far well.

Gentle reader—the aborigines of America have always engaged the warmest interest of our hearts; excited as every natural sympathy must be by the melancholy truth, that in a little time all traces of the numerous and powerful nations, once inhabiting the great forests and plains of the New World, will be obliterated for ever from the face of the earth; their characteristic features, the simplicity of their habits, and their extraordinary intelligence, displayed in appropriating to their purposes the resources of those vast solitudes for which they seem to be especially adapted by the Creator, are rendered doubly impressive to the mind of the philosopher. There is an originality, a romantic charm about those "wanderers of the wild," which insensibly leads captive the imagination, and heightens our compassion for their undeserving fate. Then, again, the thought, which sophistry or a guilty conscience would seek to shroud in an impenetrable veil

*Great Chief.

of obscurity, will at times start up like an avenging ghost, to haunt us with the accusation of injustice and crime. Ay, these are harsh words, but the terrible truth, though it burn to the core, must not be saved over with the unction of smooth phrases. We are the sole and only cause of their overwhelming misery, their gradual extinction; directly, by lawless appropriation of their hunting grounds, in utter violation of every principle of justice, human or divine, which is supposed to influence the conduct of a christian people; indirectly, through the propagation of disease in its most harrowing forms, and the blighting introduction of that direst of all plagues—the accursed “fire-water,” which metaphorical designation is most strongly illustrative of its destructive effects. What the grasping ambition and cruelty of the white man failed fully to accomplish, the wasting sword of pestilence and dissipation has fatally consummated. They are passing away from the presence of the stranger, with the groves that gave shelter to their wigwams, the woods where their fathers hunted the deer, and they frolicked in happy childhood. Every tree that bows its proud head beneath the axe of the settler is a death-knell to their vanishing tribes. Driven back as exiles from their country, and sacrificed at the shrine of an inhuman policy, with numbers fearfully diminished, the unflinching heroism of their ancestors burns brightly still within their hearts, as their republican persecutors have reluctantly proved—“with all the scorn of Death and chains.” Even at the present period, the flaming hamlet and bloody deed of retaliation bear witness, in their own figurative enunciation, that “the grass has not yet grown upon their war-path.” In a few years the record of their names, their noble struggle, their impassioned eloquence, will live but in the cold historic page, or faintly linger in the memory of those “who linked them fast to sorrow;” and, perchance, like ourselves, many a curious mortal may hereafter intrude upon their peaceful slumbers, and recreate with fanciful enthusiasm a sylvan dwelling for the children of the red-man; clothing the dishonoured hills and vales with the gorgeous mantle of primeval nature, and casting the solemn shade of dark foliage on the lakes and streams, scarce ruffled by the graceful motion of the light canoe, whose grave occupant seems a natural adjunct to the wild majesty of the scene; or touching the secret spring of those fierce passions ever dormant beneath the calmest exterior, the most unsuspecting repose, fill the sanctuaries of a fictitious wilder-

ness with the unhallowed voice of strife, and enact again some of those dark episodes of Indian warfare, to adorn the vista of a tale. When the hunter’s form is seen no more in the dismantled woods, and the song and dance are forever hushed, perhaps we may experience a tardy sensation of pity and regret for those who are beyond the aid of an impulsive charity.—We rear the germ of a great city without casting a thought upon the generation crumbling beneath, which, if it wake not a throb of sympathy, may teach, at least, a humiliating lesson to our pride—the moral of the impartial grave. Alas! we have little kindred feeling for those removed from our peculiar circle of selfish association;—should we not discard all narrow conception of moral obligation to our fellow creatures, and embrace, within the scope of a comprehensive benevolence, every individual composing the family of the human race! And, O ye Legislators and Philanthropists! who yearly expend large means upon projects of speculative utility, if you come forward ever in the last hour with generous determination to lighten in some respect the dark shadow that sullies the vaunted integrity of the national character, incalculable misery may be averted, and blessings, instead of bitter curses, your reward. Pour out, not hundreds but thousands in the furtherance of this good cause, that it is a good cause, who will attempt to deny? Have we not palpable proofs daily before our eyes of utter want and wretchedness clothed in all the loathsomeness of abandonment and shame? Look at that shrivelled remnant of what was once a powerful, energetic man!—his ragged garments a mockery to the piercing blast; which, by implanting the seeds of mortal infirmity, only hastens the inevitable result—lying in helpless intoxication at the corner of a street, an object of contempt and ridicule to the sordid wretch who administered the draft that consumes his vitals; is not *there* a fitting subject for the purposes of amelioration? It is needless to attribute his abandonment to the influence of depraved propensities; why place temptation in his path?—nor is it wonderful that the poor, untutored Indian should be incapable of resisting the delusive pleasure, which yields a temporary alleviation of suffering, when so many—possessing wealth and every advantage of moral and intellectual culture, are its unresisting victims.

We have been led far beyond our intended limits in the foregoing remarks, but it must be confessed, that we are apt to feel rather wearied upon the subject, and could consign a volume

to its serious consideration. Giving that as our best excuse for this long digression, we will now proceed to the development of our story.

Of that portion of coast which, washed by the waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, terminates the north eastern limits of Nova-Scotia, the bold promontory bearing the name of Cape Tormentine, forms a most conspicuous feature. This headland, giving existence to a beautiful bay on its southern side, forms the nearest point of connection with the adjacent Island of Prince Edward, or St. John, as it was then called; indeed, from the similarity of its soil with the general red colour of the opposite shores, one would fain imagine that at some distant period the latter were united at that particular spot with the main, and though a convulsive effort of Nature severed the medium of conjunction, and caused a narrow strait to flow between, the parent still advanced her giant limb to promote a re-union with her alienated child. A long line of dim coast, here distinctly visible, but receding in a deep bay to the eastward, until you might mistake it for a blue cloud resting on the horizon, appeared to run almost parallel with the main land.

Turning shoreward, the view, at the time of which we write, was enchanting in the extreme, from its glowing luxuriance, and the refreshing contrast of the bright green foliage, clothing every eminence and hollow until it dipped into the blue water clasping point and indent, and reflecting from its clear depths a fairy semblance of surrounding objects; and a few pale shreds of cloud scattered over the firmament above. The Baye Verte after stretching far inland, contracted its limits; when again expanding, it terminated in a second bay of small extent compared with the space beyond, but far surpassing it in materials of picturesque beauty. Several deep coves, each transmitting a silvery stream, pierced the land at the harbour's head, into the bosom of which the Gaspareaux River also poured its tributary flood, and lost its identity by mingling with the brine of the impatient sea. Near this estuary the ramparts of a fort could be observed, from which waved lazily the "tri-colour" of France, and dotting the surface of the water numerous canoes filled with natives appeared swiftly concentrating toward the jutting point at the entrance of the inner bay, on its northern side, where an animating scene was just then exhibiting.

Upon a sloping plateau, which was divested of the exuberant vegetation garnishing the

landscape, and blending insensibly with the sand of the beach, a crowd of dark skinned warriors were gathered in various groups of a wild and fanciful character. In one place might be seen a knot of Micmacs from the Bay Des Chaleurs, in tunics of deer skin, confined round the waist with a sash of brilliant colours, or merely a leather thong, and legs encased in tight leggins, in many instances of blue cloth, embroidered with fringes of red hair down the side; below which the moccasins displayed an instep ornamented with figures worked in dyed moose hair, or the quills of the porcupine.—Every man carried in his girdle the *witch-bottle*, or purse, made of the skin of some small animal, the paws and tail of which were still preserved, and often garnished with beads and scarlet cloth; beside this depended in its blood-soaked sheath, the long bladed knife—that ruthless weapon which is inseparable from the war equipment of an Indian brave. Across the knees of some lay the long French fusce, while others held a tough bow with its store of flint-headed arrows.

These men, who were of strong athletic make and lofty stature, reclined in attitudes of unconscious grace, assisted by the unfettered freedom of their costume, and the indefinable air of majesty which breathes, as it were, from the lineaments of the forest-born, and flashed in fiery glances from eyes of most intense blackness; the expression of deep determination upon each face was softened by the masses of raven hair, which, though cut short over the brows, fell in thick shades to the brawny shoulders. In another place, a party similar in general appearance to the above, but differing slightly in apparel, attracted the eye. These were Penobscot warriors from the westward, with their neighbours of the Miiceto tribe; and their habiliments were more in keeping with their rude, savage aspect; for occupying a territory further removed from the European settlements, they had not caught insensibly the polite tone which was evident in the Micmacs, from their intercourse with the French; nor were they enabled to procure, thereby, the dearly prized finery of their gayer brethren. One individual, who appeared to be a subordinate chief, wore a cap made of the skin of a cariboo's head, to which was attached the branching horns—giving a fantastic appearance to the gigantic proportions of the wearer as with impressive action of the right arm he recounted his warlike exploits, or delivered some exposition of Indian policy, with all the force of gesticulation and passionate appeal,

which is so conspicuous in the harangues of the natives;—while the listeners, with stolid countenances and grave attention puffed long whiffs of smoke from the variegated stems of their pipes; the bowls of which, wrought of dark stone, were ingeniously and even elegantly carved. Near at hand a more noisy set were seated on their hams, playing the game of the Bone, with a number of round flat pieces made of that substance, differently marked and coloured; which being thrown up and caught in a wooden platter, denoted by their position the chances of the player. Several lookers-on were gathered round the principal parties, who by vehement exclamation and loud shouting, evinced their interest in the result; and such was the infatuation of some, that knives, guns, and all their worldly possessions, were staked upon the hazard of a throw, until they were left almost naked—for they even stripped themselves of their habiliments to allure the smiles of that "*Ignis fatuus*"—Fortune.

Here and there a trio of maidens in richly figured caps of conical shape, and long gowns of foreign material, would excite observation from their showy exterior, and the peals of musical laughter which ever and anon rang, clear as a bell, from their merry lips; but they were few in proportion to the other sex, and, as the small portion of leggin allowed to be seen below the upper garment proved, belonged, with one or two exceptions, to the Micmac tribe—of which were the greatest portion of the warriors there assembled.

But in remarkable contrast to the peculiar stamp of the before mentioned clusters of wild, unsophisticated savages, a number of Acadian peasantry in broad rimmed hats of straw, and half military costume, which was deemed essential to the warlike spirit of the time, conversed apart from the rest, with the vivacity common to their light-hearted nation. Among these were mingled a few French officers from the garrison of the fort, whose brilliant uniforms and martial-looking mustaches created a still greater dissimilitude to the dress and lineaments of their Indian coadjutors.

On the smooth sand that bordered the rippling tide, were upturned a number of bark canoes, which seemed objects of considerable curiosity to one or two young soldiers, lately arrived from "*La belle France*;" who, after minutely examining their construction, expressed by divers shrugs and facial contortions, their unqualified contempt and amazement that a human being should be so regardless of personal safety as to trust himself to the guardian-

ship of such nut-shell fabrics. And in the wavelets that spread their store with a quiet whisper upon the strand a few gleeful, plump-looking urchins were dipping their unshod feet, and scampering about in boisterous merriment, utterly regardless of the proximity of the pale-faces. Higher up and half hidden by the branches of the trees, was a large tent of square form, composed of green stakes and interlaced boughs of the fragrant fir, in which were seated, in full council, the elders of the nation, and the chiefs of the several war-parties, from the allied tribes, then gathered together to assist in the grand ceremony about to take place, namely—the inauguration of the newly elected chief to the important position and powers which he was henceforth to assume in the opinions and concerns of his nation. This envied rank, only attained by the superior acquirements and courage of the possessor; as, unlike many other tribes of this extraordinary people, it was not transferred by hereditary succession, but acquired through general suffrage alone—had become vacant by the death of the previous occupant, who was slain in a hostile expedition to the British settlements on the peninsula, from which the present bands had not long since returned.

While the various knots and stragglers of this large body of Indians, following the bent of idle caprice or personal inclination, were occupied in the manner we have described, the quick, dull taps of a drum were heard to proceed from the council tent; whereupon each warrior sprang simultaneously to his feet, and fell, as if by tacit consent, into the ranks; which were speedily ranged in the form of an open circle, the circumference of which was increased gradually by the repeated addition of row after row, till the whole assembly were gathered into its limits—appearing like a living belt of silent, immovable figures, the innermost portion of whom were seated on the green sward, with the intention of allowing the supervision of those in the rear. On that side nearest the secret conclave, a double line of natives formed a lane leading to the door of the tent; and within the enclosure, beside the passage of communication, stood the representatives of French domination, before alluded to. Amongst the zone of grave, stern faces clustered every where around, not a single muscle betrayed the smallest movement, or was ought betokening animation visible, save the unceasing gleam of innumerable black eyes, indeed, though the several aspects varied in feature and in the exaggeration of expression, pro-

anced by the application of paint, still so little was there of life and motion in the group, that you might have imagined them carved out of solid wood. Whatever passions existed in the breasts of the hundreds there,—and they were many and unquenchable—all outward manifestation was prohibited by the indomitable self-possession of the Indian character. But the most conspicuous personage was a young warrior in the prime and graceful dignity of early manhood, who leaned against a tall post in the centre of the ring—from which dangled a number of half-dried scalps—with assumed carelessness, in which might be detected a mixture of pride and joyful anticipation, or his proud glance belied the impulse of the owner's heart. His height was rather above that of his brethren, and to proportions of faultless symmetry were joined a degree of strength and agility which excited the wonder and admiration of the warlike tribes. Of his mental qualities little is related, in the simple manner of his people—“that he was never known to quail before the face of man, or to falter upon a trail; that he walked straight forward without looking another way, and carried an open palm; and, moreover, that he never let the grass grow over the memory of a good deed, but, with the unrelenting constancy of his race, an injury was never forgotten.”

And now he awaits the moment of installation to that rank which for years it has been his sole object to attain; at last, the hope which had filled his dreams by night, and nerved his soul in battle to the accomplishment of the boldest deeds, was to be rewarded;—for he had been proclaimed victor by an overwhelming majority of votes over his competitors, and when he left the spot where he then stood it would be with the proud distinction of Grand Sachem of the Micmac nation.

