

NAME (last name first): McLaughlin Gladys M. (Mrs)

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS: Lawrence Station, Charlotte County
N.B.

COURSE taken Summer, 1965, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.,
from Prof. Edward D. Ives.

Where was collecting done (include here other places that are important in
your collection too):

In the area around Andersonville, Charlotte County,
at Oak Bay, Chamcook, St. Stephen, Lawrence Station.
A few stories were collected on campus here in
Fredericton.

Ethnic groups represented other than English: NONE

Material in French: NONE

Tapo included?: NONE

Belief cards (estimate number): 2

"Center": Ghost and Devil Stories, and a few
traditional songs handed to me.

Describe contents of paper:

- A - Ghost Stories - 9 of these are included. (There are 2 variants
of the Dungarvon whooper.)
- B - Devil Stories - 2 of these included (~~Devil and Card Playing~~ ^{The Devil's}
~~A visit from Devil~~ ^{Half Acre})
- C - Places and Events - 4 of these included. (How certain places got their
names)
- D - Tall Tales - 3 tall tales about ^{real} people in my area.
- E - Ballads - 4 of these included 23 items included

Instructor's comments:

47 pages.

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place Devil
won't go thro

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

I. The Area:

Most of the material for this paper was collected from the following sources:

- (a) people living in or near my home at Lawrence Station, N. B.
- (b) those who had formerly lived here.
- (c) friends of mine who had a story to tell or a song to sing.

The little village I live in is called Andersonville.

Our Post Office address is Lawrence Station, N. B. Our village is so named after the Andersons who settled here in 1840. They were comprised of two separate groups. One group which came from Ireland was very superstitious but the other one which came from Scotland did not have a superstition among them I am told.

The population today would not exceed seventy-five. The language spoken here is English. The economy of this area is just fair. Most of the men work in the woods, cutting pulp or work in Anderson's saw mill in the adjoining community of Lawrence. My husband is a Forest Ranger with headquarters at St. Stephen. Many of the women work in Ganong's Candy Factory in St. Stephen.

II. The Informants:

Biography of each:

- (1.) Clarence Regan - Mr. Regan is a next door neighbour of mine. He is about to celebrate his 82nd birthday. For many

*St. Stephen
Lawrence
Station
Andersonville
Ireland
Scotland*

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

years he worked for Judge Bruce on Lake Palfrey. In the spring of the year he worked on lumber drives around the St. John river area. Of late years he has been retired.

(2.) Judy Flagg - Judy is a school teacher, in Milltown, N. B. She is about 20 years old. Judy lived all her life in the house at 91 King St. until it was torn down a few years ago. Since that time the Wandyln Motel has been built on this site.

(3.) Herbert Grimmer - Mr. Grimmer has lived in Chamcook for nearly fifty years. He attended college, but which one I don't know. It was some kind of a veterinarian's school. When he came to Chamcook he did a great deal of work of this type in the rural communities around here. He is a man around seventy-five now I would expect, although I didn't ask his exact age.

(4.) Thomas Acheson - Mr. Acheson is a former principal of St. Stephen Elementary School. He moved to Fredericton and is now Art Instructor in the Teacher's College, Fredericton. He is a man about 55, interested in Boy Scout movements until a heart attack forced him to give up this work.

(5.) Rev. Kenneth Hughes - Mr. Hughes is a former Pastor in this area and principal of Lawrence Station Regional School. He has now moved to Oak Bay, N. B., where he is pastor of a group of Baptist Churches in that area. He was born at Cambridge, Queen's County, N. B. about fifty years ago. He has

Cambridge
Oak Bay
Lawrence St
Lake Palfrey
St John R
Milltown
Chamcook
St Stephen
Fredericton

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been a friend of the family for many years. He is a very interesting man with a great supply of stories to tell.

(6.) Ron Gaunce - Mr. Gaunce is a man about twenty-seven years of age, who was born at Doaktown, N. B. and later was educated at Teacher's College in Fredericton. For the past three years he has been on our staff at Lawrence Regional School.

(7.) Dr. A. M. Anderson - Dr. Anderson was born in Andersonville. He was educated in the little country school here, later going to Teacher's College in Fredericton and from there to Columbia University. He is a former principal of Teacher's College and is at present lecturing at the University of New Brunswick. For many years Dr. Anderson has been a particular friend of our family.

(8.) Orville Gardiner - Orville grew up here in this community about 55 years ago. He is a boyhood friend of my husband. When he married he moved to Chamcook, N. B. where he was engaged in woods work until last year when he had a heart attack and has not been able to work since. Clarence Regan mentioned above is his uncle.

*Doaktown
Fredericton
Lawrence Station
New York
Chamcook*

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(9.) Ella Lee Holt - Mrs. Holt, who is my aunt, was born near St. George, N. B. nearly 65 years ago. When she was about ten years old the Family moved to Rollingham. She never married until late in life preferring to stay home with her aged parents until that time. They lived right next door to my home and I can remember her and my grandfather singing this old song about Malabeam. As a child I seem to remember her reciting other poems but she says she has forgotten many of them now.

(10.) Earle Atkinson - Mr. Atkinson, a man of nearly seventy is very spry for his age. He was a cook for the lumber camps up around the Charlo River area. I do not know where he was born. I have never known him until I started this collection, but I have known his son, Charles for many years. He has a reputation for having a very soft musical voice, although I didn't hear him sing the ballads he gave to me for this collection.

(11.) Charles Atkinson - Charles is Earle Atkinson's son, a man about 50 years of age. He is a former Forest Ranger with the New Brunswick Forest Service. He resigned from that position and became self-employed in the lumber business. He

*St. George
Rollingham
Charlo R*

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moved to St. Stephen from the Dalhousie Area. It was while he was in that area that he heard the tale which I have recorded as a variant of a similar tale told by Ron Gaunce.

(12.) One informant wished to remain anonymous and I respected his wishes.

III. The Folklore:

(A.) Ghosts - Stories of the past

Rossmount

The Ghost of Captain Fink

The Vanishing Canoe

Yo - ho - ho

Juke's Brook Hollow Story

Ghost Rock

Dungarvon Whooper

(a) Variant by Ron Gaunce

(b) Variant by Charles Atkinson

(B.) Devil Stories

A Visit from the Devil

The Devil's Half Acre

*St Stephen
Dalhousie*

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Places and Events

Naewigewauk River Legend

Barrock Hill

Katy's Cove

Legend of Washademoak River

Tall Tales

Alex Gibson

P. G. MacFarlane

Colin Trimble

2 Tall Tales about this man. P. 27 and 28

Ballads

The Legend of the St. John River (Ella Lee Holt)

Alimeda

Legend of the St. John River (Mr. Atkinson)

Bonny Black Bess

23 items submitted

47 pages.

