ORAMEL.

BY ARDREW BARREY,

The fellowing story is partly from the prose of Mrs. Sigoureny wherein it appears that Coton Mather, for some supposed injury, ogged on the Mohicans to exterminate the Pequeds. The latter, helding a feast in afertin the State of Vermont, were surprised during the absence of their young chief Ontologon. Only the maiden Oramel escaped. She was cared for by a missionary near by ; but the poem explains the rest :

At night within their fortress wall The Pequods held a festival. Ah, little thought they even new Their watchdogs hailed the wary foe-"Owanux," shricked the sentinel, Then many a bounding heart was still; As fire the fort came forth with din, Frem Pale Face, and from Mohican, A hundred homes of whirling flame Inscribed on high the glaring shame, Among the tent flames to and fro, The fierce, the tender feught, in wee To save their weak ones; vain essay, From fires that flash, and swords that slay Nor had the Christless carnage ceased When morning lit the misty east, And lit the writhing hosts who cry On all their gods to let them die, While free dom bayonets agonise The hosts they sought to civilize.

Ah, to the heathen stained in thought, Who grieves to find his home is not, What saintly samples priestorafts prove Of Him whose symbol was the dove; Yet one retired apart to pray; That God might save what man would slay.

While faith his gentle spirit swayed, There came a rushing in the shade-The Pequed maiden heard his prayer, And judged there might be justice there. Faint as a frosted rose, and still, Forth from her wounds a crimson rill, In wandering ripple, bright and warm, Flewed freshly o'er her neutral form, For one short swooning moment she Was bathed in brief tranquility; And from her face one scarce could tell What fate was her's, if ill or well: A mingled march of peace, or pain; Her years had gained that confluence when The maiden's faith, the woman's fear, So marvellously mixed appear.

Anen her lips essayed to speak, The blood to tinge each tender cheek; Back from the secret dream which hath The still phenomenon of Death; So passed the trance of peace away, And reason reassumed its sway.

She saw the Christian standing by; The Fort that could no more defy; The bleed becrimsoning her breast Showed wretched memory the rest. The ghostly guide with tender hand. Sustained her, striving to assuage Her fears with tenes all understand, The brute, the savage, and the sage.

Five years rolled on, yet she remained Encouraged by that Christian care, And every summer added grace; And faith made nature yet more fair. Her glessy locks of raven hair In excellent profusion spread Around a face of tenderness For love dissevered and the dead; A joy the worldly never had.

One evening when the mottled sky Glowed glorious in the sinking sun, When heaven's serene immensity Seemed throbbing forth the words, well done :

And sacred superhuman hues Adorned each dim declivity And shaped the intermingling views As fair as Eden's landscapes be, Oramel wandered forth alone To dwell in thought on other days; And many a vivid vision gone Arose en memory's magic gaze.

There flashed in all their fervid force The vales by which these waters came ! Far by the river's reedy source She saw her early forest home; The feliage flashing in the breeze, The sparkling stream beneath the trees Kolling its beaming waves away Of azure, coursing gorgeously To silent lakes of hely hues All mettled ore with white canoes.

Again the dun deer bound along, Again she hears her sister's song, And tears bedim those sable eyes To view her brother's form arise, So rudely severed in their glee; And he her chosen where is he? Proud Ontelegen, he whose soul Could all her destiny control? He of the darkly beaming eyes, The last of Pequod royalties? Who sought the freckled fawn for her, Whose words would strange emotions stir.

What sudden step arrests her ears? A real form from vanished years Close to her longing sight appears; Quick as the memory of the heart, By tender intenations stained, The remnant of war's fatal art Steed gazing on her form preferred.

As when an eagle high above The crag containing all his love, Poises his wing a transient while, To see if aught has dared despoil His nurslings in their gentle nest, So gazed he forth from yours of quest :

" Oramel, thou remembrest me, I saw it by thy flashing gaze, When on this hilltop suddenly I stood, thy friend of other days; I see it, for thy cheek's blood spake Ere yet thy lips the words can make."

"O, living lover, every tone Of thine renews the gladness gone ; Once more below our cedar tree I feel thee wooing even me. As oft before my mother's home I watched thee with the evening come, When from the vine the grape was shaken, When from the mare the game was taken, Thy footstop passed each maiden's door

lay them all mine own before And I was glad to see thee bring Bright flowers, and birds of vivid aling

Where is thy methor new? and there
Who fed the vengence of thy feet?
Where is thy home so maceful sees,
Still three thy memory glancing green? Not in our groves, not on one tree A leaf remains to shelter me; Bloached bones, and ruin black can tell How fierce the white man's fury fell, And from all rest below the blue Thy foe my footsteps still pursue.

And even new, should it be known My feet were on my father's sed, There is no Christian but would own My death a duty to his God.

I come to lead thee to the land Where men are brave at my command, The Pale Face has no portion there, And none to fellow us shall dare, Our moons will move in skies serene, And theu shalt be a warrior's queen, Help me to harbor mighty braves To kindle war, as swelling waves Roll down the mountain and destroy All who those vales and homes enjoy."

