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The White Spectre of the Weepemaw.

THE rate at which we shot along, soon brought us to the head of the Beaver Pond, and, as we had previously anticipated, it terminated at the foot of the lofty, well-wooded hill, already mentioned. There we found that its waters were supplied by a noisy stream, which came dashing and tumbling down the mountain side, in a succession of small cascades, until near the bottom, when, with one leap, it sprung over a ledge of rocks into a dark and boiling pool. Whirling round in the vortex, it rushed out, to be checked in its impetuous career, and be mingled with the sluggish waters of the lily-covered pond. Here we paused; and Tomah pointed out numbers of large eels lying at the tail of the current, just in the edge of the weeds; forthwith I commenced an attack upon them with the Indian spear, and found that I could pick them up quite readily. My success pleased Tomah so much, that he relaxed from the strict silence he had preserved after the affair of the black ducks, and related an adventure which had befallen him during his youthful days, in one of the small harbours of the Bay of Chaleur. He was engaged, on a dark night, in spearing the large conger eel, by the light of a flaming birch-torch, placed, as usual, in the prow of the canoe, and was pursuing his sport very intently across a shallow flat, when he was beset by a host of wild geese, which fre-

quent the Bay, at certain seasons, in immense flocks. They were attracted by the bright glare of the torch, and approaching the canoe in a dense black mass, croaking most vehemently, rushed at the light, which they soon flapped out with their wings. He had great difficulty in preserving his equilibrium in the canoe, and, for a few moments, was nearly overpowered; but, seizing a paddle, and laying lustily about him, he despatched a goodly number, while putting the rest to flight; and on reaching the shore, had the satisfaction of finding that he had secured a full freight of wild geese instead of eels.

Having enough of eel-spearing, Tomah next proposed that we should follow up the rocky stream, and, if possible, ascertain from whence it took its rise. Drawing up the canoe, therefore, and taking our guns, we proceeded to climb the hill by the side of the stream, and, following its course round the shoulder of the mountain, through an elevated pass, we discovered that it issued from a small lake, which lay in a deep basin, formed by the surrounding hills, and nestling, as it were, among them;—the glassy smoothness of its surface undisturbed by a single ripple. The margin of this mountain tarn was lined with a great profusion of the Labrador tea-plant—a dwarf shrub, with small bright green leaves, which are frequently used by the Indians as a substitute for tea. The young and tender leaves are boiled, and the decoction possesses a very agreeable flavour, somewhat aromatic: to the tired traveller it is exceedingly pleasant and refreshing,