

Land of Powhatan.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

- " Stop ! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust,
" An earth'quake's spoil is sepulchred below,
" Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
" Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
" None ; but the moral's truth, tells simpler so."

* Byron.

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DEDICATION

TO

THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

I FIND a peculiar propriety in soliciting the patronage of my countrymen for this unpretending trifle, "The Land of Powhatan"—they are its natural guardians, and ought to feel an interest in whatever may concern it; it is to them we should look for its preservation from all the enemies that may assail it; and if there be found in it any thing of worth, who so proper to husband and to cherish it? "*Alienos fovens, sui negligens*"—has been heretofore our merited reproach; let us no longer deserve the sarcasm; if some fostering hand be not extended to aid the infant steps of your Poets, how can it be expected they should attain that excellence which has distinguished the other sons of your soil? Such is the contempt attached to the very name of Poet among us, that the bare mention of an American work in verse, excites a smile

of derision; and that man must be allowed to possess a more than common courage, who dares to encounter the scoffs, that certainly await the publication of his productions. He ought to be considered as among the bravest soldiers of the Republic; as willing to sacrifice himself for the promotion of the honor of his country; as ready to advance on the forlorn hope; to die in the breach; provided others may afterwards get possession of the citadel—Under these impressions, armed with the motto of my hero, “*Vinci est vivere,*” I sally forth, though certain of falling a victim to my temerity, unless defended by the powerful panoply of your approbation.

As to the poem (I scarce dare call it so) which is here offered to your patronage, I have only to add in conclusion, that I have availed myself of the unbounded license of versification in fashion at the present day: my subject was in itself sufficiently uninteresting; my manner of treating it may have rendered it disgusting; “*tempus indicabit*”—I have certainly laboured to atone for the former; the latter was beyond the control of the

AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

“THIS year died the Emperor Powhatan at an advanced age, the greater part of which was passed in what is generally termed glory and good fortune. In the cant of civilization, he will doubtless be branded with the epithets of tyrant and barbarian. But his title to greatness, although his opportunities were fewer, is to the full as fair as that of Tamerlane or Kouli Khan, and several others whom history has immortalized as conquerors, while the proofs of his tyranny are by no means so clear and unequivocal.

“Born to a slender patrimony, in the midst of numerous tribes, more subtle than the Arabs of the desert, and whose independence spurned even the shadow of restraint, he contrived by his valor and address to unite them in one firm and indissoluble union under his power and authority, giving his name to the new empire, which his wisdom had erected, and which continued to flourish under his auspices and direction.

“As a warrior, bold, skilful and enterprising, he was confessedly without rival or competitor, inspiring with respect or terror, even the formidable enemies who dared to make head against his encroachments. The powerful confederacy of the Manakins and Manahoacks, and the more distant inhabitants of the Lakes, heard the name of Powhatan with uneasiness and alarm.

“At the coming of the English, he had reached the advanced age of sixty years, and enjoyed in the bosom of his family, the fruits of his long and glorious exertions. The spectacle of men, who came from beyond the sea in floating and winged houses, and who fought with thunder and lightning, could not fail to strike him by its grandeur and novelty. The intent of the strangers appeared at first view to be friendly, and he received them with courtesy: but his sagacious mind quickly developed the motives and foresaw the consequences of their arrival. He looked forward with regret to a renewal of his labours, and at the age of sixty, he resolved to fight over again the battles of his youth.”

Burk's Hist. Virg. p. 199, vol. I.

CANTO I.

I.

IMPERIAL Powhatan! thy day
In dark oblivion rolls away ;
Thy warriors all in dust are laid,
And silent sleeps the Indian maid ;
No trace remains of all the throng,
That roamed thy native wilds along ;
No spot to point the Hero's grave,
In one sad ruin rest the brave,
Their deeds of glory all unung,
The strong, the beautiful, the young.

II.

Thy native land, alone remains,
She long hath drunk her purple stains,
And oh! how alter'd since the day,
When Indian chieftains bore the sway ;
The guilt that drench'd her sands in blood,
And whelm'd them in its sanguine flood,

Hath sunk, forgotten!—overcast!—
 And time hath darkly veil'd the past!
 The glories of a later day,
 Have swept its memory away,
 The splendor of a modern power,
 Hath cast in shade, that gloomy hour;
 The features of the scene are fled
 They perish'd with the peaceful dead!

III.

'Tis said that age, prophetic brings
 A darkling view of distant things;
 Before illustrious, warrior chief
 The grave had clos'd thy days of grief,
 Prefigur'd was that dread presage
 That darkened thy declining age;
 In sad fulfilment, seem'd portray'd,
 Thine idols broken—thine decay'd—
 Thy home a waste—thy lineage lost—
 These fair domains, thy darling boast,
 The white man's pride—his natal soil,
 Forgotten palm of savage spoil!—
 Then wert thou heard in mournful strains,
 Like those that breathe o'er fast remains,
 To pour the plaint of thy desponding heart,
 Then seen with burst of feeling—start,
 And with a wild convulsive frown,
 Call curses deep and vengeance down.

IV.

" Ah long abhor'd ! detested race !
 " Can mercy find no resting place
 " In that dark bosom, for the maid,
 " Who my just vengeance once delay'd ?
 " Must all her people and her friends,
 " Be victims to thy lawless ends ?
 " Oh ! that the blow had then descended,
 " With giant force it had been blended,
 " The stroke had crush'd th' accursed brood
 " That batten'd on an Indian's blood !
 " Then never had my waving woods,
 " My hunting grounds and foaming floods,
 " Been subject to the vile behests
 " Of treacherous foes and perjur'd guests.
 " My daughter ! thine unthinking heart
 " Hath spar'd for us the deadly dart."

V.

In that delightful valley of the west,
 Atlantic loves to lave and mountains crest,
 The vale that war'd in nature's brightest sheen,
 And bore its name from England's virgin queen:
 The ample land that lay, extending wide
 From James' rich banks to dark* Patuxent's tide,
 There gentle peace began her smiling reign,
 And war's dread song was hush'd along the plain ;

* Bark.

The angry passions of her warriors brave,
 Were still'd and quiet as the tranquil grave,
 They sank all quell'd beneath the towering soul,
 Of one great chief who harmoniz'd the whole;
 Though fierce and rude as Arabs of the wild,
 For him they felt the deference of a child;
 His youth bathed fled ascending glory's height,
 And princes bow'd, submissive in his sight:
 The mighty* Werowance of Orapikes
 Was named with terror on the distant lakes,
 Yet saw we but the late and fainter light
 Of that descending star that shone so bright;
 It touch'd the verge of life's horizon, mild,
 But sparkled still amid the western wild.
 Ah! had we mark'd the splendor of its rise,
 Its dazzling radiance on the dark blue skies,
 We then had learn'd to love the glowing blaze,
 That mind can throw upon the dark'ning haze
 Of savage life—had justice frankly done,
 To nature's rough, uncultivated son.(1)

VI.

Exalted thus—attain'd his daring plan,
 What bliss in store for valiant Powhatan;—
 How calm he thought would fleet his latter hours,
 No cloud can burst, for none there is that lowers;

* Emperor.

† Powhatan's hunting seat.

What storm can break upon that sweet repose?
 What tempests blacken life's departing close?
 His cultur'd maize in green luxuriance floats,
 His forests echo to the wildest notes—
 His brother's love, his nation's loud applause,
 His darling daughters and his Nantaquans, (2)
 All seem'd to promise to the hoary head,
 A quiet gathering to his fathers dead!
 'Tis ever thus with man, poor child of wo,
 Fruition brings the unexpected blow!
 He clambers—toils—attains the wish'd for height,
 The prospect darkens on his aching sight;
 He finds the labour of a life undone
 And sickens on the steep he vainly won.

VII.

All sense of danger, lull'd to sleep
 No sad forbode of darker day,
 That storm had gather'd o'er the deep
 To chase those splendid dreams away.
 'Twas summer—and the varied dyes
 That deck the foliage of the west,
 Were glowing bright beneath the skies
 A beauteous canopy for rest!
 Her rivers sparkled with the light,
 That danc'd upon the ceaseless waves,
 As onward in their rapid flight
 They sought old ocean's briny caves;

In dark blue distance stretch'd the Bay,

And welcom'd in her ample sweep

The tribute which the mountains pay

To Neptune's old and "vasty deep."

No bark had trod her pathless way

No sail had bent beneath her breeze,

Majestic!—undisturb'd!—she lay,

Embosom'd on her circling trees—

When storms shall vex that blue expanse,

And mind indulges in her mournful trance,

How sweet to roam, that trackless beach,

Far from the sound of human speech,

And watch the billows rolling from afar,

Each chasing other in the wat'ry war;

Symbol of man, in this vale of tears,

Swept away! and some other appears,

Tossing like him on a sea of cares.

VIII.

All nature, then, seem'd hush'd and still,

'Twas like the breathless pause,

That bodes the gathering of ill,

And distant clouds the cause.

Prophetic calm!—but 'twas not then,

The sad precursor of the blast,

That devastates the work of men,

And bids them shudder o'er the past:

'Twas more ! it was the earthquake birth,
 Would rive the yawning ground,
 And sweep a nation from the earth,
 'Mid its appalling sound !—
 By noon a soft and gentle air
 Began to curl the wave,
 The breeze to shore blew mildly fair,
 And on the billows drove ;
 The ships that bore a weary band,
 With toil worn down, but nerv'd again,
 To view at last the promis'd land,
 In graceful beauty plough'd the main.
 Far—swift—along they seem to glide,
 The Capes are gain'd—they cleave the bay—
 Their sails are now, thrown swelling wide,
 And gems adorn the dancing spray ;
 A shot is fired to greet the shore,
 Their danger's past ! their troubles o'er !—
 What sound of horror rends the air ?
 And bursts upon the Indian ear.
 What sight of wonder meets his gaze ?
 And fills him with surprise—amaze ?
 Some spirit fair ! some dread Okee ! (3)
 Hath risen from the great salt sea.
 " Fly Namontack," cried Paspakey,
 " To Powhatan our warrior say,

" It comes on wings of shining white,
" The lightning in its hand gleams bright,
" It fights with thunder from on high
" And wraps in smoke the echoing sky."

X

Soon from the headmost ship a boat descends,
And on his dripping oar the scamen bend;
She seems her bosom just to lave,
So light, she does but kiss the wave,
So skims the swallow in her airy flight
And scarcely dips her bosom's downy white.
With caution now the boatmen reach,
And leap upon the silver beach;
They look around with anxious eye,
And seem to fear some ambush nigh.
A savage, naked, of gigantic height,
Advanced with care upon their wond'ring sight
A club was o'er his shoulders flung,
Where quiver of a bear skin hung,
A bow, unstring, his left hand grasp'd,
An arrow in the right was clasp'd;
His body fram'd with scarlet streaks,
And on his head were placed the beaks
Of birds, with skin and plumage all outspread,
And bound thereon with filaments of red.—
A feather white and shells adorn'd the crest,
And rings of copper rattled on his breast. (†)

XII.

This the bold chief, stern Pusiakey,
Who thus adventur'd to the bay,
His tribe secreted in the neighb'ring wood,
Fear'd yet to meet the spirits of the flood;
Softly he trod, and shew'd his bow unstrung,
And mutter'd something in discordant tongue.
'Twas plain he wish'd in friendship to be view'd,
And now as if uncertain—war'ring—stood.
Kiwassa, then, the spirit as he thought,
Who came with thunder and with lightning fraught,
To meet the doubting chief advanc'd,
And to his hand the signal glanc'd—
His musket on the ground was laid,
His men the motion all obey'd;
This seen the Indian chief draws near,
Devoid he looks of longer fear,
Examines with a curious eye
The weapons on the strand that lie,
And touches with a prying air
The skin that seem'd so strangely fair;
It look'd as if that touch betray'd
The strangers were but mortal made,
It seem'd as if an instant's thought
Flash'd in his eye—his features wrought—
With frightful yell away he sprung,
His bow was in a moment strung.

His tribe obedient to that signal yell,
Rush'd like a torrent down the dell,
And in a moment edg'd the wood,
All reddens'd with their dyes of blood ;
A cloud of arrows whizzing sing,
And fall into the startled ring.

XII.

But what avail'd that sudden bound?
That host of arrows, whistling round?
The musket shot—the dazzling flash
The thunder of that fearful crash,
That rous'd the cavern'd echoes wild,
Were dreadful to the forest child ;
He vanished as the passing shade
That o'er the fields hath swiftly play'd,
And we have watch'd as oft it stray'd
And melted all as soon as made.
He could not for an instant stand,
The flashing of the red right hand,
What wonder? every shot was true,
And each a hapless warrior slew ;
It was as if some spirit's breath,
Had wrapt them suddenly in death ;
It was as if without a wound,
They sank, all powerless on the ground,
No winged shaft has that way been,
And yet the gush of blood is seen.

But unreveng'd, they did not fall,
 Nor on Quicquos vainly call,
 Their bows had too been strongly bent
 And faithful were some arrows sent,
 Their heads of flint were dy'd in gore
 And stain'd with red that spotless shore,
 And two at least of that presumptuous band
 Will tread no more their violated land.
 Again in haste the boat is launch'd,
 And in the wave their wounds are staunch'd,
 And to their ship, they swiftly glide
 And spring within its hollow side.

XIII.

But who the dreaded chief that thus in pride
 Amid the dark blue waters seem'd to ride?
 Whose—the manly form that led the band
 The first to touch, the last to leave the strand?
 In youth we give him now an humble name,
 Yet once conspicuous in the ranks of fame.
 But would the muse my verse inspire,
 Or would she lend her pen of fire,
 Or grant the wing that cannot tire,
 Her swan his name should bear on high,
 And leave it bright in yonder sky.*
 But mine alas! too low the flight
 Unaided by that wing of light,

* "Cantantes sublimē ferunt sidera cęqui."—Virg.

Without the thrill of that melodious throat,
 Too mean my song and all too wild my note.
 Yet gallant Smith the theme is sweet,
 Imagination loves to greet
 Thy spirit in the western world,
 And see thy banner there unfurl'd;
 She loves awhile to wander back,
 She loves to trace thy meteor track,
 To follow in the footsteps wild,
 Of chivalry's triumphant child;
 To listen to the tale is told
 Of this her chief and champion bold.

