

## THE MICMAC'S BRIDE;

A TALE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.  
From Fraser's Magazine, published in 1850.

## PART I.—Continued.

Children have often wandered beyond the clearings, as poor Annie did; and, while engaged in gathering flowers and berries, suddenly discovered that the terrible wilderness had seized upon them, and that they could not go back. Only a few years since two such unfortunates were discovered lying dead under a sheet of snow, with their arms encircling one another. The boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it round his little sister; but the cold was very severe, so they perished.

These examples will help to suggest to the reader the anguish of the parents of the missing girl. We will not dwell upon the father's grief.

He had been an erect, vigorous man before that period, but in one night he seemed to grow decrepit and feeble. His hands shook, and his voice was a shrill treble when he spoke, but that was seldom now. Moreover, the next Sabbath-day the villagers remarked that the national flag no longer appeared over the roof of the good squire.

A fortnight elapsed, a month; still nothing favorable transpired, though the search was continued and the surrounding woods traversed in every part by the whites and Indians. At length, after a winter had intervened, one of the latter brought in with him from hunting a wattle-basket, bleached by the weather, which he found some miles beyond the valley, and which was identified as the same the child had carried with her to the raspberry thicket on the day she was lost. This was preserved as a sacred memorial of one they had so loved: well might they treasure it, for it was the last trace discovered for many a year of little Annie Dacre.

## PART II.

It was a gentle, wooded slope, on the northeastern coast of New Brunswick. An open space broke the dense forest-ventures which mantled the whole land with undulating plumes; and in this isolated patch of clearing was placed a cluster of wigwams, formed of birch-bark, their white cones half hidden in an undergrowth of young cedars and willows; and giving forth, many of them, a thin stream of smoke that lingered in its ascent through the trees of the surrounding groves.

On one side, like a boundless prairie, spread the Gulf of St. Lawrence, unbroken by an island or a wave until it blended with the blue sky that curved serenely over it, in a translucent dome.

The leaves of the ash and maple were beginning to assume their autumnal hues, though as yet this was the only indication of a change in the season; and so fantastic did their scarlet and yellow leaves appear amidst the green foliage, that they seemed to have been stained artificially with those bright colors.

An Indian song said that the Great Spirit painted them in the night for a sign; and that when the tribes looked upon them they heard his voice, saying, "Make ready for the hunt my children. The leaves are done growing, the frost-season is at hand. Make ready the shank moccasins and snow-shoes, the summer-time is done."

This was an encampment of Richibucto Indians, a branch of the Micmac tribe, whose chief resort was the peninsula of Nova Scotia, or Acadia; and in one of the bark tents, and seated cross-legged on the fir-boughs, were two men conversing in Canadian patois, which was well known to the natives. One was a Frenchman, short, thin-faced, and slouching, in a surtout of blue cloth, a red sash and cap, and fringed leggings of elk-skin; the other an Indian, dressed in a loose buckskin tunic, tall, and somewhat aged, but erect and stately as a red pine, with a grave face and shaven to the crown.

"See!" said the fur-trader, for such the Frenchman was, drawing a bottle from the bosom of his coat and presenting it to his companion, "Ma-dux-kees loves the *poutou-ouitchi* (fire-water). Saccapsee has brought this to him from Quebec, to let him see he is his friend. My brother is a Micmac: the Micmacs are a brave people. Is it not so?"

"The Micmacs are brave," was the calm reply. "My brother is generous to-day. Ma-dux-kees is not a Micmac, and he loves not the strong whiskey of the Awanooch (French). It is the medicine of a fool." "What!" exclaimed the other, with surprise, "does my brother disdain the gift? There is not one of his tribe who would get it for less than a beaver-skin, and I offer it to him for nothing."

"The Pale-face is generous to-day," returned the Indian. "Ma-dux-kees is a Micmetekjek, and drinks water from the brook when he is thirsty: the Great Spirit gives him that also for nothing."

The trader gave a shrug, replaced the bottle in his breast, lit his pipe, and smoked in silence. At length he said,—

"Little Moon is absent from my brother's wigwam, therefore Saccapsee will open his heart to him. He has an idea. He is rich, but he is alone. Now let Ma-dux-kees give him his daughter for a wife, and he will fill his horn with powder many times. He will even make him the wealthiest of people. What more can he say? He has a fancy for the young

squaw."

A shade settled on the Indian's brow, and he folded his arms.

"The son of the Awanooch asked Little Moon herself, and she said No. Why does he come a second time to make a talk about her? Ma-dux-kees does not want for anything, neither can he give away what is not his. Little Moon is the child of a strange father: it is enough!"

The Frenchman muttered a curse between his teeth and rose to depart.

"I see how it is," he observed, in a jeering tone, "the Micmetes let their women talk with white men who are richer than Saccapsee. He can tell that by looking at Little Moon's eyes."

