



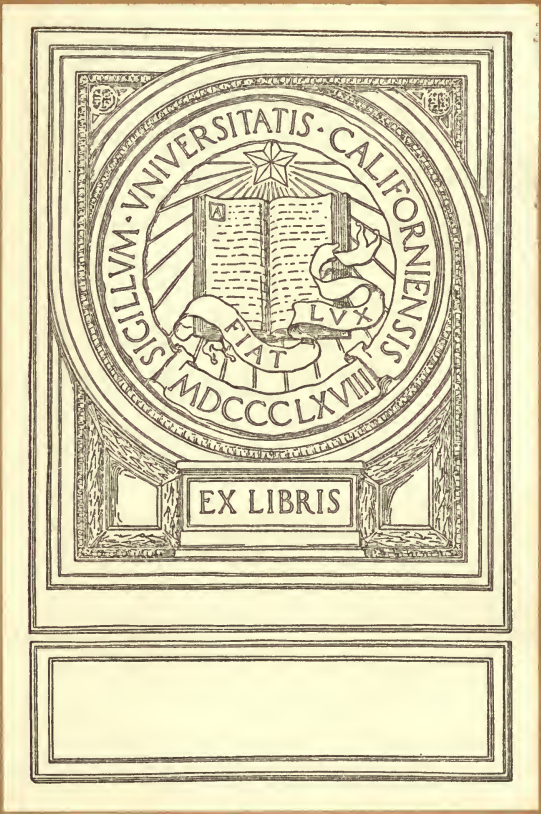


Chicago.

No 129.

First Edition

Valuable Notes



TECUMSEH;

OR,

THE WEST THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

A POEM.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

“ All kinds, all creatures stand or fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment, who shall sway,
And who is to submit.—
Say, then, that he was wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed;
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.
And thou, although with some wild thoughts
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast, that thou didst love
The liberty of man.”

WORDSWORTH.

NEW-YORK:

WILEY AND PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1842.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1842,
BY GEORGE H. COLTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of
New-York.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CSEOKN,
83 William street.

PS 1359
C64
1842
MAIN

TO
WASHINGTON IRVING,
ILLUSTRIOUS AND BELOVED, AT HOME AND ABROAD,
AND
MOST HONORED OF THOSE TO WHOM HE IS KNOWN THE BEST,
THIS POEM
IS, BY PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

M276859



P R E F A C E .

IN committing this Poem to the press, the author cannot deny that he feels much of that distrust and diffidence which others have expressed on the occasion of their first appearance before the public. The plea of youth, as well as that of haste in composition, often offered as an excuse for inaccuracies and defects, has been overruled by the acknowledged judges of literature: the author, therefore, must appear before his critics, deprived of any apology for his faults, and submit to such judgment as they may be pleased to pass upon his writings.

He has been mainly anxious in this Poem to delineate the character, customs and habits of the Indian tribes, who have passed, and are passing, so fast away, that little more will soon be left of them to sight or memory, than of the race who went before them.

It would be idle to deny, that he has also been ambitious, not only of adding his mite to the literature of his country, but of leaving to future times a brief description of some of the magnificent scenery of the West, which the busy hand of man is daily changing. And in particular, he desired to exhibit and record the vast efforts of the really great man—savage and untutored though he was—whose name is adopted as the title of the work. Those efforts, though not crowned with success, nor devoted to the cause of civilization, were in him patriotism: and the author can see no reason for denying to the red-man that tribute of praise, which magnanimity, bravery, and love of country and of his race, has elicited in favor of his conquerors.

If the Poem appear too long for this age of crowded employment and rapid movements, let it be remembered, that the time is necessarily extended through nearly two years; that the scenes of so varied a work, if laid in the wilderness, must naturally be at great distances apart; that all motions of time and action will partake of the slowness and the vastness of the solitudes which surround them; and that a national subject, so great in its immediate and collateral relations, could not be limited, without giving

it the appearance of sketches connected by violent transitions.

Whether, however, the Author has succeeded in his designs, or shall receive the fulfilment of hopes which he may have too fondly indulged, it remains for his readers to determine: and to their impartial judgment—whether favorable or adverse—he submits the merits of the performance.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1842.



TECUMSEH.

CANTO FIRST.

MY country ! if, unknown to fame, I dare
Amid the gathering years my voice upraise
For thee or thine in other tones than prayer,
Waking long-silent musings into praise
Of thee and of thy glories, let thy grace
Accord me pardon ; since no master hand
Thy mighty themes on loftier lyre essays,
Which, treasured long in thought, my mind expand
And burn into my soul, O thou, my native land !

What though no tower its ruined form uprears,
Nor blazoned heraldry, nor pictured hall,
Awake the " memories of a thousand years ;"
Yet may we many a glorious scene recall,
And deeds long cherished in the hearts of all
Who hail thee mother ; yet from mountain gray
And forest green primeval shadows fall
O'er lake and plain. The journeying stars survey
No lovelier realm than thine, free-born Hesperia !

It is thy boast, that never on thy shore
 Have any unto foreign bondage bowed ;
 The warrior tribes of Eld lie mounded o'er,
 Where fell they wrapped in battle's gory shroud ;
 The children of the forest, rudely proud,
 Yet struggled nobly for the graves where lie
 Their fathers' bones ; and aye the invading crowd
 Of foemen leagued we've met with victory.
 Of such I sing : O deign one smile, fair Liberty !

I.

A few years gone, the western star
 On his lone evening watch surveyed
 Through all his silent reign afar
 But one interminable shade,
 From precipice and mountain brown
 And tangled forest darkling thrown ;
 Save where, the blue lakes, inland seas,
 Kissed lightly by the creeping breeze,
 His beams, beyond unnumbered isles,
 Glanced quivering o'er their dimpling smiles ;
 Or where, no tree or summit seen,
 Unbrokenly a sea of green,
 That wild, low shores eternal laved,
 The Prairie's billowy verdure waved.
 Nor ever might a sound be heard,
 Save warbling of the wild-wood bird,
 Or some lone streamlet's sullen dash
 In the deep forest, or the crash
 Of ruined rock, chance-hurled from high,
 Or swarthy Indian's battle-cry,
 Whooped for revenge or victory.

II.

And through this wilderness of green,
 Low banks or beetling rocks between,
 Through rough and smooth, through fair and wild,

The still strange scenery of a dream,
By its enchanting power beguiled,
Birth of the rock, the mountain's child,
Th' Ohio rolled his sleepless stream,
From morn till evening, day by day,
Urging his solitary way.
No nobler stream did ever glide
From fountain head to Ocean's tide.

III.

Between the banks that face to face
Gaze on each other's brows forever,
And hold within their deep embrace
A lengthened reach of that broad river,
The autumn sun's last lingering rays,
Shot long and low, did trembling rest
Level upon its watery breast.
Beneath those burnished arrows rolled,
The waters seemed like molten gold,
Unless some jutting rock from high,
Or tree, hung midway in the air,
Catching them ere they quivered by,
Its dark form threw distinctly there ;
Or light, through frost-changed foliage streaming,
As to the eyes of childhood dreaming,
A mingling of all colors made,
From morning's flush to twilight's shade.

IV.

Upon a broad stone, which the flood,
With ceaseless murmurings, softly laved,
While high o'er head gray rocks uprose,
And green trees mid their ruins waved,
Like granite statue in repose,
Unmoved and stern a warrior stood.
Not his the arms, the garb, the mien,
That in chivalric days were seen,

When rushed from hall and lady's bower
Gay knights with spear and shield,
To reap in one tempestuous hour
Glory on Death's dark field.
Yet were his form and features high
Of Nature's own nobility ;
And though upon his face of stone
No ray of quick expression shone,
Within his keenly glancing eye
Gleamed the fierce light of victory.
The beaded moccasins he wore
Were redder dyed in crimson gore ;
The eagle's feather in his hair—
Drops of the bloody rain were there ;
And on his wampum belt arrayed
Three scalps, sad trophies ! were displayed :
An aged man's—the shrivelled skin
Still showed a few locks white and thin ;
A woman's next—the tresses gray
Upon his thigh dishevelled lay ;
And third, of all the saddest sight,
A child's fair curls in amber light
Hung trembling to the breeze of night.
The soft wind shakes their dewy wreath—
Alas ! 'tis not a mother's breath !
A beam of light upon them lies—
It is not from a mother's eyes !

v.

A moment there the chieftain stood,
Glanced eye o'er river, rock and wood,
His black locks shook, as if to say,
“ No time to go the watery way,
Where yet my Father's smiles do play,”
Then shrunk within a tree's deep shade,
To watch the day's last radiance fade.
But when the sun withdrew those smiles

To glad the Blessed Spirits' Isles,
Where brave souls, Indian legends tell,
Beyond his golden palace dwell—
When fast o'er water, wood and sky
The night's gray shades began to fly,
From cave, by foliage hid from view,
He launched in haste a light canoe.
Then from the same retreat he led
No Indian girl in forest bred,
But, reared beneath the morning star,
A pale-faced wanderer from afar.

VI.

With trembling limbs and aimless tread,
And mute as if her heart were dead,
She faltered forth. Her drooping head,
Like flower by night's chill dews oppressed,
Hung heavy on her budding breast ;
And through the fallen tresses there,
Pale as a tomb through willows gleaming,
Her hands were clasped in still despair ;
And if no burning tears were streaming
From the long lashes of her eye,
It was that now their fount was dry ;
For oft with wildered grief, that seemed
Th' unuttered pain of one who dreamed,
It on the mournful trophies dwelt,
That ghastly graced her captor's belt.
Chiding her long continued grief,
That ne'er by mourning found relief,
Into his bark, with rudest shock,
The savage thrust her from the rock,
And in her eyes his sharp bright knife
Flashed, mocking her own hopes of life :
Then with him entering, other two
For boat so frail made ample crew.

VII.

In one's lithe form and manly face
 A brother's lineaments might you trace
 Of him we've painted ; but his eye
 Had less of fierce malignity,
 And youth, just burst from boyhood's blush,
 Gave to his mien a gentler grace,
 And often with a deeper flush
 On his brown cheek, as half afraid,
 He gazed upon the captive maid,
 Or lent her, wearied, kindly aid ;
 Nay, chid his brother's harsher mood,
 To flower so bruised could be so rude.
 Oh ! beauty hath all power to move
 Wild hearts to pity and to love.

VIII.

The other's hardened aspect gave
 Traits of the skilled and polished knave.
 His form was grace, as if at courts,
 In ladies' bowers and knightly sports,
 On foreign shores his youth had passed,
 With smiles and honors on him cast ;
 And if his face, once white and fair,
 Was something browned by sun and air,
 A manly beauty yet remained,
 Could gain, what ah ! too oft is gained,
 That love of fair and gentle maid,
 Which hopes, believes—'till lured, betrayed !
 O noble !—yet was well revealed
 His heart, though studiously concealed ;
 For oft th' observant eye may tell
 Black reptile through its glittering shell.
 The hasty glance—then steady gaze,
 The look unblenched—then changing phase,
 Were half of guilt, half recklessness ;

His eye would momentarily confess
The wanton mind, the sensual soul,
That, learned in lures and love's control,
Would wile young Beauty from her bower,
For triumph of one fleeting hour ;
And o'er his cheek, if smiles might glide,
His curling lip their light belied.
The captive maiden could not brook
A moment on that face to look,
But shrunk from its all-evil eye,
As from the glance of Destiny,
And trusted more the savage youth,
Whose looks were pity—soul was truth.

IX.

Oh ! softly and silently glides the boat,
As a cloud on the bosom of heaven afloat,
Which, the Daughter of Ocean, hath risen in air,
And sails o'er as boundless an ocean there,
While she seeketh afar a home of rest,
Than the stormy place of her birth more blest !
The stars are out on the silent sky,
Mute sentinels of Eternity,
And low-voiced winds are hovering around
On their viewless wings, with a spirit sound,
And the moon hath climbed with a pensive pace,
And ever a sweet but mournful grace,
To behold from high, Heaven's loveliest daughter,
Her pale, fair face in the glassy water,
Which, far in the mirrored world below,
Allureth the gazer thither to go,
As often he pineth from earth to fly,
And dwell in her brighter home on high.
But now she looks down from her cold, white throne
On a face as lovely and pale as her own ;
For with sorrow and weariness, ceasing to weep,
The maiden hath sunk to a troubled sleep.

O'er bosom and forehead doth fitfully gleam
 The changing light of a changing dream ;
 As now on her cheek a soft smile plays,
 Till a burning blush drinks up its rays,
 And her lips half utter a much loved name—
 Then an ashy hue for the flush of flame,
 And a tear through her closed eye slowly strays.
 O who is this fairer than heavenly vision,
 Ideal seen, or in dreams elysian,
 Thus breathlessly borne on her noiseless way,
 Like a spirit passing from earth's decay !

X.

Through fair New-England's happy land,
 From northern mountains green and high,
 How brightly down to Ocean's strand,
 Won by his solemn minstrelsy
 To come and be his chosen bride,
 Connecticut rolls her silver tide !
 Along her varied, verdant shore,
 Enchanted by her gentle voice,
 Ere blends it with the Atlantic roar,
 A thousand happy homes rejoice,
 Revealed, in sunlight or in shade,
 From mossy dell or grassy glade ;
 But none so happy, none so gay,
 As that which reared the tender birth
 Of her, the fairest child of Earth,
 Fair Mary—sweetest rose of May !

XI.

Though born beneath the western clime,
 Her lineage was of olden time ;
 And long ago in Albion's isle
 Was rudely reared their hoary pile,
 The strong abode, from age to age,
 Of men, no heirs of vassalage,

With portraits stern in gloomy hall,
 And banners brave on ivied wall,
 Waving o'er mask and festival—
 That glory, which, howe'er it die,
 Still lives in mourning Memory !
 But when oppression wrought her worst
 In the wild reign of Charles the First,
 Fast armed with Cromwell's men of steel,
 They struggled for their country's weal :
 So when the king regained the throne,
 His father's sceptre and his own—
 A traitor doomed, though ne'er his heart
 Could from that dearest country part—
 Scorning to die a branded thing,
 Or kneel for mercy to a king,
 The last sole scion of his race
 Forsook their ancient dwelling-place,
 And sought beneath Hesperia's sky
 A home, and life, and Liberty.
 In after years his sons became
 High-priests at Freedom's holy altar,
 And helped to light the sacred flame
 Which never more shall fail nor falter,
 Till rolled in fire earth's orbéd mass
 To night and ruin wildly pass !
 Yes ! when th' alarm aloud and far
 Rang through the brazen trump of Mars,
 And high above the storm of war
 The Eagle soared among the stars,
 Still foremost in the battle's fire
 Was seen fair Mary's dauntless sire.

XII.

At length the star of Peace returning
 Revealed its circlet bright—
 How softly in the orient burning
 To cheer the patriot's sight !

Then in his green, secluded home,
 Without a wish or thought to roam,
 Still young in years, yet old in deed,
 And blest with valor's fairest meed—
 A maiden's love, that seven long years
 Had watched in silence and in tears
 That star of peace return—
 He took his dove unto his breast,
 Fond trembler ! fluttering to its rest,
 Though now no more to mourn !
 Time glided by—one gentle flower
 Sprung up to grace their rural bower,
 To drink the sun-light and the dew,
 From nature catch each lovely hue,
 When pleased, to smile—when sad, to sigh,
 And make each gazer own the power
 Of Nature's sweet simplicity !

XIII.

Nor was there wanting one to gaze
 Upon its budding loveliness,
 And in his heart's untravelled maze
 That loveliness confess.
 The wild rose blooming in the vale,
 Nor known but by the summer gale,
 May charm th' inconstant wanderer ;
 The violet shrinking in the dell
 To hear the lark his love-tale tell,
 Thus finds a worshipper ;
 But if in its secluded place
 One eye hath marked its early birth,
 Its opening bud, its blooming grace,
 By Nature's fostering reared from earth—
 Oh ! more than all will it adore
 In ceaseless love the lonely flower !

XIV.

Young Moray even from infancy
Lived only in his Mary's eye.
Their parents neighbors, mates were they
In childish studies or in play ;
Together through the fields they strayed
In morning's light—in evening's shade—
 Gathered sweet flowers by running streams,
And up the dell, where lay her home,
Oft went into the forest's gloom,
To hear the tumbling cataract roar,
Or, far along the river's shore,
 Watched on its tide the trembling beams
 Shift like the light in morning dreams ;
And thought and said all childish things
By brawling brooks and sunny springs.
The visible outward world, whereon
They looked, appeared as strange and lone,
As that which meets the school-boy's gaze,
When he with awe and wrapt amaze
 In glassy pool or wandering stream
Beholds it hang beneath his feet—
 Ah ! lovely as a tranquil dream,
So wonderful and sweet !
All things did seem, around, above,
A beauty, an unuttered love,
And lay upon their souls each hour
A spell of most mysterious power.
So much as one those souls became,
Their thoughts, their feelings were the same :
If o'er her face a shade might fly,
His heart was sad, he knew not why ;
Or if she smiled, joy filled his soul
Beyond his bidding or control.

XV.

And as they grew to years of youth,
Together in the wells of truth
They viewed their imaged faces fair
Lit up with love, as, bending there,
They drank with mutual longing fever
The stainless waters failing never.
From Holy Writ, from Nature's pages,
From chronicles of olden ages,
From revelations, strange and deep,
That break the great world's ancient sleep,
They learned bright wisdom, on the scrolls
Of their most pure and tranquil souls
Graven in characters of light,
Like stars upon the scroll of night.
And though, as Science showed her store
Of ancient and of modern lore,
Rocks, waters, winds, clouds, sun and sky,
 And, wheeling on their golden cars,
 The planets and the solemn stars
Were now no more a mystery,
 That wondrous world within, their being,
 Watched by that Life, unseen, all-seeing,
The mind, that can nor sleep nor die,
 Became unto their souls instead
 A deeper mystery and a dread ;
 And feelings, infinite and lone,
 Stirred their still spirits with a tone
Like harpings of Eternity,
Till they became, each unto each,
As two that on the Ocean's beach,
All lonely, hear the mighty roar
Of waters rolling evermore,
 And feel their minds, their being one.
Around them Earth—Heaven, God, above,
Their thoughts were pure, their souls were love ;

And Nature, with continual voice,
Whispered their hearts "rejoice ! rejoice !"

XVI.

And joy was theirs : but mortal life
Of chance and change is born,
With doubt and fear and anguish rife,
And fickle Fortune's scorn.
Into the sweet, secluded place
Embosoming their happiness,
There came a stranger, wont to roam
O'er the wide world without a home ;
A weed upon the face of things,
Drifting where'er the billow swings,
To vice hereditary heir,
His morals gaining every where,
But, like a pebble of the ocean,
Grown polished by continual motion ;
A being without aim or end,
Except to follow wanton charms
And revel in gay Pleasure's arms,
Polite to all—to none a friend.
Fair was his face—his heart as black,
As bolt, that on its blasting track
Bursts from the thunder-storm's dark breast,
And, riving with remorseless power
The lofty oak and lowly flower,
Makes the rent rock its place of rest.

XVII.

He gazed on her : his soul became
Alive with love's sincerest flame,
Yet in his long-corrupted heart
He doomed her to the spoiler's art.
Deeming much flattery, many smiles,
Had lured her to his wanton wiles,

He kneeled with earnest words to move
Her to dishonorable love.

“O fairest flower! O gentle maid!
Why hide thy beauty in the shade?
Thou art my love, my light, my breath!
With thee is life—without thee, death!
Oh! fly, thou dearest, fly with me
From this dull home across the sea!
In fair Italia’s sunny clime
We will beguile the wings of Time
With love’s unwearying liberty—
Sweet Mary, fly with me!”

XVIII.

On her smooth cheek indignant pride
O’ercame pale fear. “Durst thou,” she cried,
“Thus couple love’s most sacred name
With guilt and misery and shame?
Bid’st thou from home and friends to part,
And follow such a thing as thou,
Lured by the spoiler’s faithless vow.
Vain fool! I knew, when first he came,
De Vere’s false smiles hid falser heart!”
She turned in haste—he clasped her hand:
“Nay, hear me! Hymen’s sacred band
Shall bind us, and our love shall be
As holy—” “Miscreant! leave me free!”—
“Fool! stay, thou *shalt!*”—It scarce was said,
Young Moray’s hand was on him laid:
“Thou curse upon the face of earth!
Thou deep-dyed traitor from thy birth!
Linger one moment, and I swear
Thy false heart from thy breast to tear!
Haste, ere I crush thee—hence!”—De Vere
Changed red and pale with rage and fear;
But guilt, surprised, unnerves the soul,
Howe’er the tide of passion roll.

With quivering lip and bloodshot eye
 He strode the green-wood hastily,
 But through clenched teeth, distinct and slow,
 Muttered a deep and burning vow :
 " Revenge—revenge upon her home
 Like Heaven's unsparing bolt shall come !"

XIX.

Too true the vow—the vengeance came.
 Constrained by friendship's sacred ties,
 The father, more humane than wise,
 Assigned his all, and gave his name,
 To save a comrade brave in arms
 From ruin and the law's alarms.
 Vain was the noble sacrifice ;
 The wealth of both was all too light :—
 De Vere with hatred's eagle-eyes
 Discerned th' advantage, bought the right
 To crush them with law's hand of steel,
 Then made to Sidney's fears appeal :
 " Give me thy daughter for my bride,
 And still in wealth and peace abide ;
 Refuse me—by my soul, I swear,
 Thou art to want and ruin heir !"
 " Born wretch !" broke forth the stern reply,
 While flashed with fire his aged eye—
 " To thy black heart and passions wild
 Sooner than trust my gentle child,
 I'll lay her in the grave !
 Thou speak'st of riches—thrice-accurst !
 Thou speak'st of vengeance—do thy worst !
 Thou speak'st of ruin—let it burst !—
 The Sidney spurns thee, slave !"

XX.

Thus of his heritage bereft,
 With but ancestral memories left,

Which through all change the heart still owns—
 Yet firm of soul, and strong of hand,
 The aged patriot, with a band
 Of stern New-England's hardy sons,
 Left his green native vale behind,
 Though thinking none so fair to find,
 And, ne'er by doubt or dread oppressed,
 Sought the wild bosom of the West.

XXI.

January 1822
 The noble, dauntless Pioneers,
 Journeying afar new homes to raise
 In the lone woods with toil and tears,
 Meeting with faith the coming years,
 Theirs be the highest meed of praise !
 He, who, with cost, and care, and toil,
 Hath reared the vast enduring pile ;
 He, who hath crossed the Ocean foam,
 Strange lands for science' sake to roam ;
 He, who in danger and in death
 Hath faced the spear, the cannon's breath,
 Or borne the dungeon and the chain,
 His country's rights to save or gain ;
 He, who amid the storms of state
 Hath swayed the trembling scales of Fate
 For her and Freedom, heeding nought
 The scorn of hatred, sold or bought—
 Are such not glorious ?—Yet O deem
 Their being less heroical ;
 For mingling with it comes the dream
 And hope of Fame's bright coronal :—
 They see the light of years to come
 Streaming around their silent tomb !
 But those who leave the homes of love,
 And pass by many a long remove
 Through the deep wilderness, to rear,
 In voiceless suffering and in fear,

Not for themselves a resting place—
Their hope is only for their race,
 For whom their lives of pain are given ;
Their light to cheer is light from Heaven ;
 Nor look they, save to God, at last
 For life's reward when life is past,
 But lay them down, with years oppressed,
 Beneath the patriarch woods to rest,
 Without a thought, Fame's wandering wing
 One plume upon their graves shall fling—
 Thus noiseless in their death as birth,
 The best brave heroes of the earth !
 While roll thy rivers, spreads thy sky,
 Or rise thy lifted mountains high,
 Hesperia, guard their memory !

XXII.

And in her home, a thousand miles
 From that which won her infant smiles,
 And charmed her childhood into tears,
 And fed with thought her growing years,
 Fair Mary dwelt mid scenes, might well
 Beguile with their Elysian spell
 The dreams of her loved native dell.
 Where dark Miami's rushing stream
 Through willows wild did dimly gleam,
 Their simple, lowly cottage rose,
 Bosomed in Eden's sweet repose.
 At distance from the rest removed,
 It was by her the better loved.
 Before it swept the voiceful river,
 Communing with the winds forever ;
 Behind a gentle slope displayed
 Some scattered trees of friendly shade,
 In Nature's negligence arrayed ;
 And near, a fount, with slumbrous sound,
 Diffused a dewy coolness round.

The wild-rose bloomed beside the door,
 The wild-vine wreathed the windows o'er,
 And thousand flowers all lonely grew,
 Ne'er blushing to the human view
 Till Mary came with fairer hue,
 Nor wooed but by the wild-wood bird
 Till Mary came with softer word.
 And ever as the Sabbath sun
 On those rude dwellings calmly shone,
 Though no cathedral towards the sky
 Its gloomy turrets lifted high,
 Yet echoed with the voice of prayer
 The many-pillared temple there—
 The dim, the still, the solemn wood—
 For rightly deemed that pilgrim band,
 HE was the God of solitude,
 As of a peopled land !

XXIII.

But love, oh ! love can ne'er rejoice
 In fairest sight or sweetest voice,
 Unless the loved one may confess
 Alike with it their loveliness !
 And woman's heart—'tis a sad, sweet lyre,
 Of many a strange and secret string ;
 But all its varied chords conspire
 Only of love to sing !
 Sorrow, and joy, and misery,
 May win of a part brief melody ;
 But far below are others that move
 Never, if not to the breath of love ;
 And if all the rest are silent and still,
 Yet these in the soul's deep chambers thrill
 With a glad low voice or a mournful moan,
 As the wind-harp sings to itself alone—
 Oh ! this is the heart's undying tone !

XXIV.

The beauty of her home could never
 The maiden's thoughts from Moray sever.
 In dreams by day and dreams by night
 His image passed before her sight,
 And, as in days to memory dear,
 Low words were in her charmed ear.
 Nay, when the world beside was still,
 She oft would climb the dewy hill,
 And eastward bend her tearful eyes,
 To watch the morning sun arise,
 As asking by her earnest gaze,
 What tidings bore its lingering rays
 Of him alone her life could bless,
 Lord of her heart and happiness.

XXV.

Meanwhile, with Mary's look and tone,
 Young Moray's light and life were gone ;
 Joy had decayed, and Nature wore
 Her garb of loveliness no more.
 Days, weeks, and months, as sank the sun
 Behind the purpled hills afar,
 He wished its rapid race to run
 And be with her ; and when the star
 Of eve, as dusky night came on,
 Love's signal trembled, bright and lone,
 He thought of her on whom it shone.
 At last, in hunter's rude attire,
 He left with tears his aged sire ;
 Resolved the western wilds to roam,
 And find her in that distant home.

XXVI.

He crossed the Hudson's wizard stream—
 He climbed the Kaatskills' clefted mountains—

He passed the Mohawk's troubled dream,
 And blue Cayuga's gushing fountains ;
 A moment bent him, awe-struck, o'er
 The gray Niagara's anthem roar,
 In th' ear of God that ceaseth never—
 Trod the wild side of Erie's lake,
 Whose haunted breast the tempests make
 Their own dark home forever ;
 Then plunged into the ancient wood,
 The solemn, boundless solitude,
 Where, save the wind, or rushing river,
 Or cry of bird or beast, no sound
 Broke the deep stillness reigning round.
 By mossy rock—by lonely dell—
 By many a tree in green decay,
 That slumbered where of old it fell—
 By mounds, where mighty heroes lay,
 Long ages numbered with the dead,
 The glory of a vanished day—
 With tireless limbs and quickened tread
 He wound his solitary way.

XXVII.

At last one autumn morn he stood,
 Within the hoar, unbreathing wood,
 Above her home. His soul became
 So feeble as a dying flame :—
 Suspense in bosoms stout and brave
 Will make the stillness of the grave !
 Through faded leaves the early sun
 Upon the cottage coldly shone.
 All there was silent.—Did they sleep ?—
 He felt life's curdling currents creep
 Back to his heart with shuddering chill ;
 He hurried down—but all was still,
 Except the dog's low plaintive whine,
 Or wind that sighed through rustling vine.

He knocked—he paused in doubt and dread—
 He saw the threshold stained and red—
 He burst the door—O God! the sight
 Had seared a seraph's eyes of light!
 All pale and scalpless on the floor,
 With eyes from which the soul was flown,
 Stilled pulse, and hearts that beat no more,
 Lay mother, sire, and gentle son,
 Whom few brief years had smiled upon.
 Death had been there—and in their blood
 The faithful dog beside them stood,
 Moaning to them most piteously—
 It was a fearful sight to see!

XXVIII.

Dismayed, bewildered, and amazed,
 One moment Moray vaguely gazed,
 As if some terror, strange and dread,
 Had numbed him on the midnight bed.
 Then, slowly as his soul awoke,
 From his pent breast words wildly broke :
 “O curst De Vere! I know full well,
 “This is thy work, thou fiend of Hell!”
 No more he spake, but kneeling low,
 On each cold cheek and pallid brow
 As pale lips pressed. Above him there
 Swept the chill waters of despair—
 Yet but a moment: o'er the deep,
 Like Mars' red planet, calm and slow,
 Rose to his soul a burning vow,
 Which neither time, nor pain, nor sleep,
 Might ever from its gaze remove—
 The star of its revenge and love.
 He rose—and there he saw it stand
 In fiery strength, serene and red;
 It pointed with its burning hand
 Unto the cold and dead,

And beckoned him from wailings long,
 To track the bloody steps of wrong.
 In calmness Moray passed, and sought
 One like himself in word and thought,
 And who in early years had been
 Companion in each boyish scene,
 Now turned a hunter, swift in chase,
 And skilled the Indian's trail to trace.
 Revenge the burden of their prayer,
 They left the dead to others' care,
 And plunged, with Hope and God to aid,
 Dauntless into the forest shade.

XXIX.

As meets her love a fair young bride
 With noiseless step and graceful pride,
 The boat dropped down the coursing tide ;
 And as they won their gradual way,
 The shadows darker round them lay,
 More solemn rose the silent wood,
 More stern and high, on either side,
 The frowning rocks like giants stood
 To guard their time-long solitude,
 Till at the last they reared their brows
 A thousand feet above their base,
 Where evermore the river pays,
 With broken words, its suppliant vows.
 More mournful was the wind's low song,
 As passed they this wild scene along ;
 More bright the stars lay on the stream,
 More sadly shone the moon's pale beam—
 All nature seemed their souls to fill
 With whispered voice, " be still ! be still ! "

XXX.

The maiden slept ; but the Indian boy
 Watched o'er her with unuttered joy,

Still gazing on her sweet wan face,
 Lit up with dreams in sleep's embrace :
 And while the chieftain sate beside
 The helm, the light canoe to guide,
 Eyeing the rocks with keen survey,
 As dark, as still, as stern as they,
 He, borne on love's bewildering tide,
 In low notes, lingering on his tongue,
 This simple song half-said, half sung.

XXXI.

THE WORDS OF THE INDIAN YOUTH TO THE CAPTIVE MAID.

“How fair is thy face, pale flower !
 The stars look down on thee,
 And our Father's Sister gazeth
 Thy loveliness to see.
 Bright, bright is their deathless ray !
 But they know thou'rt fairer than they,
 Pale Lily-of-the-Water—
 Sweet flower, sleep !

“I've seen our loveliest maidens ;
 Their eyes as stars are bright,
 Their voices are sweet as a fountain's
 That murmurs in the light.
 But they were not a joy to me,
 As thou when I look on thee,
 Pale Lily-of-the-Water—
 Sweet flower, sleep !

“Why droopeth thy head, lone captive ?
 Mourn not the loved ones blest ;
 In the white man's Happy Islands
 Their spirits are at rest.
 Thy image to them shall beam,
 As they are beheld in thy dream,
 Pale Lily-of-the-Water—
 Sweet flower, sleep !

" My brother is rude to thy sorrow !
 He hath a warrior's soul—
 He is terrible in the battle—
 He scorns a maid's control !
 But afar in our fathers' home
 Thou shalt in my bosom bloom,
 Pale Lily-of-the-Water—
 Sweet flower, sleep !"

XXXII.

Still brooding o'er his own sweet words,
 As o'er their songs the summer birds,
 He sat, when lo ! from out the rock
 A sudden flash, like lightning's dart—
 The bullet sped—it struck his heart—
 He bounded with the shock
 High in the air, then, like a stone,
 Fell on the wave without a groan—
 To love, to dream—no more!—no more !
 Above his warm, high heart, the river
 Closed cold and silently forever,
 And shone the moon as she shone before.
 O many a dark deed hath she seen,
 Yet looks the same—still bright, serene !
 'Twas well :—he passed, as at breath,
 From love's young dream to sleep in death.
 Ere joy was dead—ere hopes were flown,
 Like leaves of Autumn, sere and strown—
 Ere came that cheerless, slow decay,
 From which we dread to go, yet stay
 In vain regret and cureless grief—
 His spirit found from life relief.
 Ah ! never might he know the pangs—the pain—
 Would pierce his soul and rend his heart in twain !

XXXIII.

An instant did the chieftain gaze
 In unaccustomed wild amaze ;

But when o'er him he loved so well
 The sullen waters gurgling fell,
 He started up with quick, fierce yell,
 Wreathed in his bloody hand and bare
 The sleeping maiden's flowing hair :
 " Too long," he cried, " I've spared thy blood,
 To please Oo-loo-ra's simple mood—

Now die thou for his death !"

His dark locks o'er his forehead streamed,
 His bright knife in the moonlight gleamed—

It soon had found a sheath,

But on the instant rose De Vere,
 Though not in soul untouched with fear,
 And seized the hand uplifted high :

" My brother," said he artfully,

" Say, hath my brother's reason fled ?

Thou know'st the maid is mine to wed ;

For thy revenge the rest are slain ;

But if her haughty scorn remain,

Then at thy nation's council-fire

Oo-loo-ra's spirit shall require,

In blood of hers thy hands be red."

" His words are good," the Indian said :

" The pale-face in his hut shall dwell."

He grimly smiled, as knowing well,

That maid would sooner wed the grave,

Than be a murderer's sensual slave ;

Then calmly did his seat resume,

And silent mood ; nor might you trace

Thought, memory, of what had been,

Or by his bosom or his face,

Still, cold, as Hecla's frozen scene :

But in that dark breast, well I ween,

In boiling eddies went and came

The lava flood of Hecla's flame.

XXXIV.

Warned by the shot thus hostile sent
From that primeval battlement,
They hastened where th' opposing side
Flung deeper shadows o'er the tide.
The moon sank down: yet hour by hour,
As drawn by some invisible power,
Through the dim stillness on they sped,
Like fabled spirits of the dead,
In shadow borne, and silence lone,
Along the lake of Acheron.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO SECOND.

O STAR of vengeance ! light of every soul
That feels the sense of hatred or of wrong,
No heavenly planet hath thy far control
To make the faintest brave, the feeble strong.
They see thy burning orb through darkest throng
Of clouds and storms that round them gathering lower,
And follow firm through toil and perils long :
Whenever come the object and the hour,
Upon the human heart thou hast resistless power.

From thee, O mightiest star, the Patriot's breast
Receives the strength, that meets and conquers all ;
Frail, shrinking Woman at thy stern behest
Nerves her with will, which nothing can appal :
But most the savage heeds thy fiery call,
Where'er thou redly rise o'er wood or wave,
And time, nor change, nor aught that may befall,
Can turn his fixed pursuit to slay or save ;
Nor cares he aught, albeit thou gleam upon his grave.

I.

It was an Autumn morn : the sun
Wearily rose his race to run—
He came but late, as an aged one ;
The cold, gray mists, like flags unfurled,
Around the sleeping earth were curled ;
On prairie, river, lake and wood,
Lay the deep dream of solitude.
Lone rising, in the midst was seen
One mighty mound, with mosses green—
Save where, by winds of autumn blown,
The pale and withered leaves were strown—
A huge rude pile, built up of old
By hands long since forgot and cold.
Time spares their tombs alone :—what name
Their darkly mouldering dust can claim !
And as the mists were rolled away,
 Before, outspread the eye beneath,
A prairie's boundless prospect lay
 Like solemn Ocean, as the breath
Of morning swept its surface o'er,
With long, slow waves, from shore to shore—
There only rose not Ocean's roar ;
While all behind it stretched a range
 Of varied forest, fading sere,
Touched with the spirit of a change,
 That falleth with the changing year ;
And there, by swell or grassy glade,
Unscared the antlered wild-deer strayed,
Or fed along the prairie's verge
Vast herds, that never felt the scourge,
Or dashed o'er valley, plain and hill,
Lords of their own unbounded will,
As ocean billows shoreward press,
The proud steeds of the wilderness.

II.

Upon that mound's most silent height,
 Ere dewless fell the morning's light,
 With step the hare had scarcely heard,
 Two warriors of the wood appeared.
 By his broad brow of care and thought,
 By his most regal mien and tread,
 By robes with richest wampum wrought,
 And eagle's plume upon his head,
 The one should be a chief of power,
 And ruler of the battle's hour ;
 Nor e'er did eye a form behold
 At once more finished, firm and bold.
 Of larger mould and loftier mien
 Than oft in hall or bower is seen,
 And with a browner hue than seems
 To pale maid fair, or lights her dreams,
 He yet revealed a symmetry
 Had charmed the Grecian sculptor's eye,
 A massive brow, a kindled face,
 Limbs chiselled to a faultless grace,
 Beauty and strength in every feature,
 While in his eyes there lived the light
 Of a great soul's transcendent might—
 Hereditary lord by nature !
 As stood he there, the stern, unmoved
 Except his eagle glance that roved,
 And darkly limned against the sky
 Upon that mound so lone and high,
 He looked the sculptured God of Wars,
 Great Odin, or Egyptian Mars,
 By crafty hand, from dusky stone,
 Immortal wrought in ages gone,
 And on some silent desert cast,
 Memorial of the mighty Past !
 And yet, though firm, though proud his glance,

There was upon his countenance
 That settled shade, which oft in life
 Mounts upward from the spirit's strife,
 As if upon his soul there lay
 Some grief which would not pass away.

III.

The other's lineaments and air
 Revealed him plainly brother born
 Of him, who on that summit bare
 So sad, yet proudly, met the morn :
 But, lighter built, his slender frame
 Far less of grace, as strength, could claim ;
 And, with an eye that, sharp and fierce,
 Would seem the gazer's breast to pierce,
 And low'ring visage, aye the while
 Inwrought of subtlety and guile,
 Whose every glance, that darkly stole,
 Bespoke the crafty, cruel soul,
 There was from all his presence shed
 A power, a chill mysterious dread,
 Which made him of those beings seem,
 That shake us in the midnight dream.
 Yet were his features, too, o'er-cast
 With mournfulness, as if the past
 Had been one vigil, painful, deep and long,
 Of hushed Revenge still brooding over wrong.

IV.

No word was said : but long they stood,
 And side by side, in thoughtful mood,
 Watched the great curtains of the mist
 Up from the mighty landscape move ;
 'Twas surely spirit-hands, they wist,
 Did lift them from above.
 And when, unveiled, to them alone
 The solitary world was shown,

And dew from all the mound's green sod
 Rose, like an incense, up to God,
 Reclined, yet silent still, they bent
 Their eyes on Heaven's deep firmament—
 As if were open to their view
 The stars' sun-flooded homes of blue—
 Or gazed, with mournful sternness, o'er
 The rolling prairie stretched before ;
 While round them, fluttering on the breeze,
 The sere leaves fell from faded trees.

v.

“ Brother—the moons their course have run,”
 At last, with liquid voice and sweet,
 He of the eagle-plume begun—
 “ And Els-kwa-tá-wa's prophet feet
 Have journeyed far. Say, hath he been
 Where once the Shawnee's home was seen ?
 “ Is it not pleasant still to stray
 Where once we dwelt ?” low words replied—
 “ His feet have roamed a summer's day
 Scioto's wandering stream beside.”—
 “ And were its murmurs sweet to hear ?
 And did the bending willows near
 Sigh pleasantly, as when we played
 In childhood oft beneath their shade ?”—
 “ Yes, brother : but they seemed to mourn
 “ The red man may no more return !” —
 “ And rise they still, those mighty trees,
 That waved their old arms in the breeze
 Above our wigwam long ago ?” —
 “ Tecumseh, no !—Great Spirit, no !
 The white man's axe hath hewn them down ;
 The very spot were hardly known !” —
 “ 'Tis well : but it—the burial-place,
 Where slept of old the Shawnee race ?”

He paused—on Els-kwa-tá-wa turned
 His large dark eye that deeply burned.
 “The Shawnee graves?—The white-man’s plough
 Hath passed them rudely through and through!
 Our ancient dead?—I saw them strown,
 All white and shattered, bone by bone!”

VI.

Tecumseh sprung, as if a dart
 Had pierced with barbs his swelling heart :
 “For this, of all their wrongs the worst,
 Great Spirit! let them be accurst!
 Yet *this* is well: it nerves me more,
 Than all our race hath borne before.”
 “Then joy was mine,” the Prophet said,
 “That, borne afar, the cherished dead,
 Our sire, hath but a lonely rest;
 For now may nought his sleep molest.”
 “Ay!” cried Tecumseh—“lone his grave
 By Mississippi’s distant wave.
 But, say, how long ere that retreat
 Will hear the tread of stranger feet?
 I see the pale, cold adder creep
 And coil him o’er our father’s sleep!”
 Mournfully in his hands he bowed
 His dusky brow, the stern and proud.
 “Too true the vision meets thine eye,”
 Dark Els-kwa-tá-wa gave reply:
 “The red-man quaffs the drink of fire,
 Till, made a coward, slave and liar
 Worse than the pale-face, day by day
 He fools his heritage away.
 Soon will the Father of Waters wide
 Behold his forests’ fallen pride;
 Yes! where the Shawnee chieftain lies,
 Soon will the white-man’s dwelling rise!”

VII.

“No!—never shall it be, till all
 The red-man’s race in death shall fall!
 How many tribes dost thou, O Sun,
 Of thy dark children rise upon?
 War shall be kindled: nation, name,
 Shall perish in the rolling flame,
 Or we our heritage reclaim!”
 He paused—and o’er his kindled face
 The shades of doubt fell down apace:
 “Would that the oath this heart hath sworn,
 On every Indian’s soul were borne!
 It is not thus: their wasting strife
 Against each other whets the knife!”—
 “This shall be changed. Since met we last,
 Long nights hath Els-kwa-tá-wa passed
 By ancient graves, and in the winds
 Strange voices heard:—the red-men’s minds
 Are like dark waters;—o’er the deep
 A wind hath blown—their troubled sleep
 Conceives dim dreamings. Far and near
 The Prophet’s words are words of fear;
 And he hath told them, soon shall come
 A herald of the red-man’s doom
 From the Great Spirit. Go—Rejoice:
 Who like Tecumseh hath a voice?”—
 “Thy words are wise; thy thoughts are mine;
 This garb bespeaks the great design.
 Tecumseh’s soul had said, go forth
 Through the great waters of the North,
 Round the far South, and o’er the West
 By the lone streams, nor ever rest,
 Till all the tribes united stand
 In battle for their native land.”

VIII.

"Thy words in Els-kwa-tá-wa's ear
 Are sweet as running waters near.
 But knowst thou not, the stranger race,
 As forest leaves, are numberless?"—
 "And hast thou seen through forests deep
 The whirlwind of the Autumn sweep?
 Tis past—the leaves lie dead and pale
 By stream and fountain, hill and vale."
 Glowed fiercer with a furnace-light
 The Prophet's eyes: "O vision bright!
 I see the mighty gathering:
 The Prairies with their footsteps ring:
 I hear the whoop: the red torch gleams:
 Blood—blood upon the hatchet streams!
 The frontiers blaze!—maid, son and sire
 Sink with their wigwams rolled in fire!"—
 "Yes, brother: but ere this may be
 Long toil and pain are mine to see.
 That all the tribes one chain may bind,
 I journey with the wandering wind.
 'Tis thine to let no sudden start
 Untimely break the chain apart;
 'Tis thine to mist the white-man's eyes:
 And hear me! let no sacrifice
 Of red-men to thy wrath be burned,
 Before Tecumseh hath returned."
 Beneath his glance with cowering eye
 The crafty Prophet made reply:
 "Are Els-kwa-tá-wa's thoughts his own?
 Wise are his brother's words alone."—
 "Tis well. Upon my journeyings far
 I will outwatch the Northern Star.
 Soon shall the pale face, paler grown,
 Like snow drifts o'er the plains be strown:

Tribes from the setting sun shall haste,
And in the stranger's wigwams feast—
Ay, and Tecumseh's name shall be
Their heritage and memory !”

Then, parting, from that ancient mound they passed,
Even as they came, with silent steps and fast.

IX.

Some hours were gone. How still and slow
In the vast solitudes they go,
Where nought may mark them to the eye,
Save the old sun along the sky,
And mighty Nature sits serene
With most unalterable mien !
Some hours were past : the mists were flown—
So bright the visible day-god shone—
Like weird enchanter's envious spell,
From all the scene immoveable ;
And in their place an atmosphere
Filled the lone world, ethereal, clear,
Yet faintly gathering, far and dim,
That haze around the horizon's rim,
Which, at the last, more still and deep,
Wraps heaven and earth in dreamy sleep.
Where seemed but banks of haze to float,
By many a billowy league remote
From that rude mound, upon the side
Of other woods extending wide,
Where other prairies stretched before,
And other waves ran darkening o'er,
An Indian camp of wigwams lay
Beneath the tranquil noon-tide ray,
Lapped in the beauty of a scene
Which he, oh ! he, who hath not been
A rover through the wild, green West,
Can little know, how brightly blest
It was in all that could impart
A tide of gladness through the heart !

X.

By the usurping stranger spurned
 Far from their homes, beloved and mourned,
 Where sweet Scioto softly glides
 Along her low and willowy sides,
 A portion of the Shawnee race
 Made here their transient resting-place :
 And, leagued with them, for game to roam
 The wilds that are the Indian's home,
 Or dye their hands in foemen's slaughter,
 Swarth, fiery Ottowas had come
 From Huron's dark-blue water ;
 Awaiting now their chiefs' return,
 Whose feet, for vengeance on some foe,
 Had borne him—where none sought to know—
 Ken-hát-ta-wa, the fierce and stern,
 Through whose dark veins great Pontiac's blood
 Rolled all the proud vindictive mood,
 Which made that name the white-man's dread,
 Even when his mighty soul was fled.

XI.

A motley scene the camp displayed.
 Their simple wigwams, loosely made
 Of skins and bark, and rudely graced
 With sylvan honors of the chase,
 At scattered intervals were placed
 Beneath majestic trees—the race
 Of other years ; while, statelier reared,
 Alone and in their midst appeared
 The lodge of council, honored most,
 Yet unadorned with care or cost.
 Their beaded leggins closely bound,
 Their blankets wreathed their loins around,
 Whence rose each neck and brawny breast
 Like bust of bronze with tufted crest,

Around, the forest-lords were seen—
 Some, old, with grave and guarded mien
 High converse holding in the shade—
 Some idly on the green turf laid,
 Or, girt with arms of varied name,
 Repairing them for strife or game ;
 Their dusky wives, from birth the while
 Inured to care and silent toil,
 Prepared the venison's savory food
 And yellow corn, in sullen mood,
 Or sweetly to their infants sung,
 So light in wicker-cradles swung
 Upon the breeze-rocked boughs ; in play
 Lithe urchins did their skill essay,
 Beneath some chief's approving eye,
 To launch the feathered arrow high,
 The hatchet hurl, or through the air
 Send the shrill whoop ; half robed or bare,
 The youth would act war's mimic game,
 Or strove their wild-born steeds to tame—
 Perchance their captives scarce a day—
 Themselves untamed and wild as they ;
 While sat beneath the green leaves fading
 Young maids, their chequered baskets braiding,
 Whose merry laugh or silvery call
 Oft rang most sweet and musical,
 Whose glancing black eyes often stole
 To view the worshipped of their soul :
 And ever in th' invisible breeze
 Waved solemnly those tall old trees,
 And fleecy clouds, above the prairies flying,
 Led the light shadows, chasing, chased and dying.

XII.

Why start they all ? A whoop is heard,
 As from exulting victor near ;
 A form—another—lo ! a third

Doth in the forest depths appear.
 The first is he, that ruthless brave,
 Who stood by broad Ohio's wave—
 The scalps are in his girdle yet :
 The next—O may his soul be met,
 Through life, by fiends of wrath and fear
 And black remorse, accurst De Vere !
 The last—poor girl ! how wan and worn !
 Her steps are faint—her limbs are torn—
 The tears are frozen in that eye
 Which heedless looks on vacancy—
 Nor ever doth she raise her head,
 Where'er her faltering feet may tread.
 Thy face—it hath a paler cast,
 Dear Mary ! since we saw thee last ;
 Yet oh ! how pure, how sadly fair,
 Seen through thy dark dishevelled hair—
 The marble beauty void of breath,
 Which charms the chaste, cold kiss of Death !
 Oh ! in that face subdued their lies
 The soul of many agonies !
 Sweet one ! there is an Eye above
 Looks down on thee with pitying love.
 All, thronging, gaze—and, gazing, stand ;
 But stern Ken-hát-ta-wa waves his hand
 With angry gesture of command,
 Then in the lodge, reserved and proud,
 Awaits the council's gathering crowd.

