

But now we wreak our vengeance wild upon our foes most beautiful
child.

This said, the Mississaughs came and threw her body to the flame,
Whose subtle power did soon prepare this victim for a feast of war.
The chieftain's bony men were brought, who many a valiant battle fought,
But whose untimely end had come no more in the swift chase to roam,
But fall a victim to this foe, and suffer horror none can know.
Their bones were on the altar laid, their flesh a sacrifice was paid
And eaten in the cruel raid they eat and hurry weary bones
Beneath a horrid pile of stones for fear their spirits should arise
To affright them from the frowning skies they give one shout of joy and
tell.

Their comrade each to bid f revell and never more to come again
To where such woes were known to reign.

Since this sad hour some years had fled the fugitive came to view the
dead,

And pour his sacred sorrows o'er the place his fathers were no more.
He bent to kiss the bones around that lay upon the bloody ground
And pou'd the sorrows of his breast o'er the spot where his brethren
rest.

Return and come came and returned by fires that on his memory burned
And bid the great spirit high in heaven see his sad heart with sorrows
riven.

Ask'd him to heal the wound there made by memories of the sacred dead
But bid him curse the cruel foe with alike sorrows here below.

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