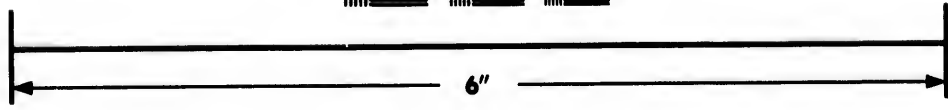
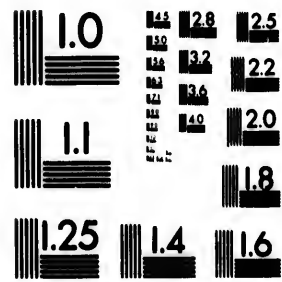


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

**© 1985**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

The c  
to the

The in  
possib  
of the  
filmin

Origin  
beginn  
the las  
sion, o  
other  
first p  
sion, o  
or illu

The la  
shall o  
TINUE  
which

Maps,  
differ  
entire  
beginn  
right  
requir  
metho

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

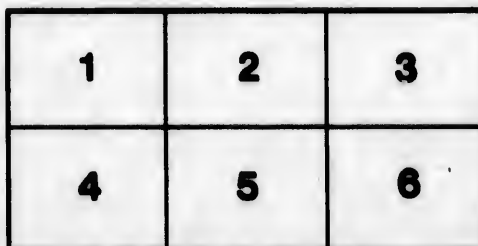
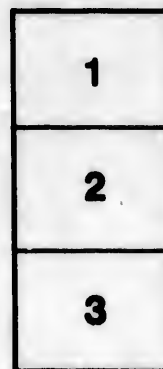
Douglas Library  
Queen's University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Douglas Library  
Queen's University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata  
to  
t  
e pelure.  
on à



*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*

AN EPIC POEM,

ENTITLED

THE OPEN HAND;

An Indian Tale of

MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK,

Founded on Historical Facts and Sustained by Tradition.

*William A. Keatley*

BY W. D. KEARNEY.

*Grand Falls  
Victoria*

PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE:  
W. S. GILMAN, . . . . . PRINTER.

1864.

UP PR 4829. K6 07

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by  
W. B. GILMAN,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Maine.

*Library of the  
District of Maine*

In offering  
intelligent p  
this, the fir  
Province of  
imbued with  
all connecte  
nothing sta  
which our fo  
which they v  
to the White  
themselves.  
civilization,  
as were only  
of that peri  
things were,  
of pitying h  
ted us to live  
and Christian  
cent sway.  
the vicissit  
friends, and  
meet with a

## PREFACE.

In offering the following Poem for the perusal of a generous and intelligent public, I confidently look forward to a kind reception of this, the first-born offspring of my muse. Born and reared in the Province of New Brunswick, from my earliest youth I have been imbued with a strong love of my native land, and a warm interest in all connected with its history. In the annals of the past, perhaps nothing stands out in bolder relief than the trials and privations which our forefathers were compelled to undergo, and the dangers by which they were surrounded, from the inborn hostility of the Indian to the White, too often fostered and fed by the contending powers themselves. It seems scarcely credible to us, accustomed to a higher civilization, that such scenes should occur, and such means be used, as were only too common, in the war between the English and French of that period. But the page of History plainly shows that such things were, alas! but too true; and while we look back with a kind of pitying horror on the past, we rejoice that Providence has permitted us to live at a period when such things are known but by tradition, and Christianity and education have extended their mild and beneficent sway. Keeping those facts in view, I have endeavored to portray the vicissitudes experienced by one of the early settlers and his friends, and shall feel amply recompensed, should my humble efforts meet with a cordial reception from my fellow countrymen.

THE AUTHOR.

1119011

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the... the first part of the... the second part of the... the third part of the... the fourth part of the... the fifth part of the... the sixth part of the... the seventh part of the... the eighth part of the... the ninth part of the... the tenth part of the... the eleventh part of the... the twelfth part of the... the thirteenth part of the... the fourteenth part of the... the fifteenth part of the... the sixteenth part of the... the seventeenth part of the... the eighteenth part of the... the nineteenth part of the... the twentieth part of the... the twenty-first part of the... the twenty-second part of the... the twenty-third part of the... the twenty-fourth part of the... the twenty-fifth part of the... the twenty-sixth part of the... the twenty-seventh part of the... the twenty-eighth part of the... the twenty-ninth part of the... the thirtieth part of the... the thirty-first part of the... the thirty-second part of the... the thirty-third part of the... the thirty-fourth part of the... the thirty-fifth part of the... the thirty-sixth part of the... the thirty-seventh part of the... the thirty-eighth part of the... the thirty-ninth part of the... the fortieth part of the... the forty-first part of the... the forty-second part of the... the forty-third part of the... the forty-fourth part of the... the forty-fifth part of the... the forty-sixth part of the... the forty-seventh part of the... the forty-eighth part of the... the forty-ninth part of the... the fiftieth part of the... the fifty-first part of the... the fifty-second part of the... the fifty-third part of the... the fifty-fourth part of the... the fifty-fifth part of the... the fifty-sixth part of the... the fifty-seventh part of the... the fifty-eighth part of the... the fifty-ninth part of the... the sixtieth part of the... the sixty-first part of the... the sixty-second part of the... the sixty-third part of the... the sixty-fourth part of the... the sixty-fifth part of the... the sixty-sixth part of the... the sixty-seventh part of the... the sixty-eighth part of the... the sixty-ninth part of the... the seventieth part of the... the seventy-first part of the... the seventy-second part of the... the seventy-third part of the... the seventy-fourth part of the... the seventy-fifth part of the... the seventy-sixth part of the... the seventy-seventh part of the... the seventy-eighth part of the... the seventy-ninth part of the... the eightieth part of the... the eighty-first part of the... the eighty-second part of the... the eighty-third part of the... the eighty-fourth part of the... the eighty-fifth part of the... the eighty-sixth part of the... the eighty-seventh part of the... the eighty-eighth part of the... the eighty-ninth part of the... the ninetieth part of the... the ninety-first part of the... the ninety-second part of the... the ninety-third part of the... the ninety-fourth part of the... the ninety-fifth part of the... the ninety-sixth part of the... the ninety-seventh part of the... the ninety-eighth part of the... the ninety-ninth part of the... the hundredth part of the...

The lov  
By hea  
Had sp  
Just mo  
And ca  
Varying  
O'er wo  
And o'e  
Where  
Until it  
Which  
Perhaps  
As bays  
Were n  
The chi  
For age  
To fish,

# THE OPEN HAND,

## PART I.

### CANTO I.

The lovely moon, whose glorious light,  
By heaven ordained to cheer the night,  
Had spread her silvery light afar,  
Just mounting her triumphal car,  
And casting o'er her face the cloud,  
Varying the tinting of her shroud,  
O'er woods, and brooks, and hills, and dales,  
And o'er our northern snowy vales,  
Where dark Penobscot winds its way,  
Until it gains the narrow bay,  
Which bears its name, (some native word—  
Perhaps a beast, or man, or bird,)  
As bays or streams—such the belief—  
Were named for some great ancient chief,  
The chiefs of their own native wood  
For ages made their empire good,  
To fish, or hunt, the season round—



Each tribe on its allotted ground,  
 The natives, formed by nature rude,  
 Exposed to sun, and storm and flood;  
 Their hardy frames, to toil inured,  
 Privation easily endured;  
 Brave, noble, warlike, fierce and wild—  
 The same if fortune frowned or smiled—  
 Kind, if by kindness they were won,  
 And ne'er forgot a favor done;  
 But vengeance was as keen and rife,  
 And seldom ended but with life.

## CANTO II.

Such was the race our fathers found  
 When first they touched the favored ground,  
 When first the "Mayflower"\* bore her crew  
 Of Pilgrims here, they were but few.  
 But ere three scores of years had passed,  
 The Saxon race had spread so fast,  
 That now the forest waving brown,  
 Had given way to many a town;  
 And fields of grain the toil repaid

\* The ship that bore the first English colonists to New England was called the Mayflower.

Of tilli  
 The na  
 And oft  
 Full ma  
 Who le  
 With w  
 In Mass  
 Some ga  
 Or in ke  
 Some sl  
 Some di

But the  
 That ho  
 They ex  
 Of wher  
 Wars wi  
 'Twas in  
 The field  
 So freel  
 For Lou  
 French  
 Grants



Of tilling earth, the master trade.  
 The natives viewed with jealous ire,  
 And oft made war with arms and fire ;  
 Full many was the oppressed man,  
 Who left his home in distant land,  
 With wife and babes in wilds to roam,  
 In Massachusetts found a home.  
 Some gave their blood in battle strife,  
 Or in keen torments ended life ;  
 Some slain and scalped in wood and brake,  
 Some died by torture at the stake.

## CANTO III.

But the English so increased around  
 That hostile tribes soon lost their ground ;  
 They extended east, and south, and west,  
 Of where they first sat down to rest ;  
 Wars with the French already stained,  
 'Twas in the second George's reign,  
 The fields and wilds with noble blood,  
 So freely shed for country's good.  
 For Louis to his favorites gave,  
 French nobles crafty, proud and brave,  
 Grants of that fertile country

From forty-one to fifty-three  
 Degrees of north, where Cartier\* free,  
 Had long explored the colony.  
 Quebec sprung first from rocky bound,  
 Then Montreal the Island town,  
 And several other towns of name,  
 By destiny fixed for future fame;  
 And on the banks of fair St. John,  
 The sons of France did freely roam,  
 The French and Indians roaming free,  
 Together lived in harmony.

## CANTO IV.

Thus when stern warfare rolled its tide,  
 Together were they side by side;  
 Far from Acadia's† distant wild,  
 The Mellicite,‡ (stern nature's child)  
 If his French father should request,  
 Would arm to see his wrongs redressed;  
 He would descend with fire and knife,

\*Jacques Cartier was the first French navigator that explored the St. Lawrence.

†The present Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were formerly called Acadia by the French.

‡The St. John Indians were always called Mellicites.

Nor s  
 E'en c  
 In his  
 Thus  
 And c  
 Were  
 If it v  
 Tho' c  
 The ha  
 And w  
 And bl  
 Thus m  
 Not kn  
 From v  
 From t  
 To whe  
 Themse  
 These  
 By the  
 And w  
 Took p  
 When

\*At the

Nor spared he babe or mother's life;  
E'en cattle lowing on the hill,  
In his wild rage he oft would kill.  
Thus peaceful hamlets wrapped in flames  
And captives running gauntlet games,  
Were pleasant sights for him to view,  
If it was English blood they drew.  
Tho' oft in vengeance turned back,  
The hardy woodsman on his track,  
And with the natives would engage,  
And bloody fight and warfare wage;  
Thus many days those settlers passed,  
Not knowing which would be their last.  
From where Penobscot winds its way,  
From the land of lakes\* unto its bay,  
To where the tall White Mountains join  
Themselves unto New Hampshire's line;  
These lands were ravaged far and wide,  
By the painted race of many a tribe;  
And what I purpose to define  
Took place in seventeen fifty-nine,  
When the whole breadth of our frontier

---

\*At the head of Penobscot river there are numerous lakes.

Was desolation, death and fear;  
 Yet on the dark Penobscot side,  
 And far above the reach of tide,  
 There many a hardy pioneer  
 Resolved to live in spite of fear.  
 A lovely vale through which a brook  
 Unto Penobscot river took  
 Its course, first watering this fair vale,  
 Itself for miles a fertile swale,  
 Without a hill to change the scene,  
 Or break the view of lovely green;  
 While down upon the western side  
 Some broken hilly lands divide  
 This valley from some other vale—  
 Perchance from mountain, hill and dale.

## CANTO V.

Those pioneers, a hardy race,  
 Well skilled in fishing, war and chase,  
 By friendship's deepest ties were bound,  
 For all did move on dangerous ground.  
 Thus when men's interests are the same,  
 And interest becomes a common name,

Friend  
 Or dis  
 Althou  
 Their t  
 Thus w  
 The ear  
 Each w  
 The gro  
 And wh  
 Its frag  
 They'd  
 Or fish  
 But in a  
 Their tr  
 And Sal  
 Himself  
 A small  
 From pi

'Twas w  
 Had dec  
 And hea

Friendship is natural as breath,  
Or dissolution after death,  
Although from different climes they came,  
Their toils and dangers were the same.  
Thus when sweet spring in grace disclosed  
The earth, long hid by winter snows,  
Each would his humble station fill,  
The ground to cultivate and till;  
And when hot summer's sultry breeze,  
Its fragrance spread among the trees,  
They'd hunt the bear and bounding deer,  
Or fish in brook, or river clear;  
But in all toils, on brook or land,  
Their trusty weapons kept in hand;  
And Sabbath morn each would betake,  
Himself to church among the brake—  
A small rude chapel, where was heard  
From pious lips, the sacred word.

## CANTO VI.

'Twas when sweet spring with varied hue,  
Had decked the fields with flowers new,  
And heavenly powers, rich in grace,

Had blessed the earth—man's resting place.  
 It chanced one evening very late,  
 Two comrades in the tavern sat—  
 A lonely inn down in the vale,  
 Where oft was heard the hunter's tale—  
 Conversing low, in earnest tone,  
 And, save the host, they were alone.  
 One was tall and spare of frame,  
 Formed for toil or hunting game;  
 His dark brown hair, well tinged with grey,  
 Around his brow hung carelessly;  
 His flashing eyes and features told  
 A spirit not to be controlled.  
 He spoke with freedom, not with fear,  
 Of Indian actions far and near.  
 While speaking thus, in earnest tone,  
 The light upon his comrade shone;  
 It showed a face where middle age,  
 Had lightly set its signet sage;  
 With soft, black eyes and glossy hair,  
 His tone was mild, his features fair;  
 His massive forehead, broad and high,

Showe  
 That g  
 And g  
 A face  
 From  
 Whilst  
 Showe

The el  
 "I did  
 But st  
 To join  
 These  
 And p  
 But les  
 My pla  
 You kn  
 But th  
 His Sq  
 With V  
 And w  
 Of all



place.  
Showed plain to each observing eye  
That greatness, nobleness of soul,  
And genius, formed in nature's mould  
A face of which the majesty  
From groveling passions seemed quite free,  
Whilst his broad chest and shoulders square,  
Showed mighty strength to slumber there.

## CANTO VII.

The elder spake, "Well, George," he said,  
"I did not mean you to upbraid,  
But still I think you'd better choose  
To join the scheme that I propose.  
These Indians are too false to love,  
And proofs I'll add to those I gave.  
But lest your patience should grow cold,  
My plan to you I will unfold.  
You know that Blacksnake's not at home,  
But through the northern wilds doth roam;  
His Squaw has now the sole command,  
With Wauban of the bloody hand,  
And with them bide not more than two  
Of all his howling, thieving crew.



Would it not be a noble thing,  
 To render service to our King  
 And country, George? for well we know,  
 Each redskin round us is our foe.  
 'Tis not three years since first they came  
 From the dark north like winter's rain,  
 To poison all the good that sprung  
 From any Indians us among.  
 They hate us much, which they will show  
 If chance they get to strike a blow,  
 Which they'll soon find, you may depend,  
 This is my firm opinion, friend.  
 I've often watched their dark divan,  
 While they were forming many a plan,  
 With our own Indians, up to rise,  
 And massacre us by surprise,  
 And you remember well the night,  
 When tidings came of Braddock's fight;  
 How the red devils danced with joy,  
 They thought, in secret,—but a boy,  
 One of my sons, there chanced to be  
 In those dark woods, and said to me

He sa  
 The w  
 "Deat  
 From  
 They b  
 I tell,  
 My br  
 And cl  
 Did qu  
 Away,  
 Keen l  
 Emotio

"Oh, y  
 May sa  
 For I c  
 Of kno  
 I have  
 Who in  
 Connec  
 Was w  
 Until I

He saw them dance and heard them sing—  
The woods did with their echoes ring:  
“Death to the English,” then did raise  
From their brown lips as in the days  
They burned Waldo, and with pain  
I tell, for father there was slain.  
My brother, too,” he clenched his teeth  
And choked, but tears to his relief  
Did quickly come; but those he dashed  
Away, yet from his dark eyes flashed  
Keen lightning glances as he spoke,  
Emotions oft his utterance broke.

## CANTO VIII.

“Oh, yes, George Milburn, pray that fate  
May save us ere it is too late;  
For I can say, and yet not boast,  
Of knowledge of this redskin host  
I have as much as any man  
Who in those northern wilds doth stand.  
Connecticut, the land of truth,  
Was where I passed my early youth,  
Until I reached fair manhood's prime,

Then Indians occupied my time,  
 For eighteen years I was their foe,  
 As many have good cause to know;  
 For oft in battle I have stood,  
 And oft have shed the red man's blood;  
 Oft through Acadia's wilds I've passed,  
 And by St. John my tents have cast,  
 And from long watching well I know  
 Each savage round us is our foe;  
 Besides, a Frenchman\* late was seen  
 With Paris cap and coat of green,  
 With Blacksnake winding thro' the wood—  
 Such visitors bode little good.  
 Now join my scheme, it is complete,  
 To kill each red-skinned Mellicite.  
 As sables bound upon the hares,  
 We'll bound upon them unawares;  
 They are good nine—I ask but five  
 To kill or take them all alive."

## CANTO IX.

George Milburn mused as such, as he

\* French emissaries were common among the Indians, in those days, hiring and encouraging them to wage war with the English.

Can o  
 He th  
 That o  
 He th  
 The o  
 Then s  
 And t  
 "Forg  
 But I  
 For dr  
 Upon-  
 The Q  
 Most d  
 Thoug  
 He sit  
 Of Mo  
 And o  
 He sm  
 As if  
 While  
 To eve  
 He mu

Can only muse in misery.  
 He thought on future wars and strife  
 That only end with foeman's life ;  
 He thought of children, fathers, wives,  
 The cost and sacrifice of lives ;  
 Then silence's painful trance he broke,  
 And turning round, these words he spoke :  
 "Forgive, dear Burwell, if you can,  
 But I must differ from your plan,  
 For dreadful war will surely break  
 Upon us if those lives we take.  
 The Quoddy tribe that we're among  
 Most dearly would avenge the wrong ;  
 Though Blacksnake's of another tribe,  
 He sits as brother by the side  
 Of Moxus and the Lowering Brow,  
 And other warlike chiefs I trow.  
 He smokes in council just the same  
 As if from them he took his name,  
 While Moxus always friendship bore  
 To every white on this wild shore,  
 He must not think I bear a part

dians, in those  
 the English.

Of hate or malice in my heart,  
 For now he thinks I am his friend,  
 And war with him, where would it end?  
 But one strong building in the glen,  
 And at the most not fifty men,  
 Who most have wives and children dear,  
 Their happy homes and hearths to cheer.  
 No! not for all King George's power  
 Would I make war one single hour,  
 Or move for blood one inch from hence,  
 Or fight unless 'twas in defense  
 Of our sweet homes and kindred dear—  
 But meanwhile let's be of good cheer,  
 And try by gifts and friendship true  
 These savage natives to subdue;  
 So now, my friend, this counsel take;  
 Go home and dream not of Blacksnakes."

## CANTO X.

The moon had risen bright and fair,  
 Each wild beast slumbered in his lair,  
 The hawks and eagles, birds of prey,  
 No longer winged their forward way,

But on  
 A waite  
 No sou  
 Except  
 Some fa  
 Scared  
 And tre  
 A man  
 Which  
 Oft on  
 As if so  
 And stil  
 Shewed  
 Again h  
 But gri  
 His hea  
 And mu  
 Until h  
 'Part fr  
 A vale  
 It from  
 That flo

But on some spreading branches high  
Awaited morn in eastern sky;  
No sound to break the silence still,  
Except afar on distant hill  
Some famished wolf now howling ran,  
Scared by the tents of christian man;  
And treading o'er the verdure green  
A manly figure might be seen  
Which passed the camps and houses rude;  
Oft on his way he paused and stood  
As if some subject chafed his mind,  
And still that face, so mild and kind,  
Shewed nought of hatred, pride or fear,  
Again his forward course he'd steer,  
But grief and sorrow filled his breast,  
His heart was with a load oppressed;  
And musing still kept on the road,  
Until he reached a house that stood  
'Part from the rest, the hill beside,  
A vale in front, formed to divide  
It from the river, dark and free,  
That flowed along so gracefully.



An air of neatness reigned around,  
 Which in these wilds was seldom found;  
 The garden walled around with care,  
 (For plants and flowers blossomed there,)  
 And here an elm and there an oak,  
 Which from the house the north winds broke,  
 He paused before he reached the door,  
 And cast his eyes the village o'er,  
 Where dwelt the friends to him so dear,  
 And pity forced from him a tear.  
 He knelt down on the cold door stone,  
 And fervently he prayed alone,  
 Alone! I said—no, He who hears  
 And answers true and fervent prayers  
 Had listened from His holy throne—  
 I dare not say he was alone.

## CANTO XI.

"O, gracious Father," thus he prayed,  
 "Deign to vouchsafe to us thine aid,  
 And give me words to pray aright,  
 For all must spring from thy great might.  
 Great God! I fear thy mighty hand



Is stretched in vengeance o'er the land;  
For sinful deeds thy wrath has come,  
Must we be driven from our home?  
For wars, oh, Lord, are servants thine,  
Sent down to scourge this lovely vine,  
Which thou hast planted fair and free  
In wild woods of America.  
Oh, Lord! have mercy on our race—  
Poor erring mortals, give us grace,  
And save us from each savage foe  
That in these wilds would lay us low.  
But still, oh Lord, if such thy will,  
That cruel Indians should us kill,  
We pray that thou our souls will take,  
And save us thine, for Jesus' sake."  
He rose and gently tapped the door,  
He heard a light step on the floor,  
"Is that my George?" "Yes, love," said he—  
The door was opened speedily  
By sylph-like form of lovely mien,  
Rarely in courts or cities seen;  
No dazzling charms, but gentle grace

Adorned each line of that sweet face;  
 Those azure eyes of heavenly blue,  
 Told of a nature kind and true;  
 But why describe a face so fair?  
 All earthly goodness centred there.  
 "Speak, George, my love, what trouble now  
 Has cast its shadow on thy brow?  
 Ah, me! I fear some dreadful tale  
 Of Indian warfare in this vale,  
 Or have we lost some darling friend?  
 We know our troubles never end.  
 Speak, George, and ease my anxious breast,  
 For thy kind nature cannot rest;  
 When others grieve, you too must mourn,  
 By others' cares your heart is torn."

## CANTO XII.

"Oh! dear Matilda, days have come  
 When warfare reaches to our home;  
 The savage hordes shew hostile mien,  
 And French among them have been seen.  
 We must begin to guard our glen,  
 And save or sell our lives like men,

And I  
 To gua  
 I fear  
 I've fac  
 But wh  
 It migh  
 And ou  
 Protect  
 We'll s  
 But tru  
 'Dear  
 Such tid  
 'I've pr  
 That, be  
 Either i  
 To die v  
 And if  
 They ne  
 But rise  
 And me  
 'Twas th  
 Uptil th

And I for one must now prepare  
To guard ourselves and children dear;  
I fear not death in wildest form—  
I've faced the battle and the storm,  
But when your safety is at stake,  
It might my pride and courage break.  
And our dear babes, God keep from harm,  
Protect them with thy mighty arm.  
We'll strive at fate not to repine,  
But trust in Providence divine."  
"Dear George," she said, whilst tears did roll,  
Such tidings had o'erwhelmed her soul,  
"I've prayed that God would grant one boon:  
That, be it distant, aye, or soon,  
Either in sickness or in gore—  
To die with thee, I ask no more.  
And if our babes should die in youth,  
They ne'er will wander from the truth,  
But rise, His name to glorify,  
And meet their parents in the sky."

## CANTO XIII.

'Twas thus this couple passed their time  
Until the clock struck midnight's chime,

Then laid them down to seek that rest  
 By which our natures are so blest,  
 Little they dreamed there were so near  
 Two deadly foes their words to hear;  
 Two redskins fierce, of mighty fame,  
 Who to the cottage early came,  
 Soon as the inmates sank to rest,  
 One to the other this addressed:  
 "The wigwam this of Open Hand,  
 The sachem\* of that yangeef band,  
 Who, part with presents, part with bribes,  
 Has won the hearts of half our tribes,  
 Those cursed yangees shoot our game—  
 How changed is all since here they came!  
 Our forests and our hills they roam,  
 Until our tribes have scarce a home;  
 But Blacksnake says the time is near  
 When we must clear them out from here,  
 And drive them to the shades of hell,

\* Chiefs, or men noted for bravery, were called sachems.

† The term "yankes" is an Indian corruption of the word English, which they could not pronounce. The nearest approach they could make to that word being "yangee," which in time became corrupted to the present term, yankes.

With  
 He pa  
 First v  
 Then f  
 At leng  
 "Our r  
 To the  
 Will so  
 How th  
 For I've  
 How sil  
 For Eng  
 Was sen  
 Or great  
 And bad  
 Enough  
 For now

\* The nor  
 which they  
 † The Fre  
 or scalps an  
 † Baron de  
 ears prior to  
 ame.  
 † The occ

With fends and Michehant\* to dwell." He said  
 He paused, then both in silence stood—  
 First viewed the river then the wood;  
 Then for a moment neither spoke—  
 At length the other silence broke.

## CANTO XIV.

"Our runners who were lately sent,  
 To the Northern tribes with speed they went,  
 Will soon return, and then we'll know  
 How the French father rates each foe; †  
 For I've heard say in former times,  
 How silver flowed as from the mines,  
 For English scalps, when Castine ‡ good  
 Was sent across the roaring flood,  
 Or great salt lake, § to cheer our heart,  
 And bade us keep our weapons sharp;  
 Enough I've said of days gone by,  
 For now this Open Hand must die.

\* The north-eastern tribes believed in the existence of an evil spirit, which they termed Michehant.

† The French Government paid their Indian auxiliaries large sums for scalps and captives taken in this war.

‡ Baron de Castine, a celebrated French official, who resided a few years prior to the date of our tale, near the town which now bears his name.

§ The ocean was termed by Indians the great salt lake.

And, Logan, see, the time has come  
 That Open Hand must cease to roam;  
 This chance once lost, the Open Hand  
 Will soon collect a mighty band,  
 And fight us long with utmost art,  
 Before from these fair plains they'll part.  
 But him once gone, the rest we'll slay,  
 As warm south winds melt snow away.  
 My father's spirit is roaming wide,  
 Since Lovewell fought with Paugus' tribe,  
 And when night winds are howling by,  
 My father's spirit then is nigh,  
 And whispers, 'Mathla! vengeance take  
 On yankee whiteskins for my sake.  
 So now's the time, for loud he calls.  
 Let's slay this man, and burn those walls,  
 And make his squaw and children know  
 What ours so often undergo.'

## CANTO XV.

The plan conceived—one moment mute—  
 They two rushed forth to execute.

\* It was the belief that the spirits of deceased warriors hovered  
 near their friends until their deaths were avenged.

