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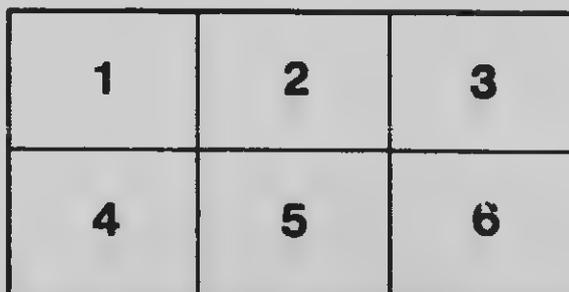
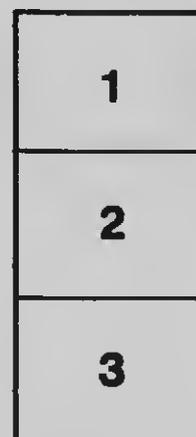
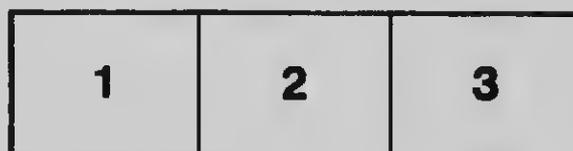
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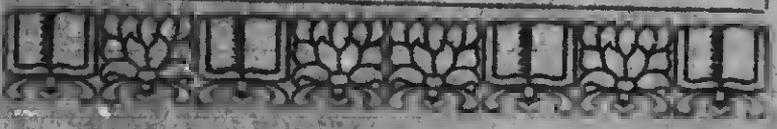


**Ballads**  
**of Arcadia**

By  
**James Hannay**



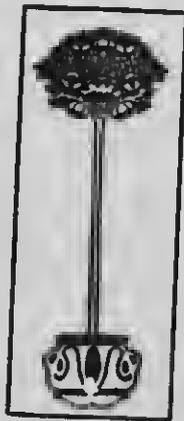
St. John, N. H.  
John A. Howe, Publisher  
1888



# BALLADS OF ACADIA

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BY  
JAMES HANNAY



ST. JOHN, N. B.  
JOHN A. BOWES, Publisher  
1909

## INTRODUCTION

**T***The following Ballads of Acadia were written by me between 1868 and 1873, and two of them, "Aubrey" and "LaTour," published in Stewart's Quarterly in 1868 and 1869. The other two, "The Maiden's Sacrifice" and "Port Royal," were published in the St. John Telegraph in 1873. Some of my friends have thought they should be collected in a small volume, and hence this republication.*

JAMES HANNAY.

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### The Maiden's Sacrifice

**T**HE Ballad entitled "The Maiden's Sacrifice" deals with a tradition of the Micmac Indians, describing the heroic conduct of a maiden of that tribe, who sacrificed her own life to save her people. Some have doubted whether the Mohawks ever appeared on the St. John River, but it was not too far away for them to reach in their wandering raids. They frequently came to the vicinity of Montreal, and even of Quebec, and to reach the St. John was but a little distance further. The Micmacs stood greatly in awe of the Mohawks, and this fact would seem to show that they had encountered them in war.

### A Ballad of Port Royal

**T**HE "Ballad of Port Royal" relates the story of the Micmac raid on Chacouet, now Saco, Me., in 1605, as told by Champlain. All the warriors of the Micmac tribe were assembled at Port Royal on this occasion, and they were led against their enemies by the old Chief Membertou, who was old enough to remember the visit of Jacques Cartier to the Bay Chaleur in 1534. The raid on Chacouet was undertaken in consequence of the death of Panoniac, who was killed by the Armouchiquis.

Richardson 20  
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### Aubrey.

**T**HE story of "Aubrey" is one that is familiar to readers of Acadian history. He lost his way in the woods, while the ships of De Monts were lying in St. Mary's Bay, and wandered over to the shores of the Bay of Fundy, where he was found by Champdore, after the lapse of seventeen days. As Aubrey was a keen controversionalist in matters of religion, and had indulged in many fierce arguments with some Huguenots who were on board, his loss excited suspicions of foul play. These were happily dissipated by his discovery, which was quite accidental, Champdore being then on his return from Cape D'Or, where he had been examining the veins of copper he found there.