XIII.

In dark array they sat around,
 Nor uttered syllable nor sound,
 Unmoved as images of stone,
 Or bodies whence the life hath flown,
 From whose cold features, carved and stern,
 No thought might searching gazer learn.
 As speechless sank the maiden there,

In listless pain and mere despair.
 She did not weep, she did not sigh, —
 But sat with fixed and stony eye,
 And moveless limbs, and lips apart,
 And bosom hushed, and pulseless heart,
 And forehead in her pale hand leant,
 As she were wrought, the monument
 Of all unuttered grief below—
 Th' ideal of immortal wo !
 But memory—ah, where was it ?
 Unconscious of the present lot,
 Through time and season did it flit,
 And hover round the thrice-loved spot—
 The dell, the stream, the fount, the flowers,
 Home of her childhood's happy hours—
 And round the forms, the faces bright,
 The loved, the lost, who were its light ?
 In sooth, I know not ; but, where'er
 Her soul, it was not present there !
 At last an aged Sachem rose,
 With whitened head of hundred snows :
 " What doth Ken-hát-ta-wa require ?
 Why burns for him the council-fire ?
 Wise thoughts do with our brother dwell.
 Our ears are open. Let him tell."

XIV.

The chieftain spake, the maiden near :
 " Hear, brothers ; sages, warriors, hear.
 When was the Ottawa's feathered dart
 Last reddened in the white-man's heart ?
 When blazed the stranger's wigwam last,
 And shrieked the pallid maid aghast ?
 Lo ! many moons have seen the slain—
 I would that time were come again !—
 'Twas then my father fell, by one
 Of bloodless heart, a coward's son !

And I to A-re-ous-ki made—
 When was the Ottawa's oath unpaid ?—
 In my young years a vow, my knife
 Should cleave his scalp and drink his life.
 But he for many winters kept
 His home afar, and vengeance slept.
 Late to Miami's rushing water
 He brought his squaw, his son and daughter ;
 Our pale-faced brother, Vere, my guide,
 I stood their wigwam-fire beside,
 I slew them all, the young, the old,
 Save this pale maid—their scalps behold :—
 Not unavenged the son of Pontiac died !

XV.

“ But skulking wolves were on our trail.
 We coursed, beneath the moon beams pale,
 Ohio's tide. A shot was sped.
 Brothers, Oo-loo-ra's spirit fled !—
 My father's best belovéd son—
 The murmuring brook—the bounding wave—
 The panther fleet—the eagle brave ;
 His warrior race was just begun—
 Cold is his grave !
 And shall the Indian pass from day
 And none attend him on the way ?
 No, brothers ! A-re-ous-ki bade
 My hand to slay the pale-faced maid,
 Who might Oo-loo-ra's slave become
 Far in the red-man's happy home.
 'T were done—but lo ! our brother cried,
 She was his captive, and his bride
 Must be, and in his wigwam dwell.
 The Ottawa spared her then : 'tis well :
 Let Pale-flower now my brother wed.
 It is enough—my words are said.”

XVI.

Love struggling in exulting eye
 With shame and hate, De Vere drew nigh.
 Soft, earnest to her ear were borne
 His words, yet sounding half in scorn :
 “ Dear lady, view me not with hate,
 That thou art here alone with Fate.
 It ne’er had been, if thou, I swear,
 Hadst been more lenient or less fair !
 But, Mary, now no longer rove ;
 Fly, fly with me and Hope and Love.
 Thou ne’er wast lovelier in thy grace :
 Oh ! die not, nor, if saved, embrace
 Lone years of grief !—Come, give to me
 Thy haughty charms, and peril flee :
 What sweet existence may we have
 In some bright home beyond the wave !
 Thou art an orphan.—Be my bride,
 And none shall harm thee by my side :
 But, else, not even my love can save
 From savage wrath—an early grave !”

XVII.

As if the Promethéan fire
 A marble statue might inspire,
 Or Beauty from the couch of Death
 Were wakened by its Maker’s breath,
 She sprung from earth. With jet-like start
 Rushed the red fountain of her heart
 Through each blue vein, and hues of flame
 Lightened o’er all her swelling frame,
 Burned through her forehead pale and high,
 And kindled in her lustrous eye ;
 And trembling words she uttered there,
 Of indignation, not of fear.
 “ Thy bride ?—There ’s blood upon thy hand !

For life, and all life could command,
 I would not clasp it, stained and red
 With life-blood from my parents shed !
 Wretch !—should I to such baseness turn,
 My heart would through my bosom burn !
 An orphan ?—Murderer ! who so well
 As thou this saddest truth could tell ?
 Thy love and—life ?—'T were curst, the lot !
 'Tis life to be where thou art not !
 Thee or the grave ?—I 'd rather wed
 Pale Death, and sleep among the dead,
 Than in thy guilt take such a part !
 Go !—burdened with thy own black heart !
 My brother—parents—they are blest ;
 Oh ! were I with them and at rest !”

XVIII.

Her bare right arm uplifted high,
 All light her large and glowing eye,
 And her whole frame dilated—fired—
 She looked the Pythoness inspired ;
 Nor one rude warrior there, but gazed
 In admiration—wrapt—amazed.
 De Vere, thus baffled, taunted, spurned,
 Love, scorn, to livid fury turned :
 “ My love, my mercy thus defy ?
 Chief ! she is thine—and let her die !” —
 One swarthy hand a hatchet grasped,
 And one in savage triumph clasped
 The maiden's arm—when, slow from pain,
 The aged Shawnee rose again :
 “ Ken-hát-ta-wa is great and wise ;
 But let him look with open eyes.
 The brave Tecumseh's words were good :
 “ One league for terror, strife and blood
 Must all our far-spread tribes unite ;
 Then shall the pale-face sink to night,

Nor one on earth remain to say,
 While lonely wandering,—‘ where are they ? ’ ”
 But not by single captives slain
 Seek we our country to regain ;
 Nor thus the white-man’s sleep awake,
 Ere all the gathered tempest break.
 Brothers—my words with you remain.”

XIX.

A murmur of applause went round.
 The chieftain caught the ominous sound,
 Then, not as for his own dark plan,
 But for the red-man’s wrongs, began,
 And strove to charm their native sense
 With artful words of eloquence.
 “ Brothers—is not our vision clear ?
 Lo ! let us speak of things that were.
 Time was, the red-man’s race was strong :
 In love and peace they dwelt along
 The great salt-waters : all the day
 They chased upon the hills their prey,
 And o’er the plains—or through the streams
 The sweet fish caught ; and in their dreams
 The Great Manitto by them stood,
 And told them to be just and good.
 Then were the red-men happy—then
 Lords of the valley, lake and glen,
 Brave in the battle, wise in peace ! ”
 Watching their gaze grow fixed, intense,
 He urged the tide of eloquence :
 “ Why, warriors, do these glories cease ?
 What Indian needs to hear me tell ?
 The white man came ; we loved him well ;
 We gave him food, we gave him fire,
 Skins, shelter, all he could require.
 ’Twas not enough. They wanted more :
 We shrank their deadly arms before ;

They followed us like hungry hounds ;
 They drove us from our hunting grounds—
 Not unresisting ! No !—we bled,
 Till with our blood the streams ran red !”

XX.

Fierce, glowing, grew each warrior's eye,
 Each grasped his knife convulsively—
 “ Where red-men, are your fathers' graves ?
 They lie within a land of slaves !
 Far in the east our race begun :
 Still flee we towards the setting sun ?
 No ! Let our vengeance roll its tide
 And whelm them on their heights of pride !
 Nor wait we till the cunning foe
 Our counsels, plans and movements know :
 The war-cry raised—the hatchet red—
 Dark thousands will the war-path tread.
 A victim, lo ! before your eyes :
 'Tis A-re-ous-ki's sacrifice !
 We'll slay her to our warrior-god—
 We'll dye our hands—we'll drink her blood—
 Then on our foes in terror swoop,
 And send to heaven the appalling—WHOOP !”

XXI.

Starting the well known sound to hear—
 That sound of wrath, revenge and fear—
 The whole wild throng tumultuous rose,
 With yells of rage and threatened blows ;
 Knives, hatchets gleamed, and war-clubs rung,
 A hundred towards the maiden sprung—
 But suddenly another shout
 Burst from the eager crowd without,
 A cry of victory, which said
 Another captive home was led.

As at a signal of command,
 The weapons sank in every hand ;
 And when Ken-hát-ta-wa was told,
 This captive was the pale-face bold,
 Who sent from out the rock's high breast,
 Oo-loo-ra's spirit to its rest,
 His soul's relentless flame was turned,
 And now for him as fiercely burned.
 He thrust aside the dusky throng,
 He strode its living walls along,
 And, seizing him, with sudden whirl
 Dragged him before the gazing girl.

XXII.

One moment met their searching eyes
 In the first stillness of surprise ;
 For both were changed, how changed ! by years
 Of toil, and suffering, and tears.
 But recognition burst its shroud,
 As lightning through the summer cloud.
 He cast no fearful glance around him,
 He started from the grasp that bound him—
 “ O Henry ! ” — “ Mary ! ” — face to face,
 Bosom to bosom, heart to heart,
 They met in mutual mute embrace,
 Unconscious of the time or place—
 Why should such spirits ever part ?

XXIII.

Alas ! on earth few part to meet,
 None meet except to part again :
 A few fond moments, O how fleet !
 Then comes the agony, the pain.
 And this knew they : for in each eye
 They read their fearful destiny,
 To be one moment thus—then sever
 For lingering pain, or instant fate,

Torn from each other's eyes forever.

Yet while around was wild debate,
With angry gestures, hurried breath,
By what most torturing cruel death
Should Moray die, all heedless they
Reclining on the bare earth lay,

Ev'n at the feet of that stern chief,
With heart-choked, broken words, and tears—

Tears of despair, of joy, of grief,
And most unuttered love, whose years
Into one burning point were prest,
As, palely pillowed, on his breast
Her cold cheek rested—where the kiss
Might never be repeated—and in rays,
That trembled dewy through their swimming gaze,
Their souls were blent. Oh! agony of bliss!
Was ever meeting on the earth like this!

XXIV.

Ken-hát-ta-wa, with furious start,
Tore their forlorn embrace apart,
And, turning Moray towards the sun,
“Is Pale-face,” said he, “good to run?”
Self-trained in youth and boyish days,
And after in the perilous ways
The hunter treads, wild woods among,
Young Moray was as fleet and strong
As stag across the plain that bounds,
When yell behind the eager hounds.
Deceiving then the cunning foe,
“My steps,” he said, “are weak and slow.”
Those words received th' excited crowd,
With frantic gestures—shoutings loud;
And seizing in their tawny hands
Knives, hatchets, clubs, or smoking brands,
They ranged in two long lines, to greet
With death the captive's faltering feet,

As tortured demons, grim and fell,
Conduct a lost soul down to hell.

XXV.

As Moray to this fearful pass
Was hurried forth, the maiden gazed,
As with a dream she were amazed,
Or through enchanter's shadowy glass
All vaguely looked ; and when arose
Loud whoopings soon, with clanging blows,
And wild forms rushed before her sight,
The dews of death sprang fast and chill
O'er all her frame—her heart grew still—
She fell to earth, and all was night.
Oh ! not in vain !—for else that hour
Of thought's most agonizing power
Had driven her reason from its throne,
Or spirit to the world unknown.

XXVI.

When posted there, with eagle glance
The captive saw his only chance
Of saving life, and, far too wise
To run, a certain sacrifice,
The deadly gantlet, quick as light
From a tall warrior at his right
He wrenched an axe, with one swift blow
His huge head clove through bone and brain,
Then o'er his corse along the plain
Sped like an arrow from the bow.
In mute surprise th' expectant foe
A moment held th' uplifted stroke,
Then into angry tumult broke.
A hundred hurtling spears were flung,
A hundred wingéd arrows sung,
A hundred hurled bright hatchets rung—
But vainly all,—for he had sprung,

Like reindeer through the forest dashed—
 Whereon their missiles idly crashed—
 And onward far and free had striven,
 A cloud before the tempest driven !

XXVII.

The ground, o'er which his course he laid,
 Was at the first a rolling glade,
 With huge and lofty trees o'ergrown,
 Each standing by itself alone,
 While all the intervals between
 Were spread with grassy carpet green,
 Where, in the distance wending wide,
 The desert's browsing herds were spied.
 Past this, beneath the glare of day
 A rugged, brambly barren lay,
 Of narrower space ; and then the vast,
 Th' illimitable, gray and waste,
 That prairie, on whose verge extreme,
 Far, far beyond the utmost sight,
 That mound arose in noontide gleam,
 Which greeted first the morning's light.

XXVIII.

On, on he flew, death in the rear,
 And winged at once by hope and fear,
 While whooping in his frightened ear
 As fast the foe pursued ;
 For life, for life he strove in pain,
 Revenge, their lost revenge to gain,
 They urged the maddening chase amain
 Far through th' extended wood.
 As passed the strange confounded flight,
 The wild-deer started with affright,
 The wild-bull tossed his shaggy head
 And through the forest bellowing fled,
 The tameless steeds, with trampling tread,

Approached, wheeled, snorted in amaze,
And turned, and turned again, to gaze ;
While objects all in mingled throng,
As Moray breathless flew along,
So dim and quickly passed his eye,
As vanished scenes do hurry by
The eyes of crazéd memory !

XXIX.

He cleared the wood, he trode the plain,
He heeded not the constant pain
Of feet by stones, and creeping thorn,
And roots, and stragglng briers, torn,
But forward stretched before the wind
Of swift pursuit that swept behind.
And now he reached the prairie's edge ;
The wild-grass, faded flowers and sedge
Were waving tangled, thick and high,
Wherever roamed his straining eye.
He could not turn, he might not stay,
He must its unknown depths essay.
With headlong leap he sprung and urged,
Beneath its billowy surface merged,
His struggling footsteps blindly on—
How hardly may his race be won !
With yell and rout, like wintry storm,
Rushed after many a dusky form,
Vindictive, nearest of the near,
The Ottawa with his ashen spear :
Nor wilder chase was e'er beheld,
As dark above the surface, swelled
By passing breeze, with angry cries
A thousand tufted heads would rise,
By spring and bound, then at a breath
Sink momentarily unseen beneath.
A toilsome mile is left behind,
More freshly breathes the autumn wind—

Pause !—pause !—what roar, of tempest-sound,
Convulses air and shakes the ground ?
Full well the Indians knew, and back
With speed the rest retraced their track ;
But still the chief would urge the chase,
O’ertake the victim’s slackening pace
With red-hand vengeance, then retreat ;
And Moray still his toiling feet
Pressed on, though in amaze and fear—
Undoubted death was in the rear !

XXX.

He reached a swell—amazement grew
Ten-fold before th’ appalling view.
The prairie was on fire ! Afar,
With semblance of destroying war,
In army widening as it came,
On strode the vast, consuming flame.
A league away, and on each hand
Beyond the utmost ken, and fanned
By swift hot airs, in massive sweep
The lofty columns, red and deep,
Wide-waving rushed—with furnace-glare
Wreathing their spiral arms in air,
Or bending to the earth ; and, where
The withered grass was serer grown,
Long lines ran forth and blazed alone ;
And ever flames, like steeds of fire,
Did mount and lift them high and higher.
Fast—fast they came ! The earth before
Was swept with a continuous roar,
That filled all heaven ; above them high
Glowed tremulous the heated sky,
As one great furnace, where, upsent,
Flaked cinders strewed the firmament ;
But ne’er was seen their fearful track,
How waste, and desolate, and black,

For, all behind, in billows broke,
 Convulsed and rolled, a sea of smoke.
 And—lo! what darkly heaving mass
 Confused before the fires doth pass?
 Enormous herd! Unconscious caught
 By some green course, with terror fraught,
 Th' unwieldy bisons, driven along,
 Heaved, pitched the grassy swells among,
 Like huge, black creatures of the sea,
 With bellowings of mad agony,
 That rose above the roaring flame:
 Right towards that rising ground they came,
 In heedless course and headlong!—Where
 Shall Moray fly in this despair?

XXXI.

Less merciful the savage foe,
 Than fire or furious buffalo.
 Aslant he fled, if so he might
 Escape the vast herds' frantic flight.
 Brief time he strove, he sprang, he flew,
 When lo! so near their breath he drew,
 With shaggy bulk, and tumbling leap,
 And foamy mouth, and bellowings deep,
 And eye that glowed, and tossing head,
 On—on they plunged, their myriad-tread
 Trampling the earth with thunder! Fast
 Still Moray fled, this peril past:—
 The flames were near—he felt their breath—
 He stood their lurid ranks beneath—
 He saw them tread the quivering reeds
 In wrath, and rise, like warrior-steeds,
 To whelm him down:—he looked—how near
 Ken-hát-ta-wa's brandished, fatal spear!
 No more—he turned his blinded gaze,
 And rushed into the glaring blaze.

The spear sang past him through the fire,
And, yelling in his baffled ire,
The chief pursued with maddened mind,
While closed the dark-red walls behind.
Scorched by the flames through which he broke,
With ashes smothered, wrapped in smoke,
And treading, every step he took,
With bleeding bare feet's blistering soles
O'er burning roots and glowing coals,
The weary captive staggered on,
Nor knew what way his course might run,
Till all the blackened air and ground
Spun like a mighty whirlpool round,
When suddenly he faltered—fell—
What passed beside he might not tell.

XXXII.

He woke—what were they? Dungeon bars,
Through which looked down the silent stars
And calmly smiled at him?—In pain
Of throbbing eyes and dizzy brain,
And limbs that hardly might be raised,
He half arose and round him gazed.
It was a pit, deep, damp and round,
Beneath the prairie's level ground,
Wherein the greener grass that grew,
And reeds, yet moist with rain or dew,
Were scathed not by the fiery scourge
That rolled above its rapid surge,
And, bending o'er his helpless trance,
Had veiled him from the savage glance.
He breathed a prayer, and climbing thence,
Strove to awake each deadened sense.
Some stars were on the cloudless sky,
The moon was riding pale and high,
And looked with that most tranquil mien
Upon how desolate a scene !

As when the orbéd Earth is burned,
 Some wandering spirit, back returned,
 Beneath lone Luna's waning ray
 May all the wasted world survey,
 Throughout whose prospect still and wide
 No living thing shall be descried,
 Beast, bird, nor flower, nor waving tree,
 But all of bare, bleak lava be,
 Spread dark, or glittering ghastly-bright :
 So Moray in that silent light
 Beheld, where'er he turned his eyes,
 No shrub nor plant nor leaf arise,
 Nor reed that quivered in the air,
 But all was cold and black and bare ;
 Save in the North a distant glare
 Upon the heavens was redly cast,
 Where the far-marching flames were passed,
 Blent with their blue in fearful hues sublime,
 Like the last burnings of the sphere of Time !

XXXIII.

And she, who on the cold earth fell,
 What of her must the minstrel tell ?
 When all the men had joined the chase,
 The Indian maidens gathered round,
 And, gazing on her pale fair face,
 They pitying raised her from the ground,
 And laid her in a wigwam near,
 Beneath the sunlight's glancing beams ;
 Then, half in wonder, half in fear,
 They bent above her deeply sleeping—
 Her spirit in the land of dreams—
 And wiped her cheek still wet with weeping,
 And fondly strove to waken her
 With touches soft and lightest stir,
 And musical and gentle words,
 Like the first notes of early birds,

Calling her there the "Moon's pale daughter"—
 "Snow-born"—the "Lily-of-the-Water!"
 "Awake," they said, "Oh! back return,
 Sweet spirit, from the Dreamy Land!
 Thou mayst not meet those shapes that mourn,
 Nor clasp yon shadowy hand!
 They wait for thee in th' Islands Bright—
 They call—yet haste not now away!
 Leave not the air and Earth's glad light—
 Awake—return—we pray!"
 'Twas vain. All hushed the maiden lay,
 Nor once unclosed her shrouded eye,
 While cloudy tremors lightly play
 O'er pallid breast and forehead high,
 As shadows o'er the moon-lit sky,
 The only signs that life was left
 To her of all but life bereft.

XXXIV.

While thus she slept and they stood round,
 With whoop, and yell, and maniac bound,
 And breasts, where ten-fold fury burned,
 The baffled Indians back returned.
 They burst into that gentle throng—
 They drowned their low and chaunted song—
 They broke the maiden's painful sleep,
 And, hurrying her with curses deep,
 Fast bound her to the Tree of Death,
 Whose thunder-smitten arms were bare,
 Nor wooed, through all the tardy year,
 Or vernal sun or summer's breath,
 While, ghastly painted, o'er the whole
 Where shapes to scare the victim's soul.
 That so much beauty thus should die
 Drew ev'n from base De Vere a sigh:
 His heart—the hard and black with sin—
 Grew sick, and sank his breast within—

Nay, still, though scorned, within him dwelt
 The love which he had truly felt.
 He flew to her : " O God ! Yet flee,
 Poor girl, this fearful destiny !"
 She spoke not—but her flash of scorn
 Through all his inmost soul was borne.
 " Then die !" he cried, with madness tost,
 And from that hour his soul was lost.

XXXV.

And now the warriors' dusky ring
 With spears, and flint-tipt shafts to wing,
 And glittering tomahawks to hurl,
 Encircleth far the speechless girl :
 Was e'er so fair a mark to try
 Their cruel, cool dexterity !
 An arrow flew, that, quivering by,
 Brushed the long lashes of her eye ;
 A javelin sung—like beam of light
 It bore within her arm its flight,
 And trembled by her bosom bare ;
 A hatchet gleamed—it grazed her cheek,
 Cut the dark ringlets of her hair,
 Then, like a guilty thing, did seek
 To hide it in that withered trunk :
 Yet never once she quailed or shrunk,
 Nor did a pang pass through her heart
 From cherished life so soon to part,
 For, learning Moray still was free,
 Love's joy had conquered agony !
 With folded hands across her breast,
 She looked up to her place of rest ;
 And as the sun's descending blaze
 Lit up her face with seraph rays,
 Which else had looked too sad for Heaven,
 She seemed of those, to whom 'tis given

To wander by celestial streams —
 We see such beings in our dreams !

XXXVI.

Still were the skilful weapons cast,
 And every moment seemed her last,
 But, fierce for death so long delayed,
 The chieftain rushed upon the maid,
 As if she were his deadliest foe :
 “ Oo-loo-ra,” cried he, “ bids thee go !
 He heaved his war-club o’er her head,
 He swung it back to strike her dead—
 Like whirlwind from the mountain-cloud,
 A warrior burst that savage crowd,
 The huge club from the Ottawa wrung,
 And hurled it o’er the astonished throng,
 Then stood a moment stern and high,
 Glancing around indignantly :
 And ere they from their wonder woke,
 Tecumseh thus the stillness broke.

XXXVII.

“ What mean ye thus ? Is this array
 Against an arméd foe to-day ?
 Or are ye—mighty warriors !—drawn
 Like wolves against one timid fawn ?—
 Brothers—where hath your wisdom flown ?
 For what can this pale flower atone ?
 For loss of that broad heritage
 Our fathers owned from age to age ?
 For broken faith ? for scorn of slaves ?
 For exile from our fathers’ graves ?
 For added wrongs—derided pain ?
 For blood of red-men spilt like rain ?
 For injuries of many years,
 Stored in our hearts too deep for tears ?

Can women, maids and captives make
 Atonement for a nation's sake ?
 No ! warriors, no ! our wrongs require
 A vengeance mightier, nobler, higher !
She hath not wronged us—'tis her race :
 On them the storm shall fall apace !
 But, know, our fathers' sons must be
 From blood of girls and captives free,
 Nor by a rash and useless deed
 Bring war before the hour of need.
 The Ottawa, too, is brave and strong :
 But better had he wait, and stay
 The battle's tide, than ruthless slay
 A bird, that never did him wrong !"
 Thus ended he, and cut her bands,
 Nor any stayed the warrior's hands.

XXXVIII.

With tempest-brow, and fiery eye,
 And words by haughty anger brief,
 Ken-hát-ta-wa made fierce reply :
 " And what art thou, usurping chief,
 That thou arraignest deeds of mine,
 Or speak'st of wide and high design
 To one of Pontiac's matchless line,
 Famed further back than thou canst trace
 The fathers of thy craven race ?—
 Or durst a captive take away,
 Whom his vindictive hand would slay ?
 My father, many a winter gone,
 His death-wound from her father met ;
 Her lover slew my father's son—
 Can e'er the Indian's heart forget ?
 Thou think'st of vengeance—so do I—
 But half revenge is misery !
 I hate a white man ! I would sheathe
 My thirsting knife in all that breathe !

But, since thou lov'st the maid so well,
 Let Pale-flower in thy wigwam dwell,
 That thine may be degenerate sons,
 More friendly to the pale-faced ones
 Than were thy fathers. She no more,
 By night or day, on lake or shore,
 May fear Ken-hát-ta-wa. But vain
 Is now our league—the broken chain
 Shall never bind us more:—and when
 I, with my chiefs and mighty men,
 Have helped to sweep from off the earth
 This pallid foe—Fear's coward birth—
 Then shall Tecumseh's head incur
 The vengeance that was meant for her !”

XXXIX.

He turned and waved his swarthy hand,
 At whose mute call the Ottawa band
 Ranged lowering round on either side,
 Alike defying and defied.
 Then with a quick but measured tread,
 Nor ever turning once the head,
 They strode along the green-wood glade
 Soon lost in night's descending shade.
 Tecumseh, deigning no reply,
 Except a calm and scornful eye,
 Assuaged the wo-worn captive's fears
 And, heart-pleased by her grateful tears,
 He bade she should till morning rest.
 The Shawnee maidens' cherished guest,
 Then with a band of warriors move
 Unto his brother's camp above,
 Whence more secure she might be sent
 Back to the white-man's settlement,
 And to her home beloved, if home she had—
 Alas ! that home were desolate and sad !

TECUMSEH.

CANTO THIRD.

WHERE beats the Patriot's heart? Oh! not alone
Behind the corselet and the blazoned shield,
Throbbing at once for freedom and renown,
Soon hushed forever on the gory field.
Nor yet where Science and Religion wield
Sceptres of light its only pulsings press,
With touch of fire. By peasant's garb concealed,
Or 'neath the savage bosom's wild-skin dress,
Barbarian born, full oft its throbs are numberless.

And he, th' untutored Indian, whose feet
Once roamed, by lake and stream, this broad, fair land,
Hath oft within him felt his full heart beat.
He saw strange barks their eagle wings expand,
He hailed the strangers with an outstretched hand:—
Too late, alas! th' illusion left his eyes!
Once deemed divine, he saw them now demand
His ancient heritage—too dear a prize!—
And on his fathers' graves he saw their dwellings rise.

He saw—but wept not. In his burning heart
 There lived a deep remembrance of the wrong ;
 And often to the battle would he start,
 And bleed and die those cherished graves among.
 How can the weak hold combat with the strong ?
 The white-man's arms th' unequal strife have won ;
 Ere many years, O mightier Child of Song,
 Thou 'lt ask, with mournful voice, the setting sun,
 "Where are thy children?"—"Lo! like mine, their race
 is run!"

I.

Tecumseh stood by his father's grave,
 The noon-tide's deep, ethereal wave
 Rolled tremulous o'er as lone a spot,
 As where were ever the dead forgot,
 By the ancient sweep of the first-born river,
 The Father of Waters, that brings his tide
 From a thousand springs on either side,
 And rolls it a thousand leagues forever.—
 "But why, old man, of the forest green
 A rover that much hast suffered and seen,
 Say, why was the chief, once mighty in war,
 Thus laid from the tombs of his fathers afar?"

II.

"Stranger—there are who think and write
 The Indian's soul untouched with light,
 And that to him belongs the guilt
 For all the blood his hand hath spilt :
 But surely, if their feet had strayed,
 Like mine, his friendly homes among,
 They would have known, God never made
 A heart all darkness, and—how long
 The savage bore aggressive wrong.
 Old Logan was the white-man's friend ;
 But injuries forced his love to end.

Of children, wife, and kindred shorn,
 None left for him to joy or mourn,
 He rose in calm, vindictive ire
 Beside his nation's council-fire,
 And bade them, by their fathers slain,
 No more in voiceless peace remain,
 But lift the brand and battle-cry
 For vengeance, if not victory.

III.

"Rang the loud war-whoop. On the side
 Of wild Kenhawa, where his tide
 Beats back Ohio's massy wave,
 A thousand warriors, strong and brave—
 Of many tribes the chosen pride—
 A thousand fearless foes defied.
 From breaking morn till gathering night,
 An Autumn day, was urged the fight :
 The bloody field at set of sun
 Virginia's deadly rifles won :
 By dell and plain, by hill and shore,
 They darkly fell to rise no more.
 'Twas there the Shawnee chieftain found
 His last sleep on the gory ground ;
 And near the wave his tomb was made,
 Leaf-strown, within the silent shade.

IV.

"There oft, as boyhood sprung to youth,
 And drank their souls the bitter truth,
 Learned even upon their mother's breast,
 That ever towards the darkening West
 Their race was fading like a cloud,
 The chieftain's sons, in sadness bowed,
 With low voice as the passing air,
 Would talk of things that once had been—
 Where once the Indian's dwellings were,

How changed was now the lovely scene ;
 And o'er the yet untrampled grave
 They vowed to stay th' encroaching wave,
 And by the voice, and by the hand,
 Reclaim, restore, their native land.

v.

" Yet ever on they saw it haste
 And leave, unto their eyes, a waste,
 Howe'er sweet fields might smile in bloom,
 Where brooded once the forest's gloom.
 Strange vessels vexed the clear, blue waters,
 The wild-flowers grew for pale-browed daughters ;
 Nay, from their homes, no warning given,
 With steel and flame their tribe was driven,
 And rude hands felled the trees that rose
 Around their sire's so still repose.
 Then from his rest the mouldered chief,
 In silence and in tearless grief,
 Beyond their tribe's new home they bore
 To Mississippi's lonely shore,
 And, with an oath returnless, swore,
 The stranger's feet should ne'er go by
 That sacred grave, that rolling flood,
 Till all the red-man's race should lie
 Past sorrow on the field of blood."

vi.

No sculptured marble rose in pride
 To tell a name, which else had died,
 Or speak of virtues seen by none,
 Till on the cold memorial-stone ;
 But reared on gently rising ground,
 With time-worn, massive trees around,
 Some loose heaped, wordless stones were seen,
 With reverend moss grown thick and green,
 To mark the silent resting-place

Of him, once mightiest of his race.
 And through the leaves of varied change
 There fell all colors, rich and strange,
 On those columnar trunks sublime,
 And o'er the chieftain's mossy tomb,
 As through some abbey of olden time,
 Or a minster, pillared in gothic gloom,
 By its storied windows, religious light
 Falls ever in glorious blendings bright
 O'er the shadowy walls, and the monuments cold
 Enshrining below the mighty of old ;
 And aye the dim aisles and the ambient air
 Were hushed to the holy repose of prayer,
 Or breathed, like the organ's, solemn and dread,
 The wind's low requiem o'er the dead.
 " Oh ! e'er if one I love must die,
 Be such the haunt of Memory ;
 For ever he wisheth, who loves the best,
 The loved in the loneliest place should rest,
 That, when by the still mound weepeth he,
 No eye but God's his grief may see ! "

VII.

Tecumseh stood by his father's grave.
 Whate'er they were, deep musings gave
 To his stern face a saddened look ;
 And oft his bosom heaved, as shook
 By some strong grief ; till, calmer wrought,
 His very life seemed bound in thought,
 As he were sculptured thus, with mind
 To one eternal wo resigned :
 And all unbidden fell fast tears,
 As if the streams, restrained for years,
 Had burst their fringed barriers o'er,
 As pent brooks through the willow shore.
 If any eye had in that hour
 Of feeling's over-mastering power

Upon him looked, he had not shown
Such weakness—there 'twas all his own.

VIII.

He knelt beside the mouldering earth,
From which had sprung his living birth :
“ O Spirit of my sire ! if e'er,
 Leaving thy blissful dwelling-place,
 Leaving the dance and bounding chase,
Thy once-loved form thou comest near—
Oh ! now be hope and counsel won,
Thou spirit, for my father's son !
How changed the red-man's good estate,
How wronged we are, how desolate,
Thou knowst—and lo ! thy dust is laid,
Not where thy fathers' graves were made !
How wise, how brave, how good thou wert !
Be such my tongue, my hand, my heart,
That I by speech and deeds may be
Their vengeance, fame, and destiny.
My path is lonely. Let me find
Thy voice upon the sighing wind !
Oh ! in the hour of dreams appear,
And steel my soul to change and fear !”

IX.

Arose he ; charioted on high
The day-god drew his thoughtful eye.
“ In glorious strength thou run'st thy race,
O Sun !” he cried, “ and to thy place
Returnest back, the same for aye !
But when our race is run, our day
Shall never come again. Restore
Thy favor, ere we be no more ;
But may pale Winter's children base
Be snow before thy burning face !
—But Thou, by whom all things have being,

Earth, Sun, and skies—unseen, all-seeing!—
 To Thee I pray. Is it that we,
 Great Spirit, have offended thee,
 Few offerings on thine altars laying,
 Against each other ceaseless preying?
 Then let thy just and terrible wrath
 Send fire, flood, plague, along our path,
 And sweep us from thine angry eye:
 But thus to wander hopelessly,
 All unavenged, the stranger's scorn—
 Ah! grant that this no more be borne!
 Let not the feet that know no rest
 Rove to our Islands of the Blest!
 Thou knowst I go. My soul inspire,
 And on my lips put living fire;
 That wheresoe'er our fading race
 Have made themselves a dwelling-place,
 My words may bind th' avenging chain,
 Till, all as one, in blood-blent rain
 They wash the wrongs, by which no more
 Are we as were our sires of yore!"

X.

Then from that forest tomb he passed,
 Nor once a look behind him cast;
 Stemmed with strong arm the swelling tide,
 Plunged through the tangled forests wide,
 Where scarce a beam of lightsome day
 Across his trackless course might stray,
 And sought undaunted, lone and far,
 The dwellings of the Western Star.

O wildly-wandering stream! great birth
 Art thou, Missouri, of the Earth,
 That roamest in thy sullen mood,
 With wailing surge and tireless flood,
 Through forest gloom and day-light glare,
 Through wilds, or Hesperus' gardens fair,

Farther than any else is borne
 Since Time first rolled the circling year,
 A seventh of all, from morn to morn,
 That rounds the old diurnal sphere,
 Ay, haste, returnless tide!—thy grave
 Is ready for thee in the ocean wave!

XI.

And all along Missouri's shores,
 Till Konzas his dark tribute pours,
 And farther yet, where Platte still brings
 Wide offerings from his thousand springs,
 And—countless reared from varied base,
 Memorials of a vanished race—
 Old mounds arise, dwelt, fiery-souled,
 Brave tribes, as Nature uncontrolled.
 Twas theirs to go and come at will,
 Chance fruits to eat and drink the rill,
 To chase the game through pathless wood
 Or track the flying feet of blood,
 To shift, so slight their rude abodes,
 From place to place their household gods,
 To live and die in tameless pride,
 Ev'n as their fathers lived and died:
 For they not yet, so far removed,
 The stranger's fatal gifts had proved,
 That, from his nobler nature weaned,
 But make the savage all a fiend.

XII.

Tecumseh in their midst appeared
 And by their counsel-fires was heard.
 Siones, of fierce, forbidding gaze,
 Saucs, Foxes, restless I-o-ways,
 O-toes and roving O-ma-has,
 And Weas, and wild Peorias,
 Were thrilled through utmost soul and sense,
 As, with a mournful eloquence,

He told of mighty tribes that reared
 Their wigwams once by eastern waves,
 But now, where they had disappeared,
 Remained but violated graves—
 Then, with the voice of clarion, bade
 Themselves in battle be arrayed ;
 For better, crushed by trampling Fate,
 Than exiled, scorned and desolate.
 He passed—but still their souls were stirred,
 As hearing still each earnest word,
 And armed its might each warrior hand,
 To strive for their belovéd land.

XIII.

No rest was his. With tireless pace
 Towards the far south he turned his face,
 To pass by woods and prairies wild,
 With their own solitude beguiled ;
 By plains, where, since the birth of things,
 Gray Time hath waved his weary wings
 Through silence vast ; by lonely streams
 More mighty than of old the themes
 Of mightiest bards—Euphrates, held
 Most ancient of the floods of Eld,
 By primal Eden—Nilus hoar,
 Far honored with his mystic lore—
 Hydaspes of the fabled shore—
 Indus, that barred the conquering bands,
 Or Ganges of the golden sands.
 No compass with its quivering ray
 Was guide upon his pathless way ;
 But journeying sun, and moving stars,
 Seen glimmering through the forest spars,
 Or green and gray moss, ages grown
 On rock or tree or boulder-stone,
 Declared his course, by day and night,
 Directer than the arrow's flight.

XIV.

And ever, as he onward pressed,
What were the thoughts within his breast ?
Oh ! not of festive offerings, burned
For royal exile back returned—
Not of triumphal arches, reared
For crimsoned conqueror hailed and feared—
Not of rejoicing garlands, strown
Round feet that mount th' unlineal throne
With steps of blood—Oh ! not renown,
Made great by nations trodden down,
While Valor's hand forgets to save,
And Virtue weeps o'er Freedom's grave !
But as, by day, with equal haste,
Forest and solitary waste
He traversed o'er, and by the sweep
Of eldest rivers, calm and deep
And wider grew his soul within,
With vastness of each silent scene :
And when beneath the solemn shade
Of night and starry skies, that made
The solitude more lone, his way
He urged untired, or listening lay
In wakeful rest, the moaning flood,
The winds, that stirred the mighty wood,
Were voices from the Spirit-shore,
That he their once-loved homes restore ;
And, where were bent—above—around—
O'er plains without a visible bound,
The eternal heavens, his thoughts would stray
To their bright worlds—away—away—
And drank a spirit more divine,
And grandeur, to his great design
From their far presence. On his soul,
Successive, glorious visions roll—
The red-men leagued, the strife begun,

In terror towards the rising sun
 Th' invader driven, the beams at last
 Of peace upon his country cast,
 And he proclaimed by reverent Fame
 The one—the great—th' undying name,
 While future distant tribes should come
 To look upon Tecumseh's tomb.

Be these forbid, he cannot fail of all—
 Still his are vengeance and a hero's fall;
 And thus to die he rudely deems to be
 Praise on th' Immortal Shores, immortally!

XV.

So crossed he nameless streams, that bear
 Their breasts through scenery stern or fair,
 To meet Missouri's deep embrace.
 The wandering Kick-a-poe-an race,
 The Shew-an-nas by Konzas' tide,
 The Osages, that dwell beside
 Arkansas' mountain-fostered pride,
 Qua-paws, of spirit fierce and wild,
 As ever fired the Desert's child—
 To these he told the same sad story
 Of present woes—of ancient glory.
 They heard: strange thoughts their souls possessed,
 A fire was kindled in each breast,
 And often in their troubled rest

Dark dreams of vengeance came:
 They heard the yell and battle-cry,
 Saw knives and hatchets gleaming high,
 And maidens pale and women fly
 From dwellings wrapt in flame;
 And in the chase they wandered o'er
 The grounds their kindred roamed of yore.

XVI.

Through hoary woods and solemn wastes,
 Hoarse-dashing, aye unwearied hastes
 The great Arkansas—gloomy river,
 Borne on in wildered dream forever !
 Along its course Tecumseh passed.
 Whether he toils through lowlands, massed
 With vegetation rank and vast,
 Whereof th' enormous trees are wound,
 O'er trunk and limb, around and round,
 With monstrous vines, whose serpent-folds
 Strangle their giant life ; or holds
 A rapid course, with freer feet,
 Where elk and wild-deer bounded fleet,
 O'er open plains ; or ruined steep
 Ascending, sees the landscape sleep,
 Stream, prairie, hill and forest deep,
 In beauty of a thousand lights ;
 Or from the loftier azure heights
 Of Ozark's mountain-range, surveys
 The whole strange world beneath his gaze—
 Still on his silent way he pressed,
 With thoughts, as steps, that would not rest.

XVII.

Again with dauntless stroke he clave
 The Mississippi's turbid wave.
 There, first, where Yazoo's waters rise,
 And Tennessee's green valley lies,
 And Cumberlands' dark hills appear,
 Did Chick-a-saws their wigwams rear ;
 And next them, on the south away,
 The Choctaws' ancient nation lay ;
 While, east, where breathe the sea-born gales
 O'er Alabama's lucid fountains,
 And blue skies canopy the vales

Of Alleghanian crested mountains,
 The Cherokees' more gentle race
 Had made their hearts a dwelling place ;
 And far below them were the graves
 Of Creeks by Chat-ta-hoo-chee's waves.
 These *were* their homes—but now no more !
 Their day of power and pride is o'er :
 They urge the chase, where other skies
 Are spread, and other hills arise ;
 And only may in memory mourn
 The scenes to which they ne'er return.
 They rest, as witheringly they die,
 Not where their kindred's ashes lie !
 To these with hand, and eye, and tongue,
 The chief spoke earnestly and long—
 In tones, now low and sorrowful,
 Now Ocean's voice that awes the soul—
 Till calmly they no longer heard,
 But rose, like waves by tempest stirred,
 And swore to him, their strife and hate
 Should yield to change, nor time, nor Fate.
 And well 'twas seen their hearts had not
 His burning words, their vows, forgot,
 In after years, by midnight cries,
 By blazing roofs and lighted skies,
 By children slain and mothers shrieking,
 And warm blood on the hatchet reeking

XVIII.

Great gulf ! thy mighty waters be
 A marvel and a mystery
 From eldest time ; whose billows, tost
 A thousand miles from coast to coast,
 Forth from thy bosom, send a tide,
 A thousand leagues the waves to ride,
 Unbroken by the huge commotion
 Of warring winds and rolling Ocean !

There roved the Seminoles in hordes,
 As tempests free, the tameless lords
 Of wilderness and green morass,
 Where no pursuer's foot may pass.
 Wilds barred his way, and torrents roared ;
 Yet in their ears Tecumseh poured
 Th' unwritten wrongs of many years,
 And coming ills, and hopes, and fears.
 The chief departed as he came ;
 But, thrilling still each savage frame,
 The tones that urged the glowing theme
 Remained, like voices of a dream ;
 Nor would the scenes he painted pass,
 As visions of the wizard's glass
 Will linger still before the eye,
 Shadows of musing Memory.
 Though then the fiery oath went round,
 The fruits in later days are found,
 In Os-ce-o-la's liquid name,
 Enrolled on mournful lists of fame
 By struggles long and treacherous death,
 Whose soul brooked not the dungeon's breath ;
 And in that fierce strife, yet unended,
 Among their wild haunts thus defended.

XIX.

Then towards the distant West again
 He bent his steps by wood and plain,
 Where, from the far high mountains borne,
 As seeking her lost home, forlorn
 The Ruby Flood through desert shores
 Her joyless, weltering course explores.
 The wild Ca-man-ches there bestride
 Wild steeds, and to the battle ride
 Without or bit or spur ;
 And there the Ki-o-ways, that make
 The path of war for slaughter's sake,

The swift revenge incur.
 To them in warning strains he told
 Of other tribes, as strong and bold,
 Beneath the rising sun of old,
 That now no longer were :
 His words through all their bosoms melt,
 Their savage souls are saddened, fired,
 And grasp their hands the bloody belt,
 As A-re-ous-ki's self inspired.

XX.

Now high through Aries' golden sign,
 Towards the bright Bull, with face divine,
 Rolled the fair sun ; and northern spring
 Might greet the chieftain's wandering.
 Then coasted he those herbless plains,
 That bloom not to the vernal rains,
 Nor smiling skies, nor genial air—
 Bounded by lofty mountain-chains,
 The desolate and bare.
 He roused among their savage dens
 The desert-haunting, fleet Chayennes,
 He kindled with the electric cause
 Ventrese, and brave Missouriias,
 And Konzas, where they darkly bide
 Their own belovéd stream beside ;
 Then on, where Platte in grandeur roams,
 He sought the Pawnees' shifting homes.
 Fast mounted on their tameless steeds,
 Such as the native desert breeds,
 With fearless souls and lawless hands
 As rovers of Zahara's sands,
 And ranging wide the prairie plains
 For flying game or predal gains,
 Obeying each his heart's behest—
 These were the Arabs of the West :

And these he bade—so fierce their mood—
 “Haste, hasten to the feast of blood!”

XXI.

Thence on he pressed, till saw his eyes
 The Black Hills' sable heads arise,
 With glittering caps of snow,
 And frowning battlements and towers,
 Like those of ancient feudal powers,
 That mocked war and the wasting hours,
 When blow was given for blow.
 No Indian by their base that strays,
 Could e'er on them a moment gaze,
 Except with awe and silent fear ;
 For the rebounding echoes loud,
 That break from out their shadowy shroud,
 Seem spirit-voices to their ear ;
 And there the Genii of the storms
 Enrobe in clouds their giant forms.
 And far beyond them might be seen,
 Through the pure air of those bright skies,
 The Chip-pe-wy-an mountains rise,
 Unto the Indian's mind the screen
 Of realms beyond, mysterious, strange,
 Wherein the blesséd spirits range
 Their glorious clime—the vast “world's crest”—
 Wa-kon-dah's awful place of rest.
 Well may he deem them such to be,
 For there they stand eternally,
 O'ergazing earth, and calmly mock
 The hand of Time, the tempest's shock,
 And with a granite chain of rock
 Bind half the world—from pole to pole
 Stretched in their stern and silent pride,
 While, baffled, hoarse on either side
 Two mighty oceans roll.

XXII.

There, first, th' Ar-rep-a-has were found
 Upon the desert's utmost bound ;
 Above, the simple cabins rose
 Of Poncas on the Running Water,
 And Staetons where its fountain flows,
 And O-gal-lal-lahs, red with slaughter ;
 Still further up, the Shennes behold
 At sunset o'er their streams and rills,
 And round their quiet wigwams rolled,
 Blent with purpureal hues of gold,
 The shadows of the ancient hills ;
 And higher yet, between their chain
 And broad Missouri's old domain,
 A-rick-a-ras and Mandans reared
 Their dwellings, far and widely feared ;
 While, last, beyond the Sable Heights,
 Where, fleckered with the northern lights,
 Missouri's gelid tributes run,
 Min-net-rees hail the cheerful sun.
 To each and all the wanderer spoke
 Words, tones, that in their souls awoke
 Sorrow, and joy, and memory,
 And thoughts of glorious things to be ;
 Till round their council-fires they swore
 Each other's homes to waste no more,
 But whelm in death the Sons of Fear
 Like whirlwind and the storm,
 Or by his broken bow and spear
 Lie low each warrior form.

XXIII.

From these, unresting still, he passed,
 To seek along the Iowan waste
 The various predatory clans
 Of Sioux, and ruthless I-o-tans ;

Paused with a gladdened ear and eye,
 Yet darkened heart, he knew not why,
 To see the young leaves, soft and fair,
 Come forth to sunlight and the air,
 To hear the birds their warbling make,
 By lone Itaska's lovely lake,
 Whence, bosomed in the woody earth,
 The Father of Waters hath his birth ;
 Then hasted, for the coming hour
 To win that old and fearless power,
 The Chip-pe-was, revered and wise,
 That dwell, where vast Superior lies,
 Reflecting to the heavens above
 Their own eternity of love :
 On these, as all, the wizard's spell
 Of eloquence resistless fell.

XXIV.

Tecumseh trode along the shore,
 And heard the all-pervading roar
 Go up to heaven, while sun-set skies
 Shed o'er the wave their magic dies.
 Then fell gray shadows ; one by one,
 With calm and sleepless eyes looked down
 Th' angelic stars : his soul was bright,
 But sad, with their immortal light.
 At last, with weariness oppressed,
 And thought, he laid him down to rest
 Beside the billows : slumber stole
 With visions to his troubled soul.
 The sounds of dashing waters near
 Confusedly mingled in his ear,
 He seemed, at first, in frailest bark
 Borne over billows, wild and dark,
 Far towards some high and rocky coast,
 Whereon eternal surge was tost.
 Then changed the dream. He was a boy

Once more, of childish grief and joy,
 Beside Scioto's pleasant stream :
 He saw his mother's soft eyes beam
 Upon him, while her gentle tongue
 Was earnest with the red-man's wrong.
 The dream was changed. Around him spread
 A field of blood, with countless dead,
 Pale-face and Indian, crushed and rent,
 In undistinguished carnage blent ;
 And there his dusky braves were flying,
 And he, their chief, in death was lying.
 These vanished. In the Spirit-boat
 O'er waters blue he seemed to float,
 Towards isles—how glorious to the sight,
 Bathed in so soft and strange a light !—
 Along whose shores of shadowy green
 All fair and lovely things were seen,
 Maids, fruits and flowers, and varied game ;
 Ev'n to the glittering strand he came,
 Where waited him the loved, the brave,
 When—lo ! they faded :—calm and grave,
 In loneliest depths of solemn wood
 His chieftain-sire beside him stood.

