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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 IX.

THE morning was cold and dreary upon which three persons left the works of Fort Cumberland, and took the path leading down into the meadows without attracting observation, as there were few, if any, loiterers at that early hour, and every object was enveloped in a cheerless fog, which soon covered the garments of the travellers in a frost-like condensation. As they brushed the branches of the low firs in passing, a thousand drops were rained upon their heads; which, with the moisture exhaled by the long grass through which they wended their way, rendered the situation of the most any thing but comfortable. Crossing the Lac by the dyke, they pushed boldly out into the broad marsh—the visual extent of which was at present confined to a very limited circle—and, to increase the discouraging nature of the prospect, a cold, raw wind rushed east from the bay, whistling through the bending grass and driving the thick mist against the faces and clothes with much violence, half freezing the one, and wholly saturating the other.

These persons, who might have been taken for Indian hunters from their garb and equipment were Argimou, Edward, and his servant, Dennis. The chief led the way with his gun

thrown into the hollow of his arm to keep the lock dry, and bow suspended at his back, which bore the additional burthen of a pack—with which, indeed the others were also furnished—and at his girdle hung the long knife and keen edged tomahawk. After him came Edward and his man, similarly clothed and armed, except that they wore skull caps of seal skin upon their heads, such as the Acadians sometimes used, and substituted as a covering for the feet, the stout-soled shoes of the Europeans for the light, flexible mocassins of the forester. Edward followed the rapid footsteps of the guide in silence and deep thought, which tended to sadden the joyful alacrity with which he had left his couch to commence his important journey. The picture of the poor old father of whom he had taken leave before his departure was continually before his eyes, and his mind was tinged with gloomy shadows and mournful forebodings, which the spectacle of the bereaved parent had awakened. How touching was the picture of that venerable soldier; broken down by suffering and anguish, when with countenance furrowed by grief and tremulous with emotion, he solemnly asked God to grant his assistance and blessing to those about to undertake the restoration of his beloved child.

Dennis Sherron brought up the rear in a very cranky humour, which was occasioned, no doubt, by the ungenial state of the elements; sufficient to make, as he said, "a philosopher, or even holy St. Patrick himself swear."—Thinking that a sufficient excuse for venting the strength of his feelings in sundry wrathful ebullitions, which, being addressed to himself, were incapable of giving offence to any body else, he commenced first by cursing his material and immaterial composition, from which not deriving altogether that satisfaction which was desired, he changed the recipient, and cursed the country, which was found much more palatable.

* Continued from page 177.