

POETRY.

[FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.]

THE DISAPPOINTED KNIGHT.

The day it was shining, the Knight he was gay,
As he rein'd in his war steed, he carol'd this lay:

Come open thy window fair Bertha to me,
"Tis Edmund thy true love from over the sea;
But the Lady she heeded, or heard not his call,
While music resounded within the old hall.

He rode round the walls, with a frown on his brow;
What means all this uproar—this wild clamour now,

"Has Bertha prov'd false, and to some other Knight
Bestow'd the fair hand that to me she did plight."

He leap'd from his war horse—his bright sword he drew,
And into the banquetting chamber he flew.

At the head of the board, and by each others side,
Sat the Knight and the Lady—the Bridegroom and Bride;

The Lady turn'd pale, as the stranger drew near,
The Bridegroom too, trembled, through anger or fear,

The Knight still advanc'd, but he spoke not a word,
But smiling in scorn, he put up his bright sword.

The Lady recover'd the first from her fright,
"To our nuptial feast, you are welcome, Sir Knight;

"The wine cup is season'd, the banquet is spread,
"The brave Knight Sir Edmund shall sit at its head."

"My husband, Lord Percy, will greet ye, I trow,
"Come pledge me, Sir Knight—chase the frown from your brow."

Quoth the stranger, "I cannot—I will not stay now,
"I remain but to render you back your false vow;

"I came to see Bertha, Northumberland's pride,
"And not the proud Baron of Percy's gay bride;

"Fare ye well Lord of Percy—false Bertha good day,"
And he leap'd on his courser, and gallop'd away.

Fredericton, 3d July, 1837.

J. B. T.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

You think I have a merry heart
Because my songs are gay,
But, oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away;

The bird will breathe her silver note
Though bondage binds her wing—
But is her song a happy one?
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A mournful turn for me;

Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf—
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love
My harp-remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo to my own;

My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

THE ABORIGINES OF NEW YORK.
BY S. L. KNAPP.

The race of men our ancestors found on these shores have been a standing wonder to all capable of reasoning upon the subject. Their traits of character have never changed; wild, independent, patriotic, and persevering, their resentments are terrible; shrewd, suspicious, and sensitive, they easily take offence, and, from this circumstance, are called fickle and treacherous. For ages they had only enemies for historians; now, a host of philanthropists have arisen, who are struggling hard to do them justice; and who, if they do not convince us that we have not always treated them justly, will, most certainly, by their efforts, give the present generation a different view of their character than that entertained and avowed by our fathers.

The Five Nations, or Six Nations, as they are now generally called, comprising the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Mohawks, Cayugas, and the Tuscaroras, have held a conspicuous place in American history. The Five Nations occupied, when the Dutch came to settle here, no small part of the territory of what it is now the State of New York; but they were not the primitive natives of the soil. Driven from their own country, Canada, by other tribes, who were made more powerful than themselves, by being furnished with fire-arms from the first settlers of Quebec, the French, they seized all that beautiful country now the western and northern counties of this State—bordering on the Champlain the Ontario, the Erie, and all the lovely waters of that beautiful and prolific country which now swarms with a white population, increasing with astonishing

rapidity, and enjoying all the rights, immunities, and pleasure that were ever vouchsafed to man by his God. They knew the value of their possessions, and were determined not to part with them. These nations were numerically, physically, and politically strong; and they saw for a long time, the colonies increasing, without the slightest jealousy or suspicion of them.

About the close of Stuyvesant's government, they seemed to wake as from a dream, and committed some outrages upon the whites in burning the old town of Esopus, in 1663. Stuyvesant was not in a situation either to avenge his wrongs, or protect his frontiers. This was left for his conqueror and successor, Colonel Nichols, the first English governor, who was a man of talents, of generosity, and of high courage. He taught the sons of the forest how sharp was the long knife of the white man. His object was to propitiate the Indians while he impressed upon them the power of the English, who had now become their neighbors; at the same time, he encouraged them to unite a more extensive system of agriculture to their other pursuits of hunting and fishing for sustenance, than they had practised before, and succeeded to a greater degree than the eastern missionaries and governors of colonies ever did. The latter began by teaching them principles too refined and sublime for their condition, while Nichols and his successors furnished them with implements of husbandry, and taught them their proper uses.

