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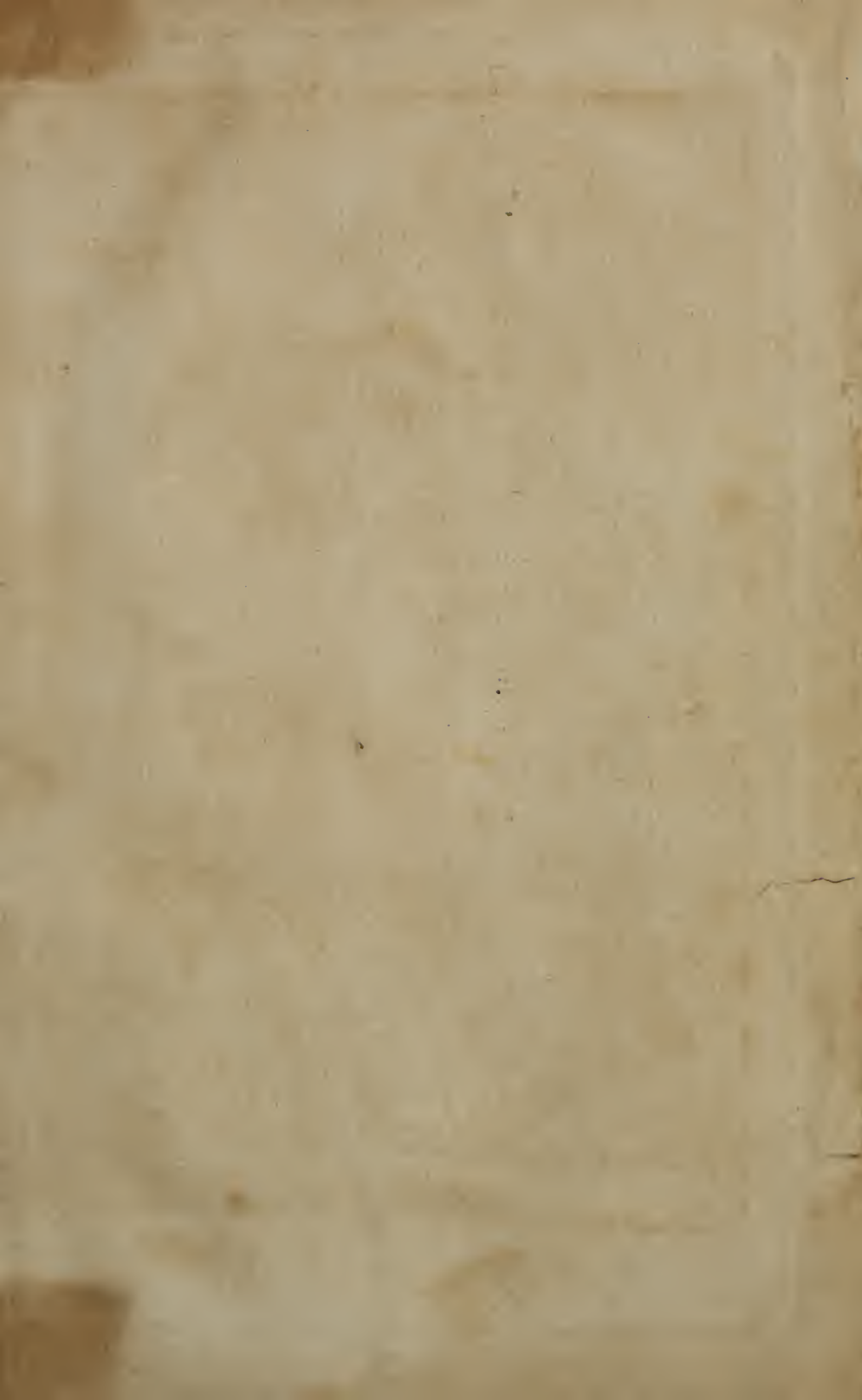
THE GIFT OF

*New J. L. Sibley*

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*Exam May 21. 1861*

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C. Gullager Del.

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*Then amidst yon Chiefs retire,  
Seated round the sacred fire,  
Waiting for the warrior-feast,  
Let them hail thee as their guest.*

O U

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VIRTUES OF NA.

AN

I N D I A N T A L E.

I N F O U R C A N T O S.

*Mrs. Norton*  
BY PHILENIA, a LADY of BOSTON.

“Fierce Wars and faithful Loves shall moralize my Song.”

Spenser's Fairy Queen.



PRINTED AT BOSTON,  
BY I. THOMAS AND E. T. ANDREWS,  
At FAUST'S STATUE, No. 45, Newbury Street.

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Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN, Esq.

L. L. D. F. R. S. PRESIDENT of the AMERICAN  
ACADEMY of ARTS and SCIENCES, and late  
GOVERNOR of the COMMONWEALTH  
of MASSACHUSETTS.

S I R,

*THE* veneration, which your literary and public character demands, and the esteem, which your private and domestic virtues universally receive, are a sufficient apology for the freedom, I now take in laying the following production, which is wholly American, at your feet; convinced, while from your judgment and taste I have much to apprehend, from your candor and benevolence I have every thing to hope.

I have the honor to be, with every sentiment of respect and esteem,

Sir,

Your very obliged and  
Humble Servant,

P. H. L. E. N. T. A.



AS the Dedication was accepted, and approved, by the respectable character, to whom it was addressed, and in the press, previous to the unfortunate event, which deprived science and mankind of that ornament to both, the author is induced, rather from a sentiment of propriety than vanity, to insert the following Note, the last effort of a mind, the faculties of which were never impaired.

“ Mr. BOWDOIN this morning had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. ——’s very polite billet, accompanied with a manuscript Poem, entitled, “ *The Virtues of Nature.*”

“ Her intention of dedicating it to him does him great honor, and “ as such he shall accept it, as coming from the well-directed pen of “ the ingenious PHILENIA.

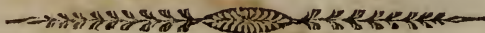
“ In the Dedication, which he wishes as justly applied, as it is well “ written, he begs leave to reverse one sentiment, that the volume “ will be so far from needing the candor and benevolence of the “ reader to recommend it, that it will stand the test of the most critical judgment and taste.

“ The volume would be enlarged by that Lady’s adding to it from “ her budget of poetry, such a number of pieces, as would make it “ respectable, not only for the matter, but for its size.

“ Mr. BOWDOIN would propose that the manuscript should remain where it is, for a day or two, to give Mrs. BOWDOIN and “ her daughter, Lady TEMPLE, an opportunity of reading it. In “ the mean time he begs leave to salute the amiable PHILENIA with “ his best and most respectful compliments.

“ In room of PHILENIA, he thinks it would be best the real name “ of the fair author should be substituted.”

*Boston, October 16th, 1790.*





# INTRODUCTION.

*FROM* an idea of being original in my subject, I was induced to undertake the following Tale. The manners and customs of the Aborigines of North America are so limited and simple, that they have scarcely engaged the attention either of the Philosopher or the Poet. Acquainted with some of their interesting ceremonies from tradition, I became desirous of gaining further intelligence, and gratefully acknowledge myself indebted to the obliging communications of General LINCOLN, for most of the local rites and customs alluded to, where I have not quoted any other authority. The opportunity his public commission, in the late negotiations between the United States and the Southern Indians, has afforded him to acquire the best information, added to the respectability of his character, will render his authority unquestioned.

As my principal design in attempting the Poem was to amuse my retired hours, and to gratify a few amiable friends, it is alone in compliance with the solicitations of those friends, that I have been prevailed upon to expose it to the public eye; but I am led to presume that, deficient as the Poetry really is, it will convey some information, from the collection of many particulars which are not generally known.

The grades of human nature, and the various propensities and avocations of mankind, in their different states and societies, must always be greatly interesting to the view of the philosopher; and even the most trifling production may become useful, if it serves to throw light on so important a subject.