Naewigewauk R
Washademoak R
St. John R.

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IV. Evaluation:

The first weekend I was home after the assignment was given I felt that it would be impossible to get twenty items from just this small community without branching out a little bit. I was pleasantly surprised, however to find that the material was collected ^{without} undue bother. I feel that there is quite a lot of folklore in Charlotte County as a whole, especially down around St. Andrews and Grand Manan Island. This area is particularly rich in stories of the sea. I feel that had I been at home while doing this assignment I would have been able to follow up some of the leads given to me, but time did not permit that.

I found that the folklore in this community fell naturally into the following groups (a) ghost or devil stories (b) how places received their names (c) tall tales about people who formerly lived here (d) a few ballads. I felt that the stories I collected had a strong regional quality.

When I first began the assignment I had a hard time getting anyone to tell me a story at all. One of my friends, Ron Gaunce told me the story of the Dungarvon Whooper and I used this as an opening wedge for my conversations. When I

Charlotte Co
Grand Manan Island

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asked them if they had ever heard this story many of them said they hadn't but proceeded immediately to tell me a version of their own particular story. Many times I felt that if I could have spent a whole evening just talking to one of the old-timers that perhaps I could have gotten a few more stories.

It was quite by accident that I happened to get the ballads from Earle Atkinson. His son, Charles had told me his version of the Dungarvon Whooper, then he suggested that I go see his dad. He telephoned and made the appointment and I went over. I tried first for some stories about the river drives, but without success, although I am told he is full of them. I just happened to mention that I was going to see my Aunt ^{to} find out if she remembered the story of Malabeam, when I could see him just sit up and become quite interested all of a sudden. He told me he knew it and would put it down for me. Then he asked me if I had ever heard Alimeda and Bonny Black Bess, and very kindly offered to write them out for me. We talked on about folk music and I found out that that was his real hobby. I really enjoyed my visit with him and his wife, and plan to go back this fall for a musical evening.

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I do enjoy hearing a good story, but felt that when I was trying to get the words down on paper as they told them to me that something was lost. I feel that a tape recorder would be a better approach. I felt that sometime perhaps the class could be divided up into groups and do this as a project rather than individually. Perhaps in this way a whole paper could be made on one centre, however I have had a chance to collect material at first hand which is a very different approach from going to the library and copying something that someone else has written. To me it has been an interesting and enjoyable assignment.

Earle Atkinson, 240 Princess St., St. Stephen, would sing for you if you care to contact him.

H. Stephen

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin -10-

Rossmount

A mysterious gentleman, by the name of McLaughlin appeared in Chamcook and built a house on the side of the mountain. This house was supposed to be haunted and for many years remained vacant.

A tragic story is told of the housekeeper, who on a very cold night when the master was away piled up logs in the fire place and lay down on the hearthrug to await his return. She fell asleep and the logs blazed into such a tremendous fire that she was roasted to death in front of them.

This tragedy so distressed Mr. McLaughlin that he abandoned the place and was heard of no more.

The Squire's son, occupied the house for a time after his marriage but the doors opened mysteriously and unaccountable footsteps were heard in the corridors and they abandoned the place.

Coll.: On Campus, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Herbert Grimmer
Chamcook, N. B.

D.:

-Chamcook
Fredericton

Note: The informant says he has heard these stories ever since he moved to Chamcook nearly fifty years ago. He says they make good entertainment when a few of the old-timers get together and swap yarns.

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

The Ghost of Captain Fink

My house at 91 King St., St. Stephen was built around 1810 by Captain Peter Christie. It was first built very close to the road but when it was later bought by Captain Nathan Fink it was moved back and an ell built on it.

Once when my father was in the barn he found a sextant. It was later misplaced. Since that time "the ghost" appeared searching for the missing instrument. When we heard him his footsteps were so clear that one could count the fifteen steps leading to the second story. We knew it was the "Ghost of Captain Fink".

Coll.: St. Stephen, July 17, 1965

Inf.: Judy Flagg
St. Stephen, N. B.

B.:

Note: When Judy told me this story I asked her if she really believed this and she said that as children when they were growing up they really did think there was a ghost that walked.

-St. Stephen

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

(The Vanishing Canoe)

Uncle Tom Anderson and Robert Taylor were going up Lake Palfrey, just above Vanceboro. They were going there to make ties. They had travelled about a mile up lake and were about a quarter of a mile from shore when they met a canoe paddled by a man and woman. When they were almost to this canoe it just seemed to lift and go off into the woods.

Coll.: Andersonville, N. B., July 10, 1965

Inf.: Clarence Regan

A.:

Note: Mr. Regan, a man of 80 years seemed to believe this story which had been passed down to him by his Uncle Tom Anderson. He told me that years later when he went to work for Judge Bruce who had a sporting camp on this same lake, the Judge told him that the lake was haunted. He said, "he worked there for many years but never saw this canoe."

Lake Palfrey
Vanceboro
Andersonville

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

(Yo - ho - ho!)

The story goes that pirates buried gold in Richibucto Harbor and an Indian saw them do it. The Indian swam out to this spot where he found the pirates playing cards. He murdered them and took the gold. Now legend has it that on a dark, windy night when the wind is moaning and sighing the pirates return to avenge themselves singing: "Fifteen men on a deadman's chest, Yo - ho - ho and a bottle of rum." At that time an Indian dies in Richibucto.

Coll.: Fredericton, N. B.

Inf.: Thomas Acheson
604 York St.
Fredericton, N. B.

A.:

Note: This is a story he has known ever since he became interested in Boy Scout Movements. He says he often told this story around the campfire at night. Where he first heard it or when he can't recall.

Richibucto Harbor
Richibucto
Fredericton

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Juke's Brook Hollow Story

Juke was a peddler around the village of Cambridge. One night he was murdered in the hollow. No one knew why or how. On certain occasions residents would see "Headless Juke" wandering around the hollow.

Coll.: Oak Bay, July 7, 1965

Inf.: Rev. Kenneth Hughes
Oak Bay, Charlotte County, N. B.

