



# MISCELLANIES,

BY

AN OFFICER.

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VOLUME I.

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DUMFRIES.

*Printed at the Dumfries and Galloway Courier Office,*

BY C. MUNRO.

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1813.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Speech to the Lake Indians, which begins this little volume, was (from recollection, the day after it had been spoken) turned into metre at the request *d'une chere compagne de voyage*, for whose amusement in that remote part of the world several songs, descriptive of the habits of the natives, were likewise composed.

In the Appendix, will be found an explanatory introduction to several letters, addresses, and councils, which were copied from the minutes left at the several posts, for the guidance of future commandants.—The intervening pieces, which have very little claim to poetry, were written on the impulse of the moment, with the view of diverting a few partial friends, and therefore should not have appeared in print (any more than an hundred other *petit jeux d'esprit*, whereof no copies have been retained), had it not been for the repeated solicitations of some of those friends, to whom they are now most respectfully presented, by

THE AUTHOR.

Dumfries, 30th Nov. 1812.



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**SPEECH**

**TO THE**

**WESTERN INDIANS.**



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## Argument.

---

**O**N the 4th day of May 1774, the author of this little volume was sent from Quebec, up to the post of Michilimackinack to take the command thereof, with the painful task of superintending the western tribes, or Lake Indians, consisting of Kickapoos, Pioreas, Piankishaws, Mascoutins, Oufagamies, Wyandots, Saukies, Muskakies, Ouyachtenons, Kaskakeas, Michigamies, Minominees, Pattawatamies, Scioux, Ottawas, Chippawas, and others. Over all of whom he soon gained sufficient ascendancy to enable him to conclude a general peace, whereby the Indian fur-trade was greatly extended, as it enabled the traders to penetrate the hunting country in all directions.

On the 27th of June, 1776, the Indians, in the immediate neighbourhood of Michilimackinack, received strings of wampum from the Nippisink Indians, through the medium of Monsieur Matavit, the priest at the Lake of the Two Mountains, to

inform them that the enemy were in possession of Montreal, and, therefore, required their assistance, lest the English should be driven quite out of Canada ; whereupon the chiefs applied to their father (as they called the commandant of the fort) for his assistance and advice how to act in so critical a juncture ;—when he told them to mind their hunting, until their interference should be required by the commander-in-chief, which only could authorise him to act. In a few days after this he received an express, accompanied with belts of wampum, and a speech from the Six Nations, inviting the Michilimackinack Indians to assemble at the Connesedaga village. When, on the commandant seeing that canoes arrived with passes signed by the American general Worster, and doctor Benjamin Franklin, wherein was stipulated that those traders should not afford any succour whatever to his garrison, the Indians, to the number of 500, were hurried off, under the care of British and Canadian officers, with strict injunctions not to commit cruelty, or to take scalps even from the dead. The enemy having been driven away, the Indians came back to *winter* with their families, and in the spring following they were sent down to assist General Burgoine in his expedition across Lake Champlain ; and, on their return, were, on the 4th of July 1779, assembled for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton's expedition against the American General Clark, in the Illenois country,—upon which occasion the following speech was made to them, at the Indian village of Abercroche, previous to their embarking upon the Lake Michigan, on their route

to St Joseph's. (1) Which speech (with a few documents) is now, as far as a few copies, allowed by the author to be printed at the importunity of some of his friends who wish to have some insight into the customs and manners of the Lake Indians, and the manner in which they were brought from the interest of the French and Americans, and attached to that of the British, by the author, who had resided among them, and had the controul of them, for the space of eleven years.

The ready and effectual assistance these Indians have given to General Brock, (2) evinces the permanent effect the advice given them so many years ago has had upon their minds.

---

(1) From whence they returned much dissatisfied with the convention the Lieutenant-Governor had made,—surrendering himself and little army to Clark, before they could reach him.

(2) General Brock was a subaltern in the 8th or King's regiment, when it was commanded by the author of this speech, and was a military *élève* of his.



**SPEECH**  
TO  
**THE WESTERN INDIANS.**

---

**G**REAT Chiefs, convened at my desire  
To kindle up this council fire,  
Which, with ascending smoke, (1) shall burn  
Till you from war (2) once more return,  
To lay the axe in earth so deep,  
That nothing shall disturb its sleep. (3)

---

(1) When the war calumet or pipe is lit and handed round for every one to take a whif, in case the smoke rises erect, it is a good omen—and so *vice versa*.

(2) From Fort Charters, under the care of British officers, to assist Governor Hamilton, but before they could join him, he had surrendered by convention to the American General, Clark, near the Islenois.

(3) In time of peace the tomahawk is supposed to sleep in the earth.



Propitious see bright *Kesis* (1) shine  
 On every warlike son (2) of mine !  
 The Lake (3) is smooth, the roads are even,  
 What more is wanting under heaven.  
 To shew each tribe, (*Fox, Wolf, and Bear,*)  
 The *Monitou* (4) makes all his care.

While thus they smoke t'appear more wise,  
 And call for *milk* (5) to clear their eyes.  
*Y'Escabias*, (6) your chiefs disarm,  
 Lest they should do each other harm ;  
 Lay by their hatchets, knives, and spears,  
 And clear the dust (7) out of their ears,  
 That they may hear what I've to say ;

(1) The Sun.

(2) The commandant is called father by every friendly tribe.

(3) Lake Mitchigan.

(4) The Great Spirit.

(5) New England rum, which they call mother's milk, and drink it to excess,  
 when it is dangerous to leave them armed.

(6) The aid-de-camps, who disarm their chiefs.

(7) When Indians will not listen to your talk, they say that their ears are  
 either filled with dust or clay.

Then close them up again with clay,  
Or, drive all *bad birds* (1) far away.

I know you have been told by Clark, (2)  
His rifle-men ne'er miss the mark ;---  
In vain you hide behind a tree,  
If they your finger's tip can see,---  
The instant they have got their aim,  
Enrolls you on the list of lame.  
But, then, my sons, this boaster's rifles,  
To those I have in store, are trifles ;  
If you but make the tree your mark,  
The ball will twirl beneath the bark,  
'Till it one-half the circle find,---  
Then, out, and kill the man behind. (3)

Clark says, with *Louis* in alliance,  
He sets your **F**ather at defiance :

---

(1) The enemy's emissaries are so called.

(2) An American general.

(3) The Indians being a very credulous people, it becomes necessary to give the enemy a Rolland for their Oliver.

That he, too, hopes, ere long, to gain  
 Assistance from the King of Spain,  
 When he will come unto this place,  
 And put your *Nossa* (1) to disgrace ;---  
 Like Matchiquis, at foot-ball sport, (2)  
 With arms concealed, surprise his fort ;  
 Compel him, sword in hand, to fall,  
 Or ship him off for Montreal ;  
 When at the Straits, sly *Maskeash* (3)  
 Will shoot each flying *Sageanash*. (4)  
 Suppose a while, his threats prove true,  
 My children ! what becomes of you ?  
 Your sons,---your daughters,---and your wives,---  
 Must they be hacked by these big knives ? (5)

Sure you have heard the aged tell,  
 How Ferdinand and Isabelle,

- 
- (1) Indian name for Father, when speaking of the commandant in council.  
 (2) Under pretence of playing, he kicked the ball over the fort picquets,  
 rushed in with his band, and accomplished his purpose.  
 (3) The Straits leading from Lake Sinclair to Lake Huron.  
 (4) Indian name for an English man.  
 (5) A name for their American enemies, particularly the Virginians

Their empty coffers filled with gold?---  
 The story makes my blood run cold---  
 Their war-chiefs hunted down with hounds,  
 And covered o'er with ghastly wounds  
 All such as did not dare oppose  
 The first invasion of their foes?---  
 Then, will you like the Mexicans,  
 Await the *Kitchimokomans* ; (1)  
 Or show yourselves more brave and wise,  
 Ere they are joined by such allies?  
 Clark, soon repulsed, will ne'er return,  
 While your war-fire (2) thus clear doth burn.  
 Exert yourselves, therefore, while you  
 Are favoured by the *Monitou*.  
 Else smoke will cease to greet the skies,  
 Sad omens yield each sacrifice!---  
 In vain shall medicine-kettles (3) boil,  
 They'll not repay the juggler's toil ;

---

(1) The Indian name for big knives.

(2) The war-fire burning clear is one of the good omens.

(3) The jugglers boil up ingredients as a sacrifice, before the war party sets out, in hopes of a good omen.

Each path would soon be covered o'er  
 With briars, stones, and human gore,  
 While troubled waters lash the shore.  
 Observe the wretched *Kickapoose* ; (1)  
 What have they gained by *Lenctot's* (2) news ?  
 The *Ottagams*, *Pioreas*, and *Sacks*, (3)  
 Have scarce a blanket to their backs.  
 Old *Carminees*, *Weenippegoes*, (4)  
 Want fuzees, powder, ball, and clothes,  
 And skulk in dens, lest old *Langlade* (5)  
 Should give their heads the batonade :  
 There suck their paws, like northern bears,  
 Exposing nothing but their ears,  
 To hear if *Gautier de Verville* (\*)  
 Doth crave assistance from *Lafeuille* :

---

(1) A nation inhabiting the *Wabash* country.

(2) A runagate Frenchman, who used to communicate every favourable event attending the enemy.

(3) Three nations inhabiting the ground betwixt La Baye and the Mississippi. The Sacks are by some pronounced Saukies.

(4) A sensible old chief, at the head of a refractory tribe.

(5) A French officer, who had been instrumental in defeating General Braddock, gained over to the British cause by Colonel D. P., which secured all the Western Indians in our interest.

Or, if the *Chippawas* of the plains  
 Draw near to *Wabashaa's* (1) domains,  
 While none on earth live more at ease,  
 Than *Carong's* (2) brave *Menomenies*.

Let *Nonocassee*, (3) styled the *Beau*,  
 Still fear to meet the threatening foe ;  
 With *Petouiwiskam* (4), and his squa,  
 Shove off his boat for *Saguina*.  
 To lay night lines, and set salt snares, (5)  
 For cat-fish, (6) trout, and timorous hares :  
 To dry wild meat, and *hull* their corn,  
 Which you will eat when you return.

Such men are fit for warrior's slaves,  
 Whose sons shall *p---s* upon their graves,

---

(\*) Langlade's companion—they were both appointed captains.

(1) The great *Scioux* chief.

(2) A very clever fellow, chief of the nation of *Minominees*, the handsomest man among the Indians.

(3) A perfect *Theristes*, and a great fop.

(4) The fop's father, an old fellow in league with the French and Virginians.

(5) A thread, dipped in brine, is laid from the trap across their tracks, which they are so fond of licking, that it conducts them to their fate.

(6) Cat-fish weigh from 10 to 90, and trout from 10 to 60 lbs.

Till not one painted (1) stake appear  
 To tell whose bones lay rotting there.  
 While o'er each war-chief's sacred grave,  
 The British union flag shall wave ;  
 And, on its staff, a row of nicks,  
 Or more descriptive hieroglyphics, (2)  
 Denote the feats performed by those  
 Who did not fear to meet their foes.

The French, my sons, are not your friends.  
 They only mean to serve their ends !  
 In this alliance lately made,  
 Their aim is our tobacco trade.  
 I heard *Gebau* (3) say, 'tis no sin  
 To sell each pound, one otter-skin :  
 This priest cares not how dear he sells,  
 To those he styles poor infidels ;

---

(1) In the manner of a head-stone.

(2) Nicks or notches denote the number of times they have been to war, and they often carve hieroglyphical characters thereon.

(3) A profligate trading missionary, who had resided long amongst the Western Indians, and made few converts.

Who can't afford to light a pipe,  
 Until the *Sackagoming's* (1) ripe ;  
*Sumack*, (\*) red wood, (†) and such stuff,  
 Too mild, unmixed, to smoke or snuff.

The French, I say, by this convention,  
 To all this country wave pretension !  
 See, here, I hold it in my hand,  
 While *Clark* would have you understand  
 He only seeks to mount this bench---  
 To counsel for his friends---the French ;  
 Who're still in hopes, ere long, to check  
 The British arms,---to storm Quebec,  
 And seize the key of that great door,  
 Through which all merchandize must pour ;  
 For, while Britannia rules the main,  
 No goods can come from France or Spain.  
 “ Be sure this part you well explain.” (2)

---

(1) The bark of the tree of that name, which, with (\*) and (†) the Indians  
 scrape fine and mix with tobacco, or some times smoke it without mixing.

(2) Spoken to Mr Ainse, the Indian interpreter.



Shall France, then, send to spoil your lands,  
 And councils hold with empty hands?  
 No! Interest bids you all oppose  
 Those empty-handed *Parlevous*.

To Detroit, Linctot bends his way ;  
 I therefore turn you from the *Pey* (1)  
 To intercept the chevalier. (2)  
 At Fort St Joseph's, (3) and *O Post*, (4)  
 Go,---lay in ambush, for his host,  
 While I send round Lake Michigan,  
 To raise the warriors---to a man ;---  
 Who, on their way to get to you,  
 Shall take a peep---at *Eschickagou*. (5)

*Eghittawas* (6) smiles at the notion  
 Of *Kissegouit*, brave *Néotochin* ,

---

(1) A small fort on the Islenois river.

(2) A nickname.

(3) At the head of the river of that name, where the Pottawatamies have a fort and large settlement.

(4) Post St. Vincent, so called.

(5) A river and fort at the head of Lake Michigan.

(6) A staunch friend to the British cause, gained over by the commandant of Michilimackinack.

Swift Neogad, fierce Scherroschong,  
 And Glode, the son of Vieux Carong.  
 Those runegates of Milwakie, (1)  
 Must now *per force* with you agree.  
 Sly Siggenaak, and Naakewoin,  
 Must with Langlade their forces join :  
 Or, he will send them *tout au diable*,  
 As he did Baptist *Point de Saible*. (2)

And now the convert *Miamies*,  
 Must join the Pottawatamies ;—  
 Who're all true Catholics in religion,  
 Yet, as Mahomet let his pigeon,  
 Let those we call our bad birds here,  
 Whisper rebellion in their ear.  
 No wonder, then, their list'ner's stray'd  
 From what they should have done or said !  
 Thus Pettagouschac (3) said he'd take

---

(1) A horrid set of refractory Indians.

(2) A handsome negro, well educated (and settled at Eschecagou), but much in the French interest.

(3) The great chief of the Pottawatamies, who had a Romish chapel built in his village.

The French king's part, for conscience sake ;  
 And that,—because the priest Gebau  
 Cajolled him with a petted crow.

Pray, did not *Brieant*, (1) Quebec's bishop,  
 Absolving those who threw their fish up,  
 Make reverend priests stand centinel,  
 And for *Amen!* cry, *All is well!*  
 Eat pork in lent, 'gainst popish laws,  
 To serve your English father's cause.  
 Should he then care, if fish or meat,  
 St Joseph's tawny sons do eat ;  
 Or, if the Twigg twees (2) chaunt the mass,  
 Brieant would prove himself an ass.

You say, the fiery Mascoutans (3)  
 Won't strike the Kitchiemokomans ! (4)

---

(1) The Bishop of Quebec espoused the British cause most heartily, when Quebec was besieged in 1763.

(2) The Indians inhabiting the Wabash and the Missurie.

(3) Mascoutin signifies fire—they were, by the French, called *Gens de feu*.

(4) The Virginians.

No Mascoutin drinks from my barrel,  
 Till he espouse his father's quarrel;  
 Nor shall he have an *asseyan*, (1)  
 Though he's exposed a naked man.

Say, have you wanted *milk* (2) to drink,  
 Since your old friends, the Nippisink, (3)  
 With belts and strings, (4) for aid did call,  
 To drive the foe from Montreal? (5)  
 When at the lake of the Two Mountains,  
 You thought it was supplied by fountains:  
 Wherewith you got that night so *squiby*, (6)  
 That you were forced next day to lie by;

---

(1) The Indians wear no breeches, but what might properly be called small-clothes—a small strip of blue cloth fixed to a belt, to answer the purpose of a

(2) New England rum, called mother's milk.

(3) Indians inhabiting the borders of the Lake Nippisink.

(4) Accompanied with letters from M. Matavit and other priests, the Bishop's friends,—The belts and strings are what the Indians hold talks upon; a kind of bead turned out of the heart and other hard parts of the clam shell.—The white are for peace; the blue, when wrought with a figure of the tomahawk thereon, signify war.

(5) Doctor Franklin and General Worster.

(6) Drunk.

While Franklin, Worster, and their friends,  
 Wrought hard that day to gain their ends ;  
 Which done, they escaped o'er lake Champlain,  
 While, sheltered from the wind (1) and rain,  
 Canoes turned up, and luggage under,  
 You lay retrenched with British (2) plunder. \*

Nay, call to mind the preparations  
 You made me make with your orations ;  
 Resolving, ere you went, that I  
 Would to each village have an eye ;  
 And that by no means I'd retrench  
 What was allowed you by the French.  
 (When you went down, (2) on like occasion,  
 To aid *Vaudreul* 'gainst *Wolf*'s invasion),

(1) The Indians never travel in rainy weather, but turn their canoes up, and shelter themselves and their baggage under.

(2) They were then in the French interest, and commanded by Monsieur de Langlade, as they are now in the English interest, commanded by de Langlade and Gautierr, since Col. D. P. had gained them over.

(\*) Here the whole council rose hastily, and seemed to menace the Colonel, but soon sat down again.

Which, with your tour to save Carillion, (1)  
And Fort Du Quesne, cost France a million.

I still preserve your memorandum,  
'Twould strike Sir Guy, (2) or Haldimand, dumb ;  
Which, for good reasons, I think meet,  
In this grand council, to repeat !  
Smoked red deer-skins, for warriors' shoes,—  
*Item*—large birch bark, north canoes, (3)  
Masts, halliards, sails, flags, oars, and paddles,  
Broaches, medals, bridles, saddles,  
Large rolls of bark, awls, watap, (4) gum,  
Lines, sponges, pipes, tobacco, rum,  
Guns, powder, shot, fire-steel, and flint,  
Salt pork, and biscuit, without stint ;

(1) Crown Point.

(2) Commanders-in chief who had passed the Colonel's accounts, and thanked him for having been greatly the means of saving Canada.

(3) North canoes are of a better workmanship, and made very large, in order to carry a great quantity of goods beyond the Lake Superior.

(4) Pine roots, for sewing bark canoes.

Rich arm-bands, gorgets, (1) and nose-bobs,  
 Made of French crowns, and Spanish cobs ;  
 Lac'd (1) coats, chintz (1) shirts, plum'd (1) hats,  
     for chiefs,  
 And, for your beaux, (1) silk handkerchiefs ;  
 Paint, (2) mirrors, blankets, moultins, strouds,  
 To clothe the living, and make shrouds,  
 For those who might in battle fall,  
 Or die by rum, at Montreal.  
 You made me likewise close the graves  
 Of war-chiefs, slain with Panis slaves ; (3)  
 Clothe each child, old men, and women,  
 Give nets, hooks, lines, grease, and mandamin ; (4)

---

(1) Some of the young chiefs will wear a dozen silver gorgets, one below the other. The laced coat is made very large, of the best scarlet cloth, richly laced, which they put on over a flowered chintz shirt, open at the neck and wrists, and round their waists, having no breeches on. Their hats are plumed around the rim ; and the silk kerchiefs, hanging half out of the pocket, never used.— All this costly dress is on days of ceremony only, and easily thrown off.

(2) The expenditure for vermilion is immense.

(3) Prisoners taken by the Ottawas and Chippawas, from the Panis nation, bordering the Mississippi.

(4) Maise or Indian corn, which they plant by hoeing hills on the ground, wherein they plant five grains each.

Knives, scissars, combs, hoes, hatchets, spears,  
And kegs of *milk* to dry their tears.

At thy request, great Nissowaquet, (1)

I gave your young men *sissobaquet*, (2)

Which on their journey they did brew, (3)

Into refreshing *eau-battu* ;

(Which kept thy sons too, Kitchienago, (4)

From fluxes, and the *ouzebenago*, (5)

Which all are subject to, who drink

The water of lake Nippisink.)

This gave them strength to work their way,

To where Burgoine's lost army lay.

I saw each separate chief's provisions

Divided, to prevent divisions

'Twixt the Ottawa and Chipp'wa nations,

Long used to filch each others rations ;—

And now agree to the same thing,

If you, my sons, will serve the king ;

(1) The Ottawa chief.

(2) Maple sugar, which they beat up in water,

(3) And call it brewing.

(4) The Chippawa chief of the Island Michilimackinack.

(5) The ague.



And take in hand that *bogomagen*, (1)  
 The work of Old Cawishagen,  
 (Great uncle to bold Matchiquis, (2)  
 Who never more will do amiss),  
 Curiously wrought with heads of beast,  
 True emblems of the warrior's feast.

See Jinguis-Tawanong \* *strike the post* ; (3)  
 Too old to fight, but not to boast.  
 “ When I was young, and I could see,  
 “ I trailed this up the Miamie,  
 “ The Wabash, and the Missourie.  
 “ From these lank loins, have sprung two boys,  
 “ Shall trail it through the Islenois,  
 “ And make it rattle o'er the stones,  
 “ Where uninterred lay *Pondiac's* (4) bones ;

---

(1) The war club.

(2) The same that surprised the fort in 1763.

(\*) Jinguis Tawanong, was the old Ottawa speaker.

(5) To strike the post, is to make a stroke against any thing with the club, before he relates his feats, and those of his ancestors, which are handed down from generation to generation.

(4) The great chief killed at Fort Charters, and dragged over the rocks upon the strand, tied to a horses tail.

“ Whilst I at home the village guard,  
 “ And *scuttawaba's* (1) my reward.” (2)

Sage Quiouygoushkam (3) leads the band,  
 With Massisanguoin, hand in hand ;  
 Deaf Schawanissie, (4) close the rear,  
 Whose names the rebels love and fear ;  
 King Nissowaquet wills it so,  
 Approved by stern Kenoctigo,  
 Fleet Yabe', and strong Windigo.

The smooth-tongued Benesswabeme,  
 The smiling young Apeshabe';  
 Schenowishkawa, (5) whose lodge gives grace,  
*Amiable*, with a lovely face,—  
 Half Indian, half Canadian race.

---

(1) Rum, here called hot water.

(2) A general shout.

(3) The most subtile of all the chiefs.

(4) An excellent man, who carried an American officer upon his back for many miles, after he had wounded him, and delivered him safe into the British hospital.

(5) A devoted prisoner may take sanctuary in his wigwam or hut.

