

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.
TRUST IN HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

MOORE.

Trust in heaven!—when o'er thy path,
Clouds and tempest come in wrath;
When thy grief oppresses thee,
When obscured thy prospects be,
When around thee mists are driven,
Heed them not, but trust in heaven!

Trust in heaven!—when morning lifts
Up her head, and casts her gifts,
Light and dew, upon the earth;
When she brings the blossoms forth,
Till shall shine the stars of even,
For a safeguard, trust in heaven!

Trust in heaven!—when there star
Burneth many a glorious star,
Canst thou doubt, when thus their light,
Gleams unshadowed through the night,
That protection may be given
To thy pillow!—trust in heaven!

Trust in heaven!—when one by one
Sweet the waves of hope glide on,
Leaving thee a wreck at last
On the shore whence they have passed;
Though my heart be wrung and riven,
Still forever trust in heaven!

Trust in heaven!—when from its way
Those thou lovest go astray!
Strive, still strive to bring them back
To its straight and thornless track,
And that truth may soon be given
To their spirits, trust in heaven!

Trust in heaven!—it shall not fail,
When the darkest griefs prevail,
And when death at length shall come,
When around thee spreads his gloom,
Pray that thou mayst at be forgiven—
Place thy dearest trust in heaven!

THE REPERTORY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE LAST ARROW.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And who be ye who rashly dare,
To chase in woods the forest child?
To hunt the panther to his lair—
The Indian in his native wild!"

Old Ballad.

The American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the viceroy of Louis the Fourteenth, the governor-general of New-France, against the confederated Five Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the tameless Iroquois.

It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush forever the powers of the Aganashion confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier De Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies and Algonquins, and these the Baron de Bekancourt charged himself to conduct.—This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebuses, and other smaller arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which, with the tents and other camp-equipage, were transported in large bateaux built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of Lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debauched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowded the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served under Turen-

ne, Vauban and the great Conde, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside the half-naked Huron and Abenakis; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court, of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk, and Landen; or rustled above the troopers that Luxemburg's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Walddeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy that this gallant host were seeking unworthy of those whose "swords" had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations have been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, a half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of Lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which, we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives of the expedition, which he set forth to his master the Grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half blood-girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor-general, and in whom, indeed, M. De Frontenac was said to have a paternal interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living in the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were, among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances; but offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitration to the young Mohawk chief Kiodago, (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitle him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer camp, among the wild hills about Konnedieyu; and, when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that, by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms, a

small but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musqueteers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible but now superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crash among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then as the startled warriors leaped all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musqueteers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some overwhelmed with dismay sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's paths around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves as warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corselets, ruddy with the reflected fires amid which they fought, glinted back still brighter sparks from the hatchet of flint which crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered the discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the pale features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurried backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *melee*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk, before he could make a movement in his defence. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms from a lodge on the farther side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. That chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the

meantime, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high souled savage: as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about to rush again into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard too the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms, she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, with as much coolness as if there was no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb-joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow to the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and three only followed him. He had recognized the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that that wily traitor, instead of being misled by his ruse, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then leaving his footmarks, dashed into the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of

De Grais, Hanyost, and a French musqueteer were hotly urging their way, hunted warrior ground his teeth when he heard the voice of the traitor Fleming in the glen below him; and, leaping from crag to crag, he circled the knoll, and planted his foot by the root of a blasted oak that shot its limits above a cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her breast, sunk exhausted among the flowers, waved in the moist breath of the cavern, chanced that at that very instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whence the surface of the foot of the flying ledge disengaged a stone, which cracking the branches, found its way through the ravine into the glen below. The Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musqueteer, pointed in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The Frenchman, who had made one step in advance, a broad rock between them, leaning it, pistol in hand, half turned towards the follower; while the scout, who stood east out from the steep bank, bent forward to discover the mouth of the cavern, had caught a glimpse of the sinking sun just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God be thanked, bold archer! Thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the hound is upon thee; and the sea whose plumes now flutter in the wind will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. Thy wife—hold! the noble savage has still one left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, Mohawk had dropped his bow in his hand. His last arrow was still gripped in his binding fingers; and though his stiffened forebore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not yet yielded. The crisis which it takes to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the French inexperienced in wood-craft, were as he saw, too, that the keen eye of the Indian had caught sight of the object of his suit, and that further flight was impossible while the scene of his burning village, distance, inflamed him with hate towards the instrument of his misery. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, the muscles of the other swelled as the whole energies of his body were called in that single effort, Kiodago aimed, treacherous scout, and the twanging string dismisses his last arrow upon the sand. The hand of the spirit could have guided that shaft! it misses its mark. WANEYO smiles upon the brave scout, and the arrow, while it rattles against the cuirass of the Frenchman, glances towards the victim for whom it intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the chain of the chevalier, whose eyes changed among the rocks, as the two rolling down the glen together; De Grais was not unwilling to abandon pursuit when the musqueteer, coming to assistance, had disengaged him, and bloody, from the embrace of the living corpse.

What more is there to add. The widowed Europeans rejoined their country who were on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyrie to collect the fugitives, survivors of his band, and, after burying slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance on their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, soon afterwards, and the existence of the half blood daughter was forgotten. Although among the dozen old families of the state of New York, who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent to the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius displayed in the admirable picture of Columbus and Adams, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's LAST ARROW.

An Irishman seeing some sparrows in a tree went beneath and shook it, hoping his hat to catch them as they fell.

What an impudent varlet that De Gaulle Patriot is—only hear his "Modern Dictionary!"

LADY.—A female with her head upon a silk bonnet, her waist puckered into a circumference of a junk bottle, and her feet in the beel of her stocking.