'Ere long a stir is perceptible in the direction of the tent, and an old man with long silvery hair, so heavy with accumulated years that he is obliged to be supported by a chief on either side, advanced within the thronged circle, followed by the other elders and influential persons composing the council, each bearing some portion of the insignia appertaining to the chieftainship, which, after the young warrior had been invested with a dress of costly material, heavy with minute embroidery, and leggings of scarlet cloth, beaded and fringed, were in succession delivered into the keeping of Argimou;—for such was his name, with a brief but impressive oration from the father of the tribe. There were the *wampum belts* of wo-

ven cylindrical shells from the country of the great lakes; the symbolic pledges of alliance with the neighbouring tribes; the ornamented *to-ma-gan*, or pipe, of cemented friendship; the bright *to-ma-hawk*, or hatchet, signifying active war; and lastly, the beaded fillet, with its eagle plume—the distinguishing badge of a Bashaba. Then came forward a French officer of rank, and presented to the chief, in the name of Onanthio,* a scarf of brilliant colours together with a medallion of silver, on which was embossed a likeness of the Sovereign, and many other articles of value and esteem among the natives; which part of the ceremony concluded with a long speech from the aged warrior, pronounced with a voice clear and powerful for his years, in which he inculcated upon the mind of Argimou an imitation of the wisdom and bravery of his ancestors—their prowess in battle—their justice in peace, with the necessity of preserving the closest amity and co-operation with the generous *Wennooch*† whose king, their great father, had sent such choice gifts as a pledge of his good intentions to the nation. When the old man concluded his address he was so exhausted that they were obliged to carry him away as helpless as a child; and then might be seen harsh features to relax with an involuntary feeling of sympathy and affection, and a low murmur rose from the multitude whose iron hearts would have defied the utmost torture to wring one groan of weakness from the body's agony, though they were torn limb from limb;—for even the unrelenting savage acknowledges the potency of that spell which links in one bright chain every created thing with the heaven from whence it came to purify and bliss! The love which they bore to that hoary patriarch was not as the fickle bond which a breath might sever, a passion that consumes itself away—they had listened to his eloquence in their earliest years, and even then his hair was grey; they revered the voice which preserved the deeds of their fathers like a chronicle of the past, and regarded him with that awe which sanctifies the attributes of extreme age; for to their superstitious minds he appeared a spirit from that country of blessed influences to which he was so quickly hastening.

The crowd now broke away from the circle and gathered within the banquet hall, a large shed open in front, behind the council tent,

* The name by which the French king was known among the native tribes.

† Frenchman.

where a plentiful feast was prepared, which speedily vanished before the attacks of so many well armed mouths, and a hunger that nothing seemed to mitigate or assuage. After this pleasing and important part of the observances to which the day was devoted had been complied with, the Indians with lively gestures and many a grin of promised merriment, unbent from the cold, dignified demeanor so general during the former ceremony. They now seized their guns, charged with powder only, or provided themselves with stout thongs of moose skin, and fell into a double line of considerable extent, through which the new chief was doomed to run the gantlet, in pursuance of custom immemorial;—as thereby the endurance and activity of the Sachem were supposed to be tested in no small degree. Divested of his state tunic and its various appurtenances, Argimou appeared at the top of the long lane, stripped to the waist, from which a piece of bear skin descended over the loins, revealing a form moulded in the purest contour of natural beauty, whose naked majesty was not unworthy a comparison with the ideals of antique sculpture. At a given signal off he darted with amazing swiftness, saluted from either side with sharp lashes on the arms and shoulders; while at the same time the repeated discharges of fire arms, the muzzles of which were pointed at his uncovered legs, occasioning a severe pricking sensation in those members, blended in loud discord with the yells and laughter of his tormentors—increasing in a burst of stronger excitement and applause as the agile Indian would avoid, by some extraordinary leap or sudden dodge, the blows and aim of the assailants. Three times this ordeal was repeated, when the chief, having escaped with no greater injury than a few slight erasements of the integument, and a plentiful sprinkling of powder grains in his lower extremities—which were considered an honourable commemoration of his induction, was lifted in triumph upon the athletic backs of the warriors, and escorted to the palaver house, where a lighted *to-ma-gan* was presented, and he was allowed to indulge in a short period of repose after the unusual exercise and rigorous treatment he had undergone.

CHAPTER II.

THE broad disk of the sun which hung for a moment like a shield of burnished gold above the forest groves, had pressed his last kiss on the face of the western sky; ere its warm blush faded, the deep peal of a watch-gun from the ramparts of the fort rolled over the glassy

bay with booming reverberation, till, spreading its roar over the strait of Northumberland, the distant shores of Prince Edward's replied in a low murmur like the subdued resonance of a distant thunder growl. The first shades of evening darkened over the earth and air, while from the clear arch overhead, the sparkling beam of one glorious star gazed down upon the dim woods and their drowsy solitudes. The bear looked out of his den, and saw its rays piercing the leafy labyrinth, and glistening upon the drops of dew that fringed the moss-covered entrance of his cavern, and gazing without consciousness, upon the faint glow until his sleepy eyelids closed; with a grunt, the hermit buried his head in the pillow of his broad hairy paw. The moose, quenching his thirst at the shore of some quiet lake, starts with vague fear at the burning reflection in the depths of the dark water, and turns away with a scanty draught, to the security of his wild wood lair. But the old grey owl uncloses an eye, and when he recognises his old friend sends a shriek of joy—a merry war-whoop, over the hills and groves; for he knows that star, though the herald of darkness and repose to the rest of creation, is to him the harbinger of an opening, busy day. The Micmacs lighted a large fire, which shed a ruddy glow upon the adjacent foliage, and poured a lengthened stream of brilliancy far across the surface of the bay. Around the flame a ring of natives of both sexes moved with slow unvaried tread to the cadence of a guttural chant, and the monotonous "cush! cushion!" sound of the rattle,* which the singer beat untiringly upon his bended knee. Then the figure was changed, and in the snake-dance they strove to imitate the movements of that reptile in a series of graceful convolutions, which was kept up with much spirit until the performers were completely exhausted. They lit then each a birchen torch, and hurrying to the beach embarked in their canoes, at the prow of which the ignited brands were secured on elevated poles, the chief leading in advance with a double flambeau. When the miniature flotilla was ready to proceed, a simultaneous yell, terrible and unearthly, seemed to burst from the bosom of the bay, and was wafted from shore to shore, from point to inlet by the startled echoes, until it died away in the far forest glades. The sentinel, pausing in his lonely walk, felt a thrill of dread creep through every

* This is made by filling the shell of a tortoise—the scull of any small animal, or, simply, a cow horn, with fine shot; and is used to mark time in the dance.

limb, and exude in moisture from the roots of his hair, as he listened to that tremendous cry; then the paddle blades dipped noiselessly into the stream, and the whole mass moved onward over the liquid expanse, like a galaxy of flaming meteors, to the deep measured intonation of a war-song.

The bark cones of several wigwams on the outskirts of an encampment, soon appeared in bright relief through the reflected torch-light, from the dim obscurity of the shore they were approaching. Then groups of females were seen clustered at the water's edge, to welcome the returning warriors. As Argimou stepped from the canoe he threw a searching glance toward the maidens, and his eye wandered in its scrutiny over their bright intelligent features until it rested upon the half-averted countenance of a beautiful Milicete girl, whose slight fawn-like figure and picturesque costume, were partially visible in the fitful illumination. And, in truth, that young squaw might well agitate the thoughts of a bolder hunter than Argimou. The fiercest brave that ever leaped upon the track of an enemy could not meet with steady look the fascinating glance of that soft, dark eye, with its lurking laughter ever ready to sparkle forth and wreath the features, otherwise reposing in a sweet, plaintive expression, with a sunny smile of innocence and joy. Indeed, the prevailing character of the face was pathetic tenderness; so very—very enchanting, that you almost disliked the beam of warm sunlight which at times passed over it. Her complexion was exceedingly clear, and almost as light as a European's; and the pale cheek, in moments of animation or impulsive feeling, would glow with a rich suffusion like the petals of the wild rose. This gentle creature, whose unstudied graces and unaffected delicacy would have shamed the artificial allurements of many a fashionable belle, if the symmetry of her round unshackled limbs—the surpassing beauty of the small hand and foot, did not create a sensation of mingled wonder and envy, answered to the euphonic name of Waswetchcul, by interpretation—“*the flower of the wild-
derness.*” As the chief passed on he caught the speaking expression of one quick glance, darted timidly from beneath the fringed lid, and the world of sympathy and kindness that dwelt in the greeting was more grateful to his heart than even the exulting consciousness of a successful ambition. What is that all-powerful principle conveyed in the electric flashing of an eye, which thrills through every particle of our being, making each fibre tremble with an un-

known sensation which we in vain seek to analyze, but have, most of us, experienced at some period of our lives; which, even as a memory, when the cooling blood and blunted nerves hasten on the torpidity of age, warms with a sudden, involuntary flame, the expiring embers of the freezing heart?

The interesting female whom we have introduced to the reader, was a descendant of Baron St. Castine, whose romantic residence among the aborigines, forms so novel an episode in the early history of Acadia. This nobleman abandoning the luxuries and pursuits of refined life, after serving as a soldier, sojourned for upwards of twenty years with the Abenakis Indians, among whom he married and had several children; finally, he became Grand Sachem of the western tribes, and rendered powerful assistance to the French in their contentions with the subjects of the British crown. Dearly beloved by the natives for his integrity and benevolence, they gave to his son, at his death, the same rank which the father had so equitably sustained among the people of his adoption. The parents of Waswetchcul had died when she was a mere child, and left her to the care of an uncle, a proud, gloomy savage of avaricious propensities, and his wife, an aged squaw, whose withered aspect and sharp grating voice, presented a painful contrast to the fresh budding charms and musical tones of the wild flower, doomed to languish within the precincts of her cankered influence. Madokawando, as her husband was called, though the Milicete were not on the best of terms with the tribe among whom he now tarried, had joined with a numerous party of warriors, for the sake, chiefly, of partaking in the expeditions sent from time to time into the enemy's country as they offered manifold opportunities for indulging his love of plunder and gain, which was the ruling passion of his selfish nature; as a proof of which, he had promised the daughter of his dead brother to an old crippled chief of the Penobscot, who had been inflamed with a desire of possessing the beautiful girl, and, being wealthy, had offered large bribes to her guardian, which the cupidity of the savage could not withstand; and so the unalterable pledge had been given, that, ere the lapse of many moons, Waswetchcul would be conveyed a helpless victim into the wigwam of her shrivelled admirer. But a powerful, unlooked-for impediment of which he was not aware had arisen, that bid fair to overturn the sordid scheme of her uncle. Argimou, the first time he beheld the maiden, was struck

with her exceeding loveliness, and secretly resolved to devote his energies to the possession of her affections, but he was prompted by as pure and deep a passion as ever sprung within the breast of man. What he would have aided in thwarting for the sake of justice alone, the excusable selfishness of love rendered infinitely more onerous and desirable; and when many a furtive glance had indicated that mutual interest which a stolen interview fully ripened into the glow of reciprocal attachment, Argimou made a deep vow that his Flower should never be sent to wither in the country of the Penobscot, and he only awaited a favourable opportunity to fan the spark of animosity which he well knew only smouldered in the bosoms of the Millicete and his own nation; ever ready to burst the temporary restraint which policy had enjoined: their confederacy with the French alone preventing it from raging with all the malignancy, and stern unsparring hostility that characterizes an Indian feud.

The warriors betook themselves to their several cabins, on their arrival, where round the social fire their voices might be heard chatting and laughing about the occurrences of the day. 'Twas with mingled sensations, from each of which, as from many sources, a bright stream of pleasure arose and united in one broad current of happiness, giving an elasticity to the thoughts and bearing, that Argimou put aside the blanket curtain over the door of his wigwam and responded to the affectionate congratulations of his father, a middle aged warrior of a grave, commanding appearance, whose bold, aquiline features were reflected in a softer outline on the noble profile of his son. A slight indisposition had prevented him from witnessing those observances associated with the dearest aspirations of a parent, namely, the exaltation of his child, and now he beheld the decorated figure of his proud boy with undisguised triumph and an emotion of tenderness that brought an unaccustomed moisture to his unwavering eye. During the earnest conversation which followed, the father impressed upon his offspring the serious nature of the duties incumbent upon him in his future career, and in conclusion, alluded with mournful pathos to the companion of his youth, the mother of Argimou, who had gone to the Great Spirit when the strong and intrepid warrior before him now, was a little helpless child, with the fond memories of long years busy within his breast, unfolding the half obliterated scroll of the past and its hopes and sorrows venerable

with the dust of time, Pansaway enveloped in body, silently, in the skin of a deer, and stretching himself upon the pine branches matting the tent, was soon wandering in those mysterious regions which an Indian supposes to be swayed by the prophet—Manitou of dreams.

But it is not to prepare for slumber that Argimou divests himself of his newly acquired and somewhat cumbersome ornaments, nor does he look at the stars that he peers out into the night. His head is turned in a listening attitude, but no sound escapes from the pyramidal dwellings around, and even the incessant bark of the irritable watch cur has ceased to trouble the drowsy woods with its sharp querulous sound. With noiseless tread he steals from the birchen canopy, threading his way among the trees until he reached a solitary dell, through the midst of which an unseen rivulet prattled in a low whisper, with the flags and entangled shrubbery hiding its devious track. Here Argimou paused, and applying his concealed hand to his mouth, emitted a correct imitation of the distant hoot of an owl, which was repeated after a short interval, when every sense of the utterer was directed to catch some expected signal of reply, 'ere long the acute ear detected a slight rustle of the leaves such as a rabbit would occasion in his tiny path, and before the vision was conscious of a darker shade in the gloom of the foliage, the quick pulsations of a soft, warm breast, was felt against the ample chest of Argimou, and a voice whose faintest tones thrilled to the listener's soul, breathed in accents of most intoxicating melody beside his burning cheek.

"My sweet flower still keeps its perfume for the son of Pansaway," said he, as the maiden released herself from the close embrace of her lover, yet allowed an arm still to encircle her lithe form, and a hand to smooth and part with trembling caress the long silky hair which shaded a face lovely as was ever worshipped beneath the starlit heaven.

"Love," she replied, with all the tenderness of her sex, and the low, musical enunciation of her people, "Waswetchoul is only too happy if she fills the thoughts of Argimou when he wears the wampum belt of a Sagamou; so very—very joyful is she, that she almost forgets the crooked path in which she must travel. The moons will come and wane, that will sever our hearts for ever, before she awakes from this pleasant dream—speak—young brave!—that this fearful mist may pass away from my eyes like the haze of the morn, and my heart be refreshed by the dew of your kind words, like the

spring-rain which maketh the young grass green."

"Fear not, O maiden! whose voice is sweeter than the honey of the forest bee, the arm of Argimou is strong. The flower will blossom beneath the shelter of his wigwam; who is he that cometh like a hungry snake from the sunset to seek for prey? 'ere the poisonous breath of the old Penobscot fool sullies its purity, Argimou will tear it away with a fierce grasp and plant it again where no evil eye will dare to look upon its beauty. Listen, Waswetchcul," continued he, while his voice gathered strength with the tenor of his words, "between our tribes the chain of friendship is dim, for the Milicete encroached upon our hunting grounds, and when we sent messengers to make them see clear that they might not wander in a wrong path, they drove them back without listening to their words, with laughter and scorn, yea! even the sacred bearer of the pipe and wampum was treated like a dog in their wigwams; so that the proud warriors of the Micmac burn to wash away the wrong in the blood of thy nation, and they know well that when we enter the Milicetejik country it will be in the war paint of an enemy. But the tribes have sworn to preserve ever bright, the belt of alliance which they wove with the Wen-wooch * when they first came to visit their red brethren, and taught them the use of their big thunder in the chase and in battle. Hear me, Waswetchcul! The tree of peace which we have planted on the highest mountain of our country, spreads its arms over the generous stranger, until we are in our graves its leaves must never wither, and therefore have we buried our vengeance until another time, for a dark cloud is gathering over the setting sun—it draws near!—it covers the whole sky with its black shadow; but the hatchet of the Wen-wooch is flung into its bosom, and I see it flashing there like the hate of a warrior; 'ere it falls to the ground, the blood of the Anglascou † will be poured in torrents upon the thirsty ground! Hear me, Waswetchcul! When the sun grows bright again, and the sky is clear over the nations, then will Argimou lead his young men into the Milicetejik country and seek his love by the banks of the Ouangondy; that the small roots of her heart may entwine themselves with the fibres of Argimou's breast, so that no wind can ever tear them asunder."

