

Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange,
Once far and wide the unbroken forests spread
Their lonely wastes, mysterious and dread—
Forests, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word ;
Where only rang the red-browed hunter's yell,
And the wolf's howl through the dark sunless dell,
Now fruitful fields and waving orchard trees
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.
Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands ;
Here smiles a hamlet through embowering green,
And there the statelier village spires are seen—
Here, by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill,
Here the white homestead nestles to the hill ;
The modest school here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds, that seek its simple lore ;
There learning's shelter fane of massive walls,
Woos the young aspirant to classic halls ;
And bids him in her hoarded treasures find,
The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds.