

Guarding, like constant sentries, the passage to the bay.
 "What tho' one ship hath perished," quoth he unto his men;
 "Hunger, which tames the lion, will drive him from his den!"
 Meanwhile, within the fortress was many an anxious heart—
 Each weary day beheld some ray of blessed hope depart;
 And day by day the sentries gazed seaward from the height,
 To see if that long hoped for ship had chanced to heave in sight.
 At last, one pleasant evening a scout the tidings bore,
 That a tall ship was standing along the western shore.
 Quickly the welcome message was borne to every ear;
 But Lord Latour came forth in haste and hurried the rising cheer:
 "Silence, my gallant soldiers! your joy would but betray
 Into the hands of D'Aulnay the aid that comes to-day.
 One ship would aid us little against the potent foe;
 But with the help of fortune I'll lay the tyrant low.
 To-night I'll board the *Clement* and sail for Boston Bay,
 Where I have friends who gladly will aid me if they may.
 When you behold my banner far in the west appear,
 Prepare yourselves for battle, and know that help is near.
 With you I leave my lady to bear the chief command;
 Worthy is such a noble heart to lead so brave a band:
 And should the foe assail you, fight on and never yield;
 For D'Aulnay gives no mercy—his heart is sear'd and steel'd.
 Bold hearts, so true and constant, be firm and faithful still."
 Then from that line of bearded lips the answer came—"we will!"
 And on their swords they swore it—to bear allegiance pure,
 And fight for the fair lady and fortress of Latour.

Four weeks of weary watching—four anxious weeks—went by,
 And still the flag of D'Aulnay flew in the southern sky;
 And oft Latour's fair lady gazed o'er the distant foam,
 Which whiten'd 'neath the rising gale, to see her lord come home.
 At length, one joyous morning, just at the dawn of light,
 The sentry from the hill-top beheld a cheering sight;
 For, coming from the westward before the steady gale,
 He saw five gallant war-ships beneath a press of sail;
 And as they fast came nearer his eager eyes could see
 Four bore the flag of England—that land so great and free!
 And one—oh! sight of triumph, despair and tear to cure—
 Bore on her lofty mainmast the banner of Latour!
 Bold D'Aulnay from his flag-ship, with many a curse and frown—
 For well he knew their mission—beheld his foes bear down.
 Quickly he gave his mandates, with hate and anger pale;
 Quickly they cut their cables, and quickly hoisted sail;
 And homeward was the watchword, as the puissant blast
 Carried each lofty war-ship and bent each lofty mast;
 And o'er the seething waters, with all their canvas spread,
 Homeward towards Port Royal the fleet of D'Aulnay fled;
 But swift and hard behind them the ships of England came,
 And fast Latour press'd forward with wrath no fears could tame:
 And the deep sound of cannon was heard upon the bay,
 As o'er it the avenger held his pursuing way.

Back he returns in triumph with all his soldiers bold:
 D'Aulnay the proud is conquered and driven to his hold;
 His ships are sunk or shattered—his stoutest soldiers slain;
 For the strong snips of England have met him on the main;
 And the long beleaguerr'd fortress is deck'd with banners gay,
 For Latour has marked his victory with a festival to-day:
 And deep were the potations in the grape's red juice and pure,
 To the fair and noble lady and the triumph of Latour.