

## POETRY.

### THE WATERFALL.

I love the roaring waterfall,  
Within some deep romantic glen,  
Mid deserts wild, remote from all  
The gay and busy haunts of men;  
For its loud thunders sound to me  
Like voices from Eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by  
And things that have passed away,  
Who sought perhaps, with curious eye,  
These rocks where now I love to stray;  
And thus its thunders sound to me  
Like voices from Eternity.

And from the past they seem to call  
My spirits to the realms beyond,  
The ruin that must soon befall  
These scenes where grandeur sits enthroned;  
And thus its thunders sound to me  
Like voices from Eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,  
That whirls me rapidly away,  
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,  
From month to month, from day to day;  
And all that live, and breathe with me  
Are hurrying to Eternity.

This mighty cataract's thundering sound  
In louder thunders soon must die,  
And all these rugged mountains round  
Uprooted must in ruin lie,  
But that dread hour will prove to me  
The dawning of Eternity.

### DRINKING SONG.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Drink, friends, drink deep: the noon is nigh;  
Drink, and forget your care—  
The sultry summer suns are nigh—  
Drink, and your strength repair:  
The deer, that from the hunter flies,  
The warrior red with slaughter,  
The camel, 'neath the burning skies,  
Quaff'd deep the chrysal water!

Our father, Sun, the example gives,  
Our mother, Earth, also;  
He, jocund, drinks above the clouds,  
She, blushing, drinks below.  
Pledge high, pledge long, the friends you love,  
The absent wife and daughter,  
Or blooming maids who rule your heart,  
Drink deep—but only water!

[N. York Mirror.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the New York Mirror.)

THE LAST ARROW.—By C. F. HOFFMAN.

And who be ye who rashly dare,  
To chase in woods the forest child?  
To hunt the panther to his lair—  
The Indian in his native wild!

Old Ballad.

The American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the vice-governor of Louis the Fourteenth, the governor-general of New France, against the confederated Five Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild-wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the fearless Iroquois.

It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander in chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush forever the powers of the Aganashcon confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier De Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies and Algonquins, and these the Baron De Bekancourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebuses, and other small-arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which with the tents and other camp equipage, were transported in large batteaux built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of Lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debouched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had

served under Turenne, Vauban and the great Conde, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside half-naked Huron and Abenaki; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk, and Linden; or rustled above the troopers that Luxembourg's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Waldeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy that this gallant host were seeking unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations have been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, a half century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of Lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier De Frontenac was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master the Grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor-general, and in whom, indeed, M. De Frontenac was said to have a paternal interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were, among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not now hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances; but offered his services as a guide to Count De Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitration to the young Mohawk chief Kiodago, (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer-camp, among the wild hills about the Konnedienyu;\* and when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that, by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms; a small, but efficient force was instant-

\* Since corrupted into "Canada." Beautiful Water: probably so called from its amber-colour—now Trenton Falls.

ly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty five pikemen, led severally by the Baron De Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness, but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Indian village.

The village was wrapped in repose, and the two chevaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the Chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible, but now superceded engine of destruction roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basketwork, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then as the startled warriors leaped all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in a shambles. Some overwhelmed with dismay sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's path around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corselets, ruddy with the reflected fires mid which they fought, glinted back still brighter sparks from the hatchet of flint which crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *meele*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with his tomahawk, before he could make a movement in his defence. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the farther side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. The chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the meantime, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus

the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about to rush again into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceived how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms, she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side, he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and has placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them.—His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there were no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death-agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb-joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognized the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that wily traitor, instead of being misled by his case, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then leaving his foot-marks, dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, re-crossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallentree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken billock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grais, Hanyost, and a French musketeer were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak that shot its limits above the cavern, just as his wife had reached

the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at the very instant, De Grais and his followers had passed beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer pointed in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning to his followers; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. The wife—But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow still gripped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffened thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not yet lost its power.\* The crisis which it takes so long to describe had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in wood-craft, were in fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate and fury towards the instruments of his misfortune. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bow-string dismisses his arrow upon its errand. The hand of the spirit could alone have guided that shaft! But Waneyo smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances towards the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose corselet glanced among the rocks, as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stiffened corpse.

What more is there to add. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyrie, to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers, the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count De Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterwards, and the existence of his half-blooded daughter was forgotten. And—though among the dozen old families in the state of New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of Chapman and Adams, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's last Arrow!

\* The English mode of holding the arrow, as represented in the plate, is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

## NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any claims against the estate of the late Charles S. Putnam, Esq. of Fredericton, deceased, are requested forthwith to present the same, and those indebted to the same Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to Charles E. Millidge of Fredericton, Esq. Attorney at Law. Dated 20th day of March, A. D. 1837. ELLINOR PUTNAM, Sole Administratrix.

## PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, (Connecticut).

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the Protection Insurance Company will insure Houses, Stores, Farms, and every sort of Goods and Wares against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE. The most reasonable rate of premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by the former Agent in this place. JAMES TAYLOR, AGENT.