XXV.

'Twas not the warrior form of old
 With fiery eye and features bold,
 But shrunk and of a mournful cast,
 As who through pain and death had passed.
 "Tecumseh is the Shawnee's son"
 All hollowly a voice begun :
 "His part full nobly hath he done.
 Go boldly on : the war-bands lead.
 Go—like your fathers, fight and bleed :
 Shades of the red-men bid ye speed.
 Be nerved each hand, each heart prepared,
 Spare not who ne'er the Indian spared.

The strife will soon be o'er—and thou
 Must be, as is thy father now.
 But thee the Blessed Isles await,
 And Time shall make thy memory great."—
 "But, tell me, by the spirits blest!
 My father, where shall victory rest?"
 The figure waved its sad adieu,
 And vanished from Tecumseh's view.
 He woke—he gazed on every side,
 If yet the form might be descried.
 The waves dashed high—the stars still shone—
 No streaks proclaimed the coming sun—
 But sleep for him was not. In haste
 He rose—his robe around him cast—
 And sought the tribes, that loved the gleam
 Of white St. Mary's foamy stream,
 Or dwelt blue Huron's deep beside,
 Or Michigan's mysterious tide :—
 But evermore was doubt the guest
 Of his desponding, hoping breast.

XXVI.

Such league Tecumseh strove to bind,
 A wanderer with the wave and wind :
 Return we now to Autumn pale,
 And thence resume the storied tale.—
 Back, from the mound's gray monument
 Of years unknown, the Prophet went
 To Wabash banks above, whereon
 By wonder, spoils or vengeance, won,
 From varied tribes a gathered crowd
 Were to his wily visions bowed.
 Mighty the seer : chill, silent fear
 Fell like a shadow far and near
 From his dark presence, and his word
 In pale obedience was heard.
 But he, who e'er the crowd hath ruled,

Hath learned by sad experience schooled,
The voice may wake the tempest's hour,
That o'er its fury hath no power.
By his own fiendish orgies fired,
By his prophetic words inspired,
He found his motley followers wrought
To phrenzy past the sway of thought,
From hut to hut, with clang and tramp,
Arming their rage through all the camp,
In ambushed strife to slay a band
Of friendly troops, now near at hand.
From such a course, full well he knew,
Might ruin to the cause ensue.
Resolved their rash attempts to stay,
And thus Tecumseh's words obey,
He bade them at the hour of night
The wakeful fire of council light.

XXVII.

Without their camp aspired the blaze :
Tall trees stood round, that seemed to raise
Their forms as giant guardians, set
For them in secret council met ;
In groups the Indians sat beneath,
Conversing low, with hurried breath
And gestures wild, while redly glared
O'er features fierce and bosoms bared,
And on the hoar trunks rising high,
And fitful o'er the clouded sky,
The writhing flames, that rose in air
As they would drink the darkness there :
And ever swept, aloft or near,
A thousand shadowy shapes of fear,
Such forms as seem to Phrenzy's brain
Sent from the abodes of sleepless pain.
With stealthy step and piercing gaze,
That bore a soul upon its rays,

And robed in mystic, strange attire,
 The Prophet sat him near the fire,
 And on the red light bent his eyes,
 As reading there deep destinies.
 Each whisper hushed, no sound was heard,
 But crackling flames, and tree tops stirred
 By the strong wind ; and none could brook
 Upon the seer of Fate to look—
 Save him who feared nor man nor Fate,
 Ken-hát-ta-wa, the child of Hate
 And fiery Scorn ; and with him one,
 A chieftain of the Hurons known,
 Oneirah, to the seer a name
 Of odious sound, who scorned his claim
 To be Maníttö's voice, or see
 The things of shut futurity.

XXVIII.

His wild skin mantle round him flung,
 He rose at last with artful tongue,
 And thus dissuasive words began :
 " Who the Great Spirit's power may scan ?
 His awful form the tempest shrouds—
 His voice resounds among the clouds—
 He rides the blast—He walks the deep—
 He robes him on the mountains steep—
 Darkness is his—from age to age
 The wide heavens are his heritage.
 Brothers, receive his words to mind :
 His prophet heard them in the wind.
 The pale-face comes : but ye must now
 Nor raise the whoop nor bend the bow.
 No, warriors—let them sleep, and yet
 Dream that the red men's hearts forget !
 We must be strong—they then shall feel
 The torturing brand, the rending steel.
 Tecumseh—" up the Ottawa sprung.

The hard earth with his war-club rung,
 The high flames flushed his swarthy frowns :
 " Who here such craven counsel owns ?
 Ho ! warriors, hear your sapient seer !
 Once hath he told you nought to fear,
 For that the great Maníto's arm
 Would shield the Indian's life from harm ?
 And bids he now, keep still, be wise,
 When foes insult our very eyes ?
 We will not ! Let the war begin—
 Tribes from afar will hasten in.
 Who follows Hate, Revenge and me,
 To-morrow's night his deeds shall see !"

XXIX.

Burst forth around from group to group,
 As ended he, a smothered whoop.
 The Prophet heard—he knew that hour
 The crisis of his crafty power ;
 And near he saw Oneirah's eye
 Gleaming with scorn triumphantly.
 Then flamed his soul : yet ne'er he dared
 The Ottowas' powerful chieftain beard—
 But for the Huron—Slow his hand
 He waved, with conscious, calm command,
 Then with a soft, low accent spoke :
 " The Prophet's word is never broke.
 No, warriors—ye might falter not
 For steed, or sword, or shivering shot,
 But that,"—his voice still lower fell,
 And glanced his eye its withering spell—
 " But that the death-defeating charm
 A sorcerer's power doth here disarm !"
 " Who ? who ?" the breathless throng exclaimed,
 Each fearing lest himself be named.
 The Prophet eyed Oneirah nigh :
 " What dost thou here, thou wizard spy ?"

"And who," he answered, "hinders me
 From being where I choose to be?
 Thou lying seer! when hast thou learnt
 Thy witches have not all been burnt?"
 "But thou *of late*," the Prophet cried,
 "The white man's cursed arts hast plied;
 And now thou com'st with witcheries fraught,
 That all our plans may come to naught.—
 Ho! let the spy, the wizard, burn!
 So shall the powerful charm return!"

XXX.

To execute the mandate fell,
 A hundred sprung with sudden yell.
 The foremost came—with lightning start,
 Oneirah's knife was in his heart—
 A second—third—by hatchet, crashed,
 Through skull and brain, to earth was dashed—
 A fourth th' uplifted arm had sent
 To shades of death, but, backward bent
 By numbers to the bloody ground,
 The Huron's hands were strongly bound.
 Within the fire a stake was driven,
 The chief, who had so vainly striven,
 Was chained thereto—fresh fuel piled—
 And soon the flames rose wreathing wild,
 Spreading the dark with fiercer glare,
 As at the gusts their volumes flare.

XXXI.

The circling fire his body wreathed,
 And in his face all hotly breathed,
 And on each manly sinew fed,
 And streamed in spires above his head;
 Yet never once a muscle stirred,
 Nor ever cry or groan was heard,
 But proudly gazed he round, and sung

His death-song with unfaltering tongue,
 Telling the deeds a warrior's son
 Had in the rolling battle done,
 And naming those among the train,
 Whose kindred by his hand were slain,
 And bidding them, with taunts, draw nigh
 And see a Huron chieftain die.
 All fiercely crowd around, and strive,
 Who best shall torture him alive—
 Except, Ken-hát-ta-wa with his band
 Disdainfully at distance stand ;
 But in the shadow of a tree
 A boyish youth stood silently,
 In whose soft face, yet dauntless mien,
 Oneirah's lineaments were seen.
 Some tears were in his flashing eyes,
 That viewed the cruel sacrifice,
 But on his quivering lip there lay
 Resolve against a coming day ;
 And as the eyes of son and sire
 Met darkly through the lurid fire,
 The meaning glance through all his breast
 Kindled a flame might know no rest.

XXXII.

Nor was the seer with this content ;
 But lest their fiery faith relent,
 He flung strong earths upon the pyre,
 Wherewith the mad flames mounted higher,
 Writhing, reaching, crackling, turning,
 With all fearful colors burning.
 " See !" he cried, " the awful sign
 Of his deadly arts malign !
 Haste ye now, around, around—
 Soon our charm shall be unbound !"
 " Wolf ! thou liest !" Oneirah cried ;
 " Cowards, slaves, ye are defied !"

The strange lights flashed athwart the sky,
 The tree-tops battling clashed on high,
 Winds swept along with wail and groan,
 Grim clouds beset the struggling moon,
 And round the blazing chief the throng,
 With stoop and whirling, danced and swung
 While, as the dizzy circle ran,
 Such fiendish chant the seer began,
 Whose choral notes his followers sang,
 With yellings, till the wild woods rang.

XXXIII.

CHANT.

Prophet.

“ Spirit of Fire ! ascend, ascend ;
 Let the wicked wizard end !
 Creep through every secret part,
 Feed upon his traitor heart,
 In his mouth, and through his lungs,
 Dart around thy serpent tongues,
 Round each limb the sinews burn,
 Let each bone to cinders turn,
 Search his body through and through,
 On the wind his ashes strew :—
 Nothing evil can abide thee,
 Nought remains, that e’er defied thee !”

All.

“ Heh ! heh-héh !—he burns ! he burns !—
 Spirit of Fire ! ascend, ascend ;
 Let the wicked wizard end !
 Haste we all around, around—
 Soon our charm shall be unbound.”—
 “ Cravens—see a warrior die !”
 Rose the Huron’s latest cry.

Prophet.

" Spirit of Ill, that mak'st thy haunt
 In this wretch—avaunt ! avaunt !
 See—the Spirit from him flies
 In the colored flames that rise !
 Charms of his accursed art
 Do those lurid hues impart :
 Bitter roots that coldly grow
 In the sunless marshes low,
 Fiery herbs of sultry clime,
 Vines besmeared with lizard's slime,
 Charming serpents' rattling scales,
 Eyes of owl and mad dog's nails,
 Venom of the gilded snake,
 Hatched within the poisonous brake,
 Fog-fed toad-stools, rankly bred
 When the cheerful sun was dead,
 Viper's eggs and adder's brood,
 Wild gourds steeped in infant's blood,
 Medicines of hidden worth,
 Dug from out the secret earth—
 These made up the powerful charm
 All our great designs to harm."

All.

" Heh ! heh-héh ! he burns ! he burns !—
 Spirit of Fire ! ascend, ascend ;
 Let the wicked wizard end !
 Haste we all, around, around—
 Soon our charm shall be unbound."

Prophet.

" Now the wizard spy hath died,
 Searched throughout and purified.
 Lo ! the glittering frame-work stands,
 With its white and bony hands,

Ribs of all their covering reft,
 Yet in ghastly order left,
 Fleshless feet, that shall no more
 Tread the plains or Huron's shore,
 Not a nerve within it strung,
 Nor a drop its joints among,
 Line upon its visage bare,
 On its skull a single hair,
 While behold! each eyeless hole
 Gloweth like a burning coal!
 Such his body!—but his spirit
 Glorious rest shall ne'er inherit,
 Driven to wander from the isles
 Of Maníttö's blessed smiles!"

XXXIV.

Sudden the ashy brands upon
 Sank down the crumbling skeleton.
 Their wild song ceased—" 'Tis over now"
 Exclaimed the seer: "th' oppressive foe
 To-morrow's night shall deal in vain
 The blow that gives nor check nor pain;
 For lo! my charm has now returned,
 Since thus Oneirah's power is burned—
 That sorcerer—that traitor spy!"—
 "You lie! you know it is a lie!"
 The Huron boy, at last o'erborne
 With grief and agony and scorn,
 In anguish cried, and with his might
 A hatchet hurled, like gleam of light.
 Close by the seer the weapon sung—
 His agile form the Huron flung
 Into the dark, while, where he passed,
 Were hundred missiles hurtling cast,
 And angry warriors followed fast,
 With whoop and yell, that rose or fell,
 As swept the chase by hill or dell.

XXXV.

Ere died the uproar on the ear,
There drew that scene of terror near
Another group—that little train,
Wherewith unto her home again
Tecumseh would the maid restore,
Saved but her sorrows to deplore.
Less faded was that heavenly eye,
As now upon her misery
Some hope had dawned ; yet was it fraught
With ever sad and sleepless thought—
The soul of grief ; nor yet one hue
That cheek of placid paleness knew.
So oft her eyes his face had seen,
Death bore a most familiar mien ;
Yet shook her bosom, and her tread
Faltered, when near the Prophet led,
Of whom had fearful rumors come
Even to her secluded home.
The leader of the trembling maid
Delivered what Tecumseh bade ;
Ere Els-kwa-tá-wa gave reply,
Forth from the throng De Vere came nigh,
And told in whispers, forward bent,
Should presents to the seer be sent,
And, from beyond the waters wide,
Be arms and various aids supplied,
So he might bear the girl away,
To love or hate, to save or slay.
With joy he heard : across his mind,
Like thronging clouds before the wind,
Dark visions passed—the war-path trod,
Battle, and flame, and fields of blood.
But artfully to both at once
The guileful Prophet made response :

“ ’Tis well—and on her homeward track
Our brother, Vere, shall guard her back.”

XXXVI.

Then turned De Vere : “ Fair maid, thou knowst
How kindly—but I will not boast :
I am thy guide !—now learn with cost
That gentle love should not be crost !”
He seized her arm—the savage throng
Pressed grimly round—the poor girl flung
Her frail form down, and trembling clung
To *Els-kwa-tá-wa*’s feet—her hair
Sweeping the earth so cold and bare,
While, where the bitter tears fell fast,
Upon her face was palely cast
The dying brands’ unsteady light.
“ Oh ! rather,” gasped she, “ slay me quite,
Than make my guide yon artful one,
Who hath such cruel murder done !”
But in that breast no pity dwelt—
He raised the maid, that lowly knelt :
“ The Pale-face loves her—do not fear”
He said, and gave her to De Vere.

XXXVII.

But instant, with one angry stride,
Ken-hát-ta-wa stood by her side,
Hurled back De Vere with dizzy whirl,
And laid upon the shrinking girl
His hand, more gently than he wont,
While on the seer his dusky front
Frowned darker : “ Is it, then, for thee
To sell the captive, torn from me ?
If I have sworn to harm no more
This pale-faced maid by wave or shore,
But make *Tecumseh* bear the hate,
Unchanged, of *Pontiac*’s son and Fate—

Wretch ! shalt thou yield her up, to be
Burdened with scorn and misery ?
No ! cherished by me from this hour
Shall be this bruised and faded flower,
To share in peace, by Huron's water,
The wigwam of the Ottawa's daughter ;
That never he, while suns shall set,
Tecumseh and revenge forget.
Ay ! start—and rouse thy menial band—
They dare not raise one craven hand !
False fool !—'tis not the Ottawa's turn,
Like yon brave Huron chief to burn,
Who died as thou knowst not to die !"—
Then turned he to the warriors nigh :
" Your seer can *talk*—to-morrow's night
I lead ye to the groaning fight !"

XXXVIII.

Then with his band, that round him throng,
Bearing the speechless girl along,
He plunged the forest shades among ;
While for a moment, through the rift
Of clouds that ever darkening drift,
The pale moon shed her quivering beams
Upon the fire-brands' smoky gleams,
And silvered o'er the bones that lay
Disjointed in the ashes gray.



TECUMSEH.

CANTO FOURTH.

O WAR! thou stern joy of the human race—
Though crushing them where'er thy footsteps go—
Thou art not glorious, but a murderer base,
And bear'st the stamp upon thy bloody brow.
And this too dearly by their woes they know,
That westward lived in that most gloomy hour,
When England strove th' unconquered strength to bow
Of this young realm by her age-honored power :—
No more may such contend, since neither knows to cower!

But soiled, O Albion, was thy starry name,
By Indian warfare striving to prevail,
When oft from dwellings wrapt in midnight flame
None, none escaped to tell the mournful tale ;
When fathers feared the whoop on every gale,
And mothers clasped their babes as it drew nigh ;
And maidens in their dreaming sleep turned pale,
Or started from their couch all tremblingly,
And ever passed grim Death before each anxious eye.

Then honor be to them that freely rose,
 With self-devotion for their native land,
 Encountering savage wrath or foreign foes,
 With heart undaunted and unfaltering hand.
 'Twas not for fame they took their fatal stand—
 Though some in part, perchance, such visions moved,
 For Glory beckoneth with enchantress' wand—
 But they were fighting for the homes they loved :
 With mournful faith, alas ! their firm-fixed love they proved !

Nor less to him, th' unsullied chief, be given,
 Who led them on to victory and the grave,
 Charged with his office from the courts of Heaven,
 By soul-born impulse to arise and save.
 The beautiful and weak create the brave :
 Frail trembling thousands on that soul relied,
 To which their very trust its ardor gave ;
 And Wabash waves, and Maumee's moaning tide,
 And Thames dark-rushing, tell his name while they abide.

The storm swept by, and Peace, with soft fair fingers,
 Folded the banners of red-handed War :
 Where broad Ohio's bending beauty lingers,
 The chief reposed beneath the evening star.
 Calm was the life he led, till, near and far,
 The breath of millions bore his name along,
 Through praise and censure and continuous jar :—
 But lo ! the Capitol's rejoicing throng !
 And envoys from all lands approach with greeting tongue !

The moon rose round above th' Atlantic main,
 When that proud pageant passed to mortal sight ;
 And when, alas ! her splendor waned again,
 His transient glory faded like her light !—
 O empress of the star-loved realm of night,
 I see thee shine o'er mountain, vale, and stream,

For thou couldst then resume thy beauty bright ;
 But never more upon this land shall beam
 His mild and honored sway—departed like a dream !

To own the morals of the olden school,
 To be true-hearted and of soul sincere,
 To bear down vice, yet with paternal rule,
 To nurse no hatred and to feel no fear,
 To raise the fallen and the faint to cheer,
 And be the soldier's and the orphan's stay—
 These are the virtues that his name endear.—
 The world is change ! Time verges to decay,
 And all things good, but Heaven, must fail and pass away !

But long as on Ohio's coursing wave
 Is borne one freeman towards the glowing West,
 His eye and tongue, above the chieftain's grave,
 Shall hail the marble honors of his rest !
 And long as Dian lifts her waning crest
 Where Liberty yet holds what she hath won,
 A pensive thought shall haunt the patriot's breast
 Of him, whose reign in her brief year was done,
 And from his heart shall rise the name of HARRISON.

I.

When, waked to sense of fiery pain,
 That throbbing ran from foot to brain,
 Upon the burnt and blackened plain
 Stood Moray, what resolves possessed,
 What thoughts the chambers of his breast ?
 Pleading with many a tear and sigh,
 Love urged him back again to fly,
 And perish for the gentle one,
 Who thus for him had surely done.
 But well he knew, it would but be
 To die *with* her—though thus to flee

The ills of earth were happier lot,
Than life with tears where she is not :
But hope was his to win and bless
The sweet rose of the wilderness ;
For Heaven, he deemed, would save from slaughter
The beauty of its loveliest daughter.
So he should speed him, martial bands
Might rescue her from savage hands.

II.

Though sorrowing every step to part
From her, the star-light of his heart,
He turned with aching limbs at last,
And o'er the desolate prairie passed,
Through deep-scorched roots and ashes gray,
Where joylessly the moon-beams lay,
Till after many a weary mile
He saw them on the forest smile,
And, entering, sought where Wabash laves
Vincennes the old, with loitering waves.

III.

But long those martial bands had all
Departed at their country's call.
The lover paused not. Ever thence
Treading the shadow of Suspense,
The army's toilsome course he traced,
Through withered wilds, in weary haste.
Two days and nights had thus been spent,
As up the winding shore he went,
When, as the sun, all red and round,
Was sinking low, he heard a sound,
A human voice of plaintive wail,
And, turning, saw, in darkling vale,
An Indian female feebly bending,
As if some faintest trail attending.

With cautious step and curious ear,
He stole him down, and listened near.

IV.

“He was and is not!”—thus the plaint
Ran mourningly, but low and faint.
“Where art thou?—Perished is my joy!
What wrong couldst thou have done, my boy?
How could they slay both son and sire!
Wither the hand that lit the fire!
And be they cursed, the wolfish brood,
That chased the scent of boyish blood!”—
Her tender, touching notes of wo
Drew Moray near, her grief to know:
“What seeks my mother? Is she left
Of all her bosom’s hope bereft?”
“I call—he comes not!” answered she,
And raised her dark eyes wistfully:
“They burned the tree, the vine that held—
Then by its side the sapling felled.
How cruel were they!—See, the sun
Is sinking—for his race is run:
But ah! my boy had just begun
To bear him like a warrior born,
And lo! he sinks in early morn.
How kind was he! how swift! how brave!
The summer rill—the winter wave—
And now”—She bent her face again,
And scrutinized with anxious pain
Each crimsoned foot-print: “Would,” she said,
“For thee, my son, that I had bled!
I shall hear voices—but not thine—
And light will on my wigwam shine,
But not thine eyes—my child!—my child!”—
A low groan rose—with accents wild,
Down a deep glen the mother darted,
That from the vale transversely parted,

And soon, with tears of grief and love,
Knelt down the bleeding boy above.

V.

Beside a tree the Huron lay.
Full slowly ebb'd his life away,
For many a wound to him took wing,
But none that reach'd the vital spring ;
Yet thence so free the blood had flown—
Escaped by darkness, weak and lone,
So long a way his feet had gone,
Seeking his mother's home, that now
He was with faintness drooping low.
Blood on his soft cheek, gashed and rent,
Was with unwonted paleness blent ;
Around his frame a cold dew hung ;
The raven locks all damply clung
To his brown forehead ; mists of death
He drew with every thickening breath,
And gather'd o'er his eyes' wild light
The shadows of their coming night.

VI.

“ My mother !” with a feeble cry,
While joy relum'd his fading eye,
The youth exclaimed :—“ I thought no more
To see or hear thee !—To the shore
Of spirits brave and blest I go—
But,” added he distinctly low,
With earnest meaning, “ dost thou know,
My father's gone before !”
“ I know, my child—I sought the spot.
There—ashes—bones—but *he* was not !
I cover'd them in secret place,
Then follow'd sad thy bloody trace.”—
“ I perish, mother !—promise me,
My sire's remains with mine may be—

Not here within a Wabash grave,
 But by blue Huron's sounding wave,
 Where once we dwelt—I hear it still!—
 “Nay, live, O-wa-o-la, and fill
 Thy soul with vengeance!”—Fainter grew
 The boy, and feebler breathings drew :
 But Moray to a fountain, heaped
 With dead leaves, bore him thence, and steeped
 His brow with coolness, and distilled
 Upon each feverish wound, till, filled
 With life's fresh balm, he looked and smiled.
 “See,” Moray said—“my feet have toiled
 O'er many a hill and plain, nor dare
 To linger long ; yet will I bear
 The Huron to his mother's home.”
 He raised and, through the gathering gloom,
 Bore him a forest league, till rose
 Their wigwam in its lone repose,
 While others distantly appeared,
 A Huron village rudely reared.

VII.

On his low couch the boy he laid,
 Then hastily a farewell bade.
 The mother's gratitude was tears—
 That purest in our mortal years ;
 But Moray's hand the Huron took,
 While all his fevered bosom shook,
 And, pointing towards the murky west,
 Where sank the ruby sun to rest,
 And east, where on the verge of night
 The waning meek moon rose to sight—
 “My heart,” he said, “was faint and sad ;
 The Pale-face came and made it glad.
 The moon may change—the sun may set—
 O-wa-o-la will ne'er forget !”

VIII.

Departing thence, through half the night,
 And morn's less spiritual light,
 The lover sought the arméd force,
 Where'er they made their bending course.
 At last he saw their banners streaming,
 And bright arms through the gray wood gleaming,
 As wound they on their guarded way,
 Through Autumn's sorrowful decay,
 By fallen tree, by rock and rill.
 Nature around was hushed and still—
 Silence of grief!—but, low and dead,
 Leaves rustled 'neath the soldier's tread,
 While over them hoar trees on high
 Their pale arms lifted wearily,
 As if in sad, unbreathing prayer
 For them, so senseless, slumbering there.
 On each gray trunk the white moss clung—
 Wild vines their withered garlands hung
 From bough to bough—from his dim throne
 Gazed sickliest, through the smoky air,
 The regal sun—all things did wear
 The cast of palsied age, and aye
 Sighed the low wind with sorrowing tone,
 As for decaying Nature mourning,
 And o'er high hearts—the brave—the gay—
 Beating with hope on Fame's bright way—
 No more—no more returning!

IX.

And ever as they passed along,
 Glancing the forest forms among,
 And peering forth from shady screen,
 In rugged dell or deep ravine,
 Fierce, dusky visages were seen,

And eagle eyes with threatening glance
 Would watch their hostile arms advance.
 In vain the snowy flag, displayed,
 Was waved, the sign of friendly greeting ;
 Only mute menaces were made
 By each dark form retreating ;
 Nor any words could say so well,
 What rarely would the red-man tell,
 That lasting hate and strife must be
 Their heritage and destiny.

x.

“And if thou canst,” young Moray said,
 With manly words and few, intent
 To seem in pity asking aid,
 Though cheek and eye were eloquent
 With Love’s own language from the heart—
 “And if thou canst—nay ! tears will start
 That one so gentle and so fair,
 Less child of earth than form of air,
 Should thus a life of suffering live
 Even in her youth—but wilt thou give—
 I know ’twill not enlarge thy claim
 To goodness and an honored name—
 Yet grant a rescuing hand, to save
 An orphan from an early grave—
 If still she live—ah ! much I fear
 She claims but memory and a tear !”

XI.

Even as he spoke, and pressed the hand
 That waved along that gallant band,
 With haughtiest step, but friendly signs,
 A chief approached the moving lines,
 The stateliest of the stately three,
 Sent on an artful embassy,

The Indians' fierce designs to cloak.
 "Our brother"—thus Ken-hát-ta-wa spoke—
 "Is welcome to the red-man's home :
 But wherefore do his warriors come ?
 Listens the Eagle's ear to words
 Of croaking crow, or singing birds,
 That he hath urged his flight so far
 To dye his wings in bloody war ?
 Brother—see'st thou with darkening pace
 Yon cloud pass o'er the sun's bright face ?
 Let not a cloud of war arise
 To hide from all his children's eyes,
 Whose hearts his friendly look inspires,
 Our father of the Seventeen Fires.
 Brother—few nights ago was brought
 A pale-flower to our camp : some sought
 To slay the girl, for red-men slain :
 Their hands were stayed, lest blood should stain
 The belt of friendship.—Brother, hear :
 This night encamp thy warriors near—
 At morn we'll pass the pipe of peace,
 And to thy hands the maid release."

XII.

As spake the chief of captive maid,
 The lover gazed his looks to read,
 If she, so near restored, might prove
 The Mary of his heart of love.
 From that unchanging face of stone
 No ray of recognition shone ;
 But, glancing Moray's features o'er,
 As if they ne'er were seen before,
 Though all his vengeful breast was flame,
 He parted calmly as he came.
 Then Moray, cheered, yet half forlorn,
 Resolved to wait the coming morn :—
 "But be what must—my heart be brave !

Love lives, though Hope and Beauty die ;
 In the forest far I'll seek her grave,
 And lay me where her ashes lie."

XIII.

The camp was pitched—a goodly place.
 Level and high, an open space
 Lay sheer low prairies between
 Of marshes wild, wherein were seen
 Pale autumn flowers and oziers green,
 Last lingerers of the faded year,
 With tall grass mingled, coarse and sere,
 And yellow reeds, and rushes dry,
 Scarce shook beneath the hazy sky.
 And close behind, along the edge,
 Through tangled roots, and scattered sedge,
 And drooping willows, ran a stream,
 Twinkling with blue and smoky gleam,
 And slumbering on its mazy round,
 Lulled by its own unceasing sound.
 Before, at distance, lay in sight
 The wigwam city, on a height,
 That looked, with its discolored crown,
 O'er the wild Wabash hurrying down ;
 And all around were forests bare,
 Unmoving in the sluggish air.
 The camp is pitched—the guards are set—
 The soldiers round their fires are met,
 And gory-red the struggling sun
 Sinks down his forest-couch upon,
 With dun clouds closed before—
 Ah ! may he be no type of those,
 That, girt with strange and treacherous foes,
 May sink in blood and mortal throes,
 With death-shades shadowed o'er !

XIV.

'Twas the middle watch from the midnight hour,
When things of evil have mightiest power,
Ere the wingéd coursers of coming light
O'ertake the journeying car of night.
Aloft hung the moon—but her face was veiled
By the huge, thick clouds, that gloomily sailed,
Like a pirate squadron, with streamers black
Bearing terror and death on their ocean track ;
And the creeping mists hung heavy and chill
O'er the wide-spread moor and the rolling hill.
But lofty and bright blazed each red fire,
Piercing the dark with its pointed spire,
As if on its glittering wings it would rise
To its kindred stars through the murky skies :
And, clad all in arms, in the shifting play
Of the wavy flames each warrior lay,
While over his face the light and shade
Of changing dreams would quicken and fade,
Pleasing or sad, as in each brave heart
Trembled sun-beams of joy, or grief's keen dart.
There were visions of home, and love's fond gaze,
And remembered pleasures of other days ;
There were forms departed—and tombs—and tears—
And sorrows of present and former years.
Oh ! never the mind can escape from the scene
Of the things that are, or the things that have been ;
For, when sleep hath beguiled from the toils that have
bound us,
They come in the visions that nightly surrounds us ;
And knowledge, enstamped on its memory,
Is a part of its immortality.
Oh ! never the human heart hath rest,
Till its pulsings are hushed in the earth's cold breast !

XV.

Upon the farthest verge there shone
One watch-fire, sleepless and alone.
There, wrapped in soldier's mantle rude,
Musing, as if in solitude
Of desert waste or boundless wood,
Sat Moray.—Pallid Grief may sleep,
But lonely Love its watch will keep !—
He gazed upon the flame's bright glare,
 He gazed upon the watery moon,
He listened to the moaning air,
 And to the brook's low tune :—
Wo to his heart ! it would not rest,
Though with a weight of fear oppressed !

XVI.

Yet round him, half reclined the while,
Were comrades, studious to beguile
Night's numbered moments to the last
With memories of the haunted past.
Full many a tale of love was told,
And many a deed of hunter bold,
With legends of the gloomy years
Hesperia lay in blood and tears,
While strange and fearful things were done,
And fields of death were redly won :—
Yet rose and sunk his silent breast,
With thoughts but to itself confessed.

XVII.

“Come, rouse thee, man—why not be gay ?
Come, sing a song or roundelay,
 The tardy time to kill ;
There is no hour by night or day,
In storm or sunshine, but we may
 Be merry, if we will.”

Thus spoke the reckless voice of one
 To Moray's wondering childhood known,
 Still gay, as when he rushed to die
 For man's best birth-right—liberty.
 Full fain would Moray hide his care,
 And strove to raise the merry air—
 “Oh! in the bowl we'll drown dull care,
 And think not of the morrow”—
 But *her* sweet voice from air or earth
 Reproached him for such heartless mirth;
 So, murmuring, with a smile and sigh,
 He had forgot the melody,
 The gallant warrior's words he sung,
 That dying lay the dead among,
 When, stayed the fight, th' unbreathing night
 With many a gazing star was bright.

XVIII.

THE WORDS OF THE DYING WARRIOR.

“ Fallen I lie on this field red and gory,
 Thousands around me are silent and cold;
 Brief my existence, but deathless my glory,
 As you, ye bright worlds, that can never grow old.
 Lo! now I die for thee,
 Heavenly-born Liberty—
 On thy star-dwelling banner my name be enrolled!

“ Mother, dear mother, the tomb doth enfold thee,
 Yet shall we meet by unperishing springs!
 Sister, the world—if with frowns it behold thee—
 God will spread o'er thee His cherishing wings!
 Father—thou near to me
 Slumb'rest, how silently!
 But light to thy spirit immortally clings!

And let the scouting red-skins hear,
 If any now are skulking near,
 Their enemies are wide awake !”

XX.

SONG.

“O in the bowl we ’ll drown dull care,
 And think not of the morrow,
 Though death may draw his noiseless bow,
 And point his viewless arrow :
 For we, who follow Fortune’s star,
 Fear not the fate before us,
 So we in joy may still employ
 The moment flying o’er us.

Chorus.

“ So tip off the rosy, my boys,
 Each to the lass he loves best ;
 Let our souls be free as the chainless sea,
 Our hearts like the rocks in its breast !

“ ’Tis mortals’ curse, the present hour
 Must future sadness borrow,
 And golden light of joy to-night
 Become a shade to-morrow ;
 But we will make with rosy wine
 The past and future *present*,
 And brightly bring eternal spring
 To joy so evanescent !

“ So tip off the rosy, my boys, &c.

“ Let misers hoard their shining gold,
 Pale watching till the morrow,
 And on his throne the monarch’s crown
 Gild o’er the brows of sorrow ;
 But we, who live by bowl and brand,
 The tented field our dwelling,

Do never miss a present bliss,
 All former bliss excelling !
 “ So tip off the rosy, my boys, &c.

“ We may embrace, with clay-cold hands,
 The couch of Death to-morrow,
 And o'er us haste, when years are past,
 The peasant with his harrow !
 Yet drink to-night in love and faith—
 If Freedom's danger move us,
 We will lie dead on Glory's bed,
 With Heaven and God above us !
 So tip off the rosy, my boys,
 Each to the lass he loves best,
 Let our souls be free—O God ! I 'm slain !”—
 The whizzing shot dashed through his brain—
 To earth he fell—uprose the yell,
 As of a thousand fiends of hell—
 Around, beyond th' uncertain sight
 Given by the red flames' dancing light,
 A thousand rifles on the night
 Poured forth their sulphurous breath :
 In haste the doubling drums were beat,
 And hundreds pressed with hurrying feet,
 Roused from their dreams the foe to meet,
 While many, 'neath that leaden sleet,
 Slept on the sleep of death !

XXI.

“ Arm !—arm !—if that ye love your life !—
 Each soldier to his stand !”—
 Prepared for long and desperate strife,
 They closed on either hand,
 While hastily were covered o'er
 The watch-fires lighting up the scene :—
 The dull brands, hissing in the gore,
 Lay scattered all between !

"Upon them now!" a deep voice cried,
 And instant from the darkness wide,
 As Lucifer had led his pride,
 In all Hell's terrors panoplied,
 The Ottawa's war-band sprung—
 "They come!—stand firm!"—As mountain rock
 Bears up against the tempest's shock,
 Or ocean wildly swung,
 The host abide, in lowering row,
 The onslaught of their savage foe.
 With rifles clubbed, and steely brands,
 Wide wielded in no boyish hands,
 They dashed them down before :—
 Yet wild, with war-club's deadly sweep,
 And knife and hatchet sheathing deep,
 Still, onward, up the slippery steep
 The tide of battle bore.
 On level space, in dreadful close,
 Were mingled soon the struggling foes,
 And whoops and shouts and groans arose,
 And thickly fell the murderous blows,
 And madding Fury raged—
 Backward and forth in tumult driven,
 No mercy asked, no quarter given,
 With clang of arms and echoing heaven,
 The strife was blindly waged!
 O Hatred and Revenge were there,
 Triumph and Terror and Despair,
 That spoke in every yell;
 To charge or fly alike were vain—
 They darkly fought—were darkly slain—
 Yet sternly grappling fell,
 And pierced to heaven the shriek and cry
 Of life's expiring agony!

XXII.

Aloof had stood through all the fight,
 With loose hair streaming on the night,
 And fluttering robes, the haggard Seer,
 Pealing the chant of fate and fear.

“Warriors—dread ye not the foe !
 See Maníttö’s burning eye !
 His red arm wards their shafts of death—
 They fall !—they die !

“Strike—redeem your fathers’ graves !
 Strike—revenge the wrongs of years !
 Strike for the red-man’s failing race—
 They ask not tears !”

“O Seer, we fall !” a warrior cried—
 “The death-shots are not turned aside !”
 And, at the word, in mingled tide,
 Like waves by sea-beat shore,
 The refluent battle back was poured,
 With hatchet-stroke, and brandished sword,
 And cloven crests, and bosoms gored,
 And rage and wild uproar—
 For Harrison had wheeled to right
 Fresh ranks upon the thickest fight,
 And forced them all before.
 “Fight on ! fight on !” the Prophet cried,
 “The victory shall not be denied.
 —“Great Maníttö, thine’s the hour !
 Let thy terrible voice be heard !—”
 “No heed to him !” the Ottawa yelled,
 “Who dares not lead where men are quelled !—
 “Turn, turn against the foe !”
 And, louder as the war-cry swelled,
 Dark dealing blow for blow,

O'er the warm heaps of weltering dead
 Ken-hát-ta-wa the onset led.

XXIII.

Again, as if they could not feel,
 They flung upon the bristling steel
 Their naked breasts—in heaps again
 Were laid to slumber with the slain ;
 Yet dragged down to their bloody rest,
 And throttled in their agony,
 And, stiffening, strained to each stark breast
 Their victors, doomed with them to die.
 Darkness with fearful sounds was rife,
 The axe, the battle-club and knife,
 With bayonet and sword in strife,
 Struggled for life or death ;
 Upon the ashes, drenched and shrunk,
 Sank many a gashed and heaving trunk,
 The keen steel's shuddering sheath,
 And broken skull and scattered brain
 Were mingled in the curdling rain,
 That reddened earth beneath !

XXIV.

Beside a low flame's lingering light,
 Left, in the hurry of the fight,
 Half smothered, Moray's bloody hand
 A moment on his reeking brand
 Leaned wearily. The struggling storm
 Of conflict raged around him still,
 And swelled the Prophet's chanting shrill,
 When suddenly advanced a form
 Athwart his gaze. As if with fear,
 Surprised he started :—" Thee, De Vere ?
 Now where, by Him that rules the sky,
 Is that poor maiden ?—Speak or die !"

"Thee, idiot boy, I do defy!
 The girl—perchance she hath been torn
 By savage fury—or hath sworn
 To be my fair and loving bride!"
 Calm scorn and irony replied.
 "I tell thee, miscreant, thou hast lied!
 She never could consent to vow
 Love to so vile a thing as thou!
 Or in the grave she hath her rest,
 Or in thy wiles ensnared, oppressed,
 Is still thy victim—which her lot,
 For thee, deceiver, matters not!"
 He raised his bloody falchion high—
 "Talk, boaster, till thou'rt hoarse, but I
 Am given to fighting," cried De Vere,
 And with his angry sword sprang near.
 Then in each other's keen eye glaring,
 And each his right arm sternly baring,
 They knee to knee, and breast to breast,
 Against each other darkly pressed.

XXV.

Slight was each form, but of the wild,
 Through weary months, th' adopted child,
 Moray's had more of sinewy power,
 Which well had served him in that hour,
 But that De Vere's time-practised skill
 Could wield his subtle blade at will,
 Which swiftly turned, through all the strife,
 To guard his sacred source of life,
 As at the gate of Paradise
 The flaming sword, that, resting never,
 Flashes before the gazer's eyes,
 Guarding the Tree of Life forever!
 Ruled by a fierce vindictive ire,
 That shook the frame it should inspire,

The avenger's was too rash a hand,
 To cope against the calm command
 Of one, whose hardened heart could rest,
 Like cold steel, in his brazen breast.
 The conflict was not long. A spring,
 A desperate thrust, at last, to fling
 De Vere's base spirit from its throne,
 But all unshielded left his own.
 The griding sword went through his side,
 And at the rent, with life's quick tide,
 His struggling spirit urged for flight :
 He reeled—he sank—and all was night.
 Still sounded on the battle's din,
 But reached his darkened sense within
 Dim murmurs only, as might seem
 Sounds of some strange, confuséd dream.
 Then faded all—his fallen form
 Lay senseless mid the hurrying storm,
 Nor aught discerned or ear or eye
 Of Death's hell-hallowed revelry.

XXVI.

The strife went on. And now the day
 Began to dawn with misty ray,
 Chasing dun night—but when hath fled
 The night that wraps the slumbering dead !—
 The strife was done. For when the morn,
 With leaden light, was dimly born,
 No more might savage force avail,
 Nor martial art could longer fail.
 The troops, arrayed with gun and blade,
 One swift and fiery onset made ;
 With struggling pace the forest-race
 Fought backward for each vantage-place,
 Till, like a cloud on stormy heaven,
 Into the deep morasses driven,

They made the wild-wood marshes shield
 Their remnants from the fatal field.
 But ah! not vainly had they striven!
 That narrow ground was cumbered o'er
 With heaps of slain, that in their gore
 Lay starkly weltering, or had now
 Grown cold, with pale and changeless brow.
 Many a goodly form was there,
 Once a tender mother's care,
 Shrivelled and burnt and ghastly bare,
 Mid the ashes, shrunk and wet,
 And the fire-brands, smoking yet,
 Clasped within the dusk embrace
 Of the savage face to face:
 Many a noble heart, could thrill
 To martial trump or maiden's trill
 In other days, was hushed and still.
 Not the mould and form had perished,
 But the vital fire that cherished,
 The deathless, the ethereal ray,
 Had mingled with the eternal day.

XXVII.

O Death! thou great invisible,
 Pale monarch of the unending Past,
 Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
 Or when shall be the last!
 By thee high thrones to Earth are flung—
 By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
 By thee the beautiful and young
 Lie mouldering in the dust.
 Into thy cold and faded reign
 All glorious things of earth depart;
 The fairest forms are early slain,
 And quenched the fiery heart.
 But in yon world thou hast not been
 Where joy can fade nor beauty fall,

O mightiest of the things unseen,
Save ONE that ruleth all !

XXVIII.

Then dug they in the Earth's dark breast
A deep and a wide, wide grave,
And mournfully gathered to their rest
The noble, the perished brave.
Some were fallen in youthful years,
For whom the Muse hath smiles and tears—
Tears, that they fell in life's fresh morn,
Smiles for their glory early born.
Some were sleeping old, and hoary,
Save where their aged locks lay gory
On wrinkled brows—the Muse for them
Chanteth a solemn requiem !
And thus they were together laid,
Within the couch for valor made ;
And at the muffled drum's dull sound,
They sorrowfully gathered round,
Those remnants of that gallant band,
The stout of heart—the strong of hand ;
And each did bare his manly brow,
And bent his head in anguish low,
And though not many tears were shed,
Their hearts were with the silent dead.
A few brief words and a simple prayer
By the holy man were uttered there ;
The farewell shot for the fallen brave
Was fired above their open grave,
Then each turned slowly, with voice nor breath,
And left them asleep on the bed of death !

TECUMSEH.

CANTO FIFTH.

YE that in brooding idlesse chance to trace
These lingering courses of this idle lay,
Now with imagined speed pursue apace :
For where with lagging footsteps, worn and gray,
Through many a month Time trode his weary way,
The swift tale flies upon the wings of thought,
Embracing seasons as a fleeting day.—
O wondrous power, with God's own mystery fraught,
To which all time and space are as a thing of naught !

I.

O couch ! O feverish couch of pain !
Thou tamer of proud hearts !—how vain,
With thy unwearied strength to strive,
And, hour by hour, refuse to give
Thy wasting fire life's energies,
And all, save that which never dies !
He, who hath lain in thy embrace,
Laid to thy breast his burning face,

And shrunk beneath thy stifling breath,
 And felt each moment nearest death,
 Though Reason still retained her throne,
 And viewed no empire but her own,
 He yet hath wished, the struggle o'er,
 He were asleep to wake no more.
 But when the soul hath lost the helm,
 And wandereth o'er a trackless realm—
 The deep of the eternal mind,
 Now lulled to calm, now torn by wind,
 And still by terror's phantoms haunted—
 Oh! then that lonely voyager, daunted,
 As visions of strange worlds are seen,
 And things and forms of fearful mien,
 Would, in its fear and wild despair,
 Fly from the wreck, it knows not where,
 Did Reason yield one transient ray
 To guide its trembling flight away!

II.

Where Wabash sea-ward hurrieth by,
 Like Life to vast Eternity,
 Above Vincennes a cottage stood,
 Bosomed in Nature's solitude.
 Low was the cabin, rudely made
 Of trunks, that once, with waving shade,
 Rose o'er the self-same spot, and wooed
 The varied year's inconstant mood,
 Now laid unhewn, with clay between,
 From winds and crannying storm to screen:
 And humble as its outward guise
 Met all within a stranger's eyes.
 The door that closed with wooden lock—
 Capacious as a caverned rock,
 The clay-built chimney, opening wide
 Its broad, rough wings to either side,
 On bent beams raised—thick pendent there,

The smoked wild-meats, the hunter's fare—
 On shapeless shelves beside it stored,
 Th' utensils of his frugal board,
 And, darkly round the walls arrayed,
 With all a hunter's pride displayed,
 On wooden hooks old rifles laid,
 Rough skins, or furs a king might wear,
 With branching horns of elk and deer,
 The trophies, to his brightening eye,
 Of many a sylvan victory—
 All these had shown his wild-wood home,
 Who only did the forest roam,
 To war with creatures by their birth
 The first inheritors of Earth,
 Had not bright axes on the hearth
 Declared, his bold and hardy life
 Was with the forest, too, at strife.
 Thus rose the woodman's home afar,
 Where softly sets the evening star ;
 But with its loud and constant tick,
 That told, alternate, slow nor quick,
 From antique case of ebon hue,
 How fast the silent moments flew,
 A wooden clock, with leaden hands,
 Spoke soothly there of eastern lands,
 That hear Atlantic's billows roar,
 Or on thy green and shadowy shore,
 Connecticut, behold their pride
 Reflected in thy glassy tide.

III.

" A rough day, woodsman.—Bright your fire,
 And cheering is its ruddy blaze ;
 For travel through these wilds must tire
 The stoutest on such stormy days."
 " You're welcome, stranger, to my home.
 'Tis rude, sir—but it's mine ! You've come

Such long and rugged way, harassed
 With cold and snow and lingering fast,
 You'll not our humble fare refuse?—
 And whence, sir, are you? What's the news?—
 We get none in this wilderness!—
 You're from the east?—New-England?"—"Yes."—
 "Oh! stranger, that's a glorious land:
 A lovelier heaven hath never spanned.
 Land, where my fathers lived and died!
 Land of my youth and manhood's pride!
 Oh! ere I die, that I might stand
 Once more my native stream beside,
 And see its ever-changing breast
 Reflect the heavens' eternal rest!
 But, stranger, tidings rarely come
 To these far wilds from childhood's home.
 And pray, sir, do you think they know
 The perils of the pioneer?
 And how he lives a life of fear
 Environed by a treacherous foe,
 And many find their leafy tombs
 Amid the forest's solemn glooms?
 I fear not, stranger!—Is it not
 A sorrow thus to be forgot?"—
 "Ay, woodsman!—but thou dost them wrong.
 The distance, great—the time is long;
 But time nor distance e'er can sever
 True souls that love—they're linked for ever;
 And the bright chain, the more they part,
 But tighter binds each panting heart.
 But, father, live ye all alone,
 And hear no sweet familiar tone,
 No household voices, save your own?"

IV.

"Oh, no—not quite alone—ah, no!
 See through this latticed window low

Where, mined by many a hardy stroke,
 Far-crashing falls yon giant oak.
 They are my sons, sir—kind and true—
 God bless them!—yet they are but two,
 And sadly seem—Heaven pardon me!—
 Less goodly than the noble three,
 That moulder in their battle-grave.
 Ay, stranger, *they* were stout and brave !
 Beside the Wabash far above
 They fought the savage—God of love !
 They perished in their bright young years !—
 Nay, stranger, eat, nor mind my tears.
 My father fell on Bunker's Hill :
 He lay beside me, stark and still—
 O death of glory there to die !
 Years, years have flown—my head is white—
 Within the cold embrace of night
 My sons by yon dark river lie !
 Their country called them—happy they !
 God giveth—let Him take away !”—
 “ Nay, father—envied be thy lot,
 Who, thus begetting and begot,
 Canst point thy country to thy line :
 If grief, yet glory, too, is thine.—
 But, eye of flame and restless head,
 Who struggles with that feverish bed ?”

v.