Tawakoney, and Mitchekain,  
 Whose sires by Yankey rum were slain ;  
 Neogema, Igomenon,  
 The bearded (1) Tecamessimon,  
 All Arbercrosch (2) and Kishkacon ;  
 Ogocee, Oga, and Jinguaak,  
 Shall trail the Chippawa tomahawk. (3)  
 These Kitchinægo recommends  
 To be your father's faithful friends :  
 While shouts proclaim the Sachem's choice,  
 To be my childrens' common voice.  
 And I this war-belt (4) have decreed  
 To him who does the noblest deed,  
 Who strikes no blow but in the field,  
 And spares the lives of all that yield.

---

(1) A very unusual circumstance, as the Indians, by the help of a wire in form of a screw, take out all hairs but what cover the crown of the head.

(2) Two Indian villages.

(3) Wrought in a war-belt, which those who carry it are said to trail.

(4) A large belt, called the war-belt of reward, consisting of 12,000 beads of wampum. Here the Colonel took another opportunity of informing the chiefs that prisoners were fair game ; but if any of their young warriors scalped even any of the dead during this war, they must never expect he would look upon them again—Whereupon they gave a general shout of approbation.

## INDIAN SPEECHES.

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**T**HE chiefs' answer to the foregoing speech was not recovered from the flames. But the following are the speeches, as nearly as can be recollected, of two chiefs on their return from St Joseph's, previous to the author's embarkation to take the command of Fort Detroit.

JINGUIS TAWANONG speaks.

FATHER,—I rise to bid you farewell in the name of the Ottawa nation. I am, likewise, to speak for the many strangers assembled at this council-fire—our old men, our wives and children, have hired me to speak for them likewise. It is with *my* tongue they bid you farewell, but it is with their own eyes they will weep your loss. They will stand upon the lake-side and strain their eyes until they can see your bark no more.

[Here the Escabias bring in a present of 150 bags of maise or Indian corn, with some packs of skins and furs, &c. &c.]

FATHER,—You must not look upon this trifling gift as a peace offering. It is a poor mark of our esteem and friendship for you. Every woman and child threw in a dish-full, (1) that, in case you might still remain among us, it would help to feed your fowls and cattle. These robes (2) will clothe you and our mother from the chilling frost. These skins you will make into the shoes of our country-fashion—'tis all your bare headed children have to offer, except their tears.

QUIEQUIGUSHKAM then speaks.

FATHER,—I rise to speak in behalf of the Ottawas, and other nations present.

Father, we cannot see you leave us in anger,—that you have some cause I shall not pretend to deny; but we hope you will, after some days reflection, think us not altogether so much to blame as was at first reported of our conduct.

When we returned from St Joseph's, who dared speak to you? You gave such killing looks, your eyes flashed fire.

No one has seen you smile since. The father who used to meet *us* his children with open arms and with a smiling countenance has lately shunned us, or, if by accident any of us met him, gave us nothing but reproachful looks.

At our first council we dared not look up to him, but silently took a reprimand. When we left this fort we were like wounded deer,—we lay about on the sand and in the bushes,

---

(1) A wooden vessel holding about a quart.

(2) Blankets of soft dressed buffaloe, beaver, and martin skins.

without speaking to each other for some days; after which, instead of doing wrong, we assembled, acknowledged the justness of your anger, and determined to take instruction from the past. Yes, father! we are pleased that you took the Frenchman's belts from us in full council and burnt them. And we hope you will do us the justice to say that no one, except *Mandamen*, murmured. It was not, however, his speech at St Joseph's, that stopped us,—nor was it the loss of *Daguanee* at *Maskegong*, by an accident, which would have stopped us upon any other occasion, as is the custom of Indians. We wish not for a French father, we rather have reason to wish for a continuation of the English father who supplies us with all our wants.

The reason of our returning was because the enemy did not advance, and finding the country quite exhausted of provisions, our old men began to file off, and our young men followed them. You, father, have since pointed out how we might have been supplied, but you are wise and we are fools. Belts are now sliding through all the Indian country for a general rendezvous in the *Illenois* country,—when, independent of your further assistance, we are determined to drive the *Big Knives* out of the Indian country, where they only spoil our lands.

Farewell, father! we lose you; but the vile *Kitchikomokamans* shall pay for it. They shall carry (1) water at this fort of *Mitchilimackinack*.

---

(1) Become slaves to the English.

## LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY THE INDIANS CALLED THE MAN DEVOURING LAKE.

---

**T**HE confluence between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron is six miles across ; and when frozen over, which it does every winter, and continues near four feet thick until the beginning of May, the soldiers and Indians, at the half way, make holes and let down lines 40 fathoms deep to catch trout, weighing from 20 to 60 lbs. each. To take a view of this manner of fishing, the author, with one serjeant, went, when the fishers had left it in order to dry their lines and nets, at which time a most dreadful storm from the north-west drove the waters of Lake Huron with such violence into the straits that the ice broke up ; which, when the garrison of Mitchilimackinack perceived, the cannon were fired to give warning that the ice had separated from the shore. When four Indian chiefs, who knew that the author, whom they called their father, was upon the lake, shoved

off their bark-canoe, or rather put it into the water, and some times carrying it across sheets of ice, and some times paddling through the water, succeeded in bringing him ashore. The following poem, (if it may be called one) was written as descriptive of the event.

“ HOPE travels on, nor quits us when we die,”  
 Said Twicknam’s tuneful bard, and so said I.  
 Long ere from this devouring lake,  
 With life escaped, and still awake,  
 To where dread Huron, raging, tore  
 The ice-bound straits, from shore to shore ;  
 And sent me whirling, in a trice,  
 Upon a crumbling cake of ice,  
 T’where Indian friends, expert and brave,  
 Their lives exposed my life to save,  
 While threatened with a watery grave.  
 Uniting courage with their skill,  
 I see their manly efforts still  
 To gain the cake whereon I stood,  
 (Swift drifting o’er the impetuous flood,  
 With woeful yearnings of the mind,  
 For one dear friend I’d left behind ;)



Till round they veered her prow with pride,  
And laid her quivering along-side ;  
Where, through the means of heavenly grace,  
The parting ice left water space,  
Through which with force they plied the oar,  
To where shouts echoed from the shore,  
Thence bore me home, with hearts elate,  
T'have saved me from impending fate ;  
And spurned reward, though sore oppressed  
With hunger, cold, and want of rest.

## AN IMPROMPTU REPRIMAND,

To one of the Indian department, who, after being sent out to the Indian country, returned without executing his commission, to bring back a band of warriors which had unwittingly gone to war after the preliminaries of peace had arrived at Fort Detroit.

WHEN o'er Sandusky's dreary plains you strove,  
For where Ogocee's devious war-path lay,—  
When Orotondy's (1) pigs rushed from the grove,  
And the gaunt sow was kept by *Coon* at bay,  
Was I unmindful of thy sad distress,  
When first the dreadful tidings reached mine ear?—  
Could I do more than wish thou'dst staid to mess  
Upon the affrighted pigs, that caused thy fear?

---

(1) The village Sachem.

I thought, possessed of an undaunted mind,  
 Thou'dst tracked the prowling carkajou (1) to her  
 stand,  
 There, forced thy way through brambled-brakes, to  
 find  
 If paint (2) she scented, from that war-chief's band.

Had'st thou the blood-stained (3) *Allegany* crossed,  
 And seen the *Ohio's* stream, meandering run ;  
 Had'st crossed the Lick (4), where *Tchonquat* was lost,  
 Where lost was Schawanissee's warlike son,  
 Thou had'st returned with credit to thy house,  
 And I, in friendship, welcomed thy return ;  
 Or wrote, in concert with thy wailing spouse,  
 If thou had'st fallen, inscriptions for thy urn.

(1) A very fierce kind of tiger cat.

(2) The war-chiefs rub vermilion over their heads, breast, and blankets, which, with bears' grease, occasions a strong smell.

(3) At Muskingum, where the Wiandots retaliated upon Colonel Crawford, for the 95 Christian neutral Indians the Virginians had killed in cool blood.

(4) The Salt Lick, a deep creek running through the plains where the large bones of the mammoth are found, a genus of animals now extinct.

But, spite of *Coon* (1), the *Pipe*, the *Snake*, the *Brant*,  
 And other dingey (2) warriors in thy train,  
 Thou dar'dst reproach me with unseemly rant,  
 T'have sent thee out, in hopes t'have had thee slain.

Avaunt, thou smouse-like lilly-livered elf!  
 That thou of swine, no more mayest be afraid,  
 I'll nail thy *lugs* to yon pig-stye myself,  
 And there dry-shave thee with thy rusty blade.

---

(1) The names of war-chiefs by white fathers. Joseph Brant's Indian name is Thayandanege.

(2) Wawayachtenon, Buckanghillis, Orawanachquat, Wabakaen, Nessowagie, &c. &c. &c.



**JOURNAL**  
OF PART OF  
**A LADY'S TRAVELS**  
IN NORTH AMERICA.



## JOURNAL.

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*A Description of Evening, near General (1) Philip Schuyler's, at Saratoga, in North America.*

HERE, at the pleasant close of day,  
Just ere the sun withdraws his beams,  
Phil's *slaves* return from making hay,  
His wagg'ners, tired, unyoke their teams.  
His black-faced maids, with well scoured pails,  
Now run to milk each loaded cow,  
While threshers cease to wield their flails,  
Well pleased they see the lessened mow.'

---

(1) He is nephew to the inestimable Mrs Schuyler of Albany, and second cousin to the author. His possessions are very great—his grist mills and saw mills supplying most part of the province of New York ; and sends timber and grain even to England and the West Indies.



Now partlet to her roost doth fly,  
 High seated next to chanticleer ;  
 Where o'er her brood, she keeps an eye,  
 Lest the sly fox, or owl, draw near.

The wary shepherd pens his fold,  
 Lest, far from home, his lambs should stray  
 To where the ruthless wolf, so bold,  
 Might seize upon his helpless prey.

Hark ! how the *mock-bird* swells his throat,  
 While hid within the vine-clad (1) thorn ;  
 Where you may hear *this mimic's* note, (2)  
 Soon as the cock proclaims the morn.)

And now, the lorn spruce partridge beats  
 His wings against a mouldering tree ;  
 Which, until answered, he repeats,  
 To call his hen and progeny.

---

(1) The vines, with rich clusters of grapes, cover many trees in the North American woods.

(2) Not to be distinguished from the crowing of the cock.

The *quack-qua-rie* (1) bird, perched on high,  
 Proclaims aloud the sun's decline ;  
 While *tree-frogs*, (2) in shrill notes do cry,  
 And in deep tones, huge *bull-frogs* join.

Green *caty-dids* (3) now grate their wings,  
 Brown locusts aid the noisy choir,  
 And his *one note* the cricket sings,  
 With hesitations,—*tout le soir*.

While men in yon *birch-bark canoe*,  
 Are drifting down the unruffled tide,  
 'Tapproach a stately cariboe, (4)  
 Birch browsing near the river side.

(1) The Indian name for *Whip-her-will*, or American cuckoo.

(2) Myriads of them lay in branches of high trees, and scream louder than a whipped child, and form a treble to the bull-frog.

(3) A beautiful grass green kind of locust, which swarm on the leaves of trees, and, by grating their wings, make a loud noise, as if the whole atmosphere was keeping time.

(4) A species of the American deer.

Now gurgling down the shelved banks,  
 I scarce can hear the neighbouring rills ;  
 Black lovers at their rural pranks,  
 Or e'en the clack of *Schuyler's* mills.

Muskettoe-hawks, (1) while feeding, fly  
 Above my head, as thick as hops,  
 Surprising strangers with their cry,  
 And drumming till they've filled their crops.

The fire-fly gives his light to all,  
 Till in the east, the moon is eyed !  
 She's up ! and I my pen let fall,  
 Lest some should think it *lunafied*. (2)

---

(1) They pipe one shrill note, followed by a noise, resembling the hardest stroke that can be given upon the bass or long drum.

(2) A word not to be found in Johnson, any more than fifty others made use of in this little volume ; but know, gentle reader, that they are ultramarine.

*From Saratoga to the River St Lawrence, on her  
way to Quebec.*

---

“ The wise and active conquer difficulties,  
By daring to attempt them ; sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.”———**ROWE.**

---

**SHE** left Saratoga, at dawn of the day,  
And passed bloody-pond without fear, (1)  
(Where the troops of Vandreul, with dread Indian allies,  
Scalped hundreds of Britons, ta'en there by surprise),  
And dropt, as she passed it, a tear.

---

(1) The Indians who surprised the British, being in Canada.

Encamped at Lake George, as the sun disappeared,  
 The bull-frogs in thorough bass croaking,  
 Soon brought on a tenor from perched whip-her-  
 will, (1)

The screams of the wood-frogs, (2) in trebles so shrill,  
 And buzz of muskettoes provoking.

On a wind-fallen tree, where I sat by her side,  
 To guard my best treasure from harm,  
 She heard the screech owl, from an old blasted oak,  
 Set up a dread cry, at the wood-pecker's stroke,  
 Which caused in her some small alarm.

The elk's whistling pipe, too, distinctly she heard ;  
 And what every traveller's blood chills,—  
 The war-whoop of Indians, returning from war !  
 While the *lone* evening gun, discharged from afar,  
 Re-echoed twelve times from the hills.

---

(1) Called quack-qua-rie by the Indians.

(2) Their noise almost deafens.

When all else was still, at the dead of the night,  
 A boat, in the moon's wake, she spied ;  
 In time went the oars, to the strokes-man's boat-song,  
 When all joined in chorus, and pulled all so strong,  
 She swift through the water did glide.

“ Papillon vol, tiere, il vol,  
 Papillon vol, sur L'aviron.” (1)

*Chorus*—“ Ho tirre galere au fond,  
 Ho tiere galere.” (2)

They landed, and dragged their batteau up the beach ;  
 A fire was soon made for the pot ;  
 Each stuck up a forked stick, with bears' meat to roast,  
 And then pitched their tents on the musical coast,  
 As if to sojourn on the spot.

The guide stove a keg, ready placed on its end,  
 Before he sat down on his pack,

(1) These are two lines of a song set by the strokesman of the boat, to which every rower in turn composes as much.

(2) A chorus the Canadian boatmen attach to most of their aquatic songs.

To take up his calumet ; when, in a trice,  
 The *commis* cut every batteau-man a slice  
 From a roll of his *bourgeois* (1) *tobac*.

To them came the warriors, twelve in a canoe,  
 Who eyed her ascaunt for a while,  
 And but for the war-pole, (2) 'twas pleasing to view  
 How they laughed, danced, and sung, as familiar they  
 grew,  
 O'er a cup of dashed yankey (3) in style.

The war-chief invited my help-mate to dance,  
 To which she so kindly complied,  
 And stept so in time to their hollow-tree drum,  
 The chief drank her health in a bumper of rum,  
 While she by the fierce band was eyed.

This joyous scene changed to a dread thunder-storm,  
 The rocks, woods, and waves, seemed on fire ;

---

(1) The bourgeois or merchant sends out his *commis* or clerk, with charge of his goods up the Indian country.

(2) Bearing the scalps tied and dangling thereon.

(3) New England Rum, much dashed with water.

The warriors appalled, did like aspen-leaves shake,  
 Whose war-chief, alone, could stand near the bright  
     lake,  
 An emblem of Milton's hell sire. (1)

Encamped the next morning, at Sabbath-day Point,  
 Miss *Susan* was quickly embowered,  
 While her mistress sat musing upon the moss stones ;  
*Sue* brought her check apron, crammed full of dried  
     bones  
 Of a man, whom the wolves had devoured.

Still not disappointed, her kettle she boiled,  
 At the boatmens' already-made fire,  
 And put in the tea, when the water was hot,  
 As all travellers do, when they've fractured the pot,  
 Who do such refreshment require.

While salt pork was boiling, to give the men heart,  
 And beds were preparing of heather,

---

(1) As Satan is depicted standing, in the frontispiece of an old edition of *Paradise Lost*.



The wolves a most hideous loud barking did make,  
 In chace of a buck, which soon took to the lake,  
 Where heedless all plunged in together.

He crossed, but the pack, with their brushes all wet,  
 Ran shaking them, when we all fired ;  
 Thus peppered with buck-shot, they dared not to stop,  
 Where they might have had each a salted pork chop,  
 Or man's flesh, by wolves more admired.

She next passed the block-house for Tycandarogue,  
 From whence the last evening-gun fired,  
 And heard one from Crown-point, just at setting sun,  
 But as a good day's work the boatmen had done,  
 They halted that night, being tired.

From Crown-point a sloop crossed Champlain the next  
 night,  
 And towed the batteau by a line ;  
 Becalmed for a while, we held fast by the trees,  
 Where gnats and vile sand-flies poor travellers do tease,  
 Or I could have wished the land mine.

Soon gad-flies and bad flies, of every kind,  
 Drew blood, as Saint John's we approached ;  
 Muskettoe nets there were of little avail,  
 For some would have pierced through a hogshead  
 with ale,  
 If ale had been blood to have broached.

The rapids, alarming, were shot to Shamlee ;—  
 “ Push her off!—Hold her to!—Let her go!” (1)  
 The lady, undaunted, still held up her head,  
 While *Susan* lay down on her *face*, almost dead,  
 And falling, drew with her a beau. (2)

Thus ends the first Canto of rapids and lakes,  
 Fortwice she crossed Lakes George and Champlain:  
 Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and Lake Huron, twice ;  
 Saint Peter's, Saint Francis, and Lake Saint Clair,  
 thrice ;  
 Which made no short female's campaign.

---

(1) It being so difficult, from the impetuosity of the current, to keep the boat from over-setting.

(2) A gentleman who was little calculated for such a journey.

The danger she 'scaped on those fresh water seas, (1)  
And from the salt Western Ocean,  
I'll sing when my head is some night more at ease,  
T'intrude now too much might my readers displease,—  
My limbs too require locomotion.

---

(1) The waves run as high in these lakes as they do in the Atlantic.

*Travelling in a Batteau from Quebec to Montreal, on  
her way from Quebec to Mitchilimackinack, in 1774.*

On the fourth day of May, she embarked at Quebec.  
In an open batteau, in a squall,  
When the snow, like goose-feathers, soon covered  
her neck,  
Which served her instead of a shawl.

Had it rained, I had thought that the tears of her  
friends  
Showered down from the rock on the strand.  
How dreadful that rock (when a whirlwind impends)  
To travellers who there too must land.

Dear Woodfield, of thee she but got a faint sight,  
Near the cove where Wolfe landed his men ;

Dread scene of regret ! of which much I could write,  
 But leave it to some abler pen.

Grand-Chaudiere, your entrance though hid by the  
 snow ;

Your fall through the storm greets her ear ;  
 Reminding her that she sat angling below,  
 While I probed the rocks with a spear.

Arrived at the point *of the tall Aspen trees*, (1)

Where two spires the church doth adorn,  
 The weather cleared up, and there scarce was a  
 breeze

To fill the boats sail the next morn.

Here the fairies might revel, well fed by the bees,

For this is sure fairy land all ;  
 Though in June, the white blossom shook from the  
 fruit trees,

Resembles a winter snow fall.

---

(1) By the Canadians named *Le Point au Tremble*.

Farewell, *Point au Tremble*, (1) best known by that  
name,

Reluctant we leave thee, sweet place ;  
And go from thee slower, by far, than we came,  
Which too is the batteau-man's case.

For now they perceive the white breakers a-head,  
Richellieu must be doubled ere night ;  
The channel be crossed too ere they go to bed,—  
The moon seems to promise her light.

Cape-Rouge, Jaque-cartier, thy bridge Baptis-Champ,  
Cape-Santes sweet village and spire,  
Though not all discerned now by Cynthia's lamp,  
We still have enough to admire.

Yon spired Indian village, poor wigwams of yore,  
Its beauties I ne'er can describe ;  
Where the white porpoise drives shoals of herring ashore,  
As food for the Algonkin tribe.

---

(1) In French.

But returning themselves with the low ebbing tide,  
 They're artfully ta'en in a toil,  
 By the shaking of osiers, drove to the shoal side,  
 There ground, and secured for their oil.

Where geese, ducks, and swans, soon alight in great  
 flocks,  
 While the bald eagle soars o'er his prey,  
 And sea-gulls, like white-sheets, spread on the black  
 rocks,  
 Are waiting for food on their way.

Three rivers she gained, where a twelvemonth before  
 She'd left many good friends behind,  
 Who fain would have stopped her for one twelve-  
 months more,  
 No people on earth are more kind.

Saint Peter ! thy lake she next cross'd in a mist,  
*Masquenonger's* rich stream near at hand,  
 Where the fish of that name, the first on the list  
 Of an epicure's mess-roll should stand.

Thy banks, river Sorel, she passed on her left,  
 So studded with house, barn, and spire,  
 That such as behold thee, of taste are bereft,  
 If they do not thy beauties admire.

See Montreal next, in appearance sublime,  
 Huzza, my brave lads! with a pull,  
 A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all in time,  
 To land ere the beach is quite full.

Lest she be detained there by many a friend,  
 To name them she'd name half the town.  
 Now here her batteauing for some time must end;  
 Fatigued too, my pen I'll lay down.

---

In travelling from Montreal the batteau crossed the Rapids  
 of La Prarie, leaving the Lake of the Two Mountains to the  
 right,—proceeded up the Rapids of St Lewis, and landed at the  
 convent of the Grey Sisters. Proceeded the next morning to  
 the Cedars, where the Rapids run very strong, and where boats  
 are often in danger of being lost in the Devil's Cauldron.



The Island of the Cedars being well inhabited, horses were procured both for the purpose of drawing the boats, and to convey such of the passengers (as did not choose to risk mounting in boats) in a sort of chaise called a calesh. On leaving the head of the island, the boats were wrought again with setting poles, against a strong rapid, until they came to *L'ance-au-Perche* (after having first passed Lake St Frances, and dined with Satzteratsie the great chief, by whom the lady was civilly treated, and entertained with all sorts of wild meat, wild fowl, and fish), a muddy bottom, in which the setting-poles were left standing until the boats should return. as they now proceeded by dint of rowing, the water being deep, until they landed at La Gallet, or Asweegatchie, from which fort proceeded in a ship of war, the *Ontario*, passing through the Archipelago, to Cataroque, and from thence across the Lake Ontario to Niagara. From Fort Niagara proceeded to the Landing, which is nine miles up the river, whence the ship was laid along-side a warf, and the baggage and provisions put upon cradles, so contrived that by the force of a capstan the whole was drawn up a steep hill, and there put into large waggons drawn by six oxen and two horses each, for 14 miles, through the woods to Steadman's Landing, or carrying place, from whence the Lady returned to view the Falls of Niagara, where, laying on her breast, she drank of the water as it fell over the precipice.

