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THE

PICTOU INDIANS:

AN

ORIGINAL POEM;

BY

A MEMBER

OF THE

PICTOU LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.



PICTOU:

PRINTED AT THE EASTERN CHRONICLE OFFICE.

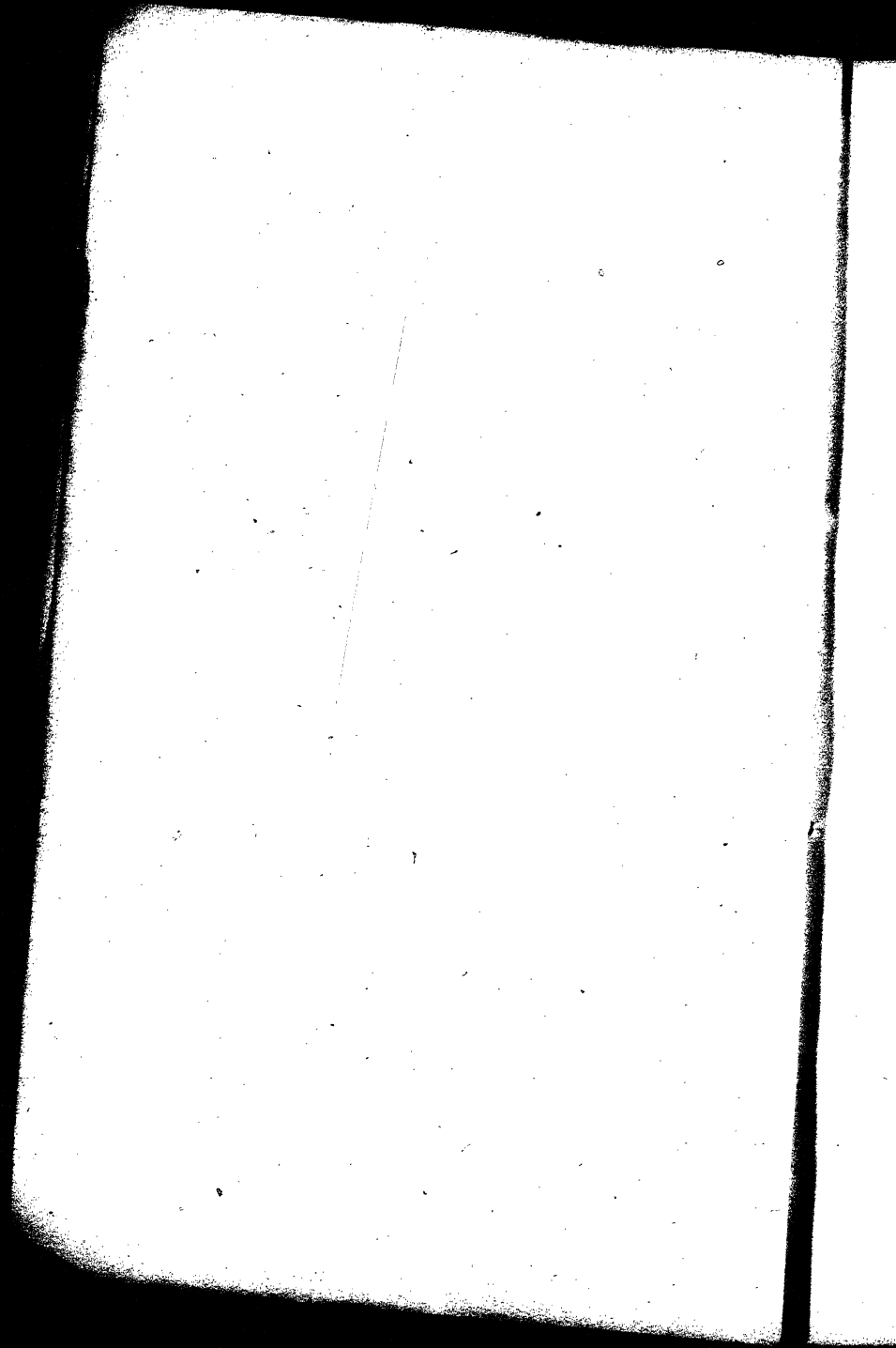
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THE following Poem was read before the Society on the 14th of January, 1847. The author has consented to its publication, not under the impression that it possesses sufficient merit to justify such a step, but from a willingness to gratify the reiterated wish of the society that it might be published. He has done so in deference to a suggestion that it may assist in directing attention to this suffering people; and further a scheme now in project for the improvement of their condition. The only Indian who escaped the fatal sickness was present at the reading of the Poem.