“ A noble youth. He fought as well,
 As any on that field who fell.
 I saw him wield in thickest fight
 His circling sword, a beam of light,
 And, where the swift flash cleft its way,
 The living were but lifeless clay.
 The morning came : we found him laid
 Beside the heaps himself had made,
 Pale, cold and senseless—in his hand

Still sternly grasped his gory brand ;
 Nor fluttering pulse, nor faintest breath,
 Reclaimed him from the realm of death ;
 But through the gashed and quivering side
 The bright, warm drops did slowly slide,
 And in his breast, with fluttering strife,
 Yet feebly welled the springs of life.
 We laid him on a litter rude,
 And bore him through the wintry wood
 To my poor roof ; and, stranger, he
 Shall be a cherished son to me,
 In place of those, the loved and gone :—
 The rather, that I deem him one
 From my own native land ; for when
 He wanders in his feverish brain,
 His words, disjointed, sweetly tell
 Of that broad stream I loved so well.
 —Ay, his mind wanders ! Oft he seems
 Like one bewildered in his dreams,
 Now murmuring, with fondest tone,
 Some dear name to himself alone,
 Now speaking to her earnest words—
 Love's language only such affords !
 Anon, upraised, with bloodshot eye,
 And burning tears, and gasping breath,
 He raves of artful villany,
 Exile, captivity and death—
 Then shouts, as in the revelry
 Of rushing battle—then, as now,
 Sinks, wearied, on his pillow low,
 Struggling but voiceless.—Look you !—hark !—
 His deep delirium you may mark !”

VII.

The hand of Death, the grave alone,
 Can from the human form efface
 Each native trait familiar grace :

And Moray's face might yet be known,
 But oh ! how changed ! The dew of pain
 Sprang from his crazed and fiery brain,
 O'er all his forehead—by the flame,
 That burned throughout his shrunken frame,
 Still drunk as fast ; his faded cheek
 The frequent flush did darkly streak,
 And spoke his fearful restless eye
 More than the body's agony.
 Ay, that was nothing ! Hour by hour,
 As urged by some resistless power,
 His wildered spirit voyaged the deep
 Of his dark mind, and would not sleep,
 And could not linger. Many a scene,
 What long was past, what ne'er had been,
 What, reason's mockery, could not be,
 But in the realm of phantasy,
 It gazed upon, still hurrying past
 To something stranger than the last.

VIII.

Sometimes appeared to him again
 Life's real scenes of joy and pain :
 Then, instant, on some happy shore,
 Some starry isle in heaven's blue ocean,
 Wide fields of light he wandered o'er,
 Borne onward with a spirit-motion,
 Unfelt but ceaseless, to his view
 Appearing flowers of fairest hue,
 Bright birds, and streamlets trembling through
 Green waving trees, while every where
 Sweet voices lingered on the air.
 But these, all these, he passed unheeding,
 For one loved form would ever greet
 His onward gaze—how sadly pleading
 That they might meet, one moment meet !
 Yet drawing near—he knew not why—

Oh! ever still she seemed to fly.
 And he would call her—"Mary—stay!"
 And struggle towards her beckoning hand—
 Then suddenly would seem to stray
 Alone along some waste of sand,
 Boundless and burning; or upon
 Volcanos' crumbling craters run,
 Through smoking sulphur, parched with thirst,
 And haunted eye by eyes accurst;
 Or, placed in frailest skiff, to be
 Borne tilting o'er a fiery sea,
 Mid lava-bergs, and on the verge
 Of molten whirlpools' circling surge,
 O'er which the glassy sky and dim
 Stretched sunless far with smooth round rim,
 While evermore, through demon laughter,
 Her gentle voice came trembling after:—
 "Turn, Henry, turn thee!"—but the spell
 Compelled him—where, no thought could tell—
 "Turn, oh, return!"—it might not be,
 So wondrous was his destiny!

IX.

It was the morn. Around his bed
 The cold December light was shed,
 As, from his low and frozen throne,
 The sun o'er snow-bound forests shone;
 The antique clock, with warning chime,
 Struck ten from, off the hours of time.
 As when a tune, in childhood dear,
 Long, long a stranger to his ear,
 Wakes, played by casual, careless hand,
 The pilgrim in a foreign land,
 He starts, and deems himself once more
 A slumberer on his native shore:
 Ev'n so the sound of that sweet bell,
 Strange, yet familiar, broke the spell

That bound his spirit. Still reposing,
 But with a start his eyes unclosing,
 He glanced around the rustic room.
 The reverend clock, as in his home,
 Looked down on him, and in his ear
 Its old voice lingered—where was he ?

It must his father's mansion be—
 Yet else how changed ! as half in fear
 He was but dreaming yet, he took
 Of all a longer, steadier look.

x.

The old man bent above his head :
 " My father !" Moray feebly said,
 And gazed a moment wistfully
 Into his face—then with a sigh—
 " If thou wert he !—But no ! ah, no !
 I seemed at home—ah, were it so !"
 " Thou art !—thou art !" the old man cried,
 With tears of sorrow and of joy,
 " I'll be a father to thee, boy,
 In love for those, that bravely died,
 My first-born, fighting by thy side !"—
 " But, say, where am I ?—'Twas a dream,
 A long, dark dream ! The gory stream
 Of battle seemed to run around,
 And corses, piled upon the ground,
 Cumbered my vision. Then—ay, then
 Methought I strove with one—and fell :—
 Oh ! be he cursed of God and men,
 That haunts my sleep—that shape of Hell !
 Next came a darkness, as of night,
 Where nothing passed before my sight,
 But formless shadows, till a sound,
 An old sweet sound, to ear and eye
 Unbarred the haunts of memory,
 And brought my father's home around,

The forms—the tones, of other years—

Ah! wherefore was it seen at all!"

He turned him towards the cabin wall
 Half sullenly and half in tears,
 Yet pressed his hand, so pale and thin,
 The woodman's kindly grasp within.

XI.

The winter hours! How swift they fly
 When happy hearts beat light and high!
 To him they dragged all tardily.
 He would not count them as they passed,
 But wished that each were now the last.
 He watched in languor, day by day,
 The shadowy eve and morning gray;
 He saw the sun, within the wood,
 Rise and go down in solitude:
 Nor aught the weary silence broke,
 Save that old clock with silvery stroke—
 Which had a mournful voice become,
 So vainly telling of his home—
 Or, distant, oft, with quick sharp sound,
 The woodman's rifle echoing round;
 Or, near, the measured stroke and loud,
 By which the patriarch woods were bowed,
 With their slow swing, then thundering crash,
 As chieftain oak and warrior ash,
 The elder world's Titanic birth,
 Hurl'd headlong, pressed their mother Earth.
 The future was a darkened glass,
 The present nothing, and alas!
 The past a vanished dream—oh! yet
 A dream, which he would ne'er forget!

XII.

Bright goddess of the southern clime,
 Bedewer of the wings of Time,

Wand'ring th' eternal spheres among,
 For ever fair, for ever young,
 And still, from world to world, renewing
 What Time and Death are still undoing—
 O Spring, Earth's visitant from Heaven,
 What countless gifts by thee are given !
 Thou visitest the gloomy north,

 With thy soft train of whispering Hours,
 And all the stars come brighter forth

 To gaze upon the opening flowers ;
 Thou speakest with thy gentle voice,
 And birds in green-wood bowers rejoice ;
 Thou smilest—lo ! the mountains blue
 Deep dreams of ancient years renew,
 And brooks and fountains, singing free,
 Haste to embrace the calling sea.

But most, when worn with wo and pain,
 Or age, or sickness' lingering reign,
 Unto the human mind and heart
 An angel visitant thou art.

The faded eye grows bright to thee,
 The low pulse beats less languidly,
 The pale cheek wins a fresher hue,
 Exhausted thought revives anew—
 Even palsied age thy presence greets
 And from the grave one step retreats.
 Thou only canst not from their bed—
 Ah ! would thou couldst !—awake the dead :
 How would the minstrel's heart run o'er
 To meet the loved, the lost, once more !—
 Yet why awake to life's wild fever ?—
 O thrice-belovéd, sleep forever !

XIII.

And Moray felt the quickening power
 Of Nature's resurrection hour.

He watched, beneath the sun's bright eye,
The snows depart all silently,
And the broad forest round resume
The beauty of remembered bloom ;
He saw around the cabin's door,
And creeping its rude casement o'er,
The green-wood vine, the wilding-rose,
Their buds, and tendrils soft, unclosed ;
He heard all day the song of birds,
The hum of bees, the murmured words
Of brooks the early flower among,
 Love's language—while the heavens above
 Descended to the earth in love :
The bounding pulse of life grew strong,
And all within, like budding leaf,
Seemed young—except the hermit, Grief.

XIV.

It was a noon of sunny May.
Far in the green-wood Moray lay,
Where waters from a quiet spring,
All day their deep joy murmuring,
Were gathered near it in the light,
Amid the green grass, still and bright.
As watched he o'er the watery glass
The imaged clouds all idly pass,
Within the liquid mirror there
He saw a sudden face appear.
He started up alarmed, and laid
His hand upon his trusty blade,
Then glanced around with searching eye,
Above, behind him, low and high :—
Across the pool, in hunter's guise,
A youthful savage met his eyes.
The Indian moved not, nor betrayed
A sign of fear, in features made

Calm and expressive—like a face,
 Forgot, though known in former days,
 On canvass painted, with whose look
 The gazer's breast is strangely shook,
 He knows not why :—had Moray seen
 Before that face and earnest mien ?
 With keener scrutiny, once more
 He read those silent features o'er.
 It was—he knew that visage scarred,
 Where murderous wounds the smooth cheek marred,
 It was the boy, now manlier grown,
 Saved by him in the forest lone.

XV.

“ O-wa-o-la !” he gently said,
 The dusky youth like arrow sped
 Around the pool ; their hands they clasp
 Silently with fraternal grasp.—
 “ Say—is my brother well ? Is he
 Rejoiced the gentle spring to see ?”
 Began a sweet voice earnestly.—
 “ How can he be ?—his heart is sad !”—
 “ O-wa-o-la would make it glad.”—
 “ He cannot, boy ! Why hath he come
 Such distance from his mother's home ?”—
 “ His mother dead !” was the reply,
 And a tear trembled in his eye :—
 He had not learned yet to repress
 All heart-wrung drops of bitterness :—
 “ O-wa-o-la is left alone ;
 He hath no friend—no brother—none !
 But,” added he, with firmer tone,
 “ *The moon may wane, the sun may set—
 O-wa-o-la can ne'er forget !*
 The pale-face saved the Huron's blood :
 He comes to do the pale-face good.”—

" 'Tis idle, Huron. I am left
 Of her, who was my joy, bereft."—
 " Say—doth the wood-dove miss its mate,
 Then sit in sorrow desolate,
 Nor haste away to seek its love ?
 O-wa-o-la has learned, a dove
 Droops captive near by Huron's tide."
 " What mean'st thou ?" Moray, starting, cried,
 As shaken by electric shock ;
 " Do not my heart of mourning mock !"
 " O-wa-o-la a singing bird ?"
 Asked the youth proudly. " He has heard,
 A daughter of the pale-face dwells,
 Where great Lake Huron's billow swells."

XVI.

As bursting sun through mountain cloud
 Illumes the darkness there,
 On Moray's face, by sorrow bowed,
 Hope brightened o'er despair.
 " Heaven bless thee, boy ! This hour I go—
 But how the maiden's wigwam know ?"
 " The Huron's mother lives no more :
 His race are on the spirit shore !"
 Murmured the youth : " why should he not
 Guide his pale-brother to the spot ?"
 The lover spoke nor looked reply :
 Though rough and smooth, o'er low and high,
 He dashed along the forest-path
 As if to do some deed of wrath,
 Till, in the cabin low and rude,
 Before that aged man he stood,

XVII.

And Moray took his hand : " Time wears,
 O old in virtue as in years !

And here I must no longer stay :
 Danger and duty call away.
 Whate'er my portion,—fare thee well,
 And peace and safety with thee dwell !”—
 “ No, boy, thou must not, on thy life !
 With death the very air is rife !
 Proud England threatens to invade
 Our shores, in all her strength arrayed,
 The stern Tecumseh, far and near,
 Musters the elements of fear,
 Wild tribes are gathering to the war—
 Stay, lest thou die alone and far.”
 “ I may not, father. Life is vain,
 Unless its star shall shine again !
 Where'er I be, on land or sea,
 I daily die, till she is free !”
 “ But, Henry—nay, if thou must go,
 I will not stay thee—but I know,
 Thus dwelling on this wild frontier,
 I shall be swept to death, nor e'er
 Behold thee more. Then wilt thou bear
 In thy young heart an old man's prayer,
 And if thou tread New-England's shore—
 On which these eyes shall look no more !—
 Think sometimes of the Pioneer.
 Now farewell, boy ! Fail not to pray
 To Him who guides the wanderer's way :
 Be good—be brave—be true in love—
 God bless thee—may we meet above !”
 The twain passed silent through the wood :
 The old man on his threshold stood,
 Gazing the leafy forest through,
 Ev'n when it shut them from his view.

XVIII.

'Twas on the same bright day in spring,
 Where Huron's billows slowly swing,

To meet the lifted wave that falls
Round Mackinaw's primeval walls,
Beside a brook, that wound along
Green trees and flowery knolls among,
A maiden of the forest stood.
Oft on the smoothly gliding flood,
While twining wreaths of blossoms wild,
She bent her beaming eyes, and smiled
To see her face, so soft and fair,
With answering beauty imaged there ;
Save when a sadness o'er her stole,
As pouring forth a sorrowing soul,
With broken notes, yet sweet and clear,
She heard her comrade singing near,
Whose form was hid by foliage green—
Though through the waving boughs 'twas seen,
By glimpses of her pallid face,
She was not of the red-man's race.

XIX.

What though, a daughter of the Sun,
And rather of the twilight born
Than of the flushed and rosy morn,
That maid with dusk complexion shone ;
Yet was its hue as purely clear
As heaven, when first the stars appear ;
And all her form had Nature's art
So moulded light, that every part
From Naiad foot to chiselled face,
Seemed conscious of a perfect grace ;
While her untaught, untainted soul,
Informed, inspired, illumed the whole,
And flowed through eyes as darkly bright,
As e'er were lit with heavenly light
At Beauty's triumph, Love's fond hour,
In court or cottage, hall or bower.

And well her simple Indian dress
Became that airy loveliness.
The fawn-skin frock, so softly drest,
Close folded o'er her swelling breast,
And gently bound her waist about,
By belt with purple wampum wrought,
Thence falling short, in graceful ease,
Like Highland kirtle, to her knees ;
And, well the rounded limb that graced,
Her crimson-broidered leggins, laced
The beaded moccasins to meet
Upon those fairy-fashioned feet—
These soothly of a youth had told,
Of delicate and maiden mould,
But that the smooth and raven tresses,
Descending low in soft caresses,
And rising breast, howe'er concealed,
That form a maiden true revealed.
As on her arm there hung a bow,
Of polished length and ebon glow,
She might have seemed, that forest child,
An Indian Dian, chaste and wild !

XX.

As stood she there, a chieftain's plume
Advanced amid the forest's bloom.
Unseen by her, in fixed delight
The warrior viewed that fairer sight,
Than e'er he deemed, could greet his eyes,
Save in the Indian's Paradise.
At last she saw, and, half afraid,
Prepared for flight. "Fly not," he said :
"The flowers the maiden's fingers twine
Less lovely than the maiden shine.
Say, doth the dark eyed Ottawa
Braid them to deck her bridal day ?"

Upon her cheek the deeper glow
 Drank up its smiles : " No, chieftain, no !
 But when among the Ottawa homes
 The wise—the brave—Tecumseh comes,
 Whom all the red-men love to hear,—
 And runners say that he is near—
 Then—" " What," he cried, " if I were he ?"
 She gazed on him more timidly—
 Shrank backward—then, with maiden grace,
 Approached, but looked not in his face :
 " Why, then a maid of Pontiac's race
 Presents these Daughters of the Spring
 To cheer him, faint with journeying,"
 She said—and with a gentle breath,
 Much like a sigh, the flowery wreath
 Was laid upon Tecumseh's arm.
 " By this clear stream, in sunlight warm,"
 She added with a blush and smile,
 " They have been growing all the while,
 That they might greet with lovely eyes
 The Eagle of the southern skies !"

XXI.

" Nor doth the maiden," he replied,
 " By day the lingering moments number,
 Till sits a lover by her side ?
 Sees she no warrior in her slumber ?"
 " Omeena's thoughts," she lisped, with tone
 Like running brooks, " are all her own :
 In dreams Omeena is alone."
 " These flowers," said he, their fragrance smelling,
 " Are sweet, but sweeter, maiden, be
 Flowers, where the Shawnee hath his dwelling !
 Say—will the Ottawa go and see ?"—
 " These grow around her father's home :
 Do such not have a fairer bloom ?
 And flowers upon her mother's grave—

Can any else so sweetly wave ?”
 “ But,” cried the chief, confusedly,
 As rose to his her speaking eye—
 “ Tecumseh is the greatest brave :
 His hands are red with foeman’s slaughter !”
 “ Omeena is great Pontiac’s daughter !”
 Was her reply.—“ Tis Pontiac’s name
 Leads me to conflict, glory, fame—
 That star shall be Tecumseh’s guide !
 Will Pontiac’s daughter be his bride ?”
 “ Chieftain !” exclaimed she, pointing high,
 “ See yonder cloud climb up the sky.
 And hark ! the song-birds will not sing :
 They cower in fear each shivering wing.
 But lo ! yon eagle’s rising form !
 He hastes alone to meet the storm.
 He cares not for his eyrie past,
 So he may ride the rolling blast.
 Go, warrior ; when the sky is clear
 The Ottawa maid will meet him here.
 Go—when the pale-face dwells no more
 By Wabash tide or Huron’s shore,
 Then to her mother’s grave she’ll bring
 Young flowers, her last, sweet offering,
 And in the eagle’s eyrie sing !”
 And ending thus, his hand she took,
 Softly, and with a soul-lit look,
 Though timid love her virgin bosom shook.

XXII.

“ Ha !” broke a startling voice and stern.
 Ken-hát-ta-wa, with eyes that burn,
 Behind them stands : “ Fool ! thou shalt sleep
 Beside thy mother, cold and deep,
 Before thou be Tecumseh’s bride !
 Home to our wigwam ! Hence !” he cried,
 And stamped his foot, “ nor dare to leave,

Ev'n by thy mother's grave to grieve !
 I love her face in thine too well
 To have thee with a foeman dwell !
 —And *thou*" he said with lip's proud curl,
 " What dost thou with a simple girl ?
 The Ottawa heard, through many lands
 Tecumseh leagued the warrior bands
 For strife against th' accursed stranger.
 Yet, sure, he deems there's little danger,
 Who thus, amid the darkening hours,
 Dallies with maidens and with flowers !"

XXIII.

Tecumseh answered, but repressed
 The angry words upon his tongue.
 " The Shawnee is the Ottawa's guest :
 He stands the Ottawa's graves among"
 He said, and at the mossy mounds
 Behind him glanced : " He will forgive
 His brother's speech, that deeply wounds,
 Nor let a petty strife out-live
 The red-man's cause, the red-man's claim.
 He would, Ken-hát-ta-wa's high name
 May not thus fail that fearful strife
 Which ends the Indian's wrongs or life.
 And if the eagle in his flight
 Has met a warbling bird of light,
 May he not cheer his wanderings long
 With her soft eyes and spirit-song ?
 My brother's griefs will be beguiled
 By beauty of so fair a child !"

XXIV

" My guest ?" Ken-hát-ta-wa exclaimed :
 " That name thyself alone hast named !
 Unasked you came, unforced may go ;
 And, as you please, forgive or no !
 The injurer forgetteth ever :

But, tell me, doth the injured ?—never !
 Ne'er from the Ottawa's soul shall fade
 The seizure of his captive maid !
 —My daughter too, forsooth, is fair !—
 Ay, fairer, than that thou shouldst dare,
 Or such as thou, to win or woo !
 I tell thee, wert thou not my foe,
 A maid of Pontiac's matchless line
 Might never meet embrace of thine.
 His very bones at such disgrace
 Would rise from yon dark resting place !
 The pale-faced girl thou took'st from me
 Were a far fitter bride for thee.
 —And why to me a whining make,
 Lest I the Indian's cause forsake ?
 As if I could forego my vow,
 In wrath at such a thing as thou !
 —This petty strife ? It shall survive
 The green earth, if Tecumseh live ;
 And when thy soul from earth shall fly,
 I'll haunt thy shade eternally !”

XXV.

Then rose Tecumseh's heart—yet brief
 And calm his words : “ The Ottowas' chief
 Has deemed his daughter high above
 The honor of Tecumseh's love.
 Some day the chief may chance to find,
 She is not of her father's mind !
 —Thou hast avowed thyself my foe.
 Proud Ruler of Dark Waters ! know,
 It is not in thy boasted power
 To make me *thine*, till comes the hour.
 That hour comes not by insults flung
 From such unbridled, haughty tongue :
 But if thou cross Tecumseh's path
 By deeds, thou soon shalt know, by wrath

Of rolling fire and reeking steel,
 Thou dost not with a maiden deal !
 And more. Though Pontiac's name be great,
 Who bowed not to the foe but Fate,
 And though Ken-hát-ta-wa may claim
 By worth to share his deathless fame—
 Tecumseh's name in many a clime
 Shall mightier be through coming time ;
 His spirit, lightening far, shall dart
 Into the red-man's mind and heart
 With more unquenched and kindling stroke—
 Ay ! as that flash this lofty oak,
 Which—start'st thou !—blazes, rent and red,
 In shivered fragments o'er our head !
 His high renown shall sound as loud,
 As—hark !—the peal from yon black cloud,
 Hung high above—the voice, the shroud
 Of the Great Spirit !—till His hand, in one,
 Hath quenched this earth and yonder rolling sun !”
 He turned in scorn : the Ottawa stood and gazed
 Upon the blasted, burning tree, amazed,
 And filled with awe, as gleamed Maníto's eye,
 And crashed his fiery steeds along the sky.

XXVI.

Meantime, along the wooded side
 Of low Wabash's loitering tide,
 O-wa-o-la and Moray press
 Silently through the wilderness.
 Where'er they passed, beneath their tread
 The foliage of long years was dead,
 In matted mass, while huge trunks lay,
 Fallen some far, forgotten day.
 But by their side, upspringing new,
 Young plants, and flowers the fairest, grew,
 Of bright eye and sweet breath ;
 And high above, proud living things,

The green trees waved their mighty wings :
From mortal thus immortal springs—
Thus life revives from Death !

XXVII.

And Moray stood on the field of blood.
No traces were there of the crimson flood,
For the kindly dews, and the rains, of heaven
Had wept o'er the place where the mighty had striven;
But a scull or two might still be seen,
Ghastly, and bare of flesh and hair
By the rotting rain and the withering air,
Yet tinged with the dull and spotted green,
Which hides in the jaw and the empty eye,
Ere the whitening bone grows smooth and dry ;
And rusted and broken arms lay scattered,
Hatchets and swords and war-clubs shattered.
Nor gazed he not on the peaceful rest
Of the brave, by their country and Freedom blest.
A few wild flowers were opening around
On the utmost edge of their broad low mound,
And o'er them—so gently the sunbeams fell—
The tender grass had begun to dwell ;
And he thought Old Time had a kindly way
Of adorning with beauty the world's decay,
And he sighed for their dreamless slumber there,
Embalming in glory the temples of care.
O-wa-o-la paused, but in sullen mood.
He picked up a tomahawk rusted with blood :
"The Huron will keep it," he calmly said,
"To remember how bravely the red-man bled."
But a strange light shone in his large, black eye,
And his struggling breast heaved quick and high—
What means that hidden agony ?

XXVIII.

Thence crossed they many a forest stream,
Lone wandering in its shadowy dream—
And passed full many a fount and rill,
In Nature's ear that murmurs still—
And saw in many a glassy lake
Their glancing forms dark shadows make.
But none of these fed Moray's sight
With wonder, and his soul with light,
Like those fair plains of varied dress,
The gardens of the wilderness
From old, the true Hesperian named,
And lovelier than the ancient famed—
The boundless prairies. Far and nigh
Vast rolling carpets met his eye,
Of vernal verdure, wrought with flowers
More gay than bloom in eastern bowers—
The jessamine and desert-rose,
Sweet honey-suckles' urn-like blows,
The wild-pink and the golden-rod,
 And nameless more, of gentle hue,
 That from their tremulous bells of dew
Breathed ceaseless incense up to God.
Oft rose into the silent air
Those ancient mounds, so still and bare,
That seemed as ever brooding o'er
The annals of a race no more ;
While here and there were single trees,
Conversing with the voiceful breeze,
That through departed centuries
Had guarded, with their sceptres green,
The regal realms that lay between,
And in their gray dominion seen
The wild beasts come and pass away,
And wilder tribes of men decay ;
And all throughout were living things

On nimble feet or glittering wings—
 The wild bull, with his shaggy hide,
 The mining gopher, seldom spied,
 The humming-bird on opening flower,
 The eagle high, of kingly power.

XXIX.

Now past St. Joseph's wave, and through
 The fountains of Ka-la-ma-zoo,
 They plunged into that forest wide
 From Michigan to Huron's tide.
 They entered fearless : for his way,
 By stars at night or moss by day,
 O-wa-o-la, in forests bred,
 With never loss or faltering read.
 So passed they Grande's low-winding river,
 And Shi-a-was-se, slow for ever,
 Till from its southern side they saw
 The imaged clouds on Sa-ga-naw :
 And, all the while, the Huron's skill
 Could slay and dress their food at will ;
 And, if the night fell damp and chill,
 The Huron, with assiduous care,
 Would Moray's leafy couch prepare,
 And, when he was asleep, would spread
 His own warm blanket o'er his head,
 Then sit and watch, with joy, to see
 The pale-face sleep so peacefully.

XXX.

'Twas morning on the wilderness.
 By Huron's shore, in rugged grace,
 A bare height heaven-ward raised its face,
 While Huron's waters at its base
 Murmured with soft caress :
 And o'er the lake, that heaved its breast
 Like war-horse breathing in his rest,

Rock, wave, and tree, and flower upon,
 The clear bright shining of the sun
 Fell steadily, and scarce the wind
 Stirred the broad forest spread behind.
 Upon that hill's high summit stood,
 Just come, the pilgrims of the wood.
 "Lake of my Fathers!" cried with joy,
 Yet mournfully, the Indian boy—
 "A Huron greets thee! Let his ear
 Again thy voice in kindness hear.
 Lake of my fathers! moons have passed,
 Since I beheld or heard thee last;
 Yet still in dreams would rise to view
 The swelling of thy bosom blue!
 Yet still in dreams thy gentle voice
 Would make the Huron's heart rejoice!

Brother—beyond these waters deep
 From old the Huron fathers sleep;
 But one, the mightiest of his race,
 On this shore hath his resting-place;
 Who, twice a hundred winters gone,
 In dreams was told, that here, alone,
 His tomb should be beside the wave.
 I turned so far to seek his grave,
 That ill may not our steps o'ertake,
 And—look you! see yon thicket shake!"

XXXL

As crouched they in a fringy cleft,
 Deep through the hill transversely reft,
 Above the ridge a bright plume danced,
 A warrior's stately form advanced.
 Lake, forest, air, in heaven's embrace
 He mutely viewed, till o'er his face
 Fell deeper shade. "'Tis so!" he cried:
 "These scenes of beauty will abide,
 When they, who loved them, all are gone!—

Vainly, for us, thou com'st, O sun !
 Who sav'st not with thy glorious fire.
 Prophetic was that dream, my sire !
 Untimely strife had been, alas !
 And all my hopes to darkness pass.
 I hear the rising of the wind ;
 I see the gathering storm behind !
 Yet shall Tecumseh change and quail ?
 His hand be weak ? his heart grow pale ?
 No—never ! Like the mountains stand !
 Do I not tread my native land ?
 Is death not honor ? Who shall fear,
 When the great Future hath an ear ?
 What foe can bar from death and fame ?—
 But Time forgets the warrior's claim.—
 What then ? There's vengeance in the strife,
 And slavery for the recreant's life !—
 That man I deem most truly blest,
 Whose fate is fixed in his own breast.”
 —Another step : with stealthy tread
 And mingled look of craft and dread,
 A form approached of plumeless crest.
 They met—their hands in silence pressed ;
 Then side by side their seat they took,
 And long, with fixed, unchanging look,
 Gazed o'er the broad, blue lake, that lay
 Bathed in the light of early day.

XXXII.

“ Brother,” at last a low voice spoke,
 And silvery sounds the silence broke—
 “ Tecumseh's moccasins are worn :
 From a far path his feet return.
 But doth he of his journeyings tell ?
 He asks, is Els-kwa-tá-wa well ?”—
 “ Do running streams sick hearts rejoice ?
 Such is to me Tecumseh's voice,

And Els-kwa-tá-wa's soul is glad.
 But wherefore looks my brother sad ?
 Would not his words the red-men hear,
 Nor the Great Spirit's message fear ?"
 "Nay, brother, like a rushing stream
 My words have flowed : the red-men dream
 Darkly of vengeance. They have heard
 From the strong winds of night, when stirred
 The mighty forests,—from the waves,
 That rest not—from their fathers' graves,
 Voices, that told them to awake
 And slay the pale-face."—"Visions break
 Upon my soul ! The hatchet gleams
 From the great lakes to southmost streams !"—
 "Ay, soon would be the pale-faced slain
 Like autumn leaves upon the plain,
 But that in one most frantic hour
 Thou ruin'dst all the banded power !
 The white-men now will all awake,
 And many tribes the cause forsake."
 "But know'st thou not," the Prophet cried,
 "One hand can burst the pent lake's side,
 A thousand cannot stay the flood !
 I could not rule the headlong mood,
 Myself had wrought."—" 'Tis over now—
 Therefore 'tis well. But, brother, thou
 Art shorn of power ; for wide and near
 The red-men say thou art no seer."

XXXIII.

Blazed fiercely with volcano flame
 The Prophet's eyes : "I'll clothe my claim
 In mysteries of such wildering fear,
 Their coward hearts shall quake to hear ;
 And fire shall be the scorner's part !"—
 "Can causeless murder joy thy heart ?
 Thou saidst no more should thus be burned :
 Yet, soon as e'er my feet were turned,

Oneirah's fearless life was o'er."—
 "I care not! He will sneer no more!
 Thy heart is pale! If thou hast dread
 To slay a foeman, white or red,
 Chieftain or maiden, young or old—
 Then go! The prophet will unfold
 Dark counsels, and his war-bands lead
 To carnage, flame and warrior deed!"

XXXIV.

Tecumseh rose. Each feature glowed
 As swiftly to and fro he strode,
 While, shadowing o'er his eye of fire,
 So shaken by his trembling ire,
 The broad plume waved: "Now wert thou not
 My father's son, and lov'st the spot
 Where we were born, as well as I,
 I'd hurl thee from the cliff to die,
 And hide, yon weltering depths among,
 The slanders of thy lying tongue!
 Pale-hearted?—When the battle bleeds,
 And men are crushed, like withered reeds,
 Mid crash of arms and trampling steeds,
 If thou, through groans and mangled dead,
 Wilt go where'er Tecumseh tread,
 Thy name through coming years shall be
 From silence and oblivion free!"

XXXV.

The prophet cowered beneath the blaze,
 Nor dared his quailing eyes to raise,
 But with a low, sad voice replied:
 "Who can Tecumseh's wrath abide?
 It is the wind and rushing blast!
 But harmlessly its power hath passed—
 For Els-kwa-tá-wa is a tree
 Blasted and bare!—'Twas not for me

To rouse my brother's angry might,
 Which should the pallid foe affright."—
 "Enough: 'tis o'er.—We must arise
 And bend our souls' deep energies,
 With few to aid. The conflict comes,
 While many strive not for their homes.
 Yet on!—Regain thy power: I go
 To meet the councils held below,
 And then again I journey forth
 Round the far South and watery North.
 How shall we falter—since to live
 Were useless, if our wrongs survive!"
 O'er the blue wave one lingering look they cast,
 Then from the rock in brooding sadness passed.

XXXVI.

As died the sound of distant feet
 The Huron sprung from his retreat:
 "Now by my father's grave unblest,
 Where nought but formless ashes rest,
 Thou murderer! if a nobler here,
 Whom all the red-men's minds revere,
 Had not rebuked thy soul with fear,
 I would have torn thy breast apart,
 And set my heel upon thy heart!
 But there shall come an hour at last,
 Ere yet the Huron's life be past!"
 He turned—and soon in forest gloom
 Was standing by a single tomb.
 Two hundred years their flight had made,
 Since in that tomb the chief was laid.
 Two hundred years! yet there it stood—
 With yearly reverent care renewed—
 The same, as when it first was reared
 For him the valiant, wise, revered,
 A long low mound upon the shore,
 With birchen bark all plaited o'er,

Fresh peeled, though round the edge were seen
 A century's matted mosses green ;
 And ever the wave, upheaving nigh,
 A voiceful requiem lifted high.
 What kept unchanged that mound so lone,
 While empires from the Earth had gone ?—
 Man's dearest blessing from above,
 The universal heart of love !
 And if the savage, bending there,
 Breathed to that dust his simple prayer,
 Ah ! deem his soul, by Nature taught,
 With no unseemly reverence fraught !

XXXVII.

Three days were past. The noon-tide sun
 In solitary lustre shone
 Upon the Ottawa's wigwam dwelling,
 And on the straits, that, darkly swelling,
 Roll round that level forest wide,
 A hundred leagues on either side,
 The northern sea's eternal tide.
 With stealthy step and cautious look,
 From woody hill survey they took.
 " See ! " said the Huron, crouching low,
 " The women work—they plant, they hoe ;
 Papooses play ; the maidens braid
 Their baskets in the breezy shade.
 Soon will I learn of one below
 What most my brother's heart would know."
 He started—from the hill was gone,
 Through elmy shadows stealing down,
 Where one of years, alone remaining,
 Was wild gourds to the sun light training.
 And Moray saw the matron raise
 Her aged arm, and slowly trace
 The winding course of watery way,
 By strait and island, cape and bay,

Till westward its direction bore
 By far Superior's lonely shore.
 His heart grew sick—what sees he more?—
 The Huron turned and sought the hill.
 Upon his bosom, cold and still,
 Was Moray stretched—o'ercome that hour
 By fear and sickness' lingering power.

XXXVIII.

“ Brother—awake !” the Huron said,
 And saying raised his drooping head.
 “ Brother, awake !—If thou art gone,
 Then is O-wa-o-la alone !
 But thou art blest. No ills molest
 The brightness of that island-rest :—
 Then wake no more !”—On Moray's heart
 He laid his hand—with sudden start
 Uprose and bore him to a rill,
 His bloodless hands and forehead chill
 Bathed softly, till, at length, again,
 But slowly crept through each blue vein
 The quickening blood. One flash of thought—
 Wildly the Huron's arm he caught :
 “ Speak !—speak !—where is she ?—hath she died ?”
 “ Where her maternal race abide”
 The youth with earnest gaze replied,
 “ The chief along the Mighty Water
 Has borne the captive and his daughter.”—
 “ But why ?”—“ To keep them safe afar,
 As he proclaims, from coming war ;
 Yon matron says, he would remove
 That daughter from Tecumseh's love.
 Fool ! thus to scorn, in proud defiance,
 The glory of such high alliance !”

XXXIX.

“ Ah lost !—Yet will I seek for thee,
My heart's sole vestal, though the flight
Lead me beneath the northern light !—
But thou, O-wa-o-la, art free.
I will not ask thee still to share
My toil, my sorrow, my despair.”—
“ Behold across th' abiding sky
Yon pale-faced cloud unresting fly,
And where it hastes, o'er wood and river,
Its dusky shadow gliding ever.
My brother is that cloud so pale—
He cannot rest—he will not stay :
The Huron is its shadow frail,
That darkly haunts its destined way,
And may not leave it, save to die.
No ! still beneath my brother's eye
I'll wander on and seek each day
His lost dove” said O-wa-o-la.

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TECUMSEH.

CANTO SIXTH.

DAUGHTER of Heaven ! that in immortal dreams,
Hauntedst of old Parnassus' mossy springs,
Idalian dells, and Helicon's cool streams,
And Tempe, loveliest deemed of earthly things ;
Or, later, where its leaves the myrtle flings
On Arno's wave, and soft Vaclusa's dews,
Or where the swan by honored Avon sings—
Wilt thou to this new clime, eternal muse,
In Hesperus' starry robes thy pensive steps refuse ?

Oh ! mourn no more neglected haunts to see,
Castalia's fount and Delphi's holy shrine !
Oh ! weep not now by fair Parthenope !
Nor only stray where Albion's glories shine,
Or by the beauty of the castled Rhine !
For in this long-unknown, Atlantian land
Are plains, lakes, mountains, rivers, more divine
Than mightiest bards ere sung at thy command :—
So might I strike the harp with more celestial hand !

Awake to loftiest strains, Hesperian lyre !
 Let trembling rapture swell the rising song ;
 Breathe, breathe, O minstrel soul, diviner fire
 The Delian shell's ecstatic chords among !
 For now the pilgrim youth are borne along,
 Where the sky-glassing waters of the north—
 With many a green isle on their azure flung,
 And streams, and shores immortal—shadow forth
 The majesty, at once, of heaven, and air, and earth.

I.

Within a green secluded vale,
 That opened out upon the deep,
 By rippling wave and breathing gale
 And rustling foliage lulled to sleep,
 To bear them o'er the waters blue,
 The Huron built his light canoe.
 With hatchet, ever borne for use,
 He hewed him bending roots of spruce ;
 Around their smooth, opposing bows,
 In graceful curvature that rose,
 Long, slender rods he lightly drew,
 Of cedar red and springy yew ;
 From many a trunk, left white and stark,
 Peeled wide and thin the birchen bark,
 Which, lapped and folded close around
 The jointed frame, and firmly bound
 In plaited edges o'er the rim,
 He sewed with fibrous wattap slim,
 And pitched, along each seam and line,
 With resin of the gummy pine ;
 Then, last, adorned with skilful eye
 Its sides, and endings curving high,
 With chequered quills and varied paint,
 In all devices queer and quaint—
 Bright snakes, and birds of many a hue,
 And forms that Fancy's fingers drew.

II.

Two days are past—the work is done.
The Huron, with the rising sun,
Exulting bears along the vale
His skill-wrought structure, fair and frail,
And lays it on the dancing tide,
A graceful thing—a thing of pride—
As if it were a dream of night
That faded not with morning light.
Like twittering swallow on the wing,
Scarce touched the tide that trembling thing,
And lay like child on cradled pillow,
Still rocking with the rocking billow,
So light, so fairy-like, 'twould seem
Each breath would scare its first young dream,
Each ruder gale its sleep would wake,
Each swaying of the cradling lake
Its fragile elements would break.
Yet will this bark, so frail and fair,
Strong tide and heaving billow bear,
And waft the forest pilgrims far
Beneath the lonely northern star.

III.

And now their feet the waters lave,
Now o'er the brightly lifted wave
Their birchen vessel lightly flies,
As o'er the deep the sea-mew hies,
That only cleaves, with gleaming breast,
The white foam of each billow's crest.
Now rising out the wave they saw
The morn-kissed cliffs of Mackinaw,
With chalky crags, and fortress white,
And green-wood, crowning every height,
Bathed in the day-burst's dewy light,
While many a mile upon the deep

Their dark, broad shadows lay asleep ;
 And now they eastward glanced around
 Below the very walls that frowned,
 Sheer thrice a hundred feet in air,
 With beetling brows and bosom bare ;
 And now they see the island grow
 Faint in the distance dim—and now
 The farewell gaze is backward cast,
 St. Martin's Isles are quickly passed,
 And all the day, while round them lie
 All glorious things 'twixt earth and sky,
 Gleams on the bark from swell to swell,
 As doth the nautilus' pearly shell,
 Till loud along the broken shore
 They hear the northern billows roar,
 And, gliding round, encamp secure
 Beyond the cape of wild Detour.

IV.

The morn is up—the heavens are bright—
 Green Drummond's isle is bathed in light,
 And, far along, the British coast
 Its passing loveliness may boast—
 The wave and sky in glory met,
 Each emerald isle in azure set,
 And hills, with varied woods between,
 Steeped in the gladness of the scene.
 O Nature ! mighty Nature ! thee
 Obeys the earth, the sky, the sea !
 At thy immortal, balmy breath
 Each morn awakes the world from death,
 And by thy power, unchanged, unworn,
 The universe is hourly born,
 As ever on, from sphere to sphere,
 Circleth around the eternal year !—

Merrily as the waters glide,
 So merrily shoots along the tide
 Their birchen boat, the light clouds lying
 Upon the stainless heavens—how blest?
 Their shadows still, yet seen as flying
 Across the waters' moving breast,
 The low winds to the waves replying,
 In love caressing and caressed!

v.

And thus along St. Mary's river—
 That, darkly flowing, hastes forever,
 Nor lingers, though a hundred isles
 Entice to stay with tears and smiles,
 Hearing afar the call of ocean—
 They made their way with ceaseless motion,
 Glanced by St. Joseph's sombre shore,
 Low De-la-Crosse, with countless more,
 Till, where the windings first unclose,
 The rushing Rapids whitening rose,
 With loveliest isles in green repose
 Amid their snowy foam;
 Where, isle or shore, the forests seem
 The strange commingling of a dream—
 The elm, the ash, the pine supreme,
 The willow bending to the stream,
 Mixed with the maple's changeful gleam,
 And hemlock's living gloom;
 While, slumbering in their dreamy hue,
 The distant mountains catch the view.
 Such vision to the wanderer's eyes
 Around the world may rarely rise!

vi.

Again sweet Morn awakes. The world
 Yet sleeps beneath her flag unfurled,

And ere in glowing life it shines
Passed is the sable Point of Pines,
At every stroke some fairer scene
Appearing, than before had been,
Till, when all boundless falls the sheen,
Where steep, high headlands frown apart,
They glide, and—hush thy voice, thy heart,
Thou gazer ! to thine eye is given
The mirror of eternal heaven !
No more they moved : their being grew
A part of that abiding view,
Which, in the moveless heavens' embrace
Seemed to absorb all time and space.
Stern guardians of the entrance wide,
Like Titans rose on either side
Le Gros and pine-shagged Iroquois,
Aye brooding o'er their gloomy joys ;
Thence northward, far along the coast,
Their giant forms a mountain host
Fraternal reared, enrobed in blue
Of wave beneath and heaven on high,
Till in the distance lost to view,
Where melted lake and bending sky
Into each other ; westward stood
A kindred rocky brotherhood,
That stretch afar, unmoved sublime,
Dim with the shadows of all Time :
And, guarded thus, between them lay,
Clear, limitless, as realms of day
Spread over them in blue expanse,
The waters in their mighty trance ;
While over all—the heavens, the height
Of the far mountains, and upon
Th' eternal deep, the early sun
Flung the broad splendor of his living light
Illuming there Earth's purest heaven-lit glass,
Wherein great Nature views her glorious face !

VII.

“ On, Huron, on ! I may not loiter,
Though heaven descend upon the water ! ”—
“ My brother’s words are wise,” replied
O-wa-o-la, the gentle guide :—
 Fast gleamed the dipping oar,
And as they passed grim Iroquois
Began the Huron’s sweet, low voice,
 A stirring tale of yore,
How, many a waning moon agone,
There battle’s fearful light had shone,
 And rang each mountain shore,
When on that headland’s narrow base,
A thousand of the leaguéd race
Of Iroquois, with Hurons brave,
His valiant fathers, conflict gave
 To thrice a thousand banded foes,
 The sons of Tarhe, joined with those
That roam by Mississippi’s wave.
From morn till noon, from noon till night,
Raged like a fire the rolling fight.
They yielded not : the unequal strife
But ended with their ending life.
Yet not in vain ; with them were slain
Unnumbered foes :—but these obtain
From living hands, where they had died,
An honored burial side by side,
Those, those alas ! dishonored grave.
A thousand forms—the strong, the brave—
Scalplless, and rent, and red with slaughter
Were hurled into the deep, dark water ;
And, gazing there, the Indians deem
Their white frames glide beneath the stream.

VIII.

And now along the lonely shore,
 Where beat the waves forevermore,
 Like sounding ocean, fast they sped.
 Above the cloudless skies were spread ;
 Upon their right the azure deep
 Lay heaving in her sunny sleep
 Her boundless bosom ; with the haze
 Of distance dim, their backward gaze
 Beheld the fading mountains raise
 But shadowy outlines ; at their side
 The shore, that checked the swelling tide,
 A few feet rose, while, far retreating,
 The highlands with the heavens were meeting.
 And all throughout was sable leaf,
 Bereavéd Nature's constant grief,
 Which thus she wears in solitude,
 Where none may on that grief intrude,
 Mourning her children, by decay
 Torn from her eyes each hour away ;
 Though sweetly here and there was seen
 A ray, a glance, of brighter green,
 As smiles upon her cheek of sorrow,
 To think, howe'er may die to day
 Her offspring dear, she shall to-morrow
 Of her immortal power embrace
 As lovely, though as frail, a race.

IX.

From point to point the waters o'er
 They glide, nor coast the winding shore,
 Shoot past De L'Isle and bold Batture,
 Thence quickly win, with course secure,
 Tequamanon's dark stream of blood
 And slow Obitsis' ruby flood,

And thence, nor that with toilings long,
 The barren sands of Na-ma-cong.
 Nor stayed they yet, though from the land
 There beckoned many a dusky hand
 With gestures wild, but faster flew
 With flashing oars, till past from view
 Beyond the surge of low Vermillion ;
 And when to his wave-washed pavilion
 The summer sun had sunk to rest,
 And envious shades the deep possessed,
 They urged their way, as if in flight,
 Beneath the pale moon's beamy light,
 That, far as eye their gleams could trace
 Along illimitable space,
 Made every rising billow be
 A billow on a silver sea ;
 And any gazer there might deem
 Those voyagers forms of moon-lit dream,
 Or two lone spirits, with their boat and oar,
 Passing the deep that laves th' Eternal Shore.

X.

Brief sleep was theirs. The dawning gray
 Upon the vast, dim waters lay,
 And strange, mysterious shades were driven
 Between them and o'erbending heaven,
 As if, ere day the night hath quelled,
 Their lone communings thus are held :—
 Yet with the shadows' mighty sweep
 The mariners pressed along the deep,
 Till desolation met their eyes,
 Where Sable's sandy hills arise.
 In wreaths fantastically whirled,
 Like drifted snows or banners furled,
 The naked sands; to heaven upreared,
 Where nought of living green appeared

For many a league ; the trees so bare,
 That stirred not in the breezy air,
 But shattered by the tempest's rage,
 Half buried stood in withered age ;
 The waves, that washed their thirsty base,
 Stretched outward through unbounded space ,
 No other shore revealed to sight ;
 The one bald eagle in his might,
 That from his blasted tree looked down
 Four times a hundred feet upon
 Their gliding skiff ; and, spread above,
 O'er all the heavens that never move—
 These formed a scene as strange and rude,
 And with as deep an awe imbued,
 As ere was made for solitude.
 As spied they round no living thing,
 Save one that cowered its idle wing ;
 Nor heard a sound, except the wave
 Slow heaving o'er its pebbly pave ;
 Nor saw a moving form, beside
 Their moving shadows on the tide,
 Their bosoms dared not throb aloud—
 They were alone—alone with God !

XI.

On, on they fled. At last a scene
 Rose lovelier than in dreams hath been,
 Where many a mile, from wave to skies,
 Sublime the Pictured Rocks arise,
 And gain from years of sun and storms
 But added glories, brighter forms.
 Oh ! idle all are words to tell
 How fair, as sunset on them fell !
 At first a lower range appeared,
 With gray breast o'er the waters reared,
 And many a cave deep, dark, and rounded,
 Wherein the eternal billows sounded,

That with the roll and thunder-shock
In terror quaked th' eternal rock.
Thence towering rose they, cleft and veined,
Until the very clouds were gained ;
While on their surface, smooth or rent,
In thousand shapes were brightly blent
The thousand hues of earth and air,
Through varied pictures, rich and rare,
Structure and landscape, flame and smoke
As painted by the pencil's stroke,
And forms which Fancy draws at will
With all her fair, capricious skill.

XII.