From Steadman's proceeded in batteaus 70 miles up the river (from which the Falls are supplied) to Fort Erie at the entrance of the lake of that name, where she embarked in a sloop of war,

named the Dunmore, and proceeded to Fort Detroit, a most beautiful settlement. From thence over Lakes Sinclair and Huron, to the destined post of Mitchilimackinack, where she remained ~~Six~~ years,—thence returned to Detroit, where her husband commanded the garrison also, and afterwards in 1785 went to Niagara, where he commanded the whole upper district of Canada.



**POEMS AND SONGS.**



## YOUNG TAWA, (1)

THE LOYAL INDIAN LOVER.

*Tune*—“The yellow haired laddie.”

IN April, when icicles hung from the trees,  
And Mitchigan's border continued to freeze,  
A restless young Tawa a-courting would go,  
Born<sup>e</sup><sub>^</sub> up, on his snow-shoes, o'er tracks of deep snow.

Reclining he'd sit by a tapt maple tree,  
Where sugar was made by sweet Matchinoquee,

---

(1) A young Ottawa Indian.

And play her such artless, such thrilling wild airs,  
That Nassibb and Shoonin would dance like she-bears.

Young Tawa then sung, “ Tho’ young Shoonin be  
fair,  
And Nassibbee apes the drawled step of the bear,  
If Matchie, who’s handsome, and sweetly can sing,  
Would blow my reed-whistle, t’would make the woods  
ring.”

But his sylvan beauty, though then in her prime,  
Would shrink from a *yabe*† (1) as if ’twere a crime :  
Though sighing, he told her, if she would agree  
To love him, he’d love none but Matchinoquee.

“ Bright *Kesis*,” he prayed, then, to *warm* the young  
*squa*,  
For he could not win her till her heart should thaw ;  
“ O make the sap run through her veins, with that ease  
You cause it to run from her tapt maple trees.”

---

(1) Yabe signifies a male.

I'll hunt till I bring her an elk or a moose, (1)  
In hopes that she'll bring me a *yabe' papoos*, (2)  
Who, when he gets strength, too, shall *twang* his  
stout bow,  
And send his winged arrow, to wing Britain's foe.

---

(1) A moose-deer.

(2) A male child.



*Extempore lines on the marriage of Miss P—y C—k,  
of New York, to Mr V—l.*

BY THE REV. DR. COOPAR.

AT length, dear P—y, you have paid  
For all your triumphs past ;  
The scene is changed, and thou art made  
A vassal at the last.

---

ANSWERED BY A. S. D. P.

WOMEN, when marrying, all must say,  
Love, cherish, honour, and obey ;  
Then P—y no uncommon fate will have,  
Since every married woman is a slave.

*An Extempore immediately after the marriage of a young couple at Michilimackinack ; the gentleman being the captain of one of the vessels upon the lakes.*

Go, happy pair, enjoy the bliss in store,  
 Reserved for those whom Hymen's bans unite ;  
 Go, steer the course, so often sailed before,  
 By those who've found deep soundings of delight.  
 No hidden rocks, or shoals, or boisterous gales,  
 Shall e'er your bark annoy, while fraught with love ;  
 Nor need you ever shift your helm or sails ;  
 Your voyage through life, one constant trade-wind  
 prove.

*Spoken extempore, on being informed of the murder of an old friend, Mr J— R—, of New Barbadoes Neck, in New Jersey, N. A. in the commencement of the American war.*

POOR, unsuspecting, honest friend,  
 Full hard has been thy lot.  
 This story of thy tragic end,  
 Must wring the heart of Scott. (1)  
 E'en Levingstone may feel regret,  
 Though you loved kingly power,  
 And wish that you had never met  
 Those fiends, Laschere and Brower.

---

(1) A friend and companion of his before their differing in opinion respecting American politics.

*Acrostic on Miss C—— M——, of Quebec.*

COME listen to my artless strain,  
 Of one I sing, whose sprightly air  
 Recalls to mind Arcadia's plain ;  
 Daphne herself was not so fair !  
 Enchantment dwells in all she says,  
 Love shoots his arrows from her eyes ;  
 Incessant on her form we gaze,  
 And still behold her with surprise.

Make her, ye gods, your chiefest care ;  
 Upon her head shower down each bliss :  
 Resigned I'll wait until this fair  
 Rewards me with a transient kiss.  
 Ah me ! since absence wont effect a cure,  
 Ye fates, how long must I this pain endure ?

*On a Capricious Woman, in Michilimackinack.*

IN this same village (1) wones a dame, whose pride,  
 From long acquaintance, still increaseth moe ;  
 Oftimes I see her past my window glide,  
 Y'clad in costly raiment, to and fro,  
 Still aye she wears a dismal face of woe.  
 Her husband, too, poor man, has lost his wits,  
 Or how could he this bedlamite abide,  
 Who in a moment hence will sham strange fits,  
 And tear her gauze and lace all into tiney bits.

This lady has, I weet, a buxom maid.

To kiss and tell,—be't far removed from me.  
 Fame says, she willom drove a smuggling trade  
 With all who brought her the accustomed fee.  
 But now such naughty things can no more be ;  
 Her mistres keeps a dog, old Argus height,

---

(1) Michilimackinack.

(Lest loosel should approach forbidden tree),  
 Who, like a well-trained mastiff, friends wont bite,  
 But prowls in quest of letchers all the live long night.

Beneath her roof an Ethiopian dwells,  
 A wretch that swinks, and moils from year to year ;  
 O'er him this damsel kest her kitchen spells,—  
 A sop in pan to Thomas, is good cheer ;  
 Dried maise alone, his very blood would seer.  
 Him she so bribed to wink at their delight,  
 That Tom his lady a quaint story tells,  
 How once through Congo, passed a man so white,  
 That all the jet-black natives took him for a spright.

Nathless, beware, ye wights, ye meet no stound,  
 The lady sleeps not though she goes to bed ;  
 With pistol (1) she may give more deadly wound,  
 Than e'er Dan-Cupid with his arrow sped,  
 And cool your love pardie with pills of lead.

---

(1) She used to keep a loaded pistol at her bed-side.

Certes 'twere best to court this lady gay,  
And gain the kitchen by the parlour round ;  
Then you may visit in broad face of day,  
No fear that lead, ah me ! will take your life away.

## RED RIVER.

*A Song, descriptive of the diversion of carioling, or staying upon the Ice at the Post of Detroit, in North America.*

---

*Tune*—The Banks of the Dec.

---

IN winter, when rivers and lakes do cease flowing,  
The Limnades (Lake Nymphs) to warm shelter  
all fled ;  
When ships are unrigged, and their boats do cease  
rowing,  
'Tis then we drive up and down sweet River Red.  
Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,  
Where swift carioling (1) is dear to me ever ;

---

(1) The carirole is generally drawn by a fast pacing horse.



While frost-bound, the *Dunmore*, the *Gage*, and  
*Endeavour*, (1)

Your ice bears me on to a *croupe en grillade*. (2)

Our bodies wrapped up in a robe lined with sable,

A mask o'er the face, and fur cap on the head,

We drive out to dinner—where there is no table,

No chairs we can sit on, or stools in their stead.

Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,

Where sweet carioling is dear to me ever ;

To woods, where on bear skins, we sit down so  
clever,

While served by the *Marqui* (3) with *croupe en  
grillade*.

“ *Une Verre de Madeir*,” with his aspect so pleasing,  
He serves to each lady, (who takes it in turn)

---

(1) Three ships of war upon the lakes.

(2) A French name for a *barbacoude* rump of venison.

(3) The Marqui was the most obliging man living. He was a captain in the Indian department, and had all the French old school in his manners. His name was La Motte, and spoke a peculiar sort of English.

And says, “ *Chere Madame, dis will keep you from  
freezing,*

*Was warm you within where the fire it would burn.*

Freeze River red, sweet serpentine river,

For your carioling is dear to me ever ;

Where served by the *Marquis* so polite and clever,

With smiles, and Madeir, and a *croupe en grillade*.

The gobblet goes round, while sweet echo's repeating

The words which have passed through each fair  
lady's lips ;

Wild deer (with projected long ears) leave off eating,

And bears sit attentive, erect on their hips.

Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,

Your fine wooded banks shall be dear to me ever,

Where echo repeats Madame's *Chançon* so clever,

Distinctly you hear it say—*croupe en grillade*.

The fort gun proclaims when 'tis time for returning,

Our pacers all eager at home to be fed ;

We leave all the fragments, and wood clove for  
burning,

For those who may next drive up sweet River Red.

Freeze River Red, sweet serpentine river,  
On you, carioling, be dear to me ever,  
Where wit and good humour were ne'er known to  
sever,  
While drinking a glass to a *croupe en grillade*.

*On the death of a Pet Swan, belonging to the Author.  
By the Indians called Wabesie.*

Ah me! my poor *Wabesie* (1) is no more;  
Ye squalling loons, proclaim it to yon shore;  
Wild ducks, and geese, repeat the mournful strain;  
Till round the lake 'tis cackled back again.

Majestic bird, whom Jove did personate,  
When he chose Leda as a quondam mate;  
By Neptune favoured, when of yore, with ease  
He drew fair Venus o'er the Ionian seas,  
Which Mars observed, and bid him quit her car,  
To lead his sons o'er troubled lakes to war.

Sing, muse—How waddling round the barrack yard,  
He led the drums, how formed and drilled the guard,  
And how untimely death was his reward.

How he at night self-posted sentinel,  
Would join the watch-set cry of—*All is well!*

---

(1) The Indian name for a swan.

Detain each drunkard reeling near his post,  
 And keep the fox from his fair hen at roost.  
 How he'd expand his wings before the fire,  
 To melt the icicles, or dry the mire !  
 His foes, how spurn !—how with his wings in fold  
 A friend relieved, while shivering with the cold.

Yet nought availed—This bird so good and great,  
 Like Cæsar, met too, from a friend, his fate.  
 Dear breathless corse ! if ever I forget  
 Thy close-scalped (1) foretop, may mine share its fate ;  
 Or, when thy corps the rav'nous vulture eyed,  
 How thy mate sickened, sung her last, and died !  
 May swans, and geese, and all the feather tribe,  
 To me, and not to love, her death ascribe.

But now, O muse !—enough of him is said ;  
 'Tis Jove's decree ; no dusting chamber-maid  
 Shall from his pinions ruthless pluck one quill,  
 Which in his praise shall future pages fill.

---

(1) The feathers were scalded from his head, by a heedless girl throwing hot water out of a window.

*To Mrs Poole E—g—d, accompanied by a present of  
a yellow rose.*

When Jove descended in disguise,  
A shower of gold o'er Danae,  
The nymph expressed as great surprise,  
As you may now, sweet Nanny.  
While I disguised, approach your charms,  
In form, a golden flower,  
In hopes you'll clasp me in those arms,  
As Danae clasped the shower.

---

*Lines supposed to have been written to the Author, by a  
Quaker Lady, wife to the Secretary of the  
Indian department.*

Won by the social worth that shines  
Conspicuous through thy flowing lines,  
In honest thought, in humble lays,  
E'en I must join to swell thy praise.

When Plutus, with unjudging hand,  
Dispenses treasures through the land,  
And often on the servile tool,  
The obsequious knave, and fawning fool ;  
Or, 'mid the joyless miser's stores,  
He undeserved blessings pours.  
E'en prejudice must join t' agree,  
He chose not ill, in chosing thee ;  
And while, with cheerful bounteous heart,  
You thus his liberal gifts impart,  
And all your power and wealth employ,  
In giving and receiving joy ;  
Still be your board with plenty crowned,  
Still may the jovial bowl go round,  
Still winter bind sweet River Red,  
But keep its influence from your head.  
Me, lost in philosophic ease,  
Nor pleased, nor caring how to please ;  
Who prostitute no venal praise,  
To share thy fortune, or thy lays ;  
E'en I thus give the tribute due,  
To wit, good humour, and to you.

## THE GHOST OF OLD COCOSH, (1)

*Shot by the Guard, in the King's Naval Yard, at Detroit.*

THE sun was sunk in Huron's boisterous lake,  
And dreadful lightning flashed from east to west,  
When Cocosh's ghost, disturbed, rushed from the brake,  
And whining, thus the bristly herd addressed :

Ye screaming pigs, and hoarse-toned sows and boars,  
Long used to waddle round the naval stores,  
There grunt, and whine, and champ your tusked chops,  
Confounding Laughton (2) while he books his slops ;  
Soon as the thaw proclaims returning spring,  
Submit your snouts unto the painful ring,  
Lest war—dread war,—the ruthless foe should wage,  
And ye fall victims to his cruel rage.

---

(1) The name for swine in Indian.

(2) The keeper of the naval stores.



Ye comely swine, whatever sex prevail,  
 Erect each bristly back and curl each tail,  
 Grunt, grunt, amain, run to and fro, and whine,  
 As when the devil entered in the swine.  
 O scream ! till from their ice-pent fens and bogs,  
 Your notes re-animate the torpid frogs,  
 To join in chorus with the injured hogs ;  
 Out-yell the war-chiefs' note, though e'er so shrill,  
 They thirst for blood, while you delight in swill.  
 No more you'll scavenge out each scented lane,  
 Nor warn ungrateful man of wind and rain ; (1)  
 Close pent in styes you'll lay, when I relate  
 Your murdered grand-mamma's too rigid fate,  
 Unringed t' have entered at the naval gate.

Allured by Susan's dishwash savory smell,  
 I thither ran, with other swine, pell mell ;  
 To thrust my snout into the social trough,  
 To blink, and swill amain, the precious drought ;  
 When Cerberus (2) cannon rung the dire alarm,  
 Shut too the gate, and bid the watchmen arm.

---

(1) By running to a sheltered place with whisps of straw in their mouth.

(2) The keeper of the yard, a facetious tar, who had sailed in many of his Majesty's ships of war.

Thus fell, by cruel watchmen's hands, odd nigs!  
An useful teeming sow, and nine dear pigs  
Which in embryo lay, near fit to farrow,  
Roasts fit for B—ton, Gr—nt, and Ha—row; (1)  
But saw-dust now my precious blood hath drank,  
And dogs have trailed my guts athwart rough plank.

---

(1) Three of the naval commanders.

## THE MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS. (1)

*Tune—Jolly Beggars.*

I'll sling my papoo's (2) cradle, said Kitchenegoe's Meg,  
 With kettle, bowl, and ladle, and scoutawaba (3) keg,  
 A sug'ring I will go, will go, will go, will go,  
 A sug'ring I will go.

Nasib and Charlotte *Farlie*, of whom the lads are fond,  
 Shall drag (4) their father early out to the twelve mile  
 pond.

A sug'ring I will go, &c.

---

(1) This and the two following pieces were not found in time to insert them in their proper places, previous to leaving Mitchimackinack, in the year 1779.

(2) The Indian child, swaddled upon a flat board, and carried upon the squa's back, by a band across the forehead, by which it is at night often hung on a tree.

(3) Rum—which they take with them to make sweet grog of the liquor when half boiled, to entertain their friends who may walk out to see them.

(4) On a bark slay, he being lame.

Come, Nebenaquoidoquoi, and join the jovial crew,  
 Sheeshib and Matchinoquoi shall tap a tree with you,  
 A sug'ring I will go, &c.

Bright Kesis, deign to aid us, and make the sap to run,  
 Eninga, (1) who arrayed us, at least should have a tun,  
 A sug'ring I will go, &c.

In kettles we will boil it, on fires between the rocks,  
 And lest the snow should spoil it, there tramp it in  
 mococks, (2)  
 A sug'ring I will go, &c.

Of all our occupations, sweet sug'ring is the best,  
 Then girls and their relations (3) can give their lovers  
 rest,  
 A sug'ring I will go, &c.

---

(1) The commandant's lady, who at this time of the year generally gives the neighbouring squas each a chintz shift, and some vermillion, and other articles.

(2) Boxes made of birch bark, sewed with the fibre of the spruce-tree root, (called *watap*) holding from 50 to 50 pounds each.

(3) The relations of kept-mistresses are very troublesome to the gentlemen who are so happy as to have an Indian miss in keeping; it is no less than keeping the whole family.

But when the season's over, it will not be amiss,  
That I should give my lover a sissobaquet kiss, (1)  
A sug'ring we will go, &c.

---

(1) A sugar or sweet kiss. They are remarkable for white teeth and sweet breaths.

## WABASHAW.

---

AFTER Col. D. P. had brought this, the proudest of the Indian tribes, over to espouse the English cause, and abandon the French, &c. he made an annual visit, and stipulated, in his terms of alliance, that he should be saluted with more ceremony than chiefs of other nations, not in number of cannon, but by the cannon being charged with ball, or a shell or two thrown, so as to accustom his young warriors to the English manner: when he, on landing, would return the compliment with pistols, fired near the commandant's ears. The Scioux, of whom he is king or chief, inhabit the plains above the fall of St. Anthony, on the Missourie, where the finest buffaloes are bred. Some Ottawas, Chippawas (local Indians), and some Chocktaws and Chickesaws, being on a mission at the Fort, the last day of his arrival, expressed their surprise (when they beheld the balls and shells flying and bursting over the canoes, and the young men lifting their paddles, as if striking at the balls,) by the ejaculating word *Taya*.—This was at Mitchilimackinack, on the 6th of July, 1779.

Hail to the chief! who his buffalo's back straddles,  
 When in his own country, far, far from this fort ;  
 Whose brave young canoe-men, *here*, hold up their  
     paddles,  
 In hopes that the whizzing balls may give them sport.  
     Hail to great Wabashaw !  
     Cannonier—fire away,  
 Hoist the fort-standard, and beat all the drums ;  
     Ottawa and Chippawa,  
     Whoop ! for great Wabashaw !  
 He comes—beat drums—the Scioux chief comes.

They now strain their nerves till the canoe runs bounding,  
 As swift as the Solen goose skims o'er the wave ;  
 While, on the lake's border, a guard is surrounding  
 A space, where to land the great Scioux *so brave*.  
     Hail to great Wabashaw !  
     Soldiers your triggers draw,  
 Guard—wave the colours, and give him the drum !  
     Chocktaw and Chickosaw,  
     Whoop ! for great Wabashaw !  
 Raise the port-cullis!—the King's friend is come.





Who does not wish a countermand,  
 Must have a heart of oak.  
 There's buxom Moll, and Farlys three,  
 And many other girls I see,  
 With a fal la la la la la la,  
 Who thought themselves good wives.

With *Panies'* (1) scalps hung at their ears,  
 Young war-chiefs pay their court ;  
 Aware that sighs and floods of tears,  
 Must waft us from this port.  
 The Zephyrs and the Limnades (2) too,  
 Incline young chiefs to favor you,  
 With fal la la la la la

If I had time now, I could name,  
 Of belles, at least a score ;  
 Some that from lake Superior came,  
 And some bred on this shore.

---

(1) *Panies* are a tribe of Indians upon whom the Ottawas and Chippawas continually make war.

(2) Nymphs of the lakes.

But see!—the anchor is a peak,  
And I've no time more rhyme to seek,  
Sing fal lal la la la la,  
Fal la la la la la la.

*Attempted from the French translation in some of Lord  
Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.*

**HARD** fated Dido, thus to wed,  
Sicheus' death, did cause your flight ;  
And when your loved Æneas fled,  
You closed your eyes in endless night.

---

*Another, from 35th Letter.*

**COLAS** is of sickness dead,  
And I must Colas' loss deplore ;  
Pray, what of him more can be said,  
Than that he was, but is no more.

## ELEGY.

Once more the drums' sad muffled tones I hear,  
 A crowd moves slowly o'er yon tented plain ;  
 Sad funeral rites of some brave youth, I fear,  
 On Trentown's bloody field, disastrous slain.

That drum (ere while) which made all hearts elate,  
 When bravely you led on an armed few,  
 Now beats a dirge to an untimely fate,  
 My fears foreboding—Williamson (1)—'tis you.

My tears have flowed, alas ! for many a friend,  
 Since stern Bellona blew her trumpet shrill ;  
 On Brockland's plains Creggaffee's (2) life did end,  
 E're healed the wounds received at Bunker's-hill.

---

(1) Of the 52d regiment.

(2) Captain Nelson, 52d Regiment.

There fell that veteran, brave Addison,  
 His son there fell,—in death still near allied ;—  
 O'er them I wept ;—I wept when Davison,  
 When Williams, Higgins, and young Vernon  
 died. (1)

Nor did my good old friend neglected lay,  
*Carden*, who ne'er escaped without a wound,  
 Still foremost to Long-point he led the way,  
 Till what so long he braved, at length he found.

Ere Richeleu's stream begins its rapid fall,  
 And eddying back seems loth to leave Cham-  
 plain, (2)

There sprightly Freeman, by a cannon-ball,  
 Thy life was ended, happily without pain.

At Saratoga, youthful Corrie bled ;  
 Brave Troquhan, (3) murdered on Laprarie's road,

---

(1) All of the regiment killed at Bunker's-hill.

(2) Lake Champlain.

(3) Brigadier-General Gordon of Troquhan.

Thro' whom a fiend, by — thither sped,  
Deliberate shot th' unerring rifle's load.

Still thine, brave Gordon, a less rigid fate,  
Than that some ruffians to poor Phillip's gave;  
One deadly wound could not their rage abate,  
They flung him limbless in a mirey grave.

**THE AMERICAN YELLOW BIRDS,**

A CANTATA.

*Written during the American War.*

---

  
RECITATIVE.

MY Dick, sweet bird, doth stretch his bill,  
Sure prelude to his cheerful song ;  
Like him my fav'rite Tom did thrill  
Sweet notes, to cheer me all day long.  
But soon, alas! the grief he gave,  
The short-lived pleasure did exceed.  
For him I culled, and cracked each seed :  
No pains were spared my bird to save :  
I gave him herbs, but all in vain ;  
Some may have hastened on his end ;  
For ah! I fear those herbs proved bane  
To my dear little feathered friend.

AIR—*Gilderoy.*

COME, teach me, Dick, ere you once more  
Affliction's pangs renew,  
What medicine nature has in store  
For little birds like you?  
But if slow nature's self must cure,  
Or kill my little Dick,  
Alas! what pangs must I endure,  
Again when thou art sick?  
If, little sir, you nought will say,  
To set my mind at ease,  
The door is open, fly away,  
Regain your native trees.  
There sit and chaunt your liberty,  
Thou'lt soon attract a mate,  
Whilst I these groves will haunt, to see  
You in your changed state.



## RECITATIVE.

THE bird flew out, and took a range,  
 Thrice circled round the room, and then,  
 To show he little cared to change,  
 Flew back into his cage again.  
 Safe perched upon his little stick,  
 He stretched his wing,—his tail along ;  
 His head he scratched, gave rump a pick,  
 And thus began a captive song.