In a moment the Indian was on his feet, his knife out and brandished over the head of the offender; but checking his anger suddenly by a powerful effort of will, the fierceness vanished from his countenance and the weapon was returned to its sheath.

"Go, dog!" he said, with a look of stern contempt; "the Micmetes kill not those who have smoked peace in their wigwams. They trample their poison-words in the ground."

Smarting under this reproof, and enraged at the rejection of his suit, the Canadian betook himself to his own camp, situated on the margin of the sea; and ere he reached it he had sworn to be revenged.

Shortly after this, two females joined the Indian. One of these was his wife, a wrinkled but mild-faced squaw, the daughter of the chief of the band; the other was she who formed the subject of the foregoing altercation.

She was a beautiful girl, in the first flower of womanhood; tall, well-formed, and graceful, with a florid tinge in her cheeks, which were as smooth and mellow as a hazel-nut, but of a richer hue. Below the embroidered lapets of her pointed hood her dark hair descended in waving and silky folds, which were gathered at the ends in a knot of scarlet ribbon, and her eyes were a deep blue.

"My child," said Ma-dux-kees, in his own language, speaking in soft and endearing accents, as the girl seated herself beside him, "beware of Saccapsee. He has been talking to me about you; and when I refused him he spoke bad words. There are black thoughts in his heart; so have a care."

"Did he dare to do so, father?" asked Little Moon, with a heightened color, opening her blue eyes wide upon Ma-dux-kees. "But what does it signify?" she added, laughing gayly. "The poor Awanooch is lonesome, and wants some one to look after his beaver-skins. I bear him no malice, though he is crooked in his ways."

"He shall never show his moccasin in this wigwam again!" exclaimed the elder squaw in a passion. "If he does, I will throw a firebrand at him, the skulking weasel! He is always vexing us about Little Moon."

"Never mind, Sau-pa-loose," observed her spouse, composedly: "let the Pale-face be; only keep your eyes sharp that no danger lurk near the child, for there is deceitfulness in his heart."

The Indian was correct in his surmise. A fortnight afterwards, while on its way to the Bay des Chaleurs, the band was entrapped in an ambushment of Mohawks, who, being secreted in a narrow defile, fell upon the Micmacs so suddenly, that the latter were defeated with great loss, and took to flight, leaving two of their number alive in the hands of their hereditary foe.

One of these was a young warrior of note; the other, the beautiful squaw who passed for the daughter of Ma-dux-kees, the Micmetek; and her captor was no other than Saccapsee, the trader, who had insinuated himself into the good graces of the Mohawks, set them on the watch for the Micmac party, and disguised himself with war paint, to preserve his incognito from his quondam associates, while engaged in his treacherous design.

"Little Moon will not look scornfully now on Saccapsee," said the trader, with a scowl. "She will be glad very soon to draw water and cut sticks for his fire. He will soon tame down the daughter of that old fool, Ma-dux-kees."

The captive trembled. She was bound hand and foot, and in the power of her rejected suitor; none were near her but enemies, and darkness was gathering in the woods; yet she was not as friendless as she seemed. In the still midnight a sharp blade severed the withes that fastened her limbs together, and in an instant she was free. The figure of a man bent over her; he turned with a quick gesture—quick as thought—and she beheld in the star-light the face of the Micmac prisoner. The girl understood his signs, and, stepping noiselessly after him, passed like a shadow across the sleeping warriors and away into the forest.

Where was the sentinel? Lying with the rest, but not asleep, for he was stabbed to the heart and scalped with his own knife by the hand of A-moo-took, (the Clear Day), who had broken his bonds, overpowered the Mohawk, and liberated his fellow-prisoner.

Away through swamps and thickets, and over rivers and hills they fled, that solitary pair. But Little Moon had no fear, for A-moo-took was her friend, and a man of the noblest honor. On the third day they overtook the remnant of the

stricken band, who had regained their canoes and descended to the coasts of the sea, and with them were the parents of Little Moon.

"I have brought the light back to the wigwam of Ma-dux-kees," said the Clear Day; and he departed at once for a distant village of his nation on the isthmus of Acadia.

It was some time before the young maiden recovered from that forced journey, and Sau-pa-loose remarked she laughed less than formerly, and was often buried in thought.

The Micmacs, after coasting through the grand Lagoons of Tracadie and Tabasintac, ascended the Miramichi, and, dividing into small parties, followed separately the numerous branches of that river to select hunting stations for the winter. The family of the Micmetes proceeded alone, and penetrated in their little craft, to the foot of some mountains, where Ma-dux-kees built a snug cabin of pine-logs, and prepared his traps and hunting gear before the falling of the snow.

