

Just as the gloom of darkness spread over hill and vale,
 Adown the swift Wigoudy the Mohawk fleet set sail.
 Three hundred Mohawk warriors chanted a martial song,
 Their paddles gleam upon the stream, as swift they speed along.

In four long lines together, each to the next bound fast,
 The maiden in the centre, the great canoe fleet passed,
 And he who knew her language a line of silver drew,
 As he bent to the forward paddle in the maiden's birch canoe.

The song was done, and silence fell upon every tongue,
 On warriors old and grizzled, and braves, untaught and young.
 What thoughts filled each dark bosom, nearing the thrice doomed town!
 Flow on, O! mighty river, and bear the foemen down!

And Malabeam, what thought she, as on in front she flew,
 Driving apace, with vigorous arms, her light and swift canoe?
 Keen as a thirsty tiger who fast pursues his prey,
 Towards her kindred's wigwams she swiftly led the way.

The night was dark and gloomy, the sky had scarce a star,
 To gaze upon the pageant of fierce and savage war.
 No moon shone on the river, her gentle beams were paled,
 And through the gloomy tree tops a south wind sighed and wailed.

But little cared the Mohawks, the winds might wail or sigh,
 The moon might hide her glory, and clouds obscure the sky.
 With hearts intent on slaughter, with thoughts on carnage fed,
 They toiled, and still before them the strong arm'd maiden sped.

But now the Indian village lies but a mile below,
 A sound like muffled thunder seems on their ears to grow.
 "What's that?" "'Tis but a torrent," the Indian maid replied,
 "It joins the broad Wigoudy which here flows deep and wide."

"Speed on a little farther, the town is now hard by,
 Your toils are nearly over and night still veils the sky.
 The town is wraped in slumber, but ere the dawn of light,
 What stalwart men shall perish, what warriors die to-night!"

But louder still, and louder the sounds like thunder grew,
 As down the rapid river the swift flotilla flew;
 On either shore the foam wreaths shone like a wall of snow;
 But all in front was darkness; 'twas death which lay below

Then with a shout of triumph the Indian maiden cried,
 "Listen ye Mohawk warriors who sail on death's dark tide,
 Never shall earth grave hide you or wife weep o'er your clay,
 Come to your doom, ye Mohawks, and I will lead the way."

Then sweeping with her paddle, one potent stroke, her last,
 Down to the fall her bark is borne, its dreadful brink is passed;
 And down the whole three hundred in swift succession go,
 Into the dark abyss of death, full eighty feet below.

And vanished in a moment, like a meteor shooting star,
 The savage Mohawk warriors in all their pride of war.
 No eye beheld them perish, no living human ear
 Heard the lost band's despairing cry piercing the darkness drear.

But many a day thereafter, beyond the torrent's roar,
 The swarthy Mohawk dead were found upon the river's shore.
 But on brave Malabeam's dead face no human eyes were set—
 She lies in the dark stream's embrace, the river claims her yet.



The waters of five hundred years have flowed above her grave;
 But daring deeds can never die while human hearts are brave.
 Her tribe still tell her story, around their council fires,
 And bless the name of her who died to rescue all their sires.

NOTE.—The Wigoudy is the Indian name of the River Saint John.