Amidst all these so strangely given,
Long worn by waves, or seamed and riven
By time and tempest, from the rock
Stood forth all shapes the eye to mock.
Old fortresses and castles towered,
Whose battlements and bastions lowered
Dilapidated, desolate,
Where Ruin holds his regal state ;
Wide grottoes, smoothly scooped, far down
Beneath the lucid waters shone ;
And, reared in majesty alone,
Columnar rising from the wave,
Or sunk below with polished pave,
Where eddies aye with gurgling sound
Circle the chiselled shafts around,
Were solemn temples, simply grand,
Hewn not by any mortal hand.
Hark ! through their ancient aisles and dim,
And sounding nave, the choral hymn
Goes up to Jove !—Nay ! 'tis the roar
Of waters rolling evermore
Among the massy pillars there,
With anthems and the voice of prayer,

That, rising to His far abode,
 For ever fill the ear of God !
 And still beside them, deep and low,
 Pierced darkly, whither none may know,
 Yawn mighty caverns, wherein go
 The smothered billows, to and fro ;
 While over all, in sullen frown,
 Huge precipices darken down,
 With trees on all their winding verge,
 Green waving o'er the foamy surge.
 Chaos of splendors ! It would seem
 As Nature, known in skill supreme,
 Had chosen, at some idle hour,
 To mock vain man's mimetic power,
 And on that solitary shore,
 Ere broke its wave the Indian's oar,
 Displayed with her almighty hand
 The mortal works of every land,
 And o'er the whole assemblage strown,
 Strange lovely fancies all her own ?

XIII.

What need to speak, in lingering strain,
 Of all that could a glance obtain,
 Each day, from those who went in haste ?
 Enough that many an isle was passed,
 Appearing loveliest still the last,
 Like eyes of Beauty's daughters ;
 Enough that many a gray rock rose
 To guard the forest's wide repose,
 Far imaged on the waters ;
 Enough that all the shore along
 Was heard the gush of warbled song,
 That many an aged tree was seen,
 With shrubs below of softer green,
 And thousand flowers of fairest hue,
 Shone meekly in their stainless dew,

While still, at morn or evening-fall,
Blue skies were bending over all.

XIV.

The eighth-day morn had brightly broke,
Since first they plied the constant stroke :
An hour or two, still climbing higher,
Was risen the sun with eye of fire.
Beyond a wide bay, in the light,
A distant headland rose to sight :
So calm the deep for this they pressed
Directly on with fearless breast :
The Huron to their oars kept chime
With legends of the olden time.

XV.

A league or two had they advanced,
And softly yet the sunbeams glanced,
And scarce their calmly listening ear
The low-voiced passing wind could hear ;
Yet shook the lake in strange unrest,
As if by fearful dreams possessed,
And the dark waves, they knew not why,
Were lifting higher and more high.
Alarmed, then, east, and west, and north,
The bark-borne mariners looked forth.
Upon the horizon, scarce descried
A shapeless something Moray spied :
" It is no larger than my hand.
O-wa-o-la, can it be land."
" No, brother, 'tis a spirit-cloud"
The Huron said, but not aloud ;
" And if yon cape we may not gain,
We're by the Tempest Spirits slain."

XVI.

No more they said. Each nerve was strained,
Another mile was quickly gained ;
But massy billows more and more
Aloft the wavering bark upbore,
And vast black columns slowly grew
Up from the deep's remotest blue,
While red their livid ranks athwart
Keen Lightning's forkéd tongues would dart,
Drinking the darkness, and anon
Hoarse Thunder's voice came rolling on.
A furlong more—and suddenly
The air around them seemed to die.
They look. With Titan mien and form
Fast move the spirits of the storm ;
And, with their awful presence filled,
All heaven and air and earth are stilled ;
Except, scarce audible, there creep
Mysterious moans along the deep,
And the huge billows crestless raise
Their monster heads, as if to gaze
Upon those mighty shapes—then cower
Beneath each other low and lower.

XVII.

Now half a league away uprose
The shelvy coast with hanging brows ;
They turned and strove their skiff to guide
Lengthwise across the surges wide.
The bark sprung buoyant in the strife,
As Hope upon the sea of life,
But wilder yet the waters grew,
Though still no breeze upon them blew,
And the grim clouds in squadrons drew
Half round the heavens, while calmly shone

Along their lines the opposing sun,
 Upon their sable bosoms high,
 And banners, shadowing o'er the sky,
 Whence, downward on the waters cast,
 Strange lurid lights were darkly glassed,
 Heaved with the heaving billows vast—
 Horrible splendor! and aloud
 Were mutterings heard from cloud to cloud,
 As spoke each spirit through his shroud—
 Rolled the deep drum, and spears were driven,
 The lightning-spears, through echoing heaven.
 A moment more—they hear behind
 The deep voice of the herald wind—
 Then swift steps on the waters—lo!
 The Tempests breathe around them now
 The mist of their gray breath:
 One instant there the sunbeams throw
 Upon them Heaven's own glorious bow—
 O were it hope in death!—
 Then all is night—around them tread
 The elements of wrath and dread,
 While, chafed like steeds, beneath their feet
 The foaming surges rise and meet.

XVIII.

The bark-borne gazed—with fiery trail,
 That made the cheek of Darkness pale,
 Close by their side descending steep,
 A bolt shot crashing to the deep.
 The Huron dropped his bending oar,
 And folded up his arms before.
 “Maníto speaks!” he scarce could say—
 “Owaola is called away!”
 An instant shot, with quivering breast,
 The frightened bark from crest to crest—
 A distant billow, black with doom,
 Came combing through the tempest's gloom:

“ O Mary ! heaven will be our home ! ”—
“ My father’s spirit ! lo I come ! ”
Last words the Huron, Moray, gave,
As whelmed they sunk beneath the wave.
Trained, fearless swimmers, light and strong,
With wave and storm they struggled long,
And land was but a furlong’s length,
When failed the Huron’s youthful strength ;
But Moray grasped him, as he sank,
And bore him on, though thus he drank,
Each stroke, himself, the boiling surge :
And now their arms lay on the verge
Of the smooth sand, with feeble grasp,
Convulsive groan, and bubbling gasp,
And now, by reflux waters torn,
To their deep burial were they borne,
When, rolled o’er all, as bursts the steed
Through war’s wide ranks with headlong speed,
One surge supreme far on the pebbly beach
Hurled them aloft beyond the billows’ reach.

XIX.

Nor yet the tempest-gods gave o’er
Their revelry by lake and shore.
Some on the bald-topped mountains stood,
That distant rose within the wood,
And to each other called, and flung
Red shafts the hoary trees among ;
Others in darkness rushed abroad
Upon the yielding deep, and trode
Its waves to madness, till between
The wide lake flashed with fearful sheen ;
Or shouted all unto the host
Along the northern mountain-coast,
That answering shouts as loudly gave
A hundred leagues across the wave—

And still those pallid ones all breathless slept,
Nor heeded aught the tumult round them kept.

XX.

But on the Storms with fixed bright eye-
At last looked forth the Deity.
Before that calm rebuke they fled,
With mutterings deep and sullen tread ;
All nature round, to light restored,
With smiles, and tears, and whispered word,
And incense-breath, her God adored ;
And by the genial warmth revived,
Again exhausted Moray lived.
He moved—he woke. Like lifeless clay,
On the cold stones beside him lay
O-wa-o-la, the grateful guide.
“Arouse thee, boy !” he said, and tried
To waken him—but vainly took
The pale hand, which no tremor shook.
Long time he sat, and watched the cast
Of his chill face ; but never passed
One shade of change, nor ever came
One breath from that unmoving frame.
Then deemed he thence the life was flown,
And sighed the low lament alone.

XXI.

“Last of thy race ! I will not weep
This loss, the sorest,
Though sweet the love, and passing deep,
To me thou borest !
No ! sleep, since all thy kindred sleep,
Child of the forest !—
And I will lay thee here, where ceaselessly
To soothe thy rest blue waters murmur by.

"They were to thee in life most dear,
 Thy joyance only—
 Alas! they have become thy bier—
 Though now they moan thee—
 And borne thee to thy burial here,
 To lie how lonely!—
 May naught thy solitary sleep molest :
 Heaven take thy gentle spirit to its rest!"

XXXII.

He started—was he not alone ?
 Was it the Huron's stifled groan ?—
 With anxious care he bent o'er him,
 Wiped the cold brow and chafed each limb.
 Slowly returned the vital flush
 O'er cheek and breast, as morning's blush
 Upon the pale and dewy sky ;
 And then, at last, the shrouded eye,
 Like morning sun no more concealed,
 Was in its living depths revealed.
 His head upon his hand he raised,
 On all around bewildered gazed—
 Retreating clouds, the foamy beach,
 And, far as keenest ken could reach,
 Wild waves, that reared and plunged again
 With dark broad breast and snowy main—
 On Moray then. How met their eyes
 In that lone gladness of surprise !

XXIII.

As looked he near with closer view,
 His shattered bark the Huron knew.
 A pensive, long survey he took,
 Then thus in artless sorrow spoke :

"Thou 'rt wrecked, my bark, in lonely place !
 O-wa-o-la in pleasing toil
 Endowed thee with too fragile grace—
 Thou liest the tempest's spoil !
 I do not know what hate to thee it bore—
 Thou'lt breast the wind and sunny waves no more !

"Ah ! light and bold wast thou, my bark,
 And fearless we with billows played—
 And now beside the waters dark
 Alone must thou be laid !
 But when I reach at last the spirit shore,
 We'll breast the wind and sunny waves once more !"

With broken oar a shallow grave
 He made beyond the wasting wave,
 The shattered oars into it threw,
 And fragments of his light canoe,
 Heaped over them, with faltering hand,
 The smooth bright stones and pebbly sand,
 Then led the way, in silent mood, |
 Up through the overhanging wood.

XXIV.

The coast was steep : from left to right
 Deep forests stretched beyond the sight,
 While, distant from their midst upreared,
 The highlands' shadowy heights appeared.
 As on they fared the green-wood through,
 The landscape wild and wilder grew,
 With stream, and mound, and mossy stone,
 And dells that ne'er beheld the sun,
 Till rose at last upon their ear
 The roar of falling waters near.
 Then came they to a deep ravine,
 Where many a fathom down was seen,

With hañging trees on either side;
And toppling crags, a rushing tide :
And, following up its rock-hewn course,
They saw, in all its maniac force,
The maddened stream leap wildly down—
As in th' inebriate bowl to drown
The memory of pleasures flown,
Lost by a folly all its own—
Into the dark and boiling chasm,
That shook with a convulsive spasm,
While rose the spray above, around,
With an eternal sun-bow crowned.

XXV.

And when their first bewildered view
Was cleared of that bedimming dew,
What saw they, that they started so ?
Within the cataract's centre, lo !
Where one small rock the glassy flood,
Just bending in its fatal mood,
Might barely part, an Indian girl
Stood gazing on the dizzy whirl.
A fallen tree, as it should seem,
Had rudely bridged the rapid stream
A space above, but, from the clay,
When over it her homeward way
Essayed the forest's fearless daughter,
Borne downward by the swollen water;
Had barely, with the clinging maid,
Upon that tide-worn rock been stayed,
Half floating in the current's flow,
Half hanging o'er the abyss below.
And on that most precarious base,
With all an Indian maiden's grace,
In huntress' garb, with ebon bow,
And arrows hung her breast below,

Unmoved she stood, and looked around,
If aught of rescue might be found ;
Eyeing at times, and earnestly,
The branches of a massive tree,
Which, riven by the lightning's stroke,
Remained with half its strength unbroke,
While half above the gulf was hung,
And down those shattered branches flung
Just over and beyond the edge.
So rose she on that lofty ledge,
The thing of calmest, loveliest mien
In all that fair and fearful scene—
Ay, lovelier, calmer, to the sight
Than e'en the Iris, child of light,
That, mingled of its changeless dies,
Could so serenely there arise,
And watch her with its radiant eyes.

XXVI.

And now a step or two she put
Without the ledge her beaded foot,
And hung the yawning gorge above,
While with that glittering bow she strove
To reach those branches in the air :
Then, as the round beam wavered there,
She started back, yet not in fear,
But calmly raised her hand to clear
The long black tresses from her face,
And wondering gazed a moment's space,
On all the lovely scene, which seemed—
The more that death was near her deemed—
Fairer than aught she e'er had dreamed,
And sweetly smiled a girlish smile,
To see the Iris all the while
So brightly there, yet not in gladness,
Look on the waters' eager madness.

XXVII.

But soon full anxious grew her glance,
As wandered through her mind, perchance,
Some thoughts of parent, home and kin,
And throbbed her gentle heart within.
Again beyond the dizzy verge
She did her faltering footsteps urge,
Again upraised her bow to bring
The far boughs near, whereon to cling ;
Again, as boat on ocean's swell,
The beam, o'erbalanced, rose and fell.
The twigs were frail, nor could avail
Her utmost skill to draw them nigher ;
Her footsteps' stay all tottering lay,
She saw the swoln stream swelling higher :
One moment, then, with earnest thought
Viewing the green and glassy flood—
That o'er the rocks, in meaning mood,
Insanely bent to ruin there,
With smooth and fatal flow—she caught
The conscious calmness of despair.
With slow retreat she took her seat
The bow around her neck she hung,
In folded rest upon her breast
Her softly moulded arms she flung ;
Then, looking with unaltered mien,
Upon the sunbow's face serene,
Nor ever turning once aside,
Except to see the rising tide,
She did in tranquil paleness wait
The coming of her fearful fate.

XXVIII.

But soon as, breaking from their trance,
She saw the twain in haste advance,

She started up, with sun-light gleams
Of joy illuming face and eye,
As when from dark and fearful dreams
One wakes to glad reality ;
Yet spake no anxious words, but slow
Points toward the boughs her ebon bow.
She looked the daughter of a chief,
That scarce in need would ask relief.
Upon the rent tree Moray sprung,
Crept down its slivered limbs among,
Then, bending from their shaken shade
Above th' abyss, he caught the maid,
Who sprung to meet him there :
Swayed off, and by the waters dashed,
The rude bridge downward thundering crashed—
The girl hung in the air—
But Moray's strong arm safely drew
Such form the rocking branches through,
And throbbed his heart with joy elate,
When, loosened by the two-fold weight,
The rocks fell down beneath,
The rifted half-elm, crackling loud,
Into the roaring gulf was bowed
And drank the cataract's breath,
By but a single root up-stayed.
"Go ! pale-face !" cried the earnest maid,
"Go, brother, ere it be too late,
And leave the red girl to her fate,
The fate she faced before ?"
But he, her slender form embraced,
Sprung up the tree with arrow's haste,
Which, as he leaped upon the ground,
Its headlong passage tore,
And, whirling steeply round and round,
Fell with a crushing crash that drowned
The cataract's rising roar,

And left them on the precipice
Gazing into the wild abyss.

XXIX.

And Moray's hand the maiden took
With words less eloquent than her look.
"White-man," she said, "my sire hath taught
To scorn, by deed, by word, by thought,
Thy race, by whom our race have bled,
Foes to our living and our dead.
Yet is Omeena's soul her own.
For thee, at least, if thee alone,
The Ottawa's child forgets her vow—
Ah! and for one more pale than thou,
In this life made almost a spirit,
So near's the life she will inherit!
Will not my brother go and see
How fair a faded flower can be?"
She spoke, nor waited for reply,
But sprung before him joyfully,
And tripped with airy steps along
Trees, rills, and flowery banks among,
And sunny glades; nor failed to pass
Oft, as by chance, some watery glass,
Wherein to view her lovely face,
Lest it had lost some winning grace;
Or, bending down upon the plain,
She would from wild-flowers brush the rain,
And wreath them in her flowing hair,
And shoot her arrows through the air,
Then laugh, till all the leaves around
Seemed tremulous with the silvery sound.
O-wa-o-la his eyes of love
Could never from her beauty move:
But Moray could nor see nor hear,
For at his heart were hope and fear.

XXX.

“She must not see thee suddenly,
 Lest—hark! it is her voice you hear;
 I did not think she was so near!”

In deep suspense and agony
 Stood Moray there, as wild and shrill,
 Or low and sad, beyond a rill
 Concealed by foliage, rose a strain
 Which might the passing wind enchain.

“He came and wooed, he staid and won—
 His face, it was so fair!
 And with such soft and winning tone
 He would his love declare,
 Which should through life, through death, remain—
 Alas! he never came again!

For ah! in war—” but here the lay
 Died, like a broken lute’s, away:
 And then she wildly laughed till rung
 The forest round, and then she sung:
 “Oh! lovely the forms and the sounds of earth,
 But lovelier fill the air;
 By day and by night they are hovering around
 And they call to me every where,
 And they say, ‘come away!’”—the notes once more
 Sunk low and tuneless as before.

“Alas!” the lover cried, “what change
 Has made thy voice so sadly strange!”—

And springing caught the vision there,
 And groaning sunk upon his knee—

“It is not she! it is not she!

O God! thou mockest my despair!”

“What! speak’st thou of another maid?

There was with us,” Omeena said,

" Long since, most sorrowful and fair,
 Like this, a moon-lit form of air.
 But she one night was stolen away."
 No word could heedless Moray say ;
 Yet, as he gazed, 'twas sad relief,
 That she, so worn with wo and grief,
 Was not his own belovéd one—
 Such wreck had all his heart undone.

XXXI.

O still earth's fairest are the frailest,
 Thou mourner by the tomb that wailest !
 And whatso'er her life, 'twas seen,
 It left her not what she had been.
 She had, Omeena said, from home
 Across the great salt waters come,
 And in the western wilds was ta'en
 A captive, while her kin were slain,
 Then many a weary league removed
 Where'er her restless captors roved ;
 Last, from the Ottawa's Indian foes
 Was rescued in the conflict's close,
 But with a jarred and wandering mind,
 And beauty of that fearful kind,
 That paleness all unmixed with bloom,
 Which is a promise to the tomb.
 Save this, her voiceless history
 Was writ in Mercy's book on high.

XXXII.

Heedless she sat, as from the bank
 Her feet the cooling waters drank,
 With dress arrayed in simple style,
 As rural seen in Albion's isle,
 But rudely wrought, without the aids
 Which should belong to gentle maids :

Her marble brow and bosom bare
 Shone coldly through her auburn hair,
 Which, all with hueless flowers entwined
 And green leaves, floated unconfined ;
 And oh ! those eyes, once darkly blue,
 Were faded to that milder hue,
 The sorrowing soul's ethereal light,
 When, having long with sufferings striven,
 It has become allied to heaven—
 Yet wandered with uncertain light,
 As seeing forms, where'er they fell,
 To others' eyes invisible.
 Fresh flowers she held, the young and frail—
 Some dark, though best she loved the pale—
 Which she would fondly kiss, and pressed
 With tears upon her faded breast,
 And gazed into their eyes so near,
 Then sang, as if they could but hear :
 " Ye are children of the earth, they say,
 Of the earth and the sunny air,
 But I know ye are born of the stars by night,
 For how can the dark earth bear
 Such lovely and sinless things as ye,
 That dwell in her blight and misery
 Without a tear !
 " Ye are fair in the forest, but fairer far
 Your sisters along the Tyne,
 For the skies o'er them—" her restless eye
 A moment fixed on vacancy,
 " Ay !" murmured she, in dying strain,
 " He never—never—came again !"

XXXIII.

" Dear sister, cease !" Omeena cried,
 And pressed the poor girl to her side :
 " Why wilt thou weep among the flowers ?"—
 " Oh ! for they speak of happy hours !

And youth was sweet—and life is vain—
 And tears will ease my aching brain—
 And flowers have nought to be forgiven,
 For they have always looked on heaven !”
 As Moray was descried, amazed
 She screamed, and, starting backward, raised
 Her hand above her eyes, and gazed
 Through gathering tears, with fearful shaking,
 As if, from mournful dreams awaking,
 From out their scenes, confounded all,
 She strove some image to recall—
 Then shook her head, while sadder grew
 Her pale, thin face,—then nearer drew,
 Gazed in his eyes, and through his hair
 Her wasted fingers led :
 “ Thine eyes are dark, thy face is fair,
 Thy locks are soft,”—she said :
 “ Thou look’st like him I loved so well—
 But he, I know in battle fell,
 And moulders with the dead.
 In bloody France were thousands slain—
 And Moray never came again !”
 “ ’Tis he she means, and he hath died,
 My Scottish kinsman,” Moray cried :
 “ A sword no nobler ever wore ;
 But now his course of glory’s o’er,
 And *here*, and *such*, is she he loved !—
 Poor girl, the world thou’st sadly proved !”—
 “ His kinsman thou ? Now blest be God !
 And wilt thou from this gloomy wood
 Bear me away—but not, I pray,
 Where cold in blood my parents lay !
 But let us to sweet England go !—
 And thou, beloved Omeena, too,
 Thou’lt dwell with us beside the Tyne :
 Thou dost not know how sweetly blow
 Its flowers, how bright its stars will shine !”—

“Ay!” Moray cried, and kissed her cold, wan brow,
And back with tears the dewy tresses parted,
“I’ll bear thee to some rest, thou broken-hearted!”

XXXIV.

They sought the hut. Omeena’s care
Was setting forth its frugal fare,
Dried venison, simple cakes of corn,
Cool water from the fountain borne,
When suddenly within the door
The Ottawa stood that group before.
First wondering glared his fierce, black eye,
Then lightened o’er its midnight sky
Vindictive rage; nor heeded he,
Through wrath, the wigwam’s sanctity:
“What! darest thou slay the red-man, then
Brave waking vengeance in her den?
Die! murderer of my father’s son!”
“To save my life he risked his own!”
Omeena cried, and stayed in air
The gleaming knife between them there,
And told the while, with earnest breath,
Her rescue from that fearful death:
“If this Oo-loo-ra’s murderer be,
Then let thy vengeance fall on me!”
The admiring chieftain eyed his child,
To mark her lofty spirit smiled,
Then Moray to the door-way led:
“That hand by which my brother bled
Has saved my daughter from the dead:
Revenge and Gratitude are met.
But listen, pale-face. Thou art yet
One of a race we deem our foes,
While rolls the sun, or river flows;
And I am still a foe to thee.
Before us mark that slender tree:
Soon as its shadow, through the door,

The sun shall fling along the floor,
 Thou must begin thy fastest flight.
 I stay : but when his mid-day height
 The sun hath reached again, my hate
 Shall track thee with the steps of Fate.”
 He sat him by the door alone,
 And moveless watched the moving sun ;
 Nor of the meaning glances knew,
 Omeena to the Huron threw.

XXXV.

“ Yes ! ” murmured she from secret place,
 “ Most like it looks—the same fair face ! ”
 And then at Moray’s feet she kneeled,
 And raised those eyes, by madness sealed
 With earth’s most strange and fearful blight :
 “ My mother stood by me last night !
 It was not, mangled, wet with blood,
 As lay she in the leafy wood ;
 It was not, in a shroud so pale,
 As sister sleeps in Tyne’s low vale ;
 But oh ! it was a vision bright,
 That seemed to shine by inward light,
 Most beautiful to see ;
 And through my spirit stole a voice,
 That I should weep not, but rejoice,
 For soon her sorrowing child should come
 Unto the Father’s heavenly home,
 ‘ Where many mansions be.’—
 Lo ! there, what light the heavens doth rend !
 See, see those angel forms descend
 From out eternity !
 Ah ! when I shall have passed the deep,
 And with my gentle sister sleep,
 Will such not come and take my soul to Heaven ! ”
 Tears, many tears, but no reply was given.

XXVI.

The sun had gained his noon-tide tower,
 The shadow marked th' appointed hour.
 The chieftain rose, two polished bows,
 And store of smooth-wrought arrows, chose :
 " These will obtain ye hunter's food—
 Let pale-face make his safety food."
 He spoke, and sped them from the door.
 The Huron set his steps before ;
 And fast their feet from wigwams rude
 Were bearing back to solitude,
 And closed around the darkening wood,
 When—why his course should Moray wheel ?
 What could that final glance reveal ?—
 He heard no cry—he saw her fall—his tread,
 Swift as the wind, but came to find her dead !
 He was her trust—and when on her cold cheek
 One kiss he pressed, with lips that could not speak,
 Then passed away, in mute and chill surprise
 She watched, till closed upon her aching eyes,
 O'er that last hope, the wildering forest wide,
 Then spoke no word—but all within her died :
 The pain, the woes, grief, dread, despair of years
 Were crowded on her heart—she shed no tears :
 That heart's last string was broke—she gave no cry,
 But, ere she fell, her soul passed silently.
 With folded hands across its virgin breast,
 A lifeless form the bare earth-threshold pressed.
 —She was not changed. There was no power in **Death**
 To blight those features more with his chill breath,
 Than they had been in life : where Grief hath made
 His dwelling long, there are no flowers to fade ;
 And all the difference in this was shown,
 The marble statue from its base *o'erthrown*,
 Save that the frozen eyes' more glassy light
 Declared her reason now departed quite !—

Where was the spirit flown ?—Oh ! who could doubt,
That saw her suffering all, yet murmuring naught ?
Those bright and heavenly ones, she seemed to see,
Had borne it up, where “ many mansions be.”

XXXVII.

They laid her on a wicker bed,
With braided mats and wild skins spread.
Then sat the chieftain by the door,
And turned him towards the form no more,
And yet, though none its lines might trace,
Grave sadness shadowed o'er his face :
But Moray gazed upon her there,
So purely pale, so coldly fair,
And could not take his eyes away
From Mary in that lifeless clay ;
While, lovelier now by sorrow's mien,
Than yet O-wa-o-la had seen,
Who then but felt her beauty's power,
Omeena, heedless of the hour,
With tears—tears to herself denied
When Death had marked her for his bride—
Poured forth a low and ceaseless wailing,
Of mournful sweetness most prevailing.

XXXVIII.

THE LAMENT.

“ Where is the foam of the waters ?
White on the golden sand it shone :
But a wave from the deep came dark and high—
I looked and the foam was gone !
It might not linger !

“ Where is the snow-wreath of winter ?
Pure in the forest depths it lay :
But the Great Spirit looked from the stormless heavens,
And the snow-wreath passed away
In its own breathing !

“Where is the cloudlet of Summer ?
 Palely it slept on the sky's calm breast :
 But the winds blew strong and the tempest rose—
 The cloud found a darker rest,
 No more returning !

“Lovely wast thou, my sister,
 Gentle and sad as the night's low breath !
 Ah ! if thou hadst been less sweet and fair,
 Thou wouldst not have charmed cold Death
 Nor grieved Omeena !

“Vain is the voice of my sorrow !
 Never again to the earth nor me
 Thy spirit returns from the Shadowy Land :
 And with tears shall I gaze, like thee,
 On stars and flowers !

“Yet will I cease from my mourning,
 Child of the moon-lit Ocean-foam !
 For a captive, and orphan, and lonely in wo,
 Manitto hath called thee home,
 To meet the long-lost !

“Soon may I come to thee, dearest !
 Sorrow and tears and the tomb are not there,
 And the flowers have no fading, the storm never comes,
 And joy fills the boundless air.—
 Sleep, sleep, thou dreamless !”

XXXIX.

The broad sun's parting beams were shed
 Upon the mourning and the dead :
 Again was Moray speechless led
 Without the door. “Thus much for grief,”
 More softly spoke the deep voiced chief :

“ The pale-flower many winds had shaken :
She sleepeth well and will not waken.
But now depart : no longer mourn.
The Ottawa’s vow may not return.
Thus low the sun to-morrow’s night,
His feet will chase thy lingering flight.”
One look to those still features given,
One thought upon her soul in Heaven,
And heart-wrung Moray rushed away,
While closed behind Night’s pinions gray.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO SEVENTH.

LOVE rules the universal heart of man
Through all its range of age, rank, place and mood ;
But thou, since first in Heaven her reign began,
Her kindest offspring art, O Gratitude !
Man's hard, stern heart grows soft, with thee imbued,
And sweeter swells the fount of woman's love :—
O let thy forms in dwellings wild and rude
No doubt nor scorn in polished bosoms move,
Since wheresoe'er thou be, thou comest from above !

I.

Again, as thence the Huron passed,
Omeena's meaning glance was cast,
Ere yet his face the Ottawa turned ;
And well O-wa-o-la discerned
Her earnest wish, and throbbed his breast,
Of her sweet confidence possessed.
Some weary hours their way they made
Beneath the two-fold solemn shade

Of night and forest, till around
 The high hills lay, with hemlocks crowned,
 And just upon the verge of heaven
 The wan and wasted moon was given
 To their lone gaze. Then, wooed and won,
 Soft sleep reposed with them. But soon
 O-wa-o-la shook Moray's breast
 And roused him from his troubled rest :
 " Look ! see them stand on every side !"—
 " Ay, and the Ottawa's chief hath lied !"
 " What shall we do ?" the Huron said,
 With feigned surprise and whispered dread :
 " Say, brother—shall we rise and fight ?"—
 " 'Twere vain—a struggle thus by night,
 And with such numbers. If we're ta'en,
 We can at last be only slain."

II.

The Indians came, but nothing said,
 Bound fast their arms, then mutely led
 A rapid course, by devious flights.
 Sometime they climbed the rocky heights,
 That ne'er a footstep might be left ;
 Sometimes along the rugged cleft
 Of scaly precipice would pass,
 Or through the deep dell's dark morass,
 Or pebbly stream, or stony path,
 Where once had swept a torrent's wrath,
 Or light along some pool-like lake
 Whose ripples o'er their steps might break—
 The waning moon still higher pacing,
 Her dead in faded arms embracing.
 But when the Morn awoke young Day,
 The binding thongs they took away,
 Yet onward roamed the solitudes
 Of mountain, plain, or tangled woods,
 In warrior Indian's wily mode,

Each treading where the foremost trode ;
 And often, circling round a place,
 Would thence depart divergent ways,
 With backward steps, then softly tread
 Along some streamlet's sandy bed,
 For many a rood, that every trace
 The gliding waters might efface.

III.

And now another night was past,
 Another day departing fast :—
 “ Look !—Did the Lynx-eye nothing see ?”
 Exclaimed the leader suddenly,
 And pointed to a hill-top high.
 “ A fox, Ojeb !” was the reply.—
 “ Ay—but an Ottawa fox, I ween.”—
 “ The Ottawa would not thus be seen.”—
 “ Well—open eye and hand prepared
 May serve quick need.”—Each silent fared
 Along the winding vale awhile,
 Until it grew a deep defile,
 When springing forward suddenly,
 O-wa-o-la, whose restless eye
 Had each minutest thing espied
 Through all the vale on either side,
 Drew forth an arrow from the ground,
 And bow with bloody wampuni bound :
 “ A warning hand hath placed them here.
 Death in the dell is lurking near !”

IV.

No word was said. With boundings light,
 They scaled the hill-side gained the height,
 And far along had urged their flight,
 And fast were fleeing—wildly rose
 The angry yell of baffled foes—
 The death-bolts flew—like thunder cloud,

There burst the dark dell's fringy shroud,
 With steps of storm and shoutings loud,
 Ken-hát-ta-wa, his eyes on fire,
 With warriors wild in war's attire.
 Despite their wiles and cautious haste,
 He had each devious winding traced,
 With skill, which nothing could delude,
 And feet as swift, as e'er pursued
 Hates flying victim clearly viewed.

v.

Both who pursued and who would flee
 Sprung each behind rock, mound, or tree.
 The wily strife began amain—
 These, seeking safe their boats to gain,
 That lay beside the just seen lake,
 Those, baffled guile's revenge to slake.
 From rock to rock, with ceaseless sound,
 From tree to tree, from mound to mound,
 The whistling shot were sped around,
 The flinted arrows flew ;
 Whoop answered whoop, and yell to yell,
 As here or there one leaped and fell,
 And wildly echoed hill and dell
 The affrighted forest through :
 The living fight—defied—defying—
 In death the fallen taunt the dying.

vi.

And now by short and sudden flights,
 Like low morass's glancing lights,
 Was won with loss their perilous way,
 Till but a rugged hill-side lay
 Between them and the welcome lake.
 At signal given, like deer they break
 From coverts each, and headlong rush
 Down over rock, and brier, and bush ;

Follows the yell of mad surprise,
And leaden hail around them flies,
And clouds of arrows cleave the skies,
And those who fall, no more to rise,
Of them that fly before,
Are heeded not—the dead must find
Their own revenge—with steps of wind
The angry tempest sweeps behind,
And thunders to the shore.

VII.

There close around each floating bark
More deadly grew the strife, and dark.
“Revenge!” the maddened Ottowas cry.
“Revenge!” the rocky woods reply.
The sand and slippery stones among
The war-club’s fearful weight was swung,
Deep, deeper in the rocking tide
The hatchet’s fatal edge was plied,
While, where they strove the waves beneath,
The sharp knife found a shuddering sheath,
Till, rising from that mutual slaughter,
Their corpses floated o’er the water,
Whose grasp of hate no shock might sever,
Locked in that last embrace for ever.
Wild was the fury—long the fray;
And when at last was borne away
One bark with Moray’s life,
Ken-hát-ta-wa’s yell of phrenzy rose,
And faster showered his stormy blows,
And fiercer closed the strife,
For flight or chase the boat to gain,
That floated still among the slain—
With rage the air was rife—
The rocky shores and rended sky
Echoed with whoop and battle-cry,

Grew black each brow, and blazed each eye,
 And reeking low or flashing high
 Were steely axe and knife :—
 The golden sand lay drunk and red
 Beneath the dying and the dead.
 At length the wounded few, o'erborne—
 When first some stealthy foot had torn
 The sheathing of their frail canoe—
 Dove through the wave, nor rose to view,
 To yield their watchful foes a mark,
 Till safe within the rescued bark.

VIII.

In haste the Ottowas launched, and plied
 Swift oars of vengeance o'er the tide ;
 But soon their rent and sinking boat
 Left them upon the wave afloat.
 With angry whoops and splashing hand,
 They turned and struggled towards the land,
 While loud their foes' exulting laughter
 Above their heads came pealing after.
 Oh ! quickly changed to maddened cries
 Triumphant scorn, as saw their eyes
 The Ottowas, o'er the watery swells,
 With busy grasp and fiendish yells,
 Scalp the cold corpses on the billows—
 As tossed they with their tossing pillows—
 And wave the ghastly trophies high,
 And gash, what could no farther die !

IX.

The strife is o'er. As on they sweep
 Through twilight shades along the deep,
 They see from off the bloody strand,
 Amid his baffled, shattered band,
 Ken-hát-ta-wa shake his gory hand ;

But who upon that summit high—
 So softly limned against the sky,
 That sheds a purer azure there—
 A sunset cloud, a form of air,

Waves them a green branch o'er the water ?
 By form and garb and ebon bow,
 You should a youthful hunter know ;
 But by those chiselled features fair,
 That swelling breast and floating hair,
 She looks a chieftain's daughter.

X.

The chieftain saw that form of grace,
 And sabler lowered his stormy face.
 He bounded up with fiery leap,
 And stood before her on the steep.
 "What art thou ?" broke he, stern and high,
 While glared his dark, dilated eye.
 "A chieftain's child" she answering raised
 An eye as proud, and firmly gazed.
 "A chieftain's child ?—a captive's scorn !
 Base maid ! thou art not Indian born !
 Some pale-face did thy vileness rear !
 By thee the Ottawa's oath's a jeer :
 By thee have met in Death's embrace
 Thy mother's and thy father's race,
 From which may grow a ceaseless strife—
 And all to save a pale-dog's life,
 Whose race the red-men doom to slaughter.
 A traitress thou—the Ottawa's daughter ?
 What hinders, that I should not hurl
 Thee down to death, degenerate girl ?"

XI.

She led him to the utmost verge :
 "Look ! deep and dark their course they urge !

Look!—let my sire to such a grave
Commit in wrath the life he gave ;
But let his child dishonor not
His name by benefits forgot.
If pale-face and a foeman he,
Yet I will not an ingrate be.
Worst traitor to the red-man's cause
Is he, who breaks the red-man's laws :
And how shall not our hearts be free ?
Manitto, judge 'twixt me and thee !"—
"But knew'st thou not, thy father might
Sink, girl, amid the certain fight ?
What if Ken-hát-ta-wa were slain ?—
Oh ! thus thou wouldst all license gain !
Thus o'er the tribe of Pontiac reign !"
A shade subdued the maiden's eye,
And tremulous was her reply :
"Nay, father !—On her mother's tomb,
And thine, Omeena's flowers should bloom ;
And she would weep and long lament,
Yet ne'er her gratitude repent.
Of Pontiac's race, Omeena's mind
May change not with the changing wind."
"Thou hast thy father's soul, my child,"
Returned the admiring chief, more mild :
"Thou hast but done as I would do.
But hear me, girl.—There is a foe,
My hatred more, my wrath, my scorn,
Than all the pale-faced cowards born :
And if thy girlish love to him
Thou give, I'll tear thee limb from limb,
And to the waves and winds of heaven
Thy yet warm ashes shall be given ;
Nor shall Tecumseh live to mourn
The grace, that never may return !"

XII.

The twilight deepened. Well they knew,
 That birchen vessel's wily crew,
 In any place, by day or night,
 To land would but renew the fight ;
 So must they boldly push, perforce,
 Across the lake their rapid course.
 But ne'er the deep was calmer seen,
 Nor heaven of more unruffled mien :
 Skiffs live, when sleep the ocean waves—
 They wake, and strong ships find their graves.
 —The twilight deepens : but the skies
 Still show some soft celestial dies,
 Where the departing day hath set ;
 As, when have fallen the shades of death,
 Unto the eye of sorrowing Faith
 The confines of two worlds are given,
 Bright with the glorious hues of Heaven,
 Where Time Eternity hath met :
 And just above the darkening west,
 Pale Dian lifts her faded crest,
 That all the day her path serene
 Hath trod content to be unseen,
 And now, like some fair victim of decay,
 Hovers above her grave with sad, sweet ray.

XIII.

Along the winding coast awhile
 They swept their course with easy toil,
 And down Keweena's shadowy shore
 Whereon its western waters roar,
 Then sped them fearless, far and free,
 Forth on that wide and silent sea.
 Soon land was lost, nor aught around,
 Save dimness, could the distance bound ;
 Vanished the glory of the day,

And heaven grew pale ; the distant wave
 Received the meek moon to her grave :
 But soon with more prevailing ray
 The stars come forth ; a deeper blue
 Doth all their silent courts imbue.

XIV.

The stars came forth. Upon his throne
 Each watched his realm prescribed, alone,
 With calm and changeless countenance ;
 And from their gaze, o'er all th' expanse
 Of waters, like a mighty spell,
 A strange and awful stillness fell.
 All was the deep repose of thought ;
 No sound the ear of listener caught ;
 The waves were hushed ; the calm, pure air
 Awoke no creeping ripple there—
 Just stirred, all infinite and lone,
 Like breathings of the world unknown.
 So still—above—around—beneath—
 All might have seemed the reign of Death,
 But that with an unfailing light
 The stars' immortal brows were bright,
 And with their glorious presence made
 That solemn, that mysterious shade,
 O'er sky, earth, air, and waters given,
 A spiritual life. All heaven
 Came down upon the deep, and, glassed
 In its unruffled mirror vast,
 Swelled far below, as boundless, clear,
 Into another hemisphere,
 And with as bright a firmament
 Around its dim horizon bent,
 Whence upward gazed its host of stars
 Upon those moving mariners.
 As when the parted soul doth stray
 From Earth beyond the solar way,

Till in the deepening distance far
 The spheréd sun becomes a star,
 The circling vastness, awed and stilled,
 All, all with countless orbs is filled,
 And, whereso'er that spirit turns,
 One wide immortal radiance burns :
 So moved they, hung two heavens between,
 Whose crowded worlds on worlds were seen,
 Where'er they gazed, in awe profound,
 The bright circumference around.
 Amazed they moved, all sounds forbore,
 Save the light dipping of the oar,
 And scarce their hearts dare beat to tell
 Their spirits yet within them dwell ;
 For, as they glide, the Indian deems
 He passeth to the Land of Dreams,
 While to his consciousness wrapt Moray seems
 Drifting, O where ! o'er being's boundless sea,
 Unknown, unmeasured, dread Eternity.

xv.

Day dawned on starlight. At one stride
 Rushed up the sun, and waters wide
 Burned red beneath his level ray,
 And yet they only half their way
 Across that mighty lake had won.
 All day they toiled ; but when the sun
 Was sinking in the deep again,
 Afar uprose a rocky chain
 Of mountain coast, to north and east
 Stretched darkly in eternal rest,
 With shadowy heights, grotesque and wild,
 Crag over crag enormous piled
 A thousand feet above the wave,
 Dell, forest, precipice, and cave,
 And ruined ridges rudely hurled,
 'The barriers of the watery world,

When rolled the deluge-wrath of Heaven
 And earth's foundation-rocks were riven.
 But veering to the west they ran,
 And landed ere the heights began,
 Where, bathed in sunset, low and green,
 A hundred little isles were seen—
 Drew high their bark—then by its side
 Wooed welcome slumber, long denied :
 The still, near waters all night long
 Murmured-a low and quiet song.

XVI.

Ere shuts her eye the morning star,
 They wend upon their journey far ;
 But lingers not the Muse to tell
 Their windings all by deep and dell.
 Suffice, at times they bear their bark
 Aloft through woody portage dark ;
 At times their quick oars lightly break
 The blue of some pellucid lake,
 Where seldom aught one trembling brings,
 One motion's evanescent rings,
 Except the wild-bird's glancing wings ;
 And all around them, low and high,
 The gush of living melody
 Is heard, and every turn displays
 Some fresher beauty, fairer grace,
 Low shores that wind with pebbly pave,
 Where willows droop upon the wave,
 Or, steeper built, with wild-vines hung,
 And briers, their ruined clefts among,
 Sweet shaded vales, and many a stream,
 Whose banks the Indian well might deem
 Would Fairies haunt by moonlight gleam,
 Dells, thickets green, and ridges gray
 Where scarce the hunted deer would stray

And over all, huge forests hoar,
Waving their old arms evermore.

XVII.

The third day saw their gliding forms
In silence coast the Lake of Storms,
Whose shores had given a kindred race
An immemorial dwelling-place.
The dusky warriors thronged at view
With rudest welcome's wild haloo,
And hasted, in their wigwams near,
To spread their feast of choicest cheer.
Sincere their joy?—Go, haply born
To polished pride, enlightened scorn,
And taught at Nature's gifts to sneer—
Go—search the world around, where'er
Man dwells, from Afric's solar glow
To Hecla's flame or Zembla's snow,
And thence where swarthy tribes behold
The Arctic's frozen mountains rolled,
And thou shalt find the tear and smile,
That fears alarm, that hopes beguile,
And that a thousand fountains start
In each, as any, human heart.

XVIII.

Meantime was nothing asked or said,
Or in their guarded features read,
Concerning Moray; from each eye
Was banished curiosity,
Though it the while but stronger burned,
Within each silent breast inurned.
Gravely the chieftain circle round,
The pipe was passed, with pause profound;
Then briefly did Ojeeb declare
The reason of their presence there.

Rose fierce debate. Some urged their vow,
 No more to spare the pale-faced foe ;
 Then how the welcome hand bestow ?
 No ! let him fall before their eyes,
 Great A-re-ous-ki's sacrifice !
 Others, that none may vainly come
 For refuge to the red-man's home.
 —With wrinkled brows, where public care
 Sat like a hermit gray, and hair
 Made white and thin by ninety snows,
 The sachem Nidi Wyan rose,
 And bade, while reverently they hear,
 The stranger to his eyes appear.

XIX.

“Pale-face” he said, approaching near,
 With accents tremulous but clear :—
 “The great lake heard the conflict high ;
 Its waves are blood, and many lie
 Too low to rise ; their deathless minds
 Are floating on the sighing winds.
 But *thou* art here.—We welcome thee.—
 Thou wouldst return.—It may not be.
 Sweet is the voice of brooks that flow
 Around our father's home ; but know,
 Ken-hât-ta-wa with all his train
 Will watch for thee by lake and plain ;
 And many a tribe would gladly win
 His powerful peace by blood of thine.
 Nay, more. The red-man's race have sworn
 Their glory past no more to mourn,
 But rise united now, and sweep
 The pale-face to one lasting sleep.
 Then whither couldst thou flee, and meet
 No foeman's quick avenging feet ?
 But listen. Vainly Wyan calls,
 When morning wakes or evening falls :

Nor sons nor kin on earth remain
To answer him—he calls in vain !
And Nidi groweth old apace.
Soon faileth, in the bounding chase,
His foot to track the wolf and roe,
His hand in war to strike the foe.
Thy foot is fleet—thy hand is strong—
Thy years to be are bright and long.
Thou—thou shalt be his son instead,
Nor harm from any foeman dread ;
And how beloved and honored he,
Who Nidi Wyan's son shall be !”
To slight such care or seek to fly
Well Moray knew would be to die ;
And soon became, with simple forms,
A chieftain by the Lake of Storms.

xx.

'Twere long to tell the weariness
Of every day's unnamed distress,
Of doubts, fears, memories, that brought
Eternity of aching thought ;
And, worse than all to Sorrow's eye,
That ocean of uncertainty,
Which hath no ebb, no flow, no zone,
Dark, boundless, fathomless, unknown.
And yet his varied life might well,
Could aught, such weariness dispel.
As lustful Summer passed away,
And hale old Autumn, changing gray,
Came slowly on, that aged one,
Who deeply loved his stranger son,
He left at last, and followed far,
With hunters, towards the northern star
The ceaseless chase ; or sought, with care
Of cunning skill, to trap and snare

The soft-furred, harmless things, that make
 Their dwellings fast by stream and lake.
 The Huron ever by his side,
 Whose care a brother's love supplied,
 Wild was the world he roamed, and strange,
 Through all the red-man's mighty range—
 From that broad Mirror of the Woods,
 That o'er its own dark spirit broods
 Like weird enchanter's shadowy glass,
 On, where the As-sin-i-boines harass
 The roving deer by Moose's tide,
 And Man-i-tó-ba's waters wide
 Hear spirit sounds at stilly noon
 Or underneath the hanging moon ;
 And thence, where Winepeek's broad breast
 Lay filled with heaven's unclouded rest ;
 And, past blue Bourbon's haunted sleep,
 Where, in the chase or battle's sweep,
 Wild Knisteneaux undaunted brave
 The Sas-ka-tchaw-an's gelid wave.

XXI.

Through all this region roaming round,
 Where'er their game the Indians found,
 A thousand plains he traversed o'er,
 No white man's foot had trod before ;
 A thousand wandering streams he crossed,
 That seemed in depth of forests lost ;
 A thousand lonely lakes surveyed,
 That ne'er before their face displayed
 To other than the Indian's gaze,
 Or wending elk's through trackless maze ;
 And from a thousand mountains high
 Viewed the wide woods and smoky sky.
 But still, where'er he bent his eyes,
 One form with every scene would rise ;

O'er every plain he saw it near,
As forms in reveries appear ;
From every glassy lake 'twas shown,
How sadly fair ! beside his own ;
In every streamlet's murmuring noise
He heard but Mary's gentle voice ;
On every mountain's height he stood,
And, turning, o'er the boundless wood
Through unimaginable space
Beheld afar her faded face !

XXII.

And when from out the icy north
Stern Winter stretched his sceptre forth—
When lake and stream were fettered fast,
And through the hollow woods the blast
Moaned fitfully a dirge, and loud,
Above the dead year in his shroud,
Around their wigwam fires the while
Strange tales were told, that might beguile
The long nights—such as haunt their minds
Ever, as do the clouds and winds
The troubled bosom of the deep :—
How dark-haired Fairies revels keep,
With braided dance in endless maze,
Beneath the pale moon's tranquil blaze—
How men to fishes, beasts and birds
Have oft been changed—what fearful words
Been heard, of most mysterious power,
In the deep woods at midnight hour—
What shapes enrobed in clouds appear
Where high the Sable Hills uprear
Their stormy brows—what glories blaze,
Dazzling the eyes that dare to gaze,
The Shining Mountains round, which hold
Uncounted stores of pearl and gold,

While past their heights, in light excelling,
 The God of Thunders hath his dwelling ;—
 And how in vast Superior stands
 The glittering Isle of Golden sands,
 Whose treasures, idly splendid there,
 To take or touch no hand may dare,
 For gilded serpents watch unsleeping,
 And, 'neath the waves dark vigils keeping,
 A spirit, like a thunder cloud,
 Dilated strides with threatenings loud.
 All these with not incurious ear,
 So sitting by, he could but hear ;
 Yet still, oh ! still, his soul would stray
 To one loved form—away—away.

XXIII.

