

MOYNES  
E STREET  
ONTARIO

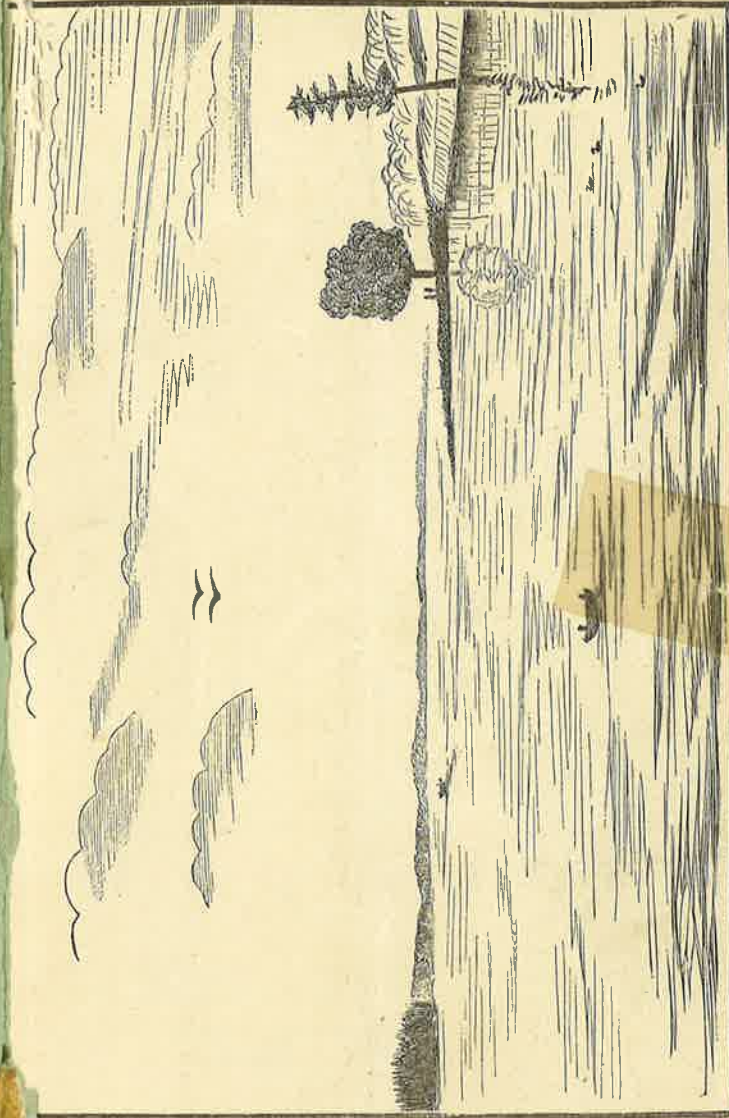
m  
1  
Az  
8-7-08  
11



Property of  
F. W. Moynes,  
Lindsay, Ont.

James. Nesbitt  
Lindsay, Ont April 18<sup>th</sup> 708

Item  
#7  
copy 1  
Box Az



Sturgeon Point.



*The*  
*Town of Lindsay.*

## The Town of Lindsay.



AS LINDSAY is the point from which most visitors, desirous of seeing the charming back lakes of the County of Victoria—and Sturgeon Point in particular—take the steamboats for that purpose, a few words regarding this fast rising and prosperous town may be appropriate, and some information statistical or otherwise regarding Lindsay and its surrounding country may be of interest to those intending to seek a home in a good healthy locality, or to pass a longer or shorter period at the beautiful summer resort now rather extensively known as STURGEON POINT.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* said a short time ago that "few towns in Canada had equalled or surpassed the town of Lindsay in steady solid improvement;" and subsequently another correspondent corroborated the statement in the *Empire*. Lindsay is what is termed a "Government town," that is, a town laid out by the Government—the site being selected because of its central position and natural advantages. Many other town plots have been laid out by owners of private property irrespective of suitability of position, merely perhaps to induce settlement and add value to adjoining land, but as a general result such places are of slow, feeble growth, and after a time often degenerate into mere hamlets. Government towns, on the contrary, are generally prosperous, and many of such have advanced steadily year after year in population and wealth and finally become incorporated as cities.

The Government selected four hundred acres on the banks of the Scugog River—where there was a mill site—in the township of Ops, as a site for the town of Lindsay; two hundred acres were surveyed into 345 lots, each half an acre, the other 200 acres were subdivided into thirty park lots of about five acres each; in the centre of the plot a market square of about six acres was reserved. The price of the town lots was from ten to fourteen pounds (\$40 to \$56 each), and the park lots at about the same price. Many of these lots have since been sold at from ten to fifty times the amount of the original cost, and some of the town lots in best situations would now probably sell at from \$100 to \$150 per foot frontage, or even for more. The original plot of Lindsay was bounded on the north by Colborne Street; by Durham Street on the south; by Lindsay Street on the east, and by Angeline Street on the west. The only streets named at the time of the survey were those running east and west—Colborne Street, after Sir John Colborne, then Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada; Francis Street and Bond Street, after Sir Francis Bond Head; Wellington Street, after the Duke of Wellington; Peel Street, after Sir Robert Peel; Kent Street, after the Duke of Kent; Russell Street, after Lord John Russell; Glenelg Street, after Lord Glenelg; Melbourne Street, after Lord Melbourne, and Durham Street after Lord Durham. The streets are sixty-six feet wide; Kent Street and the street now called Victoria Avenue, after the Queen, are each in width 100 feet. Most of the Government lots were soon sold, but even before these were disposed of, and before the first railroad to the town—that from Port Hope to Lindsay, which was completed in 1858 a company called the "Lindsay Land Co.," bought the mill property—mostly east of Lindsay Street—and laid out

## THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

several hundred more lots, many of which found ready sale; and month after month new settlers were added. Subsequently other portions of land, north and south of the original plot, were surveyed into lots, until, at the present time, the area of land included within the corporate limits of Lindsay is very nearly 2,000 acres. In 1857, Lindsay was incorporated as a town and divided into three wards—north, south, and east. On the 5th of July, 1861, a great fire took place, which destroyed nearly the whole town, then composed of almost all wooden buildings. During the same year, by a vote of the inhabitants of the County of Victoria, and as a kind of compensation for this loss, Lindsay was made the COUNTY TOWN of the County of Victoria—the town of Peterborough having been, up to that time, the County Town of the united counties of Peterborough and Victoria. In 1872 a company was formed to construct a railroad from Lindsay to the intended line of the Canada Pacific R. R. at or near the junction of the Mattawan and the Ottawa rivers. As the project was highly spoken of, not only by members of the Ontario Government—it was to be a colonization road—but by other leading men in the Province, the ratepayers of Lindsay were induced to grant a bonus of \$85,000 to secure the advantage which a road so highly recommended would be to the town; other municipalities in the county also gave bonuses, and the Land and Emigration Co., owning tracts in the Provisional County of Haliburton, gave an additional grant; these bonuses amounted to about \$217,000, given on the express understanding that after "municipal aid had been exhausted," the road should be completed to its objective point at the Ottawa River. In 1878, the road was finished from Lindsay as far as Haliburton. This road, which was to be a "fixed fact," "a colonization road," and a road of "Provincial importance," has not, to the great disappointment of the tax-payers who gave large bonuses for its completion, got one foot farther than Haliburton. So far as it has gone, however, the Victoria Railroad has been of benefit to Lindsay, and it may be that at no distant date the Ontario Government may do justice and complete the road, or give some compensating return to those who gave bonuses.

