Savage Magnanimity.

The following lines are composed by Miss Elizabeth Hening of Richmond, on the subject of the Indian Princess Pocahontas going by night to warn Smith and his companions the murder by her Father and his Warriors intended to have been perpetrated on them while asleep.

See page 100.

In quiet sleep the white men calmly lay,
Ordered no more to view the rising day,
For filled with rage the Indian Monarch swore,
Their slumbering eyes should be unclosed no more.

His Tomahawk the furious Savage drew,
His bended Bow across his shoulders threw,
Then raised the dreadful yell whose signal sound
His warriors summoned to the appointed ground.
While glared each flaming eye with angrier glance,

10 The towering band in thickening members came,
Each on his back his well-strung quiver bore,
And rattled picaxes and load its arrowy store,
Raised the keen axe and bent the vengeful bow;
In fierce expectation of the intended blow.

While thought of blood and vengeance stern and high,
lent wilder splendour to each savage eye,
Ere yet that band with slow and silent head,
Wore by their chief to deeds of murder led.
That youthful maid whose breast a heart sustained,

20 Where feeling reigned, heroic and refined,
At midnight left her cabins rude retreat,
And through the forest stole with noiseless feet.
Spite beat her heart, as through its fearful glooms,
She glided swift as spirits from the tomb,

25 Her stern look o'er the wind disordered blew.
The gathering storm a frightful horror threw
In every gate that needs her listening ears.
...Some secret step her frightened fancy hears.
In every tree that bends before the storm.
30. The affrighted maid beholds her father's form,
And pale and trembling turns aside her feet,
In dread, the angry warriors right to meet,
Thus urged the timid maid her fearful flight
Till on her eye, pale became the watch fires light
35 Whose dying embers scarcely shed a ray,
To guide the timid wanderers lonely way,
Soon as she reached that spot where slumbering lay,
The victims doomed to fall a bloody hue,
For one she sought with fond enquiring eye,
40 While heaved her breast with many an anxious sigh,
Till as she bent her eager gaze around,
The gallant Smith she saw in sleep profound
With trembling voice as if almost afraid,
At this wild hour his slumbers to revive.
45 She calls his name, he starts to hear the sound,
And wildly glanced his searching eye around,
Till soon he views the Indian maid and hears
This awful warning whispered in his ears,
Sleep not but rise to be my father's near,

50 Even now perhaps his warrior band is here,
He comes the sleeping white mane blood to spill
His bow is string his axe is raised to kill.
Oh! bid your sleeping friends unclove their eyes,
For he who sleeps too long no more shall rise.

55 I go for should my father find me here,
Though to his breast I ever have been near,
And though his warmest love my life has blest,
His arrow now might quiver in my breast,
Heroic maid thine is that hallucid love;

60 That flows unmingled from a source above,
From earthly dross refined by angels art,
The pure emotion of a spotless heart,
Let those who bend at Marmous golden shrine,
And take with falsehoods lips the vow divine
Who used the gold that fills the miser's chest,
And swear to love while hatred fills the breast,
Blush if they saw that in a savage mind,
A love should dwell so noble so refined.
A love that bares at dangers threatening men,
70. And meets its fiercest form with brow serene,

Braves every peril, meets the midnight storm,

While angry clouds the gloomy skies deform,

View with an eye unawed the lightnings flash,

Unstartled hears the thunders awful crash,

75. And even for such a love thy guiltless breast,

Heroic maid in all its warmth possesst,

When savage fury aims the vengeance blow,

And longs to see the victims life blood flow,

When raised on high the murderers deadly hand,

80. Alone awaits some tyrants stern command,

Springs to the destined victim, clasps him round,

And braves with breast unawed the mortal wound,

Despairing life up by one fatal stroke,

84. The dearest tie that binds to earth is broke.