

How beautiful was this calm night,  
The placid moon looked mildly down,  
As if earth were a blessed sight  
Gemmed by heaven's own starry crown.  
At times the northern rays rushed high,  
Glowing like meteors on their way,  
Like shining heralds that rose to spy  
The dewy steps of coming day,  
Chasing the mists and clouds away.

Of passing time, the lovers there  
Scarce missed the blest hours in their flight;  
Each felt reluctant to prepare  
To leave the place and say "good-night."

After the word "Crown," 4th line from the top, read the following lines omitted :

At times the moonbeams seemed to grow  
More luminous at certain hours,  
As if bright angels to and fro  
Were visiting some earthly bowers ;

And partial gloom spread round the place.  
The night wind now began to sigh  
As if some storm were coming nigh.  
Its sad'ning voice was coarse and shrill,  
The air grew cold, and sharp, and chill.  
Just then was heard a dreadful shout—  
Their barking hounds quick rushed about.  
Again there came a savage yell,  
As if from demons from some hell ;  
And now behind each shading tree  
There seemed to lurk some enemy,  
And nearer still some Indian troop  
Shouted aloud the fierce war-whoop.

Poor Manita, in wildest dread,  
Cried, "Ogemah, quick ! leave this place ;  
Oh quickly flee or you are dead !"  
With him at once she would have fled—  
But he the enemy would face.  
He would not turn his back in flight  
Were Death upon him then to scowl