

XI.

Whether in winter glooms with sounding stroke,
Far above Allumet, he fells the pine,
Or hews at Mattawan the giant oak ;
Or near the Turtle Lakes, his utmost line,
Shakes the tall Elm till in her ermine cloak,
She thunders down in snow-smoke, sparkling fine ;
In every place he cheers the houseless wood,
Sublime in hardship ! lord of Solitude !

XII.

His heart is fearless as his arm is strong.
And on the river bank I've often stood,
Where Chaudiere Rapid roars his drunken song,
And watched him fighting with the wrathful flood.
Steering his *crib* with skilful art along,
Till down the Slide its journey it pursued,
Or wrecked amid the whirl of torturing shocks,
Crowned the bald foreheads of imperial rocks.

XIII.

No dandy's life is his : on yonder lake—
That bears St. Peter's name, (and must be meant
To point the hour when, for his Master's sake,
The rude Disciple, with a furious bent,
Drew his hot sword, resolved at once to take
A life, or lop the ear of miscreant),
On that dark lake of storms, behold again
The leading raftman shouting to his men.

XIV.

Onward Improvement treads. Few years ago.
A chief of the Algonquins passed at dawn,
With knife, and tomahawk, and painted bow,
Down the wild Ottawa, and climbed upon
A rocky pinnacle, which in the glow
Of boyhood he had loved, called OUISEAU.
Proudly he stood there, listening to the roar
Of Rapids sounding, sounding evermore.