

NIGHTS IN THE WOOD.

I.

'Tis night, and, far from shelt'ring roof,
I lay me down on brush-made bed,
In groves through which no iron hoof,
Nor white man's form, till now, hath sped.

On yonder rock my Miemac guide
Sits gazing up into the sky :
" There warrior chiefs in bliss abide,
Inglorious here their children die."

Our blazing fire crackles yet,
The glitt'ring sparks ascend full high ;
For three sworn friends and trae are met,—
' Shot ' and this Miemac guide and I.