POCAHONTAS.

SUGGESTED BY READING ROBERT D. O. OWEN'S DRAMA.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Wrinkle the poet's spell of witchery upon my spirit cast,
I was all the day enchanted, in the dream-land of the past.
Little recked I of the present or the teeming future.

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 grave.
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' savagish 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.
Prone 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 distant 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 fearful 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 resting his stalwart form she threw her arms so tenderly around him.
For beside the destined victim knelt the sachem's favorite child.
Fondly round his stalwart form she threw her arms so fair, so weak;
And her sweet voice never faltered in its deep, determined tone—
"Strike, say the northern 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.
Barred, broken, prisoner has soon the pardon sign—
Wise he trusted him, the prisoner's life is his.
When changed the music, his wild, his fearful temper was unheeded and unfelt.
Why did that forest blossom seek the strong men?
And noble woman, little heeded, she the perils she had braved.
Noble woman! little heeded she the perils she had braved,
Twice had her life been offered, twice her Yangee father saved.
Twice had her life been offered, twice her Yangee father saved.
Noble woman! little heeded, she the perils she had braved.
Twice had her life been offered, twice her Yangee father saved.

Oh sad and lonely hours,
How slowly ye depart,
Whiles, Yangee 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,
While I am pining here.
Give me back my gentle sapphire,
The blue, the benediction's bright,
The joy, the blessed sunlight,
Give me these or let me die.

Painters drew the voice, and fainter, till I heard the steel sword drawn.
The在那里 was the sound of conflict by the massive steel brand.

Yet 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, juggled 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. Beumont, 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, phasians, and, wild birds generally, but the chief objection to these dishes are the accompaniments, the sauce, 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—curry is too stimulating whilst, with others it facilitates digestion, and allays bid irriability.

There are innumerable make-shift dishes which, cleverly cooked, and a good person know how to prepare 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'hote, 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. Stal-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—
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 sophror,
The blue, the bending sky,
The bright, the blessed sunlight,
Give me these or let me die.

Faftier 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 Kolfe, her, Yangeese 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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