XIV.

'Tis said to England's happy, favour'd Isle,
 Where genius lives—enchanting for once smile,
 His birth he ow'd—his youthful heart
 Was doomed to feel the restless smart,
 That springs from ardent wish denied,
 Confirm'd the more when thus 'twas tried;
 He long'd to venture on the sea,
 It seem'd so boundless and so free;
 But friends oppose—he cannot stay
 His books and satchell thrown away,
 He sports in freedom like the bird
 He often had with envy heard,
 To welcome with its song, the spring
 Career'ing high with outspread wing;

'Twere endless here, at length, attempt dilate
 On all the changes of his changeful fate—
 Suffice that fiction in her happiest mood,
 Such varied accidents by "field and flood,"
 The poet, never yet, hath taught, to spread
 In circling lists, round the hero's head.
 Suffice he studied in the school of man,
 And in the race of glory all outran.
 How many live in story, had not dar'd,
 To meet the dangers gladly he had shar'd ;
 He triumph'd in his stripling day
 O'er all the foes that cross'd his way,
 Surmounted by his daring soul
 The bounds that other men control ;
 His was the dauntless, lion heart,
 In it had craven fear no part ;
 He knew it not—had never felt—
 It suited not, his soldier's belt,
 And nat'ure when she made him brave,
 Forgot to give—or never gave,
 This trait that marks the coward slave.
 And yet the heart so dead to fear,
 Would ever spring the stealing tear,
 When ought of wretchedness or wo
 Produc'd within the silent thro'.

XV.

Enough!—his early days pass'd lightly o'er,
 Untold his roving life from shore to shore,

Untold his peril in the raging deep,
 Like Joul's, rous'd from his unthinking sleep,(5)
 Untold his hazards and unnam'd his toil,
 Encounter'd oft—endured in every soil—
 We onward pass to that suspicious hour
 He sav'd Olmpach from the Turkish pow'r.
 Slowly and sadly had faded away,
 The light of another disheart'ning day,
 And the sun as it sunk seem'd to look with a frown
 On the bulwarks that guarded that fortified town;
 No hope in the commandant's bosom remain'd—
 His toils are fruitless—his laurels are stain'd—
 The Turk with his army, beleaguer's him round
 And countless the numbers that cover yon ground.
 Shall he fight till his forces have crumbled away,
 Shall he manfully hold yonder bloodhounds at bay,
 Or shall he to horse and with sabre in hand,
 His crimson way cut at the head of his band?
 'Twere better thus gallantly fall on the plain,
 Than longer in hopeless inaction remain,
 'Twere better thus sink in the whirl of the fight,
 Than standing in vain on this battlement height—
 Thus argued the Baron, the bold Eberspacht,
 Thus rayless his hope and thus phrenzied his thought.

XVI.

Bet stay! what sudden light,
 Is gleaming on the brow of night?

Is it some watch-fire of the Turkish camp
 Some meteor blaze or exhalation damp?
 The first it cannot be—and sure the last,
 Had not so steady shone—had sooner past—
 Another—then a third—and stops—
 The friendly signal 'tis, by all my hopes, (6)
 Its answer from the ramparts—quick—display,
 As many lights and then to horse—away—
 Light after light ascending high
 Gleams in succession on the sky,
 "Sally to night" the signals say,
 We storm the camp without delay.
 "I will," the Baron's brief reply,
 It caught our leader's eagle eye,
 The word was given, the onset made,
 And reek'd with blood th' imperial blade,
 Many a gallant Turk now bleeds,
 From whence the wound he never heals,
 He dies in that unquiet sleep,
 That strives to wake—but is too deep:
 He sinks—as if o'er earth, had a sweeping past,
 The blighting Simoom from the Afric waste.

XVII.

But who can tell the horrors of a fight
 Amid the darkness of a starless light?
 No ray was there to aim the blow
 That falls as well on friend as foe;

Save when the sudden, startling flash
Directs the sabre where to clash.
The ring of arms, the mingled shout,
The groan of death as life ebbs out,
The neigh of steeds and trumpet call,
Now rise upon the ear and fall ;
The rider thrown a breathless corse,
And crush'd beneath the furious horse,
The horse with speed of tempest flying,
Trampling with heedless hoof the dying,
All, all, are objects which the radiant day,
Uplifting night's dark curtain would display,
Of that most bloody and tumultuous fray.

XVIII.

How goes the battle ?—shall the heart,
That prompted this advent'rous part,
Throb with the wild, intense, delight
The victor feels, successful in the fight ?
Oh for the light to mark that train,
That sweeping comes across the plain—
It seems the whirlwind's sudden gust,
That fills the air with clouds of dust ;
It onward comes—we hear its roar,
Its echoes on the distant shore,
Beneath the thund'ring chargers' feet,
That sound to valor's ears so sweet,

The sparks are glancing on the dark,
 And give a feeble ray to mark,
 The course the Baron's troop now comes,
 Our leader greets it, with the sounding drums;
 It bursts in fury on the Turkish rear,
 A hurricane!—and fills them with despair.

XIX.

Oh! what on earth to soldier's heart,
 Can be more dear than such a part?
 What sight so splendid to his eye
 As charge of glorious cavalry?
 To see the eager horse, no thought of fear,
 Impatient, dashing in his wild career—
 The bit, he grinds beneath his foaming teeth,
 Impetuous flies and courts a glorious death
 He glares around with eye, revengeful!—red!
 And seems to stamp in triumph on the dead:
 He bears his rider on, nor brooks delay,
 And seems exulting in the sabre's way.

XX.

Alas! the envious veil of night,
 Hath hid from view the joyous sight,
 But when the day had dawn'd again,
 And look'd upon that battle plain,
 A scene of havoc met the eye,
 As if a tempest had gone by;

We cannot stay to tell it o'er,
The Turkish camp was there no more,
And what remain'd was ruin all,
The heart would sicken—sight appal—
Our hero seeks another scene
And wins a wreath as fair I ween,
As that, hath just been faintly seen.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

I.

COURT Meldrick on that bloody night
Hail shar'd the dangers of the fight,
To him the grateful task remain'd
To strew the laurels for the vict'ry gain'd.
The gallant soldier's generous hand
On Smith bestow'd a chosen band;
Three hundred Transylvanian horse,
Of noble breed and matchless force
Were valour's sweet—triumphant meed
His bright reward for glorious deed!

II.

But let us away to the Ottoman walls
Adventures await us and chivalry calls;
We have not a moment to number the plains,
The rivers that redden with battle's sad stains,
The Turk is exulting, and vaunteth to-day,
A herald from Regal is seen to display,

His flag as he comes to Lord Moyses's camp,
 And now we distinguish his war-horse's tramp.
 He brings a defiance from Lord Turbisia
 His gauntlet he flings, to the bravest in war,
 The best and the boldest he urges advance,
 To meet him in combat with sword and with lance;
 The ladies would be on the battlement height
 To grace with their presence, and gaze on the fight:
 They wanted amusement—he offered to-day,
 To shew them his prowess in tilt and tournay,
 Should they shrink from his glove, he would straightway pro-
 claim
 They were cravens in arms and unworthy of fame.

III.

Britannia's gallant son was nigh
 Chief of the dauntless heart and fearless eye,
 That threat was thrilling to his soul
 Which could no longer brook control;
 He forward springs—the gauntlet takes,
 And to the herald gaily speaks,
 "Return and to your champion, briefly say,
 "That beauty loses not its sport to-day,
 "I seek the lists without delay,
 "And dare him to the mortal fray."

IV.

Ah! where is the soul of that chivalry fled?
 It follow'd our fathers and slept with the dead.

Where now is the spirit—the fire—and life—
 The gallantry—honor—and love of the strife?
 All, all are forgotten—that day is gone by,
 It lives but in fancy, or memory's sigh;
 But then it shone bright and the lists were prepared,
 And the combatants sheathed in armour now glared,
 On each other, as reining their fiery steeds,
 That seem'd so ambitious of valorous deeds,
 They pass'd to their stations and waited the cry,
 Which call'd them to fame or in honor to die.
 The fair ones of Turkey are ranging the height,
 Their kerchiefs are waving to gladden their knight,
 The signal is given—with the speed of the blast,
 The horses have met, and the die it is cast;
 Prostrate on earth, is the Turkish knight laid,
 Bright is the light on the Hungary blade,
 The victor dissevers the head at a blow,
 His saddle remains, and he waiteth to know,
 If any there were, who would sliver again,
 A lance, in revenge of Lord Turbisha slain?

V.

Cruelgo burning with his country's shame,
 A Turk renown'd for acts of fame,
 The herald bade, aloud proclaim,
 For him a venture in the bloody game.
 His barb was soon with trappings hung,
 His corset on was lightly dung,

He vaulted with the tiger's spring,
 Into his seat—his cuisses ring—
 His lance is struck into its rest,
 A waving plume adorns his crest,
 On champing steel, he grasps the list,
 His lance unto the ladies kiss'd—
 A shout of approbation flies!
 Ah! vain the hope! Crualgo dies—
 He might as soon have cleft the rock,
 He could not stand the Briton's shock;
 His gasping head in blood now lies,
 Which bubbling out—the plumage dyes.

VI.

The gallant Smith again remounts,
 Who but the fabulist the like recounts?
 And yet the truth hath so much grace,
 That fiction cannot find a place,
 That needs the pencil's glowing aid,
 Or master strokes of light and shade;
 The herald now is heard to say,
 The victor deems the past but play,
 He begs that further sport be shown,
 By those who had the gauntlet thrown:
 He will not blench as *many blades*,
 As on the wall are *Turkish mauls*!

VII.

More direful rage what human bosom haunts,
 Than Borsaalgro felt, to hear those taunts,

A Turk was he of giant height and limb,
 Of features deeply dark and aspect grim;
 He rode in fight a milk white steed,
 The rarest of the Turkish breed;
 No speck of black reliev'd the white,
 Which cast the satin's silvery light;
 His eyes displayed a brighter red,
 Contrasted with the spotless head;
 His tail in fair profusion, reach'd the ground,
 And swept in graceful, snowy, waves around;
 His head was bony, small and keen—
 The neck was arch'd—the legs were clean—
 The chest expanding broad—and fetlocks thin.
 He champ'd the bit—inconstant paw'd the ground,
 His very walk was an elastic bound—
 Such Selim was—the Ottoman's gallant horse
 And such his promise of resistless force.

VIII.

Encas'd in armour from the head to heel,
 All glowing bright, in burnish'd steel,
 His master bade the Herald say,
 That Bonanulgro sought the fray.
 Then bounding on his charger white,
 He dash'd away, prepar'd for fight,
 And darted like a ray of light.

XI.

Did our champion's heart now quail?
Did for an instant fear assail?
No! never—not the eagle's eye
Can gaze more moveless on the sky.
It had been Meldrock's friendly task,
To change his corslet and his casque;
A stronger lance, a better glaive,
The generous Count and soldier gave.
He brought him too his favourite steed,
The fiercest of the Tartar breed.
His skin was of the deepest, glossiest black,
Strait-ribb'd his shining hoof, and small its track.
When wild on Tartary's vast plain,
The shaft at him was aim'd in vain;
In speed he could outstrip the wind,
The strongest—fleetest of his kind.
When caught, and made submissive to the rein,
The name he knew was noble Tamerlane.

X.

The marshals of the field are ready now,
And expectation sits on ev'ry brow—
Once more, the signal cry resounds,
Away, away, each charger bounds:
Scarcely can the eager eye pursue with pain,
The speed of Selim and of Tamerlane,

The riders aim their weapons true and well,
But who the crashing of the shock can tell?
Smith's treach'rous lance to atoms flew,
But Donamalgro's proved more true;
Our Hero from his horse was thrown,
The Turk was reeling from his own,
When Smith arose with sparkling eye,
And drew his falchion from his thigh,
Before the Turk could forward spring,
The falchion made his motion ring,
And gleaming with the lightning flash,
Deep in his neck had left a gash,
That hur'd him from his startled horse,
To earth—a bleeding, lifeless corpse!
A second blow, the aim more true,
The trunk and head asunder flew;
Then bounding on his Tamerlane,
He proudly tramp'd along the plain,
But none there were would fight again,
And passively they brook'd disdain.
The ladies all unite to throw,
Their favors on the youthful foe,
And many a beautiful maiden softly sigh'd
That she could never—never be his bride.
He waves his lance with graceful bow,
And from the lists doth gaily go.

XI.

Six thousand men at martial pace,
 Paraded soon without the space ;
 To meet the victor in the joust,
 In column came the warlike host.
 Count Meldrick at its head bestrode,
 'The beauteous steel the Turk had rode ;
 Selim ! the forfeit of the tourney fight,
 Selim, the red eyed, the beautiful, the white.
 Our champion now has reach'd the front,
 Dismounting quick, the noble count
 Has doff'd his plume—resigns the rein,
 A volley echoes o'er the plain.
 At sound of music, on they tramp,
 To Transylvania's Royal camp ;
 The Turk and Tartar side by side,
 Can hardly brook so close a ride ;
 The gallant friends, can scarcely check,
 The furious look, and arching neck—
 Lord Moyset and Prince Sigismund
 Advance upon the tented ground—
 Receive the conqueror with open arms
 And all the pomp that young ambition charms,
 Bestow on him a scymetar and belt—
 Who does not envy what the victor felt ?—
 Both fashion'd with the comeliest art,
 And made to charm the soldier's heart ;

And then with trappings hung, a steel
 Of Andalusia's valued breed—
 The prince his portrait adds, enrich'd with gold,
 And greater far, than all has now been told,
 His bounteous hand, proceedeth yet to give,
 A crest—his motto—"To conquer is to live,"
 Sustain'd upon an emblematic shield,
 Three bleeding heads upon a sable field.
 What can he promise in return for all?
 His life? the sacrifice would be too small;
 He has no more—his heart the gift enslain'd,
 And Turks and Tartars, prov'd it borne in mind. (1)

XII.

