

Round the Werowocomoco

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

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GO FORTH, my little children,
If the world hath need of thee;
But say, if any question,
Not for fame I set thee free.
I might have kept thee sheltered
In a humble quiet nook;
I know thy faults are many
For a critic's searching look.
Perhaps I shall be sorry
That I formed thee in a book.

But to the world I send thee,
To journey from East to West,
Not knowing who shall greet thee,
Or where thou shalt pause to rest.
But if one soul shall find thee
A solace from care or pain;
Or if one heart be lifted
From darkness to light again—
Thy work will not be fruitless
Thy mission be not in vain.

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ROUND THE WEROWOCOMOCO.

I.

EARLY DAYS OF POCAHONTAS.

WHEN the harvest moon was making
Fairy pictures of the forest,
Light and shade in beauty blending,
Came a light into the wigwam—
Waked to life a living likeness
Of the moonbeams and the shadows.
Were the shadows fitful motions
On that dreamy, moonlit evening,
In the long-forgotten autumn,
Omens of the coming future—
Future of the life that wakened
On that stilly autumn evening,
In the chieftain's grandest wigwam,
Rich in furs from every region,
Gay with costly beads and feathers?

Autumn winds grew loud and piercing—
Only music was their roaring
To the little wondering stranger
Safely sheltered by the fireside.
Then came winter, breathing fiercely,
Making haste to reach the cabin—
Tried its strength at every crevice,
Raged for weeks outside their lodging—

Howled and shrieked, and strove to enter;
Never for a son or daughter
Had a wigwam been so guarded,
And the winter king so baffled.

Through the changeful days of spring-time,
Days of fervent heat and sunshine,
Up among the branches swinging,
Where the gay birds ever singing,
Trilled to her their sweetest music,
Sang for her their merriest songlets.

But Time, like the restless ocean,
In its never-ceasing motion,
Waits for no one in its rushing.
So she grew each day in beauty,
Grew from childhood into girlhood.
Fair was she, and very slender,
With her tresses falling round her,
Heavy tresses, dark like shadows,
Falling round her slender figure;
And her eyes, like stars in evening,
Shone from out her dusky features,
Glowed like firelight in the darkness.

Like the clinging vine of ivy,
Twining round the hard old oak tree,
Round the heart of old Powhatan
Twined a love so true and tender
For his dark-eyed little daughter,
Life to him was naught without her.
Ready stood he to defend her;
All the arrows in his quiver,
All the strength of knotted muscle,
All the working of his brain power,
All the life-blood in his bosom,
She could have without the asking.

Happy were those years that brought her
Strength of arm and artful ways,
To wake the wonder of her kindred.
Happy in the love that followed
Every step from crag to cabin;
Never feeling dread of danger,
Knowing that a call would bring her
Help from strong arms true and loving;
Thus she roamed the grand old forest;
And at evening sought the wigwam
Laden with the forest treasures—
Ferns and flowers of rarest beauty.

II.

LEGEND OF CAPTAIN SMITH.

But one day there came a stranger—
Came a pale-face to their forest,
Bearded, strong, and dressed so strangely;
And so wonderful they thought him
That unto their chief they brought him.
First he looked upon him kindly,
Pondered, thought, and well considered
Why he came there to his forest,
What his mission was among them.
Comes he here for no good purpose,
Comes he to decoy my people,
Steal our land, and drive us westward.
He must die before to-morrow
Sees the western sunlight vanish,
Sees the twilight die in darkness.
Go not back among his people,
Never bring them to our forest.

So before the next day's sunset,
In the wigwam, sad and lonely,
With his hands and feet fast pinioned,
Lay the stranger calm and silent.
All was ready, they were waiting,
Ere the fatal word was spoken,
When into the crowded wigwam
Stole the old chief's favorite daughter;
For a moment gazed about her,
Saw the strong man's speechless pleading,
Saw the rows of dusky faces,
As they sat there in the silence,
And the frowns upon their features.
Saw the chieftain standing scornful,
Knew the meaning in a moment,
Clasped within her arms the stranger,
Raised her dusky eyes imploring
To the stern dark face before her—
Said in accents low and tender:
"Do not harm the stranger, father
No wrong action has he done us,
Harmed us not nor wronged our people.
Let him go in peace, my father,
To his people down the river,
Waiting, watching, for his coming
Just as you might for your daughter.
Should some white Prince take and keep her—
Bind and kill your little wanton;
Tell me, father, will you spare him?"

