

## REMINISCENCES.

BY MISS MARY E. MEAD.

A POEM READ AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING AT  
DAVENPORT, IOWA, IN 1840.

There now, along the slant hill-side,  
Where darksome forests bow,  
Singly the dusky figure glides.  
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 of the solemn woods along,  
A soft and sadder 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 dipping 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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