Lov'd scenes! yes, dear to mem'ry still,
 Scenes that awake the wildest thrill,
 Farewell—in grief we sigh to yield,
 Your charms—to dark Rotenton's field.
 Pain would loitering fancy dwell,
 On other triumphs—but the knell,
 Of that desponding hour must now be rung,
 Old time will not suspend his iron tongue,
 Nor stay the rude memento of his chime,
 For beauty's pleasure or for poet's rhyme;
 He onward hies, with still unceasing stride,
 Nor cares he aught, nor recks he else, beside.
 But how to etch at ev'ry pace,
 With ceaseless lines some lovely face,

Till furrow deep and ghastly stroke,
 The heart hath rous'd or soul awoke.
 Stern tyrant! thine the passing hour,
 The fix'd—inexorable—power;
 Sweep then these glories all away,
 And hasten that disastrous day;
 That too, perchance, will pass along
 And brighter scenes beguile my song.

XIII.

Many a soldier sunk in death (2)
 Rotent on—on thy bloody heath;
 Many a gallant chieftain slumbers there,
 The boast of chivalry and flower of war.
 O'erwhelm'd by numbers, or by fortune's cast,
 Unshak'd still—though faint and sinking fast,
 Our hero tell the bravest and the last.
Mahomet's sons have gain'd the dear-bought day,
 Bohemia weeps—with cypress twine the lay.
 Stretch'd on a heap of slain our champion lies,
 Lock'd in apparent death, his languid eyes;
 Beside him Selim—blood at ev'ry pore,
 Bespent with toil and cover'd all with gore,
 Struggling in agony—to rise once more,
 Dies in the vain attempt—that groan so deep,
 Hath quench'd his spirit in eternal sleep!

XIV.

The heart would sink in anguish keen,
But that a ray of hope is seen,
To glimmer on that gloomy spot,
Where thousands would be left to rot :
Still lives our chief—survives the dreadful fight,
His sense returns—'tis now the dead of night,
The moon is shooting forth her liquid light,
He wakes in wonder—Is he in a dream ?
Or does he look upon her heavenly beam ?
He turns in agonizing pain,
In stupor gazes on the slain,
His brow is press'd in lab'ring thought,
He nothing knows—remembers naught ;
He bends his straining eye again,
It falls at length on Selim slain,
A throng of horrors rush into his brain ;
The battle and that host of foes,
The horrid carnage—and the fruitless blows,
Dealt by his sabre till the evening close.
And now he knows the broken sound,
Of agony that moans around,
That shout of distant triumph on the air,
That dies at intervals upon the ear ;
Most welcome—for it serves to di'own,
That cry of anguish—dying groan,
That cry that wrings the sternest heart,
That wakes a sorrow, e'er, ne'er depart :

That comes again—will ever come,
 In peaceful scene and quiet home;
 It bursts upon the ear of night,
 And startles in its passing flight,
 It haunts the troubled dream, and fever'd brain,
 And bids each sight of horror live again.

XV.

Oh it were better far to die,
 Than live that night of misery—
 Will it ne'er fade? yon twinkling star?
 Nor ever stop—the Ebon Car?
 Too faint to rise—impossible to fly,
 Smith gaz'd in laugour, upward on the sky,
 The live-long night in hopeless agony—
 That were nothing—but to lie,
 (And listen to) that plaintive cry,
 Too weak to die—and yet too strong to die. (3)

XVI.

At length the cheerful morning dawn'd,
 It seem'd as if the grave had yawn'd,
 As if the light had burst the tomb,
 And snatch'd him from some horrid doom,
 The ray that tinged the eastern sky,
 Had scarcely bade the darkness fly,
 When sounds of hurried steps he'ard,
 That something comes in haste that way;

Some ministering angel from above,
Intent on acts of charity and love ;
It comes to raise the throbbing head,
To soothe the anguish of the martial bed,
To stay the soul that lingers on the brink,
Of that dark gulf, where all are doom'd to sink.
Ah no !—'tis that detested fiend,
Whose deeds of horror might hath screen'd ;
The worse than fiend—that scenteth from afar,
The track of armies and the spoil of war.
He seems a wolf, just glutted with his prey,
With blood besmear'd, and fearful of the day,
Skulking, with guilty speed, betimes away.
Just Heaven ! can this be man ?
Himself a worm, his life a span—
Who thus with his unhallow'd tread,
Can trample on the glorious dead.
Can this be man, who stalks with death,
At this lone hour across the heath ?
And takes at his ensanguin'd hand,
The spoil he dare not win with brand ?
Smith turn'd in deepest loathing from the sight,
He knew this human jackall of the fight,
With nerveless hand, involuntary felt,
The pistol hanging yet within his belt,
The felon wretch the motion eyes,
And with a look of terror flies,

But hovers near with cautious stealth,
 Expectant still of coward wealth,
 When night shall fling her shadows round,
 And Vict'ry leaves that battle ground.
 The vulture thus from danger springs,
 Flapping in haste his noisome wings,
 Reluctant still, to quit his prey,
 He lights aloft, on some tall tree,
 And there at leisure, whets his blunted beak,
 That with the gory banquet yet doth reckon.

XVII.

But why prolong revolting tale?
 To what intent? of what avail?
 The Turks have sought the carnage field again,
 They find our champion on his throne of slain,
 His rich attire and noble air,
 Obtain their favor—win their care.
 His wounds they heal—his strength returns,
 His bosom beats for freedom, burns—
 But other woes—a deeper grief,
 A galling slavery—without relief,
 Must yet assail that gallant heart,
 Unbroken still, whate'er its part;
 Still unshook—elastic still,
 Springs at each remove of ill.

Behold him now upon the distant Don,
 It tells another trophy he has won,
 A rich Bashaw his price had paid,
 And sent him to his Tartar maid,
 A noble gift, his prowess gain'd,
 For her he said—'twas not disdain'd—
 It proved a gift perchance too dear,
 'T would likely reach her Bashaw's ear,
 She deem'd it safer let awhile,
 In other hands, another soil,
 She'd send him to the Azof shore,
 Her brother would her love secure;
 But what the motive—whence the stroke?
 Our hero felt the despot's yoke—
 A dungeon, ignominious blows,
 A lingering life of thousand woes,
 Incessant toil—unmanly taunt,
 And all the human heart enchaunt,
 Whatever breaks this earthly mould,
 But braced him to achievement bold;
 He watch'd his hour with ever wakeful eye,
 The blow he strikes, though but his knell to die.

XVIII.

It came at last—the day was then to dawn,
 That day, his task assign'd—to toil alone,
 When near the Bashaw proudly rode,
 A cossack steed the wretch bestrode,

The wanton lash, he fiercely rais'd,
And in his eye his passions blaz'd—
Now—now—the venture cannot fail,
Smith swings around his sweeping flail,
The Bashaw's brain is scatter'd on the gale. (4)

XIX.

One moment had been fatal then,
He grasp'd in haste the dangling rein,
And mounting with a breathless speed,
Soon shot away—the Bashaw's steed ;
He urged him on—nor look'd he back,
But struck into the desert track,
He stopt not when the sun had fled,
And quench'd his light in Ocean's bed,
The desert was in darkness shrouded,
The moon in Heaven's high vault was clouded,
He heeds it not but dashes on,
Nor shuns the flood of darken'd Don ;
At length he checks his furious course,
A moment breathes his panting horse,
He listens with suspended breath,
For distant gallop, o'er the heath,
Some dying echo—faintly sounds,
Perchance the clattering hoof rebounds ;
Again he lends an eager ear,
The faintest sounds he cannot hear ;

They follow'd not—his gallant steed,
 Has far outtripp'd their weaker speed—
 "So!—rest,—my Cossack of the Don,
 "The race hath been right fleetly won;
 "Thy native wilds salute thee here,
 "They witness'd oft thy young career,
 "When free as air and wanton in thy blood,
 "Thou spurn'd the plain, and plung'd in Tánais' flood."

XX.

Let him who languish'd on the bed of pain,
 Restor'd to health and brac'd to life again,
 Who from some dungeon dank, and deep despair,
 Awakes to hope, and drinks the balmy air,
 From tyranny and galling chains,
 To boundless freedom's wide domains,
 Transported sudden—feel—portray,
 The warm delight—the heart's wild play—
 Our Pris'ner knew on that dark night,
 That baffled all who track'd his flight.
 Not fragrant gale from Araby the blest,
 Could sweetly woo him to a softer rest,
 Than that old Tánais breeze invited,
 On that lone shore and waste benighted.
 Not Heaven's blue arch, contrasted with the star,
 Were half so grateful, as that murky ear,
 Old night, triumphant, onward, dusky drove
 To mock you Tartars and protect the brave.

He must not linger—morning's light,
May mark his course—betray his flight,
Before Aurora's faintest ray,
His charger bore him far away,
For sixteen long exhausting days,
Deep in the forests' tangling maze,
He wander'd on—no single tree,
Nor vestige of the human race,
In that drear wilderness did cheer,
His lonely way and anxious care ;
But Fortune yet upheld the soul,
Had ne'er succumb'd—disdain'd control.
Nor was it destined to extinguish here,
The fire enkindled for another sphere ;
'Twas there to burn, ah ! how much lighter,
Forever and forever brighter—
Oh ! should not those, who mark the light,
With deep devotion love the knight,
But for whose manly heart and active hand,
Had glory dwelt in this her pleasant land ?
So sweet to her she hates to throw,
A transient laurel on her foe,
But with a wild profusion showers,
The best—the greenest from her bowers,
On ev'ry chief our country rears,
And sheds o'er them her softest tears,

When death, relentless—hurries to the grave,
The good, the wise,—magnanimous and brave.

XXI.

But how we wander, and unthinking roam,
Haply too far—too far away from home.
Bewilder'd by this meteor blaze,
Forgetful of the way we gaze,
Prepare we then to hasten back,
And sail again the ocean track ;
We stop an instant but to say,
Our hero found at length his way ;
It led him soon to christian land,
He grasp'd again the friendly hand,
The Russian knew his deathless fame,
Had often heard his boasted name,
He lent him, too, his generous aid,
Delighted with the part he play'd,
And Transylvania saw once more,
The chief whom all her sons adore ;
Meldrick the friend—the patron of the brave,
Now met him, risen from his gory grave,
Snatch'd to his soldier heart he held him prest,
With all the ardour of a brother's breast ;
Laden with honors from the Prince's hand,
At length he languish'd for his native land,
He long'd to see her sea-beat shore,
To tread on England's soil once more

That wish attain'd—oh! can he ever,
Sigh to depart?—sure never, never!—
Romantic spirit take thy rest,
And slumber on her Matron breast.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

1.

AND hath he slept?—ask doth ambition sleep
While yet in view some unascended steep?
Ask if the sun hath left his glowing course?
Did torrents rush not from their mountain source.
What! leave the life that bids the active blood,
Pour from the heart like some impetuous flood,
Sweeping along its crimson current,
The morbid woes—the sense abhorrent,
Laziness breeds to dim the shine,
Of this fair world and work divine;
Oh never—danger is his heavenly elixir,
The threatening cloud o'er which he rides sublime,
Like yonder bird, that soars and sails so high,
That dares the height of that portentous sky,
And in stupendous distance oft his wing enshrouds
Disporting far away—above the broken clouds.
He courts the breeze that wantons there,
The thunderbolt that fans the air;
Smith loved to watch the vivid stroke,
That from surrounding darkness broke,

To feel the thrilling, breathless sense,
 When pulse is high, and hope intense ;
 He cannot feel such pleasure now,
 The danger flows from unseen foe,
 Insidious—watchful—subtle—dark,
 The mine that springs with hidden spark ;
 It matters not—and come what may,
 But let it be some dangerous fray,
 His heart is there—his soul awake,
 He boldly dares the vent'rous stake.

II.

And what is the vision enchanteth him now,
 Awakens the pleasure that sits on his brow ?
 'Tis to win for his country the brightest of plumes,
 That his labor is lavish'd, his sword he resumes ;
 'Tis to add to her trophies another fair world,
 And her standard to plant with its banner unfold'd ;
 It shall wave in the forest and flap in the wild,
 But let not its streamer with blood be defiled ;
 No—never, he vows, shall the sanguine tide flow,
 Save mercy herself would dispense with the vow.
 Come loosen the sail, for the gale it is fair,—
 They're gone—and their island hath melted in air ;
 They're gone—and the winds, they have wafted them o'er,
 In safety we saw them on far distant shore.

III.

And when the whiten'd strand they near,
 Of that espacious bay,
 How doth the Red-man's land appear,
 That stretcheth far away ?
 A scene of beauty meets the eye,
 The ravish'd sense enchains,
 It softly smiles with cloudless sky,
 With rivers and with plains;
 It seems an Eden in the wild—
 An amphitheatre of sweets,
 An air so bland, a breeze so mild—
 What other country fans or greets ?
 Its upward slope is lost in blue,
 Encircled seems in azure bands,
 Its foot is laved by ocean too,
 While resting on his silver sands.
 And countless beauties doubtless lie,
 Beyond that graceful drapery,
 That waves in nature's lovely green,
 In all that flaunting foliage seen,
 Contrasted with the deepest dyes,
 That blush beneath the heavenly skies. (1)

IV.

Yes, if a spot can be found upon earth,
 Where Nature has sportively lavish'd her powers :

'Tis the home of our fathers, the land of our birth,
 Where Fancy looks back on the sweetly spent hours—
 She thinks of her forests, in colours that vie,
 With the tints of the bow, from the tears of the sky—
 She thinks of the sparkles that dance on her wave,
 Or the soft mellow light of the morn that it gave;
 She thinks of her hills, now encircled in mist,
 Or the towers of gold on her blue tops that rest;
 The figures of fire that sunset hath flung,
 'Mid the masses of white on the mountain that hung;
 She thinks of her day and its sky without cloud,
 Of Evening—the stars in their lustre and crowd;
 The sweetly cool air, and the soft dying fall,
 Of the mocking-bird, chanting all night on the wall;
 Oh! what can the bulbul or nightingale sing,
 More wild in its accent—more plaintively fling
 On the soul as she sinks to her pillow of rest,
 'Thou bird of delight and our Queen of the West?
 But mem'ry must venture no longer to dwell,
 On the thousands of beauties so easy to tell,
 In the valley—the waterfall—streamlet and dell,
 'Tis time that we follow the swift-footed track,
 The Indian has trodden, the young Namontack.

