

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRIEND Francis Parkman, if I be allowed
To thus address one of such dignity,
I owe a tribute to thy memory ;
My pen might well be worn with praising thee.
Thou wast the first to teach my boyish mind
That Canada has such a history ;
Thy pleasing pages fascinated me,
Recording, as they do, the mighty deeds
Of native warriors such as Pontiac ;
And how the pale-face came, and what he saw
At Hochelega and Stadacone.

Of the pure lives, and consecrated zeal
Displayed by Christian teachers from old France,
Who came to win a country with its tribes
To mother-church at least, if not to Heaven,
And win themselves a martyr's glorious death.

How Nouvelle France extended with La Salle
Down the Ohio to that mighty stream
Which found the French again at New Orleans ;
While far and wide Canadians tramped the land
Beyond Niagara to the western sea.

Thy works have justified the stern decree
That sent Acadians exiles from these shores ;
Have told of Louisburg, and old Quebec,
Where endless feuds and merciless intrigue
Fed on the vitals of the struggling State
Until she learned the health of British rule.

