

Dim, air-built castles of forgotten years;
 The cataract a second glanc'd—a gleam
 Of white 'gainst rainbow dust; the lakes swept by
 Reflecting now the forms of fiery steeds
 And now a rosy shadow, and again
 420 The gem-like radiance of our burnish'd trail.
 At last the prairies wide with tint of flower
 As delicate as her own cheek.

She smiled

And said: "I play the gadding gossip for
 Your sake to-day—see where the iron horse
 Pants, puffs out smoke and snorts and cries and bears
 Long trains thro' what was wilderness a year
 Ago; flinnging his smoke aloft he makes
 A passing cloud. Upon these plains immense
 Where here and there the signs of man at work
 Are seen, it is but yesterday the red
 Man, the poor savage chased the buffalo.
 I've seen him in his prime and his decay;
 But save the wild ox and his pursuers
 This land has been a solitude since it
 Was heaved up from the sea. For centuries ?—
 Oh! yes, for thousands, those bright lakes have shone
 Unmark'd; the wild ducks lived upon their breasts
 Nor feared the fowler's dart; the roses bloomed;
 540 The gopher dug his hole and stood erect,
 And ran and lived his lonely graceful life,
 And played among the grasses and the flowers;