On the slender form before him,
Dark eyes raised to his imploring,
Long the old chief gazed in silence;
Kindly grew the stern dark features,
As he said in tones of mildness:

" He shall go, my little starlight,
Back to dwell among his people."

So the word of life was spoken,
And the knotted withes were broken,
Free the stranger stood before them.
" Blessings on thee, Pocahontas;
Long thy name shall be remembered,
For thy noble deed of kindness."
So the stranger left their forest,
Down the rippling Chickahominy,
Where the wavelets danced in sunlight,
Sparkled, shone like glittering diamonds,
Hasted he to meet his kindred,
There to tell his strange adventures
In the forest of the Indian,
In the wigwam of Powhatan.

III.

THE FAMINE.

Then the land had peace and quiet,
And the warpath of the Indian
Bloomed with flowers that Peace had planted:
And the settlers' gifts and greetings
Brought from them full many a favor.
Through the hazy days of autumn,
When the sun shone red and distant,
And the leaves fell softly rustling—
Made a carpet for her footsteps:
On her arm a basket swinging,
While a song her lips were trilling,
Trilling till the birds above her
Caught the music wild and wayward,

Sent it back from swaying tree-tops;
Happy, roving Pocahontas,
Fearless little Indian maiden,
Faithful on her errands going;
In her basket, red and yellow,
Golden ears of maize were nestling.
Often did her welcome footsteps
Cross the threshold of the white man,
Where the children round the doorway
Showed the famine in their features,
Told the story in their faces,
Thin and wan with cold and hunger.

Far across the rolling waters,
To the land they left behind them,
To the country crowned with plenty,
Often did their sad thoughts wander;
And but for the dark-eyed maiden,
Daily with her basket, bringing
Maize to feed the hungry children,
Food to keep them from starvation—
Underneath an oak tree olden,
With its branches wildly waving,
Where the earth mounds had been growing,
Like the mushrooms in the dampness,
In the summer heat and night-fogs,
Many more had grown beside them:
So the golden autumn faded,
Far in distance seemed the sunlight,
Chill and gray the sky above them,
Cold and damp the earth beneath them;
Colder, damper, grew the winter,
And the north wind shrieked and shivered,
Moaned and sighed among the branches,
Like the voices of sad spirits;

And the rain-drops froze in falling,
Dripping down upon their couches
Through the cracks of their log cabins;
And with glaring eyes of hunger,
Famine stared them in the faces.
One by one the little earth mounds
Thicker grew beneath the oak tree;
Almost hardened in their bosoms
Grew their hearts once true and tender.

IV.

RETURN OF SPRING.

As when beast of prey ferocious,
Feasting on a helpless victim,
Faced by huntsmen armed and fearless
Slowly, wistfully retreating,
Growls regretful, glancing backward;
So that winter full of horror
Slowly crept to forests northward.
Angry blasts and howls returning,
Till but distant echoes lingered.
Then the south wind breathing softly
Came with footsteps light and noiseless.
Whispered to the giant oak trees,
"Waken from your lengthened slumber,
Shade of beauty give to nature."

Chill despair and fears uncounted
Followed in the wake of winter;
Then came Hope with smiles of comfort,
Bringing friends and gifts substantial
From the home-land o'er the water;
And the springtime with its budding

Blossomed into summer's fragrance,
And the breezes of the west wind,
With their tender light carressing,
Wooded the flowers from their slumber,
Stole from them their sweetest odors;
Then with pinions heavy laden
With their fragrance rich and spicy,
Kissing, floating, through the forest,
Sweetened all the growing gladness.

V.

TREACHERY OF CAPTAIN ARGALL.