Pictou, January 23th, 1847.



PICTOU INDIANS.

SAY, gentle Muse,—say, is thine influence shed
Only where Ætna rears her fiery head ?
Where Virgil sung, and Tiber's waters flow ;
And Ossian felt thy genial aid and glow ?
Or, like the air around, whose vital power
Warms every land and breathes on every shore,
Does every clime thy kind indulgence share,
And sweet success attend each suppliant's prayer ?
If so, I bend, thy favouring help to seek,
And for my task the Poet's aid bespeak.

Far in the West, remote from noise and broil,
Its woods unscathed, unbroke its stubborn soil,
This little region lay ; no daring prov.
Disturbed its waters nor the tribes below,
My song begins—three hundred years ago.
How widely different in the Parent land,
Where discord raged, and where, with fiery brand,
The sleeping embers foul rebellion stirred,
And war's loud call from north to south was heard.
That spot to which our wandering thoughts oft roam—
That spot which still we proudly call our home:
The seat of learning, and of gospel light,
Was then involved in deepest shades of night ;

Save here and there some stifled taper threw
 Its flickering light across the mournful view.
 But, ah ! how vain do man's attempts all prove,
 If once they clash with wisdom from above ;
 How vain in Pharaoh, when he sought to crush
 A power that lived amidst the burning bush !
 How vain to hope the river's rising tide
 Had Israel's God and Hebrews' power defied !
 And just as vain were all the arts combined
 That strove to curb and mystify the mind ;
 Fruitless alike those bold exertions made
 To quench the light, and that supporting aid
 The Bible gives ; increasing lustre shone
 Where martyrs died, and crowns immortal won :
 Its course was onwards, and to God the praise,
 It laid the basis of our better days.
 Did I say *happy* ? No, so far from this,
 How oft is ignorance our greatest bliss.
 " Ter quaterque felices," happy they,
 Who first amidst these woods and wilds did stray,
 Peaceful beneath the dark and frowning shade,
 Their sports were practised and their bodies laid.
 From morn to night was heard the merry song
 In darkening shades, the river's bank along ;
 While clustering urchins round the festive board,
 Of lasting name did solid proof afford.
 Pride's dangerous flame no hand was known to fan—
 Ambition's cliffs and fatal heights to scan
 Them none had taught ; in undisturbed content
 Their days rolled on, and every life was spent ;
 The mountain's top, the river's changeful flood,
 In full abundance gave their daily food.

Hardy and brave, to every want and woe
 Strangers complete, the marks of age how slow,
 Crept o'er their sires, and laid their fathers low.
 And when it came, as come it always must—
 The fatal hour that yields us back to dust—
 'Twas their's to weep o'er age and virtue gone
 To happier lands, the Indian's fairy home.
 Brave in the camp, wise in the council found,
 The chieftain saw his children gather round ;
 Awed by the scene, no trumpet ever broke
 The solemn silence till the good man spoke.
 He taught them wisdom, bowed his reverend head,
 And all, obedient, to their wigwams sped ;
 Joined in the chase, or to the gambols ran—
 Ended in mirth, as when they first began.
 Not then, as now, did faltering steps, and weak,
 Proceed from hunger in the pallid cheek.
 Sure of success, they took the well-tried bow,
 While every arrow laid its victim low.
 Thus passed their days in innocence and joy,
 Though not unmingled, free from all alloy.
 In every age, in every clime and land,
 Man finds that woe, by God's express command,
 Is his apportioned lot, that every state
 Is marked by sorrow, and its changes great ;
 And as with us, so with this wasted clan,
 In trifling things their sorrows first began.