V.

At Paspaley's command he fled,
 Swift as the arrow, he had sped;

Tho' pathless was the way he flew,
 The needle had not gone more true;
 The sun—the bark of tree, will tell,
 The route he wish'd, the Indian, well,
 And if thro' wood, it lay at night,
 No guide he wants, but starry light;
 And in the deepest, dunest dark,
 His touch can tell the northern bark;
 The truest course the savage takes,
 Arrives at length at Orapakes,
 The hunting seat of Powhatan,
 And spent with haste, his tale began.

VI.

"Great King!—I come from Paspaley,—
 "Our warriors chanc'd to near the bay;
 "All mindless of approaching ill,
 "We stoop'd to taste the bubbling rill,
 "When far away—our chief espied,
 "A something floating o'er the tide,
 "It could not be the light canoe,
 "So far away, 'twere lost to view,
 "Each moment then it brighten'd on the eye,
 "And almost seem'd to shout adwart the sky:
 "Its bosom rested on the surge,
 "And nothing seem'd its speed to urge,

“But wings of most surpassing white,
“That spread—and cast the dazzling light;
“They floated wide and flapp’d the gale,
“The waters dash’d without avail;
“It foam’d and did the billows mock,
“It darted swifter than the hawk;
“We started all and wood’ring stood,
“Astonish’d at the num’rous brood,
“That now were seen its breast to stride,
“All fearless of the deep they ride.
“I tremble still, oh! Powhatan to tell,
“Its voice—that frightful—echoing yell!
“It smote upon the deafen’d ear,
“As if Quioccos, self were near;
“The earth beneath, seem’d shaking under,
“’Twas loud as is the rattling thunder,
“And from its hand the lightning broke,
“An instant stream’d, before the stroke,
“Our warriors all in terror fell,
“Prostrate along the bushy dell,
“E’en Puspahcy, our chieftain stern,
“From sounds so dread, compell’d to turn,
“Shrunk down, appal’d—an awful fear,
“His eye display’d, and bending near,
“He bade me haste away, my king,
“And swift to thee these wonders bring.”

VII.

Abstracted! still—the warrior stood—
No sense of fear congeals his blood,
But strange the tale—despite his will,
He felt some dark, presaging thrill,
Some undefin'd presentiment of ill.
“Who could they be?” no Indian host,
Beyond the lakes from realms of frost?—
He had not heard they fought with flame,
These strangers from the waters came?—
He knew each tribe renown'd in war,
From northern lake, to southward far,
They had not dar'd approach his land,
They quail'd beneath his powerful hand:
Is there some other, can there be
Some world beyond the great salt sea?
Oh no! the billows in their mountain swells,
Roll frightful, high, as dread Kiwassa dwells;
Nought but some spirit could their perils brave,
Could ride in triumph o'er ingulphing wave:
How vain is thought—if mortal they,
Their hopes are doubtless, death to me;
No matter—old I am, but not unstrung,
Nor is my wolf-skin quiver idly hung;
Still can I wing the shaft with speed,
Its barb can sink, till red the reed;

My tomahawks are not yet dull,
 They whirl as true and strike as full ;
 But soft awhile—let caution check my heart,
 The wily stratagem shall have its part ;
 'Tis that an Indian chief should know,
 'Tis that shall aim successful blow,
 Courage may then assail the foe—(2)
 " Return—and tell my chief of Kichotan
 " Brave Paspahy—I've ponder'd well my plan ;
 " He must not dare to bend a bow,
 " Or notch an arrow for the foe ;
 " But let our friendship straight be known,
 " And let the pipe of peace be shewn ;
 " The strangers shall be welcome made,
 " These are my wishes—let them be obey'd."—

VIII.

Those words had been the law of fate,
 But haply then, they came too late ;
 The blow was struck—the deed was done,
 The crimson stream had 'gan to run,
 A future flood would swell its force,
 'Till desolation mark'd its course ;
 At present scarce a scanty rill,
 But human passion—source of ill,
 Will pour its ample torrent down,
 To sweep, o'er savage hut, and town.

A night had pass'd—and when the sun,
To gem the sea with light begun,
The ships were seen on the Indian water,
Hearing away from that scene of slaughter.
They're steering along a lovely shore,
Where never a keel had cut before,
And pity is rous'd in our Hero's heart,
To see each child of the wilderness start,
And hurry away in wild affright,
As if unable to bear their sight ;
But a glimpse, can be caught of the savage form
As it shrinketh away from its fellow worm ;
The wild deer comes to the water's side,
But he starts away in his antler'd pride ;
The wolf that scenteth his track for blood,
Is hurrying back at the sight of the flood,
The sea-bird shakes from his wing the spiny,
And quits with a scream the grasp of his prey ;
All of them, look'd with the fearful eye,
And seem'd with terror, instinctive to fly ;
And well they might—you cannot I trow,
Shew me the track of an Indian now ;
The forests of old, where the wild deer ran,
Have echoed long since to the axe of man ;
The wolf he hath fled to the mountain cave,
And commerce hath driven the bird from the wave ;

And there is the eagle who sails so high,
 Who looks on the sun with an unblench'd eye,
 He had stoop'd for a while from his towering height,
 But he soareth again to the mansions of light;
 He sat on a branch of that blasted oak,
 Which the strength of his upward spring, hath broke;
 Hath he, too, fled on the wing of disdain,
 Refusing to dwell with the sons of the main?
 Oh, but for a season—descending again,
 He hovers in pride, o'er America's plain;
 It is he, that aloft, on her banner's display'd,
 When her sons are in arms and the battle array'd;
 His eye is of fire—expanded his wing—
 With his talon he threatens the grim forest king;
 'Tis freedom he loves, and he looks with delight,
 On her dauntless defenders—the foremost in fight;
 And may they lose never, that symbol, the brave,
 'Till Time too is lost in Eternity's grave.

X.

Our anxious crew, have reach'd at length,
 A spot, they deem a place of strength—
 Determin'd here to take their stand,
 They furl the sail and make the land.—
 'Twere tedious—watch the progress slow,
 Of what they did—or where or how—
 Enough to tell—their comforts grow,
 And unmolested by the foe—

Time flies apace, and Autumn chill,
Hath nothing brought as yet of ill;
The savage hath been there to offer,
The hand of friendship—peace to proffer;
A present too their toils to cheer,
They often sent the slaughter'd deer—
If land alone—the strangers wanted,
The boon with welcome now was granted;
And by their signs they further say,
That up the water—far away—
Their king a mighty warrior dwelt,
They knew, he wish'd that wampum belt
Should bind them fast in friendship's bands,
No more to fight for paltry lands—

XI.

'Tis well! it might indeed be savage guide,
Smith fears, nor open foe, nor secret wile.
Attended by a chosen few,
He dar'd the utmost they might do.
It suits him now, to loose again the sail,
To seek the monarch of the western vale.
His barge is mann'd and smoothly rising,
On that clear river softly gliding;
An Indian chief, his offer'd guide,
Accustom'd to that glassy tide,

Where floated oft his bark canoe,
That scarcely curl'd the surface blue;
So light it touch'd the azure sheet,
So soft its breast, the waters meet,
Each stroke the oaken paddle gave,
It shot a shadow on the silent wave.
As o'er the peaceful stream he floats,
Smith's active mind, attentive notes,
Each winding creek and lovely bay,
Embosom'd in the wood that lay:
And as they lay betalm'd at noon,
To wait the tide returning soon,
His restless soul on action bent,
The moments deem'd, more fitly spent,
Exploring that enchanting land,
Than idly gazing on the strand:
He straitly charg'd his band beware,
Nor tempt on shore the Indian snare,
He would himself with savage guile,
Pursue the river's fertile side,
A useful task, it were when done,
The risk reserv'd for him alone;
When hazard call'd or danger rose,
He follow'd not, like dastard, those,
Who idly sit and win the fame,
Were justly due another name.

Bold chief! thy garland ever grew,
 Whence none had torn the branch but you,
 Above the rock, or precipice it hung,
 Or 'mid the wilderness its blossom flung;
 To win it there—the only meed,
 No more is ask'd for deathless deed.

XII.

In lightsome skiff, they are coasting alone,
 And silent is all but the ring-doves moan—
 On the feeble of heart, that waiting tone,
 A dump had struck, and a feeling lone;
 The pilot chief in his wild costume,
 Of the deer's skin dress, and the red-bird plume,
 Is seated astern, and the boat propelling;
 And deep in his heart are the dark passions dwelling;
 But they ne'er beam out of that rayless eye,
 No play of the features, you'll there descry;
 The fire will burn in his vengeful soul,
 But it bursts not out from his dark control. (3)
 The barge, in the distance, is just discern'd,
 While the point of that jutting land is turn'd;
 Gently approaching, a broad, fair beach,
 They quit the skiff and the upland reach,
 And ranging along, thro' the deep'ning wood,
 Where the foot of a white man never trod,
 They rest on the trunk of a fall'n tree,
 Some storm had rent from its fast'ning free.

XIII.

Our hero is lost in prospective thought,
 And pleas'd with the gloom of that lonely spot ;
 His sense so keen of that wild sublime,
 Is worth whole ages of soulless time ;
 Another had felt his blood run chill,
 In dreary horror, his heart stand still ;
 The sight of that savage who sits so nigh,
 With the drooping lip and the haggard eye,
 Itself might startle the soul I ween,
 Oh ! how much more in the wild waste seen.
 Yet nothing can cause that heart to swerve,
 And nothing can shake that iron nerve.

XIV.

But hark ! doth he hear repeated the cry
 From the depth of the forest that seems to fly ?
 Is it the wolf athirst for blood,
 Howls to his fellows amid the wood ?
 Or is it the savage hath found his prey,
 And that the signal, that echoes away ? (5)
 Yes !—naught but blood will their vengeance slake,
 Look at their shadows behind that brake,
 Like deer from their covert, they burst with a bound,
 And loudly they whoop as they leap on the ground.

XV.

Quick then, as shot the passing thought,
 Smith grasp'd that savage traitor's throat ;

And from his belt a pistol drew,
Sung from his back, his musket too;
The wretch attempted not to fly,
He saw to move, were there to die;
Loos'd from the grasp, he stands a shield,
For him who never knew to yield—
The feather'd shafts around him dart,
But cannot reach their victim's heart;
He bleeds 'tis true, but slight the blow,
His bullet whistles 'mong the foe;
Full well he play'd that dangerous game,
Belying not his former fame;
He pour'd the deaths' shots pealing sound,
Till hundred echoes rouse around,
Commingling with the ceaseless shout,
That rises from that rabble rout,
As springing swift with horrid glee,
They dart away from tree to tree;
Too weak the spring to which they trust,
Their tawny chiefs have bit the dust;
Retreating now with caution slow,
Defended still by frighten'd foe,
Smith hopes to gain the distant beach,
His friendly band once more to reach;
Alas! he dreams not each hath sunk,
In death defaced—a headless trunk.

Surprized by Indian ambuscade,
 As idly on the strand they stray'd—
 Still unappall'd—he backward goes,
 But hotly press'd by guarded foes,
 And would escape, could footsteps pass,
 That deep and unobserv'd morass;
 Ah fatal step—he now must yield—
 No—down he drags his savage shield;
 Plung'd to the breast, his eager grasp,
 Is closer than the tiger's clasp;
 His musket useless—pistols wet,
 'Till here still remain'd his dagger yet:
 Uplifted o'er the struggling fiend,
 He crouch'd and on his bosom lean'd;
 Nor was relax'd that giant hold,
 'Till faint with toil and stiff with cold,
 He threw his dagger feebly by,
 And waited death with sternest eye.

XVI.

Dragg'd like a tiger from his lair,
 A yell of triumph fill'd the air!
 A thought—'twas sudden ray, from heaven,
 Gleam'd on his mind—by mercy given,
 He held his ir'ry compass high,
 It glanc'd upon their leader's eye;
 Struck with its beauty and the glass,
 His finger press'd, but could not pass,

Delighted with the needle's play,
The fly he could not force to stay,
He deem'd it some magician's charm,
That might defend his land from harm,
And instant with commandment loud,
He bade desist the frantic crowd ;
'Tis *Opechancanough* that calls,
Who dares to strike that moment falls ;
Each shout subsides—each voice is still,
None dares dispute that leader's will ;
Hush'd as the night, in calmness deep,
When storms have ceased her breast to sweep.
They gather round in wonder mute,
With staring eye and cautious foot,
And shudder, as they silent gaze,
And lift the hand in wild amaze—
Snatch'd thus from death, where others died,
And by the foe he had defied,
Suspend we here the tale awhile,
Tho' still within the Indian toil,
And cast with Smith, the grateful eye,
To him who rules the world on high ;
We leave him faint—exhausted, lying,
But still with spirit never dying,
At present 'scaped from murderous arrow,
His doom, we know not, on the morrow. (5)

CANTO IV.

I.

W^hat stopp'd a while, 'twas but to show,
Behind the veil, the master foe ;
'Twas but with hasty glance to scan,
His purpose dark—insidious plan—
His cautious wile and vengeance stern,
His hidden fires that only burn.
One might have thought the vale below,
That smil'd beneath the mountain brow,
Was peaceful as Italia's bowers,
When blooming all with fragrant flowers,
And long exempt from mountain fires,
They offer all that love inspires ;
The softest gales—an air that roves,
Thro' laurel sweets and orange groves,
And beauty fans, more sweet than they,
The beauty melting in her lay,
Whose languor loves in loose array,
To bear the willing soul awa
To 'rap it all in ecstasv :

Unthinking how the lava torrent,
 In instant flood and gulph abhorrent,
 Can bury all that seems so fair,
 And whelm the heart in black despair ;
 Ah ! thoughtless heart—can ev'ry flower,
 That wantons there, repay that hour ?
 What folly bids thee seek the bloom
 That sheds its sweetness o'er the tomb ?
 What madness bids thee chase the light,
 That leaves thee plung'd in deepest night ?
 What phrenzy bids thee hope for bliss,
 Where yawns beneath the dread abyss ?

II.