One still evening in the summer,
While the moon with silver shining
Through the waving of the pine trees,
Made strange shadows on their faces;
Round the Werowocomoco,
Round the doorway of the king's house
Sat a group of dusky figures;
And one sitting in the center
With her long hair waving gently,
And her eyes fixed in the distance
Where the moonlight through the branches
Made quaint pictures to her fancy,
Sent a song through all the forest,
Wild and weird, but full of meaning;
Then the dark-hued forms around her—
Caught the strain and sang together,
Till the far-off shadowy pine trees
Heard the chanting low and distant—
Softly breathed an echoing answer.

Out beyond the forest shadows,
On the river's calm waves lying
Gleamed the white sails of a vessel;
On the deck with strong arms folded,
Gazing idly o'er the water,
Captain Argall stood and listened.
On the evening air came floating
To his ears the quaint weird chanting;
While one voice of sweetest music
Waiting out beyond the river,
Dark thoughts wakened in his bosom.
O'er his mind the vision flitted
Of the graceful dark-eyed beauty,
And the love the chieftain bore her.
There beneath the searching starlight,
All alone a vow he uttered
That in time would change the current
Of the happy life of freedom,
Of the gentle forest Princess.

VI.

THE CAPTURE.

When the golden maize was gathered,
And the autumn sun was shining
Over forest, field, and river,
On the shores of the Potomac
Every year encamped the red-men
From the forest vast and distant,
Came the mighty war-like chieftains,
In their war-paint and their feathers;
So Powhatan and his people
One bright morning in the autumn
Went to join them, as their custom,
At those feasts of many battles.

Safely anchored in the harbor
Lay the white man's stately vessel;
Well he knew their time of feasting,
And had come with beads and feathers;
But one thought and purpose lying
Hidden deep within his bosom,
Filled his soul with wildest visions;
Corn he bought as one that dreameth,
Handed out the beads and feathers,
Caring not for cost or numbers.

So the day was rolling onward,
And the sun shone red and fiery,
Burned down through the forest shadows,
And the air grew close and stifling;
Not a breeze disturbed the branches,
Heavy seemed the air around them,
Like the hush of perfect stillness
Resting o'er the earth a moment,
As though gathering up its forces
For the coming wind and tempest,
That must wake in all its fury.

Underneath the thickest pine trees,
Sheltered from the scorching sunlight,
Stood a native of the forest,
Talking softly with the white man,
"Just at dusk I launch my vessel;
Bring her with you near the landing,
Take the deer-path through the thicket,
Meet me there before the night falls,
I will give you belts of wampum,
You shall surely be rewarded."
"Me will bring you great chief's daughter,
Surely as the sunlight fadeth,
And the dusk of evening cometh."

With a bound like some wild creature,
Through the thickly tangled forest
Sprang the wily Indian onward;
Listened then the brave sea captain,
Till the crackling brush of oak limbs
Gave no more the faintest echo;
Then the look of proud defiance
Stole away from those stern features,
While a sudden gush of pity—
Pity for the chieftain father,
Pity for the trusting daughter—
Shook the manly frame a moment,
Memories of the years of treach'ry,
Thoughts of English friends in bondage,
Closed the opening door of pity,
Steeled his heart to keep his purpose.

Turned he then and sought the landing,
Stopped beneath the deep'ning shadows,
Where impatiently he waited
For the sound of coming footsteps—
Saw the sunlight lost in cloud wreaths,
Heard the rumble, faint and distant,
Knew the fearful storm was coming.
Soon across the dark cloud, fiercely
Played a brilliant chain of lightning,
And the rattling thunder echoed
Far and wide through all the heavens;
And reverberations answered
Loud and long through all the forest.
Then the welcome sound of footsteps,
In the interval of silence
Made him start in sudden gladness;
Soon from out the forest shadows,
With her long dark tresses floating,
And her dark eyes beaming, glowing,

Like the starlight in its beauty,
Like the firelight in the darkness,
In her holiday apparel,
Face to face she stood before him
While a look of fear and wonder
Swept across the dusky features.

VII.

A NEW LIFE.