Oramel raised her humid eyes, As mists bedim seft asure skies, "The desolation of our race Finds tears familiar to my face; But, 'till this hour, I did not know Our fathers' sur had set so low, And now another grief is mine, This homeless loneliness of thine !

Yet curse not those who might have brought A blight on me, but peace have given ; They taught my spirit life, they taught Patience, and hope, and faith, and heav-

" And is the white man's God and thee At peace ?" the gloomy chief replied; " And can our wrongs forgotten be By us whom they have sundered wide, Butchered, and burned? and canst thou

Requite our race's wretchedness? Their softened lies have filled thy ear Till truth can find no entrance there. Their hateful hearts have hardened thine, Once full of tenderness for mine. Were not thy love to me as light, The only moonbeam of my night, I could have spurned e'en thee, when theu Didst own thy willingness to bow Before their God who lets them do Deeds mournful to our Manitou."

"O, Ontelegon, I could leave The kindness of my Christian home, Once more the free-born air to breathe, And follow where thy feet may ream, To be the solace of thy fate, As dwells the wild dove with its mate.

No tones like thine my heart has heard Since sitting by my mother's knee; She knew not how my soul was stirred When listening to her preise of thee; And still I hear my besem tell Its willingness with thine to dwell.

Oft have I longed to hear thy voice Fall softly over early air; Oft in my dreams, which hold thee choice Our infant innocence I share; Surely thy more than friend can be God's servant true, and true to thee ?

And oft when gazing on the sun Shed his last beams from hill to hill, I wished my day, like his was dene, Then bade my aching heart be still; For I have at His altar sworn, And from my vow I dare not turn !

Yea, Ontolegon, I have sworn My feet may not fersake His road; And tho' with thee I gladly turn May He not be our guide and God? Our faithful love He will not mar In whose high charge our spirits are."

As when by winds an ash is shaken, Ere fall, of many leaves forsaken, More storms can bear when these have left, So stood he still of leve bereft.

" Meet me, Oramel, yet once more! I cannot leave thee to thy fate, But for thy safety you dim shore Shall hide me, near the haunts of hate Then turn again thy tender feet And meet me where these waters meet; When in the stream its star is seen To gild the gloom of reedy green, My birch canoe shall wait for thee Below you shady alder tree; And we will sail to safer climes, Unknown to Christians or their crimes."

He turned, and vanished in the shade, And night returned around the maid.

You who have borne the blame, and blight, Of scorn fer love of God and right: Tertured by loves incertitude Which is the soul's most fatal mood. Have found enough to make a fate Unutterably desolate. If not upheld by that which gives Thy heart the hope wherein it lives. He who had planted in her breast The thrilling raptures of unrest; Whom she in thought, to death resigned. Had suddenly returned to find Henceforth her joy and his must be The sunset of their destiny.

Again another day has gone, And silent evenings florid glow Is levely in the sky above, And levely in the vale below. As from her orient abode The meen moved up her mettled road.

Again another day has gone, The hosts of starry space appear ; Each smiling from his ancient sone, As if there were no serrows here : Again the waving groves receive The silver vectures moonbeams weave.

And, half revealed by light and shade, So softly sifted o'er the some, Stood Ontologon and the maid Beneath an umber alder screen: He held her hand but gased apart, To hide her beauty from his beart.

"Oramel, since I mw thee last, My way with clouds was evercast: The' time is gracious in the sun.

To con the by the serpent's mare.

Maddened by fears of lesing this To him, my bated enemy. I spoke the strong and stormy words Flores as the gooded forest herds For them alone art left to bless My recollection's wretchedne I think how dark my moons will move, With none of all my kind to love! There lives no feet but thine to come In Ontologon's lenely home! 'Tis thine to fill its vacant place, And aid me raise my fallen race. But now thine eyes the answer own The way shall not be trod alone, For thou shalt be the summer beams To my chilled spirit's icebound streams.

The hills, the streams that we behold Spread forth in moonlight mistily, Our butchered brethren owned of old, From all their sources to the sea. On many an ancient mountain brow The council fires are quenched, and now No Pequod speeds his pine cance Along the lance of liquid blue. Gone, like the fish when floods are dry, Like flowers when rain forgets the sky; Gone are the flage when frosts begin-Our white foe bribed the Mohican To hide by night amid the brake, As spiders snare the prey, or snake, They sprang among us in our sleep, And none remained at morn to weep. The Uncas joined the Christian foe, And gave us words which end in wee; They brought us fire-drink, and they gave The red men draughts to make them rave; They reused our passions into wrong, Then slaughtered us when they grew strong.

But new the shadows lenger grow, And Ontelogon too must go, An outcast in another land, With none to take him by the hand. With nene, when sick, to give him bread, Or over him the blanket spread; With none to bury him, or tell Where Ontologon's ashes dwell."

"I will go with thee, yea, forsake My home, thy future path to make Less desolate o'er many a hill; But hinder not, O let me still Bow, the' I bow alone, to Him Whose eyes with leve were often dim, Or where the western rivers roll, To keep his Sabbaths in my soul?"

