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W. E. ENONAH:

A

NARRATIVE POEM.

BY

ANKREM COUCH.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
THE UNITED STATES NEWS COMPANY,
55 CHAMBERS STREET.
NEW YORK.





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A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

WHAT THE AMERICAN SAID TO THE POET.

Poet I want a publisher !

American A pity—
There's plenty of them in the city.

Poet Ay ! but I'm after one who'll wait
Until the publication pays—

American The devil ! you have come too late,
There's none of them things now-a-days !

Poet Alas, for poets !—

American You have missed
The callings that we wait upon :
The oarsman and the pugilist
Are welcome ! Poetry !—begone !

Poet No ! By St. Tammany, I'll write
In summer and in winter ;
And publish when I choose, despite
The devil and the printer !

NOTE.—The plot of the tale is laid in no definite part of the country, nor at any set time. Horses, beads, etc., are introduced, which would make the date posterior to the expedition of Cortez. But this is of very little consequence. The author has preferred to be anachronistic, rather than miss the expression of what he thought a good idea.

PREFACE.

As originality is something which vitally concerns every new production, the author begs to state his case plainly. The reader must not expect very much ; for, at most, there is but little to be given. Where an honest man falls, what hope for a senator ? When the giants of the last age disclaimed all pretensions to originality, what prospect for the pigmy of this ? And if, as held by Macaulay and others, originality becomes scarcer in the same ratio as learning increases, judging from the advances in this way, during these latter years, there can be little ground left for an aspirant to claim that rarity of this, and probably of every future, century—originality. Notwithstanding this, the author begs leave to commend some lines of his poem to the reader's notice, believing that they at least present in a new, and not unpleasing, dress, thoughts which, if not wholly original, are, so far as he knows, not those of any previous writer.

One word to the critic—should the book have such. Were we ignorant of the poetry of every country save our own, our judgments, our sources being more limited, would be of a nature far different from those attained by an easy application of the rules subscribed by critics of the present day. Yet, this is really our true position. So little sympathy is there between the poetry of this country and that of any other, that the criticism which marks the poet's place in that, would be

PREFACE

entirely inappropriate when applied to an equally original poet of this. A new country produces a new style of men—new men, for the better or worse, new ideas; and it should be conceded by all that, in a land where variety is the text of the nation, the most abrupt style, paradoxical utterances, and eccentric wanderings of a writer, whatever his reputation, should receive patient attention and impartial criticism. The author asks no more.

After this an apology may be out of place, although the book is yet sorely in need of one. The style—if the word is applicable to such disconnected composition—is one which the author will in future avoid. Begun as the poem was, before thought and judgment were matured, the tendency to unwieldy growth has crowded its conclusion into the same stage of imperfection—only a little further on. But to wait for that superb moment—the maturity of the mind—for some, alas! uncertain—was a task from which the writer shrank; besides if he did attain to that consummation, he might become too much out of conceit to realize any pleasure from publication of the effort—which now is not the case; and would, consequently, have lost a few moment's joy—something that even the happiest life can ill afford.

WEENONAH.

CANTO THE FIRST.

OKAHUMKEE.

I.

There is a glory in the past
The richer present cannot equal;
Delusive distance is the sequel;
And like a tale it holds us fast;
A spell o'er every scene is cast;
We may not turn another way;
Our eyes are kindled with its ray;
It haunts us still from day to day;—
How wondrous is the past! how strange
The paths o'er which our fancies range,
From place to place, from change to change!
However dead the present state,
However dark the future fate,
Each country boasts a golden prime,
In some remote, barbaric time;
And stains the windows of to-day
With glowing pictures of the past,
Until their being's cheerless ray,
Along the cold, unflowery way,
In rarest form is cast.

And thine, Columbia—Is there
 No radiance round thine early brow,
 And is there nothing lingers now
 Of all that was so wild and fair?
 And art thou all so changed?—Ah, no!
 The winds that centuries ago
 Blew o'er thy hills, still o'er them blow;
 The rivers that with murmuring song
 Amid thy valleys swept along,
 Still 'mid those valleys roll away,
 Lit by the sun that warmed that day;
 The pine trees on the rugged steeps
 Lift up their heads to heaven still;
 From rock to rock the cooling rill
 Whose birth was e'er our eldest, leaps;
 The waving prairies, yet the same,
 The bisons feed or roaring flame;
 The snake amid the ferns and grass
 Coils low, nor lets the intruder pass;
 The eagle circles in the sky,
 As strong his wing, as keen his eye;—
 Ah! these are here, but where are they,
 The lords of that medieval day?—
 The heroes of a mighty past,
 Too ill recorded then to last?
 Where are the Incas of Peru—
 The monarchs of a golden clime,
 Who carried through the lapse of time
 The little art they knew?
 And where is Montezuma?—Go,
 Amid the tombs of Mexico
 Thou mayest find the dust of him
 Whose name nor Death nor Time can dim!
 The dust hath all, to the grave they are gone,
 To sleep till the resurrection dawn;
 The dust hath all, and there lingers none
 In the lonely temples of the sun.

II.

To him who wanders far away
 Amid the wonders of a day

Forever past (in fancy wanders)
 And pauses as he sees and ponders,
 Tis like, so strange it all doth seem,
 The wild'ring lab'rynth of a dream—
 The fading memories that stay
 When, at the bursting morning's gleam,
 The weird shapes have flown away,
 And they were but a dream of night,—
 A dream of grandeur fierce and wild,
 A dream of pleasure vague, ne'er mild,
 With virtue oft, though little light.
 Not in an hour nor yet a morn
 Are habits formed, or nations born ;
 Nor can they perish in a day,
 But fade with months and years away ;—
 We see them still, or think we see ;
 We pause—the mighty, where are they ?
 Where are the heroes of that day ?
 We pause—but they have ceased to be !
 Thus shall Columbia awake,
 Nor dusky form shall meet her gaze,
 Of those who oft, in former days,
 Had caused her heart to quake !
 Their track along the pebbled shore
 The rolling tide shall wash no more ;
 Nor birch shall yield its bark again
 To build the light, the trim canoe ;
 And other missiles, o'er the plain
 Shall drive the buffalo amain,
 Where once their arrows flew ;
 And he who lingers to the last,
 Shall be a keep-sake of the past ;
 And men their glory may recall,
 And sigh, and feel their bosoms burn :
 "They made the lords of nations rich,
 Who made them beggars in return."
 Oh, seek them not, for they are gone
 Where none pursue nor gaze upon !—
 Not all, for still a few remain
 To wander reckless o'er the plain,

Or linger mournful in the wood,
 Where once their lords of battle stood ;
 And curse and fly upon the foe,
 And strike a last, expiring blow ;—
 But, oh, how small, how mean the share,
 Compared with what their fathers were !—
 And these are gone ; their nameless graves
 Are spread from where Atlanta's waves
 Against the eastern headlands pour
 To where the wide Pacific's roar
 Resounds along the western shore.
 Their dust is everywhere—we tread,
 And know it not, upon the dead ;—
 But this is nothing—they have stept,
 Who last were laid away, upon
 The dust of those before them gone,
 While yet their memory they kept.
 And we—a thousand years from now,
 Our dust may turn beneath the plow ;
 And who will weep o'er us ?—perchance
 Some cold philosopher will cast
 His spectrum eye along the past,
 And read our history in a glance ;
 And say, “ There sleeps a people here,
 Who came upon this mortal stage
 In that but dimly lighted age,
 When superstition with its fear
 Was fading from the heart of man ;
 But e'er he learned aright to scan
 The wonders all around, and know
 That everything we see below
 Doth whisper of a God ; and so,
 Since yet those mysteries were dark,
 His hunger urged him by the mark,
 And left him blinder than before—
 Wrecked on that legendary shore
 Of Infidelity ; and yet,
 We must not jeer him nor forget
 That with the little light he had,
 Poor fool, he did not do so bad. ”

Be ours a kindlier word for those
 Whom wrong, not nature, made our foes.
 The time has come for us to lay
 Our cruel enmity away,
 Or yield it to the scoffer ;
 And shed upon their general grave,
 The tear we would have given to save,
 But found no place to offer.

III.

In years when they were monarchs sole,
 Where'er the rapid rivers roll,
 Their weird tongues have blessed—
 From north to south, from shores of morn,
 To where the hills all tempest-torn,
 Arise against the west—
 In this wild age and country, legends tell,
 Old Okahumkee dwelt ;
 And ruled his warring people well,
 And made his power felt.
 He knew its ruder arts, for war
 Was still his bosom's guiding star,
 And kindled wilder passions there,
 With fiercer, more unshaded glare,
 Than nobler scene in quiet hour,
 Had given with a deeper power.
 Yet this was peace, compared with strife
 That raged so many a time,
 And seemed so natural to their life,—
 The dowery of the clime.
 And Okahumkee—who was he ?
 A mighty chief, as few there be ;—
 A fearless leader in the fray,
 And yet a statesman in his way ;—
 An honest judge of medium skill,
 Impartial in a common cause,
 Where justice was, but not in laws,
 Unprejudiced and earnest still ;—
 Yet, by a spirit rash inspired,

If rage or hate his bosom fired,—
 That true to nature and its clime,
 Held but one passion at a time—
 The love that often was the start,
 And did not fail at times to please,
 Could not avail with any art,
 His passion to appease ;
 Nor would the smould'ring fire die,
 Nor anxious glance depart his eye,
 Nor other joy be shared or prized,
 Until the wish was realized,—
 Till ruin, like the caving bank,
 Had buried him who helpless sank,
 Repenting vainly, cursing late,—
 The victim of another's hate.
 Yet was he wiser in his way
 Than rulers of a later day,
 Who waste in riot what the millions crave,
 Yet hide the despot in the meaner knave ;
 Themselves their idol, and the purse the bowl
 That poisons honor and corrupts the whole ;
 And who, when flattering vanity or lust
 Of power, to hide their purpose with a crust,
 Put on religion, raise an iron rod,
 And damn a nation in the name of God.
 But it is with a darker day
 My story deals—a darker? Nay !
 A beam, a shadow from that night
 Might mock our modern moral light ;
 And load the theologian's task ;
 And send fanatics out to ask,
 Or prophesy with wildered gaze :
 The world hath seen its greatest days ;
 The morn and after hours are past ;
 And now the evening shadows cast,
 Proclaim a coming night of gloom,
 And Nature's universal doom.

IV.

He wisely rules who strives to save
 His people's love from Envy's grave,—

A grave whose monumental stones
 Are false and murdered monarchs' bones ;
 Which are a glaring epitaph,
 At which the foolish pause and laugh,
 The haughty sneer or cursing go,
 And the honest murmur, " Be it so. "
 He sounded in the public ear,
 No less a name of love than fear ;—
 He loved them with a monarch's love,
 That rising not too high above,
 Nor sinking lower than it should,
 To sense applied and not to blood ;
 Their reason swayed, and in the heart
 Where passion claimed nor all nor part,
 A feeling grew that, like a chain,
 The chief and tribe together bound ;
 And Envy's efforts were in vain,
 To break a link so sound.

V.

He had a daughter young and fair—
 Weenonah—she was all his care,
 His only child, his chief delight ;
 And often in the lonely night,
 When every sound was lulled to rest—
 Save the wild wind that from the west
 Moaned sullenly without the camp.
 And on the forest wrecked its ire,
 And twirled the smoke, and cheered the fire,
 Which served the purpose of a lamp ;
 In front, with gaze half vacant cast,
 He sate and brooded o'er the past :
 Whose ghosts, like the scenes of a troubled dream,
 Confusedly hurried down memory's stream.
 He mused on each as it passed along ;
 And mourned the evil, and cursed the wrong ;
 Yet only one of the lot there is
 He loves, and a mournful joy is his :
 For there mingles with its pleasure a smart,

And at once it comforts and pains his heart ;—
And when he gazed in the embers red,
He saw the face of the one that was dead—
Of the one that was in former days,
E'er youth had lost its fading fire,
Or the long chase his limbs could tire,
The light of all his ways :
For she had been his best of life ;
And, oh, to miss her in the strife,
To see her slowly fade away,
Like day into the twilight gray,
And 'mid the gloominess of night,
Be hid forever from his sight !
It pained him then in youth, and now,
That age hath wrinkled o'er his brow,
When memory looked back he felt
Anew, the blow so early dealt ;
And writhed again beneath the smart,
That eats and eats into his heart,
And only will with life depart.
The fancies that when youth is full
Of all the bloom and fire of life,
When separate are never dull,
But when together still at strife :
In her united so serene,
The charm was irresistible ;
And while she filled the glowing scene,
She bent his passion and his will.
He fancied, tasted, hoped—alas !
How quicker than our thoughts they pass,
Those airy castles !—beauties born
To be desired but never worn !
Ah, every fancy hath a grave,
Like every bubble on the wave :
This moment hurried into form,
With rainbow tint and speed of storm,
Another moment, mark the place—
There doth not linger e'en a trace !
So with the mockery called joy—
The older, blinder childrens' toy !

A common doom awaits them all !
Our grandest flight precedes a fall,
For fall we must, and curse the thing
That pinned the feathers in our wing.
And yet we do not live in vain,
And life is not a barren plain ;
For something still remains to bless,
And rescue from the wilderness :
Hope, like an angel, longs to stay,
And cheer the heart too cold to pray ;
Bends whispering o'er to soothe in pain—
A moment waits, but all in vain,
Her snowy pinions spreads to fly
To her immortal home on high ;
But still returns, and bending low,
Again attempts, and will not go :
But, fluttering, lingers till the chain
Of life, that brooks no heavy strain,
Is snapped by icy Death in twain.
And still amid our griefs and pains
A hope, a glimmering hope, remains ;
Though often dull and idly graced
As flowers on the desert waste,
Yet, fathered by the very care
That shields the little flower there,
It still is hope—no matter what
The form that gives it grace or blot,—
And true to the uncertain goal
Directs the passion or the soul.
He saw her perish, could not save,
And 'mid the devastating wave
That hurried on towards the grave,
A flower beautiful and rare
Sprang up paternal smiles to share :
To love, to reverence and fear,
And whisper "father" in his ear ;
He raised the orphan to his breast,
And long and tenderly caressed ;
Kissed fondly o'er and o'er amid his grief,
And loving hoped, and hoping found relief.

VI.

He would sit through the long and dreary night,
Till the cock had crowed the morning watch,
And the eastern sky was streaked with light,
And his spirit reeled with its watching much.
He would sit and the weary past recall,
With its drops of honey and cups of gall;
And when in the embers he saw the face
Of the vanished one he longed to embrace,
He would start and hurriedly turn and gaze
Where the flickering light of the fire's blaze
Fell over the maiden, asleep, while her breast
Rose slowly and sank in the quiet of rest.
Long would he gaze for he could trace
Her features in her mother's face;
And from the vision of the dead,
His fancies to the living fled;—
For thus it is the beauties mild
From parent given down to the child,
The scenes of present and of past
Unite, and bind forever fast;
And if we mourn for those who were,
And say how wise, how good, how fair,—
We joy in part, although bereft,
That still their like—their child—is left.
And Okahunkee sows again
The harvest reapt so late in pain;
Still in the future builds, and counts
His feet where only fancy mounts;
For Hope assures success and Pride
Sets every obstacle aside;
But when from dreaming thus he turned,
And watched the fire that dimly burned,
Weenonah's features would remain;
Nor would her mother's either wane,
But both in vision dimly bright
Alike would near and then unite;
For still the living held his heart,
And could not from his view depart;

And time was powerless to smother
 The remnant of a passion wild,
 And in the child he saw the mother,
 And in the mother saw the child.

VII.

And still he hoped, his hopes believed,
 And waiting saw them realized ;
 And daily by his doubts deceived,
 More highly as they vanished, prized.
 And often would the little maid
 Her arms around his neck entwine,
 And fondly, childishly upbraid
 That he should grieve so long, or weep
 For one, although so dear, asleep
 In that, to her, mysterious, deep,
 Unanswerable sleep of death,
 While with a kiss he stopped her breath
 And felt what none may well define :
 A tender, stirring, cheering passion
 Of Nature's chaste and choicest fashion ;
 To parent's heart there's not a blessing
 So welcome as a child's caressing,
 So pleasing as the simple tongue
 That tells the feelings of the young.
 Yet doth our little knowledge prove,
 A thousand wily motives throng
 To lead a righteous purpose wrong,
 And mar the beauty wrought in love.
 A tender parent's love may grow
 Until it turns him out the foe,
 The curse, the ruin of the child
 He fain would cherish undefiled.

