

And many an armed retainer obeyed his mandates there—  
 Whene'er he raised his banner, five hundred swords were bare;  
 And musketeers and pikemen, all soldiers tried and bold,  
 Gascons and hardy Bretons, were gathered in his hold.  
 He sent Latour a letter, signed by the king's own hand,  
 And thus it read: "Give up thy fort! such is the king's command.  
 For thou art charged with treason; now prove the charge untrue  
 By yielding it to D'Aulnay, and to us homage do."  
 Then made Latour this answer: "I built these earthen walls:  
 I will not basely yield them, altho' king Louis calls.  
 In this rude land a soldier holds, by his own sword alone,  
 A ten-fold stronger tenure than homage to the throne."  
 Forthwith he sent a message for aid to fair Rochelle,  
 Where dwelt his Huguenot brothers; their friendship served him well.  
 They sent the *Clement*, laden with stores and armed men;  
 But warlike clouds had gathered o'er fort Latour ere then.  
 For from the heights the sentry, one pleasant morn in May,  
 Beheld six gallant vessel sweeping across the Bay,  
 Their tall white sails careening beneath the western breeze,  
 Their bows embraced by foam wreaths, they leaped across the seas;  
 And from each lofty mainmast the sentry could descry  
 The flag of haughty D'Aulnay flouting against the sky—  
 That flag long viewed with terror on many a dismal day  
 By the fishermen of Casco and the men of Boston Bay.  
 Then from the northern bastion the bugler blew a blast;  
 Over the wide-spread forest the note of warning passed:  
 And homeward fast the stragglers by tens came hastening in,  
 Wondering and much surmising the cause of such a din.  
 Now in the fort were gathered two hundred men and more,  
 And on the bastions mounted were cannon twenty-four.  
 No lack was there of daring within the fortress' walls,  
 But little store of powder or shells or musket balls.  
 Latour stepped lightly forward, his sword girt on his thigh:  
 Quoth he, "The wolf is coming; to falter is to die.  
 Then raise aloft my banner, unfurl it in his sight.  
 Man all the seaward cannon, and arm ye for the fight."  
 Forth came his gentle lady, the banner in her hand:  
 "Be mine the task to raise it before this gallant band:  
 And may that hand be withered, be it of friend or foe,  
 Even be that hand of weakness mine, that dares to lay it low!"  
 Then, as its broad folds gaily above them floated free,  
 The soldiers raised a mighty cheer that swept across the sea.  
 The dark-brow'd D'Aulnay heard it as he paced his deck in pride,  
 And cursed the sound, and cursed Latour, and cursed the adverse tide.

They passed by Partridge Island—by rocks and shoals of dread,  
 And up the silent harbour the gallant squadron sped;  
 Bold D'Aulnay, in his flagship, led the flotilla on:  
 Never before had such a fleet parted the broad St. John.  
 Upon the eastern bastion Latour had ta'en his stand:  
 Beside him was a cannon—the match was in his hand.  
 One touch, and forth in vengeance the bolt of battle fled,  
 And traced on D'Aulnay's flagship a line of mangled dead.  
 At once from ship and fortress began the combat then,  
 With cannon's roar and hiss of shot, and groans of wounded men  
 Nor ceased the din of battle until an hour had passed.  
 And D'Aulnay's stoutest vessel lay shattered, hull and mast.  
 Then five tall ships stood seaward, with press of canvas on;  
 But one as staunch was sinking beneath the broad St. John.

Close under Partridge Island the fleet of D'Aulnay lay,