LULAN the manly, and for grace renowned,
 Had often viewed from yonder rising ground
 Saint John's fair isle ; and many a thoughtful hour
 Had spent in gazing on its milder shore ;
 Fearless and brave, he would begrudge no toil

To taste its waters, and to press its soil ;
 He sighs along the water's bank to roam,
 To slay one victim and regain his home.
 Bright was the day, when in this thoughtful mood,
 On the loved spot our daring hero stood :
 The tempest hushed, the heaving surge is still,
 And buoyant hope begins his mind to fill ;
 But ere that, fancy had performed her part,
 And conjured up, within his musing heart,
 Her thousand objects: waves begin to rise,
 And threatening clouds to gather in the skies ;
 Once more the winds with direful fury sweep
 Across the gulf, and rouse the slumbering deep ;
 The howling tempest and the thunder's roll
 Shake the determined purpose of his soul.
 With one deep sigh he leaves the wood-crowned height,
 And joins his fellows for the coming night ;
 But sleep had fled, for gloomy thoughts arise
 To keep its influence from his drowsy eyes :
 Thus days passed on—yet every orient gleam
 Found Lulan's purpose and his thoughts the same.
 Once more behold him on his favorite spot,
 The thunder's peal and raging storm forgot,
 While in the distance beamed that lovely isle
 That did so oft his wandering thoughts beguile.
 His bark canoe, by many a billow tost,
 Had often borne him safe along the coast,
 And moored beneath him seemed to say " I'm here—
 Just speak the word, and let the Indian steer."
 A moment's thought, a passing look below,
 Found Lulan seated in his frail canoe.
 The favoring breeze, the steersman's powerful hand,

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Near and more near, soon brought th' opposing land,
 And ere the sun his parting rays had cast
 On Edward's isle, the little bark was fast,
 And safely anchored, free from every blast.
 Pensive and thoughtful, on the fairy soil
 'The Indian landed, worn by care and toil ;
 But sleep and rest their friendly aid afford,
 And with the coming light his strength restored.
 In vain he seeks through many a dale and glen,
 'The moose's haunt, the well-known track of men.
 Silence prevails, save when the raven hoarse
 Screams for his prey—the foul deserted corse ;
 While gathering night, with all her sombre gloom,
 His homeward footsteps calls him to resume.
 And now exhausted, on the sea-washed strand,
 With knees inclined, and with uplifted hand,
 He asks protection from the Father's throne,
 Pardon for past, and help for days to come,
 Then seeks in slumber nature's kind relief,
 In sickness health, a balm for every grief.
 Scarce had the tints of morning cast their hue
 On Scotia's shore, and in the distant view
 The Indian's home displayed, when in his ear
 A rustling sound betrayed a footstep near !
 Swift to his feet the startled wanderer sprung,
 And looked around, to see if aught were wrong ;
 Before him stood, o'erwhelmed with fear and shame,
 A lovely maiden! **SULAH** was her name.
 Her noble sire, of conscious power and pride,
 Was Indian chief, the head of all the tribe.
 Ten weary summers since the cold-clay earth
 Had formed a mound, where she that gave her birth

With funeral pomp was laid ; this only child
 Had oft the father's drooping heart beguiled.
 'Twas hers to cheer the sad desponding hour,
 When bravest hearts acknowledge sorrow's power,
 And point to joys which other realms might yield,
 A better portion and a fairer field.
 Friendship which only female bosom knows,
 Urged her that morning, ere the sun arose,
 On mountain's top, and near the river's bed,
 To search for flowrets for a bridal head.
 The Indian's mein, his soft melodious tone,
 Soon hushed alarm, and bade her fears begone ;
 And who will censure, if, by passion swayed,
 He told his history, and besought the maid,
 Safe in his care, to leave that fatal spot,
 And share with him life's ever-shifting lot ?
 Who will condemn, although no garland crowned
 The bridal feast, and Sulah was not found !
 Traced on the deep, the little bark was seen
 Urging its progress to the farther main ;
 While the dark tale, with speedy current, ran
 From camp to camp, to every tent and man.
 And now, assembled on the rising ground,
 The chief addressed the gathering tribes around :
 " Children, I call to arms ! a foreign foe,
 Bribed by some demon from the realms below,
 Has borne away my life's far better part,
 The fondest hope that clung around my heart ;
 Some rude wild arm to yonder distance bears
 The only solace of my fading years !
 And will no hand avenge a father's cause,
 And vindicate the first of nature's laws ?