The ratepayers of Lindsay have been among the most enterprising and public-spirited in Canada in encouraging the construction of railroads. In conjunction with the Township of Ops, they gave a bonus to the Port Hope, Lindsay and Beaverton R. R.; they also gave a bonus to the Grand Junction, which project, however, came to naught; to the Victoria Railroad, and, with the County, to the Whitby and Port Perry Railroad, which was completed to Lindsay in 1877.

Few towns in Canada are better served by railroads than Lindsay; and people come from far distances—even outside the County of Victoria—to trade. Goods in Lindsay can be had very cheap, and the highest prices possible are now paid for all kinds of farmers' produce. Besides the railroads, Lindsay is highly favoured by water communication with other places—with the northern back Lakes via Fenelon Falls; eastward to Bobcaygeon and onward down the lakes to within seven miles of Peterborough, and then south about thirty miles to Port Perry. Several steamboats ply upon the river, and there is a lock at Lindsay to enable boats to pass up and down. Should the Trent navigation be completed, these facilities by navigation will be greatly increased: already by the locks at Buckhorn and Burleigh, Lakefield can be reached on the east, and by the lock at Fenelon Falls, Coboconk, twelve miles distant, to the north.

The future of Lindsay is undoubtedly secured by its being nearly in the centre of one of the best agricultural counties in the Dominion; the land being mostly of excellent quality, and all kinds of agricultural produce—particularly wheat,

## THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

barley, oats, etc., being raised in great abundance. The Townships of Mariposa, Ops, Emily, Eldon, Fenelon and Vernham are scarcely surpassed by any others in Canada for general fertility, and in the far northern townships there is besides much undeveloped mineral wealth. At present Lindsay has an orderly and industrious population of over 6,000; it has a fair number of factories—Sylvester's agricultural implement works being one of the largest in Ontario; there is still a fine opening in the town for many others, in which investments for manufacturing purposes will be sure to succeed. Factories of different kinds are no doubt greatly conducive to the prosperity of a town, but the very best foundation for its certain growth and success is the trade of a wealthy or well-to-do rural population; for, with this commerce secured (factories or no factories), no town can fail to increase. Now, Lindsay has just such a trade as this to depend on, its factories also bring much in addition, and the Grand Trunk workshops, etc., for the Midland Division of that great road, lately established in the town, have already done a great deal towards increasing the business of Lindsay and its population. So far, the general advance of the town has already been beyond the anticipation of the most sanguine. As adjuncts of the growing trade of Lindsay, it has now three prominent Banks—the Bank of Montreal, the Dominion Bank, and the Bank of Ontario. Lindsay is a port of entry, and has a Custom House and an Excise Office, and it has an excellent Board of Trade.

The advantages for education in Lindsay are unsurpassed, every ward has one or more schools: there is also a grammar school with a superior staff of teachers, in which advanced pupils can be prepared for any calling or profession. In addition to these, a Collegiate Institute is to be built at once, twenty thousand dollars having been voted for that purpose. The town has also a fine Mechanics' Institute and Public Library; it has three newspapers, published weekly; it has several societies, Masons, Oddfellows, and others, and to enliven the town, a fine band plays very often in the public square.

There are several churches in Lindsay, some of which are fine costly structures. The new Church of England, with its school house, is a beautiful building; so also is the Roman Catholic Church; the new Presbyterian Church is much admired; the Methodist Church is spacious and attractive, and the Baptist Church is a very neat steepled edifice.

Strangers who come to Lindsay say that Kent Street will likely be one of the finest streets of any town in the Dominion. It is 100 feet in width, nearly a mile long, and for much of the way it is lined on both sides with fine brick buildings. The principal spacious and attractive stores of the town are on Kent Street. A great number of buildings have lately been erected, all of which have been occupied on completion. Preparations for the erection of other buildings can now be seen in almost every direction; the Government intend to commence the erection of a new Post Office and Custom House forthwith.

During the summer, the inhabitants of Lindsay have a fine opportunity for pleasant and healthy recreation. Steamboats run two or three times daily to Sturgeon Lake, about eight miles distant from the town, and it is reached by boat in about an hour. The hotel at Sturgeon Point is generally crowded with visitors, and though there are many pleasant places in the neighbourhood of Lindsay, the proximity of Sturgeon Lake and the other beautiful and healthy back lakes will always make the County Town of Victoria a most desirable place of residence.

# MANITA.



BY

WILLIAM McDONNELL.

BEING

## AN INDIAN LEGEND

OF

## STURGEON POINT,

ONTARIO.

## Introduction.

There is an Indian legend that a great many years ago, perhaps more than a century or two from the present time, great battles among the Indians were fought along the shores of some of the Canadian far inland lakes, and that several of such battles took place around the shores of Sturgeon Lake, at Bald Point—which was reported to be a great Indian burying ground—and particularly at the present favorite summer resort known as Sturgeon Point. One legend had it that a young Indian Chief fell in love with the only daughter of the Huron Chief, who had once been taken captive by the Iroquois, and subsequently liberated; that the young Chief visited Sturgeon Point to ask the hand of the maiden, but was treacherously dealt with by a Huron brave, who was a rival for the maid's affections.

The following Poem is based on this legend :

## MANITA.

THE sultry summer day was near its close,  
A ruddy glow still lingered in the west,  
As the red sun 'ere sinking to repose  
Spread wide his last rays o'er the lake's calm breast.

Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will  
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.  
And now, 'ere night regained her sable sway, *regained*  
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,  
As if to drive the lingering shades away  
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.  
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,  
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,  
Stars came out one by one as if to see,  
How like to Paradise the place could be.

'Twas at this hour an Indian maid  
Stood watching neath the ample shade  
Of a tall pine tree where the land  
Rose high above the pebbly strand  
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's <sup>(1)</sup> calm shore,  
Where Indian maids oft stood before;  
While standing there with native grace

(1) Sturgeon Point.

## Introduction.

### ERRATA.

Page 5, for "regined" read regained.

Page 12, for "Am-eek" read Ah-meek.

Page 13, for "Eva-yea" read Ewa-yea.

Page 14, (Note 4), for the English of "Ne-ne-mov-sha" read Sweetheart.

Page " (Note 5), for the English of "Me-da" read Medicine man.

Page 24, after the words "starry crown," read the four lines added at the bottom which were omitted by the compositor.

Sturgeon Point. One legend had it that a young Indian Chief fell in love with the only daughter of the Huron Chief, who had once been taken captive by the Iroquois, and subsequently liberated; that the young Chief visited Sturgeon Point to ask the hand of the maiden, but was treacherously dealt with by a Huron brave, who was a rival for the maid's affections.