A.:

Note: Mr. Hughes is quite interested in folklore. He told me that he had heard this story for nearly 40 years, ever since he was a young boy. He doesn't believe this yarn but he finds it interesting. He thinks possibly there may be variants of this same story around his home locality of Cambridge, Queens County, N. B.

*Cambridge
Oak Bay*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Ghost Rock

One dark, cold, stormy night as I was travelling by horse and buggy from the corner at Wiley's Cabins, near St. Andrews to my home in Chamcook, the horse I was driving stopped dead still in the middle of the road. No amount of persuasion on my part could make that horse move on again. After sitting there for what seemed ages, the horse began to go forward at quite a fast pace, starting off as if it were pulled along by an unseen hand. The effect was frightening to say the least. The next day I was telling my friends about this incident and they told me that my horse had been guided by the ghost of a girl who had been killed there many years ago. The horses always stopped at a particular place known as "Ghost Rock" then the unseen hand pulled them forward.

Coll.: Lawrence Sta., July 24, 1965

 Inf.: Orville Gardiner
 Chamcook, N. B.

B.:

Note: Since I began this collection I have heard this same story from several different sources. Each one seems to point out a reason for naming a large rock along the highway "Ghost Rock". It was near here some years ago that a highway accident claimed the life of a young girl, and it is her ghost that is supposed to come back to this locality.

 St Andrews
 - Chamcook
 Lawrence
 Station

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

(The Dungarvon Whooper)

Well, the way I heard it, it all started in a lumber camp on the Dungarvon River when the men were logging there. When Christmas came around all the men went home except the cook who was left to watch the camp. While they were away he became very ill. This cook died shortly after another man came to the camp. This chap buried him without benefit of any religious ceremony and because of this his spirit roamed around the Dungarvon whooping and hollering.

My grandfather told me that often when he was riding home from work he could hear a wail which sounded like a baby screaming. As he walked along the noise seemed to move all around him. He said that often this happened. After awhile a priest came to the locality and held a religious ceremony and from then on there was no more whooping.

Coll.: Lawrence Station, July 17, 1965

Inf.: Ronald Gaunce
Lawrence Station, N. B.

A.:

Note: This is one of the variants of this story, I collected. I am enclosing the other variant. This variant was told me by Ronald Gaunce, a friend of mine, who got it from his grandfather, J. M. Gaunce one of the older residents of Doaktown. Ron believes that this story is true.

*Dungarvon
Lawrence Station
Doaktown*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Dungarvin Hooper

A cookee of a lumber camp along the Dungarvin River in Northumberland County stayed in camp all winter and saved his money while the cook spent all his money on drinking. In springtime the cook was broke. When they broke up camp, the cook decided to kill the cookee and take his money. With an axe he attacked him and the cook screamed terribly until he died. The cook cut him up in small pieces and put him into a pork barrel, and threw him into the river. He told the rest of the crew the cookee had gone home.

Throughout the next forty or fifty years, the sounds of the dying screams of a man were heard along the Dungarvin River. These screams were very blood-curdling. No one dared to venture alone in that part of the wilderness. Different parties searched the area to find the cause of the screams which could be heard on occasions. Sometimes they would be heard in front or behind them, but the location of the screams could never be pinpointed.

Once a trapper spent a winter in a cabin along the Dungarvin River. He heard these screams on occasions. He never dared to venture out at night. He never went back to stay alone another winter.

Dungarvin

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(Mrs) Gladys M McLaughlin

These screams have never been heard during the last ten to fifteen years. The mystery of the sounds, however, has never been solved.

Coll.: St. Stephen, N. B., July 23, 1965

Inf.: Charles Atkinson
63 Duke St.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

A.:

Note: This is a variant of the story told by Ron Gaunce, page Charles heard this story when he was a Forest Ranger in that district some ten years ago.

St Stephen

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

(A Visit from the Devil)

The lumberjacks in this part of the country had wild sinful parties. They didn't care for God or the devil. They started playing cards and sank deeper and deeper into sin. One night as they were playing poker they heard a noise. The door opened and in came a man dressed in a long coat and wearing a cap. They asked him to play cards, and he did. One of the men dropped a card on the floor. When he reached down to pick it up he saw that this man had a cloven hoof. When he saw this he figured that this man was the devil. They were sure of it when a few minutes later this fellow got up and walked right out through the side of the camp, taking the wall with him. Needless to say there was no more card playing in that camp for awhile.

Coll.: Lawrence Station, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Ronald Gaunce
Lawrence Station, N. B.

A.:

Note: Ron told me he had heard his grandfather tell this story at his home in Doaktown, N. B. His grandfather actually seemed to think that this was a real occasion and related his story to a particular camp in that area.

*Lawrence Station
Doaktown*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

The Devil's Half Acre

As old Sam Lamb was going down the road near Nackawick, N.B. one day, he saw a man sitting on a rock crying. He stopped to ask what the trouble was and the man told him the people in the nearby village were so wicked that he was afraid to travel through it.

Old Sam took him by the hand and led him across a rough, rocky field, now known as the Devil's Half Acre.

Coll.: Lawrence Sta., July 17, 1965

Inf.: Clarence Regan
Lawrence Sta., Char.Co., N. B.

B.:

Note: Mr. Regan heard this story when he was on the river drives in the St. John River vicinity. From whom he heard it or how long ago he can't recall.

Nackawick
Lawrence Station
St John R

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Naewigewauk River Legend

An Indian woman was carrying her little baby. She put him down and said, "Na would ye walk?"

Coll.: Oak Bay, July 7, 1965

Inf.: Rev. Kenneth Hughes
Oak Bay, Char. Co., N. B.

A.:

Note: This is a legend telling how the Naewigewauk River got its name.

*Naewigewauk R
Oak Bay*

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(Mrs) Gladys McLaughlin

Barrock Hill

The Barrock Hill is noted for the fact that a woman, named Mrs. Bear was buried alive there. She suffered from a distressing skin disease, probably eczema, and it was recommended to her that she be buried alive for twenty-four hours. She consented to follow this treatment, so they dug a hole and buried her, all but her head. Her chief fear seems to have been dogs, so they left a boy to watch her and drive off too inquisitive dogs. The boy grew tired of watching and ran off. Passers by were amazed to see a woman's head in a large coal scuttle bonnet apparently growing out of the ground and which seemed to be quickly turning from side to side in search of dogs. Unfortunately history doesn't tell us whether or not Mrs. Bear was cured of her malady.

Coll.: On Campus, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Herbert Grimmer
Chamcook, N. B.

