



THE patient fisher's luring strife
With swift, elusive, silv'ry life,
Where soothing music reigns;
Far-reaching leagues, thy Rivers roll
Thro' scenes sublime, to Arctic goal
And distant, mighty mains.

High, high the hoary Mountains tower,
Dread forms of everlasting power
That grandly "bridge the world;"
The Red Man, wrapt in garb of faith,
Passed o'er that mystic bridge when Death
The dart unerring hurled.

Where Indian phantoms love to dwell,
The daring hunter's potent spell,
The haunt of agile stealth,—
Great maze of verdure undefiled,
Thy virgin Forest, stately, wild,
Sad beauty robed in wealth.