With such soothing language did the Sachem strive to banish the apprehensions of his mistress, until the time of parting arrived; when, clasped in each other's arms, and lips united in one long, long kiss, the lovers faltered forth their passionate farewell.

CHAPTER III.

ACADIA—under which name was included all that country now composing the provinces of Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick, presents a history of varied and exciting interest. From the first landing of the French, in the year 1605, until the date at which our story commences, its progress toward cultivation and agricultural improvement, had been continually retarded by the successive struggles of the French and English governments for its possession, which resulted in the permanent establishment of British rule; but still the peninsula of Nova-Scotia was the only portion of this territory that could be considered within the actual jurisdiction of the crown, for the enemy driven from their original strong hold, retired upon the neck of land which unites the former with the adjoining continent, and having there fortified themselves with considerable strength, continued to harass the infant colony by fitting out hostile expeditions against the several villages in the interior in which they were generally successful, from the insidious manner of their approach, and the small means of protection at the command of the early settlers, separated from each other by intervals of dreary forest and numerous intersections of lake and river. In these enterprizes, the French derived important assistance from their close alliance with the native tribes, and to the facility which the nature of the country presented for the practice of their desultory mode of warfare, may be chiefly attributed the almost invariable result.

The French inhabitants of Acadia, after its conquest, occupied a rather anomalous position, as they steadily refused to take the oath of allegiance to a foreign power, and maintained a sullen neutrality which was ever ready to merge in acts of secret hostility, perhaps excited and nourished by the narrow policy pursued towards a subjugated people. These peasants, or *Neutrals*, as they were then designated, were a simple, virtuous race, gentle and unassuming in their manners, primitive in habits, and deeply attached to their country and possessions; assimilating themselves in feeling and custom to the powerful nations that held a right—undisputed while the stranger

* Frenchmen.

† Englishman.

:The Indian name of the river St. John.

needed their assistance in his utter helplessness, but soon forgotten when the hand which sued for protection turned viper-like with base ingratitude against its benefactors, in the perpetration of unholy fraud—to the wilderness regions in which were reared their peaceful habitations, they secured the affections of the Indians with that singular ease and tact for which the French nation have been always remarkable. Thus cementing the bonds of a friendship that never faltered or ceased its protecting influence, while their wigwams could afford shelter to the persecuted peasantry, or their aid was required in those fierce schemes of retaliation which wasted like a whirlwind the plantations of their mutual oppressors, whose harsh measures converted a people, naturally peaceful and inoffensive, into a material of stern and ruthless aggression, and, perchance, a community of interests and misfortunes tended still more to strengthen that fellowship existing between these two very distinct but equally doomed races. So inveterate were they in the prosecution of their system of depredation, that the town of Halifax, then lately built, was enclosed in a strong fence of palisades for its greater security, and the residents prohibited from straying beyond their protecting limits; as a short time previous, they made a night attack upon the small village of Dartmouth, opposite the former place, and with their allies, carried off scalped its inhabitants. The French government, still in possession of Cape Breton with its strong fortress of Louisbourg, and the isle of St. John, alluded to in our first chapter, offered every aid and encouragement to the designs of these marauders, by supplying arms and stores, offering at the same time, a high premium for scalps and prisoners. Moreover, to give a bolder impulse to the disaffected peasantry, with a view to the reconquest of the country, M. La Corne was dispatched from Canada with a strong force and munitions of war, to Bay Verte, where he built the fort before mentioned, and shortly afterwards, another was erected on the western side of the isthmus, which was named Beau Sejour, situated at the head of Chignecto, or Cumberland Bay, as it is now denominated; and a third at the mouth of the river St. John, on the north side of the Bay of Fundy.

The province of New-Brunswick at this period was a wild unappropriated region, covered with dense forests, only traversed by the wandering Indian, or affording an asylum in its almost impervious solitudes, to a few scattered remnants of the proscribed Acadians.—

This territory, though claimed by the British, was virtually in possession of the Canadian government, and the early adventurers sailing up the St. John, had established a strong hold called Fort Jemseg, celebrated afterwards for the heroic defence of Madam La Tour, and the melancholy fate of her brave followers; which, with the additional redoubt at the river's mouth, were the only significant symbols of European prerogative as yet observable upon its soil.— This portion of North America was peopled by several independent tribes of Indians, which, speaking a different dialect, and confined to the limits of their own hunting grounds, held little intercourse with one another, except in forming an occasional alliance for purposes of hostility or mutual protection. The Micmacs, or Miicete, occupied the district bordering on the St. John, and extending as far westward as the country of the Penobscot, about the river of that name, who appear to have originally sprung from the same stock, as the similarity of their languages would indicate.* These again were bounded by the tribes of the great Abenaki, who were in force near Trois-Rivieres in Canada; while the Micmacs confined themselves chiefly to the peninsula of Nova-Scotia, although a branch, the Ruchibucto tribe, extended along the north eastern coast on the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far as the Bay Des Chaleurs, touching the lands of the brave and powerful Mohawk, one of the five confederated nations of the Iroquois, so famous in the early history of the Canadian wars.

Having made these general remarks upon the country in which our tale is laid, for the purpose of rendering it more intelligible to the reader, we will briefly state that the authorities of Massachusetts, then an appendage to the British Empire, urged by the repeated encroachments of the French, determined to expel them from the frontiers of her eastern possessions, for which purpose, an expedition was fitted out in the spring of the year 1755, composed of two regiments of Provincials, raised in New England, with three frigates and a sloop under the command of Captain Rouse. This force after rendezvousing at Annapolis proceeded up the Bay of Fundy in a fleet of forty one vessels, to attack the enemy's position at Chignecto; to the principal point of which, Beau Sejour, we will now revert.

This Fortress, placed on an elevated promontory of the narrow neck that connect

* See Drake's History of the North American Indians—page 137.

Nova-Scotia with the main, commanded an extensive view of the country around; and from the ramparts, on a fine summer's day, in truth it was a refreshing thing to let the eye wander over the wide prospect, spread out on either side, like a map of diversified colouring. To the northward would be seen the great prairie of Cumberland waving its broad sheet of grass like the billows of a troubled sea, through which the waters of the Au Lac wound its silver thread, a veritable "*anguis in herba*," until it was lost in the prospective of the plain, which at the distance of six miles, terminated its breadth in a ridge of upland, indistinct and blue, above which was faintly visible, the far summit of the Shepody mountain; while to the southward, was beheld a marsh of much less extent, but like its overgrown neighbour, also possessing a permeating stream, which, like a deep trench between two belligerents, at that time divided the territories of the conflicting powers, as at the present moment it affords a line of demarcation between the sister provinces. At the entrance of this river, the Massachussetts by name, a blockhouse was erected, with a strong breast-work of timber, whose cannon commanded the passage of the stream, and garrisoned with a strong body of Acadians and Micmacs. On the high ground beyond the valley, where the village of Amherst now stands, and in a direct line with Beau Sejour, from which it was distant about one mile and a half, might be descried the outline of Fort Lawrence, the most interesting feature in the landscape to the inhabitants of the former place, for, waving over its battlements in pre-ard rivalry, was displayed the "red cross flag" of England—this fortress being purposely intended as a check upon the movements of her active adversary. To the westward the view terminated in the Bay of Chicpouton, which, when the tide was low, presented an unvaried flat of mud with low meadows on its south-west extremity. But the connoisseur, perchance, turns away in disgust from its sombre lifeless expanse, to revel in the verdure of the plains, or the luxuriant foliage of the adjacent trees, until enchanted with the vivid contrast, he glances mockingly back at the waterless bay, when—"Presto change!" does he dream? or is it but a cheat of the disordered vision? scarce a minute has elapsed, and now a wide sea of dark, tumultuous waves is tumbling and rushing in towards him with the swiftness of a race horse, as though it would overwhelm every thing in its progress; roaring upward through the mouths of the rivers, like a solid

wall, and swelling their floods to the height of 60 feet above the level of the ocean; a phenomenon which has but one or two parallels in the known world. Thus some years since on paying a visit to this remarkable spot, while musing upon the stirring scenes once enacted beneath the grassy ramparts, fast crumbling away by the touch of remorseless time, we witnessed with unfeigned astonishment, the transition above described.

From the palisades of the fort, the glacial slope gradually until it reached the water side, and clustered about its skirts without any attempt at regularity, were visible a number of log cabins, interspersed with the simple, but picturesque wigwams of the natives, made of the white bark of the birch tree. This straggling hamlet stretched its dimensions far back to the confines of the great marsh, in one place dotting the green lawn with habitations, then again only indicated by the wreaths of thin grey smoke that ascended slowly from different points among the willow groves, and blended peacefully with the calm, blue air. Beneath the shade of an aged tree, a knot of Micmacs were playing the game of the bone, with vehement action and vociferous exclamation; while others with lazy attitude, more in keeping with the quiet repose that seemed to consecrate the hour, were stretched upon the soft turf, puffing light clouds from the beloved tomagan, and seemingly occupied with their individual reflections, or listening perchance, to the clear laughter of the French maidens mingled with the mellow lowing of the herds, borne betimes, from the meadows, on the bosom of some drowsy breeze. Yet over this rural scene was fated to pass, like the scorching simoon of the desert, the lightning breath of strife. 'Ere the lapse of many days, the groan of anguish, the gasp of the dying will resound through the startled groves in unaccustomed murmurs, blended with the sharp whistle of the ball, and the crash of the deadly shell.—Even so are the lights and shadows ever chasing each other over the current of our lives; to day we rest beneath the shelter of some wide spreading tree and dream of happiness and peace, the storm of the morrow comes—the tree is blighted—the illusion is gone; and alas! the dew and the sunshine can never fully obliterate the traces of the tempest, or make the heart put forth green leaves, as in "that first and only time." But the spirit that never tires nor slumbers, shrouds the record of man's ravages from the eye of offended heaven, with visions of regenerated beauty, and "smiling

amid the ruin he has made," woos him to spare!

Why doth yonder sentry stand, as if in deep abstraction, upon the bastion's top? are the stern duties of his calling forgotten in a reverie of his native land, and the endearing memories ever associated with the absorbing spell of home? And yet methinks, his posture savours more of earnest watchfulness than listless contemplation: his suspicious eye is intently scrutinizing an object on the verge of the horizon, a mere speck upon the division line of sea and sky—'tis the loom of a gull, or the fragment of a cloud resting on the waters. But behold! that sunbeam has tinged it with a snowy gleam, too brilliant for a cloud, and too steadfast for a bird's wing.

"Ha!" exclaimed the soldier with sudden emphasis, "I am right after all. See there are two, three, yet another, by the blessed virgin, 'tis the enemy at last!"

And now arose within the fort, the hum and bustle of preparation, the confusion of many voices, and curious faces gazed with disquietude at the fleet gathering like a flock of ill omened birds in the south-west. An alarm gun thundered from the ramparts its grave warning, which was quickly repeated from the post on the river. The warriors under the old tree sprang from the ground with a joyous cry and elastic bound, to gird themselves for battle; but the peasant girls turn pale at the inauspicious sound, and hurry homeward with trembling limbs, to sorrow and to weep.

Before night-fall, the scouts sent out to watch the movements of the enemy, returned with the intelligence that their whole force was landed about five miles from Fort Lawrence, and had bivouaced; for the day had been spent in the disembarkment of stores and baggage, and no demonstration of immediate approach was observable, so that the repose of the garrison, would be most probably undisturbed for one night longer, ere they awoke to the stirring business of a beleaguered fortress.

When the sun went down, a large fire was kindled upon the bank of the Massiquash; for the Indians were about to celebrate the custom, which from time immemorial, they have always observed on the eve of a great conflict. By the flickering light, was gathered a motley crew of able savages in warlike array, and faces rendered terrible by the expression of ferocity which the war paint alone can create. Their bare limbs and bodies, unclothed to the waist displayed their muscular proportions in the glory of strength and manhood while the

bronzed skin shone with a clear polish as they moved within the glow of the flame. At length it burnt upward with a steady blaze, shedding a wild and ruddy gleam, that gave an unearthly character to the objects around, and revealing a scene where human passion revelled in very drunkenness of unrestraint, wholly devoid of that check which usually prevents all manifestation of natural feeling in the mien of the savage. At first, with linked hands and grave gestures, the warriors moved round the hissing pile in solemn measure to the cadence of a low melancholy chant, uniting, at intervals, in the sudden ejaculation which burst in full chorus from each throat, and then as quickly relapsing in the clear tones of a single voice, protracting the song. Now they sever and recede with quickened movements, or advance toward the centre, beating incessantly their buskined feet upon the hard ground; then, as the accelerated blood bounds and swells in their arteries with the excitement of the war-dance, the dread whoop rings over the valley, curdling the life-blood of the listener's heart. Faster and faster, with giddy speed, they whirl around the pyre, until the stars seem to join in the frantic reel, and then fell dizzy and exhausted into inexplicable confusion. Then by virtue of his rank, a lofty warrior steps forth into the area, with features hidden beneath a mask of colours, traced in bands of fiery red around the piercing eyes, and shading the lower part of his face in a streak of densest black, but the beauty of his form, and the proud majesty of his mien sufficiently denoted the presence of the Micmac Sachem. Three times he encompassed the pile with a bright tomahawk flashing in his waving hand; then with impassioned utterance he harangued an imaginary foe, in the metaphorical spirit of his race, ever seeking to embody their ideas, for the purpose of illustration, in the likeness of familiar objects. And seizing a burning brand, dashed his exertion with action suited to the vehemence of his words—scattering the sparks like red rain on every side, and cleaving it with repeated blows, until nought remained but a few splintered fragments, which were regarded with a triumphant look, as if a real combatant had fallen by his prowess in the field of battle. Another chief then took the place of Agemon, and enacted with still greater energy the pantomimic combat, who was in turn succeeded by a third, and so on, 'till the chiefs of the different tribes had each borne a part in the violent exhibition. At last the gigantic leader of the Malicete party burst into the ring with

a cap upon his head crowned with the branching horns of a deer, and a shaggy bear skin depending from his broad shoulders. You might have deemed him one of the satyrs of old, engaged in the performance of his unhallowed orgies, so uncouth and barbarous was his appearance. He leaped with superhuman strength and distorted action from side to side, sometimes even into the scorching embers. He shrieked as with intolerable agony, every sinew stretched to its utmost tension, as though the slightest touch would snap them asunder like an overstrained cord, and the starting eyeballs seemed consuming with the fire of madness that blazed within. Fiendish yells poured forth "fast and furious" from the retracted jaws, until wrought into ungovernable rage by the sight, the whole band rushed with shouts and brandished weapons into the flames; every vestige of which was soon obliterated by the redoubled strokes and trampling of a phrenzied multitude, inflicting, in the *melee*, severe wounds upon each other with their keen knives, for the darkness gathered thick over the smouldering ashes of the extinguished fire. But the voice of Argimou was heard above the din, commanding them to desist, else the anger of the Great Spirit would be kindled against his people. "See!" said he, as he pointed upward with outstretched arm, "behold, brethren!—The shades of our fathers look down from the land of dreams—they have sent a token that the red man must prepare for the battle which comes!" and a feeling of awe passed over those fearless but superstitious warriors; for among the stars that thronged the western sky, the new moon was suspended in the semblance of a bended bow.