Kindly spoke the treacherous seaman,
While the lightning flashed around them,
Lit the forest with its brightness:
" See, the storm is swiftly coming,
Safely anchored is my vessel
In the lee of giant oak trees;
Scarcely more than gentle rocking
Of the infant in its cradle,
Will the vessel's rolling give you."

Yielding, soon she lay in slumber,
On a couch by rough hands fashioned,
While her mind went idly floating
Through the land of dreams and visions,
And the rolling, crackling thunder
Came as music to her fancy.
This she blended with the promise
Soon to join the dancing chieftains—
Promise made in waking moments,
Promise broken while she slumbered.
Calmly breathed the sleeping maiden,
But the captain's eyes grew eager,
As he watched the changing storm clouds,
Distant rolled the softened thunder,

Moonbeams dropped between the cloud-rifts;
Then the sound of muffled footsteps
Hurried o'er the waiting vessel;
Orders, late so roughly given,
Softened now to just a whisper,
Brought the anchor from its sea-bed,
Sails unfurled as if by magic;
Distant grew the sound of war-songs,
Backward moved the fringe of forests
And the captain's eyes were glist'ning
Like the starlight far above him,
As he watched the fading shore-line,
Heard the chanting still more distant;
Then a look of wicked triumph
For a moment crossed his features.
Moving down the broad Potomac,
All unconscious of the changes,
Slept the captive till the morning.

Slowly waned the autumn sunlight,
Chilling north winds sang of winter.
Lingered still the forest Princess—
Not as captive bound with fetters—
In her heart a new life wakened.
From the days of early childhood
"Okee," spirit of all evil,
Riding on the midnight tempest,
Watching by the secret covert,
Where Revenge his arrows sharpened,
Fondling in the silent darkness
Every passion base and cruel
She had known, and she had dreaded.

In the dreamy hours of twilight,
When the hungry heart was seeking
Something more than earthly beauty,

Dreamed she then of royal hunters,
Game that lessened not, though thousands
Fed and feasted tribes unnumbered.
Birds that sang sweet songs forever,
Flowers that knew no blight of winter—
This was all she knew of Heaven.

As the dim mist on the river,
In the gray dawn of the morning,
Creeps away before the sunlight;
So through mists of dreaming girlhood
Slowly dawned the light celestial.
Bread from Heaven fell around her,
As the manna fell at Horeb;
Faith took in the golden splendor
Of the far-off home of angels.
Though the dreary winds sang loudest
Songs that old and white-robed winter
Taught them in the vanished ages,
Peace and rest her soul was finding.

VIII.

POWHATAN'S THREAT.

Far away within the forest,
Where the night wind 'mong the pine trees,
Sang the song of rushing waters,
Safely sheltered in his wigwam,
Sat the proud old chief Powhatan,
While the firelight danced and wavered,
Lighting up the dusky figures,
As they gathered round the hearth-stone.
But the war-like king was silent,
O'er his face a dark frown gathered,
Till it rested like a shadow
On the many forms around him.

Still he sat amid the silence,
With his eyes upon the firelight,
Till the hate as embers smothered
Burst to flame in words vehement:
" Kindly did I meet the white men
When they came across the water,
Lonely strangers near our forest;
Bade them welcome, met them kindly,
And when famine's bony fingers
Touched them in the dreary winter,
From my bounty daily fed them;
Now when plenty crowns their labors,
Will they turn and scorn my friendship,
Take my brightest, fairest jewel,
Pride of all my many people? "

Closer still he pressed his thin lips,
And his breath came hot and hurried:
" They shall give me back my starlight,
Or the fields that they have planted,
Paths that wind among their dwellings
Red will flow with blood of white men;
Poor return is this for kindness,
But the Indian's heart forgets not—
Dearly bought will be the jewel
That they hold among their people."

IX.

THE FOREST ROMANCE.

