

Had visited his solitudes,
And by the star-beam travers'd woods,
When no one beacon shone afar
Save some well known presiding star.

And thus it past,—dun autumn's sun
Its beauteous race had nearly run,
The night fires sparkled 'neath the boughs
As twilight sank to soft repose,
Around their blaze,—the listeners drew ;—
For even there was converse too,
The rude, bold licence of the tongue
To gesture wild, and accents strung.
And who was he, who held each mind
To his recital, thus inclin'd ?
The Prophet ;—he of all the rest
Of deeper instinct's powers possess'd,
Skill'd in astrology's prelude
Which rules weak Fancy's wayward sense,
Chain'd his wild brethren by its charms
Of Superstition's stern alarms,
And incantation's strange belief
To turn away, or frown of grief ;—
And dive into the hidden powers
Of Fate's fast coming future hours.

Around the fire,—the listeners stirr'd,
And star'd, and startled at his word,
Which told of dreams both dark, and drear
Of dismal sign, and deadly fear,
Of clouded sky, and vapoury moon,
And night-blast, in whose moaning tune
Prophetic murmurs, sigh'd a tale
Of something, that would soon prevail.—
The dream was told,—when, lo, a sound
Of quick approach, made all around,
Turn with the hurried looks of those
Who, fear the footsteps of false foes.
Who comes ?—a stern, athletic form
In grace tho' rude—in action warm ;—
At his advance, the throng withdraw
With an habitual mark of awe
Whilst from the whispering lips of some
“ Our chief,—our chief,”—their murmurs hum.
The Prophet stood alone to meet
A brothers safe return, and greet
With welcome sounds ;—“ The chase to day
“ Hath surely led thee far astray
“ Since day-light long hath ceas'd to burn
“ And anxious Hope, sought thy return,—
“ Where is the prey ?”—he look'd,—but, lo,—
There hung alone,—the spear and bow ;—
Whilst seriousness, within his air
His, sullen,—silent looks declare.—
‘Twas silence long,—the crowd's surprize
Exchang'd their fears, with staring eyes