

POCAHONTAS

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

I.

The purple mists of eventide were wreathing o'er the dale,
And soft the scented zephyrs swept across the flow'ry vale,
Floating slowly through the woodland—its bower-home of
bliss,

And greeting every blossom with a sweet and dreamy kiss;
While like some radiant seraph from the mansions of the
blest.

The evening star stole forth amid the drapery of the West.

The lengthening shadows grew apace, and darker was
their frown,
As far behind the Western hills the sun went slowly down,
Like rainbow hopes, and sunny joys to erring mortals given,
His dying glories faded from the blue midsummer Heaven;
And the quiet stars came smiling o'er the earth so green
and fair,
As they sailed like golden bubbles through the deeps of
upper air.

Fled are the rosy shadows—but through the twilight dim
Comes a soft and ceaseless melody—'tis Ocean's thunder
hymn—

The song of adoration which he nightly peals above,
When from her chamber in the East, the ladye of his love
Floats proudly up the steep of Heaven—to calm his bosom's
swell,
And fling her radiant shadow o'er the heart she loves so
well.

Queen of the star-gemmed Orient!—she rose upon the
night,
And earth and ocean trembled in her pale and silver light;
It fell in witching beauty where the dimpled eddies gleam,
And the water-lilies slumbered 'mid the ripples of the
stream;

And vested with the brightness of an angel's soft caress,
On a scene deep in the bosom of the Western wilderness.

Where the dark primeval forests are waving in their pride,
And Virginia's proudest river rolls along his crystal tide,
The Indian drum was rolling—streamed on high the council
fire,
And red-browed warriors gathered round in mingled scorn
and ire,
The ruddy glare was glancing back from many a glittering
eye,
As they closed around its beacon-light, with purpose stern
and high.

Dark grew the haughty chieftain's brow—and rolled his
eye of flame,
"Brothers," he said, "a cloud hath passed upon Powhatan's
name—

The Manitou is frowning on the red man's feeble race,
I hear his voice in anger—and the shadows veil his face,
He sees my lodge is empty now—the dark-eyed Indian maid
The glory of your Sachem's heart rests not beneath its shade.

Far through the darksome woodland I hear the night-wind
sigh,

It seeks the raven tresses, and the pleasant sunny eye,

The low-voiced forest echo, and the softly whispering tree
Call in vain for ringing laughter, and the song so glad and
free—

The blossom of the desert droops in mingled scorn and
shame,

In the white-man's garden-bower was a blight upon her
name.

No costly ransom bring we for the lily of the stream—
While our feathered arrows quiver, and our battle-axes
gleam!

To-morrow's noon shall feel the serpent's pestilential
breath—

To-morrow's eve shall smile above a scene of strife and
death—

And when next the young moon glitters on the dim and
dewy wood,

The stain upon Powhatan's name be washed away in
blood!"

Then rose the fearful war-whoop, the chieftain's battle cry,
With the death-song of the warrior went pealing to the sky,
Far through the darkling forest their burning eyes were
flashing—

In the mazes of the wild war-dance a thousand blades were
clashing;

And when the moonlight faded, and the council-fire burned
low,

A thousand braves upon the plain lay dreaming of the foe.

Where Virginia's proudest river rolls the quiet hills
between,

Far down its glassy bosom how changed the mighty scene!
Deep and still the forest slumbered, but amid its dusky shade
Rose the dwellings of the white-man, in rural beauty made,
From their low and vine-clad casements swept the voice
of joy and song.

And mingled tones of melody the breezes bore along.

Where the moonbeams lingered lovingly within that vista
green,

And the silver ray was trembling o'er a thick and leafy
screen,

The shining leaved magnolia, and the gorgeous trumpet
flower,

Combined with Summer roses to form a rustic bower—

And where the zephyr sported in its cool and dim alcove,
Sat the captive Indian maiden, with her pale and blue-eyed
Love.

Oh! her voice stole o'er the senses, like the wild-bird's in
its glee,

As the cloud of winter midnight flowed her tresses dark
and free,

Like that cloud at Summer's sunset, when o'er her spirit
meek

Flashed the fervid glow of feeling—was the flush upon her
cheek!

And deep within her sunny eye shone mingled love and
pride,

As her timid glances beamed upon the being by her side.