The deep hatred the Five Nations had to the French was encouraged from feeling. Efficient arms and munitions of war were furnished by the English, in order to make the Five Nations equal in arms to their ancient foes as they had always been in bravery. In 1683, the Five Nations made a descent upon Montreal, and achieved the most extraordinary victory on record. They left a thousand of their enemies dead with the loss only of three of their own forces, and departed without being followed from their arena of blood by a single avenger of the slain.

These Indians fought in the open field; and doubtless the miracle was performed by the power of a panic which multiplied the assailants and paralyzed the assailed. For every succeeding generation of the Five Nations, this event was preserved, and the scattered remnants of them now start as if the war spirit called them out by name when it is mentioned. At such a spell, their prolific imaginations call up the shades of the warriors of other days, who, from hill to hill, wake the war-whoop, whose echoes, in fact, have long since died away.

This remnant of red men look at the altitude of their fathers' fame, and compare themselves with the past, in all the bitterness of that anguish which arises in a helpless and hopeless consciousness of national degradation.

The English, after awhile found it difficult to keep these Indians from being led away by the insidious machination of the French, who early aspired to become masters of this land of ours.

In 1712, the Tuscaroras were driven from the Carolinas, and came to join the Five Nations. They were brave, and spoke nearly the same language with the Mohawks—their claim of kinship was allowed, and their adoption strengthened the confederacy. These tribes were the republicans of nature. They were not a whit behind the Athenians when Cadmus brought them letters. Their methods of government were as full of checks and balances as was consistent with freedom. He only was great who made himself so by his martial prowess, by his sagacity in council, or by his eloquence in debate. They were ambitious, and conquered the far west—proud, and would not permit an eastern sashem to rest without acknowledging their superiority. These Six Nations flourished for many years; the balance of power between the French and English colonies were held by them. In an evil hour most of them joined the British in our revolutionary struggle—the reasons they gave were sound: still the desertion was unfortunate. These Indians struck terror through all the border-land—sacked towns, fired villages, and carried off pack loads of scalps, until resentment, revenge, and retributive justice rolled back the tide upon them, and swept them away. In one short campaign a great portion of their warriors had bitten the dust, and half a hundred of their villages were laid in ashes. It is only now through the medium of these remnants that we can trace the history of their degradation, and by contrast contemplate their former glories. Shorn of their beams, and low in the scale of man as they are, the historian will find in their characters much to place on record.

The Senecas were considered as the first among the Six Nations, particularly in wisdom and eloquence—but the Mohawks were not behind them in the battle field. Tuscaroras, until this day, have more of southern blandness in their accent and manners than the Senecas, or other remnants, and are more affiliated to the forms and spirit of civilization than the others. Many of the Tuscaroras are gentlemen in all the social relations of life, and some of their females have no small pretensions to beauty; but they still preserve all the Indian self-possession. A Tuscarora beauty could see

"Sisters following, and ne'er look behind."

There have been no people in existence who have paid so much attention to eloquence since the Greeks were in their glory as the Six Nations. I have said all their institutions were republican—their chiefs are more cautiously chosen and better maintained in power than were the magistrates of Athens, under whatever name they passed.

There was a more general diffusion of intelligence among these Six Nations than among others of the forest. They were not so large, respectively, as to be unwieldy in their government, nor so small as to make it necessary for them to lean on others for support—and, when confederated, they were powerful indeed. They frequently lighted up the council fires to consult on the affairs of the nation, and to keep the flame of patriotism alive in every bosom—and, probably, often spoke against time. As it was said of Lord Castlereagh, they make speeches "to air their vocabulary."

