

In sight so keen, in chase so fleet,
 No equal means can he employ,
 Thus cumber'd with his helpless boy.

Now the bold project tries his brain,
 But reason tells the project vain;
 Sway'd as by heaven at length he strode,
 And cast their arms beneath the flood;
 One paddle to the stream convey'd,
 —The rest a warrior's pillow made—
 Then loos'd his son and silent bore,
 His treasure'd burthen to the shore:
 Oh! if the farther side he gain,
 His foes might find each effort vain!
 A hundred arms would there unite,
 To guard the gallant Dugald's right,
 And dear the savage horde should pay
 The forfeit of so bold a fray.

Now now, his utmost strength he tries,
 And o'er the stream his vessel flies;
 While oft, a backward look he throws,
 To watch the slumber of his foes:
 They move, they rise, his flight they view;
 They raise the warhoop, and pursue!

As some dark cloud by storms unbound,
 Whose shadow sweeps the sun-lit ground,
 Swift in their course, on, on, they come,
 Half hid in wreaths of whit'ning foam.

The first canoe, two warriors bore—
 One, press'd her as with magic oar;
 And as she held her threatening way,
 One, held a knife prepar'd to slay:
 While further up the sweeping tide,
 To stop retreat on either side,
 The third, his active paddle plied.

Poor Dugald marks with anxious eye,
 Small chance to fight, but less to fly;
 Above him, sits his wary foe,—
 The falls' deep thunder rolls below;