Like h  
 The d  
 And r  
 For O  
 George  
 Of hat  
 His rif  
 He seiz  
 And e'  
 He sto  
 What,  
 Those I  
 For oft  
 When f  
 But ava  
 Quench  
 The mo  
 For hos  
 And as  
 A hatch  
 And tha  
 Of deat

\* Famine



Like hungry bears with eager stroke  
 The door and windows both they broke,  
 And rushing fiercely thro' the hall,  
 For Open Hand did loudly call.  
 George Milburn heard the heavy stroke  
 Of hatchet which the window broke.  
 His rifle which had o'er him hung  
 He seized as from the bed he sprung,  
 And e'er they twice for him did call,  
 He stood before them in the hall.  
 What, Mathla! Logan! well he knew  
 Those Indians—those ungrateful two;  
 For oft he'd fed them with good grace,  
 When famine stared them in the face.\*  
 But avarice and vengeful ire  
 Quenched grateful thoughts and good desire.  
 The moon which shone through lattice bright,  
 For hostile deeds gave ample light,  
 And as George Milburn raised his gun,  
 A hatchet at his head was flung;  
 And that moment, when the call  
 Of death flew with his vengeful ball,

\* Famine was very common among the north-eastern tribes.



Old Logan fell, and purple gore  
 Did from his dark breast gushing pour,  
 Whilst his keen axe a lodging found  
 In Milburn's arm—a ghastly wound.  
 The parties stood a moment mute,—  
 Stern silence reigned—none moved a foot,  
 Till Milburn's oldest child—a boy,  
 His father's hope, and mother's joy—  
 A youth of fourteen summers fair,  
 With jet black eyes and curling hair,—  
 Came bounding to his father's side,  
 Like aged veteran often tried.  
 'See, father, see! he draws his knife,'  
 And now a contest for his life  
 Was waged by each with deadly ire,  
 With nerves of steel and eyes of fire.  
 Each had an object more than life,  
 Depending on the deadly strife.  
 One fought for vengeance, life and gain,  
 The other fought with might and main  
 The partner of his life to free  
 From death or worse captivity.\*

\* Females at that period preferred death to captivity by the Indians.

The In  
 And fo  
 Whilst  
 Advan  
 At leng  
 Each o  
 George  
 His Ch  
 Go! I  
 Not ti  
 And ha  
 That I'  
 Then d  
 God gra  
 He pois  
 And do  
 The swa  
 And to  
 His axe  
 Yet par  
 Then wh  
 Determi  
 Like ad

The Indian yelled with hellish rage,  
And forward bounded to engage,  
Whilst George, whose feelings none can know,  
Advanced with cautious steps and slow,  
At length they met and steady stood,  
Each other viewed in different mood ;  
George rather would not take his life,  
His Christian soul abhorred the strife ;  
Go ! Mathla, go ! from whence you came,  
Not till I leave this house in flame,  
And have your scalp with me to shew  
That I'm the white man's direst foe,  
Then do your worst, if it must be ;  
God grant to right the victory !  
He poised his rifle as he spoke,  
And down it came with crushing stroke ;  
The swarthy savage saw the blow,  
And to avoid it bended low ;  
His axe he raised to ward the same,  
Yet partly on his back it came ;  
Then wheeling suddenly he rose,  
Determined with his foe to close.  
Like adder darting from his coil,

Like wolf that grapples with the spoil,  
 Like mountain cat that guards her young,  
 Fall at George Milburn's throat he sprung,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round,  
 While his keen axe dropped to the ground,  
 But still retained his dangerous knife,  
 And fiercely stabbed for Milburn's life.  
 George saw the only chance to free  
 Himself from his fell enemy,  
 Was by embrace his arms to stay,  
 And leave no room for knife to play ;  
 And thus entwined they crossed the hall,  
 Each striving, tripping, for the fall,  
 For each knew should he reach the floor,  
 The last chance for his life was o'er.

## CANTO XVI.

Each had great strength at his command,  
 And used it with unsparing hand,  
 Till flesh gave way and blisters rose,  
 From deadly clasp of deadlier foes,  
 No active Frenchman e'er was found,  
 To lay stern Mathla on the ground ;

No Ir  
 Dared  
 Right  
 And n  
 Of sta  
 But ye  
 Old ch  
 That n  
 With  
 Whom

To equ  
 It was  
 And th  
 Would  
 And ne  
 Gave a  
 He tho  
 Well k

\* The I

\* Escan  
 vessel to  
 he cerem  
 said—"T  
 New Eng

No Iroquois\* of that warlike race  
 Dared singly this stout chieftain face;  
 Right up steep mountains could he press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 Of stature high, and strong of frame,  
 But yet too young to bear great name,  
 Old chiefs would say as he'd pass by,  
 That mighty Mathla's strength would vie  
 With Escambuit\* of former days,  
 Whom the French monarch deigned to praise.

## CANTO XVII.

To equal him fierce Mathla tried,  
 It was his hope, his wish, his pride,  
 And thus he thought some deed of fame,  
 Would glory give, and raise his name;  
 And now when warfare far and wide  
 Gave ample scope for warrior's pride,  
 He thought to slay the Open Hand,  
 Well known as chief of that small band

\* The Iroquois or Six Nations, were always friendly to the English.

\* Escambuit, a noted chief of the Passamaquoddy tribe, sailed in a vessel to France, and was presented to the king at Versailles. After the ceremony of presentation he stretched forth his right arm and said—"This hand has slain ninety-eight of your Majesty's enemies in New England;" whereupon the king made him many rich presents.

Of English settled far and wide,  
 Above the dark Penobscot's tide ;  
 But still no warrior in the land  
 Was found a match for Open Hand,  
 Whose mighty strength old Mathla knew,  
 Was full a match for any two  
 Stout Indian braves, such nature's laws,  
 And Logan brought to aid the cause,  
 Now Logan's body, stained with gore,  
 Lay stark and lifeless on the floor,  
 Whilst o'er it, round it, on it, raged  
 The conflict those two foemen waged ;  
 For seldom has it been the lot  
 Of writer, modern or forgot,  
 E'er to record such dreadful strife  
 As those two waged for either's life.  
 For once fierce Mathla seemed to gain  
 Advantage in the deadly strain,—  
 Had Milburn forced upon his knee,  
 And raised the shout of victory !  
 Sure that his foe the battle lost,  
 But reckoned he without his host,  
 For Milburn rose unscathed by harm,

With M  
 And fo  
 What v  
 George  
 Not da  
 Advanc  
 Nor tho  
 The chi  
 t seize  
 Dealt f  
 The sw  
 But nob  
 Had flo  
 Then w  
 He sank  
 George  
 Was to  
 Who, r  
 Had ne  
 Her sirc  
 Whence  
 For wea

With Mathla's weight upon his arm ;  
And fortune did at length decide  
What valor had but vainly tried.  
George Milburn's son, that noble child,  
Not daunted by the conflict wild,  
Advanced to share the dangerous strife,  
Nor thought but of his father's life.  
The chieftain's hatchet by him laid,  
It seized, no longer he delayed,  
Dealt feeble blows with mighty zeal ;  
The swarthy chieftain soon did yield,  
But not till blood from many a wound,  
Had flowed like water all around,  
Then weak and bruised and wounded sore,  
He sank exhausted on the floor.

## CANTO XVIII.

George Milburn freed, his earliest care  
Was to console his partner fair,  
Who, reared on Europe's distant shore,  
Had ne'er seen strife or blood before.  
Her sire, one of the merchant kings  
Whence England boasts her power springs,  
For wealth and virtue famed wide,



Ere to the altar led his bride,  
 And he, though rich, a plebeian stood,  
 Beside a maid of noble blood,  
 This daughter was his only child,  
 As we've described her, fair and mild,  
 Well skilled and learned in every art  
 That beautifies the mind and heart.  
 She was her parent's solace dear,  
 And oft would comfort them, and cheer ;  
 In dark affliction's trying hour,  
 She oft had shown her magic power ;  
 But when her father came to know  
 Misfortune's darkest, direst blow,  
 His gentle wife did yield her breath,  
 To that all potent tyrant death ;  
 And reft of comfort from this time,  
 Bade farewell to his native clime,  
 And his Matilda oft was prayed,  
 By her own kin of lordly grade,  
 To stay within her native land  
 Where lords and nobles sought her hand ;  
 For beauty fair and gentle fame,  
 Had gained for her a lofty name,

But st  
 Her fa  
 And by  
 To. che  
 So like  
 Midst  
 Life for  
 He dro  
 He gav  
 His bod  
 He left  
 Without  
 But vir  
 Among  
 A living  
 That m  
 Her wo  
 Brought  
 Accepti  
 She, wi  
 Soon lea  
 She lea

But still this noble maiden fair,  
Her father's lot would sooner share,  
And by his side she chose to stay  
To cheer him on his lonely way;  
So like the swallow, left her home,  
Midst other scenes and climes to roam,  
Life for her father lost its charms,  
He drooped and died within her arms.  
He gave his spirit to his God,  
His body rests beneath the sod;  
He left her in the world alone,  
Without a friend, without a home.

## CANTO XIX.

But virtue never wants a friend,  
Among true hearted Englishmen—  
A living token of God's grace,  
That marks our Anglo Saxon race.  
Her woful tale of sorrow known,  
Brought many an offer of a home,  
Accepting of a farmer's care,  
She, with his daughters free and fair,  
Soon learned the flocks and herds to rear;  
She learned to fish in rivers clear,

And dress the game that hunters brought,  
 And with her needle oft she wrought  
 On skins of deer, or garments made  
 Of wool and hair wove in the glade.  
 Content she was in humble sphere,  
 For rural life has charms most dear  
 To every true and noble mind  
 That pleasure can in virtue find.  
 Thus happy days by her were spent,  
 In usefulness and sweet content.  
 Till little Cupid's painted dart  
 Transfixed itself within her heart.  
 A band of Rangers\* scouring wide,  
 Had met and fought some hostile tribe,  
 And now the strife and battle o'er,  
 Their wounded leader thence they bore,  
 And when the twilight on them shone,  
 They reached the glade, Matilda's home,  
 And left him to the tender care  
 Of farmer's wife, and daughters fair,  
 Who used their skill his wounds to heal,

\* Those men who voluntarily hunted the Indians in parties were called "rangers."

And  
 Till  
 Whic  
 But  
 And  
 A hos  
 We th  
 But w  
 Or on  
 Love'  
 In pe  
 They  
 Alike  
 Her h  
 Not m  
 With  
 From  
 His ch  
 Had l  
 And  
 Of mo  
 They  
 Of fai

And nursed him with untiring zeal,  
Till health upon him shed its ray,  
Which did their care and toil repay.  
But all must yield to nature's laws,  
And first to love, that quickly draws  
A host of feelings in its train—  
We think, and pause, and think again.  
But why describe the magic spell,  
Or on love's feelings pause to dwell?  
Love's tender flame is felt by all,  
In peasant's cot or lordly hall.  
They soon in wedlock's bands were joined,  
Alike in heart, alike in mind.  
Her husband's father tilled the ground,  
Not many miles from Casco town,  
With wealth enough, but still quite free  
From pride and all pomposity:  
His children, reared in fear of God,  
Had learned to walk in wisdom's road,  
And by the sweet example taught  
Of mother's love before them brought,  
They learned from her their duty free,  
Of faith, hope, love and charity.

A mother's name, how sweet the sound !  
 And few for worth or fame renowned,  
 But what must bless a mother's truth,  
 Imparted in their early youth.

## CANTO XX.

Thus George grew up, till manhood's pride  
 Arrived, and he stood by the side  
 Of warriors bold that knew no fear,  
 Of hostile tribes their homes to clear.  
 He showed such conduct in the fight,  
 Did courage, strength and skill unite,  
 That ere two years of warfare made,  
 He had received a captain's grade ;  
 Then at the age when love gains o'er  
 The heart, (I mean sweet twenty-four,)  
 He wooed and won Matilda fair,  
 The queen of love, of truth the heir,  
 And with her left his youthful home,  
 Determined to no longer roam,  
 But to enjoy a peaceful life,  
 Away from turmoil, hate and strife ;  
 And by his wisdom kept quite free  
 From war, the small community

That  
 Desc  
 Until  
 In all  
 So ce  
 That  
 Refus  
 Or jo  
 From  
 Did t  
 For er  
 Were  
 And f  
 In sea

\* Short  
 chain of

That dwelt with him along the vale,  
Described in opening of this tale,  
Until the war of which I spoke,  
In all its fury on them broke.  
So celebrated was his name,  
That many mighty chiefs of fame  
Refused to mingle in the war,  
Or join in ranging parties far.  
From them the French by various ways,  
Did try the Indians to engage,  
For emissaries far and wide,  
Were sent to each and every tribe,  
And forts\* and depots built to trade  
In scalps and captives, Indians made.

---

\* Shortly after the breaking out of the war, the French erected a chain of forts up the St. John river to the St. Lawrence waters;



## PART II.

### CANTO I.

'Twas morn, and bright the orb of day  
Spread through the trees its flashing ray,  
Cheering the hearts of all mankind,  
The earth its genial heat did find;  
It shone on all, both bond and free,  
Each did its rays and splendor see;  
And in a nook by a hill side,  
By which a stream did gently glide,  
Far from the homes of yangees bold,  
The assembled chiefs did council hold.  
Chiefs there did meet, and warriors stern  
For purposes they came to learn;  
For great Melhatchee, chief of all  
The Eastern tribes, for them did call;  
For great events of recent date  
It was his purpose to relate.  
And now assembled in this nook,  
Each chief and warrior station took;

n ro  
n fro  
Of Q  
Broth  
By the  
Algon  
All sa  
Until  
And in  
A glow  
And, s  
On all  
At leng  
The co  
Which  
To a br  
Speak  
What t  
Of wis  
o aid  
\* The p  
the Ta  
† Wallo  
ha, of t  
‡ Algon

In rows they sat upon the bank—  
 In front were chiefs of highest rank  
 Of Quoddy tribes and Taratines,\*  
 Brothers in council at all times.  
 By them sat chiefs from Loostook's† banks,  
 Algonquins‡ too, did swell their ranks.  
 All sat or leaned upon the ground,  
 Until they formed a circle round;  
 And in the centre fiercely blazed  
 A glowing pile by warriors raised—  
 And, save the twigs which snapped and flamed,  
 On all the space a silence reigned.  
 At length the chief Melhatchee rose,  
 The council pipe he did expose,  
 Which from his lips he did convey  
 To a brother chief, and this did say:  
 Speak, Nena, speak, and then impart  
 What the Great Spirit gives thy heart  
 Of wisdom, truth and good desire,  
 To aid us at our council fire.

\* The present Indians at Oldtown, on the Penobscot, are remnants of the Tarratine and Quoddy tribes.

† Walloostook, or Lopstook, was the Indian name of the upper St. John, of which, probably, "Aroostook" is a corruption.

‡ Algonquins were a small tribe located near the borders of Canada.

And thus the pipe the circuit made,  
 Of chiefs that came to lend their aid  
 Unto the council in such way  
 As best befitted them to say.

## CANTO II.

They painted were of different hue—  
 Some black, some striped, some red, some blue;  
 And some were white—those peace desired,  
 And black those who for war were fired.  
 The chief arose and silence broke,  
 And proudly, sternly thus he spoke:  
 “My brothers, hear the words so true  
 Of Col. Hartel here with you.  
 Our hatchets and our knives to take,  
 And fierce war on the yangees make!  
 Interest and hatred here combine,  
 For Hartel says there is a mine  
 Of silver emptied from afar,  
 For Indians in this sacred war;  
 So let's be rich, and gain our ends,  
 To slay our foes and aid our friends.  
 And make our mark on many a vale,  
 With daring deeds to leave a tale;

That's  
 When  
 He cea  
 And h  
 By Eng  
 From I  
 And h  
 He too  
 Speak  
 f our  
 All tho  
 Or mer  
 By buil  
 And da  
 Young  
 And vi  
 A your  
 Who fr  
 By pro  
 To uni  
 Now  
 Our f

That's what true warriors most desire  
When scorching with ambition's fire.

## CANTO III.

He ceased, and then Melhatchee spoke,  
And harped long on the treaties broke  
By English hunters far and wide,  
From Loostook to Penobscot's side.

And having thus addressed his band,  
He took the Frenchmen by the hand.

Speak! brother Hartel, and disclose  
If our French father means as foes

All those who speak the English tongue,  
Or merely those who've done him wrong  
By building fires upon his land,  
And daring him with arms in hand.

Young Lewis Hartel rose with pride,  
And viewed the natives by his side,  
A young French colonel, blithe and gay,  
Who from Quebec had made his way,

By promises and sums paid down,  
To unite the tribes to his master's crown.

Now hear me, brother, thus he said,  
Our father needs his children's aid

'Gainst each and every Englishman  
That in America doth stand.  
And thus to soothe each warriors pride,  
Our generous father pays each tribe  
Two thousand crowns of silver bright  
For every year they choose to fight.  
Likewise, brave warriors, mark me well,  
For solemn truths to you I tell,  
Your father's love for you will last  
Till sun and moon and stars are past;  
As proof to every gallant brave,  
This every warrior strong shall have—  
For every scalp which man has wore,  
Shall have five crowns of silver more.  
For every captive shall be paid,  
So much for sex, so much for grade;  
Besides great stores of spoil at need,  
Which amply will repay each deed.  
To save you trouble, toil and care,  
Upon the banks of Loostock fair  
Are forts so strong as to defy  
All England's power far and nigh;  
Those filled with stores and silver bright,

To che  
Of nob  
Of Fre  
Which  
Looks  
And m  
Dur ho  
And le  
To alwa  
To mak  
Such is  
He ceas  
The fee  
Deep a  
From a  
Excepti  
But wa  
This ch  
For Mil  
  
gain t  
lis app

To cheer the heart and please the sight  
Of noble warriors in the cause  
Of French religion, truth and laws,  
Which our kind Father from above  
Looks down upon with smiles of love.  
And many warriors always join  
Our holy cause, just and divine,  
And let a treaty strong be made,  
To always lend each other aid;  
To make this treaty here I stand,  
Such is my father's high command.'  
He ceased to speak, and turned to mark  
The feelings of his audience dark;  
Deep approbation met his view  
From all that savage, warlike crew,  
Excepting one that did not speak,  
But watched the scene with burning cheek.  
This chieftain stood from them apart,  
For Milburn's gifts had won his heart.

## CANTO IV.

Again the great Melhatchee rose,  
His approbation to disclose,



While smiles and nods from each did pass  
 Between the humbler, younger class;  
 For nearly all, from time to time,  
 Had roamed to Canada's fair clime,  
 And with French hunters roamed quite free,  
 Speaking the tongue of Canada.  
 'Now brothers, hear,' Melhatchee said,  
 'Let's give our mighty father aid,  
 And lose no time in striking blows  
 That will intimidate our foes.  
 What say you, chiefs? will each agree  
 To strike and scalp the false yankee?'  
 In turn they smoked, in turn they bowed,  
 Or willingness expressed aloud,  
 And all but Moxus seemed for war—  
 Peace seemed to be his choice by far.  
 Melhatchee spoke with lifted hand,  
 And to the chiefs thus gave command.  
 All heard with silence, dread and fear,  
 His mandate, (he was monarch here.)  
 'Yon mighty Squando warriors take,  
 Then move and sweep Orono lake;

Hide y  
 But so  
 Thus t  
 To cap  
 Determ  
 From S  
 Then o  
 From t  
 Each v  
 n fire  
 When r  
 To one  
 Tall, fi  
 From h  
 And fo  
 He bor  
 Yon g  
 To foe  
 You m  
 And al  
 to to

Hide you the spoil, and warriors slay,  
But scalps and captives bring away.

## CANTO V.

Thus to each chief he gave a place,  
To capture, burn and clear a space,  
Determined in his mind to take  
From Schoodic to the Great Salt Lake,  
Then on the Union river side,  
From that unto Penobscot's tide,  
Each village neat and hamlet fair,  
In fire and slaughter all to share.  
When nearly through he turned around,  
To one who sat upon the ground,  
Tall, fierce and savage,—fire gleamed  
From his dark eye when blood's the theme,  
And for his deeds in former war  
He bore the name of Cœur de fer.  
Yon great Mohasset ne'er did yield  
To foe on lake, in wood or field.  
You mighty honors soon will buy,  
And all your strength and courage try.  
To to this village near at hand,

This night with knife and firebrand,  
 So listen now and mark me well,  
 None must survive the tale to tell.  
 The Open Hand and Water Snake,  
 Be sure those two do not escape.  
 If they escape, to-morrow's sun  
 The world will know the work's begun,  
 Then longknives will our braves waylay,  
 And in revenge our warriors slay.'

## CANTO VI.

He then a post in earth did plant,  
 Mohasset first began the chant,  
 With his keen axe he struck a blow,  
 'It will be thus I'll strike the foe.  
 Now warriors brave that choose to fight,  
 And yangees kill this very night,  
 Come one, come all, and join the dance,  
 Our battle-cry is 'Blood and France!  
 Then each arose, grim, fierce and stern,  
 Striking the post each in his turn,  
 Two hundred warriors, fierce and wild,  
 Engaged to slay man, wife and child.

Each fraught with death, by fury led,  
 The great Mohasset at their head.  
 And thus he spoke, 'Now warriors, join  
 Me on the hills, the night is fine,  
 Each be prepared them to surprise,  
 And end our work ere moon doth rise.'  
 He then arose and led the way,—  
 'Twas nearing now the close of day.  
 Young Hartel had to war been bred,  
 And now by different feelings led,  
 He longed to join the warlike train,  
 And view the slaughter on the plain.  
 He went prepared for Indian fight,  
 With Mohasset that fatal night.  
 Thus all equipped, at close of day,  
 To the settlements they take their way,—  
 They all, save Moxus, left the spot,  
 It seemed deserted and forgot.  
 His friendly heart was sadly pained,  
 A grief poor Moxus still remained,  
 His head was resting on his breast,  
 His mind and body seemed depressed.  
 Must my dear friend, who oft has shared

His meals with me when famine stared?  
 He saved my life once on the lake,  
 And once from bears beside the brake,  
 So good for good I will requite,  
 And save his life this very night.

## CANTO VII.

We'll now return, thro' gloom and shade,  
 Till we reach George Milburn's humble glade,  
 Whom last we left in fight for life,  
 And just victorious from the strife.  
 He bound the wounds of the vanquished chief,  
 And used all means for his relief;  
 Beside him stood his gentle wife,  
 Thanking the Lord for husband's life.  
 'Great Heaven's mercy shown this night,  
 Has saved you in this horrid fight,  
 Oh! George, my dear why live in strife,  
 In danger always of your life!  
 You see the tribes are hostile still,  
 As beast that's prowling o'er the hill.  
 With all your kindness to them shown  
 These ten years, have they better grown?  
 Those you've so often given food

Are  
 So p  
 And  
 Nor  
 Upon  
 Oh,  
 We'll  
 My b  
 My w  
 But  
 Burw  
 And  
 Or sti  
 No ti  
 And r  
 By fee  
 Some  
 What  
 With  
 f Dea  
 could  
 Then u

Are first to strike to shed your blood ;  
 So pray return to Casco's town,  
 And leave these wilds and fortune's frown,  
 Nor brave such dreadful chances more,  
 Upon this dreary, hostile shore.  
 Oh, yes, Matilda, true I fear,  
 We'll soon have Indian inroads here ;  
 My babes and thee though much I love,  
 My well tried friends I cannot leave,  
 But early in the morn I'll meet  
 Burwell and Frost and Charley Street,  
 And council hold what route to bend,  
 Or still our homes and lives defend.  
 No time to lose; go, George, amain,  
 And rouse our friends upon the plain ;  
 By feelings in my breast, I fear  
 Some dire calamity is near.

## CANTO VIII.

What ! leave you here in midst of blood ?  
 With dangers round you like a flood—  
 If Death's grim face before me shone,  
 I could not leave you here alone.  
 Then up bespoke his noble son,



Who had in truth the battle won ;  
 The hero spoke in every line  
 Of that young face, so mild and fine.  
 'What! does my father fear to go?  
 Am I not here? Should any foe  
 Like treach'rous Mathla, dare to steal  
 Around our house, I'll make him feel  
 The power of lead. Have you forgot  
 When winter last the wolf I shot?  
 You said I took unerring aim,  
 As any hunter on the plain:  
 And now my courage prove, I pray,  
 Nor wait until the break of day;  
 Leave me your rifle by my side,  
 I'll guard the house 'gainst half a tribe.'  
 George Milburn viewed the noble boy,  
 And his stout heart did beat with joy,  
 But nought like praise to him did say,  
 Except, 'Dear boy, you have your way.'

## CANTO IX.

With cords he bound fierce Mathla's hands,  
 And this to him did say:  
 'Await a council to be held

Here at the break of day,  
He Logan's body next conveyed  
To an outhouse then with speed;  
Returned again, some arms to take,  
In case he should them need.  
A heavy sword of ancient make  
He girded to his side,  
Long since he did it exercise,  
It was his easy pride.  
May Heaven guard you, babes and wife,  
Till I return again.  
I'll hie me now to Burwell's house,  
The first upon the plain,  
Like a stag-hound o'er the space he flew,  
Until he reached the spot  
Where hunter Burwell and his sons  
Dwelt in their humble cot.  
Not only had he hunted beasts—  
For actions on the lake,  
And taking many Indians' lives,  
He was called the Water Snake.  
The dogs did scarcely bark or growl,  
As Milburn reached the door;

For even dogs did Milburn love,  
 That e'er saw him before.  
 So true it is that kindly hearts  
 Love each and every thing,  
 That dogs, more grateful than mankind,  
 His love returned again.  
 His hasty knock was answered by  
 Some gentle voice within,  
 'Who's there?' ' 'Tis I,' George Milburn said,  
 'Be quick and let me in.'

## CANTO X.

Then bolt and bar were quickly drawn,  
 The door ope'd speedily,  
 And by it stood a stalwart youth,  
 Well knit, and six feet high.  
 Young David, Burwell's oldest son—  
 The tallest in the glade,  
 More active than the bounding roe,  
 He many feats had made,  
 And to the Indians was well known,  
 In chase devoid of fear,  
 And called by them for miles around,  
 The yangee Nimble Deer.

The m  
 He  
 The b  
 An  
 What  
 Or  
 Been  
 Or  
 But n  
 An  
 Speak  
 An  
 'It is  
 Wi  
 With  
 Dic  
 'Well  
 An  
 I did  
 Th  
 Georg  
 Hi

The moon shone on his raven locks,  
 He with surprise surveyed  
 The bloody form of Milburn stout,

And thus to him he said:

‘What! Captain Milburn? have the wolves,  
 Or other beasts of prey,

Been prowling to your quiet home,  
 Or met you on the way?

But no, that sword that’s by your side,  
 Another tale doth tell;

Speak! Captain, speak! why out so late,  
 And what to you befel?’

‘It is you father I desire—  
 With him I wish to speak;’

With that, old Burwell at the door  
 Did Captain Milburn greet.

‘Well, George, are foes around our vale,  
 And have they come so soon?’

I did not think they’d longer wait,  
 Than to-morrow night at noon.’