At the dawn of the fourth of May, 1755, the British provincials, whose strength was increased by a detachment of regular troops and a small train of field artillery, commenced their march across the country to attack the French position, under the command of Lt. Colonel Monckton; while the naval force under Captain Rous, sailed up the bay to render assistance by sea. Upon reaching the Massiquash river their progress was impeded by the breastwork and blockhouse, now swarming with defenders, who received them with a galling fire from loophole and embrasure, while the cannon swept the surface of the river, rendering any attempt to cross extremely hazardous and uncertain. However, the repeated assaults of the enemy and their superior numbers soon began to make an impression upon the wooden defences, and the well directed fire of the arti-

lery created great havoc among the crowded peasantry—annoying them exceedingly by striking large splinters from the surrounding parapet. Volley after volley sent its leaden shower, and before the smoke cleared away the British with a loud cheer rushed forward. One moment the Acadians with their Indian allies stood firm—the next beheld them in full retreat from the out-works, which were instantly in possession of their foes; and then the garrison of the blockhouse, struck with panic at the rout of their friends, abandoned it and fled, leaving the passage of the river undefended. But Argimou and a body of his bravest warriors scorn to turn their backs upon the enemy, and are resolved to yield their station only with their lives.

A crash is heard at the entrance—the red-jackets are bursting the door with the butts of their muskets—it falls inward, and the foremost assailants drop dead before the scathing fire, poured from within, while at the same time, a whoop of defiance arrests, like a knell, the rush of fresh combatants to the opening.—But the stern command of their leader, to "charge with the bayonet," is instantly succeeded by an impetuous onset, and though many a bright knife and tomahawk was reddened with warm blood, and a heap of victims marked the unflinching bravery with which they fought; still overpowering numbers, and the fearful diminution of the heroic band, told plainly that they must perish at last. It was a gallant sight to see a mere handful of warriors keeping the whole force of the enemy at bay; and among these, conspicuous from his stature, and the wampum band with its simple plume adorning his brow, nor less by the lightning thrust of his long blade, Argimou stood encircled by his followers. His voice was distinguishable amidst the clashing of steel, the execrations of the soldiery, and the cries of the wounded, exhorting his brethren to repel the ceaseless onset of the foe, and shouting aloud as another warrior fell by his side, the rallying words—"be strong! be strong!" Yet resistance was in vain; one by one the Micmacs are pierced with the bayonet, and the interior of the blockhouse is filled with eager enemies pressing each other forward in the crowded space. Argimou alone remains, like a grim tiger, with a wall of corpses around him, and bleeding from numerous wounds. A row of glittering bayonets is presented at his breast—another instant and they would have clashed in his heart, but a young officer threw himself in front, and beating down the muskets of

the soldiers with his sword, forbade them, on their lives, to harm the Indian, "comrades!" he exclaimed, "let us take him alive, he is far too brave to die!" and before Argimou had ceased to struggle, he was a disarmed prisoner at the mercy of his enemies.

(To be continued.)



MARRIAGE HYMN.

God of the marriage hour!
Joyous, yet trembling, at thy feet we bow!
Bless with the strength of all-creating power,
And with thy spirit, seal the solemn vow!

We know that thou art near,
Guiding the humblest sparrow lest he fall,
With mirth and song why mingle doubt and
fear?

When light is on our path should clouds appal?
'Tis ever thus on earth.

Hope, on its eagle pinions seeks the skies,
Love springs triumphant from immortal birth,
Yet these are fettered with encumbered ties.

The solemn vow hath been
"One for eternity, in faith and prayer!"
Cleanse from each breast the slightest shade
of sin,
Make them, henceforth, thine own peculiar
care!

Futurity unveil!
Show us their pathway brightening 'till it
close!

Vain prayer! which may not in its strength
prevail,
To win unchanging bliss, and sweet repose.

Grief hath its stormy hour,
And joy its brief and passionate control,
But grant us peace, the Christian's holy dower,
To guide our bark unshattered to the goal!

We would be wholly thine!
Guide through life's mazy labyrinths our feet.
Take us, at last, from this thy earthly shrine,
A band unbroken, to surround thy seat!



It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once, and borrow for awhile, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true.

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

Innocence and beauty!
Themes the angels sung,
Mid the bowers of Eden,
When the world was young,
Ere a flower had withered,
Or a hope had fled,
Ere a cloud had gathered,
Or a tear been shed.

Innocence and beauty!
Though the world is old,
And crushed its hopes and flowers,
In the serpent's fold,
The heavens dark above us,
The earth bedew'd with tears,
Still we dream of Eden
When their light appears.

Innocence and beauty!
What their image gives?
Childhood, in its gladness,
Loving all that lives;
'Tis like spring to nature,
'Tis like stars to night,
Hope her rainbow colours
From childhood's eye of light.

Innocence and beauty!
When the curse was felt,
And manhood's brow was clouded
With the gloom of guilt,
Then mercy, as the token
Of pardon to our race,
Left the seal of heaven
On every fair young face.

Innocence and beauty!
How their holy power
Strengthens amorous duty,
And gladdens sorrow's hour;
When the soul is weary
With its wayside cares,
And life's path is dreary,
Or beset with snares.

Innocence and beauty!
Types of heavenly bliss,
Who but greets their presence
In a world like this?
The young face fraught with feeling,
Where love and thought unite,
Is fair as opening lilies,
And pure as falling light.



It is only in the ignorance of the people and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

In the suburbs of a certain great metropolis, which need not be more precisely designated, and contiguous to one of its most frequented thoroughfares, lies a square of ground, which, about twenty years since, was considered sufficiently distant from the city to be selected as a fitting site for a rural cemetery. Surrounded on all sides by a high wall of solid masonry, and only through the bars of the massy gate which formed its sole entrance that the interior could be discerned. A broad avenue led direct to a white building in the centre of the square, and from this spot narrower paths diverged in all directions to the various parts of the burial ground. Trees of rapid growth had been planted with a view to picturesque beauty, and ornamental shrubbery was intermingled with the marble monuments which gleamed here and there amid the foliage. A rich green turf covered the earth, and instead of the rank, coarse grass usually the growth of graves, each little hillock was overgrown with tufts of the beautiful and luxuriant moss-pink. Indeed, but for the carved sepulchral stones which met the eye on every side, that verdant and sunny enclosure might have seemed like a private pleasure ground. The pretty, half-gothic edifice in the midst, was appropriated to two very different purposes; for, while its more imposing portion was used as a chapel, where the religious services for the dead were performed, the humbler tenement, which nestled under the shadow of the sanctuary, was the abode of the sexton. It was a strange and lonely spot in which to build up a home, with the world of the living thus shut out, and the mouldering dead lying all around; nor were there wanting persons who wondered that a man should be willing to dwell amid these melancholy memorials of mortality.

But the occupant of this quiet abode had become so familiar with the grave to shrink from its proximity. For more than forty years Jonas Mayberry had been a sexton, and even as a garden to other men, so was a grave-yard to him; for his own hands had planted there the seeds which were to bear amaranthine blossoms by the river of the waters of eternal life. He was a man of melancholy temperament, with a face furrowed by deeper wrinkles than those planted by the hand of time; and a head whitened by the frosts of grief more than age. His pursuits had made him thoughtful and contemplative, for he had held frequent communings with himself in the chambers of death,

and the solemn presence of the king of terrors had early checked the mirthful fancy and the cheerful thought. Jonas Mayberry was a silent and, as many supposed, a stern man.—The little children looked askance at the hoary-headed sexton, and trembled at his glance if, perchance, during regular worship the buoyancy of youthful spirits overcame the restraints of decorum. Yet he was neither a severe nor ill-tempered man. His profession had made him silent, and his bereavements had made him sad, but his cold exterior concealed a heart filled with warm affections and friendliness. Like all persons of his peculiar temperament, he possessed strong feelings, and perhaps these secret emotions wrought for themselves a deeper channel within his bosom because rarely allowed to overflow their bounds. But, one after another, the objects of his love had been taken from him. Within the limits of that cemetery, in sight of the little window by which was placed his great leathern arm-chair, were seven hillocks, planted with fragrant flowers, and shaded by a spreading elm. There lay his gentle wife, who had once been as light to his eyes, and the six fair children whose voices had once been music to his ear. Some of his children had died in early infancy, some in joyous youth, and one in the bloom of early manhood. Last of all, the mother, the silent mourner of the dead, joined the departed, and Jonas Mayberry was left alone with his youngest, and now only child. Who can wonder that the shadow of a mighty grief settled on the brow of the desolate old man? Who can fathom the depth of the unutterable love with which he regarded this youngling of his flock, the only relic of his former happiness?

But far different was the character of this cherished child. She was too young at the time of those afflictions to remember them with sadness, and never did a sweeter face or merrier heart than her's light up the quiet precincts of an humble home. It was a strange thing to see that fair creature sporting in all the joy of her young life amid the grassy mounds where lay concealed the hideous form of death. A strange, yet pleasant sound had her cheerful song, an old world's ballad, as it was borne on the gale which stirred the grass on many a mouldering breast. Strangest of all seemed the echo of her merry laughter among the dark trees which shadowed the graves of many as young and fair as herself.—A gay, and happy, and beautiful child was Lucy Mayberry. Often would her father pause in his work, and leaning on his spade in some

half finished grave, watch her sports and listen to her voice, as if he drew from thence all the joy and music of his life.

Lucy was her father's only companion; he had taught her all she knew, for her first lessons in wisdom had been learned from his lips, and her first ideas of duty had been imparted by his precepts. She loved him with a deep and earnest affection, yet there was a degree of awe mingled with her love which checked its spontaneous expression. She could not fathom the depths of his heart, she could not look into the recesses of his bosom and behold her image in all its living, breathing beauty, enshrined beside the unfaded forms of the departed. She could not associate his calm, cold manner with her ideas of ardent tenderness, and therefore, even while she loved him better than any earthly being, she did not pour forth into his ear the fulness of her affectionate nature. Nor was this timid reserve confined to the days of her early youth. The awe with which he had unconsciously inspired her childhood still existed when she verged towards womanhood, and she was conscious that there dwelt within her bosom emotions compared to which filial love was but as the whisper of the summer gale to the voice of the wild tempest.

The seclusion in which Lucy lived was little suited to her joyous character. In childhood she had found exercise for her active mind in her studies, the care of her pet birds, and the various amusements which her home afforded. The flowers which sprang up beneath her feet, the breeze which played in her long curls, the blue sky which smiled above her head, all were sources of enjoyment to her. But as she grew older, and her feelings became more developed, Lucy was sensible of other desires. The hum of the busy world beyond the walls of the silent burial-place came to her ears with a sweeter sound than the voice of the summer bird or the autumn wind. Rumors of life's gay enjoyments were brought to her seclusion by the few young friends who visited her: and the fascinating page of the novelist awakened her imagination to new delights, which could only be realized by the scenes of yet untried existence. She became restless and unhappy. Her cheek lost its bloom and her voice its ringing tones of mirth; yet, ignorant of the mystery of her own nature she knew not the meaning of the melancholy which was consuming her, until her father, alarmed at her altered looks, proposed that she should pass the Christmas week with some distant relatives in

the city, and then her joy discovered to her how much she had pined for some such change. Had she known how greatly her father suffered from this sacrifice of her society, perhaps she would have shrunk from purchasing her own gratification at such a price. But, deceived by his habitual gravity, she discovered not that her presence was essential to his comfort. With a joyous face she imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and while her glad farewell struck a pang to the heart of the lonely parent it awoke the idea, which he cared not to indulge, that the time must come when his darling Lucy would find her happiness in other scenes, and Love would deprive him of the treasure which Death had spared.

To one who had lived in such utter seclusion every thing in the gay world seemed enchanting. Lucy's friends were in the lower rank of life, active, honest, industrious, and with a degree of enjoyment which, though perhaps somewhat deficient in refinement, were very attractive to one who had never before tasted the pleasures of society. The theatre, the merry dance, the evening walk, the social party, are amusements shared by the thriving mechanic in his sphere as well as by the opulent merchant in a loftier station, and if the restraints of etiquette are less understood in the lower circles, the boundaries of virtue and delicacy are perhaps more clearly defined than in the commoner code of fashion. Lucy Mayberry's extreme beauty rendered her an object of attention to every one, for even those who lacked the cultivation of eye and mind, which enables us to estimate symmetry of feature, could appreciate the sunny cheerfulness which illumined her face. For the first time in her life she listened to the voice of adulation, for the first time she learned that she possessed the precious gift of beauty, and the seeds of vanity were sown in a not ungenial soil.

But there was a degree of refinement in Lucy's nature which elevated her above her companions, and her good taste frequently interposed when her sense of propriety was at fault. The coarse pleasantries of some of her half-educated admirers offended her, and the somewhat free manners of others disgusted her; yet still she could not summon courage to tear herself from the gayety which was so new and so delightful. The world was not all she had fancied it, yet it was a pleasanter place than the old burial-ground, and, day after day, she sent excuses to her father for prolonging her stay. Perhaps she would scarce have acknowledged to herself the secret motive

which detained her. Accident had made her acquainted with a young midshipman, whom a love of frolic had led into society very inferior to that which he was entitled to enter. He had accompanied some wild and giddy friends to one of those public balls where the company is made up of rather heterogeneous materials, and while pursuing only the whim of the moment, had been attracted by the fresh glowing beauty of Lucy Mayberry. A little management soon placed him at her side, and she became the object of his marked attentions throughout the whole evening. Lucy's utter ignorance of the laws of propriety in such matters, rendered the task of continuing the acquaintance by no means difficult; and her relatives, proud of a visitor who wore gold lace, seemed to have no idea of their own imprudence. Harry Mildmay became the constant attendant upon Lucy, and she found in him the qualities which had been wanting in her more honest, though less polished admirers. There was a peculiar charm in the frank manners and merry temper of the young sailor. His tales of the wild and wonderful, the grotesque and the pathetic, were full of interest to her, and as she listened to the adventures of the wandering youth, she felt that like Desdemona

"She loved him for the perils he had past."

But at length a peremptory summons from her father recalled her to a sense of her duty, and taught her the nature of her own feelings, for the keen regret with which she thought of parting with her new friend first made her sensible how deeply her happiness was involved.

