

XII.

But no man knows save Hanlan,
If even Hanlan knows,
How fast his bark can travel
When at his best he rows :
Like the flight of an eagle's pinions,
When to the sun he soars,
Is the graceful sweep and powerful stroke
Of his well-feather'd oars.

XIII.

Now, not a few such striplings
This broad Dominion rears ;
Since Wallace Ross and Warren Smith
Are well nigh Hanlan's peers.
Girded with North-star vigour,
And nurtured by the sea,
By mountain, lake and river,
A hardy brood they be.