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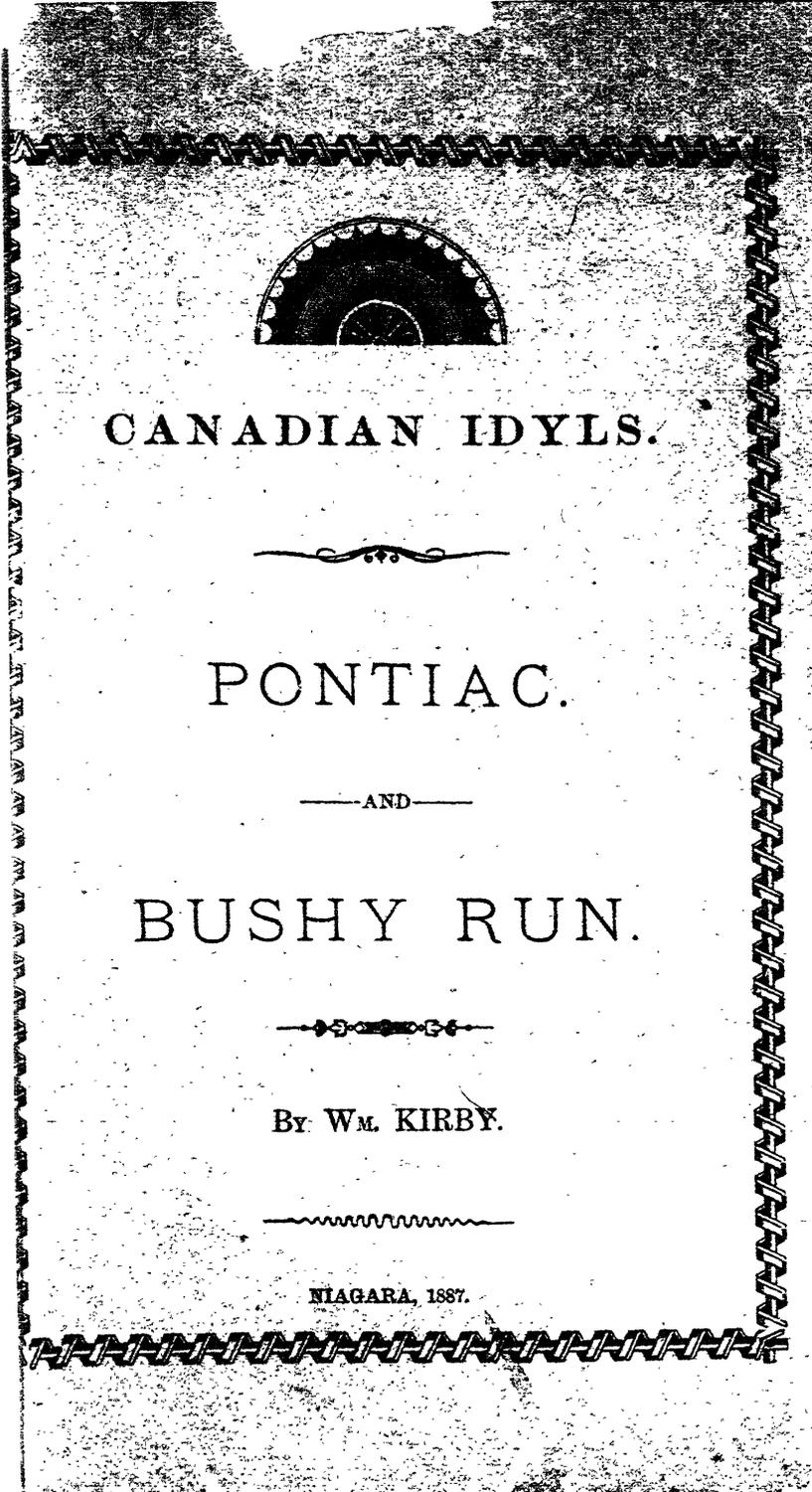
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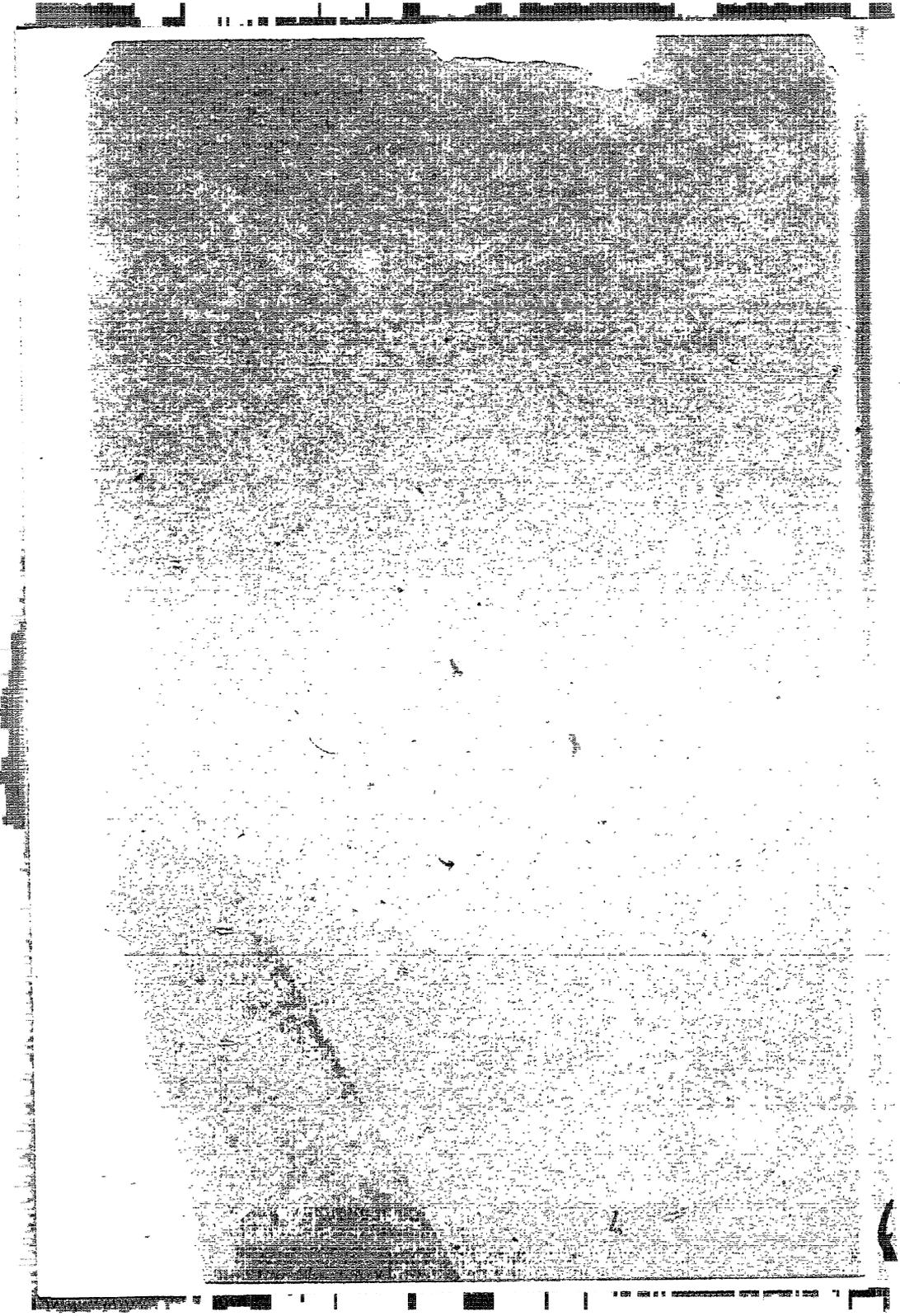
PONTIAC.

—AND—

BUSHY RUN.

By W. M. KIRBY.

NIAGARA, 1887.





CANADIAN IDYLS.



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CANADIAN IDYLS.

PONTIAC.

A. D. 1763.

Kichi Metig Komig, the great oak tree
Renowned through all Algonquin tribes and tongues,
So great that three men's arms scarce fathom round
Its massive trunk seamed by a thousand years,
So high, the rain clouds break upon its top,
And fall in showers of blessing on the land.
The home of Manitou in days of old,
Men say it was, whence holy voices came,
To teach our warring tribes to live in peace,
And fixed the bounds of every nation fast
By river, lake or lofty mountain range;
For all the land was ours in those good days,
With none to covet what was not their own—
The curse of riches was to us unknown.
Those days are gone, and still the old tree stands
In solitary state, king of the woods
Which from his acorns grew, and fence him round
With guard more stubborn than the fiercest winds
Which sweep in tempests o'er the Huron sea.

Up in the groining of its giant boughs
Each by itself a tree — a hollow couch
Spacious and easy, with soft mosses lined
By Nature's hand, framed ages long ago,
Had been the bed where our old Sachems came
Worn out with age and travail, council vexed,
With a full gourd of water, all they craved
Beside them, as they calmly lay them down,

In their last journey to the spirit land
With Manitou communing till they died.

Kichi Metig Komig the great oak tree,
White Ermine said, and with his bronzed hand
Touched Clifford on the knee; "When fourscore years,
The fulness of our lives, have come and gone,
And soon for me the number will be full,
Glad I shall be to see the spirit land
Which all my life has been so near to me,
Unseen but not unfelt, as when the blind
Hold fast and know the thing they cannot see,
When from the womb of death a man is born
To his new life, to days more beautiful
Than those his mother in her joyous hour
Thought nothing better when her child was born —
When fourscore years have told their weary tale
And I become a burthen to my tribe —
My loving sons who fain would answer: "Nay!"
Shall bear me to that ancient tree to die,
In that old couch — and place my best canoe
And swiftest paddle ready on the beach
For my departure to the spirit land.
With three days rowing — on, and on and on,
Until the happy hunting grounds I reach
Where dwell in peace and plenty, in a wide
Free land their own, beloved of Manitou
The souls of all my people evermore."

Clifford replied and laid a gentle hand
Upon the chief: "I know the ancient tree,
Landmark of ages in the Huron woods!
And in its mystic couch I dared to sleep
Once, when beleagured, weary but not lost,
I sought the shelter of its rustling boughs
Which all night murmured like a tossing sea.
I heard strange voices in the canopy
Of leaves above — a presence — and a life
That touched another world, while every leaf
Seemed animate with something that conveyed
A message full of strangeness from a world
More real than this — the cause of causes here —
As our young poet in this old book wrote,
Where life is in its primaries, and light
Creates the spiritual forms of things
Whose shadows only upon earth we see.