Shall nought remain to tell of pleasures gone,
 And gild the evening of my setting sun ?”
 One piercing yell, that through the silence broke,
 Announced approval, as the father spoke ;
 One general shout, far more than language, told
 Their hands were ready and their hearts were bold.
 The following dawn beheld the coming foe
 Nearing the shore, to strike the avenging blow,
 While Scotia's clans their mustering force unite,
 And cheer each other for the coming fight.
 Fierce, and more fierce, the warriors stern engage,
 Man after man, from life's eventful stage
 To the dark future goes, and nought could stay
 'The bloody slaughter of that fearful day,
 Till Lulan's scalp and Lulan's trunkless head,
 Proclaimed the Raptor numbered with the dead.
 'The groaning yell that told the dismal tale,
 'The rending cry with which the mournful wail
 Its sorrows found, disclosed to Sulah's ear
 Her lover gone, and realized each fear.
 In wild amazement, near the water's side,
 She every move, and every change had spied ;
 Her eyes were turned, as choked with grief she stood,
 Now on the upland, then the rising flood ;
 One fatal bound, and o'er the river's bank,
 To meet a watery grave the maiden sank !

Once more, sweet peace, with all her blissful train,
 Beams on the land, and Indian smiles again ;
 The happy race their wonted course resume,
 Their sorrows short, and passing every gloom ;
 Year after year in quick succession past,
 The next was happy, as had been the last.

But let not man of lasting pleasures dream,
 Nor hope his bark shall o'er life's fitful stream,
 Unrocked by waves be borne ; the day will come
 That dawns in sorrow, and its setting sun,
 'Mid lowering clouds be lost, whose sweeping storm
 Says, " Man to trouble and to grief is born."
 Hear this, ye careless, who, in fancy's hour,
 Make earth your home, and bow to mammon's power ;
 And let this truth, with powerful influence, tell
 On sorrow's child, and all his murmurs quell.

Scarce had the sun dissolved the frozen north,
 And spring's precursor dared to venture forth,
 When in the offing loomed the well-known sail,
 That brought our fathers to this distant vale ;
 Whose scions, reared in ease and plenty, now
 Enjoy the labours of a sweated brow ;—
They reap the joy, but *Indian* feels the smart,
 And mourns in silence with an aching heart.
 'The native wilds, the woods through which they roam,
 Spot after spot, the white man calls his own ;
 The fairer meads, the river's sunny mound,
 Now cease, by law, to be the Indian's ground ;
 Sullen and stern, to deeper shades they go,
 The tent their home—their hope the fickle bow ;
 And soon despair, like morning's fatal dew,
 Benumbs a heart that once was kind and true.
 From this fell moment, see the fatal fall
 Of this doomed race, their power, their strength, their all ;
 From this one source their varied sorrows rise,
 Which art and wisdom can but ill disguise.
 'Twas their's to feel that poignant touch of woe
 That lays alike the sage and savage low ;

'Twas their's to see the homestead of their day
 To other lands forever pass away ;
 To feel that spots where young in years they strayed,
 Were for some alien and some stranger made ;
 To see the place where boys to manhood grew,
 And then to say, " Ye woods and shades, adieu !"
 Close, and more close, the woodman's axe resounds,
 And narrower still become their legal bounds ;
 The favorite haunt, the oft-frequented ford,
 Pass from their hands to own another lord ;
 E'en the rude master, with his wide domains,
 Denies a place for Indians' last remains.
 Yet stern aggression, though it could not bend
 The stubborn mind, yet forced their feet to wend
 To darker vales, where nature's gentle balm
 Might hush the sigh, and angry feelings calm.
 There still they lingered in their native pride,
 And liberal nature still their wants supplied.