The following Poem is based on this legend:

## MANITA.

THE sultry summer day was near its close,  
A ruddy glow still lingered in the west,  
As the red sun 'ere sinking to repose  
Spread wide his last rays o'er the lake's calm breast,  
The tall oaks list'ning on the shaded shore  
To lisp'ing wavelets that now kissed their feet,  
Threw deeper, longer, shadows than before.  
As if they might the moonbeams sooner greet.  
Each distant object now far fainter grew  
And dim, and shadowy in the less'ning light,  
While the lone crane that to its covert flew  
Scarcely stirred the calm air in its lazy flight,  
The hush was deep and all around was still,  
Save for the hum of insects o'er the lake,  
Or for the quick notes of the whip-poor-will  
Which came as if to keep the woods awake.  
And now, 'ere night ~~regined~~ *regained* her sable sway,  
The full moon rose upon the shrouded earth,  
As if to drive the lingering shades away  
To give her gentle dawn a brighter birth.  
A lone cloud fringed with light stood up on high,  
Like some night guardian of the silent sky,  
Stars came out one by one as if to see,  
How like to Paradise the place could be.

'Twas at this hour an Indian maid  
Stood watching neath the ample shade  
Of a tall pine tree where the land  
Rose high above the pebbly strand  
Of Nah-ma Sah-gae-gun's <sup>(1)</sup> calm shore,  
Where Indian maids oft stood before;  
While standing there with native grace

(1) Sturgeon Point.

A moonbeam stole upon her face,  
 Revealing features wond'rous fair,  
 Her proud neck wrapped in raven hair,  
 And from her eyes at times a light,  
 Gleamed as from fire-flies in the night.  
 Why stands she thus?—no foe is near  
 To injure those she holds most dear,  
 Her father's tent is close in view,  
 Sheltered with bark from rain or dew.  
 The camp-fire's curling smoke is spread  
 Beneath green branches overhead,  
 While he, chief of her tribe, sits there  
 Puffing his pipe without a care.  
 He feels secure, for near at hand  
 Is camped his fearless faithful band.  
 All round is calm and heaven serene,  
 A thousand glittering stars are seen,  
 Yet still she stays—what can she see?  
 Her look is one of mystery.

Close near her stands her fav'rite hound  
 Waiting her word to rush or bound—  
 But naught was heard—the lake's bright breast  
 Seemed like a mirror in its rest.  
 The floating moonbeams, spread each way,  
 Looked far more beautiful than day—  
 For day's wild light will oft exclude,  
 Thoughts like those shaped in solitude.  
 All, all seemed calm, the fragrant breeze,  
 Scarce whispered to the sleeping trees,  
 On which there stirred no spreading bough,  
 No pendant leaves were rustling now,  
 Yet Manita uneasy seemed,  
 As if she of some danger dreamed.

Now down the lake she turned her gaze,  
 Where Treaty Rock <sup>(1)</sup> was hid in haze.  
 Naught there was seen save the dim light—  
 Some hunter's scanty fire that night—  
 At times she thought there came in view  
 The misty shape of a canoe,

(1) Treaty Rock is a huge boulder about a mile below or east of Sturgeon Point, on the opposite side of the lake. Here the Indians on their way up or down, generally stopped to camp or to smoke; and here it is said treaties were often made.

And paddling it a well-known form—  
 A sight which made her blood more warm,  
 But like some spectral thing 'twould fade—  
 A simple sigh her pain betrayed—  
 What visions bright oft disappear  
 And fade to leave us but a tear.

Then glancing round on every side,  
 And westward where the lake grows wide,  
 She saw Bald Point in shadow deep,  
 Where many a brave has his last sleep,  
 Where charms and spells had once bewitched,  
 And carnage oft the soil enriched.  
 Now still and sombre was that shore,  
 As if no storm could reach it more.  
 To her that silent spot did seem  
 A place where Mich-a-bou <sup>(2)</sup> could dream  
 Of some bright land where mortals go  
 When tired of earthly cares below—  
 She looked, still fancy only made  
 Some passing form within the shade,  
 But nothing came to greet her view  
 Like Ogemah or his canoe.  
 Nor voice, nor sound, yet reached her ear,  
 Save when the night-hawk plunged quite near,  
 Or when some startled wild bird's cry,  
 Was echoed in the summer sky.

'Twas the soft evening of a day  
 Which bore at noon the sun's hot ray,  
 Like summer days long passed away,  
 As down the Scugog's shaded tide  
 A strange canoe was seen to glide  
 From the far west an Ir-o-quois—  
 A young Chief known as Og-e-mah,  
 Left his own tribe and hunting ground  
 Alone, save with his trusty hound.  
 Around the great sea-lakes he came  
 To seek no foe or win fresh fame;  
 He brought with him no hostile band  
 Of Iroquois to curse the land,  
 To get a scalp, or give a blow.

(2) Mich-a-bou, The Teacher of Peace.



Or bring on Huron tribes a woe.  
 He kept no weapon to strike down  
 A stranger who might on him frown,  
 No pointed arrow, spear, or dart,  
 Brought he to pierce a foeman's heart.  
 His mission now was one of peace,  
 He came to ask that strife might cease,  
 That captives should all get release.  
 Rich wampum belts, and shells, and beads,  
 And baskets made of fragrant reeds,  
 And mocassins, and curious pipes,  
 And leggins with embroidered stripes,  
 Such gifts as these with him he brought  
 To greet the Indian tribes he sought,  
 Nor feared he, for he loud did sing  
 As down he passed Po-tah-go-ning, <sup>(1)</sup>  
 He came alone in chieftain pride,  
 To ask the Hurons for a bride.  
 To ask for one whom he knew well,  
 Who round his heart had thrown her spell;  
 For still he felt the one he sought  
 Could not be won, could not be bought,  
 Unless in full she freely gave  
 Her heart, she would not be man's slave,  
 That forced to wed a brave or chief  
 She could not love, life would be brief,  
 Death soon to her would bring relief,—  
 Thus on his way he sung; he knew  
 That Manita to him was true.

With sturdy stroke he paddled on  
 To reach the Nah-ma Sah-gae-gum, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And as the sun sunk in the West,  
 He saw the calm lake's crimson breast,  
 Now like the air 'twas still and warm,  
 As if it ne'er felt wave or storm;  
 The purple hues along the shore  
 Grew deeper than they were before,  
 The moon seemed waiting overhead

(1) Potahgoning, (pronounced Po-taw-go-ning.) The locality where the Seugog river was formerly very rapid, and where the town of Lindsay, Ont., is now situated. The Indians still call Lindsay, "Potahgoning."  
 (2) Sturgeon Lake.

For night 'ere she her beams could spread;  
 And fainter grew day's farewell blush,  
 While o'er the earth stole nature's hush.

Then on to Sturgeon Point he went,  
 His eyes upon the dim shore bent;  
 Then memory brought to him again  
 A savage scene—the dead and slain,  
 The past returned, and then he thought  
 Of the fierce battle there once fought,

“ In days of yore what bloody strife  
 Robbed many an Indian of his life.  
 When tribe pursued with hot wild breath  
 Some other Indian tribe to death,  
 I often shuddered when I heard,  
 That men were being for war prepared,  
 I saw them practice for the fight,  
 And heard the war-whoop in the night,  
 And when they showed me how to strike  
 With tomahawk, or club, or pike,  
 I made a vow that war should be  
 No horrid pastime fit for me,  
 Once in my sleep there dawned a hope—  
 I dreamt then of the Antelope— <sup>(1)</sup>  
 That I should never take a part,  
 By word or deed in war's vile art,  
 And since that time I never cease  
 To plead with all for blessed peace.  
 Alas, some scoffed and said my tongue  
 Was like a woman's—I was young,  
 They heeded not my words but went  
 Far from the camp with bad intent,  
 And many a mile, through fire and flood,  
 Was I forced on to scenes of blood.  
 I kept close to my father's side,  
 He was the chieftain and the pride  
 Of warriors who his power oft saw  
 When leading on the Iroquois;  
 His name was terror to the foe,  
 As many hostile chiefs still know,  
 He got at last his fatal blow,

(1) Among the Indians to dream of the Antelope was an omen of peace.

