

## XV.

All else was silence, save the dreary sound  
 Of woodcock "pecking on the hollow tree,"  
 Or dry brush crackling from the sudden bound  
 Of startled deer, that snorts and halts to see.  
 Then onward o'er the leaf-encumbered ground  
 Through his green world of beauty, ever free :  
 Such was the scene—no white man's chimney sigh.  
 And joy sat plumed in the young warrior's eye.

## XVI.

No white man's axe his hunting ground had marred :  
 The primal grandeur of the solemn woods,  
 When Summer all her golden gates unbarred,  
 And hung voluptuous o'er the shouting floods,  
 Or when white Winter gave the rich reward,  
 All suited with his uncorrupted moods,  
 For all was built, voiced, roofed with sun and cloud.  
 By the Great Spirit unto whom he bowed.

## XVII.

The gray of morn was edging into white,  
 And down ROCK-OUTSEAU the Indian passed.  
 Like a thin shadow ; soon the rosy light  
 Lay on the maple leaf, and dew drops cast  
 A lustrous charm on many a mossy height,  
 And squirrels broke out in chatter, as the blast  
 Swayed the tall pine tops where they leaped, and made  
 Grand organ-music in the green-wood shade.

## XVIII.

Again the Indian comes, [some years have rolled].  
 Down the wild Ottawa, and stands upon  
 His boyhood haunt, and with an eye still bold  
 Looks round, and sighs for glories that are gone.  
 For all is changed, except the Fall that told  
 And tells its Maker still, and OUTSEAU.  
 Sadly he leans against an evening sky,  
 Transfigured in its ebb of rosy dye!