### CANTO XI.

George Milburn quickly did explain  
 His hasty errand; then

Old Burwell said, and fiercely smiled,  
 'This makes me young again.  
 Han, David, run to Lumley's home,  
 And bid him not delay,  
 For which we'll need his sage advice,  
 To's morn at break of day.  
 My other sons here, John and James,  
 And Joseph, good at need,  
 Fly each, and warn our neighbors up,  
 And tell them where we meet.  
 Each took his route, and flew with speed,  
 And many each did call—  
 'Run, neighbors, to the Captain's house,  
 Until they roused them all;  
 And long before the sun did rise,  
 Full many a hunter bold,  
 Assembled at their leader's house,  
 Like sheep within the fold,  
 No, never was a finer scene  
 For painter to disclose,  
 Than was that morn at Milburn's house  
 Long ere the sun arose,  
 There Milburn sat, and mildly viewed

Th  
 Thou  
 Re  
 And  
 De  
 Proje  
 He  
 The e  
 ALL  
 With  
 To  
 There  
 Gro  
 Who e  
 Or  
 Who  
 An  
 And c  
 Wh  
 The I  
 Th  
 And  
 Ea

The scene with placid eye,—  
Though bound his arm, and on his clothes  
Remained the purple die.  
And by his side old Barwell sat,  
Determined, fierce and bold—  
Projects of blood now filled his mind,  
He thought on scenes of old.  
The elders of that lovely vale  
All sat in council free,  
With thoughtful looks and anxious thought,  
To prevent calamity.  
There hunters with their hoary locks,  
Grown gray in scenes of strife,  
Who oft in battle bravely stood,  
Or singly fought for life,  
Who knew each way, in war or peace,  
And all of savage kind,  
And could distinguish every noise,  
When borne upon the wind.  
The Indian's war whoop could not fright  
These stern and gallant men;  
And now when danger was so nigh,  
Each thought him young again.



Close by them stood the younger race,  
 Like elms swart and tall,  
 The thoughts of battle warmed the breast  
 Of each, of one, of all.  
 And in their midst stern Mathis sat,  
 So sullen fierce and wild,  
 He seemed quite careless of his fate,  
 A true born forest child.  
 'Curs'd redskin dog,' old Burwell said,  
 'Most treach'rous of thy tribe,  
 The truth now speak, or with this axe  
 Your head I will divide  
 From off your shoulders, and your trunk,  
 To feed the dogs shall serve ;  
 If we should burn you at the stake,  
 'Twould be what you deserve.  
 But if the truth you will but speak,  
 Our vengeance do not fear,  
 You'll roam again the forest wild,  
 To shoot the mountain deer.  
 By what chief's order did you come,  
 Our Captain's life to take ?  
 Was it Melhatchee sent you here,

Or  
 'Strik  
 A  
 You'l  
 Un  
 I wish  
 To  
 Or wo  
 Or  
 My w  
 I a  
 The m  
 The  
 He cl  
 Ste  
 And a  
 No  
 'Unlo  
 ; U  
 Go! M  
 An  
 He slo  
 An

Or the cowardly dog, Blacksnake?  
 'Strike, yangee, strike! your worst perform—  
 A warrior fears not death—  
 You'll know me as your direst foe,  
 Until my latest breath,  
 I wish to die, for ne'er can I  
 To lift my head presume;  
 Or woo the daughters of my tribe,  
 Or wear the eagle's plume.  
 My warlike spirit's broken now—  
 I am no more a man,—  
 The mightiest warrior fell before  
 The child of the Open Hand.  
 He closed his eyes, nor deigned to speak,  
 Stern threats to him were vain,  
 And all the means the whites did use,  
 No answer could obtain.  
 'Unloose the bands,' George Milburn said;  
 'Unbind the warrior's hands.  
 Go! Mathla, to your forest home,  
 And think of my commands,  
 He slowly rose, and turned about,  
 And viewed with changing eye,

'Now know, for Mathla loves the truth,  
 All soon are doomed to die.'  
 Then rigidly as some machine,  
 He slowly stalked away.  
 Old Burwell stamped, and ground his teeth,  
 And this in rage did say:  
 'That redskin devil now is free,  
 Though thirsting for our blood;  
 Were I but Captain in your room,  
 Not long alive he'd stood;  
 Think you that he will grateful be,  
 Because his life you spared?  
 No! had you raised his villain scalp,  
 Much better we had fared.'

## CANTO XII.

Then Lumley spoke in earnest tone,  
 'Much better far, if we  
 Devise some means to leave the place,  
 Or fight the enemy.  
 I think some scouts we'd better send  
 To all the chiefs around,  
 To learn if war is their intent,  
 Nay, Milburn, do not frown,

For pl  
 Wh  
 Good  
 Tha  
 Attack  
 On  
 And w  
 And  
 Then s  
 To m  
 and ot  
 Reac  
 When M  
 All o  
 his nob  
 And  
 Now, h  
 As w  
 and sho  
 Woul  
 ou kno  
 The t

For plain we see by this attack,  
 Which Mathla on you made,  
 Good will is surely felt for none  
 That dwell within our glade.  
 Attack we surely may expect,  
 On this our dear retreat,  
 And why not arm us, every man,  
 And them in battle meet?

## CANTO XIII.

Then some did say, 'Let's quickly move  
 To meet the redskinned clan;'—  
 And others said, 'Let's quickly fly—  
 Reach Casco if we can.'—  
 When Milburn spoke, a silence reigned—  
 All owned his power here,  
 His noble look, and manly smile,  
 And heart devoid of fear.  
 Now, brethren, should the Indians come,  
 As we expect they will,  
 And should we meet and drive them back,  
 Would we be better still?  
 You know the Indian nature well—  
 The tribe around are strong—

To the Abenakis race alone,  
 Nine hundred men belong,  
 The Quoddy tribes, with Taratines,  
 Do count two thousand more,  
 All own Melhatchee for their chief,  
 To the Walloostock shore.  
 And if Melhatchee was our friend,  
 Mathla would ne'er have dared,  
 Without his leave, to seek my life,  
 For any large reward.  
 Melhatchee's favor has been gained  
 By flattery, praise and gold,  
 And the French interest is as strong  
 As e'er it was of old.  
 And now, my friends, I know it's hard,  
 To leave our pleasant home,  
 But to the south with all that's dear,  
 We'd best prepare to roam.  
 And when this war and strife are o'er,  
 We will return again,  
 Renew our lives upon these banks,  
 On this once pleasant plain.  
 Should all agree, to-morrow's sun

W  
 And  
 'T  
 Each  
 Eac  
 Twas  
 Thu  
 At len  
 A re  
 Full of  
 Upon  
 My so  
 We l  
 et eac  
 For t  
 ach to  
 Their  
 within  
 To la  
 hat to  
 Feelin  
 us, th  
 Each se

Will see us on our way,  
And thus we may preserve our lives—

'Tis madness here to stay;  
Each hung his head, those hoary men—

Each wore a sorrowing heart,  
'Twas death to stay, like death to go,

Thus from their homes to part.  
At length the Chaplain Hanson\* spoke,

A reverend man, and gray,  
Full often had he preached to them,

Upon God's holy day.  
My sons, the Captain speaks the truth,

We have no time to spare,  
Let each return unto his home,

For the journey to prepare;  
Each took his way, their cots once gained,

Their little store they pile  
Within a sack his humble meat,

To last him many a mile.  
That tongue can tell, what pen describe,

Feelings of wife and child,  
Thus, then, to leave their happy homes,

Each settlement of Puritan English had its minister or parson.



And march through dreary wild,  
 'Tis not my lot, my reader dear,  
 Those scenes I cannot tell,  
 But to describe the actions drear  
 That shortly them befel.  
 Each had agreed to march at morn,  
 Fathers and babes and all,  
 But few the beasts of burden then,  
 And many children small.  
 But fate ordained that many a one  
 Should never see another sun.

## CANTO XIV.

It was dark night, each stood prepared  
 To move at break of day;  
 But on the hills, some miles from thence,  
 One quickly bent his way;  
 It was an Indian painted red,  
 Who flew with rapid pace,  
 And oft he paused and listening stood,  
 With keen and anxious gaze,  
 Was it for war he bent his course,  
 For glory, or for fame?  
 Or was he out upon the hills,

Pursu  
 Dear r  
 We soo  
 George  
 His g  
 With tv  
 Near  
 The ho  
 I ans  
 e ope'  
 He me  
 Now, O  
 bring  
 e mad  
 Have  
 d e'er  
 Be blo  
 e hear  
 And se  
 t the C  
 Go! w  
 w brot  
 Before

Pursuing some wild game?  
Dear readers, wait and you shall see,  
We soon shall solve the mystery.  
George Milburn's arms were by his side,  
His good sword and his gun,  
With two sweet cherubs on his knee,  
Near stood his gallant son;  
The house dog barks, say, father, may  
I answer the alarm?  
He open'd the door, and face to face  
He met the Indian's form.  
Now, Open Hand, I thus swift flew,  
To bring bad tidings unto you;  
The mad wolves and the savage bears  
Have camped upon your path,  
And e'er the moon doth rise there will  
Be blood upon your hearth.  
We heard the council on the hills,  
And seen the warrior band,  
At the Good Spirit whispers thus,  
Go! warn the Open Hand.  
My brother, you are wise and strong,  
Before you lies your path,

And may the God you worship, save  
 You from Mohasset's wrath;  
 Now, reader, did George Milburn's blood  
 Grow cold within his veins?  
 No! this he said—'Come loved ones all,  
 Let's fly across the plains;  
 Matilda, fly and reach the church,  
 Keep God before your sight,  
 And quickly I will rouse our friends,  
 The savages to fight.'  
 Old Burwell's hut was quickly gained;  
 'My friends, prepare to fight,  
 For all the wrath of savage foes  
 Will burst on us to-night.  
 The church will be our fortress strong,  
 We'll all seek shelter there—  
 Beneath the cover of its walls  
 We can the Indians dare.'  
 Across the plains swift Milburn flew,  
 And roused all on his way;  
 'Fly to the church and take your arms,'  
 Was all he stopped to say.  
 And others on the anxious race

To war  
 goodly  
 That g  
 gh to t  
 While a  
 rned to  
 Their sa  
 t could  
 A sight  
 at woul  
 And bla  
 wn o'er  
 Advance  
 cited to  
 Like wo  
 w for G  
 Like floo  
 like som  
 From off  
 chief v  
 aid in t  
 mercy l  
 he Open

To warn their neighbors flew,  
goodly throng of every age,  
That gathered as they drew  
gh to the church with troubled heart,  
While many an anxious face  
urned to the west with furtive glance  
Their savage foe to trace,  
It could their eyes the darkness pierce,  
A sight their gaze would meet.  
That would have cooled the hottest blood,  
And blanched the boldest cheek.  
Down o'er the hills, with rapid pace  
Advanced the savage horde,  
Ecited to the wildest pitch,  
Like wolves thirsting for blood.  
Down for George Milburn's house they ran,  
Like floods they sweep the plain;  
Like some thundering avalanche  
From off the Alps amain.  
The chief who viewed the open door,  
Said in the fiercest tone,  
"No mercy know, no captives take!  
The Open Hand is gone."

Right soon they overtook the crowd  
That strove the church to gain;  
Oh! fearful was the work of death  
That raged upon the plain.  
No time had men to form in bands,  
But singly fighting fell,  
While shout and shriek and dying groans,  
Mingled with savage yell,  
Such were the sounds that rent the air;  
Death raged on every hand;  
Mohassett, like a hungry wolf,  
Was fiercest of the band;  
And loud above the horrid din  
His voice like thunder fell:  
'Slay on! slay on! my warriors brave,  
Be strong! be strong! and kill.'  
For Burwell's house they fiercely rush,  
And flame their progress marks—  
Soon fire raged on every hand,  
And upward flew the sparks.  
'Let's gain the church! once there we're safe  
It was the common cry,  
And headlong in the dreadful race,

Like  
non son  
Turn  
scharg  
Return  
t num  
The w  
hilst ro  
His lit  
eir litt  
In piec  
hile by  
Blood f  
d soon  
The blo  
infant  
Of swe  
ung Ma  
Had rol  
od on t  
A fair a  
d in the

Like wolves and sheep they fly,  
 When some hardy hunters would  
 Turn full upon the foe,  
 Discharge his gun, and with the stock,  
 Return them blow for blow.  
 At numbers soon would end the strife,  
 The wretched man would fall,  
 Whilst round him lay his dearest friend,  
 His little ones and all.  
 Their little bodies mangled sore,  
 In pieces strewed the ground,  
 While by them lay their fathers brave,  
 Blood flowing from each wound,  
 And soon unto some warrior's belt,  
 The bloody scalps conveyed,  
 An infant dear, of gallant men,  
 Of sweet and lovely maid.

## CANTO XVI.

Young Mary Wilson—scarce a year  
 Had rolled since in her pride,  
 Had on the floor in wedlock joined,  
 A fair and blushing bride.  
 And in that space so happy, they



No pains nor crosses knew,  
For she was gentle, fond and fair,  
And Charles was kind and true;  
One pledge of love, a charming boy,  
Did crown their happy lot,  
And peace and joy and love did reign  
Within their humble cot.  
But now that cot is wrapped in flames—  
Her Charles lies at the door—  
And down from many a fatal wound  
Does run the purple gore;  
His bleeding head so dearly loved,  
Where waving locks did grow,  
Shows nothing but the ghastly skull  
From which the blood does flow.  
And on his breast his Mary lies,  
Tight pressed against his heart,  
And all the strength of savage hands  
Their bodies could not part.  
Her long and lovely auburn hair  
The knife had shorn away;  
That form so fair, that heart so true.  
Is now a lump of clay.

hat int  
Alas!  
he doo  
nd spo  
ee! yo  
Firm  
nd in a  
His sh  
ne war  
One o  
ne pond  
When  
ke bee  
They r  
umbers  
His sp  
orge F  
Pierce  
try to  
By filia  
e could  
When t

That infant dear, where is it now!

Alas! 'tis in the flames—

The door post wet with its warm blood,

And spotted with its brains.

## CANTO XVII.

See! yonder stands John Morriscn,

Firm battling for his life,

And in a pile close by his side,

His slaughtered babes and wife.

The warrior fell beneath his shot,

One other quick did feel

The pond'rous rifle's heavy stroke,

When moved by arms of steel.

Like bees upon a summer day,

They round the paleface cling—

Numbers soon will end the strife,

His spirit takes the wing.

George Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,

Pierced deep with many a wound,

He try to save his mother dear,

By filial love was bound;

He could not leave her only son,

When to these wilds they came,

Their cot was warm, in cold or heat,  
 Warmed by affection's flame.  
 And when the cry of Indians rose,  
 Borne high upon the air,  
 'My darling son,' his mother cried,  
 'For me no dangers share.  
 Fly! fly! my son, the foe is near!  
 I'll not impede your flight;  
 But few my days upon the earth,  
 Should I escape this night.'  
 'I cannot, cannot leave you here,  
 The thought my heart does rend;  
 I'd sooner far yield up my life  
 Than leave my earliest friend.  
 No time was left, the sava foe  
 Had gained the cottage door,  
 Which quickly broke, and quicker still  
 Their victims drenched in gore.  
 The moon rose on this hapless spot  
 Where death and terror reigned  
 How many beating hearts that morn  
 Now cold upon the plain!

## CANTO XVIII.

But hark! a voice so clear and full,  
 That voice they all did know,  
 Courage, my friends! cheer up, droop not!  
 Turn full, and face the foe.  
 That voice, full of courage high,  
 Caused many hearts to cheer:  
 The Indians paused in their horrid work,  
 The Open Hand was near:  
 Forward the foe with mighty force,  
 The tide of battle rolled;  
 George Milburn came, and at his back  
 A score of hunters bold:  
 The moon shone full on this brave man; his  
 He to the foe drew near;  
 Pale was his cheek as death itself,  
 But was not pale from fear:  
 Reddened as he viewed—his cheek  
 Soon found the purple tinge,  
 Forgive him, Christian reader dear,  
 For once he cried, 'Revenge!'  
 When first he heard the horrid yells  
 Of Indians on the plain.

Full well he knew that some must fall,  
Ere they the church could gain;  
And like a skillful general, he  
Turned full the foe to meet—  
And thus give time for all to rouse,  
And cover their retreat.  
'Return, return!' to every man  
Thus checked their headlong flight,  
'Return, and meet our direst foes,  
Our safety now is fight.'  
When close unto the savage horde,  
A shower of bullets sped  
From twenty rifles, with good aim,  
Laid many with the dead.  
A manly cheer those heroes gave,  
Then closed them with the foe,  
And rifles clubbed, with tomahawk  
Exchanged blow for blow.  
George Milburn's sword now flashed in air,  
The moonbeams on its blade  
Shone brightly as it rose and fell—  
The safety of the glade.  
That good old sword saw service then,—

It ha  
fough  
Upon  
or Ge  
Devo  
had use  
And t  
nto Ar  
His v  
nd let  
But k  
nd now  
This h  
clove  
That n  
e first  
Benea  
e blows  
Those  
s comr  
Their  
at soon  
The sa

It had been used before—  
Fought against dark Cromwell's men,  
Upon bleak Marston Moor.  
For George's grandsire, loyal man,  
Devoted to his king,  
Had used this sword till hope was lost,  
And then he took the wing  
Into America's fertile shore;  
His voyage there did end,  
And left his hostile native land,  
But kept this trusty friend;  
And now his grandson in his might,  
This heavy sword did wield;  
It clove the Indians, right and left,  
That night upon the field.  
The first three strokes three bit the ground,  
Beneath his heavy steel;  
The blows did guard, and blows did give,  
Those blows the foe did feel.  
His comrades, like true heroes brave,  
Their part so well did play,  
That soon the cheering sound was heard,  
The savages give way!



Yet not till blood from gushing wounds,

From these stern hunters brave,

Did dye the ground and some did fall—

Those never found a grave.

The Indians, terrified to see

The blows that clove in twain,

Their skill was useless in the fight,

And all their strength was vain.

### CANTO XIX.

Some fifty had in vain essayed

To check the Open Hand,

As he threw himself upon their file,

With his small but hardy band.

But others scattered o'er the plain,

The work of death pursued;

All fared alike, the cottage neat,

And camp and cottage rude.

Mohasset saw his men give way,

And knew 'twas Open Hand

Who led his foes with such success

Against his warrior band.

Then like a tiger from afar

That scents his careless prey,

ght soon he was amongst his men,  
Who had before given way.  
George Milburn, when the foe had fled,  
Returned the church to gain;  
For well he knew that to pursue  
Was useless on the plain.  
Phasset, with uplifted axe,  
Sparks flashing from his eyes,  
His tawny features wild with rage,  
"Stay! warriors, stay!" he cries.  
"Where is he at council fire  
As warrior brave would stand?  
The squaws will point to him and say:  
"You fled from the Open Hand.  
"Turn! turn! with blood wash out the stain,  
Or sullied is your fame;  
Much better die upon the field  
Than live to lasting shame.  
"Wauban, fly! nor stop to take  
One scalp upon your way,  
Go to the church and soon we hope  
To see its burning ray.  
"A fearful yell of rage and shame

Did loudly echo round,  
 With knives and axes flashing high  
 Soon they retraced the ground.

## CANTO XX.

Some trembling mothers near the church  
 Urged on their hapless young;  
 Among the crowd was Milburn's wife,  
 His babes and gallant son.  
 The savages on plunder bent,  
 For blood their thirst was stayed,  
 For very few alive were left  
 Within that pleasant glade.  
 For all the men had Milburn joined  
 Who yet remained alive,  
 Except old Burwell and his son,  
 Brave, gallant hunters five;  
 And where were they this dreadful night,  
 When dearest friends were slain?  
 These hunters, cautious, wise and brave,  
 Had skirted round the plain,  
 And many shots from unseen hands  
 Had lain fierce warriors low—  
 Right well they knew how vain it was

To b  
 And cr  
 No c  
 Against  
 Now  
 or Wa  
 And s  
 he rem  
 Fast f  
 ome fun  
 In hap  
 n spite  
 To gai  
 e gaine  
 And so  
 nd not  
 Escape  
 ow Mill  
 Strove  
 nd one  
 Comba  
 or back

To battle blow for blow,  
 And crafty Burwell knew too well  
 No courage could prevail  
 Against the numerous Indian foes  
 Now warring in the dale.  
 For Wauban flew towards the church,  
 And soon his warriors gained  
 The remnant of the fugitives  
 Fast flying o'er the plain.  
 Some furious warriors dyed their hands  
 In hapless children's gore,  
 In spite of orders from their chief  
 To gain the church before.  
 He gained the church with his rude band,  
 And soon the flames arose,  
 And not one building in the glen,  
 Escaped the savage foes.

## CANTO X.

Now Milburn with his gallant band,  
 Strove dear their lives to sell,  
 And one by one these heroes bold,  
 Combating fiercely fell;  
 For back to back they fought in squads,

Each cheered his brother's heart,  
 Right well they knew that death had come,  
 And they all soon must part.  
 For William knew his darling wife  
 Would never more him view,  
 Likewise he knew escape was o'er,  
 But kept his courage true,  
 Mohasset viewed him in the strife,  
 'We must him captive take,  
 'Twill gratify our warriors' pride  
 To see him at the stake.  
 For Milburn, and two comrades bold,  
 Hemmed in by savage foes,  
 Had placed their backs against an elm,  
 And still exchanged blows.  
 These three were all remained alive  
 Of the twenty hunters brave,  
 Who did return to give their lives,  
 That others might be saved ;  
 And these exhausted by the strife,  
 Life's fountain nearly drained,  
 Were seized and bound by savage hands,  
 A victory was gained.

Now ro  
 Of su  
 There h  
 No m  
 And poc  
 She w  
 With he  
 Amid  
 Young M  
 And t  
 We will  
 Togeth  
 Then up  
 Hope  
 No mark  
 To giv  
 My dear  
 Althou  
 ly fathe  
 And m  
 oor, gal  
 His fut

## CANTO XXII.

Now round the church the slaughter raged,

Of such as gained that place;

There hapless women breathed their last,

No mercy shown, nor grace.

And poor Matilda! where was she?

She was among the crowd,

With her dear babes and gallant son,

Amid the tumult loud.

Young Mary Hanson knew her form,

And to her fast did cling,

We will not part, our spirits will

Together take the wing.

Then up bespoke the noble boy,

Hope beaming from his eye,

No mark of fear was on his face

To give his words the lie:

My dearest mother, don't despair,

Although the church flames high,

My father will relieve us yet,

And make these Indians fly.

Oor, gallant boy! he did not know

His father's life lay with the foe.



Young Louis Hartel viewed the strife,  
 And cheered the Indians on  
 Until but few remained alive—  
 The work was nearly done.  
 At length a thought apart from blood  
 Did move his selfish breast,  
 'Some women we must captives take  
 To cheer our journey west.'  
 Then straightway sped he him to the church,  
 'Stay, gallant warriors brave!  
 One hundred crowns I'll surely give  
 For every woman saved.'  
 Kind Providence appeared through him,  
 Matilda's life to guard,  
 And stayed their red, uplifted hands,  
 By thoughts of this reward.  
 But oh, the pangs, the pangs of woe,  
 That racked her gentle breast—  
 One tender babe had felt the axe,  
 And sunk to endless rest;  
 'Oh, spare my boy, your skin is white,'  
 (To Hartel this did say,)  
 'Have pity on his tender years,'

And  
 'Take n  
 'And  
 Where  
 Let's  
 With w  
 No ro  
 George  
 And  
 On, on,  
 Till d  
 A stalw  
 The f

And God will you repay.  
'Take now those four,' then Hartel said,  
'And to the northward steer,  
Where Robert keeps Maductic fort,  
Let's quickly move from here.  
With withes they bound their tender limbs,  
No room for pity there,  
George Milburn's son, and daughter young,  
And Mary Hanson fair.  
On, on, they hurried thro' the wilds,  
Till day at length did break.  
A stalwart savage seemed the chief,  
The far famed, dread Blacksnake.

PART III.

CANTO I.

It was nigh noon, the king of day  
Spread bright around, his piercing rays;  
Kind nature ever smiles the same  
On deeds of rapine or of fame.  
A gentle brook, whose purling sound  
Did ever cheer all things around,  
On its green banks, which seemed so blest,  
A group of warriors took their rest.  
The fragments of a hasty meal,  
With no pains taken to conceal,  
Showed vain pursuit they did not fear,  
Nor dreamed of foe or danger near;  
Some twenty warriors wrapped in sleep,  
One stalwart chief did sentry keep;  
Whilst in their midst, and firmly bound  
Unto a stake fast in the ground,  
Was one whose face, could you but see,  
Would tell a tale of misery;  
His face appeared as ashes white—

His eyes had lost their lustre bright—  
His garments torn in many a shred,  
With clots of blood all covered red;  
His body hacked by many a wound,  
Which by rough hands was rudely bound,  
His wife and babes among the slain,  
And he alive! was not this pain?  
While thus he mused in deep despair,  
No earthly hope did linger there;  
Nor did he see a chief that stood  
Close by the margin of the wood,  
Who viewed the scene with sorrowing heart,  
So touched by Milburn's cruel part.  
The nigher came with noiseless tread,  
And to the captive this he said:  
Why does the Open Hand despair?  
His fate, his sorrows, I would share.  
Enough, my brother! the same fate  
That binds you; binds me to the stake.  
The unbidden tear from Milburn's eye  
Washed forth, and thus he made reply:  
'Tis death I wish! if such the will  
God that Indians should me kill;

For all that's dear is gone before,  
 And I have nought to look for more.  
 'No! Open Hand, the birds that sung  
 Those idle words were surely wrong;  
 Your heart still lives; the Frenchman bore  
 Your heart and blood to the 'Loostock shore,  
 At the Walloostock waters fair,  
 Yes, Open Hand! you'll find them there.  
 'Oh, God! I thank thee,' Milburn said,  
 Sweet hope returning to his aid,  
 'Ye must be strong, ye withes and bands!  
 If ye much longer keep my hands.'

## CANTO II.

The warriors rose, each to his feet,  
 With ughs, and nods did Moxus greet.  
 'Now move we on, the sun is high,  
 And Moxus kept the captive, by.  
 Oh! how cheering 'tis to find,  
 In deep distress, a friend that's kind.  
 The Indians marked his changed mien,  
 For hope's bright rays are plainly seen;  
 It seemed as though his limbs had gained  
 Their wonted strength, and dead all pain!

The h  
 His h  
 This M  
 'Whe  
 'To wh  
 'Tis th  
 But he  
 We'll r  
 And by  
 In happ  
 But chi  
 That wa

We'll no  
 Whe  
 No soun  
 Was h  
 and yet  
 In eag  
 tood by  
 Where  
 here fie  
 His ey

The hot blood through his veins coursed free,  
His heart beat high for liberty.  
This Moxus to the chief did say :  
'Where with the pale-face take our way ?'  
'To where Melhatchee sits in state—  
'Tis then we'll learn the captive's fate.  
But he is weak; when night is near,  
We'll reach some streamlet flowing clear,  
And by its waters dancing bright,  
In happy dreams we'll pass the night.'  
But chieftain brave, you did not know  
That watched you were by stealthy foe.