As the darkness of the midnight
In its stillness and its slumber
Slowly dies away in morning,
Till the sun in all its beauty

Wakes the earth to light and labor,
So the grim and sullen winter
Lost his breath and all his fury
In the coming light of springtime,
In the warmth and gladness shown him.
With the joy and golden sunlight,
Springing grass and fairest blossoms,
Came the birds with sweetest music,
Gathered in the old-time places,
Sang the same familiar songlets.
Through the chill and weary winter,
Life for her had been so dream-like,
That a longing scarce had entered
For the careless life of freedom;
But the warm and gentle breathing
Of the south wind floating lightly,
Bringing odors from the forest,
Whispered of the pleasant wigwam,
Favorite haunts among the shadows,
Where her feet had often wandered;
Scenes where Nature's hand had painted
Pictures that the cunning artist
Might have envied for their beauty.
All the days of spring have mysteries,
Some to bring the long lost song birds,
Some to wake the buds that slumber,
Some to fill the soul with longing,
And the power to quicken memories.
Such a day had dawned on Jamestown;
Morning hours were still and thoughtful,
Noon was pale with homesick longing,
Evening shadows banished gladness,
While the dreamy air stole o'er them,
Wandered they to homes of childhood.

Such a day and such an evening,
Found our Princess of the forest
Down beside a dark-boughed myrtle,
Gazing on the path untrodden,
Winding on through pine and cedar,
Till it reached the distant wigwam;
With one hand the boughs she lifted,
Crushed the grass with hurried footsteps,
When she paused, as if some phantom
Stood beside her in the pathway,
While a voice within her whispered:
"Will you leave the friends who taught you
Lessons sweet of peace from Heaven?"
But she heard a sweet bird calling
From the depths of far-off forests,
One, whose song to her was sweetest,
And whose haunts were 'mong the shadows
Where she loved the best to wander;
Still the bird sang on, till fancy
Formed in words the mournful music;
"Lonely is the broad deep forest,
Flowers fade where no eyes see them,
Weary songs the pines are singing,
And the noble king of red-men
Sits in silence by his hearthstone;
Do not keep him longer waiting
For the one his sad heart misses."

One of England's chosen captains
True of heart, of noble bearing,
Wandered idly through the wildwood,
As if searching for some treasure;
Half expecting there to find it,
As one in a dream he listened
To the wakening songs of Nature.

Still he strolled with careless footsteps
Till the lengthening shadows told him
Day was dying, night approaching,
Then he paused in dire amazement;
'Tween the shifting scenes of Nature
Two dark eyes like stars seemed shining,
And above all Nature's music
In his ears one voice was ringing;
And at last, perplexed and wondering,
Smothered thought broke forth impassioned;
" Why should I such visions cherish?
Would I thus disgrace my fathers?
Kneel before the King of Scalpers,
Ask the favor of his daughter?"
But another voice within him
Whispering softly, gained the victory:
" Why should this bright day be lonely?
Hours be long from dawn to sunset,
Would you miss the little wanton
If she sought the forest wigwam,
If for you the low sweet music
Of that voice was lost forever?
Does the wise all-seeing Father
Lightly hear the Indian's pleading?
Does she not with sweetest trusting
Love the God your fathers worshiped?"

Dreams have endings, so have reveries;
While yet Captain Rolfe was musing
He was startled by a rustling
Of the tangled boughs and brushwood
In the path so long untrodden;
Waked to see a dusky figure
Almost flying o'er the pathway.
Even through the gathering night-shades
He could see the graceful motions,

As the wide spread branches parted;
Still he stood as one enchanted,
Till the Princess of the forest
Flying swiftly in her blindness,
Stood revealed in all her beauty.
Would he see her hurrying backward
To the wild life of her childhood—
See her go from him forever—
Say no word to stay her footsteps?
You, whose hearts are young and wayward,
Who delight in Love's wild legends,
If you wish to know the answer,
Ask the birds that perched and listened,
Ask the squirrels, tripping noiseless,
Ask the stars that watched and glistened,
Through the wavering leaves and branches,
Long before the scene had ended.

X.

THE MARRIAGE.

One bright morning in the spring-time,
With the first faint glimpse of sunlight,
Wild commotion stirred the forest;
Dusky forms around the King's house
Flitted in and out the doorway,
While the floor was strewn with feathers,
Shining beads and belts of wampum,
Relics old from ancient warriors,
Costumes kept for rare occasions,
All were mixed in wild confusion;
Wonder beamed in all their faces,
While the chieftain calm and stately
Tried to still the noisy tumult,
Hide from them his thoughts of gladness.

