

" What fear we from the strangers arm
 " If the high spirits of the air
 " Fly round us with a smile and charm
 " To keep us from the deadman's lair ?
 " There is a spell within the cloud
 " Which speaks its word in thunders loud ;—
 " There is a beacon in the flash
 " Which light'nings fire, when wild storms clash ;
 " There is a voice, within the blast
 " When vapours dark are hurrying past ;
 " And in the meteor and the star
 " A sign—to warn us from afar.
 " The white man seeks the forest prey,
 " And not to rouse us in his way
 " To lay his scalp, and entrail bare
 " As branches, with the winter air.—
 " Peace to your hearts,—to-morrow's sun
 " Shall scarcely see its day-light done
 " When we will offer sacrifice
 " And call the spirits of the skies
 " To speak by token and by sign
 " Which way their awful fates incline.—

A shout from the surrounding crowd
 As the wild tyger's, hoarse, and loud,
 Stern and uncouth their joy bespoke,
 And thus in rous'd convulsions broke
 With coarsest gestures, loose and free
 Made known in rude hilarity.—
 Tecumthé,—only midst the crew
 Look'd silence, in its sullen hue,—
 Nor spoke in turning to depart
 If joy or anger stirr'd his heart.
 The Prophet eyed the warrior's face,
 And as he turn'd, there strove to trace
 The acquiescence, which his pride
 To all his counsels had allied ;—
 But the repugnance to enthrone
 One mind superior to our own,
 Lurk'd even to the savage breast
 The fault, with which all are possess'd
 And makes vain man the wayward-tied
 Offspring of folly, and of pride.

The moon has set behind the hill,
 The air is cloudless, calm, and still ;
 And all things save the labouring breast
 Of each wild form betoken rest ;—
 But Nature, from her fiercest mood,
 Woes silence,—sleep, and solitude,—
 If storms arise and loudly ring,
 Calmness soon comes with downy wing ;—
 The ruder elements at arms
 Repose at length in Quiet's charms ;
 If tempests have arous'd their jar,
 And Boreas, whirl'd his noisy car