

ADDRESSED TO
AN OLD CANADIAN FORT.*

BY REV. J. C. GARRETT.

Tell us, ye broken walls, speak out, ye fallen stones,
The story of that past which time doth shroud—
Swift wrecking time, which, deaf to all your groans,
By storm and tempest, sunshine, cloud,
Did scarify your body, without trowel,
Did cleave from your high head unflinching brow,
So nobly borne, in times both fair and foul,
Tell us, did war or peace your spirit bow ?

Brave sons of France were they, the sea who crossed,
By aid of Aborigines you reared !
How was it then their cause and yours was lost,
When face of foeman you had never feared ?
When through the forest scarce a track was made,
And wily Indian must your soldiers guide,
Made offered chance his remnant honour fade ?
And did he sell you to the other side ?

Who were the men that, from your summit, tore
The three-barred flag, which there so proudly waved ?
I reckon, every stone with hallowed gore,
Of those who faced as guns and cannon raved,
Which true hearts for their King and country pour,
Was all bespattered, ere that standard fell.
And they, who it sustained, the fight gave o'er,
Who fought to lose both gallantly and well

*Fort Chambly, a military post on the river Richelieu, was originally built of wood by M. de Chambly, a retired captain of the regiment of Carignan Salieres, in 1665. It was often attacked by the Iroquois, was afterwards rebuilt of stone in 1771. In 1775 was captured by the Americans, but retaken in 1776. Its eventful history is thus vividly and picturesquely described as attacked in turn by French, Indian, British, American. The Rector of St. Mark's with such a subject writes sympathetically, ministering as he does in an historic church.

J. C.