

The tribes in arms confederate,
They had one common bond,—a hate
Mutual for their common foe—
One single aim—to overthrow
The English power, and to wrest
From England's grasp the wide, wide West.
This Chief perceived with great dismay
The Indian nations melt away
Before the vices, hurtful more
Than internecine strife, than war,
Famine, pestilence which came
In the detested whiteman's train.
So he dissembled and concealed
His feelings hostile, nor reveal'd
His hate until prepar'd
To strike the tardy blow, deferr'd.

But in that far wilderness begirt by gloom only,
There was a flower which bloomed fair and lonely;
Wild was this blossom which grew in seclusion
Shy in its sweetness, resenting intrusion.
Fresh as the wild rose in morning dewy
Inviting the bee to gather its honey.
Such was this maiden, with nature for teacher,
Most graceful in form and chiseled each feature.
As willow that drops o'er the brook was she lissom
Gladyn had seen none equal to this one,
Was she a maid or nymph or a vision
To vanish ere he could form a decision?
Whence came she! her origin hid in obscurity
None could discover—it waited futurity.
In the chase her foot was as swift as the doe is
To its quarry unerring her arrow would swift whizz.
None could paddle more graceful the gliding canoe,
None straighter could steer the swift rapids through;
When she roam'd thro' the forests or fish'd in the
river
She seem'd a Diana with bow and with quiver.
Her track on the wave she left behind gleaming
Her tresses unkempt in the wind flew out streaming,
O, happy it was with Gladyn in summer
When flowed the stream gently and with a low
murmur,

When lifted from care and free from his duties,
He angled for trout and caught speckled beauties.