I felt profoundly in that haunted couch

The presence of the mystery — the sound
 Of words I understood not, in the wind,
 The sighing and the soothing of the pain
 Of mortal life, no longer lonely, when
 God's Kingdom touches us, and heaven's care
 Is felt more close than our own thoughts. The world
 Is all a mirror of humanity,
 Reflections — our young poet wisely says —
 Of things substantial, spiritual, real.
 Man mirrored in creation, everywhere
 May see himself as in his soul he is,
 In broken lights and images awry
 That still bespeak his origin divine.
 And so that great oak tree was said of old
 And still believed to be the trysting place
 For men and spirits — never far apart —
 In that dim border land of dark and light
 Flashed through with visions of prophetic sight."

Old Clifford spake with ease the Algonquin tongue.
 The fullness of its soft expressive words
 Linked in long syllables that in and out
 Unfold a world of meaning subtle, clear
 And fresh with native imagery, to him
 Was like a draught of wine to stimulate,
 As he the Chief's remarks interpreted
 For sake of May and all the eager ears
 That listened round, to learn the stirring tale
 Of things not far that happened long ago.

Sometimes in English, broken, fragmentary,
 The Chief addressed them, as they knelt or lay
 Upon the grass beside the witness-stone.
 The broad majestic river full of light
 Flowed by in silence — where alone was heard
 The reflux eddy lapping on the rocks
 Of narrow footing underneath the cliffs
 Where few go down — or venturing in the stream
 Not all return. The stoutest swimmer fails
 Caught by the jealous current, should he chance
 To cast aside the talisman of care,
 And bare his breast to meet Niagara there.

The Chief sat very upright, his long pipe
 Lay smouldering on his knee. His thin bronzed hand,
 Marked with old scars, uplifted now and then
 An open palm, or single finger, all
 The gesture that accompanied his tale.

Said he: "Young men and maidens, hear me tell

A story nigh forgotten, in a world
 Where noon forgets its morning — save by us
 Of Indian race who will forget it never.
 These tales are all is left us of the past
 Of mighty tribes and vast confederacies
 Now sunk in dark oblivion and unknown,
 Save to a remnant on the very verge
 Of lands once theirs — a wasting number now
 That melts like snow in April, in the sight
 Of multitudes of men of every race
 But ours, the ancient children of the soil.
 In vain we plead, and give and still give more,
 And pray for common justice — such as God
 Has thundered in commandments to those men
 Who say they worship Him, and violate,
 For greed of lands, not theirs, His solemn laws.
 Who force upon us treaties: and before
 The ink is dry upon them, with their names,
 Writ in dishonour — shame not to renounce
 Their loudest promises — and broadest seals;
 Not sacred like the humble totems we
 Uncouthly sign, as witnesses of truth,
 And which we never break to God or man.
 In vain we plead their treaties — never one
 Was kept by them unbroken; nor will be
 So long as we have lands, or place to dwell,
 Or graves where lie our kindred — which these men
 Covet the more, the more we wish to keep.

In this Dominion only — God be praised!
 Old English law and justice, and the rights
 Of every man are sacredly maintained.
 Here conscience lives, and the bright covenant chains
 Were never broken with the Indian tribes.
 We grow and prosper, and unenvied rise,
 And in the social race win many a prize.
 Our wigwams change to houses, wood and stone;
 Our forests turn to fields, our gardens glow
 With fruits and flowers — our barns are full of corn;
 The cattle in our pastures well repay
 The mighty game we hunted with the bow
 In our wild days of freedom long ago.
 Now casting off the skins and mantles rude
 Of our old life, we don the seemly garb
 Of Christian men and women, worship God
 And make the laws that govern us, and stand
 Not wards, but freemen of this glorious land.

Now listen to my tale, and you shall hear
 What happened in that great eventful year.

'Twas in the warlike days of Pontiac,
 When all the Western lands, forest and stream,
 Prairie and lake and mountain, all were ours,
 With undisputed right. The Ohio —
 Which, drinking up a hundred streams rolls on,
 Proud of its fullness, the great river called
 In all our tongues, It westward led the way
 Towards the happy hunting grounds, beyond
 The far horizons of the sunset land.

Alas! with wider knowledge we have found
 Them never nearer than the western seas,
 The ocean deep and cliffs where ends the world.
 But all the land was ours — from Erie sea
 To the great lake where roved the Chippaways,
 Fishers and warriors they, whose bark canoes
 Of flexile birch danced lightly on the waves,
 And shot the rapids of the Sault that swarmed
 With shoals of silvery whitefish all the year.
 The roving Chippaways in summer loved
 The pictured rocks and bays, where looking down
 Five spears in depth beneath the crystal wave
 They saw the moving shoals of glistening fish
 Fanning their shadows on the silver sands.

In that sad year, the latest of our life
 Of forest freedom, there was heard a voice
 Out of the Great Oak Tree. A roar of leaves,
 In all its boughs, like tongues foreboding woe
 And war and tumult in the Indian land.
 The ghosts of warriors in the midnight woods,
 Cried wildly: "All is lost! Down by the sea
 Onontio rules no more! And proud Quebec,
 The wall girt city long besieged in vain,
 Falls now in English hands the prize of war."
 It was not long, ere came with breathless haste
 Our Indian runners laden down with woe.
 Quebec had fallen! and then Montreal!
 And then Onontio, and all his men
 Were prisoners of the mighty Saganosh,
 The red coat warriors of the English King.
 The King of France had sealed a peace of shame,
 Not daring he to die, as Kings should die,
 Without dishonour, but had yielded up
 Our tribes, our lands, our all, for sake of peace
 To save himself and nation from the sword
 Of England's vengeance striking everywhere.

We scorned the King of France for giving up
 What was not his to give — this land of ours,

Ours from uncounted centuries, yea ours
 Since first our fathers from the hardy north
 Came down upon the soft luxurious race
 Corrupt with riches and unmanned with vice,
 Who built the altar-mounds upon the plains
 And offered sacrifices foul, of men
 And boys and maidens, till our fathers came
 With spears of justice, and in storms of wrath
 Drove back the impious race to their own land
 Down by the Gulf and Carribbean Sea.
 The King of France gave up our land, not we,
 And when the English and our ancient foes
 The Iroquois came up to old Detroit
 And on its ramparts with salute of guns
 Displayed the colours of the English King,
 And pulled the white flag of the Bourbons down,
 Then rose a storm of wrath within our tribes.
 Chief Pontiac in secret fanned the flame,
 Held midnight councils to retake Detroit,
 And all the forts throughout the western wilds.
 Master of eloquence his tongue could charm
 The beasts in human breasts; his bitter foes
 Of hostile tribes he reconciled and brought
 To fight his battles and their own, against
 The English garrisons which held them down.

All change of time and seasons were alike
 To Pontiac. He travelled far and wide
 To bring the tribes into his schemes of war.
 The distant nations of the prairies, heard
 The summons and on horses bridleless
 Came with their feathered spears and twanging bows.
 The strong armed Chippaways whose bark canoes
 Skim the great lakes and far as water runs
 Encamp beside the rivers of the north;
 The tribes of varied moccassin and name
 Whose war paths cross Ohio's turbid stream.
 Miamies, Delawares, and proud Shawnese
 Tribes hated of the Iroquois, and held
 In thralldom. now revolted in the hope
 To find their freedom under Pontiac.
 With shaven heads the Sacs and Foxes came,
 Their one defiant lock flaunting in pride;
 The wild Sioux with long dishevelled hair
 And brawny breasts and arms and shoulders bare.
 Band after band the various warriors came.
 And seated in the woods beside Detroit
 In solemn council, in his mother tongue
 Each heard the warlike words of Pontiac.

A chief of ancient lineage, might have been
 Descended from the Gods, so full was he
 Of thoughts and aspirations elevate
 Above the level of the herd of men;
 Yet sharing all their passions, pride, revenge
 Love of their own, and jealousy of all
 Whose shadows crossed the boundaries of the tribe.
 The vacuous-wilderness of Empire theirs.
 Implacable, ungenerous to a foe,
 Yet full of softness by his own lodge fire
 And in the councils of his tribal kin,
 Was Pontiac — but nervously alive
 To every touch his bare bronzed bosom felt
 Of inborn hate against the Saganosh.
 His half shut eyes were full of angry fires
 Implacable, his features aquiline,
 Clean cut from brow to chin, and hard thin lips
 Compressed habitually and locked to speech,
 Marked Pontiac. Even in the council dumb,
 Until with lights volcanic flashed his eyes,
 And then the long pent flood of words broke forth
 Like the upbreking of a winter stream,
 Swelling and bursting through its icy bonds,
 And carrying all before it in its rage.

Master of eloquence right well he knew
 By nature all the rhetoric of the heart.
 Suiting his theme, his hearers and himself,
 His words in native imagery fell
 Like showers of fire from burning pines, or else
 Like drops of dew upon the grassy mead,
 Persuading men to all things as he would.
 The eagle winged and soaring Pontiac!
 Even better than he knew spake Pontiac,
 In words the wreck of an Archaic age,
 Words cut and polished like the sculptured stones
 Of mystic import found in sandy heaps
 Of what was Ninevah, the ancient lore
 Of nations and of tongues before the flood.
 For when the old world vanished by degrees
 Of slow milleniums, and the parent race
 Of this the oldest continent of all,
 Once civilized and great, a noble tongue,
 Rich, full of meaning, copious, silver-hinged
 In its articulations, and with sounds
 Harmonious in its vowels, as the bells
 That chime in old cathedral towers at home,
 In York or Canterbury's holy fane.
 This ancient speech was nobler than the thoughts

Of the degenerate race who speak it now,
 And in a hundred languages express
 Their thoughts in words Demosthenes had loved
 Had he but known it — the Atlantis speech.

The nations met in council and were filled
 With Pontiac's hot foaming eloquence.
 They leaped in eager hope to his full height
 Of bold assurance, that the Indian land
 By the encroaching English seized and held
 Would be retaken, and with such revenge
 As would the furies of the wilderness
 Their wildest women glut and satiate.

Then to a chosen few he showed his plans,
 Revealed in dreams, he said, to more impress
 The inborn awe that makes the Indian race
 Of easy faith to men of cunning mind
 Who practice on them in the name of God.
 "It has been told me by the Manitou
 Who made this world and gave us here to live
 That all those English forts throughout the west,
 Detroit and Mackinaw, with all the rest,
 Shall on one day be taken and destroyed
 With every living thing, man, woman, child,
 And not one left to breathe our native air
 Which they suck up from us — our breasts with it
 We cannot fill. Crowded on every side
 We die for want of freedom and of air,
 Like Buffalo empounded on the plains,
 With hunters spearing them on every side.

Niagara's stony walls had haunted long,
 Too long, with their pale shadows looking down
 Into thy depths and shoals, Ontario!
 While Fort Du Quesne sat masterful upon
 The parted head of fair Ohio's stream.
 Ohio fair — our own dear stream no more!
 The land of ancient truce, and constant peace
 Where every nation came to chase the game
 And eat together from the ample dish
 Of linden wood made by the Manitou,
 And in a lodge of peace was set for us
 To feast in brotherhood of all the tribes —
 A quiet land before the white men came.