One of the most renowned of the orators of the Six Nations was Hendrick, who was slain in 1755, in the fight between the English and the French, at the head of Lake George. This chief was the personal friend of Sir William Johnson, and brought his followers into this conflict with the spirit of his nation, and the chivalry of his own character. A short time before his fall, Hendrick addressed his warriors in a most eloquent and lofty speech; their former glories were made to pass in full blaze before them, and the disgrace it would be, in all coming time, to tarnish their fame by any act of cowardice now, was shown them in full relief. An old soldier by the name of Beza Woodbury, of Newbury, Massachusetts, has often fought his battles over again in my presence, and never forgot to mention the effect the sound of Hendrick's voice had on him, who did not understand but a few words of his discourse. "I can hear it now," the veteran would say, as he proceeded in his narrative, "ringing through the trees, while all the Indians stood ready to start for the fight." I asked whose voice it resembled. At this he paused a moment, and replied, "Like Parson Murray's," when he was preaching upon "THE LAST SOLEMN SCENE." This was the title of a sermon by an eloquent Irish clergyman who settled in this country, and was alike renowned for his patriotism and his eloquence, and also for his strong possession of the hearts and memories of his hearers. This was, indeed, touching the highest note he could. The Indians have given proof, since our revolution, that they still cultivate the god-like art of oratory. Not a treaty has been made without producing some fine speaking among the Indians—not without proving them excellent historians, at least as far as a century back. Their traditions are much better than those of the whites. The latter see events through a party medium, either of philosophy, politics, or religion—and even when this party spirit has passed away, the memory contains proof that it once existed: the Indians see things through the medium of truth, and narrate them with correctness and perspicuity. But few of our ancient historians, in all their bigotry and wrath, ever dared to perfix the epithet "lying" to their names, while they have "rung the changes" on every other vice as applying to them.

Among the most renowned of the Indian orators of ancient or modern times, may be ranked Red Jacket, one of the Seneca chiefs, who died a few years since on the Seneca reservation, near the city of Buffalo. He was eighteen or twenty years old when the revolutionary war broke out. A great portion of the Five Nations took part with the English. A few Oneidas remained with the republicans, and when they had an opportunity, fought well. Red Jacket was unquestionably among the Indians under Brandt and others, who so furiously assailed the towns and villages in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, during the revolutionary conflict; although but little is known of him until 1784, when a treaty was made with the Six Nations, by which they ceded certain lands to the State of

New York, reserving some excellent tracts for themselves. At the council fire, by which this treaty was concluded, Red Jacket appeared as a young chief. He was noticed then as remarkable for his eloquence, and much was said of his speech. It contained all the arguments that reason and ingenuity could command, against yielding a jot to the victors in the war. He spoke with the tongue of burning patriotism, prophesied the gradual downfall of the Indians if they closed with the terms of this treaty, and avowed his preference, if such must be the alternative, of immediate destruction. He cared not how soon they were weltering in their gore, if the honor of the Six Nations could be saved. "Let us find a grave, that will be a bloody labour for our enemies to dig; and it shall be a place where the traveller shall pause, and think how gloriously we died." It was said by our commissioner to have had a wonderful effect on the Indian part of the audience, and excited some apprehension on the part of the whites, that instant massacre might be the result.

He hated innovation, and opposed every attempt to change the religion of nature to the religion of the Scripture, with all the power of his eloquence and the keenness of his sarcasm, in which he excelled all his predecessors and coadjutors. He mingled freely with the Americans, and with the English also, and watched the signs of the times. In the war of 1812, he was with us, and his zeal, sagacity and eloquence, had lost nothing of their former character. But younger men were permitted to keep the field, they being unwilling that their Demosthenes should expose himself to the hardships of war. He, however, did share in the fight. No one who was ever acquainted with Red Jacket, will doubt the genuineness of his speech to the missionary from Massachusetts, who came to induce him and his people to change their religion. It not only has the peculiar characteristics of his reasoning and eloquence; but it is very like the argument I have heard him make on the same subject, since the missionaries had, in a measure, succeeded in their attempts to bring his people to their views.

Red Jacket had no confidence in half-bloods. He spoke of them as having the vices of both races, and the virtues of neither. He preferred the entire annihilation of the Indians, to their amalgamation with the whites. He had a most admirable discrimination of character. On the African race he turned with scorn, as not of the order of men.

Red Jacket was a close observer of men, and the portraits he drew were admirable likenesses. One of the best eulogies I ever heard of Washington, and from the stupidity of the interpreter but indifferently translated, was from him. He saw the great man through an honest medium, and admired the elevation of his character. Red Jacket gave to his friends Indian names, full of meaning. The Indian languages, all simple and primitive, are better adapted to eloquence than a more philosophical one would be. The prefixes, and affixes, and the connexion of syllables, each having a meaning by itself, which is one of the principles of the Indian language, gives the orator a fine chance to display his taste in the combinations. The compound words fill the mouth, and enable the orator to throw them far and wide around him.

