

The path she is treading  
 Shall soon be our own;  
 Each gliding in shadow  
 Unseen and alone! —

In vain shall we call on the souls gone before —  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* — They hear us no more!

Oh mighty Sowanna! \*  
 Thy gateways unfold,  
 From thy wigwam of sunset  
 Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er —  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* — We see her no more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
 The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing tide,  
 Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell  
 On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
 Nature's wild music — sounds of wind-swept trees,  
 The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
 The roar of waters, steady, deep and strong,  
 Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

\* "The Great South West God." — See Roger Williams's *Observations*, etc.

1844.

## MOGG MEGONE.

### PART I.

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man. — Ed.]

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
 Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
 Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,  
 Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone? \*  
 Close to the verge of the rock is he,  
 While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,  
 Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,  
 And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!  
 Far down, through the mist of the falling river,  
 Which rises up like an incense ever,

\* MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent, in the treaty signed in November, 1676.



The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
 With water howling and vexed between,  
 While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath  
 Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!  
 But Mogg Megone never trembled yet  
 Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
 He is watchful: each form, in the moonlight dim,  
 Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:  
 He listens; each sound from afar is caught,  
 The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
 But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,  
 Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet —  
 And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
 Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked root  
 Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
 Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.  
 His head is bare, save only where  
 Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
 Reserved for him, who'er he be,  
 More mighty than Megone in strife,  
 When breast to breast and knee to knee,  
 Above the fallen warrior's life  
 Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and gun,  
 And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on:  
 His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
 And magic words on its polished blade —  
 'Twas the gift of Castine\* to Mogg Megone,

\* Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the

For a scalp or twain from the Yengees torn:  
 His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
 And Modocawando's wives had strung  
 The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine  
 On the polished breech, and broad bright line  
 Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are near —  
 Gray Jocelyn's\* eye is never sleeping,  
 And the garrison lights are burning clear,  
 Where Phillips' † men their watch are keeping.  
 Let him hie him away through the dank river fog,  
 Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the  
 rocks,  
 For the eyes and the ears which are watching for  
 Mogg,  
 Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts — there's a rustle among the leaves:  
 Another — the click of his gun is heard! —  
 A footstep — is it the step of Cleaves,  
 With Indian blood on his English sword?

great Modocawando — the most powerful sachem of the east. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

\* The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

† Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillips' mare was as lean as an Indian dog."



Steals Harmon\* down from the sands of York,  
 With hand of iron and foot of cork?  
 Has Seamman, versed in Indian wile,  
 For vengeance left his vine-hung isle? †  
 Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,  
     How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!  
 A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow —  
     "Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!"

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
 And quick, keen glances to and fro,  
     The hunted outlaw, Bonython! ‡  
 A low, lean swarthy man is he,  
 With blanket-garb and buskined knee,  
     And naught of English fashion on;

\* Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them, until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

† Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur De Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it. "Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the main-land, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus." — *Les voyages de Sieur Champlain, Liv. 2, c. 3.*

‡ John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary, his wife. Soon after, he was fined for disorderly conduct

For he hates the race from whence he sprung,  
 And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

"Hush — let the Sachem's voice be weak;  
 The water-rat shall hear him speak —  
 The owl shall whoop in the white man's ear,  
 That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is here!"  
 He pauses — dark, over cheek and brow,  
 A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:  
 "Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land,  
 Which stretches away upon either hand,  
 As far about as my feet can stray  
 In the half of a gentle summer's day,

    From the leaping brook\* to the Saco river —  
 And the fair-haired girl, thou hast sought of me,  
 Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be  
     The wife of Mogg Megone forever."

in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged "John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." [Court Records of the Province, 1645.] In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epigraph:

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,  
 He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobomoko."

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the history of Saco and Biddeford. — Part I., p. 115.

\* Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this



There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance;  
 A moment's trace of powerful feeling —  
 Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
 Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
 "The words of my father are very good;  
 He shall have the land, and water, and wood;  
 And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
 Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone;  
 But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep on my  
 breast,  
 And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my nest."

"But father!" — and the Indian's hand  
 Falls gently on the white man's arm,  
 And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
 As the deep voice is slow and calm —  
 "Where is my father's singing-bird —  
 The sunny eye, and sunset hair?  
 I know I have my father's word,  
 And that his word is good and fair;  
 But, will my father tell me where  
 Megone shall go and look for his bride? —  
 For he sees her not by her father's side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython  
 Flashes over the features of Mogg Megone,  
 In one of those glances which search within;  
 But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
 Remains where the trace of emotion has been.  
 "Does the Sachem doubt? Let him go with me,  
 And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see."  
 Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
 And watchful eyes and whispers soft,

brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

The twain are stealing through the wood,  
 Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
 Whose deep and solemn roar behind,  
 Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark! — is that the angry howl  
 Of the wolf, the hills among? —  
 Or the hooting of the owl,  
 On his leafy cradle swung? —  
 Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
 Listening to each sound they go:  
 Round the columns of the pine,  
 Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
 Like some old and pillared shrine;  
 With the soft and white moonshine,  
 Round the foliage-tracery shed  
 Of each column's branching head,  
 For its lamps of worship gleaming  
 And the sounds awakened there,  
 In the pine leaves fine and small,  
 Soft and sweetly musical,  
 By the fingers of the air,  
 For the anthem's dying fall  
 Lingered round some temple's wall!  
 Niche and cornice round and round  
 Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
 Is not Nature's worship thus  
 Ceaseless ever, going on?  
 Hath it not a voice for us  
 In the thunder, or the tone  
 Of the leaf-harp faint and small,  
 Speaking to the unsealed ear  
 Words of blended love and fear,  
 Of the mighty Soul of all?