Six years have passed since that dread day  
 That saw the Hurons on their way  
 Meeting with other tribes just here,  
 To strike the Iroquois with fear.  
 What bloody work that day took place!  
 My father slain before my face,  
 And many a brave struck swiftly down,  
 And many a wounded man left drown.  
 Though then a boy I saw that fight,  
 To me it was a fearful sight,  
 Indian with Indian in death's grasp,  
 The dying giving their last gasp.  
 Such dreadful scenes but chilled my heart,  
 I could not in the fray take part.  
 I never struck a mortal blow,  
 Nor gave a wound to any foe.  
 I was no coward for I stood  
 To shield my father when I could.  
 And I was with him when he fell,  
 Though round us was a scene of hell—  
 How I escaped some deadly blow  
 I never since that time could know.  
 Then when the furious Iroquois  
 Their dead and prostrate chieftain saw,  
 Saw him, my father robbed of life  
 More bloody grew the horrid strife,  
 They pressed the Hurons more and more,  
 And forced them down that gravelly shore  
 Which narrows as it stretches out—  
 The far shores echoed back each shout—  
 Oh, what a bloody fearful rout!  
 Then almost hemmed in by the lake,  
 Retreat but only few could make.  
 The waves were rough, and wild, and high,  
 The storm fiend raged along the sky,  
 Yet many into dark waves rushed,  
 Rather than by the foe be crushed.  
 The stained and glutted waters dashed  
 Ashore some bodies scalped and gashed;  
 While others 'neath the foaming wave  
 Forever found a watery grave.

The Huron slain were left to rot,  
 Just how they lay was heeded not.

A feast for wolf or bear was left;  
 The carrion crow had ample theft.  
 Our dead were buried here and there  
 Along the shore, and then with care  
 Another grave in the deep shade  
 They did prepare and there they laid  
 My father—on that spot he fell  
 Fronting the lake—I know it well.  
 Three other chiefs were buried near—  
 The circling mounds still there appear  
 These can be seen by passers by,  
 By foes that scowl or friends that sigh.  
 We took some captives, some were slain,  
 Some pleaded for their lives in vain.  
 And Manita, among the rest,  
 Hung shrieking on her father's breast.  
 I heard her cry and rushed to be  
 A shield in their extremity—  
 How fair her form was then to me!—  
 I saved her father from the blow  
 Of one who would have laid him low.  
 I pleaded for them—they were sent  
 As prisoners with me to my tent,  
 To cheer them then I did my best,  
 I gave them food and bade them rest,  
 I pitied her, and every tear  
 She wept, made her to me more dear.  
 Next eve when leaving that sad place  
 With spoil and captives to retrace  
 Our steps to our far camps and wilds,  
 Her sighs and sobs were like a child's.  
 Still her stern father showed no grief,  
 Defeat ne'er cowed that Huron chief,  
 He felt resigned and, for her sake,  
 Did calm submission duly make.

Full fifty moons had passed since they  
 As captives were led far away.  
 They lived among us and I strove  
 To gain his friendship—and her love,  
 No Iroquois would do them harm,  
 For Manita had power to charm,  
 The children loved her, and our maids

Would dress her hair in curious braids.  
And when she sung them simple songs,  
They drew near in delighted throngs.

I taught her many things each day,  
Whether at work or simple play.  
We sought the Am-eek <sup>(1)</sup> where some stream  
Through the deep woods was seen to gleam,  
Of shafts and bows she had no stint,  
I made her arrows of pure flint;  
I taught her how to hit a mark,  
And make shell-beads, and toys of bark,  
No arrow from her killed a bird,  
Nor was a nest by her disturbed.  
At times we watched the timid deer,—  
'Twas strange, of her they had no fear,  
Some would come near and touch her hand,  
While others close to her would stand.  
If one the hunters tried to slay  
She'd not a moment longer stay  
But like a deer would bound away.

Then when 'twas said they might be free  
She did not wish to part from me,  
But back the Huron chief must go,  
His anxious tribe would have it so.  
Then gifts on them we all bestowed  
And went with them far on their road,  
But ere we parted she well knew  
That what I promised I would do.  
I told her I should come and see  
Whether she still remembered me,  
Whether some rival took my place  
When she no longer saw my face.  
A month since I a message sent  
To her, that nothing should prevent  
My coming here this very night  
To meet her when the moon was bright."

He thought thus far—then touched the shore  
Where his canoe had been before,  
While looking round, her form to greet,  
There fell a lily at his feet,  
A water lily fair and sweet.

(1) The Beaver

"Ah Manita," he cried, "still true,  
I know this emblem comes from you."  
He raised it—then she came in view.  
He rushed and clasped her to his breast,  
And on her brow his lips he pressed.

And, oh! what rapture in each face,  
What words of love with each embrace.  
They sat upon the gravelly strand  
Beneath the moonbeams hand in hand,  
And then he told her wondrous things,  
The future should have golden wings,  
A wreath of hope should span the sky—  
The rainbow vision up on high—  
That every hour and every day  
Should fling but sunlight in their way,  
That with her he should ever stay.  
Thus here in blissful solitude  
Were vows of constancy renewed.

Then Manita with gentle voice  
Spoke words which made his heart rejoice.  
"Upon this bank," she said, "all day  
I watched the summer waves at play,  
Longing to see you on your way,  
The Ad-ji-dau-mo <sup>(1)</sup> near me came—  
I thought he chattered out your name.  
He cried, 'chic-chic'—then—'Ogemah,'  
His pretty sparkling eyes I saw.  
The Shaw-shaw <sup>(2)</sup> twittered o'er my head  
As if my secret thoughts he read,  
And then at eve the O-pe'-che <sup>(3)</sup>  
Sang his soft, sweet, lone, song for me.  
I waited on until the sun  
Behind those western trees sunk down,  
Until the waves seemed all at rest,  
Like children on a mother's breast.  
I heard the evening's fragrant sigh  
Whisper to them its lullaby,  
That Ewa-yea <sup>(4)</sup> we loved to hear

(1) Adjidaumo—The Squirrel.

(2) Shaw-shaw—The Swallow.

(3) O-pe'-che—The Robin.

(4) Lullaby.