It may perhaps be objected, that I have given my favourite Oujâbi, a degree of insensibility, with respect to the love of Celario, incompatible with the greatness and superiority of his character: To this I reply, that the mind, unpracticed in deception, can never be capable of suspicion; and that not having known the European vices, he could have no idea of their existence.

*It may also be imagined, that, considering the exalted virtue and resolution of Azâkia, which could lead her even to death for the man, to whom she was contracted, her ready compliance with the proposition of Ouâbi, and the joy she evinces on that occasion, form an unpardonable contradiction; but it must be remembered, that from the customs and laws of every country its manners and morals are derived. Azâkia, bound to her husband by every tie, would not deceive him; but when he expressed a wish to resign her, she could have no idea of his insincerity; so much is truth the characteristic of a state of nature: It then became a duty, a virtue, to pursue the first wish of her heart,*

*I am aware it may be considered improbable, that an amiable and polished European should attach himself to the persons and manners of an uncivilized people; but there is now a living instance of a like propensity. A gentleman of fortune, born in America, and educated in all the refinements and luxuries of Great Britain, has lately attached himself to a female savage, in whom he finds every charm I have given my Azâkia; and in consequence of his inclination, has relinquished his own country and connections, incorporated himself into the society, and adopted the manners of the virtuous, though uncultivated Indian.*

*Many of the outlines of the Fable are taken from a prose story in Mr. Carey's entertaining and instructing Museum; but as the opening scene of that narrative was rather deficient in decency, and the conclusion, in my opinion, very little interesting, I have entirely changed it in those respects, and have introduced a variety of customs, the description of battles, and many other circumstances, which appeared essential to poetry, and necessary to the plot; still I acknowledge myself indebted to that production for many of the events, and for the names of the characters.*

*Should any be induced to think that I have given too many perfections to a rude uncultivated savage, let them read the following*



*bowing apostrophe by a celebrated French author.\** “ I glanced my eye rapidly over the scene, and in a vast country, to us hitherto unknown, I saw a naked Indian, having nothing but God and nature above him, enjoying the benefits which offer, without analysing them. His body was supple and robust, his eye lively and piercing, his ear attentive, in his deportment a certain air of haughtiness, of which we have no kind of idea in our degenerate climate. He seems even more graceful and majestic when beside his female companion, his eye is milder, his countenance more serene.” *But the authority by which I have been influenced, and from which I feel myself justified, is William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, whose manners and principles could not admit of exaggeration, or extravagancy of expression. In his letters to his friends in England, he describes the North-American Indians in the following terms.* “ For their persons they are generally tall, straight, well built, and of singular proportion : they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin : the thick lip and flat nose, so frequent with the East-Indians and blacks, are not common with them ; for I have seen as comely, European-like faces among them of both sexes, as on your side the sea. And truly an Italian complexion hath not much more of the white, and the noses of several have as much of the Roman.”

“ They are great concealers of their own resentment, but in liberality they excel ; nothing is too good for their friend. Their government is by kings ; every king has his council, and that consists of all the old and wise men of his nation ; nothing of moment is undertaken without advising with them, and what is more, with the young men too. It is admirable to consider how powerful their kings are, and yet how they move by the breath of the people. I have had

\* M. Mercier.

had occasion to be in council with them ; while any one spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile, the old grave, the young reverend, in their deportment ; they speak little, but fervently, and with elegance ; I have never seen more natural sagacity, considering them without the help (I was going to say the spoil) of tradition." *Sanctioned by such authorities I flatter myself, allowing for the justifiable embellishments of poetry, that I shall not be considered an enthusiast in my descriptions. The liberal reader will, I trust, make many allowances for the various imperfections of the work, from a consideration of my sex and situation ; the one by education incident to weakness, the other from duty devoted to domestic avocations. And I am induced to hope, that the attempting a subject wholly American will in some respect entitle me to the partial eye of the patriot ; that, as a young author, I shall be received with tenderness, and, as an involuntary one, be criticised with candor.*





A N

INDIAN TALE.

---

CANTO I.

'TIS not the court, in dazzling splendor gay,  
Where soft luxuriance spreads her filken arms,  
Where gairish fancy leads the soul astray,  
And languid nature mourns her slighted charms :

'Tis not the golden hill, nor flow'ry dale,  
Which lends my simple muse her artless theme ;  
But the black forest and uncultur'd vale,  
The savage warrior, and the lonely stream.

Where MISSISSIPPI\* rolls his *parent flood*  
 With slope impetuous to the furgy main,  
 The desert's painted chiefs explore the wood,  
 Or with the thund'ring *war-whoop*† shake the plain.

There the fierce *fachems* raise the battle's din,  
 Or in the stream their active bodies lave,  
 Or midst the flames their fearless songs begin‡—  
 PAIN HAS NO TERRORS TO THE TRULY BRAVE.

There young CELARIO, Europe's fairest boast,  
 In hopeless exile mourn'd the tedious day ;  
 Now wand'ring slowly o'er the oozy coast,  
 Now thro' the wild woods urg'd his anxious way.

Where the low stooping branch excludes the light,  
 A piercing shriek assail'd his wounded ear ;  
 Swift as the winged arrow speeds its flight,  
 He seeks the piteous harbinger of fear.

There a tall *Huron* rais'd his threat'ning arm,  
 While round his knees a beauteous captive clung,  
 Striving to move him with her matchless form,  
 Or charm him by the magic of her tongue.

Soon

\* *Mississippi*, an Indian name, signifying the great father of rivers. It is subject to no tides, but from its source in the north of the American Continent flows with rapid force, till it empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico.

† *War-whoop*, the cry of battle, with which they always make their onset.

‡ The American Indians, after exhausting every species of cruelty and torture upon their most distinguished prisoners, burn them by a distant fire ; who expire singing songs of glory and defiance.



Soon as *Celario* view'd the murd'rous scene,  
 Quick from his vest the deathful tube he drew ;  
 Its leaden vengeance thunder'd o'er the green,  
 While from the savage hand the ling'ring hatchet flew.

Low at his feet the breathless warrior lies ;  
 Still the soft captive sickens with alarms,  
 Calls on OUÂBI's name with streaming eyes,  
 While the young victor lives upon her charms.

Her limbs were straighter than the mountain pine,  
 Her hair far blacker than the raven's wing ;  
 Beauty had lent her form *the waving\* line*,  
 Her breath gave fragrance to the balmy spring.

Each bright perfection open'd on her face,  
 Her flowing garment wanton'd in the breeze,  
 Her slender feet the glitt'ring sandals† grace,  
 Her look was dignity, her movement ease.

With splendid beads her braided tresses shone,  
 Her bending waist a modest girdle bound,  
 Her pearly teeth outvi'd the cygnet's down—  
 She spoke—and music follow'd in the sound.

## S H E.

Great ruler of the winged hour,‡  
 AZÂKIA trembles at thy pow'r ;

While

\* See Hogarth's Line of Beauty.

† The sandals are ornamented either with little glistening bells, or with a great variety of shining beads and feathers.

‡ It is presumed that *Azâkia* had never before seen an European, or heard the report of a pistol, as she considers one a deity, and the other his thunder.

While from thy hand the thunders roll,  
 Thy charms with lightnings pierce the soul :  
 Ah ! how unlike our fable race,  
 The snowy lustre of thy face !  
 That hair of beaming Cynthia's hue,  
 Those shining eyes of heav'nly blue !  
 Ah ! didst thou leave thy blissful land,  
 To save me from the murd'rer's hand ?  
 And is *Ouâbi* still thy care,  
 The dauntless chief, unknown to fear ?

H E.