These English forts and settlements — Detroit,
 Venango and Presque Isle and Mackinaw
 Shall first be taken, and on one set day
 Shall be played for and won — and in this way."
 Then Pontiac held up in sight of all

The wondering warriors, and tossed up a ball
 Black flecked with red. He whirled it in the air
 And caught it nimbly ere it touched the ground,
 And cried, "When I shall toss this fatal ball
 Upon the green before Detroit to play
 For all the lives of all the Saganosh
 In that great game of ours, Bagataway.
 When through the open gates this ball is driven
 A thousand warriors armed into the Fort
 In sudden rush, shall follow it, and raise
 Their wildest war cry — and above, below,
 And everywhere throughout the startled fort,
 From deepest trench to highest rampart, loose
 Upon the garrison suspecting naught,
 Our armed tribes shall rush by thousands in
 And smite and spare not until all are slain.
 Those English forts shall vanish off the earth
 And in their place our quiet lodges rise.
 The grass shall grow again — our blue soft grass,
 And flowers, not those we know and cannot name,
 The weeds that follow on the white man's steps,
 Strange to our soil as he — but those our girls
 Delight to plait into their sable hair,
 Our trilliums, violets and rosy bells
 Will reappear and fill our woods again.

Be cautious then, and don't yourselves betray
 By word or look — your faces as of wood
 Shall not reveal a trace of what's within
 The bloody purpose of that fatal day.
 Detroit in strength of walls, cannot be won
 Except by guile, caught in a thoughtless hour
 Of false security. The grand old play
 That tests men's speed and vigour, must be played
 While look the unarmed soldiers idly on
 And none suspect the prize for which we play."
 A calumet was filled, and then in clouds
 Of curling smoke from hand to hand was passed,
 And all together planned the scheme of war;
 And every English fort throughout the west
 Was doomed to dire destruction. One by one
 The chiefs took up the sable belt and pledged
 Each one his clan to follow Pontiac —
 Accepted as their own the bloody plot,
 At every post to play Bagataway.

Then all dispersed, each to his several tribe,
 And for a time a solemn silence filled
 The expectant forests with a creeping awe!

While the fell plot was hatching, not a sign
 By look or word betrayed to eye or ear
 Of the confiding English, over bold
 In their own strength and scornful of their foe,
 The great impending danger they were in."

White Ermine stopped his narrative and spake:
 "I care not to recite in Indian tongue,
 And English less, what followed on the day
 When all the nations rose throughout the west
 To slay the Saganosh and all their kin.
 'Twere better read out of the poet's book
 Who learned from you and me the bloody tale
 Of Mackinaw, Venango and Presque Isle;
 And of the things that happened at Detroit
 Where Pontiac himself, for one whole year
 Raged like a war-god round the garrison,
 Foiled by the stubborn English, and their chief
 The gallant Gladwyn, warned in timely hour
 Of his great danger by an Indian girl,
 As you shall find in those true pages writ."

"Well say you! dear old friend!" Clifford replied,
 "The girls would rather hear the poet's tale
 Than our hard prosing; for we should not spare
 A word for sake of sentiment or love.
 To round a story in their hearts to fit
 Would not be like the honest Indian speech.
 So we will read the tale the poet wrote,
 Blown out to full proportion and perfumed,
 Like a June rose the girls delight to wear
 In the thick tresses of their comely hair.
 But you look grave, White Ermine! It were best
 Not read this tale of blood from old Detroit.
 Your father was a chief among the rest
 Who thought it right to follow Pontiac.
 But you more luckily lived to see the day
 Of peace and happiness 'neath England's sway."

"All that is true of me," White Ermine said,
 "I only doubt the praise your friendship gives.
 I doubt myself full often, and I ask
 Help of my Lord to keep me what I am.
 I was a warrior once, and do not know
 How far I could be generous and deny
 My Indian nature, for we are not made
 Like you too lavish English, who forgive
 Your bitterest foes, who unrepentant live
 And seek your noble nation's overthrow.
 But I am what God makes me, and I know

His grace has lifted me above myself,
 And taught me mercy to a fallen foe
 Once merciless, and love of open ways
 Learned from you English. It was once not so
 When in our native savagery, we fought,
 Loved secret blows and ambush in the woods
 And cruel vengeance on our captives. Then
 We thought it honour in the dark outside
 A midnight lodge where dwelt a hated foe,
 To strike him dead as he came out the door,
 Suspecting no one near, and heedless quite
 Of danger to himself and children dear.

I tremble when I think of what we were
 Before Christ's teaching in the Gospel came
 Like sunrise streaming o'er our Indian land.
 And now I feel humility — not pride —
 Put off old haughtiness and strive to bear
 Christ's yoke with patience, and I trust with love,
 And ever humbly pray my gracious Lord
 To lead me not into temptation's path,
 But from the evil to deliver me.
 When you and I were young, and side by side
 Fought in our land's defence with gallant Brock,
 You were more choice of methods — I of ends.
 We both together won the silver prize
 We wear for old Detroit, a second time
 Possessed by conquest under England's sword
 Wielded by Brock, and brave Tecumseh's spear,
 Which never failed him, striking far or near.
 But you care not for praises; nay, you flinch
 Before my words," the Indian said and smiled.

"Nay, good White Ermine, I did scarcely flinch;
 A fly just bit my ear, and that was all!
 But we will read the story if you wish
 Out of the book. Search for the page, dear May!
 But on it rests your finger, I'll be bound!
 I safely might have guessed it would be found
 Just where he wrote it on one summer day.
 Your mother sat beside him, and his name
 In his bold hand, at her request he traced,
 And not a letter of it is effaced."

May flushed up rosy red, and gave the book
 Wide open at the page began the tale.
 "I care not for it," said she, "in the way
 You speak of, Uncle! Only I admire
 The Indian girl who saved Detroit and all
 The precious lives within it — not I hope

For love of one alone, but for the sake
 Of her dear Lord, and Saviour, and mankind?
 And yet, and yet! May whispered to herself —
 If 'twas for love of one who honoured love
 And gave in golden measure back again,
 Making a woman rich in self esteem,
 To think her love in vain had not been given,
 I too, could be as brave as she — I too,
 Could give the world or lose it, all for love!

Old Clifford guessed her thoughts, but nothing spake.
 He took the book and with a finger raised
 Impressed upon them silence, and the tale
 Of Pontiac began. How on the eve
 Before the day set for the fatal blow
 A thousand warriors came before Detroit
 And pitched their lodges by the river side.
 Their stalwart limbs like statuary bare,
 Agile as antelopes and strong as stags
 Lay stretched around their fires awaiting day
 That was to open with Bagataway.

The careless English, scornful in their strength,
 Took little heed of treachery: all slept well
 Within the fort, except the vigilant
 And moving sentinels upon the walls.
 But none suspected danger — least of all
 Was Pontiac suspected or his plot.
 And so they slept and dreamed but of the play
 Was to be played upon the green next day,
 For stakes the greatest ever set, they said;
 Great piles of furs worth thousands, and a girl
 The loveliest of all the Indian maids —
 Of kin to Pontiac — with face and eyes,
 And figure like a goddess cast in bronze.
 They sighed to think it was for some red hand
 And not for them to play for such a maid
 As dimmed the sunbeams in the forest glade.

In one far corner of the Indian camp,
 Out of a lonely lodge at midnight hour,
 An Indian girl evading eyes that watched
 And ears that listened sharper than a wolf's,
 Under the cloud of night, from brake to brake,
 Silent as her own shadow, swiftly ran
 Towards the walls of old Detroit, where slept
 The English commandant who held her heart
 Fast in his keeping — faster than her love
 For Pontiac or all her dusky kin.

The sentinels upon the walls, "All's well!"
 Cried out from one to other as she ran
 From bush to bush unseen, without a sound
 Of breaking twig or rustling leaf, so light
 And noiselessly she passed and almost touched
 The heedless sentry on his midnight watch,
 Who naught suspected, wishing for the morn.

She knew the path that led to Gladwyn's tent,
 Escaped all challenge, and beside his couch
 Her slender form by all the graces shaped
 Unmantled stood before the commandant.
 She woke him with a touch, and he beheld
 Full in the light of pine-knots heaped ablaze,
 The maid in robe of blue and scarlet, gay,
 Close fitting, beaded and with knots to spare
 Of golden fringes, from her dainty foot,
 Well mocassined, up to her braided hair,
 Of ebon blackness reaching to her knees.
 Her brilliant eyes illuminate with love
 Shone out in stolen glances, never full
 But shy and modest, as upon a bough
 This way and that, half timid and yet bold,
 A restless squirrel eyes you through and through.

"Gladwyn!" she cried, "you sleep unto your death!
 Unto your death and mine, for Pontiac
 Will set tomorrow morn a thousand men
 To play Bagataway for all your lives!
 And I shall be set up, just as you see,
 With all these ornaments, to be the prize
 Of him who first shall strike the bounding ball
 Into your open gate, and lead the rush
 Of armed warriors in to seize your fort
 And kill all living creatures of your race.
 To-morrow morning when the game is set,
 And all your men are out to see the play,
 False Pontiac, with feigned smile, will say:
 "Come, sit by me, great chief of Saganosh!
 And we will watch the game, while all your men
 Recline in peace unarmed upon the grass,
 To see the sport and wager as they will."

The commandant stood up, "My Indian girl
 Will not deceive me, for I know her well!
 I have not perfect faith in Pontiac,
 But his deceit is deeper than I thought,
 If he has brought this plot to such a head.
 I would not and I do not fear him ought."

"But O believe him not! my Gladwyn, no!
 I know his counsels long and long ago!"
 She cried in anguish. "It is all a lure
 To draw you from the walls — *you* are the prize,
 You and your men they play for! Be forewarned.
 Keep shut your gates, for when the fatal ball
 Is hurled into your midst, the warriors all
 Athirst for blood shall seize their weapons, hid
 Beneath the women's mantles, and at once
 The war cry will be raised by Pontiac.
 And you will first be slain, then every one,
 Till not a pale face will be left to tell
 Where stood Detroit. No pity will be shown
 To woman, man or child, and only I
 Of all the Indian women of our tribe
 Will weep for you and mourn until I die!
 Which soon will be, altho' I am the choice
 Out of a thousand envious Indian maids
 To be the prize of him who wins to-day
 This game of blood and death — Bagataway."