AIR—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I am not versed in nature's lore,  
 Nor seek her liberty,  
 While here well fed,—what need I more,  
 Than wish to live with thee ?  
 If I was once flown from your sight,  
 I'd fear Grimalkin's paws,  
 Or that some hungry hungry owl, or kite,  
 Would snatch me in his claws.

Had, just like me, a restless crew  
    Been bid at large to roam,  
Believe your bird, there's very few  
    But would have stayed at home :  
Whilst ease and plenty strewed their ways,  
    What could they wish for more ?  
But now, alas ! their Halcion strays,  
    From their once happy shore.

*To Mrs D. P. on her Dancing.*

WITH such activity you dance,  
In graceful movements too excel,  
Some think you have been taught in France,  
By their professor, great Marcel;  
Though Pique (1) it was your steps did frame,  
Kind Nature formed your limbs for ease,  
Why rob those masters of their fame,  
Who have combined all eyes to please?

---

(1) A French dancing-master in Edinburgh.

*Lines sent to Mrs P. E—d, with a remarkable fine  
Peach.—Detroit, June, 1783.*

ACCEPT, fair Ann, I do beseech,  
This tempting gift, a clingstone peach,  
The finest fruit, I culled from three,  
Which you may safely take from me.  
Should *Pool* (1) request to share the favor,  
Eat you the peach, give him the flavor!  
Which surely he cant take amiss,  
When 'tis so heightened by your kiss.

---

(1) The fair lady's husband.

## EPITAPH,

*On a favourite Spaniel, hunted and worried till he leaped  
out of a window of three storeys high, in the Artillery  
Barracks.—Quebec, 1774.*

HERE Dapper (1) lies, mourn his untimely fate,  
Rival of beaux, and fav'rite of each belle ;  
His mistress's smiles, when living, made him great,  
Now dead, her tears his envied fortune tell.

Hard was his heart who ruthless could destroy  
Ought half so beauteous, innocent, and gay ;  
To damp at once, alas ! a lady's joy,  
And strew with pangs, life's too, too thorny way.

Yet cease to grieve, my fair, but hear the muse,  
Whose tale prophetic shall allay thy pain !  
A blissful fate thy fav'rite still pursues,—  
The fleetest hunter in Diana's train !

H. B.

---

(1) A spaniel, belonging to Mrs De Peyster, who, when the culprits were sentenced by a garrison court-martial, had the goodness to beg them off, and succeeded.

THE DRILL SERJEANT,  
*At Mitchilimackinack, 1775.*

---

To the Tune of *The Happy Beggars.*

---

COME, stand well to your order,  
 Make not the least false motion,  
     Eyes to the right,  
     Thumb, muzzle tight,  
 Lads, you have the true notion.  
     Here and there,  
     Every where,  
 That the *King's* (1) boys may be found,  
     Fight and die,  
     Be the cry  
 Ere in battle to give ground.

Come briskly to the shoulder,  
 And mind when you make ready,

---

(1) The 8th, or King's regiment of foot, commanded by the author there, at the post of Mitchilimackinack.

No *quid* must slide  
 From side to side,  
 To make your heads unsteady.  
 Here and there,  
 Every where,  
 That the King's boys may be found,  
 Fight and die,  
 Be the cry,  
 Ere in battle to give ground.

*(The 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th stanzas were lost.)*

We beat them at the cedars,  
 With those we call our light men ;  
 Who that same day,  
 Heard *Yankeys* say,  
 'They never saw such tight men ;  
 Here and there,  
 Every where,  
 That the King's boys may be found ;  
 Fight and die,  
 Be the cry,  
 Ere in battle to give ground.

*Extempore—on the death of a favourite striped squirrel  
of Mrs D. P.'s, at Mitchilimackinack, in 1775.*

SEE, where the giddy circling (1) Tim,  
Lies motionless at last ;  
What, though no squirrel, ran like him,  
Grim death could run as fast.  
Cease then my fair, O cease to mourn  
For guiltless Timmy's sake,  
Since there's no living creature born,  
But death will overtake.

---

(1) His way of taking exercise was to fling himself round like the motion of  
a wheel.



## AN EPITAPH,

*On Mrs De Peyster's favourite parrot, spoken extempore, by supposing he had been killed by a kick from his master against his cage, on receiving a most treacherous bite while caressing him.*

THERE lies poor poll, (1) ah me ! a breathless corse ;  
 How silent now,—when closed his ebon bill !  
 Ungoverned passion ;—oh ! the sad remorse,  
 THave thus deprived the soldiers of a drill.

In him, ye heroes, you your fate behold,  
 Though you with kicking ne'er were known to die ;  
 Still, mute your tongue, your blood I ween as cold,  
 When on the carnaged field you breathless lie.

---

(1) This extraordinary bird was caught by Lieutenant Brock, now General Brock, at the expense of a severe bite in his finger, and presented to Mrs De Peyster

Pet Dapper (1) now will rake himself to death,  
 Or like his murdered grand-sire (1) heedless roam ;  
 For poll, poor poll, alas ! has slipt that breath,  
 Which used to whistle the poor wanderer home.

O, hardened monster, ruthless to destroy  
 Ought so loquacious, militant, and bold ;  
 For one small bite, to damp a lady's joy,  
 Herself, good soul, too meek to bite or scold.

Grenadiers, battalion, light bobs, (3) and all,  
 Revenge your feathered comrade overcome ;  
 No more he'll bid you *quick march*, or call  
 The serjeant-major, or th'orderly drum.

Ah ! who shall henceforth *fire* the grenadiers ?  
 And who shall welcome in each friendly guest ?

---

(1) A beautiful spaniel, son to the dog which was hunted and worried out of an upper barrack window.

(2) The light infantry.

At this sad sight all bathe their eyes in tears,  
 And shun me (fell destroyer) as the pest.

The corporal (1) now between reliefs may sleep,  
 (Whose presence here no more the bird will crave)  
 On *arms reversed*, although no soldiers weep!  
 No muffled drum *slow march* them to the grave.

Still *Fergusson* and *Bidd*, (2) to grief alive,  
 For their lost friend shall give the Irish howl;  
 In Newfoundlandish notes shall *Towzer* (3) strive,  
 While, from yon ivyed tower, loud screams the owl.

The bird of Wisdom owned him as a friend,  
 And Pallas dubbed him adjutant (4) to Mars;

---

(1) Frequently called by the bird to turn out the guard, as the serjeant-major was called by him; likewise the drummers to beat off, &c.

(2) Two faithful servants.

(3) A Newfoundland dog, with whom the parrot was so very intimate, that he would go and lay between his fore-paws, and pretend to sleep there, and at times court and kiss him; all which the dog bore with patience, but did not much like it.

(4) He could drill a squad better than many of our modern adjutants, being master of a good voice, and every word of command, which he gave with proper emphasis.

Jove, from above, a listening ear would lend  
To all he said, relating to the wars.

But hark! the biting Ethiopie is not dead!  
Let that shrill note, my dear, your grief assuage;  
In cream, you still shall steep your fav'rite's bread.  
And I will bear it, trembling, to his cage.

*Lines wrote with a pencil, and stuck to a Lady's Portrait.—Mrs T——s.*

PYGMALION wrought so fair a form in stone,  
 That, self-deceived, he thought it flesh and bone,  
 And wooed the sculptured form, and called it wife,  
 Which Venus heard, and gave the statue life.  
 The artist thus enjoyed the form he made,  
 And found his labour gratefully repaid.  
 So, when Apelles drew Campaspe's charms,  
 He clasp'd the senseless canvas in his arms ;  
 Which moved the King (1) to yield to Nature's call,  
 Who nobly gave his friend the original.  
 But *Green*, (2) for fifty pieces, here resigns  
 A gem, worth more than all Golconda's mines.

---

(1) Alexander the Great, who was a great friend to Apelles.

(2) A tolerable good painter from the West of England.

## PLYMOUTH DOCK-YARD IN AN UPROAR ;

*Wrote in 1797, when most of his Majesty's ships had costly carved heads, appropriate to the names they bore.*

WOULD Caliope,—heroic muse,  
 Forego her verse sublime ;  
 And to a votarist not refuse  
 Her aid in doggrel rhyme—  
 I'd sing the knight (1) who, in a mist,  
 Encounterd hundreds with his fist.  
 When Bacchus so ordained his pate,  
 Should thump against the dock-yard gate,  
 And wake the sentry on his post,  
 Of which he had no cause to boast.  
*Pat* rung the bell, and fired the gun,  
 T'alarm each sleeping dock-yard son ;

---

(1) The hero was ~~an excellent young man~~—an excellent young man.

Who soon were ready at his call ;  
 The ship-wrights mustered one and all ;  
 The Mulcibers, disdainng spears,  
 Sledge-armed, led on as pioneers !  
 Carvers and gilders closed the rear,  
 With all who'd ta'en on board their beer,  
 Who, drunk or sober, knew no fear.  
 Now lest Sir Lancet blood should spill,  
 Fame blew her tell-tale trump so shrill,  
 That it was heard in every port,  
 Where carved head ships of war resort.

The *Royal Sovereign* and the *Glory*,  
 Could not assist thy troops Laforey ! (1)  
 Their limbs lay in the carver's shop,  
 From whence their heads they dared not pop ;  
 Lest, of carved legs, mistaking pairs,  
 They'd break each other's neck down stairs.

---

(1) The Commissioner.

*Thalistris*, too, brave *Amazon*,  
 Who served old *Palpy* (1) as a *cone*, (2)  
 Lay, gunwale deep, a water lock.  
*Andromeda*, chained to a rock,  
 Called on winged *Persius* to protect her,  
 Though not a biscuit's throw from *Hector* ;  
 But he sought other feats to brag on,  
 Than to protect her from the *Dragon*,  
 So bid the *Powerful* quit his prow,  
 And march with him to quell the row—  
 Ere it should get to such a pass,  
 As to require the ships *en mass*.  
*Thisiphone* and *Megæra*,  
 Lay near the ships ta'en from *Langara* :  
 The *Phoenix* then, but now the *Gib*, (3)  
 Dry-docked to splice each shattered rib,  
 Which *Rodney* broke, when his *Game Cock*  
 Crowed,—while the *Phoenix* felt the shock ;

---

(1) The master builder.

(2) A sunken ship, to keep off the force of the sea from the new dock, then excavating out of the rock.

(3) The Gibraltar.



At which broadside he tore her flags,  
 Spain's *ne plus ultra*, all to rags ;  
 And sent a *Royal Mid* on board,  
 To whom *Don Juan* gave his sword ;  
 For now his ship was such a wreck,  
 There scarce was footing on her deck.

Ere *Fame* blew her's, bluff *Triton's* horn,  
 The ships moored up *Hamoaze* did warn ;  
 When *Hercules* seized on his club,  
 Resolved the culprits hide to drub ;  
 And said, that he'd the battle win,  
 Or cede to him his lion skin.

The bloody moon lowered in the west,  
 When *Vulcan*, limping home to rest,  
 Met *Mars* (just torn from *Venus' arms*),  
 For whom war, doubtless too, had charms :  
 So bid his limping godship follow,  
 With five armed muses, and *Apollo* :  
*Urania, Thalia, Terpsichore,*  
*Clio, Melpomene,*—all but four.

*Bellona* knit her awful brow,  
 And then to aid them made a vow ;  
 Which *Pallas* heard, and couched her lance,  
 She used against the ships of France,  
 When Russel drove their fleet on shore,  
 And burnt their *Royal Sun* of yore.

*Orion* bent his bow so strong,  
 He near had snapt a twofold thong ;  
 When *Samson*, who'd destroyed a temple,  
 Observed, the knight might beat cord hemp well  
 Enough to spin a cord to hang him,  
 So begged that *Samson* would not bang him.

*Goliath*, now reanimated,  
 Found death his strength had not abated ;  
 Wherefore, his sword he brandished,  
 As if he'd lop off *Lancet's* head ;  
*Cyclops*, *Dreadnought*, and *Colossus*,  
 Cried we'll bang him who dares to cross us ;  
 The *Barfleur*, *Bellisle*, *Blake*, and *Brave*,

Said, in the fight, their share they'd have.  
*Bellerophon, Warspite, Prince, Centaur,*  
*Alfred, Alside, Boyne, Malabar,*  
 And *Agamemnon* were for war.  
*Valiant, Conqueror, Queen, and Crown,*  
 Resolved to bring his spirit down.  
*Musquito, Hornet, Wasp, and Snake,*  
 Sought but to sting the drunken rake.  
*Pincher, Pelter, Piercer, Plumper,*  
 Sought but to give the knight a thumper  
*Bull-dog, Boxer, Bruiser, Blazer,*  
 Desired no other than fair play, Sir!  
 The *Termagant* so loud gave tongue,  
 She drowned the notes the *Syren* sung  
 At *Jove's* behest,—to warn the *Ocean*.  
 To put his briny troops in motion.  
 The *Leviathan, Haddock, Herring,*  
 All on the combatants kept staring;  
 Nor could the *Baracouta* shark,  
 Get near enough to leave his mark;  
 Though *Neptune* left his conch-shell car,  
 And, with his trident, 'gan to war;

*Penelope* stabb'd with her needle,  
 But found therewith she did succeed ill.  
 The *Busy, Beagle, Brisk, and Bold,*  
 Ran in to take a grappled hold.  
 The *Dauntless, Driad, Driver, Drake,*  
 All strove a grappled hold to take.  
 The *Daring, Dasher, Druid, Dart,*  
 Resolved to take their watchmen's part ;  
 And many more which I could name,  
 But leave them to thy log-book, *Fame.*  
 Stout *Atlas* came, and would have hurled,  
 Upon the culprit's head—the World ;  
 But fearing, held the pond'rous ball,  
 Lest it should crush his friends withal.

*Britannia* frowned,—good reason why,  
 She, with her friend and true ally  
 The *Victory*, could not get nigh  
 For want of water.—*Fly* and *Ant*  
 Could not bear the knight should vaunt  
 T'have beat the guard of all their stores.  
 But hark ! the *British Lion* roars !

The *Tyger* and the *Leopard* squalled,  
 Like two huge cats that catterwauled.  
 The *Eagle* o'er his prey ceased soaring,  
 Soon as he heard the *Lion* roaring ;  
 And winged his way to stay Jove's thunder,  
 Prepared the combatants to sunder.  
 Great *Tamerlane*—brave *Asiatic*—  
 Head of the *Ganges*—or *Carnatic*—  
 Though distant, to express his rage,  
 Held *Bajazet* up in a cage,  
 As signal to instruct the guard,  
 To coop him who disturbed the yard.  
 The *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Alexander*,  
 And many a bold carved head commander,  
 Strove all their might the foe to quell,  
 But strove in vain ;—O shame to tell !  
 Though *Scipio* and *Hannibal*,  
 Both joined to quell the dire cabal.

'Though *Thalia* now dread war you wage,  
 Thee I invoke !—suspend thy rage,  
 And help me to some comic rhymes,  
 Adapted to the scene and times !

Of massive weapons I have sung,  
 And now would sing the keen edged tongue,  
 Which soon the battle must decide,  
 Unless the knight is petrified,  
 Or banged as hard as brawn his hide.

Amongst the group famed carvers carve,  
 There still must be one in reserve;  
 Whose nimble tongue, unused to yield,  
 May drive the culprit off the field.

Thou *Spit-fire*,—like a true poissard,  
 Revile him, who reviles the guard,  
 In language worse than Billingsgate,  
 Where oyster-wenches Jews do rate,  
 For simply saying, that the smell  
 Of shell fish, sends a Jew—to hell.  
 Or when a nymph, on Portsmouth point,  
 Feels her red nose put out of joint;  
 Or on famed Plymouth's Barbican,  
 A smuggler's trull rates her good man:  
 Or Dublin, where in Barrack street,

All sober men, bad treatment meet ;  
 As when the *fair* b—m'd Anna Lee,  
 Turned up, and cried “ K— that” to me.

Though thus she rated him,—vile flirt,  
 With language foul as scaveng'd dirt,  
 The knight undaunted kept his ground,  
 And fought with spunk through every round.  
 In science, so excelled Mendoza,  
 That had *Dulcenea Del-Toboza*,  
 There been the prize, and he the knight,  
 He'd not have made a better fight.

*Juno*, look'd on, and so did *Thetis* !  
 When *Proserpine*, who judge of heat is ;  
 Declared the knight had fought so well,  
 That she would pit him soon in hell ;  
 And there, lest he too quick should cool,  
 She'd wash him in *Tartarus's* pool.

Quoth *Thetis*,—I should think that he  
 Would rather plunge into the sea,

And stroll through coral groves with me ;  
 Where I will wipe him with my hair,  
 Until his skin is sweet and fair.

Quoth *Juno*,—ladies I'd advise,  
 That he had best ascend the skies,  
 In a balloon, while with her squirt,  
*Iris*, shall cleanse his skin from dirt

Quoth *Venus*,—dirt is all a farce,  
 The knight who loves, and fights like *Mars* ;  
 And now while stript, whose skin and bone, is  
 So like to my lost love *Adonis*—  
 I should presume, great queens, between us,  
 Should be the paramour of *Venus*.

Quoth Moll M'Kerg,—la ! how odd this is !  
 That four stately rival goddesses,  
 Should differ 'bout a *Jack-an-apes*,  
 Who's always getting into scrapes.  
 Yet, since this bout he shews such mettle,  
 I'll souce him in Tar-boiler's kettle ;



'Then shake him in a bag of feathers,  
'Till like a goose he'll stand all weathers ;  
But blest *Minerva*, with her shield,  
Now screened the knight, lest he should yield ;  
And fair *Aurora*, shewed her face,  
To light him (from such sad disgrace,)  
Who, sobered was, by dint of blows,  
And quit the precincts of *Hamouze*.

## ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT ;

*A Song, composed while at the Ball.*

                      
Tune—“ Derry Down.”  
                    

I sing of St. Patrick, that hero of old,  
In the legend the foremost of saints he's enrolled,  
Blest patron of Ireland, so greatly revered,  
In honour of whom this great feast is prepared.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But who shall his wonderful actions translate,  
Now Sternhold O'Hopkins (1) and Brady O'Tate,  
Those two Irish bards that put David in metre,  
Are keeping St. Patrick, to-night, with St. Peter.  
Derry down, &c.

---

(1) Paddy is sometimes apt to put the cart before the horse.

St. George slew a dragon, and great was the deed,  
 But Patrick caused millions of reptiles to bleed ;  
 Converted the Irish, without sword or gun,  
 By th' help of a shamrock, now all this was done.

Derry down, &c.

That fearless of venom, each farmer may work,  
 And set his potatoes, where reptiles did lurk,  
 There clasp round the waist, a potatoe fed lass,  
 And lay her, as Sheelah was laid, on the grass.

Derry down, &c.

Potatoes, best wall-fruit, esteemed by all those,  
 Who ne'er turn their backs on their friends or their  
 foes ;

They sweeten sour milk, and give strength to the  
 nation,

And string like a poddreen of beads, on occasion.

Derry down, &c.

If e'er the *Sans Cullottes* should land on this coast,  
 Each Paddy would run, like the saint, to his post,

In defence of his *childer*, pig, whisky, and Sheelah,  
And drive the vile reptiles all off with shelela.

Derry down, &c.

So fill up a bumper to Ireland's protector,  
Whose whisky is like what the gods do call nectar,  
Whose *wall-fruit* (1) may with their ambrosia compare,

Whose sons are all brave, and whose daughters are  
fair.

Derry down, &c.

---

(1) Wall-fruit—Potatoes, often so called by the Irish, by way of recommending them to their guests, in fun.

*Monday evening, the 21st of October, 1798*

BRAVE Warren, hard to put in metre,  
 Art thou descended frae Sir Peter?  
 Than wha's, nae sailor's name sounds sweeter,  
     In ancient story;  
 Thou recent Gallic line defeater,  
     Near the Isle of Tory.

Le Hoche you captured in a trice, sir!  
 Sae brawly ye did cut and slice her;  
 Ye sent her rapes to knot and splice, sir,  
     Snug in Loch Swilly;  
 For her ye'se get an unco price,  
     Bra fighting billie.

What ither ships ye may hae taken,  
 I winna sing, lest I'm mistaken;

Nor sing o' ilk that saved her bacon  
 By cowardice, sir ;  
 To-morrow's Gazette thir will reckon,  
 Which tells nae lies, sir.

---

*Tuesday evening, 22d of October.*

YES, yes, 'tis here in the Gazette,  
 Now a' their schemes are overset ;  
 How will the five fell tyrant's fret,  
 And curse their fate ?  
 While's Warren, what can pay our debt,  
 To thee so great.

E'en should the king create thee Baron  
 Of Tory, or the Isle of Arran,  
 For sending Jacobins to Charon,  
 Like drowned rats ;  
 Who'd rather crossed the Siene or Garonne,—  
 Poor democrats.

Wad naething less your triumph fix,  
 Than famed Le Hoche, and a' her chicks,  
 Baith forty-fours and thirty-six,  
     A' at ae swoop!  
 Foreby o' souls that crossed the Styx,  
     A dreadfu' groupe.

To win' my news up wi' a moral;—  
 The brave and good shall wear the laurel,  
 While's Gallia's sons, a' rue and sorrel,  
     Depressed in spirit,  
 Hear sea nymphs, decked in pearl and coral.  
     Loud chaunt thy merit.

*Advice to our modern Amazons.*

WHILE thus in regimentals clad,  
You personate a yeoman ;  
Would you not think their leader mad,  
Should he affect a woman ?  
Should his lieutenant flirt a fan,  
His cornet knit a stocking ;  
You'd doubtless think that, to a man,  
Our yeomanry were mocking,

Fair *Sans Cullottes*, let me advise,  
Throw by your boots and switches ;  
With female charms attract men's eyes,  
Ere you can wear the breeches.  
Cease, cease, to ape those martial men,  
Designed for your protectors,  
Till Hymen light his torch, and then  
You may raise troops of Hectors.



## SONG.

*The Sea Horse and La Sybelle.*

The famed Bonaparte late set out from Toulon,  
 With a fleet and an army, by light of the moon,  
 To visit Grand-Cairo,—and set Egypt free,  
 And pass o'er to England,—round by the Red Sea.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He looked into Malta, as if 'twere by chance,  
 And thought it would suit the republic of France,  
 Of which the grand-master, he soon did convince  
 By giving his promise—to make him a prince.

Derry down, &c.

The fast sailing *Sybelle* he chose from his fleet,  
 To lay Malta's plunder, at five despots feet,  
 But as towards Toulon she ran on her course,  
 She met with an odd-fish, we call the *Sea Horse*.