Those orators who have but one language, use that better than those do theirs who know something of many tongues—Every nation wisely thinks, that speech was the gift of the Great Spirit, and that they were favoured in having the best of all that he bestowed upon man, selected for themselves. Indians are gentlemen in council and debate, and listen with profound attention to all that is said to them, and not unfrequently bestow signs of applause when they like the sentiments uttered; but I never could find an Indian who thought the English sounds were harmonious and sweet; and, indeed, what words have we to compare with "Monongahela," "Tuscarora," "Appalachicola," or hundreds of others, which might be selected from Indian dialects.

This orator of the woods had a very correct idea of the advancement of civilized men in knowledge, but he was opposed to having his people instructed in letters and science, for he saw that it could not be done to any great extent; and he said, "that if they could not drink of the lakes, he did not wish to have them dipping their lips into puddles." He reasoned deeply when he urged, in opposition to the schoolmaster sent among them, that the preservation of the customs and habits of the Indians, was the only security against the sudden destruction of their race. He lived long enough to be called "the old

man eloquent;" and if the news of no dishonest victory caused his death, still it may be said that he died of a broken heart. He saw that the growth of the American people entirely precluded the hope of the red man's return to influence and power; and vivid, if not unnatural visions, of the extirpation of his race, swam before his eyes.—In these moments of gloomy foreboding, he drank deep of the inebriating cup. His numerous family of children had all died with the consumption. His people were deserting the paths of their fathers, and he was ready to meet the shades of the warriors whose bones were withering on the shores of all the mighty waters of the west.

In person, Red Jacket was about the common height, straight and well made. His head was of the finest model—the forehead high and extensive—the eyes well separated, and without any of that muddy appearance which so often marks an Indian's visual organs—and were readily lighted up with benevolence or indignation. I was lately at the log hut where he died; and, inquiring of all around me if I could not find the spot where he was buried, the pagan Indians stated that the converts had concealed his body; and all that could be obtained from the converts was, that they knew nothing of the matter.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

House of Assembly.

Wednesday, 28th Feb. 1837.

WHEREAS this House has heretofore granted a return of Provincial Duties on articles consumed by fire to such persons as were not insured thereon: And whereas it is expedient that all persons should know in what way applications of a similar nature would hereafter be received by the House therefore

RESOLVED, unanimously, That this House will not in future entertain any application for return of Duties on articles consumed by fire, even though it should be made to appear that no insurance had been made on articles so consumed.

CHAS. P. WETMORE,

CLERK.

The Editors of the several Papers in the Province are requested to insert the above for three months from the date of their first publication.

April 26.

Woodstock and Fredericton STAGE COACH COMPANY.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the above Company will continue to run a STAGE three times a week between Woodstock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice. Persons desirous of securing a passage can enter their names on Books kept at the Fredericton Hotel, (Segee's), and H. Gould's Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the United States will find immediate conveyance from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton to Saint John. Every attention will be given to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers. A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken. Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners. For further particulars, the public are referred to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor, G. E. Ketchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to the Subscriber, Woodstock.

CHARLES PERLEY, Agent.

January, 1837.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, (Connecticut.)

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the Protection Insurance Company will insure Houses, Stores, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by the former Agent in this place. JAMES TAYLOR, AGENT.

ACCOMMODATION STAGES.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they are now running Stages from Fredericton to Miramichi, leaving and arriving at these places as mentioned:

One starting from Fredericton on Monday, and arriving at Miramichi on Wednesday; leaving Miramichi on the Monday following, and arriving at Fredericton on Wednesday.

The other leaving Fredericton on Thursday, and arriving at Miramichi on Saturday; leaving Miramichi on Thursday following, and arriving at Fredericton on Saturday.

Terms—40s. for each Passenger, with a reasonable allowance of Baggage.

Being grateful for past favours, the Subscribers humbly hope their friends and the public will continue their patronage as formerly, as they are determined to do all in their power not the accommodation of all and every thing trusted to them.

WILLIAM SWIM, JAMES SWIM.

Fredericton, 21st February, 1837.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of the late Ezekiel Sloat, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to said Estate are desired to make immediate payment to CHARLOTTE M. SLOAT, Admtr. JAMES TAYLOR, B. WOLHAUPT, Admrs. Fredericton, Feb. 21, 1837.