It was a long and severe winter; so long, indeed, that it seemed as if spring would never return, and that the earth would remain forever hidden under the snow. The moon in which sugar is made from the maple-tree had arrived, but though Ma-dux-kees placed his bark vessels under each trunk, and stuck a little spout into it, in readiness to collect the sap, not a drop would run—it was still frozen up at the roots of the tree. Moreover, the game grew scarce, for the country was infested by ravenous wolves, that had driven the deer from their "yards," upon which the Indians relied for their spring supply.

"By the blessed hunters of Chi-ba-ki," (the land of Spirits) said the Indian, after a two day's fast, "these wolves are as greedy as Maquas; they would eat up everything, and let a Micmetek starve!" And he took his bow and flint-headed arrows, and tramped away again among the hills in search of game.

A day passed—another; still he returned not. The weather was stormy and intensely cold. The winter-camp was buried in snow. A week elapsed—no Ma-dux-kees! They were starving—the two women. They said one to the other, "Surely he has frozen to death. He threw off his skin-coat on the trail of the deer, and night overtook him and the storm, and he perished." This was a frequent calamity, and suggested itself at once in explanation of the hunter's absence.

It was the tenth night since they had tasted food, for their moccasins were unworthy the name; even they were demolished now.

"Hist," said Little Moon, raising her head with difficulty from the blankets on which she lay, and listening intently. "There is a sound of voices, mother—somebody comes."

"Wolves," replied Sau-pa-loose, in a husky whisper; "I hear them tramping on the snow."

She was right, for in another instant a chorus of yells burst forth in the woods around the cabin, and the snow-crust on its roof creaked with the tread of wild animals.

Little Moon gave a shriek. A dozen gaping monsters were peering down at her from the opening in the top, ready to leap within. With a despairing effort she threw some fir-boughs from her couch on the smouldering fire. They crackled and ignited in a strong blaze. The wolves rushed back from the chimney, and stood in a circle gazing at the cloud of lurid smoke that ascended from the cavern. The feeble girl kept up the fire as long as the fuel lasted, but by daylight it was exhausted. The savage pack outside began to howl again, and sniff at the edge of the hole. Little Moon prayed.

Ha! what was that? A shot—another—three—rang in the keen air. The wolves fled in a body. No, not all, for a drop of warm blood fell between the split cedar of the roof on the girl's hand. The light is suddenly obscured, and three men leap into the hut. Little Moon could not speak, but she could see. They were her enemies, the Mohawks, and one was the crafty Saccapsee! He knew her at once, she was certain of it, by the gleam of triumph in his eyes; but she was saved!

The men spoke to the sufferers; neither could answer. They drew back the covering from the face of Sau-pa-loose;—she was dead! The next day they scooped a grave from the floor of the camp with their knives and hands, and buried the poor squaw.

By great care in administering thick broth, made of wolf's flesh and thickened with ground maize, the survivor recovered slowly; yet not as slowly as she seemed, for she concealed her strength, being resolved the first opportunity to take to flight, as she preferred to die upon the snow rather than be the trader's slave; and she could see that he was harboring an evil design against her, though he held his tongue before the others.

One day the trader and an Indian went out to hunt, leaving the third in the lodge; after a little the first returned and took the place of the Mohawk, who joined his companion.

"Now," hissed the villain in his nasal patois, and glaring upon his victim, "the dodging mink is caught like a mouse in a trap. What has she to say that Saccapsee give her not up to be tortured at the

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There will be sold by public auction on the premises, near Weldford Station, Harcourt, County of Kent, pursuant to a license for that purpose granted by the Probate Court for the said county on Saturday the 20th day of September next at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described land and premises: On the north by lands owned by Thomas Ingram, on the south by a reserved street and lands owned by J. Dorothy, on the east by lands owned by said Thomas Ingram and on the west by the highway road or main street running from the Weldford Station to the Beckwith road, containing sixty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, or one-quarter of an acre more or less. Terms—10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale and the balance to be paid on execution and delivery of deed. Harcourt, 18th August, A. D. 1891.

The above sale has been postponed until Wednesday, the 23rd September, at the same place and hour.

B. S. BAILEY,  
Administrator of the estate of George R. Bailey.

## NEW BRUNSWICK, ss.

To the Sheriff of the County of Kent or any Constable within the said County—

Greeting—Whereas Isaac B. Humphrey and Matthew T. Glenn, executors of the last will and testament of Duncan McDonald, late of the Parish of Harcourt, in the said County of Kent, deceased, hath prayed that the heirs and all parties interested in said estate, may appear before me to attend the passing of the final accounts of the said estate.

You are therefore required to cite the said heirs and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at Buctouche within and for the said County on Thursday, the 10th day of September next at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at my office in Buctouche to attend the passing and allowing of said accounts.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the said Court, this eighth day of August, A. D. 1891.

(Signed) HENRY H. JAMES,  
Judge of Probate County of Kent.  
C. RICHARDSON,  
Registrar of Probate for Kent County.  
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