Derry down, &c.

Who gave her a broadside, while she crowded sail,  
In hopes that to reach a French port, she'd not fail ;  
But she was soon boarded by brave Captain Cook,  
Who soon had her captured,—down in his log-book.  
Derry down, &c.

## EXTEMPORE SPEECH,

*Taken from the Author's thanks to his Volunteer Corps  
for their munificent present of a valuable piece of plate.*

---

I'LL SAY FOR THE LADY—

She feels it more within her breast,  
Than words can e'er impart!—  
There let the proud sensation rest,  
Lock'd in a grateful heart.

*A Song, composed the 1st of January, 1799.*

*Tune—“Come let us prepare.”*

A happy new year,  
 To all that would hear,  
 Instead of a vaunting oration,  
 A volunteer song,  
 To prove that we're strong,  
 In defence of the King and the nation.

In story we're told,  
 How Britons are bold,  
 Of which we had late confirmation ;  
 When off Camperdown  
 Brave Duncan bore down,  
 On the foes of the King and the nation.

Our strong wooden walls,  
All studded with balls,  
Sails torn by the wind on each station,  
Still block up Monsieur,  
The Don,—and Minheer,  
In support of the King and the Nation

In the Indies we find,  
Our forces combined,  
Give democrats utter vexation ;  
And on this fair coast,  
Should they land an host,  
Huzza ! for the King and the nation.

When the Bourgeois, in France,  
Their cash do advance,  
On a loan of most fell desperation ;  
What man can withhold,  
His arm or his gold,  
From supporting the King and the nation.

Already see Quill, (1)  
 S'expert at the drill,  
 You'd think it his sole occupation ;  
 Now in a good cause,  
 A bayonet he draws,  
 In support of the King and the nation.

While Fop, Crop, and Slop, (2)  
 Prime, load, and pop, pop,  
 Fair half-booted Amazons gaze on :  
 And long to unite,  
 With lads who can fight,  
 In support of the King and the nation :

Square, Snip, Felt, and Vamp (3)  
 Will hie to the camp,  
 The instant they hear of invasion ;

---

(1) The attorney and writer.

(2) The beau, the hair-dresser, and the apothecary.

(3) The joiner, the tailor, the hatter and shoemaker.

Each red spencered lass,  
 Will join in the mass,  
 In support of the King and the nation.

Although P—tt and F—x,  
 Still spar like two cocks,  
 On ev'ry financing occasion ;  
 Should e'er the French land,  
 United they'd stand,  
 In defence of the King and the nation.

We're volunteers all,  
 The palace and stall,  
 Pot-cellar and bard's elevation ;  
 Would all take delight,  
 To fight the good fight,  
 In support of the King and the nation.

With long live the King,  
 The welkin shall ring,  
 From subjects of every persuasion ;

Each sword and each purse,  
Though war is a curse,  
We'll draw for the King and the nation.



*Among the Tombs.*

One lowly stone—no cloud cap't urns,  
The Muses droop,—e'en Thalia spurns  
Her comic mask, to weep o'er Burns,  
    In mournful strains,  
Who from this bourne no more returns,  
    To cheer our plains.

Here, unincumbered, let him lie,  
Free from yon towering pageantry,  
Which, when it met the poet's eye,  
    He did despise !  
Should pride ask me the reason why ?  
    The bard was wise.

While mouldering in this Old Kirk-yard,  
Where worldly prospects all are marr'd  
The lark shall, from thy dasied sward,  
    Rise high in song ;

As thou oft didst, sweet rustic bard,  
Though sometimes wrong.

The little mouse, and wounded hare,  
Too, sung by thee, sweet bard of Air,  
Shall, sympathizing, here repair,  
Still loath to part  
From one who showed, for their welfare,  
A feeling heart.

*Extempore—on being desired to write an Acrostic to the  
Christian name of an agreeable young lady.*

PLEASED with the task, my pen I seize,  
Her Christian name to write ;  
In warmer strains the muse 't might please,  
Love sonnets to indite.  
Love, in my breast, now scarce doth stir,  
It is pure friendship, there, for her,  
Suffuses true delight.

CLEO AND CLOE,  
*A Sonnet.*

WHEN Cleopatra laid her bosom bare,  
 Had she there stood as leafless as a reed,  
 The heat intense had justified the deed,  
 Which a cursed Aspick proved done thro' despair.

But what can warrant Cloe in Du—f—ies,  
 Whose beaux, great-coated, lest the snow should  
     fall,  
 To walk to church without a coat (1) at all,  
 While homeward, from the pool, ice drives the  
     geese ?

Anon—thou'lt see the wolf's wardrobe of hair,  
 Borne on her shoulders, like a soldier's pack ;

---

(1) Without a petticoat.

So Atlas bears the world upon his back,  
Whose blood-shot arms, like Cloe's, too, are bare.

But lo ! yon sexton, ruthless, on his spade,  
Scores down all those by fashion thus betrayed.

## A SONG.

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*Tune*—“ Push about the jorum.”

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**BRAVE Nelson is the man for me,**  
**In Britain's cause so hearty,**  
**That day and night he ploughed the sea,**  
**In quest of Bonaparte.**  
**North and east, and south and west,**  
**He cruised, in hopes to find him ;**  
**When I supposed that horrid pest,**  
**The Syroc wind did blind him.**  
**Fal lal, fal lal, la.**

**At length, he found the Gallic line,**  
**Moored in Aboukir bay, sir ;**  
**Sunk one, burnt three, and captured nine,**  
**And four ships ran away, sir.**

The ship which bore their admiral's flag,  
 Of an enormous size, sir ;  
 Blew up, and left the French to brag,  
 She was not made a prize, sir.  
 Fal lal, &c.

From where Fame rais'd brave Westcott's urn,  
 On Alexandria's strand, sir ;  
 No Frenchman ever shall return,  
 Without a helping hand, sir.  
 There, while their chiefs at fortune rail,  
 Britannia still shall smile, sir ;  
 On George our King,—and Nelson hail,  
 Lord Baron of the Nile, sir.  
 Fal lal, &c.

Fresh laurels bind his wounded brow,  
 As once they did his arm, sir ;  
 So lest a laurelled trunk he grow,  
 And we exposed to harm, sir:  
 Let's pray to God !—that he'll protect  
 This guardian of our isle, sir ;

And still his future steps direct,  
To make Britannia smile, sir.  
Fal lal, &c.



*To a Lady, who sent the author, two dozen of well conditioned American New Town Pippins.*

WHEN three bright goddesses, with ardour strove  
 Who first should gain the royal shepherd's love,  
 The stately Juno, and Minerva wise,  
 To Venus saw young Paris give the prize,  
 A golden pippen of the common size ;  
 How flattered then fair D—n, must I be  
 With twice twelve New Town pippens, sent by thee,  
 In whom thy favoured friend, e'er this, did find,  
 Sense, elegance, and beauty, all combined.

## EPIGRAM.

VIENNA'S wits their brains may rack,  
 In writing pasquenades on Mac,  
     T'excite the mob to stone him,  
 While here a nobler flame has caught  
 Macnab, Macnish, Macneil, Macnaught,  
     Who one and all disown him.

Macwhir, Mackune, Maclish, Maclure,  
 The name of Mac can scarce endure,  
     When they reflect upon it ;  
 For 'till that day at Ulm no Mac,  
 Who met the French, e'er turned his back ;  
     Or meanly doff'd his bonnet.

Throughout the globe now every Mac,  
 Who bears a coronet,—or pack,  
     Or pinch of snish about him ;

Mackay, Mackie, Mackeg, Mackan,  
All Macs, e'en *Mickmacks* to a man,  
Indignant sure must flout him.

## THE INVASION.

*Tunc*—“Derry down.”

FAME says that the French will invade with an host,  
As great as when Xerxes the Hellespont crossed ;  
With fascines, and wool-packs, they'll bridge the way  
over—

The salt ditch that lies betwixt Calais and Dover.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

And, lest the bridge fail, they are building of rafts,  
And, dreadful to look at, are sinking deep shafts ;  
In point of invading, since all can't agree,—  
Some mean to pass over,—some under the sea.  
Derry down, &c.

Ye ladies, so fond of fresh eggs in the shell,  
Be sure, when you've eat them, to crumble them well ;

Lest the witches, in egg-shells, sail over to France,  
To pilot the fleet of this Man of Romance. (1)

Derry down, &c.

Ye old maids, and house-maids, ye milk-maids, and  
grooms,

Whene'er you get new ones,—pray burn your old  
brooms ;

Lest Hecate should play you a trick unaware,  
And bring o'er the Poissards, astride through the air.

Derry down, &c.

The scheme of importing large nut-shells (2) from Spain,  
To old navigators, must doubtless prove vain ;

Large nut-shells might do for such troops as Queen  
Mabs,

But true sons of Poissards prefer shells of crabs.

Derry down, &c.

(1) See Talleyrand's compliment to Bonaparte in the senate, where he stiles him a Man of Romance.

(2) Taken from a newspaper account of their threats.

In whatever transports they mean to come on,  
Supported by Minheer, the Diel, or the Don ;  
We'll tip them a Duncan, a Jarvis, or Howe,  
And Frederick, with laurels (1) shall cover his brow.

---

(1) In case any part of them should land.

*To Miss A. M'M. on her returning from England.*

THOU'RT welcome home, sweet A—t—na,  
 Right welcome to thy native place ;  
 I, since you left us, have not seen a  
 Maid, with such a cherub's face.  
 Your shape and air, too, corresponding,  
 And sense, surpassing outward show ;  
 Make mortals think that, heaven absconding,  
 An angel means to dwell below.  
 Still let Discretion's footsteps guide youth,  
 To friendly Caution lend an ear :—  
 A monster lurks, who can't abide youth,  
 But scans them with malicious leer.  
 Should Envy dwell within this town, Miss,  
 Attended by her numerous train ;  
 Your words and actions they'd note down, Miss,  
 Pervert, and deal them out again.

*To a beautiful Young Lady, who had on one of those abominable straw caps or bonnets, in the form of a bee hive.*

While you persist that cap to wear,  
 Miss,—let a friend contrive  
 So that the bees, when swarming near,  
 Sha'nt take it for a hive.

For, lest you some precaution take,  
 I'll be in constant dread,  
 That <sup>tho'</sup>ugh a mouth so sweet, they'd make  
 A lodgment in your head.

Where such loud buzzing they would keep,  
 And so distract your brain ;  
 That you'd not get one wink of sleep,  
 'Till they buzz'd out again.



Wherefore, to disappoint the bees,  
What I'd advise is this :—  
Close your sweet lips, when, if you please,  
I'll seal them with a kiss.

*Epigram upon the affair at Ulm.*

When Napoleon told old Mack,  
 He'd rule the world—all in a crack,  
     Now he had ships in plenty,  
 He little dreamt, that making war  
 'Gainst Nelson, off Cape Trafalgar,  
     Villeneuve lost him twenty.

Soon as the tyrant heard the news,  
 He cursed the ships, and damned the crews,  
     And asked if Ganthaume knew it?  
 If not, O Berthier!—write from me,  
 To bid him put his fleet to sea,  
     And make Cornwallis rue it;

But fearing, still, some worse disaster,  
 Shrewd Berthier, briefly told his master,  
     How he conceived it best—

That as the French were a great nation, (1)  
To let Cornwallis keep his station,  
And Ganthaume his,—in Brest.

---

(1) So styled themselves in the beginning of the revolution.

*An Extempore—on hearing of the death of Lord Nelson.*

The muse reluctant drops a tear,—  
 Britannia's sons suppress the smile,—  
 Fame tells of victory—won too dear—  
 We mourn the Hero of the Nile.

Off Trafalgar, two fleets combined,  
 Culled from the ports of France and Spain,  
 Brave Nelson beat, e'er he resigned  
 His soul to him who formed the main.

The muse prophetic now declares,  
 Their proud flotillas soon shall burn,—  
 Within their ports our gallant tars,  
 Shall sacrifice them to his urn!

Yes! upstart tyrant! while you boast  
 Your easy conquest of old Mack;  
 Britannia's sons shall sweep your coast,  
 And prove how true "that ships you lack".

But say thou'st ships—where are the men,  
Who'll stand the British lion's roar?  
When apes invade a lion's den  
Then you may land upon this shore!

## ART AND NATURE.

*Lines occasioned by having met the Nurse with an infant daughter of Sir J. J—n's in her arms, wrapt in a shawl.*

THE R. A.'s Peter Pindar sung,  
 Or rather lashed severely,  
 Were men, I could name some among,  
 Deserving praise sincerely ;—  
 Sir Joshua Reynolds, Opie, West,  
 For fine historic pieces ;  
 For miniature, no doubt the best,  
 Is where art most increases ;—  
 Through Conway's works, the stroke of art  
 Is seen in every feature ;  
 But would Nurse know who can impart  
 The loveliest tints of Nature ?

Though Prior tuned of yore his lay,  
    To praise Sir Godfrey Kneller ;  
It is not him, nor an R. A.—  
    'Tis one I need not tell her.  
In his own likeness, shewn to all,  
    The face excels all others ;  
Though part's concealed beneath that shawl,  
    May be like his grandmother's !

*Lines sent to Mrs B. M. with an applicable sketch.*

WHEN Priam's son the golden fruit resigned,  
 The youth to every sense, but love, was blind ;  
 But in this emblematic sketch you see  
 No sign of love—pure friendship governs me.  
 His doves are billing, while, behold how tame  
 Mine sit, as guardians of the sacred flame ;  
 Then, if that friendship, as defined by Gay,  
 Is but a loan, the borrower should repay ;  
 Though simple interest you should but return,  
 'Twill feed the flame I long do wish should burn.

---

(1) In his Beggar's Opera.



## LETTY PAGE.

IN Downshire dwells a maid so fair,  
 She makes old men forget their age ;  
 Ye reckless beaux then pray beware,  
 Lest you should meet with Letty Page.

The lily of the valley's white,  
 But not more white, I will engage,  
 Than, when exposed, ah me ! to sight,  
 The bosom of sweet Letty Page.

When Cupid sought his mamma's dove,  
 And put poor Cloe in a rage !—  
 She had not been so teased by love,  
 Had he there met with Letty Page.

Should Slender's ghost still sob and sigh,  
 'Midst church-yard yews, my life I'll wage  
 'Twould change its note, should she pass by,  
 From " Ann," to " O sweet Letty Page !"

Were I a bird, caught in a trap,  
And thence removed into a cage,  
I'd sing all day, if 'twere my hap,  
To be enslaved by Letty Page.

## VERSES,

*Occasioned by a piece of coal bouncing from the grate,  
and lodging in a Lady's breast, while she sat at din-  
ner—A TRUE STORY.*

Of all Jove's freaks I do protest,  
This one—t'inflame a fair onesbreast,  
Is what I most admire,  
Miss Leda, clasped him, wet and cold,  
He filled Miss Danæs, lap with gold,  
J—ne felt him all on fire.

Her wreathings, and her sudden start,  
Proclaimed he'd got too near her heart;  
Unseen, though all were gazing,  
From cannel-coal he bouncing sprung,  
Black as the hair of Robishong, (1)  
'Till contact set him blazing.

---

(1) A Canadian gentleman, whose hair was black as jet.

J—ne! since this amorous rambling spark,  
Upon your beauties sets his mark,  
    Beware of such a lover ;  
To disappoint Jove's lawless passion,  
Be sure, henceforth, in spite of fashion,  
    Your neck and breast to cover.

*The following Verses were hastily composed, on reading the report of Bonaparte's striking the Russian Ambassador, for speaking in favour of the British subjects detained in France.*

I sing the man, whose like ne'er p—t,  
 Who beat Count Markoff with his fist,  
 Ere he was entered on the list  
                   For fame so sweet ;  
 Like that Young Russian pugilist,  
                   Whom Belcher beat.

At Petersburg, and at Moscow,  
 Say Bonaparte had dealt a blow,  
 And hit the Czar's grave Plenipo',  
                   With all his might ;  
 Would not the Ghost of Suwarrow  
                   Stalk forth and fight ?

What will the artful Talleyrand  
Say for this lifting of the hand,  
By one who has the sole command  
Of all the French ?  
How make the Russians understand  
He did but clench ?

No doubt, this Machiavelian sage  
Will say, it was not done in rage—  
That, in the way of *badinage*,  
He meant to spar,—  
For sure he could not wish to wage  
With Russians war !

Yet, will not Alexander say,  
He'll make the Consul rue such play,  
When at the Thuilleries, in May,  
His Plenipo'  
Stood up for Briton's rights that day,  
And got a blow ?

## THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Allen's pencil this fair likeness drew,  
And I, by stealth, obtained a transient view,  
In my mind's eye, those features I ran o'er,  
So saint-like now, angelic heretofore,  
And wished some artist had then drawn those charms,  
Which pleased all eyes, and blest a good man's arms ;  
For time will alter, although here we trace  
Enough of beauty to adorn her face, (1)  
Who, through a numerous offspring, did diffuse,  
Such tints as Zuxes sought in vain to use.

---

(1) Mrs John M.M.

## ACROSTIC:

*I*nclined in song to name a maid,  
*S*hould I call on a muse for aid,  
     *A* muse with harp divine ;  
*B*e thy assistance not denied,  
*E*rato, thou sweet Castalide,  
     *L*ove's favourite of the *Nine*.

*S*o shall thy votarist sing of love.  
*H*ymen, such as thou wouldst approve,—  
     *A*h! give her to my arms.  
 “*R*ash youth, of such vain hopes beware,  
*P*retend not to this maid so fair,  
*E*ndowed with mental charms.”



*Extempore—spoken to a Lady who had placed the author's portrait between those of her Father and Mother.*

Pray, tell me J—ne, how 'tis you durst  
 There place it for your life?  
 Say—would you have your friend accurst  
 For parting man and wife?  
 Suspend it yond two heads between,  
 T'avert impending wrath,  
 That folly here, too, may be seen,  
 Placed as it is at Bath. (1)

---

(1) Where Mr Nash's bust was placed between Lord Chesterfield's and Mr Garrick's.

## AN EXTEMPORE ACROSTIC.

*Make* some youth blest, thou lovely maid,  
    *Endowed* with every female charm !  
*Love* in that dimpled ambush laid,  
    *Vainly* strives my heart to warm.  
*I'm* proof against his artful wiles,  
    *Let* Cupid do what e'er he will ;  
*Let* him new dress his dart in smiles,  
    *E'en* there I'm proof against him still.

## A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE ;

*Written when the Author commanded the Dumfries  
Volunteers.*

Napoleon threatened to invade,  
But now that threat is laid aside,—  
He cannot sail while we blockade,  
Nor has he *Micromega's* (1) stride.  
Rule Britannia,  
Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.

Balloons, like bubbles in the air,  
Might burst and souse him in the sea ;  
If landed, he must still despair,  
So list, Napoleon ! list to me.

---

(1) Of twenty-four leagues.—*See Voltaire.*

Should Hecate take thee o'er by night,  
 Both horse and foot, on brooms astride,  
 Know that our volunteers would fight,  
 Until they cool a tyrant's pride.

Could you congeal the sea, to pass,  
 United every nerve we'd strain,—  
 Britannia's sons would rise *en masse*,  
 And beat you on the icy plain.

For India, should you e'er presume  
 To send your choicest troops by land,  
 They'd, as at *Maida*, meet their doom,—  
 There, Britons too, would be at hand.

Or, should Gibraltar be your mark,  
 You there would just succeed as soon,  
 As when a *cur* sits down to bark,  
 Upon the rock, to bay the moon.

Mind what old Talleyrand advised,—  
 Keep free from England, Russia, Spain,—

Your troops shall there be sacrificed,  
Few would return to France again.

On *Ultra Mundane* conquest fix,  
And where the passage is not wide,  
Let Charon row you cross the Styx,—  
There set the prince of hell aside.

Then, discord in this world would cease,—  
The *Bonapartes* all ceased to reign ;—  
Fame will proclaim a general peace,—  
A Bourbon mount the throne again.

Rule Britannia,  
Britannia rule the main,  
Place Bourbon on his throne again.

*To a Lady, on being told by her that she would be displeased if the author wrote in praise of Young Ladies.*

Is A—t—a still too young  
 To be by an old poet sung ?  
     The Muses all deny it ;  
 In search of beauty look all round,  
 In her you'll see it so abound,  
     An anchorite might spy it.

Unpracticed in coquettish arts,  
 Her *naivete* soon won the hearts  
     Of all ranks, at the races ;  
 The laird, the nabob, lord, and squire,  
 No more our dashing belles admire,  
     Attracted by her graces.

Maia such, and such in vain,  
 They'd seek for in Diana's train,  
     If she our hunt attended.

Such Hebe was, who held the cup  
Wherefrom the thunderer's bird (1) did sup,  
From whom my name descended.

---

(1) The Eagle, which in *Mohawk* is *Arent*.

## THE JACK.

Aid me, O muse! to sing a jack,  
 New polished for Sir Paddy Whack;  
 That he might give his friends a smack  
     Of roasted meat:  
 A Sandwich, too, when trunks they pack  
     For their retreat.

Some bards would sing each screw and wheel,  
 Its front of brass, or polished steel,  
 Its flyer, whirling like a reel,  
     Or humming top:  
 Sing, woe to him, whose nose might feel,  
     Its sudden stop.

Its handle, pullies, weights, and string,  
 Its chain, whose like once bound that king, (1)

---

(1) See the droll story of a strolling player's impatience while a fowl was roasting at the inn, where he had bespoke the jack-chain, he being to play Bajazet.



Whom Tamerlane did captive bring,  
    With half his host :  
I leave to laureat bards to sing ;  
    This jack can roast—

A surloin or a haunch so nice,  
That I'd not grudge, whate'er the price,  
Were I allowed to take a slice  
    Of such browned meat,  
As e'en would Jerry's ghost entice, (1)  
    A bit to eat.

When Vulcan bore it cross the green,  
The old goose eyed the dire machine,  
When instinct, which makes geese so keen  
    On eggs to sit,  
Said none but stubble geese and green,  
    Need dread the spit.

---

(1) Jerry Sneak, a noted character in the Mayor of Garret.

The fattening ox his head did raise,  
 And did with maddening eye-balls gaze,  
 And bellowed till the affrighted bays,  
     And whole domain—  
 Sheep, calves, and pigs, all ceased to graze,  
     And joined the strain.

The blood in *Bubble-jock's* bald head,  
 Now turned from blue and white to red,—  
 He, for the table, had been fed,  
     And just then fit :  
 No wonder, then, that he should dread  
     What turned a spit.

