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## INDIAN ADDRESS TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY H. J. K.

Flow on, thou foaming river,  
In pride and freedom flow;  
Thy race has been for ever,  
Twice to all times be so;  
Thy summer sun nor wastes thee,  
Noise hushed a thy course,  
The cascades only hastes thee  
From thy deep hidden source.

Thy red man's sons and daughters  
Here bending o'er the floods,  
Adore the God of waters;  
Within these hills and woods;  
Cast in thy waves that wander  
Whate'er they valued most,  
And offered to the fond  
Gifts for their father's ghost.

Thy thunder broke thy slumbers  
Above thy eddies trees;  
Thy lightning, fearful munnars,  
Of tempest or of breeze;  
Thy bay of foxes prowling,  
The blue war-who's screams,  
Thy hungry gunt wolf howling,  
O'er thy hills and the streams.

Thy hunter's song while rowing,  
His lightning bark comes,  
Amongst the islands going,  
Across thy waters blue;  
And of his miter's thinking,  
Wouldst say a course of course  
To shoot the red deer drinking—  
A thousand echoes woe.

Roll on thy rushing river,  
Roll on over to the sea;  
As deep and deep as ever,  
And still as deep and free;  
The pilot wave endeavour,  
By wild waves to restrain;  
But may the waters never  
Be sullied for his gain.

## THE INDIAN MAID.

A Tragic Tale.

BY E. L. C.

(Concluded.)

Leading the way into the interior of the cave, a smaller apartment exhibited itself, in the centre of which gushed a spring from the ground of clear bright water, beside which she passed. Then she first observed that the white spray with which it threw around as if in sport, fell continually upon a small mound, covered flowers, which though they must have been there since the preceding day, were kept fresh and bright from the constant exhalations of the friendly fountain in their vicinity. Pointing towards it, the Indian girl now first broke the silence—

"Thou hast asked me to tell thee of him whose veins were filled with thy blood," she said in a low sweet voice, "of the fair stranger whom the white sea-birds of thy nation brought on their wings to our forests. Yanora sat at his feet and drank wisdom from his lips, he told her of the Great Spirit of the Universe, and taught her to love him as a Father. He taught her many things when he dwelt with his people beside the waters of the great bay, and they snored with his red brethren the children of peace.

"But on a time when they were hunting together on the mountains of the south west, one of their young men slew a chief of the Delaware, who disputed with him the spoils of the chase. He fled, but the warriors of the forest pursued his steps to the settlement of the white man, and in the dead of night their torches drank the blood of the pale faces.

"Then, when the dark chief who led these captives in the forest, raised his terrible war cry, Yanora knew that his arm was ready to fall upon the strong. Many moons had he looked upon them with anger, but her words prevailed with him to spare them—now she entered in vain—he would not hear her, and she fled to warn the 'Young Cedar,' for so they called my white brother, of his danger.

"But the foe was already in his wigwam—he fought like a young lion; but they were many, and Yanora saw him fall beneath their blows, though with her feeble arms she sought to shield him from the tomahawks of her people."

She paused and covered her face for a moment with her hands, and Courtney, too much moved by her narrative to speak, suffered the silence to remain unbroken.

"Then," she proceeded, "I look'd upon Yanora as the wild deer gazes on her fawn, when the arrow of the hunter is in her side, and he prayed the Great Spirit to bless her, for her love to him and to his people. On her arm he clasped this chain of yellow gold, and this," drawing from her bosom his mother's picture, together with a small parcel addressed to Frank, "he bade her give to some one of his nation, who would bear it across the great waters in safety, to him whose name is written on it in the characters which thou readest here."

Frank received with emotion this last relic of his lost brother's love, and pressed it tenderly to his lips, while the maiden wept away a starting tear, wailing with her touching detail.

"Yanora promised to obey him, and while with her long hair, she strove to stop the blood which ran like a mountain torrent from his heart, a shadow darkened his face—his smile no longer shone upon her, his head fell upon her bosom, and his hand grew stiff and cold in the loving clasp of hers. They left her alone with the dead, and when the morning came, she fled her pale brother in her arms, for she was strong as a warrior of the Lenape, and hid him in her own canoe.