### LaTour

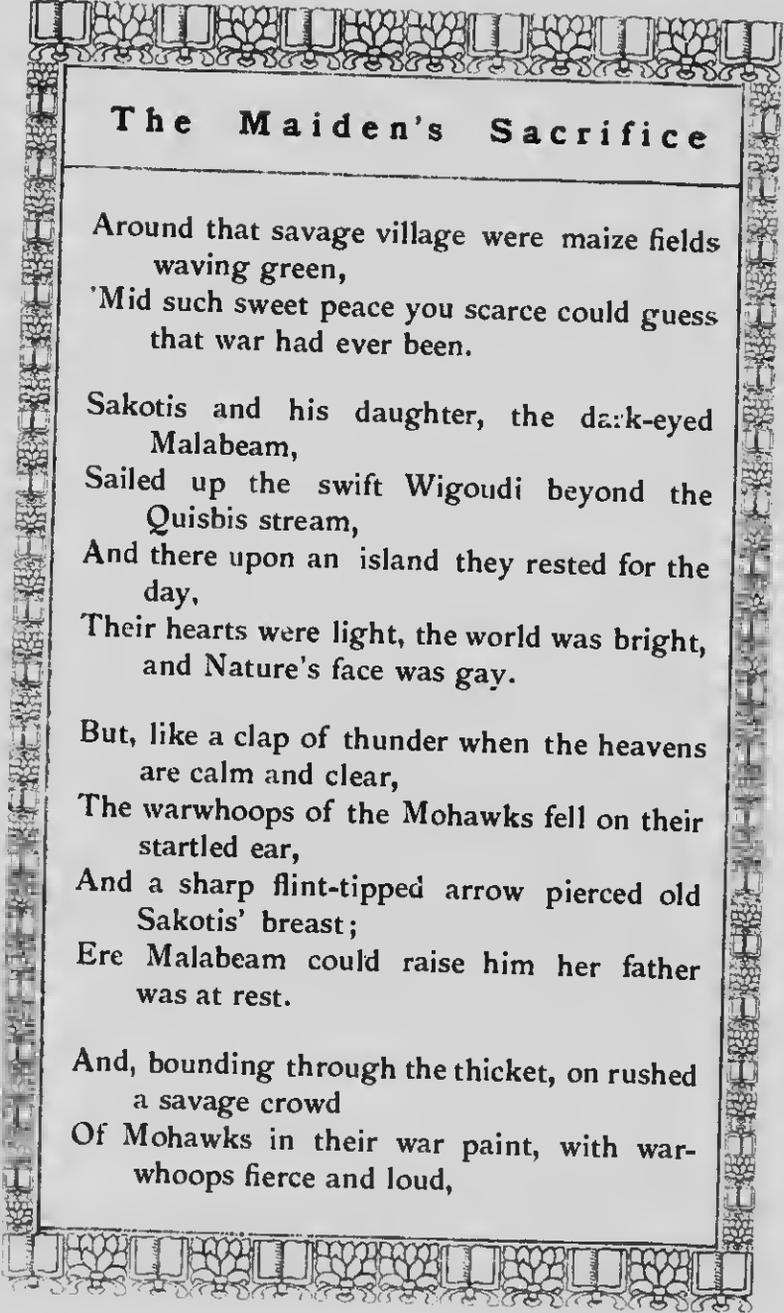
**T**HE Ballad of "LaTour" relates to the first siege of Fort LaTour by D'Aulnay Charnisay in 1643. The facts relating to the sudden visit of LaTour to Boston at that time are fully related by Winthrop. Lady LaTour has long been celebrated as the heroine of Acadia, and, although the Charnisay family have written volumes in her dispraise, they have not succeeded in removing her from her proud position in the story of Acadia. Her name was Frances Marie Jacqueline, and she was a Huguenot. She was always the zealous and intrepid guardian of her husband's interests, and she died in the defence of the Fort which he had entrusted to her care.

## The Maiden's Sacrifice

**I**N the sweet days of Summer five  
hundred years ago,  
Where the broad swift Wigoudi swept  
on in might below,  
On rushed the ceaseless torrent, which down  
the Great Falls bore,  
Over the steep, with sudden leap, full eighty  
feet or more.

There on the bank above it an Indian town  
arose,  
Where dwelt the warlike Malicites — the  
Mohawks were their foes.  
These red-skinned sons of slaughter had  
joined in many a fray,  
With savage ire and carnage dire shaming  
the light of day.

