

And our war-whoop shall wither
The nerves of the slave!
It boots not—we heed not,
Who comes as foe,
His bones shall lie bleaching
In sunshine and snow!

Oh! none are so dauntless, so free or so wild
As the red-tinted rover—the warrior's child!

The startled deer,
Roused by the far-off peal, with trembling speed
Wiles to the water's lip her heedless young—
And now the cleave the crystal lake to seek
The shadow of a leafy isle which lies
Cradled amid the waves. List to the dam,
There's something in her heart akin to that
Which human mothers feel—affection, love,
Nature or instinct—it boots not what
Men have been taught to name it. Words are vain
To limn the heavenly feeling. List! she calls,
With her low bleatings, and the fawn replies
With a yet greater effort—now 'tis won—
The twain have reached their covert!

'Tis well! they come,—
The warrior-hunters!—and their wearied prey,
With antlered brow upturned, to turn aside
The overhanging boughs, is struggling on,
Life gaged upon his bounds. His heaving chest,
And nostril wide distent, proclaim that soon
The weary race will end—while on his trail
Come the whole pack of lean and famished hounds!

The stag has gained
The margin of the lake, and stoops to lap
A moment of its waters. That "drop is death!"
A dozen arrows, from unerring bows,
Are quivering in his flesh. Triumphant shouts
Tell the wild gladness of the hunter-band,
And the late solitude with darkling forms
Is peopled.

How changed the scene
From that which lingers in the storied past,
When in these solitudes the red man roved,
Ere from a far-off land the pale face came,
In all the panoply of art, to wile
Or war his home away. These ocean lakes,
Which in majestic indolence reposed,
Coquetting with the winds, or mirror-like,
Giving to upper worlds a mimic sun
Are now the path of white winged fleets, which bear
The golden fruits of the rich harvest field
To far-off climes. The woodland shores—
The towering pine-tree—the stern hearted oak—
Have owned the sway of man, and waving grain
Speaketh of home and plenty. Towering spires
Of temples dedicate to him whose word
Is life eternal, dot thy verdant banks,
And grateful strains of gratitude are hymned
Amid the Sabbath stillness.

Alas! the tales
Which chronicle the change, are not as free
From the dark stains of cruelty and blood,
As, while we gaze upon the change, we feel
'Twere well they had been! The sands are steeped
With the life-flood of the free forest braves,
Untutored though they were, the proud and great
Whose deeds will "gem tradition's hoary page,"
'Till the broad waters of the mighty lakes—
Superior, Huron, Erie,—all have ceased
From their enduring founts to bear
Fertility and wealth throughout the land
So cherished, loved, and lost!

"A change comes o'er
The spirit of my dream." I hear the swell
Of the big waters, breaking from their bonds
And as the steed, which late impatient owned
The warrior-rider's curb, now urged to join
The maddening din of battle, rusheth on
To the fierce contest, so the prisoned waves,
Wearied of indolence and smiling peace,
Break into torrents, and, disporting, wreath
Their foam crests round the crusted rocks which
seek
To check their giant gambols.

On—on, it sweeps,
The mighty pathway of the glorious lakes
Is narrowed to span—a lake no more—
And in the tumult of their whirling rush
The waters bear their swelling course along,
Chafing, in angry or in playful mood,
The forest trees, that, clustering on their shores,
Hem in a river's tide, in splendour—power—
Magnificence and beauty, far beyond
The reach of parallel. On, they come—
Gathering new vigour from each tiny isle
That vain essays to turn them from their way.

Now have they reached
The torrent's crest, and with a mighty bound
Headlong they rush o'er the unfathomed steep,
With voices loud as the loud thunder's peal—
Gambol a moment with the startled breeze,
That wails amid the heaven-rising spray—
And rocks, and hills, and trees, alike awake
A deafening echo! My phrenzied soul
Grows dizzy when it feebly—vainly, dreams
Of the unfathomable power of Him,
Who holds not this, but the whole myriad leagues
Of untracked ocean—the "great globe itself,"
Within the hollow of his hand, and bids
The foam crowned waves be still—whose word might
stay
E'en this wild torrent in its mad career.

Proud Niagara, oft
Have harps attuned to noblest numbers sung
Of thy illimitable greatness—oft
Has limner's pencil vainly sought to trace