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# *Tulu Menika*

*An Art Poem*

By

*Radella Garretson*

*Illustrated by*

*Radella Garretson*

and

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
POCAHONTAS *the history*  
*of whose life furnished a thought*  
*for the beginning of this story*

THE WORK "TULU MENIKA" ORIGINALLY WAS NOT INTENDED TO BE A PUBLISHED PRODUCT; BUT CREATED FOR A LYCEUM NUMBER OR PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT FOR WHICH PURPOSE IT HAS BEEN USED. THE POEM HAS ALSO A MUSICAL SETTING, THE MUSIC BEING COMPOSED AND EXECUTED VERY SUCCESSFULLY BY HENIOT LEVY OF THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY, CHICAGO.

I SHOULD FEEL MORE SATISFIED TO OFFER APOLOGIES DUE IN THIS CONNECTION; BUT OWING TO THE ADVISEMENT OF CERTAIN FRIENDS, I AM NOT DOING SO.

*R. G.*





*There the sunlight, the moonlight, the starlight were welcome,  
There stood the claucaular Indian village of Waucha.*

# TULU MENÏKA

## I

### THE VILLAGE OF WAUCHA

Near to the heaving Atlantic where dwelleth the bird and the wild bee  
Sipping the nectar ambrosial out of the heart of the wild flower,  
Gathering honey, the sweetest, from heath abounding the moorland,  
Building their primitive nests in the boughs of the oak and the birch tree.  
Busy, oh busy are they all day from the morn till the even;  
From the flushing of light in the distance off to the eastward  
Till low dreamily sinketh the Sun in his golden reflection,  
Leaving the darkness of night o'ershadowing forest and moorland,  
E'er lies the state of the sylvans, the home of the Blue Juniata.

There in the verdant land of the busy, importunate wild bee,  
Where the birds build their nests in the boughs of the oak and the  
birch tree,  
Abounds the rabbit, the nadipo, in his infinite meekness,  
Stealthily creepeth the guileful, the grim, internecine serpent,  
Through the valley, the moorland and virent turf of the forest  
Stealthily creepeth the guileful, but not invincible torment.  
On the hillside, the prairie, and into the shadowy forest,  
There in the gloom or the sunshine where the fallow or red deer was  
grazing,  
Stately arching his neck at the creaking and rustling of branches,  
Poising with head high erect and nostrils distended,  
Thither bounding at ominous visions of danger.  
Exquisite, interweaving woodland, or dale and valley,  
Clusters the richest of nature's love-devised productions,

## *Tulu Menika*

Wildflowers, the blessings of Father Almighty, the Giver;  
Bestowed upon earth, a reward for its fruitful deliverance.  
Sweet are they bountiful, fragrant bordering forest and brooklet,  
By gentle breezes swayed and kissed by the dew of the morning.  
Like the bright gleams of sunshine they creep into dale, into valley.  
Like the flowers of the heavens shining through all the woodlands.

Miles upon miles into the heart of the great silent forest,  
From whence had departed the rabbit, the bird and the red deer,  
Was a grassy plot intervened by a few stately hemlocks  
And a scatter of wigwams, which told of a lone habitation;  
There the sunlight, the moonlight, the starlight were welcome,  
There stood the clancular Indian village of Waucha.  
Gently spreading outward to the impenetrable gloom of the forest,  
Solemn, obscure, secluded this cluster of Indian wigwams,  
Intermingled with vines and berries of exquisite sweetness,  
Shaded by here and there a group of murmuring pine trees.  
From out the forest primeval the robin and bluebird twittered,  
With clear and melodious accent echoing through the Indian village,  
Bounding from tree to tree played the squirrel, the padioko,  
Swayed to and fro in the branches of the rustling oak and hemlock,  
Watching there keenly maneuvers of Indian hunters,  
Hiding from view ere the sound of a footstep approached.  
Gathering here and there around the evening firelight  
Could be seen the Indian hunters, the valiant;  
While preparing a roast of rabbit, of squirrel, or of deer meat,  
Or at their various tasks could be seen the busy women.  
Scampering to and fro anon, from wigwam to wigwam,  
Were the Indian children, papooses, in goodly numbers,  
Knowing none else than to reap from the rich fields of Nature.  
These were inhabitants of the Indian village of Waucha,  
These were the people of the mighty tribe, Wampanoags.

There in the quiet skirts of the solitaire village of Waucha,  
Standing narrowly apart from the cluster of Indian wigwams,

## *Tulu Menika*

Grotesque, intervening the shadowy wood and the grass plot,  
There in a murmuring group of subramose pine trees,  
Was the commodious wigwam of the chieftain Benokis,  
Chief of the mighty tribe Wampanoags.  
Lacing the edge of the pathway were wild flowers in richest profusion,  
Gathering in clusters and gracing the door of the wigwam,  
Smiling with uplifted faces as if they were bidding you welcome.  
Gracing the firelight within far more than odorous wildflowers  
Was a radiant gleam of sunshine, the chieftain's beautiful daughter,  
Sweet Tulu Menika, the fairest of Indian maidens.  
Strongly built of deerskin and oak was this primitive wigwam  
Where dwelt the chief of the mighty tribe, Wampanoags,  
Where dwelt the fairest of Indian maidens.

Stalwart of figure exceedingly hearty and hale was the chieftain,  
Clad in his mantle of deerskin and headgear of feathers,  
Not in the most like the mantle of Indian hunters,  
With muscles of iron and a heart as hard as a flintstone,  
Hardened still more by inveterate feuds with the White Men.  
Long and often had there been war between them,  
Out numbered, defeated, they fled from the lands they had cherished,  
Despairingly sought the uninterrupted forest  
Where in solitude they might fish in its waters,  
Where they might rule the kingdom of red deer.  
Beautiful was she, this fairest of Indian maidens,  
With eyes beaming softly from under the long drooping lashes,  
Dark as the midnight resplendent with sunshine and fervor.  
Adding still more to the deep of her eye and its luster,  
Around her shoulders were falling in gentle profusion,  
Falling and flowing at will were shining tresses of raven.  
Like the roses her mouth, more red than the ripest of cherries,  
Softly modeled and kissed by the sweet dew of nature.  
Slender her form and like a fawn she was graceful,  
Gentle of mind and kindly of heart was the maiden,  
Many a time she ruled by her goodly manner and accent :

## *Tulu Menika*

How so oft had the heart of the chieftain Benokis  
Been turned from direful acts of vengeance and cruelty,  
By the goodness of heart and kindly deeds of the maiden.  
How oft she has saved from the merciless hands of the Indians  
Some illfated White Man who by mishap had fallen their victim.  
Thus dwelt she among them this maid of the silent forest,  
Sweet Tulu Menika, the pride of the Indian Village.

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## II

### THE ROTHWELL FAMILY

Out to the northward of the Indian village of Waucha,  
Standing alone on the fertile fields of the prairie,  
Tranquil and still, with the red of the radiant sunset  
Falling in gentle repose on the English village of Bradford,  
Stretching afar to the northward, the southward, the eastward, the  
westward,  
Were meadows vastly, extending onward without interruption,  
Save here and there a group of the graceful elm or a friendly  
Clump of the cottonwood-tree yielding a pleasant coolness,  
A grateful relief to herds, the wild, the domestic.  
Gathering there at noonday were the vagrant kine or the red deer,  
Breathing the shadowy freshness or quietly grazing at leisure  
On the neighboring turf of the prairie till came the lateness of even;  
Then wandered they thither and scattered afar in the night-time,  
To feed on the vast meadows or linger long at the brooklet.  
Like billowy bays of the sea ever was waving and rolling  
The beautiful grass of the prairie in whispering winds of the summer,  
Hiding from view the home of the meadow-lark and the ground monk;  
Softly touching the earth, the rich and glorious mantle,  
A fairy scene to behold, inserted with radiant wild flowers.  
Climbing the verdant heights and towering above the long grass,





*Happily the years rolled on and now in his home of contentment Benjamin Rothwell dwelt with his children and goodly companion.*

## *Tulu Menika*

Beckoning in the breezes, the fairest of upland lilies,  
Crouching low at the feet of the stately flower, the benignant,  
The violet, the daisy, the buttercup, and even the crimson amorphas,  
She the queen among them, and they were all her followers.  
These were the belts extensive that girdled the village of Bradford  
Sprinkled with blessings of brightness, and over running with verdure.  
Quietly there in the midst of the wondrous and beautiful prairies,  
In earlier years unforgotten, reposed the flourishing village.  
Leading gently outward to the goodly lands of the farmers,  
Were spacious streets bordered with parallel rows of maple.  
Neatly built were the dwellings, though rude, yet artistic and homelike.  
There in the sunlit mornings of Summer when gayly the birds sang  
In the sweet fresh air made cool by the fragrance of dewdrops,  
Busy, to and fro at their toil and care were the happy  
People, and as the Sun arose in the heavens then fell and extended  
His yellow arm o'er the village and all of the landscape,  
An hour for rest or perchance some wholesome recreation,  
Then gilded the window panes by the farewell look of the sunset  
And verily they turned to the mystical land of the dreamer.