Harry Mildmay knew too much of the world to be in doubt respecting the interest he had awakened in her bosom. Older in experience than in years, he had passed, not unscathed, through the ordeal which the young and inexperienced sailor must undergo. The natural propensity to evil which exists in the hearts of all, and the bad example of others older and wiser than himself, had rendered fatal aid to the allurements of temptation, until, at five-and-twenty, Harry Mildmay was an adept in the school of vice. But he was not quite hardened in sin. The remembrance of the mother who had watched over his childhood, and of the blue eyed sister who had been the companion of his infancy, often came to his heart with a restraining influence. Both had long since gone down to the grave and left him lonely and friendless, yet for their sakes he could not but revere the loveliness of female purity. He had yielded himself to the impulse

of ungoverned feeling in his admiration of the artless Lucy, he had not allowed himself to reflect upon the consequences of his avowed admiration of her, and a bitter pang of self-reproval mingled with his pride and pleasure in her ardent attachment. His life was destined to be one of wandering and privation. Neither his habits nor his poverty allowed him to think of marriage; and he was now conscious that in winning Lucy's affections he had obtained a treasure which must necessarily be useless to him. Besides, had no other obstacle existed, he would have considered her humble birth an insurmountable barrier between them. He was poor, it is true, dependant entirely on the pitance which is so grudgingly dealt out to the defenders of our country. But the blood of one of the proudest families in "Old Dominion," ran in his veins, and he would have spurned the thought of such a degrading alliance. His first determination was to bid Lucy a careless farewell, and forget the whole affair in some more piquant excitement; but the truthfulness and simplicity of the poor girl frustrated this plan. Her agitation betrayed her tenderness, and in the madness of the moment, Harry Mildmay poured forth the ardent feelings of his passionate nature. Ere they parted they were plighted lovers, and Mildmay had extorted from Lucy a promise of secrecy until such time as he should deem it proper to acquaint her father.

Lucy was pained at the necessity of concealment, but her habitual awe of her father, and a secret misgiving as to his approval of her lover, together with Mildmay's wishes, induced her to promise secrecy. She returned to her quiet home with a blooming cheek and bright eye, but the dove of peace no longer nestled in her bosom. The affection which she nursed within her heart was not the calm and hallowed feeling which alone was worthy to inhabit so pure an abode. Restless and troubled in her very hopes, she well knew that her father would not willingly resign his only child to the roving and unsteady sailor; and, therefore, she could not but feel that there was guilt and deception in cherishing such an emotion. But the influence of her lover was paramount in the mind of the inexperienced girl. He hovered near her, and many opportunities occurred of enjoying stolen interviews, which gladdened the heart and brightened the hopes of Lucy in despite of her better impulses.

At length the ship to which Harry Mildmay was attached received orders for sea. Lucy was overwhelmed with grief, and her lover

seemed to share her sorrow, though it may be doubted whether he did not hail, with a sense of relief, this necessity for separation. He thought not of making her his wife, he respected her pure feelings too much to meditate wrong towards her, and as he recovered from the first intoxication of passion he felt that it would be better for both if they never met again. He trusted that time would efface his image from Lucy's mind, for he had seen enough of the world to have lost all faith in devoted constancy. He had read the volume of human nature by the discoloured light of his own passions, and he had learned many an evil lesson from its pages. But he shrunk from explaining to the affectionate girl the true state of his feelings. He had not sufficient moral courage to confess his folly, and by the infliction of present disappointment, rescue her from future suffering. While inly resolved never to behold her again, he vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that on his return her father should be made acquainted with his wishes. They parted in secrecy and in sorrow. A ring on the finger of the drooping girl and a tress of jet-black hair folded in a locket which lay upon her bosom, were the only visible tokens of her bewildering dream; but the memory of her lover, and her hope of his return were entwined with her very life.

* * * * *

Oh! would I were a spirit bright,
 Dwelling above yon clear blue sky,
 And winged, to sport in golden light,
 Or on yon rosy clouds to lie;
 To worship each sweet star that there—
 In changeless beauty might arise.—
 Yet no,—for I should feel they were
 Far, far less dear than earthly eyes.

Oh! would I were a spirit, free
 From worldly cares of little worth!
 More blest than angels I should be,
 An unseen habitant of earth;
 Then would I hover round the spot
 Where my beloved might chance to dwell,
 And, not forgetting if forgot,
 Breathe o'er his heart affection's spell.

Then I would show him bright revealings
 Of all his noble mind has dreamed,
 And bless the high and holy feelings
 Whose light has o'er his spirit gleamed;
 Then might I shield from every grief
 The heart, whose darkest errors are
 But passing shadows, like the brief
 And fleeting cloud across a star.

Such was the song—the passionate effusion of some heart as love-lorn as her own—with which Lucy Mayberry was beguiling the hour of twilight, one evening in the early autumn. Nearly two years had passed, since she parted

with her lover, and many a weary month had been spent in lonely droariness of spirit since his last kiss was imprinted on her throbbing brow. But she now knew that the ship in which he served, had been ordered home; she learned from the papers that it was daily expected to arrive in port, and her heart grew lighter with the thought that Harry Mildmay was now returning to claim her as his bride. Had she known with what rapid steps the young midshipman had been travelling the downward path of sin, during the time he had been absent—had she known that his love of the social glass had already degenerated into gross intemperance—had she known that the evil habits which had been so carefully concealed from her sight were now the master passions of his nature, she would have had as little hope as joy in the anticipation of his return. But she thought of the gay and jovial sailor as she had last beheld him; she remembered the passionate words, the love-fraught looks that had bewildered her young heart, and she looked forward to a re-union with feelings which sent the rich glow of happiness to her cheek, and the light of joy to her eye.

On the evening of which we have spoken, Lucy sat in the little porch, and the melody still lingered on her lips, when a funeral train headed as usual, by the old sexton, entered the broad avenue of the cemetery. Lucy immediately arose, and retired into the house, but she had observed that few persons followed in the mournful procession, and, when she saw the corpse borne to that corner of the ground usually appropriated to strangers, she knew that it must be the body of some unfortunate being who had died without the presence of relatives or friends. But the sight of death was too familiar to awaken more than the passing sigh of sympathy. Lucy stood at her window, which commanded a full view of the spot, and witnessed the burial with serious but untrobbled feelings. As the attendants of the funeral slowly straggled out of the cemetery, she carelessly wended her way to the place where her father still remained, directing the labour of a little deformed negro who had recently been employed as grave-digger, by the now firm old sexton.

"This seems to have been a stranger, father," said Lucy; "but the grave shall not lack the offering of sympathy. As she spoke, she stooped to plant a tuft of violets on the little hillock which the negro was now shaping with his spade.

"There are some who deserve no such offer-

ing, Lucy," said her father, in a grave tone; "if all tales be true the rank weed were a more fitting memorial than the sweet violet, of him who lies beneath your feet."

Lucy looked up inquiringly, but the old man merely said, "He was hurried into the grave in order that no questions might be asked about the business: all I know is, that he was accidentally killed in a drunken brawl."

The girl shuddered with mingled disgust and horror as she turned from the grave, and busied herself with the flowers which grew over the head of an emigrant's babe.

That night, after Lucy returned to her apartment, which, like all the rooms in the house, was on the ground-floor, she was oppressed by the close and heated atmosphere of the chamber. Her sleep was disturbed and broken—the horrors of nightmare startled her several times from her slumbers, until, at length, in the hope of changing the current of her excited fancies, she arose from her bed, and seated herself at the window. She threw herself upon the casement, that the chill autumn air might cool her fevered blood. A young moon was faintly struggling through the clouds, and its dim light only served to define the limits of some of the swelling hillocks, or to discover some tombstone lying white and ghastly in the distance. The scene was one little calculated to quiet the feelings of most females, for the silent presence of *Night* and *Death* might have awakened an awe almost amounting to fear even in the boldest heart. But familiar with these objects from her infancy, Lucy had never known those weak terrors which are usually implanted in childhood, and often remain uncradicated in old age. She had no fears of the supernatural—she had lived too long among the dead to dread their presence, and though tales of sheeted ghosts and flitting corpse-candles often reached her ears, they had made little impression upon her imagination. Indeed, Lucy was remarkable for her courageous character, and one of her most decided traits from childhood, had been presence of mind. These qualities were now to be tried to their utmost, for as she still sat by the window, leaning her head upon her hand, she descried a light, apparently in the direction of the stranger's grave. While she gazed, the light began to move, with an irregular, jerking motion, yet seeming scarcely to rise above the surface of the earth. She traced it from the grave to one angle of the wall, then creeping around the enclosure but still with the same uncertain flicker it seemed to advance towards the house. As she watch-

ed, a feeling of awe and dread took possession of her heart, but at this moment, the light stopped, its position was, for a moment, changed, and she discovered that it proceeded from a dark lanthorn, borne in the hand of the lame and dwarfish negro. This at once accounted for its irregular movement, and the truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. The stranger's grave had been rifled, and they were bearing away the lifeless body. For an instant Lucy hesitated. The party, whoever they were, already approached the avenue. To awaken her father, would be a work of some minutes, and would probably afford time for the robbers to escape with their prey. Besides, she feared lest her father's infirmities might make him only an easy victim to their superior strength, and she was tempted to suffer the sacrilege, rather than risk his life in such a struggle.—But another recollection reassured her. She remembered the superstitious terrors of the negro, and she determined to alarm them from their attempt. Enveloping herself in a large white shawl, she climbed out of the low window, and winding her way among the trees, in such a manner as to escape observation, stationed herself behind a high pyramidal monument, which stood on the border of the avenue. As she cautiously peeped forth from her hiding-place, she could just discern that the black fellow and his confederate seemed bearing a heavy body between them. They paused and rested their burden on a square stone at a short distance, while Lucy distinctly heard their murmured conversation from which she learned that a large bribe had tempted the poor negro to overcome his fears, and assist the plans of his brutal companion, who was but too much accustomed to such unholy gains. Taking up the body, they again proceeded with stealthy steps when a wild unearthly cry echoed in their ears. Startled at the fearful sound, they paused—a low and prolonged moan followed, and at the same instant the tall white figure of the courageous girl stood in the shadow of the trees, sufficiently distant to avoid recognition, but so near as to be distinctly defined against the dark foliage. With a terrific yell, the negro dropped his burden and the light together, and took to his heels, followed by his scarcely less alarmed companion. The loud clap of the great gate which fell from their grasp as they bounded through it, startled the old sexton from his slumbers, and, as he started up in bed, his daughter glided into the room. The tale was soon told, and bidding Lucy go to bed lest the night air

should have chilled her delicate frame, he went forth to lock the gate. But Lucy, fearing that they might have returned, and would, perhaps, meet her father, silently followed him. As the old man was drawing the bolts of the gate, a watchman, who had witnessed, at a distance, the flight of the robbers, approached to make some inquiries. But ere the sexton could reply, a shriek which seemed to rend the very sky, echoed through the silent air. Another and another and another followed, until the blood of the horror-stricken hearers curdled in their veins. Nor was the sight which met the eyes of the two old men, less frightful. The lanthorn which the negro had thrown from him in his terror, lay beside the exhumed body, shedding its light full on the ghastly features, while, leaning over the shrouded corpse, and uttering those awful shrieks, was the sexton's daughter!

She was borne to the house, the whole neighbourhood was aroused, and medical aid was immediately procured. The excitement of her previous boldness, and the shock which her nerves sustained, when thus suddenly brought face to face with the body which her courage had rescued from sacrilegious hands, were the causes assigned by science, for this frightful attack of illness. "No, no," murmured the wretched father, "I know my child too well to believe this. If she had courage to frighten the robbers from their prey, she would not be terrified by the mere sight of death; there is something more than that."

The old man was right. When the fearful convulsions had been stayed—when the distorted mouth ceased to churn the white foam from the blue and rigid lips—and when speech returned to the paralysed tongue, then did the wild and disjointed ravings of the maddened girl shadow forth the secret. In the features of the disfigured corpse she had recognized her lover. The victim of a drunken brawl, whose lifeless body had not been suffered to rest in its dishonoured grave, was indeed the poor relic of Harry Mildmay. But the broken fragments of her shattered mind furnished the only materials for building up her history; and her father only learned her long-cherished love from the incoherent revelations of insanity.—The light of reason never more illumined her darkened mind. Violent mania succeeded her first convulsions, and when this subsided, it was succeeded by almost infantine imbecility. All change of place or scene proved utterly useless; and, at length, when it was found that her restlessness rather increased when she

was removed from the familiar scenes of home, she was allowed to return to her father. But she appeared to recognize no one, and never voluntarily uttered a word. She would sit for hours in the porch gazing wistfully as if for some expected object, and when a funeral train entered, she would shudder as if some painful association was connected with the mournful scene. But she gave no other evidence of interest in the world around her. She would laugh and weep from the impulse of her own wild fancies; but nothing save these could excite her either to mirth or melancholy. With folded arms and head bent down upon her bosom she would sit just wherever her attendant placed her, and seemed gradually yielding to the fatal torpor which was stealing over her physical powers. At length death stood beside the pillow of the poor imbecile girl, and then, while a smile of radiant joy for an instant replaced the idiot vacancy of that once lovely face,

she sighed,
And, smiling, as if her lover whispered, died!



For the Amaranth.

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

The night wind is moaning around thee, Leone
And thy cheek is pale—the cold dew creepeth
Within the meshes of thy raven hair;
Oh let me kiss the chill from off thy lips,
My own dear love! and thou wilt dream, perchance,
Of her who sitteth watchful o'er thy sleep
From eve 'till infant morn. How hast thou
chang'd—
Thou that wert so beautiful—an eagle
In the undimmed freshness of thy youth,
So wild, so free, so joyous—but when I
Was laid within the sepulchre, alas!
I that lingered ever by thy side,
That loved so fondly, then well I knew
Thy heart was lone and desolate on earth;
So have I come to thee—mine own, and bathed
The fever of thy sorrow, pouring balm
Into the red wound, soothing thy slumber—
In the wild tempest—in the dread battle
I have held a shield between thee and death,
For the dead have power!

Thy poor, lost bird
Hath left her grave in heaven, to sing
To her lone mate; oh! didst thou think that
death
Could blight affection's bloom, enduring love!

That the dumb grave could send no answer
back

Into thy adjuration? I am here!

Yea, Love, the strong—the mighty, can unbar
The stony tomb, and bid the gates of heaven
Fall back before its mystic sway; therefore
Have I crossed the boundary of that world
Where spirits dwell, lingering beside thee:

Even as a dove fitting around the cage

That holds its captive love. The memory

Of other days—oh! could it ever die?

When we two wander'd o'er the sunny earth

And talked of happiness, 'ere the wing

Of sorrow hid the sunshine of the sky,

And shadow'd o'er the river of our years!

How proud was I of thee; like as a flow'r

Closes above a dew-drop in its breast,

Shielding its ray from dust and thirsty sun,

So in my heart, the jewel of thy love

Was ever safely shrin'd, that nought might soil
Its purity, or steal the gift away;

Ah! dearest Leone! whence that burning tear

Stealing from out the fring'd and drooping lid?