The commandant with many fervid thanks
 Embraced the girl, believing all she said
 With eager tongue and eyes aflame, for he
 Was sharp of observation, and the truth
 Hot winged with love flew straight into his heart.
 He knew the subtilty of Pontiac,
 The rancour of the tribes, and he had turned
 The ball play over in his mind and said
 To his few officers, "Be on your guard!
 This Pontiac is treacherous to the core
 And means us mischief with the play, I fear.
 Shut not the gates, but watch, and half the men
 Keep under arms within the walls and trail
 A field piece on the meadow where they play,
 For there is treason in the air to-day."

He kissed the girl, but would not let her rest
 So near the break of day. She left the tent
 And crept back to her lodge unheard, unseen,
 Before the dawn had paled the morning star.
 Her heart warmed in her bosom, with a glow
 Of joy, as she remembered Gladwyn's words,
 She felt upon her cheek his warm kiss there,
 And glowed the more, the more she hoped and prayed
 For his deliverance wrought by her true hand.

"He now will love me always!" murmured she,
 "If I shall save Detroit and save his life,
 Far dearer than my own, as one rescued

From fire or water by a friendly foe,
 Though I may perish or become the prize
 Of one I hate before I know his name —
 The warrior who shall win me in the play,
 The prize set up in this Bagataway.
 But on my Gladwyn's heart I placed my hand
 And by it swore to leave my kith and kin,
 For him alone, with love no woman else
 Could give in equal measure all for all,
 Serve, honour and obey until I die.
 Master of Life! O! Kitche Manitou!
 And God, which dwellest in the Book! I pray
 You both — altho' our black robe teachers say
 You both are one and father of us all —
 Preserve my Gladwyn's life, this coming day,
 And all days after. Love is naught unless
 It wills to die if need be to preserve
 The life it lives for — for all human hearts,
 However vary language, eye and skin,
 Are of one tint with love and all akin!"

The river fog lay thick upon the stream,
 When the bright joyous sun next morning shone
 On fort and flagstaff, and the leafy woods
 Were wet with dew drops, each a sparkling gem
 Distilled out of the eyelids of the morn.
 The Indian lodges stood along the shore
 Mid smoke and mist. The birch canoes in rows
 Like sleeping greyhounds drawn upon the beach.
 Out of the camp a ceaseless hubbub came
 Of barking dogs and women's tongues, and shouts
 Of children waked untimely. Men in groups
 Spake to each other savage words and few
 In accents harsh that deep and deeper grew,
 About the chances of the bloody game,
 The plunder of the fort, and great revenge.

The morning gun fire filled the ambient air
 With loud reverberations, as the flag
 Of England rose upon its mast and flew
 In proud defiance. Pontiac the chief
 Sprang from his couch of skins, and viewed the fort
 With savage wistful eyes, while other chiefs
 Drew round him, and confirmed what yesterday
 Had been resolved in council, to draw forth
 The English garrison to see the game,
 Unarmed and unsuspecting aught of ill.

Already on the plain the warriors sat
 In still expectancy, La crosse in hand,

Their women stood in groups, with axe and gun,
 The weapons of the warriors, underneath
 Their ample mantles hid, to arm them all
 Soon as the signal came — the bounding ball
 Hurl'd through the open gate and war cry raised
 By Pontiac, repeated o'er and o'er.

Upon a scaffolding of poles and boughs
 Of dainty spruce, a floor was thickly strewn
 With furs of price and robes imperial,
 Ermine and sable, glossy, soft and rich.
 With savage splendour, sat the Indian girl
 In nature's loveliness half bare, half clad,
 Flashing unstudied beauties all around.
 Her eyes looked scornful, only when the thought
 And sight of Gladwyn in the numerous throng
 Drew out glad glances; then she proudly smiled,
 Else like a statue sat she, beautiful
 From nature's hand, whose art conceals the art
 By which she works ideals of the Gods,
 As when in bronze of Corinth, Phideas
 Moulded the image of the Paphian Queen
 For the world's admiration and despair.
 Or when the Indian, hungering in long fast,
 Dreams of the lands beneath the setting sun
 And graceful maidens bearing bowls of food,
 Themselves so lovely that he cannot eat
 For gazing on their loveliness; while birds
 Sing on the trees around, and flashing streams,
 Silvery with fish, roll through the happy land
 Where in the chase he twangs the sounding bow
 And rides knee deep in prairie grass and flowers
 That know no frost but blossom all the year.

The commandant, a soldier, gallant, brave
 And well forewarned, knew all his danger now,
 And thanked the girl with many a lightsome glance
 That made her heart rebound with tenderness,
 Still fearing for his safety. He now
 Quite loved the girl whom he before admired,
 For by her timely warning they were safe
 Against the crafty wiles of Pontiac,
 Who sat beside him with a twitching hand
 Upon his hatchet, waiting for the game.

In two opposing bands the players stood
 All naked save the blue cloth round their loins,
 Their heads and bodies painted red and black —
 Death's colours, as by chance, or mere caprice,

Not unobserved by Gladwyn as they stood
Waiting the tossing of the fatal ball.

Well sworded by the side of Pontiac
Sat Gladwyn, calm and wary, as he plied
The chief with idle talk that little meant,
But watched each motion of his eye and hand,
And all the players waiting for the ball,
And all the dusky tribes at either goal,
Whose eyes like lynxes fixed on Pontiac
Devoured him with hot glances — might be felt,
So eager were they for the bloody game.

But Pontiac was ill at ease. He sat
In moody silence, for in Gladwyn's eye
He caught a look directed to the fort,
And saw the soldiers in their ranks and heard
The clash of arms, and words of sharp command
Half whispered, and a gun wheeled in the gate,
Black muzzled, pointed on the crowded green.
He rose upon his feet and scowling said:
As Gladwyn also rose — "My brother fears
To trust the peaceful tribes, who come to-day,
La Crosse in hand, to play Bagataway!"

"What makes you think that I distrust you, chief?"
Gladwyn replied; "I feel quite safe to-day."
He smiled and on his sword-hilt placed his hand
And leaned upon it carelessly. "You see
As many of my men as can be spared
Are out to see the play upon the green
And envy you the game for such a prize
As never filled a winner's arms before."
He glanced towards the girl who bowed her head —
She knew his thoughts if not the words he said.

But Pontiac replied, "The Saganosh
Stand in their ranks inside the open gate,
With bayonets fixed; and at the windows, lo!
I see your women looking out. Not so
They used to watch our ball play on the green.
The women of the pale faces are keen
To show themselves the foremost every day
When men go out to row, to ride, to play."

The commandant smiled grimly, "That is true
O, Pontiac! our gentle women fear
To match themselves with your well mantled squaws,
Each one of whom beneath her ample robe
Hides axe or gun as I can plainly see.

I have an ointment made for me by one
 Of greatest medicine. Rubbed on the eyes
 It lets one see beneath those ample robes
 The treacherous weapons and the secret heart
 That harbours knowledge of the cursed plot,
 Of you and your false warriors on the green!
 The prize you hope to win is Fort Detroit,
 With all our lives a sacrifice — the lure,
 That girl upon the platform! only she
 Shall now be played for — and be won by me!"

Astounded at the sudden change, so true,
 So fatal to his plot, the subtle chief
 Stood mute for minutes, looking here and there,
 Counting the chances still -- dissembling deep
 The while he lied, and hoping to deceive,
 At least to crave some mercy for his guilt.
 "The English chief I call my friend," he said,
 "We were but children and talked childish things
 When we for our amusement one dull day
 Made riddles and cast dice, and some one said --
 A fool among us he -- let us go play
 A game of ball and win Detroit that way!

We had well drunken, and we drank still more,
 And talked and planned how we could take the fort
 At ball play and send all you English home,
 Not hurting any, but as guests who long
 Had overstayed with us, ate of our dish,
 Till all was done, and then departed full.
 And so we talked and planned and all the chiefs
 Thought it most droll to beat the English thus.
 But sober grown we found in sore amaze
 How we had lit a fire we could not stop,
 That chased us all before it, like the flames
 That sweep the prairies, when 'tis death to stay,
 And every living thing in maddest race
 Each for itself, out of the fiery spray
 And rolling smoke seeks to escape by flight.

And so we planned this game for your delight,
 And counted on our fingers nine to one --
 As foolish as the girl we have set up
 To be the victor's prize. No good hap comes
 When women leave the lodge and gad about,
 Revealing secrets with loquacious tongues.
 I hate them all, and never gave a gift
 To woman, nor received one, for they keep
 Nor time nor measure in their love or hate,
 And mix their fancies up with all they do.

Life is but dreaming with weak woman kind.

And now to prove my friendship, Gladwyn, brave!
Accept from me a gift. That girl, the prize
Of my young men who stand to play for her,
I give her up to you with all her gauds,
In token of my friendship now confirmed,
And peace between us both forever more!"

Gladwyn, contemptuous of the crafty bid
For peace and pardon from the guilty chief,
But eager for the rescue of the girl,
Said, "Bring her hither quickly, I consent
To let you off with all your treacherous tribe,
Whose lives are forfeit by the laws of war,
For all is known to me! Your subtle plot
To seize this garrison and one and all
Torture to death the trusting Saganosh,
Lured by your ball play out to meet the doom
Your foolish council spake. Now tell your men
To bring the girl to me, and with all speed!
Decamp with all your lodges! Leave not one!
Lest I repent the mercy I have shown,
And open on you those great guns you see
With matches lighted on the ramparts, full
Of grape shot to the muzzle, which like hail
Will sweep your tribes into the shades of death.

Nay do not argue, nor deny, nor say
Your warriors are free men and won't obey!
You fear them? Well! I know a reason why
They will obey you, and if not you, me!
Mark, Pontiac! your men will me obey
Without beseeching!" Gladwyn made a sign
With his uplifted sword towards the fort,
And in an instant there arose within
The sound of bugles and the roll of drums,
The shouts of Captains and the clash of arms.
The ramparts grew into a serried hedge
Of flashing bayonets, and a cannon ran
Out of the gate full pointed at the crowd
Of startled warriors, who with sudden fear
Stood mute and trembling, and then turned and fled.
Not one by'one, but all together, like
A herd of buffalo stampeded by
A troop of hunters on the western plains;
So they ran yelling to the distant woods,
Nor stopped to see their frightened women throw
Their hidden weapons over all the field,

And screaming follow their unlucky lords.

The girl was left alone, not one of all
Took note of her, as she leaped down and ran
Throwing her mantle off, as nothing worth,
And stood with panting breast and pleading eyes
Before the commandant whom she had saved.
She sought protection from him not in vain,
For Gladwyn on her shoulder laid his hand,
Gently and lovingly, and with kind words
Set her before them all, and kissed her cheek,
Declaring her the saviour of their lives,
Whom they were bound to thank forever more.

