

Was not an unimportant query;
 And that 'twas by the former haunted,
 Conclusive proof was not long wanted;
 For rustling sounds were heard on high,
 As restless teal fled swiftly by,
 Whose pinioned cohorts steered their flight,
 Securely midst the waste of night;
 And the wild cadence from the west,
 Where *Honkers* sought their evening rest,

Swept o'er the deep Chenail,
 Now softly low, now swelling high,
 Those riot notes of revelry

Like music on the gale!

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Br-df-rd,
 With axe in hand a sapling had felled,
 On which, when stripped of limbs and bark, he
 Soon reared the canvass of a Marquee;
 Beneath whose time worn folds, I ween,
 Had many a Cariboo stalker been,

And many a hunter bold,
 Who from the chase returned at night,
 To comrades round the blazing light,

Their wondrous stories told;
 So they each had a tale of slaughter,
 "*Si non fu vero, fu ben trovato,*"

The evening to enliven.

Br-df-rd recounting how one day
 Thro' five black bears he fought his way,
 In the deep forests of Malbaie,

And with success had striven:

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