But at last each dark-hued figure,
 Loaded well with rare adornment,
 Started on its wondrous journey ;
 Never shone the sun more brightly,
 Never sang the birds more gaily,
 Never beat with quicker throbbing
 Human hearts with strange emotion,
 As they neared the church at Jamestown,
 Saw the many people gathering,
 As they saw the gentle Princess
 Stand beside the noble Captain ;
 Silence then came softly, slowly,
 Hushed the breath, and stilled the heart-throbs ;
 Words were spoken strange and solemn ;
 Hands were clasped, and greetings given ;
 Vague the forms, the words unmeaning,
 Yet the rudest Indian felt it ;
 " Give we now our gem of jewels,
 Give we now our queenly sister,
 Unto this brave man forever."
 Just one look, one silent hand-clasp,
 And the chieftain left the wanton,
 Saying as if to his own heart—
 Though she heard and knew its meaning :
 " Lonely seemeth all the forest."

XI.

A NEW SORROW.

All the day the fitful breezes
 Tell-tale music had been singing ;
 All the day the dull gray cloud-streak—
 Mantle of the storm king's prophet,
 Trailed along the upland forest,
 Wrapt in gloom the distant mountains.

In the doorway of his cottage
Captain Rolfe took in the meaning;
Knew the storm would burst terrific;
And he shivered as a chill breeze
Swept the thick locks from his forehead.

Turned he then within the cottage,
Saw the gentle Princess watching
Every feature of the tempest;
Stepping light and singing softly
To herself some Indian war-chant
She had learned in days of childhood.
Watching thus her graceful motions,
And the changing lights that glistened
In the dark eyes, true and loving,
Listening to the rushing, roaring,
Of the storm-wind swiftly coming;
Then he thought of far-off England
Where they never knew such tempests
Scattering o'er the land destruction;
He would take the forest blossom
Where such rude winds would not harm her,
And the half formed wish he uttered:
"When another autumn cometh,
And the harvest has been gathered,
We will seek the shores of England,
You shall see what wealth and splendor
Lies beyond the rolling water,
In the land from whence we journeyed."

Sinking down in Indian fashion,
Tearful eyes his calm face searching,
Soft the quivering lips made answer:
"I should die amid such splendor!
They are dressed in rich apparel,
Wear bright jewels rare and costly—

They would scorn the forest maiden,
Could I speak with kings and nobles?
Would the queenly maidens hear me,
When your loving laughter tells me
I am speaking broken English?"
"Costly robes and jewels brilliant
I will give to thee, my Princess,
And the language gladly teach you."
"But my heart would long for freedom;
Let me seek the lonely forest,
Hide beneath their deepest shadows,
Where cold eyes may never see me,
Ne'er be sought for dusky beauty;
Let my music be the roaring
Of the storm-wind 'mong the pine trees,
And the only eyes that see me
Be the ones that watched my childhood.
Why did I, an untaught Indian,
Try to dwell among thy people?"

Overcome by wild emotion,
Longings for the old-time freedom,
As the dark clouds gathering slowly,
Heavy with their weight of rain-drops,
Till they can no longer hold them,
And the rain comes down in torrents;
So the long-pent-up emotion
Found relief in tears and sobbing.
Startled by such grief and anguish
In the usual gentle Princess,
All in vain he tried to soothe her,
Smoothing back the tumbled tresses
From the brow that throbbed with anguish,
Till soft slumber came in pity
Closed the eyelids worn and weary,
Sent sweet dreams of home and childhood.

XII.

RECONCILIATION.

Sometimes in the months that followed
 She would wake from some lone reverie—
 Wake to find her thoughts were drifting
 To the far-land o'er the water.