And Juno's bird turned from the sun  
 His hundred eyes, to gaze upon  
 This burnished jack, and then did run  
     With hen and chick ;  
 Aware, that those the cook could shun,  
     She could not pick.

He knew that flocks of geese and ducks,  
 And every bird the scullion plucks,—  
 The cock that crows—the hen that clucks—  
     And all their brood,  
 Are at the grip of her who chucks  
     To give them food.

Sir! know that life is but a span!  
 This polisher's no polished man,  
 He'll clout a kettle or a pan,  
     And set a stove :  
 Yet Limpeth not—nor is his Nan  
     The Queen of Love.

Then pray don't make this man your foe,  
 So used the ponderous sledge to throw  
 He'll break a bar at every blow,  
     Or rive an oak ;  
 Then, for a paltry sum, would you  
     His rage provoke ? (1)

---

(1) Every one knowing him to be an industrious, quiet, honest man.

*An Impromptu on red hair.*

By love-smitten poet's we oft have been told,  
That beauty excells beneath ringlets of gold ;—  
Then, ladies, why take so much trouble to box  
Beneath a brown rosette, your classical locks ?  
Display them in ringlets, that I may adore,  
E're time, fell destroyer, has silvered them o'er.

*Impromptu—on hearing of the death of the Marquis of  
Cornwallis.*

Pitt, Nelson, and Cornwallis, dead!—  
To Heaven three such spirits fled,  
    And Austria's banner furled,  
For peace should not make Britons sue,  
Who, to themselves, need but prove true,  
    And still defy the world!

*Extempore—spoken to a much admired Lady.*

Dear friend, I take it much amiss,  
That when I strove your lips to kiss.  
    You interposed your veil ;—  
A trick, no doubt, you learnt from Juno,  
Who interposed a cloud, as you know,  
    When Ixion did fail.

*On the death of Sir John Moore, who so gloriously fell  
at Corunna.—Vide Gazette Extraordinary, of 24th  
January, 1809.*

Yes; Moore like Wolfe was nobly slain  
The enemy defeating;—  
Wolfe, did immortal honor gain  
Advancing—Moore, retreating!  
On Ab'ram's heights, Wolfe smiling died  
When Victory was shouted,  
And Moore, in Spain, died satisfied,  
When told the French were routed.  
Similitude is here so just,  
That soon shall be erected,  
A monument—to say Moore's dust,  
Like Wolfe's, should be respected.

*A Song, composed in a few minutes, whilst another person was reading the Courier of 31st July, 1811.*

A wag late proposed an address—*le drole homme*,  
 To young Bonaparte, the baptised King of Rome,  
 In a breech-clout and chin-bib so nice,  
 Up jumped the senator's of France,  
 As if seized with St. Vetus' dance,  
 And hied to St. Cloud, where they prayed for ingress,  
 That they might present the young king their address,  
 In his breech-clout and his chin-bib so nice.

Montmoranci read the address to the cradle,  
 And wiped the gold pap-spoon, as large as a laddle,  
 On a dry clout or a chin-bib so nice;  
 Then prophesied, the puling king  
 Would thousands to the scaffold bring;  
 As he took up the pap, and restirred it about,  
 While nursesey replaced his wet bib and wet clout.  
 With a dry clout and a chin-bib so nice.



Some held his wet clouts, at the fire-side to dry,  
 And some joined her singing the king's lullaby,  
     In his breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice ;—  
     Nurse took the king upon her knee,  
     And turned him up, that all might see  
 The part they so loyally longed for to kiss,  
 Which she had wiped clean, from what he'd done amiss,  
     In his breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice.

The lullaby'd monarch was soon put to sleep,  
 When all the grave senators closely did creep,  
     To his breech clout and his chin-bib so nice ;  
     On bended knee each took a smell,  
     That he the king's papa might tell,  
 How much it excelled the famed *odeur-de-rose*,  
 When it was snuffed up a grave senator's nose,  
     From a breech-clout and a chin-bib so nice.

## EXTEMPORE,

*On being informed that Major Bryce Maxwell, of the King's Regiment, was dead of the wound he received when leading on the regiment to the attack of a fort, at the taking of the Island of Martinique, on the 3d February, 1809.*

Is Maxwell dead?—that cannot be,—  
 He still lives on the list of Fame ;  
 In Holland, Denmark, Egypt, see  
 How he immortalized his name.  
 If, since at Martinique he fell,  
 And there a while entombed must lie,  
 There, too, his deeds Fame's list shall swell,  
 While his pure soul ascends the sky.

*To Mrs J. B. M.—on receiving a present from her, of  
a beautiful Portfolio, the work of her own hands.*

THY friendly gift all must approve,—  
“ They well deserve, who well design,”  
Yet think not your platonic love,  
Exceeds, fair friend, the force of mine !—  
Though I admire your mental charms,  
To sing them, should the muse pretend,  
The virtues all would rise in arms,  
Their own attributes to defend.

## TO THE PARROT.

*A most extraordinary bird, caught by Lieutenant Isaac Brock, at Plymouth dock, whilst flying over the parade, in the year 1787, and presented to Mrs De Peyster.*

Your mistress fain would have me write  
Some stanzas, Poll, on thee,  
A wretch, who could friend Isaac (1) bite,  
And e'en dared to bite me—

Who can your cole-black tongue let loose,  
In such a varied style,  
That, in spite of your abuse,  
One cannot help but smile.

---

(1) When caught, he had near bit off poor Brock's finger.

Your person I need not describe,  
 In which there's nothing new,—  
 But though of Ethiopian tribe,  
 Few whites can speak like you.

You'd teach a mincing Adjutant,  
 Or major of brigade,  
 The tip-top military cant,  
 When they their guards parade.

So well accustomed to command,  
 Surprising each beholder,  
 If I a firelock take in hand,  
 You give the word to shoulder!

The manual and platoon go through,  
 Without one motion lacking ;  
 And, at manœuvering, some say you  
 Are equal to M'C——.

Who hears you say—"to the right face,"  
 Or be it—"to the left"

Or—"right about,"—think't no disgrace,  
There to commit a theft.

At times, you cast an eye so arch  
At squads, when at the drill,  
As seems to say, "if thus you march,  
You'd best, my lads, stand still."

Wheel, halt, and dress, distinct you cry,  
And mark the step so well,  
That, at your drill, to tell no lie,  
You always bear the bell.

To say how oft the grenadiers  
Have fired at your command,  
Would make my wondering listners' ears  
Like Midas' ears expand.

No one so varied in his word—  
A mimick so complete,—  
You give the time for gun, or sword,  
By flugling with your feet.

O'Kelly's bird, could say a prayer,  
 And sing a psalm by rote,—  
 But his, with you, cannot compare,  
 For a true martial note.

Though, you like Vestris, cannot dance,  
 Or, like Mansoli sing,  
 You ape the fife, when troops advance,  
 Or like the cymbals ring.

In all, your judgment is so good,  
 Your voice so clear and strong,  
 That he must be a man of wood—  
 Who at your word goes wrong.

Enough, of *prowesse militaire!*  
 Pray who, in all this town,  
 Can so distinctly say, “who's there?  
 Walk in sir, and sit down.”

You draw a cork, you blow your nose,  
 Belch, cough, and sneeze, with art,—

And sir! there is a story goes,  
That you can more impart. (1)

---

(1) But having already said so much of him by recollection, the author must here conclude. Indeed, were he to repeat all that in the original manuscript was said, though real facts, it would not be by strangers believed.



## THE FLESH MARKET.

*An Impromptu—spoken to Mrs —— in the Ball Room.*

See the portly dame Bluff,  
 How she flings off her ruff,  
 The instant she enters the hall ;—  
 While her dashing young misses,  
 At whom modesty hisses,  
 Show equal contempt for a shawl ;—  
 Bare neck, breast, and shoulders,  
 Exposed to beholders,  
 What next would those ladies expose ?  
 Would they show every feature,  
 In a pure state of nature ;  
 'Twere best if done under the rose !—  
 Or else like red (1) arms,  
 Which have now lost their charms,

---

(1) Red with cold, all but the elbows, which are often engrained with *table dust*.

Such sights so familiar would grow,  
That unmoved we'd look at you,  
As we do at a statue  
Set up in a garden for show.  
Would Dame Bluff but attend  
To the advice of a friend,  
She'd hide the one half that is seen ;  
And her nymphs, with a shawl,  
Would do well to hide all,—  
The *flesh* they expose is too lean.

TARTUFFE.

## THE SAUCY NAIAD. (1)

The fell Bonaparte, from his flotilla's port,  
 Sent out his black praams to engage a fair Maid,  
 And swore that his admiral's neck he'd distort,  
 If he did not bring in—the Saucy Naiad.

So coolly she took the red shot from his tower—  
 The nymph should no longer *ride* (2) there to blockade,  
 And now, in a calm, she would be in his power—  
 His praams could row out to—the Saucy Naiad.

With such rare instructions, the praams all broke  
 ground,  
 Their carronades, cannon, and eagles display'd ;

---

(1) Commanded by Captain Cateret,—20th and 21st Sept. 1811.—Called *Saucy* by her crew.

(2) At anchor, waiting for the attack.



His commodore struck, too, and was made a prize,  
To save his brave admiral, *as it is said* ;—  
Should any suspect now, that I'm telling lies,  
At Dover they'll see him moored by the Naiad.

The admiral, when questioned, replied, “ Sire, but then  
You never, till this time, have seen me afraid—  
You sent me to fight with the bravest of men—  
They're devils on board of that Saucy Naiad !

Your praams are all shattered to such a degree,  
That they'll want repairing before you invade ;  
And I will take care, if you do not hang me,  
How next I engage with the Saucy Naiad.”

## EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM,

*Upon an UPRIGHT MAN, who both Brews and Bakes.*

WHILE Whitbread, the patriot, who rides in his coach,  
 Keeps brewing the hogsheads of porter we broach,—  
 Pray, why should not *Upright*, by whose aid we're fed,  
 Ride in his own chariot, while baking *white bread*?  
 Observe this gilt pannel, and end jealous strife—  
 A *wheat sheaf*—and motto “*Bread's the staff of life*”—  
 Or were the *sheaf barley*, he brews as good ale,  
 As Wh—br—d, or C—lv—t, or C—mbe, have for sale.

## THE DOCK OF DUMFRIES.

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*Tunc*—"The Black joke."

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I'VE travelled this country from East to the West,  
 From North to the South, and of walks seen the best,  
     But no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     'Tis there you'll see a sprightly lass,  
     Bleaching her linen on the grass,  
 Or dancing a tub-jig upon the Nith banks,  
 Where the local militia are marching in ranks,  
     To the black joke, over daisies so white.

Some take great delight on the Corberry-hill,—  
 The prospect is pleasing, seen from the wind-mill—  
     But no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     You see the fish flounce in the net—  
     The corn spring up—potatoes set—

Ships sailing—herds grazing,—along the Nith banks,  
 Where the local militia are marching in ranks,  
     To the black joke, over daisies so white.

If down to the Kingholm, or New Quay you rove,  
 You hear the birds singing at sweet Mavis Grove—  
     There's no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     What though you see the English side—  
     Old Solway rolling in his tide,  
 And ready stript bathers plunge in from the banks,  
 Where the local militia are marching in ranks,  
     To the black joke, over daisies so white.

If e'er the French conscripts should land on this coast,  
 The local militia would so take their post,  
     They'd ne'er walk on the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     Protecting all that's dear to man,  
     Though Bonaparte should lead their van,  
 Extended, from column we'd charge them in ranks,  
 Like geese, send them cackling, all down the Nith  
     banks,  
     To the black joke, over daisies so white.



Or should he send over his young King of Rome,  
Our loyal tub-dancers would soon send him home,  
Besudsed o'er from the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
And should they think such treatment *rough*,  
We'd give them *polished steel* enough—  
Like Graham of Balgowan, all down the Nith banks,  
Our local militia should charge them in ranks,  
To the black joke, over daisies so white.

*On Miss G——, a most accomplished and much admired  
Young Lady.*

That Mira (1) has the art to please  
 I flatly do deny !  
 Her unaffected charms, with ease,  
 At first attracts the eye !—  
 Sweet converse next, devoid of art,  
 Soon captivates the mind,—  
 And leaves engraved upon the heart,  
 What nature there designed.

---

(1) A feigned Christian name.

*Extempore—on hearing of the Battle of Salamanca.*

Let Fame proclaim to Bonaparte,  
His Marmont's sad defeat,  
And so appal the tyrant's heart  
That he'll sound a retreat.

The Czar will now no battle shun,  
But turn upon the foe,  
And like th'immortal Wellington  
Strike a decisive blow.

The Swedes, the Danes, and Prussians all,  
May follow up the stroke,  
And every state, he doth enthral,  
Shake off the tyrant's yoke.

*A Prologue, written at a moment's notice, to be spoken by a gentleman in the character of Sharp, in the Lying Valet, for the Benefit of the Poor House of Dumfries.*

Though tired with the manœuvres of the day,  
 The generous soldier here attends the play.—  
 The play !—the Lying Valet is a farce,  
 To be performed to-night by sons of Mars ;  
 Who little heed how ill their parts are cast,  
 So *Sharp* procures the poor a good repast :—  
 And yet it would be right to entertain  
 Our guests so numerous and so humane.  
 No pushing now for room, all bear a squeeze ;  
 The more your neighbours crowd, the more they please.  
 Thou white-robed nymph, fair Charity, descend,  
 Assist our stage, and to it be a friend.  
 Humanity ! of virtues—thou the first,  
 Dost clothe and feed the poor, and quench their thirst.  
 Conspicuous here, in ranks, thou standst confessed,  
 The welcome inmate of each honest breast.

The prince, the patriot, statesman, magistrate,  
 Should ever harbour thee, thou blest inmate !  
 Then war and famine would no longer rage,  
 The world would soon renew its golden age,  
 And I'd no more speak prologues on the stage.  
 On you, ye fair, I need not this impress,  
 You're always ready to relieve distress :—  
 Before your alms are asked, the deed is done,  
 With purse in hand,—for pockets you wear none.  
 But I'll not criticise upon your dress,—  
 Before the poor should want—you'd e'en wear less.  
 To change the subject, then, come let us sing,—  
 Pray, strike up, music, “ God save George our King.”

God save great George our King,  
 To health restore our King,  
     God save the King.  
 Make him victorious,  
     Happy as glorious,  
 Still to reign over us,  
     God save the King.

May the Prince Regent's care,  
( 'Till God his health repair)  
    So do the thing  
For Portugal and Spain,  
    That French attempts prove vain—  
Their lawful kings soon reign,  
    Through George our King.

*Lines occasioned by having heard the accomplished Misses  
D—z—ll perform at their private concert, on a  
frosty day, the 25th of March, 1812, which was  
succeeded by a sudden thaw.*

ON Lady-day I heard them play,  
And most divinely sing,—  
Whose notes have driven the frost away,  
And introduce the spring.  
Should they repeat to me such strains,  
So I believe in truth,—  
'Twould bring the blood into my veins,  
And renovate my youth.

*Impromptu—to a Lady, on seeing her weep when she heard the account read of the death of her friend Major-General Sir Issac Brock, who fell near Queens-town, North America.*

I must not bid thee cease to weep,  
 Our mutual loss so great,  
 While my own eyes in tears I steep,  
 For Brock's untimely fate.

His soldiers—all—will doubtless rue,  
 Their loss of such a man ;—  
 Whose early fall, there proves how true,  
 He dauntless led the van.

I think I see each Indian Chief  
 In silence droop his head !  
 Expressive of his heart-felt grief  
 For friend, and soldier, dead !



Now, hear them whoop ! and see them run  
To where the hero lies,  
Resolv'd to vent their rage upon  
Great Britain's enemies.

*Dumfries, Nov. 30, 1812.*

*Written in consequence of having seen a piece of poetry  
in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, signed Dum-  
frisiowskikoff.*

Friend Dumfrisiowskikoff doubtless must know  
Though *Boney* miss'd *glory*, he's *covered* with snow ;  
And that no brave conscript needs now a pelisse,—  
All covered with feathers—they'll fly like wild geese.  
Derry down, down, &c.

His health is *a merveille*—his stomach not nice,—  
He quaffs his French brandy,—all *covered* with ice,  
Devours frozen venison, as hard as a stone,  
Which like a starv'd blood-hound, he gnaws to the bone.  
Derry down, &c.

All know how at Tilsit he got round the Czar,  
But now that they're led by one skilful in war,  
The young rugged Russians, at conscripts do scoff,  
Who cry, “ they're united all—to *Cut-us-off*.”  
Derry down, &c.

Which heard at the Kremlin, the tyrant did run,  
 In hopes, at Smolensko, all pursuit to shun,  
 But keen as fox-hunters, the Cossacks did track  
 His Marengo pony, and soon turned him back.

Derry down, &c.

Your *hemp*, is a hoax, sir! and so is your *cage*,  
 Such things are not practised in this refined age :—  
 But Louisa dream'd that they'd bag'd her old fox,  
 And served him as Brabanters serve Breda cocks.

Derry down, &c.

And then, that they'd sent him on parole to France,  
 Where Talleyrand styled him “a man of romance,”  
 And how that she met him with grief in her heart,  
 When, sighing, she cried out, “alas! Bonaparte”—

Derry down, &c.

“The conquered Italians, sir! made you a king!—  
 “Without mutilation—you cause had to sing;  
 “Then what could that Russian bear *Kut-us-off*, mean,  
 “By sending you *warbling* back to a young queen.

Derry down, &c.

“ Run, pages, and seek for the young King of Rome,  
 “ Hark !—tell him his papa, in *health* is come home,  
 “ And that he’ll soon see his dear uncle Murat,  
 “ Whom Platow mistook for an old civit-cat.”

Derry down, &c.

The troops are home marching,—excepting all those  
 Who’re covered with glory, or have frosted toes ;—  
 Beauharnois and Berthier, and Ney and Davoust,  
 Will shew him his *papa’s* invincible host.

Derry down, &c.

MAVISGROVIOUSKIKOFF.

## ACROSTIC.

*I*<sup>mine</sup>would name one of intrinsic worth,  
*A* subject fitter for an abler pen ;  
*No* words of mine can set the merit forth  
*Enough*, of her who captivates all men.

*Come*, aid me Thalia, in this sweet employ,—  
*Refuse* not this, perhaps my last, request :  
*Ah!* should'st thou to a soldier now prove coy,  
*We* part for ever!—*O* then, farewell, rest!  
*Farewell* Pegassus,—charger—both are one,  
*O* farewell to the clanging bugles call,  
*Resplendant* cymbals, fifes, bass-drum, and all,  
*Dear* muse, farewell! my occupation's gone.

## THE INHOSPITABLE RUSSIAN

Now I, brave Rostopchin, reflect  
On deeds deserving fame,—  
A *flame-cap't-pillar* (1) I'll erect,  
In honour of your name :—  
When told of an advancing foe,  
From whom you should retire,—  
You left the near consumed Moscow,  
To set your house on fire.  
Revolving thus within your mind,  
That cold, succeeding heat—  
Where Bonaparte no house could find,  
Would cause him to retreat.

---

(1) A pillar, with a flame issuing from the entablature.

## BONAPARTE'S FLYING SPEECH.

*Tune*—“Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor.”

COME listen to my dismal story,  
 The like again you ne'er shall hear ;  
 I from the pinnacle of glory  
 Have fallen, and no one sheds a tear !

To Russia I led on an army,  
 As great as Xerxes led of old,  
 And never dreamed that ought could harm me,  
 Until my troops complained of cold.

To them I'd promised winter-quarters,  
 In that great city of Moscow ;  
 To ravish Russians' wives and daughters,  
 They forced their way knee-deep in snow.

Now fye upon sly Alexander,  
 My proffered terms he would not hear,  
 Takes Cut-us-off as his commander,  
 Who played us a vile *ruse de guerre*.

Reduced the city all to ashes!  
 Such treatment from him was unkind;  
 This Russian general, no doubt, rash is;  
 I would the Czar was of my mind:

Though I've run off and gained Smolensko,  
 And hope in time to reach Warsaw—  
 Which if I should—Pray how from thence go  
 T' escape the vile *black eagle's* (1) claw?

Who with the *lion* now united,  
 (The *prophecy* must be fulfilled,)  
 To tear my heart will be delighted,  
 In search of all the blood I spilled:

---

(1) Alluding to the remarkable prophecy in the possession of Lady Carnwath,  
 as published in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier of 4th August last.



But if my veins could hold an ocean,  
They'd soon be drained to pay it all ;  
So, *Nick*, I'm all at your devotion !  
No matter now how low I fall.

*Dumfries, 19th Dec. 1812.*

## IMPROMPTU.

“ IF words are wind, as some allow,  
 What promises can bind ?  
 Since breaking of the strictest vow,  
 Is only breaking wind.”  
 Well pleased Le Febvre was to find  
*Un equivoque si drole ;*  
 And instantly made up his mind,  
 For breaking his parole.  
 Know, reader, that this general wore  
 Napoleon’s badge of honour ;—  
 Wherefore, of him, I’ll say no more,  
 Than that he joined the donor. (1)

---

(1) In Russia, where he was remanded with a command, and was soon afterwards taken prisoner.

*On the author's being asked by a Lady if he remembered  
the following four pretty lines of Mrs Greville*

“ And what of life remains for me,  
I'll pass in sober ease ;  
Half-pleased—contented will I be  
Contented—half to please.”

### ACROSTIC.

PLEASED with what you, from *Greville* penned,  
On your way to the north ;  
Receive, fair Agnes, from a friend,  
This couplet on thy worth :  
*Every virtue that adorns a woman,  
Reflects from thee a brilliancy uncommon.*

## A FAMILY PIECE.

WHEN Cath—ne left *Ierne's* shore,  
 And left her *Mate* on duty,  
 The parting kiss from him she bore,  
 Did but enhance her beauty :  
 For she had long made up her mind  
 A while from him to sunder,  
 As they'd in *Scotia* left behind  
 Seven children—where's the wonder ?  
 “ Welcome, dear mother, to L—h—d,”—  
 Her prattling offspring greet her ;  
 Who stretch their legs—their arms extend,  
 And strive who first shall meet her.  
 Were this *home* scene pourtrayed by *West*,  
 With only one (1) addition,  
 The groupe would rank among the best,  
 In his famed exhibition.

---

(1) The lady's husband.

But hark!—I hear a voice resound,—  
“ To *him* you may add others;—  
“ Sure ample space still may be found,  
“ For their two kind grandmothers.”

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## **APPENDIX.**

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## APPENDIX.

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THE following documents are the few preserved out of near two hundred interesting papers, now irrecoverably lost. These will, however, be sufficient to evince how necessary it is that the Lake Indians, who were, with much expense and trouble, brought over from the French interest, to espouse that of the British nation, should be assiduously attended to.

