

XIX.

He sees a City there : the blazing forge,
 The mason's hammer on the shaping stone,
 Great wheels along the stream revolving large,
 And swift machinery's whirr, and click, and groan,
 And the fair bridge that spans the yawning gorge,
 Which drinks the spray of Chaudiere, leaping prone,
 And spires of silver hue, and belfry's toll ;
 All strike, like fifty knives, the Red Man's soul !

XX.

Wide the arena of the open space,
 Where broods the City, like a mighty bird,
 And the red Spectre from his rock can trace
 Her flock of villages, where lately stirred
 The bear and wolf, tenacious of their place,
 And where the wild cat with her kittens purred.
 Now, while the folds of eve invest the land,
 What myriad lights flash out on every hand.

XXI.

The dead day's glory, interwove with brown,
 Has wrapped the watcher on OUISEAU ROCK,
 And o'er him hangs bright Hesper, like a crown,
 As if the hand of Destiny would mock
 His soul's eclipse and sorrow-sculptured frown ;
 Thick as wild pigeons, dusky memories flock
 O'er the wide wind-fall of his fated race,
 And thus he murmured to his native place :

XXII.

Our woods are gone, slain by the white man's hand,
 And piled in heaps to glut the fiend of fire,
 The coward ox has bowed to his command,
 And bore the slavish yoke through snow and mire ;
 And far away—I scarce can understand—
 Rush fiery buffaloes, as if in ire,
 Dragging great wigwams o'er an iron path,
 Which soundeth like a far off tempest's wrath.