

Many more are
 To be seen, by wandering hunters,
 Which to onumerate, with all
 Their habits, would fill large volumes
 Of manuscript and lettered books;
 But all are there for man, and may
 Be used for food, and clothing too,
 By the red man, or any one
 Who seeks the woods for solitude,
 For pleasure, or for profit.

When
 The day's march is ended, down by
 The bank of some cool spring, or lake
 Perhaps, the hunter rests, to cook
 The produce of his hunt, looking
 The while at the retiring sun.
 After his frugal meal and pipe,
 He lays him down and tries to sleep,
 If sleep he can; but then the flies,
 The flies, Apollyon! how they bite!

(Original.)

THE BANNER.

I see through my dreams,
 In the far distance beam,
 A banner as white as the snow,
 Around it a wreath
 Of our own Maple leaf,
 And freedom emblazoned below.

It rises above
 The land that I love,
 And flutters about in the wind;
 As graceful and free,
 As waves of the sea,
 Or thought in the realms of mind.