But buried was the hatchet, they went to war  
no more :  
The little children gambolled about each  
wigwam floor ;



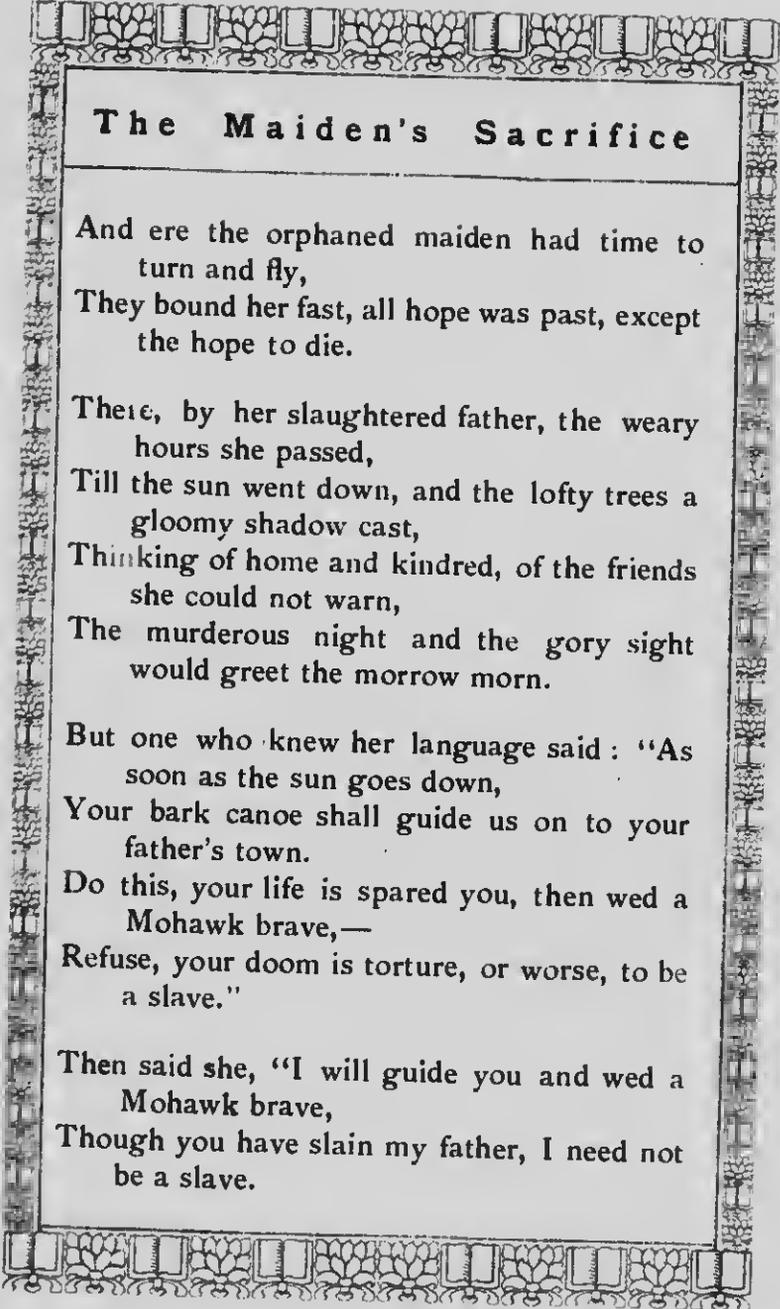
## The Maiden's Sacrifice

Around that savage village were maize fields  
waving green,  
'Mid such sweet peace you scarce could guess  
that war had ever been.

Sakotis and his daughter, the dark-eyed  
Malabeam,  
Sailed up the swift Wigoudi beyond the  
Quisbis stream,  
And there upon an island they rested for the  
day,  
Their hearts were light, the world was bright,  
and Nature's face was gay.

But, like a clap of thunder when the heavens  
are calm and clear,  
The warwhoops of the Mohawks fell on their  
startled ear,  
And a sharp flint-tipped arrow pierced old  
Sakotis' breast;  
Ere Malabeam could raise him her father  
was at rest.

And, bounding through the thicket, on rushed  
a savage crowd  
Of Mohawks in their war paint, with war-  
whoops fierce and loud,