Cease to call *Ouâbi*'s name,  
 Give *Celario* all his claim.  
 No divinity is here :  
 Spare thy praises, quit thy fear :  
 Bend no more that beauteous knee,  
 For I am a slave to thee :  
 Let my griefs thy pity move,  
 Heal them with the balm of love.  
 Far beyond the orient main,  
 By my rage a youth was slain ;  
 He this daring arm defied,  
 By this arm the ruffian died :  
 Exil'd from my native home,  
 Thro the desert wild I roam ;  
 But if only blest by thee,  
 All the desert smiles on me.

S H E.



## S H E.

See a graceful form arise !\*  
 Now it fills my ravish'd eyes,  
 Brighter than the morning star,  
 'Tis *Ouâbi*, fam'd in war :  
 Close before my bosom spread,  
 O'er thy presence casts a shade,  
 Full on him these eyes recline,  
 And his person shuts out thine.  
 Let us to his home retire,  
 Where he lights the social fire :  
 Do not thro the desert roam,  
 Find with me his gen'rous home ;  
 There the *Illinois* obey  
 Great *Ouâbi*'s chosen sway.

Aw'd by her virtue, by her charms subdued,  
*Celario* follows o'er the wid'ning plains,  
 Nor dares his hopeless passion to intrude,  
 Where *constant truth*, and blest *Ouâbi* reigns.

Now distant flames assail his dazzled eyes,  
 High as the clouds the curling spires ascend,  
 While warlike youths in *circling orders*† rise,  
 And midst the green with graceful silence bend.

Far

\* The Indian women of America are very chaste after marriage, and if any person makes love to them, they answer, " *The Friend that is before my eyes, prevents my seeing you.*"

† At their councils and war-feasts they seat themselves in semicircles or half moons: the King or Sachem stands, or fixes himself in the middle, with his counsellors on each side, according to their age and rank.

See William Penn's letters to his friends in England.

Far o'er the chieftains great *Ouábi* moves,  
With step majestic thro the boundless plain ;  
Thus tow'rs the cedar o'er the willow-groves,  
Thus shines bright Cynthia midst her starry train.

Swift to his arms the fond *Azákia* flies,  
And oft repeats the fear-embellish'd tale ;  
How pointed lightnings pierc'd her wond'ring eyes,  
While the near thunder broke the trembling gale !

*Ouábi* ! form'd by nature's hand divine,  
Whose naked limbs the sculptor's art defied,  
Where nervous strength and graceful charms combine,  
Where dignity with fleetness was allied.

High from his head the painted plumes arose,  
His sounding bow was o'er his shoulder flung,  
The hatchet, dreadful to insulting foes,  
On the low branch in peaceful caution hung.

Adown his ears the glist'ning rings descend,  
His manly arms the clasping bracelets bind,  
From his broad chest the vari'd beads depend,  
And all the hero tow'r'd within his mind.

His hand he yielded to the gentle youth,  
Inquir'd his sorrows with benignant air,  
And, kind as pity, unreserv'd as truth,  
Sooth'd ev'ry grief, and proffer'd ev'ry care.

When



When young *Celario*, breathing many a sigh,  
 Disclos'd the warring tumults of his breast,  
 Low on the ground reclin'd his pensive eye,  
 While his persuasive voice the chief address'd.

## CELARIO.

On these far-extended plains,  
 Truth and godlike justice reigns !  
 In my childhood's happy prime,  
 A warrior from this western clime,  
 Oft the fleeting day improv'd,  
 Talking of the home he lov'd,  
 All thy glowing worth imprest  
 On my young enamour'd breast.  
 Banish'd from my native shore,  
 Here I turn'd the ready oar.  
 Tir'd of scenes, where crimes beguile,  
 Fond of virtue's honest smile,  
 From perfidious vice I flee,  
 And devote my life to thee.  
 Shelter'd in thy social cot,  
 All the glare of wealth forgot,  
 Let the hatchet grace my hand,  
 Let me bend to thy command :  
 May *Celario* claim thy care,  
 Lead him thro the din of war,  
 Think not of his early age,  
 Try him midst the battle's rage.

## OU Â BI.

May the endless Source of Good,  
 Parent of yon rapid flood,  
 Strike me with the pangs of fear,  
 Midst the glories of the war,  
 If *Ouâbi* does not prove  
 All a brother's tender love ;  
 If his body cease to be  
 Still a sure defence to thee ;  
 If his life-destroying bow  
 Does not seek thy treach'rous foe.

Then amidst yon chiefs retire,  
 Seated round the sacred fire,  
 Waiting for the *warrior-feast*,\*  
 Let them hail thee as their guest :  
 Music reigns with soft control,  
*Sable bev'rage*† fires the soul.  
 Here yon rising orb of flame  
 Finds each rolling hour the same ;  
 And the star of ev'ning glows  
 On each bliss, that nature knows.

Say

\* The day before battle the sachems and warriors meet together, and with great solemnity join in the war feast.

† *Sable beverage*, which they call the *black drink*, is made by a decoction of certain herbs, and is similar in appearance to coffee : It is of an exhilarating nature, is prepared by their warriors or head men, and served round at their councils and war feasts, with great solemnity and devotion. The commissioners from the United States were presented with this liquor upon their introduction.



Say what crimes thy realms disgrace ?  
 Do the natives shun the chase ?  
 Do they fear to bend the bow ?  
 Do they dread the threat'ning foe ?  
 Yet, if courage dwells with thee,  
 Join the *Huron* war with me.

## CELARIO.

Oft the active chase they dare,  
 Oft they join the glorious war,  
 'Tis at home their vices grow,  
*There* they yield to ev'ry foe ;  
*There* unnumber'd demons reign,  
 Led by TERROR, GUILT and PAIN ;  
*Rash* REVENGE, with eye-balls rolling,  
*Hateful* MALICE, always scowling,  
*Base* DUPLICITY deceiving,  
*Cruel* SLANDER, still believing,  
 INSOLENCE to wealth allied,  
*Rude, unfeeling, trampling* PRIDE,  
*Prudish* ENVY'S ready sneer,  
*Base* NEGLECT and *dastard* FEAR,  
 JEALOUSY with bitter sigh,  
*Low* SUSPICION'S jaundiced eye,  
*Lying* FRAUD, with treach'rous smile,  
*Hard* REPROACH, and MEANNESS *vile*,  
 AFFECTATION'S *sick'ning* form,  
 PASSION, *always in a storm* ;  
 These are foes I leave behind,  
 These the TRAITORS of the mind,

Dreadful as the battle's roar,  
Fearful as the conq'ror's pow'r.

Now for the war-feast all the chiefs prepare,  
The *jetty draught* exhausts the gen'rous bowl,  
And the *fierce dance*,\* fit emblem of the war,  
Swells the great mind, and fires the kindling soul.

Tho songs of vengeance ev'ry breast inspire,  
The peaceful *calumet*† succeeds the feast,  
Till livid glimmerings mark the sinking fire,  
And the gem'd skies proclaim the hour of rest.

Ere the first blush of day illumes the morn,  
The chiefs, impatient for the battle, rise ;  
With warlike arms their colour'd limbs adorn,  
While glowing valour sparkles in their eyes.

Onward they move, by great *Ouábi* led,  
The young *Celario* with the painted train,  
Like white narcissus mid the tulip-bed,  
Or like a swan with peacocks on the plain.

The golden ringlets of his glossy hair,  
Intwin'd with beads, the tow'ring feathers grace,  
No longer floating to the am'rous air,  
Nor mingling with the beauties of his face.

Drefs'd

\* The dance is rather an act of devotion, than of recreation, and constitutes a part of all their public ceremonies.

See William Penn's Letters.

† The *calumet* is a highly ornamented pipe, which the Indians smoke as a type of peace and harmony on all public occasions.



Dress'd like a sagem—o'er his naked arm  
 With careless ease reclin'd his *gaudy*\* bow,  
 Not bright Apollo boasts so fair a form,  
 Such ringlets never grac'd his iv'ry brow.

On the far field the adverse heroes join,  
 No dread artill'ry guards the coward side ;  
 But dauntless strength, and courage half divine,  
 Command the war, and form the conq'ror's pride.