As little ones when night drew near,  
 I knew you'd come, you said as soon  
 As the fawn saw the rising moon  
 You would be seen. Then out afar,  
 Beneath the trembling evening star,  
 And touched by moonbeams just as bright,  
 Your Chee-ma-um <sup>(1)</sup> came into sight,  
 Bringing to me such pure delight.  
 'Mid mingled rays it did appear  
 A Jee-bi, <sup>(2)</sup> but I had no fear,  
 It seemed an angel when more near;  
 Then like a chieftain form it grew,  
 Then like my Ogemah—'twas you.  
 I stood behind yon great old oak  
 Close to the lake, and, ere you spoke,  
 My heart spoke for me as it beat  
 Your welcome here; and when you cried  
 'Ah Manita'—quick to your side  
 I ran, and lost all bashful pride—  
 Why should I blush to tell my love?  
 The sunlight coming from above  
 Brings not more rapture to the sight  
 Than you bring to my heart this night.  
 And, oh, what happiness to be  
 Forever with you day by day,  
 Your voice to hear, your face to see,  
 Your hand to guide me on my way,  
 Ah, could such bliss forever last,  
 'Twould hide the bleakness of the past."

"Your words to me," said Ogemah,  
 "Come murmuring like Min-nee-wa-wa, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 O Ne-ne-moo-sha, <sup>(4)</sup> your sweet voice,  
 Like music bids my soul rejoice.  
 No Me-da's <sup>(5)</sup> healing herbs could bring  
 Such cheer or health as when you sing.  
 Some moons since when from me you went,  
 My hours were listless, and my days  
 Alone were nearly always spent.

(1) Birch canoe.

(2) A ghost or spirit.

(3) Pleasant soft sound of the wind in the trees.

(4) Sweetheart.

(5) Medicine-man.

How solitary 'twas for me  
 To wander through the sombre woods,  
 Yet wishing ever still to see  
 Your presence in these solitudes.  
 And when the sunbeam did appear  
 Wooing the shadows, oft I thought  
 'Twas you alone that then came near  
 Flashing the brightness you had brought.  
 And then at night, when scarce a star  
 Was glistening in the silent sky,  
 The timid rising moon afar  
 Sent light as if you then were nigh.  
 There came no beam, or star, or light,  
 Or beauteous thing that I could view,  
 Or vision splendid to my sight,  
 But all reminded me of you.  
 And should I ever miss you here,  
 I'd be like one deprived of breath,  
 My loneliness would bring a tear,  
 Such deep affliction would bring death."

"Hush, of that dark chief do not speak,"  
 Said Manita, "he is like night,  
 The Pe-bo-an <sup>(1)</sup> is not more bleak  
 Than when his shadow is in sight.  
 He stills the tongue, and dims the eye,  
 He stops the pulse, and chills the blood,  
 And robs the heart of its last sigh,  
 And gives of tears a constant flood.  
 Some say he's only Gush-ke-wau, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 Some say he shows the Po-ne-mah— <sup>(3)</sup>  
 Yet, strange, of that dark chief I dream,  
 I often dream that he is near,  
 And in my sleep my tears oft stream,  
 And I awake in dreadful fear.  
 I feel as if some enemy  
 Were going to wound my dearest friend,  
 Or lurking round to strike at me  
 And then the frightful dream will end—

(1) The winter.

(2) The darkness.

(3) The hereafter.

But list, and your attention lend.  
 I have a suitor whom I shun,  
 A Huron brave of our own tribe,  
 A dark, suspicious, treach'rous one,  
 Who would for me my father bribe.  
 If he were surely now to know  
 That you were here to seek my hand,  
 He'd be your wily, dang'rous foe,  
 And seek to drive you from the land.  
 Of him you must beware, until  
 Our braves for us in council meet,  
 And when we can our vows fulfil,  
 Our happy union all will greet.  
 Till then do not the presence seek  
 Of him, the serpent, Kenabeek."

"I too have dreamt," said Ogemah,  
 "That I some wond'rous vision saw:  
 I've dreamt of wealth in furs or game,  
 Or other things—'twas all the same,  
 For all were gone when I awoke;  
 The voice was silent then that spoke,  
 The shadowy forms all fled away  
 With the first dawn of early day—  
 As flee the shades from mountain's side,  
 When smiles the morning in its pride—  
 A dream is nothing, oft it brings  
 Its opposite in many things.  
 I've sometimes dreamt of birds and flowers,  
 Then trouble came in after hours.  
 And dreams predicting grief have been  
 Followed by some delightful scene—  
 Your fears are needless, for I know  
 Among the Huron's I've no foe.  
 If for you Kenabeek will sue,  
 Tell him, to me you will be true—  
 I pity him for loving you.  
 For, oh, how sad would be my heart,  
 If of your love I had no part—  
 To dream of foes, or death, or tears,  
 May bliss foretell for after years.  
 To find such bliss, how many wade  
 Deep through some lone and dreary waste,

Like plants that strengthen in the shade  
 Ere they are in the sunlight placed.  
 Death comes at last as our best friend,  
 He brings our sorrow to an end."

"Speak not again of death," she cried.  
 "Forever with you I shall be—  
 I'll wed you, I shall be your bride,  
 Nor fortune, nor adversity  
 Our trusting hearts shall e'er divide.  
 Alike in sunshine or in shade,  
 Alike in sorrow or in joy,  
 Our rose of hope shall never fade,  
 No wintry blast shall that destroy;  
 Our lives shall be like flowers that bloom,  
 Either in garden or on tomb.  
 Here, take this wild rose from my breast,  
 It is an emblem of my love,  
 And let it on your bosom rest  
 Till I my fondness better prove.  
 I find in every bud and flower,  
 In every leaf and every hue,  
 Some great, some deep mysterious power  
 That ever draws my heart to you.  
 In flowers all faithfulness I see,  
 Let them remind you still of me."

Are not the flowers, those beauteous things,  
 Like plumage of angelic wings?  
 O'er rock, and hill, and desert bare,  
 They scatter perfume everywhere;  
 They offer incense sweet and pure  
 To soothe the feeble and the poor;  
 Their fragrance seems to be the breath  
 Of beings that know not sin or death.  
 Oh, would that each in his last hour  
 Were innocent as some sweet flower.

Time quickly passed—they thought too soon,  
 'Twas midnight now, the night was still,  
 The only witness was the moon  
 That heard the vows they would fulfil.  
 But brightest hours must have a close—  
 And neither scarcely marked their flight—

Just as some beauteous slumbering rose  
 Folds up its leaves when comes the night.  
 The wish of each was yet to stay  
 Till the first gleam of dawning day.  
 Each found that it was hard to part,  
 Each wished that Time would rest awhile  
 In its wild flight—so that each heart  
 The sacred moments might beguile.  
 But Manita arose and said,  
 "What happy hours to-night I've spent,  
 We now must part"—and then she led  
 Ogemah to her father's tent.

Where Scugog's stream down slowly flows  
 To meet the lake in its repose.  
 Or where its waves rise wild and high  
 While sea-gulls hover in the sky.  
 Where ends the river's sluggish tide,  
 With reedy banks on either side,  
 There waited near the low flat shore  
 Of dusky warriors a score.  
 In large canoes they lingered there  
 As if for hunting to prepare.  
 Yet features of each face were bent  
 Not as for good, but bad intent.  
 The Indians restless seemed to grow,  
 As eager from that place to go.

