

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