CANTO THE SECOND.

BEAUTY—LOVE—WOMAN.

I.

When first Weenonah's name we spoke,
 What was she then ? A simple child,

The treasure of a heart half broke,
 That looked on her and weeping, smiled ;
 A lovely child, no more ; but now !—
 Her form was fresher than the flower
 That blooms upon the mountain brow, *
 And opens in the morning hour
 Its leaves to catch the sunbeam shower ;
 And forward bends with natural ease,
 Beneath the fresh'ning mountain breeze ;
 And rolls from off its fragrant breast,
 The dew that there was wont to rest ;
 And springing back with graceful bound,
 From where it stooped to kiss the ground,
 All lovely stands, with just a bend
 That doth a grace to beauty lend.
 Her eyes were black as black could be,
 And shone with peerless brilliancy,
 As forth, unchallenging, they sent
 The royal rays of merriment ;
 Nor lost their brightness, but a shade
 Of mingling wonder would pervade,
 While gazing fondly o'er the scene
 That Nature spread around serene ;
 Nor yet was pleasure all the ray
 That marked their beauty's ling'ring stay,
 For listening to a tale of woe,
 The tears of sympathy would flow,
 And turn their lustre to a mournful glow.
 Her tresses were of glossy black—
 Her glory they—and parted o'er
 An olive brow, adown her back
 They fell in waves ; a flower she wore
 Upon the side where they were bound
 With forest ribband round and round ;
 The wind in passing with them played,
 And scattered wide, or seemed to braid ;
 'Twirled o'er her shapely shoulders loose,
 In many a twist and many a noose,

* This is no new idea.

And laid across her swelling breast,
 A moment peacefully to rest;
 Or fearing of a lengthened stay,
 A moment after tore away,
 And strew before or far behind.
 Her dress was of the plainest kind,
 And it became her beauty best,
 And showed a more than common mind,
 For Indian never is so blest
 As when above him feathers float,
 And he has on a gaudy coat.
 A girdle loose around her waist,
 Drew into foldlets long the gown
 That to her knees extended down ;
 Her beaded moccasins were laced
 To leggings gaily fringed, which graced
 The limbs they hid from winter's frown,
 And summer's sun, and curious eye
 That might have been in passer-by ;—
 And well it were, at least for him,
 For such an even, graceful limb
 Might in its spell hereafter hold—
 That's if he were not over old,
 Or dead to all the charms that be
 In female grace and symmetry.

II.

And is this all ? Alas, for her
 Whose hopes are built upon her face !
 Amid the change, deceit and stir
 Of life, where will she find a place ?
 How short they live, those fevered charms,
 That languish in adoring arms !
 To-day—the envy of the crowd,
 Admired and flattered, firm and proud ;
 To-morrow—would it were the same !
 Weep for her ye who weep o'er shame !
 Society hath closed the door ;
 Breathe not her name, she is no more

III.

In the warm noon of summer, when
 The sun is highest in the skies,
 There's many a flower droops and dies
 That opening to a milder ray,
 Had lived in beauty through its day ;
 So is it oft with men :
 Beauty that dazzles leaves behind,
 An indistinctness on the mind ;
 But beauty shedding softer rays,
 Will please and soothe the eyes that gaze,
 Inviting with a gentle strain,
 To longer look and look again,
 Till Fancy takes the impress whole,
 And gives the picture to the soul ;
 With that unrivalled artist's finish,
 Nor time nor change can aught diminish ;
 A beauty breathes in every touch,
 And sighs the soul, ' my love is such

IV.

There is no beauty of the face,
 No grandeur of the form,
 Unless there be a soul to grace
 With feelings pure and warm.
 Beauty of face is but a flower
 That fades before its prime ;
 But the pure soul shines through the shower
 And brightens still with time.
 So with Weenonah : her sweet face
 Was a reflection of her heart—
 The twin unique—the counterpart
 Of the completed work of grace—
 The jewel in the jewel's place.
 The fairest oft have lived and died
 Without a knowledge of their beauty
 But who may tell how well supplied
 With joy, were others at their side
 Along the same meek path of duty !

That life's not wasted which can give
 To any creature that doth live
 A happier lot. We little know
 What numbers throbbing to and fro
 Around us, in the rapid flow
 Of life and eddying pools of care,
 Have need of all that we can spare
 To soothe and rescue from a fate,
 Silent and dark, that seems to wait
 Upon so many, only born
 To be the butts of wrong and scorn.

V.

Oh ! beauty hath a charm untold ;
 As potent as in days of old ;
 Deep as the earth's foundations lie,
 And lofty as the azure sky,
 Far as the morning spreads her wings
 And bathes the world in light,
 Or evening to the mountain clings,
 And draws the veil of night,
 It dwells, it reigns—we pause and feel
 Our bosoms with the magic swell,
 That doth in part our sorrows heal ;
 Yet dwelling in it cannot tell
 The might, the measure of the spell.
 The same in any place or form :
 The lightning flash—the raging storm—
 The deep, green sea—the mountains high—
 The twinkling stars—the rainbow's hues—
 The forest green—the butterfly—
 The yellow leaves that autumn strews—
 The wind-tossed bird—the fleecy snow—
 The setting sun with sky aglow—
 The violet blue—the opening rose—
 The rivulet that murm'ring flows—
 The spell of beauty all possess,
 And though we may not own them, bless ;
 But wearily from these we turn
 To sunny smiles and lips that burn

And find the beauty of them all,
 With more enticing rapt'rous thrall,
 In the soft eyes of woman, lit
 With all the flash of soul and wit,
 And tempered with the languid glow
 That seems to imitate the woe
 Their beauty might not live and know.

VI.

And she was fair. The eye that caught
 Her graceful figure as it passed,
 Would bear to fancy many a thought,
 That makes the pulses beat so fast.
 Yet not on her a jealous eye,
 By those she rivalled, e'er was cast—
 Although her sisters, when they saw
 That beauty half inspiring awe,
 Would often pause and gaze and sigh ;
 But he her meaning sure mistook,
 Who thought within that timid look
 Was aught of jealousy. They knew
 That she was fair, but she was true,
 And simple like themselves. She seemed
 A star that scarcely knew it beamed,
 And shed on all around a light
 More gentle and serene than bright.
 Her smile disarmed the thought that fain
 Had darkened to a jealous stain ;—
 One look, and jealousy would shiver ;
 One word, and it was gone for ever.

VII.

How many a brave's quick glancing eyes,
 Had marked her for an early prize.
 Alone within the shady wood,
 That fevered fancy fired his blood ;
 Beside the fire or by the stream,
 Where'er he sate him down to rest,
 His thoughts would weave into a dream,

Around the idol of his breast.
 How many an angered look was cast,
 As some more favored suitor passed !
 How many a night was sleepless spent,
 And soul with warring passions rent !
 How many a dauntless course was run !
 How many a daring deed was done !
 And plume 'mid chilling perils won !
 That he—Weenonah's haughty sire—
 Might see their bravery and admire.—
 What is there youth will not, if human,
 Attempt for beauty, love and woman !

VIII.

Our hopes are false—how many a youth
 Attests with tears the bitter truth !
 And manhood tells the tale he knew
 From others once, and now so true :
 'Time thy rude hand hath brushed away
 My early dreams, like drops of dew.
 I revelled in a glorious day,
 So bright with fancy's morning ray,
 But I have come into a new,
 A wider sphere ; and, oh, how oft
 In the still night I look aloft
 At the bright stars, and sigh to think
 How diff'rent is the cup I drink,
 How changed since when I roamed a lad
 Amid the fields, and laughed and had
 No thought but joy ; and singled out
 Some star, and called it by my name,
 And felt my bosom all aflame
 With rapture,—for I could not doubt
 In that swift morning. Ah ! how soon
 It vanished ! It was May, then June,
 And now October's scatt'ring wind
 Hath left but few young hopes behind ;
 And chilled the breast that holds, until
 It feels no more the rapt'rous thrill.

Oh ! when the hopes of youth are flown—
The brightest and the soonest gone—
How carelessly, how light we hold
The gifts the later years unfold !
Had they appeared upon the stem
That blossomed, we had welcomed them ;
But disappointment's cruel sting
Hath ta'en away the only thing
That could have made them welcome now.
There was no wrinkle on the brow
That hope had fanned. This is as though
The harvest ripened 'mid the snow.
The heart that hopes its youth away,
Will shrink from manhood's bitter day ;
And view with cold, expectant gaze,
The changes of the later days.

IX.

How loved Weenonah was in peace ;
And war would seem but to increase
Her power with them. The zeal that fired
Her breast the timorous youth inspired,
Enkindling in his soul a flame
That time nor peace could never tame ;
Nor give him rest till on the plain,
Where lay the dying and the slain,
He rushed with dauntless courage in,
A laurel in the fight to win,
And 'mid the fury and the yell,
Pierced by the poisoned arrow, fell ;
Or raised his arm and stayed the blow
Of savage, unrelenting foe,
And struck, and smiled to see the blood
Leap to the ground a purple flood ;
And when the war was o'er, and they
The victors of the desperate fray,
Return, to feel above him wave
The plumes that decorate the brave.

X.

How passionate the love that dwells
 Within a woman's breast !
How sweet the sympathy that swells,
 For those who are oppressed !
An angel by the bed of pain ;
 A comforter in woe ;
The fairest link in all the chain
 That God has made below !
He is no man, whoe'er he be,
 With mind or large or small,
Who can nor grace in woman see,
 Nor love her—faults and all.
To love thee—'tis a glorious task,
 For thou art all in all;—let earth
Deny her fame or wealth or mirth—
 If thou remain, 'tis all I ask.
I weep when thou art absent—yet,
 How changed when thou art nigh: thy smiles
 My weeping into mirth beguiles,
And all my sorrows I forget.
So be it ever. Let me feel
 Thy kindly presence while I live;
And kiss thee 'ere I die, to seal
 The pleasure heaven will forgive.
What though the poets oft condemn—
'Tis but a vanity in them !
They love thee even while they blame,
And when they curse thee, blush for shame.
They judge forever by the way
 You treat them, and they often are
The poorest soldiers in the fray,
 And hold a heart with many a scar.
But when their rage is satisfied,
And they have ceased to weep and chide,
In love they look to thee again,
And laugh at all their former pain,
Their passions weigh, their fears defy,
And hoping, half courageous sigh :

There's nothing in this world of toil,
 Beneath the heavens high above,
 So comforting as woman's smile,
 So fond, so dear as woman's love !
 Yet woman's changeful, insincere,
 Because to rash or prone to fear ;
 Most cruel oft' to those most dear,—
 For to herself, howe'er it be,
 Her heart's the greatest mystery.
 She loves—doubts—quarrels—thinks she hates—
 And e'er the silly rage abates,
 She doth her love arraign
 With broken vows and loveless heart—
 Commands him coldly to depart,
 Nor ever come again—
 Stands breathless with dilated eyes—
 Repents—condemns herself—and cries—
 And hastes to call him back again ;
 Or if her prayers be late or vain,
 Nor hope remains whereon to cling,
 She slowly pines away and dies ;
 And that's the end of the poor thing—
 The far extreme of woman's love,
 The wormwood of affection—
 The serpent that pursues the dove
 With folly's sad correction.

CANTO THE THIRD.

WEENONAH'S GILT—A FATHER'S RAGE.

I.

The morn, the welcome morn—again,
 Hath animated all the plain ;
 A ripple stirs the slumb'ring lake ;
 The village starts to life—awake ;
 The smoke winds up a column dim
 From many a wigwam's dusty rim ;
 The Indian rises from his couch,
 And sallies forth—his frugal meal

Prepared and past—equipped with steel,
Or wooden weapons and his pouch,
To mount his pony, mark the feet,
And follow up the bison fleet,
And close upon his thund'ring track,
Plunge deep into his shaggy back
The spear, or pierce his panting side ;
Or after hours of fruitless ride,
Return again—his horse his guide ;
Or safely climb the rugged steep,
And dare the wild deer to the leap ;
Bend o'er the stream and spear the trout
That through its waters dart about ;
Reset the arrow, draw the string,
And overtake the bird on wing ;
The fox pursue, or slay the hare
Entangled, and reset the snare ;
Or roam the mighty forest, where
Deep in the glen the sullen bear,
 When gloomy clouds o'ercast the sky,
 Looks upward with an anxious eye,
And sniffs the laden air ;
Or pierce the swamp where the lone owl
Hoots to the gaunt wolf's hollow howl,
And venomed snakes along the way,
With restless eye await their prey ;
Or seated in the light canoe,
Skim o'er the waters clear and blue ;
Or stain the bow, or shape with skill,
The tomahawk reserved to kill ;
Again the usual round renew,
Of duties that he must pursue ;
Again—but, lo ! beyond the hills
 The morn advances with a smile
 For those who rise to greet the while,
 A slumber for the fevered brain
 That wooed the darker hours in vain,
 And counted every heavy toll,
 While grief caroused within the soul.—
Ah ! there are hours, there are ills

That sink into the human heart
 So deep the anguish they impart,
 That never through the gathered night
 There comes a single ray of light !—
 Dark, dark, forever dark and chill,
 One sleepless, endless night of ill !

II.

Alone upon a colored mat,
 Beside the wigwam's open door,
 That seemed more desolate than before
 Old Okahumkee sat.
 Alone—the pipe discarded lay,
 That yet had known no holiday ;
 The plumes and cloak were cast aside,
 That erst had pleased his doting pride ;
 The steed that he in happier days,
 Was wont to ride and load with praise,
 Is led by servant to his side—
 To-day he does not care to ride,
 And they have loosed the horse to graze ;
 A moment only did he seem
 To waken from that fearful dream—
 He saw, yet little did he care
 Though all his wealth was scattered there.
 With folded arms and lips compressed,
 And head half bowed upon his breast,
 That slowly heaved in dark unrest,
 He sate ; within his eye that stare
 Is one but seldom witnessed there,
 And only when the brain o'erwrought,
 Is crazed with some unhallowed thought.
 A gleam of hope relieved his brow,
 That only for a moment stayed,
 And then, as though he would upbraid
 The very thought, it darkened now
 Into a scowl that seemed to shed
 A sense of something more than dread.
 WEENONAH comes, 'twere strange her smile
 Could not from grievous thoughts begin :

His head he raised, his hot eyes fell
 Upon that face he knew too well—
 “My child,” his trusting days had said,
 But now why does his eyes burn red ?
 Can it be passion’s light ?—the stare
 That would have turned to kindness there,
 Will come no further than despair—
 A sense of something yet unreal,
 That credits further than we feel.
 Away! fond maid, he will not see—
 That father smiles no more for thee !
 Thou needs’t not weep, thou durst not stay,—
 That look forbids a brief delay !
 Intriguing maid the game is up,
 ’Twas brief, but thou hast drained the cup !
 If thou would’st have his wrath delay,
 Frail cause of all, away ! away ! !
 His thin lips moved as though they cursed,
 His eyes flashed fiercer than at first,
 And deeper seemed to gather now
 The thought that settled o’er his brow,
 Like tempest on the sea,
 That threatens hourly to burst,
 Accursing all, by all accursed,—
 And woe to him whose head shall be,
 The object that receives the while,
 The contents of so dark a phial.

III.

With nervous step and anxious brow,
 A warrior bold approaches now.
 The visage dark and figure tall,
 In majesty had stood with Saul ;
 Th’ embroidered cloak and eagle plumes,
 Bespeak the rank that he assumes,
 Nor common lot it is, I ween,
 That gives so lordly, proud a mien ;
 His face was fairer once, even now
 His youth sits fresh upon his brow,
 And manhood deepens in the hair

That loosely hangs with feathers there ;
 But there are passions in the soul,
 That like the millstone's thundr'ing roll,
 Shake all the frame and leave their trace
 In ugly shadows o'er the face.
 Such mood the chief is in to-day,
 Who comes—from whence—how long will stay ?
 Who is the being with the eye
 That burns with more than serpent glitter,
 Who seems to woo but to defy,
 And smiles to make his sneer more bitter ?
 His love is fiercer than a glow,
 His hate too deep a thing for scorning ;
 Beware—for when he strikes a blow,
 He'll give but one, if any warning.
 There is but one I know—'tis he,
 The haughty, boasting OWANEE—
 The daring brave a father's voice
 Hath said must be Weenonah's choice.
 By duty and the jealous rage
 That blackens Nature's brightest page,
 Impelled he comes, and yet I fear
 He dreads the frowning chief to near,—
 For there are times when even they
 We love would better keep away.