But is it not forever thus
 Can folly *there*, be wise in us ?
 Who shuns the path of danger here,
 When passion drives his mad career,
 When love is not on reason built,
 'Tis hell that yawns to swallow guilt,
 And yet we madly find a zest,
 Where danger bids us not be blest ;
 In phrenzy oft, we woo the maid,
 Renouncing all for fleeting shade ;
 We snatch the blossom tho' it flaut,
 Where death despis'd is known to haunt ;
 Reckless, pursue the meteor light,
 Tho' surely lost in blackest night,

And impious, seize some frantic bliss,
Tho' glancing down on hell's abyss—

III.

Yes! one might have thought that all was still,
A halcyon calm—forbidding ill, (1)
Ah "brief tranquillity"—ah placid days!
Alcedo sheds upon the ocean ways,
When o'er the wave, her buoyant nest,
Floats calm beneath her orange breast,
And Thetis with her sea-nymphs roves,
Delighted thro' her coral coves.
Beneath the face that wore so fair,
Doth vengeance sit so darkly there?
Within the mountain's chasm dire,
Doth nature laborate her fire?
Yes—Powhatan—and lava streams,
Had blighted all the white man's dreams,
But mercy turn'd the flood away,
And darken'd all thy after day—
The day—the span—the fleeting hour!
The transient shade of earthly power!—
But savage—this the brightest gem
Above! that decks thy diadem.

IV.

Not long had Namontack been lost to view,
When swift to Powhatan an Indian flew,

'To tell of that disastrous fray,
 The terrors of the previous day;
 He hears the tale with dark indignant scowl,
 And strong the workings of his inmost soul.
 " Away—and bid your leader dare,
 " To twang the bow again in war;
 " Bid him, disperse his thoughtless band,
 " And meet me in Pamunkey's land.—
 " No worse—and these are mortals all,
 " And some perceiv'd in death to fall!
 " Oh dawning hope—destruction sweet,
 " Shall yet the bold intruder meet;
 " Before to-morrow's sun be set,
 " My chiefs of thirty nations met,
 " Shall hear detail'd the specious wile,
 " That shall the audacious foe beguile.
 " Extol the wondrous intellect that's giv'n,
 " Call him the favour'd Werowance of heav'n,
 " Show him—'twere impious to dare,
 " 'Twere vain oppose its chosen care;
 " Grant him a seeming friendship's aid,
 " Watch, but to strike him unarray'd;
 " Note well to use those deadly brands,
 " Perchance besitting handier hands,
 " Time must elapse, all fearfulness to lull,
 " And sleepless vigilance beseem most dull;

" Let every guile the soul employ,
 " Th' insulting leader to decoy ;
 " Death-like the secrecy—impose on all, (2)
 " Nor lightest word nor slightest hint must fall.
 " Oh vengeance haste—what naught like us, but man,
 " And dare the sanctity of Powhatan ?
 " Dare to infract the sacred bound
 " My toils had thrown triumphant round ?
 " My sweet content—my bliss without alloy,
 " In bold defiance at a blow destroy ?
 " It shall not be—no, warriors, quaffing deep,
 " We'll each pledge other in the mystic steep,
 " And raise the death song's madd'ning cheer,
 " But far away—where none must hear."

V.

Thus to himself the warrior spoke,
 Thus wildly forth, his feelings break ;
 The rest we know—save of the bold intent,
 To crash at once the growing settlement ;
 At once the budding Hercules destroy,
 While yet the cradle rock'd the infant boy.
 That morn—as if of Calmear birth,
 Three hundred warriors sprung from earth,
 The same exulting frantic throng,
 That leads you captive chief along,
 And with the wild buck's vaulting bound,
 They leapt the palisado'd ground ;

But Smith had left it well prepar'd,
 If that bold deed were manly dar'd ;
 And such a volley met them there,
 Such dread concussion rent the air,
 'Twas scarce a moment, none were left,
 But those that lay of life bereft ;
 Once more without the palisade,
 A cannon shot at random made,
 Struck on a bough of branching oak,
 That with a crash above them broke,
 And falling with its shatter'd prong,
 Amid the fleeing startled throng,
 They scatter'd as if bolt from heav'n,
 The forest tree itself had riv'n,
 And downward pour'd superual wrath,
 Indignant on unhallow'd path.
 Poor wretches—yet the shafts were flown,
 Did not the swerveless aim disown,
 And many a Briton paid the debt,
 Thy slaughter'd sons have sadly met.

VI.

Tho' baffled thus—'twas bravely done,
 That triumph had been dearly won,
 If all had lived and he alone,
 Their captive leader overthrown.
 And what the doom he now must know,
 From that gay host that length'ning go!—

They bear him bound to Powhatan,
 Grim Opechaneanough commands the van;
 Behind him borne in martial pride,
 Are mournful relics of the foe that died;
 The musket—sword—the scalp that bled,
 The savage trophy of the mangled dead;
 Our hero next, and held in firmest hold,
 By chieftains chosen from the strong and bold;
 On either side, three warriors show,
 The light wing'd arrow ready in the bow,
 Which drawn but to its jagged head,
 'The swiftest bird in vain had fled;
 In single file each wild one follows,
 Up trackless hills and pathless hollows,
 A leader's tread they'll strike so true,
 That hundred steps seem lost in two;
 'Tis thus with crafty wile they shun,
 'The vengeance due for crimes that's done,
 And often change their silent route,
 In subtlest mazes, wind about,
 Or shod with hoofs of buffalo horn,(3)
 Pursuit is vain and laugh'd to scorn.

VII.

That burst of joy—those shouts discover
 That wild procession now is over.
 Ignobly bound in hateful bands,
 Behold the valiant captive stands,

With comeliest form and calmest look,
A firmness nothing yet hath shook,
Beneath the matted roof of Powhatan,
The palace rude of uncorrupted man.
His dusky chiefs with feathers crown'd,
In gaudy colours range around ;
Behind each pointed Lord his Queen,
In wild adornment too is seen ;
At sight of Smith in bonds amid the crowd,
Theirs was the shout that burst so loud—
Upon his throne o'erlaid with reeds,
All fring'd with shells and hung with beads,
The giant Powhatan in savage state,
Sat like a Jove, dispensing fate ;
His body cloth'd in shaggy hide,
The wolf had worn in bristled pride ;
Upon his breast the white teeth shone,
An ear, on either arm droop'd down,
The yellow paws hung dangling from his throat,
And fell !—the heart they seem'd to note ;
Above the whole in graceful float,
A robe of skins was loosely thrown,
His head was circled in a crown,
Of light swan feathers, exquisitely white,
Its ringlet, lin'd with softest down, and dight
With plumes, all branching high, and bound
With strong deer sinews twia'd around.

The buckskin boot, his feet defended,
 And rattled with the shells appended ;
 A monstrous club, his sceptre seem'd,
 And in his eye a fierceness beam'd.(4)

VIII.

Beside him sat his lovely daughter,
 Our ark of safety on the troubled water,
 Her tear of pity promptly starts,
 And wildly throbs the first of hearts.
 Around her beautiful form is drawn,
 The soften'd skins of spotted fawn ;
 Her hair adown her shoulders stray'd,
 No raven knows so dark a shade,
 Nor does he from his changing wing,
 The dazzling beam so brightly fling.
 No gems adorn our western maid,
 But those within her eye that play'd,
 More precious they, more darkly pure,
 Than ever eastern beauty wore—
 Herself a diamond in her native mine,
 Surrounding gems would dimly shine ;
 Some simple things, she wore indeed,
 The shell, the feather and the bead,
 They seem on her the worthless dust,
 The dross that doth the diamond crust.

IX.

Such was the scene, surrounded thus the brave,
 The hopeless victim of a timeless grave!
 By signal made, a wildly cinctur'd dame,
 The graceful queen of Appamattox came,
 His hands to lave, in cruel thongs, yet ti'd,
 With eagle feathers, then, the water dri'd,
 Descending slowly from his savage throne,
 The monarch, threw on Smith, a with'ring frown,
 His courtiers stood all motionless and still,
 Expectant of his awful will—
 Darkly he look'd as does the ocean rock,
 That shipwrecks hope—if nought avert the shock,
 Ruthless—he bade the guards proceed,—
 Prepare the victim for the bloody deed.
 'Tis done!—a horrid death, he's doom'd to die,
 Oh! that his fetters could asunder fly.
 Extended on the fatal block,
 His eye awaits the coming shock,
 Of that dread club, upwhirl'd in air,
 With muscle strain'd, and looks that glare:
 A shriek! arrests the downward blow,
 And Pocahontas shields the foe.
 "Father," in shuddering agony she sighs,
 "Oh spare this bosom or thy daughter dies;
 "Strike not this unresisting heart,
 "The brave, should spurn, the coward part.
 "This single life would poorly slake,
 "The vengeance, thou shalt justly take."

With streaming eye and wild despair,
Uplifted hands and flowing hair,
The suppliant bends her lovely form,
To break the fury of the coming storm—
And comes it not?—that straining grasp,
Is slow relax'd for weaker clasp;
His eye around the chieftain bends,
His heart resolves—the club descends,
His daughter flies into a father's arms,
And hush'd are all her wild alarms. (5)

X.

A tear that had reluctant spring,
That nature had from sternness rung,
And sent in silent eloquence to speak,
As bright it stood upon the iron cheek,
Of Powhatan, was quickly brush'd,
And mingled with the flood that gush'd,
From Pocahontas' streaming eyes,
Now bent in rapture on the skies.
Withdrawing from his daughter's hold,
The king resum'd the warrior hold;
He motion'd to his captive foe,
"Invader thou mayst safely go,
"Dismiss at once all further fears,
"I yield unto a daughter's tears.
"Tho' rashly thou hast dar'd intrude,
"Thy foreign band with footsteps rude,

"To wrest from me the country of my sires,
 "And blast my people with destructive fires,
 "Be all forgot—remove thy bands,
 "And leave me to my peaceful lands;
 "Or stay—a thought now fills my heart,
 "Impart to me thy wondrous art,
 "Teach but my chiefs to rid the vale,
 "That none may live to tell the tale,
 "The softest meadows, freely shall be thine,
 "And forests boundless in extent as mine."

XI.

"Impossible, Oh king," he calm repli'd,
 "If this were done—'twere better I had di'd,
 "My aim like thine hath been remov'd,
 "I could not wear a traitor's crown.
 "Seductive beauty's softest air,
 "Shall never stain the name I bear;
 "Possession of a monarch's throne,
 "Were poor return for honor gone;
 "But could I basely will the deed,
 "The hope were vain to here succeed;
 "Thou dost not dream, Great Powhatan,
 "What wondrous powers oppose thy plan;
 "These globes of death are trifles all,
 "Contrasted with the crashing ball,
 "That, instant sweeps, whole ranks away,
 "And rushes with resistless away.

" But this in turn is naught to fire,
 " That kindles in the cavern dive,
 " And bursts in twain the yawning ground,
 " In gulphing all with startling sound ;
 " Such can my people in a moment wake,
 " Thy vengeance mighty chief, thou can'st not stake.
 " If of my truth a doubt remain,
 " Thy pris'ner here awhile retain,
 " And let some chosen warrior go,
 " These wonders shall my people shew ;
 " Protected by a sign from me,
 " Fearless of ill, unshackl'd, free,
 " He shall himself unhurt, return'd, declare
 " How vain the hope to conquer them in war."

XII.

" Content"—the swarthy monarch's pleas'd reply,
 The hope of triumph lurking in his eye—
 " My Panther* Rawhunt, let this task be thine,
 " To you th' important duty I consign.
 " Twelve warriors from my royal train select.
 " Stranger—what signal shall my chiefs protect."
 Smith quickly penn'd a brief command,
 With curious look they mark his hand,
 The Indian scarce dare touch the charm,
 And held it as if fraught with harm, (6)

* The genealogical names assumed by the Indians to distinguish the families, were Eagle, Panther, &c.—*Adair*.

Till bolder grown, he swift resumes,
 His simple armour—shakes his plumes,
 And with his wild attendant train,
 In silence wound down the plain.—

XIII.

Fond father—and mistaken daughter !
 The doom is seal'd of future slaughter—
 No thought of that the moment blasted,
 A purer bliss was never tasted ;
 But certain 'tis, unnerv'd old man !
 Thy weakness marr'd thy wisdom's plan.
 The fate of all thou valu'd most,
 Was firmly held—as madly lost—
 Oh hadst thou check'd the rushing tide,
 The tender fondness of parental pride,
 Oblivion's cloud had never swept,
 Nor had the bitter tear been wept,
 O'er the lost grandeur of a hunted race,
 Whose footsteps now, we vainly trace ;
 The sun to-day as bright he shone,
 Had smiled on many an Indian town,
 Where not a vestige now is seen,
 That such a thing hath ever been.
 Yes—a single trace—forgot !—remains,*
 (On old Pamunkey's solitary plains ;
 Some wretched hovels moulder there,
 Disconsolate abodes of dark despair ;

* Jefferson's Notes.

Its squalid tenants—greatness mark the tale,
 Are the lost people of the western vale:
 Their tongue forgotten, fiery spirit gone,
 Their feelings all enharden'd into stone—
 They seem the shades, that haunt the burial spot
 Where all, they lov'd in life, is left, alone, to rot.

XIV.

And thou alas! misguided maid!
 Thou Dian of the western shade!
 How couldst thou dream the impulse of a breast
 Where meek ey'd mercy chose enthron'd to rest,
 Could bring such wasting desolation down
 Upon a parent's heritage and crown?
 And yet 'tis true, the daughter of his love,
 With spirit gentle as the mourning dove,
 The boasted beauty of the wilderness,
 She! of the faultless form and raven tress,
 A nation's pride! the maid they lov'd to honor,
 False all the hopes were fondly built upon her!
 She—was the blast of destiny—that fell,
 And she, the wasting wind—the blighting spell
 That blacken'd all the budding—blowing flowers,
 Th' untimely frost in summer's earliest hours.
 Pure innocence! thou knew'st it not,
 And hadst thou known, had love forgot,
 A parent's hopes—a daughter's part,
 In the wild tumult of the feeling heart;

What wonder! in the desert's untaught child,
 Where Deity's own light had never smil'd,
 When 'mid the splendour of its noontide blaze,
 Love taps the heart, and all its strength betrays.