Adjacent the village and o'erlooking the far-distant landscape,  
A building more pretentious than the other buildings of Bradford  
And speaking the air of thrift, stood holding its goodly acres.  
There where the first light of morn fell in softest and radiant splendor,  
Dwelt placidly Benjamin Rothwell, the goodly Vicar of Bradford.  
Sweet were the blessings from Heaven that rightly were bestowed upon  
him,

Sweet were the blessings earthly that flowed at the word of a bidding;  
Well should it be, for his riches though they abounded  
Gushed from the fountain of love at his every act of benevolence;  
And many the splendid virtues that won the heart of the maiden  
Who clung to him  
Through the journey of life,  
Through both the ebbing and flowing.  
And now they dwelt  
In their ripening years

With their harvest of hope about them :  
Four children they had in the dawning of life's early Springtime,  
Roses of sunshine creeping into the household :  
Firstly came Marvin to brighten the home with the blossom  
Of babyhood. The hours slipped by and into three happy Summers.  
Then came Mary, sweet Mary, who budded with flowers of the Maytime,  
Blossomed in tender beauty, then faded with roses of Autumn.  
Years passed away and fortunately, in the meantime  
Opened the golden gates of Heaven and unto the Rothwells  
Two virginal forms were sent to seek a home with the living.  
Arosa came firstly, and as she grew into womanly beauty,  
Gladdened the home and the hearts of the two who with joy had  
received her.  
And lastly entered Teresa, the child delight of the household.

Happily the years rolled on and now, in his home of contentment,  
Benjamin Rothwell dwelt with his children and goodly companion.  
Youthful longings laid by, thus far from the frolic of childhood,  
Marvin at eighteen Summers bade the way of manhood welcome ;  
And in the years he became as duties pressed more upon him,  
A staff at his side on which the Father leaned as he bended :  
Noble and valiant was he and strong of will and of purpose.  
Fair haired, blue eyed, as blue as the seas of the northward,  
While on his face shone the light of manly strength and of courage.  
Arosa, too, no longer partook of the blithesome of childhood,  
But ripening seventeen Summers pronounced her a beautiful woman.  
And little Teresa, though upon her teens was she entering,  
Seemed a mere child with childish ways and fancies,  
So slight of form, so meek, so simple hearted.  
These were the goodly blessings given the Vicar of Bradford  
And his worthy companion as they had grown to this likeness.  
And there they dwelt :

Where the carol of birds seemed sweetest,  
Where the gleams of the sunshine seemed brightest,  
And the dew of the morning the freshest  
And the breezes of Autumn the softest.



*"Take these lands of mine and the yield you shall have for your labors."*

Where the radiant and beautiful flowers sprang forth at command of  
the Springtime,  
Where the silvery haze of the meadows responded to the touch of the  
sunlight.

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III

THE DEPARTURE

The roses were out in full bloom. On that beautiful Summer morning  
Merrily the birds sang and blithely mingled their voices  
With the fairest voices of Nature o'erflowing with exquisite sweetness.  
Gently the susurring breezes refreshing and sweet from the southward  
Dallying with gifts of love that shone in the odorous gardens,  
Kissed with fragrance rare and touched by the beauty of Nature,  
Fell as soft as the rustling wings of an angel,  
Softly, the zephyr that wafts the down from the thistle.  
Grandly arose the Sun, the ruler of day everlasting,  
Exultant in the powers of youth though the depth of ages eternal  
Sinketh in his bosom of light; aye, still the same forever.  
Grandly arose over all, Father of the celestial heavens,  
Cleansing the robes of earth in his golden fountain of brightness,  
Forth from their hiding place sprang the radiant flowers and the  
brooklet  
Yielded its crystal waters to the beckoning rays of his ardor.

Off to the southward of the Indian village of Waucha,  
Sixty miles or more and somewhat away to the westward,  
Lay fruitful lands of the goodly Vicar of Bradford.  
Rich and fertile the soil that abounded the rolling prairies,  
Dotted with tiny forests of poplar, oak and of hemlock.  
Towering high and majestic rose the tenebrous boughs of the pine tree,  
And the golden sheen of the morning tipped their rising domes with its  
splendor.

## *Tulu Menika*

There were patches of Indian corn, maize, in measure abundant;  
Numerous herds of kine and sheep could be spied in the distance;  
Around them their numberless young were playing about in the sunshine.  
O'er these beauteous lands were the primitive homes of the farmers,  
Buildd by unskilled hands though rude, they were cheery and homelike.

Bright were the hearts within for unto them—like a cloudburst  
In the heated days of Summer when the earth, thirsting and parching,  
Drinks in the welcome rain and livens all into action—

There came a sudden rejoicing, for these were the poorly peasants  
Whom misfortune had lain in the lowly depths of penury;  
There came the day of rejoicing and a ray of hope and radiance  
Lumined the pathway before them, and prosperity sprang in abundance;  
And all were the noble works of the generous Vicar of Bradford.  
Benevolent he went to them in their poorest homes of misery,  
“Come,” he said, “I beseech you and no longer shall you suffer,  
Hard have you worked to win, but Providence has been against you.  
Come, I have lands, by the will of God I have gained them;  
And as poverty was sent to the world that the hearts of men might be  
softened,

Softened a little is mine and by this truth you shall profit;  
Take these lands of mine and the yield you shall have for your labors.”  
Filled to overflowing with happy and wild exultation,  
Much in the praising of him who was sent to them as a blessing  
In the darkened hours of need when the road was dreary before them.  
Joyously they set to work and a haven of bliss, as they deemed it,  
Rose from behind the somber walls which had barred and suppressed  
them.

Time rolled on and each year in duly succession  
Gathered the golden wealth that abounded the beauteous prairies.  
Cheerfully they went to him and said, in the sense of their honor,  
“Very thankful we are for your great and manifold kindness,  
And 'tis our duty to turn to you worthy and just compensation;  
Each year you shall have from your lands the sum whate'er you may  
state it.”



*Off on his snow-white steed to his duties away to the Southward,*

## *Tulu Menika*

Reverently spake he to them, in accents reverberant, saying:  
“Have I not done this act that you it might benefit only?  
Have I not turned you the lands that the yield you might have for your  
labors?

Nothing I ask in return and, moreover, again I repeat it,  
In as much as it is your desire from your hands I shall be the receiver,  
There as much have you gained in the sight of God and of Justice;  
But as you seek for a way to manifest your appreciation;  
Nothing I wish for myself; yet offer I would a suggestion,  
Then you may do as you like and none will be worsed by the saying:  
Each year that you have an abundance, I would say, but do not exact it,  
Let there be stored away in a building erect for the purpose,  
What part of the crops you shall choose to distribute to more of the  
needy;

And as the years may come I will see that they are the receivers.”  
Thus was the bargain made and time went journeying onward.

Now the month had returned when the fruitful lands to the southward  
Called for a journey hence, for June was the month calculated  
By the goodly Vicar of Bradford for his annual presence among them,  
To give into the hands of the needy whate'er had been saved for the  
purpose.

Years had he done the like; but when Marvin grew into manhood  
He came a grateful relief, faithful and dutiful always  
Bearing the weight of cares that the father's load might be lightened.

And now 'twas the month of June, the beautiful morning aforesaid;  
All of nature was glad but around the home of the Rothwells  
Lingered a feeling strange, a feeling somewhat of sadness,  
For this was the departure morn of the valiant youth of the village:  
Off on his snow-white steed to his duties away to the southward.  
Friends were assembled there in a little crowd by the gateway  
Which offered the stables an entrance and served as an exit also.  
Thus as he prepared to depart adjusting his saddle and blanket  
Examining with careful hand his means of sustenance therewith,



Crowded they closely around him, the friends and ones of the family;  
Those being dearest to him rightly having the nearest places.  
Solemnly spoke they to him in endearing words of affection,  
Granting their fond farewells with a friendly grasp or a handshake,  
Excepting the family folk who covered him o'er with caresses,  
Reminding him of the perils of the journey he was then taking:  
"Beware," the mother exclaimed, "of the tricks and stealth of the  
Indian!"

"Beware! my son," spoke the father, "my faithful, obedient always,  
I'm loth to see you depart, for uncertain the way is before you;  
Yet the work must be done, but had I not better myself go?"  
Soothingly answered he them and led their hearts to the healing:  
"Have I the kind of courage that trembles and falls to pieces  
At the thought of what might be, or dangers that loom as a phantom?  
Years have I gone before and moreover nothing has harmed me."  
Then as he turned in confidence to mount his steed in waiting,  
There stealthily entered among them, as if from the clouds had  
descended,

A being strange whom they knew not; but plain 'twas the form of a  
woman.

Straightway she glided to Marvin and spake, scarcely audible, saying:  
"Rash is the act you do for I am a prophet as Daniel,  
Four times have you gone and safely returned; but for the fifth time  
Somber visions arise and many forebodings of evil,  
Heed ye not my words and, as now I am the speaker,  
Ye will remember the warning of the old gypsy woman, Dorenes."  
Then suddenly she disappeared as silently as she had entered.  
Led by the thought that this was all a frantic delusion,  
He flung his foot to the stirrup and dashed away like the speed-wind.

When he was gone they turned and behold! could they believe it?  
What their eyes would witness seemed to have totally vanished,  
Thus they stood for a moment amazed, astounded, bewildered,  
Gazing one at the other, aghast at what had happened,  
Alike it was to all a seeming mysterious phantom.

