

POETRY.

INDIAN GRAVES.

[The following extract is from a Poem of Miss MARY E. MEAD, read at the "Old Settler's" festival, in Davenport, in 1858. Her more recent poetic effusions have been designated by her residence, near the city, named Ivy-Nook. This whole poem is found in "*Davenport Past and Present*," a book well worthy of perusal and purchase.—Ed.]

'Tis eve, the stars with silv'ry sheen
 Rise silently and slow,
 The pallid moon looks out between,
 The waves repose below,
 And not the dipping of an oar
 Breaks on the stillness of the shore.

Was it the whisper of the breeze
 Sighing among the tangled grass?
 Was it the moaning of the trees
 When far above the storm clouds pass?
 Oh no, in silence still and deep,
 The tiniest flower is lulled to sleep.

But there *are* sounds,—I hear them now,
 They swell along the plain;
 'Tis not the murmur of the rill,
 'Tis not the dash of rain,—
 And can there be a foot so light
 To stir the rustling leaves to-night?

There is,—along the slant hill-side,
 Where darksome forests bow,
 Singly the dusky figures glide,—
 Look, you can see them now!
 Pause! 'tis a band of Indian braves—
 Who come to seek their chieftains' graves.

Disturb them not, as silently
These well-known paths they trace,
Not long among us may there be
Remnants of that old race.
They fade as fades the morning ray
Before the glowing eye of day.

A little time they linger here,
Uncared for and unknown,
To shed a solitary tear,
O'er comrades lost and gone.
Silent and sad they gather round
Some lonely, undistinguished mound.

Hark! all the solemn woods along,
A soft and saddened lay,
As if some heart in plaintive song,
Would pour itself away.
List! while the mournful cadence swells
Clear as the tone of evening bells.

"Still roll the river waves as blue
As when we launched the bark canoe,
Or when we plied the dripping oar
Beneath the shelter of the shore.
Still sings the lark, a welcome guest,
Still folds the dove her wings to rest.
Still the green arching forests spread
Their boughs as widely overhead,
But 'neath their shadow now, alas!
No more our bounding warriors pass,
Silent where once their footsteps fell,
Land of our birth, farewell, farewell!"
Soft echo answers to the trembling lay:
'Neath heavy shadows glides the group away.

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