As the budding leaves in spring-time,
 With each day of rain or sunshine,
 Scarce perceived by eye most watchful,
 Yet the dawning of each morning
 Finds the tender leaves expanding,
 Till, scarce conscious of the changes,
 Waving leaves throw cooling shadows
 On the sun-scorched earth beneath them:
 So within her heart there 'wakened
 Visions born almost of longing
 For those scenes of wealth and splendor.

Often in the winter evenings,
 When the hours grew long and lonely,
 He would tell her pleasing stories,
 Picture for her brilliant court scenes.
 When the summer days grew weary,
 And the balmy air was whispering
 Softly of the coming harvest,
 Then her throbbing heart oft told her
 She would greet its dawn with pleasure,
 From her lips bright thoughts and fancies
 Fell in graceful English accents,
 As she talked with friends whose knowledge
 Of old England's royal customs,
 Opened gates of wealth and culture—
 Where with reverent feet and eager
 She had stepped within its portal.

XIII.

THE VOYAGE.

Warm and red the autumn sunlight
Dawned upon that day of parting;
Those whose eyes spoke admiration
Watched the Princess on that morning,
So unlike the untaught natives
Starting on the same strange voyage,
Clad in wild fantastic garments;
When the last words had been spoken,
And the last directions given,
Friends with eyes half dimmed by tear-drops
Sadly waved the parting signal,
And the husband calmly smiling
Proudly floated back the answer.

Western breezes from the forest,
Common servants of the sailors,
Filling sails and moving cargoes,
Came full freighted from the village.
Strains of music low and tender,
Echoes of the hum of voices,
Rustling sounds of leaves and footsteps,
Came to one who listened sadly,
Breathing out her heart's emotion
In the words her father uttered:
"Lonely seemeth all the forest."

Not a cloud from dawn to sunset.
Softly stole the hours to twilight,
And the harvest queen of night-time
Threw out long rays o'er the water,
Seeming like some shining pathway
Leading up to realms immortal.

Vainly drooped the long eyelashes,
Sleep would not the covert enter.
Life seemed like the rolling billows,
Each dark wave a year of changes
Dying out on shores eternal.

In the moonlit waves beyond her,
Fancy pictured scenes in England.
Slowly onward, daily onward,
Rolled the restless ocean billows,
As they rolled with ceaseless moaning,
In the centuries dim with distance.
Morn to evening, dusk to day dawn,
Bore them onward one day nearer.
In the watery world beneath them
Played and fought the myriad life forms;
But the eyes grew weary watching
Only sea-green waves around them,
Only floating clouds above them.
"Land ahead!" the cry went thrilling
Through the longing hearts of many;
Shouts of greeting reached the harbor,
Shouts of welcome sweet as music
Answered back from waiting kindred.

XIV.

Tidal waves of wild excitement
That had swept the English nation,
Rippled calm as mountain brooklets
When they reach the winding valleys;
Fires, lit up by cruel hatred,
Wreathing round the sainted martyrs,
Years ago had died in darkness:
Dry the blood of Queen and Princess:

Rusted were the blades that severed
Royal heads from queenly bodies :
Hushed the plaintive wail of mourning
For the Queen whose " days were golden ; "
Meteor of the stage and drama
Settled in his course a planet.
Thus the heart of England waited,
With its slow and steady pulses—
Waited for a new sensation.

From the land of mighty forests,
From the unknown land of warriors
Came the wonder-waking echoes,
Sons and daughters of the red men
Gaily walked the streets of London.
Something of the chieftain's spirit,
Of his proud and stately bearing,
Turned the eyes of King and courtiers,
As the Princess' feet were treading
Halls that queens had trod before her.

XV.

LADY REBECCA AMID NEW SCENES.

When she sat with kings and princes,
Where the flashing lights were gleaming
In the mimic world of art scenes,
Comprehending not the richness,
Not the thrilling power and fullness
Of the language that they uttered ;
Yet her eyes took in the beauty
Pictured in the wondrous scenery,
True to Nature's fairest groupings ;
They to her were the fulfilment

Of the dreams her brain had cherished,
In the days of early childhood,
When fair Nature's hand had painted
Some bright scene of rarest coloring;
Then her roving mind would fancy
Some far realm of purest beauty,
Peopling it with art creations,
Clad in rich and dazzling costumes.
Dreams fulfilled, her heart responded
To each brilliant scene before her;
Quiet in the rounds of pleasure,
Thoughtful in the gayest revels,
Gathering knowledge for her kindred.

