

THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1842.

{ No. 2.

Written for the Amaranth.

THE UNKNOWN.

BY EUGENE.

A fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws
A dark shade alike o'er our joys and our
woes;
Such life nothing darker nor brighter can
bring,
Which joy hath no balm, and affliction no
stung."
MOORE.

"It was about the year 1815," said Frank,
heaping a few sticks upon the fire, and
putting his frozen snow-shoes where the heat
would dissolve the particles that adhered to
the frames, "during an unusually warm spell,
three of us, while on a hunting excursion
westward, were drawn many miles out
of our usual track, in running down a wound-

After a long harrassing chase, just as we
were about giving up the hunt in despair, the
tail—a fine buck—was observed approach-
ing the precipitous bank of a stream, whose al-
most perpendicular sides approximated within
a few yards, shadowing the water which rush-
ed beneath with great rapidity, mingled with
ice as it was cut into numberless channels
by large fragments of rock that appeared ori-
ginally to have fallen from the cliff above.

"I think I see him now, gathering up his
strength for a final effort, which, if suc-
cessful, will place him beyond the reach of his
pursuers; the blood streaming from his torn
sides, which smoked from the unusual exertion
of escape, and antlers thrown back, as if in
defiance of his enemies. One moment he stood,
hesitantly undecided, the next beheld him in
the act of springing from the brink of the
cliff, when the sharp report of a rifle rang
through the forest, and the noble creature
was hurled into air; but paralyzed by the shot,
his muscular power was insufficient to effect

its purpose, for ere half the space was cleared,
down he dashed into the boiling abyss, striking
the projecting angles of the rocks in his descent,
and crashing through bush and branch, until
he fell with every bone broken upon the stony
bed of the rivulet, pouring the warm blood
from a hundred wounds in the mutilated car-
cass.

"A hearty cheer echoed among the aisles of
the woods, proclaiming the death, and well we
might, poor devils! for we could scarcely drag
one leg after another, and, what was worse
than all—a truth which had not struck us be-
fore, during the excitement of the chase—we
had not the most distant idea of our where-
abouts, being utterly ignorant of the direction
in which the Fort lay, having neglected taking
an Indian guide with us, of whose sagacity we
might have availed ourselves in the present di-
lemma; and even then, the impossibility of re-
turning that night in our tired condition was
sufficiently evident—so that, after gazing into
each other's faces, in which the thoughts of
our helpless situation had produced an half-se-
rious, half-comic expression, and discussing
several plans for the retrieval of our error,
in which, if I recollect aright, upon one point
alone we were unanimous, namely, the demand
upon our attention, which more immediate ne-
cessities required, and the conclusion that, as
the day was far advanced, all schemes for ex-
tricating ourselves should be thrown aside un-
til the next morning; we cut up the flesh of
the deer, allotting to each a proportionate bur-
then, and ascended the bank of the stream,
with the intention of discovering some conven-
ient place to select for our bivouac.

"After proceeding for some time, we found
the underwood so thick and impervious, that
our progress was very much retarded, and we
were continually entangling ourselves in the
interlacing branches, or stumbling over the
mouldering trunks of dead trees, which seem-