Again 'twas near the close of day.  
 Long shadows on the water lay,  
 And fishes darted up around  
 Where clouds of whirling flies were found.  
 Among the braves was Ke-na-beek  
 With scowling brow and hollow cheek.  
 He listless sat until the sun  
 Behind Bald Point went slowly down.  
 Then glancing round he spoke aloud—  
 "Look up and see that great black cloud,  
 And watch the flashes as they come.  
 And then hear An-ne-mee-kee's (1) drum,  
 He's angry with us, as you see,  
 For we let pass our enemy.

(1) An-ne-mee-kee.—The thunder.

That Iroquois has crossed the lake  
 A treaty with our chief to make—  
 A scheme of treachery deep laid—  
 He's come to seize a Huron maid,  
 He's come to take our chieftain's child,  
 For he has Manita beguiled.  
 She, foolish thing, is led astray  
 By what that I-a-goo (1) may say.  
 Remember, braves, not long ago  
 We found these Iroquois our foe,  
 And such to us their tribes remain  
 Though for us now they friendship feign—  
 Their plot is deep, as we shall find,  
 They think the Hurons are all blind.  
 Them we can quickly undeceive,  
 Far different they shall soon believe.  
 Our Me-da (2) lately in a dream  
 Heard Manita so loudly scream  
 That with the noise he did awake,  
 In dread his limbs began to shake.  
 He saw her caught, and gagged, and bound,  
 And trembling cast upon the ground.  
 He says no dream of his will fail  
 To put us on a foeman's trail.  
 And now he says the Iroquois,  
 According to some brutal law,  
 Must make some costly sacrifice—  
 For this they will pay any price.  
 They say their vicious, angry god  
 On them will fiercely lay his rod  
 Unless they soon a victim bring—  
 The daughter of a chief or king.  
 This they are eager now to do  
 To please their savage Manitou.  
 And they wish Manita to be  
 This victim for their deity."

The braves all frowned, each made a threat,  
 Each grasped in haste his scalping knife,  
 Each angry word and oath meant death,

(1) I-a-goo—A great, boasting fellow.

(2) Me-da—Medicine-man.

Each Indian then would take a life,  
 Each raised his bare arm in the air  
 With savage scowl and made a vow  
 That Ogemah might then prepare  
 Beneath their war clubs soon to bow.  
 Then came the thunder's heavy roll,  
 Again the lightning flashed around,  
 All cried that vengeance in each soul  
 Must grow till Ogemah was found.

Then quick again spoke Kenabeek,  
 "We must leave here this foe to seek.  
 Our scouts have told us that he spent  
 Last night in our own chieftain's tent—  
 Just think how vile is his dark art  
 When he can win her father's heart—  
 Let us now follow Ogemah;  
 He fought against us here and saw  
 Our chiefs and brave fall side by side  
 Outnumbered—but we still defied  
 And fought them on until the blood  
 At Sturgeon Point was in a flood.  
 And when by numbers they prevailed  
 All pity in their vile hearts failed.  
 They slaughtered without mercy then,  
 And spared but feeble helpless men,  
 Few captives made them more content,  
 Our Chief along with them was sent,  
 And Manita was made the slave  
 Of Ogemah that treach'rous knave.  
 Their cruel treatment, day by day,  
 Urged them to try and steal away;  
 They made escape at last and found  
 A home again on native ground.  
 Among us *she* seemed quite content,  
 And many hours with them I spent—  
 Then followed that Shau-go-da-ya<sup>(1)</sup>  
 To lure back with him Manita.  
 He has the wizard's cursed power  
 To make her yield within an hour.  
 They are to meet again to-night,  
 We must prevent her shameful flight—  
 Shall we permit such deep disgrace  
 To fall upon the Huron race?"

(1) Shau-go-da-ya.—A coward.

Then rose on high a savage yell,  
 Its deadly meaning all knew well—  
 What might not then a few hours tell?

The zig-zag lightning darted out,  
 Quick crashed the thunder overhead,  
 As if it were the angry shout  
 Of spirits whom the Indians dread.  
 The scattered rain drops soon came down,  
 Then in a heavy shower they fell,  
 While, reckless of the storm's dark frown,  
 The red men gave the war-whoop knell.  
 Their paddles in the water dashed  
 And out they went upon the wave,  
 The foam in every face was splashed  
 As round the wind did fiercely rave.  
 On, on, they went in the dim light,  
 The storm did not its strength abate,  
 All now kept Sturgeon Point in sight—  
 For whom does their revenge await?

How many in the Present feel secure,  
 How many think that Woe cannot be near,  
 How many dream of joys all bright and pure  
 When all seems calm and future hopes all clear.  
 Yet what they think, or dream, or hope, may be  
 But mere illusions—the mirage of Fate,  
 The shining guise of some deep mystery  
 Deceiving all, the humble and the great,  
 Till comes at last a woe they least expect,  
 A fate whose shadow they could not detect—  
 Were happy lovers dreaming now of bliss  
 To wake and meet affliction such as this?

'Twas calm again, the wind was hushed,  
 The flowers looked up as if ne'er crushed.  
 The moon arose as bright and clear,  
 As if no cloud had dropped a tear.  
 Each little wave along the shore  
 Murmured its cadence o'er and o'er,  
 And in the air at times did float  
 Some wearied bird's last farewell note.  
 Around the quiet lakes there lay  
 Soft moonbeams almost bright as day,

Like rays which steal from Dawn alone  
 To bid Night leave her ebon throne.  
 And now and then glanced down a star  
 Upon the earth from—oh, how far,  
 Like one from the celestial sphere  
 To see if men were happy here;  
 Perhaps to see if strife should cease  
 Were one from Heaven to whisper peace.

Now at this witching time were seen  
 Sitting upon the sloping bank,  
 Beneath the moonbeam's silvery sheen  
 Where varied wild flowers grow most rank,  
 Ogemah and the only one,  
 The only one he ever met,  
 For whom he would all others shun  
 Rather than that dear one forget—  
 Unless she truly was his own  
 The world would be but bleak and lone.

They sat beneath the great old oak,  
 Where Manita oft heard the birds,  
 What each heart felt then neither spoke,  
 Their bliss might not be told by words;  
 For silence often best can tell  
 What joy suppressed may fill the heart,  
 What peace within the soul may dwell  
 Of which no outer sign shows part.

"O Manita while you are here  
 Earth is a heaven in which to live,  
 And may no sullen cloud appear  
 To dim the sunshine life can give.  
 While you are with me earth will be,  
 Like yonder little shining star,  
 A place of pure felicity  
 Where none but radiant spirits are.  
 While you are here all seems like light,  
 Were you away all joy should fade,  
 And every hope be lost in night  
 Like flowers that wither in the shade—  
 But soon all doubt will have an end,  
 Our speedy union shall take place,

To-morrow's sun our lives shall blend,  
 Together we shall run life's race"—  
 'Twas thus that Ogemah addressed  
 The one in this world he loved best.

But Manita moved not nor spoke—  
 Was it because her heart was full  
 Of that fresh happiness which woke  
 Her gratitude so bountiful?  
 Pure happiness is often found  
 To have in lowly hearts its birth,  
 As grains of gold which oft abound  
 Have humble source within the earth.

