

A fleet of swift canoes came up, all vocal with the song  
 Of voyageurs, whose cadences kept even time among  
 The dipping paddles, as they flashed along Ontario's shore,  
 Past headlands high and coasts that lie  
 In mistiness—and bore  
 A bevy of fair wives who loved their husbands more and more,  
 Who could not bear their absence, and defiant of the roar  
 Of forests and of waters, came to comfort and caress,  
 As women may—and only they—  
 Man's solitariness.

In those Capuan days they basked in pleasure's sunny beams,  
 The Provence home of Bois le Grand was rarer in his dreams,  
 The Chatelaine of his chateau fast by the rapid Rhone,  
 A memory dim became to him—  
 Nor loved he her alone.  
 A dame of charms most radiant—the cynosure that shone  
 Amid the constellations of Quebec's magnetic zone,  
 Drew him with force and held him fast, a captive with her eyes,  
 Which dark and bright as tropic night,  
 Loved him without disguise ;

And he remembered not the thorn he planted by the grove  
 Of Paradise, where he forgot in his forbidden love,  
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand, the purest wife and best.  
 Of womankind he left behind,  
 And ventured, like the rest,  
 To sport with woman's loveliness—as for a passing jest.  
 His heart was very lonely, too, while all beside were blest  
 Like Samson in Delilah's lap, his lock of strength was shorn.  
 He loved again despite the pain  
 And stinging of the thorn.

One day when he a-hunting went in the Norman Marsh \* and she  
 The dame he loved rode with him as Diana fair to see  
 In green and silver habited—and silken bandoleer,  
 With dainty gun—by it undone !  
 And bugle horn so clear.  
 While riding gaily up and down to turn the timid deer  
 And meet the joyance of his glance, when she should re-appear,  
 She vanished in the thicket, where a pretty stag had flown—  
 Saw something stir—alas ! for her !  
 She shot her lover down !

Bleeding he fell—' O, Madelaine ! ' his cry turned her to stone,  
 ' What have you done unwittingly ? ' he uttered with a groan,  
 As she knelt over him with shrieks sky-rending, such as rise  
 From women's lips on sinking ships,  
 With death before their eyes.  
 She beat her breast despairingly ; her hair dishevelled flies ;  
 She kissed him madly, and in vain to stanch the blood she tries,  
 Till falling by him in a swoon they both lay as the dead—  
 A piteous sight ! love's saddest plight !  
 With garments dabbled red.

Their servants ran and hunters pale, and raised them from the ground  
 Restored the dame to consciousness, and searched his fatal wound.  
 They pitched for him a spacious tent the river bank above

The ' *Marais Normand* ' so called during the French occupation of Niagara. It is now covered with farms ; but is still called the swamp.