

And see each night, without a friend, 53
 The world's great comforter descend !
 Tell our brethren, where ye meet,
 Thus we toil with weary feet ;
 Yet tell them that Love's generous flame,
 In joy, in wretchedness the same,
 In distant worlds was ne'er forgot ;
 And tell them that we murmur not ; 60
 Tell them, though the pang will start,
 And drain the life-blood from the heart,—
 Tell them, generous shame forbids
 The tear to stain our burning lids !
 Tell them, in weariness and want,
 For our native hills we pant,
 Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
 We hope in death to follow thee !

SONG OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

STRANGER, stay, nor wish to climb
 The heights of yonder hills sublime ;
 For there strange shapes and spirits dwell,¹
 That oft the murmuring thunders swell,
 Of power from the impending steep
 To hurl thee headlong to the deep ;
 But secure with us abide,
 By the winding river's side ;
 Our gladsome toil, our pleasures share,
 And think not of a world of care. 10
 The lonely cayman,² where he feeds
 Among the green high-bending reeds,

¹ The Indians believe some of their high mountains to be inhabited by supernatural beings. — ² The alligator.

Shall yield thee pastime ; thy keen dart 13
Through his bright scales shall pierce his heart.

Home returning from our toils,
Thou shalt bear the tiger's spoils ;
And we will sing our loudest strain
O'er the forest-tyrant slain !

Sometimes thou shalt pause to hear
The beauteous cardinal sing clear ; 20
Where hoary oaks, by time decayed,
Nod in the deep wood's pathless glade ;
And the sun, with bursting ray,
Quivers on the branches gray.

By the river's craggy banks,
O'erhung with stately cypress-ranks,
Where the bush-bee¹ hums his song,
Thy trim canoe shall glance along.

To-night at least, in this retreat,
Stranger ! rest thy wandering feet ; 30
To-morrow, with unerring bow,
To the deep thickets fearless we will go.

MONODY, WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK ! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequestered, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks ;
Once more I court the long neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary Wainsbeck, or the side
Of Clysdale's cliffs, where first her voice she tried,
I strayed a pensive boy. Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chilled her breast,

¹ The bush-bee lives on shrubs and low trees.