IV.

On him the sullen chieftain cast
 His eye attentively a while,
 Nor moved his lips to sneer or smile,
 Nor syllable of greeting passed.
 Two days ago they parted here,
 In disappointment, rage and fear,—
 Not in themselves, for they were one,
 The father this, and that the son,—
 But something had or would be done ;
 A rumor spread, they were defied,
 Their hopes were blighted—or it lied.
 The father started, but disguised

The fear that e'en himself surprised ;
 The other vowed—the Indian's vow
 Is something more than most allow—
 Before the sun above yon hill
 Had risen twice, to end the ill,
 And with the evidence of guilt—
 From scattered fragments eas'ly built—
 Return to nurse the frowning hate,
 That will nor long nor idly wait,
 But like the fire waste the grate,
 Until its feeble bars are gone,
 And death is all it looks upon.
 He vowed and fiercely turned away—
 That binding oath forbade delay :
 The father urged and saw him past
 The pine grove, there he saw him last,—
 His face was to the hills that hide
 The foe, and from themselves divide.
 Since then he hath awaited him,
 Nor grew his eye, though sleepless, dim,
 Nor food those bloodless lips hath passed,
 That seem as they had moved their last.
 And he has come again, the youth,
 With all the weight of guilty truth ;
 But whether there he played the spy,
 And marked them with malevolent eye,
 Or what the means he took to gain
 The knowledge that hath wrought him pain,]
 It matters not—enough it is,
 The fatal evidence is his ;
 Again before his chief he stands—
 Hark ! 'tis that silent tongue commands :
 “ Behold they come—the morn—the sun—
 Redeem thy oath—speak—quick—be done !”

V.

“ My chief—my father, I had said,
 But now that hope that dream is fled—
 A moment breathe, a moment rest
 The passion that consumes thy breast,

For fiercer it is doomed to burn,
E'er peace and comfort may return.
Thou know'st by whom and how we heard
That first, brief, startling, dreadful word ;
I doubted, vowed ; thou bad'st me go—
The ways thou would'st not care to know—
But I was there among the foe ;
I watched, I saw—there are no eyes
So sleepless keen as jealousy's !
And little did I wreck if death,
Instead of rage, had stopped my breath—
Into his treach'rous arms she flies,
 She clings upon his hateful breast,
She smiles and tears are in her eyes,
 She speaks and passion is confessed.
I know that face that haughty brow,
 I saw that brave before to day—
I cursed him then, I hate him now,
 Ay, more, but rage hath stolen away
The sole expression could reveal
The jealous frenzy that I feel.
But her—I knew on earth was place
For only one such form and face !
I could not look upon that brow,
That comes to haunt me even now,
And doubt that it was she was there !
I could not view those eyes that fire
My soul with such a mad desire,
The graceful neck, the flowing hair,
And dream there could be two so fair !
In rage I glared, I scarce could see—
'Tis not !—Thou lie'st, vain hope, 'tis she !
My promised bride, thine only child.
I thought thou would'st be more than wild,
For never soul could calm abide,
Wronged, disappointed, mocked, defied. ”

VI.

And doth that chief, that father hear
With scarcely more than listless ear,
A grief assume he cannot feel,
And only transient rage reveal ?
If thus thou would'st that father scan,
Thou hast conceived a different man.
Alack upon his feet he sprang,
While on the air of morning rang
An oath with sharp and sullen clang ;
With form half bowed, and clenched hands,
And lips in rage apart, he stands ;
One step he took, his features grew,
Or seemed to change in form and hue,
That, like the spirit bursting through,
Had less of earthly than the kind
Whose mention frights the timid mind ;
His eyes, retaining all their glare,
Put on a fiercely vacant stare ;
And for a time it seemed his blood
No longer flowed, so stiff he stood,—
Half dead—so still and seeming cold,
Half life—and fearful to behold.
The wrath and hatred, only feigned,
To hearts that wrong hath never drained,
With that fierce pang that passes pain,
Had wrought into so mad a strain,
It seemed as they would rend the frame,
They never were intend to tame.

VII.

Thou stand'st a fearful thing before :
Look, mark, remember—ask no more !
Thou never may'st behold again,
Such sight among thy fellow men,
Such gestures and such title-page
To such a soul's devouring rage.
From out the canvas, dim and cold,
They stare—the deities of old ;

And from the poets' pages shriek
Their voices wild and shrill,
And for a moment pale the cheek,
And make the blood run chill ;
But these, from reason's elevation,
Are but the early brain's creation ;—
To us alone they seem as such :
Time saw them feared and honored much ;
But time the erring reason teaches,
The present mostly overreaches.
Your father learned to laugh at what
His father held as foremost thought,
And you as fearlessly deride
The theories which that father praised,
And are with other theories dazed,
Your son shall shortly cast aside.
Ourselves alone will take our word ;
Despite of all our mighty fuss,
Another age will laugh at us,
And call our notions all absurd.
The golden wonders of the past
Will not, I fear, forever last !
To-day believes and holds aloof,
To-morrow doubts and asks for proof !
They were, the most that we can say,
Is but a hope that every day,
Fades unsubstantially away
Yet there are men who loudly boast,
Nor think it vain to reason so,
The present age is but a ghost
Of eighteen hundred years ago.
The world is wiser now than when
Old Aristotle walked with men ;
The times were greater in the birth
Of Shakspeare than of Homer ;—Mirth,
And Pain may never change, but Art
And Learning—twilight in the start,—
Are bright'ning to the perfect day,
As years and customs fade away ;
And Superstition like a moon

That lit the savage, Pagan night,
 Is waning as the world grows bright
 With Science, warming in its noon.

VIII.

The Sculptor may improve the stone,
 And make the image all his own ;
 With toil to such perfection bring,
 That fancy fondly seems to cling
 To some remembrance, some belief,
 That was, or is, of joy, or grief,—
 Some surmise, for the mind will roam,
 That life might covet such a home ;
 But, oh ! how little is there here
 That prompts to love, or stirs to fear ;
 What though upon the polished face
 The passions of the heart we trace—
 That heart, if life the model were,
 Had known but little of despair ;
 And never knew how mad a thing
 It is to love and be despised,
 To feel the flower we cherish sting,
 And see the thing we hated, prized.
 What bitter, helpless wrecks they make
 Who tie the cord that will not break ;
 Despairing to the object cling,
 Whose charms, if thrilling, keenly sting ;
 Adoring, while a jealous smart
 Stifles and chokes the bleeding heart ;
 Rejected, hated, till within
 Aversion grows to all but sin ;
 Prepared to burn at passion's stake—
 Revenge—hate—quarrel—murder—break—
 Or any bidding—but forsake.
 How far they sink from all above,
 Who blindly, desperately love.

IX.

Can'st thou not speak, young boastful chief ?
 Thou feel'st some rage—some hate—some grief!

Methought thy wrongs, thy wrath was such
 As nothing could assuage or touch ;
 And are there deeper passions yet,
 Within a breast more lawless met ?
 Ah ! well thou may'st forget thine own :
 Another feels—did'st hear that groan ?
 That burring oath in guttural breath,
 That seems to prophesy of death ?
 Well may thy anger tarry here,
 Repulsed by something more than fear !
 That burning eye is fixed on thee—
 It makes thee what thou would'st not be !
 Ah ! didst thou flinch, across thy brow
 There flashed a look that lingers now—
 Hark !—from between those hollow cheeks
 He speaks—it is to thee he speaks !

X.

“ What, is this weight upon my mind,
 I keenly feel but cannot see ?—
 I struggled, but I am not free,
 And torture drives me mad and blind—
 This weight, this thought that tears my brain,
 And sits like fire on my heart ?—
 It lifts—O God ! * * * It comes again,
 More weighty and more keen the smart.
 There's something happened to the race—
 Confusion !—guide me to the place !
 Great heaven—who spoke—what did he say ?,
 Hell take thee, momentary glow,
 That only show'st me thou could'st show,
 Then shut'st that light away !
 There's something wrong with me or mine,
 That I would eagerly devine ;
 I feel that I must draw the knife,
 But cannot guide me to the strife ;
 There's something strange about my life—
 Cans't thou not tell me what, or where,
 Thou youth that stand'st so fearful there ?
 Why hast thou here so early strayed ?

Thou look'st but ill to meet the maid—
 Weenonah—ha!"—what thought was that
 That rushed like thunder o'er his brain?—
 The burden that so weary sat
 Is lightened by a deeper pain.
 "Away, thou hateful name, away!
 Thou scorpion of my dimning day!
 Base, serpent-hearted, fawning dove,
 Unworthy of a father's love!
 But ill thou hold'st that father's gain—
 His words were weighty, but in vain;
 His blessings—ah! thou would'st condemn,
 But there's a curse for thee in them:
 The sweetest word affection used,
 Shall turn to wormwood in thy heart,
 For never yet was love abused
 But justice somewhere found a dart.
 I would not hold thee to my breast,
 To be of all the world possessed:
 Thy arms, for loathing teaches such,
 Would live a snake in every touch!
 This breast, whereon was laid thy head,
 To take the blessings fondly shed,
 Is closed forever on the one
 Who could deceive as thou hast done!
 This heart that lived but to adore,
 Is sacred to that fire no more!
 For thee, thou worthless thing, for thee,
 I dared a thousand—saw them flee,
 And turned from victory's wreath, to kiss
 The lips that falsely doomed to this!
 The words that would have pleased the world,
 Or fired the foe beneath me hurled,
 I smothered half when thou wert near,
 And wasted on thy senseless ear;—
 But now thy very name's a thorn,
 That tears my heart, already torn!
 The thought doth choke like clotted gore—
 I burn—I scarce can speak for rage!
 The fires of youth come back in age!

My very soul is bursting o'er !
 Even the my fury would abuse,
 That thou should'st bring such hateful news !
 Thou saw'st him, was he not the same
 Who set thy father's soul aflame ?
 An oath of vengeance then was passed—
 Thou should'st have been the first to cast !
 Were I but near to him as thou,
 He did not live to triumph now !
 Thou art no coward, yet fear'st the blow
 That laid so many a brother low !
 Thy memory did thy wrath abuse,
 Else thou had'st not been slack to use !
 Thou need'st have struck but once—'twould do,
 If desperatly struck and true ;
 Then might'st thou perish in disdain—
 His pang would cancel every pain ;
 And though thy fate our fair esteem
 Had mourned, his ruin would redeem ;—
 The bird's but little sacrifice,
 If, as it falls, the serpent dies.

XI.

" I am not one whose wrãth is given,
 To waste itself upon the wind,
 Else my hoarse voice would startle heaven
 With the dark threatenings of the mind.
 My wrongs, are not the kind that cease
 In idle warnings or despair,
 But such as know a slow increase,
 And in the heart they rob of peace,
 Sink deep and burn forever there.
 I have reprovèd when others cursèd,
 And thought them fools that frowned so long ;
 But then my ills were but the worst
 Of those that come to all at first,
 When life is bright and they are young ;
 But when the latest hope is gone—
 The sun from out our heaven hurled,
 The only thing in all the world

We loved or cared to look upon ;
And when the heart no longer holds
A treasure, but a hollow ache,
That winds into its thousand folds,
And keeps the vengeful soul awake
With hungerings that from day to day
Consume its very life away :
'Tis then, and not till then, we know
The wrong that hath no cure below ;
But mine is greater far than this—
I scarce can speak—I cannot tell—
I only know I loved her well—
I only feel that all's amiss,
And from the very heaven of bliss,
I sink into the pit of hell.
A father's love is not the flame
That kindles in the heart of youth,
But something— nay, in simple truth!
'Tis far beyond my power to name.
But though I cannot tell, I can
With withered finger point to where
A heart o'erwhelmed by despair,
Is all that lives beyond the glare
That wrecked a father and a man ;
For day by day and year by year,
Until they numbered nigh a score
Have seen that passion deepen here,
And taught affection to adore :
But now—the change the insect knows
When summer's sunny days are past
And round the shivering form enclose
The naked wings against the blast :
Is nothing to that fearful leap
From love's infatuating sleep,
Into the lonely irksome night
That sinks forever on the mind,
Where wrath's re-kindled fires light,
And jealousy and hatred blind.
That hour has come and nothing here

Is left of all I cherished dear !
 I loved—but now, ah, now I feel
 A blasting fate's eternal seal ;—
 A quenchless thirst, a restless ache,
 That only will with death forsake
 The heart susceptible before,
 But broken now, can feel no more."

XII.

What doth he say—I cannot hear !
 Thou can'st not, nay, or if more near,
 A syllable of grief or fear.
 That noise—'twas nothing but the dog
 That barks behind yon hollow log.
 A silence more than death profound,
 Hath fallen chill on all around—
 The dreadful silence of the soul
 That hears no sound though thunders roll—
 The silence that a moment reigns
 Between the pulse of deathly pains,
 And the expiring gasps that follow,
 Heart-rending, agonizing, hollow.
 Ah ! none may tell that pain of heart
 They bear, who feel too keen the smart,
 When memory to affection shows
 The light a vanished idol throws !
 Think'st thou his pang is such as would
 Have fired so far thy tepid blood ?
 If thou hast felt a father's love
 And jealousy, thou may'st reprove !
 But there are lights that burn so low,
 They hide the paths they ought to show ;
 And there are loves that do the same ;
 And this is thee thou sire or dame—
 He may reprove whom thou would'st blame !
 Thy heart was never framed to know
 A feeling deeper than a glow ;
 The love that burns until divine
 The whole appears, was never thine ;

For such there is but one extreme,
 Thou know'st not, or thou would'st redeem.
 The maid will smile with thee, and he—
 The youth who fain a man would be—
 But yesterday a father made,
 By her to whom his vows were said,
 May deem the jealousies that fire
 The bosom of a doting sire,
 As fit for poetry alone—
 Unworthy truth or him to own.
 Thou smile'st upon the infant now ;
 There's virtue on that little brow,
 Ay, virtue's all thy love can trace
 Upon the playful, dimpled face—
 'Tis but the work of fleeting years,
 And thou that smile'st shall weep hot tears
 To see thy child the cords forsake
 Thy love persuaded could not break,
 And plunge away amid the din
 Of vice, that drowns the voice within,
 And leaves the soul at more than stake—
 'Tis then, ah, then, thy heart will break ;
 And thou shalt know a father's cares,
 A father's tears, a father's prayers.

XIII.

I did not mean to make the passion
 Of this old chief so long a reading,
 For now, at least, 'tis out of fashion
 To keep a heart forever bleeding ;
 But, done, we can as keenly feel
 The curse another page shall deal.
 Justice is something that doth claim
 A share in every living thing ;
 With it—thou canst avenge the sting,
 Without it—thou would'st feed the flame.
 The bloodiest heart too sorely bleed ;
 The foulest are too much despised ;—
 Look justly at the darkest deeds,
 And thou wilt oft times be surprised.

The guiltiest are not always those
 Who take the curse and deal the blows !
 There's many an apple foul within,
 That hath a fair inviting skin !
 The lightest fruit will often cling,
 The weighty ones are hurled to earth,
 And soiled, are deemed of little worth,
 While those are prized that nothing bring,
 Be not so froward to condemn—
 Fly to the cause and there proclaim,
 You would have done the same as them,
 If yon had known and felt the same.

XIV.

The time may come—it is the prayer
 Of every virtue-loving heart—
 When he who wins shall have his share
 Of every honor in the mart :
 Thine, take it—what thou would'st, that do :
 Now can'st thou be to me less true ?
 What universal fellowship,
 If only orders were extremes ;—
 One kindly accent more redeems,
 Than volumes from the curléd lip.
 If only every heart could breathe
 With justice and equality,
 There would uot be a spot beneath
 But would surpass the brilliancy
 Of Eden in its happier hours,
 E'er evil had dwelt in such beautiful bowers !
 But time will many a gem redeem,
 That wastes in darkness now its beam.
 Employ thy reason, use thy mind,
 Expand thy heart, thy soul unbind—
 A new creation waits thy sight,
 Redeemed from superstition's night.

