

## POCAHONTAS.

SUGGESTED BY READING ROBERT DALE OWEN'S DRAMA.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

With the poet's spell of witchery upon my spirit cast,  
I was all the day enchanted, in the dream-land of the

Past:  
Little reeked I of the present or the teeming future  
then,

For I lived with noble women, and bold, iron-hearted  
men:

I thought and felt and acted with the beautiful and  
brave,  
Who have slept for silent ages in the dark, oblivious

ETERNAL:  
They came and passed before me, with the thoughtful  
eye and brow,

So life-like and so real, I can almost see them now.  
I was in an ancient forest, and I looked upon a ring  
Of savage warriors gathered round a tawny savage  
king—

In his eye there shone a spirit that had never brooked  
control.

And upon his brow was written true nobility of soul.  
By his side his gentle daughter stood, a maiden young  
and fair,

With the sunny cheek, the crimson lip, the shining  
raven hair:

Proud and queenly was her bearing, and she uttered  
not a word,

But the warm heart in her bosom fluttered like a  
startled bird,

And her bright young cheek grew paler as her flashing  
Indian eye

Fell upon a pale-faced prisoner, for she knew that he  
must die.

Not a murmur, not a whisper stirred, to break the  
spell of dread.

Until the mighty sachem from his throne arose and  
said:—

"Chiefs! braves! you see before you now, the leader  
of the band

That came to us nine moons ago, from some far dis-  
tant land;

They have borne away our Ogee, they have hunted  
down our game—

They have slain our loyal people with their weapons  
breathing flame.

It is said they have the power, with their strange,  
mysterious arts,

To bewitch our bravest warriors and to change our  
maidens' hearts.

Should the pale-faced chieftain perish now, the few  
he leaves behind

Will be scattered, like the withered-leaves, before the  
autumn wind.

I alone have power to judge him now; to you that  
power I give—

I have spoken, you have heard me—shall he die or  
shall he live?"

Like the roar of many waters rose to heaven the fear-  
ful cry

Of a hundred savage voices: "Let the pale-faced  
chieftain die!"

Soon the fatal block was ready and the war-club  
poised in air,

Then there was a hurried movement and a deep low  
murmur there,

And swarthy brows grew darker still, and wrathful  
eyes were wild,

For beside the destined victim knelt the sachem's  
favorite child

Fondly round his stalwart form she threw her arms so

terdicted every kind of nourishment, save  
mutton, but of all meats it suits the stomach  
the longest and the best. If there be no al-  
ternative than to eat beef or veal or pork, or  
else go without, why, supposing the would-be  
consumer is not an invalid of the severest  
class, let him take any of them, but certainly  
let him take less. Let him, on no account  
lose his temper and pinch his feelings by  
angry abstinence altogether. If he know he  
shall suffer from tasting anything else than  
his favorite mutton, he is wise to leave the  
table. If he will accept invitations out, he  
must run the risk, if he desire to avoid being  
considered particular, and take what is set  
before him; but even then he can easily de-  
ceive his host, or his neighbor, by "cutting and  
playing" with what is put before him, without  
eating, and awaiting patiently till something  
is put upon the table that is suitable to his  
palate. I was once delighted at observing  
the philosophy of an elderly and agreeable  
gentleman who sat next to me at a public  
dinner, and who passed, seemingly tasting it  
as it was put before him, the soup, and fish,  
and game, and making his dinner off a slice  
of lamb, one small potato, one piece of bread,  
with a glass of table-ale. During the whole  
evening he did not exceed two glasses of wine,  
and yet he was as convivial as the rest, and  
left one of the first. On my remarking, to  
him his abstinence, he observed, "I have  
always lived as carefully all my life; it is  
true I have been compelled to do it, and am  
enabled even now (being sixty-five years old)  
to mingle in society, and yet keep in good  
health. I will be bound to say I shall sleep  
better to-night than any one here present."  
And I have no doubt he did! Cautious eaters  
must expect a joke to be played upon them  
now and then. I was once asked by a merry  
friend to make one of a dinner-party, and con-  
sented only on being permitted to take what  
I chose, he knowing I was dieting myself. A  
large hot water dish, with an immense cover  
over it, was placed with much ceremony in  
the centre of the table; in like due form it  
was removed, and from the mountain ran a  
mouse—beneath it was a solitary chop. The  
laugh aided digestion, and I enjoyed my  
dinner.

By-the-by, it is a golden maxim, always, if  
possible, to dine on good terms with oneself.  
A dinner does very little good if the eater be  
worried over his meal, or there be jarring and  
sparring about the inattention of servants, or  
the bad cooking. The litigation does not  
mend the matter, and each mouthful is swal-  
lowed with a chance of choking. Much  
might be said on this head, but it will answer  
as well to reflect upon it, and avoid the con-  
tention. But, to proceed. The brain, tongue,

For beside the destined victim knelt the sachem's favorite child.  
 Foudly round his stalwart form she threw her arms so fair, so weak;  
 Her head was on his bosom, her warm breath upon his cheek,  
 And her sweet voice never faltered in its deep, determined tone:—  
 "Strike, slay the detested stranger, but he shall not die alone!"  
 The sachem was a warrior, but he was a father, too,  
 And he could not crush the gentle heart, so young, so brave, so true—  
 Then he gazed upon his courtiers, with a look that sought to trace  
 The thoughts, the feelings of the soul, transcribed upon each face—  
 Enough—the prisoner has seen the pardon sign—  
 Pocahontas has saved him, the prisoner's life is thine.

