

Or bring on Huron tribes a woe.  
 He kept no weapon to strike down  
 A stranger who might on him frown,  
 No pointed arrow, spear, or dart,  
 Brought he to pierce a foeman's heart.  
 His mission now was one of peace,  
 He came to ask that strife might cease,  
 That captives should all get release.  
 Rich wampum belts, and shells, and beads,  
 And baskets made of fragrant reeds,  
 And mocassins, and curious pipes,  
 And leggins with embroidered stripes,  
 Such gifts as these with him he brought  
 To greet the Indian tribes he sought,  
 Nor feared he, for he loud did sing  
 As down he passed Po-tah-go-ning, <sup>(1)</sup>  
 He came alone in chieftain pride,  
 To ask the Hurons for a bride.  
 To ask for one whom he knew well,  
 Who round his heart had thrown her spell;  
 For still he felt the one he sought  
 Could not be won, could not be bought,  
 Could not a truant love be taught,  
 Unless in full she freely gave  
 Her heart, she would not be man's slave,  
 That forced to wed a brave or chief  
 She could not love, life would be brief,  
 Death soon to her would bring relief,—  
 Thus on his way he sung, he knew  
 That Manita to him was true.

With sturdy stroke he paddled on  
 To reach the Nah-ma Sah-gae-gum, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And as the sun sunk in the West,  
 He saw the calm lake's crimson breast,  
 Now like the air 'twas still and warm,  
 As if it ne'er felt wave or storm;  
 The purple hues along the shore  
 Grew deeper than they were before,  
 The moon seemed waiting overhead

(1) Potahgoning, (pronounced Po-taw-go-ning.) The locality where the Seugog river was formerly very rapid, and where the town of Lindsay, Ont., is now situated. The Indians still call Lindsay, "Potahgoning."

(2) Sturgeon Lake.