XV.

How soon the storm of rage is past,
 How soon affection's vows are broken

The one is but a desert blast,
 The other dies as soon as spoken.
 Each ruled a while in triumph here,
 And toyed with Okahunkee's heart ;
 Both vanished, leaving cold and sear,
 The remnant that refused to part.
 Within the silence that succeeded
 The burst of anger and of grief,
 A thousand thoughts, before unheeded,
 Stood forth in memory's relief—
 How long?—ah, longer would he stay,
 But this is not a time for play :
 A foe is nigh with whom to cope—
 Hence vain, unsatisfying hope !
 Fond, fleeting memories, away !

XVI.

“Shall I not have revenge, you ask,—
 A bloody, bitter, welcome task,
 This heart shall do without a mask ;
 This hand, the blows that follow fast
 Shall have no record in the past ;
 Nay, such as all who hear shall spare
 To brook, or injuring, despair ;—
 But now, even now, we must prepare ;
 Dig up the tomahawk—but stay—
 Leave that to me, and haste away—
 Thou knowest what to do and say ;
 Quick bid them be, and if with light
 They cannot come, the fires bright
 Shall snatch another day from night !
 Thou'lt find Souako in his home
 Beneath the hills that yonder loom ;
 His warriors are brave and true,
 And he the wisest of the few ;
 Keoenee is near at hand,
 And who may match his fearless band ?¹
 Mark that thou say'st—what! is he gone?—
 Quick to obey, thou stand'st alone.

XVII.

An injury revenged will rest
 A solaced hatred in the breast ;
 It is enough to feel that those
 Who wrong have flinched beneath the blows
 They first inflicted on their foes,—
 Here anger dies, her fire spent,
 And selfish justice rests content ;
 Would every wrong as such might end,
 And there'd be many a foe a friend,
 Who even now would hurl thee down,
 And teach thy anger how to frown ;
 But even hope must here despair,
 And fancy flies the treach'rous air :
 The wrong that cannot be revenged
 As it is given, will not abide
 The spurs of hate, the taunts of pride,—
 It spares and yet it is not changed ;
 The resolution is the same,
 And though invisible the flame,
 It is not dead nor even sleeps,
 But deep the fire of vengeance smothers
 Beneath the cloak deception keeps,
 Until the hour has come, then leaps
 To find its triumph in anothers.
 Did human vengeance only fall
 On those who are the cause of ill,
 There had been fewer deeds appal,
 And fewer devils left to kill !
 If he who bears a wrong would feel
 That he who deals alone's to blame,
 There would be less inhuman zeal,
 And fewer virtues put to shame !
 Had man's revenge been only just
 In singling out the guilty one,
 A million hearts had foiled the thrust,
 And blessed this morning's rising sun,
 That now are mingled in the dust—
 Their race too soon and sadly run.

But this is not the way, for wrong
Is something in the course of things,
Alike the peasant's and the king's,
Revenged and fathered by the strong,
And borne with by the weaker throng
With bitter murmurings.
And he who seeks and hath the power,
Will reck but little if the bower
Be beauty's own—even there his hands
Can tear apart affection's bands ;
Or do they to the battle fly—
No refuge can be there obtained,
He cares not though a thousand die,
So long as his desire is gained.
Not half the hearts that bleed in war,
Can tell the reason why they bleed—
They dream it is their country's star
That lights and fires them to the deed—
Awake, thou patriot, awake !
Too long hath custom ta'en the lead :
Ambition throws thy life at stake,
And jealous fury bids thee bleed.
All are not brave who fighting fall,
Though foremost in the battle's van,
For there are those who would enthrall,
And tyrannize and trample man—
Whom they would as a tool employ
To satisfy their pride,
Their fellow creatures to destroy,
And, broken, cast aside.
Full half the wars on land and sea,
Were the results of vanity ;
And half the scars on man and steed,
Might curse some individual greed.
Since Adam in the garden ate
The fruit of universal fate,
And left mankind to curse the guilt
One unsuspecting moment built,—
Since then, and that was long ago,
If truth there be, and history so,—

In every country every day
 Hath seen the mimic of that play ;
 A thousand viler Adams live,
 Their menial punishment to give ;
 And millions every day are cursed,
 In imitation of the first.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE WAR COUNCIL.

I.

The night had gathered dark, and then
 The winds went moaning through the pines
 Like vespers from the forest shrines,
 The sound arose and died again.
 The fitful gusts disturbed the fire,
 That flickered, hissed and mounted higher,
 And fast around the logs consigned
 To make the pile, its tongues entwined,
 And threw with many a sputter, high,
 The sparks that like ambition die—
 No sooner left their native fire,
 Than doomed in darkness to expire.
 The chief has come ; they gather round ;
 The tomahawk from out the ground
 Is torn with many a muttered oath,
 That tells their wrath is nothing loth ;
 Too brief the rest that it hath known,—
 Their hearts are of a harder stone !
 Too stern at mercy's cry to melt,
 Too jealous to forgive, if felt,
 The blows from which the stricken reel,
 Were double, if their hearts could deal.
 War, like the cyclone whirls again
 Its blasting breath across the plain !
 Dost fear, thou slothful loit'rer there ?
 List what he saith, then, then prepare !
 Thy fate's the dangling straw that shows
 From whence and how the tempest blows

II.

To speak the angered chief arose ;
In fire up-pent was ev'ry word,
And in the hearts of those who heard,
Increased the hatred of their foes.
Why they have met they know,—the cause
Was told in haste, heard with less pause ;
They know ; his silence doth condemn ;
He bids—and that's enough for them ;
They ask not, would no further know,
Than his the wrong and their's the foe,
Yet would his subtlety impart
A deeper venom to the heart,
Wise to forsee that war's success
Seems oft'ner to, than it doth, bless,
And hatred will accomplish more
Than wrath, that is too quickly o'er.

III.

“A score of moons have scarcely waned,
Nor twice their round the seasons gained,
When from the south and from the north,
To conquer us the chiefs came forth ;
And when we rose up in the morn,
It seemed as though the very earth
Around had travelled to the birth,
And thousands in a night were born ;
Amid the hills their forms appeared,
Beside the stream, within the wood
They hid, and panting for our blood,
With caution and assurance neared ;
Impetuous sprang to seize the prey,
And light our homes with their own flame ;—
If we had proven easy game,
They would have slain, nor ceased to slay
While lingered in the west a ray
That might redeem the fading day
And we, if yet there tarried nigh,
A brave too weak to fight or fly,

Had swelled their triumph with the breath
 That cursed the cause, and not the death.
 But little did they dream the foe
 They thought with such a sudden blow .
 To crush, and hold forever low,
 Defiant waited, knife in hand,
 To perish for their native land—
 The plains that gave them birth, and which
 Had nursed them brave, and fed them rich ;
 They bled for these before, and would
 Again have shed their dearest blood,
 Wept by earth, who groaning drank
 Each drop that on her bosom sank ;
 Or the oppressor of their home
 With dying yell had rent yon dome,
 Or weltered helpless on the ground
 With death or keener fetters bound.
 They saw a dotard tribe, and thus
 They thought to slay, or subject us,
 And, as the kite that soaring high
 Amid the shadows of the sky,
 Sees where the glancing sunbeams quiver,
 A snowy swan beside the river,
 And swooping down to dip his beak
 In blood his clenching talons eke,
 Finds out too late to make amends,
 'Tis with an eagle he contends.
 To kill with arrow and dismay,
 They came in hundreds, armed and strong,
 They came at break of day—
 Not so they went away,
 For when the battle fierce and long,
 Was o'er, how small a few remained !
 And few of those their dwelling gained,
 To spread the glory o'er the land,
 Of our invulnerable band.

IV-

"Oh ! I would wake within your breast
 Rememb'rance of a mighty deed,

Until you feel you cannot rest,
While there are foes deserve to bleed !
The blood that coursed our father's veins,
Is given to us with all their gains—
The mighty triumphs they achieved,
Which left the doubting undeceived ;
To us they gave that name to keep,
And must their fire with them sleep ?
They rest, but doth there not remain
A tribe as powerful to sustain ?
Their natures moved with one accord ;
With them revenge was but a word :
They scarcely more than felt the curse,
When their keen hatred dealt a worse !
The wrong of one, however small,
Was heard and made the wrong of all ;
And must it take a thousand pains,
To spur their blood within our veins ?
'Tis false !—the hatred and the fire
That lit the bosom of the sire,
While in the face of knife and gun
Each sore-contested field was won,
Is kindling fiercer in the son !
Not them alone have made our name
So full of fear, so free of shame :
Together we have fought before,
Until the knife was clogged with gore,
And the invader was no more !
Again, when honor calls, again
Our bosoms will vibrate as then !
The bow that doubled to defend,
Shall in revenge more supple bend ;
Ye vow that blow'll be darkly dealt—
Would ye could feel what I have felt,
And it would be of such as leave
Few foes to curse, and naught to grieve.
But one, amid the fate of all,
By this right hand alone must fall,
Nay, my revenge were incomplete,
Lest he were bleeding at my feet ;

I would not have him breathe a space
 Beyond the time, beyond the place
 We meet in battle face to face !
 I would pursue where he could flee,
 To where the land doth meet the sea,
 On, where the waters seem to die
 In indistinctness with the sky ;
 And I would overtake—one blow
 Were all I ask, or he could know.
 Revenge hath made the hour sweet,
 That counts none other till we meet !
 Ours be the war—the change that brings
 That fateful hour on bleeding wings !
 Ye feel with me, together strike,
 And make the past and this alike !
 Revenge the motive, be the deed
 The blow that makes a thousand bleed !
 On with the war, nor cease the strife
 Till blood shall drip from every knife,
 And every hissing, venom'd dart,
 Find lodgement in a foeman's heart."

V.

Others arose, in war renowned,
 And spake with less of sense than sound,
 Persuading war, and claiming still
 Their confidence in right and skill ;
 Or catching up the chieftain's theme,
 And while their eyes would brighter gleam
 Poured forth a fiery train of thought,
 With sweeping gestures overfraught,
 Recalling to the minds of those
 Who listened, many a battle's close,
 Where death sat silent on their foes.
 With more than patriotic flame,
 The war advisor would declaim,
 Unrolling to their vision fast,
 The triumphs of the glorious past,
 Until their bosoms higher beat,
 And thousand foes beneath their feet,
 They beckoned thousands on, and forward dashed to meet

VI.

Souako, where is now thy voice?
 Art thou no more the people's choice?
 I miss thy calm, majestic brow—
 Where is thy voice, thy counsel now!—
 Ah, thou art there!—I knew thy heart
 Was burdened with thy people's weal;
 With them alone thy soul can feel;
 Alone with them thou liv'st—apart
 In nothing but that inward sense,
 So wide, so piercing, so intense,
 That cools the fire within the breast,
 And leaves the deed but half expressed,
 To grapple with the consequence.
 Thy head is whiter than it was
 A year ago, but this, time does,
 Whose hand hath left thee, like the bow,
 Bent, yet the dread of every foe;
 And smoulders in thine eye that flame
 That frowns the eager fool to shame,
 And tells to all who would despise,
 Or view with less than liberal eyes,
 Though tamed with age, no longer strong
 Nor light as once, thy soul is young,
 And with its youth is sure and wise.

VII.

“The game of war is like a trade,
 The chance alike on either side,
 Where each opponent hopes to ride
 A worthy horse, the bargain o'er,
 Although he only gives a jade,
 And risks the getting of no more.
 Each hath his will, and free to choose,
 He will not well himself abuse;
 He sees, but how?—with selfish eyes,
 And prejudice the rest denies!
 The wrangling two, the battling throng,
 Each thinks them right, the others wrong,

A third, uninterested, sees
 That both are wrong, and neither please !
 Too apt to be deceived we are—
 Deception is a point in war !
 Uncertain as the veering course
 Of yonder cloud that looms afar,
 Are the effects of fraud and force,
 And the results of war.
 There's many an ass in lion's hide,
 Besides the old one of the fable ;
 There's many a lion's strength and pride,
 Confined within a donkey's stable. *
 We cannot tell if what we see,
 Be other than it seem to be ;
 We weigh ourselves, yet we alone,
 Even to ourselves are half unknown !
 Not always doth the equal test
 Condemn the weak and prove the best !
 The tribe that wins so many a fray,
 May have desire still to prey,
 And stir again the nest of those
 Who yet have yielded to their foes,
 Unable fairly to oppose,
 To feel their arm, no longer weak,
 The treasured wrath of ages wreak ;—
 How keen the blow of wrong, that lives
 And feels through memory what it gives !
 Not always is the lightest steed,
 The first and fleetest on the plain ;
 Not always do the hearts that bleed
 Unsuccored, waste their blood in vain ;
 They who without a cause begin,
 Are never very apt to win,
 But mostly fall themselves, accursed—
 Or if they triumph, fare the worst.
 The close to which rash anger draws,
 Is vainer in effect than cause :
 Too quickly sprung, 'tis sooner past,

* How Souako learned this fable is more than I am prepared to answer.

And self condemns the hand that cast !
 Anger hath many hasty blows,
 But hate, though all the world oppose,
 One sober blow, and but one, knows !
 The truly brave are ever last
 Te strike, but when that blow descends,
 There are few regrets and no amends :
 Mark, where he strikes, a purple pool ! ;
 There stood a man—perhaps a fool !
 But there are wrongs that, when they fall.
 Nor long nor madly can enthrall ;
 The bosom answers to the call,
 And grasps the contest with a zeal
 That can nor pain nor terror feel ;
 But not until such blow is dealt,
 The heart can feel, nor strikes till felt ;
 Then, only then will wrath endure,
 That makes the vict'ry swift and sure.
 What cause is here that we should fly
 To slay an unsuspecting foe,
 And fall, perchance, beneath their blow
 Defied in seeking to defy ?
 Better it were that she rejoice
 In one of Okahumkee's choice ;
 But here, if she refuse, must end
 Our wish, if we would be her friend.
 She loves the foe's adoring chief,
 Our love is her's, be our's the grief !
 'Tis better we should weep, than see
 The thing we love more sad then we !
 And we must sorrow day by day,
 To see her beauty fade away,
 And feel within ourselves that we
 Are authors of her misery.
 Will Okahumkee ask for gain,
 That blossoms o'er his daughter's pain ?
 Will ye who would have died to save
 That life, but hasten to the grave ?
 Look e're thou strike, impetuous youth—
 Thou mean'st, but dost thou know, the truth ?'

VIII.

Souako, thy part is done,
 Souako thy speech is said—
 Are they not to reason won,
 Are they all so cold and dead?
 Bid the furious whirlwind stay,
 Reason with it, smile and frown—
 It will sweep thy words away,
 As it hurls the hemlock down.
 And excitement, like a wind,
 Fanned from Hate's revengeful wing
 Fierce, impetuous, jealous, blind,
 Will not stay for anything.
 All along the line of time,
 It has thrown its ruins high;
 Here and there in every clime,
 Specter like, they meet the eye!
 Yonder by the river side,
 Fell a thousand in a day,
 Here a noble statesman died,
 There a state was led astray.
 It is one of many things
 That have cursed the human race
 With a thousand bitter stings,
 And a volume of disgrace.

IX.

There is a murmur 'mid that motly gathering
 And jealous eyes upon Souako turn,
 Who, like a laden bark, the tempest weathering,
 Looks still beyond, nor marks them as they spurn.
 Is it Owanee that rises now,
 With the sneer on his lip and the cloud on his brow?
 The light of the flickering fire
 Falls over his dusky face;
 And his fierce, defiant ire
 Sends a thrill around the place:
 "There is no cause for war? Away!
 He is a slave who answers, nay!"

And all are cowards who delay !
No cause for war !—where are the braves
Who lived and fought in years gone by,
Whose names we honor, and whose graves
To guard, we willingly would die ?
Shall we disgrace their memory now,
And tear the laurels from their brow,
For to be tame we must ?—
Shall we despise the name they gave,
Dishonor heroes in the grave,
And trample on their dust ?
Prepare the knife—the hour has come :
Let cowards falter, slaves be dumb !
Our bosoms that have felt the wrong,
Will never own so mean a thong !
We cannot fail—they fall—they die—
A thousand scalps wave in my eye—
My ears are full of dying groans—
The rocks are strewn with fomen's bones—
The flames of burning towns arise,
'Mid old mens' prayers, and womens' cries
And orphans' shrieking, to the skies—
In frenzied fear upon their chief
And warriors bold they call for relief—
Exultingly we watch the sight,
And wave their scalps in the red fire's light !
The warring braves around us hear,
And to their children tell in fear,
Persuading them to hold aloof,
Nor like the fly 'neath prancer's hoof,
With foolish courage blindly rush—
To see how easy he can crush.
Prepare the knife—the hour has come :
Let cowards falter, slaves be dumb !
Take up the path—renew the chase !
Hear'st thou, insulter of our race ?
Think'st thou to find a hiding place
From vengeance ?—there's a hated heart
Shall wither on my flinted dart !