The tide of change flows on—each closing year
 Finds Indians less, their labors more severe ;
 While mammon now, instead of nature's voice,
 Calls to the chase, or bids the heart rejoice ;
 The fearful traffic of a polished life
 Leads to division, jealousy, and strife ;
 While sloth and want, with fatal power combined,
 Depress the vigor of a free-born mind.
 Thus lured by gain, and base example's power,
 The Indian sunk, we fear to rise no more.
 Though bold of yore, and danger swift to brave,
 We see him now despair's fast-sinking slave :
 The pallid face—the mean, the squalid dress,
 Declare aloud, beyond what words express,

Indian, how fallen ! how changed from days of old,
 When every move and every action told
 Some firm resolve, prepared to go or die—
 Foes of oppression, friends of liberty.

Indian, how fallen ! in vain we try to trace
 The noble clansmen of thy ancient race ;
 We seek in vain for symptoms of that power
 That spread thy fame from east to western shore,
 And formed a subject of profound debate
 In Scotia's senate, and with peers of state !

All, all are gone ! no relic now is seen,
 Save the rude mound on some sequestered green,
 Where sleep the ashes of departed worth,
 Of ancient greatness and of noble birth !

Indian, how fallen ! too poor, too mean to call
 A single notice in that stately hall,
 Where power and wisdom all their aid combine
 To ease each lot, except, poor Indian, thine !
 'Then seek for comfort 'neath the frozen clod,
 In death's embrace, and Indians' helping God.

And shall those spots where true-born heroes rest,
 And untaught genius lays her simple breast,
 Be rudely trodden ? will no friendly sigh
 Be heard where truth and native wisdom lie ?
 Shall cattle wander and the ruthless plough
 Disturb the sleeping combatants below ?
 Shall art invading, or the billows wave,
 With conscious guilt break up the Indian's grave ?
 Or if they must, will no kind, generous friend,
 A pitying eye and helping hand extend ?
 O fear not, Indian, hearts are not of stone ;
 Some share thy sufferings, and thy grief bemoan,

Not torrent's plash, nor deafening thunder's roll,
 Could shake the tender purpose of his soul,
 When Gesner* saw, in wild confusion tost,
 Thy fathers' ashes on a neighboring coast :
 On broken cliff, along the muddy creek,
 With pious ardor did this good man seek
 The scattered relics of thy fallen name,
 Torn from their rest, and buried in the main.
 There had they lain for full a century past,
 Heedless of ages, and the stormy blast ;
 There had they slept, before that island knew
 The many sorrows which its people rue.
 How sad the thoughts that crossed his vigorous mind,
 As, with sepulchral care, he saw consigned
 Once more to earth, and back to kindred dust,
 The eaten bone—the knife, all soiled with rust—
 The warrior's spear, and ancient trophies, given
 When peace was made, the noblest gift of heaven.
 There let them lie, in undisturbed repose,
 Till the shrill call the final trumpet blows
 Bids every sleeper from his slumbers rise,
 And join the vast assemblage of the skies.
 Yet even now, with all the wreck of time,
 The Indian's failure, and the white man's crime,
 Man may discern, and, with delight, admire
 Traits that might well a better hope inspire :

* The author, when travelling in P. E. Island during the last summer, met with Dr. Gesner, who, on the day when that colony and the whole of Nova Scotia was visited with a most terrific storm, had employed himself in collecting together and committing to the ground the bones of Indians—one of whose cemeteries had been broken up by the waters of the Gulf.

