

And paddling it a well-known form—
 A sight which made her blood more warm,
 But like some spectral thing 'twould fade—
 A simple sigh her pain betrayed—
 What visions bright oft disappear
 And fade to leave us but a tear.

Then glancing round on every side,
 And westward where the lake grows wide,
 She saw Bald Point in shadow deep,
 Where many a brave has his last sleep,
 Where charms and spells had once bewitched,
 And carnage oft the soil enriched.
 Now still and sombre was that shore,
 As if no storm could reach it more.
 To her that silent spot did seem
 A place where Mich-a-bou ⁽¹⁾ could dream
 Of some bright land where morte's go
 When tired of earthly cares below—
 She looked, still fancy only made
 Some passing form within the shade,
 But nothing came to greet her view
 Like Ogemah or his canoe.
 Nor voice, nor sound, yet reached her ear,
 Save when the night-hawk plunged quite near,
 Or when some startled wild bird's cry,
 Was echoed in the summer sky.

'Twas the soft evening of a day
 Which bore at noon the sun's hot ray,
 Like summer days long passed away,
 As down the Scugog's shaded tide
 A strange canoe was seen to glide
 From the far west an Ir-o-quois—
 A young Chief known as Og-e-mah,
 Left his own tribe and hunting ground
 Alone, save with his trusty hound.
 Around the great sea-lakes he came
 To seek no foe or win fresh fame,
 He brought with him no hostile band
 Of Iroquois to curse the land,
 To get a scalp, or give a blow,

(1) Mich-a-bou, The Teacher of Peace.