## *Tulu Menika*

Meanwhile on his faithful steed the youth went journeying onward,  
Over a path unworn which led through woodland and meadow.  
Filled was the Summer air with the fragrant balm of the flowers;  
Sweetly the meadow lark with clear and melodious accent  
Sang from his flowery home and was answered away o'er the meadows.  
Echoing far through the woodland the note of the oriole sounded.  
High the magnificent Sun arose and went on his journey.  
So, on the fearless youth journeyed away to the southward,  
Now in the tranquil woods and over meadows of verdure,  
Numerous spread in his pathway belts of luxuriant blossoms  
Breathing forth their fragrance to greet the gleams of the sunshine,  
And mingle with the voice of Summer their radiant beauty resplendent;  
All the glories of nature seemed eager to brighten his pathway.  
Onward he went in his course on his snow-white steed and lightly  
Marking the spot where he trod by gently crushing a daisy,  
Or leaving his track in the sand where he crossed on the border of  
streamlets,

Pausing thereat to drink or quench the thirst of his palfry,  
And as the glorious Sun was drawing nigh to the setting,  
Lighting the sky with a crimson and beautiful glow in the westward.  
Plainly appeared before him the home of old Reuben, the negro,  
Standing on the grassy slope which o'erlooked a running brooklet  
The voice of whose crystal waters murmured a song as gently  
They flowed over pebbles and moss on their eddying course to the river.  
Sweet was the music of waters to the ear of Reuben the negro.  
Here for nature alone he lived and his happy family  
Sought for their only companions the flowers, the birds, the brooklet;  
Dwelt in solitude there far from the homes of his kindred.  
Sweet and silent and strange the evening seemed and all things.  
As he drew nearer and nearer to the home of Reuben the negro  
Thoughts arose of the years that he passed to and fro and was sheltered  
Under the self-same roof and friendly, and he was welcome.  
In his imagination he saw once more, in the moonlight,  
The father with his coal black face full of mirth and the children  
With eager faces and bushy heads as they gathered to listen,

Oft as he would repeat them, the comic tales of their father.  
Heartily and loud he laughed at the sound and trend of his stories.  
Twilight prevailed. He crossed o'er the eddying brooklet  
And came to a halt where he met the friendly face at the doorway.  
Hearty his welcome was at the home of Reuben, the negro.  
Pleasantly passed the evening. Then to the land unmindful  
Which to the weary is bliss. Sweetly he slept, and soundly.  
Then with the great red Sun arose and continued his journey.

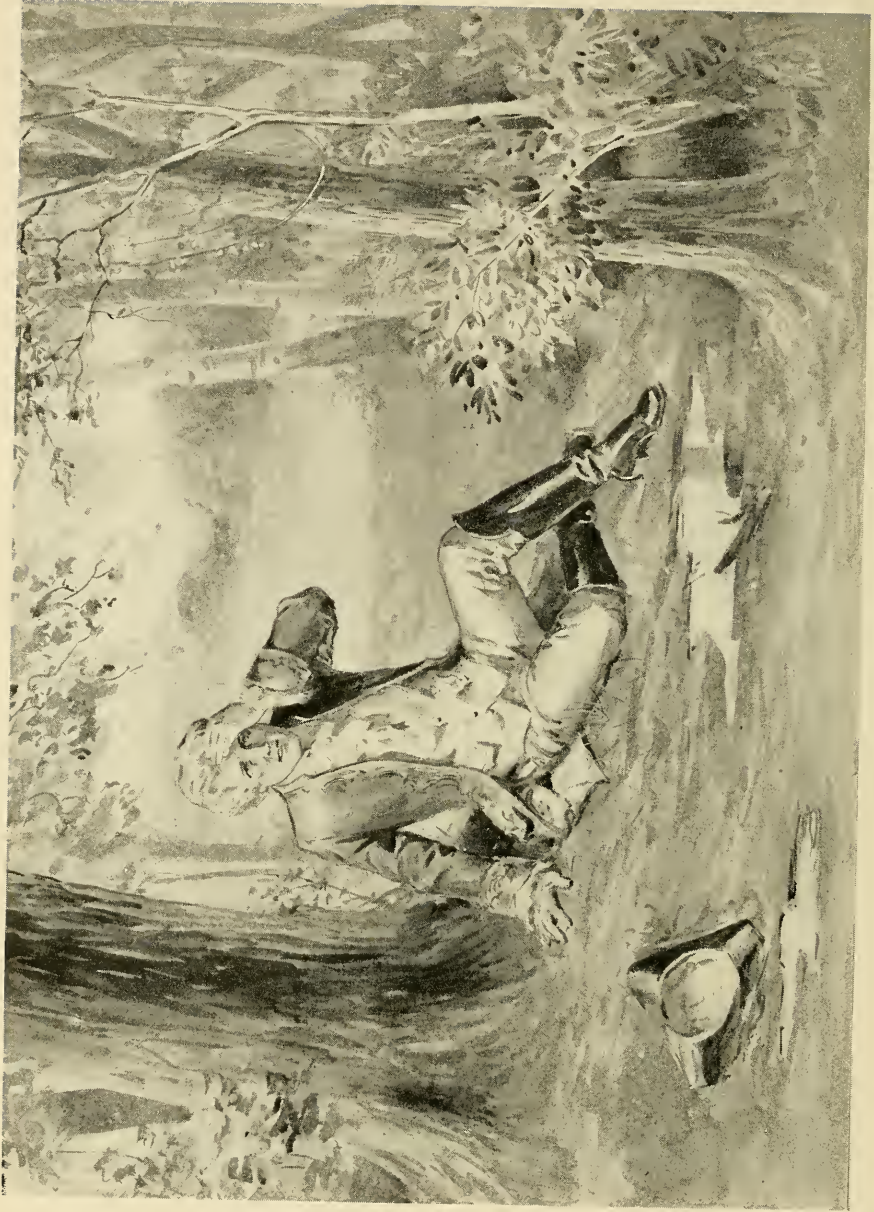
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IV

THE RESCUE

What means this perilous state of human emaciation?  
What means this broken chain at the shrine of Life from its fountain?  
Anon, through the mist of years Life has its sunshine and shadow,  
E'er through the breadth of space lies the gentle brooklet and valley,  
Then from the rugged ravine arises the lofty mountain,  
Ready in volcanic fury to burst into molten eruption;  
By a hand that works unseen, the flowerets are made to wither,  
Great irretrievable Time, the manipulator of all things;  
To the land of habitation is added the desolate ocean;  
After the beauty of Summer come chillings and blightings of Winter;  
The light and sunshine of Day are followed by blackness of Nighttime:  
E'en the beauteous rose is crossed by the thorn of interruption.  
So in the fleeting of time life is not sunshine entirely;  
Yea, the most radiant are clouded by one or more shadows.  
Stand up ye strong! O ye weak, in the might of your manhood  
forbear it!

It was the dawn of day, lying far out to the westward,  
Almost invisible, lay a bank of clouds like silver,  
With huge portensions far-reaching the crest of its summit level.  
Presently came a breeze and the atmosphere grew cooler;  
Then lightly out in the westward arose from their ominous station

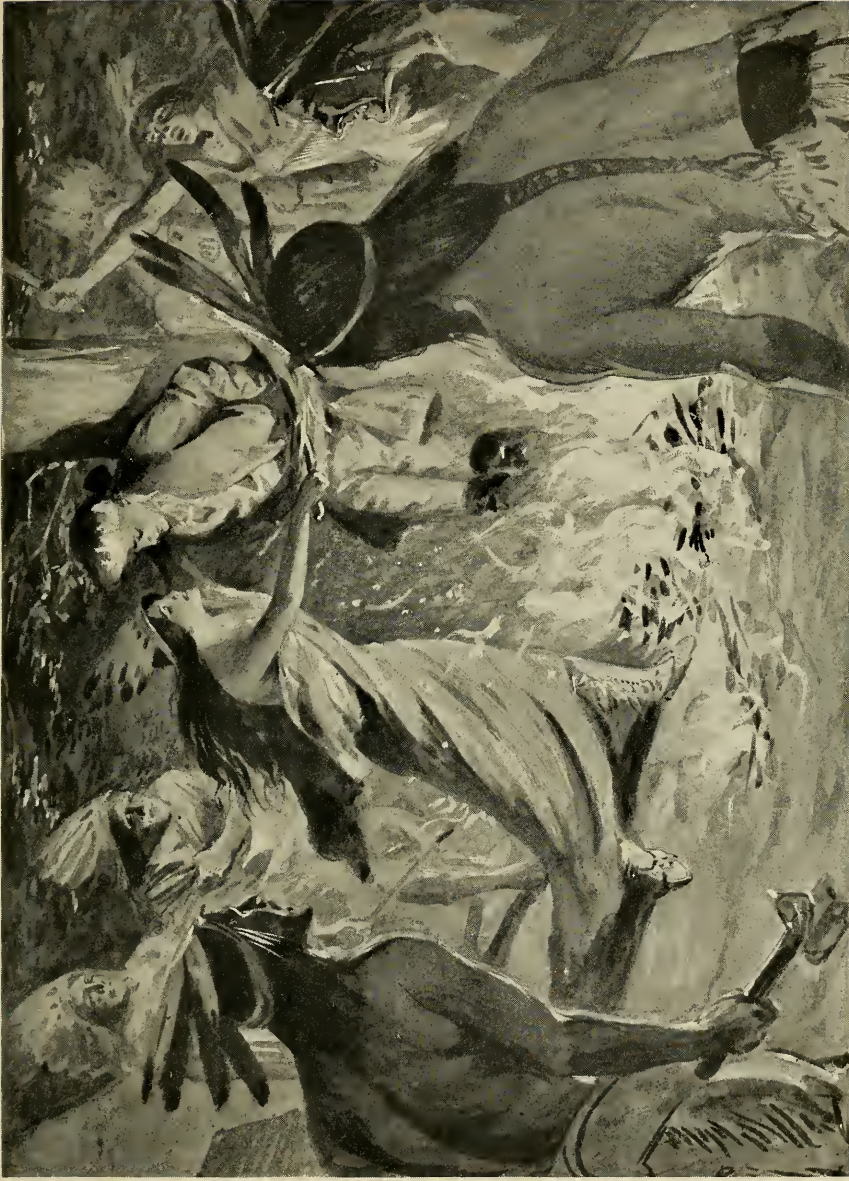


*Widely he opened his eyes and, of situation unmindful,  
Started up from his sleep . . . . .*