Vanished the snows. A deadly feud,
 Which had for untold years imbrued
 The Chippewas and fiery Sioux
 In ceaseless, wasting slaughter, grew
 Yet deeper now, by hunters slain
 And left upon the frozen plain.
 They had forsworn all mutual strife,
 But Indian law was—*life for life* ;
 And by that rage on Wabash shore
 The far-linked league was now no more.
 Joined with their kindred of the lake,
 A swift and silent course they make,
 Till now at dawn the foe are spied
 By Mississippi's earlier tide,
 Ere swells and sweeps his kingly pride.
 The whoop was given—the forests rung—
 Like panthers on their foes they sprung ;
 Not unprepared, the fearless Sioux
 With answering yells to meet them flew.—
 Fierce was the strife ; but ere that Earth
 Took many of her savage birth

Back to her breast, from out the wood
 A plumed and chieftain warrior strode.
 Ere yet an instant was he seen,
 He rushed their mingling ranks between.
 "Stay—stay your frantic strife!" he cried
 With voice of thunder—"stay!" replied
 The echoing hills; and at the sight,
 And at the voice, they stayed the fight,
 And stood, as if to earth they grew,
 For all the great Tecumseh knew.
 Then thus upon the deep suspense
 Broke forth his fiery eloquence.

XXIV.

"Great chieftains!—warriors!—ye that roam
 Far towards Wakondah's shining home!—
 Ye from the lake of Mighty Waters!—
 What means this madness?—Why in slaughters
 So ceaseless on each other prey,
 While war and wasting, day by day,
 The stranger and the pale-face wage
 Upon your fathers' heritage?
 Have ye so soon forgotten both
 Tecumseh's words and your own oath?
 Then let him ask ye yet once more—
 Know ye not, knew ye not before,
 That ye are brethren born? that ye,
 That red-men wheresoe'er they be,
 Are offspring all of one Great Spirit?
 That of his gift ye do inherit
 These mountains, streams on every hand,
 Lakes, forests—all this goodly land,
 Whate'er the setting sun surveys?
 Lo! what are now departed days?—
 Remembrance!—What the red-man's glory?—
 It, like the past, but lives in story!—
 And why?—Because the pale-face comes

Among the red-man's happy homes.
 His hands are large, his tongue is small ;
 He asks a little, grasps at all.
 His deadly rifle daily sounds
 In our ancestral hunting-grounds :
 His axe, his flaming brand, intrudes
 Upon our forest solitudes :
 His great boats from our waters scare
 The fish, that 'scape his greedy snare.
 Nay, more. His plough our graves hath riven ;
 Our fathers' bones, upturned, are given
 To all the winds and rains of heaven !

XXV.

" O red-men ! shall our souls endure
 Such wrongs, unheeding and secure ?
 Say, shall our fathers' spirits mourn,
 That such by us, their sons, are borne ?
 No—let the hatchet and the knife
 Drink up the white-man's guilty life !
 My people, many tribes, have said,
 The great deep rivers shall be red
 With his cold blood. But still we are
 Too few to move so great a war.
 We ask your help. Are ye dismayed,
 That in their madness some are laid
 By Wabash banks ?—If all unite
 Our whoop and war-path shall affright
 The foe's pale hearts.—Or deem ye, here
 Ye have but distant cause to fear
 Invasion of your rights ?—Away
 With such delusion, while ye may
 Unforced by ruin. On the shore
 That hears the great salt billows roar,
 And sees the sun rise from the past,
 Not many winters since, harassed,

And cold and lone, the white-man stepped.
 Lo! welcomed, warmed, they now have crept,
 These hearth-thawed, poisonous, cherished snakes,
 By river, mountain, plain and lakes ;
 They 've left in every flowery vale,
 By every spring, their slimy trail ;
 Until they rear their pallid crests,
 And build their swarming noisome nests,
 By Erie and by Huron's side
 And Mississippi's turbid tide !
 No! vain your hope. We swept away,
 Yourselves will fall an easy prey.

XXVI.

" Brothers—'tis ours to crush them all
 And leave not one to mourn their fall :
 For our great father o'er the deep
 Is angry with this race, that creep
 Into our homes ; and he hath sent
 Men—arms—a mighty armament,
 To aid us.—Hark ! From yonder cloud
 The God of Thunders speaks aloud.
 He—He is angry with the foe !
 He will unto the battle go !
 Brothers—this belt of wampum drank
 Blood where in death our brethren sank.
 ' Revenge !' I hear their spirits cry.
 Who draws this gory war-belt nigh ?—
 Who lingereth back, his name shall be
 A vile, unhonored memory,
 And o'er his recreant grave, when dead,
 The white-man's spurning foot shall tread !"

XXVII.

He ceased. His burning words had caught
 Chords deeper than the fiery thought

Of mutual wrongs, and crowding round,
Though still their brows with conflict frowned,
Each grasped the battle's crimson token,
By each the fearful oath was spoken,
Upon the stranger's blood to tread,
Till fall the stars, the sun be dead.
But wherefore stands he still and stern,
Nor takes the oath when comes his turn,
Nor with their kindled fury warms—
That chieftain from the Lake of Storms?
On Moray every gaze was fixed,
Of rising rage and wonder mixed;
For Indians deem it deepest shame,
When, whatso'er his race or name,
The once-adopted fails to stand
Fast with his tribe in heart and hand.
Each Chippewa in tawny face
Burned livid, like a furnace blaze;
A silent triumph, shrined with scorn,
Was on the Sioux' wild features born;
While glared Tecumseh's glowing eye
With meaning, fierce intensity,
And ev'n the Huron turned away,
Ashamed of that so strange delay.
Yet moves he not; his manly brow
And eye his firm resolves avow.
How shall he raise the hand so base,
Against his country, name and race?
A moment more, and nought might save
The recreant from a recreant's grave;
But Nidi-Wyan, who had come,
The old, the wise, so far from home,
Once more their councils to inspire,
Discerned with fear the rising fire.
He rose and led him, unrestrained,
Till, past the view, a height was gained,

That, steeply reared within the wood,
O'erlooked from high the rushing flood.

XXVIII.

Then paused the chief, but nothing spake,
Lest uncontrolled his grief should break.
The waters glided far below,
The wind was soft as lover's vow,
Green leaves were opening, one by one,
And slowly rose the regal sun.
"The adopted pale-faced brave is young,"
At last he said with faltering tongue ;
"Lives yet a sire his love to claim?"—
"My father's blessing with me came."—
"And could the old man yet rejoice
To hear the low wind, and the voice
Of running waters? Was his eye
Made glad to look upon the sky,
The green trees, and the rising sun?"
"My father had not yet begun
To be o'erborne with weight of years,"
Said Moray, and with gathering tears,
As rose his aged sire to mind.
"Return, my son, that still the wind,
The streams, the trees, the sun's glad light,
May soothe his ear and joy his sight!
To Nidi Wyan's spirit now
They vainly shine, they vainly flow.
Soon will his joyless days be o'er—
And all his race are gone before!
A withered tree will press the plain,
To whom nor roots nor boughs remain.
No son will rise to call him blest,
And lay him in our mother's rest!
Yet go—and tell that aged one,
The red-chief made thee once his son :

And let thy children's children learn,
 At rising morn and Spring's return,
 The name of Nidi-Wyan.—Go :
 The red-men deem thee now their foe.
 But though the red-foot track thy flight,
 Manitto's are the day and night.”
 In sadness Moray passed ; the chief
 Returned, and after silence brief
 Arose th' admiring throng before :—
 “He is a Chippewa no more.
 Let none pursue him. In his stead
 Will Nidi to the battle lead.”

XXIX.

Between Superior's southern coast
 And, dimly reared, her mountain host,
 Filled with the heavens and balmy air,
 Reposed a vale as soft and fair,
 As e'er beguiled the hastening stream
 To linger in unconscious dream,
 Or made the arrowy sunbeams play
 With shadows all an April day.
 Once, rising all its windings o'er,
 Low shrubs and lofty trees it bore,
 But, by the tortuous whirlwind swept,
 Mid silent woods now greenly slept,
 So lonely in its slumber there,
 It seemed a spirit's haunt of prayer.—
 No youth were there to urge sweet wooing.
 What were the mirthful maidens doing ?
 —Their heads with leaves and blossoms crowned,
 In twinkling change around and round,
 About their gathered boughs and flowers,
 As lightly as the Elves and Hours,
 Omeena and her maidens sing
 With welcomes blithe, the present Spring.

XXX.

THE VERNAL HYMN.

SEMI-CHORUS I.

*"N'yâ ! thou comest !

We see thy presence here
 Relume the faded year :
 But where was thy bough-rocked birth,
 Thou joy of the desolate earth !
 Grim winter was scared at thy smile,
 He hath fled to his ice-caverned isle.
 Stormy and cold is his dungeon there,
 Darkly he lies in his frozen despair :
 Thou brightly aloft on thy dew-dropping pinions
 Art journeying over his joyless dominions,
 And the earth looks as fresh, with her sons and her daughters,
 As when first she rose green on the face of the waters !
 N' yâ ! we greet thee.

See, see, how the flowers are springing,
 And to them how the wild birds are singing !
 Look, look, how the waters do tremblingly haste,
 To be on the lake's sunny bosom embraced !
 Wherever thou smil'st there's a turning
 Of beauty to beauty with yearning,
 And all things have a look as a lover may have—
 Ah ! wouldst thou but smile on the hearts of the brave !"

SEMI-CHORUS II.

N'yâ ! thou comest,
 O child of the light and the air !
 Thou wast born in the sun-braided west,
 On the summer-lake isles of the blest,
 And thy presence is every where !
 The earth beneath
 Hath felt thy breath—

*Chippewa exclamation, equivalent to "Lo!" or "Behold!"

She arouseth her soul from the torpors of Death,
 As a serpent may,
 And casteth away,
 For a glorious garment, her robe of decay,
 And rejoicing, in beauty the while,
 Reneweth her manifold toil !

N'yâ ! we greet thee !

The Wekolis sings to his love
 In the shades of the whispering grove,
 And the Miscodeed blushes alone in the dell
 Where the Spirit-bird warbles so passingly well,
 And wherever thou breathest are born,
 At eve or the dew-weeping morn,
 Such sighs as the lips of a lover may have—
 Ah ! wouldst thou but breathe on the heart, of the brave !

CHORUS.

The Moon of Plants is brightly past—
 Green, greener grow the woods !
 The moon of Flowers is come at last—
 Bright, brighter glance the floods !—
 We know thy viewless wings have fanned
 The brightness of the Spirit-land :
 We hear thy voice—O speak and tell
 Of those, the loved, the mourned so well !
 Did they or thought or message send
 To kindred dear or grieving friend ?
 And is their being wrapped in bliss ?—
 O tell us, Spirit, tell us this !—
 Hark, sisters, from the Dreamy Shore
 The whispered voice—to mourn no more,
 For there immortally they move
 Through boundless light and changeless love.
 Return, O breathing air, return,
 And say, not many moons shall burn
 Their wasting fires away,
 Before, as birds, our sorrowing minds
 Shall float upon the voiceful winds

To them and tearless day!—
 N'yâ! N'yâ! we hail again,
 Soul of the world, thy joyous reign!"

XXXI.

While they thus plied their beating feet
 To notes most musical and sweet,
 So stealing on the silence there
 They might almost create an ear
 To listless space, Omeena's eye
 Caught gleaming through the green-wood nigh,
 That clothed the adverse steep, a gaze,
 Which startled her. In careless phrase
 She said to her companions by,
 'Twas meet among the flowers to have
 Some gathered from the pale-one's grave ;
 Then, with a secret sign and look,
 A sauntering, lonely course she took
 Along the vale and near the brook,
 Soon standing in the smiles of day
 With Moray and O-wa-o-la,
 Beside the resting-place of her,
 Earth's poor heart-broken wanderer.
 No word they spoke, but bowed each head
 In sorrow o'er the early dead.

XXXII.

It was a place for such a sleep
 Most sweet—a gently rising steep,
 Whose fallen trees, decayed and gone,
 Left it unshadowed, green and lone,
 Whereon the beams that brightly fell
 Seemed with a silent joy to dwell.
 The grave—'twas but a lowly mound
 Scarce known from other earth around,
 Save by a simple stone or two,
 O'er which had just begun to grow

The soft brown moss ; around, between,
 The velvet grass was braiding green,
 And near full many a flower was set,
 The wilding-rose and violet,
 That, drooping with their tears of dew,
 Their sad and gentle birth-place knew.
 And thus, in that most lone decay,
 She slept, a thousand leagues away
 From the green island of her birth,
 That one beloved spot on earth,
 To which her fondest heart had turned
 With life-consuming thoughts, that burned
 Too deep, till, spent their fuel frail,
 Were left but ashes cold and pale.
 Peace to them ! Calmly there they slept,
 As if above them had been wept
 The tears of kindred, though arose
 Dark mountains, lay in dread repose
 Wide woods, and rolled the ocean waves
 Between them and her kindred's graves.
 What matter where our dust to dust be given ?
 O'er all the earth there bendeth one bright Heaven !

XXXIII.

"Why weeps my brother for the lost,
 Whose spirit now no more is crossed ?"
 A low voice broke the silence long :—
 "Thou hear'st glad birds renew their song,
 Thou see'st the young leaves greet the spring :
 But never would Omeena bring
 Back to its wo, if by a word,
 The withered leaf, the weary bird !—
 But wherefore is the pale-face here ?"
 She said, and brushed the swelling tear.—
 "I know not why. It is in vain
 I traverse forest, lake, and plain ;
 Vainly Omeena tracked, unseen,
 Through woods, and hills, and marshes green,

TECUMSEH.

Her sire, where'er his feet pursued
 My life, since never yet is viewed
 Her face, for which alone that life
 Is worth with pain one moment's strife."

XXXIV.

"Rememberest thou," the maid exclaimed,
 "Last year another captive named,
 Lovely and pale, by sadness bowed?
 Omeena loved the summer cloud.
 One morn she missed its form of light,
 Borne from us by the winds of night.
 In vain my father's search: no more
 Was she beheld by lake or shore.
 But runners, since the moon's return,
 Whose feet to distant tribes were borne
 To bind the league of battle, tell,
 That, where the Mis-sis-sa-gues dwell,
 Beyond the great lake's eastern side,
 And near the mountains high, they spied
 A pale-faced maiden, guarded there,
 While one—her lover deemed—should bear
 Rich presents to the tribes afar,
 From white-men with your race at war.
 She shall not be such lover's bride!
 Ojeeb will be thy faithful guide:
 Described so sorrowful and meek,
 She can but be the maid you seek."—
 "Ah! mock me not!—but if it be,
 O God! how hast thou pitied me!"—
 Omeena paused in earnest thought,
 Then spake: "My brother's path is fraught
 With fear and death on every side;
 For ambushed War is watching wide.
 Thou see'st this wreathed and shining shell;
 'Twas found, where ocean billows swell,
 Long moons ago. The Shawnee brave,
 Tecumseh, to Omeena gave

This shell, the pledge of memory.
 Take it—and let the eagle's eye
 But mark it, when thou dread'st the knife—
 Then tell him of my rescued life—
 And thou, though of the Ocean Foam,
 Shall fall not in the red-man's home."
 She pulled some flowers from off the grave,
 Made with her hand a parting wave,
 Then lingered not till lost to view.
 The Huron watched her as she flew :—
 What thoughts, which he would ne'er impart,
 Were burning in his youthful heart ?
 But Moray laid one wild-rose in his breast,
 Then turned forever from the wanderer's rest.

XXXV.

'Twas evening. On the heights, that breast
 Superior rolling from the west,
 Their splintered peaks and ridges gray,
 Were glorious with departing day ;
 But eastward far their shadows fell,
 Broad-cast, o'er valley, stream and dell.
 At entrance of a wide ravine,
 Beneath that deepening shade, were seen
 Some scattered huts of simplest form,
 Light poles with skins, to shed the storm,
 Encompassed cone-like : slowly wreathed,
 From each the still blue smoke was breathed.
 No warrior's manly form appeared,
 For they loud Battle's whoop had heard :
 But oft the dusky black-eyed maid
 Glanced round the wigwams light, and played
 Lithe children in the twilight shade,
 With their brown faces—mid their noise
 Oft hushed by shrill maternal voice :
 Save such and eve's low breath, no sound
 Heard the high forests stretched around.

Beside the hut, that nearest stood
Before that wild glen's darkening wood,
One maiden sat, not like the rest,
But worn, and pale, and thought-opprest,
Even as the lonely snow-wreath lies
Beneath rude March's changeful skies.
Ah! if in her thou dost behold
The maid whose wanderings are untold,
Think not, thou gazer, such a change
Came but by sufferings long and strange!
How wan was she, how worn with care,
But oh! most spiritually fair;
And on that face the utter grief,
Stamped like November's hopeless leaf,
Changed never—to its wo resigned,
The shadow of the inward mind,
To which, long desolate, was given
No hope, except the grave and Heaven.

XXXVI.

She saw the mountains gilded yet—
But dark their shadows round her met;
She gazed upon the far, bright years—
Their shades were on her soul, and tears
Filled her fair eyes, when suddenly
An Indian from the glen drew nigh.
She started not—familiar grown
With all the forms to terror known.
With careless step he passed the maid,
Upon her shoulder lightly laid,
Of birchen bark, a plaited fold.
Surprised she looked—the scroll unrolled—
And saw—O God! what magic name,
That such a change upon her came?
She started up—the blood rushed high—
And all her soul was in her eye:—
“Speak! speak! O tell!”—“Hush! be not heard:
The pale-face seeks the captive bird.

A moment wait—then rise, and tread
 The winding dell.” With noiseless tread,
 Ojeeb then passed the wigwam door
 And sat the wrinkled hag before,
 Who, as she dressed her food, would rise
 And watch the maid with scowling eyes.
 “Ec-quish is good ; she watches well”—
 Thus flatteringly his accents fell :
 —“ Does pale-face chief forget her care ?
 Ojeeb brings presents rich and rare”
 He said, and to her gaze displayed,
 With pauses long between, bright braid,
 Of many colored wampum wrought,
 Ribands of all the hues of thought
 And various things of gayer sheen
 Than e’er her woman eyes had seen :
 Ec-quish amid her joy could find
 No thought for cares to her resigned.
 Meantime all tremblingly the maid
 Far up the rugged glen had strayed ;
 She saw no one—she stopped in fear—
 “ My Mary !” cried a low voice near,
 And into Moray’s folding arms she sank,
 His lips, his eyes, her bursting heart-drops drank.
 The grief, fear, suffering, despair of years,
 Were lost in those brief words, those burning tears !

XXXVII.

Soon came Ojeeb with hurried tread :
 “ Squaw loves to see bright things,” he said :
 “ Now let our steps go swiftly, while
 Old Ec-quish talk to them and smile.”
 With speedy hands the girl they laid
 On leafy litter, rudely made,
 And bore her through the woods along,
 Rocks, streams, and shaggy dells among,
 All underneath the breathing night,

Dim brooding, and the solemn light
Of the cold stars :—the Huron's eyes
Guarded the rear from all surprise.
The morning broke—they heard the roar
Of mighty waters—then the shore
Of the vast lake, to left and right
Stretched far, with many a frowning height
Girding her beauty, while to west
Heaved boundlessly her shadowy breast :
And down a thousand feet below
They saw the billows come and go.
Then turned they south—at silent noon
Launched forth their secret bark—and soon
Were bearing down St. Mary's stream.
Wrapt in their all-unheeding dream,
Unto the twain beloved, that hour,
There was nor fear, nor care, nor power
Of past or future, nor recall
To the void earth, but, all in all,
One moveless present, wherein whirled
 The change no more of time, nor place,
Nor their own minds :—they were the world,
 And, folded in their half embrace,
 Sat gazing on each other's face,
Their souls away. But restlessly
O-wa-o-la with anxious eye
Watched either shore. “Row !—faster row !”
He cried with voice alarmed but low :
“Haste ! haste, Ojeeb—we are pursued !”
With yell and bound, burst through the wood
Seven savage forms, with one that bore
The white-man's garb, and from the shore
Thrust forth a boat, and, with their might,
In swift rage chased the startled flight.

XXXVIII.

"De Vere!—O fiend!" the lover cried,
 And with the strength of phrenzy plied
 The bending oar. Fast, fast they flew,
 But faster yet the savage crew
 Pursued, with gestures fiercely flung,
 And whoops wherewith the wild shores rung;
 While in the bow De Vere stood high
 And urged them on, as they drew nigh,
 With shout, and oath, and threatening cry:
 But ne'er her gaze of hopeless love
 From Moray would the maiden move;—
 Her heart's deep springs grew deeper there
 In stillness of her pale despair.
 So swept the chase—and now they hear
 The roar of broken waters near.—
 No pause!—Pursued, pursuers urge
 Yet near and nearer yet the verge
 Of the loud Rapids—there they are!
 Breaking in madness wide and far—
 The wild—the fearful! "On—press on!
 Shrieked Moray—"Back, thou Belial's son!
 By all that's holy, back, thou wretch!"
 "Fool!" yelled De Vere.—"Fast, faster stretch
 Your oars, brave warriors!—Fool, give o'er"—
 His words were drowned amid the roar
 Of the torn waters, wildly tost,
 Like sea-gull in the tempest lost,
 The bark shot down through surge and foam,
 And spray, and isles of forest gloom,
 And breakers, o'er the dark rocks borne
 All white with terror! No return
 Might there be made—down, down they gleamed,
 And hoarser, whiter, faster streamed
 The maniac Rapids, and arose
 O'er all the war-whoop of their foes,

Now near above. In agony
 The lover raised his rifle high—
 The bullet sped—with bound and yell
 An Indian on the surges fell,
 But not De Vere—a hidden rock
 The frail boat struck, with deadly shock
 That whelmed its wreck—the pale, fair girl,
 Borne down amid the foam and whirl,
 Was the last thing his eyes beheld,
 The savage whoop, in triumph yelled,
 Was the last sound he heard, as eye and ear,
 Swept dark beneath, no more might see nor hear.

XXXIX.

He woke—where was he?—who were they
 That round him stood in war's array?—
 In British armour Britons brave,
 And high their fort gleamed o'er the wave.
 He saw De Vere—one flash of thought
 Back to his mind too clearly brought
 That last wild moment. "Where," he cried,
 "Is she who should have been my bride?"
 "The waters had a love for her!"
 Was the reply.—"Thou murderer!
 One moment were my hands unbound,
 Thy blood should dye this beaten ground!—
 Thus perished?—O thou heart of steel,
 Eternity shall make thee feel!"—
 "Wert thou unbound!—By Wabash tide,
 Methinks thy skill was freely tried!
 And for eternity—I'll wait
 With little care such fancied fate.
Thou art, 'tis true, raised from the dead—
 But thou shalt try a dungeon's bed;
 And if more cold the maiden lie,
 Thou'lt thank thine own temerity!"

Then to the officer De Vere
Declared by oath and Indians near,
This Moray had, by threats and bribes,
Long tampered with the British tribes
Beyond Superior, even afar
By waves beneath the northern star.—
“ ’Tis false !—Yet ah ! since she is gone,
All now is naught, endured or done :
What matter where I mourn the while,
In lonely wilds or fortified isle ?”

TECUMSEH.

CANTO EIGHTH.

DEAR native land ! if in my secret soul
The thoughts that rise in solitude to thee
All times, all hours, I do, with strong control,
Press back into my bosom, there to be,
With my own joys and griefs and misery,
Unuttered mid the vain and noisy crowd,
Thou wilt absolve me, ^{//} since not always he
Hath holiest heart, whose worship is most loud,
And that is purest prayer, where one alone is bowed. ^{//}

Dear native land ! my unregarded lay
May pass to silence as an idle one,
Like that frail fly, as Grecian fables say,
Born with the gleamings of the light begun,
And coldly dying when the day is done :
But thou hast names that rise to Glory's eye,
Like the far mountains to the burning sun,
Or when he goes, or when his car draws nigh,
Still standing there the same, eternal, lone and high !

And of the names that unto thee belong,
 For ever changeless in thy light to be,
 Few weave them brighter in th' heroic song,
 Than his, whose youth was by the rolling sea,
 Whose joy was in its blue immensity,
 Whose hopes of glory, born from out the wave,
 And dearest thoughts, were linked with thine and thee :
 Vainly may rancorous hands in Perry's grave
 The coffined ashes rake, whose name all time shall save !

I.

The wandering moon, that never stays, -
 Howe'er on heavenly paths she tires,
 Had thrice relumed her faded fires,
 And, with her ever tranquil gaze,
 Beheld through all the western clime
 But war and rapine, blood and crime,
 And broken hearts and blazing dwelling,
 Vain man his fellow mortal quelling :
 But, prisoner held by martial law,
 On wave-washed, lonely Macinaw,
 No part could Moray act or see.
 Nor yet, in sooth, he cared to be
 Aught else than such ; for what to him
 Was glaring day, or presence dim
 Of solemn night, or loudest strife,
 With clash of arms, and groaning life
 Reft from the images of God—
 Or aught in mortal days, that trode
 Each other's heels, since joy was fled
 With her, now deemed the cold and dead !

II.

But never can the mind be taught
 To dwell alone with torturing Thought,
 Nor bondage suit the noble-souled ;
 And startling, busy Rumor told

Of conflicts fierce—that louder rung
War's clarion ocean shores along,
And that on all the wide frontier
Tecumseh's gatherings far and near
Raged like a whirlwind. Thus, at length,
To Moray came in all its strength
The wish captivity to flee,
And with himself no longer be,
Forgetting in the battle's rage
His darkened memory's darkest page.
Vain wish! As, guarded, day by day
His feet along the cliffs might stray,
The far blue billows, wildly tost,
Oppressed with sense of freedom lost ;
And as in haunted solitude,
Each night, through grated casement rude,
He saw sweet Luna in the wave
Her palely imaged beauty lave,
And stars upon the waters sleep,
O'er which the moaning winds would creep,
From all its fruitless circuits Thought,
 That ranged in its unjoyous flight
 The eternal and the infinite,
Still, like the cage-bird freed, was brought
By its own loneliness, unsought,
Back to its songless prison there,
His heart, grown silent with despair !
But ever in his sleep were shown
The life, the world, he once had known ;
Amid their scenes he moved again,
Felt all their varied joy and pain,
And drank, ere yet a wanderer,
The beauty and the light of her,
His soul's star in the days that were ;
For when in peopled dreams we lie,
The past becomes reality !

III.

September now was dimly seen
 Advancing through the forest green.
 Below the ledge, upon whose brows
 The walls and gleaming fortress rose,
 O-wa-o-la one morning stood,
 Or sauntered, as in heedless mood ;
 But Moray knew, that naught befell
 Unmarked by him, and from his cell
 Flung down Omeena's chambered shell,
 Which carlessly the Huron took
 And passed away with sign nor look.
 Days glided by. At evening-fall,
 Far down beneath the steep, high wall,
 The captive saw Tecumseh stand
 With earnest gesturings of his hand,
 While he, to whom they were addressed,
 Seemed to refuse his stern request.
 The chieftain passed. Of hope bereft,
 To his dark mind was Moray left,
 When sudden voices spoke so near,
 He could not choose but list and hear.
 " Ay, soon, for Malden's need, the fleet
 Goes down the lake. If we may meet
 And sail with it, 'twill save, you know,
 Long journeyings—yes, and peril too."—
 " I know not that ;—your ship will not
 Escape, be sure, from hostile shot.
 Your lady love with Death may wed,
 The cold wave be their bridal bed."—
 " Who fears a fleet ruled by a boy ?
 The girl will laugh at such annoy !"—
 " But why not at the fortress stay,
 Till offers some less dangerous way ?"—
 " In such a nest of gay gallants ?
 No ! sooner shall she run the chance

Of slaughtering shot, and—curse her tongue!—
 The maid, sir, loves a pensive song!” -
 Two tones exclaimed, as, from below
 Where wigwams lay beneath the brow
 Of that gray cliff, to listeners high
 Arose, all sad and tremblingly,
 A voice that, floating on the air,
 Seemed to enchain the stillness there.

IV.

SONG.

“It is in vain my sleepless soul
 Hath asked for thee at morn, or eve,
 Or when the Night her starry scroll
 Unrolled—’tis left alone to grieve.

“It is in vain my wearied thought
 May fly from world to world for thee ;
 Unless the dim, cold past be sought,
 Thou never art restored to me.

“But Memory is faithful yet,
 And still presents thine image near ;
 For how can it with years forget
 The hours, that are for ever dear ?

“Most sad to me is waking light,
 When I with loneliness remain ;
 But dear the still and dreamy night,
 For then I am with thee again.

“I saw thee borne beneath the wave,
 To darkness hurried from my eyes ;
 And thou—from out that watery grave
 To me thou never shalt arise.

“ Oh ! on what bright, beloved star
 Hear'st thou the mourning strain I pour,
 That I may watch its face afar,
 And fly to it, when life is o'er !

“ Cease, cease, my song—thou art but vain !
 My heavy heart—be still I pray !
 Or break with this thy throbbless pain,
 And let me pass to him away !”

v.

That sorrowing voice—was it the tone
 To Moray sweet in seasons gone ?—
 It could not be—for her, he knew,
 The wild, unpitying waters slew.—
 And yet, how sadly like ! Again
 He bent his ear—once more the strain
 Began the soul of space to fill—
 Then harsher accents “ fool ! be still !”
 With stifled sobbings, and—a blow,
 Just struggled upwards from below—
 Then all was hushed ; and breathing there
 For that poor maid an earnest prayer,
 Whose voice so called the lost to mind,
 The captive on his couch resigned,
 As clouds and hurrying gales arose,
 His soul and senses to repose.
 'Twas vain. For hours the wizard Thought
 The past's dim phantoms round him brought ;
 Till, as he heard the midnight wind
 Scare the old haunted woods behind,
 And, far below, with hoarser roar,
 The loud surge lash the beetling shore,
 Close by his cell arose the sound
 Of bodies hurled upon the ground—

Then struggling—then, in fragments dashed
 By ponderous stone, the door-way crashed—
 “It is Tecumseh : follow me !”
 Exclaimed a deep voice hurriedly.
 With bounding footsteps Moray sprung,
 And from the prostrate watchman flung
 His light frame o’er the pickets high,
 While rushed behind, with sudden cry,
 Dark forms beneath the midnight sky.

VI.

Wild blasts were out—the billows rode
 The deep in terror and abroad
 Were hurrying clouds swept o’er the moon,
 That still by glimpses dimly shone.
 Fast, fast, beyond the fort, they urge
 Along the island’s lofty verge,
 Till—hark!—why looks Tecumseh back !
 The fearful blood-hound’s on their track !
 Swift was the Indian’s flying foot
 But swifter far the savage brute.
 With glowing eye and furious fang,
 The fierce hound on his shoulder sprang,
 But, o’er th’ abyss of waters hurled,
 Down, down, through steepy darkness whirled ;
 And, as the piercing yell he gave
 With howling wind and dashing wave
 Was blended high—on—on they fled,
 And rung behind the trampling tread
 Of rushing soldiers. Thence their flight
 They urged oblique, till yawned in sight
 That cratered gorge, along whose verge
 Rose dizzy o’er the foaming surge
 The Giant’s Arch. With fearless bound,
 Since there no other pass was found,
 That narrow bridge had Moray gained,
 When, with the strength of steel constrained,

A Briton's grasp was on his breast.
 Together on the bare rock pressed,
 Full fierce, though brief, in manhood's might
 Their struggle on that fearful height.
 By Moray's strong arm backward wrung,
 From the sharp edge his foeman swung :—
 "Save me !—O God !"—It was too late !
 Huge fragments with the soldier's weight,
 Whirled dim and dimmer, round and round,
 Struck steeply with a crushing sound
 The broken rocks :—arose no cry
 But surge below and blasts on high.

VII.

Then springing past, from precipice
 They swung them down the dim abyss,
 By perilous steps, while gathering eyes
 Gazed from above in dread surprise.
 As out the rock's grim face they pass,
 Tread they upon what moveless mass ?
 It is the soldier, crushed and rent,
 With sharp, cold stones still warmly blent !
 Winding along the broken beach
 Beneath the cliffs, at length they reach,
 Beside a lowlier shore afloat,
 O-wa-o-la, in gallant boat.
 With lashing spray, and tossing foam,
 The deep, as far as eye could roam,
 Was roused to rage, but morning's ray
 Might not behold them there delay.
 Embarked, though every lifted wave
 Descending seemed to make their grave,
 They cleared the isle, and southward tost,
 Sprang forth on low and woody coast.

VIII.

Avoiding then the Ottawa homes,
 Four days direct, through forest glooms,
 Their course they bore for Erie's side ;
 Yet never once that mien of pride,
 With deep unuttered grief o'er cast,
 From stern Tecumseh's features passed ;
 And few the words he spake, though kind,
 As absent far his thoughtful mind.
 —The fifth day's evening sun was low,
 And bright beneath its golden glow,
 Where Malden's breasted mounds arise,
 Detroit's swift river met their eyes,
 Upon whose bosom, hovering wide,
 Young Perry's sail-borne fleet was spied,
 While, near a green isle's pebbly pave,
 An armed boat rocked upon the wave.
 On such a lovely scene to look,
 Where, prostrate by the whirlwind's stroke,
 A fallen tree lay huge and high,
 Advanced the chieftain heedlessly—
 Ken-hát-ta-wa with arméd men
 Uprose behind :—unmoved, as when
 Confronting dark are war-gods set,
 Carved calmly stern, the warriors met.

IX.

" My brother's feet are tired and worn,"
 With courtesy of lofty scorn,
 The Ottawa said : " I now will guide
 The pale-face where he shall abide."
 " The red-man's foot can never tire,
 Unless he have an Ottawa sire,"
 Rejoined Tecumseh : " I can still
 Guide, guard the pale-face where I will.—
 " Good words—big heart—but bad, that eyes

Should see not where a foeman lies :
 Sight better than a valiant tongue !”
 One glance behind, Tecumseh sprung
 So instant o'er that massive tree,
 An eye might scarce the motion see,
 Bore back their chief, with sinewy knee,
 Upon the earth, while either hand
 Hurl'd down the strongest of his band ;
 And, following swift such opening through,
 O-wa-o-la and Moray flew
 Right o'er the fallen, and, side by side,
 Plunged headlong through the rushing tide :
 Though vengeful shot around them rained,
 That rocking bark was safely gained.

X.

But fearful now became the strife
 Those chieftains urged for death or life.
 With fiercer might and vaster frame
 Ken-hát-ta-wa to the conflict came ;
 But, if more grace around them clung,
 Tecumseh's every limb was strung
 With tireless nerves, and calmness gave
 More lasting strength than wrath can have.
 Wreathing their corded arms compressed
 Around each painted, slippery breast,
 And striving, hand and teeth, to tear
 And throttle neck and bosom bare,
 The while their bony knees to bring
 And crush beneath the vital spring,
 In serpent coilings, fold in fold,
 They rose and struggled, writhed and rolled,
 Till from their mouths, and nostrils wide,
 Gushed the dark blood in mingled tide,
 And each strained sinew seemed from flesh to part,
 And each wild eye-ball from its socket start.

XI.

Yet neither might th' advantage gain,
And fainter grew their desperate strain,
When, where their slippery blood was shed,
Tecumseh fell, with struggling tread,
Beneath the giant Ottawa borne ;
Who then in triumph, rage, and scorn,
Shook from his eyes the clotted hair,
And raised his glittering knife in air,
And grimly frowned Hate's darkest frown,
As came his arm in vengeance down.
That blow had sent the hero's soul
Fast fleeing from its mortal goal,
But that, with motion as of thought,
A youthful savage sprung and caught
Th' uplifted hand :—the keen blade found
Its deep sheath in th' insensate ground.
By quick and desperate effort turned,
His baffled foe the Shawnee spurned,
And burst away : in madness' might,
That foe, like whirlwind of the night,
Pursued, o'ertook, the sudden flight.
Upon the river's-crumbling brink
Again in deadly close they sink ;
But now beneath the Ottawa fell,
And now the dusky frown of Hell
A moment on Tecumseh's brow
Lowered storm-like, and a mortal blow
He lifted high—why strikes he not ?
There passed his soul some flash of thought—
Perchance, of that great cause, which then
That blow would wound—perchance, again,
Of her, a father's mourning daughter.—
In wordless scorn upon the water
He hurled the chief, and, rushing past,
Himself into its billows cast,

And breasted high their swelling flood,
Till on an isle's green verge he stood.

XII.

The Ottawa rose from that disgrace
And turned, as flame, his kindled face.
"Child of a wretch!" his wrath begun,
"No Ottawa, but a Shawnee's son,
With whom thy mother wronged her lord,
How dared'st thou thus my vengeance ward?"
"For that," replied the warrior youth,
With most undaunted mien of truth,
"Tecumseh is, in our decay,
While clouds are darkening all our day,
The red-man's hope, the red-man's stay.
I could not see him die within
Thy grasp, though of thy race and kin!"—
"Then take thou, for a slave's belief,
Take, fool, the sentence of thy chief!"
He spake—one step advanced—and raised
His hatchet's gleam, with eyes that blazed:
The smooth-cheeked warrior started not,
But stood, as pillared to the spot,
With moveless limbs; nor tongue, nor eye,
Gave stern reproach or sad reply.
The sharp edge sank beneath the skull:
Forward, with heavy sound and dull,
A dusk form pressed the leafy plain,
Nor spake, nor moved, nor breathed again.

XIII.

Grave silence followed. Round the dead,
With mute reproach, yet secret dread,
Each hardened warrior bowed his head;
But stood their chief that form beside,
In hushed regret and sullen pride:

If busy thought the deed condemn,
 He will not bare his soul to them.
 As on the isle's low marge he stood,
 That tragic close Tecumseh viewed,
 With red hand o'er the waters waved
 Menaced revenge, then, turning, braved
 Their full tide towards th' opposing shore ;
 While from the scene, with measured oar,
 The boat swept downward, hushed and slow,
 To gain those hovering ships below.
 The ships were gained—their white sails spread
 Bore the huge hulks, with rocking tread,
 Far southward towards their island-bay,
 While o'er the crystal walls of day
 Climbed the vast clouds, and wind-borne storms rose high,
 To scare lone night with their wild revelry.

XIV.

'Tis morn. The clouds have passed away,
 Like a dark dream—the glorious day
 Comes down upon the lake afar—
 Fades in the east the herald star—
 The light wind, breathing through the sails
 Sweet power that o'er the heart prevails !
 Awakes around the phantom sleep
 Of the fair isles, that crown the deep,
 Just touched with Autumn's earliest blight ;
 Each ship doth o'er her shadow float,
 A creature resting in its might ;
 But, ere again descends the night,
 There shall be done a deed of note.

XV.

" They come—they come—the foe ! the foe !"
 From mast-head high was sent the cry.—
 " Where ? whence ?"—" Beyond the islands lo !
 I see them southward fly."—

"Up with the anchors ! Crowd all sail,
 Whate'er may catch the shifting gale !
 Send down the sign along the line—
 Soon shall the light of battle shine !"
 The anchors rose, the sails were set,
 But, by the inconstant breezes met,
 Long hours upon their willing way
 Young Perry's baffled vessels lay.
 Vain was his heart's untold complaint ;
 In varying courses, low and faint,
 Breathed the sweet air. At last the wind
 Sprung up with steady strength behind,
 The isles were past, and—there they lie,
 Close hung between the wave and sky !

XVI.

Oh ! fair and brave was their array,
 As on th' unconscious deep they lay,
 Their broadsides gleaming in the sun,
 Their tall spars rising one by one,
 Their topsails round the high masts curling,
 Their ensigns on the breeze unfurling.
 Beauty and terror ! Mighty things
 They seemed, that, with their folded wings
 Reposing on the wave all night,
 Had flown not with the morning's light !
 They breathe not—but there is a breath,
 Hushed deep their glorious forms beneath,
 That from those hundred mouths can blast,
 Their foes with terrors strange and fast :—
 Yet fair on Erie's blue they rest,
 Slow heaving with her heaving breast !

XVII.

And Perry spoke : " My men—ye need
 Few words, as in your eyes I read.
 There are the foe—the strife is near—
 But yours are not the souls of fear.

My men—we meet no coward foes.
 They had their birth where valor grows ;
 And some with Nelson fought afar
 At Aboukir and Trafalgar.
 'Tis well : they're worthy of our strife.
 With such we'll barter life for life.
 We *know* there's death or victory :
 Nay more—tis victory to die !
 My men—upon this flag are blazed
 The immortal words of Lawrence dying ;
 Say, shall they on our front be raised,
 And in the battle flying ?"—
 " Ay ! Ay !"—and as to silent heaven
 Aloft those burning words were given,
 " Yield not the ship !" with loud acclaim
 From all their line the aery frame
 Wide echoed—then the hush of doom
 Fell cold, and dimness of the tomb
 Seemed gathering round them : still and slow
 The fleet swept down upon the foe.
 Oh ! there are beating hearts—but not with fear,
 And fond thoughts turning to the homes of love,
 And far recallings of sweet memories dear,
 And hope-starred images, that dimmer move,
 And low requestings of each other near,
 And vows and voiceless prayers to ONE above ;
 For now, so near are they, Death hovering flings
 On either fleet the shadow of his wings.

XVIII.

Stern defiance on the air
 Breathed a trumpet wild and high,
 And each hardy Briton there
 Raised a shout from wave to sky.
 Then—a moment Perry's van
 Advancing as the breeze could fan—
 There wreathed a smoke, there flashed a flame,

And crashing through his bulwarks came
 The ponderous globe, and fast anon
 From each far-flinging hostile gun
 The bolts of death hailed hurtling on,
 And strong-ribbed oak was riven,
 And breasts of steel were crushed and torn,
 And eyes, that joyed to hail the morn,
 To dayless darkness given.
 "On," Perry cried, "to closer strife,
 Till *we* can reap the fields of life,
 Then leave the rest with Heaven!"
 And on unwavering through the storm
 The star-ship bore her shattered form.

XIX.

She neared—she stopped—on either hand
 Her fearless consorts took their stand,
 Save one aloof that lay.
 Ah! then a deadlier work began!
 Along each line like lightning ran
 Sharp flame, and, bursting way
 The dark and caverned port-holes through,
 Like stones, from burning beds beneath,
 Hurled on the deep volcano's breath,
 The blazing broadsides crashing flew
 From shattered side to side,
 The rocking waters all between
 Were dimly glassed with baleful sheen,
 By fearful glimpse descried—
 Groan answered groan, and shoutings loud
 Rose wild within the smoky cloud,
 Where stern, strong men in death were bowed,
 And curdled life's red tide—
 Round the far isles and forest shore,
 Where rolled no cannon's voice before,
 The waves grew hush beneath their roar,
 And, slowly darkening wide,

Above the dying and the dead
 One sulphurous, lurid shroud was spread,
 Through which the all-beholding sun
 Saw not the work of havoc done.

XX.

An hour is past. From all the fleet
 Upon the star-ship showers, like sleet,
 Their mingling shot: in Fate's embrace,
 How shall she hold her fiery place?—
 Strife!—Terror!—Death!—O struggling pen,
 Thou'rt idle!—Hark!—Again! again!—
 Heaven be your aid, ye gallant men!—
 Look, how the battle breathes!
 And lo! on hostile ship there gleams—
 It is!—it is!—how near she seems!

Amid the sable wreaths
 A maiden's form!—Borne loose behind,
 Her dark hair streamed upon the wind,
 Her bosom bare, her robes of white,
 Flashed with the battle's fitful light;
 The splintered oak and whistling shot
 Around her flew—she heeded not,
 But wildly waved, with arms on high,
 And fearless brow, and kindled eye,
 Her countrymen to victory.

XXI.

“ 'Tis she!—O Mary!” Moray cried:
 The cannon's thunder-roar replied.
 “ Fly! fly! O Mary, fly beneath!
 Stand not before the shafts of death!”—
 She saw him not, nor heard his call,
 And courted death could not appal;
 For, worn by grief and long despair,
 To her 'twere joy to perish there.—
 “ Haste! hide thee, till the battle's done!”

Still standing high, from ruined gun,
 Alone and lost, she waved them on,
 While rose the cheering cries amain—
 “ Now for the stars and stripes—again ! ”—
 “ St. George for England ! ”—Round his brain
 The whole mad scene began to whirl :
 “ Oh, hear’st thou not ! ”—he saw De Vere
 Rush up and rudely seize the girl :
 “ Curst wretch ! this bolt thy heart shall tear ! ”
 But, ere the rash-aimed ball was flown,
 A flying fragment dashed him down
 Among the dead,—and sharp, and fast,
 As hail upon the whirlwind’s blast,
 When Spring’s young leaves are shorn,
 Through hulk and shrouds and cordage passed
 The shivering shot, and sail and mast
 Were to the red deck borne,
 And shrieks, and shouts, and groans arose,
 And they that writhed with mortal throes,
 And they that heard nor friends nor foes,
 With mangling bolts were torn.
 Yet moved through all that fearful scene
 Firm Perry with unaltered mien,
 And to “ th’ immortal words ” on high
 The dying turned their glazing eye,
 And in their heaven of blue,
 Above the tempest and the night
 Of death, the floating stars were bright,
 The free-born eagle flew !

XXII.

O for a voice of future shame,
 If not renown, that could reclaim
 Yon recreant vessel to the strife,
 Where toil the faint remains of life !
 Long Moray lay with drooping head,
 So still and pale, they deemed him dead.

At last the loud, unceasing din
 Awoke his torpid sense within ;
 He stirred, and from the gory deck
 Half rising, gazed upon the wreck,
 Wildly, as if 'twere all a dream :
 He saw each plank with carnage stream,
 The dead lie piled, and wave the stars
 O'er shattered bones and shivered spars,
 Dismounted guns, and rigging riven,
 Yards through the broken bulwarks driven,
 And high masts mid the corpses hurled,
 Their tattered canvass round them curled.

XXIII.

Perry's calm, determined hand
 O'er the last gun held the brand,
 But ere the fiery touch was given,
 Beneath his hand 'twas dashed and riven.—
 "Ho ! man the boat."—A moment gave
 Their light bark to the frightened wave ;
 And Moray, whose collected thought
 Again that startling vision brought
 Before his eyes, with anguish wrung,
 Scarce conscious o'er the ship-side sprung :
 With maniac's strained and sinewy grasp
 An oar his gory fingers clasp.
 Aloft stood Perry on the prow,
 His thick curls shaken round his brow,
 And o'er his shoulder brightly wreathed
 Those words by deathless valor breathed
 From pallid lips. "Yield not," they sighed :—
 "Speed, speed, my men," the hero cried ;
 "Yon ship hath deadlier store !"
 Some furlongs o'er the deep it lay,
 And he must make his perilous way
 Beneath the cannon's roar :

Full well the foe that movement knew,
 And fast the death-shot round him flew,
 That o'er him showered the sprayey dew,
 And pierced their thin bark through and through,
 Yet high his front he bore,
 Nor looked he round, nor took he heed :
 "Speed, speed, my men, for victory speed !"
 Fast gleamed the bending oar,
 Nor from one head a lock was shorn,
 For Perry in that boat was borne.

XXIV.

He reached the ship, he climbed the deck,
 He bade its recreant course to check :
 "Back with your top-sails! Up helm, ho !
 Yon trysail closely brail !
 Square yards, and fast upon the foe
 Bear down before the gale !
 Haste on the gun-boats—all must close
 In slaughtering conflict with our foes—
 Hang out this burning sign !"
 As thus with rapid words he spoke,
 "St. George for England, ever !" broke
 From all the British line.
 He looked, and saw no longer wave
 His flag above that vessel brave,
 Of valor now the ruined grave :
 "Ay !" cried he, "short-lived triumph have—
 The next, the next is mine !"

XXV.

The breeze blew well—on wings of fate
 The dark ship rushed along—
 Beside each gun, of deadly freight,
 A minister did breathless wait,
 With fiery hand and heart elate,
 Or mutely glanced upon his mate

With looks that made them strong.
 The British fleet in close array
 Poured death to daunt her on the way,
 She bounded nigh and nigher,
 Till, broke their line, on either side
 Must they her fearful blast abide—
 “ Now,” cried Perry,—“ *fire !*”

XXVI.

As the whirlwind in its wrath
 Through the forest tears its path,
 Rending hemlock, oak, and ash,
 In one universal crash,
 And pierce to heaven the howl and cries
 Of wild-beasts in their agonies :
 So that blast in terror went,
 So those wooden walls were rent,
 So from crushed and mangled foes
 Cries of utter anguish rose.
 The sable pall was spread around,
 But through its volumed folds profound
 A maiden's voice, so sweet and clear,
 Thrilled on Moray's aching ear,
 In accents calling, wild and high,
 Her countrymen to “ do or die.”
 Ah ! what a voice ! He bent and gazed—
 The smoke grew thin—'twas she ! 'twas she !
 That white form, tossing arms upraised—
 “ O Mary, speak to me !”
 She heard, and through the space so dim
 She turned that face, those eyes on him :
 “ My father's God ! and is it thou ?
 Oh ! save me, Henry, save me now !”

XXVII.

Then again with lurid light
 Blew each gun its blast of might,

Shook the ships and rolled the smoke.
 He saw her fall—he deemed the stroke
 Of flying shot had laid her low,
 And prostrate sank upon his brow,
 With sickness to the vital core,
 And heard, and felt, and moved no more,
 While rang to heaven th' exulting cry
 “Down with the British lion, down !
 Up with the star-born eagle, high !”
 And trebly swelled the yell and moan
 Of mortal agony.