Thus before *Illion's* heav'n-defended tow'rs,  
 Her godlike *Hector* rais'd his crimson'd arm ;  
 Thus great *Atrides* led the Grecian pow'rs,  
 And stern *Achilles* spread the loud alarm.

Where danger threatens the *European* flies,  
 Eager to follow when *Ouábi* leads,  
 His feather'd arrows glance along the skies,  
 And many a hero, many a sagem bleeds.

Now the strong hatchet hews whole *nations* down,  
 Now deathful show'rs of missive darts descend,  
 The echoing *war-whoop* drowns the dying groan,  
 And shouts of vict'ry ev'ry bosom rend.

When by some hand's unerring force applied,  
 Flew a swift arrow where *Celario* stood,  
 Its darting vengeance pierc'd his guardless side,  
 And drank the living current of his blood.

While

\* Their bows are stained with a great variety of glaring colours, and otherwise ornamented. For a specimen see the Museum of the Universi-

While from the wound the barbed shaft is drawn,  
 O'er his fair side the drops of crimson glow,  
 And seem lost rubies on a wint'ry lawn,  
 Adding new lustre to the silv'ry snow.

The *Illinois* their great *Quábi* hail,  
 No more the foe his conq'ring arm defies ;  
 O'er the blue mountain, thro the thorny vale,  
 The victor follows, as the vanquish'd flies.

Fatigu'd by slaughter, ev'ry chief retires  
 To the lov'd solace of his native plain,  
 There still regardful of the *sacred fires*,\*  
 Till the loud war awakes his strength again.

By *slaves*† supported thro the mazy wood,  
*Celario* gains the sáchem's distant home,  
 Where mourning warriors stop the purple flood,  
 And for each *healing plant*‡ the weedy desert roam.

*Azákia's*

\* It is a point of religion with the American Indians never to suffer their fires to go out until the close of *their* year, when they are totally extinguished, and others are kindled by friction of certain wood. The policy of this act of devotion is evident, as it not only indicates to their youth the necessity of their being constantly ready for war, but serves as an annual school to instruct them (in all cases of emergency) in the method of raising this necessary element into action from the objects of nature, which surround them.

† The prisoners of inferior rank, taken in battle, are retained as slaves by the rights of war ; and this is the only kind of slavery known amongst them.

‡ These people are perhaps the first botanists in the world ; and from their knowledge of the properties of plants, according to William Penn, have a remedy for almost every disease, to which they are subject. They have certain antidotes to all venomous bites, and it is said an infallible cure for cancers.



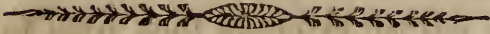

*Azákia's* hand the chymic juice applies,  
Her constant aid the strength'ning food prepares,  
Her plaintive voice beguiles his closing eyes,  
And sooths his slumbers with unceasing prayers.

Now winds his ringlets round her dusky hand,  
And views the contrast with enamour'd boast,  
Now o'er his features bends with accents bland,  
'Till ev'ry swimming sense in wonder's lost.

Thus the lorn wretch, by *ignis fatuus* led,  
Pursues the gleam which charms his lonely way,  
Nor, 'till destruction whelms his hapless head,  
Suspects the dangers of the treach'rous ray.

*Celario* gazes with renew'd desires,  
While kindling hopes his doting bosom move;  
Yet still *Ouábi's* worth his soul inspires,  
And much his virtue struggles with his love.

Now each new day increasing strength bestows,  
And his brac'd limbs the limping staff resign,  
His humid lip with roseate lustre glows,  
His lucid eyes with wonted brightness shine.


  
 CANTO II.
   


WHAT time red *Sirius* flieds his baneful pow'r,  
 And fades the verdant beauties of the grove ;  
 When thirsty plants droop for the cooling show'r,  
 And not a leaf the sleeping zephyrs move,

*Azákia* wander'd from her fultry home,  
 Amid the stream her languid limbs to lave,  
 Now on the sedgy banks delights to roam,  
 Now her light body curls the shining wave.

While thro the woods the fachen chas'd the deer,  
*Celario* mourns *Azákia's* long delay,  
 Oft at her absence drops th' empaffion'd tear,  
 Counting the tedious moments' leaden way.

When half the scorching day its course had run,  
 The wand'rer seeks her lov'd abode again,  
 Nor thinks how sad existence lingers on,  
 Unfooth'd by love, and worn by anxious pain.

*Celario* greets her with a lover's care,  
 And fees new beauties grace her modest form,  
 Repeats his fond complaint, his late despair,  
 And dwells enraptur'd on each glowing charm :



Till, quite regardless of *Ouâbi's* name,  
 His yielding soul to desp'rate love resign'd,  
 Urg'd with insidious voice his daring flame,  
 By ev'ry art assail'd her soften'd mind.

## CELARIO.

Not bright *Hesper* beams more fair  
 To the love-lorn traveller,  
 Than those eyes, where beauty warms,  
 Than that voice, where softness charms,  
 Than that bosom's gentle swell,  
 And those lips, where raptures dwell,  
 To this faithful heart of mine,  
 Truly, only, wholly thine.

Now *Ouâbi* hunts the deer,  
 Love and bliss inhabit here ;  
*Here* the downy willows bend,  
 Elms their fringed arms extend,  
 While the sinking sun improves  
 Ev'ry scene, which fancy loves.  
 Let thy heart my refuge be,  
 And my hopes repose on thee ;  
 Grant me all those matchless charms,  
 Yield the heav'n within thy arms.

## AZÂKIA.

*Does* the turtle learn to roam,  
 When her mate has left his home ?  
*Will* the bee forsake her hive ?  
 In the peopled wigwam thrive ?

*Can Azákia* ever prove,  
 Guardless of *Ouábi's* love !  
 While the *shivers from the tree*,\*  
 Which the warrior broke with me,  
 Straight as honor, bright as fame,  
 Have not felt the wafting flame !  
 Think of all his guardian care,  
 How he train'd thy steps to war ;  
 How, when prefs'd by ev'ry harm,  
 Stretch'd his life-protecting arm ;  
 Rais'd thee from the trembling ground,  
 Drew the arrow from thy wound,  
 Brought thee to his peaceful plain,  
 Cloth'd thy cheek with health again !

Shall I from fuch virtue part ?  
 Muft I break that gen'rous heart ?  
 Ev'ry pang, which kills thy reft,  
 Then will pierce his faithful breaft,  
*His* and *thine* I cannot be :  
 Muft I break *his* heart for *thee* ?

#### CELARIO.

\* The marriage contract of the North American Indians is not necessarily during life, but while the parties continue agreeable to each other. The ceremony is performed by their mutually breaking small shivers or sticks of wood in the presence of their friends, which are carefully deposited in some safe place, till they wish a separation ; when with like ceremony the sticks are thrown into the sacred fires, and the marriage consequently dissolved. Mrs. *Brooks* observes, that the greatest obstruction to the conversion of the Canadian Indians to christianity, was their reluctance at forming marriages for life.



## CELARIO.

All the turtle's charms are thine;  
 All her constant love is mine;  
 Ev'ry sweet, the bee bestows,  
 On thy fragrant bosom grows:  
 May each bliss descend on thee,  
 Be thy griefs reserv'd for me.

Yes! I must thy choice approve;  
 Give *Ouábi* all thy love;  
 But with thee I cannot stay,  
 Soon, ah! soon I must away,  
 Where *Scioto's* waters flow,  
 Or the fiery *Chaétaws* glow,  
 Or the snowy mountains rise,  
 Frozen by Canadian skies:  
 There for refuge will I fly  
 From the ruin of that eye;  
 Yet this heart with love will glow  
 Mid the *northern* mountains' snow,  
 On the *Chaétaws' southern* plain  
 Feel the chill of cold disdain.