## CANTO III.

We'll now return to scenes of blood,  
Where all around was still.  
No sound of life or human voice  
Was heard in vale or hill—  
And yet a group of stalwart men  
In eager converse deep,  
Stood by the embers of the church,  
Where many slept death's sleep.  
Here fierce old Burwell viewed the scene,  
His eyes like orbs of flame;



And his brave sons with sorrowing looks,  
     Were speaking of the slain.  
 Oh, love! that dwells in human hearts,  
     For friends who're true and kind,  
 In city or in forest glade,  
     Affection's voice you'll find.  
 And those four brothers seemed as one,  
     So kind, so brave and true;  
 A thought that pained the breast of one  
     Would pain the others too.  
 And brave old Burwell, justly proud,  
     Appeared in twofold view—  
 A kind and loyng' father dear,  
     And gentle brother too;  
 And now he spoke, his lips compressed:  
     'I saw them as they passed;  
 They bore two females swift along,  
     The Captain's wife, alas!  
 And Oh! my David, droop thee not,  
     Thy loved one, too, is saved,  
 But hurried to Maductic fort,  
     Hartel the orders gave.  
 My rifle at the Frenchman's heart

I a  
 Again  
 Yo  
 Nay,  
 'Ti  
 Since  
 An  
 And b  
 And  
 sweet  
 If C  
 but e'  
 Our  
 o let'  
 And  
 saw h  
 His  
 ad I  
 Their  
 at let  
 prom  
 hat m  
 A fir

I aimed to take his life;  
Again I thought he would protect  
Your love, and Milburn's wife.  
Nay, droop not, David, be a man—  
'Tis five and twenty years  
Since first I kissed your infant cheek,  
And stilled your infant fears,  
And by the love we all do feel,  
And truth we all do share,  
Sweet Mary still shall be your bride,  
If God our lives doth spare.  
But e'er our steps we bend that way,  
Our Captain we must find;  
So let's be moving to the west,  
And leave this scene behind.  
I saw him carried to the west,  
His limbs were roughly tied;  
Had I but twenty at my back,  
Their strength I had defied.  
But let's push on as best we may,  
I promise you this night  
That most your father longs to see—  
A first rate Indian fight.

The prospect filled each heart with joy,  
 Intent their blood to shed;  
 But David's heart was on the trail  
 That to Maductic led,  
 But death's stern terrors could not make  
 Those boys their father's orders break.

## CANTO V.

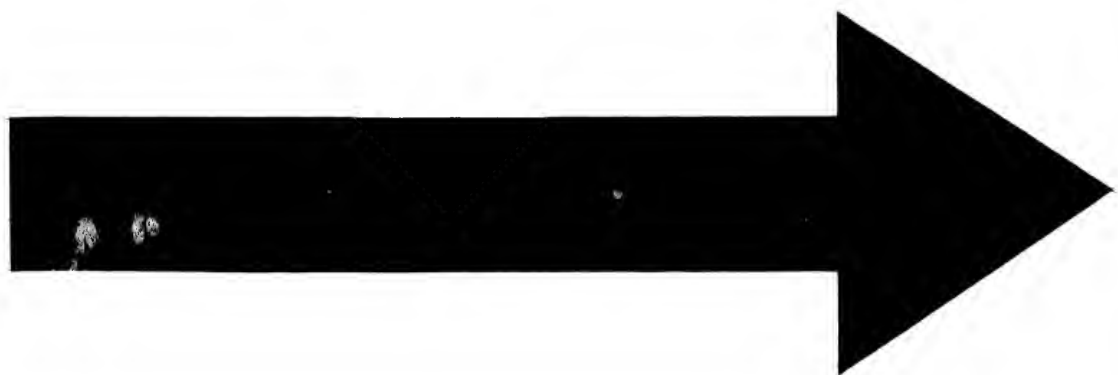
The trail soon gained, right swift they sped,  
 In rapid Indian file—  
 Old Burwell's tall and sinewy form  
 Fast leading through the wild,  
 Until a gentle streamlet gained,  
 When Burwell gazed around.  
 'Yes! here they took their noontide meal—  
 Here was the prisoner bound;  
 But we don't break our fast, my sons,  
 Until the Captain's free,  
 So rest; for now I must make sure  
 How many imps there be.  
 His stalwart sons, each sat him down,  
 His rifle by his side,  
 With long knife fast within his belt,  
 Each looked a warrior tried.

Old I  
 'B  
 And  
 All  
 We'll  
 An  
 The o  
 I'll  
 On, o  
 No  
 And e  
 Clo  
 Georg  
 His  
 For M  
 To  
 The sa  
 Par  
 Their  
 The

\* So o  
 was no  
 y their  
 e impre

Old Burwell quickly re-appeared,\*  
‘But sixteen imps in all,  
And one it seems has joined them here,  
All seventeen must fall.  
We’ll find them ere the close of day,  
And when the fight’s begun,  
The one that spares an Indian’s life,  
I’ll disown him for a son.’  
On, on they sped with hastened pace,  
Nor yet fatigue they knew,  
And ere the setting of the sun  
Close on the chase they drew.  
George Milburn’s lower limbs were bound,  
His arms and body free,  
For Moxus’ inmost wishes were  
To give him liberty.  
The savage warriors seated round,  
Partook their evening meal,  
Their guns were placed beside an oak—  
They quite secure did feel.

\* So experienced had the backwoodsmen of that day become that was no difficult thing for them to discover the number of a party by their trail, and even to distinguish warriors of different tribes by the impressions of their moccasins.



And there remained till time arrived  
To send them to Quebec.

CANTO VIII.

One morn, as daylight crowned the hills,  
Soxlixus did repair  
Unto the lodge whose owner was  
The mighty Peter Bear.  
With greetings short the chieftain spake:  
'Soxlixus, tried in war,

A stum  
You  
He long  
With  
He bow  
'Befo  
Soxlixus  
His st  
Then lik

Known as the Panther strong;  
Most skillful did he ward the blows  
Which Burwell showered on.

The  
A  
With



Bring to the warrior's cheek,

A stimulus for his stout heart

Young Edwin did provide ;

He longed to meet a gallant foe,

With Edwin by his side.

He bowed to Peter Bear, and said:

'Before the sun rides high,

Soxlixus will be on the path,

His strength again to try.'

Then like an arrow from the bow,

hills,

pake:

Then like tigress turned at bay,

And quick as lightning's flash,

With nervous arm and dauntless heart

For sweet and kind fondness  
Induced him to remain.  
A mother's love ! at evening hours,  
That solace sweet and clear  
Can force a broken heart to sing,  
And make a prison dear.  
Her love was centered in the boy,  
For ne'er again did she  
Expect to see her husband dear,

To me  
Whe  
Each I  
His c  
And ge  
Such  
His was  
And

...and prepared  
To meet your father in that world  
Where heavenly joys are shared.  
Each Indian hunter loved the lad;  
His daring look and eye,  
And generous mien, did much them please;  
Such traits they pass not by.  
His was the heart to win brave hearts,  
And many friends to make,

Ambitious projects filled his mind,

And all for Eagle Eye;

He inward vowed the boy should rule

As chief o'er all the tribe.

But, noble warrior, time's at hand,

Another race shall rule thy land.

CANTO XI.

Two days they marched without fatigue

Soxlux

Found

Twelve

Would

Each loo

As on

And ere

Close

... steps are long and fast.  
Soxlixus' wish, when thus expressed,  
Found ready response there;  
Twelve stalwart braves, with such a chief,  
Would any dangers share.  
Each loosed his knife, each primed his gun,  
As on the trail they flew,  
And ere high noon, so swift their pace,  
Close on the chase they drew.

Each heart beat high with anxious hope,  
They strangers were to fear.  
And now, when Sol had reached the south,  
And gained the zenith clear,  
The party paused to take their meal,  
The flesh of mountain deer.  
This flesh well dried beside the fire,  
Was all each hunter chose

Is stou  
'Hush  
They  
No! by  
'Tis  
Seize q  
And



Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,

They scent the food we eat;

No! by my murdered father's soul,

'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.

Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!

And quicker than the word

close to where you stand,  
Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,

They scent the food we eat;

No! by my murdered father's soul,

'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.

Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!

And quicker than the word

Did glow with fever ray,  
He did admire the quick dispatch  
That Burwell did display.  
He dared not call his braves around;  
He knew the yangees' eye  
Was quick to view and straight to aim;  
This did his patience try.  
For two long hours each did wait,

Old Dav  
One m  
Ere the  
Did si  
A low de  
Of thi  
His soul  
The wi

David's aim so true.  
Old David's aim was quick as thought;  
One moment did not pass  
Ere the rifles held by those foemen stern,  
Did simultaneous flash.  
A low death wail escaped the lips  
Of this stout Indian brave;  
His soul went to the spirit land,  
The wilds became his grave.

Each knew the part exposed to view

Would feel a bullet in.

CANTO XIV.

And thus two hours more did pass,

In silence where they stood;

No sound was heard but the summer breeze

That rustled through the wood.

Then called Soxlixus: 'Come ye squaws,

For once fair battle wage;

Each knew

Soxli

His axe

Was

'Well!

'No b

You're t

Darec

Then take an arrow from the bow,  
Soxlixus forward sprung;  
His axe he shook, his knife he drew,  
Was soon his foes among.

CANTO XV.

'Well! well!' and Burwell loudly spake,  
'No bullet you shall feel;  
You're the first redskin I ever saw,  
Dared meet the yangee steel.



It was the last he gave.  
But ah ! poor Jemmy, 'tis the last,  
The last day of your life;  
Soxlilus fiercely on him sprang,  
With hatchet and with knife.  
Now all engaged by times in squads,  
By times in single pairs,  
But few the words, but few the shouts,

That  
But the  
Did s  
He force  
Then  
Like ligh  
And c  
A stalwa

... seized the other by the hand  
That held the dangerous knife,  
But the mighty strength of the Indian chief  
Did soon decide the strife.  
He forced James Burwell to his knees,  
Then springing back again,  
Like lightning whirled his axe in air  
And clove his head in twain.  
A stalwart warrior Burwell chose,

Of Robert's fort so strong;  
 Three hundred crowns of silver bright  
 Will then to us belong.

But still my heart is festering sore,

Each moment gives me pain;  
 My only brother, loved so well,

By Open Hand was slain.

Oh! had mine only been the lot

That to Mohasset fell,  
 I'd make him drink before his time

Deep of the white man's hell.

But long ere this he lives no more,

Methinks I hear his groans;  
 His scalp is on some warrior's belt,

While wolves have shared his bones.

His second heart is on our hands,

They were to him as all,  
 That haughty squaw you last did leave,

With son and pappoose small.

#### CANTO XIV.

'Ah! then,' thought Hartel, 'fool I am

To let this chance pass by;

This man shall surely vent his hate--

Min  
 I thou  
 To v  
 But th  
 No F  
 Yes, sh  
 And  
 Or by S  
 Her l  
 nen th  
 The C  
 hat a b  
 By tor  
 is spiri  
 And k  
 en sho  
 Does t  
 t still,  
 Yet ma  
 e full e  
 Make h  
 e India  
 His eye

Mine they must be or die.  
I thought they would most gladly yield,  
To win a friend secure;  
But thus to be repulsed with scorn  
No Frenchman should endure.  
Yes, she shall bow her haughty head,  
And bend that will so strong,  
Or by St. Louis, my patron saint,  
Her life will not be long.  
When thus to Blacksnake, 'valiant chief,  
The Open Hand must know  
That a brother's death must be avenged  
By tortures sure and slow.  
His spirit hovers near this spot,  
And knows your arm is strong;  
When show that wisdom by revenge  
Does to your race belong.  
But still, I pray, touch not her life,  
Yet make her keenly feel  
The full effects of all your wrath—  
Make her proud spirit kneel.  
The Indian's swarthy cheek did glow,  
His eyes with pleasure beamed,

'Yes! Open Hand, you soon shall know,  
 What once you little dreamed.'  
 Then to the mossy knoll he strode  
 Where stood the captives meek,  
 The little girl he rudely seized  
 And spat upon her cheek.  
 'Yes! you must feed the flames this night,'  
 Then rudely smote her face;  
 'Oh! that I could so easily  
 Exterminate your race.'

## CANTO XV.

Now, gentle mothers, pause and think  
 On poor Matilda's fate;  
 Her little daughter thus abused,  
 Ah, me! what was her state?  
 'Slay not my child!' in frenzied tones,  
 'My babe, my love, my life;  
 Oh, George! my husband, where are you?'  
 Exclaimed the suffering wife.  
 The Indian raised the child in air,  
 With shouts of fiendish joy:  
 'Me touch your heart, now Open Hand,  
 Me going to kill your boy.'

Matilda  
 To fo  
 And soc  
 Was  
 They sa  
 And g  
 For tort  
 Of all  
 Again he  
 And r  
 ts moth  
 Before  
 He next  
 With r  
 nd show  
 On mot  
 oung Ed  
 To a w  
 nd ere t  
 A hatch  
 nd on B  
 Of his s  
 ealt gash

Matilda frantically tried  
To force it from his hand,  
And soon unto the mossy knoll  
Was gathered all the band.  
They saw the chief was bent on blood,  
And grimly smiled each face,  
For torture is the chief delight  
Of all the Indian race.  
Again he raised the child in air  
And rudely whirled it round;  
Its mother caught it in her arms  
Before it reached the ground.  
He next picked up a hazel wand  
With rage most fierce and wild,  
And showered hard and cruel blows  
On mother and on child.  
Young Edwin could no longer hold,  
To a warrior's belt he flew,  
And ere the savage could prevent,  
A hatchet from it drew,  
And on Blacksnake, with all the force  
Of his small but active hand,  
Dealt gashes deep before he was



Prevented by the band.  
 Blacksnake, whose strength was not impaired,  
 Then dashed him to the ground;  
 And seized he was, and with strong withes  
 His hands were quickly bound.  
 'Now, treach'rous whelp of a palefaced dog,  
 Behold this glittering knife—  
 It first shall raise your woman scalp,  
 Then drink your worthless life.'  
 The lad did boldly meet his gaze,  
 And thus to him began:  
 'All threats and taunts to me are vain;  
 I am my father's son.'  
 Matilda, in that dreadful hour,  
 Felt thankful, grateful joy,  
 To think such strength in time of need,  
 Was given to her boy.  
 'Now for your scalp,' fierce Blacksnake cried,  
 And raised his knife in air;  
 But ere it touched those shining locks,  
 His hands arrested were;  
 A warrior from Walloostook's banks,  
 Soxlixus was his name,

One ever  
 A bra  
 Stept for  
 On Bl  
 'Kill not  
 Behold  
 Not one i  
 Raised  
 Soxlixus'  
 Did go  
 Then stak  
 And pla  
 To which  
 Of one  
 Now cont  
 This Bl  
 For in thi  
 Live out  
 Each savag  
 To seek  
 And dream  
 Would e

One ever boldest in the fight,  
 A brave of mighty fame,  
 Stept forth and calmly laid his hand  
 On Blacksnake, and did say:  
 'Kill not to-night, but let your wrath  
 Behold another day.'  
 Not one in all that dusky throng  
 Raised a dissenting voice.  
 Soxlilus' wish (though not a chief)  
 Did govern every choice.

## CANTO XVI.

Then stakes were cut with quick dispatch,  
 And planted in the ground,  
 To which the tender limbs of each,  
 Of one and all, were bound.  
 'Now contemplate the white man's hell,'  
 This Blacksnake then did say,  
 For in this world you never shall  
 Live out another day.'  
 Each savage then did move away  
 To seek his evening care,  
 And dream of pleasures which the morn  
 Would enable him to share.

Except Soxlixus! other thoughts  
 All night disturbed his brain;  
 Oft would he rise, and gaze around,  
 Then lay him down again.  
 At length he roused a warrior bold,  
 Long ere the break of day:  
 'Wake up, son of my father's love,  
 I much to you would say;  
 Come, let's go where the orb of night  
 Does on yon opening shine;  
 I much do need your kind advice,  
 Dear only brother mine.  
 I was musing of our father dear,  
 That happy, reverend sage.  
 His sons were ever all his joy,  
 The solace of his age.  
 And Oh! dear brother, oft I've grieved,  
 This many a dreary year,  
 But yet no man has heard me sigh,  
 Or seen a single tear.  
 Why did the mighty Spirit King  
 Deny to me the joy  
 That makes each father's heart thrill deep,

Each  
 The smile  
 Around  
 These m  
 My ar  
 My lone  
 For so  
 But all i  
 Denies  
 And sinc  
 My fee  
 I long to  
 And c  
 I've foug  
 And b  
 Yet neve  
 A hear  
 I watche  
 Death  
 And as I  
 Blacks

\* The Indi  
 that of being

Each time he sees his boy?  
The smiling face of a little one  
Around my wigwam fire,  
These many years has been my wish,  
My ardent, chief desire.\*  
My lonely mate, so fond and true,  
For sorrow deep does pine,  
But all in vain; the Spirit Great  
Denies this wish of mine.  
And since the setting of the sun,  
My feelings will not bend;  
I long to save this gallant boy,  
And call myself his friend.  
I've fought the Micmacs of the north,  
And bound them to the stake;  
Yet never found among that tribe,  
A heart one half so great.  
I watched his eye, it did not quail,  
Death has no terror there;  
And as I hope to see the day,  
Blacksnake his life shall spare.

---

\* The Indians, like the Jews, considered no calamity greater than that of being childless, or leaving none to perpetuate their name.

Yes, I will take him to my home,  
 To be my future joy;  
 He shall become a mighty chief,  
 This noble, palefaced boy.

## CANTO XVII.

The day soon broke, and with the light,  
 Each member of the band  
 Did sit as judge to seal the doom  
 Of the wife of Open Hand.  
 And Hartel strolled toward the spot  
 Where the helpless captives lay,  
 And with much grace did them salute,  
 And this to them did say:  
 'How much it pains my heart to see  
 Those Indians' wrath burn high,  
 And ere the setting of the sun,  
 Those handsome forms must die;  
 But I have power with the tribe,  
 Dear maid of the soft, dark eye,  
 And even now, say you'll be mine,  
 Not one of you shall die.  
 Be mine, and at Maductic fort  
 We tarry but a space,

Then on  
 That p  
 Where yo  
 My hea  
 In regal s  
 None s  
 Poor Mar  
 That's  
 On Matild  
 While t  
 'What sha  
 Right c  
 To save yo  
 Oh, say  
 Matilda sl  
 No sign  
 'Our God  
 Then wh  
 We'll but  
 For one  
 Then list n  
 But tur  
 Remember

Then onward push to fair Quebec,  
That pleasant, happy place,  
Where you shall reign, my favored one,  
My heart's fond love to share,  
In regal splendor be arrayed,  
None shall with you compare.  
Poor Mary, trembling like the fawn  
That's startled on the plain,  
On Matilda's breast did hide her face,  
While tears did flow like rain.  
'What shall I do, my dearest friend?  
Right cheerful would I die,  
To save you from this awful fate,  
Oh, say, shall I comply?'  
Matilda slowly raised her face,  
No sign of tears was there:  
'Our God reigns in the forest wild,  
Then why should we despair?  
We'll but exchange a life of woe,  
For one of joy above;  
Then list not to the tempter's tongue,  
But turn to your first love.  
Remember him who died for you,



He greater trials bore;  
 Death's nothing but a passing pang,  
 And then our pains are o'er.  
 Young Mary raised her gaze on high,  
 'Farewell, to sky and plain,  
 And farewell you, my David dear,  
 We ne'er shall meet again.'  
 Then turned her glance where Hartel stood,  
 And spake in accents slow:  
 'Go! bid your tormentors begin;  
 You have my answer, go.'  
 But Hartel thought none could be found  
 To take death as a choice,  
 And though with rage shook every limb,  
 He said with pleasant voice:  
 'Why will you die, while still so young,  
 By such a dreadful death?  
 Midst horrid flames and savage taunts  
 You must resign your breath.  
 And your fair friend now by your side,  
 Watch how the tears do fall:  
 One word from you would save her life,  
 One word would save you all.'

Again  
 'Go,  
 You onl  
 Succe  
 'You stu  
 Ho, w  
 We first  
 His fir  
  
 The ring  
 The fa  
 Matilda s  
 To sac  
 'Farewell  
 Grant  
 Oh! ther  
 My dan  
 An Indian  
 And led  
 Young Ed  
 Bravely  
 He sent a  
 O'er all

Again Matilda spake, and said,

‘Go, base and selfish man;

You only interrupt our prayers—

Succeed you never can.’

‘You stubborn ones ! then take your fate—

Ho, warriors, form the ring;

We first will make the yangee cub

His final death song sing.’

### CANTO XVIII.

The ring was formed, the stake drove down.

The faggots quickly piled;

Matilda saw, and knew it was

To sacrifice her child:

‘Farewell ! my Edwin. God most high,

Grant us the strength we need.

Oh ! there they come to lead you forth,

My darling son, God speed.’

An Indian brave then cut his bonds,

And led him to the stake;

Young Edwin’s heart was firmly braced,

Bravely to meet his fate.

He sent a bold, defiant glance

O’er all the dusky crowd,

On Hartel fixed a withering look,  
 Then spoke in accents loud:  
 'Were my brave father here with me,  
 Or if his strength were mine,  
 Soon would I make some weapon reach  
 That coward heart of thine.'  
 Blacksnake then said, 'The paleface cur  
 Is quite a puppy sharp;  
 We soon shall see, when in the flames,  
 How he will snap and bark.'  
 And then to Edwin—'Reach that stake,  
 Why do you barking stand?  
 Walk quick,' and roughly pushed him on,  
 'Brat of the Open Hand!'  
 His hands were fastened to the stake,  
 The fagots round him piled,  
 But still no trace of fear was there,  
 He proudly on them smiled.  
 But when the blazing torch was brought,  
 Soxlixus, where he stood,  
 Cried, 'Stop your hands!' so loud and long,  
 It echoed through the wood.  
 Then walked to where fierce Blacksnake stood,

'Now  
 But first  
 No t  
 He'll n  
 That  
 But soo  
 An I  
 Mark w  
 And t  
 Would v  
 That  
 Whate'e  
 His ra  
 'Twill ne  
 Will n  
 I ask tha  
 Say, v  
 My heart  
 Never  
 Each Ind  
 Excep  
 Who cast

'Now, brother, pause and hear,  
But first, pray mark that yangee boy

No token shows of fear.

He'll not disgrace the Indian chief

That takes him to his home,

But soon he will forget his race,

An Indian to become.

Mark well those thin, determined lips;

And that keen flashing eye

Would well become a warrior brave,

That does not fear to die.

Whate'er his father did before,

His race at last is run;

'Twill never change that noble heart,

Will ne'er disgrace his son.

I ask that boy of all the band,

Say, which will me deny?

My heart is fixed, and I'm resolved,

Never to see him die.'

### CANTO XIX.

Each Indian bowed his quick assent,

Except the chief, Blacksnake,

Who cast a glance where Hartel stood,

And thus he meekly spake:  
 'The Open Hand has long been known  
 A foe unto our race;  
 His bullet true as a warrior's heart,  
 And mighty in the chase.  
 'Twas he who led the yangees on,  
 That night, upon the plain.  
 'Twas he who killed our bravest men,  
 Dear friends by him were slain.  
 But not one brave among us all  
 Did feel so keen a blow  
 As I; my only brother dear  
 Was by his arm laid low.  
 He turned his back, when all had fled,  
 Alone he could not stand;  
 His soul gushed from the mighty wound  
 Dealt out by Open Hand.  
 My father died by yangee's ball,  
 Whilst fighting with a band;  
 That band was led by mortal foe,  
 That foe was Open Hand.  
 And when the hungry earth received  
 My only brother's blood,

I was t  
 Alon  
 And Op  
 Of d  
 And mu  
 Of sw  
 No! hea  
 And s  
 'The dea  
 Is sur  
 These ni  
 Not on  
 But that  
 I ever  
 And ne'e  
 Favors  
 This is th  
 Refuse  
 I'll give  
 To see  
 Be quick  
 Come,  
 Soxlixus

I was the last of all my race;  
Alone, alone, I stood.  
And Open Hand has been the cause  
Of death to all my race,  
And must I ever lose the chance  
Of sweet revenge to taste?  
No! hear me, brothers, this he said,  
And spake in louder key:  
'The death of this cursed yangee cub  
Is surely due to me.  
These ninety moons I've been your chief,  
Not one of you can say  
But that when danger did appear,  
I ever led the way.  
And ne'er before did deign to ask  
Favors of any man.  
This is the first, likewise the last,  
Refuse me if you can.  
I'll give my share of all the spoil,  
To see this yangee fry;  
Be quick! apply the flaming torch!  
Come, yangee! you must die.'  
Soxlixus fixed his gaze on him,



And sternly made reply:  
 'If Blacksnake's wish must rule us all,  
 Pray tell me, what am I?  
 I was born and reared among this tribe,  
 And count more years than you,  
 And all that know me, justly call  
 Me brave, and wise, and true.  
 I speak the truth, and fear no ill  
 Will follow in its path.  
 Against this noble yangee lad  
 You have no cause for wrath.  
 Your brother truly met his fate;  
 But each of us does know  
 He met it as no warrior should,  
 His back toward the foe.  
 For when the tide of battle rolls  
 Betwixt me and a foe,  
 I always boldly meet the storm,  
 My back I never show.  
 And though he was a mighty foe,  
 The greatest in the land,  
 Full many a warrior's tongue doth glow  
 In praise of Open Hand.

Right b  
 Such  
 Just suc  
 As fri  
  
 Blackсна  
 But lo  
 'Soxlixua  
 With u  
 And from  
 As trai  
 Go! show  
 From y  
 'What! th  
 'And da  
 Blackснаk  
 For you  
 Be this bo  
 For whi  
 Let no one  
 There li  
 He threw  
 And dre

Right brave in war, and kind in peace;  
Such should a warrior be,  
Just such the man I long to meet  
As friend or enemy.

## CANTO XX.

Blacksnake no longer could control,  
But loudly then he spoke:  
'Soxlixus, you're the yangees' friend,  
With us your faith is broke;  
And from this day you shall be known  
As traitor to the tribe;  
Go! show your squaw the presents got  
From yangees as a bribe.  
'What! this to me!' Soxlixus cried,  
'And dare you thus reply?  
Blacksnake, that taunt shall cost your life,  
For you or I must die.  
Be this boy's life the victor's need  
For which we fight shall wage,  
Let no one seek to calm the strife,  
There lies my battle gauge.'  
He threw his hatchet on the ground,  
And drew his glittering knife.

Blacksnake observed his fiery glance;  
 And trembled for his life.  
 Then Hartel stepped between the foes  
 To stop the shedding blood;  
 Their looks and actions were a tongue  
 He plainly understood.  
 'For shame, brave chiefs,' he loudly cried,  
 Your anger pray forego;  
 Reserve your wrath for other heads,  
 And for our common foe.  
 Come clasp the hand in pledge of faith,  
 Let anger be forgot.  
 Why for this boy shed warrior's blood?  
 Dispose of him by lot.'  
 'Agreed, agreed,' then Blacksnake said,  
 'By lot we will abide.  
 Now if he lives or if he dies,  
 The lot will soon decide.  
 And now, Soxlixus, here's my hand,  
 Again let us be friends,  
 And never more speak of the past,  
 For here the matter ends.  
 Ho! quick, prepare to cast the lot!'

Then  
 'Time t  
 To lo  
 'No, no  
 'That  
 What!  
 I love  
 Each dr  
 For hi  
 I'll coun  
 My da  
 And you  
 Yet fo  
 We'll wa  
 You kn  
 One hair  
 Is wort  
 And he t  
 Will su  
 'Cut, cut  
 'Soxlix  
 I would n

Then Hartel brisk did say,  
'Time flies, and we can ill afford  
To lose another day.'

## CANTO XXI.

'No, no,' Soxlixus made reply;  
'That never shall be done.

What! I cast lots for that brave boy?  
I love him as a son.

Each drop of blood my heart contains,  
For him should freely flow;

I'll count each one that would him harm,  
My darkest, direst foe.

And you, Blacksnake, I scorn your hand,  
Yet for the Frenchman's sake

We'll walk in peace, but yet, beware!  
You know me well, Blacksnake.

