

When fresh from Eden's joys and Eden's guilt.  
Like those, 'tis man's abode where round him twine  
Those ties that make a wilderness divine.  
No architectural piles salute the sky,  
No marble column strikes the gazer's eye,  
The solemn grandeur of the spacious hall,  
The stuccoed ceiling and the pictured wall,  
Art's skilful hand may sedulously rear,  
The simple homes of Nature's sons are here.

Some slender poles, with tops together bound,  
And butts inserted firmly in the ground,  
Form the rude frames—o'er which are closely laid  
Birch bark and fir boughs, forming grateful shade,  
And shelter from the storm, and sunny ray  
Of summer noon, or winter's darker day,  
A narrow opening, on the leeward side,  
O'er which a skin is negligently tied,  
Forms the rude entrance to the Indian's home—  
Befitting portal for so proud a dome.  
A fire is blazing brightly on the ground—  
The motley inmates scatter'd careless round.  
Some strip the maple, some the dye prepare,  
Or weave the basket with assiduous care ;  
Others, around the box of bark entwine  
Quills, pluck'd from off the "fretful porcupine,"  
And which may form, when curiously inlaid,  
A bridal offering to some dark-eyed maid.  
Some shape the bow, some form the feather'd dart,  
Which soon may quiver in a foeman's heart.  
The Squaws proceed, upon the coals to broil,