Above the gentle maiden bent a proud and graceful form,
And his dark blue eye was gleaming with the light of
passion's storm,

Fair and shining curls were wreathing o'er his haughty
marble brow,

And his bright red lip was breathing a deep and fervent
vow;

Like the richly gushing melody of waters in their flow,
From his soul the tide of passion rolled, in murmurs soft
and low.

"The wild-bird of the mountain—the fawn upon the dale,
The lily by the fountain—the wild-rose in the vale—
The evening star in Heaven—and the gently murmuring
dove,

Are fitting emblems given for my own—my only love;

Rich and raven are her tresses—and her tender, thrilling
glance

Quivers o'er the heart that loves her, to bewilder and
entrance.

But not for these I love her—her heart is firm and true,
And her angel spirit bright and pure as drops of morning
dew,

Her soul might grace the Eden bowers of Paradise above;
Her only wealth a faithful heart—her treasure is a love,

Pure as the frost-king's palace where the Arctic billows
roar,

Rich as the Summer's sunset clouds upon some fairy shore.

Be it mine to love her while our lives are in their sweetest
spring,

And Time with wild and frolic glee shakes blessings from
his wing;

Be mine the task to add to joys, to soften all the fears,
Which in the distant future may cloud our coming years;

And when again the young moon gilds the river's rushing
tide,

Shall not Powhatan's daughter be her pale-faced lover's
bride?"

II.

The last faint star had faded fast amid the dawning pale,
And bright-eyed day was peeping through the morning's
misty veil;

The white cloud rode the leaping wind through Heaven's
arches blue,

And every tiny blossom held a gem of diamond dew;
High above in glowing ether-trilled the lark his matin lay;

Wild-minstrel of the wreathing cloud; and herald of the
day!

The broad, bright sun came smiling o'er the green and
quiet earth,

And song-birds carolled joyously to hail the morning's
birth;

Proudly waved the noble woodland in its fresh and golden
beam,

When the hamlet of the white man rose beside the glassy
stream,

With its rude and lowly dwellings, and its low, grey,
church of stone,

Whose tall spire pointed Heavenward amid the forest
lone.

Far over hill and valley rang that church's matin bell,
And wood, and glen, and everglade resounded to its swell;

It rolled in waves of melody along the sunny plain,
And the merry mountain echo sent its music back again;

The floating zephyrs bore along the voice of mirth and
glee,

And song and shout went wildly up from bosoms glad and
free.

When the first faint beam of morning trembled o'er the
forest leaf,

A band of pale-faced brothers met the red men and their
chief;

But not in rage and hatred did those haughty spirits greet,
With the war-whoop and the battle-cry as deadly foes to
meet;

As brothers true in that low church they gathered, side by
side,

And the "pride of the Powhatnas" stood amid them as a
bride!

She stood beside the altar—that gentle forest flower,
Drooping like some timid lily in its softly shaded bower;

As the rainbow and the storm-cloud passed her mingled
hopes and fears,

And the silken lash which swept her cheek was heavy
with her tears;

Yet her happy heart was bounding in its wild and sweet
unrest,

And a wealth of gushing tenderness lay garnered in her
breast.

As some tall pine of the mountain towered graceful in its
pride,

Her young and noble lover bent above his blushing bride;
Deep, burning thoughts came rushing o'er his spirit firm
and high,

Like midnight's glowing meteors across the Summer sky;
And with that proud devotion which marks the brave and
just,

He poured the riches of his heart in deathless love and
trust.

No bridal veil enshrouded that simple Indian maid,
The "wild-rose of the wilderness" in native grace arrayed;

No costly jewel sparkled in her dark and shining hair;
But the pearl of tried and holy faith—the star of love was
there;

No gems and gold were her's to bring—no treasures from
the mine,

Her young heart's "first and only love" she offered at the
shrine.

The murmured vows are over; they floated softly by,
The wild, mysterious notes of that bewildering harmony,

Which, 'mid the crushing conflict of earth's bitterness
and strife,

Wakes up the spirit-lyre, and pours its melody through
life;

That power which strikes the golden chords of angel harp
above,

And bids their sweetest numbers sing the theme of holy
Love!

