

Oft as he turns to share his wealthy home,  
 So oft, insatiate, hastes he forth to roam;  
 And in the region round about Quesnel  
 His ever wondering farmer-neighbors tell;—  
 "He's off again! God knows by what he's led!  
 Old Peter Ottawa'll never die in bed!"

That pseudonym he took in youth, they deem  
 Perchance in pride to boast his native stream,  
 Or p'raps to signify, so some declare,  
 Himself too nativist to wish to wear  
 His patronymic of one Old-World race,  
 Since he four glorious ancestries can trace.

"I roam by right of Scottish blood," he'll say,  
 "My father's grandsire roved till his last day,—  
 Roderick the Red, who strode with kilted thighs,  
 The highland light of battle in his eyes,  
 Where many a stream of spiring life was spilt  
 Before, with Wolfe, a claymore's basket hilt  
 Gript in his iron fist, he climbed with frown  
 More dour than high Quebec could darkle down."

"Roving is in my blood from Gerald Foy  
 Who charged the English line at Fontenoy  
 With wild-heart memories of the home he fled;  
 Tradition tells that while he thrust and bled  
 My visioning Irish ancestor could see  
 His emerald hills, his boyhood's 'fairy tree,'  
 His native glen, with family roofs aglow,  
 His stacks red-lit, his mother's wailing woe,  
 His children staring vengeful on the groups  
 Of half-ashamed, half-stolid English troops,  
 Whose ranks of oak ne'er learned a foe to rue  
 Till Ireland's banished bayonets charged them through."

"And yet, praise God, the English heart I share,  
 The steadfast blood that held the steely square