POCAHONTAS.

By L. Virginia Smith.

I.

The purple mists of eventide were wreathing over 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 space, 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 hyme—
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 pride 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 dusty 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 alone,
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
Flushed the servile glow of feeling—was the flush upon her cheek!
And deep within her sunny eye shone mingled love and pride,
As her timid glances beams 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 nightingale 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 amaze.

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 till 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 morning lay,
Wild minstrelsy 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 meet;
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 Powhatans 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;
At her feet the love of the red man lingered long,
And the wild winds 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 towering 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 enwrapped that simple Indian maid,
The wild rose of the wilderneus 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
Wakes up the spirit-lyre, and pours its melody through life;
That power which strikes the golden chords of angel harps 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 canvas 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,
Food tips 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 plea;
Dim shadows of the future seemed to overspread her sky,
And heavy tear-drops trembled in her large, bewild'ring eye.

Her bosom throbbed convulsively—her dimpled cheek was pale,
And her long, dark tresses floated by, unheeded o'er 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;
For seek us not, thou' dearest—our hearts will wearily be,
Far from a father's tender breast—a sister's tearful eye.

Nor let in gay aud foreign bowers thy gentle spirit pine,
Leave not thy best and fondest in this dreary, chilling grove.

Her rounded cheek was glowing with a hue so softly bright,
And her dreamy eye was sparkling with ineffable delight.

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.

As down the joyous tide of Time she floated merrily,
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,
From a father's tender breast—a sister's tearful eye
The lovely and the beautiful has laid her heart to die.

Oh! leave us not our fairest—our spirits cling to thee,
For make us not, thou dearest—our hearts will wearily be—
Leave not thy best and fondest in this dreary, chilling clime,
In sad and secret weakness 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 beauteous for thee alone.

Oh! turn thee, lovely lady, to a bosom fond and true,
Whose deep affection gives thy life a glory and a power,
Of which thy spirit only dream in passion's early hour;
But her glowing lip was fading from its sunny crimson hue,
Of which thy spirit only dream in passion's early hour;

A thousand lamps were gleaming through the lofty palace halls,
And banners bright were streaming from the old and storied walls;
With waving flames 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

Death prest its icy kisses on that sweet beloved face,
And folded her to slumber in a passionless embrace—
Cold as the billowy snow-wreathless her gentle bosom now,
The raven curls are frozen o'er, a damp and marble brow;
Still in her pure and loving heart its pulses all are red—
The lovely blossom of the West is sleeping with the dead.

No sister's gentle hand shall strew wild blossoms o'er thy grave
The fresh turf, presses lightly on thy calm, untroubled heart—
There sung beams linger brightly, ere the hues of day depart.
SONG FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

SING TO THE LORD, O WEARY SOUL OF SORROW!
SING TO THE LORD, THOUGH CHASTENED BY HIS ROD!
SING TO THE LORD THAT OTHERS HOPES MAY BORROW—
* 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. *

SINK NOT BELOW THE YOKE OF TRIBULATION,
POOR, WEARY MORTAL ON LIFE'S THORNY ROAD!
BUT HEAR UP STANLEY WITH THIS CONSOLOATION—
* 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—
WHITE JACOB SOFT ON BETH-SHEM STAYS SLEEPING—
* THE PURE IN HEART SEE GOD. *

* COULD THIS SWEET SONG NOW DOWN THE WORLD FOREVER—
SHALL THIS SWEET SONG FLOW DOWN THE WORLD FOREVER—
* THE PURE IN HEART SEE GOD. *