

THE MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM.

A Legend of the "Black Watch."

BY WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT.

[In the last issue of *THE REVIEW* it was stated that W. P. Lett Esq. had celebrated an incident in the story of the "Massacre of Fort William Henry" in verse. By his kind permission this beautiful and affecting lyric is reprinted, it having first appeared in the "Ottawa Citizen" newspaper, for which it was written.

'Twas when the 42nd marched, the brave "Black Watch" of yore,
To Old Fort William onward with Pibroch and Claymore,
Loud shrieked the slogan as they trod among those ancient trees,
The burst of proud defiance swelling on the morning breeze.
They saw a painted savage amid the forest wild,
Who held within his ruthless grasp a little fair-haired child,
The column halted, horror-struck by the unwonted scene
That stately Indian, and that child, in that deep forest green.
Fire! cried the leader of the host; fire on the lurking foe!
A killed clansman poised his gun and laid the chieftain low.
Sore wounded was the Iroquois prone stretched upon the ground;
Unharm'd the little fair-haired boy the forty-second found;
They bore them to the woodland Fort, the deed was nobly done,
The Highlanders had rescued its Commander's only son.
The dusky warrior writhed in pain, but scowled with scornful eye,
And told them how Orono the Iroquois could die.
Fain was the father to avenge in blood the savage deed,
But a daughter of the Highlands saved him from the doom decreed.
She dressed his wound with tender care, with woman's gentle hand,
For woman to affliction, is the same in every land!
By words and signs of kindness she soothed his savage grief.
Orono was a chosen brave, a warrior and chief,
A chieftain of the Iroquois with scalp-lock proudly drest!
And the scars of many a war-path upon his tawny chest!
Ere many days the Iroquois recovered from his wound,
Sprang on a sentry, knife in hand, with tiger stealth and bound,
When morning dawned the soldier in death was lying there,
But the Panther of the Iroquois had sought his native lair!
Then soon the legions of Montcalm came marching through the wood
And his scalping Indian allies thirsting for the foeman's blood;
The cannon roared and shot and shell crashed through the riven air,
And death in every fearful form was then seen every where;
But still the Red Cross waved aloft, and still the daring few
Who manned the fated fortress fought like Britons brave and true!
The brave ROYAL AMERICANS and old BLACK WATCH were there,
To rally round their country's Flag, its honour was their care;
And many a gallant son of France before their fire fell,
While hosts of whooping Iroquois the mounds of slaughter swell.
Six days the work of death went on; Monroe, stern, proud and brave,
Held out, expecting aid, his little Garrisons to save;

But aid came not, his falling ranks grew thinner every hour,
The shot and shell rushed through them like a devastating shower;
The little fort's defences were sadly rent and torn,
His men with constant fighting were wasted, wan and worn.
The foe in overwhelming force was rushing fiercely on,
The best that gallant hearts could do was well and bravely done!
A flag of truce went forth at last to save the remnant few
Who to the glories of the past had valiantly proved true.
The terms were made, with colors and war's honors out they came,
That little band of heroes who had won a deathless name!
Into the howling wilderness they wend their trackless way,
While savage hords are prowling round impatient for their prey,
And she was there, the Scottish Girl, among that gallant band
Far from her native heathery hills, in that dark forest land,
She who had saved the Savage Chief from the up-lifted arm
Of the old Commander of the fort—and shielded him from harm.
And there, too, was the chosen one, with whom long, long ago,
She had wandered through the passes of her native old Glencoe,
Among the kingly regiment his was a name of fear
For death was in the Slogan when McGillivray was near!
Short was their passage through the woods, 'till with a bursting yell
Upon the fated clausmen the savage foeman fell;
Like Locusts gathering with the blast that yelling dusky host.
Hemmed them around on every hand 'till hope was almost lost,
The clansmen fired one volley, then threw their muskets down,
Loud swelled the boiling Slogan, the last sacrifice to crown,
Then back to back, with sword in hand, they fought with might and main.
And piled around them as they died dark heaps of mangled slain,
Fearful the mighty draughts of blood, the claymore sharp and true
In that red carnival of death with trenchant fury drew!
The tartan's variegated hue was grimly purple o'er
On every hero, as he fell, with the dark foeman's gore.
The Pibroch's wail grew fainter, as the war-whoop filled the air
And thousands rushed upon them like tigers from their lair,
But still like monarchs of the wild the killed clausmen stood
Shoulder to shoulder in the fight on that dread day of blood.
The proudly blazoned legends which their waving colors bore
Were deeper dyed, while round them lay weltering in their gore
The children worthy of their sires—the old "Black Watch" of yore!
But fiercer waxed the conflict round a baggage wagon, where
Stood the daughter of the heather with her streaming golden hair!
A tall and grim-faced savage saw those shining locks of gold,
He wound his blood-stained fingers in their thick and drooping fold,
As with a glance of deadly hate he grasped the maiden fair
He waved his red right hand aloft, the scalping knife was there;
But ere the stroke could reach her heart, a chieftain laid his hand

Upon the fell assassin's arm, 'twas the leader of the band.
Who, who art thou that dares to stay this arm in the fight,
When raised aloft with vengeance the white enemy to smite?
Orono of the Iroquois! I claim her as my own,
Touch not her scalp. I save her for the kindness she has shown
To the wounded Panther when he lay within the palisades
A stricken prisoner beneath the "Long knife's" glistening blades;
Go! still the battle rages, touch the maiden not again,
There's blood beneath yon tartans in the hearts of dauntless men!
Off strode the cowering painted chief, but ere his knife he drew,
A keen and sweeping claymore clost his naked form in two.
Orono gently bore her from the scene of blood and woe,
And in his forest wigwam laid the daughter of Glencoe;
Her parting glance ran wildly o'er that slaughter-laden field,
Few were the Highland bonnets there, but not a man would yield!
The Pibroch's final blast she heard upon the evening air,
Then no sound but the war-whoop of the Iroquois was there.
Foul was the treachery which gave such brave hearts to be slain,
But the broadsword drank its vengeance deep on Abraham's plain!
The chieftain's aged mother with a woman's gentle hand,
Sought to soothe the stricken lone one in that far off forest land,
But nought could cheer her spirit laden with its crushing woe,
And paler grew the fading cheek of Mary of Glencoe;
She died; they gently laid her beneath a tree to rest,
And the forest leaves fell lightly on her fair and gentle breast.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OTTAWA, April 21st, 1868.

SECOND READING OF THE MILITIA BILL.

Hon. Sir G. E. CARTIER moved the second reading of the Bill intituled An Act respecting the Militia and Defence of the Dominion of Canada. He said that according to promise, made on a previous occasion, he then proposed to give certain explanations respecting the Bill, and to state what sum of money the Government intended to ask the House to grant for proposed fortifications. The gallant Baronet addressed the House for upwards of one hour in French, after which he briefly spoke in English. He said that the House was aware it would be necessary for the Government to ask for certain appropriations for the building of fortifications. The House was in possession of the correspondence which had taken place between the Imperial Government and the Government of Canada on the question. The Government of Canada had undertaken to fortify Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Paris or London. The Imperial Government would complete the works now in progress at Lewis, and maintain those works and the works at Quebec. Nothing had been said of the fortifications at Halifax, but as that was an Imperial depot it was presumed the works there would be maintained by the Home Government. In addition to the works in Quebec and Ontario, works would have to be