D.:

Note: This is a common story around this locality, explaining how "Barrock Hill" got its name. Whether it is true or not is very doubtful.

*Frederickton
Chamcook
Barrock Hill*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Katy's Cove

A man by the name of McIntosh owned a large amount of land below Barrock Hill, sloping down to the Cove. He left this to his daughter Katy who was "a masterful woman" and the terror of the young boys who came to swim in the cove. This is how Katy's Cove got its name.

Coll.: On Campus, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Herbert Grimmer
Chamcook, N. B.

D.:

Note: My informant felt that this was perhaps true, although he has never been able to trace the family, who was supposed to have had this daughter, "Katy". He says he doesn't know where he first heard this story.

*Fredrickton
Barrock Hill
Katy's Cove
Chamcook*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Legend of Washademoak River

This was about the time the Mohawk Indians were inhabiting the territory around this river. One day a white man came across an Indian mother washing her baby in the river. He asked her what she was doing? She said, "She was washing de Mohawk".

Coll.: Oak Bay, July 7, 1965

Inf.: Rev. Kenneth Hughes
Oak Bay, Char. Co., N. B.

A.:

Note: Mr. Hughes said he has heard this legend ever since he can remember.

Washademoak R
Oak Bay

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Under primitive conditions Alex Gibson married Margaret Gardiner. In those days there was no modern transportation so on the Sunday they were to appear out in Church, Alex, wearing hob-nailed boots took her to church in a slub-bodied wagon.

The Clergyman, being quite a prankster delayed the service until the bride and bridegroom arrived. As they appeared he read, "Who is this that cometh from the wilderness leaning on the arm of her husband?"

Coll.: Lawrence Station, July 19, 1965

Inf.: A. M. Anderson
Fredericton, N. B.

A.:

Note: Mr. Anderson, a former resident of my home community vouches for this legend. He says he has heard it ever since he was a child. This would make this story about fifty years old I believe.

Lawrence Station
Fredericton

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

P. G. MacFarlane, a senile, retired schoolmaster had the misfortune to lose his good wife. His friends tried to keep him away from the funeral, but as the crowd was gathering he came in with the "School Law" under his arm and said, "I am here to see that this meeting is conducted according to law."

Coll.: Lawrence Station, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Wishes to remain anonymous

A.:

Note: Although the informant wishes to remain anonymous, he vouches for the veracity of this humorous story. He said it happened in St. Stephen a great many years ago.

*Lawrence Station
St. Stephen*

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Colin Trimble (Tall Tale)

Colin went to the store to buy buckwheat seed. What he didn't realize was that he received two kinds of seed. One kind grew so high you had to cut it with a broad axe; the other was so short that the bumblebees had to get down on their knees to get the honey from it.

Coll.: Lawrence Station, July 19, 1965

Inf.: Clarence Regan
Lawrence Station, N. B.

A:

Note: This is a tall tale, using one of the local characters as a centre. I have heard this story in my community ever since I moved there 25 years ago.

Lawrence Station

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

(Pumpkin Farmer)

Colin was one of our best farmers around here. He always had a real good garden. Well, the way I heard the story was this -- Colin lost his pigs one day and never did find them until that fall when it was time to harvest his pumpkins. There far down in the field he found his pigs. They had used the vines as a tunnel and had spent the summer eating the middle out of one of his smallest pumpkins.

Coll.: Lawrence Sta., July 19, 1965

Inf.: Clarence Regan.
Lawrence Sta., N. B.

A.:

Note: There seems to be many humouous incidents about this farmer who lived in this neighbourhood about fifty years ago.

Lawrence Station

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(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

The Legend of the St. John River

In the sweet days of summer, a hundred years ago,
Where the broad Ugondee, flows on in might below,
Close by the rushing river, an Indian town arose
Where dwelt the war-like Malecites, the Mohawks
were their foes.

Around the village where maize fields waving green
Amid such peace, you scarce could guess that war
had ever been.

Secotas and his daughter the dark-eyed Malabeam
Sailed down the broad Ugondee which joined the
Quibas stream.

And there upon an island they rested for the day
The skies were bright, their hearts were light
and nature's voice was gay.
But like a clap of thunder, when the heavens are
still and clear
The war whoops of the Mohawks, fell on their
startled ear.

St John R
Ugondee R
Lushbury

And then a steel tipped arrow pierced old

Secota's breast

Ere Malabeam could rouse him her father was

at rest.

Then bounding through the thicket, on came the

savage throng

Of warriors in their war paint with warwhoops

fierce and long.

And ere the startled maiden had time to turn

and fly

They bound her fast, all hope was past, except

the hope to die

But one who knew her language said when the sun

goes down

Your birch canoe will guide us into your father's

town.

Do this your life is spared you then will wed a

Mohawk brave.

Refuse your doom is torture, or worse to be a slave.

Then spoke the dark-eyed Malabeam, and bravely this

she said, when the sun goes down

My birch canoe will guide you unto my father's town

Oh says she I'll guide you, and wed a Mohawk brave

Though you have slain my father I will not be your

slave.

The way is swift and narrow and one alone might stray
Bind your canoes together and I will lead the way
Just as the pall of darkness spread o'er hill and
dale

Then down the broad Ugondee, the Mohawk fleet set
sail.

Five hundred Mohawk warriors chanting the martial
song.

Their paddles gleam, along the stream as swift they
speed along

In three long lines together each to the next bound
fast

The maiden in the centre, the strange canoe fled
past.

And he who knew her language a line of silver drew
As he bent to the forward paddle in the maiden's
canoe

The night was dark and cloudy, the sky had scarce a
star

To gaze upon the pagents of fierce and savage war.

What thoughts filled each dark bosom, as nearing
the thrice doomed town

Ugondee

(Mrs) Gladys McLaughlin

Flow on, oh mighty river and bear the foeman down.
And Malabean? What thought she as on in front she flew
Guiding a space with vigorous space the swift and light
canoe.

The song was done and silence fell upon every tongue
On warriors old and guzzled, on youths untaught and
young.
On either side the foam wreaths lay like a line of
snow
And all in front was darkness, twas death that lay below.

A sound like muffled thunder seemed on their ears to
grow
What's that? 'Tis but a torrent the Indian maid replied
Which joins the broad Ugondée, which here flows deep and
wide.

The town is wrapped in slumber but ere the dawn of light
What stalwart men shall perish, what warriors die tonight?
Uprose the dark-eyed Malabean and thus she cried
Now listen you Mohawk warriors who sail on death's dark
tide.