The banklike clouds and suddenly a darker vision o'ercame them,  
And assumed as higher arose the appearance more of a raincloud.  
Onward it sped in its course, till high in the dome of the heavens,  
Then a downpouring of rain drops, a shower in the Summer,  
Fell on the pallid face and aroused from deathlike slumber,  
The form of Marvin Rothwell from his sodden bed in the forest.  
Widely he opened his eyes and, of situation unmindful,  
Started up from his sleep; but with amazing wonder  
Sank back upon the ground in a desolate state of exhaustion.  
Wearily his mind began to solve the mysteries around him;  
Labor it seemed and more for memory had totally vanished;  
Was he a hermit alone in this forest of isolation?  
Was he a subject design cast afar into exile?  
Such was the line of thought of his feeble imagination.  
Visions of his former self now led in the right direction,  
Attempting once more to arise he came to a sitting posture,  
Exultant, almost, that his pondering had revealed self-identification,  
Murmured aloud to himself in his joy, "I am Marvin Rothwell."  
Over again iterated, "Surely I'm Marvin Rothwell;"  
Gazing languidly down he started in abrupt horror,  
"No 'tis not I," he exclaimed, "or what is this evil o'ercomes me?"  
Perplexed again with himself his feeble mind was bewildered.  
Why had the sinewy hands which were strong in muscle and fiber  
Become of a skeleton image, so thin and emaciated?  
The fingers so long and scrawny, the bones projecting and deathlike?  
Memories now arose of the morn of his solemn departure  
From his pleasant home in the village to his duties away to the  
southward;  
Friends were assembled there in a little crowd by the gateway,  
Granting their fond farewells with endearing words of affection;  
The helpful words of blessing as they fell from the lips of his father;  
The visit and unheeded warning of the old gypsy woman, Dorenes.  
All of these he remembered and felt now a true recognition.  
Puzzled again he wondered at his mysterious situation,  
Repeated to himself the words, the warning of old Dorenes:

## *Tulu Menika*

“Rash is the act you do for I am a prophet as Daniel,  
Four times have you gone and safely returned but for the fifth time  
Somber visions arise, and many forebodings of evil;  
Heed ye not my words and, as now I am the speaker,  
Ye will remember the warning of the old gypsy woman Dorenes.”  
Now he remembered all his mind seemed clear and perceptive;  
E’en to repeating verbatim the warning of old Dorenes:  
Swift on his snow-white steed over flowery meadows of verdure,  
All day long until nightfall when he lodged with Reuben the negro,  
Pleasantly the evening passed, in the morn his journey recommencing.  
Beautiful, sublime reflections of his morning ride came o’er him.  
Suddenly paused in the chain of his mental revivifications,  
He came to a point where his memory seemed to have ending,  
He could recall no more save his tragical home in the forest.  
Then with a cry of pain, he started in utter anguish,  
Lifting his hand aloft he felt a miserable gash in his forehead:  
The fever, which had been arrested and worn away by the sleeping,  
Was aroused by the irrepressible strain on the mind of the victim,  
A delirious tremor crept o’er him, his weary brain was exhausted.  
In the strength of the fever arose and wandered about through the forest,  
Forgetful now of all, his sickened mind was distracted.  
All day he wandered adrift in the solitude of the forest;  
And when the sun had set and the twilight darkened around him,  
He came in view of the wigwams of the Indian village of Waucha,  
Through the mist of the gloaming the evening firelight glimmered,  
Which around hung the venison for the morning meal preparing,  
Sweetly filling the air with the rich and delicious aroma,  
Inciting the being of him whom food seemed to long have deserted.  
With involuntary desire, an irresistible longing,  
Hungered and famished he was forced to the Indian village.  
Not by the sense of reason, but the instinct alone of his being.  
Straightway he drew near the wigwam of the direful chieftain  
Benokis,—Chief of the mighty tribe Wampanoags;  
With eyes fixed and vacant unconscious of daylight or darkness,  
Just as a pillar of stone immovable like he stood there,



*Scattering the flames before her rushed and seized and seized at the bindings,  
Cut with her blade of stone the relentless means of his torture,*

## *Tulu Menika*

Within his remonstrating form a struggle for life was pending.  
Up rose the stalwart Benokis and, without word or warning,  
Smote with revengeful hand the seeming unfortunate White Man;  
With a groan of anguish he started and then fell staggering backward.  
Strangely, the shock of the blow brought him again to his senses,  
Weak and exhausted he lay for well it must be remembered  
Food he had tasted not since his stay with Reuben the negro.  
Suddenly, as if forewarned by the fear of approaching danger,  
He turned his eyes on the scene, what a sense of horror came o'er him!  
Gathering the threads of strength that remained in his famished body,  
Attempted to arise and escape from the perilous situation,  
But was stricken down again by the tomahawk of the chieftain;  
Bound then hand and foot he was carried to seeming destruction,  
Tied to a sycamore tree and a fire was kindled around him.  
Just as the merciless flames began to lap at his garments  
A vision of Hope appeared where Hope in the embers were dying:  
Scattering the flames before her she rushed and seized at the bindings,  
Cut with her blade of stone the relentless means of his torture,  
Lifted in her slender arms with the seeming strength of a warrior  
The tortured and bleeding body and brought it from death unto safety.  
Aroused was the chieftain Benokis, the work of his hand was rejected,  
Only his gentle daughter could soften his heart in its action,  
And at the words of his bidding, accomplices, Indian hunters,  
Turned to their various wigwams, save the reviling Pajawa,  
Who lurked about in the darkness to witness the action that followed.

This was the feat of the heroine, the rescue of Marvin Rothwell,  
The love and affection of Waucha, Tulu Menika the beautiful:  
She had strolled alone through the woodland, on that glorious summer  
evening,  
To be with the birds and the brooklet, and gather the flowers in her  
footpath,  
The golden rays of the Sun alighting her raven tresses;  
Upon her late return beheld with eye undeceiving,  
An atrocious living picture of a merciless life devastation;  
Seizing the blade from her girdle, she rushed to the White Man's rescue.



V

AT THE VILLAGE OF WAUCHA

Brightly arose the Sun o'er the Indian village of Waucha,  
Brightly arose, next morn, in highest and holiest splendor,  
Reflecting his image of gold on the domes of the trees in the forest,  
Kissing the myriad flowers with resplendent beauty and fragrance,  
Turning his sunny face, his Majesty's beaming radiance,  
Toward the home of the maiden, the home of the Chieftain, Benokis,  
Beheld, 'twixt life and death, the withering form of the White Man,  
As he lay on his bed of rushes, near the door of the Indian wigwam,  
Where the touch of the sunlight, the veritable food of the heavens,  
Might lend a spark of life to his afflicted and famishing body.  
Planned and arranged by the maiden, the child of love and affection,  
Ready and eager she was to do whate'er came in her pathway,  
Not alone with her hands, but wise were her thoughts unto planning,  
And at model perfecting her hands were equally skillful.  
All night long she had watched and worked at the side of her patient,  
Moistening his parching lips with water fresh from the brooklet,  
Cooling his burning brow to allay the fever within him.  
By her gentle remonstrance the heart of the chieftain, Benokis,  
Turned from its direful vengeance and became for a time submissive,  
E'en to lending a hand for restoring to life the White Man.  
Day after day thus the maiden with patient toiling and nursing,  
Cared for the death-like slumber in the solitaire village of Waucha,  
Never seeming to tire, but ever faithful and watching.

At length, after days of suspense, the slumbering Marvin Rothwell  
Opened his eyes to behold a beautiful Indian maiden  
Bending tenderly o'er him, bathing his wounded forehead.  
Strange did all things seem, but so thrilled with admiration  
Of the gentle and lovely maiden, his heart beat in gratitude faster,  
A life light came to his eyes and he closed them in satisfaction.



*All night long she had worked and watched at the side of her patient,*



*And as he lay on his bed of rushes he taught the Indian maiden  
Time after time, from his language lessons and words and phrases,*

## *Tulu Menika*

Conscious was Tulu Menika that in vain her labors had been not,  
All through those disconsolate hours of patient watching and hoping  
No visible hope appeared to illumine the silent body;  
Thus joy came into her heart that in vain had not been her trusting.  
Opened he again his eyes, with a look of imploring wonder,  
Met the gentle gaze of the maiden as she watched beside him.  
Consolingly spoke she to him, in words, or partly, of English;  
For these she had learned of the "Wise Man," interpreter, Kanjinawoos,  
"Welcome White Man," she said, and he faintly smiled as she said it.  
"Indian kill White Man, but Tulu Menika save him."  
Feebly he smiled again, with a look of gratitude answered,  
Too weak to utter a sound, too weak e'en his lips for the saying,  
Thankful he was in his heart, but could only make answer by smiling.