XV.

And Smith! alive—unbound again, and free!
 Unbroken yet thy thread of destiny!
 What charm is thrown thy life around,
 What spell hath every hand thus bound?
 What arm invisible, averts the wrath
 That ever seems descending on thy path?
 Thrown hopeless on the roaring wave
 It would not grant a wat'ry grave;
 Borne often on a redder tide,
 Where thousand other sank and died,
 Thou ro'st the storm triumphant through,
 Tho' sometimes whelm'd and lost to view.
 Bound in a ruthless despot's chains,
 Or lost amid deserted plains,
 Thy fetters fell, some spirit guided,
 And every danger there decided.
 Again adventur'd on the heaving flood,
 So often man's last, fathomless abode,
 Safe look'd is each tempestuous wind,
 And gentle gales, blow fair behind.
 Dragg'd forth to die by savage crowd,
 A sudden ray engilds the cloud,

That darkly hung—but black'ning soon,
To burst in awful fullness down,
Oh then to shield from death impending,
This heav'n-like form is seen descending,
And o'er thy helpless bosom bending—
What the mix'd feelings of thy soul were then,
Is all too much for my ungifted pen—
Of old—Uimantes when he felt it vain,
'To paint the anguish of a parent's pain,
Dropt o'er the father's face the silent veil,
And left the heart to shadow forth the tale:
So shall the curtain here on thee our chief descend,
And fancy lend the hues, that she alone can blend.

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO V

I.

W^HEN night abroad her shadows flung,
And high her sapphire curtain hung,
Bedeck'd with all its living lustres,
Its lone, bright stars and glowing clusters,
It found our hero, stretch'd his length to rest,
'Mid slumb'ring savages a wakeful guest.
He felt it, there were vain, to woo sweet sleep,
A sense of loneliness would o'er him creep,
In that remote and distant spot,
Where yet might end his wayward lot.
He knew, he lived upon another's breath,
A whim! caprice, might sentence him to death.
It might be then his Indian maid,
Could not afford her gentle aid,
How like a scrap had she seem'd!
Was it a truth, or had he dream'd?
That standing on some frightful brink,
Down some dark gulf just doom'd to sink,
A lovely vision snatch'd him thence,
Her breast, his shield and safe defence—

Ah ! see again——it was no dream !
She stands within the pale moonbeam,
And beckons with beseeching hands,
And points unto the sleeping hands !
With cautious haste, our hero rose,
He follows as the vision goes ;
No echoes on her footsteps swell,
As moonlight down they softly fell ;
With fearful eye, she glances round,
And anxious, starts at lightest sound ;
She seems the timid forest deer,
When distant sounds assail her ear ;
As oft her head she swiftly turns,
Her beating breast, as wildly burns,
As sudden are her fine eyes sparkling,
And then again as softly darkling,

II.

They quickly reach the open air,
And faster moves the vision fair——
She hastens along through the lonely street,
And glides like a shade in its winding sheet ;
Unbroken the stillness that reigns o'er all,
Save by the dash of the distant fall ;
So clear was the night, you might almost see,
The frost, as it freezingly fell, so free,
And it lay on the ground so shining and white,
That it studded it all with a starry light ;

The river below, with its waveless stream,
 Was a spangled sheet in the cold moon beam ;
 The forest was shedding its bright dead leaf,
 To fancy it look'd as if wrapp'd in grief,
 It stood so breathless and desolate all,
 It seem'd to be mourning that ceaseless fall.
 No riotous orgy, disturb'd the town (1)
 No frantic vigil, could there be shewn,
 The savage hath sunk to his rest profound,
 His soul is abroad on his hunting ground.—

III.

Such Richmond ! once the placid scene,
 That midnight gave thy native queen,
 When humble huts to luxury unknown,
 Stood where the gorgeous palaces have grown.
 How chang'd the quiet of an untaught age !
 To revelry—to mirth or guilty rage !
 Man madly mars the bounty of God,
 And mercy changes to a chast'ning rod.

IV.

Our maid of the wild hath escap'd unseen,
 Not a creature hath mark'd our buskin'd queen,
 On the verge of the wood she hath check'd her flight,
 And she suddenly turns to address our knight.
 "Oh stranger it was madly dar'd,
 "To risk a life so greatly spar'd ;

“ But haste to follow—flee a foe,
“ Whose vengeance may'st thou never know,
“ His presence at the scene to day,
“ Had fill'd my heart with dark dismay :
“ He started when thy life was giv'n,
“ To my poor tears by pitying heav'n :
“ 'Tis Opechamecough I dread—
“ A chief by darkest passions led,
“ He views thy nation with vindictive hate,
“ And sighs to wield the sceptre of our state ;
“ His passions tho' so long kept down,
“ Beneath his monarch's dreaded frown,
“ I dare not trust—his eye of fire,
“ Was glanc'd on thee with sternest ire ;
“ I shudder'd lest his vengeful soul,
“ This night had broke its strong control,
“ And prompted the assassin part,
“ To strike unseen th' unguarded heart :
“ Perhaps he deems it best to borrow,
“ A seeming patience till the morrow,
“ To watch thee with remorseless wrath,
“ And start upon thy homeward path.
“ But fly with me, thy faithful guide,
“ I'll lead thee to the water's side,
“ Where moor'd was left the chieftain's boat,
“ In that thou may'st securely float ;
“ That swift canoe launch'd out a stream,
“ May cheat the truest arrow's aim ;

"I know this devious forest well,
 "Each covert path and winding dell;
 "My sport has been to thread the glade,
 "To start the deer from thickest shade,
 "Pursue him thro' the trackless wood,
 "And cross with him the silver flood."

V.

"Sweet maiden stay," our knight replies,
 "I must not ask this sacrifice;
 "Perchance on thee may fall this hate,
 "I will return and brave my fate;
 "I would not cause thee one soft sigh,
 "Or draw a tear from that dark eye,
 "To purchase all this vale could offer,
 "That wealth could give, or monarch proffer.
 "Already do I owe thee more,
 "Than words can tell, or life restore;
 "I would our people could in friendship live,
 "To please thy heart, I would existence give."

VI.

"Fear not for me, a father's love,
 "My sure defence will ever prove;
 "Oh tell me not, thou wilt return,
 "Where quenchless hate must always burn,
 "Thou ow'st me naught—I did but seek,
 "To sooth a sense, I cannot speak—(2)

" Or if thou dost, oh fly with me,
 " I cannot think of death for thee ;
 " I will not wait—the moments fly,
 " The moon is waning down the sky."—
 The doubting Smith she sweetly chides,
 Then like a shooting star, she glides—
 And soon like it they are lost to view,
 Her glory alas ! is fading too—
 But as it shoots its dying gleam,
 It brightens like that starry beam.

VII.

We cannot track our Indian maid,
 'Thro' tangl'd brake and gloomy shade—
 We will hie to the spot on the distant shore,
 Where she watcheth the skiff until seen no more.
 He is safe ! she exclaim'd with wild delight,
 Kiwassa ! augment the speed of his flight !—
 He is gone ! but said it was not forever,
 Oh would we could meet and then part never.
 'Tis sweet to think of that soften'd look,
 The tender leave he at parting took ;
 I had fled with him but it made us start,
 To think of the pang of a parent's heart :
 His soul is brave and with softness fraught,
 He seem'd to shrink at the transient thought ;
 Adieu ! adieu ! thou'rt far away—
 How thoughtless was it here to stay !

She turn'd once more to the vacant stream,
 That started to look on the morning beam,
 And fled away like a fading dream.

VIII.

How thought our hero on that lonely water
 Of nature's artless—young—bewitching daughter?
 He thought her, the purest, sweetest flower,
 That nature could rear in her wildest hour;
 Sweeter than all that art can show,
 Sweeter than eastern gardens grow,
 Softer than blow in the Cashmere vales,
 Fann'd by the breath of the Chikam gales;
 Blooming alone in the waste he found her,
 And flinging her glowing tints around her:
 Oh! were it not sweet to snatch that flower,
 And bear it away to some gaye'r bower?
 Why should its brilliant bloom be shed,
 Where soulless things around are spread?
 Why should its fragrant sweets be strowing,
 Where none but the desert winds are blowing?
 Had it was more than beauty warm'd,
 More than ineffable softness charm'd;
 Over the soul, her tenderness came,
 And her fondness fired his heart with flame;
 Every thing yields to its sweeping sway,
 And unresistingly dies away——

Even glory's voice could not beguile,
From her silver tones, and artless smile;
His thought was only to meet once more,
His guardian sylph of the western shore;
So soft th' enchantment, she breath'd around,
So strong was the spell he felt that bound,
He almost thought him in fairy land,
And hurri'd along by an unseen hand——
That spot on which he sleepless lay!
That form that beckon'd him away!
That rapid flight o'er hill and glen!
Through brakes and glades and marshy fen!
His lightsome boat!—the dazzling night!—
That deck'd his way with dancing light,
All seem'd the work of fairy power,
Her wanton sport in idle hour.
“ Forbid it fate! that gentle maid,
“ Was more I trust than fleeting shade,
“ But if deceiv'd—prolong the scene,
“ Dissolve it not, my fawn clad queen.”

IX.

Such were the musings of his silent flight,
Such the soft wish that caught the ear of night;
But night is fled—with morning's ray,
Each fond illusion fades away——
How many dreams of night have sped!
With the first beam that morning shed;

Who hath not on his waking pillow found,
 How gay the structures of enchanted ground !
 And how as if with magic wand the day,
 Can sweep our fairy palaces away ;
 They melt before returning light,
 As did that dome of ice so bright, (3)
 That folly rear'd with wanton power,
 Rear'd but to vanish in an hour !—
 But touch'd, by spring's returning sun,
 Its crystal colonnades are gone !
 Its glittering roof and dazzling walls !
 Its rote saloons and diamond halls !
 Each gay adornment—all is fled—
 The sparkling fount, its icy bed !
 The brilliant chandelier—transparent vase
 The sculptur'd statue and its marble base !
 Just emblem of a fleeting world,
 When God's consuming fire is hurl'd !
 It must have smote with deep dismay,
 The heart that watch'd its swift decay ;
 Th' imperial heart that could not check,
 The force that did its bauld wreck ;
 Th' aspiring heart whose tow'ring away,
 Must crumble too and melt away ;
 It must have said—"Thou sensual heart,
 " How short a bliss can guilt impart !
 " Go—build thy palace on the rock,
 " That can sustain the final shock,

"The rock, where winds and waves may vainly beat,
 "Where elements may melt with fervent heat,
 "Yet—it unshaken in its strength shall be,
 "Baa'd in unchangeable eternity."—

X.

Rous'd by the bracing breeze of morn,
 From love's seducing softness torn,
 His thoughts another channel take,
 And sadder views his mind awake;
 His slaughter'd friends—whose mangled shades,
 For vengeance cry from yonder glades,
 His lessen'd force by savages embrac'd,
 Hung like a lonely zerie in the waste.
 Mark now his cheek and thoughtful eye,
 What path doth honor, stern, desery?—
 To arm his force with desolating sword,
 Nor longer palter with a faithless horde—
 "What! bare the sword in mortal strife,
 "Against the hand that spar'd my life?
 "And thus with cruelty's refining art,
 "Strike to the daughter's, thro' a parent's heart?
 "My fond preserver's gentle bosom wring,
 "Where nature's charities so warmly spring?
 "O! thought of torture! were it but for me,
 "I'd sooner cast me on the raging sea;
 "Yet how acquit the debt in truth I owe,
 "To those who stak'd their all upon a throw?

"That throw, must be unshrinking east,
 "Tho' doubling not it were my list;
 "Led hither by my prompting soul,
 "Dependent on my lov'd control,
 "Their lives and fortunes all at stake,
 "Shall pity then, my purpose shake?—
 "Say rather *love*—*He* sav'd me not,
 "No pity from his dark eye shot;
 " 'Twas but a father's tenderness to her,
 "That did the murderous destiny defer;
 "E'en now perchance his vengeful hate,
 "Doth curse the deed when all too late;
 "Perhaps e'en now, athirst for blood,
 "They scent my steps thro' yonder wood;
 "Is this a time for mawkish strain
 "Of melting love?—the thought disdain!
 "She *suffers* then?—no sophistry can prove,
 "I am not here the creature of her love;
 "But for her firmest—gentlest heart,
 "Death had not now his thirsting dart.
 "Yet hold! may I not woo her from his hand,
 "And quench at once the troubles of her land?
 "I may!—the thought invigorates my heart,
 "And honor smiles upon the guiltless part—
 "But will proud Powhatan resign,
 "This daughter of a royal line,
 "To one of race and name abhorr'd?—
 "The very thought will be abjur'd—

"No! terror must his purpose shake,
 "Or blood alone, his vengeance stake;
 "But yet the prize is worth the trial,
 "I can but meet his mad denial;
 "Be his the guilt that thence may grow,
 "The blood be his that then shall flow;
 "Be mine the soothing, pleasing thought,
 "That such were ills, I had not brought."

XI.

Restor'd unto his band again,
 The boon is ask'd—it meets disdain;
 "A mighty Werowance would wed the maid,
 His word once giv'n, never was betray'd."
 Ah! fatal hour! the brand is thrown,
 The quenchless fire to flame is blown;
 It rages away with a gath'ring gale,
 And death is abroad in the lively vale;
 What was there left but to fire the train?—
 The match was seiz'd with a madden'd brain:
 Come look on the valley, that seem'd so fair,
 Its features exhibit a wild despair—
 Ruin hath smote with his blackening hand,
 And blasted the hopes of a smiling land;
 The smoke of the village hath roll'd away,
 The savage hath fled from its swift decay;—
 But where is the maid of gentle mien?
 The shadowy form of our sylvan queen?—

Must she too tremble? must she start at the sound
 Of the fires of death that are bursting around?—
 That bosom of peace, shall it throb with alarm,
 The bosom that shelter'd the stranger from harm?
 Like the dove from her nest, must she pantingly start,
 And look on the ruin, that maddens her heart?

XII.