Naught had the twain of thoughts like these  
 As they wound along through the crowded trees,  
 Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
 On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked oak; —  
 Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
     Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
     Turning aside the wild grape vine,  
 And lightly crossing the quaking bog  
 Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,  
 And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
     Creeps into the chill moonshine!

Yet even that Indian's ear had heard  
 The preaching of the Holy Word:  
 Sanchezantacket's isle of sand  
 Was once his father's hunting land,  
 Where zealous Hiacoomes\* stood —  
 The wild apostle of the wood,

\* Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws;' — then, calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them." — Mayhew's Book, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
 And trampled on the Powwaw's charm;  
 Until the wizard's curses hung  
 Suspended on his palsying tongue,  
 And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
 Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood —  
 Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
 On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
 A narrow lustre throwing.  
 "Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands:  
 "Hold, Ruth — 'tis I, the Sagamore!"  
 Quick, at the summons, hasty hands  
     Unclose the bolted door;  
 And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
 The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
 Like some young priestess of the wood,  
 The free born child of Solitude,  
 And bearing still the wild and rude,  
 Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
 Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain  
 More from the sunshine than the rain;  
 Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
 A pure white brow into light is starting;  
 And, where the folds of her blanket sever,  
 Are a neck and bosom as white as ever  
 The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.  
 But, in the convulsive quiver and grip  
 Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
     There is something painful and sad to see;  
 And her eye has a glance more sternly wild



Than even that of a forest child  
 In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
 So queenly a form and so noble a mien,  
 As freely and smiling she welcomes them there!  
 Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:  
 "Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?  
 And, Sachem, say — does Scamman wear,  
 In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"  
 Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;  
 But a fearful meaning lurks within  
 Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone —  
 An awful meaning of guilt and sin! —  
 The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there  
 Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath,  
 She meets that ghastly sign of death.  
 In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
 The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
 As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
 Had power to change at sight alone,  
 Even as the fearful locks which wound  
 Medusa's fatal forehead round,  
 The gazer into stone.  
 With such a look Herodias read  
 The features of the bleeding head,  
 So looked the mad Moor on his dead,  
 Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
 O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look! — feeling melts that frozen glance,  
 It moves that marble countenance,

As if at once within her strove  
 Pity with shame, and hate with love.  
 The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
 Old memories rise before her brain —  
 The lips which love's embraces met,  
 The hand her tears of parting wet,  
 The voice whose pleading tones beguiled  
 The pleased ear of the forest-child, —  
 And tears she may no more repress  
 Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh! woman wronged can cherish hate  
 More deep and dark than manhood may;  
 But, when the mockery of Fate  
 Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
 And the fell curse, which years have nursed,  
 Full on the spoiler's head hath burst —  
 When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
 Burns fiercely on his heart and brain —  
 Still lingers something of the spell  
 Which bound her to the traitor's bosom —  
 Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
 Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Bonython's eye-brows together are drawn  
 With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn —  
 He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!  
 Is this the time to be playing the fool —  
 Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
 Like a love-sick girl at school? —  
 Curse on it! — an Indian can see and hear:  
 Away — and prepare our evening cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
 Her tearful eye and her varying brow —



With a serpent eye, which kindles and burns,  
 Like a fiery star in the upper air:  
 On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns:—  
 "Has my old white father a scalp to spare?"  
 For his young one loves the pale brown hair  
 Of the scalp of an English dog, far more  
 Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor:  
 Go — Mogg is wise: he will keep his land —  
 And Sagamore John, when he feels with his  
 hand,  
 Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone —  
 The lip is clenched — the tears are still —  
 God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!  
 With what a strength of will  
 Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
 As with an iron hand repressed!  
 And how, upon that nameless woe,  
 Quick as the pulse can come and go,  
 While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet  
 The bosom heaves — the eye is wet —  
 Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
 The heart's wild current on its way?  
 And whence that baleful strength of guile,  
 Which, over that still working brow  
 And tearful eye and cheek, can throw  
 The mockery of a smile?  
 Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
 With one strong effort crushing down  
 Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
 The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
 And scarcely look or tone betrays  
 How the heart strives beneath its chain.

