

The owl's ill-omened, hideous shriek,
Aroused the camp at the forest creek,
And the cry of the wild swan, loud and clear,
Told that approaching light was near;
Arise, arise ! for this is the day,
On which we paddle so far away,
And at even a blazing camp-fire make
On the magical Island of Waak-al-Waak !

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At noon, the remnant of the party,
Had gained the pass of "Chenail Ecarts,"
And westward bravely pushing on, soon
Came to the pass of "Chenail Johnson."
No sign of Le Gui or of Br-df-d,
No ooze which pole or paddle had stirred;
There was no knot upon a rush-head,
To show the spot through which they push-ed.
And no mark landwards. served to show
The way the rear guard ought to go:
For the Indian Summer's mystic cloud,
Mantled the marsh in a lurid shroud.
At length a rude hut looming high,
Shewed a deserted camp ground nigh;
Where drift wood, stran led, had withstood
The rushing of the spring tide flood.
"Here,," said Baptiste, "'tis very plain"
"Some savages have lately lain,"
"These ashes are not two days old,"
"Indeed they are not yet quite cold,"
One pole across two others tied,