Through the winter's changing sameness,
Morning mists and evening vapors,
Darker by the sum of vapors,
Morning, noon, and eve had gathered.
Saw the spring-time, like no other,
Creeping out of earth's dark bosom;
Garments green spread o'er the hillside;
Saw the flowers bring out their wardrobes,
Shake them in the chilly dampness;
Wondered why the spring crept upward,
Why it came not in the sunbeams,
As it came to her in childhood.
Song birds filled the air with music,
New and strange and very charming,
But they waked an inward listening
For the music in the wildwood,
Left beyond the western twilight.

As a dark cloud, slowly rising
In the dim uncertain distance,
Wid'ning as it creepeth upward
O'er the fair unspotted azure,

Sending gloom and chill before it,
Felt through every nerve and fiber
Of the one who waits and watches;
So the shadow of death's valley
Reaches earthward from the river,
Fills the soul with strange sad yearning,
While the shade, the mist, the waters,
Lie beyond the reach of vision;
And to her it came so slowly,
Stealing o'er earth's brightest treasures;
Beauty walked unseen before her;
Music tried her sweetest measures;
Only waked they weary longings,
Vague, and sad, and full of memories;
Then the days grew long and tardy
In their march from morn to even,
Toward the longed for home returning,
And the silent hours of midnight
Brought sweet visions of the forest,
Of the chieftain, standing lonely
In the doorway of the wigwam,
Gazing far away in distance;
By the spirit's inner listening
Seemed to hear the gentle footsteps
That no more would wake the echoes
Of the vast and gloomy forest.

When the morning broke her slumbers,
Then her eyes, with watching weary,
Opened on the same gray vapor,
Spreading wide its misty garments.
Oh! to see the glowing sunlight,
Feel the gentle Western breezes,
Filled with perfume from the forest;
But her calm face gave no token,
And her still lips left unspoken

All the sad thoughts in her bosom,
Through these weary days of waiting
She had found true friends to love her,
Stranger in a land of strangers,
And to them her heart went outward
With the earnest faith of childhood;
But the old familiar faces,
Voices that to her were dearest,
Were beyond the dark green sea waves;
Like the slowly dying summer,
Life and hope for her were waning;
Weaker grew the earth cords daily,
Far away, more dim than ever,
Seemed a day with hopes inwoven,
Thoughts of sea and sailing westward;
Then her soul took in the meaning
Of the dark, mysterious shadow
That had shrouded earthly beauty,
And the dreams of home and childhood
Faded out in heavenly visions,
Better than the glancing sunbeams,
In the lonely Western forest—
Better than the well-loved voices
Whose last words, like far-off music,
Ever haunted night and day dreams;
But beyond the reach of earth scenes,
In the bright eternal mansions,
Would she greet them all in gladness?

XVI.

HOME AT LAST.

Struggling westward through the darkness,
Bursting through the sullen cloud-banks,
Frowning darkly on the landscape,
Came the long expected morning—

Came and found the Princess sleeping,
Dreamless sleep that knows no waking.
Loving voices, hushed to whispers,
Loving eyes, with tear-drops glistened,
As they stood in awe-touched silence
Looking down in tender pity
On the blighted forest blossom,
Born beneath the wildwood's shelter,
Lulled by song of pine and cedar,
Fanned by breeze and kissed by sunlight,
Then transplanted in its freshness
Where the cold, the proud, and stately
Gazed unthinking on its beauty;
Fading slow with silent longing
Till the fettered spirit, struggling,
Burst the prison bars that bound it.
Started on its homeward journey;
Not o'er billows tossing restless,
Not through days and nights of watching;
O'er the angel traversed pathway,
Leading upward, ever upward,
To the never-ending day-dawn,
Where the sunlight was as darkness;
Through the gates, forever open,
Into rest, beneath the branches
Of the wondrous trees of Heaven.