Day after day the maiden continued her faithful nursing,  
Bathing the ragged wound that still remained on his forehead,  
Applying herbs from the woodlands which were both soothing and  
healing,  
Administering nourishing foods the best that her hands were at making.  
Following day after day slowly the strength came upon him,  
And as he lay on his bed of rushes he taught the Indian maiden  
Time after time, from his language lessons and words and phrases,  
Till she had learned to speak, we might say, full well in English.  
And as they were brought together by daily association,  
There constantly, one for the other, grew the strongest of friendship;  
Out of friendship grew love, love of the fondest affection.  
Carefully did Tulu Menika, fairest of Indian maidens,  
Watch through the course of time lest some revenging Indian hunter  
Might again with treacherous hand attempt the life of the White Man.  
Well did she know the heart of the jealous, reviling Pajawa  
Who oft had sought her in marriage but always had been rejected.  
Once when darkness had settled and the gentle Indian maiden  
Had turned to the door of the wigwam securing it safe for the night-  
time,  
And on his pallet of rushes, asleep, lay the chieftain Benokis,

He silently entered the back way, the vafrous, reviling Pajawa,  
Lifted his hand aloft and smote at the heart of the White Man,  
But she flung her form o'er his body resisting the bladestone.  
Thus day by day did the beautiful maiden continue her watching.

One pleasant evening she sat, as the gray shrouding twilight descended  
Close by the bed of rushes where the soft and variant breezes  
Caught up her raven tresses and twirled them about o'er her shoulders.  
High o'er the trees of the forest rose the lurid moon and its beamings  
Fell through the leaves and the branches and flooded the doorway with  
silver.

Told she the story of how from the torturing flames she had saved him;  
How through those long, tedious hours 'twixt life and death he had  
struggled.

Then arose in his heart a feeling, a bursting emotion,  
And he sobbed aloud in his joy, "My darling, my beautiful angel!  
How can I ever repay you for this love and manifold kindness?"  
Fervently lightened her eyes, then spoke she and smiling made answer,  
"A little love in return is all I would ask and desire it."  
"Surely, you have that already; but is there naught else that you wish  
for?"

Should I return again to this solitaire village of Waucha,  
Plead you the cause of my heart, my love for you, would you answer;  
Follow me on my journey to the distant home of the White Man?"  
Joy then illumined her face and softly again she made answer  
In sweetest and simplest accent, "I would be glad to follow;  
But never again return to this faraway village of Waucha,  
I would meet you alone in some chosen spot in the forest,  
Should the envious Pajawa see you again he would kill you,  
Beware of his stealthy hand and be not again in his presence.  
So I would not have you return, indeed you must not, you cannot."

Meanwhile a goodly number of the Indian hunters of Waucha  
Had gone on an expedition of hunting, fishing and trapping,  
Returned with their various spoils of deer, of pheasant and heron,



*Fondled lovingly o'er him with kindest and strongest affection.*

## *Tulu Menika*

Said that a cloud had burst and a throng of White Men descended;  
All the outskirts of the forest were full of wandering White Men;  
Close they must stay to their wigwams and not venture far in the  
woodlands.

One early morn Marvin Rothwell, when the fragrant dewdrops from  
heaven

Still held imploring sway to leaflets and grass and flowers;  
And a crimson and glorious glow alighted the sky in the eastward,  
And the gentle Indian maiden the morning meal was preparing,  
As he lay on his bed of rushes and mused to himself in silence,  
Heard in the nearby distance a restless pawing and stamping;  
Then a soft imploring whinny he listened again more closely,  
Was it but idle fancy? Nay, 'twas the voice of his favorite.  
He arose, for now in the meantime sufficient strength had recovered,  
Stepped into the open air and beheld his beautiful palfry  
Tangled and caught in the branches calling intently to him.  
Spoke and with one vital effort the steed freed himself from the grapple,  
Bounded eagerly forward to his lost and deserted master,  
Fondled lovingly o'er him with kindest and strongest affection.  
Fondly too in return did the master stroke and caress him.  
Lightly out of the wigwam with radiant loveliness glowing,  
Came the gentle maiden and silently stood beside him;  
Softly touching his arm she spoke in accents chiding;  
Facing suddenly 'round interrupting her as she spoke thus,  
He began in half-prating way emphasizing the joy which o'erflowed him;  
"Allow me to introduce my own, my beautiful Madra."  
Wonderingly she stood there, her words had remained unnoticed;  
Why for this new creature did he cherish so fond an affection?  
For 'twas the self-same steed the Indian hunter Lajota  
Returning from a lonely hunt had brought to the village of Waucha,  
Said, in his native tongue, "It was grazing alone in the forest;"  
But when he wakened next morn had broken and fled from the village.  
Suddenly the cause she was mindful of his seeming curious action—  
For he had told her all, from the very beginning had told her—

## *Tulu Menika*

This was the snow-white steed he rode from the village of Bradford.  
Very clearly it came now into her understanding.  
So she told him the fact of how his snow-white Madra  
Had been brought to the village by the Indian hunter, Lajota,  
And had broken loose in the night and fled again into the woodlands.

From this we might fancy the course of the noble and beautiful creature :  
Journeying alone near the outskirts of the vast and tenebrous forest,  
Suddenly out of the gloom came the means of the sad disaster ;  
The faithful and kindly animal was led to the Indian village,  
Only to return again to search his deserted master ;  
Finding the latter not, he wandered about through the woodland  
Day after day in search, till at length on that joyous morning  
In the wigwam of the chieftain Benokis, his master's presence detected.

Time then came to depart and they donned their steeds before daybreak.  
Black was the somber forest, but well did the Indian maiden  
Know every crook and turn that led about through the woodland.  
Heading her palfry northward toward the English village of Bradford,  
Led she on and on through the solitude of the forest.  
High rose the artist of light, the ruler of daytime and darkness,  
Painting the vaulted skies with the touch of his golden fingers.  
On and on they went through alternate sunshine and shadow  
Tipping the radiant flowers where they leaned o'er the edge of the  
pathway,  
Startling the crystal waters where they crossed o'er the eddying brooklet.  
After many hours through the vast, umbrageous forest,  
They came to a point in their journey in view of its termination,  
Halted their fleet-foot steeds.—Filled with irrepressible sadness  
Their hearts as nearer and nearer they drew to the moment of parting.  
Alighted thereat in silence and leaving their palfreys grazing,  
With mutual thoughts of love lingered awhile in the woodland,  
Seeking a suitable spot where should be their meeting afar off.  
For in their words of love, which glowed with the warmth of their ardor,  
Agreed; when the Spring should come again and the flowers were  
blooming





*Out in an open space where the flowers bloomed in abundance,*

## *Tulu Menika*

To meet on some tranquil eve in the chosen spot in the forest.  
Out in an open space where the flowers bloomed in abundance,  
Where the golden light from heavens lent them beauty and fragrance,  
And the tender blades of grass were allowed their utmost freedom,  
Much in solitude there, quite apart from the pathway;  
This was the chosen plot, the symbol of hearts that had found it.  
“But,” spoke the beautiful maiden, “how will I know when you come  
here?”

This was a point in view they had entirely forgotten;  
But the thoughtful Marvin Rothwell pausing then for a moment  
In decided meditation spoke and this way made answer:  
“A bugle horn will I bring to summon my Guardian Angel,  
One long shrill blast will I sound and then when the echo’s rebounded  
Two more will I sound in succession and anxiously wait for her coming.”  
Then they retreated their steps from whence they had wandered thither  
Mounted their fleet-footed steeds and sped away one from the other.

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## VI

### THE RETURN

Days succeeded each other in the English village of Bradford,  
Following the departure of the valiant youth of the village;  
The flowers bloomed on the same with radiant loveliness glowing,  
The birds still poured forth their gladness in musical notes to the  
Highest,  
The honey-bee hummed his praises as he drank of sweets of Ambrosia.  
Each morn, fulfilling his mission, arose the great Sun resplendent,  
Alighting the vestures of earth with his luminous crown of golden.  
Busy the village people, in their various ways and at labors.  
Days thus came in succession and in the home of the Rothwells  
Friends were assembled again to partake of the feast of returning.

Eagerly watching and waiting; but the day passed away and he came not.

Darkness prevailed, came the morning; but passed again and he came not. Day after day in suspense they continued watching and waiting, Ever hopeful and trusting, but they waited in vain, for he came not.

At length on one tranquil morn out of the village of Bradford  
Four equestrians rode, led by the goodly Vicar.  
Onward they journeyed thither carefully, watching the wayside;  
On and on they went till at the home of Reuben, the negro;  
Staid, they, too, at that selfsame place and were welcome,  
Learned that for whom they searched therewith had taken refuge,  
And in the morn had arisen and continued his journey Southward.  
Still onward then they journeyed, apast the gloom of the forest,  
On, o'er the unmarked trail where the flowers bloomed in the byways,  
Till at the fruitful lands of the goodly Benjamin Rothwell;  
Learned that for whom they searched at his destination arrived not;  
Solemnly retreated their steps and plunged into definite searching.  
No visible signs could they find to lead them on to the right way;  
Homeward returned in despair for all their searching availed not.

