

Roared through the kennels, lashed the streaming panes,  
 Flooded the squares, the streets, the courts, the lanes,  
 Raging like seas that o'er some foundering wreck  
 Swell thro' the scuppers from the swimming deck?  
 Cool, teeming, plenteous, soul-refreshing showers,  
 Quaffed by parched earth and by the thirsting flowers,  
 Nor less by those who listened to thy song  
 As, like Lodore's, thy deluge dashed along,  
 Where subtler solace than thy gentle voice  
 From riven hearts can draw till griefs rejoice?  
 Answer, what oft-ropining woo o'erpowers,  
 That lay serene, the Reaper and the Flowers!  
 So large thy sympathies, thy hand can trace  
 Charms in each clime and glory in each race:  
 So penetrant thy love, its gaze can find  
 God in the flower, His breathings in the wind;  
 Mesh with mere hempen coil in Rope-walk spun  
 All human joys and ills beneath the sun;  
 Wake with grand echoes of responsive rhymes  
 Long silent notes of mediæval chimes:  
 Nay, hear in hush of serried arms arrayed  
 "The diapason of the cannonade."  
 'Mid purgatorial fires, in heaven, in hell,  
 Thy dauntless soul hath lately dared to dwell,  
 Passing o'er burning marl, where Dante trod  
 With Virgil's ghost, to Beatrice and God.  
 Yet, rarely gifted Nature to translate,  
 Reflect not others, thus: thyself create.  
 Ring out once more in thy own golden lines  
 Life's inner meaning, not the Florentine's—  
 Thou who hast given thy dreamings to our sight  
 And syllabled the Voices of the Night:  
 Thou who hast sung, as none but thou could sing,  
 The tender legend of the Angel-King:  
 Thou who around with affluent hand hast thrown  
 The heavenly largess of thy benison,  
 Regarding none as alien to thy breast—  
 Columbia's Poet, hail as England's Guest!

C. K. London Times.

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES." (1)

I.

To people wastes, to supplement the sun,  
 To plant the olive where the wild-briar grew,  
 To bid rash rivers in safe channels run,  
 The youth of aged cities to renew;—  
 To shut the temple of the two-faced god—  
 Grand triumphs these, worthy a conqueror's cur;  
 They need no herald's horn—no victor's rod—  
 Peace hath her victories, no less than War.

II.

To raise the drooping artist's head, to breathe  
 The word despairing genius thirsts to hear,  
 To crown all service with its earned wreath,  
 To be of lawless force the foe, austere;  
 This is to stretch a sceptre over Time,  
 This is to give our darling earth a star,  
 And belt it with the emerald scroll sublime—  
 Peace hath her victories, no less than War.

III.

To stand amidst the passions of the hour  
 Storm-lash'd, resounding fierce from shore to shore;  
 To watch the human whirlwind waste its power,  
 Till drown'd Reason lifts her head once more;  
 To build on hatred nothing; to be just,  
 Judging of men and nations as they are—  
 Too strong to share the councils of mistrust—  
 Peace hath her victories, no less than War.

IV.

To draw the nations in a silken bound—  
 On to their highest exercise of good;  
 To show the better land above, beyond  
 The sea of Egypt, all whose waves are blood;

These, leader of the age! these arts be thine,  
 All vulgar victories surpassing far;  
 On these all Heaven's benignant planets shine—  
 Peace hath her victories, no less than War.

T. D'Arcy McGee.

Paris. 1867.

## CANADIAN HISTORY.

### Memoirs of the Richelieu.

No. 3.—ST. JOHNS.

There are few places in Canada of more historic interest than St. Johns. Though it was not the theatre of any great battle to which its name is attached, it is connected with nearly every expedition of any note that took place in the great wars which the French, English and Americans waged for the mastery of New France.

Its situation at the head of navigation in the direction of Lake Champlain, pointed it out to the early French engineers as a proper place for the erection of defensive works. Accordingly, as far back as 1758, Montcalm built fortifications there during the campaign rendered memorable by the victory of Carillon (Ticonderoga), the surrender of Fort Frontenac and the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, situated on the present site of Pittsburgh. The remains of these ancient works are still visible, a little in the rear of the present barracks and adjoining the railway line.

The next year, 1759, Québec fell and the country passed into the hands of the British, who made no use of Fort St. Johns for over fifteen years. But at the outbreak of the American Revolution, the importance of this frontier post was immediately recognized, and Sir Guy Carleton, then Governor General of Canada, rebuilt and enlarged the fortifications of Montcalm.

In the autumn of 1775, St. Johns offered the first serious resistance to the American forces that had been despatched by Congress to invade and capture Canada. Gen. Schuyler, at the head of a considerable army of Continentals (as the American militiamen were then called), appeared before St. Johns, in September of that year. Being deceived by scouts as to the strength of the fort, he fell back to Isle-aux-Noix, where he was replaced by Gen. Montgomery, who on the arrival of reinforcements, immediately resumed the campaign. He led his advance guard boldly in face of the northern front of the fort. Here he had a skirmish with a detachment of the garrison, which was just returning from a successful sally. From the position of Montgomery's troops this first action must have taken place on the present site of our peaceful town, probably quite uninhabited at that time. The place was thickly planted with forest trees and the ground damp and marshy so much so, indeed that the American Commander, a few days after, shifted his position to the north west of the fort on a higher plateau, in the neighborhood of the ridge that leads up to Bernier. Here he threw up regular breast-works and began siege operations. A few days' experience soon convinced Montgomery that he had to do with a valiant garrison, and that nothing short of a bombardment could make him master of the fort. This he was unable to effect, for want of single ordnance, and he would most probably have been obliged to withdraw on the approach of the winter, but for two fortunate circumstances.

The first of these was the capture of the garrison of Chambly, which furnished him with much valuable war material. We shall relate this episode in full in our next paper. The second was the failure of Carleton to reinforce the St. Johns' garrison. When the Governor learned of the fall of Chambly, he left Montreal with a considerable force and attempted to cross at Longueuil, on the rafts and bateaux. Here he was met by a detachment of Americans who lay in wait for him. Just as he was

(1) The above lines have just appeared—so far as we know for the first time—in *The Broadway*—published simultaneously in London and New York. There is no mistaking the authorship.