

Perchance of the loss of the leafy screen
 Sequest'ring its eddies with trembling green ;
 Or, it might be, 'twas telling its troubled fear
 Of the group of fire-scathed hemlocks near,
 Whose skeleton arms on high were flung,
 As convulsion strained and torture strung :
 They had perished in helpless agony,
 In their verdurous cloud of vitality ;
 And the death-bound frenzy of those gaunt trees
 Still made an appeal to earth's sympathies,
 While the lichens, white as a veteran's beard,
 Made the withered spectres still more weird.
 Brave was the heart that first had come
 To carve in the forest that dear word "home ;"
 Strong was his soul as he firmly stood,
 Gazing, axe in hand, on the frowning wood,
 Ere he woke its echoes with blow on blow,
 Laying the clust'ring pine trees low.
 And the unbark'd logs which that squatter hew'd
 Still form the walls of that cabin rude.
 Little of building craft he brought
 To rear the shelter which there he sought :
 No ample proportions gave outward proof
 That comfort might nestle beneath his roof ;
 And as year on year had flown apace,
 But two small chambers increased its space.
 Days had come and weeks had flown
 Over the house that was called "the lone,"
 Bringing no change with the summer's glow—
 No alteration with winter's snow ;
 And the few improvements which round it grew,
 Gave sign that the occupant's wants were few.
 And yet 'twas a sight that pleased one well,
 As you rose o'er the hill and looked down the dell,