And if there yet—”

What form is yon
That rushes 'midst them?—Ha ! my brave,
Thou look'st an object for the grave,
Thy courage and thy speech are gone !
With wildered look and streaming hair,
And hands upraised in frenzied prayer,
And hesitation half despair,
Weenonah stands,—the fairest sight
That ever cheered so foul a night !
Alone she stands in a woman's might,
And a woman's heart that can do in the test,
The deeds that her lips could have never expressed.
The struggling lights of the fire and moon,
Fall over her form. She has come too soon,
She has come to seek too great a boon !
But she comes alone, and alone she stands,
Trembling and weeping, with lifted hands ;
And not a warrior there can raise,
Or woo his eyes from their fixed gaze.

X.

“ Thou caus'est all, and com'st thou here,
And dar'st thou thrust thyself so near,
Nor feelest shame, nor knowest fear ?
Avaunt ! begone ! or even now
Shall nighten on thy shameless brow,
The fearful color of the grave—
Thou curse, thou worthless, less than slave !”
Doth Okahumkee bid her go,
And does she dare to disobey
The word of him who will not say
The same again to friend or foe ?
And must his order be in vain,
And will he stoop to bid again ?—
On her the eyes of all are turned ;
That father's burned, with rage they burnea
He rose, with lifted hand he rushed,
A moment more and through her brain
The tomahawk had crushed—

And doth he pause?—"Oh, strike!" she cries,
 And lifts to his her tearful eyes,
 "And let me perish with a blow,
 For this were heaven to the woe
 That now I feel and yet must know!
 And thou wilt murder me with pain
 That torture falters to describe,
 And wilt thou fear thy hand to stain,
 Or dim the glory of the tribe?
 If earth for thee hath nothing blest,
 If love hath perished from thy breast,
 Let mercy find a lodgment there!
 Thou wilt not turn away my prayer—
 The last thy child shall ever crave—
 But let thy lifted hand bestow,
 In mercy, not in love, the blow
 That gives thy daughter to the grave!
 I only am the guilty one,
 And let thy anger fall on me;
 But he is purer than the sun—
 He never spake but well of thee.
 Even now his spirit burns to hear
 Thy kindly accent greet his ear!
 Oh! spare him!—let thy vengeance fall
 Upon this head! I will not fear
 To die for him whose weal was all
 The burden on my spirit here!
 Oh! thou wilt spare—"

 " And wilt thou crave
 The death that doth dishonor slave?
 And though thou dost forever plead,
 I will not stain me with the deed—
 My rage shall serve a darker need—
 Thou'lt look upon thy lover's grave!
 His hateful blood shall stain my knife—
 I will not wipe the stain away!
 Though all the world should bid me stay,
 I would not hear the cowards pray,
 Until I had his curséd life!

Dost hear the oath that I have ta'en—
It shall be so, and thou plead'st in vain !'

XI.

Gently they bear her away from the place ;
The light is faded from her face,
Where fear hath left so many a trace ;
Her lips are parted, but her breath
Is scarce a mockery of death ;
And there's a darkness o'er her eye,
That closely mimics those that die ;—
Ah ! well for her if death it were,
But life, that hateful thing, is there !
Slowly and silently beats her heart
As life depended on the cast,
Or ev'ry moment were the last ;
But it will take another start,
And she will soon awake again,
To feel the anguish and the pain
That rends her heart and racks her brain.

XII.

The din of their savage voices arose,
And through the somber forest goes
In echoes loud and long,
Like the dying strain of a demon's song.
The warriors from near and far,
Are summoned ere the light ;
The morn shall see the dance of war,
That lingers till the night ;
Another morn—the war begun ;
Another, and another sun—
Is it abated, is it done ?
Oh, heaven ! thou alone can'st tell
How many suns shall light the hell
The plain becomes, when, fierce in broil,
Have met the children of one soil.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

CHULEOTAH.

I.

With nervous step and look of fear,
And anxious eye that holds a tear
 To moist a lover's breast,
Who is the maid that wanders there,
Breathing a vow or weeping a prayer
 In accents half suppressed ?
Weenonah dare not pass by day,
From Okahumkee's tent away ;
Her prayers are treated with disdain—
She shall not meet her love again !
She shall not ? Ay, that father's word
Hath sealed the oath and caged the bird
From that we love 'tis hard to part
 When circumstance or cruel foe
 Hath fathered the unfriendly blow,
But, oh ! how harder when the dart
 That rends the yearning breast with pain,
 Is winged by those we love again,
Who smile to see us 'neath their dart,
 In anguish writhe in vain !
Oh ! never hope to find on earth
 The sympathy thou dost desire,
For men are of an icy birth,
 And thou art full of love and fire !
There is more coldness among men
 Than in the Arctic snows !—methinks
There is not one in every ten
 Who loves his fellows as his drinks !
What can you trust to friendship more
 Than you can trust to enmity ?—
Friendship is but the sandy shore
 That sinks into the common sea !
Few will allow another's soul
 More feeling than their own ; what they
 Cannot conceive they spurn away

And hold their common place the goal.
 It is much easier to forget
 A favor, than a frown ;
 A cold neglect will rancor yet,
 While time lives friendships down !
 The slighted spirit learns to slight,
 And sinks into a sceptic night,
 From which affection's warmest beam,
 Or pleasure, never may redeem !

II.

If one could have a spirit's art
 And view in mortal frame consigned,
 And looked into a woman's heart,—
 Well, what do you think he'd find ?
 They say that woman's heart is made
 Of many earthly mixtures ;
 It may be so, but I'm much afraid
 They can't exceed her fixture.
 There's such a wond'rous sympathy
 In all within her myriad breast,
 And forms her being, be she blessed
 Or crushed in want and misery,
 That when a cord by fate is pressed,
 Whose hand hath not the others run,
 In all the harp there is not one,
 That silent doth a space remain,
 But each, as though it felt the strain,
 Doth give the note of joy or pain.
 Whatever else she may possess,
 She hath that power to curse and bless ;
 Ay, every thorn and flower given,
 That makes of life a hell or heaven.
 In Weenonah's breast there burns a fire
 That time may never quell,
 Nor can the fury of her sire,
 A moment disengage the spell.
 Regardless of the word she knows
 'Twere death to any to oppose,
 From the wigwam she crept,

While the watchers slept,
And hurried away with fleeting feet,
Chuleotah, her lover, to meet.

III.

With folded arms and stately mien,
Chuleotah paced the green.
The band that bound his forehead round,
And eagle feathers o'er his head,
With gold and silver buckles bound,
Bent o'er and mixed their colors fair,
And mingled with the glossy hair
That to his shoulders reached and spread ;
The mantle folded from the right,
Hung o'er the other shoulder,
Revealing jacket blue and tight,
And beaded o'er, that fitting tight,
Threw out his figure bolder ;
The club and knife and tomahawk
All from his girdle swung,
Suspended by a buckskin lock,
The bow and quiver hung.
His eyes were turned upon the ground,
But ever and anon he raised,
As fell upon his ear a sound—
A murmur from the distant plain,
That echoed o'er and o'er again
And died, and as before he gazed.
His lips a moment would he press,
While his eye flashed a rage no less,
And grasping knife or tomahawk,
Would stand as rigid as a rock ;
And then a look would fill his eye,
So mild it only came to die ;
And while the muscles of his face
Relaxed, and took their former place,
And while his bosom heaved a sigh,
Again on earth he fixed his eye,
Again renewed his measured stride,
Nor turned nor looked to either side.

IV.

Among the tribes that bordered there,
 Nor chief was found so brave nor fair,
 In war the foremost in the fight ;
 In peace more gentle than his race,
 He only battled for the right,
 Nor ever lost his kingly grace.
 His noble soul was loath to breathe
 With others more than he benighted ;
 He cursed, but he would turn to wreathe
 A blessing for the thing he blighted.
 He worshiped God—the God he knew
 Was the Great Spirit of the skies :
 He saw him when the lightnings flew,
 He heard him when the tempest blew,
 The sun and moon were as his eyes
 And the mysterious, boundless west,
 The Eden of eternal rest
 To which they moved. He knew no creed,
 Save to be just in word and deed ;
 And he believed that happiness
 Was something of our own creation,
 And held a theory that would bless,
 If followed, every tribe and nation :
 Amid the varied joys of youth,
 The follies of the fiery blood,
 To rise above th' impetuous flood,
 And look and ask if this be truth ;
 To know at this remorseless stage
 That we with everything must die,
 And see with a prophetic eye,
 The sorrows and regrets of age ;
 To feel to-day as we shall feel
 When twenty years have passed away,
 And wisely learn to make to-day
 The author of to-morrow's weal.
 This is the sure philosophy
 That age and wisdom offer youth ;
 Stamped as an undisputed truth,
 It is eternal—let it be !

V.

There is a joy that fills the heart
 Yet only makes us glad in part,
 For in its sweetness is the smart—
 The knowledge that we soon must miss
 The cherished object of our bliss ;
 And since our joy is like the blast,
 We only feel, when, lo ! 'tis past :
 'Tis better somehow to be blest
 With something that absorbs the breast,
 Though brief the space it may remain,
 And vanishing will leave a pain,
 Than never feel the bosom glow
 With rapture's rage or anger's throe ;
 But move along an easy pace,
 No worse nor better than the race,
 With love that moves a little joy,
 And no ambition, no alloy,
 No burning moments, no distress,
 Slow, unexciting, passionless.
 I would not envy such a life,
 For all the fame in Christendom—
 I would not give the pain, the strife,
 The action that invests my thumb,
 So small a portion as it is,
 For this tranquillity of his.
 There's no philosophy in this,
 But this is life, and that is theory :
 We spend our ablest days amiss,
 And when we pause a moment weary,
 Proclaim against the joys we follow,
 And call each pleasure vain and hollow,
 Surfeit or jealousy hath cursed—
 Even while we pause our bosoms thirst !

VI

Weenonah's form the chieftain pressed
 With deep emotions, to his breast ;
 She threw her arms around his neck,

And clung with the wild force of love
 To his warm breast ; she doth not move—
 It seems as life hath put a check
 Upon itself ; a thrill of fire
 Runs through his frame with every touch :—
 And is their meeting always such ?
 And heaven, can'st thou not lift them higher ?—
 What hast thou more than this hot blast
 Of love's consuming breath ?
 Oh ! if such moments were the last,
 Who would not envy death !
 She raised her eyes to his the while—
 Her eyes that languishingly hid
 Behind the dark and dreamy lid—
 And tried to, but she could not smile ;
 For the anguish and the fears
 Of the weary night and day,
 Had melted into so many tears,
 The smiles that she was wont to greet
 Her lover with when they would meet,
 And rolled them all away.
 “ And must our love, our happiness,
 Our hopes, our dreams be crushed for ever—
 My love, my brave, never, ah, never
 Again will those fond visions bless !
 Thou mayest smile, thou mayest caress,
 And tell me there is little fear—
 Thou wilt not what thou feel'st, confess—
 Thy words fall lifeless on my ear !
 There is a yearning in my heart,
 I feel will never more depart :
 Within my trembling soul I hear
 A chilling voice, a voice of fear,
 That with distraction fills my brain,
 And sends through every pulse a pain
 And tells me we have loved in vain,
 And all our dreams of joy are o'er,
 And hope that was, but is no more !
 Oh ! Chuleotah ? ” sadly she wept,
 And closer to his bosom crept,

And strove to still her throbbing heart,
 And stay the hot tears falling fast :
 Afraid that close embrace to part,
 Lest it should be the last.

VII.

“ Why weep my love ?—thou need'st not fear,
 When Chuleotah's arm is near !
 The heart of love he gave to thee,
 E're thou could'st ask, would haste to see
 Thy smallest want supplied ;
 Or give its blood if needed be,
 And leave our foes defied.
 Why wilt thou weep ?—thou can'st not doubt
 Yon shining stars will e'er go out !
 Thou can'st not fear my heart will cease
 To cherish ever one desire—
 It beats for thee—'tis full of fire—
 It beats for thee—and will not tire
 In joy, in war, in death, in peace,
 While yon bright stars are lit above,
 To beat for thee, my own, my love !
 I cannot love thee half enough,
 And yet I love thee all I can ;
 I cannot love thee half enough,
 And yet I love as much as man ;
 With thee to live is more than life,
 And pain and fear are happiness ;
 For thee I rush into the strife ;
 For thee I sheathe again the knife ;
 For thee I curse, for thee I bless !
 Thou art the only star in heaven,
 When there are millions shining there ;
 Thou art the only soul forgiven,
 Though all the rest despair !
 The quenchless passion of thine eyes,
 Is wrought into my very soul—
 The living being of the whole—
 And thy possession is the prize,
 The first, the last, the only goal,

To which my nature bids me fly,
And tells me I must reach or die !

VIII.

“ What is the rarest gift of earth,
If we have none to love and bless—
No form to tenderly caress,
No eyes to sparkle with our mirth,
And shed when we are sad, a tear,
No lips to whisper “ never fear,”
And kiss, and turn the darkest thought
Into the rainbow of our lot.
If only thou art left to me,
And I have health, and I am free,
I care not how, I care not where,
I will be glad and happy there !
If foes pursue me, let them take
The world and all it doth contain,
My bosom will not bend to ache
With any vile, unhallowed pain,
To see the toys that once I prided,
Among my enemies divided.
To love thee is my life, and thine
I know, my love, is knit to mine.
Thy father says it must not be ;
His curses fall upon my head ;
His wrath is hot, his hand is red,
He sees my form among the dead—
He sees, and offers this to thee.
His anger fires his withered cheek,
He will not pause to hear thee speak,
He curses—let him curse until,
As must be soon, his tongue is still ;
What is it all to us, one kiss
Will bury memory in bliss !
I value more one sweet embrace,
Than all the threats of all the race !
I would not give thee up to save
A thousand fathers from the grave ;
But smile to see them vainly smart,

And press thee closer to my heart !
But thou—wilt thou forever true
In love, in this be faithful, too?—
Nor let that flame a moment cease,
Until our troubles end in peace?—
Peace—to be with my love again,
Alone upon the prairie plain ;
Peace—to beguile the sunny hours
With thee and love, and dreams and flowers ;
’Tis not a soldier’s wish I know,
But what has war so fair, to show?—
One kiss of thine is worthier far,
Than all the victories of war !
I’d rather with my arms enfold thee,
And look into thy gentle face,
And feel thy warm embraces hold me,
Than conquer every warring race !
Why wilt thou weep?—my heart would smile
At all our foes and all our fears ;
And wilt thou thus the hour beguile
With broken sobs and burning tears?—
The clouds that mar the summer day,
So lovely when begun,
May fade in purple wreaths away,
Around the setting sun ;
The tears that dim thy gentle eyes,
When thus we dream of fear,
Will vanish like the purpled skies,
And leave their luster clear.
Tears are for age, oh ! wipe thine eyes,
That should not be with them defiled ;
Thou lovest and art loved—despise
Thy fears, nor sorrow, fondest child !
The line of battle cannot shake
This heart, but thou wilt have it break ;—
Thy grief is keener than the blow
Or tomahawk’s or flinted spear’s,
I smile to scorn the bended bow,
But tremble at thy tears !”

IX.