One hair of my brave yangee boy  
Is worth a common life,

And he that injures but one hair  
Will surely feel my knife.'

'Cut, cut his bands,' then Hartel said;  
'Soxlixus has his will;

I would not for five thousand crowns

A warrior should be killed?  
 Ah! crafty Hartel, well you know  
 The way to win a friend or foe.

## CANTO XXII.

Now reader pause; awhile reflect,  
 And view them as they stood;  
 The scene was on an eminence,  
 In thin but shady wood.  
 There to a stake, fast, firmly bound,  
 Our Edwin brave did stand,  
 While round him in a crescent form,  
 Was gathered all the band.  
 First, Blacksnake's towering form appeared,  
 His eyes cast on the ground;  
 But ever and anon, they flash  
 An angry glance around.  
 His vengeance baffled, he defied,  
 His power set at naught—  
 A whirlwind raged within his breast,  
 That ne'er could be forgot.  
 And just in front of Edwin, stood  
 Soxlixus, stern and proud;  
 His eye did like the eagle's flash,

That  
 His fea  
 As h  
 And lov  
 One  
 On Har  
 No ser  
 His look  
 Were  
 And whe  
 His fla  
 Fraternal  
 You pl  
 But when  
 It grew  
 Ah! who  
 An Ind  
 The captiv  
 Their te  
 Their hear  
 To heav  
 Edwin felt  
 In his be

That pierces through the cloud.  
His features underwent a change,  
As he gazed on each face;  
And love and scorn, hate and contempt  
One easily could trace.  
On Hartel first he turned; his glance  
No servile fear does show;  
His looks speak plain indifference  
Were he a friend or foe.  
And when upon his comrades fixed  
His flashing, daring eye,  
Fraternal love and fellowship  
You plainly could descry.  
But when the gaze his brother reached,  
It grew more tender still;  
Ah! who can say fraternal love  
An Indian cannot feel?  
The captives from the rest withdrew  
Their tearful eyes and gaze;  
Their hearts, their thoughts, in that dread hour,  
To heaven were upraised.  
Edwin felt certain that some friend  
In his behalf had stood,



While grateful joy, in spite of pride,  
 Told plain a change of mood,  
 Soxlixus quickly cut the bands  
 Which bound him to the stake;  
 And these few words in English tongue,  
 To Edwin then he spake:  
 'You come with me, you be my son,  
 Me father to you prove,  
 And ever in my heart of hearts,  
 Me will my white boy love.'  
 'I thank you for my life this day,'  
 Young Edwin did reply;  
 'But if my mother suffer here,  
 Pray let me with her die.  
 No fire built by Indian hands  
 Has the consuming power  
 Possessed by grief, and if she dies,  
 I'll not survive the hour.'

## CANTO XXIII.

Soxlixus' heart shone through his eyes;  
 Few were the words he spake:  
 'Your mother does not die,' he said,  
 Till Indian faith does break.

Come n  
 And  
 Then le  
 And  
 'Arise!  
 None  
 Who inju  
 Sox lix  
 Hartel w  
 And sa  
 He knew  
 Soxlixu  
 'Passion  
 'And ve  
 Until we r  
 Oh, the  
 'Four mor  
 Will kee  
 But once v  
 Be mine  
 Each India  
 The capt  
 Soxlixus ev

Come now with me, my pride, my hope,  
And gently took his hand;  
Then led him where the captives stood,  
And quickly cut each band:  
'Arise! fear not! let hope soar high—  
None dare you now offend.  
Who injures you must dull my knife,  
Soxlixus is your friend.'  
Hartel well knew the human heart,  
And saw how each did stand;  
He knew that by the power of will  
Soxlixus ruled the band.  
'Passion be still!' he softly said,  
'And vengeance hide thy head,  
Until we reach Maductic fort—  
Oh, then you're mine,' he said.  
'Four more short days this Indian dog  
Will keep you from my power;  
But once within Maductic fort,  
Be mine the happy hour.'  
Each Indian then resumed his way,  
The captives in the rear;  
Soxlixus ever close at hand,

Which did their spirits cheer.  
 Captors and captives onward go  
 To where Walloostook's waters flow.

## CANTO XXIV.

Once more, dear reader, change the scene

To where stout Milburn stood;

All are astir, some speaking of

The previous night of blood.

But Burwell seemed by doubt oppress'd,

A question on his mind

Remained unsolved; at length he spoke

In language not refined:

'Yes, George, I know they have the start

Of two long days ahead;

Full twenty braves compose the band

That by Blacksnake is led.

But should each wear a thousand hairs,

And every hair a life,

Right willing would I fight them all

To save your darling wife.

But still deep wounds all bear but me,

Which will impede our way;

And on this chase, the case is one

That  
 George  
 'I kn  
 They'll  
 If no  
 So take  
 And  
 God rul  
 View  
 Now tru  
 Of re  
 For the  
 In de

That won't admit delay.'  
George Milburn paused; at length he spoke:  
'I know pursuit is vain—  
They'll surely reach Maductic fort  
If not already slain.  
So take the rest you all do need,  
And heal each feverish wound;  
God rules the fate of all mankind,  
View but the scenes around.'  
Now truly none had greater need  
Of rest than those around;  
For the Indian knife had left its trace  
In deep and dangerous wound.

## PART IV.

### CANTO I.

Now, reader, pause. Three months have passed  
Since scenes we last described;  
No more the spring doth glad the earth  
With flowers far and wide.  
Hot summer's sultry breezes spread  
Their breath o'er hill and dale;  
But man! thy acts oft mar the view  
That Nature does unveil.  
Three months of warfare's sternest tide  
Had rolled in mighty power,  
When man, like hungry, savage beasts  
Each seeking to devour.  
The legions of Montcalm are mixed\*  
With many a swarthy band,  
And torch, with axe and scalping knife,  
Do desolate the land.  
But, reader dear, turn history's page,

\* The French and Indians formed numerous alliances, and in all of Montcalm's expeditions Indians formed a large part of his army.

And  
The tria  
Did I  
But Sax  
Or wa  
But like  
Victo  
One day  
Made  
Six men  
Fast t  
Due nor  
With  
Who wer  
'Twas  
Yes, 'tis  
That s  
And that  
So cha  
That face  
Showe  
Now furr  
Succes

And that will plainly show  
The trials which our ancient sires  
Did have to undergo.  
But Saxon blood ne'er faltered yet,  
Or wavered in the right,  
But like the Phoenix, ever rose  
Victorious from each fight.  
One day when August's hottest sun  
Made dumb beasts seek the shade,  
Six men, well armed, did wend their way  
Fast through the forest glade.  
Due north those men pursued their way,  
With firm and hasty tread—  
Who were the men? the reader asks,  
'Twas Burwell at their head.  
Yes, 'tis old Burwell's sinewy form  
That swiftly leads the way;  
And that is Milburn! can it be?  
So changed, so old, so gray.  
That face which three short months ago  
Showed not the weight of years,  
Now furrowed deep, and many a line  
Successively appears.

passed

and in all  
of his army.



That form is bent, as if the load  
 Of threescore years had passed  
 Over his head, and bowed him down;  
 For such is grief, alas!  
 And he is not the only one  
 The weight of grief doth feel;  
 Young David Burwell has a heart  
 That's truer than the steel.  
 He loved, as man can only love,  
 Who's passionate and true;  
 In such the fire intensely burns,  
 Each thought does love renew.  
 Such was the love of Nimble Deer,  
 That one long year of pain  
 Would glad exchange for one brief hour  
 With her he hoped to gain.  
 Each of his brothers knew his thoughts;  
 Death's terrors did not move,  
 Nor change their kind, fraternal hearts,  
 Nor rend them from their love;  
 While onward they pursued their way,  
 One object fixed in view,  
 To reach Maductio fort, in time

The  
 Such lo  
 That bi  
 'The sur  
 Come.  
 Beneath  
 Said I  
 'We've t  
 Four r  
 Before w  
 Or rea  
 Till then  
 Much t  
 I promise  
 Enough  
 And then  
 Your da  
 For Moxus  
 Agreed  
 With Robe  
 Or guide  
 And on thi

The captives to rescue.  
Such love's unalterable laws,  
That bind the loved ones to our cause.

## CANTO II.

'The sun has reached his noonday point,  
Come, let us rest awhile  
Beneath this shade, where we will dine,'  
Said Burwell, with a smile.

'We've traveled four long, dreary days—  
Four more we yet must spend,  
Before we gain Walloostook's banks,  
Or reach our journey's end.  
Till then be still, my trusty knife,  
Much time you need not waste—  
I promise you ere many days,  
Enough of blood to taste.'

And then to Milburn: 'why so down?  
Your darling wife is there,  
For Moxus told me that the chiefs  
Agreed their lives to spare.  
With Robert's wife she walks and rides,  
Or guides the light canoe;  
And on this news you may rely,

For Moxus' tongue is true.  
 He likewise said a warrior chief  
 Of the Walloostook tribe,  
 Had taken Edwin to his home,  
 To rear him by his side.  
 Then why despond, my dearest friend?  
 Suppose it be the case,  
 That we this time do not succeed,  
 We don't give up the chase.  
 We'll hover round Maductic fort,  
 Like panthers prowling lay,  
 We must succeed, we will succeed,  
 And bring them all away.  
 The cursed, howling redskin race,  
 I'll haunt them while I live,  
 Talk not to me of peace or truce,  
 I never can forgive.  
 I ne'er can die an easy death,  
 Till Maductic fort flames high,  
 And Hartel's heart doth sheathe my knife,  
 Ah! then, content I'll die.'

## CANTO III.

Stout William knew that words were vain

Wit  
 He lik  
 Or t  
 And wh  
 Had  
 Was stil  
 And n  
 'The pov  
 On thi  
 Is always  
 And ca  
 Our migh  
 The cho  
 Bids fair t  
 The emp  
 I received  
 From Br  
 He says the  
 Means str  
 He says tha  
 That bulw  
 Succumbed t  
 Of Britain

With Burwell in his mood;  
He likewise knew a braver friend,  
Or truer man ne'er stood.  
And when his anger, which of late  
Had often flamed so high,  
Was stilled again, George Milburn spoke  
And made him this reply:  
'The power of God, seen in all things  
On this terrestrial ball,  
Is always shown by nature's means,  
And can be seen by all;  
Our mighty Anglo Saxon race,  
The chosen of his hand,  
Bids fair to gain, ere twelve months pass,  
The empire of this land.  
I received a note two weeks ago,  
From Bragg, my early friend;  
He says the Lion, roused at last,  
Means strongly to contend.  
He says that Louisburg, at length,  
That bulwark of French power,  
Succumbed to youthful, daring Wolfe,  
Of Britain's sons the flower:

And ere the winter's snows do fall,  
 A numerous, gallant band  
 Of English troops will reach Quebec;  
 Wolfe has the chief command.  
 Johnson and Prideaux, from the west,  
 With many heroes more,  
 While Bragg will join him from the east,  
 With all his gallant corps.  
 And that's not all the joyful news,  
 Ticonderoga's ours.  
 Brave Amherst waves the British flag  
 Above its lofty towers;  
 The fleur-de-lis is seen no more  
 On Crown Point's grizzly wall;  
 And Amherst hurries to Quebec,  
 To hasten on its fall.  
 And this vile nest, which now we seek,  
 Where Robert does command,  
 Will not escape the general fall  
 Of French rule in this land.  
 For Rogers pledged his faith so true,  
 To me one month ago,  
 That he himself would lead a band,

W  
 And i  
 On  
 When  
 Our  
 But do  
 Desp  
 Ah! no  
 Does  
 Although  
 And w  
 My arm i  
 Never  
 Ah! Milb  
 Compared  
 Then Burv  
 In his d  
 'And Roge  
 Brave R  
 Yes! Roge  
 With ski  
 One year I

Where Loostook waters flow;  
 And if kind fortune should not smile  
 On this attempt of ours,  
 When next we come, we'll boldly meet  
 Our foe, with equal powers.  
 But do not think, my trusty friend,  
 Despair does bear a part;  
 Ah! no; sweet Hope, the mortal's friend,  
 Does rule within my heart.  
 Although my flesh does seem to waste,  
 And wrinkles mark my brow,  
 My arm is strong, my aim is sure,  
 Never more sure than now.  
 Ah! Milburn, small your love for life,  
 Compared with that for your dear wife.

## CANTO IV.

Then Burwell said, while pleasure beamed  
 In his dark, flashing eyes:  
 'And Rogers really promised this?  
 Brave Rogers never lies;  
 Yes! Rogers is a Captain brave,  
 With skill and courage tried;  
 One year I'd give for one short day



In battle by his side.  
 But come, my friends, pursue our course—  
 Quick steps make journeys short;  
 I never longed a friend to see  
 As I long to see this fort.  
 With rapid pace they moved along  
 Across the dreary wild;  
 Burwell unerring led the course  
 As any forest child.  
 O'er mountains steep and valleys wild,  
 They forded many a stream,  
 Although above them shone the sun  
 With many a searching beam.  
 And when dark night upon the earth  
 Her sable mantle spread,  
 They ate their supper, and each one  
 Did seek his leafy bed.  
 Each one did sleep—aye, soundly sleep,  
 Such is the lot of those  
 Whose wills perform whatever feat  
 Their hardy souls propose.  
 Thus passed those six fatiguing days,  
 But when the seventh came,

God's h  
 In ho  
 Not eve  
 Nor e  
 Had pow  
 From v  
 This piou  
 Felt so  
 Yet never  
 And hon  
 Old Burwe  
 Was to k  
 Yet, in pla  
 Did most  
 For in the n  
 Was raise  
 Old Burwell  
 And said,  
 That iron fra  
 For nature  
 ome, gentle  
 To where V

God's holy day they sacred kept  
 In honor of his name.  
 Not even to insure success,  
 Nor earthly laurels bright,  
 Had power to win George Milburn's heart,  
 From ways he knew were right.  
 This pious, brave, God fearing man,  
 Felt sore the chastening hand,  
 Yet never breathed a murmuring sigh,  
 And honored God's command,  
 Old Burwell too, the holy day  
 Was to keep sacred taught;  
 Yet, in plain truth, Maductic fort  
 Did most engross his thought.  
 For in the morn, when Milburn's voice  
 Was raised to God in prayer,  
 Old Burwell sprang upon his feet,  
 And said, 'Curs'd Hartel's there.'  
 That iron frame all toil defied,  
 For nature every want supplied.

## CANTO V.

Come, gentle reader, turn with me,  
 To where Wallowstook boys

Her current (now the fair St. John)  
 To the Atlantic shore;  
 And fed by tributary streams,  
 Three hundred miles or more  
 The Indian sailed his light canoe,  
 Along its gravelly shore.  
 And near its banks, in a pleasant vale,  
 An Indian village throve,  
 Where the Mellicite prepared for war,  
 Or wooed his dusky love.  
 The wigwams reared among the elms  
 That grew within this vale,  
 Contained at least five hundred souls  
 At the period of our tale.  
 Some planted maize in early spring,  
 On little plats of ground,  
 And well the soil's fertility  
 Their poorest efforts crowned.  
 Each savage in his bark canoe  
 Would oft his harpoon ply,  
 By light of flambeaux, when the tide  
 Would yield its luscious fry.  
 And oft would ply the light canoes

To  
 Was h  
 Fron  
 There s  
 Or sa  
 From B  
 Up Fu  
 With fre  
 Unto e  
 Of dange  
 Ever th  
 And clothe  
 The coar  
 Were soon  
 And frien  
 Oh, that m  
 Of traffic  
 Or e'er that  
 By savage  
 But during t  
 The goods

\* Settlements w  
 eton and along  
 as called Port Ro

To where the ocean's roar  
 Was heard along the Loostook banks,  
 From the Atlantic shore.  
 There ships from France would sometimes ride,  
 Or safe at anchor lay,  
 From Breton's Cape or Royal Port\*  
 Up Fundy's stormy bay,  
 With freight that of much value seemed  
 Unto each warrior's eye,  
 Of dangerous rifles and long knives,  
 Ever the first supply.  
 And clothes of simple fabric made,  
 The coarsest of their kind,  
 Were soon exchanged for fruits of chase,  
 And friendship each did bind.  
 Oh, that my pen no worse detail  
 Of traffic could describe,  
 Or e'er that christian nations should  
 By savage laws abide.  
 But during this long, dreadful war,  
 The goods most in demand

\* Settlements were formed by the French at an early date on Cape Breton and along the coasts of Nova Scotia. ~~However~~, at that time, it is called Port Royal.

*Annapolis*

Were English scalps, for which French gold  
Was always paid in hand.

## CANTO VI.

When Argenseau\* had supreme power  
Of the Acadian wild,  
A man of understanding deep,  
His rule was firm and mild.  
With his consent the Jesuit bore  
The cross o'er hill and glen;  
The savage Indians soon became  
A race of christian men.  
But those same lips that taught them prayers,  
Taught other lessons too,  
That each and all should work their best  
The English to subdue.  
And where each village smiling stood  
Close by the river side,  
A fort or block-house grimly frowned,  
Where soldiers did abide.  
The commandant of each fort right well  
His path of duty knew,

\* It was during the administration of Argenseau that the Jesuit missionaries were successful in converting the Pagan Indians of Acadia to christianity.

So stro  
Of c  
A chain  
From  
Its water  
To th  
And at  
The la  
Was call  
In Ind  
The villag  
And we  
'Twould p  
To call  
The fort, b  
Did frow  
Four canno  
Did ever  
Two hundre  
Would an  
Likewise th  
Within th  
Outside the

So strove to win the hearts of all,  
Of chiefs and warriors too.  
A chain of forts did thus extend  
From where the St. John pours  
Its waters in the ocean bed  
To the St. Lawrence shores,  
And at the time of which we write,  
The largest of them all  
Was called Maductic, which does mean,  
In Indian, waterfall.  
The village likewise bore that name,  
And well the Frenchman knew  
'Twould please the haughty Indian's pride  
To call the fort so too.  
The fort, built on a rising ground,  
Did frowning grizzly stand;  
Four cannon, mounted on its walls,  
Did every point command.  
Two hundred warriors, brave at need,  
Would answer Robert's call,  
Likewise threescore French infantry,  
Within the block-house wall.  
Outside the fort & cottage stood,



With many marks of taste,  
 For here did Robert's wife reside,  
 A lady of much grace.  
 The wide Atlantic's roar she'd braved  
 To join her martial lord,  
 And to the Indians known was she,  
 As the gentle warlike bird.  
 And when the band by Blacksnake led,  
 Had reached its journey's end,  
 Matilda found, in Robert's wife,  
 A sympathizing friend;  
 For true affliction opens wide  
 The portals of the heart,  
 While kindred spirits love so well  
 To plead each other's part.  
 Then to Soxlixus, Edwin, she  
 Did cheerfully resign,  
 God's word upheld and nerved her heart,  
 Her faith did brightly shine.  
 Young Edwin, too, in his new home  
 Insensibly did gain  
 Each day new knowledge of the life  
 He now was to maintain.

Hope a  
 His f  
 His mot  
 Once  
 His spiri  
 That s  
 Oh, how  
 His da  
 Together  
 Or hunt  
 Or ply the  
 Thus pa  
 And Harte  
 Her husk  
 And saw it  
 Schemes  
 He who o'e  
 The belt  
 Was one wh  
 His name

\*The chieftain  
 conferred upon th



Hope always whispered to his heart,  
 His father yet he'd see.  
 His mother dear, and all he loved,  
 Once more should happy be.  
 His spirits, buoyant as the roe  
 That skirts the mountain side,  
 Oh, how this warrior loved the boy,  
 His darling hope and pride.  
 Together they would snare the moose,  
 Or hunt the shaggy bear,  
 Or ply the harpoon on the stream;  
 Thus passed the spring-time fair.  
 And Hartel knew that Robert's dame  
 Her husband's will could move,  
 And saw it was in vain to try  
 Schemes of revenge or love.

## CANTO VII.

He who o'er this branch of the tribe  
 The belt of chief did wear,  
 Was one whom years had rendered sage,  
 His name was Peter Bear.\*

\*The chieftainship of the northern Mellicites has for ages been conferred upon the Bear family, and still continues.

He planned each march of the warrior band,  
 Their destination true;  
 And each received from him his share  
 Of pay and plunder too.  
 The scalps uplifted by his men,  
 To Robert took with speed,  
 Who first would pay in silver crowns,  
 Then praise the *gallant* deed.  
 Those scalps once worn by every age,  
 By every sex and grade,  
 The strong man's locks, the infant's curls,  
 And tress of lovely maid,  
 Were strung alike on slender poles,  
 The block-house walls to deck,  
 And there remained till time arrived  
 To send them to Quebec.

## CANTO VIII.

One morn, as daylight crowned the hills,  
 Soxlixus did repair  
 Unto the lodge whose owner was  
 The mighty Peter Bear.  
 With greetings short the chieftain spake:  
 'Soxlixus, tried in war,

Would i  
 Again  
 To scalp  
 Thus  
 You then  
 When  
 Take twe  
 And on  
 You will  
 You su  
 Soxlixus  
 He hon  
 And now  
 He long  
 A stimulus  
 Young  
 He longed  
 With Ed  
 He bowed  
 'Before t  
 Soxlixus w  
 His stren  
 Then like a

Would it not please your gallant heart  
Again to range afar,  
To scalp the yangees of the south,  
Thus wealth and honors win ?  
You then shall wear a chieftain's belt,  
When you return again.  
Take twelve stout warriors of the tribe,  
And on the war path trail;  
You will return with many scalps,  
You surely cannot fail.  
Soxlixus bowed, it was his wish—  
He honored Peter Bear;  
And now for love of his brave boy,  
He longed the belt to wear.  
A stimulus for his stout heart  
Young Edwin did provide ;  
He longed to meet a gallant foe,  
With Edwin by his side.  
He bowed to Peter Bear, and said:  
‘Before the sun rides high,  
Soxlixus will be on the path,  
His strength again to try.’  
Then like an arrow from the bow,

To his own camp he flew,  
 And these few words to Edwin spake,  
 As to his side he drew:  
 'I go to meet my father's foe;  
 Were it a redskin tribe,  
 My gallant boy, my Eagle Eye,  
 Should combat by my side.  
 But now, remain in Robert's lodge  
 Some twenty suns or more,  
 Till I with honor do return  
 Unto Walloostook shore.'

## CANTO IX.

Young Edwin smiled, and sadly bowed—  
 The parting gave him pain;  
 Yet sweet and filial tenderness  
 Induced him to remain.  
 A mother's love! at evening hours,  
 That solace sweet and clear  
 Can force a broken heart to sing,  
 And make a prison dear.  
 Her love was centered in the boy,  
 For ne'er again did she  
 Expect to see her husband dear,

Or br  
 Each tin  
 On E  
 'My dar  
 A mot  
 With wh  
 'My so  
 My husb  
 Are gi  
 How kind  
 Who in  
 To  
 Among  
 To those b  
 Yet ever  
 To meet yo  
 Where h  
 Each India  
 His darin  
 And genero  
 Such trai  
 His was the  
 And man

Or breathe sweet liberty.  
Each time she looked with tender gaze,  
On Edwin's smiling face—  
'My darling boy, my bonny boy,'  
A mother's sweet embrace  
With which she'd clasp him to her heart,  
'My son, my earthly joy,  
My husband's heart, my husband's face  
Are given to my boy.  
How kind the heavenly Father King,  
Who in his wisdom chose  
To raise up friends for me and mine,  
Among our savage foes.  
To those be true, my Edwin dear,  
Yet ever stand prepared  
To meet your father in that world  
Where heavenly joys are shared.'  
Each Indian hunter loved the lad;  
His daring look and eye,  
And generous mien, did much them please;  
Such traits they pass not by.  
His was the heart to win brave hearts,  
And many friends to make,

For all did love the Eagle Eye,  
 Except the chief, Blacksnake.  
 Yet Blacksnake dared not raise a hand  
 To harm Soxlixus' friend;  
 For well he knew that doing so  
 Would quickly bring his end.

## CANTO X.

'Twas long ere noon of the same day  
 The war fire bright had flamed,  
 And twelve stout warriors struck the path,  
 To seek for scalps again,  
 And quickly scouring through the wilds,  
 Intent on furious deed.  
 Soxlixus was indeed convinced  
 The belt should be his meed.  
 Ambitious projects filled his mind,  
 And all for Eagle Eye;  
 He inward vowed the boy should rule  
 As chief o'er all the tribe.  
 But, noble warrior, time's at hand,  
 Another race shall rule thy land.

## CANTO XI.

Two days they marched without fatigue

Of lim  
 But on th  
 Their p  
 Each pau  
 On plan  
 Till one re  
 "Leave m  
 Soxlixus' p  
 At lengt  
 'Six yange  
 Fast near  
 Let's run w  
 Since day  
 The dew ha  
 Their step  
 Soxlixus' wi  
 Found rea  
 Twelve stalw  
 Would any  
 Each loosed h  
 As on, the t  
 And ere high  
 Close on th



Of limbs that ne'er did fail,  
But on the morning of the third  
Their party crossed a trail.  
Each paused and marked the trail with care,  
On plants and faded leaves,  
Till one remarked, 'The yangees' feet  
'Leave marks that ne'er deceive.'  
Soxlixus' practised eye did scan,  
At length he slowly spoke:  
'Six yangee hunters from the south,  
Fast nearing Robert's fort,  
Let's run with speed upon the trail,  
Since daylight here they passed,  
The dew has not yet kissed the trail,  
Their steps are long and fast.  
Soxlixus' wish, when thus expressed,  
Found ready response there;  
Twelve stalwart braves, with such a chief,  
Would any dangers share.  
Each loosed his knife, each primed his gun,  
As on the trail they flew,  
And ere high noon, so swift their pace,  
Close on the chase they drew.

Oh ! that some guardian angel would  
 Speak low in Milburn's ear,  
 To warn him of the common foe,  
 As whisper, 'danger's near.'  
 'The yangee takes his noontide meal,'  
 Soxlixus thus did say,  
 'We'll like the serpent on them steal,  
 They'll be an easy prey.  
 Six yangee warriors, captive led,  
 Would much increase our fame;  
 To lead six yangee warriors home  
 Will give a lasting name.

## CANTO XII.

Now reader, where was Burwell's band,  
 When danger was so near ?  
 Each heart beat high with anxious hope,  
 They strangers were to fear.  
 And now, when Sol had reached the south,  
 And gained the zenith clear,  
 The party paused to take their meal,  
 The flesh of mountain deer.  
 This flesh well dried beside the fire,  
 Was all each hunter chose

As foot  
 Or n  
 Nor dr  
 Yet  
 Was ev  
 With  
 And thu  
 Just a  
 And sen  
 What  
 The dist  
 Is shor  
 Oh ! for c  
 With F  
 Ah, Burw  
 Is stout S  
 'Hush !' s  
 They sc  
 No ! by m  
 'Tis the  
 Seize quick  
 And quic

As food, when scouring out for game,  
 Or marching 'gainst his foes.  
 Nor dreamed they danger was so near,  
 Yet Burwell's cautious eye  
 Was ever glancing hastily,  
 With hope some foe to spy.  
 And thus he spake: 'Should fortune smile,  
 Just as we near the fort,  
 And send us out an Indian band,  
 What happy, glorious sport.  
 The distance to Maductic falls  
 Is short from where we stand.  
 Oh! for one hundred daring men,  
 With Rogers to command.'  
 Ah, Burwell! close to where you stand,  
 Is stout Soxlixus and his band.