He sees some vestige of their former reign—
 Marks of their ancient glory yet remain.
 Poor, but not servile—keen, without disguise,
 His broken spirits sometimes seem to rise :
 The dauntless look, the piercing eye, to show,
 Nought but oppression laid the Indian low.
 And, oh ! how sad to think what might adorn
 A nobler sphere, and hail a brighter morn,
 Should thus be lost, and ardent hopes be laid
 As cheerless victims in the gloomy shade.
 The little fragment, sickly, pale, and wan,
 Speaks to the world that soon the race is gone !
 In sad perspective, sunk by care, I see
 The fading relics of a noble tree.
 The little band that now around us roves,
 That seeks our woodlands and frequents our groves,
 Will soon have passed from life's capricious stage,
 Victims of grief, of penury, not age.
 How many an actor in the scenes of life,
 How many a struggler in its painful strife,
 Has gone the road by every traveller trod,
 Since the last year was numbered with the flood !
 The bold aspirant for distinguished fame,
 The humble peasant, now are just the same :
 The sable dress that daily meets the eye,
 Tells us man lives, but only lives to die !
 Now say, poor Indian, has the shaft by day,
 Has foul disease, that seeks by night its prey,
 Passed thee unhurt ? art thou a stranger still
 To human suffering and to human ill ?*

* It appears by a return made by the Health Officers of this Port to the Government, that, in 1846, every Indian in this county

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So far from this, how many a vacant seat
 Mourns for its owner in thy lone retreat !
 Like deserts owl, that haunts the gloomy vale,
 How many orphans absent sires bewail !
 The fallen leaf, preceding winter's gloom,
 Has shed its covering on the Indian's tomb.
 And no *small portion* of that fading race,
 Within the year, have found their resting place
 Beneath the sod, and tell to all around—
This, only this, is now the Indian's ground !

Not that I blame the present race of man
 For the sad lot of this devoted clan :
Much has been done the falling tree to raise,
 And cheer the evening of their fleeting days.
Much has been done to soothe the pallet drear,
 When age steals on, and maladies appear.
 But *nought* to teach the tender mind of youth
 To seek in virtue, and the paths of truth,
 Man's better lot ; to show the peaceful road
 That leads to wisdom, happiness, and God.
Nought to direct them to those pleasures pure—
 At his right hand, and ever to endure ;
 To point their hopes, when gloomy thoughts arise,
 To crowns unfading in the distant skies.
 Too long neglected, now we seek in vain
 To win their hearts, and make them live again ;
 The day has past when Indian's drooping child

except one, the Indian present at the reading of this Poem, has been attacked with fever; and that no less than twenty-five have fallen victims to it. Late accounts represent the same fever as prevailing among the Indians at Dartmouth, where thirty have already died.

Will call the white man father, kind, and mild.
 The simple covering which the public gave,
 The broken trade, that helps them still to live—
 The frigid morsel, and the sheltering dome,
 Indian receives as *recompense for wrong* !
 He looks around, where once his fathers strayed,
 Sighs o'er the havoc rolling years have made ;
 Sees the loved spot, where once an altar stood,
 Torn by the plough, and swept with barrows rude ;
 Sees towers and spires in rich succession rise,
 Where once their warriors bled—where now their chieftain
 Then let us learn in Indian's woes to sigh, [lies.
 And view his failings with a pitying eye ;
 Call to remembrance they, as we, are men,
 And learn to pity, rather than condemn.
 Nor will they long require our help and aid—
 A few more years, and every grief is laid
 Deep in the silent grave—their wrongs redressed,
 And each poor pilgrim in his final rest.
 No tedious centuries need their course to run
 To change the scene, when every sorrowing son
 And weeping daughter of this fallen race,
 Oppressed no more, shall know no change of place.
 Already symptoms that they soon must fall,
 Speak to our hearts, and forth our feelings call.
 No longer, like the early chief they owned,
 Whose reverend head a hundred years had crowned,
 As *Mambertou*,* they die;—the shortened span,
 By holy writ declared the life of man,
 The three score years and ten, too lengthened seems

* Mambertou was a distinguished chief at the settlement of Port Royal.