Is busy thought weaving a mournful dream

To agitate thy sleep? oh! let me press my lips

Upon thy brow and it will pain no more.

Thou hast suffered much, endured much—

I left thee in wealth and pow'r—they are gone,

With the false friends they gather'd, and now

Thou art alone in thy bleak poverty.

Turn, turn away, mine own—what are the
lures

Of the world's snares, but hollow mockery,

Bubbles whose fickle rainbow-hues will burst

In utter hopelessness; earth has no ties

To bind in chains thy weary spirit here—

Come home! come home!

Beyond the spreading arch

Of yon blue desert, which the pilgrim stars

Do ever wander o'er, there is a clime

Where sorrow is unknown, and blooms a bow'r

Of flowers that never fade—twilight rests

Eternal o'er its glades, more beautiful

Than the pale moonlight, and not half as sad;

And I have spread a couch of fragrant leaves,

Where thou may'st lie, and listen to the harps

Of the archangels, hymning round the throne

Of—hist! let not that dread name be utter'd

E'en to the idle air. I'll whisper it

Into thy slumbering ear, my Leone, {face,

How hath care plough'd its way o'er this thin

Once so fair; the deep shrouded eye has shrunk

A pace within, as though the cruel world

Had wither'd it with its base hypocrisy,

And bade it turn for refuge near the soul

Whose truth was ever imaged in its ray;

Whose pow'r hath strung that pure and noble
heart {touch,

Which thrill'd responsive to the well known

As echo's lyre repeats her mother's strain;

For I have seen thee, O my beloved! {guile,

Withstand the tempter's bribe, the sophist's

And borne thy earnest prayer unto the sky,

Adding my supplication unto thine.

It matters not; upon these lineaments

I trace a sign, the living cannot read,

I know the token death doth herald there,

It saith,—thou art passing away! welcome the
pledge

Of blest re-union through the friendly grave,

Ere long! ere long!

Yon warning star doth sink

Westward, tremulous and low, and a voice

You cannot hear, is calling me away;

The war-horse neighs—carnage doth sit afar

And roll his blood-shot eyes expectant of

The coming fight—I must not guard thee there,

A higher power than mine decrees thy fate—

Awake, my Leone, to thy last red field—

Thy country calls: go forth in hope and faith,

And I will light an altar in the sky,

That we may consecrate anew our vows

Ere set of sun;—'til then, dear love—farewell!

St. John, April, 1842.

EUGENE.



ANCIENT BALLADS.

THE songs, the songs of other days,

When helm and targe were bright;

When warriors sung their ladies' praise,

Within the pale moon's light:

When noble deeds won rosy smiles,

And fair hands crown'd the brave;

When sportive love woo'd fairy isles,

And raised the minstrel's stave.

The ancient helm is rusty now,

The plume has gone to dust,

And wither'd is the noble brow

That proudly wore them first.

The bard who struck the golden lyre

With aged hand, hath gone,

No more his song fans up the fire

That guided valour on.

The songs of merry Christmas times,

In England's palmy days;

The madrigal and merry chimes,

Old chaunts and roundelays—

Like good old wine, they gather zest

The more antique they grow;

While Memory's whispering in the breast

Of fashion's long ago!

THE POET AND THE MANDARIN.

OR,

LE-PIH'S ADVENTURE IN THE GARDENS OF
KWONFOOTSE.*A passage from Chinese History.*

THE moon shone like glorified and floating dew on the bosom of the tranquil Pei-ho, and the heart of the young poet Le-pih was like a cup running over with wine. It was no abatement of his exulting fulness that he was as yet the sole possessor of the secret of his own genius. Conscious of exquisite susceptibility to beauty, fragrance and music, (the three graces of the Chinese,) he was more intent upon enjoying his gifts than upon the awakening of envy for their possession—the latter being the second leaf in the book of genius, and only turned over by the finger of society.—Thoughtless of the acquisition of fame as the youthful poet may be, however, he is always ready to anticipate its fruits, and Le-pih committed but the poet's error, when, having the gem in his bosom which could buy the favour of the world, he took the favour for granted without producing the gem.

Kwonfootse had returned a conqueror, from the wars with the Hwong-kin, and this night, on which the moon shone so gloriously, was the hour of his triumph, for the Emperor Tang had condescended to honour with his presence, a gala given by the victorious general at his gardens on the Pei-ho. Softened by his exulting feelings (for though a brave soldier, he was as haughty as Luykong the thunder-god, or Hwuyloo the monarch of fire,) the warlike mandarin threw open his gardens on this joyful night, not only to those who wore in their caps the gold ball significant of patrician birth, but to all whose dress and mien warranted their appearance in the presence of the emperor.

Like the realms of the blest shone the gardens of Kwonfootse. Occupying the whole valley of the Pei-ho, at a spot where it curved like the twisted cavity of a shell, the sky seemed to shut in the grounds like the cover of a vase, and the star seemed but the garden lights overhead. From one edge of the vase to the other—from hill-top to hill-top—extended a broad avenue, a pagoda at either extremity glittering with gold and scarlet, the sides flaming with coloured lamps and flaunting with gay streamers of barbarian stuffs, and the moonlit river cutting it in the centre, the whole vista, at the first glance, resembling a girdle of precious stones with a fastening of opal. Off from this central division radiated in all direc-

tions alleys of camphor and cinnamon trees lighted with amorous dimness, and leading away to bowers upon the hill side, and from every quarter resounded music, and in every nook was seen feasting and merriment.

In disguise, the emperor and imperial family mingled in the crowd, and no one save the host and his daughters knew what part of the gardens was honoured with their presence. There was, however, a retreat in the grounds sacred to the privileged few, and here, when fatigued or desirous of refreshment, the royal personages laid aside disguise and were surrounded with the deferential honours of the court. It was so contrived that the access was unobserved by the people, and there was therefore, no feeling of exclusion to qualify the hilarity of the entertainment; Kwonfootse, with all his pride, looking carefully to his popularity. At the foot of each descent, upon the matted banks of the river, floated gilded boats with lamps burning in their prows, and gaily dressed boatmen offering conveyance across to all who required it; but there were also, unobserved by the crowd, boats unlighted and undecorated holding off from the shore, which at a sign given by the initiated, silently approached a marble stair without the line of the blazing avenue, and taking their freight on board, swiftly pulled up the moonlit river, to a landing concealed by the shoulder of the hill. No path led from the gardens hither, and from no point of view could be overlooked the more brilliant scene of imperial revel.

It was verging toward midnight when the unknown poet, with brain floating in a celestial giddiness of delight, stood on the brink of the gleaming river. The boats plied to and fro with their freights of fair damsels and gaily dressed youths, the many coloured lamps throwing a rainbow profusion of tints on the water, and many a voice addressed him with merry invitation, for Le-pih's beauty, so famous now in history, was of no forbidding stateliness, and his motions, like his countenance, were as frankly joyous as the gambols of a young leopard. Not inclined to boisterous gaiety at the moment, Le-pih stepped between the lamp-bearing trees of the avenue, and folding his arms in his silken vest, stood gazing in reverie on the dancing waters. After a few moments, one of the dark boats on which he had unconsciously fixed his gaze drew silently towards him, and as the cushioned stern was brought round to the bank, the boatman made a reverence to his knees and sat waiting the poet's pleasure.

Like all men born to good fortune, Le-pih was prompt to follow the first beckonings of adventure, and asking no questions, he quietly embarked, and with a quick dip of the oars the boat shot from the shore and took the descending current. Almost in the next instant she leaped again to the curving and willow-fringed margin of the stream, and lights glimmered through the branches, and sweet, low, music became audible, and by rapid degrees, a scene burst on his eye which the first glimpse into the gate of Paradise (a subsequent agreeable surprise, let us presume) could scarcely have exceeded.

Without an exchange of a syllable between the boatman and his freight, the stern was set against a carpeted stair at the edge of the river, and Le-pih disembarked with a bound, and stood upon a spacious area lying in a lap of the hill, the entire surface carpeted smoothly with Persian stuffs, and dotted here and there with striped tents pitched with poles of silver. Garlands of flowers hung in festoons against the brilliant-coloured cloths, and in the centre of each tent stood a low tablet surrounded with couches and laden with meats and wine. The guests, for whom this portion of the entertainment was provided, were apparently assembled at a spot farther on, from which proceeded the delicious music heard by the poet in approaching, and, first entering one of the abandoned tents for a goblet of wine, Le-pih followed to the scene of attraction.

Under a canopy of gold cloth held by six bearers, stood the imperial chair upon a raised platform,—not occupied however, the august Tang reclining more at his ease, a little out of the circle, upon cushions canopied by the moonlight. Around, upon the steps of the platform and near by, were grouped the noble ladies of the court and the royal princesses, (Tang living much in the female apartments and his daughters numbering several score,) and all, at the moment of Le-pih's joining the assemblage, turning to observe a damsel with a lute, to whose performance the low sweet music of the band had been a prelude. The first touch of the strings betrayed a trembling hand, and the poet's sympathies were stirred, though from her bent posture and his distant position he had not yet seen the features of the player. As the tremulous notes grew firmer, and the lute began to give out a flowing harmony, Le-pih approached, and at the same time, the listening groups of ladies began to whisper and move away, and of those who remained, none seemed to listen with pleasure except

Kwonfootse and the emperor. The latter, indeed, rivalled the intruding bard in his interest, rolling over upon the cushions and resting on the other imperial elbow in close attention.

Gaining confidence evidently from the neglect of her auditory, or, as is natural to women, less afraid of the judgment of the other sex, who were her only listeners, the fair Taya, (the youngest daughter of Kwonfootse,) now joined her voice to her instrument, and sang with a sweetness that dropped like a plummet to the soul of Le-pih. He fell to his knee upon a heap of cushions and leaned eagerly forward. As she became afterwards one of his most passionate themes, we are enabled to re-conjure the features that were presented to his admiring wonder. The envy of the princesses was sufficient proof that Taya was of rare beauty; she had that wonderful perfection of feature to which envy pays its bitterest tribute, which is apologized for if not found in the poet's ideal, which we thirst after in pictures and marble, of which loveliness and expression are but lesser degrees—fainter shadowings. She was adorably beautiful. The outer corners of her long, almond shaped eyes, the dipping crescent of her forehead, the pencil of her eyebrow and the indented corners of her mouth,—all these turned downward; and this peculiarity which, in faces of a less elevated character, indicates a temper morose and repulsive, in Taya's expressed the very soul of gentle and lofty melancholy. There was something infantine about her mouth, the teeth were so small and regular, and their dazzling whiteness, shining between the fresh lips of the brilliant colour of a cherry freshly torn apart, was in startling contrast with the dark lustre of her eyes. Le-pih's poetry makes constant allusion to those small and snowy teeth, and the turned-down corners of the lips and eyes of his incomparable mistress.

Taya's song was a fragment of that celebrated Chinese romance from which Moore has borrowed so largely in his *Loves of the Angels*, and it chanced to be particularly appropriate to her deserted position, (she was alone now with her three listeners,) dwelling as it did upon the loneliness of a disguised Peri, wandering in exile upon earth. The lute fell from her hands when she ceased, and while the emperor applauded, and Kwonfootse looked on her with paternal pride, Le-pih modestly advanced to the fallen instrument, and with a low obeisance to the emperor and a hesitating apology to Taya, struck a prelude in the same air, and broke forth into an impulsive expression of his

feelings in verse. It would be quite impossible to give a translation of this famous effusion with its oriental load of imagery, but in modifying it to the spirit of our language, (giving little more than its thread of thought,) the reader may see glimpses of the material from which the great Irish lyrist spun his woof of sweet fable. Fixing his keen eyes upon the bright lips just closed, Le-pih sang :

When first from Heaven's immortal throngs

The earth-doom'd angels downward came,
And, mourning their enraptured songs,

Walked sadly in our mortal frame;
To those, whose lyres of loftier string

Had taught the myriad lips of Heaven,
The song that they forever sing,

A wondrous lyre, 'tis said, was given.

"And go," the seraph-warrior said,

As from the diamond gates they flew,

"And wake the songs ye here have led

In earthly numbers, pure and new!

And yours shall be the hallowed power

To win the lost to Heaven again,

And when earth's clouds shall darkest lower

Your lyre shall breathe its holiest strain!

Yet, chastened by this inward fire,

Your lot shall be to walk alone,

Save when, perchance, with echoing lyre,

You touch a spirit like your own;

And whatsoever the guise you wear,

To him, 'tis given to know you there."

The song over, Le-pih sat with hands folded across the instrument and his eyes cast down, and Taya gazed on him with wandering looks, yet slowly, and as if unconsciously, she took from her breast a rose, and with a half-stolen glance at her father, threw it upon the lute. But frowningly Kwonfootsee rose from his seat and approached the poet.

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily, as the bard placed the rose reverently in his bosom.

"Le-pih!"

With another obeisance to the emperor, and a deeper one to the fair Taya, he turned, after this concise answer, upon his heel, lifting his cap to his head, which, to the rage of Kwonfootsee, bore not even the gold ball of aristocracy.

"Bind him for the hastinado!" cried the infuriated mandarin to the bearers of the canopy.

The six soldiers dropped their poles to the ground, but the emperor's voice arrested them.

"He shall have no violence but from you, fair Taya," said the softened monarch; "call to him by the name he has just pronounced, for I would hear that lute again!"

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" cried instantly the musical voice of the fair girl.

The poet turned and listened, incredulous of his own ears.

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" she repeated, in a soft tone.

Half hesitating, half bounding, as if scarce believing he had heard aright, Le-pih flew to her feet, and dropped to one knee upon the cushion before her, his breast heaving and his eyes flashing with eager wonder. Taya's courage was at an end, and she sat with her eyes upon the ground.

"Give him the lute, Kwonfootsee!" said the emperor, swinging himself on the raised chair with an abandonment of the imperial avoirdupois, which set ringing violently the hundred bells suspended in the golden fringes.

"Let not the crow venture again into the nest of the eagle," muttered the mandarin between his teeth as he handed the instrument to the poet.

The sound of the bells brought in the women and courtiers from every quarter of the privileged area, and, precluding upon the strings together his scattered senses, while they were seating themselves around him, Le-pih at last fixed his gaze upon the lips of Taya, and commenced his song to an irregular harmony well adapted to extempore verse. We have been in vain to put this celebrated song of compliment into English stanzas. It commenced with a description of Taya's beauty, and an enumeration of things she resembled, dwelling most upon the blue lily, which seems to have been Le-pih's favourite flower. The burden of the conclusion, however, is the new verse every thing assumed in her presence. "Of the light in this garden," he says, "there is one beam worth all the glory of the moon, for it sleeps on the eye of Taya. Taya looks on a flower, and that flower seems to me, with a pure eye to gaze after her for ever. Taya's jacket of blue silk is my passion. If angels visit me in my dreams, let them be dressed like Taya. I love the broken spangle in the slipper better than the first star of evening—Bring me, till I die, inner leaves from the water-lily, since white and fragrant like them are the teeth of Taya. Call me, should I sleep, when rises the crescent moon, for the blue star in its bend curves like the drooped eye of Taya. &c. &c.