Ah no! if still in filial pride,
 She had adorn'd a parent's side;
 If unconfin'd she did not sigh,
 Nor droop, sad bird, for liberty;
 If left still fetterless and free,
 She caroll'd from her native tree;
 Our hero had in vain essay'd,
 To strike the blow that honour bade;
 Hat since what she has dar'd for him,
 But serv'd her litter cup to brim,
 The hand that did that chalice steep,
 Should lift a draught—as damning deep.
 'Twas told, and told in taunting scorn,
 That on that long remember'd morn,
 The royal maid, though fleet as wind,
 Or thought that hurries o'er the mind,
 Could not escape that eye of fire,
 That glar'd with disappointed ire;
 It met her bounding on her homeward path,
 And instant stopp'd her—rooted by its wrath.

Scarcely could stern Opechameanough forbear,
 At once to glut his thwarted dagger there,
 And scarce was his uplifted hand withdrawn,
 From the soft bosom of the trembling fawn.
 Was it then pity shelter'd her from harm?
 No—down ambition struck his dastard arm.
 'Twas that alone the deed prevented,
 And thus his baleful rage he vented.

XIII.

"Base minion of a baser foe,
 " 'Tis scorn withhold his threaten'd blow;
 " Degenerate! know that but for thee,
 " Last night, had seen thy country free;
 " This dagger then had drunk his blood,
 " And sent his slaves beyond the flood;
 " But now prepare! the ceaseless tempest comes,
 " And brought by thee to devastate our homes.
 " Dost think 'twill harmless sweep o'er thee?
 " And spare to blast thy parent tree?
 " False hope! thy bosom yet shall wring,
 " To view thyself so vile a thing,
 " The source, th' accursed source of all our woes,
 " A father's ruin, and a nation's throes.
 " Go—hide thy shame—to Powhatan I haste,
 " The dotard yesterday his death embrace'd."

XIV.

Rous'd by an effort from her first surprise,
 Her feelings rose in softness to her eyes:

Thro' those sweet tears she look'd to heaven—
 "Great Spirit!" she said, "to whom is giv'n,
 "To know and guide events below,
 "Avert—this imprecated blow."
 Then to the chief, with dignity she turn'd,
 A fire unwaited for an instant burn'd,
 In that dark eye, that only knew to melt,
 But taught to sparkle what she strongly felt.
 "Cease, cold assassin in unguarded hour,
 "The truly brave can never dread thy power;
 "I glory in the deed I've done,
 "And deem it more than kingdom won;
 "Doth coward fear thy heart appeal?—
 "For shame—the great should greatly fall—
 "If ruin must our race o'erwhelm,
 "If storms must desolate the realm,
 "Storms startle not the virtuous brave,
 "Let ruin bring a glorious grave,
 "Let danger come—the warrior at his post,
 "What boots the brave, an empire won or lost."

XV.

'Twas vain! 'twas vain! the soul that there outshone,
 Was doom'd to feel a dreaded parents' frown—
 The fiend had in his ear distill'd,
 The poison, all his fondness chill'd;
 The love that once relax'd his brow,
 Seem'd gone irrevocably now.

That tear that once could melt alone,
 Seem'd falling on the changeless stone;
 Summon'd in anger by her savage sire,
 She read his purpose in his look of fire;
 No plea is heard—defence is idle—vain—
 Or heard with coldest apathy—disdain—
 “I dreamt not daughter that so soon,
 “I should be call'd to curse the boon,
 “I fondly gave those foolish tears,
 “That sprung from more than maiden fears.
 “Caught by the baubles of that foreign hand,
 “Wouldst thou forsake the people of thy land?—
 “A daughter leagu'd against a parents' throne,
 “To robbers trusted, and at night alone,
 “Oh outrage on a stainless name!
 “Oh bitter thought! a daughter's shame!
 “Away—away—yon train prepares to bring,
 “His promised bride, to Quirrough's warlike king—
 “A moon's seclusion may such wildness tame,
 “Perchance efface the blot upon thy fame—
 “When ends that moon—thyself the cause—
 “Thy hand shall be bold Japaws.”



XVI.

Did the moon last night, withhold her light?
 Ah then her course is run—
 Young warrior—this is thy bridal night,
 And hark! the mirth's begun.

Tho' ruin stalks with his giant stride,
 O'er many a hut and village,
 Th' Quirough* laves with its lovely tide,
 A shore unscath'd by pillage.
 His chiefs are come at the bridegroom's call,
 Their white swan feathers waving,
 His kinsmen too, they are gathering all,
 And all had death been braving.
 They are come all clad in their war attires,
 Their hiccory bows and quivers,
 They dance by the light of their blazing fires,
 That gleam on the first of rivers.
 The red light falls on their ghastly features,
 Their shadows on earth are flung,
 They seem not men, but unearthly creatures,
 Or Titans from earth that sprung.
 Methinks their mirth has a mournful sound,
 And not unmix'd with sorrow,
 Many that dance on the bridal ground,
 May be wrapp'd in death to-morrow.

XVII.

And where was the bride, in her youthful pride,
 When her nuptial feast was spreading,
 He sat looking the bride, on the distant tide,
 And that nuptial feast was dreading.

* The ancient name of Potowmac.

"Oh will he not come," she mournfully sigh'd,
 She look'd for her faithless lover—

She gaz'd on the waves that were welt'ring wide
 But naught could her eye discover.

"And has he forgotten his Indian maid?—

"And will he not fly to save her?"

"His promise of love, is it all betray'd?"

"Ah, cruel one, thus to leave her."

The evening shades had dimm'd the wave,

And hope had died within her,

He will not come, her chieftain brave,

He will not come to win her.

She turn'd away from the wat'ry waste,

But oh she would look once more—

"A boat! a boat! is rowing in haste,

"And close to the southern shore."

'Tis his--'tis his--none else can it be,

And they keep to the cliff that none may see

Speed ye—speed ye—gallant rowers!

Be strong your hearts, and swift your oars.—

With beating breast and frequent sigh,

A panting breath and straining eye,

She watch'd the billows, foaming slow

And flash around the buried prow.

At dusk a secret cove they reach,

And spring upon the rocky beach—

The boat secur'd beyond the reef,

The men with caution climb the cliff—

One figure is seen in dark relief—
 "Spirit above, 'tis an Indian chief!—
 "My country's friend—but foe to me—
 "Thou shock of death, I welcome thee."
 She sunk subdu'd, her hopes are gone,
 Her life blood stops—her soul seems flown.

XVIII.

Not long is left that fainting maid,
 The festive scene is all away'd,
 And the bridal train appear,
 The knot must be tied,
 Where the lights are denied, (4)
 But Ah! what a bride is here!
 The wasting embers' fitful glow,
 On her chamber wall hath risen,
 It shews that captive lady low,
 In her dreary cavern prison.
 The Bridegroom sprang to raise the maid,
 A sudden blast! the motion stay'd,
 So shrill—it might have woke the dead,
 As thro' the hollow earth it sped.
 In deep amaze transfix'd he stood,
 An instant more he sank in blood—
 A flash of dazzling light outbroke,
 Succeeded by the thunder stroke.
 Unhappy chief! thy fate the first,
 Unknown the bolt that on thee burst,

Unreck'd the din and deaf 'ning clang,
 That thro' the roaring cavern rung—
 Thy snowy plumes have bow'd to earth,
 For death exchange'd thy nuptial mirth.
 With terror smote—each red chief flies,
 While flash and peal around him rise,
 The sounds of sabres ring behind,
 And bullets sing along the wind.

XIX.

Night went!—and morn in tranquil beauty came,
 This noiseless scene it scarce can be the same!
 How sweet the red sun's glancing ray,
 Doth o'er the chilly waters play,
 That vast expanse! so coldly bright,
 Seems like a flood of living light,
 So restless are its countless fires,
 That wake as every wave expires.
 Majestic river! lonely now—
 In vain is sought the foaming prow—
 But soon will fly the thousand sails,
 To wanton with thine idle gales.
 No living thing can here be seen,
 Where mirth with all her train hath been,
 The feast is spread, no guest is here,
 No lip to taste the bridal cheer;
 In yonder cave a sadder feast,
 Is ready for an humbler guest;

No clang of arms can scare away,
 The rev'ler from his lustsome prey ;
 'Tis but the sound that serves to tell,
 The mournful tale of tolling bell ;
 To him 'tis ever a sound of glee,
 He hastes away to his jubilee ;
 Within that cave the master lies,
 For marriage deck'd in scarlet dyes ;
 Ah ! little he thought that warrior bold,
 To clasp to his bosom a bride so cold !—
 The best of his chiefs have shar'd his doom,
 That cave is now but a spacious tomb.

XX.

But who hath done this deed so foul ?
 What hand hath dash'd the nuptial bowl ?
 Why thus untenanted is left Quiricough ?
 You breathless savage will afford the clue—
 With frighten'd look and bloodstain'd gub,
 He stands before the holy St. Barbe ;
 And tells, while terror shakes his tawny frame,
 How from the land of Japatawa he came,
 And how from earth the Evil One had burst,
 In flame, and blasted with his breath accurst,
 The warrior and his crowded train,
 And rock'd with thunder all the plain.

In that dark cavern that o'erjuts the river,
 He seem'd an Indian chief with bow and quiver,
 And with the dying bride was seen to fly,
 O'er the high—craggy cliff—that beetl'd high,
 And plunge into the raging water,
 With Powhatan's imperial daughter!—

XXI.

“Peace, pence, thou wretched, abject hind!
 “What magic did thy senses blind,
 “Thou couldst not see, beneath his crafty guise,
 “The white fiend lurking for his long sought prize.
 “Th’ accurs’d one!—yes in sooth ’twas only he,
 “All evil is the shape he bears to me,
 “Tho’ fair as spotless light, his outward form,
 “Dark is his heart—aye darker than the storm.
 “But ours be darker still—this blow,
 “He doubtless dreams, hath laid us low;
 “Rejoice thy daring chiefs, from this emprise,
 “I see our Tiger in his fury rise;
 “Pursu’d and smitten in his sacred lair,
 “Revenge!—revenge be now his only care.”

XXII.

And thus it prov’d—from that sad day,
 The parent’s heart seem’d shrunk away—
 The filial rill, its spring that fled,
 Had ceas’d within its channell’d bed—

Tho' sunk the spring—it burst below,
 In deeper, darker, steeper flow ;
 For torrents there, had join'd its course,
 And bore it on with furious force ;
 The waters that were sweet before,
 In bitterness are gushing o'er ;
 Tho' proffer'd peace and urg'd to take,
 The boon for Pocahontas' sake,
 Old Powhatan the offer spurn'd,
 And with indignant feeling burn'd ;
 Tho' sixty years in toils were gone,
 Those years in triumphs all had flown,
 And should he yield, a lawless band,
 Unfought each foot, his native land ?—
 The thought but serv'd his glowing soul to chafe,
 Perish the daughter ! for his country—safe !—

XXIII.

Long fought the hero ! but in vain,
 Tho' all his youth seem'd come again,
 No rest his harass'd foe could take,
 Forth from the dell or secret brake,
 The feather'd arrow, silent flew,
 Unseen the steady hand that drew ;
 No forest tree nor gloomy shade,
 No deep morass, nor darksome glade,

But witness'd some achievement bold,
'T were long to tell and vainly told.—
He fought his foe, by day—by night,
He fought him at the tempest's height ;
When deem'd secure in slumber's clasp,
He rous'd him in the tyger's grasp.
Countless and fadeless were his feats in war,
But still must set at last the brightest star—
In silver hoariness he sank to rest,
Gallo then at length the warrior's troubl'd breast,
He liv'd not, till the ocean wave,
Had whelm'd the valley and its brave,
But yet its distant roar and rage could mark,
Its force tempestuous and its aspect dark :
He brac'd his bosom for the coming shock
And thought to dare it from his mountain rock.

But other ends, seem'd wise to thee,
His guardian trust ! his loved Okee !—

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1st, page 10th.

"To nature's rough uncultivated son."

Owing to that obscurity in which, unhappily, every thing relating to this people is involved, we know little of the life of Powhatan's glory; little of his meridian. Those particular traits which would have enabled us accurately to estimate the character and capacity of his mind, have felt the fate of oral record and remembrance. The exploits of his youth and manhood have perished for the want of a poet or historian. We saw him only for a short time on the edge of the horizon; but from the brightness of his departing beams, we can easily think what he was in the blaze of his time.—*Burk*, vol. 1st, p 202.

Note 2d, page 11th.

"His darling daughters and his Nantaquans."

So it was that about ten years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy,

especially from his son Nantiquaus, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage. Pocahontas and Cleopatra were the names of his daughters.—*Letter J. Smith, to the most high and virtuous princess, &c.*

Note 3d, p. 13th.

“Some spirit fair? some dread Okee.”

Okee, Quioccos or Kewassa—*Beverly*. This was an idol made of skins, stuffed with moss, all painted, and hung with chains and copper.—*Smith, Smith*.

Adair says, an Indian pays not the least perceivable adoration to any images, or to dead persons, neither to the celestial luminaries, nor evil spirits, nor to any created being whatsoever. They kiss no idols, &c. but pay their religious devoir to Loak, Ilatohoollo Aha, the great beneficent, supreme, holy spirit of fire who resides above the clouds. He ridicules the whole tale of puissant Powhatan.—*Adair's Hist. Amer. Ind.* p. 19, 407, quart. edit.

Note 4th, p. 14th.

“And rings of copper rattled on his breast.”

“Being strangely painted, every one his quiver of arrows and at his back a club, on his arm a fox or an otter's skin, or some such matter for his varnience; their heads and shoulders painted red with oil and pitchcons mingled together which scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome show; his bow in his hand, and the skin of a bird with the wings abroad tied, tied on his head a piece of copper, white shell, a long feather with a small rattle growing to the tails of their snakes tied to it, or some such toy.”—*Smith*, p. 48.

Note 5th, page 20th.

"Like Jonah's rous'd from his unthinking sleep."

At Marseilles he (Smith) embarked for Italy in company with a rabble of pilgrims. The ship was forced by a tempest into the harbour of Toulon, and afterwards obliged, by contrary wind, to anchor under the little island of St. Mary, of Niza. The bigotry of the pilgrims made them ascribe their ill fortune to the presence of a heretic on board. They devoutly cursed Smith and his queen, and in a fit of pious rage threw him into the sea. He swam to the shore. *Burk.*

Note 6th, page 21st.

