

Who heard their loose-mouthed boast in Basil's forge, 39  
 And envied them the licence of the woods,  
 The hairy trophies, and the general loot,—  
 The fathers, too, who year by year maintained  
 One settled purpose, that could strangely blend  
 With "modest stillness and humility"—<sup>40</sup>  
 All who would not acknowledge Britain's sway  
 Together were embarked and sent away,  
 With maidens in their bloom, and matrons gray;  
 And the lone land remained a helpless prey.<sup>41</sup>

## XVIII,

A silent Micmac, come to trade his wares  
 Before he starts upon the winter hunt,  
 Awed by the stillness, stands in mute amaze,  
 And reads the record of that tragedy  
 He could not say: "Behold how these men loved."  
 Perhaps his thoughts go back to other times,  
 And words like these are forming on his tongue:—  
 Might not great Glooscap <sup>42</sup> now come back again  
 To make his home once more on Blomidon?



Alas, it cannot be, can never be:  
 He will not come till all shall honor truth;  
 He sailed away on Fundy's ebbing tide,  
 And in the sunset land has made a home,  
 Where all may go to him until he come.

<sup>39</sup> If there was a Basil with a forge, there were also loafers, for "since the birth of time," etc.

<sup>40</sup> See Shakespeare's "Henry III."

<sup>41</sup> The Acadians were bundled aboard the transports as if they had been so many cattle, without due regard to family ties; and they were left at different parts along the American seaboard from Maine to Florida; the farms and cattle being confiscated and disposed of by Lawrence and his associates.

<sup>42</sup> Glooscap, the great mythological sage of the Micmacs, resembled in many ways the great Confucius of China and the East. The natives tell how the first