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AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN POETS

EDITED BY

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Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
Of reverent gratitude to those who moulder here,

The mighty shade now hovers round,
Of him whose strange, yet bright career
Is written on this sacred ground

In letters that no time can sere;
Who in the Old World smote the turbaned crew,
And founded Christian empires in the New.

And she! the glorious Indian maid.

The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,

Who joined man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourges of her race.

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be,—

I care not who my themes may mock
Or sneer at them and me.

I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a thrill for his own native land.

—James Kirke Paulding.

A WOMAN'S PITY

IN savage pomp sat Powhatan
And frowned upon the face he scanned
As Captain Smith, Virginian,
For judgement took his dauntless stand—
The stake, the torture, and the hand;
While, gazing on the stern array,
Stood Pocahontas 'midst the band—
So much a woman's pity may.

She watched him when the talk began;
Grim, bearded, level-eyed, and tanned
Fearless, and every inch a man;
She knew the doom her father planned;
She heard each speech to fire fanned
With savage hate and lust for prey;
She knew his life by seconds spanned—
So much a woman's pity may.

From every side the warriors ran
When spoke the monarch's dread command;
High o'er his head an Indian
A mighty boulder held in hand,
Ready to crush the captive; and,
Ere it could fall, the maiden lay
Her head upon the head so banned—
So much a woman's pity may.

O princess, many a deed and grand
This world puts by; but that old day
Lives deathless through a grateful land—
So much a woman's pity may!

—John Jarvis Holden.

HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST

OUT from the harbour of Amsterdam
The *Half Moon* turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind,
Yet Northward still kept she
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern
Sea?"
"A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn back," said he.