

The guide stove a keg, ready placed on its end,

Before he sat down on his pack,
To take up his calumet; when, in a trice
The commis cut every batteau-man a slice
From a roll of his bourgeois* tabac.

To them came the warriors, twelve in a canoe,
Who eyed her ascent for a while,
And but for the war-pole,† 'twas pleasing to view

How they laughed, danced, and sung, as familiar
they grew,
O'er a cup of dashed yankey‡ in style.

The war-chief invited my help-mate to dance,
To which she so kindly complied,
And stept so in time to their hollow-tree drum,

The chief drank her health in a bumper of rum,
While she by the fierce band was eyed.

This joyous scene changed to a dread thunder-storm,

The rocks, woods, and waves, seemed on fire;

The warriors appalled, did like aspen-leaves shake,

Whose war-chief, alone, could stand near the bright lake,
An emblem of Milton's hell sire.§

Encamped the next morning, at Sabbath-day Point,

Miss Susan was quickly embowered,
While her mistress sat musing upon the moss stones;

Sue brought her check apron, crammed full of dried bones,
Of a man, whom the wolves had devoured.

Still not disappointed, her kettle she boiled,
At the boatmen's already-made fire,

And put in the tea, when the water was hot;
As all travellers do, when they've fractured the pot,

Who do such refreshment require.

While salt pork was boiling, to give the men heart,

And beds were preparing of heather,
The wolves a most hideous loud barking did make,

In chace of a buck, which soon took to the lake,

Where heedless all plunged in together.

He crossed, but the pack, with their brushes all wet,

Ran shaking them, when we all fired;
Thus peppered with buck-shot, they dared not to stop,

Where they might have had each a salted pork chop,

Or man's flesh, by wolves more admired.

She next passed the block-house for Tycandarougue,

From whence the last evening-gun fired,
And heard one from Crown-point, just at setting sun,

But as a good day's work the boatmen had done,

They halted that night, being tired.

From Crown-point a sloop crossed Champlain the next night,

And towed the batteau by a line;
Becalmed for a while, we held fast by the trees,
Where gnats and wild sand-flies poor travellers do tease,

Or I could have wished the land mine.

Soon gad-flies and bad flies, of every kind,
Drew blood, as Saint John's we approached;

Muskettoe nets there were of little avail,
For some would have pierced through a hog's head with ale,

If ale had been blood to have broached.

The rapids, alarming, were shot to Shamlee;—
"Push her off!—Hold her to!—Her her go!"||

The lady undaunted, still held up her head,
While Susan lay down on her face, almost dead,

And falling, drew with her a leau.¶

* The bourgeois or merchant sends out his *commis*, or clerk, with charge of his goods up the Indian country.

† Bearing the scalps and dangling thereon.

‡ New England rum, much dashed with water.

§ As Satan is depicted standing, in the frontispiece of an old edition of "Paradise Lost."

|| It being so difficult, from the impetuosity of the current, to keep the boat from over-setting.

¶ A gentleman who was little calculated for such a journey.