For Indians' sorrows or for pleasures dreams.
 The young, the tender, and the child are borne
 To that long home from which no guests return !
 O child of want, deserted and forlorn,
 To days but few, and many troubles born !
 Each closing year, and every setting sun,
 Lessen thy cares, and help thy race to run.
 How changed the scene from that of ages past,
 Too fraught with bliss for many years to last ;
 When at the call of duty or of wrong,
 A thousand warriors joined the gathering throng ,
 A thousand tongues declared for war or peace—
 Bade tumult rise, or angry passion cease.
 And why thus fallen ? Do civil discords rage,
 And kindle fires which time cannot assuage ?
 Has grasping power, like other nations, brought
 Thee from thy greatness to a thing of nought ?
 Has love of wealth, which other kingdoms laid
 Low in the dust, thee to thy fall betrayed ?
 So far from this, no broils intestine tend
 To bring thy people to an early end.
 With all thy wants, and all thy failings too,
 Indian to Indian ever has been true.
 And art thou conscious that the time is near
 When Indian, squaw, and papoose, all so dear,
 Shall from these scenes for ever disappear ?
 Or say, does hope, as darker grows the night,
 More warmly cheer, and yield a brighter light ?
 Dost thou behold, beyond the gathering storm,
 Some fairer prospect and a happier morn ?
 Fain would I cheer thee, did the fates allow,
 And, through some vista point to bliss below.

But, oh ! forgive, if, in this hour of gloom,
 I draw the future, and depict thy doom ;
 I've seen thee fall in some more favored clime,
 And, oh ! forgive, if this sad fall be *thine*.

From Scotia's bounds thy scattered tribes convene,
 And, say, can aught thy flattering hopes redeem ?
 Will sober judgment, in her calmer reign,
 Lead thee to think that Indian lives again ?
 Just count the numbers, and then cease to hope
 Time can avert the melancholy stroke.

A century gone—the now fast-fading clan
 Has passed from life, save one strong, hardy man—
 HOGAN his name—whose spirit had defied.
 The wintry blasts of three score years and five.
 No poisonous draft, and no indulgence base
 Had quenched his ardor for the dangerous chase.
 'Twas his while yet a prowling bear remains,
 To range the mountains and to scour the plains.
 His race all gathered to the silent dead,
 From spot to spot this wretched wanderer sped,
 No mirth to cheer the darkening hour of night,
 No song to hail the streaks of morning light ;
 No child to snatch from dark oblivion's hold,
 A name that might its future deeds have told.
 His tent deserted—all his comforts gone,
 Save poor old Pompey and his rusty gun :
 With these he still to distant glades would stray,
 And search for traces of his favorite prey ;

As if in kind compassion for his woe,
 One moose still lingered in the plains below :
 Oft had the hounds with yelling noise pursued,
 And eager sportsmen panted for his blood ;

A leaden tempest oft had raged around,
 But not a ball, as yet, had dared to wound.
 From hill to dale, from copse and cover forced,
 By hungry dogs and sad exhaustion coursed,
 This sole survivor of that stately class,
 Pursued, one day, unable then to pass
 The gathering crowd, he rushed upon the foe,
 And in succession laid the huntsmen low.
 With lightning speed then gained the forest's shade—
 Meagre the search his vexed pursuers made—
 Nor stays his progress in his swift retreat
 'Till, seized by death, he falls at Hogan's feet.

Who will attempt the Indian's woes to paint,
 When, sunk with toil, himself with hunger faint,
 Stretched on the mead, and life forever fled,
 His lone companion lay extended, dead !
 Not now, as once, the tepid blood is drawn ;
 The skin removed, defiled the verdant lawn ;
 Not now, as once, do hungry jaws divide
 The quivering flesh, and quaff the gushing tide ;
 But, filled with sorrow, o'er the corpse he stood,
 And spoke his feelings in this swelling flood :

“ And is it come to this ! art thou, too, gone !
 The only comfort of a sorrowing son !
 For months and years my heart no solace knew,
 Save when thy form, so graceful to the view,
 Beamed on my sight, and bade my spirits turn
 To brighter days, and better lessons learn.

