

*My Dear Friend
I have the author's permission
to print the same*

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

SCENE I.

TO a point on Mackinaw's fair isle
There clings a tale of deadly guile:
Of valor and heroic trial:
A tragedy of Indian maid:
The part an Indian hero played:
The plot an Indian fiend laid.

Sheer was the steep, full ten score feet:
Its woody crown a quiet retreat.
Where doves could coo and lovers meet.
And rough and craggy was the steep:
No climber could his footing keep:
And there the blast was wont to sweep
Too fierce for ivy vine to creep.
And at its base the wear of wave
Had eaten out a treacherous cave
To which full many legends clave.
On either side this tower hoar
(Oldest in geologic lore)
Rose up more easily the shore
With trees and brushwood covered o'er.
And through the clumps of beech or oak
From wigwams slowly curled the smoke:
There dwelt the high-cheeked Indian folk.
And few the leaves the woods had lost:
And few the tints from nipping frost:
And few the flocks that yet had crost
The early Autumn's golden sky
With outstretched neck and plaintive cry.
The nuts were out, and squirrels shy
Were gathering their stores.

And high

The secret spot where two had met:
Where two had watched the red sun set,
That filled them with a strange regret.