“Cease weeping, Chuleotah—why?
How can I cease when thou must die
Because I loved thee, and thou wert
Too kind to spurn my love away,
But gave me thine, and thou must pay
Thy life, thy all, nor can'st avert
That foul revenge, that fatal day!
My father vows thy blood alone—
Thy life blood, bravest, will atone;
His wrath is hot, he will not cease
Until that fatal goal is won;
It matters not in war or peace,
He vows that somewhere 'twill be done.
To weep and to myself complain,
Repent of love, and love again;
Devise some rescue for my brave,
And weep away my power to save;
The past recall in hope that it,
As through my mind its shadows flit,
A beam, a something may impart,
That will not leave so low the heart
As when it found it; if I sleep,
In dreams I feel my grief again,
And when I wake it is to weep
That we have loved in vain.
And this is all the comfort left,
Of which I am not yet bereft,
A brighter setting for the sun
That had in joy its course begun,
Was that my vision ever met,—
Deceitful vision!—must it set
'Mid rising wind and dark'ning cloud,
Prophetic of the coming storm,
Whose unchained furies howling loud,
Shall chill and bend this wretched form;—
But I could suffer, I could die,
Without a tear, without a sigh
If I could suffer, die alone,

Nor cause another heart to groan,
 Nor cause another heart to break,
 That puts for me its all at stake ;
 For I could never dare believe
 Thou could'st dissemble, would'st deceive :
 Thy words and actions ever prove
 Thy constant love—oh, would that love
 Could now, even now, forever cease !
 Then couldest thou depart in peace,
 While I, the guilty, friendless I,
 Would bear the blame, nor weep to die ;
 But oh ! to part—to part—my brave !
 Can'st thou not fly, can'st thou not save ?
 Is honor of so frail a form,
 That love must weep to keep it warm ?
 For thee, to save thee, I could break
 My vows of love, thy arms forsake,
 And flee away, I know not where,
 But courage fails me when I dare.
 Yet if thou go, we meet no more ;—
 I never felt like this before !—
 My brain is hot, my heart is sore,
 A thousand fears possess my breast,
 I cannot stay, I cannot rest !
 Is there no power, hast thou no art,
 To stay the blow, to ward the dart—
 Oh ! Chuleotah, must we part ?”

X.

And can they, must they separate—
 Must she return disconsolate,
 And he depart with mournful brow,
 To guide the line of battle now ?
 Ah ! there's a hand for every deed !
 They part—and must they vainly bleed ?—
 Their pains, augmented thrice, shall rest
 Some hour, within thy calloused breast ;
 Their tears are not in vain—thou'lt know
 Even here, in life, the scorpion blow—
 Cool conscience will not let thee go !

Did'st thou not love, can'st thou not feel
 For others who are doomed to love?
 Hast thou forgotten how thy zeal,
 To prove, had crushed beneath thy heel,
 Thy hopes below, thy hopes above?
 To fill thy arms, to deck thy bed,
 Thou would'st have torn her from the clasp
 Of him who, dying, could but gasp
 The curse he hurled upon thy head!
 Thou hadst alone a world defied,
 And told who breathed defeat, he lied,
 Rushed madly onward to oppose,
 And snatched her from a thousand foes!
 Yet thou wilt feel no sympathy
 For others who as true would be;—
 Ah! thou hast fallen since then—thy soul
 Is now the lifeless, blackened coal:
 And yet thou say'st, within thy breast
 There is a love that steals thy rest;
 But now that every hope is gone,
 It yields to hate, that drives thee on,
 Amid thy sun-set's tinted gloom,
 Mad, desperate, reckless, to thy doom.

XI.

"Another then, the last embrace,
 Another look at thy sweet face,
 Another kiss, my love, and fate
 A while our lives will separate;
 A little while and peace again
 Will smile serenely o'er the plain;
 A little while—"

"And death will come,
 And strike my Chuleotah dumb;
 A little while—my love, my brave,
 This parting is a living grave!"

He draws her closer to his breast;
 Her tearful eyes she lifts to him,
 And his, even his, with tears are dim;

In shame for them he would have spoke,
 But felt his heart his utt'rance choke ;
 Upon her lips a kiss he prest—
 A lover's long, despairing kiss,
 As though the spirit would confess
 It is the last of earthly bliss—
 The blossom of their wretchedness.
 She has broken away from his embrace ;
 She is hurrying away from the charmèd place ;
 There is a streak in the eastern sky,
 And the tops of the hills gleam white on his eye ;
 The moon shines down through the dew-laden leaves ;
 He sees her no more and his bosom heaves
 With a sigh of anguish deep and long,
 That only cometh from the strong.
 He watched her passing—well he might,
 For she was like an orb of light,
 And when she vanished it was night.
 With her the last surviving hope
 That linger'd in his breast hath flown,
 And he is left alone—alone
 Amid a night of gloom to grope,
 And with a foe despairing cope,
 Who may before they meet again—
 Away ! thou hateful thought of pain !
 The present hath enough of woe,
 And would we now the future know ?
 The slowest sorrow comes too soon ;
 Enough that it will come at last,
 And coming slow, its shadow cast,
 And set our sun before its noon.
 Alas, for lovers !—they are few
 However brave, however true,
 Who overtake what they pursue !

XII.

A form out from the shrubbery darted—
 Will Chuleotah not awaken ?—
 He sees him not, but he has started—
 Is that a step—was he mistaken ?—

With fiendish glitter in his eye,
 And shining tomahawk held high,
 His jealous rival stood,
 And did a moment's space delay,
 As doth the lion o'er his prey,
 Ere drinking up its blood.
 And Chuleotah saw, nor shook,
 But met him with defiant look ;
 And something there the other saw,
 That filled his coward soul with awe ;
 His arm has fallen by his side,
 The glitter from his eye hath died,
 The exultant look upon his face,
 To that of fear has given place.
 " And whither art thou come, and what
 The evil purpose thou hast brought,
 At such an hour, to such a spot ?
 And who art thou—I charge thee, plain :
 I never bid or strike in vain !"

XIII.

" What brings me hither, would'st thou know ?
 Not oft I speak my heart to foe,
 Not oft is he appoint to hear
 The language of a heart so sear,
 But I have feared—why do I fear ?—
 I followed her—I knew no path—
 I followed her in love, in wrath,
 For she belongs by rights to me,
 But you have robbed me of my right,
 And taught my soul the treachery,
 In which it finds a fierce delight.
 I saw thee press her to thy breast,
 And cursed and wished that breast were mine ;
 I heard the love that she possessed ;
 I heard thee tell her, too, of thine :—
 I would have died for her's—thine, ay,
 I hated more than tongue can say,
 And longed and chafed e'en 'fore the strife,
 To plunge into thy heart the knife !—

Nay ! start not—thou art master now ;
 'Tis frenzy tells thee, calm thy brow ;
 When I have done, thy anger wreak,
 But I must tell thee, I must speak.
 But that my eyes with rage were dim,
 I would have torn thee limb from limb,
 And with a mad, a more than mirth,
 Have trampled, spurned thee to the earth !
 And then I wavered, doubted, feared
 The knife that pierced thee—and it neared—
 Would rend thy charmer's heart as well,
 And turn revenge's heaven to hell.
 Thou never lov'st her half so long,
 Thou never lov'st her half so well ;
 Thy love could never burn so strong,
 Or else thy heart at once were hell ;
 But mine has grown through lengthy use,
 To hold the flame consuming there,
 Now kindled fiercer by abuse,
 And growing wilder in despair.
 Her eyes are all the stars that shine ;
 Her image dwells within my heart ;
 I only know she is not mine,
 I only feel that I must part
 With every hope I have below !
 And she is thine, and thou art foe,
 And while I breathe this cursed breath,
 My heart shall hunger for thy death.

XIV.

" To love and be despised and hated,
 Is some relief, for when we feel
 There is no hope, the will can seal
 The oath by which we're separated ;
 But, oh ! to love and see the one
 We love, now smile on us, now shun,
 Refrain from, yet appear to be,
 And leave in mad uncertainty !
 'Tis hard to bear—it tore my breast
 With yearnings that forever burned—

Whate'er I done, where'er I turned,
 They stole away my rest ;
 I bore it patient while I could—
 'Twas like a fire within the blood ;
 But it has passed, and now I know
 The truth, the last of all my woe.
 My hopes have perished, I have grown
 To hate myself, yet not alone,
 The world and all it hath I hate,
 And curse myself, and curse my fate.
 With me the world is all amiss !
 I dreamt—where is my dream of bliss ?
 Another hath my harvest gleaned !
 Oh ! did'st thou ever feel like this ?—
 I am not man, I am not fiend—
 I would I had the might of such,
 And I would close an iron clutch
 Upon as many throats as there
 Are pangs of rage in my despair.
 I am not man—I care no more
 For anything the world possesses ;
 There is no balm, no cure in store,
 For my despair, for my distresses—
 No ! no ! not even her caresses,
 Though they should come to me at last—
 That too, like all the rest, hath passed !
 There comes a time when everything
 That charms the breast, usurps control,
 And overflows with joy the soul,
 Or fades into a sting :—
 That sting is here, I feel within
 The fearful reign of death begin ;
 My soul is foul in every part,
 And poison trembles through my frame ;
 There is a canker in my heart,
 That wings my thoughts with flame ;
 They burn through my distracted brain,
 With fiercer, more than mortal pain ;—
 I cannot go, I cannot stay ;
 I cannot rest by night nor day ;

There is no slumber for mine eye ;
 I would not live, yet would not die,
 Till I have had revenge on those
 Who daily grow my darker foes ;
 When I have seen my hand destroy,
 To die myself were even joy,
 But ere that hour to yield my breath,
 Were something darker, more than death. ”

XV.

And Chuleotah heard that speech,
 And felt for him whose looks bespoke
 More feeling than his words could teach,
 Of a heart jealous, black and broke ;
 And weighed his own with his, and felt
 That justice was unjustly dealt—
 The breast of him more keenly burned
 With love, whose love was unreturned ;
 His own he thought as pure and warm
 As ever thrilled a hero's form,
 And must it now be put to shame,
 By this despised, neglected flame ?
 He felt as he had wronged him, felt
 As though the blow were kindly dealt,
 That set his spirit free from all
 That bound with such a painful thrall,
 But he—his hand could never give
 That wound, though he himself should live
 To take from him whom he would spare,
 The blow that buries every care.
 His was a noble hate. To feel
 For others is the thing in man
 That makes this brief existence real,
 And worthy of the Maker's plan.
 Since all are in a common yoke,
 We should be gentle with the horn ;—
 There never was a spirit broke
 By hate, or won by scorn !
 Oh ! there are duties, there are things
 In humble life to do,

That have rewards that even kings
 Might envy, if they knew !
 Take up the shovel or the pen,
 Do somehow all you can ;—
 Who does not love his fellow men,
 Should not be called a man !
 Forgotten are the hands that raised
 The Pyramids on high,
 A thousand heroes Egypt praised,
 In cold oblivion lie !
 Not so—not so, they pass away,
 The memories of noble deeds—
 Here are the springtime and the seeds
 The flower will not bud to-day,
 But when it blooms it blooms for aye.
 Smiling from memory's fragrant heath
 Upon the weeping world beneath.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE WAR.

I.

The sun has risen o'er the plain
 Where all is peace and quiet yet ;
 But he shall gaze before he set,
 On battle and its bloody train.
 The morn is beautiful and clear,
 The birds are singing in the wood—
 Oh, that so fair a morning should
 Be followed by a day so drear !
 Alas ! that war should ever be,
 That men should slay their fellow men
 As though they were but dogs, and then
 Rejoice and call it *victory* !
 A moment gaze upon the scene
 That might a devil's heart dismay,
 Then turn their eyes to heaven and pray,
 " We thank Thee, God, our hands are clean !"
 But love, ambition, anger, hate,—

A thousand motives, small and great,
Each acting well its separate part,
Have mastered the unstable heart,
And given war the arrows dread,
That he with mortal aim hath sped,
And pierced the hearts of millions—more
Than tongue can tell or figures score.
And yet these passions, even these,
That war and blood alone appease,
Are native to the human heart,
And man and them may never part ;
Still war shall ruin nations, still
The hand of man shall rise to kill,
Or make his fellow-man a slave—
Until they find a common grave,
Untill their struggles all are o'er—
Which shall not be till time's no more.

II.

No cannon thundering o'er the plain,
Nor volley, tells the fight begun ;
No fires flash forth and fade again,
Nor clouds of smoke obscure the sun,
And hide the bullets' dreadful rain,
As when a Waterloo was won—
Then, France, thy proudest hope was slain !
Nor order marks the frowning line,
Where rifles flash and sabres shine :
They little knew of things like these,
With weapons less disastrous fought,
And when they needed refuge sought,
And found behind the hills or trees.
Their painted forms at break of day,
Amid the trees are seen to stray,
Dart out and disappear again
Along the surface of the plain ;
Now slowly creep, now madly rush,
And like the meeting billows, crush ;
The war whoops echo to the sky,
The clouds of poisoned arrows fly,

With lifted tomahawks, they meet,
Strike fiercely, ward the blow, retreat
Return again with deadlier blow,
Confusion all the law they know,

And death alone obeyed.

Each, as the foe he conquers, sinks,
The sweetness of the triumph drinks,
Grasps the long hair, and from the head
Removes the scalp, ere rightly dead ;
Exultingly above him feels

The feathers bright of glory wave—

Till by the hand of one as brave,

In agonies of death he reels.

The tameless steeds the conflict share,
Bare in and save their riders there,
Who swinging round their necks, evade
The foeman's arrow and his blade—

That ere they make his heart to bleed,
Must drink the life-blood of his steed ;

A breathless moment boldly cling,
Then round into the saddle swing,

Strike desperately, and off again

Dash headlong o'er the bloody plain,

Pursued by others who in turn,

As dearly their pursuit may earn ;

But what of this when both alike,

Are free to ward the blow or strike !

And what to them is death or pain,

Who have their wish—the present gain !

III.

And where is he with soul of hate,

Who gave the wind his bleeding heart—

The hero of so dark a fate,

That life and he were wont to part ?

I saw him bend the stubborn bow,

And draw the arrow to its head ;

I saw, but nothing further know—

Save, ere it vanished, he was dead.

He died—alas ! that it should be—
That fate so sternly should decreë,
Nor offer succor here below,
But death for every human woe !
He only loved—for this he died ;
He only loved—and yet his heart
By every cruel pang was tried,
That forms of earthly wrong a part ;
He only loved—if love be woe,
There are the miseries on earth,
That stolen from, would cause a dearth,
And beggar all the damned below !
Hence gloomy fancy ! love is bliss—
The first pure, thrilling, burning kiss,
And other joys that follow this,
Are worth the longest life of pain !
But, oh ! for those who love in vain,
And perish in despair !
Whose wreaking heart and tortured brain
To balance strives, but turns again,
Until there's nothing lingers there,
But eddies in the fatal strife ;
Yet crushed, by every passion bowed,
The spirit stands a moment proud,
And hurls a curse at life ;
And muttering, sinks into the grave
Without a tear, without a prayer,
The burden of the breast to lave,
And light the darkness of despair.
Where are the dead ? I would not ask
Thee, whom the world calls unbeliever :
Thou sayes, that mysterious task
Is done, and thou would'st tear the mask
From the divine deceiver.
Weep, and dry thy tears with laughter,
Laugh, and weep thy mirth away ;
Love to-day, there's no hereafter,
Dance and let the music play !
If thou art content with sorrow,
And a spiritless to-morrow,

And desir'st not to borrow
 Some truth, some comfort, some faint streak,
 From the horizon of the soul,
 The eastern sky of thought, the goal
 Of Truth, th' Eternal's Alpine peak—
 Oh, pause and let thy conscience speak !
 There are many laws invisible
 To the microcopic eye of Science ;
 The Eternal God's creative will
 Hath need of no alliance !
 Shall He His ways and reasons state,[?]
 Who never hath unveiled a feature ?
 It is for God to know, create,
 And man to bow and be the creature.
 He gives, He takes—we only see
 What is, and feel that such has been,
 And wail into eternity,
 The mortal amen of the scene.

IV.