"Often had he sat in it beside her, and told her of the great nation where his people dwell, and of the blessed Father whose smile brightens the earth and fills the heavens with glory. Now, he lay still before her, as, chanting the song of death, she row'd down the broad river to his wild grave—and there, where the sweetest that mound, she dug a deep grave, and hid him from the sight of his enemies."

"None know where Yanora hid him, none dare enter this place, which she loves because he is here. It is not dark to her—the wild voices which ring through it, speak his name, and every day she comes to pray to the Great Spirit, in the words which he taught her, and to bring fresh flowers to cover his face, she told her the maidens of his own people to cover the graves of those they love."

She paused—and the feelings which Courtney listened to in this address, told in a sweet and silver voice, and in the language, though imperfectly spoken, of his mother tongue, filled his soul with power of description. To sit in that wild cave, and hear from the lips of an Indian girl, the sad story of his brother's fate, was a situation so strange, that scarcely could he persuade himself he was not floating under some magical illusion.

But no, it could not be—and though it now he had never wholly resigned his mind to a conviction of Frank's death, he could no longer entertain a hope of meeting him again on earth. For there at his feet lay, mingled with their hundred dust, the sacred remains of that lovely idolized brother. And what did he not owe to that loving and heroic girl, who had snatched him from the dark deception of savage hands, and consigned them to a quiet, and that lonely spot in the wilderness seemed to him, a holy resting place, to her, who undimmed them with the tears of affection, and shed over them flowers as sweet and bright as her own tender and enduring love.

As these thoughts flowed in upon his mind, he raised his moistened eyes to the maiden's face, and breathed forth words of grateful feeling, which, burning as they were, but faintly expressed the favour and the depth of his concealed emotions. She looked upon him with a soft smile, and stooping forward gently touched her lips to his brow, saying with sad tenderness—

"Thou art like him, and therefore Yanora loves thee."

The blood rushed swiftly through his veins when he felt her balmy kiss upon his forehead, she seemed, as he bent over him in her chaste and wondrous beauty, like some being from a higher sphere; sent down to cheer and save him in this time of grief and part, and with his confidence to her, mingled a deeper and more reverent feeling of thankfulness to the great Father of all, who in his wondrous providence had raised him up such a friend, to guide his steps in the unknown mazes of the wilderness.

Casting himself upon the mound which covered his brother's ashes, he wept with tears of affection and regret in a ready resolve, if he could die with life from the forests of the new world, to find means at some future day, of conveying thence the mortal remains of his who, from early childhood, had been the object of his fond love and veneration.

When he arose, Yanora was seated on the floor of the cavern, with her head bent upon her clasped hands, in an attitude of intense grief as deep as that which had struck him as being so singular, when he first beheld her in the wigwam of the chief. Without seeking to disturb her, he moved towards the outer apartment of the cavern, the darkness of which was partially dispelled by a ray of sunshine which now streamed through the rocky crevice, and sitting down upon a mossy stone, on which the high fall's roughly, he gazed for a few minutes with tender pleasure upon the familiar features of his mother's picture.

Then closing the outer door, he hid it carefully in his bosom, and with a deep emotion broke the seal of the letter directed to him in his brother's well known hand. It bore date several months subsequent to the last which Frank had received from him, and was probably written a day or two previous to his tragical death, as related by the Indian girl. His eyes often filled with tears as they traced the words of affection it contained, and he dwelt sorrowfully on the sanguine hopes expressed in it, hopes on which the chilling light of death had now for ever fallen.

It spoke of the prosperous state of the colony, and of the friendly disposition shown towards it by the natives, mentioned several anecdotes characteristic of the tribe among which they dwell, and finally described a young Indian girl, who lived much among them with the friends of the settlement. They called her, he went on to say, the "Red-

sing Moon," on account of her soft and touching beauty, which surpassed that of any other woman he had ever known.

