

The trapper stopped : his shadow merged  
With the boding gloom in the ravine's head ;  
Merciful God ! how the warm blood surged  
Through a heart that thrilled with a sickening dread ;  
Was the merciless pack  
Of the waste on his track ?—  
'Twas the wail of a new-born breeze.

*In the  
Glare  
of the  
Moon.*

The snow cracked again 'neath his steady swing,  
But a few more rods, and his camp was made—  
But hark !—kind Heaven what means that ring  
From the ridge to the left ! A hemlock glade  
Where shadows crept dark  
Gave back the bark  
Of the gathering, starving pack.

O King of the North, spare us all we beseech,  
Such a fate in the waste, with the moon shining  
down ;

A wild, mad race with no goal to reach—  
In the rear gleaming eyes, dripping fangs, bodies  
brown,  
Of the panting pack  
On the new-made track ;  
And the ever-increasing howl.

One moment he paused—and the race began.  
Under the trees in the ravine below  
No light came through : his shoe as he ran  
Caught in the crust : he fell in the snow—  
And the curst discord  
Of the gaunt, starved horde,  
Rang in his ears like a knell.