"Oramel, I must not deceive Thy spirit, tho' my answers grieve, For well I know the white man's yow Is vacant as this moonlit glow; His word is fair but never binds More than the passing summer winds.

My heart is happier in its gloom Than thou could'st make it, if to come With thy foe's plague spot on thy breast To break my father's future rest. If thy green pathway joins with mine, The Christian God shall ne'er be thine. Maid of the darkly tender eye, Our days are rolling swiftly by : Drear as a shrub forsaken plain, A leafless landscape in the rain. Age-bended men, with moonlit hair, While waiting in the valley where Death's sea receives the troubled stream, Look back and call it all a dream ! How oft we find the crooked path A sudden termination hath!

Oramel, hear! our hunting grounds, Beyond the midnight thunder sounds, With all their herds, or fields of light, Without thee, would not rest my sight. Oramel, once again I plead-O lead me, let thy white feet lead Back to the Manitou, my guide, In this world and the pext, my bride. He will forgive that thou didn't speak Of wandering, for the heart is weak.

You moving moon begins to lewer, My bark is swaying near ashere; My home beyond the hills is thine, Then place thy faithful hand in mine,"

"Friend of my spirit, freely take My lowly future ; for thy sake More than this life I could resign, Or all the seasons that were mine, Since last we parted by the still Green valley of our village hill. The waterlily doth not give Much shadow to the willing wave. Then why refuse that I may live

In love here and beyond our grave? Do rills offend their fountain source, For refuge rolling to the sea? Surely to shape my coming course In peace can scarcely hinder thee, When hunting with thy loving bride?

Christ's levers death can ne'er divide, For after such our souls shall go Where ever flashing rivers flow. But, in my soul I dare not be False to my God for even thee." "Then cleave to thy deceiver's side.

And be a base betrayer's bride. A slave to his luxurious lust : His beast, who never kept a trust. Was it for this my heart has berne Dark days of every solace shorn. Save the one hope my memory held Of the-too suddenly dispelled ? Was it for this I bowed my pride? For thee, near hateful foce to hide? Orouching, when dawn his flag unfurled, Until the daylight left the world?

Risking my hated life to share Unseen near thee the selfsame air. Then came when misty starlight relied Bright stillness where thy footsteps strolled Once more to hear the only voice That said, or e'er can my, rejelce ! For this I dragged from day to day The life I longed to cast away, When on these hills estranged I strode To view afar thy dim abode; Yet seemed to hear the lone wind sigh, " Oramel liveth, wherefore die ?"

So have I yearned thy tones to hear; And when thy words fell in my ear : "I will go with thee," sudden light Burst in upon my soul of night. But we have met to part, behalf ! My coming more is doubly cold; I hear the midnight tempest mean I most my murdered race alone."

Since first from mine thy path did part,

When last I my thee leave our home, Afar o'er forest hills to ream, I did not think such years of pain Would pass before we met again : But they have fled my early friend And all that are to come will end : And each year's solitary flight Seemed to contain less day than night, Until a more than mertal joy Came down my darkness to destroy, Then my glad spirit's hely glow Vowed heaven an enduring vow, And gladly would I read to thee Those words of rapture, 'pardon me.' The words are wise of which I spake ; But shall be silent for thy sake.'

At length, his scathing semewhat sped, He slow addressed the suffering maid ; His voice seemed mild, ner did unfold His desolation unconsoled.

"If thou wilt make my future thine, And be forever wholly mine, Not even dreary death will dare Thy trusting scul from mine to tear ; But choose thy fathers' murderer's God, And take a separated road."

And she must speak her lover's doem. Tho' with her heart's blood words must come-How in her faithful spirit strove Her leve to God, her human leve !--A glance o'er life, the hopes that meck-Anon his fate the ellence woke-" Ontolagon, spare my woe ! I dare not from my Saviour go !"

Then with a gesture slew he drove His still bark from the reedy cove Of alder shadows where it swung The meen-forsaken waves among. But seen he ceased to row, and still The boat went drifting at its will; 'Twas that reaction which succeeds The struggle when the spirit bleeds.

Oramel stood there on the hill That overlooks the bending shore ; She watched her wavering hope, until He vanished, to return no mere.

He did not raise his head or hand, He sought no signal from the land, No tender sign to check the pain Of parting, ne'er to meet again. A parting farther than the grave, The wreck of all she sought to save.

And o'er her soul the feeling came That she must bear his blighting blame For all their future's wreck and doom ; And, O, the thought ! his life of gloom ! And memory all his words retraced In fondness ne'er to be defaced, And round her spirit's tissues wove His last sad words of grief and love-A fearful tumult of the brain ! A mental whirl where naught was plain, Save that he would not come again. No sound awoke the silence save The ripple of the reedy wave, A rustle of a rising gale Among the willows of the vale. Ard when the misty moonlight ceased, And morning lit the misty east With emblems of returning day, She homeward took her weary way.

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