

The Choctaw's Tale.

I can re-people with the Past and of
The Present there is still for eye and thought
And meditation chasten'd down, enough.

B. ofron.

Fatal terra, gl' estrangee river!
Bangoni

The sun was setting in Louisiana's sky,
And its autumnal radiance ^{and glow} ~~melting~~ glowed,
Repainting the wide canvass of blue ^(the) Heaven's
With softly blended tints that made it like
The painter's pallet; and the fiery red
Decreased in shade until it rose all grew,
Then melted into lilac, paling still
Incarnate almost colorless, to fade
To light and bluish green; and then again,
It merged in azure gradually. The clouds
Formed a bronze-hued frame to the scenery,
With edges amber-colored where the light,
Struggling to penetrate obscurity,
And dissipate the smoky vapors round,
Died conquered by the leviathan darkness now.
And I watched the grand, gorgeous disk descend
In isolated glory to rejoin

The Mississippi whose dark, sallow waves
Seem to roll off the dust of centuries
The great, the low, the victor and the slave
The tears of nations, whom Fate has erased
From the book of Life and Posterity.
But Nature changes not, and whether men
Rejoice or weep, love or detest, she smiles
Impassible and ignorant of wrong,
Of justice, of grief and of man's delights,
And all that man invents and human calls

The huge orb sank and was lost to my sight,
Beyond its liquid screen, as vanishes