

And paid the only compliment he knew ;  
 Then soon retreating left the vague surmise  
 If he knew aught of symbol or of sign,  
 With which we tag our modern elegies,  
 Beholding but ourselves in all we see,  
 Vaunting the very flowers do give us thoughts  
 And stars are but the ensigns of our souls.  
 The savage brought to all an eye, an ear,  
 And left behind his mimic, fancied name,  
 But not the deep imagined, reflex song,  
 The earth revested by the plastic mind.  
 But when he felt the prick of novel pain,  
 Which the Caucasian hand first always gives,  
 When in new lands its banner is uplift,  
 A pathos thrilled from heart to unused brain ;  
 And as the youthful poet's trial-song,  
 When every new-born passion brings a pang,  
 Most often is a plaint, so his was sad  
 And eloquent.

In that same monotone,  
 An echoed, Ossianic melancholy,  
 We feign for him his speech : so we agree  
 The Indian archetype shall front the page.

I follow on the worn and customary way.  
 When deep the snow and few the passing tracks,  
 We try to follow those have gone before :  
 Some strides too long for us and some too short.