The repeated applications (from the author of this volume) to the commanders-in-chief in Canada, for permission to leave the Upper District, were owing to the information he had received of lieutenant-governors having been appointed by government, under whom, he thought, he could not serve either with advantage to government, or satisfaction to himself; being confident that the Indians would have continued to look upon him as their local father, and have paid no attention to any other, which would have caused much jealousy, and great confusion, in so critical a situation, where nothing but harmony



and unbounded confidence had been experienced during his long command. The repeated applications from the traders, and deputations from the different tribes of Indians, to the commander-in-chief, were the means of his being continued in the command for the space of eleven years, until the peace was concluded, when the regiment he commanded was ordered to England; when he left the Indians so well disposed, through his unremitting endeavours to attach them to the British nation, that he flattered himself its good effects would be long experienced; and that the Americans would likewise be convinced that his earnest endeavours to instill humanity into their uncultivated minds, had not proved a fruitless attempt.

*A Letter from the Commander-in-Chief in Canada.*

*Montreal, June 25th, 1776.*

SIR,—I received yesterday your letter of the 13th inst. The rebels are driven out of this province, and I am preparing to return their visit. You may stop \* the Indians from coming down here, at least for the present, provided you can do it without giving them offence.—Your obedient servant,

GUY CARLETON.

*Captain De Peyster.*

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\* This was done through great exertion, although at the risk of the Captain's life.

*A Letter from the Commander-in-Chief in Canada.*

*Quebec, 14th July, 1777.*

SIR,—I have received your letters, by Mr Langlade and others, on the subject of the Indians sent down from your neighbourhood.

Being sensible, from the prudence and discretion with which you have conducted yourself in the command of your post, that your leaving it just in the present conjuncture would be attended with considerable inconvenience to the King's service, it is my intention that you continue at Michilimakinac, notwithstanding your appointment to the Majority of your regiment, till further orders; of which Lieutenant-Colonel Bolton is made acquainted.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

GUY CARLETON.

*Major De Peyster, Michilimakinac.*

*Translation of a French Letter to Messrs Todd and M·Gill.*

GENTLEMEN,—We take the liberty of requesting, that you will attend to the execution of the following commission ; and as we are certain that your eminence in your profession will enable you to execute it in the best manner, so we are convinced you will not fail to bestow upon it every possible attention, not only from your regard to ourselves, but also from your esteem for the Gentleman who is more particularly interested.

As we are just going to lose our commandant, whose various acts of kindness have endeared him to us, we have resolved to make him such a present, as may be worthy of his acceptance, and not an unsuitable acknowledgement of our gratitude. We have thought that a Silver Punch Bowl, gilt on the inside, that might contain a gallon and a half, with a Silver Punch Ladle, made to correspond with the bowl, and finished in the same stile, might be such a present as we could offer him, and might serve our distinguished benefactor as a memorial of the grateful hearts he has found within the range of his command, at his post named *La Tortue*\* You will cause a turtle to be engraved on the bottom of the bowl, and around it the following lines :—

*Je me souviens, Tortue, en voyant ton image,  
Que tu fus pour six ans, mon unique partage.*

---

\* The Turtle.

But if, Gentlemen, you can suggest any thing emblematic of our commerce, you are at liberty to follow your own taste, as you are requested to finish the work in the most magnificent style. As to the value of the article, we presume it may amount to one hundred guineas ; we do not wish, however, to limit the price ; on the contrary, we shall judge of its elegance, only by its cost. We, therefore, request you to be at the necessary expenses, which shall be punctually remitted you by those who have the honour to be,

Gentlemen, your very humble and obedient servants,

THE TRADERS OF MICHILIMACKINAC.

*Michilimakinac, 20th Sept. 1779.*

*Arent Schuyler De Peyster Ecuyer, Lt.-Colonel du 8me, ou Regiment du Roi, commandant le poste de Michilimackinac et ses dependances, &c. &c.*

MONSIEUR,—On ne conçoit jamais mieux la grandeur d'un bien, que lors qu'on est à la veille d'en être privé...tant qu'il est sous nos yeux, nous en admirons seulement l'excellence et le prix, mais dès qu'il va disparôître, c'est alors que succèdent à l'admiration, le regret et la douleur—tels sont nos sentimens, Monsieur, admirateurs de vos exquisés qualités, nous les observions dans le silence ; nous nous félicitions entre nous d'avoir a notre tête une personne aussi digne que vous de cet emploi, tant par votre prudence que par vos rares talens, mais, sur le point de vous perdre, il n'est aucun de nous, qui pénétré d'un sensible regret ne dise,

Je perds en cet Homme un puissant protecteur  
 Il étoit mon appui, il fut mon bienfaiteur,  
 Prudent dans ses conseils, juste dans ses desseins,  
 Il étendoit sur tout ses bienfaisants mains,  
 Au milieu des travaux consacrés à son roi.  
 Par bonté d'un chacun il assignoit l'emploi.  
 Impartial, integre dans ses jugemens ;  
 Jamais son equité ne fit des mécontents.

Nous ne serons pas plus heureux, Monsieur, dans l'éloge que méritent les excellentes qualités de Madame, que nous ne le sommes dans cette brève exposition de celle que vous faites éclater tous les jours, puisque, comme vous, elle porte les vertus de son sexe jusqu'au degré le plus eminent, ce que nous fait dire avec vérité, qu'il semble que le ciel vous ait formé tous deux pour être l'admiration de tout le monde. Penetrés de ces sentimens, nous prenons la liberté de dire.

Pour louer vos vertus, Madame,  
Nous avouons ingenuement,  
Que les qualités de vôtre ame  
Surpassent notre jugement.  
Votre douceur, votre bonté,  
Vos graces, votre charité,  
Sont au dessus de nos esprits,  
Nous ne pouvons pas exprimer,  
Nous nous contentons d'admirer,  
Des qualites d'un si haut pris.

Nous ne craignons pas, Monsieur et Madame, d'être accusés de flatterie, ou d'exagération de ces foibles peintures de vos vertus les plus communes, au contraire, nous avons tout lieu d'apprehender qu'on ne nous reproche d'avoir hazardé un insipide eloge sur des qualités, que ne peuvent être qu'admirées ; nous prions cependant qu'en consideration des motifs qui nous ont poussés dans cette enterprize hardie, on nous pardonna cette témérité. Nous attendons de vous la même indul-

gence, et pour nous la concilier plus sûrement, nous vous protestons que ce sont les effets de la plus vive reconnaissance. C'est elle même qui nous engage encore à vous prier d'accepter Monsieur, le présent \* que nous vous offrons comme un gâge de la sincérité de nos cœurs. Il vous sera présenté dans le lieu, qui vous est destiné. Quelques mots frappés dessus, rappelleront à votre mémoire le souvenir de ceux, qui conserveront toujours votre nom gravé dans leurs cœurs par tous vos bienfaits.

En reconnaissance desquels nous avons l'honneur d'être très respectueusement,

Monsieur,

Vos très humbles et très obéissans serviteurs,

Signé par JOHN ASKIN,

BENJN. LYON,

LOUIS CHABOULLIER,

HENRY BOSTWICK,

LAURENT DUCHENE, et vingt autres.

*A Michilimakinac, ce 20me Sept. 1779.*

---

\* A Silver Bowl, which cost 120 guineas.



*To the Gentlemen Traders, and to the Post of Michilimakinac and its Dependencies.*

GENTLEMEN,—It was with the greatest pleasure and gratitude I received the compliment\* you were pleased to make me this morning.

Your approbation of my conduct, during a long command, in the critical situation of affairs, cannot be otherwise than flattering to me. The more so, when I reflect that I have ever been steady to the various duties entrusted to me, without giving offence to individuals,—which evinces, that the Post of Michilimakinac abounds in loyal subjects.

I have ever made it my study to promote the trade of this Post and its Dependencies. Happy! could I have succeeded more to my wishes; but, I am now in hopes, from the assurances of the Indians, that trade will take a more favourable turn soon. They are determined to clear the Illenois at one stroke; or, at least, to make the situation of the Kitchimokomans there, so disagreeable, that they must necessarily abandon further thoughts of any expedition, either against Detroit, or this Post. In the execution of which they have promised to act with hu-

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\* The Bowl mentioned in the preceding letter and address.

manity; to strike none but such as appear in arms; and, to use their own expression, spoil their lands.

I cannot take my leave, without expressing the highest sense of gratitude for your attention to Mrs De Peyster; she is sensible of your politeness, and desires me to acknowledge it in her behalf.—I have the honour to be, with great esteem, &c.  
Gentlemen, your most humble and much obliged servant,

(Signed)

A. S. DE PEYSTER.

*Michilimackinac, 20th Sept. 1779.*

*A Letter from the Commander-in-Chief in Canada.*

*Quebec, 12th June, 1799.*

SIR,—I take the opportunity of an express going to Niagara, to answer a paragraph of your letter of the 2d May, expressing an inclination to be removed from your present command to that of Detroit. Nothing affords me greater pleasure than to have it in my power to oblige officers under my command, when I can do it consistently with the good of the service. But, in the present critical situation of affairs, particularly at the upper posts, where our existence almost entirely depends upon the dispositions of the Indians, I cannot view such a removal without annexing to it a probability of very bad consequences; considering you, from every report that has been made to me, to have acquired the affections of the different nations around you, to have a perfect knowledge of the management of these people, and of the characters of the traders and motley crew, who have it in their power to tamper with, and debauch their minds. Governor Sinclair accompanied Major Holland from Halifax, but I mean to detain him here until the ships arrive from England; after which, should circumstances alter, and that we have a prospect of tranquillity, I shall readily fulfil my former promise to you; in the meantime, I

must depend upon you for the exertion of your utmost abilities in preserving the friendship of the Indians.

I have given Captain Schank orders to have the vessel you have pitched upon properly fitted up and manned, for the purpose of your communicating frequently with Detroit. I have likewise expressed my desire to Colonel Bolton, that other small vessels belonging to Detroit may, as occasion requires, be employed in the same manner.—I am, with regard, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRED. HALDIMAND.

*Major De Peyster.*

*A Letter from the Commander-in-Chief in Canada.*

*Quebec, 3d July, 1779.*

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 14th past, expressing your wish to be removed from Michilimackinac, it is with pleasure I acquaint you, that I have now a prospect of having it in my power, I hope without prejudice to his Majesty's service, to comply with your request, by the arrival of Lieutenant-Governor Sinclair, whose abilities as an officer, and knowledge of the Indian nations and affairs of that communication, I am informed, qualify him for that command. I cannot, however, help regretting the loss of an officer, at so important a post, whose conduct, during a long command, has given general satisfaction, and has justly merited, and obtained, my approbation.

I wait for the arrival of the fleet to give my orders to Captain Sinclair, but I cannot possibly determine whether it will be in my power to permit you to go to New York this season, the upper posts appearing in so critical a situation.—I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

FRED. HALDIMAND.

*Major De Peyster.*

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NOTE.—The Major was not allowed to leave the upper posts until five years after ; when the regiment being ordered to England, they could keep him no longer.

*Speech from Major De Peyster, in answer to one received from the Shawanese, sent by Lieutenant (now Sir John) Caldwell, 7th November, 1779.*

CHILDREN,—It is the father from Michilimackinac speaks, who now is become your father, such is the pleasure of the general—the great man of Quebec. It is with pleasure, I heard the news of your success on the Ohio. It is a good presage on my arrival amongst you. The great spirit will favour our arms, he will give us many such successful strokes till rebellion is laid low.

Your request to have troops sent to protect your wives and children, is not at present in my power to grant. You must be sensible, that all that could be spared, were sent to assist our brethren, the Six Nations who salute you, and are gone to imitate your late example—they are gone to drive the enemy from *Tioga*. Keep a good heart whilst the great spirit favours you. Accept a part of your request from my hands, whilst it is not in my power to grant the whole. To you, to the Delawares, the Mingoes, and Wiandotts, I send a proportion of ammunition and clothing; it is all I can spare at present. Clothe your women and children, and give them comfort. The enemy seeing you brave, will shun you. Be merciful to the aged, the women, and children, and the Great Spirit will favour you with

the like success upon all occasions. If you take them prisoners, bring them to me,—I have use for them, and you shall be rewarded. Otherwise, leave them amongst the enemy;—they have mouths, and will eat and distress their warriors, whilst they cannot hurt us; not even the male children, for this war will soon be at an end—the rebels cannot hold it long. The papers you have sent speak nothing but distress amongst them. I have a little girl with me, a white slave, and I want her mother and sister,—they are with the Delawares and Munseys. Captain M'Kee (1) has power to speak to them—I will reward the owners.

Success attend your warriors, and plenty and good days be the portion of your women and children.

(Signed)           A. S. DE PEYSTER,  
Major to the King's Regiment, Commandant.

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(1) Captain M'Kee, the superintendent of Indian affairs, accompanied Lieut. Caldwell, and was charged with a speech to the Delawares, Munseys, and other nations. The mother and sister of Miss Mary West were soon sent in, in consequence of the message. By such means, Col. De P. got above three hundred prisoners out of the hands of the Indians, (even some who had been adopted, which never was done before), clothed and provisioned them, and employed the men in the King's works, and the women he set to spinning and other useful employments.

*In Council, Detroit, 28th July, 1780.*

## PRESENT,

Colonel De Peyster, Commandant,  
 The whole of the Officers of the Garrison,  
 Captain Caldwell, of the corps of Rangers,  
 Captain Alexander M'Kee, Indian Department,  
 Captain La Motte, ditto,  
 Thos. Williams, Esq. notary public,  
 Du Peron Baby, Esq.—And,  
 Issidore Chêne, Interpreters.

*(Deputed Pottawatamie Chiefs.)*

Wawayachtenon, Nescowagie, Eskeebee, Nissowaghquat,  
 Matteseepie, Sesawagee, Wabekeen, Cameach, Osawa-  
 naghquat, Nowense, and Windigo.

Wawayachtenon speaks.

Father—I rise to speak in behalf of the Pottowatamies of this neighbourhood. Father—you have not been long amongst us bare heads of the Pottawatamie tribe, but we know much of you from our intercourse with our brethren, the Ottawas and Chippawas of Michilimackinac, and we hope you will make a long stay with us. Our brethren of St. Joseph's were in dark-



ness until you opened their eyes, shut their ears against *bad birds*, and put them in the right road, and now they are happy. This I have from *Beddagoushack* himself. You likewise brought the Sacks, the Menomenies, and even the Scioux, to listen to you ;—and you opened the trade again with the Piankeshaws, Piorias, and others, inhabiting the grounds up the Mississippi ; and now that you are going to take under your protection the Shawaneese and Delawares, and other nations inhabiting the land nearer to the Big Knives, we hope your home will be near to us ; and therefore, in the name of the Pottawatamies, I here present you with a piece of that earth which you, the last winter, and since, seemed to take pleasure in visiting with your friends, when the wild beasts would listen to your music, and the rocks would repeat it, for the diversion of our children. Father—when I catch at the air, and open my hand, I find nothing therein ;—but when I stand upright and balance thus, to and fro, I feel I stand upon something firm. This sample is therefore firm earth, you may stand upon it, and we give you five thousand acres. Father—here is the deed which we, all the deputies present, have signed with our marks of the animals and other things we take our names from. The deed is made out in the English way, and you must accept of it, with these white strings, and a belt of wampum, with a road marked on it, which, should you leave us for a while, will be your way back again.—[*Here the calumet, or pipe of friendship, was lit, and handed to the Colonel, after which, it was handed round to each present.*]

Children—This unsought-for mark of your friendship overpowers me, so that I can only for the present thank you and your nation, to whom you may say, that I have accepted of this land conditionally, until it shall be confirmed to me by the British government hereafter ; for although the land is your own to give, still I must not accept of such a considerable tract of country, without the approbation of my superiors. Health and peace attend your nation, who may rest assured, that I shall be to them, what I have ever been to the Indians about Michilimackinac, a good father, whilst I find I have to deal with good children.

*(Extracted from the minutes.)*

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NOTE.—The peace concluded soon put this part of the country into the hands of the United States of America, and the Colonel has nothing more to show for the solidity of his land, than a piece of parchment, signed with hieroglyphical characters.

*Extract from General Haldimand's Letter to Col. De Peyster,  
dated Quebec, the 6th January, 1781.*

“ I have received your letter of the 15th November, reporting the defeat of Mons. Le Balm, and transmitting his commission, &c. I consider this event as a very fortunate circumstance, and recommend strongly to you to study every means by which it can be improved. It was certainly the beginning of a general attack planned upon this province, which, from different intelligence I have received, I have every reason to think will be attempted in the spring, against the upper posts.”

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NOTE.—It was accordingly attempted on the 4th of June, when, through the measures taken by Col. De Peyster, the enemy was defeated and totally routed, with great loss, which put an end to General Washington's attempts to force the post of Detroit. Le Balm's watch, set with diamonds, his double barrelled gun, spurs, regimentals, sword, and some valuable papers, were brought to Col. De Peyster by an Indian.

*Major De Peyster, Commandant of Detroit and its dependancies,  
to the Indians of Cooshawking—12th April, 1781.*

Indians of Cooshawking (1)—I have received your speech, sent me by the half king of Sandusky ; it contains three strings, one of them white, and the other two checkered.

You say that you want traders to be sent to your village, and that you are resolved no more to listen to the Virginians, who have deceived you.

It would give me pleasure to receive you again as brothers, both for your own good, and for the friendship I bear to the Indians in general, being allied to them. But is it possible I can trust my traders amongst you, whose ears are open to every little French officer or trader who will tell you they come upon a mission from the French king ?—They easily make lies, and you as easily believe them. One of these people the Miamies killed, and they brought me his papers, which are the copies of letters he wrote to Philadelphia, wherein he says he found you, the Cooshawking Indians, in a council he held with some of you at Fort Pitt, such believing fools, that he amused you with words, whilst the other nations required great presents

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(1) The Major had not yet adopted the Delawares as his children.

from the English. I do not want to amuse you with words, I wish for an opportunity to serve you ; and it depends on yourselves to put it in my power to serve you.

Send me that little babbling Frenchman named Monsieur Linctot, he who poisons your ears, one of them who says he can amuse you with words only—send him to me, or be the means of my getting him, and I then will put confidence in you. I then will deal with you as with other Indians, whom I call my friends, my brothers, and my children, and to whom I request of you to give free passage, and kind entertainment. If you have not an opportunity to bring me the little Frenchman, you may bring me some Virginian prisoner,—I am pleased when I see what you call *live meat*, (1) because I can speak to it, and get information. *Scalps* serve to shew you have seen the enemy, but they are of no use to me, I cannot speak with them. I request of you to give free passage to such Virginians as have a mind to speak with me—that you will not offer to stop them, but make a straight and even road for them to come to Detroit.

A. S. DE PEYSTER.

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(1) Prisoners, styled so by the Indians.

*Major De Peyster's speech to the Delawares of Cooshawking, in answer to theirs, delivered by Captain Pipe, at Lower Sandusky, the 7th June, 1781.*

My Children,—You see at length I call you children, it is owing to the enemy that I have it in my power to do you a piece of kindness. You must not make so great a merit of a real act of necessity. I am sensible, could the Americans have supplied your wants, and had they not in the most treacherous manner butchered you, you would to this day have listened to them ; you see at length, they have proved themselves like unto bad bees, they have kept the hives hidden from you, and have stung, whilst you have listened to their honey buzzing note. I have acted upon a different principle, my last speech by Simon Girty, will shew you, that I have acted like a father, who sought to bring his children in the right road, for their own sake, and my present actions will confirm my good intentions towards you, since now in compassion to your distressed situation, I send a vessel with cloathing and provision, accompanied with a proportion of ammuniton, to enable you jointly with your brethren the Shawaneese and other nations, to oppose the enemy who are marching towards you. Be strong and thankful for what I now send, and you may ever afterwards look upon yourselves as my friends and allies.

Children—I speak to you in the name of the King of Great Britain, who is ever ready to assist the distressed.

*Detroit, June 14th, 1781.*

The above speech to be delivered by Mr Schefflin, secretary to the Indian department.

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NOTE.—These Indians were the last the Major brought over to the British interest, by taking off the petticoat, to use their own figurative expression, the Shawaneese had thrown over them for former cowardice.

*Copy of a letter to his excellency General Haldimand, dated from Detroit, the 18th of August, 1782.*

I am just honoured with your excellency's letter of the 11th July, approving the conduct of the officers at the affair at Sandusky, and regretting the cruelty committed by some of the Indians, upon Colonel Crawford, desiring me to assure them of your utter abhorrence of such proceedings. Believe me, Sir, I have had my feelings upon this occasion, and foreseeing the retaliation the enemy would draw upon themselves from the Indians, I did every thing in my power to reconcile the Delawares to the horrid massacre their relations underwent at Musingum, (1) where ninety three of those inoffensive people were put to death, by the people from American back settlements, in cool blood; and I believe, I should have succeeded, had not the enemy so soon advanced with the intent, as they themselves declared, to exterminate the whole Wiandott tribe, not by words only, but even by exposing effigies, left hanging by the heels in every encampment.

I had sent messengers throughout the Indian country, previous to the receipt of your excellency's letter, threatening to recall the troops, if they, the Indians, did not desist from cruelty.

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(1) 95 killed in cold blood, as they were dragged out of the church.



I have frequently signified to the Indians, how much you abhor cruelty, and I shall to-morrow dispatch a person I have great confidence in, to carry your injunctions to the southern nations.

We have been alarmed here, with the accounts of a formidable body of the enemy, under the command of Gen. Hands advancing this way, which occasioned my reinforcing Captain Caldwell, and sending Captain Grant to the Miamie, with the armed vessels and gun-boats. Our scouts now report the enemy having retired. Captain Caldwell remains encamped on the banks of the Ohio, and Capt. Grant arrived here yesterday.

I have the honour to be,

With great respect,

Sir,

Your excellency's most humble and most obedient servant,

A. S. DE PEYSTER.

*His Excellency General Haldimand,  
Commander-in-Chief, &c.*

*A Letter from a Mohock War Chief.*

*Niagara, May 19, 1782.*

SIR,—I received your favour of the 8th instant, and return you thanks for the information. The Delawares that disappointed you, I hope you will take no notice of hereafter, as your disappointment must have been great after their faithful promises. Thirty of them are safe arrived here.

The Six Nations have not received the commander-in-chiefs answer, concerning carrying on an expedition against Fort Pitt. We are at present keeping the warriors in, so that they may be in readiness in case of the enemy's approaching this way, which is not likely, and if they make an attempt on your quarter, hope we will give our little assistance, which you may assure your Indian children of. My best respects to Mrs De Peyster, and to the Officers.