At last, when urged by him, she said,  
 With trembling voice and seeming dread—  
 "I feel as if some woe were near,  
 That Kenabeek with stealthy tread  
 Were going to bring some sorrow here.  
 Last night I dreamt I saw the owl,  
 And then I thought I saw the crow,  
 That Kenabeek, with angry scowl,  
 Was pacing near us to and fro.  
 And now I shudder when I think  
 Of what perhaps that dream may bring,  
 Of hopes that rose but soon to sink,  
 Of poisoned arrows and their sting."

Then like some timid trembling fawn  
 That scarcely knows which way to run  
 When stands the hunter at the dawn  
 Aiming at her the deadly gun,  
 Poor Manita looked wildly round,  
 Still Ogemah was at her side,  
 Were he not near off she might bound  
 And in the deep woods quickly hide—  
 Then with an impulse born of dread  
 She turned and clasped him to her breast,  
 As if he there should ever rest.  
 Then on his bosom laid her head,  
 And on his lips her own lips pressed—  
 That moment's bliss then seemed to be  
 Bliss fit for an eternity.



How beautiful was this calm night,  
 The placid moon looked mildly down,  
 As if earth were a blessed sight  
 Gemmed by heaven's own starry crown,  
 At times the northern rays rushed high,  
 Glowing like meteors on their way,  
 Like shining heralds that rose to spy  
 The dewy steps of coming day,  
 Chasing the mists and clouds away.

Of passing time, the lovers there  
 Scarce missed the blest hours in their flight;  
 Each felt reluctant to prepare  
 To leave the place and say "good-night."  
 Manita, speaking, softly said,  
 "May future meetings be like this,"  
 While in her eyes Ogemah read  
 Her heart, and gave his parting kiss  
 And said, "When we again meet here,  
 No further parting need we fear."—  
 Alas, how close to them lay spread  
 A dark abyss they well might dread!

A cloud stole o'er the moon's bright face,  
 And partial gloom spread round the place.  
 The night wind now began to sigh  
 As if some storm were coming nigh.  
 Its sad'ning voice was coarse and shrill,  
 The air grew cold, and sharp, and chill.  
 Just then was heard a dreadful shout—  
 Their barking hounds quick rushed about.

Again there came a savage yell,  
 As if from demons from some hell;  
 And now behind each shading tree  
 There seemed to lurk some enemy,  
 And nearer still some Indian troop  
 Shouted aloud the fierce war-whoop.  
 Poor Manita, in wildest dread,  
 Cried, "Ogemah, quick! leave this place;  
 Oh quickly flee or you are dead!"  
 With him at once she would have fled—  
 But he the enemy would face.  
 He would not turn his back in flight  
 Were Death upon him then to scowl

With all his host, though dark as night,  
 To stir would be disgrace most foul.  
 He said to her, "Be not afraid,  
 It may not be bad as it seems"—  
 But she, poor frightened trembling maid,  
 Again thought of her dreadful dreams.  
 Yet scarcely then could he suspect  
 That any treach'rous foe was near,  
 What falseness yet could he detect?  
 First Manita he must protect,  
 And there he stayed without a fear.  
 Eager to see who would appear

... arrow reached the breast  
 Of Ogemah, and quick there came  
 The crimson proof of some dread wound—  
 She screamed as if she saw life's flame  
 Quenched out; near but a step he came  
 He gasped, and faintly called her name—  
 Ah dreadful sight! she fell and swooned,  
 Her hope for happiness was doomed.

The gleam of dawn was in the east,  
 The dew-drops gathered in each flower,  
 The night wind its rough rounds had ceased;  
 It seemed like nature's loveliest hour.  
 Aurora's blush could now be seen  
 Crims'ning faint some slumbering cloud  
 Which soon dissolved as Day's young queen  
 Stole from the earth night's sable shroud.  
 Again the mellow morning light  
 Mingled with shadows on the shore  
 A thousand birds in their delight  
 Greeted the sun-beams as before.

How beautiful was this calm night,  
 The placid moon looked mildly down,  
 As if earth were a blessed sight  
 Gemmed by heaven's own starry crown,  
 At times the northern rays rushed high,  
 Glowing like meteors on their way,  
 Like shining heralds that rose to spy  
 The dewy steps of coming day,  
 Chasing the mists and clouds away.

Of passing time, the lovers there  
 Scarce missed the blest hours in their flight;  
 Each felt reluctant to prepare  
 To leave the place and say "good-night."

After the word "Crown," 4th line from the top, read the following lines omitted :

At times the moonbeams seemed to grow  
 More luminous at certain hours,  
 As if bright angels to and fro  
 Were visiting some earthly bowers ;

A cloud stole o'er the moon's bright face,  
 And partial gloom spread round the place.  
 The night wind now began to sigh  
 As if some storm were coming nigh.  
 Its sad'ning voice was coarse and shrill,  
 The air grew cold, and sharp, and chill.  
 Just then was heard a dreadful shout—  
 Their barking hounds quick rushed about.  
 Again there came a savage yell,  
 As if from demons from some hell ;  
 And now behind each shading tree  
 There seemed to lurk some enemy,  
 And nearer still some Indian troop  
 Shouted aloud the fierce war-whoop.  
 Poor Manita, in wildest dread,  
 Cried, "Ogemah, quick ! leave this place ;  
 Oh quickly flee or you are dead !"  
 With him at once she would have fled—  
 But he the enemy would face.  
 He would not turn his back in flight  
 Were Death upon him then to scowl

With all his host, though dark as night,  
 To stir would be disgrace most foul.  
 He said to her, "Be not afraid,  
 It may not be bad as it seems"—  
 But she, poor frightened trembling maid,  
 Again thought of her dreadful dreams.  
 Yet scarcely then could he suspect  
 That any treach'rous foe was near,  
 What falseness yet could he detect ?  
 First Manita he must protect,  
 And there he stayed without a fear.  
 Eager to see who would appear

Then streamed a moonbeam through the cloud  
 And now beneath the old oak tree,  
 Hearing the war-whoop long and loud,  
 Stood Ogemah where all could see—  
 As if awaiting Fate's decree.  
 Manita looked and with the rest  
 Saw Kenabeek take slowly aim,  
 In terror then she did exclaim—  
 His deadly arrow reached the breast  
 Of Ogemah, and quick there came  
 The crimson proof of some dread wound—  
 She screamed as if she saw life's flame  
 Quenched out ; near but a step he came  
 He gasped, and faintly called her name—  
 Ah dreadful sight ! she fell and swooned,  
 Her hope for happiness was doomed.

The gleam of dawn was in the east,  
 The dew-drops gathered in each flower,  
 The night wind its rough rounds had ceased ;  
 It seemed like nature's loveliest hour.  
 Aurora's blush could now be seen  
 Crims'ning faint some slumbering cloud  
 Which soon dissolved as Day's young queen  
 Stole from the earth night's sable shroud.  
 Again the mellow morning light  
 Mingled with shadows on the shore  
 A thousand birds in their delight  
 Greeted the sun-beams as before.

