

Right glad were they once more to shake  
The hand that wove that wide awake !  
"This *ganache* Le Gui missed the way,"  
Said Br-df-d, "leading me astray;"  
"And just as night was closing round,"  
We found a kind of camping ground."  
Quoth W-lt-r, "hand that demi-john,"  
"We saw the weeds you lay upon;"  
"Just hand the tot—I feel delight"  
"In finding that you are all right."  
"Shoot many ducks?" "About ten pair,"  
"Look in my punt—you'll find them there,"  
"But whereabout does the island lie?"  
Said Baptiste; "It must be close by,"  
"Ha ! yonder thro' the haze I see"  
"The hickory groves," replied Le Gui.

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The Indian Summer moon shone bright,  
Upon Ecarte's tortuous flood,  
Like molten silver was the light,  
Which bathed that western solitude,  
Through which in lordly grandeur Huron pours  
His mighty tide to roll on Erie's shores,  
Beneath the azure canopy of Heav'n,  
The mightiest gift by Earth to ocean given.  
Apparently no life was there,  
So placid was the mystic air,  
And Walpole Island truly seemed,  
The Elfin land of which they dreamed;  
But whether held by duok or fairy,