Ugondée R

Mrs Gladys⁻³³ McLaughlin

Never shall earth's grave hide you or wife weep o'er
your clay

Come to your doom ye Mohawks and I will lead the way.
Then sweeping with her paddle, one potent stroke her
last

Down to the falls her bark is borne its dreadful
brink is past

And down the whole five hundred in swift succession
go

Down to the dark abyss of death, full eighty feet
below.

No eye beheld them perish, no listening human ear
Heard the lost bands despairing cry cleaving the dark-
ness drear.

For many a day thereafter below the torrents roar
The swarthy Mohawk dead were found along the shore
But on brave Malabeam's dark face no human eye was set
She lies in the river's dread embrace, the river claims
her yet.

The waters of five hundred years have flowed above her
grave

But noble deeds can never die while human hearts are
brave.

- 34 -
Mrs Gladys McLaughlin

Her tribe still tells her story around their counsel fires
And bless the name of her who died, to rescue all their
sires.

Coll.: Rollingdam Sta., July 10, 1965

Inf.: Ella Lee Holt
Rollingdam Sta., N. B.

D.:

Note: This is a song that my grandfather who would be over a hundred years old if he were living sang to me nearly forty years ago. His daughter, Ella recited it for me and I copied it down. I am enclosing a variant of this song given to me by Earl Atkinson of St. Stephen.

Rollingdam Station
St. Stephen

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Alimeda

It was in California, beautiful flowery sunset land
Where the snowy white-capped wavelets rippled on the silver
sand
Where the bright Italian summers with their hazy mellow glow
Are caught and held by guardian mountains that will never let
them go.

I had wandered to the ocean, where I often used to stray
Loitered there till lingering darkness sent me on my homeward
way.

The sun's low dipping in the waters as they dashed along the
main
Sent me back a farewell parting by a gold reflected charm.

Long I sat and meditated on the wondrous works of God
Till my reverie was broken, softest footsteps near me trod
And I looked and saw a maiden whom my spirit seemed to fright
Scarcely could I trace her features in the pale and waning
light.

California

- 36 -
(Mrs) Gladys McLaughlin

She was tall and dark and tawny and she stood with stately air
While her eyes and long black lashes matched the midnight of
her hair

Quick she turned as if departing when she saw a stranger there
Seeming loath with bold intruders thus her solitude to share.

But a word of reassurance put her fears at once to rest
And a woman's intuition knew my wish before expressed
For she told a tragic story such as make the blood run cold
Like those in wild tradition or in books of legends old.

Stranger, I am Alimeda, thus her story she begun
And her face was strangely lighted by the rays of the setting
sun.

Alimeda, I was christened when more innocent than now
Can't you see the lines of evil? I can trace them on my brow.

There's a voice within me ever trying to be heard
Ever trying to betray me by some look or deed or word
Till I am forced to tell my story to some stranger passing by
Else I'd tell it to my people, then I'd be condemned to die.

Spanish pride and Indian vengeance course together through my
veins

Which you'll grant is all sufficient to account for deeper stains

- 37 -
(Mrs) Gladys McLaughlin

On the name of Alimeda, I who once was pure as snow
Ere the heat of maddening passion made me sin and fall so low.

We were sisters born together on a bright and sunny day
Played together, laughed together, cried together in our play
With our arms around each other, quietly we lay and sweetly
slept

While our mother stood above us as her loving watch she kept.

Oftimes to the beach we wandered; Oh so loving hand in hand
Picking leaves and rarest mosses, clinging idly on the vines
Loved my sister, can you doubt it? Few there be who know
Deeper love for one another from affection o'er to flow.

Yet I never knew a sorrow till a stranger passed our way
He was tall and dark and handsome with a manner grave yet gay
Such a man as women worship, I can hardly tell you why
Yes, I loved him, you have guessed it; it was easier to die.

Than to break the spell that bound me, held me by its magic
chain

'Til I lost control of reason and I had a maddened brain
But it was not I who charmed him; sister had a fairer brow
'Twas her graces sent his manhood at the shrine of love to
bow.

Even though I laughed the gayest, hoping yet his love to gain,
Even though, my heart was breaking; none will know that secret

pain

'Til all other hope bereft me, leaving naught but dark despair

'Til my soul cried out for vengeance, deepest hatred filled me

there.

List to all that's pure and holy, thus I planned a traitor's

role

It was evening just at sunset as we took our usual stroll

She was singing I remember, something sweet and soft and low

Fell her voice in gentle cadence to the ocean's ebb and flow.

Hand in hand we wandered onward, reached that high rock off the

shore

Where we stood and watched the waters as we oft had done before,

They were curling, dashing leaping in a sort of hungry greed,

At the foot of yon-high tower, daring me to do the deed.

Quick as thought, my hand strayed outward, grasped her firmly

by the arm,

Pushed her o'er that precipice ere she was aware of harm.

Only one loud cry of horror broke upon the silent sound

Alimeda, Oh my sister! These the words that held me bound.

Standing like a marble statue gazing from that awful steep
Then I saw the cruel waters, round my sister break and leap
Saw her arms upraised extended, heard the awfull words she
cried
Saw the waters bear her onward, where the chasm opened deep
and wide.

Saw her hurled into that chasm in the awful depths below
'Til the coming of the darkness dimmed the sun's last western
glow
Not 'til morning did they find her, cold and stiff but pale
and fair
Lying on the beach, with seaweed in her golden hair.

Oh, that vision I can see it, never more was awful sight,
Turning all to gall and wormwood, leaving on my soul a blight.
I can hear it in the tree tops as the breezes through them
sigh
Alimeda, Oh my sister? Can't you hear that wailing cry?

Can't you see the clouds of glory lighting up the western sky?
That's the home of my dear sister, I shall go there bye and bye
There she stands in robes of whiteness beckoning to me with her
hand
Saying to me, Alimeda come and join our angel band.

- 40 -
Mrs Gladys McLaughlin

271 40

Cast thy spirit on the waters, haste thou to me come tonight
Thus she spake and turning quickly clambered up the rocky way
Where her sister had stood with her on that fatal day
Standing there for one brief moment in an attitude of prayer
She cried out, Sister I am coming and they found her in the
morning seaweed in her raven hair.

Coll.: St. Stephen, N. B., July 17, 1965

Inf.: Earl Atkinson
240 Princess St., St. Stephen, N.B.