Meanwhile anxiety reigned in the home of the Vicar of Bradford;  
Early awoke one morn and rose from her night-time slumber  
The linnet and fawn-like Teresa, the child delight of the household,  
Moved down the broad-cased stair, stood, in part, unarrayed at the  
bottom.

Told she in solemn tones, her vision, a night apparition;  
Saw she her dutiful brother and faithful snow-white Madra  
Journeying lonely along intervening woodland and meadow;  
Silently arose from behind a stealthy, nefarious Indian,  
Laid on the tender forehead a powerful blow of his bladestone;  
Rendered at once unconscious, he fell from the back of his palfrey.  
"Oh, my poor, poor brother!" sobbed she, "see him where he has fallen!"  
"Oh, no, my child," spoke the mother, "'tis only been in your dreaming."  
"But see him now as he lies under the tall tree standing."  
Yet would the mother see 'twas only an apparition.



—In all his regaining vigor, the motionless form of a young man,

## *Tulu Menika*

So they returned from their search, for e'er had their searching availed  
not.

Filled was the Rothwell home with incomparable sadness;  
The golden rays of the Sun fell, but failed to brighten.  
The murmuring winds from the southward breathed, but failed to  
freshen,  
The beautiful flowers of the garden bloomed, but their beauty instilled  
not;

All was wrapped in the mist of inconsolable sorrow.  
Over the village people an unfeigned gloaming settled,  
For from his early childhood had the son of the village Vicar  
Held a place in their hearts as a youth unto which to be likened.  
Led by the vision impictured on the mind of the child-like Teresa,  
Urged by the love of heart that regards especial duty,  
They set about from their labors to seek out the cause of his absence.  
All of the men of the village and attending neighboring farmers  
Joined in the widening search extending from near into farways;  
Yet backward they turned to their homes, for again did searching avail  
not.

One evening early they sat as the great, round Sun in the westward  
Loomed like a ball of fire and the haze uprose from the meadows,  
Where the moist breezes of evening soothingly fell to caress them,  
And cool the remorseful brows, for alas! how mournful their hearts  
were,

The sorrowful Vicar of Bradford, immediate friends and the family.  
Thus as they sat on this Summer eve there suddenly stood there,  
Restrainedly calm and silent directly before them,  
In all his regaining vigor, the motionless form of a young man.  
Not long did he standing remain silent, motionless, speechless,  
Oh, joy to their hearts at the meeting! Oh, happy and wild exultation!  
The startled mother arose and clasped her boy to her bosom,  
Excitement and tumult prevailed, for with joy their hearts overflowed  
them.

So he told them the story of his misadventurous journey;  
Told of his pleasant stay at the home of Reuben, the negro;

## *Tulu Menika*

And of his morning ride, but remember more he could not  
Save the vague reminiscence of his day-dreams far in the woodlands,  
Till he opened his eyes in the wigwam of the reigning Chieftain Benokis;  
Told he his tale of love, of the beautiful Indian maiden,  
How from torturing death through the ravenous flames she had borne  
him;  
How through those wearisome hours 'twixt life and death he had strug-  
gled;  
How she had watched and nursed him in the wilderness dark and irk-  
some;  
And when he came to depart, had led him out through the forest.  
So from his duties returned to his gladsome home in the northward,  
Marvin Rothwell, the valiant youth of the village.

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## VII

### DEATH OF BENOKIS

Back again through the woodlands the beautiful maiden journeyed,  
Over luxuriant blossoms that brightly shown in her pathway,  
Adorning the hillside and valley with their gracious beauty effluent.  
Soft on the silvery air fell the musical notes of the warblings.  
The radiant face of Nature aglow with the rose tint of Summer,  
Fresh and fair from the dawning with her sunlit tresses of golden  
O'er the shoulders of Mother Earth falling in splendrous refulgence,  
Serenely smiled from her bosom as the gentle Indian maiden  
Passed through the tranquil woods in solemn footsteps retreating;  
And lo! as she passed the beauty of the noontide woodlands were tar-  
nished.

Though beauty and sunshine abundant illumined the wealth of her being,  
Strangely filled was her heart with inexplicable longings,  
Ever of him whom she cherished and hoped for her thoughts were.  
Out of his presence was gloom, in it were gladness and sunshine;  
And the chilling days of the Winter must again pass away ere long



*Could be seen the gentle maiden with the hand of tender compassion*

## *Tulu Menika*

He would return to the forest to bear her away to his kinsmen.  
Fearful she was, lest lurking evil again befall him;  
So anxiety reigned in her heart, this irresistible longing.  
Backward still through the forest the Indian maiden journeyed,  
This child of Love and Hope where Hope seemed to be despairing;  
Unlike she was to her brethren in the solitaire village of Waucha.  
They were of Wrath and Contempt, she was of Mercy and Justice;  
They were of Hate and Revenge, she was of Love and Affection;  
Naught did they know of a pathway to lead them outward or upward,  
Sought only their limited fields of hunting, fishing and trapping,  
As wont to do were they of the various Indian Nations.  
Entreated she, but in vain, follow they would not her footsteps.

So she returned to the village from her errand out through the wood-lands.

As the eventide bearer of crimson faintly smiled in the westward  
Casting his farewell gleams of golden light for the night time.  
Weary and worn from her journey, lay down on her bed of rushes,  
Sweetly followed the dreamer to his mansion of peace and of stillness.

The subsequent days of the Summer slowly succeeded each other,  
Beautiful sunlit days of perfect calm and sereneness,  
And in the village of Waucha among the various wigwams  
Could be seen the gentle maiden with the hand of tender compassion  
Laid on the suffering brow or plied to relieve the afflicted.  
The delightful days of September, the fairest month of the Autumn,  
Closely followed the Summer in her waning mantle of beauty;  
Still could be seen the maiden in her path of Love and of Mercy.  
Then came, with the flow of time, the cooler days of Autumn.  
Falling, falling, falling everywhere through the woodlands,  
Gently, gently, gently fluttering down to their lodgment,  
In variegated beauty of golden, yellow and scarlet,  
The numberless, death-calling leaflets for eternal sleep in the forest.  
Then the mighty voice of the Winter sounded drear o'er the landscape,  
And with his grizzly breath he issued of disconsolation,



## *Tulu Menika*

A dismal sigh of despair o'er the earth and her manifestations  
Of life and beauty and love, for the human theme adoration,  
Till she wept from his harsh entreat and her verdurous face turned  
    downward,  
And her golden tresses of Springtime turned to snowlocks forever.

'Twas a cruel and merciless fever that seized, in the dead of the winter  
The mighty chieftain Benokis and hurled him down in his clutches,  
Till he lay subdued and derided by his conqueror, Apanoman,  
On his bed of rushes where the deadly fangs of the monster bound him.  
Cold was the night and wildly the petrescent winds from the northward  
Caught up the glistening snows and hurled them afar o'er the landscape.  
Or in his maddened frenzy seizing and tearing asunder  
The snow-white garments of Winter and cast them adrift through the  
    forest.

And with his torrent of strength he wrenched at the Indian wigwam  
Wherein lay in subjugation and anguish the chieftain Benokis;  
Wherein his beautiful daughter mournfully watched at his bedside.  
For more than a fortnight he lay submerged in the depths of the ravage;  
For more than a fortnight the maiden, the meritable nurse of the village  
Anxiously cared for the Chieftain with prudence and tender devotion,  
Always hopeful, and trusting a change would be soon for the better.  
Stronger still came the wind on his journey away o'er the moorland;  
Stronger still came forth bursting aloud through the forest;  
Deeper and deeper the chieftain sank in the depths of the ravage;  
Mightier, mightier, mightier, the fangs of the monster bound him.  
Soon did the maiden discern a change had come not for the better,  
Sadly filled was her heart with inexpressible sorrow,  
And in her innermost soul a yearning, an urgent remonstrance,  
Seemed to be calling aloud to speak the words she had longed to.  
Oft had she yearned to disclose the truth alone to her father,  
But fearful she was lest injustice might kindle the flame of his anger;  
So she had guarded the secret, the treasure alone of her heart theme.  
Closer she drew to the bedside of the dying chieftain Benokis.  
Unknowing she was that the daybreak of another life was approaching.



*Wherein lay in subjugation and anguish the chieftain Benokis,*



*Stronger still came the wind on his journey away o'er the moorland,*

## *Tulu Menìka*

There through sobs unsurpressible the long hidden treasure revealed she;  
And in plain contradiction of what would a seeming conjecture,  
A new light came to his eyes and he started up from his swooning,  
And the beautiful Indian maiden beheld on the face of her father  
A radiant smile of contentment that never before had she witnessed;  
Outward he extended his arms and eagerly clasped to his bosom  
His comforting daughter of mercy. At last, overpowered by the  
monster,  
Sank on his deathbed of rushes, where silence prevaileth eternal;  
Then, his eyes fixed and sightless, a veil of mist overshadowed.  
Stronger and stronger blew the wind from out of the cavern of darkness;  
Louder and louder resounded the moaning pines of the forest;  
But the spirit of the mighty Benokis passed to Ponemah forever.

