

THE  
CANADIAN GIRL;

OR, THE  
PIRATE OF THE LAKES.

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CHAPTER I.

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She wandered on from morn to night;  
High were the trees—the lake was broad;  
And not a sheltering roof in sight,  
Nor friend to cheer the lonely road.

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TOWARD the close of a warm and bright day, a young girl was walking alone in one of the sublime wildernesses of Upper Canada. She might be fourteen or sixteen years of age. Her head and feet were uncovered; and the tattered English frock which she wore, with tight sleeves, barely hiding her shoulders, left her arms also exposed. As she walked slowly, she leaned on a strong branch of a tree that she had picked up, but it was evident, that even with the assistance of this, she could scarcely move onwards, so much was she fatigued. In truth, her solitary journeying had continued nearly