

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

Strayed from their forest fastness,
On deeds of pillage bent,
A band had scorched and plundered
Till the new moon was spent;
Looting and burning swiftly,
And ever on the go,
Where'er they fled they left their dead
Scalp-marked on the trails below.

Hushed was the stalking lynx-cat,
Her mate forbore to wail,
As silent feet came swiftly down
The long leaf-trodden trail;
No surer came the panther, sly,
Supple with reeking meals,—
Along the track, in the great woods black,
Haunting benighted heels.

Grotesquely o'er the hilltops
Arose a bloody moon,
As wild across the stillness came
The death-cry of the loon;
But in the deep wood's shadows
Fast the destroyers fled,
And left by the lake till broad daylight,
Two bodies stripped and dead.