D.:

Note: I checked on the above selection and it is a song.
This came from the lumbercamps up around the River Charlo. I
am enclosing the copy he wrote for me since you asked for it.
Mr. Atkinson would be glad to sing this for you.

St. Stephen
River Charlo

It was in California, Beautiful, flowery sun-
set land! Where the snowy white-caps wave-
lets rippled on the silver sand! Where the
bright Italian summers with their hazy mellow
glow! are caught & held by guardian mountains
that will never let them go!

I had wandered to the ocean. Where I often used to
stray, loitered there till lingering darkness sent
me on my home-ward way! The sun low dipping
in the waters as they dashed along the main sent
me back a farewell parting by a gold reflected
chain!

Long I sit & meditated on the wonders working God
till my reverie was broken, softest footsteps near
me thod! & I looked & saw a maiden whom my spirit
seemed to fright! scarcely could I trace her features
in that pale & waning light.

She was tall & dark & tawny & she stood with stately
air! while her eyes & long black lashes matched the
mid-night of her hair! Quick she turned as if departing
when she saw a stranger there! Seeming loathly with
bold intruders thus her solitude to share!
But a word of reassurance put her fears at once to rest
and a woman's intuition knew my wish before expressed.
For she told a tragic story such as make the blood
run cold like those in wild tradition or in books
of legends old!

Stranger I am Alimeda thus her story she began! and
her face was strangely lighted by the rays of
California

4
awful steep! then I saw the cruel waters round
my sister break & leap! saw her arms up raised
extended heard the awful words she cried saw
the water bear her onward! Where a Chasm opened
wide saw her hurled into that Chasm in the awful
depths below! till the coming of the darkness
dimmed the suns last western gleam!

Not till Morning did they find her cold & stiff
but pale & fair lying on the beach with sea-
weed in her golden hair! Oh that Vision I can
see it never more was awful sight! turning all
to gold & warm wood leaving on my soul a blight.

I can hear it in the tree tops as the breezes through
them sigh! Alimeda Oh my sister Can't you hear
that wailing cry! Can't you see the clouds of
glory lighting up the western sky! That the Home
of my dear sister I shall go there bye & bye!

Then she stands in robes of whiteness ^{beckoning} ~~beckoning~~
to me with her hand! saying to me Alimeda come
& join our angel band! Cast thy spirit on the
waters haste thou to me come tonight!

Then she spoke & turning quickly clombored up
the rocky way! Where her sister had stood
with her on that ^{fatal} ~~last~~ day! Standing there
for one brief moment in an attitude of prayer
she cried out Sister I am coming, and then
found her in the morning seaweed with her

Raven hair!

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setting sun! Alameda I was christened when more innocent
than now! Can't you see the lines of evil? I can
trace them on my brow! There's a voice within
me ever trying to be heard! ever trying to betray
me by some look or deed or word! Tied I am forced
to tell my story to some stranger passing by! I
I'd tell it to my people then I'd be condemned to
die!

Spanish pride & Indian Vengeance course together
through my veins! Which you'll grant is all sufficient
to account for deepest staining of the name of Alameda
I who once was pure as snow! In the heat of
maddening passion made me sin & fall as I lay
we were sisters born together on a bright & sunny
day! played together laughed together cried together
in our play! With our arms around each other
we lay & sweetly slept! While our mother stood
above us as her flowing water she kept
oft' times to the beach we wandered at so loving
hand in hand! picking up the glistening pebbles lying
idly on the sand! Oft' times to the woods we wandered
oh so loving hand in hand! picking leaves & rarest
mosses clinging idly on the vines.

Loved my sister can you doubt it! few there be who
ever know! deeper love for one another from affection
over to flow! Yet I never knew a sorrow till a stranger
passed our way! he was tall & dark & handsome with
a manner grave yet gay!

Such a man as women worship I can hardly tell you
why, yes I loved him you have guessed it,

211 3

it was easier to die than to break the spell
that bound me, held me by its magic chain
till I lost control of reason & I had a maddened
brain.

But it was not I who charmed him sister had a far
brow / than her graces sent his manhood at the
shrine of love to bow / even though I laughed
the gayest hoping yet his love to gain / even tho
my heart was breaking none will know that
secret pain.

Gill all other hope bereft me leaving naught but dark
dispair / till my soul cried out for vengeance
deepest hatred filled my heart / Lest to all that
pure & holy things I planned a traitors plot /
It was evening just at sunset as we took our usual
stroll / she was singing I remember something sweet
& soft & low / felt her voice in gentle cadence
to the Ocean etc & flow / Hand in hand we wandered
onward reached that high rock off the shore
where we stood & watched the water as we oft
had done before / They were curling dashing
leaping in a sort of hungry greed / at the foot
of our high tower daring me to do the deed.
Quick as thought my hand strayed forward ^{outward} grasped
her firmly by the arm / pushed her over that
precipice ere she was aware of harm.
Only one low cry of horror broke upon the silent
sound, Alimeda Oh my sister these the words
that held me bound.
Standing like a marble statue gazing from that

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

A Legend of the St. John River

In the pleasant days of summer a long long time ago
When the broad St. John River swept on with might below.
And o'er the Grand Falls rapids their torrents they did
pour.

And o'er the steep the sudden leap fell eighty feet below.

And there upon a mossy bank an Indian village rose
Where dwelt a tribe of Maliseets, the Mohawks were their foes,
And to gaze upon the cornfields and maize fields growing
green

With such sweet peace one scarce could dream that ever strife
had been.

Stacota and his daughter that dark-eyed Malabeam,
Sailed up the St. John River as far as the Quibis stream.
And there upon an island, they rested for that day
Their hearts were light, the world was bright and nature's face
seemed gay.

*St John R
Grand Falls
Quibis St.*

But like a clap of thunder when the heavens are calm and clear
The warwhoops of the Mohawks fell on their startled ears
And a sharp flint tipped arrow pierced old Stacota's breast
Ere Malabeam could raise him, her father was at rest.

Then bounding through the thickets on rushed a savage mob.
Of Mohawks in their war paint, their voices fierce and loud
And ere the orphaned maiden had time to turn or fly
They bound her fast all hopes were past except the hope to die.

But one who knew her language said as soon as the sun goes down
Your bark canoe will guide us unto your father's town
Do this your life is spared you and wed a Mohawk brave.
Refuse your doom is torture or worse to be a slave.

Oh, says she I'll guide you and wed a Mohawk brave
Although you've killed my father I will not be your slave
But the stream is swift and broken and ye apart may stray
Bind your canoes together and I will lead the way.