Then Pontiac stood still in silent rage
He dare not manifest, but mad to see
The flight of all his warriors and to hear
How by a girl his plot had been revealed.
Calm, with enforced duplicity he spake,
"Brother! may I go now? I have fulfilled
My promise of this girl; the prize is yours,
My men fly masterless in panic fear,
Which when they stop will turn to rage and blood,
And one will blame the other and each chief
Will smite his fellow for this shameful rout;
Then with the taunt of cowardice they will,
Out of revenge for this frustrated game,
Attack this fort in earnest, not in play;
And now, my brother, pray let me depart
Ere they go mad like wolves athirst for blood,
And bring them to a council to renew
The broken wampum of their peace with you,
I then will send them to their distant homes
Each tribe of warriors, and will leave Detroit
Unchallenged in your hands for England's King,
Whom we shall serve and honour ever more."

The commandant saw through the wily words
And craft of Pontiac. The girl looked up
And whispered softly in his ear, "Beware!
He only seeks permission to depart!
Believe not Pontiac! Those fugitives
Dare not go home without a battle. He
Who promised victory the least of all!
For every woman in the land will cry,
"Where are the lodges garlanded with scalps
And prisoners for the torture from Detroit?
We longed to try the Saganosh with fire!
And you had promised it, false Pontiac!"

And now return with empty hands, the scorn
Of every woman in the Indian land!"

"I know it all!" the commandant replied,
And drew her shoulder to his manly breast.
"Thanks to your love for me, Detroit is safe!
But Pontiac I fear not; he shall go
To mix in the disorder of the tribes,
Whose deep mistrust of him will never cease
After the failure of the plot to-day."

He turned to Pontiac who moodily
Stood mid his English guards, a prisoner,
And said to them, "Release him! let him go
In safety to his tribes, and bear to them
Our stern defiance if they still want war.
Peace only if they crave it, and return
Forthwith each band of warriors to their homes.

The chief glared savagely, and eye to eye
Looked at the commandant, and then the girl
Transfixed he with a glance of hate. "'Twas you!
You who betrayed me for the white man's sake!"
He spake in his own language. For reply
The girl said nothing; but with both her hands
Clasped Gladwyn's arm, looked at the chief and laughed.
He stamped upon the ground in mortal wrath
His well mocassined foot, and stalked away
With proud slow steps towards the distant camp,
Where all was wild commotion, fear and noise
Of thousand voices, like the mingled clang
Of caweens gathering for their vernal flight,
Migrating from Niagara to the fies
And icebergs heaving in the Arctic seas.

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L' Envoy.

Old Clifford closed the book with much unread,  
For still its pages told of Pontiac —  
How he rejoined his scattered warriors,  
And with his fiery eloquence inflamed  
Their spirits with fresh courage to return,  
Besiege Detroit, and slay the Saganosh,  
And burn the traitorous Indian girl with fire.

It told how they returned, and how Detroit  
By land and water hemmed on every side,  
Endured a hungry siege a year or more:  
Till came the slow relief, fighting its way

With bloody oars impelled, the barges full  
 Of men and food, through fleets of swift canoes  
 Made fiery lanes, and how Detroit was saved!  
 The victory! the landing! the relief!  
 Bread for the starving, powder for the brave,  
 Were carried in mid wildest shouts of joy  
 Of men and women -- Gladwyn in the front,  
 Beside the Indian girl, to welcome them  
 With one last sally from the opened gates  
 Upon the savage hosts, which in dismay  
 Fled from the field to seek the forest shades  
 Of distant Wabash and of Illinois.

All this, too long to read, was left unread,  
 But Clifford added, " In my father's days  
 The tale was fresh, for he had pulled an oar  
 Through the red waters in the gallant barge  
 That bore the King's broad banner at the prow.  
 And led the way through lanes of blood and fire  
 And overturned canoes, and drowning men,  
 Until with victory they reached Detroit.

Thereafter, in the solitary woods  
 A wanderer and a hater of his kind  
 Lived Pontiac, his one great end in life,  
 The expulsion of the English from the west,  
 In failure broke his spirit -- broke his heart --  
 He drank the fire water till he died.  
 A boon companion, or, as some relate,  
 A vengeful foe with murderous knife or axe  
 Slew the unhappy chief in drunken brawl.

One made for greatness, in the name of good,  
 And half believing it, he fired men's souls  
 To share his passions and obey his will.  
 A born disturber, never rare when men  
 Are led by strong delusions in the name  
 Of justice, which is but a vain pretence  
 Of gains dishonest, with a lie that fills  
 The land with clamour, till the voice of God  
 Pronounces judgment on the evil age.

The hand of God alone - the Truth, the Life  
 Can mould into an image of Himself  
 New men out of these stubborn natures. He  
 Alone regenerates the savage heart  
 And spreads the table in the wilderness  
 For the communion of the bread and wine,  
 His blood and body, Truth and love to all  
 Who worship Him in spirit and in life.  
 Our Godly missions are not all in vain. <sup>6</sup>

BUSHY RUN.

# BUSHY RUN.

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A. D. 1763.

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'Twas late in Autumn when the kindly sun,  
 Ruddy as with new wine, through golden mist  
 And incense smoke of Indian summer, shone  
 Like an illumination and a dream.  
 Upon the broad and shallow Muskingum,  
 A row of giant sycamores, broad-leaved.  
 Piebald and bent with age, looked darkly down  
 Upon their shadows in the silent pools  
 And reaches of the river, now half dry  
 With summer drought that waited for the rains  
 To turn its shallow stream to full banked floods  
 That go to swell Ohio's turbid stream.

A broad savannah where the waning grass  
 Seeded its seed, and tufts of golden-rod  
 Mingled its yellow with the azure blue  
 Of gentian, latest blossom of the year,  
 Lay like an oasis mid surrounding woods,  
 Through which there ran a path down to the bank,  
 Where women's voices singing mournfully,  
 And children's glee that will not understand  
 The elder's trouble, and the noise of dogs  
 And lowing oxen, spoil of war, uprose  
 On the still air, with smoke of wigwam fires,  
 That marked an Indian village sheltered there.

Out in the gracious sunshine of the day  
 Before the lodges idling, or at work  
 Easy as idling, which free nature loves,  
 Sat groups of women sideways, half disrobed,  
 But clothed with modesty from head to foot,

Bronze statuary of living flesh and blood  
 Such as the artist loves to meet afar  
 In native wildernesses, out of ken  
 Of life in cities, and of haunts of men.  
 Amid the groups of red-skinned women sat,  
 Commingled with them, maids and children pale,  
 Of English blood and color, with brown hair  
 Flowing upon their bosoms, covered with  
 Their innate modesty of sex and race —  
 Captives of war upon the rude frontiers,  
 The children of the daring pioneers.

Youth, ignorance of themselves and usage kind  
 In their adoption, had rubbed out the mark  
 And memory of their native homes, or left  
 A fleeting dream of it, as when we wake  
 And striving to remember soon forget.  
 Yea, even their mother tongue forgotten, they  
 With long drawn liquid syllables conversed  
 In Indian speech together, or to sleep  
 Hushed the bound babes upon their cradle boards.  
 Knowing no other happiness than this —  
 Their very freedom in captivity.

Upon the river bank, and on the dry  
 Warm stones projecting from the shallow stream,  
 A score of tawny boys leaped in and out  
 The rippling water, or in deeper pools  
 Dived headlong in, and calling out by name  
 Each other in their language full of mirth  
 And laughter which alone to man belongs  
 Of all God's creatures, mingled in their play  
 With white skinned lads, who like their sister girls  
 Knew nothing better than the forest life  
 They led upon Muskingum's savage stream.  
 They loved the forest as the native born!  
 Relapse is easy, easier than to keep  
 The vantages we win, our tree of life  
 Roots deep in earth, and still we love the broad  
 Old woodland solitudes. Our nature once  
 Was wild, and revels in its freedom still.

A lofty mound rose midway on the plain,  
 With five huge trees of ancient growth thereon,  
 Old oaks of centuries and landmarks, they say,  
 Of false religions dead and passed away.  
 A broad flat summit with great ruined stones,  
 Fire-eaten, black and grim with age, was seen —  
 An altar of the old Aligewal,

The mythical mound-builders of the past,  
 The long forgotten nation, which has left  
 In the great valley of the west these marks  
 And sole memorials of their ancient race.  
 High places of idolatory, and rites  
 Of bloody worship to the rising sun,  
 Where on high festivals before the tribes,  
 Young men and maidens purified and cleansed  
 By long lustrations, were brought forth to die  
 And on those altar stones were bound and slain.

At last there came a time which never fails  
 To come in judgment upon evil things.  
 The savage Iroquois, in mighty league,  
 Whose scanty virtues held a germ of faith  
 In justice, and commandments once revealed  
 By Hiawatha to the banded tribes,  
 These like a tempest storming from the east  
 Came down upon the soft Aligewal  
 And swept them with their cruel rites away,  
 Leaving these mounds, enigmas yet unsolved  
 Of the dumb darkness of the voiceless past.

Beneath the five huge trees a flashing spear  
 Showed where a watchman stood upon the mound,  
 Who listened eagerly to catch the sound  
 Of voices bringing victory in their cry.  
 But all was silent yet, although the air  
 Was thick with rumour, brought no one knew how  
 Or where or whence. The birds unseen that fly  
 Of woe forerunners, had already flown  
 Through the scared villages of Muskingum.  
 For rumour was, a battle had been fought  
 In the dense forests of the Bushy Run,  
 With victory for the tribes; but some said, "No!  
 The Saganosh had won!" and sounds of woe  
 Out of the sighing trees the dark night long  
 Were heard bewailing as for warriors slain.

All was expectance in the Indian town.  
 The old men trembled doubtingly. They knew  
 The power and valour of the Saganosh.  
 The women, sure of victory, prepared  
 A feast of welcome for the warriors brave,  
 And tortures for the hapless prisoners brought  
 Into the camp, the gauntlet and the fire;  
 Or haply if their woman's nature claimed  
 The right to ransom any, 'Twas their due  
 And sacred privilege in all the tribes.

And now all ran together, as the news  
 Passed in and out the lodges, old and young,  
 None knew whence came the rumour or inquired.  
 It was enough it came, and was believed  
 With simple faith, the spirits of the slain  
 Had brought the news, as doleful ravens fly  
 Through the blue expanse of the Indian sky.

The watcher with the spear upon the mound  
 Was seen to raise it fluttering aloft  
 With streamers, as a signal some one came;  
 Then vanished suddenly as he leaped down  
 Its scraggy sides, while distant sounds of woe,  
 Singing a death chant struck the hearers dumb.  
 The wail was oft repeated, cry on cry,  
 Denoting loss or loss of warriors slain,  
 Past count, and lost the reckoning of death.  
 All! all! the brave Miamis who had gone  
 In flush of hoped for victory, to war,  
 Were killed or captive, save the very few  
 Wounded and fugitive from Bushy Run,  
 Who with the death cry on their fevered lips  
 Returned with messages of dire import  
 To all their nation from the Saganosh.