## CANTO XIII.

'Hush!' says old Burwell, 'bears are near,  
 They scent the food we eat;  
 No! by my murdered father's soul,  
 'Tis the tread of Indian's feet.  
 Seize quick your guns! to cover fly!  
 And quicker than the word

Each one did seize his iron tube,  
 And stood upon his guard.  
 Fierce rage did shake Soxlixus' frame;  
 He by a sapling stood,  
 (For on the spot where thus they met,  
 Was a heavy growth of wood,)  
 Each Indian by instinct did lay  
 Like a serpent on the ground;  
 Soxlixus' plan was to enclose  
 And thus the prey surround,  
 But fortune favored Burwell's band,  
 The side they safe had chose  
 Was the only side was not exposed  
 To their relentless foes.  
 And though Soxlixus' swarthy cheek  
 Did glow with fever ray,  
 He did admire the quick dispatch  
 That Burwell did display.  
 He dared not call his braves around;  
 He knew the yangees' eye  
 Was quick to view and straight to aim;  
 This did his patience try.  
 For two long hours each did wait,

Not  
 The Bu  
 Did  
 Old Bu  
 When  
 That th  
 Did c  
 At lengt  
 Escap  
 An India  
 Expos  
 And quic  
 While  
 His shoul  
 To Dav  
 Old David  
 One mo  
 Ere the rif  
 Did sim  
 A low deat  
 Of this s  
 His soul we  
 The wild

Not moving from his post;  
The Burwells knew an Indian band  
Did watch in covert close.  
Old Burwell said in after times,  
When speaking of this day,  
That the smoky smell of their greasy hides  
Did choke him where he lay.  
At length young Joseph Burwell's arm  
Escaped its covert free—  
An Indian warrior's glance it caught,  
Exposed beside the tree,  
And quick his rifle on it bore,  
While he exposed to view  
His shoulder, arm and dusky face  
To David's aim so true.  
Old David's aim was quick as thought;  
One moment did not pass  
Ere the rifles held by those foemen stern,  
Did simultaneous flash.  
A low death wail escaped the lips  
Of this stout Indian brave;  
His soul went to the spirit land,  
The wilds became his grave.

But yet his ball sped not in vain,  
 The blood did trickle down  
 From Joseph's arm, which useless hung,  
 And stained the leaves and ground.  
 'Ha! one fiend gone to Tophet's shades,'  
 Was whispered from the stand  
 That Burwell took, behind a bush,  
 Where he the scene had scanned.  
 Not e'en the movement of a leaf  
 Escaped his wakeful eye,  
 And Soxlixus' fiery gaze  
 Right equally did spy.  
 None dared to speak, none dared to stir,  
 None dared to move a limb;  
 Each knew the part exposed to view  
 Would feel a bullet in.

## CANTO XIV.

And thus two hours more did pass,  
 In silence where they stood;  
 No sound was heard but the summer breeze  
 That rustled through the wood.  
 Then called Soxlixus: 'Come ye squaws,  
 For once fair battle wage;

How w  
 If o  
 But no  
 You  
 If you  
 You  
 'Ha, ha  
 'You  
 Your wo  
 And t  
 Where c  
 To fac  
 The Wat  
 His kn  
 Then like  
 Soxlix  
 His axe h  
 Was so  
 'Well! w  
 'No bu  
 You're the  
 Dared n

How will the carrion crow rejoice,  
 If once we do engage.  
 But no! lie close; you dare not fight;  
 You dread a warrior's arm.  
 If you will but give up your arms,  
 You safe shall be from harm.'  
 'Ha, ha!' laughed Burwell from his tree,  
 'You coward, Indian knave,  
 Your worthless scalp my knife shall raise,  
 And that of every brave.  
 Where can a Mellicite be found  
 To face a yangee's eye?  
 The Water Snake defies you all;  
 His knife you dare not try.'  
 Then like an arrow from the bow,  
 Soxlixus forward sprung;  
 His axe he shook, his knife he drew,  
 Was soon his foes among.

## CANTO XV.

'Well! well!' and Burwell loudly spake,  
 'No bullet you shall feel;  
 You're the first redskin I ever saw,  
 Dared meet the yangee steel.



Call out your braves, if ten to one,  
 And all with hearts like thee;  
 They come, they come! to feed the crows—  
 Such is their destiny.  
 With frightful whoops those warriors sprang  
 From where they lay concealed,  
 And forward rushed with rapid pace,  
 And thus their force revealed.  
 'There are but twelve,' George Milburn cried;  
 'Let's show them open fight.'  
 Ah, reader, such a scene as rose,  
 Was worth a warrior's sight.  
 James Burwell's bullet found the heart  
 Of one stout Indian brave;  
 The horrid whoop was on his lips,  
 It was the last he gave.  
 But ah! poor Jemmy, 'tis the last,  
 The last day of your life;  
 Soxlixus fiercely on him sprang,  
 With hatchet and with knife.  
 Now all engaged by times in squads,  
 By times in single pairs,  
 But few the words, but few the shouts,

Each  
 Old Bur  
 Was  
 'No wea  
 But t  
 His hono  
 And t  
 His load  
 Was u  
 The third  
 Was B  
 He was th  
 After t  
 Each seiz  
 That he  
 But the m  
 Did soo  
 He forced  
 Then sp  
 Like light  
 And clo  
 A stalwart

Each minding his affairs.  
Old Burwell's rifle clubbed in hand  
Was all he deigned to wield;  
'No weapons will I use this day  
But those of wood and steel.  
His honor led to equal fight,  
And through that dreadful day,  
His loaded rifle clubbed in hand,  
Was used throughout the fray.

## CANTO XVI.

The third poor victim of the strife  
Was Burwell's youngest son;  
He was the first Soxlixus met  
After the fight began.  
Each seized the other by the hand  
That held the dangerous knife,  
But the mighty strength of the Indian chief  
Did soon decide the strife.  
He forced James Burwell to his knees,  
Then springing back again,  
Like lightning whirled his axe in air  
And clove his head in twain.  
A stalwart warrior Burwell chose,

Known as the Panther strong;  
 Most skillful did he ward the blows  
 Which Burwell showered on.  
 Those heavy blows fell thick and fast,  
 Succumb the Indian must;  
 For he could not elude the strokes,  
 Nor found he time to thrust.  
 George Milburn's rifle used with ease,  
 With but his dexter hand,  
 Cool and determined in his mind,  
 He cheered the little band.  
 The first two Indians he engaged  
 Were quickly laid quite low,  
 By thrust and parry with the knife,  
 And then the ponderous blow.  
 Three warriors chose the Nimble Deer,  
 He did them all employ;  
 His active limbs escaped the strokes  
 They aimed with savage joy.  
 And swiftly gliding from the ring  
 His savage foes would form,  
 Beneath their arms like lightning pass,  
 And thus escape the storm.

Then  
 And  
 With  
 Ag  
 They  
 Whi  
 Still m  
 And  
  
 None o  
 Whe  
 And ev  
 The  
 Poor Jo  
 Did b  
 Till by  
 Pierce  
 Then Bu  
 Yet r  
 The stre  
 A deep  
 At him a  
 Borne

Then like tigress turned at bay,  
And quick as lightning's flash,  
With nervous arm and dauntless heart,  
Again would on them dash.  
They ne'er could strike a mortal blow,  
Whilst passing with such speed,  
Still many cuts did each receive,  
And all did freely bleed.

## CANTO XVII.

None could withstand the rush of war,  
When Milburn onward bore;  
And every way this hero turned,  
The Indians fled before.  
Poor Joseph, weak and wounded sore,  
Did bravely play his part,  
Till by his father's side he fell,  
Pierced deep unto the heart.  
Then Burwell like the storm king raged;  
Yet rage but ill supplied  
The stream of life issuing from  
A deep gash in his side.  
At him an Indian rifle aimed,  
Borne to the warrior's cheek,

Soxlixus spied, and loudly cried:

‘The rifle must not speak!’

And as he spoke John Burwell’s knife

Was aimed deep for his heart,

But on the ribs did slant along,

And missed the vital part.

‘What! dare you match a warrior strong,

And you but yet a child?’

Soxlixus said, and on him turned,

And fiercely, grimly smiled,

The hatchet in his dexter hand

Just drank his brother’s life,

Alas! poor John, your time has come,

You now must feel the knife.

He seized the arm that held the knife,

His giant strength soon bore

The stripling’s form against a tree

That stood from times of yore—

Then pressed his body like a vice,

His knife freed with a jerk.

Then held the bloody knife in air—

That knife had done its work.

He gazed upon his victim’s form,

As li  
 ‘Poor bo  
 May  
 But this  
 The s  
 ‘Now by  
 ‘Your  
 Then rus  
 Who sa  
 A foeman  
 Who w

Like torre  
 That me  
 Met strong  
 And the  
 Each plied  
 Then ea  
 The furious  
 And stee  
 But Milbur  
 Did soon  
 The Indian

As life fast ebb'd away;  
'Poor boy!' he said, 'to the spirit land  
May you in pleasure stray.  
But this last gaze was dearly bought;  
The sight caught Milburn's eye;  
'Now by my good right arm,' he said,  
'Your furious strength I'll try.'  
Then rushed to meet the stalwart chief,  
Who saw with kindling eye  
A foeman worthy of his arm,  
Who would his valor try.

## CANTO XVIII.

Like torrents from the mountain side,  
That meet beneath the vale,  
Met strong Soxlilus in his might,  
And the hero of this tale.  
Each plied the knife with his left hand,  
Then each would backward spring;  
The furious blows each well did guard,  
And steel on steel did ring.  
But Milburn's weight, and nervous arm,  
Did soon begin to show;  
The Indian felt his strength was fast

Departing with each blow.  
 Just then another Indian came,  
 With footsteps like the wind,  
 And dealt a heavy, sinking blow  
 On Milburn's arm behind.  
 He turned his face on this new foe,  
 But scarce had wheeled around,  
 Before Soxlixus' heavy axe  
 Had smote him to the ground.  
 'Ha, ha, ha, ha!' the Indian cried,  
 And made the welkin ring;  
 'His scalp is equal to the whole  
 We've lifted since the spring.'  
 He ran his hand through Milburn's locks  
 A dozen times or more,  
 Whilst the unconscious hero lay  
 Imbedded in his gore.  
 The other Indians round him danced,  
 With fearful shouts of joy,  
 But David's eye then caught the sight,  
 And did his force employ.  
 Like arrow loosened from a bow,  
 He bounded like a ball

Upon t  
 And  
 His nim  
 With  
 The Ind  
 A doz  
 'Arise, d  
 As by  
 Soxlixus  
 No long  
 'Stay! sta  
 'Strike  
 Strike not  
 Shall kn  
 And just in  
 To save  
 Who all un  
 Above Hi  
 But at this  
 Each wea  
 While bleed  
 His warrid



Upon the swarthy Indian's form,  
And with his weight did fall.  
His nimble feet the savage felt,  
With all his weight he bore;  
The Indian from his victim rolled  
A dozen feet or more.  
'Arise, dear Captain Milburn, rise,'  
As by his side he knelt;  
Soxlixus heard the magic name,  
No longer anger felt.  
'Stay! stay the strife!' he loudly cried,  
'Strike not another blow;  
Strike not!—the one who draws his knife  
Shall know me as a foe.'  
And just in time the mandate came  
To save old Burwell's life,  
Who all unconscious, bleeding lay,  
Above him gleamed the knife.  
But at this order from the chief,  
Each weapon point did fall,  
While bleeding, panting, round him drew  
His warriors one and all.

## CANTO XIX.

Soxlixus too, was bleeding fast,  
 Both bruised and wounded sore,  
 And thus addressed the Nimble Deer  
 Who calmly stood before:  
 'Say, yangee, say, and speak the truth,  
 Is that the Open Hand,  
 Who lies before us on the ground,  
 The captain of your band?  
 'Yes, 'tis the best and bravest man  
 That ever trod the land,  
 And always called by his Indian friends,  
 The yangee Open Hand;  
 But there he lies, quick! ease his pain,  
 Use quick the bloody knife;  
 Here, take my scalp, my friends are gone,  
 And valueless is life.  
 'No! not for all the sun shines on,  
 Soxlixus made reply,  
 To take the life of Open Hand,  
 Or injure him would I.  
 He straightway took George Milburn's hand,  
 And gazed with anxious eye;

At len  
 'Th  
 His li  
 Our  
 Each f  
 And  
 Go, see  
 No lo  
 A link  
 And a  
 He to hi  
 'Our v  
 Dark wa  
 Dark t  
 But the  
 Did ne  
 They'll ev  
 And en  
 Seven of t  
 Lay stre  
 With batter  
 And two

At length aloud with joy he spoke:

'The yangee will not die,  
His life blood warms his fearless heart,

Our wishes are not vain;  
Each friend of Open Hand is mine,  
And brave are all the same.

Go, see your brothers, Nimble Deer,  
No longer foes are we;

A link does bind the Open Hand  
And all his friends to me.'

He to his warriors then did say,  
'Our wounded brothers see;

Dark was the morn we left our homes,  
Dark to our friends and me.

But the Great Spirit in his home,  
Did need those warriors there;

They'll ever roam the happy fields,  
And endless joy shall share.'

## CANTO XX.

Seven of that savage band

Lay stretched upon the ground  
With battered skulls, a ghastly sight,  
And two with gunshot wounds.

Old David did at length revive,  
 Locked in the manly arms  
 Of his first-born, the Nimble Deer,  
 Who was quite free from harm.  
 And Milburn too, though deadly weak,  
 His wounds were dressed with care.  
 Experience taught the Mellicite  
 The use of balms in war.  
 Between two hillocks near the spot,  
 Were laid the Indian braves,  
 A simple cross above them raised,  
 That marked their humble graves;  
 And by their side the Burwells lie,  
 Till the last trump shall sound,  
 Their youthful forms, their youthful hopes  
 Together in the ground.  
 A hasty camp and sheltered spot  
 The Indian warriors made,  
 And David, with the Open Hand,  
 Was there by them conveyed.  
 And when three days had made their turn,  
 Agreed each Indian brave  
 To meet their chief in four weeks time,

Bes  
 But no  
 Shou  
 To dra  
 Soxli  
 Whilst  
 To nu  
 And how  
 The re  
 For twelv  
 Bound  
 Those stou  
 Were g  
 Soxlixus b  
 And ski  
 The healing  
 That gre  
 Whilst oft u  
 That dres  
 Their wound  
 The suffer  
 And oft whe

Beside their comrade's grave—  
But none when to their home returned,  
Should e'er disclose the tale;  
To draw the promise from each one,  
Soxlixus did prevail.  
Whilst he, Soxlixus, did remain  
To nurse the wounded foe,  
And how he did perform his task,  
The reader soon shall know.  
For twelve long days by weakness held,  
Bound to their leafy bed,  
Those stout, strong men, like new-born babes,  
Were gently nursed and fed.  
Soxlixus brought and dressed the food,  
And skillful did prepare  
The healing potion, from the plants  
That grew in plenty there;  
Whilst oft unconscious of the hands  
That dressed from day to day  
Their wounds with full a woman's care,  
The suffering heroes lay.

## CANTO XXI.

And oft when slumber o'er them stole,

Soxlixus then would raise  
 And fix his eyes on Milburn's face,  
 With long and anxious gaze.  
 What were the thoughts then filled his mind,  
 His wild, untutored mind?  
 One selfish thought among the host,  
 And all the rest were kind.  
 'His is the heart, his is the glance  
 Of my brave Eagle Eye;  
 The strongest yangee on the earth,  
 I did his weapon try.  
 Oh, how my heart grows warm and soft,  
 But yet I will be strong—  
 No! Open Hand, the Eagle Eye  
 Must not to you belong.  
 He yet shall be the greatest chief  
 That ever hatchet wore,  
 And rule all tribes who fires raise  
 On the Walloostook shore.'  
 Young David Burwell knew the chief  
 On Indian friendship bent;  
 To heal his foes, and send them home,  
 Was truly his intent.

But his  
 For  
 To pain  
 Or at  
 And Bu  
 Altho  
 No fathe  
 With  
 But not c  
 Of a c  
 His thoug  
 Fast lo  
 No questio  
 Nor did  
 The smalle  
 As on h  
 His iron na  
 And hop  
 As when yo  
 Did all t  
 And patienc  
 And resig  
 Religion and

But his own mind—it would be vain  
For writer to essay  
To paint the thoughts of that brother dear,  
Or attempt them to portray.  
And Burwell too, when strength returned,  
Although in fight, severe,  
No father ever loved his sons  
With more affection dear.  
But not one word fell from his lips,  
Of a complaining part;  
His thoughts were for himself alone,  
Fast locked within his heart.  
No question e'er dropped from his lips,  
Nor did a sign betray  
The smallest mark of gratitude,  
As on his couch he lay.  
His iron nature could not yield,  
And hope was still as strong  
As when youth, strength and those he loved,  
Did all to him belong;  
And patience is a hero's grace,  
And resignation true;  
Religion and an iron will



Can every ill subdue.  
 And those the hardy sons of toil,  
 Dame Nature's children strong—  
 Deep, deep indeed, must be the wounds  
 That do confine them long.

## CANTO XXII.

The fourth week from the day of strife,  
 Their path again resumed.  
 September's winds had shorn the trees  
 Of all their summer bloom.  
 Short were the parting greetings made,  
 George Milburn only spake:  
 'Farewell, stout chief; your warlike tribe  
 Is honored for your sake.'  
 Now, reader, see them as they move,  
 And judge the human heart,  
 With hopes defeated and such friends,  
 By death were forced to part.  
 Well might the casuist reason thus—  
 That every ill of man  
 Had centered in those hunters' lives,  
 Since spring-time had begun.  
 And did they bow, or weakly grieve,

Or n  
 No! ot  
 Did  
 George  
 Throu  
 Though  
 'You'  
 Yet in hi  
 'My F  
 And Burv  
 As thes  
 'My bonny  
 No nobl  
 But in his  
 Of grief  
 But pride v  
 No signs  
 And thus th  
 Swiftly t

Or needlessly repine?  
No! other thoughts than black despair  
Did rule each active mind.  
George Milburn knew his duty true,  
Through life had right been run;  
Though reason whispered to him thus:  
'You'll ne'er see wife or son,'  
Yet in his heart he meekly said:  
'My Father's will be done.'  
And Burwell—such consoling thoughts  
As these did fill his mind:  
'My bonny boys, my gallant boys  
No nobler graves could find.'  
But in his heart, a constant fire  
Of grief and hate did glow,  
But pride would ever check the tongue,  
No signs of grief he'd show.  
And thus they southward journeyed on,  
Swiftly the wilds do pass along.

## PART V.

### CANTO I.

Now, reader dear, another scene  
Is brought before your view;  
A city bustling with its throngs,  
Of every shade and hue.  
New York is now a busy town,\*  
In martial dress arrayed,  
For men of every rank are there,  
Of military grade.  
See soldiers teeming through the streets,  
And different bands appear;  
The well trained veteran of the crown,  
And colonial volunteer.  
For tidings o'er the ocean came,  
And with them came command  
To all who martial honors wore,  
In this high favored land—

\* Large forces assembled in and about New York, for the purpose of assisting in the invasion of Canada. Amherst's and Bragg's brigades were the only troops that arrived in time to assist in the reduction of Quebec.

For the  
Was  
Of ship  
Before  
That all  
Shoul  
Arrived,  
Of we  
So ran th  
A read  
For volun  
And ev  
Flocked t  
Where  
Then hast  
To swe  
  
There Joh  
Of long  
Where pro  
Had wor  
Their leade  
Fit chic

For the St. Lawrence at that hour,  
 Was whitened with the sails  
 Of ships that bore the gallant Wolfe  
 Before our northern gales—  
 That all the servants of the crown  
 Should join him ere the hour  
 Arrived, which was to wrest from France,  
 Of western soil the power.  
 So ran the mandate, and it met  
 A ready response then.  
 For volunteers from every point,  
 And every grade of men,  
 Flocked to New York, the centre point,  
 Where bands quick formed were,  
 Then hastened to the border lines,  
 To swell the ranks of war.

## CANTO II.

There Johnson, with his veteran bands,  
 Of long acquired fame,  
 Where proud Dieskau met his death,  
 Had won a lasting name.  
 Their leader was the sovereign's pet,  
 Fit chief to lead the way,

And gather laurels on the fields  
 Where fame and glory lay.  
 And active Prideaux led the bands  
 From England's honored strand;  
 Two strong battalions owned his sway,  
 And moved at his command.  
 And Amherst, too, yet red from war,  
 And flushed with victory, came,  
 Ticonderoga and Crown Point  
 Just added to his fame.  
 And Bragg did lead the eastern men,  
 Long trained to forest war;  
 With willing hearts they left their homes,  
 To march through wilds afar.  
 For deeds of rapine, fire and blood,  
 By French and Indian hands,  
 Did fill their hearts with black revenge,  
 On all the savage bands.  
 And orders came that Bragg's brigade  
 Should hurry on before,  
 Across green Vermont, o'er the hills,  
 To the St. Lawrence shore.  
 And speedy, speedy was the march

Of  
 All an  
 On  
  
 And no  
 Fast  
 Each g  
 And  
 Their le  
 In fro  
 Strong b  
 Was I  
 And by h  
 His fir  
 Together  
 Long e  
 Had fough  
 Each pa  
 Such happ  
 Stern m  
  
 Old Burwe  
 For man

Of those brave warriors tried,  
All anxious to behold the fleet  
On the St. Lawrence tide.

## CANTO III.

And now behold the leading file,  
Fast treading o'er a vale;  
Each good knife slung in a leathern belt,  
And rifle at a trail.

Their leader's tall and martial frame  
In front of all appears,  
Strong bulwark of the British crown,  
Was Bragg with his volunteers.  
And by his side George Milburn walks,  
His firm and early friend;  
Together they had trained in arms,  
Long ere they marched as men.  
Had fought the savage side by side,  
Each pain and pleasure shared;  
Such happy friendship formed in youth,  
Stern manhood ne'er impaired.

## CANTO IV.

Old Burwell, too, had joined the band,  
For many an anxious face

Was known to him among that band,  
 From his dear native place.  
 He loved the martial pomp and air,  
 He loved the rolling drums;  
 George Milburn's weal was his first wish,  
 The next to avenge his sons.  
 And by his side his brave first-born,  
 But, oh! how changed in mien;  
 The last four months to that young man,  
 Had like a lifetime been.  
 'Tis Bragg now speaks and Milburn hears:  
 'To-morrow eve, at most,  
 We tread the deck of England's fleet,  
 And move with England's host.  
 When Quebec falls, my word is pledged,  
 Is pledged to all my friends,  
 That Maductic fort shall bear our flag  
 Before the campaign ends.'  
 'God grant it may!' George Milburn said,  
 'If not a willing heart  
 To bear my lot, may He above,  
 In mercy this impart.'

But, re  
 To p  
 Nor pau  
 At th  
 Nor tell  
 Behel  
 Retire b  
 That c  
 Nor need  
 That s  
 Nor how  
 Before  
 Nor how I  
 Advanc  
 Nor how t  
 Full lon  
 Nor how t  
 The prid  
 The flower  
 The glor  
 For many h  
 With abl



## CANTO V.

But, reader, I shall not attempt  
To paint the marching host,  
Nor pause to tell how they arrived  
At the St. Lawrence coast;  
Nor tell how Montmorenci's steep  
Beheld the British band.  
Retire before the numerous host,  
That owned Montcalm's command;  
Nor need I speak of the daring hearts  
That scaled the cliff so tall;  
Nor how they stood in battle line,  
Before the city wall;  
Nor how Montcalm with courage high,  
Advanced to give them fight,  
Nor how the French gave up the field  
Full long before 'twas night;  
Nor how the nation's darling fell,  
The pride of Britain's host;  
The flower of England's chivalry,  
The glorious victory cost.  
For many have those scenes detailed,  
With abler pens than mine,

But they remain on Britain's fame,  
Engraved to the end of time.

## CANTO VI.

One morn, when bleak December's snows,  
Had covered field and bay,  
And all the Canadian hostile shore  
Acknowledged British sway,  
No more the old St. Lawrence's tide  
Resounded with the roar  
Of cannon's boom, nor clash of steel  
Was heard upon its shore.  
Most volunteers had sought their homes,  
The rifle laid aside—  
Again sweet peace they did enjoy,  
Around the fireside;  
And many who had felt the chills  
Of the French prisons grim,  
Stood forth released, and, ho! for home,  
Joy's cup filled to the brim.  
Men's forms were there who, years before,  
The Indian withes had bound,  
Had lain as prisoners many years,  
Within the hostile town.

And  
So  
They  
Fo  
Now  
Sup  
He re  
O'er  
Three  
And  
Now to  
On t  
But all  
He w  
He need  
There  
At lengt  
And p  
'These fo  
Witho  
But other  
To Am

And females—mothers, wives and maids—  
Some taken when so young  
They had forgot their early homes,  
Forgot their native tongue.

## CANTO VII.

Now Murray sat in Montcalm's halls,  
Supremely held command;  
He represented Britain's crown,  
O'er the new conquered land.  
Three times to him had Bragg repaired,  
And begged a force full strong,  
Now to reduce the hostile forts  
On the banks of the St. John.  
But all in vain—one single man  
He would not send away,  
He needed all his soldiers there;  
There Bragg in vain did pray.  
At length discouraged left the spot,  
And parting, this he said:  
'These forts will fall ere turn of spring  
Without proud Murray's aid.'  
But other hearts and other tongues  
To Amherst had applied,

Whose forces lay in fair Sorelle,  
 By the St. Lawrence tide.  
 He heard the tale of Milburn's wrongs,  
 From Burwell, who implored  
 Him to fit out some volunteers  
 To raze Maductic fort.  
 'I dare not, dare not, gallant friend,'  
 Stout Amherst made reply;  
 'A truce exists with our late foes,  
 So how can I comply?  
 For rumor from the English shores  
 The tidings doth reveal,  
 That late at Ghent, with all due form,  
 A treaty has been sealed.  
 But still were I a private man,  
 The route I sure would share,  
 And many a bold volunteer  
 Will travel with you there.  
 Despatch at once, and Milburn bring,  
 And ere my force disband,  
 A conference of leaders wise  
 Will take your case in hand.'  
 Then Burwell, bowing, left the room,

And  
 Was hu  
 Hope  
  
 In Amb  
 Thoug  
 Some tw  
 Round  
 The Indi  
 The bo  
 For all w  
 From C  
 There Rog  
 Yet act  
 An Indian  
 Their in  
 Swift on th  
 Yet cool  
 An iron wi  
 Seemed t  
 The King's  
 A major  
 'Twas said

And in five minutes' time  
Was hurrying on to reach Quebec,  
Hope lighting up his mind.