There by her slaughtered father the weary hours she passed
'Til the sun went down, neath the lofty trees and a gloomy
shadow cast.

- 43 -
Mrs Gladys McLaughlin

Thinking of home and kindred and the friends she could not warn
Of the murderous night and the gory sight that would greet the
morrow morn.

Just as the shadows of evening swept over hill and dale
Why down the St. John River the Indian fleet set sail
Three hundred Mohawk warriors, chanting a marshal song
Their paddles gleam upon the stream so swift they glide along.

In three long lines together each to the next made fast
With the maiden in the foremost the great canoe fleet past
And the one who knew her language a line of silver drew
As he bent to the foremost paddle in the Maiden's bark canoe.

The night was dark and dreary and the sky had scarce a star
To gaze upon the pageants of fierce and savage war.
No moon shone on the river, her gentle beams were pale
And through the lofty tree tops the south wind sighs and wails.

But little cares the Mohawk though the wind may wail and sigh
The moon might share her glory while clouds obscure the sky
With hearts intent on slaughter and lives on carnage led
They toil, but still before them the strong armed maiden sped.

St John R

- 44 -
Mrs Gladys M McLaughlin

There song being sung and silence fell upon their dreaded foe
When the sound of distant thunder seemed on their ears to grow
What is that? It's but a torrent the Indian maiden cried.
It joins the St. John River which here runs deep and wide.

But louder and yet louder that sound of thunder grew
As down the St. John River the great flotilla flew.
On either sides the foam wreaths shone like a line of snow
But all in front was darkness 'twas death which lay below.

Then stroking with her paddle the Indian maiden cried
Listen you Mohawk warriors that sail on death's dark tide
Never more shall mother earth claim you or wives weep o'er
your clay

Come to your doom, you Mohawks and I will lead the way.

Then stroking with her paddle one potent stroke her last
And o'er the falls, her bark is borne, the dreadful leap is
past

And o'er the whole three hundred in swift succession go.
Into that boiling mass of death full eighty feet below.

And many the day hereafter above the torrents roar
The forms of swarthy Mohawks were found upon the shore.

St John R

But on poor Malabeam's dark face no eager eyes were set
She lies in the river's dark embrace the water claims her yet.

The waters of one hundred years have flown above her grave
But heroic deeds will never die while human hearts are brave
Her tribe still tell the story, around their council fires
And bless her who died in the surging tide to rescue all her
sires.

Coll.: St. Stephen, July 17, 1965

Inf.: Earl Atkinson
240 Princess St., St. Stephen, N. B.

D.:

Note: This song was collected by Mr. Atkinson, when he cooked in the lumber camps along the Charlo River. He sang it in a camp at Chamcook, N. B. and for quite some time after this it was very popular wherever the men gathered in the evening after a hard day's work.

Mr. Atkinson is willing to sing this song for you, if you care to visit him.

St Stephen
River Charlo
Chamcook

(Mrs) Gladys M. McLaughlin

Bonny Black Bess

When darkness disguised me I left my abode
When friends proved unfaithful I took to the road
To plunder the wealthy, to ease my distress
I bought you to aid my my Bonnie Black Bess.

How nice you would stand when a carriage I'd stop
Bright jewels and gold, the inmates would drop
No poor man did I ever plunder or ever oppress
No orphan or widow, my Bonnie Black Bess.

Now a dark shade hangs o'er and sad is my lot
The law it's pursuing me, for a man I have shot
To aid me my Bessie, you have done your best
But you're tired and worn out now my Bonnie Black
Bess.

Hark the blood hounds are approaching but never can have
A heart like you Bessie, so gentle and kind
You must die now my dumb friend tho' it does me distress
Oh, there I have shot you, my Bonnie Black Bess.

- 47 -
Mrs Gladys McLaughlin

271 47

Now when friends toss a bumper, what can they do less?
Than to drink to the memory of Bonnie Black Bess
For hurrah and hurrah! All undaunted was she
And so was her rider Dick Turpen was he.

Coll.: St. Stephen, July 24, 1965

Inf.: Earl Atkinson
240 Princess St.
St. Stephen, N. B.

D.:

Note: Mr. Atkinson says, "There are two more verses
which he can't remember. Maybe someone else might
know them."

St Stephen

Bonny Black Bess

1
When darkness disguised me I left my abode
When friends proved unfaithful I took
to the road, to plunder the wealthy & ease
my distress, I sought you to aid me my
Bonny Black Bess

2
How nice you would stand when a carriage
I'd stop, bright jewels & gold the inmates
would drop, No poor man did I ever plunder
or ever oppress in Orphans or Widows
my Bonny Black Bess.

3
Now a dark shade hangs o'er me & sad is
my lot, the law it pursues me for a man
I have shot, to aid me my Bessie you have
done your best, but you're tired & worn
out now my Bonny Black Bess

4
Hark the blood-hounds are approaching
but never can have a heart like you Bessie
so gentle & kind, you must die now my
dearest friend tho' it does me distress
there I have shot you my Bonny Black Bess

(over)

Now when friends toss a bumper what
can they do less than to drink to the
memory of poor black Jess for Hurrah
& Hurrah all unclimbed was she & so
was her rider Dick Turpin was he

There is two more Verses that I
cant remember. Maybe someone else
might know them

Return in 5 Days
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE
ORONO, MAINE 04473

Mc-18

variant of song:
"St. John River"

St John River Variant

Accession # 271

(Acid free copy)

Just as the shades of evening swept over hill & dale, ~~Monday~~ down the St John River the Indian fleet set sail! Three hundred Mohawk Warriors chanting a martial song, their paddles gleam upon the stream so swift they glide along.

In three long line together each to the next made fast with the maidens in the foremost the great Canoe flew past! And the one who knew her language a line of silver drew as he bent to the foremost paddle in the Maidens' back Canoe.

The night was dark & dreary & the sky had scarce a star to gaze upon the pageants of fierce & savage war. The moon shone o'er the river her gentle beams were pale & through the lofty tree tops the south wind sigh & wail.

(12)

But little care is the Mohawk though the wind may wail & sigh! The moon might shake her gorgon while clouds obscure the sky! With hearts intent on slaughter & lives on Carnish led they toil but still before them the strong armed Maiden sped.

(13)

There song being sung & silence fell upon their dreaded foe! When the sound of distant thunder seems on their ears to grow! What is that? its but a tower the Indian Maiden cried! It joins the St John River where here runs deep & wide!

