



SAVAGE MAGNANIMITY.

The following lines are composed by Miss Elizabeth Henning
 of Richmond, on the subject of the Indian Prince Pocahontas
 going by night to warn Smith and his companions
 of the murder by her Father and his Warriors intended to
 be perpetrated on them while asleep.

@ see p. 100.

In quiet sleep the white men calmly lay,
 Ordained no more to view the rising day,
 For filled with rage the Indian Monarch swore,
 Their slumbering eyes should be unclosed no more,
 His Tomahawk the furious Savage drew,
 His bended Bow across his shoulders threw,

Then raised the dead full yell; whose signal sound
His warriors summoned to the appointed ground,
While glared each flashing eye with angry glance,
10 The lowering band in thickening numbers came,
Each on his back his well-changed quiver bore,
And rattled fierce and loud its arrowy store,
Raised the keen axe and bent the vengeful bow;
In fierce expectation of the intended blow,
15 While thought of blood and vengeance stern and high,
Lent wilder splendour to each savage eye,
Ere yet that band with slow and silent tread,
Led on by their chief to deeds of murder, led,
That youthful maid whose breast a heart examined,
20 Whose feeling rained, heroic and refined,
At midnight left her cabins rude retreat,
And through the forest stole with noiseless feet.
Lute beat her heart, as through its fearful gloom,
She glided swift as specter from the tomb,
25 Her skin loose the wind disordered blew,
The gathering storm a frightful horror threw
In every gale that meets her listening ears

Some secret steps her frightened fancy hears,

In every tree that blows before the storm,

30. The affrighted maid beholds her father's form,

And pale and trembling turns aside her feet,

In dread, the angry warrior's sight to meet,

Thus urged the timid maid her fearful flight

Till on her eye, pale beamed the watch fire's light

35 Whose dying embers scarcely shed a ray,

To guide the timid wanderer's lonely way,

Soon as she reached that spot where slumbering lay,

The victims doomed to fall a bloody prey,

For one she sought with fond enquiring eye,

40 While heaved her breast with many an anxious sigh,

Till as she bent her eager gaze around,

The gallant Smith she saw in sleep profound

With trembling voice as if almost afraid,

At this wild hour his slumbers to invade,

45 She calls his name, he starts to hear the sound,

And wildly glanced his searching eye around,

Till soon he views the Indian maid and hears,

This awful warning whispered in his ears,

Sleep not but rise for lo, my father's near,
 50 Even now perhaps his warrior band is here,
 He comes the sleeping white man's blood to spill
 His bow is strung his axe is raised to kill,
 Oh! bid your sleeping friends unclose their eyes,
 For he who sleeps too long no more shall rise,
 55 I go for should my father find me here,
 Though to his breast, I ever have been near,
 And though his warmest love my life has best,
 His arrow now might quiver in my breast,
 Heroic maid thine is that hallowed love,
 60 That flows unmingled from a source above,
 From earthly cross refined by angels art,
 The pure emotion of a spotless heart,
 Set those who bend at Mammon's golden shrine,
 And take with falsehood's lips the vow divine
 65 Who covet the gold that fills the miser's chest,
 And swear to love while hatred fills the breast,
 Blush if they can that in a savage mind,
 A love should dwell so noble so refined.
 A love that laughs at dangers threatening mine,

70. And meets its fiercest form with brow serene,
 Braves every peril, meets the midnight storm,
 While angry clouds the gloomy skies deform,
 Views with an eye unawed the lightnings flash,
 Unstartled hears the thunders awful crash,

75. And e'en for such a love thy guiltless breast,
 Heroic maid in all its warmth possess't,
 When savage fury aims the vengeful blow,
 And longs to see the victims life blood flow,
 Whene raised on high the ~~thou~~ murderers deathly hand,
 80. Alone awaits some tyrants stern command,
 Springs to the destined victim, clasps him round,
 And braves with breast unawed the mortal wound,
 Despising life if by one fatal stroke,

84. The dearest tie that binds to earth is broke.