A week of dread has passed away,
 Since first they gathered on the plain,
 And soon another fatal day
 Shall swell the numbers of the slain.
 The one in jealous hate and rage,
 The battle courted to engage,
 And while the deed was magnified
 To crime for which a god had died,
 Impetuous gathered on the plain,
 To free their honor once again,
 From an imaginary stain.
 The others' fury as intense,
 Insulted they, and their's defence ;
 By many motives hurried on—
 Their chieftain's wish the strongest one,
 Who foremost in the battle fought,
 The example set, and wisely taught ;
 Dreamt of his love amid the battle's din,
 Cheered by each ray that fancy shed within ;

Strength in his arm, defiance in his eye, *
 Resolved to conquer, or content to die.
 On him fierce Okahunkee's eyes are fixed ;
 Those eyes have sought him from the first,
 Those lips have cursed him—doubly cursed ;
 He strives—there's distance still betwixt.
 Him Chuleotah saw, and started ;
 If from his eye the fire departed,
 And he appeared a moment tame,
 'Twas but a moment, and until
 The sense of duty overcame
 The lighter scruples of his will ;
 He had avoided him, and still
 He ever hoped to keep away—
 It was not that he feared his skill,
 His own was famous in the fray,
 And would he hoped, at any hour,
 Be equal to another's power ;
 But in our ear there rings command,
 That bids forbear when we would prove,
 To wreck our ire, or raise our hand
 Against the friend of one we love.
 He knew her father's rage, and knew,
 For observation taught him true,
 That should they meet upon the plain,
 Some one would never leave again ;
 But which, he scarcely dared to think,
 So evenly it seemed to hang,
 And back from the o'erpending brink,
 Recoiled with stifled inward pang.
 But true it is if there be one—
 And he who thinks he hath no foe,
 Will learn it different to his woe—
 Whom we would gladly ever shun :
 A petty foe in common life,
 Whose tongue is still creating strife,
 Or enemy of darker grade,
 Whom it rewards us to evade—

* Goldsmith.

Go where we will, in what retreat,
And those we shun, at last we meet.

V.

The warriors turn aside and yield
To them alone, the battle field.
A fiendish yell hath rent the air ;
Two tomahawks are lifted there—
Two tomahawks already red,
With human blood that they have shed ;
A knife is in the other hand
Of each—but do they idly stand ?
Their lips have grown compressed and white,
But not with fear so pale and tight ;
And fierce and fearful is the stare,
That each hath bent on other there ;
But why delay, nor fall the blows
That leave but one, or neither foes ?
Nor chief nor brave the reason knows ;
They pause themselves, to see them pause,
And gaze but cannot guess the cause.

An arrow hath escaped its track—
Too late, too late to call it back !
It quivers in the noblest breast,
That arrow ever sent to rest.
He falls—but shall he fall alone,
Nor other life for his atone ?
And must the bravest on the field
Be slaughtered and his friends beguiled,
Or shall their maddening wrath, unsealed,
Dash forth to vengeance dark and wild ?
Fiercely now the conflict wages,
Clouded wrath on every brow ;
Loud and long the chieftain rages—
Vain are all his threatenings now !
They cannot stand the fierce attacks,
But to the foemen turn their backs ;
Towards their village wildly fly,
Or stand and desperately die—

Perchance to win a hero's name ;
 But few shall carry back their fame !
 To them alone the fame we give,
 Who fought as only they can fight,
 Who strike for vengeance and the right ;
 And long their memory shall outlive
 The countless scalps they dried to tell,
 How dear the price of him who fell.

VI.

Where are they now—where are they now,
 The great and glorious of the past ?
 Death thou dost keep thy secret fast,
 Thou smilest with thy ashy brow !
 Back, back into the starless night
 Of silent and eternal gloom,
 The past and present wing their flight,
 Chased by a common doom.
 We gaze upon the rolling tide,
 While round our feet its waters lave,
 And see our fellows swiftly glide,
 One after one, across the wave,
 That scowling, mocks our power to save,
 And scarce amid the clouds of fate
 They vanish, when the hungry grave
 Shall bid us come, nor idly wait.
 A moment here we stand and note
 The little changes of to-day,
 Then enter in the mystic boat,
 And 'mid the billows launch away.
 Death, Death what art thou—what thy form,
 And Life, oh, what art thou ?
 I feel a pulse beat full and warm.
 I feel a cold and clammy brow—
 And is this life, and is this death ?
 Nay ! these are but the robe, the toy—
 What wert thou Life, ere this had breath ?
 And Death, what ere thou did'st destroy ?
 Reach out, reach out my soul, reach out
 Into eternity, the vast

Swells of the future and the past—
 The bourn of mystery and doubt !
 Reach out, my soul, reach out
 Into the boundless fields of space,
 Where suns and planets roll about
 In their eternal changing place !
 Reach out, reach out my soul, reach out
 Beyond the stars, beyond the dim
 Blue ether—can'st thou close with Him ?
 Reach out—ah ! thou art lost, my soul,
 In fear and wonder, and the goal
 No nearer is, yet thou hast done
 All man can do that 'gins in doubt,
 Return again where he begun.
 Oh, God ! how small we grow, when we
 Would set ourselves to measure Thee !
 Thou art alone ! Thou art the one
 That saw eternity begun !
 Thou art the essence of all space,
 And shall we mark for Thee a place ?
 Thou art a mystery to us,
 Oh, God ! but Thou dost will it thus,
 And we can do no more—look out
 And smile away our fears and doubt.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

CHULEOTAH'S DEATH.

I.

The oak whose roots are sunken deep,
 Will wrestle with the storm,
 And passing through the tempest, keep
 Its bold, majestic form ;
 But when it falls, how still it lies—
 The storm may rage in vain :
 The limbs that stood against the skies,
 Shall never rise again. *
 So fall the brave, and calmer lie

* Milton,

Than others they have slain ;
No more for them the battle cry
Shall echo o'er the plain,
And forward to the refuge fly,
The hearts that laugh at pain ;
No more above each haughty head
The plumes of glory wave ;
No more, no more, for they are dead,
And here behold their grave !
In peaceful slumber wrapped they seem ;
Their country's breast already gored,
Afresh from all her wounds may bleed,
It cannot break upon their dream ;
Another hand must draw the sword,
Another hand must urge the steed,
And hurry forward to redeem,
By many a wild, heroic deed.
But Chuleotah fell—the blow
Was falsely dealt that laid him low.
Upon the furs their hands have spread,
Beneath a tree whose branches shed
The rays from his uncovered head,
He lies, and helpless by his side,
The arm that was a people's pride ;
He starts, to heaven he turns his eyes ;
He hears the battle, and the cries
Of foemen ring upon his ear,
But do they fly or do they near,
He would have asked, but sank again
Into the fevered rest of pain.
He dreams, the battle still his theme,
But peace was in that dying dream ;
A weird peace, a weird hope,—
And yet he did not vainly grope
Amid the shadows that arise,
And flit before the dimning eyes,
Or rolling mystically, pave
But pause, nor pass beyond the grave,
But spreading, like a veil divide
This world from that, and dimly hide,

Nor seem to curse, nor seem to save,
 But leave uncertain at the grave.
 But death hath yet an hour to wait.
 Before his rusty hinges grate,
 And the immortal soul has flown—
 I would that I could answer where !
 But Hope and Fancy kindly own,
 Into a state where all is fair.

II.

As when an angel in a dream,
 Bends lowly o'er some fainting soul,
 And comforts with the glorious theme
 Of rest beyond the billow's roll ;
 In plaintive numbers sweetly sings,
 To woo the messengers of sleep,
 And turns again into the deep
 With tears upon her snowy wings—
 The precious drops in pity shed,
 O'er slumbering grief's unconscious head.
 So by the dying soldier, knelt
 The flower of his heart,
 And every fear and anguish felt,
 By death's unfeeling arrows dealt
 To lovers, as they part.
 She did not see the arrow fly,
 She did not see her lover fall,
 But then she feared lest he should die
 And heard within her soul the call,—
 For something there is in a lover's heart,
 Communes with its mate though far apart.
 Over him kneeling, sadly she gazed,
 And grasped his chilly hand and raised,
 And to her throbbing, bursting breast,
 A moment held, a moment prest ;—
 What matter if it were the hand
 That flourished high the deathly brand
 Above her frowning father's head,
 And had her hero's breast not bled,
 Would have descended with the might

And skill of him who strikes for right,
 And laid that parent with the dead !
 She had not wept it more—her heart
 Had felt it less than present smart ;
 For that she almost learned to hate,
 That could so coldly separate,
 And this she fondly loved, and would
 Though gory with a father's blood ;
 How oft in other days her own
 It pressed, when it was warm alone,
 And to her heart the strength conveyed,
 Suspicious fears had long delayed.
 Again she raised it to her lips,

But, oh, 'twas like the meeting of
 The flower and the frost that dips
 Its hand in winter's bowl, and nips

The emblem of fair love,

And leaves it withered and sear and cold,
 With death on its leaves and decay on its fold.
 It chilled her breast and it paled her cheek,
 For a tongue of the present moved to speak,
 And a voice of the past came over the deep

And the silence of that fearful hour,
 And her spirit awoke from a dreamy sleep,
 And she uttered a long and piercing shriek,
 Like the famishing bird on the dizzy peak,
 Or the ghoul in the moon-lit tower.

III.

His dimming eyes to her's he raises,
 And yearningly and sadly gazes,
 His bosom bending with the strain
 Of grief beyond the scope of pain.
 And though she reads in them the love
 That he was ever wont to prove,
 She feels within her throbbing breast
 A pang that stills what else had blessed :
 They hint the blessings they would give,
 But oh ! they will not, cannot live,
 And every joy they would impart,

Must moulder in the fading heart—
 That ere the night, shall cease to ache,
 And ere a score of mornings break,
 Be that on which the worm shall make
 The meal that fattens it. Alas !
 That thus a life of love should pass !
 And Hope should only live to know
 That time is her eternal foe !

IV.

“ Weenonah, when we part, for now
 Thou read'st our fate upon my brow—
 The thing we fear and would put past,
 Howe'er we hide, will come at last—
 Thou wilt forget the dream of bliss,
 From which we waken, but to this—
 If this be all, if ruin here
 Can snatch from love the flaring tear,
 And silence, dreadful silence, seal
 The last of all that life can feel !
 If every hope and fancy given,
 That somewhere builds a home or heaven,
 Must perish on the very shore,
 With all the country still before !
 If all who love can only know
 That love's a mockery below,
 And learning they have striv'n amiss,
 Can only snatch a parting kiss,
 And headlong plunge o'er the abyss,
 Into the silence and the gloom,
 More deep and dreadful than the tomb,
 From which the soul, untaught to share
 Recoils with shudderings of despair !
 And must so soon, forever perish
 The love that I have borne for thee,
 And am I never more to cherish
 Thy gentle love—it cannot be !
 For I will love thee when decay
 Hath pressed his fingers o'er this clay,
 From which the life is even now,

Like evening, fading fast away—
I trust, into a brighter day,
Where fairer laurels crown the brow.
But there is something—pardon, love,
It scarcely is a gentle thought,
And though I cannot live to prove,
I know my fears are less than naught;
But will thy love—that ardent fire
That burned so bright when I was here,
Remain the same, nor ever tire
To burn for one who is not near?
There are the braves who fain would give
Their all to win thee for a bride:
But wilt thou ever cease to live
For me, or even half divide
The love that now, within thy breast,
Can only find for one a place,
For him thou sadly dost caress,
Nor turn'st thine eyes from off his face?
Oh, hateful thought!—it cannot be!—
Forgive me, I have made thee weep;
I did not know, I could not see
How passionate thy love, how deep
The floods of thy affection sweep.
But we must part, and I must turn
Into the spirit land—in vain,
Thy tears, my love, cannot detain!
Come nearer, I would feel again
Thy lips that wont with love to burn
In other days, a moment press
On these that fain would more confess;
And I would look again into
Thy gentle eyes, whose light bespoke
The fullness of the heart so true,
And in my own a love awoke,
That opened to my eyes a new
And glorious world, where thou alone
Wert all my life, and all my own.
I go, but with no uncertain light
I leave thee behind in the world of night,

For so sure as we part, so sure shall we meet,
 Away in that western land of retreat,
 Where love, without tormenting fears,
 Runs smoothly on for a thousand years,
 And brighter then than it was before,
 Runs smoothly on forever more."

V.

His bravest warriors have come,
 And gather round in sorrow dumb.
 They saw him in his daily life,
 They saw him in the hour of strife.
 And now they see him as he rests
 So near the grave, and their wild breasts
 Are swelled with anguish, though no trace
 Is visible upon the face.
 They loved him as the soldier loves
 The captain that to triumph leads—
 They loved him deeper, as he proves
 Who sorrows when his captain bleeds ;—
 The noblest tribute to the dead
 Is not a brother's natural tear,
 But 'tis the dews in sorrow shed
 By servants, o'er a master's bier.
 He motioned to the oldest near,
 And whispered something in their ear ;
 Perchance he gave his love in charge
 To those he knew would watch her well ;
 Perchance he feared—his heart was large,
 With room enough for every spell ;
 Perchance he chose another chief
 To take his place when he was gone—
 But there was something in their grief,
 That was not tame to look upon.
 They weep not, yet they feel as deep,
 The wound that makes so many weep—
 The pang that mocks a cure, and rends
 The heart, though brief, before it ends.
 Why do we mourn—why do we weep
 For those who take their final sleep ?

Is it because a moment here,
We cannot feel or have them near ?
Or is it that we fear to miss
With them, the last of love and bliss ?—
We live, and others like us, turn
To find a joy that will not spurn—
We meet, and joy from sorrow grows,
With others who alike have woes.
Within the soul there is a sound—
 The dream-like voice of other days ;
 There is a light, and its soft rays
Fall over many a stream and mound,
Where first our feet were wont to roam,
 Entangling pleasures everywhere,
And first our childhood whispered “ home,”
 And felt that God and love was there.
It lights the scenes of youthful love,
‘The stream beneath, the sky above ;
It falls along the vines and walls,
And bursts into the darkened halls,
And beams upon a figure there,
So lovely all, and more than fair,
Whose countenance was life, and yet
Remains a star that cannot set,
And softly gathers round the heart,
A joy that will not soon depart ;
It is not then we weep, nor yet
O’er sadder scenes that none forget ;
Nor when we see that look again,
That all must meet with grief or pain—
The last expression we behold,
Of features now forever cold ;
But when we gaze upon the face
Of one we love, and sadly trace
The deathly shadows o’er it cast,
And know that look shall be the last
Ere life from earthly shape hath passed,
And that the next can only view
The shadow of the thing we knew—
The witness, life is but a breath—

The wreck of hopes, the end-all—death :
 'Tis then we weep, yet weeping, scarcely know
 If it be human or diviner woe ;
 But we can feel, and standing by the bed
 That holds the dying—soon to be the dead,
 Amid our tears, with fancy's eye, we see
 What was and is, and oh ! what is to be,
 And feel o'er all the frame a shudder creep,
 That warns us death is something more than sleep.

VI,

He looked from all that life possessed,
 Into the future's near expanse ;
 He turned from this that sadly blessed,
 To that which seemed his soul to trance
 With prospect of a smoother life,
 And more of love and less of strife.
 He spoke—he raved, for all he said,
 However meant, would thus be read ;
 For now, the fool, if standing by,
 Had cast on him disdainful eye,
 And sneered, and lightly tossed his hand
 At what he could not understand—
 For those who cannot feel the blow,
 May choose to laugh at others' woe,
 And jest with what to them may seem
 A gray-haired hope, a less than dream.
 Ah ! life hath many a golden turn,
 That millions pass and never learn ;
 For nature favors but the few,
 In knowing what and how to do ;—
 Most live like brutes, and early cease
 Their little sham of strife or peace ;
 While some content, a little known,
 To take the rest as all their own,
 Grow vain of what they never were,]
 And fly from dogs, yet lions dare ;
 Too sure their views, once set, to doubt,
 Conceit shuts all improvement out :
 Their motto "I," with a few rules,

That found them mutes, and left them—fools;
 They never see there's many a soul
 Too great for custom to control—
 Too honest to defend the cause,
 If wrong, that wins the world's applause,
 Or mark the rules, howe'er the sneer,
 That makes the idiot his peer—
 The fool, that nursed in fashion's lap,
 Makes every skull to fit his cap,
 And what his puny soul can feel,
 Acquits mankind of woe or weal.
 Think not the bird that loudest sings,
 Hath fairest plumes and strongest wings ;
 Think not the heart so free to boast
 Of passion's force, can feel the most !
 There are whose heads are bowed in grief,
 And yet their words are few and brief :
 They turn within, and kindling there,
 Is something that defies despair.
 Who find their heart's desire on earth,
 Have little wish for second birth—
 The name by Bible-authors given,
 To mean a pass from earth to heaven ;
 But 'tis the soul debarred on earth,
 Or weary of its hollow mirth,
 That turns in prayer towards the skies,
 Where hope assures us something lies,
 And, peradventure, finds a rest
 That mocks what earth persuaded blest—
 Unless it be a blessing, just
 To waste the fire that youth supplies,
 And love a maiden as she dies,
 Or we ourselves return to dust.