“ Joyous the time when, near my father's side,
 His great delight, my mother's secret pride,
 He spoke of what his ancient sires had told—
 'Their bold excursions and their feats of old.

Not then, as now, did sorrow's aching pain
 Press down the Indian, and his joys restrain ;
 Unnumbered pleasures cheered the passing hour,
 And joys departed to return no more.

“ Ah ! poor resemblance of our ancient race,
 In my wan features must the white man trace.
 There was a day—but why the past recal,
 Save but to taste the wormwood and the gall ?—
 A day when France was made our power to own,
 And when before her haughty sovereign's throne
 There stood, with graceful mein and conscious pride,
 Two chiefs, that France, with all her power, defied—
 A day when England sought our help and aid
 In battle's field ; and now has thus repaid
 The help that made her bold invaders fly—
 The hand that caused her bitterest foes to die.
 There was a day when British nobles bent,
 In low respect, before the Indian's tent,
 And sued for mercy with a suppliant's prayer,
 And begged our chiefs their guilty lives to spare.
 O had I been with those that lived of yore—
 The good old days ere settlers touched the shore,
 When care and sorrow, with their sickly train,
 Passed o'er, untouched, the Indian's wide domain :
 Progress of art, of mind, of rising fame,
 Are terms invented to conceal their shame :
 I call them *robbers*, and my fathers *fools*,
 Thus to be made the white man's silly tools !
 Our rivers dammed—canoes to steamers grown—
 Our forests plains—our hills a rising town ;
 The wanton axe has scarcely left a place
 Where skulking Hogan now can hide his face.

His thoughts next wander to the spirit land—
 The fancied portion of this withering band ;
 The blissful lot that compensates for woe—
 The paradise to which the Indians go.

There forests flourish in eternal bloom,
 And no one feels the horrors of the tomb ;
There the finned tribes in countless myriads thrive,
 And swarm the rivers with each rising tide ;
There herds of moose perform their stated rounds,
 And ceaseless music from the woods resounds ;
 No bold intruder dares invade the spot
 From age to age assigned as Indian's lot."

The storm now hushed that stirred the angry soul,
 His eyes once more o'er Pictou's city roll ;
 In melting sorrow down his haggard cheeks
 One trickling tear his inward grief bespeaks.
 In vain old Pompey's varied actions strive
 His mind to soothe, and sinking hope revive ;
 The die was cast, and earth's united power,
 To failing courage could not strength restore :
 His trusty gun, too true, alas ! is found—
 The flash is seen—the neighboring hills resound—
 And Hogan, lifeless, lies along the ground !

Blest be the man that owns the rising green
 That bears its witness to this closing scene ;
 Blest be the man that, with sepulchral care,
 Shall lay the Indian and old Pompey there ;
 Shall plant a willow o'er the stilly grave
 Where sleeps poor Hogan—sullen, stern, but brave.
 Blest be the man that shall some column rear,
 To mark the spot where lies that noble deer.
 And teach each traveller, as he passes by,
 To drop one tear, and heave a friendly sigh.

'Then mourn not, pilgrim, o'er thy changeful fate ;
 But turn, in thought, to some far better state :
 When wild around thee winter's tempest blows,
 And little comfort Indian's wigwan knows ;
 When the rude settler casts an angry frown,
 And calls the fields, the streams, the woodlands all his own ;
 When pining sickness wastes thy feeble frame,
 And sinking hope emits a sickly flame ;
 When death shall hence thy spouse and offspring bear,
 Then raise to heaven thy nation's simple prayer :
 " God make 'um good—and Christ in mercy save,
 And keep 'um sorrow from the Indian's grave."

Speed to thy tent—go, fated Indian, go ;
 Let past remembrance mitigate thy woe—
 'Teach thee to live, convinced when life is gone
 Thy cares are ended and thy bliss begun ;
 Know that the hermit, in his lone recess,
 Did on mankind this solemn truth impress—

" Turn, pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego,
 All earth-born ties are wrong ;
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."