"By the immortal Fo!" cried the emperor, raising himself bolt upright in his chair, as the poet ceased, "you shall be the bard of Taya. Those are my sentiments better expressed."

The lute, in your hands, is my heart turned inside out! Lend me your gold chain, Kwonfootse, and, Taya! come hither, and put it on his neck!"

Taya glided to the emperor, but Le-pih rose to his feet, with a slight flush on his forehead, and stood erect and motionless.

"Let it please your imperial majesty," he said, after a moment's pause, "to bestow upon me some gift less binding than a chain."

"Carbuncle of Budha! What would the poath have!" exclaimed Tang in astonishment. "Is not the gold chain of a mandarin good enough for his acceptance?"

"My poor song," replied Le-pih, modestly casting down his eyes, "is sufficiently repaid by your majesty's praises. The chain of the mandarin would gall the neck of the poet.—Yet—if I might have a reward more valuable—"

"In Fo's name what is it?" said the embarrassed emperor.

Kwonfootse laid his hand on his scimitar, and his daughter blushed and trembled.

"The broken spangle on the slipper of Taya!" said Le-pih, turning half indifferently away.

Loud laughed the ladies of the court, and Kwonfootse walked from the bard with a look of contempt, but the emperor read more truly the proud and delicate spirit that dictated that reply; and in that moment probably commenced the friendship with which, to the end of his peaceful reign, Tang distinguished the most gifted poet of his time.

The lovely daughter of the mandarin was not behind the emperor in her interpretation of the character of Le-pih, and as she stepped forward to put the detached spangle into his hand, she bent on him a look full of earnest curiosity and admiration.

"What others give me," he murmured in a low voice, pressing the worthless trifle to his lips, "makes me their slave; but what Taya gives me is a link that draws her to my bosom."

Kwonfootse probably thought that Le-pih's audience had lasted long enough, for at this moment the sky seemed bursting into flame with a sudden tumult of fire-works, and in the confusion that immediately succeeded, the poet made his way unquestioned to the bank of the river, and was re-conveyed to the spot of his first embarkation, in the same silent manner with which he had approached the privileged area.

During the following month, Le-pih seemed much in request at the imperial palace, but, to the surprise of his friends, the keeping of "wor-

shipful society" was not followed by any change in his merry manners, nor apparently by any improvement in his worldly condition. His mother still sold mats in the public market, and Le-pih still rode, every few days, to the marsh, for his panniers of rushes, and to all comers, among his old acquaintances, his lute and song were as ready and as gratuitous as ever.

All this time, however, the fair Taya was consuming with a passionate melancholy which made startling ravages in her health, and the proud mandarin, whose affection for his children was equal to his pride, in vain shut his eyes to the cause, and eat up his heart with mortification. When the full moon came round again, reminding him of the scenes the last moon had shone upon, Kwonfootse seemed suddenly lightened of his care, and his superb gardens on the Pei-ho were as suddenly alive with preparations for another festival. Kept in close confinement, poor Taya fed on her sorrow, indifferent to the rumours of marriage which could concern only her sisters; and the other demoiselles Kwonfootse tried in vain, with fluttering hearts, to pry into their father's secret. A marriage it was certainly to be, for the lanterns were painted of the colour of peach-blossoms—but whose marriage?

It was an intoxicating summer's morning, and the sun was busy calling the dew back to heaven, and the birds wild with entreating it to stay, (so Le-pih describes it,) when down the narrow street in which the poet's mother plied her vocation, there came a gay procession of mounted servants with a led horse, richly caparisoned, in the centre. The one who rode before held on his pommel a velvet cushion, and upon it lay the cap of a noble, with its gold ball shining in the sun. Out flew the neighbours as the clattering hoofs came on, and roused by the cries and the barking of dogs, forth came the mother of Le-pih, followed by the poet himself, but leading his horse by the bridle, for he had just thrown on his panniers, and was bound out of the city to cut his bundle of rushes. The poet gazed on the pageant with the amused curiosity of others, wondering what it could mean, abroad at so early an hour; but, holding back his sorry beast to let the prancing horsemen have all the room they required, he was startled by a reverential salute from the bearer of the velvet cushion, who, drawing up his followers in front of the poet's house, dismounted and requested to speak with him in private.

Tying his horse to the door-post, Le-pih led

the way into the small room, where sat his mother braiding her mats to a cheerful song of her son's making, and here the messenger informed the bard, with much circumstance and ceremony, that in consequence of the pressing suit of Kwonfootse, the emperor had been pleased to grant to the gifted Le-pih, the rank expressed by the cap borne upon the velvet cushion, and that, as a noble of the Celestial Empire, he was now a match for the incomparable Taya. Furthermore the condescending Kwonfootse had secretly arranged the ceremonial for the bridal, and Le-pih was commanded to mount the led horse and come up with his cap and gold ball to be made forthwith supremely happy.

An indefinable expression stole over the features of the poet as he took up the cap, and placing it on his head, stood gaily before his mother. The old dame looked at him a moment, and the tears started to her eyes. Instantly Le-pih plucked it off and flung it on the waste heap at her side, throwing himself on his knees before her in the same breath, and begging her forgiveness for his silly jest.

"Take back your bauble to Kwonfootse!" he said, rising proudly to his feet, "and tell him that the emperor, to whom I know how to excuse myself, can easily make a poet into a noble, but he cannot make a noble into a poet. The male bird does not borrow its brighter plumage from its mate, and she who marries Le-pih will braid rushes for his mother!"

Astonished, indeed, were the neighbours, who had learned the errand of the messenger from his attendants without, to see the crest-fallen man come forth again with his cap and cushion. Astonished much more were they, ere the gay cavalcade were well out of sight, to see Le-pih appear with his merry countenance and plebeian cap, and, mounting his old horse, trot briskly away, sickle in hand, to the marshes. The day passed in wondering and gossip, interrupted by the entrance of one person to the house while the old dame was gone with her mats to the market, but she returned duly before sunset, and went in as usual to prepare supper for her son.

The last beams of day were on the tops of the pagodas when Le-pih returned, walking beside his heavy-laden beast, and singing a merry song. He threw off his rushes at the door and entered, but his : was abruptly checked, for a female sat on a low seat by his mother, stooping over a half-braided mat, and the next moment, the blushing Taya lifted up her brimming eyes and gazed at him with si-

lent but pleading love. Now, at last, the proud merriment and self-respecting confidence of Le-pih were overcome. His eyes grew flushed and his lips trembled without utterance. With both his hands pressed on his beating heart, he stood gazing on the lovely Taya.

"Ah!" cried the old dame, who sat with folded hands and smiling face, looking on at a scene she did not quite understand, though it gave her pleasure, "Ah! this is a wife for my boy sent from heaven! No haughty mandarin's daughter she! no proud minx, to fall in love with the son and despise the mother! Let them keep their smart caps and gift-horses for those who can be bought at such prices! My son is a noble by the gift of his Maker—better than an emperor's gold ball! Come to your supper, Le-pih! Come, my sweet daughter!"

Taya placed her finger on her lip, and Le-pih agreed that the moment was not yet come to enlighten his mother as to the quality of her guest. She was not long in ignorance, however, for before they could seat themselves at table, there was a loud knocking at the door, and before the old dame could bless herself, an officer entered and arrested the daughter of Kwonfootse by name, and Le-pih and his mother at the same time, and there was no dismissing the messenger now. Off they marched, amid the silent consternation and pity of the neighbours—not toward the palace of justice, however, but to the palace of the emperor, where his majesty, to save all chances of mistake, chose to see the poet wedded, and sit himself, at the bridal feast. Tang had a romantic heart, fat and voluptuous as he was, and the end of his favour to Le-pih and Taya was the end of his life.



FRIENDSHIP.

He who feels a true friendship for another, must, at the same time, love the object of his regard; but it does not therefore follow that he who loves, is a real friend. Hence, friendship is productive of good, but love does frequently produce very opposite effects. It is especially to the weaker sex, a matter of paramount importance to be able to discriminate between that pure, genuine, disinterested friendship, which is indigenous only in upright, honourable minds, and of which the object is to promote their welfare and happiness, and that detestable passion, that selfish love, which would sacrifice that happiness to promote its own ends—its own selfish gratifications.—*Seneca.*

THE UNIVERSE.

It has been shown that Light will take 5 years to travel from the nearest star to our earth; and that Sirius is probably the nearest and the largest of the whole host. Wellston calculates that this star is 14 times larger than our sun.

Stars are divided into different magnitudes, from 1 to 7 for the naked eye. Those of the 1st magnitude are 15 or 20; in the 2d, 50 or 60—these are such as the stars in the Great Bear. Proceeding higher, the numbers become enormous. The number visible to the naked eye is about 20,000. Telescopes discover myriads; and divide them into 16 magnitudes. The Milky Way consists of stars of the 10th magnitude. Thus must the power of a telescope be surprizing when showing stars 6 or 7 times smaller than the *Vix Lactæ*.

Some stars are *periodic*, in magnitude and brightness. First appearing as of the second magnitude, and then declining till equal to those of the seventh, and then regaining their original condition. Other stars disappear; and vice versa.

A theory has been offered on this point, which considers the effects to result from spots on the star—as they are found on the orb of our sun—and that when they are opposite to an observer, the star is dimmed or disappears, whilst the bright side, being turned to us, restores the first superior brilliancy. This is not tenable, as the solar spots are always changing so much, that they could not be taken to explain the regular period of the periodic stars.

There have been "temporary stars." In one case, a star rose, and in half an hour shed a brightness rivaling that of Venus. After a few months, it disappeared, and, like many other stars, was lost in the firmament.

"These are mysterious facts, and prove something going on in the Universe, of which man has no knowledge." One theory of those lost stars, is, that they are periodic, with an interval of thousands of years.

The last point to be mentioned, is the relative motion between our system and the stars. We appear as if approaching a given point, and the nearing stars seem to separate and enlarge, whilst those we are leaving appear to shrink in size and brightness.—*Dr. Lardner's Lectures.*

British & American Steam Navigation.

In applying the Steam Engine to sea transport, there is a difference in its general employment, which is of importance to be considered

especially when making voyages of considerable length.

The water in such a boiler must be supplied from the sea. This contains common salt and other matters; but the former in the greatest abundance. "This puts the boiler in a different situation to those on rivers or inland transport." Though water is held in solution as steam, salt is not; and, therefore, evaporation is not the only process going on in the marine boiler. Decomposition is also exerted. In proportion to the steam carried off to supply the engine, will it leave the salt with which it was combined. "Thus the water gets saltier and saltier till it gets to the state which chemists call saturation," and, at length, the boiler would become filled with salt. But, before this could take place, other facts would be brought into play. Under ordinary circumstances, the boiler plates are preserved from being burnt and destroyed, by the water on the inner side receiving the heat so readily. But, as the salt and earthly matters first spoken of soon form a crust at the bottom of the boiler which, being a non-conductor, obstructs the passage of the heat, and the iron is speedily burnt into holes. Through these, water and steam freely escape, and the engine is destroyed.

Of course means were adopted from the beginning, for preventing this state of things.—The first plan was that of "blowing out," as it was termed. This was only passing a pipe to the lower part of the boiler, where the heavier salt rests, and pumping a stream of water through it—over the salt, which is dissolved; and out again into the sea. Two objections are raised against this mode; 1st, it depends on the discretion of the engineer; and 2d its robbing the boiler of so much heat.

To obviate these, another plan has been proposed; and tried successfully in the engines of the "Great Western."

It consists of two pumps acting in the boiler, one to give a regular supply of sea water, the other to discharge the briny water, already in the boiler, into the sea; and their action so calculated that whilst both are acting, the water is kept at the same level in the boiler.—The supplying pump is the larger one, having to feed water for the steam, and the remainder as discharged by the smaller one. This is readily determined by measuring the quantity of steam delivered to the piston in a certain number of strokes.

A beautiful process is made in this invention to economise heat: it is the hot *discharging* pipe, running through the cold *supplying*

pipe, and thus the heat of which the boiler is robbed by the pumping in.

This elegant arrangement has proved very successful; but the idea is not new. Count Rumford and others have applied the same principle in ventilating apartments. In our anxiety to secure the *warmth* of our rooms, we too often forget the great necessity for preserving the *purity* of the atmosphere which they contain. Air is decomposed by breathing and burning; as well as being charged with many impurities. A constant change of *used* air for that which is fresh, must be obviously necessary for the preservation of health. But to prevent the inconvenience of discharging heated air from an apartment and receiving cold air from without, he caused the *discharging* pipe to be enclosed in the *receiving* pipe; and thus the fresh air was admitted nearly as warm as that in the apartment.

There is an interesting question relative to marine engines, but which is but little attended to, it is how to regulate steam voyages to a certain length. We should say, in ordinary language, that if a steam vessel made her passage to Gibraltar, or to Malta, or Alexandria, in certain circumstances of speed—why not, in proportion, across the Atlantic or any other ocean?

Several points require consideration, 1st, space required for tonnage, 2d, for the boiler and engine, and 3d, for fuel. A vessel is limited by the nature of materials to a certain size; and it is clear that the longer the voyage, the greater must be the space required for engine and fuel. Thus vessels going the longest voyages have always the weakest power. In a short voyage, as from Boston to here, we may put in powerful machinery, because fuel can be obtained in fresh supply at any point.

At the commencement of Atlantic Steam Navigation, it was calculated that each vessel would require two tons of coal for each horse power of the engine. The rate for the "Great Western" is three tons for each horse power. The great effect of these engines is illusive; it depends upon the expansive principle. As it has just been said, we are obliged, in long voyages, to put in weakest power, and that too in a case requiring the greatest power possible.—Hence ocean steamers do not exhibit as much speed as vessels in the coasting trade, as from Liverpool to Dublin.

Dr. L. then adverted to his being employed by the British Government in 1836, on the enquiry of Marine Steam Navigation. He found by examining all the logs, with much care,

that the average speed of steamers going to Malta, &c., was 7½ miles per hour. Steamers going shorter trips might go ten knots an hour. "Some here may say, 'Oh we have heard of British steamers going twelve knots an hour. So have I, but I never met with these vessels.' It is the delusion of believing what we wish to be true. A single trip, with peculiar advantage of wind and tide might be made to this amount; but the general rate is about ten miles an hour.

The Doctor said he did not know the exact rate of the Atlantic steamers, but it is easily calculated—from the distance divided by the time. It is about eight miles an hour. The "Great Western" makes it in eight and a quarter.

Dr. L. spoke of meetings held in Liverpool on this question, at one of which a gentleman declared that American Steam engines had a speed of 16 or 18 miles an hour. He did not state that they were river boats; and much dissent was freely expressed, and at which he took umbrage. He was a distinguished professor, well known in this neighbourhood.—The doctor added, that "I was accused of fraudfulness to the stranger. But this is impossible; and more especially to a foreign professor, and in my own country."

