

He was a stranger there, and all that day  
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,  
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,  
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,  
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,  
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once had been,  
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,  
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—  
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,  
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,  
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white, --  
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,  
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,  
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,  
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,  
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,  
And there on the smooth yellow sand displayed,  
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,  
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,  
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

But when night draws her veil over the scene, when the pale moon walks the sky and, in the dim, uncertain light, the traces of human occupation are obscured or concealed, the imagination can easily reconstruct the scene in its original solitude. There sweeps the stately flood between its walls of dusky foliage. There sleep the wooded islands on its shining bosom. The moonlight glistens on the glossy oak and aspen leaves. The night-wind sighs like whispering spirits. The plaintive voice of the whippoorwill is heard. This surely might be the primeval loneliness before the foot of the white man invaded the continent. But hark! that deep, far-off thunder. It grows every moment louder and nearer than before. A fiery eye glares out of the darkness. A giant cyclops, with breath of flame, storms by, shaking the earth and dragging a sleeping multitude in his train. And here, creeping from the gloom, gleams the signal-light of the slow barge on the before unnoticed canal. The age