



"where a screen of leaves keeps waters cool."

Dunk Speaks.

Along the west thin shreds of purple lay,
 The sultry air still throbbled, as pulses beat,
 When fever is assuaged ; far off the Bay
 Of fair Bedeque spread like a silver sheet ;
 The stars were few—only a lamb's soft bleat
 Broke on the soundless landscape : but there rose
 From out the stream a cry with grief replete—
 Such as you hear round graves about to close ;
 The Dunk had found a voice, and thus she told her woes:

Ah me ! my thoughts long years float back :

I see the gladeless forest spread

Its twilight gloom ; the lithe Micmac

Stalking his game with noiseless tread :

I see the Fox, the Elk, the Bear

Come forth to drink the eddying pool,

And lave their burning haunches, where

A screen of leaves keeps waters cool.