## AZÁKIA

Why, ungrateful youth, ah! why  
 Must the poor *Azákia* die!  
 If you leave this blissful plain,  
 Never shall we meet again.  
 Tho' to great *Ouábi* true,  
 Yet this soul resides with you;

Still will follow all thy care,  
 While the body wastes to air.  
 Not the golden source of light,  
 Not the silver queen of night,  
 Not the placid morning dream,  
 Not the tree-reflecting stream,  
 Ever can a charm display,  
 When thy heav'nly form's away.

E'en while she spake the great *Ouâbi* came,  
*Celario's* cheek betrays the conscious glow;  
 But chaste *Azâkia*, pure from ev'ry shame,  
 Nor checks her tears, nor hides her blameless woe.

With soften'd accent, and expressive eye,  
 The faultless chief regards her quiv'ring fear,  
 His gentle voice repels the swelling sigh,  
 His fond endearment stops the rolling tear.

*Celario* listens with averted mien,  
 Struck to the soul, by secret guilt oppress'd,  
 In fullen silence wanders round the green,  
 While the soft forrower all her grief express'd.

#### A Z Â K I A.

Far from *Azâkia's* kindly eyes  
 The lov'd, the lost *Celario* flies:  
 For other friends desires to roam,  
 And scorns *Ouâbi's* lib'ral home!

OUÂBI.



## O U Â B I.

Dear youth, by bounteous nature blest,  
 Thou chosen brother of my breast,  
 What other friends can claim thy care,  
 For who can hold thee half so dear!  
 Does not the chain of friendship bind  
 Thy virtues with *Ouâbi's* mind!  
 And this warm heart's expanding flame,  
 Still kindle at *Celario's* name!  
 My faithful warriors all are thine,  
 And all thy treach'rous foes are mine.  
 Perhaps some wrong, thy soul disdains,  
 Disgusts thee to these hated plains;  
 By yon bright ruler of the skies,  
 The wretch, who wrong'd thee, surely dies.

The strength'ned foe their arms prepare,  
 Tomorrow leads me to the war;  
 This night we claim thee, as a guest,  
 To join the sacred warrior-feast.  
 While danger all my steps attend,  
 Let mild *Azâkia* find a friend.

## CELARIO.

*Native reason's* piercing eye,  
*Melting pity's* tender sigh,  
*Changeless virtue's* living flame,  
*MEEK contentment*, free from blame,  
*Open friendship's* gen'rous care,  
 EV'RY BOON OF LIFE IS HERE!

Yet

Yet this heart, to grief a prey,  
 Loaths the morning's purple ray,  
 And the azure hour of rest  
 Plants a scorpion in my breast;  
 But I'll with thee to the war,  
 Only solace for my care:  
 Tho' I cannot heave the blow,  
 Yet will bend the supple bow,  
 Fatal to the flying foe.

### OUÂBI.

Yes! and that great, undaunted mind,  
 With equal strength and vigor join'd,  
 Would lead thee with regardless haste  
 Thro' yon illimitable waste;  
 But yet thy wounded body spare,  
 Unfit to meet the toils of war;  
 Unfit the ambush'd chiefs to find,  
 To follow swifter than the wind,  
 Or, if by num'rous foes subdued,  
 To fly within the tangling wood:  
 With my *Azâkia* then remain,  
 'Till her lov'd warrior comes again.

Thus great *Ouâbi* sooths with gentle care  
 The guilty anguish of *Celario's* breast,  
 Dissuades his purpose from the coming war,  
 And calms his stormy passions into rest.

Now



Now the brave hero seeks the distant foe,  
 And leads his warriors with unequal'd grace,  
 Adorn'd with paint their martial bodies glow,  
 A firm, unconquer'd, *unforgiving*\* race.

Such as when JULIUS fought Britannia's plain,  
 With fearless step approach'd her pensile shore,  
 Whose naked limbs the varying colours stain,  
 Who dare the war, and scorn the conq'ror's pow'r.

Mean time *Azâkia* for her sacherem mourns,  
 Her troubled heart to ceaseless pangs resign'd;  
 Now to *Celario's* ardent love returns,  
 Now native virtue brightens in her mind.

Unbending honor gains her spotless breast;  
 Forms the resolve to guard his fatal charms,  
 To seek some nymph with radiant beauty blest,  
 To win his love, and grace his envi'd arms.

On the young ZISMA all her hopes repose,  
 Who next herself adorn'd the peopled glade;  
 Like the green bud beneath the op'ning rose, †  
 With bright *Azâkia* shone the rising maid.

To

\* Revenge is a principle, in which they are very careful to educate their young warriors, considering it one of their first virtues; yet this revenge is rather a deliberate sentiment of the mind, than a rash ebullition of passion; for they suppose that a man who always feels a disposition to punish injuries, will not be readily inclined to commit them.

See Wm. Penn's Letters.

† *Azâkia* is supposed to be still in extreme youth, as among the Indians the women contract marriage at the age of fourteen, and the men at seventeen.

Wm. Penn's Letters.

To the fair stranger gentle *Zisma* flies,  
 Prevents each wish, each luxury prepares,  
 Dwells on his beauties with unweari'd eyes,  
 And lures with firen voice his froward cares.

Much he admires, and much his soul approves ;  
 But when was love by frigid prudence sway'd !  
 In the torn breast, which burning passion moves,  
 Can the cold law of reason be obey'd !

Still to *Azákia* all his thoughts retire,  
 Her slender form, her love-exciting face,  
 Her gentle voice, each tremb'ling nerve inspire,  
 And ev'ry smile robs *Zisma* of a grace.

Oft tears of transport from his eyes distil,  
 Oft rays of hope thro' dark'ning sorrows beam,  
 Now at her feet the subject of her will,  
 Now wild as loud *Ontario's* rushing stream.

CANTO




  
 C A N T O III.
   


JUST as the sun awak'd the dewy morn,  
 And rose resplendent from his wat'ry bed,  
 When vari'd tints the heav'nly arch adorn,  
 And o'er the meads enamell'd radiance spread,

At the far limits of the spangled lawn  
 A ghastly figure issued from the wood,  
 Writhing with anguish, like the wounded fawn,  
 Cover'd with darts, and stain'd with clotted blood.

*Azâkia's* bosom swells with boding woes,  
 Yet to his aid the sweet consoler flies,  
 On his parch'd lips the cooling draught bestows,  
 Binds his deep wounds, and sooths his labour'd sighs.

When his faint voice, and wasted strength returns,  
 Oft he attempts, oft quits the fearful tale,  
 'Till the sad list'ner all her sorrow learns,  
 Whelm'd in dumb grief, with chilling terrors pale.

Too soon, alas ! his broken accents show,  
 How the great chief approach'd the fatal plain,  
 Tho' nations fell beneath his nervous blow,  
 O'erpow'r'd by numbers sunk amidst the slain.

One equal fate the victor-foes impart,  
 For the *pure town*\* in vain the vanquish'd bend,  
 The vengeful *tomahawk*,† and hurtling dart,  
 Down to the shades the hapless heroes send.

While this alone, of all the routed train,  
 From purple heaps, where dying sachems lay,  
 To seek the lov'd *Azákia's* peaceful plain,  
 Had turn'd his sad, dark, solitary way.

On the far field while great *Ouábi* lies,  
 Breathless and low amid the glorious dead,  
 No friendly hand to close the warrior's eyes,  
 And shield the *plumy honours*‡ of his head,

Ungovern'd rage the young *Celario* fires,  
 He scorns his wounds, forgets the nymph he loves,  
 Revenge is all his swelling breast desires,  
 Revenge alone his furious soul approves.

In *Zisma's* arms, of wailing grief the prey,  
 The widow'd mourner courts the *murd'rous dream*,§  
 Shuns the red splendor of the rising day,  
 The moon's pale radiance, and the shaded stream.

Not

\* The *pure* or *white towns* are places of refuge, in which no blood is ever permitted to be spilt; even criminals are there protected.