VII.

“ Away, away in the distant west,
 Where the sun on the ocean sinks to rest—
 Where the song of the golden-feathered bird,
 Through the dreamy hours, in the shade s heard—
 Where the flower grows on a purple stem,

With leaves that are fairer than ocean's gem—
 Where the mountain pine grows sturdy and high,
 And the oak seems rooted again in the sky,
 And the elm's groan, as the winds blow strong,
 Is turned to a melody sweeter than song,
 And the ferns at its root a fragrance shed,
 O'er the river that runs on a golden bed—

Where the Indian maidens and warriors brave,

Who found so early and cold a grave,

Are joined again, and forever joined.

May smile on the foes who cannot unbind,—

May laugh at them all, and read on high,

Eternal joy in a summer sky,

That a cloud shall never cross with rain,

Or the shining sun forsake again.

I see it now, that beautiful land,

The dream of my youth, so wild and grand !

So much I loved to nurse it then,

It shut me from the haunts of men ;

And for a time it seemed as though

I could not be content with this—

The empty joys the years bestow ;

But then my love, I did not know,

For I was young, of thee and bliss.

In that fair home, upon the green

No leaf thou hatest shall be seen ;

The trees thou lovest most, shall shield

The plants that most abundant yield :

The game shall be the best—the choice

Needs but one accent of thy voice :

I'll mark the fattest of the deer

That roam upon the mountain near,

But spare it, if thou willest so,

And fetch the hare that feeds below ;

Or with the quiver on my back,

I'll follow in the bison's track,

And with his thundering feet keep pace,

Nor weary in the lengthened chase ;

And when, my love—my—”

Low she bends—

Too soon for her that sentence ends !
 But from the lips that moved their last,
 The words she waited, never passed.
 The accent next that greets her ear,
 Shall be from others bending near,
 Half sobbed, half whispered, half in dread,—
 Can'st thou not hear it?—hark, 'tis said !
 The last, the bitterest, the saddest—dead.

VIII.

He died—what need I further say ?
 Here 'gins the night that ends the day ! }
 The close of what through changing years
 Fades hourly, yet afresh appears !
 Our joys and hopes, our ills and fears,
 At last unite in one relief,
 That still on time makes waiting brief
 We toil, eat, sleep, love, hate, defy,
 Weep, fret, run doctors' bills—and die ?
 There ends the game—perchance a friend
 Above the stiffened corse may bend
 In tears or prayer, but what of this ?
 It cannot change our woe or bliss,
 If after death, we must anew,
 Begin a life, fair but for few !—
 But this is not for us, 'tis ours
 To live according to our light,
 Be happy with our present powers,
 And strive to do and guard the right.
 It may be well to follow creeds ;
 But that implies continual strife,
 And one may lead a better life,
 Apart from all that but impedes ;
 And since there is a worth in deeds,
 I cannot disapprove the plan
 That leaves the man who cannot see
 As creeds would have him, to be free.
 For he who does the best he can,
 Does more than many an abler man !
 And heaven may not fail to own

The heart that strives and falls—alone.
 Then when we're dead, our friends may tell
 (The truth will not allow of much,
 And robs it of affection's touch)
 "He loved his home and country well ;
 He lent ; he wept a brother's fall ;
 We loved him much ; he died."—that's all—
 So far as life's concerned—the rest,
 Eternity, not time, must test ;
 Yet now we seem to know and see,
 By some strange power, what it will be.
 Truth, truth, how terrible thy light,
 When thou wilt flash into the night
 Of unbelief, to blind and blight
 With retribution ! Gracious God,
 Be merciful—we kiss the rod !
 We strive, we stumble—lead us on,
 This side of judgment, to the dawn,
 The bright horizon, where the sea
 Of life, to the believ̄r's eye,
 Is smoothed and mingles with the sky
 Of Thine eternity.

IX.

Thou fool, that sayest man is naught,
 A speck amid the dusts of earth,
 That weeps and knows a little mirth,
 And vanishes and is forgot !
 Look at thyself, if thou wilt see,
 There are the arguments in thee,
 That laugh to scorn each speculation
 On God, the soul, and the creation !
 Man, thou art noble, mighty, wise,
 A god in intellectual birth ;
 Let cynics sneer and fools despise,
 Look up—thou art not all of earth !
 The earth has bowed to thee, th' stars
 Have laid their wonders at thy feet,
 The past withdraws her stubborn bars
 And leads thee through her dark retreat.

Look up, all-conquering man, look up !
 Feel what thou art, enjoy the right
 That God has given—fill the cup,
 And let us drink to our own might !

X.

The smallest thing that God hath made,
 To him who will consider well,
 Apart from any human spell,
 By which so many minds are stayed,
 Shows forth that hand, as mighty then
 As when it shaped the human mind ;
 And proudly scatters to the wind,
 The vain philosophies of men.
 The smallest creature on the earth,
 That breathes with life, and eye can see,
 Doth puzzle infidelity,
 And make of erring science mirth.
 And is this superstition ? No !
 'Tis wisdom—folly flies to take
 The teachings of a few below,
 And these eternal truths forsake.
 There's not a man can look into
 His inmost self, with candid eye,
 But feels that life is doubly true,
 And something there can never die.
 Look out upon the world abroad,
 And leave thy trammelled spirit free
 To guide thy thought, and thou wilt see
 That every inch is stamped with God !

XI.

Man was not made to be a God
 Of might and wisdom, in the start,
 Though finely finished in his part,
 But sent a student on the road,
 Within his breast, with other things,
 A hungering for something more
 Than could be gathered on the shore
 To which a little while he clings ;

And from the infancy of man—
 So many thousand years ago—
 He wandered on and grasped to know
 The great and many truths below,
 Whose knowledge knit into the plan ;
 And thus, for ages yet to come,
 When earth no more shall be his home,
 His soul shall hunger still, and reach
 For truths eternity will teach ;
 And wiser, greater ever grow,
 Until there is no more to know,
 Until Infinity has taught,
 In that remotest date of heaven,
 The last of all that can be given,
 Which cannot be—oh, glorious thought !
 Infinity, Thou stir'st my soul !
 For thee alone there is no goal !
 Thou look'st me down, Eternity !
 There is an end to all we see,
 But thou forever more shalt roll !
 And I, even I, am part of ye,
 Infinity ! Eternity !

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE END.

I.

There are men who let their hatred die,
 Ere they meet the foe they doom to bleed ;
 There are men who on the impulse, fly
 To execute the deed.
 And Okahumkee was not slack,
 And seldom called his vengeance back ;
 Name but the wrong, and from his grip
 That enemy shall never slip,
 The knife that saw so many bleed,
 Shall shortly serve another need ;
 'Tis done, the last—but he has learned
 How dearly was that pleasure earned.

Justice will come, not always fast,
 But justice, somehow, comes at last !
 The sun has set for thee, the night
 Grows darker as thy hopes take flight';
 One only ray illumines the wreck—
 Death, comest thou so soon to check ?
 He might have known, yet would not see
 That others were as wise as he ;
 If e'er a man you chance to meet,
 Who hath not called himself a fool,
 That man hath in him much conceit,
 For I am guided by the rule :
 When most we boast
 We're wisdom's host,
 Then most we are a fool.

I know not whether to trust this
 Old remnant of a song,
 That says, to the guilty, justice
 Is harder to bear than wrong ;
 But the truth is undisputed,
 That wrong has a legal gown,
 And justice is often suited
 To the biggest man in town.

A fool on the water should never imply
 A fool on the land, the fool in the show
 May in truth be a sage, and the fool who builds high
 May often be safer than he who builds low.
 To toil and to plan, is the badge of a man,
 No matter what he may be doing ;
 But never to be cool, is the fate of the fool,
 Whether fighting, or writing, or wooing.

II.

The sun is set, the light of day
 Is fading in the west away ;
 The wind is low, and not a sound
 Is heard, so quiet all around—
 Unless it be the chirps that pass
 From crickets nestling in the grass,
 Or whip-poor-will whose plaintive note,

As slow she soars on high,
To earth as calmly seems to float,
As dew-drops from the sky ;
And, companion of her tune,
Rises the full harvest moon,
Rich as autumn and soft as June.
This is a triumph, Nature,—sure
Thou can'st from grief the heart allure ?
Alas ! how often do the things
Created only for delight,
When waving over us their wings,
But add another shade of night
That hangs upon the heart of pain,
And waste their charm and toil in vain !
How often o'er the charming scene,
That seems created for the soul,
Do clouds of pain and sorrow roll,
And darkly settling down between,
Refuse to us their wonted light,
And gather o'er the spirit night !
The beauty still is there, but, oh !
It is the spirit full of woe,
That can nor see nor feel the spell,
That would a lighter bosom swell.
When from our breasts are rudely torn
Our loved, and to the valley borne,
No more on us to shed the ray
That smiled our every care away :
What still can tempt us to remain,
With such a burden to sustain,
That seems forever growing greater,
As days and hours still linger later !
To feel the lonely bosom swell,
And hear the lonely spirit tell
Its sorrow o'er and o'er again,
And sigh for rest, which given, is pain.
The pink hath not its wonted hue,
Its leaves are blotted with the dew ;
There is a blight upon the rose,
And dull the fragrance which it throws :

The lark that gives the morn his song,
 And robin sing too light and long ;
 The bird that to the evening sings,
 Hath spread too high her pinioned wings,
 And seems beyond the world to float,
 Her sole companion still—her note !
 Oh ! weary soul that hope has fled,
 Where peace and joy and all are dead—
 But love, that lingers to the last,
 To madly brood upon the past,
 And gather from its pleasures hate
 Of every joy, and oft the fate
 That tore the idol from the heart,
 And said to this—remain: to that—depart !

III.

Weenonah gazed upon the sky,
 And gilded clouds that floated there ;
 But to her dazed and wildered eye,
 They had nor charm nor beauty rare.
 In breathless haste she crossed the plain,
 And hurried to their trysting place ;
 But there, alas ! they ne'er again
 Shall meet each other face to face.
 That hour had come, its shadow cast,
 Thrilled, saddened, wrung the bosom, passed !
 A moment's bliss, an hour of pain,
 Frail mortal wilt thou drink again ?
 Ay, fill the cup for life hath naught,
 If pain and pleasure be forgot !
 Give us the joy that is our due,
 And then, if nature will be true,
 Give us the pain and sorrow, too !
 Bliss is a word by angels spoken,
 That lingers in the air a while,
 A trembling, thrilling, fading token ;
 We feel the rapture when we smile ;
 Laugh—and the spell is broken !

IV.

Ah, doth not love and hope combined,
Work strangely in the human mind !
Even when that hope hath fixed its goal
On earth, but when it rules the soul,
And silently allures away
Beyond the realms of earthly day,
With bright, uncertain lights that shine,
And through the distance seem divine :
To what extremes it drives the slave,
Who grows to fear no more the grave !

V.

She reached the lake, and paused and cast
A lingering look where she had passed,
And for a moment trembled, lest
Her vision should confirm her fear,
But all was quiet. In the west
The evening star was shining clear ;
The moon was up, and by her feet
The cricket chirped in the long grass,
Now wet with dew ; and the broad sheet
Of rippling waters, like a glass,
Gave up with murmurs, to the eye,
The mingling beauties of the sky.
She turned away with a weary sigh—
A sigh of anguish, yet relief,
For all was silent as her grief,
Nor living object met her eye.

VI.

A birch canoe was on the shore ;
She wrenched the cord and grasped the oar,
And pushed into the moon-lit lake,
That rolled with many a gentle break
And murmur, on the sandy shore
Her feet so oft had wandered o'er.
She paddled to the other side,
Nor marked how swift her boat could ride ;

And there the shore was rough and steep,
 And dark the flood below, and deep ;
 A landing at the foot was left,
 By shore and rock asunder cleft ;
 She scrambled up, and the canoe
 Upon the lowest shelving drew ;
 Along the shore a little space,
 And she has reached the meeting place ;—
 Shut out from all the world around,
 To her 'twas consecrated ground,
 Where none but them had ever been,
 'Till jealousy and hate looked in.
 Her lover lies upon the plain,
 And now, even here she comes again,
 With anxious eye and quickening breath,
 To meet another suitor—death.

VII.

The captive to the scaffold led,
 Breathes, mingling with his prayers to heaven—
 If aught remains to be forgiven,
 Ere tyranny hath bowed his head—
 'Tis better far to die at first,
 Escaping with a moment's pains,
 Than linger in a cell, accursed,
 And mould amid the clank of chains ;
 And watch the hour's lazy flight,
 That loads the cell with stagnant air,
 And fills the vacuums of night
 With phantoms, maddening to despair !
 Life can become so dark a thing,
 That death will lose its scorpion sting !
 What spirit sad, that yet can swell
 A deeper sigh beyond the strife ?—
 There's not a misery in hell,
 But somewhere hath been felt in life !

VIII.

Upon the bank her form she raised ;
 Upon the world a moment gazed,

But her and the enchanting scene,
 'The clouds of trouble rolled between,
 Nor to her heart a single ray
 Emitted, from the lighter day ;
 Weary of all she turned away,
 Her hands are met above her head—
 Was that a wail or prayer she said ?
 Her voice, the silence deep and chill,
 A moment broke, and then was still ;
 But none were there that word to hear,
 Intended not for human ear,
 And as it rose upon the air,
 Plaintive and wild, it vanished there,
 The gasp of hope and the wail of despair !
 She trembled not to draw so near
 That shore where ebbs the mystic tide,
 Nor started at the waters wide,
 That strike so many hearts with fear.
 Why wish to live, or what could life
 Have offered worthy of a strife
 With sorrows overwhelming,
 Or what reward could victory bring ?
 The sun shall never rise again.
 That made the world for her, so bright ;
 And who would wish to weep in vain,
 Through the long hours of sorrow's night ;
 And what was death ?—feared she the pain,
 That would but for a moment last,
 And when it vanished—all was past ?—
 A breathless pause—the deed is done !
 A moment's time—and all is o'er !
 Upon her head, the warming sun
 Shall rise and shine and set no more !

IX.

The breath of evening passing by,
 Hath swelled its last and only sigh ;
 The bending trees and shrubby nigh
 With tears of dew upon their leaves,
 Had seen the waters labored heaves,

Had seen her as a moment's space
 She stood, a model true of grace,
 Then plunged beneath, and left a place,
 A vacancy that none can fill ;
 But she has vanished and is still ;
 The moon shines down, the lake and shore
 With the soft light are silvered o'er,
 And all is quiet as before.
 So shall it be with all, when death
 Hath cancelled the last debt we owe—
 The sun will shine, the wind will blow,
 The world will breathe as free a breath
 As if we never lived, even though
 Our lives were like the wind and fire,
 And all the wondering world below
 Knew only to admire.

X.

The waters sigh above her bed ;
 Upon the rocks is laid her head ;
 And with the ever-moving tide,
 Her tresses sway from side to side ;
 No longer is her mind oppressed ;
 No fears disturb her gentle breast ;
 She sleeps an unmolested sleep ;
 The stars a nightly vigil keep,
 For they were witness of the deed ;
 Upon the margin grows the reed,
 And gazes, bending o'er the water,
 Upon misfortune's fairest daughter,
 Who sleeps in that serene repose,
 Unbroken by the hate of foes. *

XI.

I have not hoped to weave a lay,
 To woo the common traveller's stay,
 Though hope, not many years gone by,

* This is rather more sentimental than to picture her eaten by fishes, before she reached the bottom, although the latter was most probably the fact,

Had raised my daring heart so high ;
But time hath seen it fall again,
Below the water-line of men ;—
One day amid the selfish gleams
Of life—and where are thy young dreams ?
The idol-building soul, how keen
It feels the damp of worldly spleen !
Cold, cold, it falls upon the warm
Unsheltered heart, and the whole form
Shudders, and in the eye a tear
Stands out—it is not born of fear,
But memory and sad regret,
And something more unfathomed yet—
For there are in the human heart
A thousand cords the poet's art
Hath never swept ; but what avail,
Since life is such a simple tale ?—
Youth laughs—the world is bright and fair—
And runs away to try ;
And manhood sighs—'tis full of care ;
And age weeps—let me die.



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