Noon slept upon the waters; but the gay and laughing
breeze,

Curled the cresting waves in gladness, and fanned the
dimpled seas,

Like a wild and smiling truant in its sweet forbidden play,
It sent the white foam sparkling o'er the billows far away;

And filled the snowy canvass of a proud and gallant bark,
Which like a sea-bird on the wing sped o'er the waters
dark.

Warm and tender hearts were beating in that stately
Ocean-home,

And many a wayward thought was winging backward
o'er the foam;

Where loving friends were gathered on a far and silent
shore—

Soft arms, whose gentle watchings may visit them no
more—

Bright eyes that may not pierce the gloom of distance with their beams,

Fond lips that never more may meet; save in a land of dreams.

The young bride of the morning looked o'er the waters blue,

And her quivering lip was sighing its passionate adieu;
Dim shadows of the future seemed to overspread her sky,
And heavy tear-drops trembled in her large, bewild'ring eye,

Her bosom throbb'd convulsively—her dimpled cheek was pale,
And her long, dark tresses floated by, unheeded on the gale.

The landward sounds came faintly on the dreamy breeze of noon—

They stole upon it like the tones of fairy bells in tune—
Till 'mid the dashing of the waves the tiny strain was lost,
And on the dim horizon's verge the wreathing billows tossed;

The far-off shore had faded to a sad and sombre hue,
And the purple distance lay, upon it like a cloud of blue.

Now turn thee, lovely dreamer, from thy cherished native home,

Linger not amid the pleasures of the forest's leafy dome;
Let not in gay and foreign bowers thy gentle spirit pine
For the sunny hours of childhood when a sister's love was thine;

Sigh not for those who loved thee in the happy days of yore,

Nor weep to think those fairy dreams shall visit thee no more.

Oh! turn thee, lovely lady, to a bosom fond and true,
Whose tender tones steal o'er thy soul like drops of honey dew,

Whose deep affection gives thy life a glory and a power,
Of which thy spirit only dreamed in passion's early hour;
Fling o'er the loved and trusted one a halo from above,
And shrine within thy "heart of hearts" the being of thy love!

III.

The Summer midnight shadows were gathered pale and still,

No moon was there to shed her light upon the darkened hill;

But from the deepened azure of the far and quiet skies
Beamed down the burning glances of a thousand starry eyes,

The sleeping wave was dreaming—the dew was on the flower,

And the zephyrs wooed the blossoms in the cool and starlit bower.

A thousand lamps were gleaming through the lofty palace halls,

And banners bright were streaming from the old and storied walls;

With waving plumes and jeweled sheen, and treasures rich and rare,

The gifted and the beautiful, the brave, and gay were there,

And noble knights and lovely dames had met right joyously,
To mingle in the shining maze of royal revelry.

Where the fairest and the loveliest had crowned the child of song,

The Western Princess² shone amid the gay and mighty throng,

Her rounded cheek was glowing with a hue so softly bright,

And her dreamy eye was sparkling with ineffable delight
Her footway lay upon the bloom of pleasure's sweetest flowers,

And the spirit of their rich perfume suffused the lapsing hours.

The music of her life awoke the echo cheerily,
As down the joyous tide of Time she floated merrily;
That murmured melody of love which first had soothed her woes,

Awoke a deeper feeling in her bosom's soft repose;
And her timid heart unfolded to its rich and rosy light,
Like a Summer cloud when weaving in the sunset glories bright.

In a dim and lofty chamber whose costly trappings gleam
In the faint and softened lustre of the taper's shaded beam,
Where wreaths of fading flowers shed around a rich perfume,

And a hushed and holy silence slept upon the mellow gloom,

Far from a father's tender breast—a sister's tearful eye,
The lovely and the beautiful has laid her down to die.

"Oh! leave us not our fairest!—our spirits cling to thee,
For sake us not, thou dearest—our hearts will weary, be—
Leave not thy best and fondest in this dreary, chilling clime,

In sad and secret weariness to tread the shore of Time;
His soul drinks in the music of thy low and whispered tone,

And he folds thee to a bosom which beats for thee alone!

As some tiny star-gem sparkles o'er evening's misty shroud—

Gleaming brightly for a moment—but to sink behind the cloud,

The radiance of her full, dark eye unwonted splendors threw,

But her glowing lip was fading from its sunny crimson hue;

No fervent prayer—no bitter tear of friends may win her now,

For the dews of death are gathering upon her holy brow.