This could not last. In smoke and blood,
 Among his shattered bulwarks stood
 One high of rank, and signal gave
 That hushed was England's battle brave
 And sunk her pride in glory's grave :
 Her flags of red, ensanguined glow
 Were furled on redder decks below.
 —The shroud of battle rolled away
 And there upon the lake they lay,
 O how unlike that glorious sight,
 On which had burst the morning's light !

XXVIII.

Sailed the ships, and on the morn
 From their decks were slowly borne
 The dead of rank, to have their grave
 On land, yet near the rolling wave.
 That morning smiled as bright and fair,
 As if no scene of death were there ;
 And lay the lulled lake, calm and clear,
 Reading the heavens, as if no fear
 And strife and triumph and despair,
 Had, hid from her their ancient scroll,
 And shaken all her tranquil soul.

XXIX.

With their robes of war arrayed,
 In the barks the dead were laid,
 Over them the colors flying,
 Which had waved when they were dying ;
 And the mournful music woke,
 Scarce the rowers heaving breath,
 Keeping time, with measured stroke,
 To their chanted dirge of death.
 Soon they stood upon the strand,
 Foeman met as friends in sorrow,
 And the living raised in hand
 Those who knew not of that morrow,
 On that lone and shadowy shore,
 Ranged beneath the silent sky,
 With the youngest borne before,
 Foe and foe alternately.

XXX.

Then slowly and solemnly, wrecks of war,
 To the fife and the drum they wended,
 While the guns from the shattered ships afar
 Their roar with the melody blended.
 Swell high, swell higher, thou soul-stirring fife !
 Deep drum, roll a battle-peal boldly !
 O ! ye cannot awaken the dead to strife,
 They slumber so soulless and coldly !
 Then low be your voice, and with measured tread
 Let the pomp of the tomb move slowly :
 Bear, bear ye the brave to their dreamless bed
 And lay them embalmed in their glory.
 Bold, bold were your hearts, and your hands were strong
 For your countries and fame immortal :
 Ah, hushed in a darkness deep and long,
 Shall ye rest you in Night's cold portal !

No trumpet may sound "we come! we come!"
Nor a voice shall welcome ye thither:
For there's nought ever stirs in her realms of gloom,
Whence the spirit departeth—O whither!
They came to the grave, nor a word they said,
Side by side the unheralded placing;
Then a prayer—and the farewell shot was paid
To the foemen in death embracing.
By the side of thy billows, O Erie, they lie,
But they hear not the voice of thy roaring,
Nor behold the gray eagle in liberty's sky
O'er the place of their burial soaring:
But their countries shall cherish their memories blest,
And the star of the pole watcheth over their rest!

TECUMSEH.

CANTO NINTH.

THE time has been when all this western world
Was one vast forest, crowded, dim, and deep ;
When waved no banner on its shores unfurled,
Save wild, green streamers o'er the airy steep ;
When chieftains watched, by lake or river's sweep,
Through all the night with gory War, or bade
Returning Peace her gentler vigils keep,
Then held wise councils in the breezy shade,
While the brown lover near soft wooed his black-eyed maid.

The Orient dreamed—the daring voyager spread
His snowy sails above the yielding wave,
And lo ! no more, if eastern shores we tread,
Doth one lone stream primeval shadows lave,
And, with the forests, sink to silent grave
The tribes that roamed their wilds in savage might ;
Far west a few old woods and warriors brave
Yet linger on the verge of hastening light :
Full soon shall they, too, pass, and all to them be night !

What wonder, then, if in their gloomy soul
 They formed resolves of vengeance, deep and stern ;
 If, as by day and night upon them stole
 Visions of scenes that might no more return,
 They scorned before their foes aloud to mourn,
 Or let one tear their voiceless sorrow tell,
 But, while their hearts the more within them burn,
 Held sullen councils in each lonely dell,
 Then rushed into the strife, and fiercely fighting fell !

I.

From Moray's darkened soul at last
 That stupor's death-like spell had passed ;
 And he had risen with tranquil face,
 But fixed and brooding mournfulness,
 Himself addressing words to none,
 And answering speech with heedless tone,
 Like one who in his sleep hath seen
 Some fearful thing that once hath been,
 Or visions strange and terrible,
 Which he may never dare to tell :
 He stood that very grave beside
 With thoughts that wandered wild and wide.
 Was it a heavenly phantom's form,
 That rose amid the battle's storm,
 Nor shrank from death, nor shook with dread,
 The spirit of the mourned and dead ?
 So would he deem, but some had told,
 That, when the smoke was thickest rolled,
 They seemed to see a light canoe
 Swung forth upon the waters blue,
 Then, where the cannons' flashing shone,
 A maiden's form into it thrown,
 While two beside her spring, and ply
 Swift oars, as who from peril fly :
 And when at last, the conflict o'er,
 Their shroud enwrapped the wrecks no more,

A boat far out, with hasty sweep,
Seemed pressing shoreward o'er the deep,
Unknown, nor seen to reach the coast,
So soon through deepening distance lost.

II.

The pageant of the grave was done,
And underneath that morning sun
The dead were left to their repose
And Moray, when he saw it close,
Turned silently away, and bore
His steps along the wild-wood shore,
If haply by the billows' side
Might trace or token be espied.
O-wa-o-la, who still would share
His sorrows with fraternal care ;
Who, when his soul and senses reeled,
Had by him in the carnage kneeled,
Nor heeded aught the groaning strife,
But watched returning dawn of life ;—
O-wa-o-la with Moray went,
His lynx-like eyes in silence bent
On every side. At last were seen,
Concealed in thickets close and green,
A boat and oars ; and soon was found
A trail upon the leafy ground,
Which then they traced as sure and fleet
As blood-hounds track the murderer's feet.

III.

Within the forest depths embraced
A strange and lonely spot was placed.
All trees of varied growth had made,
On every side, abiding shade
With woven boughs ; but o'er the place,
Environed thus, an elder race

Rose rare and mighty—such, sublime,
 As chronicle the years of time.
 And in their midst a single mound
 Stood high above the earth around,
 Like those whereof our tale has told
 In strains before, mysterious, old,
 Reared once in time, by hands unknown,
 In massive hoariness alone,
 Among some powerful race, 'tis deemed,
 Who lived, and toiled, and loved, and dreamed,
 Like us, till struggling for their homes,
 They fell amid their mighty tombs.
 And on its level summit grew,
 Of dateless birth, a tree or two,
 That, springing o'er that ancient sleep,
 Had struck their strong roots wide and deep,
 And stretched o'er dead leaves, yearly strown,
 Gray arms through ages dimly gone.
 But, by its southern side, beneath
 Were humbler monuments of death,
 Low mossy hillocks, where were laid
 Some Indian dead of tribe decayed—
 So near two perished races slept !
 And just beyond was brightly kept
 A tranquil fire ; and, farther, rose
 A tall, slim tree, of faded boughs,
 Around whose roots, with care arrayed,
 Was fuel piled ; while through the shade
 Were seen a transient hut or two,
 By one of which, as if he grew
 From out the earth, an Indian stood :—
 What guards he there in solitude !

IV.

The sun descending, scarce his rays
 Illumed the forest's deepening haze ;
 And there all darkly, group by group,
 Along that hoar mound's leafy slope

The warriors of the wild were met,
 In deep consult, if longer yet,
 So many conflicts vainly fought,
 Or but with triumph dearly bought,
 They should against the Seventeen Fires
 Avenge their injured selves and sires.
 —O they from many homes were come,
 Thus gathered in that forest's gloom—
 From the sweet South's perennial pride,
 Where first-born rivers roll their tide,
 From near Wakondah's glorious rest
 In the bright regions of the West,
 From the blue waters of the North,
 Whose bravest then were gathered forth,
 And remnants of once powerful races,
 That in the east had left their traces,
 Sad tokens of a glory past,
 Only in dim tradition glassed.

v.

And thus amid the failing light
 They sat in hushed and sullen might—
 That silent fierceness mixed with sadness,
 Which makes Revenge's moody madness—
 Yet, deep howe'er their soul's disguise,
 Drank lightning from each other's eyes.
 But highest on that nameless mound,
 There sat those aged trees around,
 Whose reverend shadow o'er them fell,
 The chiefs and sages, honored well
 By place supreme, whose care was seen
 In furrowed brow and patriarch mien.
 Slow rose at last an aged one,
 And calm the grave consult begun,
 Soft peace advising ; every word,
 As wisdom's utterance, was heard.
 Then others spoke, in varied mood,
 Some fiercely urging war and blood,

Some, milder, counselling to close
A hopeless strife with mightier foes.

VI.

Stood forth a chieftain, old and wise,
On whom they turned their reverent eyes.
"Brothers," his voice fell deep and low—
"Sages and warriors : on our foe
May the Great Spirit pour his wrath !
I too would say, on war's red path
Let men of might go forth and slay,
Were it not vain for our decay,
The red-man's loss, the white man's gain.
Brothers—let Wyan's words be plain.
There is no fear in Nidi's soul.
None ever saw him shun the roll
Of fiery battle. He hath done
Deeds worthy of a warrior's son.
By the great lakes, by rivers wide
In the green South, and near the side
Of far Wakondah's mountains bright,
This arm hath ruled the raging fight,
This foot hath chased the flying foe ;
Nay, many a white-man's feet were slow—
And weeds and wild-grass o'er them grow !
Ah ! then was Nidi-Wyan young !
But, brothers, years, that spoil the strong,
The gathering years have made him wise.
He sees, that with such enemies
Defeat or victory digs the graves
Of all our race, while they, like waves,
If some die foaming on the shore,
Still others follow evermore.
We heard but late their great guns break
The forest's sleep from Erie's lake :
Where now our allies' boasted aid ?
Their ships, themselves, are captive made.

Our strife is ruin. Yet if ye
 Stern conflict, warriors, still decree,
 Old Nidi Wyan will not shun
 The place where mighty deeds are done."

VII.

Up frowning sprung the Ottowas' chief ;
 " Brothers, Ken-hàt-ta-wa's words are brief.
 I speak for war. Let others rest
 Who deem the red-man's wrongs redressed.
 I wish for blood—and let it flow,
 Though all my race and kin lie low !
 Who talk of peace ? Who bid forget
 The wrongs of years, heaped hotly yet ?
 Are they not those, who slew in youth
 The coward whites ? who boast forsooth
 Of bold exploit, then bid embrace
 White-livered Peace ? Are we a race
 Less brave than they ? If they are chill
 With frosty age, must we be still ?
 Their veins are shrunk, their nerves are dry,
 Their limbs are withered—' peace' they cry !
 Peace ?—Peace with whom ?—The adders pale
 That crawl with cold and slimy trail
 Upon our fathers' graves, and creep
 Into our wigwams ! May they sleep
 Paler in death ! What ! cringe and bow,
 Like dogs ? By A-re-ous-ki, no !
 Warriors—I am of Pontiac's blood.
 Like him, I hate the reptile brood.
 Fawn ? Lick the dust whereon they crawl ?
 Not I ! So low let others fall !
 I say—*Revenge* ! And if we die,
 What then ! *Revenge* is victory !
 I ask not safety ; let me have
 One day's red vengeance—then a grave !"

VIII.

His words in every soul were fire,
 When lo ! a venerable sire,
 The memory of a vanished age,
 Whose sad and awful heritage
 It was, to live when all were gone
 His youth and ripening years had known,
 By aid of others slowly rose.
 The hair around his drooping brows
 Fell thin and silvery, stirred with breath
 Of passing breeze ; his frame beneath,
 Of hugest limbs, was gaunt and shrunk
 With weight of years ; and deeply sunk
 Within the caverns of the mind,
 His eyes burned dimly. Half reclined
 Beside a time-worn, massive tree,
 That seemed, like him, a shape to be,
 Left from the past, all hollowly
 Stole forth from his sepulchral breast,
 Whereon his feeble hands were pressed,
 A voice, as doth an echo come
 From out the gray and ruined tomb.
 Each eye was fixed in awe, as, broken
 By frequent pause, his words were spoken.

IX.

" Children—for many winters lo !
 The mountains stand : the rivers flow
 To the great deep—and none may know
 Their numbered years : the strong, bright Sun
 Still journeys on his way alone.—
 They grow not old.—But man decays.—
 The years go round, and lo ! his face
 Is seen no more—and stranger hands
 Lay him to rest.—We-o-li stands
 A blasted hemlock on the hill.

The winds of many winters shrill
 Have whistled through its boughs, till, dead,
 They whiten o'er its withered head.
 Of generations born with me
 I—only I—cease not to be.
 But wisdom comes with thronging years.—
 What voice is in We-o-li's ears ?
 Is it the voice of Tamenend,
 Thou counsellor of my youth, my friend ?
 Do I still hear thee, as when thou
 Taught'st me beneath the cedar bough
 By the broad Delaware ?—no more
 Shall I behold thy native shore !
 —Who has not heard of Tamenend,
 The old, the wise ? He was the friend
 Of young We-o-li. Oft he told,
 While near those mighty waters rolled,
 The Lenni Lenape's glories past ;
 And how with winged ships, swift and vast,
 The pale-men came ; and how the race
 Of red-men from the kindly face
 And bosom of our mother earth,
 Though born an earlier, nobler birth,
 Began to fail by them, and still
 Must fail and vanish.—I am chill.
 Will any youth draw near, and spread
 His wild-skin robe around my head ?”

x.

“ Children—it is in vain ye strive.
 It is in vain ye bravely give
 Your lives upon the reeking field.
 It is in vain your hands are steeled
 To conflict resolute and long,
 As is the memory of our wrong.
 For what can death and victory do
 In combat with a countless foe ?
 What is the storm, the whirlwind's might,

To sweep the thronging clouds from sight ?
 They sink, yet rise on every hand,
 And their pale presence fills the land.
 Can ye contend forever ? May
 Your leaguéd power their inroads stay ?
 'Tis idle.—Does the sun behold
 Tribes mightier, than were of old
 The Lenni Lenape—first born race ?
 How goodly was their dwelling place
 Beside a thousand streams ! How strong,
 The power their banded tribes among !
 Where now are they ?—A remnant roams !
 The pale-face holds their ancient homes !—
 So must it be—our race depart—
 For we have grieved Maníto's heart :
 'Tis he hath brought the stranger near,
 And broke the red-man's bow and spear !
 Yet mourn not, children. Southward far,
 Where vast and flaming mountains are,
 Great nations into ruin fall.
 Nay more what race hath burial
 Beneath our feet ? Our hearts know not.
 How should we shun such common lot ?
 No ! live—It is more chill and cold.
 Will Nidi close my mantle's fold ?—
 Live ye in peace till day be done.
 Ye follow towards the setting sun.
 Time comes, of all our race the last,
 By the great western waters cast,
 Shall sink with wrongs and grief oppressed,
 What then ? Our Islands of the Blest
 Are left to us ! We shall be there
 A shadowy realm whose forms are air :
 But joy is with them, never pain—
 Nor e'er shall pale-face entrance gain.—
 'Tis cold !—'tis dim !—I see but forest glooms !
 Spirit of Tamenend, Weoli comes !"

XI.

His accents ceased—more glassy grew
His dim eyes, gleaming coldly blue—
His gaunt frame, bent between his knees,
Sank down beneath those aged trees :
Upon their wasted roots and bare
Lay low the mighty Delaware.
Nor word, nor voice, broke forth around :
But, drawing near along the mound,
The eldest twain of all their bands,
With placid mien, but faltering hands,
The cold and bloodless limbs composed,
His wild-skin robe around them closed,
Then, back retiring, sat again,
And stillness held unbroken reign.
The latest words his wisdom gave
Spoke peace, and seemed as from the grave.
Maníttö's was that failing voice !
Each soul was awed, nor any choice
Appeared for them, but silently
To wander from their homes, and die.
Such feelings ruled the gloomy hour,
With all Despair's heart-crushing power.

XII.

Tecumseh rose. His features high
Were calm, except the flashing eye ;
His neck and swarthy breast, that throbbed
With pulse of fire, he half unrobed,
And drawing near with noiseless tread,
Where sunset shone upon his head,
His bare arm stretched above the dead.
“How art thou fallen,” low words began,
In tones that through their bosoms ran,
“Pine of the mountains ! Who hath done
This deed on thee, O warrior's son,

O sire of men? What power of ill,
 Wise soul, brave heart, unconquered will,
 Hath laid thee low? Thy years are o'er:
 Thou shalt arise from earth no more!

Warriors—his time is come at length.
 Where now is valor? Where is strength?
 Where wisdom? Lo! We-o-li's dead!
 The son of Narhe's soul hath fled!
 Pride of the Wā-pa-ná-chi—friend
 Of age-remembered Tamenend—
 Inheritor of his counsels! Who,
 In manhood's might, may bend the bow
 He bent in youth? What hand shall wield
 His war-club o'er the embattled field?
 His place in council who can fill?
 The mighty one is fallen!—How still!—
 And why? The years have loved to spare
 His wrinkled brow, his silvery hair:—
 What bowed him here these tombs among?—
 Remembrance of the red-man's wrong!—
 And where to sleep? In peaceful grave
 By Susquehanna's rolling wave,
 Or rock-born Delaware?—No, never!
 The rushing of their native river
 May soothe his fathers where they rest,
 But he shall lie alone, unblest.

XIII.

Watching his words despair enchain,
 He raised a loftier, louder strain:
 "And yet I know not.—Senseless clay!
 I deem thee less unblest than they!—
 For, brothers, o'er their honored heads
 With spurning foot the pale-face treads;
 This clay, perchance, may find some spot,
 Untrod, unknown, where he is not.—
 What said I? They were idle words!
 This whole wide land no spot affords,

Where great We-o-li would not be
Some day the stranger's mockery !

Men, brothers—many winters gone
There was no land, nor rising sun,
Nor moon, nor stars : all, all was night.
By the Great Spirit's ancient might
All things were made. The pale-men's home
He gave beyond the ocean foam :
These hunting grounds he stored with game
For his red children. Honor, fame,
Was theirs in peace, and theirs in war :
By lake, and stream, and hills afar,
And boundless plains, from age to age,
How glorious was their heritage !”

XIV.

Each eye was fired, each bosom shook,
More fixed became each earnest look.—
“ Great Spirit ! o'er the wide salt sea
We deemed the pale-face sent from thee,
And we rejoiced.—O fatal joy !
O trust reposed but to destroy !
Where, red-men, is the banded pride
By Rappahannock's rushing tide,
And old Potomac ? Where the power,
That, like a storm, was wont to lower
On the dark Alleghanies ?—Naught,
Except the fields whereon they fought,
Is left to tell ! Like worthless stones,
The white-man's plough upturns their bones !—
Where are the Lenape, leagued and strong
A thousand watery vales among ?—
By many a strange and distant shore
They wander and return no more !—
What are the ancient tribes, and brave,
That dwelt along the eastern wave ?—
A name ! A mournful memory !—
And what are those that loved to be

Among the valleys and the hills
 Of Mohawk and green Katterskills,
 That passed the silvery Horicon,
 And hunted northern heights upon,
 And by Ontario's billowy marge,
 Or storm-robed Erie, roamed at large?—
 Their graves remain?—And who need say
 How passed the Natches' power away,
 Murdered among their sacred fires?
 O Sun, the worshipped of their sires,
 When wilt thou see, at thy return,
 Thine offerings on their altars burn!
 —But fell all these unfought, unfeared?—
 No! warriors, no! Who hath not heard
 Of proud Powhatan, and the dread
 Of O-pe-chán-ca-nough? They shed
 The stranger's blood, till earth was red!
 And who knows not of Metacom,
 Long struggling for his rocky home?
 And, more than all, the lord of slaughters,
 Great Pontiac, ruler of broad waters?
 At name of him, both far and near,
 The pale-face paler grew with fear!

XV.

Tecumseh saw in flaming eyes
 Pride, sorrow, scorn, and rage arise,
 While strained hands to their daggers stole,
 And deeper poured his burning soul:
 "O red-men! what are *we* to do,
 When thus our fathers slew the foe?
 Are we less brave? Who here will own
 A coward in a warrior's son?
 —Yet peace is urged.—What! where they died
 In vengeance mid the battle's tide
 For this their native land, shall we
 In tameness with the usurpers be?

—But they are countless—clouds of heaven—
 Waves of the deep—by strife are given
 But tombs to us, while they remain.—
 O false regard ! compassion vain !
 Speak ! mighty dead of race unknown,
 That sleep beneath ! When, ages gone,
 Your land, like waves, strange nations reft,
 Fought ye not long, till none was left ?
 Speak ! mouldering dust of red-men near !
 Shall our poor life be shame and fear ?—
 And what if peace were lovely ? Where
 These pale insatiate strangers are,
 There is no peace for us, no rest,
 Except upon our mother's breast !
 We shall but live despised, undone,
 Till pushed from being, one by one,
 To graves of scorn ! Thou setting Sun,
 Say not in Islands of the Blest,
 Their sons are meek, though spurned, oppressed !
 Tell not to after times, thy race
 Chose thus to die by long disgrace !

XVI.

O red-men ! 'tis to you I call !
 Why should it thus your souls appal,
 That power allied has been o'erthrown ?
 That ye at last may war alone ?
 Say is not this your native land ?
 Do not the forests round ye stand ?
 Master of life ! shall we resign
 Thy gifts to other hands than thine ?
 Warriors, I know that I shall fall.
 What then ? It is my country's call.
 It is not death revenged to die :
 Death is to live in infamy !
 Who loves a few inglorious years
 Of coward peace and craven fears

And injuries too deep for tears—
 Here let him rest ! Who hopes to be
 Past death renowned immortally,
 And hates the wrongs, the ills of life,
 Follow Tecumseh to the strife !”

XVII.

Aloud he cried, and whirling threw
 His hatchet's gleam the dimness through,
 And, bounding o'er the moveless dead,
 Pursued the whistling flight it sped,
 While all the throng tumultous rose,
 With tossing arms, and tempest brows,
 And shouts, and yells, and menaced blows.
 Far fixed within that slender trunk
 The sharp axe shook not where it sunk ;
 Then, seizing from the fire a brand,
 He hurled it with impetuous hand
 Beneath that fuel piled and dry,
 And, as the flames rose wreathing high,
 And brooding Night her pinions spread,
 Around them moved, with lifted head,
 And chanted song, and quickening tread ;
 While close, to utmost phrenzy strung,
 Behind him fast fierce warriors sprung,
 Till all, each thought in madness merged,
 Untired their savage orgies urged.

XVIII.

As, when a burning vessel, tost
 On Norway's stern, tempestuous coast,
 Is drawn at night, with plunge and roll,
 Into the Maelstrom's mighty pool,
 Lighting the deep, the seamen there,
 Through minds made frantic by despair,

On all the vortex vast and dim,
See fiends around them, strange and grim,
That laugh, and dance, and yell, and swing,
And furious gestures toward them fling,
Now borne through glare, now darkness dun,
As swift the dizzy circles run :
So by that fire and blazing tree,
Whose topmost boughs flamed fearfully,
With tufted head, and frightful mien,
Five thousand dusky forms were seen,
The young, the old, dark haired and gray,
All painted in their war-array,
As wild beneath the shadowy night,
Through forest gloom or flashing light,
In thronging rage around and round
Upon the hard and beaten ground,
With fiendish gestures fiercely flung,
They whooped, and swayed, and whirled, and swung,
Their loose locks on the night-wind streaming
Their sharp knives in the red light gleaming,
Each swelling high his own rude song,
That rang the deep, dim woods along,
And striking oft, with furious blow,
In every burning brand a foe.
But rose o'er all their mingled noise
Tecumseh's sweet and lofty voice.

XIX.

WAR SONG OF TECUMSEH.

“ I hear the sound of the battle !
Sharp are my arrows made :
Bright is my hatchet's blade.
But they shall be red
In the blood of the dead,
Mangled and low with his war-horse laid !

God of the battle, hear !
 In the hour of the strife be near,
 With wrath, revenge, and fear !
 Sound the loud whoop !

“ I see the rush of the battle !
 Tecumseh will soon be there,
 With his arm and his bosom bare.
 He never hath quailed,
 Nor his hand ever failed—
 When his foemen behold him they fly in despair !
 God of the battle, haste !
 If the red-man’s day be past,
 Let Rage and Havoc waste,
 While comes the night !

“ I smell the carnage of battle !
 Terrible is the strife,
 Where gushes the tide of life !
 But ’tis joy, as we sink,
 Of the red stream to drink,
 That warms from a foeman our hatchet and knife !
 God of the battle heed !
 Let the rolling conflict bleed,
 With the groan and the shrieking steed,
 Till Vengeance tire !

“ Ha ! ha ! the battle ’s around me !
 Who is afraid to die,
 When he with his foe may lie ?
 Thus, thus my blow [*Striking the brands.*]
 Hews down the foe !
 From the graves of our fathers we never will fly !
 God of the battle, hear !
 Tecumseh knows not fear !
 Though the hour of my fate be near,
 O Death, I come !”

XX.

Still wheeled the dance, when suddenly
 Without their circle rose a cry,
 And through their midst with shouts was borne
 A single pale-face, wan and worn.
 'Twas Moray. Near that fearful place
 Had led the trail they sought to trace ;
 And, stealing towards that streaming light,
 They lurked around, if to their sight,
 Amid those scenes of fury there,
 The loved, the lost, might chance appear.
 A bright flash Moray's face betrayed,
 But, mingling, in the shifting shade,
 With thronging braves of hue his own,
 The dusky Huron stood unknown.

XXI.

When there Ken-hát-ta-wa, whose hate,
 Despite his daughter saved from fate,
 Could never in his soul abate,
 Beheld that face, his sudden yell,
 As if from out the mouth of Hell,
 Startled the heavens. With grasp so strong,
 It might an arm of steel have wrung,
 He seized his foe. "Thine hour is come!"
 He cried exulting. "Room! make room,
 Brave warriors! Lo! a spy! a spy!
 The traitor chieftain! Let him die!"
 He spake, and shouts of joy replied.
 "Stay!" aged Nidi Wyan cried,
 With faltering words and earnest look,
 That anxious love and fear bespoke.
 "He is no spy. We must not stain
 Our cause with blood of traveller slain!"—
 "A traveller? Did not Wyan make
 This wretch, beside the Stormy Lake,

Adopted son? And when at last
 Fixed foes the fiery oath had passed,
 Long war in leagued revenge to wage
 For all the red-man's heritage,
 Did he not then a recreant stand,
 A pale-face still in heart and hand?"
 "Ay!" added suddenly De Vere,
 Advancing nigh, with fiendish sneer—
 For he was there to take away
 Resolves of that eventful day:
 "Ay! and his limbs the dungeon's chain
 Have borne, for base attempts to gain
 Your free tribes, far as wild-deer roams,
 To war among the red-man's homes.
 Vile traitor, convict, spy, and liar,
 What doth he here? Such crimes require
 The torturing steel—consuming fire!"

XXII.

"Wretch!" Moray shrieked, and strove to wring
 His arms away, and forward spring:
 "Thou falsest murderer! Where is now
 The dear, the faded one, whom thou
 Hast torn from me?"—"Fond fool! she's drowned!"—
 The captive's brain spun darkly round:
 "How did I dream! I thought 'twas she,
 Through battle's roar that spoke to me!"
 And in each face that, peering, leaned,
 And mocked at him, he viewed a fiend.
 Tecumseh saw, and sought to prove
 Again his gratitude and love.
 "Hear, warriors," cried he, calmly stern:
 "In cause so great, ye ought to learn,
 Such mean and petty cruelty
 Is not revenge. He must not die.
 The Great Maníto in his wrath
 Will fill with graves our battle-path.

Reserve your souls for fields of slaughter,
Then spill the white-man's blood like water!"

XXIII.

The Ottawa turned. His visage, torn
With rage, hate, triumph, infinite scorn,
Glared horrible: "Ho! ho! what art,
What charm hath changed Tecumseh's heart?
The Indian's wrongs his tongue could tell
In words most eloquently well.
Milk-livered now, he spends his breath
To save a pale-faced spy from death!—
Up with the stake! Lo! let him burn!
The red-man's glory shall return!"
"Yes!" added Els-kwa-tá-wa near
With silvery voice:—"Great Spirit, hear!
Hast thou not giv'n this victim's life
To steel our warriors for the strife?"
From all the dark tumultuous throng
Glad yellings through the forest rung;
And, looking in their eyes that hour,
Tecumseh knew, an angry power
Was raised which he might not withstand.
He stood and waved his dusky hand,
While quailed at his indignant glance
The Prophet's cruel countenance:
"Chiefs, warriors—act your will; but I
Will not behold a wanderer die.
Let all, whose hands and hearts are one
To do as have our fathers done,
Seek Malden ere the morrow fades."
He spake and plunged through circling shades.

XXIV.

Then rose fierce cries. Some, hurrying round,
Gather from all th' autumnal ground

Dry roots and broken boughs, to raise
The torturing pyre. For swifter blaze,
Others the twisted knots untwine
Of hemlock and the pitchy pine,
Or sharp and gummy splints prepare,
To thrust beneath his sinews bare,
And make them, each a kindled torch,
Through quivering gashes blaze and scorch ;
While others throng with taunting cries,
Or laugh into his aching eyes,
And tell him how the fiery pains
Shall dart and live along his veins.
The stake was driven, and by its side,
With strong green withs, the victim tied ;
Then, piling round with eager hands
The fuel near, bright, burning brands
The Prophet and the Ottawa brought,
And whooped to see the flames were caught.

XXV.

When, bluely creeping first below,
Began their wreaths to circle slow,
And with their lurid gleamings glared
O'er painted face and bosoms bared,
With knives and hatchets crowding nigh,
They flashed their terrors in his eye,
And drew their edge his brows between,
And grazed his cheek with arrows keen,
While gazing stood De Vere apart,
With folded arms, exultant heart,
To see him die a coward's son ;
But never seemed he once to shun
By start or look the fiery fate,
That did his forfeit life await,
But nerved his soul for tortures ready,
And kept his eye unblenched and steady,

Though more of paleness than was wont
 Appeared along his marble front.
 Strange, fearful scene ! The Huron near,
 What was it to his eye and ear ?
 The flying clouds, the struggling moon,
 The winds that swept with wail and groan,
 The battling trees, the gleaming light
 On hoary trunks and trailing night,
 The victim bound, the climbing flame,
 The shapes that danced, the bending frame
 Of Els-kwa-tá-wa's wizard power—
 All things recalled that anguished hour,
 When, rolled in scorn and leaping fire,
 Passed the grim spirit of his sire.
 If now his hand forbore to slay,
 'Twas but Revenge's stern delay !

XXVI.

Heaven help thee, captive !—Hurrying hands
 Lit torturing splints amid the brands,
 While sharp knives sought his sinewy frame
 Wherein to plant the eating flame—
 Lo ! like the moon through midnight cloud,
 There struggled through that dusky crowd
 A pale, fair girl. Her wildered gaze
 Beheld him bound. Through smoke and blaze
 She sprung before those daggers bare,
 And stood beside the victim there,
 As if an angel from above
 Should come to save her martyr love !
 " My Mary !" gasped the youth—" with thee
 I hoped so soon in Heaven to be !—
 How art thou here !" —Her agony
 No answer gave, but falling low
 She raised those eyes, that faded brow,
 And clasped the Ottawa's hard red hand :
 " O spare !" she cried, nor could command

One accent more, but " spare ! O spare !"
 Mid fierce, dark faces thronging there
 The savage gazed on her distress,
 Yet did his pitying heart repress :
 " It may not be. His life belongs
 To my deep hate, the red-man's wrongs.
 But thou, poor bird ! shalt dwell with me !"—
 She started from her trembling knee
 Before De Vere : " O save his life
 And I, yes ! I will be thy wife—
 Thy love—thy slave—whate'er thou wilt,
 Till death, that is not shame and guilt !"

XXVII.

" O never thus !" from Moray broke,
 Convulsively through stifling smoke :
 " Be strown my ashes far and wide,
 But be not thou a murderer's bride !"—
 " I must !—I will !—Thou may'st not die !"
 " Dear girl, I swear," exultingly
 De Vere exclaimed, " he shall not perish !—
 Great chief, revenge no longer cherish.
 Behold—the maiden yields her mind !"
 " And what to me is wish of thine ?"
 The haughty Indian asked. " He dies,
 Though *thou* shouldst share his agonies !"—
 " Then will I cause that never more
 Your rights shall England's arm restore !"
 Was given De Vere's enraged reply.—
 " Ho !—think'st, I deem thy power so high ?
 And if it were, go, tell your chief,
 That small will be the red-men's grief,
 If they no more allies may keep,
 Who cannot hold the land nor deep !
 And say, 'tis not our rights to save,
 They bear them o'er the ocean wave,

And that alone we'll fight the foe,
While suns shall rise, or rivers flow !
And for thyself—beware ! This maid
Thou stol'st from me through midnight shade :
Touch her again, thy own false life
Shall redden on my reeking knife !”
“ Nay !” Wyan urged “ be vengeance stayed !”
“ Mount, clinging fire !” the Prophet prayed.
“ O spare him !—spare !”—the maiden cried :
“ Death ! death !” a thousand yells replied.

XXVIII.

All this was but a moment. Flame
Had reached the victim's shrinking frame
And drank its dew with furnace breath.
“ Then will I go with thee in death !”
The poor girl murmured, calm the while,
And turned to fling her on the pile—
As sweeps the storm through mountain glen,
Whose coming not an eye may ken,
There burst his way, in terror's robe,
Flung wild as clouds that wrap the globe,
A warrior-god ! His naked breast,
Bare arms and face were fiercely drest
In colors strange ; his gleaming plume
Waved, shaken o'er his brow of gloom,
And, underneath, his angry eye
Shone like a meteor ! Bounding high,
He swept his course with war-club swung,
Beside the pyre of torture sprung,
And, seizing thence, with furious hands
Hurled wide and fast the blazing brands,
Till, dizzy with their dazzling glare,
No eye beheld the actor there,
And, when they woke from that surprise,
He nor the victim met their eyes.

XXIX.

How brightly stole the mantling Morn
 Over the wilderness ! Return,
 O joy-restorer ! where thou wilt,
 Thou gladdenest all but grief and guilt.
 —To Moray's or Tecumseh's breast
 It vainly glowed, that reddening east.
 Still mournfully, and mute, and fast
 Through early-falling leaves they passed,
 Nor ever stopped, nor heeded aught,
 As if their being were but thought,
 Though full was all the forest there
 Of things most beautiful and rare.
 But when the morning sun was high,
 They did a hovering form espy
 Upon a distant hill ; and soon
 O-wa-o-la, beneath the noon,
 Hailed them with joy. Then forward pressed
 The three, till, veering from the West,
 From rising ground their sweeping view
 Surveyed afar the boundless blue
 Of Erie's wave—a glorious scene,
 With silent forests all between !

XXX.

Some moments did the chieftain's eye
 Wander o'er water, wood and sky,
 Then thus he spoke : " Behold yon lake.
 Eastward its shore thy steps will take,
 Till thou the white-man's dwelling see.
 Say—hath the Shawnee faithfully
 Redeemed the life-pledge giv'n to thee ?"—
 " Ay !" Moray cried, " as here I stand !"
 And grasped with tears the chieftain's hand.
 " 'Tis well : yet know—" his bare arm swept
 The whole wide scene, that round them slept—

" Yet, pale-face, know, thy life will cost
 To these fair lands a battle lost
 Tecumseh hath his warriors crossed,
 And angry hands will break the chain
 His words had linked our rights to gain.
 Ay, look around thee ! Fair they lie !
 Is it not well for such to die ?
 —I fall : but when within thy breast
 Thy lost and wearied dove shall rest,
 Tell sometimes, in the years to be,
 How much the Indian gave for thee."
 He turned, and soon, the forest through,
 His stately form was lost to view.

XXXI.

Then eastward by the breezy lake
 Their course the twain in silence take,
 Till from the forest's deep repose
 Sandusky's simple dwellings rose.
 Why stay the Huron's steps ? and why
 So troubled seems his thoughtful eye ?—
 " My brother," with a faltering tone
 The youth began, " in wanderings lone,
 Lo ! now for many moons, with thee
 O-wa-o-la has loved to be.
 We 've bowed beside the same cool brook—
 Of the same food our hands partook—
 Our eyes have drunk the same sweet light—
 One leafy couch was ours at night,
 And both alike Manítto's power
 Hath guarded through the midnight hour.
 But now we part. Wilt thou forget
 The Huron, when his sun is set ?"
 " What mean'st thou ?" Moray wondering cried.
 " We will not part, thou truest guide,
 Through toils, through griefs, through dangers tried !"

His head the Huron sadly shook :
" Brother—yon setting sun may look
Upon the wigwams of thy race,—
But where's the red-man's dwelling-place ?
In mere remembrance of the homes
Which once were ours, the conflict comes,
And now is near ! Oneirah's son
May not such field of battle shun."
The earnest parting grasp was wrung,
Yet seemed, as lingered on his tongue
Some word unuttered. Slow he turned,
But checked his steps, while deeper burned
His flushed brown cheek : " If thou shalt see
Omeena, when I cease to be,
Tell her, my heart"—he faltered then—
" Tell her, with throngs of warrior-men
The Huron braved the battle's swell,
And fighting for his country fell."
He ceased, nor more his parting stayed ;
And deeper grief on Moray weighed,
For never yet on earth but one
So dear unto his heart had grown.

XXXII.

Now loud the shores of Erie rang
With anvil, axe, and armor's clang,
And all the busy stir that wakes,
Where War, with giant footstep, shakes
The trampled earth.—Days glided by.
As flushed with recent victory,
The corded sails with prouder sweep
Had borne across the rocking deep
Invading armies ; hostile coasts
Had quaked with tramp of moving hosts ;
From smoking holds and fortress fired
The foe had sullenly retired ;
And up swift Thames was urged apace
The anxious flight, the eager chase,

While ever mid the wilds appear
The stealthy Indians, hovering near.
And all the time, by wood and waste,
Had Moray with the army passed ;
For something whispered, treacherous feet
Would haste the maid with that retreat.

XXXIII.

Within a wood extending wide
By Thames's steeply winding side,
There sat upon a fallen tree,
Grown green through ages silently,
An Indian girl. The gradual change
Making all things most sweetly strange,
Had come again. The autumn sun,
Half up his morning journey, shone
With conscious lustre, calm and still ;
By dell, and plain, and sloping hill
Stood mute the faded trees, in grief,
As various as their clouded leaf.
With all the hues of sunset skies
Were stamped the maple's mourning dies ;
In meeker sorrow in the vale
The gentle ash was drooping pale ;
Brown-seared the walnut raised its head,
The oak displayed a lifeless red ;
And grouping bass and white-wood hoar
Sadly their yellow honors bore ;
And silvered birch and poplar rose
With foliage gray and weeping boughs ;
But elm and stubborn beech retained
Some verdant lines, though crossed and stained,
And by the river's side were seen
Hazel and willow palely green,
While in the woods, by bank and stream
And hollows shut from day-light gleam,

Where tall trees wept their freshening dews,
 Each shrub preserved its summer hues.
 Nor this alone. From branch and trunk
 The withered wild-vines coldly shrunk,
 The wood-land fruits hung ripe or dry,
 The leaf-strown brook flowed voiceless by ;
 And all throughout, nor dim nor bright,
 There lived a rare and wondrous light,
 Wherein the colored leaves around
 Fell noiselessly ; nor any sound,
 Save chattering squirrels on the trees,
 Or dropping nuts, when stirred the breeze,
 Might there be heard ; and, floating high,
 Were light clouds borne along the sky,
 And, scarcely seen, in heaven's deep blue
 One solitary eagle flew.

XXXIV.

But these the maiden heeded nought,
 Watching afar. What form hath caught
 The gaze of her expectant eye ?
 She sprung not forth with joyous cry,
 As drew that stately warrior near,
 But rising, with the look most dear
 To one beloved, his hand she pressed
 Gently and sadly to her breast.
 His wavy plume the chief unbound
 And laid it glittering on the ground ;
 Then, sitting on that mossy tree,
 And gazing forth, where silently,
 Just seen, the swift bright river ran,
 Their converse low they thus began.
 " The Ottawa deems his daughter's feet
 Stray where the Great Lake's billows beat.
 Why hath the maiden left her home ?" —
 " Omeena's heart had bid her come." —

" That thus Tecumseh's breast by thee
 Grow soft, when it should sternest be ?"—
 " Nay—but to gird thy war-belt on,
 And meet thee when the battle's done ?"—
 " Meet me ?—Alas ! thou'lt find me laid
 Among the voiceless slain, sweet maid !
 My sire, in dreams, hath told me so."
 " Then who so well, for thee laid low,"
 The maiden said, with faltering breath,
 " Could sigh the mourning song of death ?"
 His eyes the chieftain turned away,
 Lest he some rising tear display,
 Then from his bosom took the shell,
 Wherewith was proved his love so well :
 " Behold—this token bade me take
 From prison bars and fiery stake
 Thy rescuer from a watery grave.
 Thou hast again the pledge I gave."
 " Did not Omeena know, our minds
 Were as the mingling autumn winds,
 That breathe together ? Dear to her,
 And thee, was that pale wanderer !"

XXXV.

Mournfully in his hands, and low,
 The warrior bowed his thoughtful brow :
 " 'Tis done—'tis well—why should regret
 Cumber so fair a deed ?—and yet,
 Through anger, girl, for victim taken
 By thousands was our cause forsaken !"—
 " O would he ne'er had saved my life !
 Thou hadst been free for this great strife !"—
 He raised again that sullen face,
 And pressed her with a fond embrace :
 " Nay, gentlest !—Be the loss most dear,
 Flower of my heart ! for thou art here !"—
 " But numbers still with thee remain ?

The conflict will not be in vain ?"—
 " Nay, trembling at a hostile tread,
 Our allies' dastard chief has fled,
 And tribes in scorn have gone away,
 Till now their country's sole array
 Is one poor thousand !—Be it so !"
 He cried with sudden start. " We'll go
 With stronger arm, with firmer soul !
 More terrible shall the conflict roll !
 We'll fight—our mountains round us stand !
 We'll fight—our streams are on each hand !
 We'll fight for our beloved land !
 Great Spirit ! from our field of death
 Thou wilt receive the warrior's breath !"

XXXVI.

He gazed on her—his bosom shook :
 " Tis sweet upon thy face to look,
 Bird of the wild-wood ! I shall be
 Soon but a memory to thee !
 But thou wilt make some happier choice :
 Another shall thy youth rejoice."
 She looked down with a tear and sigh,
 She looked up with a flashing eye :
 " When sinks the sun, doth any light
 Make glad the lingering cloud of night ?
 'Twere better far to go with him,
 Than stray so lonely and so dim !"
 Her dread resolve Tecumseh spied
 With mournful joy : " Thou art," he cried,
 " Indeed a warrior's love !—but hark !—
 Th' accursed drum !—and yonder mark
 Pursuing banners ! See them wheel,
 With prancing steed and glistening steel !
 Far up, where wild morasses wide
 Extend them near the river's side
 They shall be humbled !—Now we part !"
 Calmly, yet with a struggling heart,

He rose, his bright plume slowly raised,
O'er wood and sky a moment gazed,
A moment looked in her dark eye,
Then turned him quick and silently.
As passed his form from view, the maiden bowed
Her head in tears, ev'n like an April cloud.

XXXVII.

The sun in deeper redness glows,
Beyond his mid-day tower ;
No breeze along the forest blows,
How smooth and dark yon river flows !
Yon green morass, how hushed and close !—
Dead seems the sullen hour !
But see through stirless trees the gleam
Of burnished arms appear !
Rifle, and belt, and bayonet's beam,
And bright swords flashing on the stream,
And brazen cannon near !
Yet they that bear—how dumb they stand,
From low morass to river's strand,
In still and stern array !
They speak no word, they lift no hand,
They move no step away !
Their plumes are waved not in the air,
Their pennons droop oppressed,
The very winds are breathless there,
The coursing clouds at rest !
There's nought that stirs, above, below,
Save that deep stream with noiseless flow,
And, marked by every eye,
One eagle, circling, wide and slow,
The dimmed and silent sky.
That army wait, with bird and brute
And nature round them, hushed and mute,
As when afar with fearful dooms,
The terrible tornado glooms.

XXXVIII.

Hark to the trumpet and the drum !
 Hark to the tramp of Mars !
 So fast yon fiery legions come,
 Though all the air be stilled and dumb,
 Wide wave their bannered stars !
 A thousand horse in rank arrayed,
 With beamy crest and brandished blade,
 Rushed like the tempest-wind ;
 With bristling steel, but clangor stayed,
 Moved, like that whirlwind's dreadful shade,
 Two thousand foot behind.
 " Halt ! " rang on their impetuous speed
 The shout their leader gave ;
 And, while at once the foot recede,
 Each rider sat his restless steed,
 As rock above the wave.
 " Behold the foe in order wide,
 Like field of autumn corn !
 Death be the reaper ! Side by side,
 While half your ranks the marshes ride,
 Upon them, horsemen !—Charge ! " he cried,
 With blast of bugle-horn.
 Forth at the peal each charger sped,
 The hard earth shook beneath their tread,
 The dim woods, all around them spread,
 Shone with their armor's light :
 Yet in those stern, still lines assailed
 No eye-ball shrank, no bosom quailed,
 No foot was turned for flight ;
 But, thundering as their foemen came,
 Each rifle flashed its deadly flame.
 A moment then recoil and rout,
 With reeling horse and struggling shout,
 Confused that onset fair ;
 But, rallying each dark steed once more,
 Like billows borne the low reefs o'er

With foamy crest in air,
 Right on and over them they bore,
 With gun and bayonet thrust before,
 And swift swords brandished bare.
 Then madly was the conflict waged,
 Then terribly red Slaughter raged !

XXXVIII.

How still is yet yon dense morass
 The bloody sun below !
 Where'er yon chosen horsemen pass,
 There stirs no bough, nor blade of grass,
 There moves no secret foe !
 Yet on, quick eye and cautious tread,
 His bold ranks Johnson darkling led.
 —Sudden from tree and thicket green,
 From trunk, and mound, and bushy screen,
 Sharp lightning flashed with instant sheen,
 A thousand death-bolts sung !
 Like ripened fruit before the blast,
 Rider and horse to earth were cast,
 Its miry roots among ;
 Then wild, as if that earth were riven,
 And, poured beneath the cope of heaven,
 All hell to upper air were given,
 One fearful whoop was rung,
 And, bounding each from covert forth,
 Burst on their front the demon birth.—
 “Off! off! each horseman to the ground !
 On foot we'll quell the foe !”
 And instant, with impetuous bound,
 They hurled them down below.

XXXIX.

Then loud the crash of arms arose,
 As when two forest whirlwinds close ;

Then filled all heaven their shout and yell,
 As if the forests on them fell !
 I see, where swells the thickest fight,
 With sword and hatchet brandished bright,
 And rifles flashing sulphurous light,
 Through green leaves gleaming red—
 I see a plume, now near, now far,
 Now high, now low, like falling star,
 Wide waving o'er the tide of war,
 Where'er the onslaught's led ;
 I see, beneath, a bare arm swing,
 As tempest whirls the oak,
 Bosom and high crest shivering,
 The war-club's deadly stroke ;
 The eager infantry rush in,
 Before their ranks, with wilder din,
 The wav'ring strife is driven—
 Above the struggling storm I hear
 A lofty voice the war bands cheer,
 Still, as they quail with doubt or fear,
 Yet loud and louder given ;
 And, rallying to the clarion cry,
 With club and red axe raging high,
 And sharp knives sheathing low,
 Fast back again confusedly
 They drive the staggering foe.

XL.

But now they saw their allies fly,
 In rout, the field of fear,
 And now victorious cavalry
 Were poured upon their rear.
 Charge followed charge :—how shall they bide
 At once the tempest and the tide !
 Charge followed charge ! To either side
 Their struggling flight they bore ;
 Yet, o'er the battle waving wide,

One plume still shone, one voice yet cried
 Above the battle's roar :
 " Fly not, though yonder allies fly !
 Fly not—'tis ours to fight and die !"—
 O ! shame and grief were in the cry,
 Revenge, despair, and memory
 Of things to be no more !—
 " Fight—for your injuries suffered long !"
 And his own arm avenged a wrong ;
 " Strike !" and his war-club, swift and strong,
 Crashed down the foe before !
 Again they rallied to the death,
 Again they quailed the storm beneath,
 As reeds by river's shore.

XLI.