When chieftains came before me, to a wild, terrific night  
 And I saw an Indian maiden, by the tempest's fitful light,  
 Speeding through the forest mazes, all regardless of the storm,  
 That spent its wildest fury on her slight and childlike form;  
 Brighter flashed the lurid lightning, louder pealed the thunder's wrath,  
 fiercer blew the wind around her, wilder, darker grew her path;  
 But she bore a sacred mission to where the Yonagoose dwelt,  
 And the wild, the fearful tempest was unheeded and unfelt.  
 Why did that forest blossom seek the strong men gathered there?  
 For love, true, trusting, holy love, what will not woman dare!  
 She went to tell of treachery, of a meditated fray;  
 Life depended on her errand, and it might not brook delay.  
 With her raven hair dishevelled and her young face deadly pale,  
 With trembling lips and broken words she told the fearful tale,  
 That her father and his warriors had detoured in their wrath,  
 To hurl the pale-faced stranger like a reptile from their path.  
 Noble woman! little heeded she the perils she had braved,  
 Twice had her life been offered, twice her Yonagoose father saved.

Changed the scene again before me, to a prison dark and lone,  
 And I heard a sweet voice singing in a low and mournful tone:—

Oh sad and lonely hours,  
 How slowly ye depart,  
 Whilst Yonagoose chains are chilling  
 The life-blood of my heart.

Without, the sun is shining  
 In beauty o'er the earth;  
 Without, the starry flowers  
 Are springing into birth.

Without, the birds are singing,  
 Their love-lays, sweet and clear;  
 They are free and they are happy,  
 Whilst I am pining here.

Give me back the gentle zephyr,  
 The blue, the bounding sky,  
 The bright, the blessed sunlight,  
 Give me these or let me die.

Fainter grew the voice, and fainter, till I heard the strain no more,  
 Then there was the sound of conflict by the massive  
 ———— door.

might be said on this head, but it will answer as well to reflect upon it, and avoid the contention. But to proceed. The brain, tongue, heart, sweetbread, liver, kidneys, tripe, &c., of animals are severally nutritious, but vary in easiness of digestion.

Sweetbread, lightly and plainly cooked, forms a good meal for an invalid.

Tripe is easy of digestion, taking cautiously of its appendages, butter, onions, etc.

Rabbits, well boiled, (but not covered with onion sauce,) if young, may be eaten now and then; jugged hare, taking sparingly of the gravy, is occasionally allowable.

There is no objection to the occasional substitution of poultry, such as fowls and chickens, breast of turkey, etc. The breast of all birds is the most juicy and nutritious part, and that of the young more so than the old. Dr. Beaumont, however, considers chicken more difficult of digestion than beef, on account of the close texture of its flesh. He says it dissolves like gum,—some invalids find it so; but I think the objection lies more when the bones are closely picked, and where the ligaments and tendons of the joints and muscles together with the skin, fat, gizzard, etc., be consumed. Game is considered rather easy of digestion, especially venison, partridges, pheasants, and wild birds generally; but the chief objection to these dishes are the accompaniments, the sauces, the stuffing, the jellies, etc., AND THE QUANTITY!

Lamb is very excellent, and light of digestion, avoiding the fat, and usually suitable for invalids.

Curry is an occasionally permissible dish: rabbits, fowls, chops, cutlets, and many other small articles so served, vary the fare and rouse a torpid stomach to increased action; but people must judge for themselves—with many, curry is too stimulating, whilst with others it facilitates digestion and allays morbid irritability.

There are unnumberable make-shift dishes, which a clever cook and a good nurse know how to provide for the sick chamber, such as mild stews, broths, jellies, and teas; but, as I am writing more particularly for those who cannot, to the extent it might be wished, be choosers, and who have no nurses or cooks, I need not descend into particulars. If an invalid have the privilege of dining at a family table, or a table d'hôte, let him bear in mind the following remarks:—

Meat of nearly all kinds is generally in season, or can be obtained all the year round, but it is most nourishing when what it feeds on is in season, or is most plentiful. Grass is a better food than hay. Stall-fed oxen are fat and less wholesome than those of the leaner kind who have their run in the meadows.

So is it with man.

It must be borne in mind that the diet should be lighter in summer than in winter; this observation holds good to liquids as well as solids.

In summer, as the poet writes:—

ful tone :—

Oh sad and lonely hours,  
How slowly ye depart,  
Whilst Yengeese chains are chilling  
The life-blood of my heart.

Without, the sun is shining  
-In beauty o'er the earth ;  
Without, the starry flowers  
Are springing into birth.

Without, the birds are singing,  
Their love-lays, sweet and clear ;  
They are free and they are happy,  
Whilst I am pining here.

Give me back the gentle zephyr,  
The blue, the bounding sky,  
The bright, the blessed sunlight,  
Give me these or let me die.

Fainter grew the voice, and fainter, till I heard the  
strain no more,  
Then there was the sound of conflict by the massive  
prison door ;  
And the voice of proud defiance and the fall of heavy  
feet,  
Mingled with the clash of weapons, as when armed foe-  
men meet.  
One moment, and a victor stood within that prison  
cell ;  
Another, and the fetters from the gentle captive fell !  
It was Koffe, her Yengeese lover, who stood beside her  
now ;  
She felt his arms around her, felt his kisses on her brow ;  
Sweet words of love were falling, like a bird-song on  
her ear,  
Doubt and danger were forgotten, there was nothing  
more to fear.  
Forgotten was the prison, with its darkness and its  
chain,  
She loved, and she was conscious that she was beloved  
again.

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