I am, Sir,

With regard,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

JOSEPH BRANT,

Thayendanega.

N. B.—I am still getting the better of my wounds.

*A Letter to General Haldimand.*

*Detroit, the 29th September, 1782.*

SIR,—I have the honour to inform your excellency, that I have given Lieut. Col. Hope, and Sir John Johnson, every information they required. My list of Indian officers and others employed, may appear large, but then it is fluctuating, the enemy take off some, and most of the others employed by me, cease to be employed at the end of a campaign. Lieut. Col. Hope, and Sir John, have been eye witnesses to the strait I have been put to, with respect to the Indian presents not arriving in time, I have made every shift in my power, and if we are not supplied soon, I shall not know what to do; the Indians are really become troublesome, a disagreeable prelude to what must soon happen. I have been advised to exchange tobacco with Capt. Robertson, for the article of strouds, I am ready to do it, but circumstances have prevented my sending a vessel to Michilimackinac, and I hope to be supplied from below, before I can exchange with Capt. Robertson;—he shall nevertheless have the articles proposed from this place, as I understand he will want them.

Lieut. Col. Hope took with him the intelligence I received from the Indian country, the day he left Detroit, and will before this reaches Quebec, have informed your excellency of the

step I have taken in consequence thereof. Should the Rangers be obliged to retreat, (which from the sickness amongst them may be very probable), or should Mr Clarke from the other quarter, push the Shawaneese, Capt. Potts will be well situated to cover their retreat, till they can be reinforced from all quarters. I have a very difficult card to play at this post and its dependencies, which differs widely from the situation of affairs at Michilimackinac, Niagara, and others, in the upper district of Canada. It is evident, that the back settlers will continue to make war upon the Shawaneese, Delawares, and Wyandotts, even after a truce shall be agreed to, between Great Britain and her revolted colonies ; in which case, whilst we continue to support the Indians with troops, (which they are calling aloud for), or only with arms, ammunition, and necessaries, we shall incur the odium of encouraging incursions into the back settlements ; for it is as evident, that when the Indians are on foot, occasioned by the constant alarms they receive from the enemy's entering their country, they will occasionally enter the settlements, and bring off prisoners and scalps, so that whilst in alliance with a people we are bound to support, a defensive war, will, in spite of human prudence, almost always terminate in an offensive one.

These matters considered, I hope your excellency will urge the necessity of the back settlers holding out the olive branch, instead of setting on foot one expedition after another, declaring on their setting out, that their intentions are to exterminate the whole savage tribe. I wait with impatience to hear from

your excellency, and in the mean time, I shall continue to discourage small parties as much as possible, and endeavour in every respect, to act for the honour of the British nation.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Your excellency's

Most humble and most obedient servant,

A. S. DE PEYSTER.

*His Excellency the Commander-  
in-Chief in Canada.*

*In Council, Detroit, April 21th, 1783.*

PRESENT,

Major A. S. De Peyster, Commandant,  
 Captain W. Caldwell, corps of Rangers,  
 Lieut. Bennett, King's regiment,  
 Lieut. Mercer, ditto,  
 Lieut. Brooks, ditto,

Messieurs D. Baby, J. Chêne, W. Tucker, and P. Druilliard,  
 Interpreters.

Shawaneese and Cherokees, a deputation to the Western nations.

Hurons, Ottawaas, Chippoways, and Poutteawatomies.

*Mis,qu,a,ku,ni,gaw*,—a Shawaneese speaks on several white  
 wampum strings.

Brethren—The Hurons, Ottawaas, Chippoways, and Poutteawatomies, listen to us, the deputies from the Shawaneese country, we are come to remind you of the losses which we and you have from time to time sustained in the war; and, at the same time, we condole with you, agreeable to our ancient custom.—We were also desired to clear your eyes, and open your ears, that you may at all times see and hear what our father may have to say to you, as he acts for the general good.

*(Delivers the several strings.)*

*Major De Peyster then addressed the nations present.*

Children—Of the several nations, I salute you all in the name of the commander-in-chief, as there were many amongst you who were desirous to know his sentiments, I therefore request of you to open your ears and be attentive.

Children and Brothers—The Governor at Quebec has desired me to address you as he has done the Six Nations. He sincerely participates and condoles with the Shawaneese for their late misfortune, as much as if they were his own flesh and blood; and he says, he will always consider his Indian children in that light, while they continue their attachment and fidelity to their Great Father, mutual with us to support his and their own interest. He had very good reasons to withhold you from going into the enemy's country last autumn, and he has the same reasons yet. Your great father is willing to give peace to his enemies, and they are about settling matters. The general therefore desires you to remain quiet, until he can hear from the King. At the same time that he desires you to remain quiet, he recommends to you to be watchful and on your guard, for though the people of the colonies are also withheld as well as us, there are some who are settled on the lower part of the Ohio, that may still be troublesome to you, but believes you have nothing to apprehend from Fort Pitt, as they are under laws which the settlers on the Ohio pay no regard to; he is, nevertheless, in hopes to bring these people to reason,—but should they, in the mean time, come against your country, he will give you all the assistance in his power.

Should he send troops with you into their country, it would be difficult to bring about a general peace; he desires you to make this distinction, that you shall nevertheless be assisted with troops, should they come into your country.

The general says he has represented, in the strongest terms, the infamous conduct of the enemy's attack upon your villages, and he hopes it will be the means of preventing such in future.

Children—The English and you have gone hand in hand, and have acquired glory;—we therefore entreat you not to tarnish the actions which have distinguished us, by revenging yourselves for any losses you may have sustained, on the defenceless old men, women, and children; at least to suspend your just resentment, until we hear the King's determination, respecting the war, and until the general can hear the effect his representation may have had. Children—You will find his hands loose, and his arms ready to support you in the defence of your country.—His heart will, on the same occasion, be open to supply your wants during the war. You must be sensible that last autumn, when he learnt your distress, he ordered a regiment to your assistance, which wintered on the communication, and shall remain ready at call. He begs that you may not think hard that you did not receive the supply of goods; it was an accident which prevented it, but they are on the way up to you, and he will take every precaution to endeavour to prevent future disappointments. The exorbitant price of goods at the upper posts, and the quantity wanted to supply the numerous nations, induced him to order them from England, and



the late arrival of the fleet last year, occasioned the disappointment.

*(Delivers several strings of wampum to each nation.)*

*Mis,qu,a,ku,ni,gaw*,—A Shawaneese says,

Father—We, the deputies from the Shawaneese country, accept of the speech which you have delivered to us, from our father, the great chief at Quebec, with much pleasure, and shall carry it to our people, who we know will receive it with equal satisfaction.

Deyentete, a Huron chief of Detroit, says,

Father—The speech which you have delivered to this assembly has given us pleasure, and we give you our thanks.

*He then addressed himself to the Shawaneese.*

Brethren, the Shawaneese—We return you many thanks for your speech of condolence. It is true we have lost some of our friends in this war, for which we were much troubled in mind, but you have now cleared our eyes and ears, so that every thing we have heard and seen in our father's house has given general satisfaction.

*Copy from the Minutes—J. SCHIEFFELIN, Secretary.*

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

*To Arent Schuyler De Peyster, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant  
at Detroit.*

SIR—The captains and officers of the militia belonging to the southern part of the river Detroit, no less grieved at your departure, than uneasy at the uncertain prospect that opens to their view, have the honour to present you with their best and sincerest wishes that your voyage may be prosperous.

As the organs of a people who, under your command, have always shewn themselves steady, loyal, and submissive, they reassure you of the regret the people feel at your removal, and their grateful sense of your kindness towards them on many occasions.

Being witnesses of your foresight in providing for the public good, by furnishing provisions during the year of scarcity,—the undersigned are bound to give this voluntary testimony to your wise and prudent conduct, and to affirm that, in the critical situation in which you then stood, the measures you adopted, which reflect no less honour upon your humanity, than they shewed your zeal for the good of the government, served not only to increase the attachment and loyalty of the great body of the people, but also to bring back and confirm those whose minds were wavering and totally estranged.

You, Sir, depart—and we remain uncertain whether the prospect that is to open before us, is to prove happy or unhappy ; but you will not forget those who have, on all occasions, given you proofs of their fidelity ; and whose attachment to the service of the crown shall always be constant and sincere.

Heaven grant to our favourable prayers to remove far from you whatever should destroy the satisfaction which you are to receive, from the approbation which you have gained by those rare qualities which distinguish you, and shall render you illustrious in the mother country, and dear to the hearts of those who have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,

Sir,

Your very humble and obedient servants,

(Signed)

MAISONVILLE,

GUILLAUME MONFORTON,

FRANCOIS DROUIJARD,

BAUME.

*On the Southern Bank of the River Detroit,*

*30th May, 1784.*

*Grand River, May 30th, 1765.*

Dear Sir,—We the Mohocks, and the rest of the Five Nations, who are settling on this river, request of Col. De Peyster, to order Mr Stephens, the interpreter, to come up to the head of the Lake Ontario, or to Captain Lottrige's place, without any delay, for there is evil fire kindling among the Messisaguas. We therefore wish much to have his assistance to put out this fire before it gets too strong. We cannot tell how it came that these Messisaguas got to be so unreasonable lately, whether it is from the rebels, or from the devil:—it must come from one of the two.

On this occasion, we mean to have a council at the head of the Lake. We are sure the Colonel will do his best about this matter, because he must know better than we do, that should we the Indians happen to differ among each other, and our new settlement be overset, it would be every thing the rebels wish—nothing would make them more happy than this. The commissioners of congress did complain very much, last fall of the leaf, of our coming here, and did every thing to oppose it—For which reason, we thing there is no time to lose,—for we should never let our enemies have any success if we can help it. We hope the Colonel will not think it is fear makes us ask his assistance so earnestly, though we are but a handful:—and we dont like that the cursed rebels or *Yankeys* should have such mouths

to preach among the other Indian nations, in hopes to disappoint our wishes to remain in the English limits, which those Yankeys cannot bear.

JOSEPH BRANT, Thayendanega.

*To Colonel De Peyster, &c. &c.*

*Commandant of Niagara, and the  
Upper District of Canada.*

*Niagara, 25th June, 1785.*

*Address of the Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations, assembled in council, to Lieut.-Col. De Peyster, Commanding the Upper Posts, Lakes, &c. &c.*

The Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations, being informed that Colonel De Peyster, with the King's Regiment, is preparing to depart from this post, wish to assure him in particular, and the gentlemen of the regiment in general, that they will ever preserve the most grateful remembrance of his past conduct to them, not only since his arrival at this post, but on many former occasions, whilst he commanded at Detroit. The uninterrupted friendly intercourse which has constantly subsisted between them and the gentlemen of the King's Regiment, and the many acts of kindness they received from them, have made the deepest impressions on them, and they look forward to the moment of their departure with unfeigned regret. They therefore beg leave to express to the Colonel, and gentlemen, their sincere wishes that they may have a safe and pleasant passage to England; where, they make no doubt, they will meet with that gracious reception, which their long services and exemplary conduct in the country, so justly entitle them to.

(Signed)

JOSEPH BRANT, Thayendanega.

DAVID HILL, Haronghyontye.

ISAAC HILL, Anoughsoktea.

Signed for themselves and the Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations.

*Fort Niagara, 26th June, 1785.*

Colonel De Peyster, for himself and the officers of the King's regiment, is very much pleased with the address from the Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations, and in return for their kindness, unite themselves heartily in wishing them a lasting peace, attended with every other blessing. The Colonel further assures them, he leaves the upper district with the loyalist Rangers (now a reduced military corps), whom he has settled at the head of the Lake, and on the Chippawa, together with his Indian children and brothers, with the greatest regret: That he will never forget their attachment, and begs of his good friend *Thayendanega* to send, in his name, belts of white wampum to his friends the chiefs of the Shawaneese towns of *Chillicothe* and *Wacketamakie*, and to the Hurons of Sandusky, to assure the Half-King *Orotondie*, the *Snake*, and *Mis,qu,a,ku,ni,gaw*, that they will not forget their promise to continue as firm as the oak, and as deep as the waters, in the cause of the King of Great Britain, and that they will bring up their youth in the same sentiments, stopping their ears to the croaking of bad birds, lest they become an easy prey to their enemies.—Health, &c.

*Words selected from the Ottawa and Chippawa languages.*

God,	-	-	-	-	-	Kitchi Monitou.
The Devil,	-	-	-	-	-	Matchi Monitou.
The Sky,	-	-	-	-	-	Waquing.
Light,	-	-	-	-	-	Wasaya.
Darkness,	-	-	-	-	-	Debecat.
Sun,	-	-	-	-	-	Kesis or Gezis.
Moon,	-	-	-	-	-	Debekesis.
A Star,	-	-	-	-	-	Anang.
Air,	-	-	-	-	-	Geghick.
Heat,	-	-	-	-	-	Geshate.
Earth,	-	-	-	-	-	Akie.
Flame,	-	-	-	-	-	Geteamond.
Smoke.	-	-	-	-	-	Naquoin.
A Cloud,	-	-	-	-	-	Anaquet.
Rainbow,	-	-	-	-	-	Anaquoin.
Lightning,	-	-	-	-	-	Wawassan.
Thunder,	-	-	-	-	-	Nemikee.
Wind,	-	-	-	-	-	Notin.
A Storm,	-	-	-	-	-	Kitchi Notin.
Rain,	-	-	-	-	-	Kemewan.
Snow,	-	-	-	-	-	Coon.
Frost,	-	-	-	-	-	Muskawakamegouin.
A Brook,	-	-	-	-	-	Wawasem.
A River,	-	-	-	-	-	Zeebie.
A Lake,	-	-	-	-	-	Kitchi Gamis.
Ice,	-	-	-	-	-	Miquam.



Salt,	-	-	-	-	Sactagan.
A hill,	-	-	-	-	Piquadina.
A stone,	-	-	-	-	Assin.
A rock,	-	-	-	-	Agalin.
An island,	-	-	-	-	Minising.
Spring,	-	-	-	-	Menocomenk.
Summer,	-	-	-	-	Nepink.
Autumn,	-	-	-	-	Saquageek.
Winter,	-	-	-	-	Pepoon.
A day	-	-	-	-	Tibick.
Morning,	-	-	-	-	Waban.
Evening,	-	-	-	-	Anaguasheek.
Night,	-	-	-	-	Tibicop.
A month,	-	-	-	-	Peshik Kesis.
To-day,	-	-	-	-	Nungum.
Yesterday,	-	-	-	-	Pitchenago.
To-morrow,	-	-	-	-	Wabunck.
Now,	-	-	-	-	Nunquam.
Never,	-	-	-	-	Keeweekaw.
Perhaps,	-	-	-	-	Canebath.
Yes,	-	-	-	-	Aneenda,
No,	-	-	-	-	Caw, or Ka.
Where,	-	-	-	-	Tanapee.
Too much,	-	-	-	-	Tanemeeneek.
A little,	-	-	-	-	Bungeg.
Ejaculation of surprise,	-	-	-	-	Taya.
To sing,	-	-	-	-	Nagan.
War,	-	-	-	-	Nantobali.
Warriors,	-	-	-	-	Nantobalichi.
Peace,	-	-	-	-	Pecca.
Bow and Arrow,	-	-	-	-	Metlicanouins

One,	-	-	-	-	-	Pechick.
Two,	-	-	-	-	-	Niche.
Three,	-	-	-	-	-	Niswa.
Four,	-	-	-	-	-	Niauw.
Five,	-	-	-	-	-	Namin.
Six,	-	-	-	-	-	Gutawasway.
Seven,	-	-	-	-	-	Nesewaswee.
Eight,	-	-	-	-	-	Shaesway.
Nine,	-	-	-	-	-	Shonk.
Ten,	-	-	-	-	-	Michtasway.
Twenty,	-	-	-	-	-	Mischtona.
One more,	-	-	-	-	-	Minowa.
White,	-	-	-	-	-	Wabaseaw.
Black,	-	-	-	-	-	Muckada.
Yellow,	-	-	-	-	-	Waswaw.
Green,	-	-	-	-	-	Askepat.
Red,	-	-	-	-	-	Misqua.
Blue,	-	-	-	-	-	Monitto.
Silver,	-	-	-	-	-	Shoonin.
Iron,	-	-	-	-	-	Pewabick.
Copper,	-	-	-	-	-	Musquabou.
Lead,	-	-	-	-	-	Anowee.
A Tree,	-	-	-	-	-	Metig.
Grass,	-	-	-	-	-	Mepish.
An Eagle,	-	-	-	-	-	Megeezee.
A Hawk,	-	-	-	-	-	Muskemawgay.
An owl,	-	-	-	-	-	Cocoko.
A crow,	-	-	-	-	-	Cacagishens.
A cock,	-	-	-	-	-	Papaguay.
A hen,	-	-	-	-	-	
Eggs,	-	-	-	-	-	Waween.

A swan,	-	-	-	-	Wabesee.
A goose,	-	-	-	-	Nekaw.
A partridge,	-	-	-	-	Pennai.
A turkey,	-	-	-	-	Messesey.
A duck,	-	-	-	-	Shesheb.
A pigeon,	-	-	-	-	Mimi.
A blackbird,	-	-	-	-	Segenake.
A robin,	-	-	-	-	Opitchie.
A snipe,	-	-	-	-	Bakshachincie.
A porcupine,	-	-	-	-	Kak.
A beaver, (1)	-	-	-	-	Amink.
An otter,	-	-	-	-	Nekig.
A fox,	-	-	-	-	Wagoush.
A hare,	-	-	-	-	Waboos.
A martin,	-	-	-	-	Wabasang.
A bear,	-	-	-	-	Mucquaw.
A deer,	-	-	-	-	Wawashkiss.
An elk,	-	-	-	-	Meskie.
A tyger cat,	-	-	-	-	Carkajeux.
A carriboo,	-	-	-	-	Atick.
A hog,	-	-	-	-	Cocoosh,
A dog,	-	-	-	-	Animoushk,

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(1) An Indian having told the interpreter that an evil spirit, in the form of a white beaver, had appeared to him whilst asleep in the great Beaver Island, which desired of him to repair to Michilimackinac, there to take his stand at the corner of the store-house, and kill the commandant as he passed that way;—that he took his stand accordingly, for several days, but had not the heart to strike the fatal blow, and therefore hoped he might be forgiven, and sent out of the country—which Col. De Peyster, the Commandant, refused, but ordered him to go and winter in that island, and kill and bring him the skin of that *amik waubascaw* (white beaver) which had appeared to him.—This the Indian accordingly performed, and the Colonel has the skin in his possession at present.

A Trout,	-	-	-	-	Namegis.
A Sturgeon,	-	-	-	-	Nume.
A White-fish,	-	-	-	-	Adickumeng.
A Pickerell,	-	-	-	-	Oga.
A Pike,	-	-	-	-	Genosh.
Fish in general,	-	-	-	-	Kigone.
My Father	-	-	-	-	Nossa.
Your Father,	-	-	-	-	Gesenan.
His Father,	-	-	-	-	Osan.
Mother,	-	-	-	-	Eninga.
A Giant,	-	-	-	-	Windigo.
Man,	-	-	-	-	Nunee.
Woman,	-	-	-	-	Ichquois.
A Male,	-	-	-	-	Yabé.
Female,	-	-	-	-	Quaaya.
A Young Man,	-	-	-	-	Skinigis.
Young woman,	-	-	-	-	Adiquag.
An infant,	-	-	-	-	Papoos.
A little boy,	-	-	-	-	Kausansé.
Brother,	-	-	-	-	Chemin.
A friend,	-	-	-	-	Nekanis.
An officer,	-	-	-	-	Okemaw.
A soldier,	-	-	-	-	Shemogenash.
An Englishman,	-	-	-	-	Saguinash.
A Frenchman,	-	-	-	-	Musticoos.
A Spaniard,	-	-	-	-	Spagnole.
An American,	-	-	-	-	Kitchi Mokoman.
A trader,	-	-	-	-	Guttawa Neenie.
A blanket,	-	-	-	-	Wawbawaon.
A shirt,	-	-	-	-	Puckawān.
A breech cloth for small clothes,	-	-	-	-	Asscian.
Leggings,	-	-	-	-	Micktaws.
Deer skin shoes,	-	-	-	-	Mockesins.

A mirror,	-	-	-	-	Ouabimo.
A skin,	-	-	-	-	Weon Wagan.
Life,	-	-	-	-	Pimadiskie.
Death,	-	-	-	-	Nepau.
A bed,	-	-	-	-	Nepaiwine.
Sleep,	-	-	-	-	Neban.
To laugh,	-	-	-	-	Bappe.
Pain,	-	-	-	-	Nebo.
A wound,	-	-	-	-	Kitchiquinilissum.
Blood,	-	-	-	-	Missowee.
The doctor,	-	-	-	-	Miskiki Ninni.
A knife,	-	-	-	-	Mokoman.
A bottle,	-	-	-	-	Amoscade.
A glass,	-	-	-	-	Tibiglans.
A spoon,	-	-	-	-	Amiquhan.
A kettle,	-	-	-	-	Akik.
A bowl,	-	-	-	-	Onagan.
A canoe,	-	-	-	-	Chemon.
A paddle,	-	-	-	-	Abowey.
A batteau,	-	-	-	-	Mitchi Chiman.
A ship,	-	-	-	-	Nabaquoin.
A war club,	-	-	-	-	Bogomagan.
A sword,	-	-	-	-	Showesta.
A gun,	-	-	-	-	Paskisagan.
Powder,	-	-	-	-	Muckaday.
Shot,	-	-	-	-	Puckawan.
A tomahawk,	-	-	-	-	Wagaquit.
A pipe,	-	-	-	-	Pagun.
Tobacco,	-	-	-	-	Seman.
Indian corn,	-	-	-	-	Mandamen.
Bread,	-	-	-	-	Pequa Ashegan.
Meat,	-	-	-	-	Weeas,

Fat,	-	-	-	-	-	Pimita.
A Bone,	-	-	-	-	-	Okan.
Venison,	-	-	-	-	-	Waaskas.
Mutton,	-	-	-	-	-	Manitanis Weas.
Beef,	-	-	-	-	-	Peshekeeweas.
Sugar,	-	-	-	-	-	Sissobaquet.
Toddy,	-	-	-	-	-	Shoomenabou.
Rum,	-	-	-	-	-	Scutawaba.
Wine,	-	-	-	-	-	Misquagomic.

☞ This specimen will be sufficient to tire the reader, as much as it has done the author to have recollected so many words, after having been so many years absent from his Ottawa, and Chippawa friends. The *Algonquins* speak nearly the same language.