† The *tomahawk* is a small hatchet, with a long handle, which is thrown at the enemy with success at a great distance; it is particularly fatal in a pursuit.

‡ "*Plumy honours*," alluding to their practice of scalping.

§ It is said to have been anciently a custom among the Indians, if in the space of forty days, a woman, who had lost her husband, saw and conversed with him twice in a dream, to infer from thence, that he required her presence in the land of spirits; and nothing could dispense with her putting herself to death.



Not deeper anguish rends the promis'd bride,  
 If death relentless lifts his ebon dart,  
 And tears her youthful lover from her side,  
 Just when hope warm'd, and pleasure fir'd the heart.

Now brave *Celario* seeks his scatter'd friends,  
 Who raise new pow'rs, and neighb'ring tribes obtain,  
 Along the darken'd green the host extends,  
 Breathing revenge, and undismay'd by pain.

For the young champion all their voices rise  
 He can alone their glorious chief succeed,  
 Who erst, beneath that matchless sachem's eyes,  
 Could greatly conquer, and could nobly bleed.

Ere he departs *Azákia* claims his care,  
 The youthful *Zisma* at her side he found,  
 While plung'd in grief, the victim of despair,  
 The lovely suff'rer press'd the turfy ground.

In her cold hand the fatal draught was borne,  
 Of deadly *Cytron's\** pois'nous root compos'd,  
 While many a tear, and many a lengthen'd groan,  
 The purpose of her steady soul disclos'd.

### A Z Á K I A.

When angry spirits shake the skies,  
 And 'gainst the *good* the *bad* arise,†

The

\* The root of the North-American cytron tree, commonly called the *candle wood*, produces a juice of a most deadly poison.

† The American Indians believe, that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by a contention between the good and evil spirit; and as light finally prevails, they suppose the good spirit is always victorious.

The golden orb, which lights the day,  
 Withdraws its clear refulgent ray,  
 'Till GOODNESS gains his native throne,  
 And hurls the *pow'r of darknefs* down.  
 Then shines the FLAMING ORB more clear,  
 More ardent splendors gild the year.  
 Thus would this sensual form control  
 The glory of th' immortal soul ;  
 Would all the charms of light forego,  
 And chain it to the gloom of woe ;  
 But soon th' unequal contest ends,  
 Soon the pure soul to bliss ascends,  
 While thro' the realms of endless day  
*Ouábi* spreads his brighten'd ray.

Last night the beaming warrior came,  
 Envelop'd in surrounding flame,  
 Stretch'd his heroic arms to me,  
 And rais'd this loit'ring heart from thee ;  
 If once again he greets my fight,  
 And calls me to the realms of light,  
 This killing draught will waft me o'er  
 The terrors of the *win'try shore*,  
 To wander midst the blissful train,  
 And meet the fearless chief again.

#### CELARIO.

How can the dead approach thy fight !  
 Who guides them thro' the shades of night !  
 Would that *bright soul* its bliss resign,  
 To give a lasting stab to mine !

How



How could the wretch, who caus'd thy pain,  
 Know when the glorious chief was slain?  
 Perhaps, the victors' triumph made,  
 He mourns beneath the silent shade,  
 Or the slow tortures strive in vain  
 His great, unconquer'd mind to gain :  
 This daring arm shall set him free,  
 Pledge but thy sacred oath to me,  
 By all the shining pow'rs above,  
 By thy *Celario's* constant love,  
 'Till great *Ouâbi's* fate is known,  
 Thou wilt not dare to touch thy own.  
 The foe an easy prey will be,  
 Now lull'd to calm security :  
 Surprize will seize the guardless train,  
 And snatch the warrior-chief from pain.

### A Z Â K I A

Then by the ruler of the skies,  
 By young *Celario's* heav'nly eyes,  
 By the soft love, those eyes express,  
 By all his vari'd pow'rs to bless,  
 His hopeless tear, impassion'd sigh,  
 And look of speechless sympathy,  
 Witness ye spirits of the dead,  
 That hover round this widow'd head,  
 The fatal bowl I will not drain,  
 'Till the young warrior comes again,  
 Or 'till to great *Ouâbi's* shade  
 The sad sepulchral rites are paid.

Charm'd

Charm'd by her accents, from her sight he speeds,  
 Swift as the falcon darting on the prey,  
 With the *red train*\* in eager haste proceeds,  
 And fires their courage, as he leads their way.

Soon as they gain the region of the foe,  
 Some he directs the ambush'd path to guide,  
 Some with strong force to heave the sudden blow,  
 And some to bear the captur'd chiefs aside.

Return'd from conquest, and to ease resign'd,  
 Th' invaded tribe their hasty arms regain,  
 In ev'ry step an instant death to find,  
 Or the sad prospect of a life of pain.

In vain *Celario* checks the savage hand,  
 The helpless mother with her infant dies,†  
 Revenge inspires his unforgiving band,  
 'Till all one heap of desolation lies.

Now to the town they urge their rapid way,  
 With equal speed the routed foe retires,  
 There in the midst a tortur'd warrior lay,  
 Daring the fury of the raging fires.

His mangled form the tort'ners pow'r defies,  
 His changeless voice the song of death had sung,  
 No tear of pain pollutes his steady eyes,  
 No cry of mercy trembles on his tongue.

## DEATH

\* The Indians stile themselves "*The red people.*"

† These people make it a principle to spare neither the wives nor children of their enemies; but, like the patriarchs of old, endeavour to extirpate the whole race.



## DEATH SONG.

REAR'D *midst the war-empurpled plain,*  
*What Illinois submits to PAIN !*  
*How can the glory-darting fire*  
*The coward chill of death inspire !*

*The sun a blazing heat bestows,*  
*The moon midst pensive ev'ning glows,*  
*The stars in sparkling beauty shine,*  
*And own their FLAMING SOURCE divine.*

*Then let me hail th' IMMORTAL FIRE,*  
*And in the sacred flames expire ;*  
*Nor yet those Huron hands restrain ;*  
*This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.*

*No griefs this warrior-soul can bow,*  
*No pangs contract this even brow ;*  
*Not all your threats excite a fear,*  
*Not all your force can start a tear.*

*Think not with me my tribe decays,*  
*More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise ;*  
*Not unreveng'd their sachem dies,*  
*Not unattended greets the skies.*

*Celario listens with the ear of care,*  
*His sinking limbs their wonted aid refuse,*  
*He calls his warriors with distracted air,*  
*Whose ready hands the suff'ring victim loose.*

Around

Around his feet the young deliv'rer clings ;  
 It is *Ouábi* ! greatest ! first of men !  
 The song of death the dauntless fachim sings,  
 Yet clasps his lov'd *Celario* once agen.

Thro' the deep wood they seek the healing balm,  
 Weep on his hand, or at his feet deplore ;  
 Ah ! how unlike *Ouábi's* glorious form !  
 Now gash'd with wounds, and bath'd in streams of gore !

Snatch'd from the wish'd oblivion of the field,  
 Subjected to the victor's hard decree,  
 Struck by his form, their iron bosoms yield,  
 They grant a life depriv'd of liberty.

Th' indignant chief the proffer'd boon disdains,  
 Defies their rage, and scorns their threat'ning ire,  
 Demands the tortures, and their rending pains,  
 The ling'ring anguish of the tardy fire.

The Death Song echo'd thro' the hollow wood,  
 Just when *Celario* led his warrior-train,  
 Th' affrighted foe discard the work of blood,  
 And fly impetuous o'er the arid plain.

Thus when a carcase clogs the op'ning vale,  
 And birds of prey in prowling circles throng,  
 If some fierce hound approach the tainted gale,  
 He drives the wild relentless brood along.



Pale horror stalks, and swift destruction reigns,  
Carnage and death pollute the ruin'd glade,  
'Till nature's wear'd arm a respite gains,  
When night pacific spreads her sable shade.

CANTO



CANTO IV.