Kenháttawa saw the day was lost,
 And thoughts of dearer vengeance crossed
 His savage soul. " If thus," he yelled,
 " The red-men's craven hearts are quelled,
 And all's undone, no hands but mine
 Shall spill that hated life of thine !"
 He sprang, and hurled his hatchet red,
 That, past the chieftain's feathered crest,
 Quivered in Nidi's aged breast,
 And stretched him with the dead.—
 " Thou traitor ! perish in the deed !"
 And, with the bound of battle-steed,
 Deep through the Ottawa's springs of life
 Tecumseh drove his griding knife
 Sheer to the hilt, then waved on high
 The reeking blade, with louder cry,
 " Turn ! turn ! be brave, avenged, and die !"—
 " Charge ! charge ! cried Johnson, urging on,
 Where thickest deeds of death were done,
 His staggering war-horse. Stern before,
 His lifted hatchet drunk with gore,

The warrior sprung—but, ere it flew
 The death-bolt pierced his bosom through.
 He fell, but, falling, tore his plume,
 And waved it mid death's gathering gloom,
 With wild and lofty cheer,
 "Turn ! strive ! avenge your native land !
 On ! on—" The Ottawa's failing hand
 Felt that his foe was near ;
 And through the hero, back and forth,
 He plunged his keen blade to the earth,
 Then raised one long, loud whoop,
 Joined only with the eagle's cry,
 Now circling, faster through the sky,
 With near and nearer swoop ;
 And when they died away at last,
 Tecumseh's mighty soul had passed.

XLII.

"Stay, murderer !" Moray cried, and flew,
 With steps of fire, the forest through.
 De Vere beheld : on powerful steed
 He flung the girl.—Avenger, speed !
 Thou never yet hadst greater need,
 Though thou didst run, through axe and knife,
 Such strange and fearful race for life !—
 Some paces more if thou couldst strain !
 —De Vere had grasped the flowing mane,
 And, bounding, dashed his rowels deep—
 Like plunging cataract from the steep,
 Like tigress reft of cherished young,
 Headlong the desperate lover sprung,
 With one blow cleft, as reed, in twain
 The sinewy arm that held the rein, —
 Though still its fingers kept their clasp,—
 Then seized the maid with instant grasp.
 "By Hell the fabled ! on the bier
 Alone thou'lt wed her !" foamed De Vere,

And with his left hand fiercely pressed
His dagger to her faded breast ;
But, ere 'twas driven, a sudden blow
Stunned soul and sense. With groanings low
He fell, yet by the stirrup hung
His charger's trampling feet among,
Who, snorting then with rage and fear,
Dashed off upon his wild career.

XLIII.

Through marsh and wood, with thickets grown,
O'er brambly banks, o'er log and stone,
In maddening terror, on—still on—
Plunged the strong steed, at every bound
Hurling the torn wretch on the ground,
Or tossing him in air. The skies
Were pierced with his awakened cries,
As, crashed on rock or massive tree,
Arose his voice of agony,
Till, as they dimly disappeared,
One last, long fearful shriek was heard,
As if apart his limbs were riven.
A moment more, and they were given
Unto each straining gaze again,
As, bursting forth on open plain,
The savage horse whirled faster there
The head, and half the body bare,
Torn lengthwise, now, upheaved in air,
Now flung to earth ; and, far as eye
Could view between the plain and sky,
That furious brute still onward tore,
And still that ghastly burden bore—
The rended corse, yet darkly swinging,
The cleft arm, to the bridle clinging !

XLIV.

From that strange scene of guilt and pain
Unto each other turned the twain,
With thoughts unuttered. Joy was theirs
Which speaks not, save in voiceless prayers;
And Mary, suddenly so blest,
Wept deep and long on Moray's breast.
—Returning slow, their steps were led
Along the field of changeless dead.
Upon the battle's edge was cast,
Where rallied, fought, and fell the last,
O-wa-o-la, in slaughter laid,
Still grasping to his hatchet's blade.
His heart was hushed—his bosom cold—
Revenge untaken—love untold!
And Moray gazed, but silently,
For he had felt that this would be:
But that unseen, unbidden tear
For one untutored, yet so dear,
Was more than all that pomp can pay
To the cold sense of coffined clay.
—Beyond, amid the fresh, bright blood,
The old man of the Wabash stood
By his two sons, on whom he gazed,
Nor once his eyes of sorrow raised.
Few were his tears: his features there
Were resignation and despair.
“Three,” said he, “rest in Wabash grave,
And two will sleep by Thames's wave,
And I must go my way alone.
We're far apart—but Heaven is one!”
“Nay!” Moray cried, “I'll be thy son!
Where dark Miami's waters roam,
This dearest maiden's ruined home
We will renew; and thou shalt share,
With my own sire, my love and care!”

XLV.

Near by was Wyan laid to rest,
 The Ottawa's hatchet in his breast ;
 And over him was Moray's heart
 Breathing its wordless grief apart,
 When fixed his gaze a sadder scene :
 Upon the gory ground, between
 Tecumseh and his mortal foe,
 He saw Omeena sitting low.
 She shed no tears : upon her brow,
 And in her eyes, there rested now
 The depths of calmness ; yet was seen
 Unuttered woe in all her mien.
 Her sire's clenched hand, still starkly pressed
 With red knife, to the hero's breast,
 She drew away, and, from the ground,
 The torn plume laid on that last wound ;
 Then, gazing on each changeless face,
 She did these sorrowing accents raise .

XLVI.

THE LAMENT .

“ Thus art thou fallen, my father !
 Thou wilt not dwell by Huron's shore !
 Thou shalt unto the strife of men
 Go forth no more !

Alas ! no more shalt thou, returning home,
 Make glad thy daughter's heart to see thee come !

“ Our home will be the stranger's !
 Pale feet shall pass by its blue wave,
 Pale feet shall tread, in heedless mood,
 My mother's grave !—

I cannot tell—but wherefore should we stay,
 When the Great Spirit gives our land away !

“ But thee, most glorious chieftain !
 How shall my sorrow speak to thee,
 Great man ! avenger of thy race !
 Their destiny !

Thou wast the bright and solitary star :
 Omeena loved to look on thee afar !

“ And now, O matchless warrior !
 Ah ! where is now thine arm of might ?
 Thy voice, the terrible in war ?
 Thine eye of light ?—

And yet I knew thou couldst not choose but die !
 I knew thou wouldst not from the battle fly !

“ It was not well, my father !
 To add thy stroke to hostile blows :
 'Tis sad when two, who love their land,
 Are mortal foes !

Lo ! now our sun is set, our day is o'er :
 Ah ! be ye friends upon the Spirit Shore !

“ How cold Tecumseh sleepeth !
 He cannot hear my mourning call :
 Yet, say, O heart ! hath he not fallen,
 As brave men fall ?—

Daughter of Pontiac ! wherefore lingerest long ?
 Thus, thus I end my sorrow and my song !”

She ceased, and, ceasing, struck the blade,
 Wherewith her sire's revenge was paid,
 To her own heart ; then, drooping, pressed
 The bare earth by each chieftain's breast,
 Thrust back the hands would stanch the tide,
 And, fondly each embracing,—died.

By Thames's darkly wandering wave
 There is a rude and humble grave.

In place of mausoleum high,
The hoar trees arch their canopy ;
Instead of storied marble shining,
Are loose gray stones, in moss reclining,
And, ages laid along its side,
One chieftain oak, in fallen pride.
No evil thing, 'tis said, hath birth,
Or grows, within that lowly earth,
Or, if they may, with reverent love
Do Indian hands the harm remove ;
But there the wild-vine greenly wreathes,
And there the wild-rose sweetly breathes,
And willows, in eternal gloom,
Are mourning round that lonely tomb.
And oft, at morn, or evening gray,
As fondly Indian legends say,
 Nor such be theme for scorn,
Slow circling round on dusky wing,
Or on that huge oak hovering,
 With plumage stained and torn,
A solitary eagle there appears,
Watching that silent tomb, as pass the cloudy years.



NOTES.

CANTO I.

— *free-born Hesperia*.—INTRODUCTION.

IT is an unhappy circumstance with regard to this country, that it has no decent name, poetical or practical. To be called *Americans* is no designation, as we have no right to the title, more than inhabitants of the southern continent. The appellation of *North American* is nearly as indefinite, belonging as much to a Texian, Canadian, or Greenlander, as to us. There are *United States* in South America, as well as here: and the term *Yankee*, were it any thing more than a nick-name of somewhat doubtful character, can apply only to New-England. Among foreigners, therefore, we have no appropriate designation, except as *Citizens of the United States of North America*; and half of a man's ideas would run away before this could be well uttered.

As to poetical titles, we have never had any, except *Columbia*, which is equally indefinite, as well as inappropriate, and seems of late to be generally discarded. I have, therefore, felt the necessity of finding some new name. What I have chosen cannot, indeed, be appropriated exclusive for this country, unless, it may be, by right of "prime usage"; but its classical beauty allured me to the choice. With the ancients the evening star was *Hesperus*; and the epithet, *Hesperian*, has been applied to regions west, and still farther west, as the "star of empire has taken its way." The Grecians gave it to Italy, the Italians to Spain, and various writers to the new world of Columbus.

Where yet our Father's smiles do play.—STANZA V.

No tribe of North American Indians, except the Natches of the Mississippi, long since extinct, have ever considered themselves, like the Peruvians, real descendants of the Sun. The epithet, however, was constantly employed by them poetically, or in their oratory.

Where brave souls, Indian legends tell, Beyond his golden palace dwell.

All Indian ideas of the Land of Spirits united in placing it towards the sunset, surrounded by clear waters, and enjoying the most delightful climate. Their notions of such a climate, however, varied with the nature of the country which each tribe inhabited. To the Chippewyans, living between the parallels of lat. 60 and 65 north, where the ground rarely thaws, and produces nothing but moss, "perpetual verdure and fertility, and waters unincumbered with ice, are voluptuous images. Hence they imagine that, after

death, they shall inhabit a most beautiful island in the centre of an extensive lake. On the surface of this lake they will embark in a stone canoe, and, if their actions have been generally good, will be borne by a gentle current to their delightful and eternal abode."—*Mackenzie*.

The natives of the South, naturally placing their enjoyments in things opposite to the violence of a tropical climate, supposed it to be a country "of delicious fruits, cool shades, and murmuring rivulets; where drought never rages, and the hurricane is never felt."

— *wizard stream*.—STANZA XXV.

This epithet, from Milton's
Where wandering Deva spreads her wizard stream,
was applied to the Hudson on account of the strange enchantment, which a few sketches from a gifted pen have flung over its wild, romantic region.

Till at the last they reared their brows.—STANZA XXX.

The banks of the Ohio below Shawneetown are the loftiest on the river, rising several hundred feet on each side.

And our Father's sister gazeth.—STANZA XXXII.

As the Indian figuratively calls the sun his father, so the moon is termed the sister of the sun.

Still brooding o'er his own sweet words.—STANZA XXXIII.

"And o'er her own sweet voice the stock-dove broods."—*Wordsworth*.

CANTO II.

A huge, rude pile, built up of old

By hands long since forgot and cold.—STANZA I.

With regard to the origin of the western mounds little can be satisfactorily determined, except that they were evidently built by a race no longer existing. The Lenapé have a tradition, that their fathers crossed the Mississippi from the West, and found on this side a nation called Alligewi, from whom the Alleghany river and mountains received their name. "Many wonderful things," says Heckewelder, "are related of this famous people. They are said to have been remarkably stout and tall; and there is a tradition that there were giants among them—people of a much larger size than the tallest of the Lenapé." After describing two old entrenchments supposed to have been built by them, he says: "Outside of the gateway of each of these two entrenchments, which lay within a mile of each other, were a number of large flat mounds, in which, the Indian pilot said, were buried hundreds of the slain Alligewi." They are found from central New-York and Lake Erie, to the borders of Mexico, through all the immense Valley of the Mississippi, between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains. They are of all shapes, round, square or oblong, flat, pyramidal or truncated; and of all sizes, from five to a hundred feet in height, and from a hundred to three thousand feet in circumference.

Equally unknown to us is the purpose for which they were erected. That they were used for tombs, is certain, for hundreds have been excavated, and but few found without skeletons, either single or in numbers; sometimes in the bare earth, often in rude stone chests or coffins. But that this was not altogether their design, is equally evident, as they frequently present the appearance of fortifications, with trenches, angles and circumvallations.—A full account of them will be found in Bradford's Antiquities, by far the best work which has yet appeared on the subject.

*A prairie's boundless prospect lay,
Like solemn Ocean.*

The western prairies present, as is well known, especially in summer and autumn, an appearance similar to the ocean. On the lower portions the grass grows often as high as a man's head.

STANZAS II and III.

The various accounts of the two brothers agree, in most respects, with regard to their personal appearance. Tecumseh is represented to have been about "six feet high, noble in appearance, symmetrical in form, in carriage lofty and erect." "Els-kwa-tá-wa, also, was tall and graceful in action, but too slender to be finely proportioned, with keen eyes and a thin gloomy visage." As widely different were their dispositions and characters. "Tecumseh," says Thatcher in his excellent biography, "was frank, warlike, persuasive in his oratory, popular in his manners, irreproachable in his habits of life. Els-kwa-tá-wa had more cunning than courage; and a stronger disposition to talk than to fight, or exert himself in any other way. But he was subtle, fluent, persevering, and self-possessed." They were, however, well formed to scheme and execute their plans together. The one became a prophet, crafty and cruel, haranguing wherever he could get a hearer; the other carried out his designs, thus supported, into boldness and energy of action.

Their first interview, for the purpose of leaguering the western Indians against the encroachments of the whites, is said to have taken place in 1804, by some, in the summer of 1806. After this period their meetings became frequent, their efforts untiring; and the result was the acquisition to Tecumseh of greater power than perhaps any Indian of the continent has ever possessed.

Tecumseh was pronounced *Tecumthé*, and is said by some to have signified a *crouching panther*; by others a *falling star*. The name, *Els-kwa-tá-wa*, should be accented, I believe, on the second syllable, rather than the third; but I could not determine it, till the poem was completed. It is not, however, of material importance.

— *say hath he been,*

Where once the Shawnees home was scen.—STANZA V.

The Shawnees, or Shawanese, came originally from the South, (as their name, from the Delaware word *Shawaneu*, *South*, indicates,) dwelling around Savannah, in Georgia, and in the Floridas. They were, as Loskiel repre-

his was not
 sents them, "a restless people, delighting in wars, and the most *savage* of the Indian nations." For this reason their neighbors, the Cherokees, Choc-taws, Creeks and Yemassee, formed a league to expel them from the country. But the Shawnees wisely retired before them, and settled north upon the Ohio; some of them as far up as the site of the French fort Duquesne,—now Pittsburg,—and others on the forks of the Delaware and along the Scioto. Tecumseh himself was born, and passed his childhood, on the banks of the Scioto, near Chillicothe, though his mother was a Cherokee captive adopted into the nation. In 1780, the continental troops expelled that portion of the tribe from their pleasant home, and burned their villages behind them; with what reason or justice, I have not been able to discover. "Probably at this very time," says Thatcher, "the young hero, who afterwards kindled the flame of war upon the entire frontier of the states, by the breath of his own single spirit, was learning his first lessons of vengeance amid the ruins of his native land, and in the blood of his countrymen."

*The red-man quaffs the drink of fire,
 Till made a coward, slave and liar,
 Worse than the pale-face.*—STANZA VI.

The devoted and fatal attachment of the Indian tribes for ardent spirits, is a thing of melancholy notoriety. It is this, more than any thing else, which has corrupted and ruined them, destroying their savage virtues, and bestowing, instead, the worst vices of the whites. From the earliest settlements on their coasts, this has been the case; and it is matter of history, that many hard bargains for their wild-skins, and their hunting grounds, have been made through its influence by French, English and Americans.

— *Father of Waters.*—STANZA VI.

This is the meaning of the word *Mississippi*, in the Indian tongue, given to that majestic river on account of its superior current, and the number of great streams received into it from each side. They have always regarded the Mississippi with a kind of veneration.

Far and near

The prophet's words are words of fear.—STANZA VII.

The power which Els-kwa-tá-wa obtained in the course of four years was immense. His injunctions at first were certainly very excellent, and not unworthy of being commended to some civilized people. There was to be no more fighting between the tribes—they were brethren. They were to abandon the use of ardent spirits, and to wear skins as their ancestors had done, instead of blankets. Stealing, quarreling, and other immoral habits, were also denounced. Adding to these plausible counsels many superstitious directions and ceremonies, he gained such influence, that his nod was law, and any command, however terrible, was obeyed.

— *Let no sacrifice*

Of red-men to thy wrath be burned.—STANZA VIII.

Els-kwa-tá-wa possessed, perhaps, as much love for his country and pure

resentment for the wrongs of his race, as did Tecumseh; but he was naturally more cruel, the part he was to act, in furtherance of their schemes, called for continual art and deception, and his whole policy, in accordance, was crafty and unscrupulous.

“Disaffection and indifference were not the only obstacles the Prophet and his brother were obliged to surmount. The chiefs of most of the tribes were their resolute opponents. They were jealous or suspicious of the new pretenders, ridiculed and reproached them, and thwarted their exertions in every possible way. What was to be done with these persons? Elskwatawa availed himself of a new department of that unfailing superstition which had hitherto befriended him; and a charge of *witchcraft* was brought up. His satellites and scouts being engaged in all directions in ascertaining who were, or were likely to be, his friends or his enemies, it was readily determined, at head-quarters, who should be accused. Judge, jury and testimony were also provided with the same ease. He had already taken such means of gaining the implicit confidence of his votaries, that his own suggestions were considered the best possible evidence, and the most infallible decision; and the optics of his followers becoming every day more keen, upon his authority, there was no want of the most suitable convicts.” “The Indians universally have an extreme horror of a wizard or a witch, which no reputation, rank, age, or services, are sufficient to counteract; and of course, resistance or remonstrance on the part even of an accused chieftain, only went to exasperate and hasten the sure destruction which awaited him.”—*Thatcher*.

Tecumseh, frank and generous in disposition, and above board in all his actions, was opposed to such measures, and finally exacted a promise to desist. He would, probably, never have allowed it at all, but for the difficulty of acting without the Prophet.

Swarth, fiery Ottawas had come

From Huron's dark-blue water.—STANZA X.

This tribe, when the commerce of the early French colonists of Canada first began to extend itself to the Upper Lakes, was found in their vicinity, and especially near Macinaw. It is supposed they were originally a scion of the Algonquin stock, settled in Champlain's time along the north banks of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Lake St. Peters. They were a brave and haughty race, always friendly to the French, hostile to the English and afterwards to the Americans.

Which made that name the white-man's dread.

The chief, under whom the Ottawas rose to their highest power, was Pontiac, a name worthy of being classed with Philip and Tecumseh, as one of the three great agitators of their centuries. The history of that period is filled with accounts of his shrewdness, generosity, courage and unyielding hostility. There was something altogether regal about him. He considered himself the firm friend of the French King, but as owing no allegiance; his own tribe was powerful; his influence over the neighboring tribes, from Superior to the Potomac, almost unbounded; and, to complete the character

of a monarch, his personal bearing was proud and independent. He saw the aggressions of the whites, and the probable ruin of his race, if they remained inactive. He resolved to be in time and extirpate them, not only from his own possessions—the woods and waters of the Great Lakes—but from the country. His efforts and combinations to this end are equalled only by those of Tecumseh at a later day, and evince extraordinary genius, as well as courage and energy. Very speedily he had effected a league of the Ottowas, Chippewas, Pottawatamies, Miamies, Sacs, Foxes, Menominees, Wyandots, Missisagues, Shawnees, Delawares of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the Six Nations of New-York; and a vast system of contemporaneous attack was planned, comprehending all the British positions from Niagara to Green Bay and the Potomac. The plan was matured, and nine forts were captured in one day. His death took place in 1767, being assassinated at a council among the Illinois by a Peoria Indian.

And I to Arcouski made.—STANZA XIV.

Areouski or Areskoui, as some write it, is the Indian battle-god, though supposed also to possess many attributes of the Supreme Being. "Il paroît, madame, que dans ces chansons on invoque le dieu de la guerre, que les Hurons appellent *Areskoui* et les Iroquois *Agreskoué*. Je ne sçai pas quel nom au lui donne dans les langues Algonquines." "*L'Areskoui* des Hurons et *l'Agreskoué* des Iroquois est dans l'opinion de ces peuples le Souverain Etre, et le Dieu de la Guerre."—*Charlevoix*, iii. 207-344.

The Great Manitto by them stood.—STANZA XIX.

"The name *Manittoe* is common among all the tribes from Arkansas to the sources of the Mississippi, and, according to Mackenzie, through the arctic regions."—*Schoolcraft's Travels*, p. 88.

How the word should be pronounced I cannot determine. Some accent the first syllable. Thus Campbell in "*Gertrude of Wyoming*:"

"As when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods," &c.

Others write it *Manitto* and accent the second syllable. I have taken the last for metrical reasons.

Lo! let us speak of things that were, &c.—STANZA XIX.

The recitals, which the Indians give of the coming of the white people among them, are long and painful. They are continually dwelling with a melancholy pleasure on the long and peaceful lives, which their forefathers enjoyed, when they were unmolested and contented in their native wilds, and their wants were all supplied, because they were few. Then come mournful accounts of the appearance of the pale-face among them, of the seizure of their lands, and their gradual decay and departure from their former homes, till they can only consider themselves as exiles and wanderers. Some of these accounts are quite amusing, others very affecting. The following, relating to the landing of the Dutch, will be judged to be both, though the amusing rather predominates.

"A great many winters ago," say the Delawares, "when men with a white skin had never yet been seen in this land, some Indians, who were out a fishing at a place where the sea widens, espied at a great distance something remarkably large floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. Some thought it an uncommonly great fish; others were of opinion it must be a very big house floating on the water." The tradition goes on to state, that runners were sent off with great haste in every direction; their chiefs and warriors were assembled, to view the strange appearance; and it was presently concluded, that the Great Manitto himself was come in a huge wigwam, to make them a visit. Then the conjurors were set to work; extensive measures were taken to provide meat for an offering; the women were hurried about in the way of cooking; the images were examined and put in the best order; and a grand dance, with a great sacrifice, it was supposed, would be accepted, as an agreeable entertainment.

Very soon the strange house came warping along up; then a little canoe was dropped down, and paddled towards them by several beings, queerly dressed—especially a thick, chunky man, entirely in flaming red, who, of course, must be the Manitto; though why he should have a white skin, it was not so easy to determine. Some were for running off to the woods; but it was concluded on the whole safer to stay.

Then the chiefs, wise men, and particularly brave warriors, spread themselves out into a great circle, towards which the being in red clothes approached with an attendant. The attendant taking a large *hackhack* or *junk bottle*, poured out some strange water into a little cup and gave it to the Manitto. The red personage drinks, fills the cup again, smacks his lips, and hands it to the chief next to him. The chief sagely smells the contents and passes it unto the next, who considers it as safe as any way, to do the same. So the cup passes around the circle, and is about to be returned untasted, when a brave man and a great warrior, jumps up and harangues the assembly on the impropriety of returning the cup in this manner. To please the Manitto, they ought to follow his example; otherwise, they might make him mad; and, as no one else would drink the contents, he would do it himself, be the consequence what it might: it was better for one man to die than that a whole nation should be destroyed. Accordingly, he took the cup, and, bidding the assembly a solemn farewell, emptied it at once—an act certainly in no way inferior to that of Curtius leaping into the chasm to save Rome. Every eye was fixed on the resolute chief to see the effect. Presently he staggered and fell. But while his companions silently lament his fate, he wakes again, jumps up and declares that he never felt so happy and—asks for more. This seemed remarkable and worth trying:—the whole assembly imitated him, and were very speedily in a most ecstatic state, the world around them appearing more extraordinary than it ever did before.

While the Delawares on shore embraced each other, climbed trees and got down again, raced into the water and out, stood on their heads in the sand, and executed a number of feats, such as no Indian had ever achieved, the Dutchmen cautiously confined themselves to their floating house. But when it was all over, and the earth seemed as old-fashioned as ever, they

returned, distributed presents of axes, hoes and stockings, gave the Indians to understand that they would return next year, and then set sail.

The next year they came again, and, after laughing at the Delawares, by way of reproof, for hanging the hoes and axes about their necks as ornaments, and making tobacco-pouches of the stockings, just to show them how to do things, cut down trees with the axes, hoed up the ground, and put the stockings on their legs—whereupon the Indians marvelled at their lack of discernment. Then the whites asked for a spot of ground, to raise a few *herbs for their soup*, so large only as a bullock's hide would encompass. This being a small affair, was readily granted; but the whites took a knife, cut the whole hide into one long string, and enclosed with it a very large piece;—by which, moreover, it appears they turned their classical knowledge, respecting Queen Dido, to good account. "And here," say the Delawares, "we might first have observed their deceitful spirit. They wanted only a little, little land to raise *greens* on, instead of which they planted *great guns*; afterwards they built strong houses, made themselves masters of the island, and at last drove us entirely out of the country." "We and our kindred tribes lived in peace and harmony before the coming of the whites; our council-house extended far to the north and far to the south. In the middle of it we could meet from all parts, and smoke the pipe of peace together. It was we, it was our forefathers, who made the strangers welcome, and let them sit down by our side. We knew not but the Great Spirit had sent them for some good purpose. We were mistaken; for no sooner had they obtained a footing on our lands, than they pulled down our council-house and extinguished the bright fire in the centre with our own blood—with the blood of those who had welcomed them!" "We are driven back," said an old warrior of a western tribe, "till we can retreat no farther—our hatchets are broken—our bows are snapped—our fires are nearly extinguished: a little longer, and the white-man will cease to persecute—for we shall cease to exist!" Of the same import is a long passage in the masterly speech of Red Jacket, as given in the fine biography of him by Col. Stone.

Their feelings, indeed, when occupied with these melancholy reminiscences, are often seen, of late, to break through their natural or acquired stoicism. A friend of mine, who had resided some years at the southwest, told me, that a young warrior, whose tribe was to be removed beyond the Mississippi, after conversing with him a long time, one day, with lamentations and tears, about their ancient glory and power, their multiplied wrongs and dark prospects, turned then more calmly away, chanted a wild, low song, and rushing from the house, cut a slender rod, and discharged the contents of his loaded rifle into his own heart.

The captive saw his only chance

Of saving life, &c.—STANZA XXVI.

The captive is made to run several miles and escape from a multitude of swift-footed Indians. This may appear to some incredible; but the truth is, that the best runners among the whites are swifter than any Indians. as they are also acknowledged to be more expert with the rifle. There are, besides, accounts of several such races, given on good authority. The most extraordinary is that, related of one Coulter, in Mr. Irving's "Astoria."

The prairie was on fire—STANZA XXX.

The great Western Prairies have been burnt more or less every season for years. Sometimes they are fired accidentally, but generally by the Indians, for the purpose of obtaining quick and fresh feed in the spring. They form, especially in the night, a very sublime spectacle—equalled only by the burning of an American forest. It is said, that in a still time the roar of the flames can be heard two or three leagues.

It was a pit, deep, damp, and round.—STANZA XXXII.

These are frequently found in the prairies, sometimes several feet deep. In the spring they are filled with water; in summer, more or less dry. To what cause they are to be ascribed, I am not aware.

By some green course.—

There are often long, shallow valleys, where more water is found, and the herbage consequently more verdant.

Fast bound her to the Tree of Death.—STANZA XXXIV.

At all Indian villages or fixed encampments, they were accustomed to have some particular post, to which their victims were tied for torture. This was sometimes a stake, sometimes a small tree, peeled and withered.

CANTO III.

*— On the side**Of wild Kenhawa, &c.*—STANZA III.

The battle of the Great Kenhawa took place, as is well known, through the instigations of the celebrated Logan, in vengeance for the infamous murder of all his family by some vagabond whites. In this case, as in a hundred others, the murderers were not punished; for many considered the killing of an Indian, like the slaughter of a wild-beast, something meritorious than otherwise. By all accounts, Tecumseh's father was slain in this engagement.

As through some abbey of olden time.—STANZA VI.

Our noble western forests, where the trees are large and far apart, frequently present, especially when their leaves are faded in autumn, very much the appearance of Gothic cathedrals with their stained windows. In Irving's "Tour on the Prairie" is an observation to this effect. It is said, indeed, that the Gothic order of architecture was derived from the temples of the Druids, which were nothing more than "God's first temples"—the groves.

If any eye had in that hour, &c.—STANZA VII.

The general impression, that the American Indian never sheds tears, and, in fact, has but a small share of sensibility, is altogether false. He trains himself to a perfect command of countenance, and repression of all feeling, for the pride of exhibition before strangers or enemies; but alone, or in the

circle of domestic affection, his outward emotions, his smiles, his tears, are free and frequent.

Then from that forest tomb he passed.—STANZA X.

Tecumseh's visits to the tribes were made at different times. I have ventured, by poetic license, to put them all into one. He did, however, actually go to all the tribes from Superior to the Gulph of Mexico.

— *great birth*

Art thou, Missouri, of the earth.—STANZA X.

The Missouri is the longest river in the world; for what is called the Mississippi, below their junction, should be named Missouri, since the latter is at that place, two or three times wider, and has run twice as far. The whole of its course to the ocean is estimated at 4,500 miles. The Amazon flows 4,000 miles, the Mississippi 3,600.

*That, from his noble nature weaned,
But make the savage all a fend.*—STANZA XI.

The approach of civilization has been but sorrow and ruin to the Indian, with scarcely a ray of benefit. They learn from it all that is evil, little that is good. From the first they have withered and fallen before its light, yet, by some fatal attraction, instead of flying to the farthest wilderness, still linger upon its borders, as the deer will draw around the hunter's fire, till the arrow is in his heart. Thus it is, that "the proud and high-souled being, in whose heart," as an eloquent writer has observed, "the lightning slept, as it sleeps in the folded cloud," has become on all the advancing frontiers broken-spirited, mean and degraded. "Our vices," says Heckewelder, "have destroyed them more than our swords."

Sacs, Foxes, restless Ioways, &c.—STANZA XII.

All the tribes mentioned in the tour of Tecumseh were, as far as I can discover, at that time resident in the several places assigned. Many of their dwelling places are now changed.

Were thrilled through utmost soul and sense, &c.—STANZA XII.

The eloquence of Tecumseh is represented as having been in all respects remarkable. His sarcastic and severe speech to Gen. Proctor, when he was about to retreat from Malden, as given in Thatcher, is a good instance of his common manner. As Charlevoix says of the Canadian savages, it was "such as the Greeks admired in the barbarians," strong, stern, sententious, pointed, perfectly undisguised. But that was not an occasion for him to be eloquent. "It was only," says Thatcher, "when he spoke for the explanation or vindication of that great cause to which his whole heart and mind were devoted, that he indulged himself in any thing beyond the laconic language of necessity. His appearance was always noble—his form symmetrical—his carriage erect and lofty—his motions commanding—but under the excitement of his favorite theme, he became a new being. The artifice of the politician, the diffidence of the stranger, the demure dignity of the warrior, were cast

aside like a cloak. His fine countenance lighted up with a fiery and haughty pride. His frame swelled with emotion. Every posture and every gesture had its eloquent meaning. And then language indeed—the irrepressible out-breaking of nature—flowed glowing from the passion-fountains of the soul." The best example of such a speech is to be found in Hunter's Memoirs of his Captivity. Tecumseh had arrived among the Osages. The chiefs and warriors were so agitated with his eloquence, that they adjourned the council immediately, and dared not come to a decision for some days. His proposals were, however, in the end rejected, through the influence of some old chiefs, friendly to the Americans; but I can find no other instance among all the tribes visited by him. They were all persuaded at the time: it was the untimely battle of the Wabash, which afterwards broke the league. "I wish it was in my power," says Hunter, "to do justice to the eloquence of this distinguished man; but it is utterly impossible. The richest colors, shaded with a master's pencil, would fall infinitely short of the glowing finish of the original. The occasion and subject were peculiarly adapted to call into action all the powers of genuine patriotism; and such language, such gestures, such feelings, and fulness of soul contending for utterance, were exhibited by this untutored native of the forest in the central wilds of America, as no audience, I am persuaded either in ancient or modern times, ever before witnessed."

"*Brothers*,—We all belong to one family; we are all children of the Great Spirit; we walk in the same path; slake our thirst at the same spring; and now affairs of the greatest concern lead us to smoke the pipe around the same council fire!

"*Brothers*,—We are friends; we must assist each other to bear our burthens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers has run like water on the ground, to satisfy the avarice of the white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men.

"*Brothers*,—When the white men first set foot on our grounds, they were hungry; they had no place on which to spread their blankets, or to kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given his red children. They gave them food when hungry, medicine when sick, spread skins for them to sleep on, and gave them grounds, that they might hunt and raise corn. Brothers, the white people are like poisonous serpents; when chilled, they are feeble and harmless; but invigorate them with warmth, and they sting their benefactors to death.

"The white people came among us feeble; and now we have made them strong, they wish to kill us, or drive us back, as they would wolves and panthers.

"*Brothers*,—The white men are not friends to the Indians: at first, they only asked for land sufficient for a wigwam; now nothing will satisfy them but the whole of our hunting grounds, from the rising to the setting sun.

"*Brothers*,—The white men want more than our hunting grounds; they

wish to kill our warriors; they would even kill our old men, women, and little ones.

"*Brothers*,—Many winters ago, there was no land; the sun did not rise and set: all was darkness. The Great Spirit made all things. He gave the white people a home beyond the great waters. He supplied these grounds with game, and gave them to his red children; and he gave them strength and courage to defend them.

"*Brothers*,—My people wish for peace: the red men all wish for peace; but where the white people are, there is no peace for them, except it be on the bosom of our mother.

"*Brothers*,—The white men despise and cheat the Indians; they abuse and insult them; they do not think the red men sufficiently good to live.

"The red men have borne many and great injuries; they ought to suffer them no longer. My people will not: they are determined on vengeance; they have taken up the tomahawk: they will make it fat with blood; they will drink the blood of the white people.

"*Brothers*,—My people are brave and numerous; but the white people are too strong for them alone. I wish you to take up the tomahawk with them. If we all unite, we will cause the rivers to stain the great waters with their blood.

"*Brothers*,—If you do not unite with us, they will first destroy us, and then you will fall an easy prey to them. They have destroyed many nations of red-men because they were not united, because they were not friends to each other.

"*Brothers*,—The white people send runners among us; they wish to make us enemies, that they may sweep over and desolate our hunting grounds, like devastating winds, or rushing waters.

"*Brothers*,—Our Great Father, over the great waters, is angry with the white people, our enemies. He will send his brave warriors against them; he will send us rifles, and whatever else we want—he is our friend, and we are his children.

"*Brothers*,—Who are the white people that we should fear them? They cannot run fast, and are good marks to shoot at: they are only men; our fathers have killed many of them: we are not squaws, and we will stain the earth red with their blood.

"*Brothers*,—The Great Spirit is angry with our enemies; he speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages, and drinks up the Mississippi. The great waters will cover their lowlands; their corn cannot grow; and the Great Spirit will sweep those who escape to the hills from the earth with his terrible breath.

"*Brothers*,—We must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each other's battles; and more than all, we must love the Great Spirit; he is for us; he will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy."

To end this notice of his eloquence, I will give his reply to Gen. Harrison, in a council at Vincennes. Tecumseh was wearied with speaking, and looked around for a chair. By mistake, none had been provided. General Harrison perceived it, and the interpreter handed one to the orator, saying "Your Father requests you to take a chair." "My Father!" said the chief

proudly,—“The sun is my father, and the earth my mother; on her bosom will I repose!” And suiting the action to the words, he flung himself on the ground. We challenge all ancient and modern eloquence to produce a finer retort.

*And well 'twas seen, their hearts had not
His burning words, their vows forgot,
In after years, by midnight cries, &c.—STANZA XVII.*

The devastation and massacres, made by the southern Indians after the war, have been attributed to Tecumseh's visit.

In Osceola's liquid name, &c.—STANZA XVIII.

In the late Seminole war, or rather the war begun a great while ago and not yet ended, Os-ce-o-la, a pure and noble-minded savage, was decoyed by a flag of truce into the camp, then put into confinement, where he died. I leave the reader to make his own comment.

The Ruby Flood.—STANZA XIX.

The Camanches on the Red River are, at present, by far the most wild and lawless of the Indian tribes. Their sole method of making war is with wild horses, which they ride without bit or bridle, often with no saddle. Mr. Irving, however, speaks of the Pawnees, as being, at the time of his tour, considered singularly fierce and terrible—a kind of Arabs.

The Black Hills sable heads arise.—STANZA XXI.

These are a range of wild, broken heights at the base of the Rocky Mountains, presenting the appearance described. The Indians, who reverence every thing in nature that is unaccountable, look upon them with great awe. Mr. Irving speaks, in his “Astoria,” of their superstitions with regard to the clouds and echoes; as also of their singular idea as to the Rocky Mountains being the “crest of the world,” and the dwelling-place of Wakondah—which word signifies the Great Spirit in the Dacotah dialect. The real name of the Rocky Mountains is *Chippewyan*, from the tribe so called, residing between lat. 60° and 65° North.

Itaska's lovely lake.—STANZA XXIII.

Itaska is a small sheet of water, of a few miles extent, from which the Mississippi takes its rise. It is described by Schoolcraft as being most beautiful in all its features—especially on account of its shore of white sand, and the strange mingling of its foliage.

Michigan's mysterious tide.—STANZA XXV.

All of the lakes, it has been observed, have a rise and fall of about three feet in seven years and a half. It was noticed by the French more particularly of Michigan.

Spirit of Fire!—STANZA XXXIII.

“The savages give the name of *Spirit* or *Genius* to all that surpasses

their understanding, or proceeds from a cause which they cannot trace. Some of these are good, some bad. Of the former are the Spirit of Dreams, &c. Of the latter Thunder, Hail, Fire, &c."—*La Hontan*.

CANTO IV.

An Indian female feebly bending.—STANZA III.

This incident, of an Indian mother and her son, was suggested by a scene, somewhat similar, in a novel, called *Els-kwa-tá-wa*, or the Prophet of the West, where an Indian woman seeks her child with a torch by night.

A Huron village rudely reared.—STANZA VI.

Some miles below the Prophet's camp there was a small village of Hurons. That tribe formerly lived on the east side of Lake Huron; but they became scattered many years ago.

And ever as they, &c.—STANZA IX.

All the main incidents described in the following stanzas, as the hovering of Indians around the army, the meeting with the Prophet's messengers, the ordering of the battle, and the Prophet's chanting meanwhile, are taken from accounts of that engagement. It was, perhaps, the most obstinate and prolonged contest with the Indians on record; for when routed, they rarely return to the conflict. That they did so at this time, was owing to their trust in the Prophet's promises, that the bullets would not touch them, that they would be in the light, their foes in darkness, and others, of the like remarkable nature.

Our Father of the Seventeen Fires.—STANZA XI.

The Indian name for the seventeen states then existing.

Strike!—redeem your fathers' graves, &c.—STANZA XXII.

This passage resembles, more than I was aware, the well known lines in *Marco Bozzaris*—the noblest of American lyrics, and, it may be added, one of the finest in the language. The reader may consider it an imitation, or not, as he pleases.

CANTO V.

*And filled with awe, as gleamed Manitto's eye,
And crashed his fiery steeds along the sky.*—STANZA XXV.

Many of the operations of nature are terrible to the Indian, especially thunder, which always commands their reverence.

*Like those fair plains of varied dress
The gardens of the wilderness, &c.*—STANZA XXVIII.

There has been already one description of prairie scenery. But that was in autumn, this is in the spring; and their appearances are entirely different.

I turned so far to seek his grave

That ill may not our steps o'ertake.—STANZA XXX.

The reverence of Indians for ancient graves amounts almost to worship; and they have frequently been known to turn aside for miles, even in important journeys, to visit the tomb of some great and venerated chief or warrior. An instance of the kind is mentioned in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

But that in one most frantic hour

Thou ruindst all the banded power.—STANZA XXXII.

It was the battle of the Wabash that broke up all Tecumseh's plans. Had it not been for this, the whole frontier would have been devastated with fire and slaughter. Yet, though his vast schemes were ruined, Tecumseh did not despair; or, if he despaired he was resolute. After attending two councils, one with the Americans, the other with the British, he again visited all the principle tribes, and strove to re-unite the broken league. Like Demosthenes of Greece, the wavering of some and the coldness of others, only roused him to greater efforts, and more burning eloquence.

CANTO VI.

On Arno's wave and soft Vaclusa's dew.—INTRODUCTION.

The Arno runs through Florence, which was the residence of some of the principal Italian poets, as also of Boccaccio, their most eminent prose-writer.

Oh! weep not now by fair Parthenope.

Parthenope, or, of modern name, Naples, contains, as is well known, the tomb of Virgil.

He sewed with fibrous wattap.—STANZA I.

Wattap is the Indian term for the small roots of spruce, with which they sew the birch bark of their canoes.

The morn-kissed cliffs of Mackinac.—STANZA III.

This island is, perhaps, the most remarkable on the American coast. It is nearly three hundred feet high, with perpendicular cliffs, a fortress nearly on the summit, water beyond the sight on two sides, on the other two, wild, wooded shores. Connected with it are many curious incidents of the times of Pontiac and the French war. Its real name is *Michilamackinac*—i. e. *Missi* "great," and *mackinac*, the Indian word for "turtle."

When, isle and shore, the forests seem

The strange commingling of a dream.—STANZA V.

This blending of all kinds of foliage forms, as Mr. Schoolcraft remarks, a peculiar characteristic in the scenery of the Sault St. Marie.

— and—hush thy voice, thy heart,

Thou gazer!—STANZA VI.

The entrance into Lake Superior, as all who have seen it will acknow-

ledge, presents a scene of surpassing magnificence and beauty. The great chain of lakes is, in truth, the glory of North America, and unparalleled in the world. Of these Superior is by far the largest, being 480 miles long and in some places nearly 200 wide, and covering an area of 3,500 square miles.

And as they passed grim Iroquois.—STANZA VII.

According to Indian tradition, one of the most terrible of their battles was fought in this place; and it is said, so say Carver and Henry, to have given the name to the point.

The sons of Tarhe.

"As the nation has some particular symbol by which it is distinguished from others, so each tribe has a badge or *totem*, as they call it, from which it is denominated; as the Eagle, the Panther, the Tiger, &c."—*Carver*. Of these *Tarhe*, signifying the "Crane," is the totem of some Chippewa tribes.

And all throughout was sable leaf.—STANZA VIII.

For many miles, after passing Cape Iroquois, the coast is little else than a succession of dark evergreen forests. It may be doubted, however, whether such do not add to the wildness and even beauty of so solitary and vast a scene.

Shoot past De L'Isle and bold Batture.—STANZA IX.

These are the names of the several points, as they are called, which form the indentations of the coast, as are also Namacong and Vermilhou below. Tequamennon is deeply colored, probably from its running through clay.

The name "Obitsis" may serve to show what peculiar felicity the Americans possess in bestowing proper names. The voyageurs have turned it into "Betsy"—an improvement upon the Indian name about equal to that made upon the "Monedo River," which, since *Monedo* signifies a *spirit*, and rum is also spirit, they call Rum River.

Where Sable's Sandy Hills arise.—STANZA X.

The Grand Sable extends some ten or twelve miles along the shore. "Its medium height, as estimated by Dr. Wolcott of the expedition, is three hundred feet, and it presents a novel and interesting appearance from the lake. The views, however, although generally commanding, present a great uniformity, and leave upon the mind a strong impression of bleakness and desolation. Even the few bushes and trees which are occasionally seen, serve to increase this effect by their impoverished growth, while the birds of prey which we observed hovering around these bleak sandy heights, could hardly be considered as ameliorating the dreariness of the prospect. It is impossible to view these stupendous sand hills, without being at the same time strongly impressed with the idea that they owe their arrangement and present order of superposition to the agency of water, and that this fluid has at some former period covered their highest tops."—*Schoolcraft's Travels*, p. 146.

Sublime the Pictured Rocks arise.—STANZA XI.

That I may not be thought to have exaggerated the sublimities of the Pictured Rocks, I add the description of a traveller well known for his correct

observations on natural scenery. "We had been told, by our Canadian guide, of the variety in the color and form of these rocks, but were wholly unprepared to encounter the surprising groupes of overhanging precipices, towering walls, caverns, water-falls, and prostrate ruins, which are here mingled in the most wonderful disorder, and burst upon the view in ever-varying and pleasing succession. In order to convey any just idea of their magnificence, it is necessary to premise, that this part of the shore consists of a sandstone rock of a light gray color internally, and deposited stratum super-stratum to the height of three hundred feet, rising in a perpendicular wall from the water, and extending from four to five leagues in length. Externally, it presents a great variety of color, as black, red, yellow, brown, and white, particularly along the most permanent parts of the shore; but where masses have newly fallen, its color is a light gray. In no place does the recent fracture disclose any traces of red, and the variety of outward coloring is owing partly to mineral waters which appear to have oozed out of the crevices of the rock, but mainly, to the washing down of the banks of colored clay from the superincumbent soil. This stupendous wall of rock, exposed to the fury of the waves, which are driven up by every north wind across the whole width of Lake Superior, has been partially prostrated at several points, and worn out into numerous bays, and irregular indentations. All these front upon the lake, in a line of aspiring promontories, which, at a distance, present the terrible array of dilapidated battlements and desolate towers."—*Schoolcraft's Travels*, p. 150.

*Yet shook the lake in strange unrest,
As if by fearful dreams possessed.*—STANZA XV.

There is something strange in a storm on Lake Superior. Charlevoix observes, "when a storm is about to rise on Lake Superior, you are advertised of it, two or three days previous. At first, you perceive a gentle murmuring on the face of the water, which lasts the whole day without increasing in any sensible manner; the day after, the lake is covered with pretty large waves, but without breaking all that day, so that you may proceed without fear, and even make good way if the wind is favorable; but on the third day when you are the least thinking of it, the lake becomes all on fire, the ocean in its greatest rage is not more tost, in which case you must take care to be near shelter, to save yourself."—*Charlevoix*, p. 44, vol. ii.

CANTO VII.

How dark-haired Fairies revels keep, &c.—STANZA XXII.

No race are more imaginative than the Indians. With respect to their Fairies, the authority of Schoolcraft is decisive. "Puk Wudj Ininee, or little wild-men of the woods, and Mishcn Imokinakog, or turtle-spirits, are their two classes of minor spirits, or Fairies, who love romantic scenes."

*What glories blaze
The Shining Mountains round.*—

This is the Indian name for a portion of the Chippewyan mountains, towards the source of the Missouri, on account of their appearance. They are also supposed to be the abode of Wakondah, or the Great Spirit.

CANTO VIII.

The Giant's Arch.—STANZA VI.

This is a kind of bridge passing over the outer edge of a deep gorge, or crater, close to the edge of the cliff, at the height of 100 or 150 feet.

And some with Nelson fought afar.—STANZA XVII.

The battle of Erie was an honor to both nations. Com. Barclay, the British commander, one of Nelson's captains, was of a character as heroic as Perry. Obligated to retire below through severe wounds, he notwithstanding refused to suffer the flag to be struck, till he was carried up, and saw, himself, the impossibility of holding out longer.

Sailed the ships and on the morn.—STANZA XXVIII.

The funeral took place in every respect as described. British and Americans were borne and buried together. Com. Barclay gave many attestations to Perry's nobleness and generosity.

CANTO IX.

Is it the voice of Tamenend?—STANZA IX.

Tamenend was the wisest and greatest of the Delawares. All white-men held him in reverence. Mr. Cooper, in his "Last of the Mohicans," has introduced him in his old age, with great beauty.

Where red-men, is the banded pride, &c.—STANZA XIV.

At the first landing in Virginia, three nations—Mannahoacks in eight tribes, the Monicans in five, and the Powhatans in twenty-five—occupied the country from the sea-coast to the Alleghanies.

Horicon, i. e. *Lake of the Silver Waters*, was the Indian name for Lake George.

Natchez.—This Tribe were murdered by the French.

Metacom was the name of King Philip.

VERNAL HYMN.—XXX.

Dances were customary for the opening of spring, for the harvesting of corn, &c. The women never danced with the men.—*Carver's Travels.*

And the earth looks as fresh with her sons and her daughters, &c.

All Indian accounts of the creation agree that the world rose from the deep.

The *Wekolis* is the name for the whip-poor-will.

The *Miscodeed*, according to Schoolcraft, is a small white flower, with a tinge of crimson around the edge. It is, at the north, the first flower that appears in the spring.

—
 "The grave in which Tecumseh's remains were deposited by the Indians after the return of the American army, is still visible near the borders of a willow marsh, on the north line of the battle-ground, with a large fallen oak-tree lying beside. The willow and wild rose are thick around it, but the mound itself is cleared of shrubbery, and is said to owe its good condition to the occasional visits of his countrymen."—*Thatcher.*



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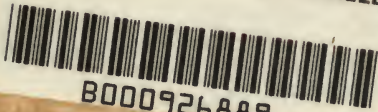
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