## CANTO VIII.

In Amherst's quarters, large and warm,  
Though cold the north winds blew,  
Some twenty men of every age,  
Round the huge chimney drew.  
The Indian weed was blithely whiffed,  
The bottle made its round,  
For all were hardy, fighting mer,  
From General Amherst down.  
There Rogers' tall and heavy form,  
Yet active as the roe;  
An Indian fighter from his youth,  
Their implacable foe.  
Swift on the march, and fierce in fight,  
Yet cool in timé of need,  
An iron will when once resolved,  
Seemed formed for daring deed.  
The King's commission, too, he bore,  
A major in the blues;  
'Twas said of him, an Indian fight

He never did refuse.  
 His band of rangers, in that war,  
     Had been a bulwark sure;  
 When Rogers and his band were out,  
     Each hamlet was secure.  
 No force or distance e'er deterred,  
     When out upon the trail  
 Of French or Indians, and his band  
     Was never known to fail.  
 And other leaders, too, were there,  
     All men of courage tried,  
 Clark from the west, of Indian fame,  
     And gallant Bragg beside.

## CANTO IX.

Then Amherst spake: 'Friends, one and all,  
     Pray your attention lend;  
 And Burwell, tell the history,  
     You told me of your friend.  
 And then, my friends, may each revolve  
     The subject in his mind:  
 God grant that for these sad mishaps  
     We shall a balsam find.'  
 'A balsam find!' stout Bragg replied;

'The  
 Send five  
 And g  
 We'll sw  
 And s  
 'Ah, no,  
 Each c  
 Then each  
 Chaine  
 Though st  
 There la  
 For full fi  
 At leng  
 'My word  
 When p  
 Long ere t  
 To Milbu  
 To lead a f  
 On the A  
 And while  
 I Murray  
 But as Tom  
 And let n

'The balsam's at our hand—  
Send five hundred of our men,  
And give me the command;  
We'll sweep that nest and clear the spot,  
And set each captive free.'

'Ah, no,' said Amherst, 'troubles bind  
Each officer with me.'

Then each looked blank, the treaty strong  
Chained each and every hand.

Though strong the will, yet all was vain,  
There lay the stern command.

For full five minutes silence reigned,  
At length stout Rogers rose:

'My word I never forfeited  
When pledged to friends or foes.

Long ere the autumn leaves did fall,  
To Milburn I was bound

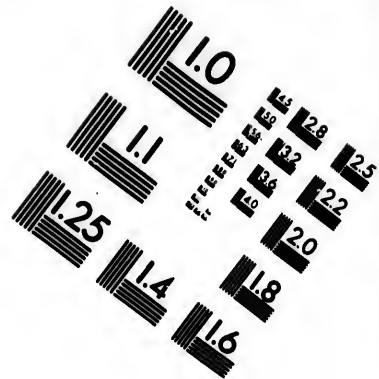
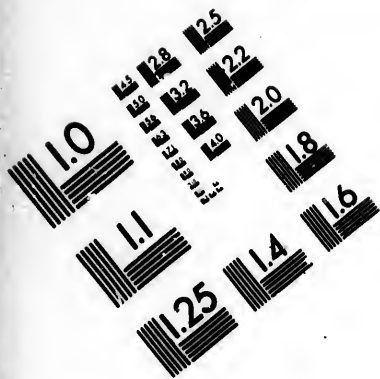
To lead a force against our foes  
On the Acadian ground.

And while a servant of the Crown,  
I Murray must obey;

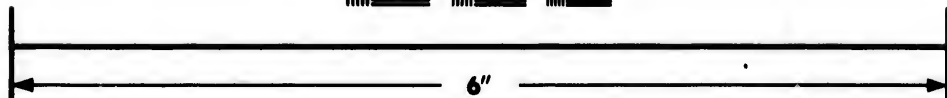
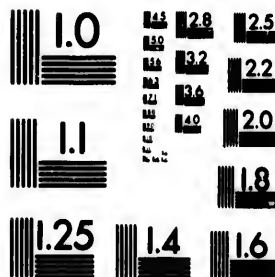
But as Tom Rogers I can roam,  
And let my pleasure sway.'







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

10  
12  
14  
16  
18  
20  
22  
25

10  
12  
14  
16  
18  
20  
22

Then from his breast a parchment drew,  
 And on the table laid:  
 'I here resign my martial rank,  
 My military grade.  
 Now to Fort Dummer I repair,  
 And ere three weeks have run,  
 I march me for Maductic fort,  
 If I should march alone.'  
 But well he knew that warriors tried  
 Would march to battle by his side.

## CANTO X.

Now, reader, would you like to learn  
 How poor Matilda fared?  
 Likewise all those who held her grief,  
 And all her sufferings shared?  
 Well, turn with me to where St. John's  
 Smooth, placid waters glide,  
 On one of autumn's sunny eves,  
 Near to the river side.  
 Two ladies wandered by the tide,  
 In friendly converse meet,  
 And hark! they speak the English tongue  
 In measures low and sweet.

The r  
 Ad  
 Her s  
 Sh  
 'My o  
 Mos  
 My sel  
 You  
 When  
 Near  
 My fat  
 And  
 And all  
 He d  
 But at a  
 To hi  
 An army  
 Such  
 His gall  
 Did r  
 My fath  
 My lov  
 And oft b

The rich complexion of the south  
Adorned the younger one,  
Her soft, dark eyes, bedewed with tears,  
She thus the theme began:  
"My own dear friend, my darling friend,  
Most dear unto my heart,  
My selfishness induced the wish  
You ne'er would from me part.  
When first I drew the vital breath,  
Near to the town of Lisle,  
My father was a wealthy count,  
And I his only child;  
And all the pains a heart could wish  
He did bestow on me,  
But at sixteen my heart was pledged  
To him you each day see.  
An army sergeant won my love,  
Such ardent love was mine,  
His gallant mien and martial form  
Did round my heart entwine.  
My father's pride with scorn repelled  
My love for one so low,  
And oft by prayers and penance sought

My passion to forego;  
 But oh, the flame exhaustless bound  
 My heart, my soul, my brain;  
 With him, oh! what intense delight—  
 Without him, oh! what pain.  
 My father's pride at length prevailed,  
 He closed his heart and door,  
 And on me laid the heavy ban  
 To ne'er behold him more.  
 I'd sought and won the boon of love,  
 I chose not wealth or fame;  
 Far more to me, one constant heart,  
 Than glory's proudest name.  
 United to my soldier boy,  
 These ten long years I've been,  
 And dearer every day I love,  
 Could but the heart be seen—  
 Much rather lean upon his breast,  
 Knowing his heart my own,  
 Than sit pavilioned gorgeously,  
 Upon a regal throne.  
 My love sustained my soldier's heart,  
 In battle-field or camp;

My love  
 Or ch  
 For bra  
 He w  
 Of that  
 The g  
 Promotio  
 And e  
 My husba  
 A majo  
 And when  
 Came o  
 The boon  
 Was lea  
 And here,  
 It is the  
 Let fortun  
 If my o  
 Then can  
 From on

\*The battle of  
 great Frederic,

My love oft healed his wounded frame,  
Or cheered a prison damp.

## CANTO XI.

For bravery shown at Collin's fight,\*

He won the public thanks

Of that brave hero of dear France—

The gallant Marshal Saxe.

Promotion quickly followed this,

And e'er two years did wear,

My husband dear, my soldier brave,

A major's rank did bear.

And when to seek these distant wilds,

Came orders from our King,

The boon I sought and did obtain,

Was leave to follow him;

And here, or in our own dear France,

It is the same to me,

Let fortune smile, or fortune frown,

If my own lord I see.

Then can I sympathy withhold

From one whose love, like mine,

---

\*The battle of Collin was fought between the Prussians under the great Frederic, and the French and Austrians.



Is true and faithful as the sun  
 That in the heaven shines.  
 Yes! such a heart, such strength of mind,  
 Such courage you display,  
 The wisest, best of woman-kind  
 Beside me stands this day.  
 And our fair friend, our Mary dear,  
 Her face a tale doth show;  
 I would give half my husband's fame,  
 To ease but half her woe.  
 And yet at times, a smile o'erspreads  
 That pale but lovely face,  
 A smile that tells of hope and love,  
 A token of God's grace.

## CANTO XII.

Matilda answered: 'Lady fair,  
 The strength that leads us through,  
 Is firm reliance on our God,  
 Whose promises are true.  
 And this He's promised in his word,  
 To grant a victory;  
 And as our need in trials is,  
 That so our strength shall be.

'Twas  
 Whe  
 'Twas t  
 And  
 And my  
 That  
 For if h  
 I know  
 With wo  
 At len  
 'Great h  
 On wh  
 'Ah, lad  
 Death  
 And when  
 God's p  
 Then, pra  
 And cla  
 For life, a  
 Soon wi  
 'I'm happy  
 Robert's  
 'My husban

'Twas this sustained me in the hour  
When all around was flame.

'Twas this sustained me when my babe  
And dearest friends were slain.

And my dear husband's in His hands,  
That cheers my heart this night,

For if he lives, or if he's dead,  
I know that all is right.'

With wonder Robert's lady gazed,  
At length made this reply:

'Great heavens! were I in your sad state,  
On what could I rely!'

'Ah, lady, dear, this world will change,  
Death meets the most secure,

And when misfortunes wreck our hearts,  
God's promises are sure;

Then, pray thee, seize the precious boon,  
And claim this heavenly friend,

For life, at best, is but a dream,  
Soon will the vision end.'

'I'm happy in my present state,'  
Robert's fair lady said,

'My husband's love is all I need,

In it my mind is stayed.  
 The clouds that o'er the future hang,  
 His love can cast away;  
 His presence turns a night of gloom  
 To pleasure's radiant day.'

## CANTO XIII.

They thus discoursing neared the fort,  
 The sentinel at his post  
 Did pass his rounds, whilst round about  
 Was seen a motley host;  
 For Hartel on the chiefs prevailed  
 To Quebec forward on  
 All captives in the northern forts,  
 By route of the St. John.  
 And Blacksnake's mind was darker still,  
 Revenge deep in his heart;  
 And Robert's power restrained the same—  
 That's why he longed to part.  
 Soxlixus' absence too, had helped  
 To ease his foes of dread,  
 His warriors' silence of his fate,  
 Made most believe him dead.  
 And letters signed by Montcalm's hand,

To H  
 That h  
 And  
 For thr  
 To fir  
 To glut  
 Appe  
 He had  
 The w  
 Whilst h  
 Of Ro  
 And thus  
 In mili  
 (All knew  
 Was in  
 'I leave to  
 The sam  
 And 'tis th  
 That the  
 'Where are  
 'At prese  
 The English  
 My lady

To Hartel orders bore,  
That he must hurry to Quebec,  
And leave the 'Loostook shore.  
For three long months his patience bore,  
To find a fitting time;  
To glut his hate and wicked lust;  
Appeared to him no crime.  
He had arranged that fierce Blacksnake  
The warriors should harangue,  
Whilst he himself the captives meek  
Of Robert should demand;  
And thus he spoke, that all might hear,  
In military tone—  
(All knew that Robert's martial grade  
Was inferior to his own):  
'I leave to-morrow for Quebec,  
The same, no doubt, you know,  
And 'tis the wish of all the chiefs,  
That the captives also go.'  
'Where are the captives?' Robert said;  
'At present none are here;  
The English ladies are my guests,  
My lady loves them dear;

As sisters bound by friendship's tie  
 My wife and they appear,  
 And for our sakes, pray grant this boon,  
 To let them tarry here.'  
 'The orders from Montcalm are prompt,'  
 This Hartel then did say,  
 'That we should send the captives on,  
 We dare not disobey.  
 And if I do not grant your wish,  
 The fault is none of mine,—  
 And in the morning I'll expect  
 The captives you'll resign.'

## CANTO XIV.

Stout Robert dared not question this,  
 By stern discipline bound,  
 But slightly bowed, and doffed his hat,  
 And slowly left the ground.  
 Young Mary Hanson and her charge,  
 George Milburn's daughter young,  
 Met Robert as he passed the gate,  
 The child towards him ran;  
 For really kind was this brave man,  
 And gentle to the weak,

And  
 Wh  
 'Twas  
 His  
 The m  
 Too  
 Her wo  
 For s  
 Of Har  
 To th  
 'And m  
 This  
 Succeed  
 This b  
 With pai  
 And a  
 In fearful  
 Of the  
 Not so M  
 She cal  
 She knew  
 Then w

And now his tongue refused to move,  
Whilst tears rolled down his cheek.  
'Twas then the females passed the door,  
His lady quick did spy  
The marks of grief her husband wore,—  
Too soon she learned why.  
Her woman heart did quick suspect,  
For she had heard before,  
Of Hartel's conduct on the route  
To the Waloostook shore.  
'And must this vile Canadian beast,  
This base and cruel man,  
Succeed in this infernal plot,  
This base, infamous plan?'

## CANTO XV.

With pain and grief her bosom swelled,  
And all that night she lay  
In fearful dread of the rising sun,  
Of the approaching day.  
Not so Matilda passed the night;  
She calmly heard the tale;  
She knew all could but end in death,  
Then what would grief avail?

Soxlixus' brother and the chiefs

Agreed to keep the boy,

Which, when the plotting cavil knew,

Did lessen half their joy.

Robert's fair lady quick did send,

To tell the Eagle Eye,

Who stoutly did deny the right,

And Hartel did defy.

But, when next morning's opening ray

Of beauteous Sol did shine,

Hartel appeared in martial dress

As Colonel of the line,

And ordered all the troops to arms;

And chiefs and braves were there

Who did acknowledge for their chief

The mighty Peter Bear.

When all was ready, Hartel spoke,

And signed with rising hand:

'As your superior officer,

The captives I demand.'

The females heard those accents stern;

No pen could e'er describe

The different feelings, different pains,

By  
Dear  
A t  
Each r  
And  
Yes, to  
That  
From e  
From  
Such wa  
She a  
Each lin  
Not so  
She calm  
Of Ha  
That did  
And ve  
But not o  
For we  
Every em  
His tra  
Young Ed



By which their hearts were tried.  
Dear reader, did you never feel  
A tone that tingled through  
Each nerve, and likewise pierced the heart,  
And bone and marrow too?  
Yes, tones that bowed the soul to earth,  
That seemed life drops to wring  
From every fibre of the heart,  
From every chord and string.  
Such was Mary Hanson's state;  
She as a statue stood,  
Each limb its office did refuse;  
Not so Matilda's mood;  
She calmly smiled, yet met the glance  
Of Hartel with a gleam  
That did extinguish every hope,  
And vengeance reigned supreme;  
But not one sign of rage displayed,  
For well could he conceal  
Every emotion, every thought  
His traitorous heart did feel.  
CANTO XVI.  
Young Edwin earnestly did plead

To share the captive's woe;  
 But all in vain; the chiefs would not  
 Consent to let him go.  
 Then unto Hartel thus he spake;  
 'As sure as life is thine,  
 We meet again, and then, beware!  
 The victory shall be mine.  
 Though but a boy, I pledge my word,  
 To bind me when a man,  
 In peace or war no time or truce  
 Shall save you from my hand.'  
 'Go, prating boy,' then Hartel says—  
 'What do you know of warriors' ways?'

## CANTO XVII.

A stalwart warrior, Edwin's friend,  
 Then led him from the spot.  
 He was one of Soxlixus' men,  
 Whom Edwin's father fought.  
 'Be not cast down, my Eagle Eye,  
 The Frenchman's plans shall fail;  
 Before to-morrow noon, there will  
 Be men upon his trail.  
 But let not Blacksnake think it so,

Be  
 And fo  
 Men  
 Then b  
 The  
 Was to  
 And  
 Then Ed  
 Who  
 With res  
 The C  
 She was  
 For su  
 To be all  
 To any  
 Thus by s  
 Which  
 Proximate  
 And, ag  
 So Mary th  
 And near  
 Awaiting t  
 In her to

Be prudent, brave and wise,  
And for your sake your friends shall live,  
Menona never lies.  
Then bounded through the thicket fast;  
The object in his mind  
Was to gain the camp he'd helped to build,  
And stout Soxlixus find.  
Then Edwin to his mother's side,  
Who stood prepared to meet,  
With resignation in her heart,  
The Christian's solace sweet.  
She was prepared for weal or woe,  
For such the human mind,  
To be allured to any pitch,  
To any fate resigned.  
Thus by some mighty, secret laws,  
Which we cannot explain,  
Proximate minds, the feelings take,  
And, against our wills, remain.  
So Mary the same spirit caught,  
And nearly passive stands,  
Awaiting till she should be placed  
In her tormentor's hands.

## CANTO XVIII.

Ah! who can paint the parting scene  
 Of friends so strongly bound?  
 And warmer, kinder, truer friends  
 Than these, were never found.  
 The shortest parting of true friends  
 Will ever give great pain;  
 Then what the feelings of such friends  
 That ne'er shall meet again?  
 For Robert's lady's tender form  
 Was carried from the spot;  
 Her mind and frame o'erwhelmed with grief,  
 Such was her wretched lot.  
 No fond adieux, no parting kiss,  
 But slowly to the strand,  
 Where two canoes, with Hartel's train,  
 Soon bore them from the land.  
 Four sinewy arms in each canoe,  
 Propelled her swift along;  
 Those little barks, as things of life,  
 Clove through the current strong.  
 Those light boats, made of strong birch bark,  
 Like sea gulls clove the tide;

Each  
 An  
 The sh  
 And  
 The be  
 In t  
 The wi  
 Wou  
 Soon as  
 Or sa  
 And as  
 When  
 So Edwi  
 And H  
 Sometime  
 Would  
 As by sor  
 The ver  
 At length  
 Menona  
 And I retu  
 On thos  
 He sat hin

Each did contain the owner's store,  
And other freight beside.  
The shore was lined with lofty elms,  
And intervalles along;  
The bass and salmon gambolled then,  
In the waters of St. John.  
The wild deer, browsing on the cliff,  
Would scamper through the brake  
Soon as she heard the paddle sound,  
Or saw the rippling wake.  
And as the deer breaks through the fern,  
When hunters do pursue,  
So Edwin hurried through the wilds,  
And Hartel kept in view.  
Sometimes ahead a mile or more,  
Would coolly sit him down,  
As by some eddy's curving point  
The vessels would glide round.  
At length he said: 'The sun is high,  
Menona's time is near;  
And I return, with one more gaze  
On those I love so dear.'  
He sat him down beneath a shade,

Close by the water side,  
 And as they passed, Blacksnake's keen eye  
 The little hero spied;  
 Then quick he laid his paddle down,  
 And quicker seized his gun,  
 But ere his hand did touch the lock,  
 A stone was swiftly flung  
 With force; with vigor and true aim  
 The little missile flew,  
 And struck him fairly on the neck,  
 His balance overthrew;  
 His gun and he did kiss the stream,  
 And ere again he rose,  
 The Eagle Eye was bounding far  
 Beyond the reach of foes.

## CANTO XIX.

His mother's eye had caught the scene,  
 And in her heart arose  
 A holy hope that God would yet  
 Rescue them from their foes.  
 Long ere the sun the zenith gained,  
 Our hero had retraced  
 His steps and stood among the tribe

In hi  
 At leng  
 A loc  
 That fil  
 He k  
 Menona  
 And s  
 Beyond  
 A veh  
 There sa  
 The m  
 And Eag  
 The la  
 'Well, be  
 'And h  
 Touch no  
 But bri  
  
 We will r  
 Or how  
 His eyes a  
 Such st  
 But yet h

In his old wonted place.  
At length Menona's form he spied;  
A look the warrior gave  
That filled young Edwin's heart with hope,  
He knew that all was safe.  
Menona signed, and he obeyed,  
And soon they gained a space  
Beyond the fort, a leafy shade,  
A venerated place.  
There sat Soxlixus with the chief,  
The mighty Peter Bear,  
And Eagle Eye arrived in time  
The latter's words to hear:  
'Well, be it so,' the chief replied,  
'And hurry on the track,  
Touch not one hair on Hartel's head.  
But bring the captives back.'

## CANTO XX.

We will not pause to paint the scene,  
Or how Soxlixus felt;  
His eyes and lips seemed both on fire,  
Such strong emotions felt.  
But yet he simply kissed the boy,



And said, 'I all do know,  
 In one short hour be prepared  
 To chase your direst foe.'  
 Had India's gold, or brightest gems  
 Been laid at Edwin's feet,  
 It could not cause one half the joy,  
 Or such emotions sweet.  
 No, never in his happiest days  
 Had hope appeared so bright;  
 Now he should as a warrior move,  
 And as a warrior fight.  
 Could you have seen his stripling form,  
 And marked his daring eye,  
 You'd say, great courage such as his,  
 No foe could him deny.  
 Nor will we try to paint his thoughts,  
 Dear reader, pray forgive,  
 We'll just pursue in humble way,  
 The simple narrative.

## CANTO XXI.

Thus long, full long, before 'twas night,  
 Another bark did pour  
 Her rapid way up the fair stream;

Thre  
 'Twas  
 Ne c  
 His mi  
 In h  
 A pass  
 'The  
 Had no  
 Fully  
 Menona  
 A wa  
 Already  
 His n  
 Soxlixu  
 His t  
 And eve  
 His u  
 And Ed  
 Did p  
 Thus lik  
 Did fl  
 'Twas ni

Three warriors brave she bore.  
'Twas stout Soxlixus did her guide,  
No change was in his mien;  
His mind resolved, no passion's trace  
In his dark face was seen;  
A passer-by might well have said,  
'They're out for fish or game,'  
Had not their speed and headlong course  
Fully belied the same.  
Menona paddled in the bow,  
A warrior brave but young;  
Already, poets of his tribe  
His martial praises sung.  
Soxlixus' sister's son was he,  
His true and constant friend,  
And ever on the red war path  
His uncle did attend;  
And Edwin's slight and feeble arm  
Did ply the paddle too;  
Thus like a courser at full speed,  
Did fly the light canoe.

## CANTO XXII.

'Twas night! and fair the gentle moon

Swept through the vaulted sky;  
 Yet oft seemed sad at sight of crime,  
 That loud for blood does cry.  
 And on a gently rising ground,  
 Through which a streamlet flows,  
 Blacksnake resolved to pass the night,  
 But not to seek repose;  
 For Hartel reasoned in his mind,  
 To separate the twain  
 Would remove all hope from the younger heart,  
 And his she would remain.  
 Hartel, 'tis plain you never knew  
 The heart of an English lady true.  
 'Take thou the heart of the Open Hand,  
 Were Hartel's orders brief,  
 'And act your will, but touch not life,  
 Such are my orders, chief;  
 For if the younger in her mood,  
 Refuse to yield to me,  
 Ere many days we'll reach Quebec,  
 I am sure of victory.'  
 But Blacksnake scarcely understood;  
 Thoughts rolling in his mind

Were  
 Wer  
 The da  
 The  
 To wre  
 And  
 Then fi  
 One  
 The sec  
 Had a  
  
 Some fo  
 When  
 'Look! y  
 The bl  
 The little  
 From  
 Its pint  
 'Oh! s  
 Then as  
 Before  
 Blacksnal  
 Who n

Were not akin to Hartel's thoughts,—  
Were of a fiercer kind.  
The day and time had now arrived,  
The long, long wished for hour,  
To wreak his hate on Open Hand,  
And now he used his power.  
Then first he bound her to a tree,  
One other brave did aid;  
The second one, by Hartel's wish,  
Had also bound the maid.

## CANTO XXIII.

Some forty yards apart they stood,  
When Blacksnake thus began:  
'Look! yangee squaw, this is your child,  
The blood of Open Hand.'  
The little darling then he drew  
From by its mother's feet,  
Its plaintive wails were on the air,  
'Oh! save me, mother sweet.'  
Then as a cat does toss her prey,  
Before she does it rend,  
Blacksnake did toss and bruise the child,  
Who never did offend.

Matilda only hid her eyes,  
 And silently did pray  
 That death would quickly send her child  
 To realms of endless day.  
 With fiendish glee then Blacksnake laughed  
 At each successive fall  
 Of this dear child on the pebbly rock,  
 Too feeble now to call;  
 And as the clots of infant blood  
 Did deeply dye the sand,  
 Blacksnake would taste the same and cry,  
 'The blood of Open Hand!'  
 The other warrior viewed the scene,  
 Nor moved he from the spot,  
 Nor strove to share Blacksnake's revenge,  
 And interfered not.

## CANTO XXIV.

And how does gentle Mary fare,  
 This cruel, cruel night?  
 Deprived of liberty and friends,  
 Deprived of every right.  
 Hartel was ever by her side;  
 Entreaties, threats and prayers

Were  
 She  
 The da  
 Scen  
 She did  
 Mati  
 She cou  
 Now  
 Life cou  
 Of B  
 At leng  
 His p  
 He cut t  
 The w  
 'Now yi  
 Or for  
 Your ang  
 The n  
 His arms  
 With v  
 Her hand  
 • And ne  
 'In vain

Were used in vain, to all of which  
She answered but with tears.  
The darkness veiled from her view  
Scenes passing by her side;  
She did not see the cruel way  
Matilda's daughter died;  
She could not see its brains and blood,  
Now sprinkled on the sand;  
Life could not long sustain the blows  
Of Blacksnake's bloody hand.  
At length the Frenchman's patience wore,  
His passions urged him on;  
He cut the bands that bound her feet,  
The withes of hazel strong.  
'Now yield thee, maid of the soft dark eye,  
Or force I will employ;  
Your angel face, and seraph form,  
This night I will enjoy.'  
His arms around her slender waist,  
With vigor then were thrown,  
Her hands were bound by cruel bands,  
• And none to save her, none.  
'In vain are prayers, in vain are cries,'

This villain then did say,  
 'Not God or man shall save you now,  
 For once I'll have my way.'

Hartel, beware! an angry eye  
 Does now your hellish actions spy.

## CANTO XXV.

The maiden with a piercing shriek,

Sank swooning to the ground,

And the next moment, Edwin's knife

The heart of Hartel found;

The other warrior, Hartel's friend,

Did rush on Eagle Eye,

But a bullet from Menona's gun,

Soon taught him how to die.

The glittering fire's flickering ray

Did ample light provide

To see the Frenchman and the chief

Lie dying side by side.

And round the other fire, too,

Did rage a furious fight;

For there Soxlixus and Blacksnake

Were warring in their might—

And just as Blacksnake did his hand

Upon  
 Soxlixus

Like t  
 But Blac

And s  
 A foe tha

As the  
 Young E

To tak  
 'Keep ba

'His' so  
 And such

The hal  
 No thoug

As each  
 Like serpe

Then ro  
 Each cutti

Inflictin  
 At length

Proved  
 Blacksnak

The vict



Upon Matilda lay,  
Soxlixus from the thicket sprang,  
Like tiger on his prey.  
But Blacksnake was an active chief,  
And stout Soxlixus found  
A foe that would his valor match,  
As they rolled upon the ground.  
Young Edwin and Menona ran  
To take share in the fight;  
'Keep back, my friends,' Soxlixus said,  
'His' scalp is mine by right.'  
And such a fight, by the slender light  
The half spent fire threw,  
No thought of mercy in their hearts,  
As each their long knife drew;  
Like serpents round each other twined,  
Then rolled upon the ground—  
Each sitting, thrusting with his knife,  
Inflicting many a wound.  
At length Soxlixus' better skill,  
Proved that the task was done,  
Blacksnake's heart's blood did stain his knife,  
The victory was won.

## CANTO XXVI.

The other Indian, Blacksnake's friend,  
 Remained upon the ground—  
 The seat he took when his work was done,  
 When the captives first were bound.  
 When all was o'er, the fire blazed,  
 Piled high with wood anew,  
 And on the top, in fragments torn,  
 Was Blacksnake's light canoe.  
 A hasty council formed of three,  
 For Edwin, in their eyes,  
 Did stand as chief, and well he knew  
 His feelings must disguise.  
 He just unloosed his mother's hands,  
 One tender kiss exchanged,  
 Then took his seat and smoked in turn;  
 And thus they did arrange  
 That all the stores which Hartel bore,  
 Likewise his light canoe,  
 Should be possessed by Blacksnake's friend,  
 Should he consent to go  
 Far from the tribe, another home,  
 And kindred, friends, provide.

