

His thoughts next wander to the spirit land—
 The fancied portion of this withering band ;
 The blissful lot that compensates for woe—
 The paradise to which the Indians go.

There forests flourish in eternal bloom,
 And no one feels the horrors of the tomb ;
There the finned tribes in countless myriads thrive,
 And swarm the rivers with each rising tide ;
There herds of moose perform their stated rounds,
 And ceaseless music from the woods resounds ;
 No bold intruder dares invade the spot
 From age to age assigned as Indian's lot."

The storm now hushed that stirred the angry soul,
 His eyes once more o'er Pictou's city roll ;
 In melting sorrow down his haggard cheeks
 One trickling tear his inward grief bespeaks.
 In vain old Pompey's varied actions strive
 His mind to soothe, and sinking hope revive ;
 The die was cast, and earth's united power,
 To failing courage could not strength restore :
 His trusty gun, too true, alas ! is found—
 The flash is seen—the neighboring hills resound—
 And Hogan, lifeless, lies along the ground !

Blest be the man that owns the rising green
 That bears its witness to this closing scene ;
 Blest be the man that, with sepulchral care,
 Shall lay the Indian and old Pompey there ;
 Shall plant a willow o'er the stilly grave
 Where sleeps poor Hogan—sullen, stern, but brave.
 Blest be the man that shall some column rear,
 To mark the spot where lies that noble deer.
 And teach each traveller, as he passes by,
 To drop one tear, and heave a friendly sigh.