

The growth of evil desires is thus happily described—"To reason they ascending cling,"

"Like ivy planted near a tower—  
By that it climbs and gathers power.  
And tho' sometimes the drooping head  
Hangs as it would no further spread,  
Still as a vampire, round that pile  
'Tis grasping surer hold the while;  
Nor is it staid till shades of green  
Are on the highest turret seen."

In the long and rather dull story of Ellen's mother, the following lines, in our author's better vein occur; they are descriptive of Mrs. Grhame's return from captivity, conducted by an Indian.

"I see him now as if still by,  
The lion limb—the eagle eye,  
I see the foam we fiercely cleft,  
And boiling waves behind us left;  
I hear the troubled waters hiss  
And spurn the paddle's brutal kiss;  
I see it shrink as we come on,  
And tremble after we are gone;  
I see the distant forest rise  
Like tempest clouds along the skies;  
And tho' we sped with vengeful speed  
I thought our passage slow indeed."

In the third Canto the retreat of the savages with their captives, after the attack on Dartmouth, is thus depicted.

"Away, away, the motley group,  
More forward to the frequent whoop;  
O'er tangled helm, o'er braided hill,  
O'er bubbling brook and lakelet still,  
O'er cove, and creek, as they pass'd on,  
The light from far around them shone;  
And ne'er before, in glen or vale,  
Has New year's eve heard such a wail;  
And never with such shout and din  
Was New year's morning welcomed in;  
Whilst bank and beach repeated o'er  
The wake that peal'd upon the shore;  
And fowls and cattle chorus made,  
Meet for such serflike serenade."

At the conclusion, the meeting of Ellen's relatives is thus prettily alluded to.

"But who can conjure up the scene,  
When friends, long parted, meet again;  
What muse the boundless vision bind,  
Where verse might never limit find;  
Genius of song it is not mine,  
To make these happy moments thine;  
It is not mine to hold the true  
And living images in view;