WHILE the bent forest drops the chrystal tear,  
 And frozen HURON chills the shorten'd day,  
 'Till the young spring restor'd the blossom'd year,  
 Rack'd by disease the patient sachel lay.

O'er his pierc'd limbs, and lacerated form,  
*Celario* binds the health-restoring leaf,  
 And guards his slumbers from surrounding harm,  
 With all the silent eloquence of grief.

'Till sov'reign nature, and benignant art,  
 Revive each nerve, each weaken'd fibre brace,  
 And ev'ry charm, that health and youth impart,  
 Glows in his veins, and brightens in his face.

Still to his love, *Celario's* heart returns,  
 Full oft he mourns her life-oppressing woe,  
 'Till great *Ouábi* all his soul discerns,  
 And views the source, from whence his sorrows flow.

In pensive thought he treads the fenny meads,  
 While for his native home they bend their way,  
 Light as the air each hurried step proceeds,  
 Thro' the slow moments of the ling'ring day:

'Till



'Till time, whom happy lovers form'd with wings,  
 To his own plains the matchless chief restores;  
 Around his neck the wild *Azákia* clings,  
 Now weeps, now joys, now blesses, now deploras.

Another dream had rack'd her sleepless mind,  
 Where the great hero chid her long delay,  
 While all her tortur'd breast, to death resign'd,  
 Reproach'd the *European's* faithless stay.

The chief returns in all his native grace,  
 Tho' mark'd with wounds, and fear'd with many a scar,  
 Yet manly charms adorn his open face,  
 Still form'd to lead and guide the glorious war.

*Celario* gazes with unfated eye,  
 While down his cheek the tears of rapture flow,  
 His melting bosom heaves the breathing sigh,  
 And rising cares contract his polish'd brow.

Not unobserv'd the nectar'd sigh ascends,  
 Nor yet in vain the tears of fondness roll,  
 With soften'd look the gen'rous sachein bends,  
 While heav'nly music speaks his yielding soul.

### O U A B I.

In freedom born; to glory bred,  
 Yet like a dastard captive led,  
 When sunk in blest oblivious night,  
 Rais'd to the sorrows of the light,

The life, I scorn'd, they basely gave,  
 And dar'd to claim me as a slave,  
 To threat me with the darts of pain,  
 Tho' born o'er glorious chiefs to reign ;  
 But, taught *Ouâbi's* soul to know,  
 They fought to bend that soul with woe,  
 By vari'd tortures vainly strove  
 This heav'n-directed eye to move,  
 When like a God *Celario* came,  
 And snatch'd me from the piercing flame.  
 From thee this arm its strength receives,  
 By thee this form in freedom lives ;  
 By thee was bright *Azâkia's* breath,  
 Twice rescu'd from the blast of death ;  
 Each time a greater blessing gave  
 Than twice *Ouâbi's* life to save ;\*  
 As he alone her love deserves,  
 Whose pow'r her matchless charms preserves,  
 That love, those charms, I now resign,  
 With ev'ry bliss, that once was mine.  
 Since all *her* mind *thy* worth approves,  
 And all *thy* soul *her* beauty loves,  
 This grateful heart that hand bestows,  
 Which not to shun a life of woes,

Which

\* *Ouâbi* does not simply mean to compliment *Azâkia* in this expression, but alludes to a custom of his country, which in most cases admits the payment of a fine, as an expiation for murder. If the deceased be a *woman*, the fine is double ; and the reason they give for this partiality for that sex, is, that they are capable of bringing warriors to the nation.

See Wm. Penn's Letters.

This law of expiating murder by pecuniary compensation has, I believe, been observed by every uncivilized nation upon earth.



Which not to gain undying fame,  
 To save me from the *Hurons'* flame,  
 Would this fond bleeding breast resign,  
 Or yield to any worth but thine.

CELARIO.

First shall the sun forget to lave  
 His bright beams in the red'ning wave,  
 The *Pleiades* shall forsake their sphere,\*  
 And midst the blaze of noon appear,  
 Or cold *Böotes'* car shall roll  
 In sultry splendor round the pole,  
 Ere thy *Celario* hails the day,  
 In which he tears thy soul away.

Tho' late—with pointed grief I see,  
 And own my black'ning crimes to thee.  
 When torn by woes, by cares oppress'd,  
 You clasp'd me to that shelt'ring breast,  
 Forbade my exil'd steps to roam,  
 And led me to this gen'rous home:  
 Regardless of thy sacred fame,  
 I dar'd to urge my guilty flame;  
 Tho' to that arm my life was due,  
 And ev'ry bliss deriv'd from you,

By

\* *Celario* will not be considered as addressing the savage in too philosophical language, when it is remembered that people in a *hunting state* are necessarily acquainted with the different stars and planets, to aid their course in their excursions from, and returns to, their places of residence. As no images can with propriety be taken from culture or civil society in the dialogues, I am under the necessity of frequently repeating the most striking objects of nature.

By each perfidious art I strove  
 To win the bright *Azâkia's* love,  
 With ceaseless passion fought to gain  
 Her heav'nly charms—but fought in vain.  
 Yet will the wand'ring traitor go  
 To distant plains, to realms of woe,  
 'Till absence from his breast remove  
 The tortures of his impious love,  
 'Till time with healing on his wing  
 Shall peace and soft oblivion bring.

OU Â B I.

Yes! in thy guilty deeds I trace  
 The crimes which still thy realms disgrace;  
 But my *Celario*, yet I find  
 Each native worth adorns thy mind;  
 For heav'nly beaming TRUTH is there,  
 Of open brow and heart sincere!

No daring vice could e'er control  
*Azâkia's* unpolluted soul.  
 Born amidst virtue's favor'd race,  
 Her mind as faultless as her face,  
 Vain must each daring effort prove,  
 That uncorrupted breast to move;  
 For on the pure translucent stream  
 In vain the midnight lightnings beam,  
 It lifts its bosom to the day,  
 Unfollied as the solar ray.



Yet have I sworn by yon swift flood,  
 And by this cloud-envelop'd wood,  
 Ne'er in these war-devoted arms  
 To clasp again her matchless charms,  
 Nor yet these eyes to sleep resign,  
 'Till all those matchless charms are thine.

The youthful *Zisma's* constant smile  
 Will ev'ry rising grief beguile.  
 The shivers from the lofty tree,  
 The gentle maid will break with me:  
 In time her rip'ning form and face  
 Will bloom with all *Azâkia's* grace.

But for the war this soul was made,  
 I scorn the peace-encircled shade;  
 Revenge recalls me to the plain,  
 To meet the Huron foe again.  
 No friendly *calumet* shall glow,  
 No *snow-white plume\** pass o'er the brow,  
 'Till in one blaze of ruin hurl'd,  
 I sink them to the nether world:  
 Revenge shall every torment ease,  
 And e'en the parted soul appease.

*Azâkia*

\* Their mode of making peace is, previous to smoking the friendly calumet, for the sachem or head-warrior to advance with a *white plume*, in the form of a fan, towards the ambassadors of the rival nation, and to draw it lightly over their foreheads; meaning to indicate, that from that moment all former animosities are wiped away, and all passed injuries consigned to oblivion. The *whiteness* of the plume being emblematical of the purity of their intentions in the treaty they are forming.

*Azákia* hears the changeless chief's reply,  
 Now warm'd with hope, now chill'd with icy fear,  
 Nor dares to meet him with her swimming eye,  
 Her lab'ring breath, and soul-entrancing care.

Tho' the fam'd warrior rul'd her faithful mind,  
 The young *Celario* ev'ry passion mov'd ;  
 E'en to his faults her doting heart inclin'd—  
*Oúábi* was too godlike to be lov'd.

While the soft *Zifma* learns the fix'd decree,  
 In modest silence and in pleas'd surprise,  
 To the great sachem bends her willing knee  
 With grateful smiles, and rapture-glancing eyes.