He described in warm terms her gentleness and docility, her eagerness to acquire knowledge, and her facility in adopting habits to the habits and manners of civilized life. He concluded by saying, "I continue to dwell here, I can scarcely do a wiser thing than to train her for my wife. She has an exhaustless fountain of love in her heart, which in this desert will be a constant refreshment to my life—once I should I return to merry England, will be in truth, I must ever to day, she would not cease to shine, even beside the faded lights of my own beloved land."

After this Herbert paused to speak of his family affairs and on the ground of his uncertainty, mentioned some arrangements which he wished to have made, in case he should be permanently cut off, before revisiting his paternal home. A little brotherly advice to Frank with regard to his future career in life and many earnest expressions of sincere and deep affection, closed this interesting letter—later, after a few more words to him to whom it was addressed, since it contained almost the dying words of his deceased brother, words which he felt upon his heart like a voice issuing from the depths of his soul to his grave.

The gentle pressure of the Indian maiden's hand upon his shoulder, roused him from the reverie of the past, and he looked up, looking up, he gazed with a new interest upon the face which had been so beautiful in Herbert's eyes, and which to him appeared now radiant as that of an angel. His glance seemed to light her—it revived sad and tender recollections, and she cast her eyes to the ground as she sat in her low and hiding noose.

"Yanora hath not yet told her brother all," she had not told him that beside the great water dwell a race who love his people well, and who since the day of their slaughter have vowed with the Delaware to avenge their blood. When Yanora left her brother yesterday, it was to ask them to deliver him from the power of his enemies."

"She brought the stranger to this cave for safety, but her arms are feeble, and should she lead him alone through the forest, the arrows of her people would reach his heart, for they know it is in it for his life."

"Then might my sister have left me to die by their tortures," said the young man, involuntarily adopting her mode of expression, "since to linger out life in this cavern were more terrible than any death they could inflict."

"Let a brother listen," said the maiden gently, "The friendly chief to whom Yanora hath spoken, with even now for thy coming. The green leaves of the forest hide them, but their ears are quick, and they will hear our steps as we go. They know the path to the smooth bay, and have spoken with the people, who still wait for thee there, finding the white wings of their flying bark, that she quit the shore till thy return. 'Eetnow,' she continued, placing a finger to her lips and a cake of moose-bone before him;—eat, for thou art faint and weary, and then rest; while Yanora returns for awhile to her people."

"When they see her coming they will not ask for the pale face, for then they will believe that he fled without her aid. But she will not leave her brother long, and when she returns, it will be to guide him to the fork of the great river, where the friendly chiefs wait with their canoes to bear him away in safety."

"But shouldst thou be prevented from returning," he said hesitatingly, as, with her face still turned towards him, she sat slowly quitting the cavern.

"Canst thou fear?" she asked—"thou art my brother, and dost thou think I can learn to forget?"

"Thou art an angel of soft speech in her voice, which rebuked his ungrateful doubt, and he said earnestly—"No! I trust myself wholly to thee."

Her bright smile of approval reassured him, and he saw her depart regretfully, yet without one sighing of her truth. Wearily would have passed the hours of her absence, had the exhaustion of excitement and fatigue, caused him to lose in sleep the sense of his loneliness and desertion.

But wild dreams visited his slumbers, the form of his brother seemed to rise up from the grave beside him, covered with goring wounds. Then he sat with him in the old familiar hall of their paternal home, and as in the scene changed, and they fled together through the wild passes of the forest, pursued by a troop of naked savages, who rent the air with their terrific yells.

The sounds deepened and came nearer, till he awoke and started up in horror to listen. Then indeed his blood curdled in his veins, for it was no illusion of the senses, no dream of a disordered fancy, which created those appalling shouts that burst forth from a legion of demons. Nearer they came, even to the very entrance of the cavern, and when he saw the thick vines that curtained it suddenly shaken, he stood as if chained to the earth, motionless and powerless, waiting the instant appearance of the savages. But, with a bound, Yanora sprang into its centre, and seizing his hand retreated with him by a dark and narrow passage, leading from the inner apartment through the bowels of the rock, with every winding of which she seemed to be familiar.

For several minutes they flew along in utter silence; and then a distant gleam of light streamed in, indicating a point

of egress from the passage. As they approached it Yanora stooped and hid her ear to the ground, when finding all quiet without, she resumed her stealthy pace, and in another minute they emerged from the narrow aperture, which to unpractised eye could have discovered from without, through the crevice and branches that concealed it.