He did  
 He h  
 'Now, M  
 'And  
 Meet in  
 My to  
 You kno  
 And sh  
 If you di  
 My gu  
 He signed  
 The sto  
 With his l  
 In futu  
 Then quic  
 And soc  
 Till fainter  
 O'er stil  
  
 Soxlixus s  
 Which v  
 Whilst Edv  
 The plac

He did consent, as Blacksnake's friend,  
 He had but few beside.  
 'Now, Menno, go!' Soxlixus said,  
 'And let us ne'er again  
 Meet in the tribe or on these shores;  
 My tongue moves not in vain.  
 You know a lie stains not my lips,  
 And should we ever meet,  
 If you disclose what passed this night,  
 My gun or knife shall speak.'  
 He signed his willingness, and moved  
 The stores without delay;  
 With his Micmac brothers, Menno will  
 In future ever stay.  
 Then quickly did his paddle ply,  
 And soon was lost to sight,  
 Till fainter rose his paddle sound  
 O'er stillness of the night.

## CANTO XXVII.

nd, Soxlixus sat and washed his wounds;  
 Which were many but not deep;  
 Whilst Edwin and Menona dug  
 The place of Hartel's sleep;

They with their paddles clove the sand,  
 Close by the water side;  
 An end befitting of their deeds  
 By the Walloostook tide.  
 First on the bottom Hartel lies,  
 And Blacksnake on his breast;  
 Their hopes, revenge and wicked plots,  
 Forever there must rest.  
 Soxlixus' face no longer wore  
 Expression late so wild,  
 But met the females as they knelt  
 Close by the murdered child.  
 Matilda took his proffered hand,  
 A tear stood in his eye,  
 This warlike child of nature felt  
 The kindred sympathy.  
 'We now return to our pleasant fields,  
 Oh, wife of Open Hand,  
 O'er which your son shall bear the rule,  
 When he becomes a man.  
 I'll train him in the paths of war—  
 Of fishing and the chase;  
 The greatest chief he will become,

Tha  
 And n  
 The  
 And al  
 Mus  
 I am y  
 Just  
 A lie h  
 Of m  
 But stil  
 He w  
 Nor tell  
 For fe  
  
 Their lig  
 From  
 Some for  
 Where  
 And all e  
 Within  
 Sweet lu  
 Free fr  
 Once mor

That ever led our race.  
And now Blacksnake and Hartel's gone,  
They were your direst foes;  
And all who seek your further harm  
Must share the fate of those.  
I am your friend—my course I'll run  
Just as I have begun;  
A lie has never stained the lips  
Of my honored father's son.  
But still the selfish thought prevailed,  
He would not give her joy,  
Nor tell her that her husband lived,  
For fear he'd lose the boy.

## CANTO XXVIII.

Their light canoe Menona brought  
From where they first did land,  
Some forty rods below the spot  
Where now the party stand.  
And all embark,—the little corpse  
Within its mother's arms;  
Sweet lump of clay, you're happy now,  
Free from all earthly harms.  
Once more returning to the fort,

Adown the fair St. John,  
 The veil of night is o'er them spread,  
 Yet still they paddle on,  
 And just as daylight faintly shone  
 Upon the hills around,  
 They landed on a sacred spot—  
 The Indian burying ground.  
 Rude were the implements they used,  
 To dig the narrow bed,  
 In which to lay the little child  
 Beside the Indian dead.  
 No choir to chant the funeral psalm,  
 No coffin bound its breast,  
 But wrapt in bark, the darling takes  
 Its everlasting rest.  
 Ah! ye who are blest by civil laws,  
 And feel the social charm  
 Of kindred hearts when in distress,  
 That sorrow-healing balm—  
 Have not your heart-strings oft been wrung,  
 While standing at the grave  
 Of those for whom you willingly  
 Would give your life to save?

Ah! t  
 Of t  
 And fr  
 Bec  
 And th  
 Her  
 Do kno  
 With  
 They kn  
 On hi  
 But wom  
 For th  
 And thos  
 When  
 Do hold  
 Foreve  
 And yet  
 Though  
 For all on  
 Except  
 And grief  
 The floo  
 But Matild

Ah! then you felt the soothing power  
Of the sympathetic tear,  
And friends you ever loved before  
Became then doubly dear.  
And those who've studied nature's depths,  
Her deep mysterious laws,  
Do know that no effect e'er rose  
Without a prior cause.  
They know that man—rough cruel man,  
On his own might depends;  
But woman's heart forever yearns  
For the sympathy of friends.  
And those that drop the kindly tear,  
When sorrow's clouds do lower,  
Do hold a warm place in her heart,  
Forever from that hour.  
And yet Matilda ne'er despaired,  
Though deep her heart was wrung,  
For all on earth to her was gone,  
Except her noble son.  
And grief's deep fountain can't be staid,  
The flood gates will o'erflow,  
But Matilda's heart in secret kissed



The hand that gave the blow,  
 God's ruling hand, in mercy shown,  
 She plainly could perceive,  
 And in his word, his power and grace,  
 She firmly did believe.

The friendship shown by those rough hearts  
 That now around her stood,  
 Their timely aid in the pressing hour,  
 Was it not the work of God?

Thus meek religion's holy wings  
 Soar high above all earthly things.

CANTO XXIX.

Each one that knows the human heart,  
 Or reads the human mind,  
 Knows well how different are the thoughts  
 And traits they sometimes find.

Thus habit reconciles to most  
 Or every bloody deed,

Enabling us soon to perform  
 What once we'd weep to read.

Thus Robert, used to scenes of blood,  
 Did only smile and say,  
 'The king another servant's lost,

Th  
 And  
 He  
 Some  
 'Th  
 The j  
 For  
 Deep  
 For  
 None o  
 Did  
 And hi  
 Soxl  
 But few  
 To le  
 Or why  
 Or ho  
 He was  
 Few o  
 Of thos  
 He'd  
 The sold  
 And o

That was not worth his pay.  
And his sweet lady in her joy—  
Her dear loved friends to see,  
Some days elapsed ere she asked to what  
They owed their liberty.  
The joyous heart of pleasure quaffed,  
For all she loved was there,  
Deep pleasures ever are but brief,  
For sorrows all must share.  
None of the tribe, save Peter Bear,  
Did ever learn the tale—  
And his consent was gained before  
Soxlixus left the vale.  
But few the soldiers of the fort  
To learn the cause e'er tried,  
Or why they had returned again,  
Or how that Hartel died.  
He was not loved, and little known,  
Few cared to know his end;  
Of those that kept Maductic fort,  
He'd not a single friend.  
The soldiers too, had other views,  
And other ends to meet,

For selfish aims are paramount,  
 Beyond all thing most sweet.  
 They felt secure from all their foes,  
 Pleasure supremely reigned;  
 For Robert knew each as a friend,  
 And discipline restrained.  
 And love is potent everywhere—  
 On land and on the sea.  
 Where e'er there's youth of either sex,  
 There love is sure to be.  
 And those young gallants of fair France,  
 Obeying nature's laws,  
 Soon learned to love the forest nymphs,  
 And soon the dusky squaws.

## CANTO XXX.

The Jesuit father, DeLambert,  
 Consent had given round;  
 Already several couples were  
 In matrimony bound.  
 And gay and free they happy lived,  
 Contentment was their lot,  
 It seemed they had their native land  
 And former scenes, forgot.

A Fr  
 Hi  
 And  
 Hi  
 The e  
 A g  
 Did w  
 And  
 Long h  
 His  
 Till Ro  
 Reso  
 The ch  
 Relu  
 And on  
 She v  
 But fate  
 The dar

A Frenchman's heart is always gay,  
His mind is apt to range,  
And none like he so quick to suit  
Himself to every change.  
The ensign of stout Robert's corps,  
A gay and gallant man,  
Did woo the child of Peter Bear,  
And boldly sought her hand.  
Long had the chief refused to yield  
His only daughter dear.  
Till Robert, for his ensign's sake,  
Resolved to interfere.  
The chief, in honor of his friend,  
Reluctantly complied,  
And on the second day of March,  
She was to be his bride.  
But fate ordained that day should be  
The darkest in their history.

## PART VI.

### CANTO I.

Again, kind reader, time has changed,  
And scenes and seasons too,  
We now return where last we left  
The friends of Milburn true.  
Cold is the day, the fierce north wind  
Does howl on hill and plain,  
Snow-flakes in eddying currents fall,  
Then rise and fly again.  
But still a band of armed men  
Were seen to hurry on,  
Fort Dummer had the party left,  
Bound for the fair St. John.  
But little cared they for the cold,  
Each soldier onward bore,—  
And lightly o'er the snow they marched,  
For each his snow-shoes wore.  
Hardy, bronze-faced men were they,  
All men of iron frame;  
They'd led a life of hardship's toil,

In v  
Each b  
His  
Provisi  
Thou  
And ro  
His  
Him to  
And  
The lig  
Did n  
It was t  
And  
Thus, w  
They'  
Whose r  
Would  
When al  
His m  
Upon so  
With b  
And in t  
From c

In war or after game.  
Each bore a heavy burden too,  
His leather sack contained  
Provisions for the distant route,  
Though oft they fed on game!  
And round the shoulders of each man,  
His blanket snug would throw,  
Him to protect from every cold,  
And from the dreary snow.  
The lightest and the youngest men  
Did move on every side,  
It was their task the fires to raise,  
And likewise game provide.  
Thus, when at night in some close swamp,  
They'd raise hugh fires clear,  
Whose reddening flames and cheerful blaze  
Would warm the atmosphere,  
When all around each would partake  
His meal, then lay him down  
Upon some boughs laid on the snow,  
With blanket wrapt around.  
And in the morn, each would arise  
From off his snowy bed,

The matin prayer and then the meal,  
 Such was the course they led.  
 The party did consist in full  
 Two hundred men or more;  
 Each day they made a long advance,  
 To the Walloostook shore.

## CANTO II.

One morn the leader, (Rogers stout,)  
 To Milburn thus did say,  
 'Since old Fort Dummer we have left,  
 This is the nineteenth day,  
 And Burwell says three days at most  
 Will make our journey end,  
 Oh! for some friend within the fort,  
 On whom we could depend.  
 But as it is, our weapons good  
 Must tell a gallant tale,  
 My motto ever was 'advance,'  
 That motto ne'er did fail.  
 We must contrive to reach their town  
 Some hours before 'tis day,  
 When the silent hour is on the earth,  
 And all do sleeping lay.

No qu  
 Th  
 We w  
 Wh  
 Georg  
 Wit  
 Till th  
 An  
 'Merc  
 'Dic  
 Did pi  
 Wh  
 There  
 In b  
 Which  
 Hav  
 Each m  
 Each  
 Each o  
 Unti  
 George  
 His  
 The nig



No quarter then; the seed they've sown  
Throughout this cruel war,  
We will repay with single stroke,  
Which shall be felt afar.'

George Milburn spake, the elder heard  
With patience for awhile,  
Till the word 'mercy' caught his ear,  
And then did grimly smile.

'Mercy indeed,' he quickly said,  
'Did they e'er mercy show?

Did pity e'er let fall an axe,  
When raised to strike a blow?

There seems to be a thirst for blood  
In both the races here,

Which will continue till the tribes  
Have left this hemisphere.

Each male pappoose becomes a man,

Each female bears the kind,

Each one we spare is work reserved

Until some future time.'

George Milburn in deep silence heard;

His memory did recall

The night when those he loved so dear,

By Indian hands did fall.  
 Perhaps not one of all that band  
 But what had lost some friend;  
 Thus vengeance burned in every heart,  
 To which they would attend.  
 And with this feeling all press on,  
 Until they reach the fair St. John.

## CANTO III.

The cold north wind had ceased to blow,  
 The sun with force did shine;  
 The first of March is sometimes fair,  
 In this our northern clime.  
 And at Maductic 'twas indeed  
 A very busy day,  
 The carnival\* was at its height,  
 And all was grand display.  
 But not the carnival alone  
 Caused such rejoicings there;  
 To-day young Ensign Baudin weds  
 The child of Peter Bear.  
 The fire-water freely flows,

\* In Catholic countries the feast days before lent are called the carnival.

And  
 The m  
 Fea  
 Each o  
 To s  
 Not in  
 Had  
 Withou  
 And  
 In whic  
 Ther  
 And th  
 Were  
 Each g  
 Each  
 The Ind  
 Like  
 But for  
 The s  
 The fort  
 Who  
 A soldier  
 And l

And all do free partake,  
The meanest Indian of the tribe  
    Feasts for the young bride's sake.  
Each camp and lodge pours forth its crowd,  
    To swell the pomp and din,  
Not in the memory of the tribe  
    Had such rejoicings been.  
Without the fort did stand a tent,  
    And cleared had been the snow,  
In which both lute and violin  
    There dulcet strains did throw.  
And through the merry mazy dance  
    Were love and mirth displayed,  
Each gallant son of France would whirl  
    Each dusky Indian maid.  
The Indian youth too, play their parts,  
    Like brothers all they seemed,  
But for the color of the skin,  
    The same they would be deemed.  
The fort itself was free for all  
    Who chose to come or go;  
A soldier served the eating crowd,  
    And liquor free did flow.

The elder warriors of the tribe,  
 Who did not join the dance,  
 Would quaff the glass and plight the hand  
 With the veterans of France.

## CANTO IV.

Thus ere 'twas night the deep carouse  
 Had many a warrior sent  
 To Bacchus' land, within the camp,  
 Or lodged within the tent;  
 And in the fort the soldiers too,  
 No better fate had shared,  
 For Bacchus, that all-potent god,  
 But few of them had spared.  
 Yet some stern braves the cup despised,  
 (Though they did number few,)  
 Soxlixus, and some three beside,  
 Refused the fiery dew,  
 And cursed the day the blue waves bore  
 The white man to our strand,  
 Who by his arts so soon should sweep  
 The Indians from the land.

## CANTO V.

In Robert's house true quiet reigned,

Al  
 The s  
 Bu  
 For F  
 An  
 For a  
 An  
 So wh  
 Up  
 No so  
 The  
 And n  
 Ab  
 Withi  
 An  
 Young  
 Are  
 Matil  
 Wit  
 But w  
 Rob  
 Her sl  
 By

Although the ladies viewed  
The sport until it riotous grew,  
But soon had changed their mood;  
For Robert from the Jesuit priest  
Ample provision drew,  
For all to drink and feast at will,  
And this each soldier knew:  
So when dark midnight's purple veil  
Upon the earth was thrown,  
No sound was heard unless it was  
The feeble, drunken moan.  
And now let's take a furtive glance  
About the hour of two,  
Within the walls of Robert's house,  
And draw a picture true.  
Young Edwin and the Jesuit priest  
Are now both lodgers there,  
Matilda passes the same bed  
With Mary Hanson fair.  
But what is it so sadly pains  
Robert's fair lady's heart?  
Her sleep has often been disturbed  
By many a fitful start,

And direful visions round her bed  
 Her fitful mind has seen—  
 At length her eyelids will not close,  
 And long awake she's been.  
 At first she hears a rumbling sound,  
 Like thunder in the glen,  
 And then she fancies 'tis the march  
 Of military men.

## CANTO VI.

'Awake, my lord! I plainly hear  
 Strange noises near at hand.'  
 'Oh, no—lie still; 'tis but a sound  
 Made by some drunken men.'  
 But other ears had caught the sound,  
 Soxlixus soon did know,  
 His active senses never slept,  
 He heard the coming foe.  
 Then to the open air he flew,  
 And loudly made resound  
 The war-cry of the Mellicites—  
 The woods re-echoed round.  
 And Robert quickly on the field,

'T  
 But  
 O  
 And  
 An  
 Bold  
 An  
 Good  
 By  
 Which  
 Wh  
 And o  
 The  
 Whom  
 Som  
 Anoth  
 The  
 All far  
 Did  
 No sex  
 Did  
 'Twas  
 'Twa

'The foe! the foe! they come!'  
But not an answering bugle note,  
Or rolling of a drum.  
And then arose a deafening shout,  
And rifles rolling din,  
Bold Rogers dashed inside the fort,  
And others followed in.  
Good light was there—a huge tin lamp  
By the carousers hung,  
Which had not been extinguished  
When the carouse was done.  
And on the floor, in every nook,  
The drunken soldiers lay,  
Whom Rogers' men did quick dispatch,  
Some time before 'twas day.  
Another party in the town  
The work of death pursued;  
All fared alike—the young and old  
Did welter in their blood.  
No sex was spared—squaw and pappoose  
Did howl their death-song then;  
'Twas cruel work, but what is worse,  
'Twas wrought by christian men.



## CANTO VII.

No comments make, kind reader dear,  
 Those times are passed away;  
 Our ancestors performed the deeds,  
 Then what have we to say?  
 When day first broke upon the scene,  
 The wigwams flamed high;  
 'Burn not the fort! No quarter give!'  
 Was Rogers' twofold cry.  
 Some French and Indians on the ice,  
 Fast flying from the town,  
 But daylight showed them to the foe,  
 Who soon did shoot them down.  
 Soxlixus ran to Robert's house,  
 In search of Eagle Eye;  
 He saw it was in vain to fight,  
 And wished with him to fly.  
 He swiftly ran, unscathed by harm,  
 And onward fast he bore,  
 Until a bullet pierced his heart,  
 He fell at Robert's door.  
 The flag of France, that long had waved  
 Proudly o'er fort and town—

That  
 By  
 Poor  
 No  
 Saw  
 No  
 Cried  
 Ad  
 'Here  
 A  
  
 Now  
 Did  
 And I  
 In v  
 His he  
 For  
 Althou  
 She  
 When  
 His  
 Rogers  
 Now

That flag which bore the fleur de lis,  
By Rogers was pulled down.  
Poor Robert! not an arm to strike,  
Not one to help defend,  
Saw at a glance that all was lost,  
None able to contend—  
Cried loud, 'We yield!' as Rogers' men  
Advanced towards the door;  
'Here, take my sword—I yield myself  
A prisoner of war'

## CANTO VIII.

Now Milburn, whilst the slaughter raged,  
Did search each wigwam through,  
And David Burwell at his side,  
In vain had hunted too.  
His heart it almost sank with dread,  
For trace could not be found,  
Although he knew if his wife yet lived,  
She was within the town.  
When Robert unto Rogers gave  
His word, and said, 'I yield,'  
Rogers commanded, 'Spare each white  
Now living on the field.'

None were alive save only four,  
 And they were wounded sore;  
 While all around were strown the dead,  
 Some hundreds two or more.  
 Then Robert led his household out,  
 The English ladies too,  
 While Rogers' men drew up in file,  
 The captives there to view.  
 'My son! my wife!' George Milburn cried,  
 She sank upon his breast;  
 Those constant souls again were joined,  
 And, reader, guess the rest.  
 Old Burwell pressed him through the crowd,  
 Till, reaching Mary's side,  
 'Here, David, I've redeemed my word,  
 Now take her for your bride.'

## CANTO IX.

Ah, who can tell what each heart felt?  
 Their thoughts were far above  
 The power of language to describe,  
 Why need we talk of love?  
 We will not try to paint a scene  
 So far above our reach,

Dear  
 Th  
 What  
 Gre  
 His ov  
 And  
 He too  
 Upo  
 'My be  
 And  
 No eye  
 Of s  
 And R  
 The

But qui  
 For l  
 To bury  
 Befor  
 And Ed  
 At le  
 That all

Dear reader, you and I have felt,  
Then let our feelings teach.  
What could young Edwin's thoughts have been?  
Great pleasure mixed with pain;  
His own dear father by him stood,  
And there Soxlixus slain.  
He took the Indian's hand and gazed  
Upon him as he slept,  
'My best of friends, my truest friend,'  
And silently he wept.  
No eye was dry in all that crowd  
Of stern and hardy men,  
And Rogers said the sight was worth  
The trouble o'er again.

## CANTO X.

But quick we hurry o'er the scene,  
For Rogers did consent  
To bury all the fallen foes,  
Before from thence they went.  
And Edwin earnestly implored,  
At length consent he found,  
That all the dead should be interred

Within the burying ground.\*  
 The place that had for ages been  
 The grave-yard of the dead,  
 Was nearly opposite the fort,  
 Upon the eastern side.  
 And there the bodies were conveyed,  
 In two deep pits they lay;  
 Those French and Indians there shall sleep,  
 Until the judgment day.  
 George Milburn dug Soxlixus' grave,  
 'Twas Edwin's hand that gave  
 The bark that served as winding sheet,  
 And laid him in his grave.  
 Then turned him with his living friends,  
 And in his later years,  
 The thoughts of that stout Indian chief  
 Would always cause him tears.

## CANTO XI.

Three days did Rogers' band remain,  
 And on the fourth pursued  
 Their homeward journey to the south,

\* The Indians of that period considered nothing of more importance than to be buried with their ancestors.

In  
 Exce  
 To  
 Thus,  
 The  
 An In  
 And  
 For R  
 Wh  
 Three  
 And  
 To bea  
 Safe  
 Four ac  
 Acro  
 The fift  
 Their  
 Fair Ca  
 And  
 Each so  
 Did d  
 Cid Bur  
 For M

In cheerful, happy mood,  
Excepting thirty who remained  
To guard the captured store;  
Thus, from Quebec to St. John's mouth,  
The reign of France is o'er.  
An Indian sledge did each provide,  
And carried much away,  
For Rogers gave each man a share  
Who did not choose to stay.  
Three sledges large were covered o'er,  
And warmly, closely lined,  
To bear the ladies through the wilds,  
Safe from the cold and wind.  
Four active men to draw each sledge  
Across the frozen snow,  
The fifth of March the party moved  
Their southward route to go.  
Fair Casco's town they safely reached,  
And there they did disband;  
Each sought his home, for war no more  
Did desolate the land.  
Cid Burwell there redeemed his word,  
For Mary by the side

Of David, joined in wedlock bands,  
Was made a happy bride.

## CANTO XII.

In Milburn's house in Casco town,  
The home where she was reared,  
A long and happy peaceful life  
Was by this couple shared.

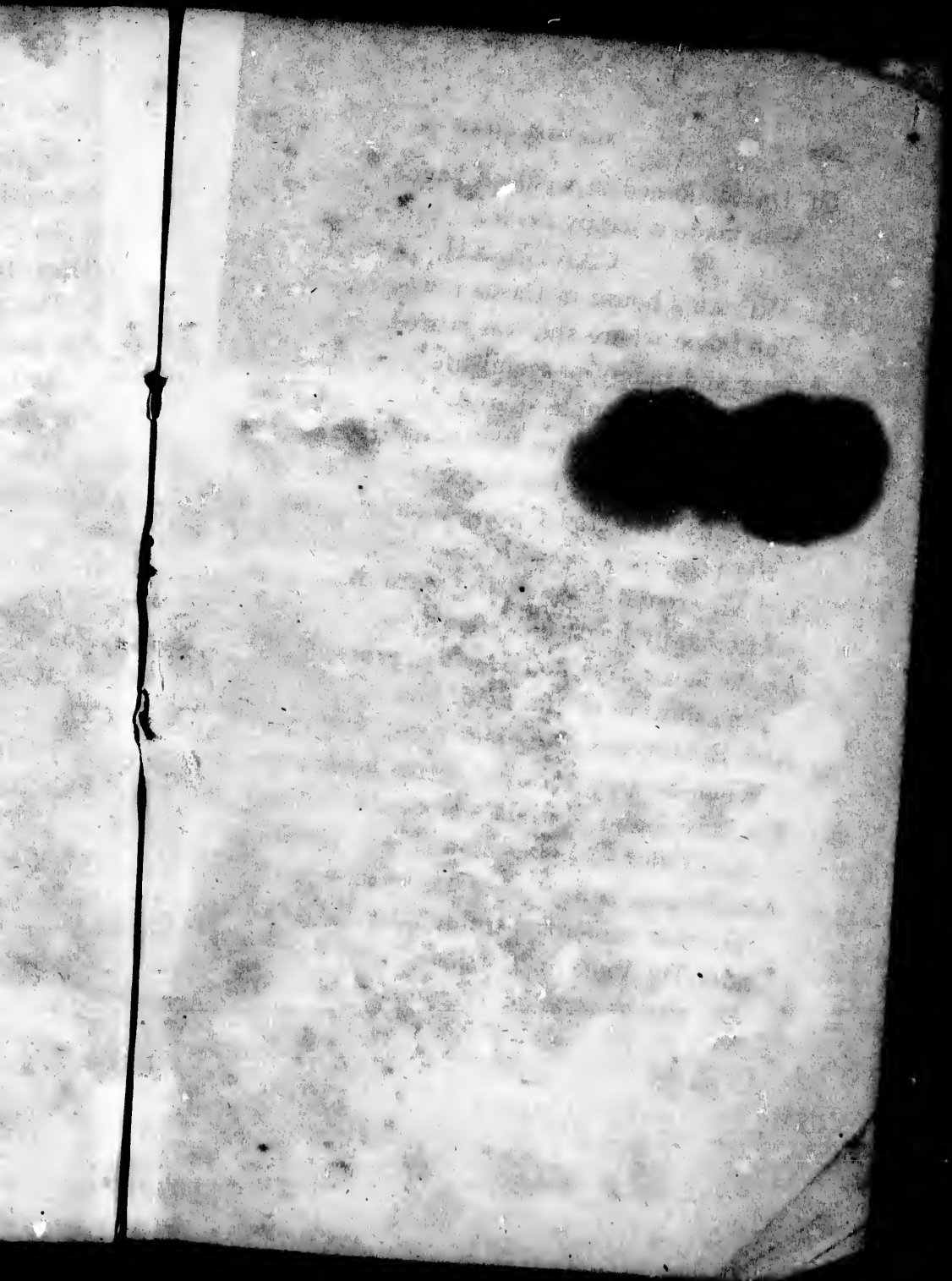
He lived and died in fear of God,  
No earthly cause can make  
The really true God-fearing man  
His principles forsake.

And all around him felt the warmth  
His happy heart did yield,  
As the sun's rays do cheer the grass,  
And flowers of the field.

And Robert was a happier man,  
When he sailed for his native land;  
His lady found Matilda's God,  
And followed his command.

And fortune smiled upon his path—  
He rose in martial grade,  
Under De Vaux in Corsica,  
He was general of brigade.







On page 32, fifth line from top, for old Mathla knew, read well Mathla knew.

Page 36, 11th line from top, for painted dart, read winged dart.

Page 72, 8th line from bottom, for sauc foe, read savage foe.

Page 80, 4th line from top, for William, read Milburn.

Page 134, bottom line, for William, read Milburn.

Page 136, 6th line from bottom, for Robert, read Bobert—pronounced Bobear. This name occurs many times in the succeeding pages, and should read Bobert.

Page 144, for warlike bird, read warbling bird.

Page 155, 8th line from bottom, for Old David, read and David.

Page 168, first line, for old David, read Old Burwell; same page, 5th line from bottom, for David, read Burwell.

Page 188, 2d line from top, for bound, read burned.

Page 220, last line of Canto 29, for and soon, read and woo.