The "Mississippi" has engines modeled very like those of English vessels. She has a pair of vertical cylinders. There is some difference in her boilers; and, instead of slide valves, she has balance valves.

The "Missouri," is as you know, being constructed in New York. Here a diagram of her engines was shown. The cylinder is sloped, and the connecting rod lays hold of the piston rod directly. The cylinder being long admits of the expansive principle. The sloping position is a great advantage in not disturbing her cross timbers; whilst the English engines require them to be divided. It has been proposed to dispense with the chimney by using a blowing apparatus. We have seen that the chimney is used principally to increase the draught of air through the furnace; and that effected by the blower and forced into the sea leaving a steamer quite like a sailing vessel.—Nothing of machinery shown, nor smoke, and no rolling or pitching in a rough sea could affect its action.—*Dr. Lardner's Lectures.*

There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a restless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—*Johnson.*

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

WHEN Jacob was returning from the holy place where God had once revealed himself, when he, in his youth, saw the heavens open, his heart was full of gladness; for Jehovah had just established anew with him a covenant of friendship.

But soon he was smitten by deep sorrow.—Rachel, the beloved of his youth, died in giving birth to her second son; and when her soul was departing, and she saw that she must die, she kissed the child, and with her last breath named him Benoni, the child of sorrow.

And when she appeared before the Eternal she wept, and said, "Grant me, O Father, the first petition which I ask at thy throne! Let me sometimes see mine own beloved ones from whom thou hast separated me, that I may stand by them in their sufferings, and dry their tears."

"Three times shall thy prayer be granted," said the Almighty, "to revisit thy children upon earth, but thou canst not alleviate their troubles."

When she came down to earth for the first time, she found the aged Jacob sorrowing bitterly for both her sons. Joseph's bloody garment lay near him. "My gray hairs," cried he, "will be brought down with sorrow to the grave, for now also Benoni is taken away from me."

Sighing, she reascended to heaven, when, after awhile the blessed spirits of her husband and sons rejoined her, and told how beautifully all their sorrow had been turned into joy.

She came the second time to visit her tomb. She saw her posterity driven into exile as herds of cattle are driven. She found everything desolate; even her grave had not been spared.—She lingered a long time by that solitary tomb, and the air was filled with the sighing of an invisible spirit.

She went down to earth the third time.—Bethlehem was flowing with the blood of innocent children. Their mothers wept because they were not, and Rachel at her grave wept also. Long was heard from that tomb a voice of wailing—"they are no more—they are no more."

And when she returned, the All-merciful said, "Rest now, my daughter, and disquiet thy heart no more with the sorrows of thy children. The path of mortals leads early into a valley where only complaints resound; but soon there is a turn in the valley, and behold

the dirge is changed into a song of praise.—Trust thy children with me; they are my children also; thy heart was not made to bear and to soften the woes of the earth-born."

Henceforth the spirit of the beautiful Rachel remained content in Paradise. She inquired of the newly-arrived concerning the destiny which they had fulfilled upon earth; but she never revisited this world; and the sighing of her motherly heart was no more heard upon her tomb. The sepulchre is silent, and Rachel rejoices with her children in eternal rest.



PREFATORY LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

MAIDEN, on thine album's page

Yet hath fallen no darkling stain,
Type of thine own guileless age—

May that guileless age remain!
Little know'st thou yet of woe.
Little may'st thou ever know!
And from evils which are rife
In the onward path of life,
Ever may thy bosom be,
Like this album, pure and free!

Yet I mark, though pure the leaves,
Each a different tint receives:—
So to thee in after years,
Must arrive, what comes to all,
On this changeful earthly ball,
Hours of joy, and hours of tears—
Hours of hopes, and hours of fears—
Hours that vary as they pass,
Like the hues in prism-glass.

Such is life;—and though 'tis vain
To hope for joy unmixed with pain,
Though we know each coming day
Cannot all be clear and gay—
Maiden, may the Future be
Largely bright and blest to thee!



FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE appearance of Quebec, as you approach Cape Diamond, is, in the highest degree, imposing. You behold a city built upon a precipice, surrounded by a huge wall of stone, with cannon frowning upon you on all sides from its lofty embrasures. At its base, upon a narrow margin of the river, is the Lower Town above which rise the castellated battlements of the cliff, with their round towers, ditches and gates, like some wild and stupendous creation

of romance. The churches, and other principal edifices, with their sharp, tinned roofs, glittering in the sun, so constructed as to prevent the snow from accumulating upon them, give an additional effect to the appearance of this most extraordinary place.

The upper city is entirely surrounded by a lofty wall of hewn stone; and it has five gates, opening in different directions to the country, the suburbs and the Lower Town. Two are in the rampart toward the south-west—Saint John's and Saint Louis' gate, protected by outworks of great strength. Through the latter gate is the road leading to the plains of Abraham. This road is kept in good repair: and directly on its left is one of the four Martello towers, erected at different distances between the Saint Lawrence and the Saint Charles.—Cannon are mounted on the summit of these towers, to sweep the undefended plains below; and they are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can easily be laid in ruins by the shot of the garrison, while on the opposite, facing the plain, they are of immense thickness. Prescott gate is the principal thoroughfare to the Lower Town. The ascent, up to the hill leading to the gate, appears almost perpendicular. The citadel, with the works about it, occupies nearly forty acres of ground. The fortifications consist of bastions, connected by lofty curtains of masonry, and ramparts of from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, and about the same in thickness, bristling with heavy cannon, round towers, loopholed walls, and massive gates, recurring at certain distances in the circumference. The extent of the ramparts toward the land side, from the south-west angle of the citadel to the cliff above the river Saint Charles is stated to be eighteen hundred and thirty-seven yards. Within the rampart is the esplanade, which is a level space covered with grass, where the several guards on duty at the citadel are mounted.

One of the principal buildings in Quebec, and the most conspicuous, is the Parliament House. It is of cut stone, and has a handsome *facade*, surrounded by a dome and spire, covered with tin. From the dome there is an extensive view of the picturesque scenery around.—There are three grand divisions of barracks in Quebec, the principal of which is called the Jesuits' barracks. It is a capacious, quadrangular edifice, with an enclosed area, which is appropriated for the parade and exercise of the troops. Every evening, at nine o'clock a bugle is sounded in front of these barracks, and afterwards, the sound of the drum and five announ-

ces that the roll is called, and that every soldier must be at his post.

The heights of Abraham are much resorted to, by tourists. The spot where Wolfe died is marked by a monument, lately erected. It is a simple half-column, only nine feet in height, and executed in Montreal marble, shaped from a single block. It bears this simple and sublime inscription—"Here died Wolfe, victorious!" The attack of Wolfe upon Quebec, his death, with that of the French general, Montcalm, have long since been one of the most exciting and interesting chapters in history. The attractive traits of Wolfe's character, his literary predilections, and his numerous accomplishments, gave an unusual interest to the circumstances of his death. In the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, there is a marble slab, lately placed there by Lord Aylmer, with this inscription in French—"Honour to Montcalm! Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him by a glorious death!" The spot where Montgomery fell, in his disastrous attack upon the citadel, is still shown. The heights of Abraham command a noble view of the Saint Lawrence, with its glassy surface below—the opposite bank of the river, dotted with villas—Point Levi, with its trees and its green lawns—the Isle of Orleans—the distant falls of Montmorency—the intervening fields and farms—the background of mountains—the meandering of the river Saint Charles—and directly in front, Quebec, with its battlements and its glittering steeples and roofs—all present a scene, not to be surpassed.

Quebec, is said to have derived its name from Jacques Cartier, who, with some Normans, at his first discovery, on perceiving a lofty cape, from the end of the island of Orleans, exclaimed, "*quel bec!*" (what a promontory!) and in course of time, the name of Quebec has remained to it.

The falls of Montmorency, about an hour's ride from Quebec, are much visited. The village of Beaufort, through which you pass on your way to the falls, consists of a long street, with log huts and plastered houses on each side, a church, one or two chapels and a monastery. The falls are higher, by seventy feet, than Niagara; but they are much narrower, and the volume of water that sweeps over them is, of course inferior. Near the foot of the falls, the whole foam of the descent seems to meet like drifting snow, and forming two immense revolving wheels, to be scattered thence into spray, or sent, lashed into froth, over the bed of the torrent.

Answer to Questions in the April No.

1st. From each end of the given line, and on the same side of it, draw lines making with it angles $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, being half the equal angles of the required triangle; bisect each of these lines and let the bisecting lines cut the given line; it will then be divided into three parts, the middle part of which will be the base of the required triangle, and the two outer segments the two equal sides.

2nd. By an algebraical solution we find that the base of an isoscele right angled triangle, is equal the square root of twice the square of the perimeter, minus the perimeter, therefore if the perimeter be 12 the base will be the square root of 283, minus 12, equal 4 97056, and the two sides 3-51472 respectively.

Long Crack, April.

P. S—w.

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To M. N. W.

SIR,—When you say that you are not aware of having used “false reasoning” and “erroneous principles,” as you misquote the latter passage, you say in effect, that my statements are ungrounded, and consequently, unmanly and unjust. To a person who, rather than yield to truth, strains every nerve to make truth yield to him—who shuts every passport to his intellect against reason, or who wilfully brings false charges against another, silence, when its hushed eloquence cannot be attributed to a wrong cause, is decidedly the most noble reply. As your statements, however, from your age and inexperience in scientific inquiries, may probably be sincere though inaccurate, I shall now refer you to some of your own contradictions, which may suffice to convince you that your arguments are illogical and your opinions unphilosophical. In the first piece which bears your signature in the Amaranth you say, “the effects of heat are reciprocally proportional to the square of its distance from the centre whence it is propagated.” In the next you say, “my solution was founded on the simple notion that heat emanates from the surface of the sun. Your correspondent supposes heat to proceed only from the sun’s centre: this, I think, will account for the difference of the results.” And in the last you say, “I had no idea that I was guilty of using ‘erroneous principles’ and ‘false reasoning,’ by giving a simple arithmetical solution. I am not aware that I employed any principle but that used by yourself, nor any reasoning at all. If I had squared the number of semi-diameters instead of the number of diameters, as given in the question,

I should have found the same answer as you.” Now you surely cannot avoid seeing the wonderful harmonization that pervades this chaos of confusions. At one time the heat emanates from the centre, at another from the surface; at one time the principles or notions are the same, at another they are different; at one time you have two distances, at another only one; at one time you think, at another you do not think at all; at one time you are a rational agent, at another a mere arithmetical machine.* These are your own assertions without any exaggeration: your language cannot be misconstrued. To suppose a centre in the surface of a sphere; the surface at a distance from itself; a ratio without two homogeneous terms; a proportion without equal ratios; or a person thinking without reasoning at all, is manifestly absurd. No wonder you had no idea when you did not reason at all: no wonder you should have found the same answer as I, had you performed the same operation. In Simple Proportion, when one term is in half yards, and another in whole yards, whether do you reduce them to the same denomination or use them as given in the question? The latter, it would appear, as it is not unlike the doctrine which you so strenuously advocate. The truth is, to be plain with you, that in evading my objections to your theories, you have involved yourself into a labyrinth of inconsistencies, from which you cannot possibly extricate yourself. That others obtained the same result as you, is no argument in its favour, if it can be demonstrated to be wrong; and, I challenge any mathematician to confute the demonstration I have already given. Some who stand pre-eminent in the literary world have committed remarkable mistakes. Ferguson, in calculating the common centre of gravity of the earth and moon, neglects the quantity of matter in the latter altogether; Hutton confounds the elastic curve with the catenary; and Bonycastle classes an axiom with the postulates. Joyce says that a horse drawing a load is as much drawn back by the load as he draws it forward! Young that a vessel sailing at any

* Pascal appears to have been the first who brought a machine of this kind to any perfection. Napier’s rods are ingenious but very limited in their application. Babbage’s engine is wonderful; it involves and evolves numbers; resolves algebraic equations; integrates equations of finite differences; and computes astronomical and other tables with unerring accuracy, and at the rate of 44 figures per minute. A person who can perform calculations without reasoning may be justly compared to this curious automaton.

rate may continually approach the pole without a possibility of ever arriving at it! And many writers on optics, that children see objects in an inverted position, until they rectify the illusion by handling them! These writers, however ridiculous their opinions may appear, differ from you in reasoning with some plausibility. The first is supposed to follow from the equality of action and reaction; the second from its being rigorously true in theory; and the last from the fact that the image of an object is inverted on the retina, or wherever it has its seat in the eye. Suppose a body situated at the distance of *one diameter* of the sun from the sun, then since the earth is at the distance of 106 of these diameters, and heat diminishes as the square of the distance increases, it must be 11,236 times as hot at *this body* as it is at the earth. But you suppose it to be just that number of times as hot at the sun as it is at the earth; therefore, it is as hot at a body placed upwards of 860,000 miles from the sun as it is at the sun, though heat varies as the square of the distance! This ingenious application of indirect reasoning to prove the utter absurdity of your hypothesis, was suggested by the person to whom I alluded on a former occasion. Now divest yourself of prejudice, and take a candid and impartial view of your own conduct and of mine. You committed an error which you can have no real interest in upholding; I corrected it, and thence you received no injury; you asserted without proof that the result I obtained depended upon one supposition, while your's depended upon another; I proved the assertion to be false, by showing the result to be the same on either supposition; you then insinuated that I brought false charges against you, and I now spurn the ignoble charge with proud contempt. I do not believe that you incurred blame by giving a wrong solution, on the contrary, I think you deserve praise, not only for the questions you solved accurately, but for attempting that in which you failed. Your youth must shelter you from censure for your other mistakes, but should not shelter the mistakes themselves. The charity which permits error to stalk abroad undetected, whether in a moral or scientific point of view—whether from a school-boy or a boy of forty, is spurious, and in my opinion, unworthy of the name. I wish you to understand perfectly, that I make a complete distinction between *yourself* and your opinions; with yourself I have nothing to do, you may believe or not believe what I say, just as you please. With regard to your opinions the case is different, when you give them in a

periodical which I purchase they become *my property*. I shall examine their quantity, quality, and ingredients; I shall weigh, measure, and analyze them, and publish my views when I think proper, and you are at liberty to do the same with mine. It has been hinted to me that some person backs you in this controversy. I hope he will accept this challenge, and if he can show that I am wrong, I shall *apologize to you*, and thank him; as I scorn an act of injustice, despise the pride that will not acknowledge, and pity the ignorance that cannot be enlightened.

I am yours, sincerely,

St. John, April.

R. MATTHEWSON.



The Lady alluded to, in the letter of J. T., has too much good sense to notice the satire referred to,—and we are quite sure that the author had no intention of wounding her feelings—the great popularity attached to her writings are proof against all anonymous attacks; we can also say, that the author of the address “to Clara,” had not the most distant idea of giving offence.

“The Maid of St. Vincent,”—a Tale by J. M., came to hand too late for insertion in our present number.

Henricus' Sonnet to his “Lady Love,” would answer very well if sent to the lady, but it cannot appear in print.

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