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### VIII

#### FLIGHT OF TULU MENÌKA

Then they buried the chieftain, the great Imperial Chieftain,  
Out in the desolate forest under the snows and the hemlocks,  
Covered his grave with the virginal snow-white garments of Winter,  
And the funeral pines of the forest sang the dirge to his sleeping.  
Heavily burdened the heart of the beautiful Indian maiden,  
Mournful and weary and comforted not by the hopes of the future,  
Bitterly wept through the silent and shadowy hours of her anguish.  
To and fro to the grave of the chieftain great and departed  
Nightly she journeyed alone in the gloomy and desolate forest  
Knelt in the cold, cold snow and lifted her voice to the heavens.  
Onward the marching of time, the succeeding days of the winter.  
Ever the gentle maiden, though sad, yet recovered in spirit,  
Dwelt in her pathway of mercy, among her various people.

One starry even' she wandered as the chill, white moon in the westward  
Lifted her face to behold the hoary locks of the Winter

## *Tulu Menika*

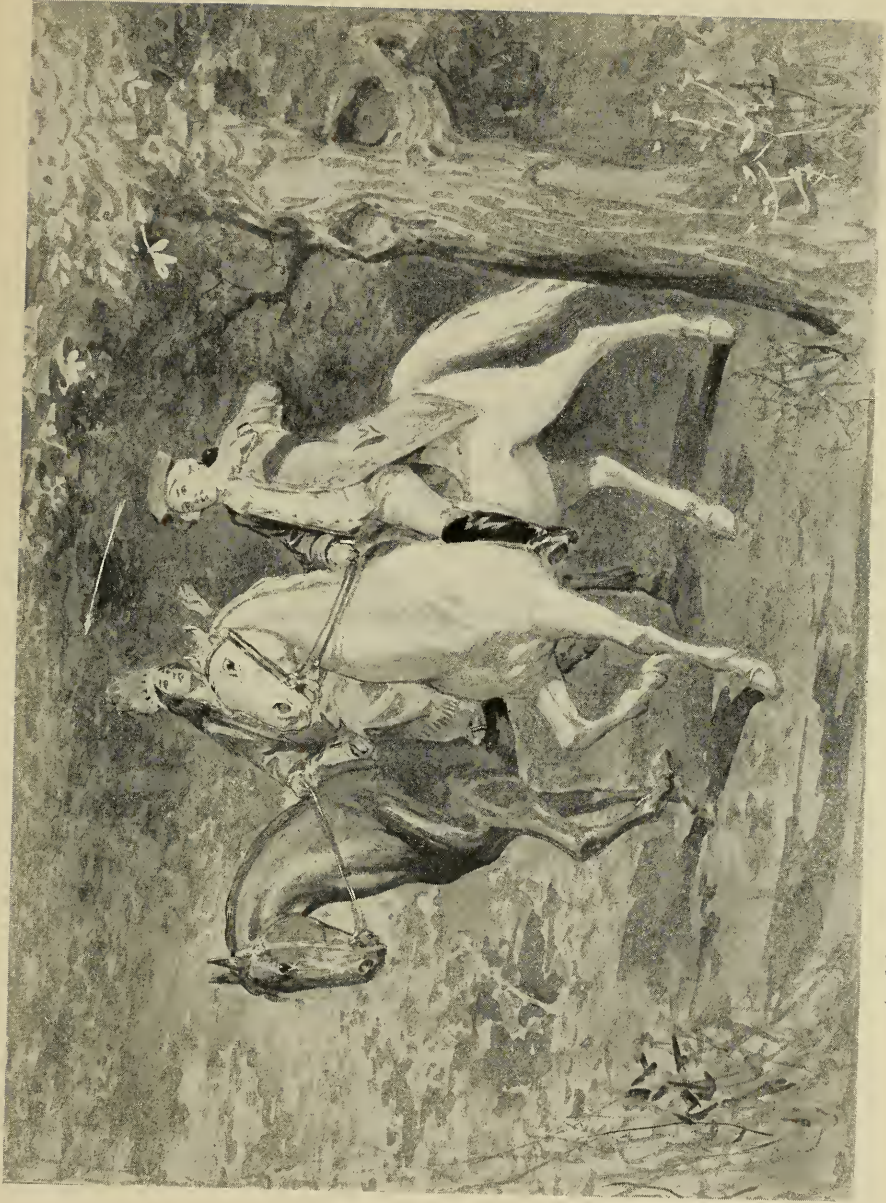
Gradually wasting away for the forthcoming treasures of springtime,  
Out in the forest, bereft of the glorious mantle of verdure,  
But soon to betake on its bosom the artful rendition of beauty ;  
Silently treading along, with unmistakable footstep,  
Nearer the grave of the dead, the grave of the Chieftain Benokis,  
Her thoughts were much of the past and pointing still out to the future :  
How in her heart was engendered love and hopes for her people ;  
How she had lived among them in the spirit of right, as she deemed it ;  
E'en in her plans for the future she had not thought to desert them  
And leave them alone in the darksome depths of their illiteration ;  
When she should journey afar to the distant land of the White Men,  
Learn there their many gains, their traits and their further advancements ;  
Learn of the blessed story her beloved the White Man had told her ;  
Of a tender and beautiful Savior, Jesus the Christ, he had called him,  
Who suffered and died that the World might be saved from its sinning ;  
Then she should once return and proclaim it to all of her people.  
Suddenly then in her ears, disturbing her hope's cogitation,  
Strangely and piercing there sounded a cry of the most bitter anguish,  
That moved her thought to terror and quickened her heartbeat.  
Fearless, she rushed to the spot from whence came the wail through the  
forest,

Found there the stalwart Pajawa wounded and bleeding and helpless,  
Lying alone in the snow the life-blood fast wasting his body.  
Pausing not e'en for a moment, the maiden e'er kind and thoughtful,  
Tore from her garments the needs for the check of the blood freely  
flowing,  
Bound up the treacherous wounds which threatened his life with their  
vengeance.  
Then little by little she bore him back to his home in the village,  
This monster of mighty stature, and fell at the doorway exhausted.

In due time the musical notes of the Spring fell in sweet contributions,  
Fell on the forest and moorland and over, yea, all of the landscape,  
Giving the birds of the woodlands their accent of infinite sweetness,  
Showering the lark of the meadow with rich, unsurpassable utterance.



*Nightly she journeyed alone in the gloomy and desolate forest,  
Knelt in the cold, cold snow . . . . .*



And lo! ere they reached the border swiftly there came from behind them  
A deadly poisonous missile . . . . .

## *Tulu Menika*

Glorious virent habiliments covered the gray of the Winter,  
Emanate blossoms of purity, purpose and sweet instillation,  
Bedighting these garments of verdure, the handicraft of the Springtime.  
Over them all the great monarch, the ideal light transcendental,  
Sent forth his beams everlastingly in apodictical splendor,  
Lending a ray to the brooklet, it sparkled and glanced retribution,  
Kissing the myriad flowers they breathed forth exuberant fragrance,  
Smiling on various aspects he gilded them o'er with his brightness.  
And now this the season had come which the bonds of Love and  
Affection

Had chosen to deliver the one to the other in tender connection,  
The gentle Indian maiden, the pride of the village of Waucha  
The son of the Vicar of Bradford, the valiant youth of the village.  
Many a mile did the maiden stroll from the cluster of wigwams  
Clandestinely out in the odorous woodlands away to the northward,  
Time after time in the beauteous light of the afternoon's glowing,  
Anxiously waiting the signal which had so beset her heart yearning.  
And lastly, O triumph! There sounded, faint in her ear yet distinctly,  
One calling blast of the trumpet and then two in quickened succession.  
(This was a wise speculation, for should the ear of a hunter  
Catch up the sound of the trumpet would think 'twas the note of another,  
Not comprehending the meaning as would the expectant maiden.)  
Joyous and bursting aloud her heart beat in wild exultation,  
Cautiously heading her beautiful, fleet-footed steed to the northward,  
He carried her nimbly away o'er the flowers and herbs of the woodlands,  
Nearer and nearer her cherished espouser as there in the outskirts  
Of the dense and far-reaching forest he anxiously waited her coming.  
All of the hours since the golden-white noon she had listfully further  
And prudently drew from the village of Waucha,—her afternoon's  
strolling;—