In the visions of the dying came a softly murmured tone,
To fall the parting spirit with a music all its own,

With songs of holy rapture on their mission from above,
From the fadeless Eden-bowers came the messengers of love;

Far along the trackless ether—through the far-off azure dome,

They bore the ransomed spirit to its bright, eternal home.

Death prest its icy kisses on that sweet beloved face,
And folded her to slumber in a passionless embrace—
Cold as the billowy snow-wreath lies her gentle bosom now,

The raven curls are frozen o'er a damp and marble brow;
Still is her pure and loving heart—its pulses all are fled—
The lovely blossom of the West is sleeping with the dead.

No strong, paternal arm shall lay thee where the willows wave,

No sister's gentle hand shall strew wild blossoms o'er thy grave—

The fresh turf presses lightly on thy calm, untroubled heart—

There the sunbeams linger brightly ere the hues of day depart

In the stranger's land thou sleepest!—and the surging
billows roar
Between thee and the sunny vales of green Virginia's shore.
Peace to thy lonely slumber—without one fevered dream
Rest on the earth's cold bosom like the lily on the stream—
Lay thy fair and frozen beauty in the dark and silent tomb,
No haunting visions of the past disturb its quiet gloom—
No mingled strife of hopes and fears shall mar thy peaceful
rest,
Or burning wave of passion's tide roll o'er thy pulseless
breast.

Weep, broken-hearted lover! for thy dark-eyed forest
bride—
Weep o'er the fearful fiat which hath torn her from thy
side!
Still are the fairy footsteps which sounded far and free,
Thy wild-dove of the mountain shall sing no more for
thee—
The heart that beat for thee alone must moulder 'neath
the sod,
But the pure young spirit slumbers on the bosom of its
God.

SONG FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Sing to the Lord, oh! weary soul of sorrow!
Sing to the Lord, though chastened by his rod!
Sing to the Lord that others hope may borrow—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Sink not beneath the yoke of tribulation,
Poor weary mortal on life's thorny road!
But bear up stately with this consolation—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Take up thy Cross—when thou art weary laden,
Think how Christ sank beneath the heavy load!
High over Calvary shines the Heavenly Aiden—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Cherish the Golden Words that he has spoken,
Then march up Calvary with thy heavy load,
Where his pure body on the Cross was broken—
"The pure in heart see God!"

His yoke is easy—light, too, is his burden—
Death is the Gate to his Divine Abode—
The Land of Promise lies beyond the Jordan—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Angels of Light their vigils now are keeping,
Crowding the ladder up to Heaven's abode—
While Jacob soft on Bethel Plain lies sleeping—
"The pure in heart see God!"

A flood of glory down from Heaven comes streaming,
Washing the Angels white along the road—
While, weary with his wrestling, he lies dreaming—
"The pure in heart see God!"

God's golden glory up the East is springing,
Flooding with splendor all that Blest Abode,
While Angels cluster at the High Gates singing—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Rising, restrengthened, like the Blest Immortals
Climbing the ladder, from the dewy sod,
He hears again at Heaven's crystalline portals—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Thus, while the good are on the dark earth sleeping,
Weary with travelling on life's thorny road—
Angels around their heads strict watch are keeping—
"The pure in heart see God!"

So, while the thorns are round the good man springing,
Bleeding his feet till they baptize the sod—
Angels of Light are to his high soul singing—
"The pure in heart see God!"

Wide as Ezekiel's ever-flowing river,
No eye could see across it was so broad—
Shall this sweet song flow down the world forever—
"The pure in heart see God!"

"OUR ALICE."

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

HAVE you ever seen "Our Alice"—
Merry little bird of song—
With her hat of elfin plumage
As a snow-flake float along?
Breaking through the clouds of morning,
Like a ray of early light,
With the radiance of the angels
Who have guarded her at night,
Like the harbinger of Spring-time,
Bending in the April skies,
Lies the promise of her beauty
In the azure of her eyes;

Ay—the promise of that season
When, matured, a maiden fair,
All her mind shall wear the lustre
Now upon her golden hair:—
Whether soul shall shine with knowledge,
And the pleasure it imparts
Shall renew the vernal blossoms
In the perfume of our hearts;
Then the frosts on Life's cold pathway,
And the Winter with its snows,
Will be melted in the sunshine
That about "Our Alice" glows.