

XVII.

While spake the Chief, a throb of woe
 Palsied his heart's convulsive throes ;
 The carnage, gloom, of yesternight,
 Apalling burst upon his sight ;
 The death-stroke and the victor cheers
 Which then he heard, again he hears,
 His falling bands again he sees,
 And hears their wailings in the breeze—
 Too true the dire reality
 Came to his heart—came to his eye—
 And now he is an outcast from
 Where sleep his sires—his forest home,—
 With none to succor—none to cling
 By him who wears the Falcon wing ;
 With waning vigor, wounds unhealed,
 The Future, by the Past, revealed,—
 He who but late so proud and stern
 Had naught of hardihood to learn,
 Unconscious drooped his lordly head
 As memory—memory—backward sped ;
 That form so stately and erect,
 Quailed at the harrowing retrospect.

XVIII.

He walked that mountain's steep ascent,
 While torturing fiends his bosom rent ;
 A crag peered out beyond the rest,
 He gained its utmost summit crest,
 And from the far commanding height,
 Stretched to the vale his aching sight ;
 Convulsive pangs his bosom tore,
 His face a settled sorrow wore,
 Yet lamentation spake he none
 For tried companions dead and gone—
 No sadly figured requiem—
 No wailing plaint—no dying hymn—
 For those who died defending him,
 And for their country nobly fell :—
 He only looked a long farewell !
 And breaking up the mournful spell,
 Pale o'er the mountain battlement,
 A homeless wanderer he went.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

NOTE.—In adopting the clipt heroic, or octo-syllabic verse, for an attempt which he has long contemplated in reference to the Indian wars on the Western frontier, the writer was aware that comparisons must be provoked which could in no way favor him, or in truth any other poetaster since the days of the great Sir Walter's time ; but