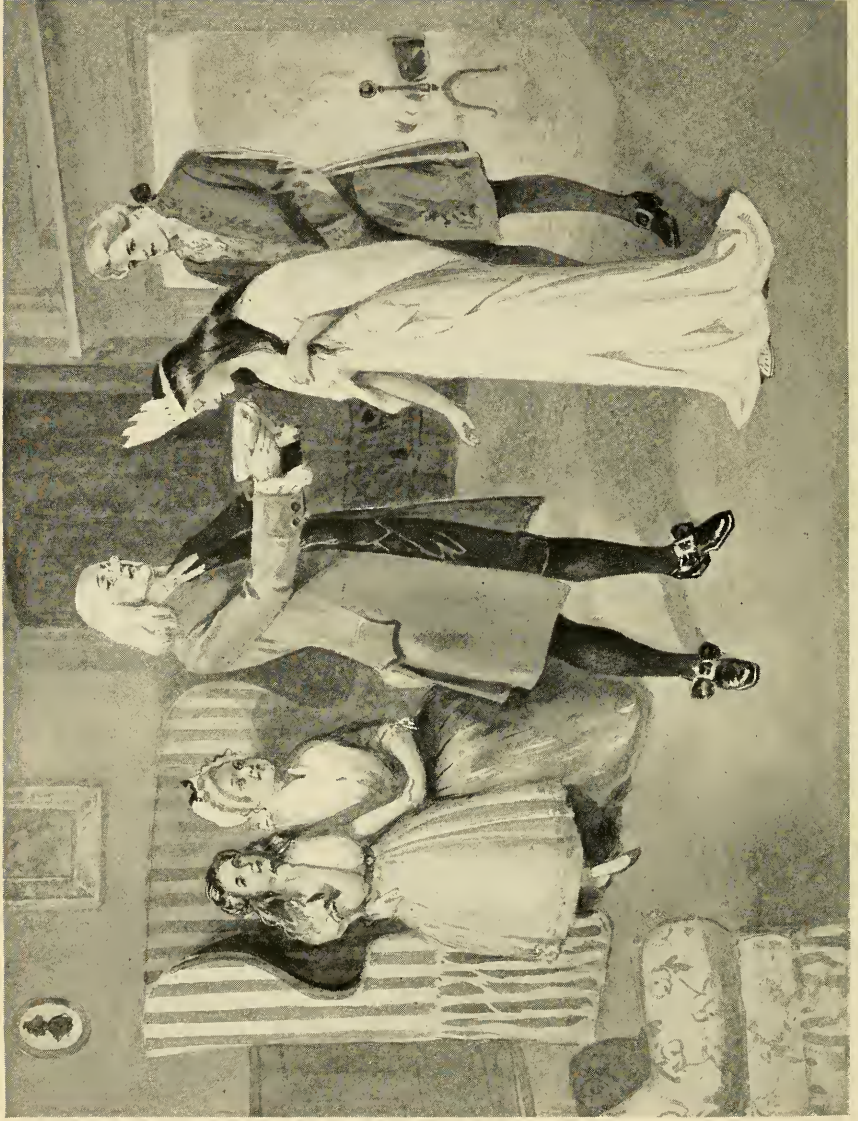
And as the Sun inservient looked much aslant o'er the landscape  
The notes of the love signal sounded greeting her ear apprehensive,  
And she had hastened still onward to triumphant love unrestricted.  
Thus as they met, to the maiden, this was sufficient enactment  
To give them one to the other, but ordinance not of the White Men;



A more binding measure prevailed, righteousness unto their people.  
There in the verdurous plot which was named for the meeting of lovers;  
Secluded and silent and fair and speaking out love in its diction  
They met in the golden, embellishing light of the Sun's face.  
Wisely they stopped not to linger long in this perilous station,  
But turning as if urged on they mounted their steeds and lightly  
Galloped away, picking their onward course through the woodlands.  
And lo! ere they reached the border, swiftly there came from behind them  
A deadly, poisonous missile; but passed by and proved to be harmless.  
Faster and faster then urging their prancings away o'er the meadow,  
Swiftly bounding along as the Sun sank low and departed,  
Till miles o'er the flowery way unmarked by the tread of a footstep,  
They slackened their speed and moved steadily on as the silent  
Twilight prevailed. Then the myriad, sentinel blossoms of Heaven  
Appeared and guided the lovers as they journeyed on through the night  
time.

IX  
DEATH OF TULU MENIKA

The roses were out in full bloom. On that beautiful Summer morning  
Merrily the birds sang and blithely mingled their voices  
With the fairest voices of nature o'erflowing with exquisite sweetness.  
Gently the susurring breezes refreshing and sweet from the Southward,  
Dallying with gifts of love that shone in the odorous gardens  
Kissed with fragrance rare and touched by the beauty of Nature,  
Fell as soft as the rustling wings of an angel,  
Softly, the zephyr that wafts the down from the thistle.  
There in the midst of the mainland of the fair ambrosial meadows  
Lay the happy village of Bradford and beheld the luminous sunrise  
Drinking the sweet morning freshness that rose from the dewdrops of  
Heaven.  
But naught could the glow of the morning compare in its beauty and  
freshness  
With the gentle Indian maiden as she rode down the streets of the  
village  
Graceful, romantic and queenly and close by the side of her lover,



*Forth from the hand of the vicar came the Golden Borel of Approval,*

*Tulu Menika*

Her long bright tresses of raven, mutably kissed by the breezes,  
Thrown gently backward as lightly they galloped along through the  
    alternatè

Sunshine and shadow that ever commanded the main village highway;  
And, as she passed through the village on this bright June morning of  
    Summer,

Forth from the lips of the people came exclamations of rapture  
And praise for the lovely maiden as she glowed in the warmth of her  
    beauty.

There too, in the home of the Rothwells the Morn lay out in her  
    splendor,

And with her sickle of gold had mown the path for her Sunshine,  
Casting the robes of the night aside for her glittering raiments  
To clothe in adorable brightness the visitant beauties of Summer.  
And there in exuberant freshness fell she her sheen most refulgent,  
Lightly uprose the breezes and gently spoke in the treetops;  
Lifting the triumphant odor of flowers and the music of songsters  
In his infallible compass he bore them away on his bosom.

Sweet and glad in the distance the note of the oriole sounded;

Then in the nearby stables the softly cooing of pigeons;

Out of the meadows occasional the lazy-like call of a grazling.

These were the relevant products of morn in the home of the Rothwells  
Engendered; alighting the household with cheer assuredly perfect:

For in the heart of the homelife a bright ray of sunshine had entered;

The beautiful Tulu Menika returned with the youth of the village;

Reigned, by her gentle grace, on the altar of Hope and Affection;

Forth from the hand of the Vicar came the Golden Bowl of Approval,

He lifted it high to her lips and freely she drank of its blessings.

Indeed, when the son of the Vicar had wished to return to the forest,

Objections arose from his kinsmen,—not to the Indian maiden,

For did they cherish her, namely, and eagerly long for her coming;

But fearful they were lest evil or danger still lurk in his pathway.

Naught did the father protest, still in his heart he was troubled.

“Do as you like, my son,” were always the words he had offered,

“She who has saved you the first time can even more do so the second.

## *Tulu Menika*

“Go then,” he spoke in these words, “and safely return with your treasure.”

Brightly the days crept onward and mused o’er the village of Bradford,  
Halcyonian days of azure skies and of crimson  
Dawning and silvery noontide and vespertime golden.  
And in the various phases of brightness bedecking their visage,  
Beheld in the meantime the reigning of romance, of peace and of gladness.

Onward, still onward they crept, the glowing days of the Summer,  
Nearer the golden month when the son of the village Vicar  
And the gentle Indian maiden should, by the bonds of wedlock,  
The ordinance of their people, united be One, forever.

“Wait,” she had said on returning, “wait till I learn from your people,  
Learn of their many gains, their traits and their further advancements,  
That I may not cast upon you a shadow, a darkness of spirit.”  
So she had chosen the fairest, the golden month of September.

Ever her mission continued she unto the needs of the White Men,  
Shedding the light of her gentleness into the hearts of their people,  
And ere the days went by, soon did they love and adore her.  
Abandoned she not in the meantime her cherished vernacular garments,  
But at the kindly suggestions from anxious hearts of the people,  
Laid she aside her scarlet gown and her dark eagle feathers.  
Then they robed her in virginal garments like beautiful Hebe,  
Garments the purest of white alike the snow-flakes of Winter.

Gently the chanting hours of the golden month of September  
Budded and burst into reticent days of wonderful beauty.  
Vesper-light fell with marvelous touch ere the day sweet and tranquil  
Should in the cradle of night be lulled to sleep on his bosom.  
Soft the indelible glow of the Sun majestic and stately  
Enraptured the earth and the sky with the musical calm of his brightness.  
Out in a small stretch of woodlands that loomed by the odorous gardens,  
Where e’en arose from the earthsward towering kings like the forest,  
The indeciduous branches of the heavenward pine and the hemlock,



*Peaceful, simple, serene they stood as the records of the Vicar  
Fell holy and righteous . . . . .*



*Deep it sank in her heart . . . . .*

*Tulu Menika*

There in the falling shadows, under the blue, blue heavens.—  
Sweet was the glow to her heart, the native home of the maiden.—  
Peaceful, simple, serene they stood as the words of the Vicar  
Fell holy and righteous pronouncing the vestal law of the Father :  
Suddenly came from the maiden, as her eye of keenest discernment  
Sighted a glistening arrow darting from out of the woodlands,  
A cry, an instant of terror, a glide ere the arrow had landed :  
Deep it sank in her heart and she fell at the feet of her lover.  
She who had saved him the first time had even more done so the second ;  
Her beautiful spirit ascended to the kingdom Ponemah forever ;  
And there she reigned o'er the virgins of Love who had gone on before  
her ;

Robed in her garments and feathers of purest ethereal whiteness,  
Thus dwells she among them, this queen of the ancient forest,  
Sweet Tulu Menika, the fairest of Indian Maidens.  
Thou, bright angel of Love! most beautiful maiden of Sunshine!  
How oft in the hours of distress hast thou with thy feet bruised and  
bleeding  
Trodden o'er thorns in the pathway which led to thy deeds of compassion!  
Though thou hast passed from the Earthly to the land of the Great Wide  
Hereafter  
To have known you is not to forget, to have loved you once is forever.



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