"The friendly signal 'tis by all my hopes."

At the seat of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, Smith became acquainted with Lord Eberspaught. He communicated to him a method of conversing at a distance by signals made with torches, which being alternately shown and hid, designated every letter of the alphabet. The method is this: First, three torches are shown in a line equidistant from each other, which are answered by three others in the same manner. Then the message being written as briefly as possible, and the alphabet divided into two parts, the letters from A to L are signified by showing and hiding one light as often as there are letters from A to that letter, which you mean. The letters from M to Z by two lights in the same manner. The end of a word is signified by showing three lights. At every letter the light stands, that the other party may write it down and answer by his signal which is one light.—*Ibid.*

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1st. page 33d.

“And Turks and Tartars prov'd it borne in mind.”

At the siege of Regal, the Ottomans derided the slow approaches of the Transylvanian army and sent a challenge purporting that the Lord Turbisha, to divert the ladies would fight any single captain of the Christian troops. The honor of accepting the challenge fell on Capt. Smith, who meeting his antagonist on horseback within view of the ladies on the battlements, at the sound of musick began the encounter, and in a short time killed him, and bore away his head in triumph to General Lord Moyses.

The death of the chief, so irritated his friend Crusgo that he sent a particular challenge to the conqueror, who meeting him with the same ceremonies, after a smart combat, took off his head also. Smith in his turn sent a message into the town, informing the ladies, that if they wished for more diversion, they should be welcome to his head, in case their third champion could take it. The challenge was accepted by Bonamalgro, who unhorsed Smith and was near gaining the victory, but remounting in a critical moment, he gave the Turk a stroke with his falchion, which brought him to the ground, and his head was added to the number.

For these singular exploits, he was honoured with a military procession, consisting of six thousand men, three led horses and the Turks' heads on the points of their lances. With this ceremony Smith was conducted to the pavilion of

The General, who after embracing him, presented him with a horse richly furnished, a cymetar and belt worth three hundred ducats, and commission to be a major in his regiment. The Prince of Transylvania after the capture of the place made him a present of his picture set in gold, and a pension of three hundred ducats per annum, and moreover granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield. The patent was admitted and received in the college of heralds in England by Sir Henry Segar, Garter King at Arms. Smith was always proud of this distinguished honor, and these arms are accordingly blazoned in the frontispiece to his history with this motto, *Vincere est vivere—**Ibid.*

Note 2d, page 34th.

"Many a soldier sunk in death."

After this the Transylvanian army was defeated by a body of Turks and Tartars near Rotenton, and many brave men were slain, among whom were nine English and Scotch officers, who, after the fashion of that day, had entered into his service from a religious zeal, to drive the Turks out of Christendom.—*Ibid.*

Note 3rd, page 36th.

"Too weak to aid, and yet too strong to die."

The reader is referred to a letter written by Colonel Poasoby of the British army, who was desperately wounded at Waterloo, for a striking delineation of the horrors of a field, during and subsequent to a battle. He describes the cries of the wounded as producing in his bosom a feeling far more intolerable, than the anguish of his wounds, and declares that the roar of the cannon, notwithstanding the danger to

which he was exposed, was pleasing to him, as it afforded him relief from those distressing sounds. I quote from memory, not having seen the letter since its first publication; the whole account is extremely interesting.

Note 4th, page 40th.

"The Bashaw's brain is scatter'd on the gale."

Smith was wounded in the battle of Rotenton, and lay among the dead; his habit discovered him to the victors as a person of consequence. They used him well till his wounds were healed, and then sold him to the Bashaw Begul, who sent him as a present to his mistress Tragabigzanda at Constantinople, accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered in battle a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave. The connexion proved so tender that to secure him for herself, and to prevent his being ill used, she sent him to her brother, the Bashaw of Nalbenitz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars.

Within an hour after his arrival he was stripped, his head and beard shaved, an iron collar was put about his neck; he was clothed with a coat of hair cloth, and driven to labour among the Christian slaves.

In the depth of his distress an opportunity presented for an escape, which, to a person of a less courageous and adventurous spirit, would have been an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing at a grange in a large field, about a league from the house of his tyrant, who in his daily visits treated him with abusive language and blows. This was more than Smith could bear; wherefore watching an opportunity when no other person was present, he levelled a stroke at him with his threshing instrument which despatched him.—*Dunk.*

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1st, page 47th.

"That blush beneath the heavenly skies."

They found a country which according to their own description, might claim prerogative over the most pleasant places in the world, for large and majestic navigable rivers, for beautiful mountains, hills, plains, vallies, rivulets and brooks, gurgling down and running most pleasantly into a fair bay, encompassed on all sides except at the mouth with fruitful and delightful lands, * * * * * so that Heaven and Earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation, were it fully cultivated and inhabited by industrious people.—*Smith.*

Note 2nd, page 52d.

"Courage may then assail the foe."

Nor is this conduct to be attributed as a vice to Powhatan; it acted on the maxims of his country, which give to strangers and sinners, the rewards nations more civilized bestow on force. With the Indians insincerity and dissimulation, when exercised towards an enemy, are esteemed virtues of the first order, and the chief who practices them successfully, cannot fail of attaining distinction.—*Hark.*

Note 3rd, page 57th.

"But it bursts not out from his dark control."

So consummate is the art of concealing their sentiments among this people, that not a feature or muscle, betrays the emotion which is passing in the mind; no matter what excesses of passion disturb or agitate their bosoms—an icy indifference, an iron apathy, appears to chill and indurate the unvarying surface of the visage, which nature, in general, makes an index to the mind and the benton of its sentiments.—*Idem.*

Note 4th, page 58th.

"And that the signal that echoes away?"

They separate themselves as far as each can hear the others' travelling signal, which is the mimicking such birds and beasts as frequent the spot. And they can exactly imitate the voice and sound of every quadruped and wild fowl through the American woods.—*Adair's Hist. Amer. Ind.* page 585.

Note 5th, page 61st.

"His doom, we know not, on the morrow."

Opechancanough with his Indians, having tracked Smith, they surrounded and wounded him with an arrow. In this exigence cut off from all human succour, his presence of mind did not desert him. As a shield against the enemies' arrows, he tied his Indian guide to his left arm, whilst with his musket he despatched three of the most forward of his assailants. In this manner he slowly retreated towards the canoe, the Indians keeping at a distance astonished at his bravery, and not daring to attack him; but whilst his whole

attention was engaged by the enemy, he sank all at once in every part of the swamp from which he was unable to extricate himself. Here he remained a considerable time unmolested by the Indians; but the cold, having benumbed his limbs he was incapable of farther exertions. * * * *

He presented his ivory compass and dial to Opechaacanough, who wondered exceedingly at the vibrations of the needle and the fly, which he could not touch. Smith adroitly taking advantage of his mute wonder, expatiated by signs and partly by a little of their language which he had learned, on the uses of the instrument.—*Bark.*

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note 1st, page 64th.

* *A Halcyon calva—forbidding ill.*"

This bird is the $\alpha\lambda\kappa\upsilon\omega\tau\epsilon\phi\omega\gamma\omicron$ or mute Halcyon of Aristotle. After his description of the bird follows that of its nest; then which the most inventive of the ancients have delivered nothing that appears at first sight more fabulous and extravagant. He relates that it resembled those concretions that are formed by the sea water; that it resembled the lug-necked gourd, that it was hollow within, that the entrance was very narrow, so that should it overset the water could not enter; that it resisted any violence from iron, but could be broke with a blow from the hand; and that it was composed of the bones of the $\beta\epsilon\lambda\lambda\omicron\tau\eta$ or sea-nettle. The nest had medical virtues assigned to it, and from the bird was called Halcyoneum. On the foundation laid by the philosopher, succeeding writers formed other tales extremely absurd, and the poets, indulging the powers of imagination, dressed the story in all the robes of romance. This nest was a floating one,

Incubat halcyone, pendentibus æquore nilis.

Ovid Met. lib. xi."

It was therefore necessary to place it in a tranquil sea, and to supply the bird with charms to allay the fury of a turbo-

ent element, during the time of its incubation; for it had
that season, power over the seas and the winds,

"May Halcyons smooth the waves and calm the seas,
And the rough South East sink into a breeze.
Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main,
Most lov'd and honor'd by the Nereid train."

Fowkes' Theocritus.

These birds were equally favourites with Thetis as with
the Nereids,

"Delectæ Thetidi Halcyones."—*Virgil.*

As if to their influence these deities owed a repose in the
midst of the storms of winter, and by their means were se-
cured from those winds that disturbed their submarine re-
cesses.

In after times these words expressed any season of pros-
perity; these were the "Halcyon days" of the poets. "The
brief tranquillity," the "septem dies placidi" of human life.

Ency. verb. Alcedo.

Note 2d, page 50th.

"Death-like secrecy—in pose on all."

Still speaking of a conspiracy of the Indians at a differ-
ent period, says—"Four years had nearly elapsed in ma-
king this formidable conspiracy, during which time not a
single Indian belonging to the thirty nations of Powhatan
was found to violate his engagements or betray his leader—
not a word or hint was heedlessly or deliberately dropt to
awaken jealousy or excite suspicion."

Note 3d, page 66th.

"Or shod with hoofs of buffaloe horn."

They sometimes fix the broad hoofs of buffaloes and bear's
paws upon their feet to delude the enemy; and they will sur-

miles together make all the windings of these beasts, with the greatest art—at other times, a numerous company, will walk in three different rows, by way of a decoy, every one lifting his feet so high as not to beat down the grass or herbage; and each row will only make one man's track, by taking the steps of him who went before, and a gigantic fellow takes the rear of each rank, and thereby smooths the track with his feet. In this manner they will proceed, and on tiptoe peeping every where around; they love to walk on trees which have been blown down, and take an oblique course till they inawamp themselves again, in order to conceal their track and avoid pursuit.

Akbar's Hist. Amer. Ind. page 385.

Note 4th, page 70th.

"And in his eye a fierceness beamed."

He (Powhatan) sat on a bed of mats, with a pillow of leather embordered with pearl and white beads, and was clothed with a robe of skins as large as an Irish mantle.—*Stith.*

The costume of Powhatan was rather that peculiar to the Susquahannocks of whom Stith gives the following marvellous account: "Their language and attire were very suitable to their stature and appearance. For their language sounded deep and solemn, and hollow, like a voice in a vault. Their attire was the skins of bears and wolves, so cut that the man's head went through the neck, and the ears of the bear were fastened on his shoulders while the nose and teeth hung dangling down upon the breast. Behind was another bear's face split, with a paw hanging at the neck and their sleeves coming down to their elbows, were the neck of bears, with their arms going through the mouth and paws hanging to the nose. One had the head of a wolf hanging to a chain for a jewel, and his tobacco pipe was

three quarters of a yard long, carved with a bird, a deer and other devices at the great end, which was sufficient to beat out a man's brains. They measured the calf of the largest man's leg, and found it three quarters of a yard about, so that he seemed the stateliest and most godly personage they had ever beheld. His arrows were three quarters long, couled with splinters of a white chrystal, like stone in the form of a heart, an inch broad, and an inch and a half long. These he carried at his back in a wolf skin, for a quiver, with his bow in one hand and his club in the other."

The Susquehannocks have shared the fate of the Patagonians. Reason has levelled both to the standard of man.

Burk.

Note 5th, page 72d.

"And hush'd are all her wild alarms."

The character of this interesting woman, as it stands in the concurrent account of all our Historians, is not, it is with confidence affirmed, surpassed by any in the whole range of history, and for those qualities more especially, which do honor to our nature, a humane and feeling heart, a valor and unshaken constancy in her attachments, she stands almost without a rival.* * * The spectacle of Pocahontas in an attitude of entreaty, with her hair loose and her eyes streaming with tears, supplicating her enraged father for the life of Capt. Smith, when he was about to crush the head of his prostrate victim with a club, is a situation equal to the Genius of Raphael.—*Burk.*

Note 6, page 76th.

"And held it as if fraught with harm."

To convince them his account was not exaggerated, he wrote on a leaf torn from his pocket book, directions to the people

at the fort, how to affright the messengers who delivered the letter. They were astonished at the prophetic properties of the speaking leaf.—*Burk.*

NOTES TO CANTO V.

Note 1st, page 81st.

"No riotous orgy disturb'd the town."

Capt. Newport, with Smith and twenty men explored the river as high as the falls. In this expedition they visited Powhatan, the principal Chief or Emperor of the country. His town pleasantly situated on a hill consisted of twelve acres, in front of which were three islets, a little below the place where Richmonds now stands.—*Burk.*

This place I judge to be either Mrs. Mayo's or Marring's plantation, and it was the principal seat by inheritance, of Powhatan, Emperor of the country.—*Stille.*

Note 2d, page 83d.

"To sooth a sense I cannot speak."

There is a ground for apprehension that posterity in reading this part of American History, will be inclined to consider the story of Pocahontas as an interesting romance. It is not even improbable that considering every thing relating to Capt. Smith and Pocahontas, as a mere fiction, they may vent their spleen against the Historian, for impairing the interest of his plot, by marrying the Princess of Powhatan to Mr. Rolfe, of whom nothing had been previously said, in defiance of all the expectations raised by the foregoing parts of the fable.—*Burk.*

Note 3d, page 87th.

"As did that dome of ice so bright."

During the severe winter of 1740, there was a palace of ice of fifty-two and a half feet long, sixteen and a half wide, and twenty high, built at Petersburg, according to the most elegant rules of art. The Neva afforded the ice, which was from two to three feet thick, and blocks of which they cut out and embellished with various ornaments. When built up they sprinkled them over with water of various tints.

M. de Bomare.

Note 4th, page 97th.

"Where the lights are denied."

The Hebrews had sponsalia de presenti and sponsalia de futuro; a considerable time generally intervened between their contract and marriage; and their nuptial ceremonies were celebrated in the night. The Indians observe the same customs to this day—frequently a moon elapses after the contract is made, before the marriage day, and he does not appear before the bride till night introduces him, and then without tapers.—*Adair's Hist. Amer. Ind.* page 136.

FINIS.