The village rushed to meet them, and ere long  
 A score of weary fugitives, unplumed,  
 Disarmed and spent with many a grievous wound,  
 Emerged from out the forest, and their cries  
 Were taken up and answered note for note  
 By all the women as they rushed to learn,  
 The bloody tidings, staring wildly through  
 The countless vacancies, and broken lines  
 Of them they loved, the warriors of their pride,  
 Left dead or captive on the battle field.

The watchman's spear came foremost of the rout,  
 The only spear was seen, and led them in,  
 The stricken warriors to council seats  
 In a great circle, where upon the ground  
 They sat surrounded by the women, men  
 And children of the town, who gathered in  
 As custom bade, to hear the direful news.  
 In solemn silence, motionless, except  
 The wringing of the hands unto the bone,  
 Bursting with sobs repressed the women stood  
 With all their children hanging to their robes,  
 In wondering ignorance of what it meant,  
 This sudden change of joy to deepest grief,  
 Learning the early lesson of despair

Which waits their race throughout their native land.

At last one rose among the fugitives,  
A wounded chief, neck-circled with the claws  
Of bears, a cloth about his loins, nought else  
But war paint on him as he left the fight  
Of Bushy Run, where taken captive, he  
Was spared to bring the message that he brought  
From the commander of the Saganosh.

"O, women, listen!" cried he, "and you men  
Who are too old for battle. We have come  
Through the dark forests, dragging painfully  
Our wounded feet, to tell you all is lost!  
Our western warriors, numerous as the reeds  
Upon the river bank, bent all one way  
Before the blast of war, fought till they died  
To the last man almost, at Bushy Run!"

All gave a start and as a passing wind  
Upon the reeds had bent them all one way,  
Their heads bowed to their knees, their bronzed hands  
Outspread despairingly, clutched at the air  
As if to grasp at something was not there.  
But none cried out, except a few in pain,  
Whose bursting breasts could not their grief restrain.

The chief grew faint, a warrior by him stood  
Upon whose tawny shoulder he reposed  
His wounded arm, and rested, and went on:  
"Twas at the break of day, the English host,  
Weary with marches and continual fights  
With all our allied warriors, struck their tents  
And stood in line of battle, one to five  
Of our opposing tribes, who hemmed them in.  
As when our hunters drive the furious herds  
Of Bisons on the prairies of the west.  
So hemmed we in the Saganosh that day,  
When they broke camp amid the treacherous woods  
And dark ravines and rocks of Bushy Run.  
Our prophets prophesied a victory sure,  
And the blue mountains in the distance stood  
Uncapped of clouds to see the battle won  
And all the host of Saganosh undone!

The soldiers of the King who wear the red,  
Had crossed the mountains, making roads to come  
Where never foot of white man trod before,  
With guns that roll on wheels, and horses backed  
By warriors with long swords — Kitchi Komung —

And men bare kneed, with bonnets eagle plumed,  
 And kilted, with their pouches worn before;  
 With drums and war pipes sounding down the line  
 Of valour and of victory the sign.  
 So the white soldiers of the King. Our chiefs  
 Boiling with valour from their frequent fights  
 And scalps with honour plucked from pioneers,  
 Far from the camp, grew overbold and rash,  
 Despite good warnings that to grasp a nest  
 Of angry hornets is not safe, our chiefs  
 Intoxicated with the feast and dance  
 And war drum's beat, madly resolved to storm  
 The English camp, and in one rush, slay all,  
 Spare none, except the prisoners doomed to die  
 By torture at the stake, and death by fire.

But they had wary chiefs those Saganosh!  
 Bouquet the wisest who commanded all!  
 And when the tribes bore down upon the front  
 Of his encumbered camp, with horses, men  
 And wagon trains in dire confusion mixed,  
 When victory was yelled from Indian throats,  
 And scalping knives plucked from their ready sheaths  
 He turned the storm upon our flanks and rear!  
 For while we fought the Saganosh in front,  
 His savage Highlanders, the men in plaids,  
 Bare knees and bonnets, with a round of fire  
 And flashing bayonets and those great broadswords  
 And shouts more terrible than Indian yells,  
 Ambushed us, where we hoped to ambush them!  
 By hundreds fell our warriors. No escape  
 From English bayonets and those Highland swords!  
 No quarter gave they, and we asked for none;  
 None we had given — none expected. I  
 Was wounded as you see and dragged headlong  
 Before Bouquet, who bade them spare my life.  
 A noble man, as generous as brave.  
 He spared and sent me on a message home  
 To all the tribes at war against the King.  
 He offered peace to all our tribes — alas!  
 I read upon his features ere he spake  
 The stern conditions of his grant of life  
 To those were spared, how few, I need not tell!  
 The old, old story followed hard upon  
 His victory. A hundred leagues of land  
 He took as fine and forfeit to the King,  
 And there was none to say him "No!" our best  
 And bravest warriors lay before his feet  
 Dead and unburied, on the Bushy Run."

The old men listened speechless, while a groan  
 As of despair struggled for utterance  
 In their bronze bosoms; for of yore they too  
 Had been brave warriors who defied all foes,  
 And never cry of anguish left their lips.  
 The women heeding less the loss of lands  
 Than of their loved ones slain, rose to their feet  
 With outstretched hands and shrieks of wild despair;  
 But he continued the stern message sent  
 Of superadded woe to all the tribes.

“The great chief of the Saganosh proclaims  
 That on a day, upon the Muskingum,  
 He will march in his army, to receive  
 All English captives, taken far or near,  
 Of every age and sex, however long  
 They have been held or joined by Indian law  
 In marriage or adoption, bond or free,  
 Made of one blood and household; everyone  
 From every corner of the Indian land  
 From every nation that has ever warred  
 Against the English, shall be given up  
 To be returned to their own native homes,  
 To learn again the language of their youth,  
 The customs of their fathers, long forgot;  
 To hate may be the kindly Indian life  
 And Indian love without hypocrisy,  
 Which made them one with us, and they returned  
 Our love, and in the freedom of our woods  
 Would willingly be left to live and die.

The English army with their chiefs, and men  
 From all the Provinces, who write with pen  
 And paper things which we with memory  
 That never fails, remember, or record  
 With wampum in our councils — will encamp  
 A year and day from now, to gather in  
 The captives theirs by birth, by breeding ours.  
 All must be given up! not one be left  
 Born of an English mother — men and boys,  
 Women and girls, the fair haired rosy ones!  
 Who twine like vines about our Indian hearts,  
 And love their foster fathers as their own.  
 All shall be reft from us and given up  
 To those who know them not, and cannot speak  
 The kindly language of the forest tribes.

The Saganosh will grant no peace, except  
 On these conditions; that our captives all

Be gathered in, restored and given up,  
 Weeping may be, but sent to their old homes,  
 Forgotten now by them, in vales beyond  
 The blue ridge of the Appalachian hills.  
 Yea, to captivity a second time  
 Among strange kindred who will hate them for  
 Their Indian speech, and ways, and love for us,  
 And love them only when they learn to hate  
 Us, and the free life of our forest homes."

The Chief, his message ended, and forspent  
 With wounds and weariness upon the grass  
 Dropped like an eagle by the hunter hit  
 When his high nest is tumbled from its crag  
 And all his eaglets scattered on the ground.  
 The captive children scarcely understood  
 The message he had brought, but joined their cries  
 With those of their adopted mothers, who  
 The children's frightened faces held and pressed  
 Close to their bosoms, and with mantles hid  
 The sorrows which they knew not to assuage.

A word devoid of meaning, Freedom, seemed  
 To them who revelled in its native home;  
 And restoration to their natural kin  
 Seemed banishment to strangers, long forgot,  
 Who came to claim them with the anger spot  
 Of vengeance on their foreheads for their crime  
 Of loving love, more than estranged kin.  
 The freedom of the woods was dear to them —  
 Part of their nature. Earth and air and clouds,  
 And flowers, and waters, and all things that lived  
 And lay about them, seemed a part of them,  
 To be the expression of the life within,  
 Respondant each to other, as the eye  
 Responds to light, the heart to warmth of love.  
 With love warm as the fountains that spring up,  
 Bubbling with health amid Virginian hills,  
 The captive children said they would remain  
 And never see their English homes again!

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### The Deliverance.

The English colours, first for freedom ever,  
 Flew for deliverance in the Ohio woods.  
 A year and day passed, since the war begun  
 By Pontiac, was closed at Bushy Run.

It was a time of mad confusion. Woe  
 Among the forest tribes, and those afar  
 Out in the sunshine of the treeless plains,  
 Who drank the waters of the Illinois.  
 A hundred Indian runners to and fro  
 Carried the English General's stern command,  
 On pain of death to bring the captives in!  
 However far, however many, few,  
 Or age or sex to bring the captives in!  
 After a year and day, the English camp  
 Would pitch in permanence at Muskingum  
 Until the last white captive was brought in.

Upon the morning of that Autumn day,  
 The army came upon a King's highway  
 Cut through the savage wilderness, and pitched  
 Their camp, row after row of snowy tents,  
 In the Savannah of the Muskingum.  
 A goodly sight; line after line it stretched  
 In true diagonals with entrenched flanks  
 And sentries pacing round on every side.

The drums and trumpets filled the savage woods  
 With martial music — since the world began  
 Not heard before upon the Muskingum.  
 Bold horsemen first and scouts of nimble feet  
 Broke from the forest skirts, and led the way  
 Followed by rank on rank of Saganosh,  
 The red coat soldiers, veterans of the war,  
 New plumed with victory, and Highland men  
 From the wild Grampians, stalwart, bare of limb  
 And terrible with battle cries and pipes  
 That screamed in fight as wild as Indian yells.

In the autumnal month, the last that holds  
 The Indian summer in its bosom, ere  
 The wet soft snow falls gently on the earth,  
 A year and day from Bushy Run, the tribes  
 Warned and forewarned, dared not to disobey,  
 But brought their captives in, to earn the price  
 Of their deliverance, pardon, rest and peace.

A camp beside the soldiers' camp was set,  
 With rows of empty tents, and dainty food  
 By loving hands prepared, such as of old  
 Had spread their father's tables; clothing too  
 To dress the captives, and exchange the garb  
 Of savage life for civilized, to meet  
 The expected kindred they had lost so long,  
 And hear again their native English tongue.

A train of wagons drawn by twos and fours  
 Of lusty horses of the pioneers,  
 With men and women followed hard upon  
 The English march, from all the waste frontiers,  
 The kinsfolk of the captives came to claim  
 Their own lost children of the years of war.  
 Beneath their palms they looked with eager gaze  
 When near the camp, to see a pale face child,  
 A prattling voice that spake the English tongue,  
 A voice — yea one child's cry had been enough  
 To fill their throats with sympathetic tears.  
 Rough though they were, in farmers' dress, with hands  
 Hard with the helms of axes, years of grief  
 Had softened their rude nature, and refined  
 The manly faces of the pioneers.  
 There is a beauty born of tender love  
 And sorrow for the lost, with faith in hope  
 That time will right all wrongs, in God's own way.  
 That beauty on the mourners' faces sat,  
 As they awaited silently and long  
 The signal gun of the deliverance  
 To summon them to come and claim their own.