"Is the Sachem angry — angry with Ruth,  
 Because she cries with an ache in her tooth,\*  
 Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry,  
 And look about with a woman's eye?  
 No — Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door,  
 And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
 And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
 And weave his wampum, and grind his corn, —  
 For she loves the brave and the wise, and none  
 Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:  
 With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,  
 He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
 And watches Ruth go by,  
 Intent upon her household care;  
 And ever and anon, the while,  
 Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
 Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
 Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone! — what dreams are thine,  
 But those which love's own fancies dress —  
 The sum of Indian happiness! —  
 A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
 Looks in among the groves of pine —  
 A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
 The trout and salmon dart in view,  
 And the fair girl, before thee now,  
 Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,

\* "The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams, in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stouter hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this pain."



Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,  
Venison and succotash have gone —  
For long these dwellers of the wood  
Have felt the gnawing want of food.  
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer —  
With head averted, yet ready ear,  
She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire,  
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,  
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,  
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask  
The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone:  
"Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?  
Will he make his mark, that it may be known,  
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,  
From the Sachem's own, to his father's hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,  
As he rises, the white man's bidding to do:  
"Wuttamuttata — weekan!\* Mogg is wise —  
For the water he drinks is strong and new, —  
Mogg's heart is great! — will he shut his hand,  
When his father asks for a little land?" —

\* *Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "It is sweet."  
*Vide* Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*, "in that  
parte of America called New England." London, 1643, p. 35.

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow:  
"Boon water — boon water — Sagamore John!  
Wuttamuttata — weekan! our hearts will grow!"  
He drinks yet deeper — he mutters low —  
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro —  
His head falls down on his naked breast —  
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Humph — drunk as a beast!" — and Bonython's  
brow  
Is darker than ever with evil thought —  
"The fool has signed his warrant; but how  
And when shall the deed be wrought?  
Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is there,  
To fix thy gaze in that empty air? —  
Speak, Ruth! — by my soul, if I thought that tear,  
Which shames thyself and our purpose here,  
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,  
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,  
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping —  
This — this!" — he dashes his hand upon  
The rattling stock of his loaded gun —  
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!" — the eye of Bonython  
Sinks, at that low, sepulchral tone,  
Hollow and deep, as it were spoken  
By the unmoving tongue of death —  
Or from some statue's lips had broken —  
A sound without a breath!  
"Father! — my life I value less  
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;  
And how it ends it matters not,



By heart-break or by rifle-shot:  
But spare awhile the scoff and threat —  
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl — I only meant  
To draw up again the bow unbent.  
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought  
To frighten off thy gloomy thought; —  
Come — let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp  
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.  
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,  
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg,  
"What shall be done with yonder dog?  
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine —  
The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,  
'Twere Christian mercy, to finish him, Ruth,  
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor, —  
If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
Rather than let the poor dog awake,  
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
Such a forest devil to run by his side —  
Such a *Wetuomanit*\* as thou wouldst make!"

\* *Wetuomanit* — a house god, or demon. "They — the Indians — have given me the names of thirty-seven gods, which I have, all which in their solemn Worships they invoke!" — R. Williams's Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships, &c., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use — upon all occasions — to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene, p. 110, c. 21.

He laughs at his jest. Hush — what is there? —  
The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes! —  
"Wagh! — Mogg will have the pale-face's hair,  
For his knife is sharp and his fingers can help  
To pull and the skin to peel —  
Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,  
The great Captain Scamman must lose his scalp!  
And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with  
Mogg."  
His eyes are fixed — but his lips draw in —  
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin, —  
And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak — she does not stir;  
But she gazes down on the murderer,  
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell,  
Too much for her ear, of that deed of hell.  
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
And the dark fingers clenching the bear-skin bed!  
What thoughts of horror and madness whirl  
Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,  
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear —  
But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,  
And I would not that even the wolves should  
hear."

He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt —  
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt; —  
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;  
And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.



"I cannot" — he mutters — "did he not save  
My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
When the storm came down from Agioochook,  
And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops  
shook —

And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,  
Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,  
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!  
I cannot strike him — Ruth Bonython!  
In the devil's name, tell me — what's to be done?"

Oh! when the soul, once pure and high,  
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
As, with the downcast star of morn,  
Some gems of light are with it drawn —  
And, through its night of darkness, play  
Some tokens of its primal day —  
Some lofty feelings linger still —  
The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
Whatever threatens with defeat  
Its all-indomitable will! —  
But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
Though eager for the gains of crime,  
Oft, at this chosen place and time,  
The strength to bear this evil part;  
And, shielded by this very Vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect — with bloodshot eye,  
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,  
Showing their locked embrace beneath,  
In the red fire-light: — "Mogg must die!  
Give me the knife!" — The outlaw turns,

Shuddering in heart and limb, away —  
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.  
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured, in light and shade,  
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!  
Again — and again — he sees it fall —  
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!  
He hears quick footsteps — a shape flits by! —  
The door on its rusted hinges creaks: —  
"Ruth — daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks,  
But no sound comes back — he is standing alone  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

---

PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock —  
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.  
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
At intervals by breeze and bird,  
And wearing all the hues which glow  
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,  
That glorious picture of the air,  
Which summer's light-robed angel forms  
On the dark ground of fading storms,  
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there —  
And, stretching out, on either hand,  
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
The aching and the dazzled eye  
Rests gladdened, on the calm blue sky —  
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!