In vain *Celario* pleads his alter'd breast,  
 No *Illinois* his sacred word recal's ;  
 'Tis fix'd—the young deliv'rer shall be blest—  
 The flames ascend—the branching cedar falls.

Ere the day close the solemn rites begin,  
 The broken shivers feed the hungry blaze ;  
 While the new spires adorn the social green,  
 And the wild\* music joins the song of praise.

To his wrapt soul *Celario* clasps his bride,  
 Thinks it a dream, some sweet delusive charm ;  
 Wonder and joy his beating breast divide,  
 Dart from his eyes, and ev'ry accent warm.

Thus

\* The music of the Indians, tho' of a wild and inharmonious kind, is introduced at all their public festivals and solemnities.



Thus the young hero from victorious war,  
 While the throng'd city swells the full acclaim,  
 Forgets each bleeding friend, each ghastly scar,  
 And ev'ry breeze wafts pleasure, wealth and fame.

*Ouâbi*, still in matchless worth array'd,  
 Betrays no grief, no soft, repentant sigh;  
 But like a parent guards the timid maid,  
 And claims her friendship with his asking eye.

Her slender limbs the matron-garb adorn,  
 Her locks no more in bright luxuriance flow,  
 From her smooth brow the *maiden veil*\* is drawn,  
 And glist'ning beads in rainbow-beauty glow.

Joy reigns, and pleasure lights the smiling scene,  
 The graceful feet in mazy circles rove,  
 While music warbles o'er the peopled green,  
 And wafts the fond impassion'd breath of love.

Swift flies the sunny morn, that gilds the spring,  
 Short is the show'r, which bathes the summer day,  
 But swifter still gay pleasure's transient wing,  
 With fleeter haste contentment, glides away!

E'en while delight expands each winning charm,  
 Thro' the wide plain the shrieks of fright arise;  
 The gentle *Zisma* swells the loud alarm,  
 Her great, her lov'd *Ouâbi* falls—he dies!

OH

\* The unmarried women wear a kind of cap, or veil, on their heads, which is taken off at the marriage ceremony. [*William Penn's Letters.*] To this, it is said, succeeds a circle of beads of various colours.

OH THOU, whose feeling heart, and ready sigh,  
 On ev'ry grief soft sympathy bestow,  
 Here turn thy blest, benignant, melting eye,  
 Here let the tears of full compassion flow !

Down at his feet the löst *Azákiá* lies,  
 Her pale *Celario* parts the pressing throng,  
 Th' immortal warrior lifts his darken'd eyes,  
 And the chok'd words fall quiv'ring from his tongue:

### OUÁBÍ.

To realms where godlike valour reigns,  
 Exempt from ills, and freed from pains,  
 Where this unconquer'd soul will shine,  
 And all the *victor's* prize be mine,  
 I go—nor vainly shed the tear,  
*Ouábi* has no glory here;  
 Unfit the *Illinois* to guide,  
 No more the dauntless warriors' pride—  
 Since as a hapless captive led,  
 Rack'd like a slave, he basely bled;  
 No haughty *Huron* e'er shall boast,  
 He deign'd to live, when fame was lost.

*Celario* ! thou my place sustain;  
 The chiefs expect thee on the plain.  
 Ah ! ne'er in earth\* the hatchet lay,  
 'Till thou hast swept my foes away.

The

\* The principal Indian figure made use of to express the making peace, is "burying the hatchet."



The strong convulsions shake his lab'ring form,  
 Hard, and with pain, the loit'ring blood retires ;  
 Thus sinks the oak, when loud tornados storm,  
 The kingly lion with such pangs expires.

Cold to the heart, the peerless sachem falls,  
 No heav'nly pow'rs the fleeting breath restrain,  
 No human aid *his* parted soul recalls,  
 Whose life was VIRTUE, and whose fate was PAIN.

Now wailing sorrow murmurs thro the glade,  
 While to the tomb,\* where sleep his gl'orious race,  
*Erect*,† as when a subject tribe obey'd,  
 The mourn'd *Ouâbi's* sacred form they place.

Thus the great soul to realms of light ascends !  
 Down at his feet the conq'ring hatchet‡ stands,  
 O'er his high head the spreading bow‡ extends,  
 The lustral coin‡ adorns his lifeless hands !

While

\* Their tombs, or rather cemetaries, are of great extent, and of curious construction, and to which the living pay the utmost veneration.

Governor Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

† The posture in which they bury their dead is either sitting or standing upright, believing that when they rise, they must inhabit heaven in the same posture in which they are buried.

‡ They not only believe in the immortality of the soul, but also of the bodies of men and animals, and even of their warlike arms, and other inanimate things ; and for this reason it is a custom with them to bury with their chiefs, his hatchet at his feet, with the handle perpendicular, his bow unstrung over his head, and a coin (made, according to William Penn, of a fish's bone highly polished) in his hand.

While to the spot, made holy by his shade,  
 His faithful tribe with annual care return\*  
 And, as the solemn obsequies are paid,  
 In pious love, and humble rev'rence mourn.

Each lonely *Illinois*, who wanders by, †  
 Will with the hero's fame his way beguile,  
 In fond devotion bend the suppliant eye,  
 And add one pillar to the sacred pile.

There shall he rest ! and if in realms of day,  
 The GOOD, the BRAVE, diffuse a light divine,  
 Redoubled splendor gilds the brighten'd ray,  
 Which bids *Ouâbi's* NATIVE VIRTUES shine !



LET not the CRITIC, with disdainful eye,  
 In the weak verse condemn *the novel-plan* ;  
 But own, that VIRTUE beams in *ev'ry sky*,  
 Tho wayward frailty is the lot of man.

Beyond

\* At stated periods the Indians revisit the sepulchres or cemetaries of their chiefs, and perform certain rites and ceremonies not precisely known to the Anglo-Americans. Governor Jefferson, in his Notes, gives one instance of this custom.

† These sepulchres or cemetaries are raised to a very great height above the surface of the earth, by immense piles of stones. [See Gov. Jefferson's Notes.] And to prevent their being levelled by time, it is a religious duty for every one of the same nation, who accidentally passes it, to add one stone in reverence to the pile. [See Mr. Noah Webster's Letters to the Rev. Ezra Stiles]—who says, “Rowland remarks that this custom exists among the vulgar Welsh to this day, the same kind of mounts being scattered over the west of England and Wales.”



Dear as ourselves to hold each faithful friend,  
To tread the path, which INNATE LIGHT inspires,  
To guard our country's *rites*, her soil defend,  
Is all that NATURE, all that HEAV'N requires.



Addressed to the inimitable AUTHOR of the POEMS under the Signature of DELLA CRUSCA.

ACROSS the vast Atlantic tide,  
 Down *Apalachia's* grassy side,  
 What echoing sounds the soul beguile;  
 And lend *the lip of grief* a smile !  
 'Tis DELLA CRUSCA'S heav'nly song,  
 Which floats the western shores along,  
 Breathing as sweet, as soft a strain,  
 As kindness to the ear of pain,  
 Splendid as noon, as morning clear,  
 And chaste as ev'ning's pearly tear ;  
 Where *cold despair* in music flows,  
 While all the FIRE OF GENIUS glows :

Still thy enchanting pow'rs display,  
 Still charm me with the magic lay !  
 The *Muses* all thy soul inspire,  
 APOLLO tunes thy matchless lyre !  
 O strike the lustral string again,  
 And o'er *Columbia* waft the strain.

Ah ! would to light my clouded days,  
 One ray from thy unequal'd blaze,  
 Might thro my dark'ning fortunes shine,  
 And grace me with a note like thine !  
 But no, BRIGHT BARD, for thee alone  
 The *Muses* weave the LAUREL CROWN :  
 Ne'er can the *timid, plaintive dove*,  
 Soar with the DAUNTLESS BIRD OF JOVE ;  
 Nor *silv'ry Hesper's* dewy ray  
 Beam like the GOLDEN ORB OF DAY.









OCT 1 8 1909