West of the English camp, the Indian tribes  
 Had pitched their lodges in the shady woods  
 Now turned to gold and crimson with the leaves  
 Fast dropping over them. Kind Nature's hand  
 Was strewing all the earth with emblems dear  
 Of her compassion for the dying year.  
 Of many tongues and moccasins, allies  
 In the great war of Pontiac, the tribes  
 Conquered in battle at the Bushy Run,  
 Waited the signal of the midday gun.

They stood and scowled reluctant to come in,  
 Shorn of their war plumes, and unpainted, sad  
 And loth and angry that they had to yield  
 Their captives, now their children, who upon  
 Their foster mother's bosoms clung and wept  
 And wondered what would happen them among  
 Their strange white kindred, who came to enfold  
 Them in their arms — perhaps with scornful gaze  
 Would thrust them from them and in speech unknown  
 The youthful savages refuse to own.

But vain their fears, for human nature strong  
 In their dear kindred who had come so far  
 To claim the captives, never would debar  
 One from its just inheritance, the love

Of fathers and of mothers, who bewailed  
 Their lost ones, and of kinsman of their blood  
 And that mysterious knot of brotherhood  
 Which makes a people and a nation one.  
 The mighty love of a strong hearted race  
 Compassionate as giants for their own  
 Would never fail, forsake or leave to die  
 One in the wilderness however far,  
 Without a thousand lives for one well spent  
 For honour, duty and love's sacrament.

Their dreams for many years had filled their arms  
 With images of sleeping babes, which morn  
 Envious of night turned into nothingness,  
 Leaving them more bereaved, still more forlorn.  
 But when the thunders of the Bushy Run  
 Were echoed for a thousand miles and woke  
 The fears of all the forest tribes, and more  
 The hopes of the despairing pioneers,  
 For rescue of their kindred and return  
 Of peace and safety to their ravaged homes,  
 The fresh grass timidly began to grow  
 Upon the war paths, as the order ran  
 And overran the desolate frontiers,  
 That all should follow and reclaim each one  
 Their long lost children and their captive kin.

Before the General's tent a lofty mast  
 Cut from Ohio pine bore proudly up  
 The old red cross of England in the breeze,  
 For freedom and deliverance, and return  
 Of all the captives to their native homes.  
 The General leaning on his sheathed sword,  
 Grave, just and full of pity, foremost stood,  
 To grant, refuse, or order what was right,  
 With patience, justice, and an equal ear  
 To every pleading, or from red or white.  
 Upon a rough camp table by his side  
 Lay papers, books and lists of every tribe,  
 With all their captives claimed, and pen in hand  
 Sat secretaries quick to hear and note  
 The questions, answers, and the judgments given,  
 While true interpreters with gift of tongues  
 Stood ready to interpret all was said,  
 In many languages, which wide apart,  
 Still spoke as one to every human heart.

The sun shone brightly out upon the throng  
 Of broken Indian warriors who came in —

Not slavishly though conquered — grave and sad,  
 Their women blanketed in blue, with babes  
 Tied on their cradle boards, and clutching hard  
 With bronzed hands as loth to let them go,  
 Their children by adoption, girls and boys  
 Blooming with health, blue eyed and flaxen haired,  
 Who to them clung and gazed with awe and fear  
 Upon the red coat soldiers rank and file,  
 Who formed a spacious square with ordered arms  
 And glittering bayonets round the council board.  
 The Indian warriors entered one by one  
 The martial court of judgment, every man  
 With his own bunch of sticks of every size,  
 The number of the captives he restored.

Upon the General's right the eager throng  
 Of jostling kinsmen were by sentries checked,  
 That no unseemly act disorder bred,  
 When they beheld with eyes of filling tears  
 Their children lost to them for years and years.  
 Upon the left the captives stood in rows,  
 Bleached white with fear, holding the robes or hands  
 Of their fond foster parents who behind  
 Them whispered words of comfort as they could,  
 Words of farewell, and sorrow and despair.  
 Fierce were the looks and angry, which were cast  
 Upon the Indians by the pioneers,  
 Inflamed the more as often as they saw,  
 With jealous eyes, the signs of love that passed  
 Between the foster parents and the rows  
 Of captive children dressed in Indian garb  
 Of choicest work of love from head to foot.

They brought the captives in by ones and twos  
 For recognition by the eager crowd  
 Of kinsmen waiting with such open eyes  
 As never in the world were seen before,  
 Eyes blue or black, the shape of nose or chin,  
 Figure and face and forehead, tint of hair,  
 Each trait and form and motion, gestures full  
 Of old familiar memories of their homes  
 Were scanned, and when discovered, suddenly  
 A woman's scream was heard, a rush to see  
 If she was right — a name of all names dear  
 Cried wildly from the unforgotten past,  
 A grasp of hands, a kiss, a fond embrace,  
 An old pet name of long and long ago,  
 Repeated and repeated, till it woke  
 Response out of the widely staring eyes,

A flash of recollection like the sun  
 Returning on the long dark polar night  
 And then a cry of Indian women rose  
 Oft as their foster children turned to kiss  
 Their natural kinsfolk, and then bade farewell,  
 Farewell forever to their forest life.

Each captive as delivered came to touch  
 The General's hand whose clasp was liberty,  
 Whose word was law, and by him kindly given  
 Each one to his own kinsmen; but alas!  
 Many unknown and knowing not themselves,  
 The General called *his own*, and these into  
 His hospitable tent with others passed,  
 Where all were cared for, comforted and clad  
 In English garments, and with wondering ears,  
 Not understanding, heard their native tongue.  
 The crowd of captive children stood amazed,  
 Shrinking, dauntless, frightened at the press  
 Of fathers, mothers, and of all degrees  
 Of kith and kin they knew not, looking oft  
 With weeping eyes towards the Indian throng,  
 Who with impatience heard the interpreters  
 Slowly explain the mutual words were said.

One came and stood before the General then;  
 Led by the chief still halting from his wound,  
 Who brought the message home from Bushy Run.  
 A fair haired, blue eyed girl, lovely of face,  
 Slender and supple as the rush that stands  
 Out of the mirror of the placid pool  
 Among the water lilies, not less fair;  
 English they said, but no one knew her birth,  
 Or blood or breeding in her cradle land,  
 And every word of language she had known,  
 Except the Indian tongue, was lost, and blank  
 Was every memory of her native home;  
 An Indian girl in heart, and heart's desire,  
 Her white skin glistened through the Indian robe  
 That opened as she lightly trod the ground,  
 Claspng her foster father's hand, she came  
 Before the General modestly, and looked  
 With calm indifference at a woman's face:  
 Who scanned her closely with devouring eyes,  
 With hands outstretched, and foot advanced, as if  
 To spring towards her, but who stood in check  
 At sight of the repulsion in the looks  
 Of the white captive girl, who gave no sign  
 Of wish to know her; nay, indignantly

At last turned from her with a glance of scorn.

Was she mistaken, this fond mother? No!  
The girl was like as young could be to old,  
In form and feature, and spectators said  
This must be Gertrude who was rudely snatched  
Out of her baby cradle in the raid  
Made by the wild Miamis and the French,  
When Braddock bravely chose to die among  
His gallant soldiers ambushed in the wood  
Beside Monongahela's rocky flood.

The captive girl again disdainfully  
Looked at the group, not knowing what they said,  
And with aversion turned from them and clasped  
Her foster father by the arm, and cried,  
Somewhat impetuous, as her nature was:

"I will not leave you, father! nor your lodge!  
The only home I love, or wish to know.  
I will not leave it as the swallows leave  
Their nests when summer fades and leaves turn brown.  
I am your daughter and none else I know,  
Or wish to know; I have no kindred left  
With whom the memory of me remains,  
Or whom I can remember. Vainly I  
Have ransacked all my thoughts of infant years  
To recollect one face, one word, one thing  
That ever looked at me out of the dark  
Oblivion of my babyhood — one look  
Of loving eyes, one place of home of mine,  
Other than in our lodges where we dwell  
Beside Muskingum's peaceful, placid stream."

As spake the girl, not far away a flute  
Down in the bushes of ripe alder full  
Of clusters, sounded plaintively and low  
And sweet, yet sad and hopeless, as the note  
Of Whippoorwill reiterated oft  
In the soft gloaming of a summer eve.  
Such airs as fill the Indian maids with ruth,  
And pity for their lovers calling them  
With scranrel notes made music to their ears.  
The maiden knew the air and whose the breath  
That filled the flute with sad refrains of love,  
And for a time forgot the passing scene,  
Forgot the staring eyes, the trembling hands,  
The whispered words or loud, from lip to lip,  
Of her white mother and her kinsfolk near,  
Who stood in growing certainty, as if

Ready to rush and seize her as their own.  
 But something checked them in the girl, a look  
 Of proud repulsion kept them back; but she  
 Who was her mother would not yield her faith.  
 She came and drew with eager hands the hair  
 Back from the maiden's forehead, held her cheeks  
 Between her trembling palms, and looked into  
 Her eyes and face with steadfast look and long,  
 As if to take her image in, to death.

The girl gazed at her mother and repelled  
 The touch upon her blushing cheek, and said,  
 "I do not know you!" in her Indian tongue,  
 "This is my father, and my mother, this!  
 I know no other, have no wish to know,  
 And want no other." Then she seized the hands  
 Of both her foster parents; "These I love,  
 With these I live, with these I hope to die  
 In the free forests of the Muskingum!"

As word by word her speech passed through the lips  
 Of the interpreter, and met the ear  
 Of her true mother, who had one by one  
 Scanned in her features every line and mark  
 To full conviction that this was her child,  
 As one caught in a snow storm in a wild  
 Dark misty night, and choked with whirling drifts,  
 So was her mother stricken with the cold  
 Defiant breath of her she knew her child,  
 Who loved no more her mother, nor her kin.  
 Those lips that from her tender breast had sucked  
 The milk of infancy, whose smiles had caught  
 From her fond eyes a glimpse of open heaven —  
 Forgotten! O forgotten, every trace  
 Of recognition of her mother's face!

Her kinsmen stood, half angry at her words,  
 And doubted strongly what they had believed.  
 "This could not be their Gertrude!" cried they. No!  
 Some wilding shoot of lawless life was she;  
 For nature's self could not so change the blood  
 Of one born of their name that she preferred  
 The Indian lodge, the Indian garb and tongue,  
 To life at home and civilized attire.  
 She was no daughter of the house that stood  
 With open door for many and many a year,  
 Awaiting one to come who never came,  
 The child out of the cradle lost, and now  
 Forever lost, for this could not be she!