But scarcely had the fugitives advanced three paces beyond the mouth of the cave, when a shrill cry of triumph startled them, and instantly a score of Indians, with the chief Otawha at their head, sprang forward and arrested their progress. Frank, unarmed as he was—for he had been stripped of every means of defence in the wigwam—could make no resistance to this overpowering force; he could not even expostulate with his enemies, for he knew not a word of their language. But Yanora poured forth a stream of eloquent remonstrance, to which they seemed to give attention. Even in the midst of his discomfiture, Courtney gazed admiringly upon her graceful and commanding gestures, and upon the bright and lofty expression of her face, which appeared, as they looked on it, to awe the rude beings whom she addressed.

So quietly they stood that he believed them won over by her words, when Otawha with violent gesticulations uttered a few hurried sentences, and swinging his tomahawk around his head, seized the arm of Courtney, and essayed to bind them with a thong of leather. At that sight the indignation of the Indian girl flashed in his height. Her eyes, so soft and lenient, sparkled with incurable hate, the blue veins on her polished forehead swelled into distinctness, her delicate nostrils expanded, and a deep flush of crimson dyed her face and neck.

Stepping forth from the dark group around her, she stood slightly bending forward, and with one foot advanced and arms outstretched, she sent forth a shrill unearthly cry which rang far and wide, piercing with its clear tones the remote depths of the forest, and hushing every sound of animal life that filled its green recesses. The Indians with instinctive gravity comprehended her object, and each one gazing has how looked forward with straining eyeballs in the direction towards which she pointed.

A moment's pause ensued, and then a low rustling, like the coming on of a summer storm, broke the deep hush of the forest, while, with every arrow drawn to its head, the stern hand stood waiting the appearance of a coming foe. Another minute, and, crashing through the branches, rushed on the adverse party, a gallant troop of Chippewas, the bravest of the tribes, and always the firm friends and unflinching allies of the English.

Simultaneously the hostile chiefs shouted their war cry, and instantly a cloud of arrows sped from either side, daring the air and dealing destruction in their flight. The struggle was a fierce one, but his was the fiercest. The principal warriors of Otawha were absent on a hunting expedition, and the few that had now gathered around him soon gave way before their more numerous assailants.

Step by step they retreated, throwing their arrows backward as they went, and dragging their prisoners along with them, when in the rage of their defeat, they insulted with taunts and gibes. But not passively did he again yield himself to their power, for snatching a massive club from one of them, he wielded it with a skill and force from which they shrunk, keeping them firmly at bay with his weapon, and flung all to the ground that ventured within its reach.

The Chippewas raised a shout of triumph when they witnessed his bravery, and rushing to his rescue, drove his discomfited foes like scattered sheep before them.

During this short contest Yanora stood, parting gazing with silent interest on the scene, which her agency had conjured up. But when the battle piteously quitted the field, she moved forward, and once more took her position by the side of Frank.

"My brother had done well," she said, "but let him not turn in to look upon his backward path. For he not know, that when the small cloud is driven away by the wind, it soon gathers in its night to blacken the sky, and burst in anger on the hills? Yanora hath spoken—let him listen, and be wise."

As she pronounced this warning, couched in the figurative language of her race, she clasped his hand and urged him gently onward. He willingly yielded to her guidance—his faith in it was undoubted, for she had been to him and his an angel of love and mercy, and he unravelled not at the sentiment of reverence with which the untutored savages regarded her.

As he pressed on with her, following the path of the friendly chiefs, who with silent celerity preceded them, he uttered many low words of gratitude for the great service she had rendered him, and for the love which in life and in death she had shown towards his unfortunate brother.

The shadows of night were falling when they reached the bank of a rapid river, where several canoes lay moored. Into those the Indians, followed by Courtney and the maiden immediately sprang, and grasping the oars, shot out into the middle of the stream. All night they floated along upon its smooth bosom, and in low converse with the Indian girl, of the ill-fated colonists, and of him whose memory she loved,