

# THE AMARANTH.

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Written for the Amaranth.

## ARGIMOU.

A LEGEND OF THE MICMAC.\*

BY EUGENE.

"I love the Indian. Ere the white-man came  
And taught him vice, and infamy, and shame,  
His soul was noble. In the sun he saw  
His God, and worshipped him with trembling  
awe;—

Though rude his life, his bosom never beat  
With polished vices, or with dark deceit."

### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER having made the necessary preparations, Colonel Monckton advanced towards Beau Sejour, which he proceeded to invest without delay. In the night, the troops worked hard at an entrenchment, commenced close under the guns of the fort; the remains of which may still be seen on its north-eastern side. This was effected, though the French kept up a continual fire from the ramparts, and the besiegers were not enabled to bring a single cannon to the assault. But important assistance was rendered by a heavy bombardment of the enemy's position, from Fort Lawrence; and to those engaged in the business of that night, it indeed was a stirring sight. The glacis of the fort was lit up with an incessant flash of musquetry and the broader glare of artillery, whose roar reverberated over the wide marshes and among the distant hills. Then again a ghastly blue light would throw its spectral illumination over the whole scene, disclosing for a time the operations of the sappers, and then leaving the stupified vision unable to penetrate the thick mantle of darkness that succeeded. At intervals, a shell could be observed, its lighted fuse traversing the air in elliptical curve, until it fell, with admirable precision and a hissing sound,

into the French redoubt; scattering death and devastation around. Sometimes one of these missiles would explode before it reached its destination, wasting its deadly contents upon the sky; in which it seemed as if a meteor had burst, throwing its red fragments among the stars, whose lesser ray was suddenly obscured by the power of the lurid gleam. The deserted habitations of the Acadians were soon enveloped in flames, and a cry of anguish rose within the fort as the peasantry witnessed the destruction of their beloved homes. But in the meantime their Indian allies were not idle, for in large bodies they hovered continually around the skirts of the foe, like troops of famished wolves; and many a wild shout of triumph, and reeking scalp attested the fearful work of retaliation carried on; though the victims were few, comparatively speaking, yet the terror they inspired was very great, for there seemed to be no certain security from their revenge, they struck so secretly, suddenly and home. For four days the besieged withstood the efforts of the English, when, reduced to a state of misery and ruin by the harassing bombardment, they offered terms of capitulation, which were acceded to; upon which the British troops marched into the fortress, and the French laid down their arms. It will be unnecessary to dwell upon this part of our story, suffice it that twenty pieces of cannon, with quantities of ammunition, were found in the place, which rendered its easy reduction the more extraordinary, for the besiegers had not planted any guns upon their batteries; but the dilapidated state of the buildings proved the extremity to which the garrison had been brought previous to their surrender.

The victors slept soundly that night within the captured fort, except those whose wounds denied them the blessings of repose. When the first streak of grey light appeared in the east, and the lingering ray of one pale star alone

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