They all stood silent then and knew not how  
 To reach this heart, obdurate to them all.  
 Then spake the General gravely, as his eyes  
 Rested with pity on the mother's face —  
 He read thereon the secret of the truth:  
 This was her child! and he himself would try  
 To find the meaning of the mystery,  
 And bring the girl to knowledge of herself,  
 And recollection of her mother, whom  
 He questioned then most searchingly, to tell  
 By whom and where and how she lost her child?  
 Rent from her struggling arms that lurid night  
 When every roof-tree blazed and tracked with blood  
 Were all the settlements of Shenandoah.

Then turning kindly to the captive maid,  
 Who stood as cold as snow, with frigid eyes  
 Indifferent to all was said or done.  
 With one hand pressed she down her mantle's edge  
 Upon her bosom, and one foot withdrew  
 Not to approach too near the woman, who  
 Had claimed her daringly as her own child.  
 Shrewdly the General thought, "Although the eye  
 Is surest witness of the things of sight,  
 The ear is surer to recall the tones  
 And catch the voices of the long ago.  
 Words still work miracles, as when the world  
 And all things in it, by the Word were made.  
 Words stir the memory of our earliest love,  
 In winged words of a forgotten lay  
 Back to the dawn of childhood's farthest day."

Then to the captive maid, and with a smile,  
 "Sit down," he said, "upon the grass and rest  
 Your hands and face upon the woman's breast,"  
 And to the mother bade her sit beside  
 The captive girl, who half obeyed his words  
 And half refused, but wondering out and in  
 What meant the Saganosh? what meant the look  
 That fascinated her and held her bound  
 Beneath her mother's eyes? what meant the sound  
 So musical and sweet that from her lips  
 Fell like an incantation on her ear?  
 A melody as of a happy dream  
 Recalled she knew not where, or when or how.  
 The wise old General knew the secret springs  
 That move the heart to ruth, and as he bade  
 Her mother sang her cradle song again,  
 The long forgotten strains of long ago.

“ Hush! my babe! lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed,  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Falling gently on thy head!”

With faltering voice and quivering lips she sang,  
 So full of love the sweet and saintly hymn  
 First heard in infancy from mother's lips  
 Of all our English race, upon the ear  
 Of the young girl; it held her spell bound, while  
 She listened wonderingly to words and sound  
 That opened long shut doors of memory,  
 Like one awakening from a night long sleep,  
 And sent a thrill so sweet it felt like pain.

Again her mother's voice, weak in its fear  
 Lest this last trial was in vain, went on.  
 Clutching her daughter's hands while ran the tears  
 From their hot fountain down her withered cheek,  
 She trembling sang, like one that fasts and prays  
 And scarcely hopes for answer to her prayer.

“ Soft, my dear, I do not chide thee,  
 Though my song may sound too hard,  
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee  
 And her arms shall be thy guard ”

The mother bent and kissed the passive cheek  
 That lay upon her lap, no longer turned  
 In hot resentment, but subdued by love.  
 Music and words surged through the maiden's soul,  
 Her heart was striving with new consciousness  
 Of long forgotten things, as in the waves  
 Of shipwreck, faces that we know are seen  
 Emerging from the deep, and hands lift up  
 Their prayer for help; so lay the sobbing girl  
 In agony of knowledge. She upon  
 Her mother's knees, looked upward and her eyes  
 Were caught as by a talisman and held  
 By something she remembered to have seen;  
 A silver bauble set with coral, hung  
 Suspended on her mother's breast, a toy  
 With subtle thoughtfulness of mother love  
 Placed there; she knew it! touched it! kissed!  
 And as the cradle hymn flowed in her ear  
 The words less strange and still less strange appear.  
 One word of it she caught and in her heart  
 Interpreted, and rising on her knees  
 Flung both arms round her weeping mother's neck  
 And kissed her, and with voice all heard cried out

“My mother! O, my mother!” nothing more,  
 She knew but that one word of childhood's lore,  
 That comprehends all love of earth and heaven  
 Yes, she remembered now her English tongue!  
 “Mother! my mother!” and it was enough!

All looked with tears of sympathy upon  
 This scene of Nature's own enacting. “Yea!”  
 Exclaimed her kinsfolk one and all, “'Tis she!  
 She knows her mother!” “Yes, and I know her!  
 My long lost Gertrude! now again my own!”  
 Replied the enraptured mother as she pressed  
 Her to her heart, and with her hands caressed.

The Indian foster parents with dismay  
 Watched all her movements, and knew but too well  
 Their loved one lost to them, as she embraced  
 The mother she confessed before them all!  
 The General raised his hand to clear the mist  
 That gathered in his brave and steady eyes.  
 Pleased with his stratagem, he bade them go,  
 The girl in her new freedom and the rest,  
 With words of kind advice. Her Indian kin  
 With gifts were loaded, and all sent away,  
 To make place still for others, for a throng  
 Of captives standing waiting to be free.

The gaunt old Chief showed no emotion, but  
 Stood up before the General, “You,” said he,  
 “I know to be a man, as I am one,  
 For you have conquered fairly, and I yield  
 My arms to you When hopeless is the field  
 And all is lost, 'tis good to bury deep  
 The useless hatchet, when a noble foe  
 Whom we can trust and know to be a man  
 Shall offer peace and friendship to our tribes,  
 As he who conquered us at Bushy Run.  
 Take our dear girl! although our hearts are sore  
 At parting with her; it is right and just  
 That I who took her captive, when a babe,  
 Return her now a maiden, pure and good,  
 Trained in the virtues of our forest tribes.  
 Permit me only to fulfil one wish,  
 To give her gifts — broad lands of hill and dale  
 Beside this river, which she loves so well.  
 Lands of our nation which we will not sell  
 We give to her and hers, while water runs  
 And grass grows on the prairies ever more.

A time will come, when those who follow here

The Saganosh, the soldiers of the King,  
 Will not regard the treaty you have made,  
 Nor any treaty with our Indian tribes,  
 But hold us less than wolves, a common prey  
 For all who choose to take our lands away!  
 But all is ours as yet. I lift my hand  
 And close it in the air — I grasp the wind:  
 But standing on the solid ground, my feet  
 I press upon it, all is firm and hard,  
 And by this wampum belt, I give to her  
 Ten thousand squares of acres high and low,  
 Upon Muskingum's bank, as she shall choose  
 To be her portion near or far away,  
 Which while a red man lives of all our tribe  
 Will be held sacred to the end of days.  
 And you shall be her guardian, Saganosh!  
 To see that none of your own race and hue  
 Take from her what I give in trust to you!"

The girl with many tears and loving words  
 Embraced her foster father, whom she kissed  
 On hands and cheek, and all her Indian kin,  
 With sad farewell; held fast her mother's hand  
 As if she feared to lose it; then retired  
 Into the tents set for the captives who  
 Were that day freed upon the Muskingum.

The business of the day went on. The rest  
 Of all the captives were delivered up,  
 Claimed and unclaimed — the last, alas! not few,  
 And most unhappy with no friends to greet,  
 No homekept memories, no love to cheer,  
 Save the rough pity of the Saganosh,  
 The soldiers soft of heart though rude of speech,  
 Who cared for them as if they were their own.

All were delivered up — man, woman, child,  
 To the last one; and then the books were shut.  
 A loud salute of cannon and the roll  
 Of English drums that beat for Justice ever!  
 Filled the wild air with glad triumphal noise.  
 The troops marched to their camp, to end the day  
 With feasting fit and merry, while a sad  
 And slow procession of the Indian tribes  
 Entered the gloomy forest whence they came,  
 To mourn the loss of their adopted ones  
 And brood upon the doom hung o'er their race.

The General to his tent with heart to feel  
 For both, that all were human and alike,

Were equally God's creatures — white and red —  
 Sat down and with his friends fared temperately,  
 And talked far in the night, of good deeds done,  
 And less of slaughter than of lives were saved,  
 And most of all the triumph of to-day,  
 The great Deliverance of the Bushy Run.



### L'Envoy.

Old Clifford closed the book, and read no more;  
 But mused and smiled by turns, like cloud and sun  
 Upon an April day of mottled sky,  
 Prefiguring the summer by and by.  
 "What think you of it, orother?" to the chief  
 He spake, beside him. "Full a hundred years  
 Have come and gone since that deliverance;  
 How is it with the prophecy of doom  
 Was spoken in Muskingum's forest glades  
 When yet the pioneers afraid to cross  
 The mountain barriers to the pathless west,  
 Held back their multitudes until the way  
 Was opened by the soldiers of the King?"

The chief turned sadly to him and replied:  
 "I know full well that prophecy of doom.  
 In all our tribes we count a hundred years  
 Of fraud and force, and all those western lands  
 Have been rent from us with a fatal curse  
 That will not leave them to the end of time.  
 'A century of dishonor,' more than full,  
 Of broken treaties, exile, hunger, death,  
 Has raged in cruelty against the tribes  
 Whose evil fate it was to own the land  
 The pale face coveted, and seized and kept  
 With unclean hands that dripped with Indian blood.  
 Not so with us in happier Canada,  
 Where right and justice neath the sceptered rule  
 Of her whose natal day we celebrate,  
 Prevail in all your dealings with our race,  
 Where never covenant chain was broken yet,  
 Nor treaty torn, nor foul disparagement  
 Done to our people, who in war or peace  
 Are therefore true to you forever more.  
 With quickened souls we learn from you who know,  
 Things wise and good, and by degrees throw off  
 The robe of skins and dress ourselves like you,  
 And lay aside the bow, and till the soil,

The plough and not the hatchet in our hands.  
Thus love we our dear country and rise up  
To the full height of subjects of our Queen."

"Yea! 'tis well said!" cried Clifford, "and a day  
Will come of recognition, gratitude  
And pride in the achievements of your race.  
Your noble chiefs, Brant and Tecumseth both  
Will stand in bronze in our great cities, with  
The honours of our annals, as of men  
Who helped to keep this land, nor feared to die  
For Britain's Empire in the Western World."

And now the games were ended, and the play,  
In which both sides had lost and won the day,  
Finished with feasting, music and a dance  
Upon the lawn of Paradise, the sun  
Set in the western woods, kindling a blaze  
Of glory like a bonfire of the world.  
By twos and threes and tens, a merry train  
Wended their way to town, across the plain  
Of old Fort George; their moving shadows stretch  
To lengths portentous on the glistening grass.  
The sunlit tower of old St. Mark's still shone  
Above the sombre pines, while all its bells  
Broke out in harmony — a charming peal  
That filled the air with music all the way  
To close the revels of the Queen's Birthday.