14

But louder & yet louder that sound of thunder grew! as down the St J. R. the swift flotilla flew! on either side the foam ran like a line of snow! But all in front was dark as death which lay below!

15

Then striking with her paddle the Indian Maiden cried: listen you Mohawk warriors that sail on death's dark tides. Never more shall mother earth claim you or wine sweep o'er your clay! Come to your doom you Mohawks & I will lead the way!

16

Then striking with her paddle one patent stroke her last & all the falls her back is for the fearful leap is past! & over the whole three hundred in quick succession go! into that boiling mass of death full eighty feet below!

17

And many the day here after above the torrents roared the forms of swarthy Mohawks were found upon the shore! but on poor Hallaboom's dark face no eagle's eyes were set! She lies in the river's dark embrace the water claim her yet! the waters of one hundred years have flown above her grave! but never dead will never die while human hearts are brave! Her tribe still tell the story around their Council fires! & bless her who died in the surging tide to rescue all her sire!

June

The St John River.

In the pleasant days of summer a long long time ago when the broad St John River swept on with might below and o'er the grand falls rapids their torrents they did pour & o'er the steep & sudden leap fell eighty feet or more.

And there upon her mossy banks an Indian Village arose where dwelt a tribe of Malisects the Mohawks were there free, & to gaze upon the corn fields & maize fields growing green. With such sweet peace one scarce could dream that ever strife had been.

Stacota & his daughter that dark eyed Malabean sailed up the St John river as far as the Quebec stream, & there upon an island they rested for that day. Their hearts were light & the world was bright & Nature's face seemed gay.

But like a clap of thunder when the heavens are calm & clear the war whoops of the Mohawks fell on their startling ears. And a sharp flint tipped arrow pierced old Stacota's breast ere Malabean could raise him his father was at Rest.

Then bounding through the thickets on rushed a savage mob of Mohawks in their war paint, their voices fierce & loud. And ere the orphaned maiden had time to turn or fly, they bound her fast. All hopes were past except the hope to die.

But one who knew her language said as soon as the sun goes down, your bark canoe will guide us unto your father's town. Do this your life is spared you & wed a Mohawk brave! Refuse your doom is torture or worse to be a slave.

Oh says she I'll guide you & wed a Mohawk brave although you've killed my father I need not be your slave. ~~But the young life is a precious one~~ But the stream is swift & broken & sea apart may stray. Bind your canoe's together & I will lead the way.

Then by her slaughtered father the weary hours she passed till the sun went down beneath the lofty trees & a gloomy shadow cast. Thinking of home & kindred & the friends she could not warn of the murderous night & the gory sight would greet the morrow morn.

The St John River,

The St John River.

In the pleasant days of summer a long long time ago
when the broad St John River swept on with might below
and o'er the grand falls rapids their torrents they did pour
& o'er the steep & sudden leap fell eighty feet or more.

And there upon her mossy banks an Indian Village arose
where dwelt a tribe of Maliseets the Mohawks were
there too, & to gaze upon the corn fields & maize fields
growing green. With such sweet peace one scarce could
dream that ever strife had been

Stacota & his daughter that dark eyed Malabeans
sailed up the St John river as far as the Quebec
stream, & there upon an island they rested for
that day, their hearts were light & the world was
bright & Nature's face seemed gay.

But like a clap of thunder when the heavens are
calm & clear, the war whoops of the Mohawks
fell on their startling ears, & a sharp
flint tipped arrow pierced old Stacota's breast.
The Malabeans could raise him but his father was
at Rest.

Then bounding through the thickets on rushed a savage
mob of Mohawks in their war paint, their voices
fierce & loud, and ere the orphaned maiden had
time to turn or fly, they bound her fast. all
hopes were past except the hope to die.

But one who knew her language said as soon as the
sun goes down, your bark canoe will guide us unto
your father's town. Do this your life is spared
you & wed a Mohawk brave, refuse your doom
is torture or worse to be a slave.

Oh says she I'll guide you & wed a Mohawk brave
although you've killed my father I need not be your
slave. ~~Do this your life is spared you~~ But the stream
is swift & broken & soon apart may stray. bind
your canoe's together & I will lead the way.

Then by her straightened father the weary hours she
passed, till the sun went down nath the lofty
trees & a gloomy shadow cast. & thinking of home &
kindred & the friends she could not warn of the
murderous night & the gory sight would greet
the morrow morn.

Just as the shades of evening swept over hill & dale, ~~the~~ down the St John River the Indian fleet set sail. Three hundred Mohawk Warriors chanting a martial song, their paddles gleam upon the stream so swift they glide along.

In three long lines together each to the next made fast with the maidens in the foremost the great Canoe flut past. And the one who knew her language a line of silver drew, as he bent to the foremost paddle in the Maidens' back Canoe.

The night was dark & dreary & the sky had scarce a star to gaze upon the pageants of fierce & savage war. No moon shone o'er the river, her gentle beams were pale, & through the lofty tree tops the south wind sigh & wail.

(12)

But little care's the Mohawk though the wind may avail, & sigh, the moon might shade her glory while clouds obscure the sky. With hearts intent on slaughter & lives on Carnish led, they toil but still before them the strong armed Maiden sped.

(13)

There song being sung & silence fell upon their dreaded foe. When the sound of distant thunder seemed on their ears to grow, what is that? its but a torrent the Indian Maiden cried. It joins the St John River where here runs deep & wide.

14

But louder & yet louder that sound of thunder grew, as down the St J. R. the swift flotilla flew. On either side the foam reeks shone like a line of snow, but all in front was dark as was death which lay below.

15

Then striking with her paddle the Indian Maiden cried, lister you Mohawk warriors that sail on death's dark tide. Never more shall mother earth claim you or wives weep o'er your clay. Come to your doom you Mohawk & I will lead the way.

16

Then striking with her paddle one potent stroke her last, & air she falls her back is for the dreadful leap is past. & over the whole three hundred in quick succession go into that boiling mass of death full eighty feet below.

17

And many the day here after above the torrents roat the forms of swathed Mohawks were found upon the shore. ~~on poor Mallabean~~ dark face no eagle's eyes were set, she lies in the river's dark embrace the water claim her yet. The waters of one hundred years have flown above her grave, but heroic deeds will never die while human hearts are brave. Her tribe still tell the story around their Council fires, & bless her who died in the surging tide to rescue all her sire.