And sung and warbled o'er and o'er.  
 The lake seemed lost, and in its place  
 A grand broad mirror was in view  
 Reflecting Nature's beauteous face,  
 And beauteous forms of every hue,  
 'Twas such a sight as seraphs see  
 When they, 'tis said, are ushered in,  
 Once more, through pearly gates to be  
 Where naught has been of shame or sin

But stay!—what other sight is here?  
 Stretched out upon the gravelly shore  
 (The faithful hounds still sitting near)  
 Lay Ogemah in death and gore—  
 To smile on her ah, never more.  
 For Manita was by his side,  
 Her head now resting on his breast,  
 And oft she gazed at him with pride,  
 And oft his pale cold lips she pressed.  
 There was a strange light in her eye,  
 A sad'ning smile was on her face,  
 No look of woe—of tear, or sigh,  
 Or stamp of grief, there was no trace.  
 With the dread shock she had received  
 All sorrow with her reason fled,  
 And the poor witless thing believed  
 That Ogemah could not be dead—  
 His hair the playful breeze still spread.  
 At times she sung a low soft song  
 A tender childish lullaby  
 Lest those that did around her throng—  
 For many loitered all day long—  
 Should wake him by some heavy sigh.  
 If any came near where she lay  
 She'd wave them further off to keep,  
 And in a whispering voice would say  
 "Hist, hist, you see he is asleep—"  
 How pitiful to see her there  
 Without a shade of grief or care,  
 Without the thought that sad and lone  
 Her life must be since he had gone.  
 Too late, alas, the Huron chief  
 Had heard of Kenebeek's base threat,

And ere all rushed to the relief,  
 Young Ogemah had found his death.  
 The slayer tried to steal away—  
 With his own tribe he dared not stay.  
 But soon the wretch was caught and bound  
 And shortly near the place was found  
 The hated corpse of Kenebeek—  
 For vengeance followed sharp and quick.  
 They sunk his body in the lake  
 Where none a search for it could make.

A grave was dug near the old oak—  
 Manita thought 'twas for a bed.  
 She gathered flowers, and moss, and broke  
 From branches berries white and red,  
 And these within she spread with care,  
 An easy resting place to make;  
 She told them all she would stay there  
 Till Ogemah again should wake.  
 And when they laid him down to rest,  
 Just as the sun sunk in the west,  
 She placed more flowers around his head  
 And once more his pale lips she pressed—  
 Men's tears told all they would have said—  
 In that dark cell he sat reclined  
 With Indian weapons near his hand,  
 And belts of wampum he could find  
 When going to join some spirit band.  
 Then moss and birch-bark covered all,  
 These were the young chief's funeral pall,  
 O'er these, night's shadows soon would fall.

As time passed onwards, day by day  
 Manita by that grave would stay.  
 And often she would steal by night  
 To that lone spot to glad her sight.  
 She fancied he was still asleep,  
 And that she must all quiet keep.  
 The children loved with her to be,  
 So childlike her simplicity.  
 And many to her flowers would bring  
 Which round the loved grave she would fling.

And many came to hear the song  
 She sung at times the whole day long.  
 She fancied too that flowers and birds  
 Were list'ning to its tender words,  
 And that at night the dreaming moon  
 Sent echoes to her simple tune—  
 It was a loving lay to cheer  
 While Ogemah lay sleeping near—  
 Alas, no sound could reach his ear.

MANITA'S SONG.

I have a little friend  
 Up in the tall pine tree.  
 In the sunny air he sings,  
 Sits and sings with folded wings,  
 Sings low and soft down by the lake,  
 Lest he should Ogemah awake.

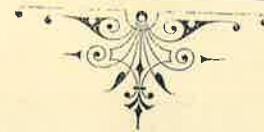
I have a pretty friend,  
 The red breast in the tree.  
 All day for me sings,  
 Word from Ogemah he brings,  
 And often warbles by the lake  
 To see if he is yet awake.

My little pretty friend,  
 Will always stay with me.  
 While each simple song he sings  
 To my mem'ry often brings  
 Something once told me by the lake  
 When Ogemah was there awake.

Years fled away, and human beings shed tears—  
 For still came human grief and human fears.  
 And one lone creature yet spent restless days  
 Watching the waves, the moonbeams, or the rays  
 Of fading day; and culling simple flowers,  
 Or list'ning to the birds at other hours.  
 And still from early dawn till solemn night  
 Where'er she went she kept that grave in sight.  
 No tear of hers was on that lone mound shed.  
 Why should she weep? Ogemah was not dead!

Though silver threads of Time were in her hair  
 She still believed that he lay sleeping there.  
 The children she would at a distance keep,  
 Lest playing there they might disturb his sleep.  
 How many pitied her while round she'd wend  
 Still singing oft—"I have a little friend,"  
 Her favourite song. Then other children came,  
 Children of those who had first heard her name.  
 But she who lingered there, a watchful shade,  
 Like some poor stricken flower, began to fade.  
 And though her constant steps grew now more slow,  
 Around the sacred place she yet would go.

One autumn eve, just as the sun had set,  
 She asked a child more fragrant flowers to get.  
 She strewed them slowly while she watched the west,  
 And said, "I'm wearied now and here must rest,  
 Here for a while I shall a slumber take,  
 Arouse me if Ogemah should awake."  
 Then on the flowers her fading form she laid.  
 The children heard in silence what she said,  
 And when to camp 'twas time to have her led,  
 The faithful Manita was cold and dead.  
 And Ogemah and Manita his bride  
 At Sturgeon Point are lying side by side;  
 And the rough waves that oft rush up the shore  
 Seem wailing out a dirge for evermore.



# Trent Valley Navigation Company.

---

## THE STEAMER



# “ESTURION”

*Will run Daily on the following Time Table :*

Leave Bobcaygeon at .....	6 40 a.m. and 3 15 p.m.
Arrive at Lindsay at .....	9 00 a.m. and 5 30 p.m.
Leave Lindsay at .....	11 30 a.m. and 5 45 p.m.
Arrive at Bobcaygeon .....	1 45 p.m. and 8 00 p.m.

*CALLING AT STURGEON POINT EACH WAY.*

On Saturdays leaves Lindsay at 8 20 p.m. (instead of 5.45 p.m.) on arrival of Toronto Train.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon .....	\$0 75
Return do., .....	1 00
Single Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point .....	35
Return do., .....	50
Single Tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point ...	40
Return do., .....	50

### FAMILY TICKETS AND EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

can be procured at the Express Office, Lindsay, at the Post Office, Bobcaygeon, and on the Boat.

## EXCURSION BARGE, “PALONA”

can be engaged for Excursions.

For particulars, address,

**TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION CO.,  
BOBCAYGEON.**

# BENSON HOUSE,

LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

 The Old and Favorite Commercial Hotel   
OF THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.

**E. BENSON, Proprietor.**

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN TOWN.

---

## LINDSAY

# Fenelon Falls and Sturgeon Point.

---

CRANDELL'S LINE OF STEAMERS.

Steamer



“Eva,”

Leaves Lindsay every morning at 9.30 for Fenelon Falls and Sturgeon Point—TWO TRIPS DAILY. Close connections made with all Trains.

The Steamers ‘Dominion’ and Palace Scow ‘Paragon,’

For Excursions and Pic-Nics. Societies and Sunday Schools can charter Boat at reasonable rates.

For Terms apply to

FREMONT CRANDELL, Lindsay.

FORD W.  
1 CAROLINE  
LINDSA

FORD W. MOYNES  
1 CAROLINE STREET  
LINDSAY, ONTARIO