

The day was appointed; the guests were invited—
And the chieftain approaching to make her his bride.

VI.

The sound of the music and dance had begun,
And revelry rang o'er the green;
But apart from the concourse of guests there was one,
Who enjoy'd not the festival scene.

VII.

Dejected he folded his arms o'er his breast,
As he lean'd on the trunk of an oak;
His face was obscur'd by the plumes of his crest,
And his body conceal'd by a cloak.

VIII.

He spoke not, but mournfully gaz'd on the bride,
As she gracefully mov'd in the throng;
But unseen she retir'd when the stranger she saw;
None knew when or where she had gone.

IX.

The stranger first miss'd her, & forward he rush'd,
Presaging her sorrowful fate;
The noise of the revel was instantly bush'd;
But alas! he had miss'd her too late.

X.

When search had been made, but in vain, [bride,
The steps of the stranger they trac'd;
By the foot of that rock, that hangs over the tide,
They found him advancing in haste—

XI

Their feelings of agony who can portray,
When the maiden they sought for was seen;
A pale, mangl'd corse, on the pebbles she lay!
The bride who had danc'd on the green!

XII.

As a statue the stranger was motionless, mute;
—Gaz'd on her in stupid amaze;
Then clasping the corse in his arms as he stood,
He plung'd with it into the waves!

XIII.

'Tis said that beneath the green waters they dwell,
In a world of endless bliss;
And nightly sail forth, with music of shells,
To allure more souls from this.

XIV.

And many companions they now have got,
To share in their delights;
Who eagerly leap'd from the top of the rock,
At the battle of Queechon heights.

XV.

'Tis scarce twelve moons since three were drown'd,
And one rode over the bank;
At the foot of the rock his body was found;
A man of worth and rank."

XX.

Wogee was old, and, we have said,
Among the natives had been bred;
And, since the stories of our youth,
Of interest us more than truth,
We may excuse his long narration
Of a tradition of his nation;
And his brief notice of events
That had more pleas'd his audience;
Although it must have drawn a tear
To every eye, the tale to hear,
How down the bank impell'd by fear
Of Indian yell and tomahawk,
Our foes banded from the rock;
And to escape their savage foe,