## The Maiden's Sacrifice

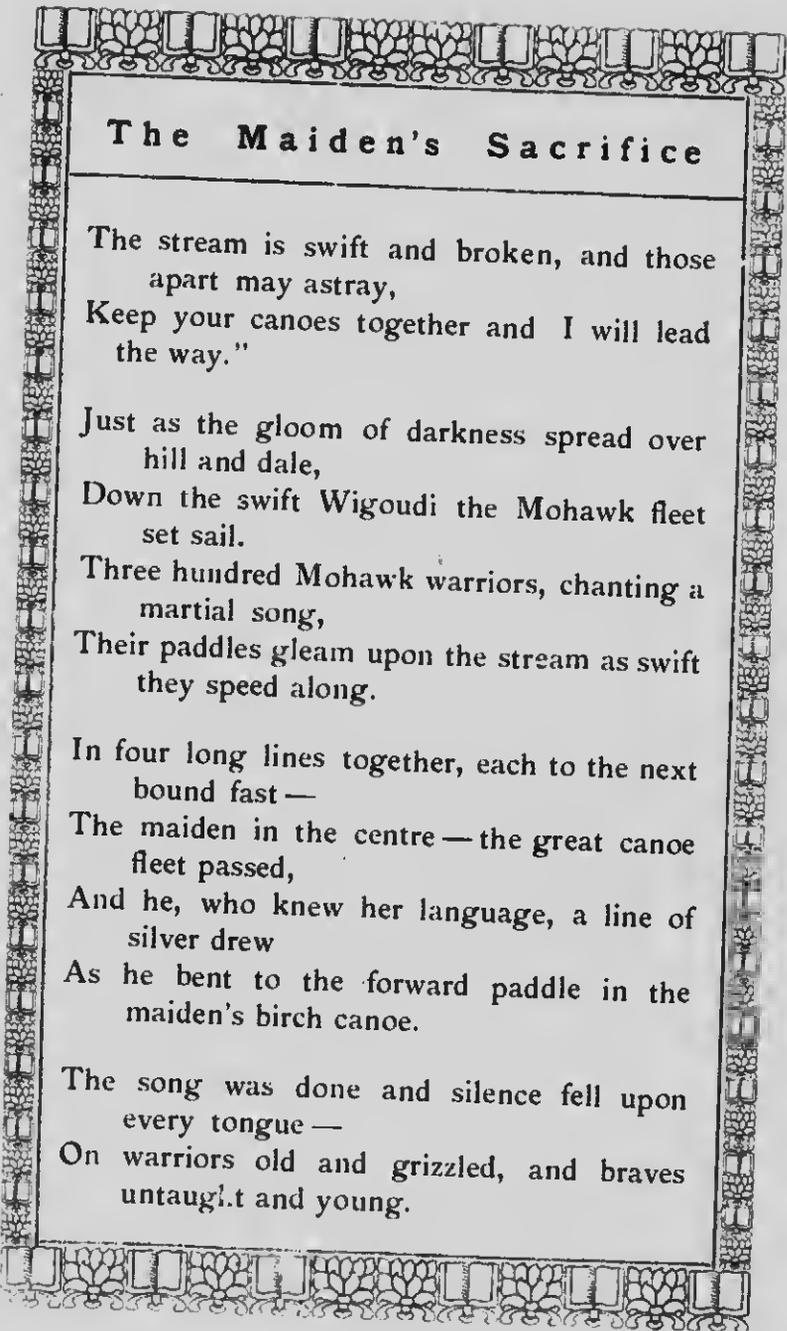
And ere the orphaned maiden had time to  
turn and fly,  
They bound her fast, all hope was past, except  
the hope to die.

There, by her slaughtered father, the weary  
hours she passed,  
Till the sun went down, and the lofty trees a  
gloomy shadow cast,  
Thinking of home and kindred, of the friends  
she could not warn,  
The murderous night and the gory sight  
would greet the morrow morn.

But one who knew her language said: "As  
soon as the sun goes down,  
Your bark canoe shall guide us on to your  
father's town.

Do this, your life is spared you, then wed a  
Mohawk brave,—  
Refuse, your doom is torture, or worse, to be  
a slave."

Then said she, "I will guide you and wed a  
Mohawk brave,  
Though you have slain my father, I need not  
be a slave.



## The Maiden's Sacrifice

The stream is swift and broken, and those  
apart may astray,  
Keep your canoes together and I will lead  
the way."

Just as the gloom of darkness spread over  
hill and dale,  
Down the swift Wigoudi the Mohawk fleet  
set sail.

Three hundred Mohawk warriors, chanting a  
martial song,  
Their paddles gleam upon the stream as swift  
they speed along.

In four long lines together, each to the next  
bound fast —  
The maiden in the centre — the great canoe  
fleet passed,  
And he, who knew her language, a line of  
silver drew  
As he bent to the forward paddle in the  
maiden's birch canoe.

The song was done and silence fell upon  
every tongue —  
On warriors old and grizzled, and braves  
untaught and young.

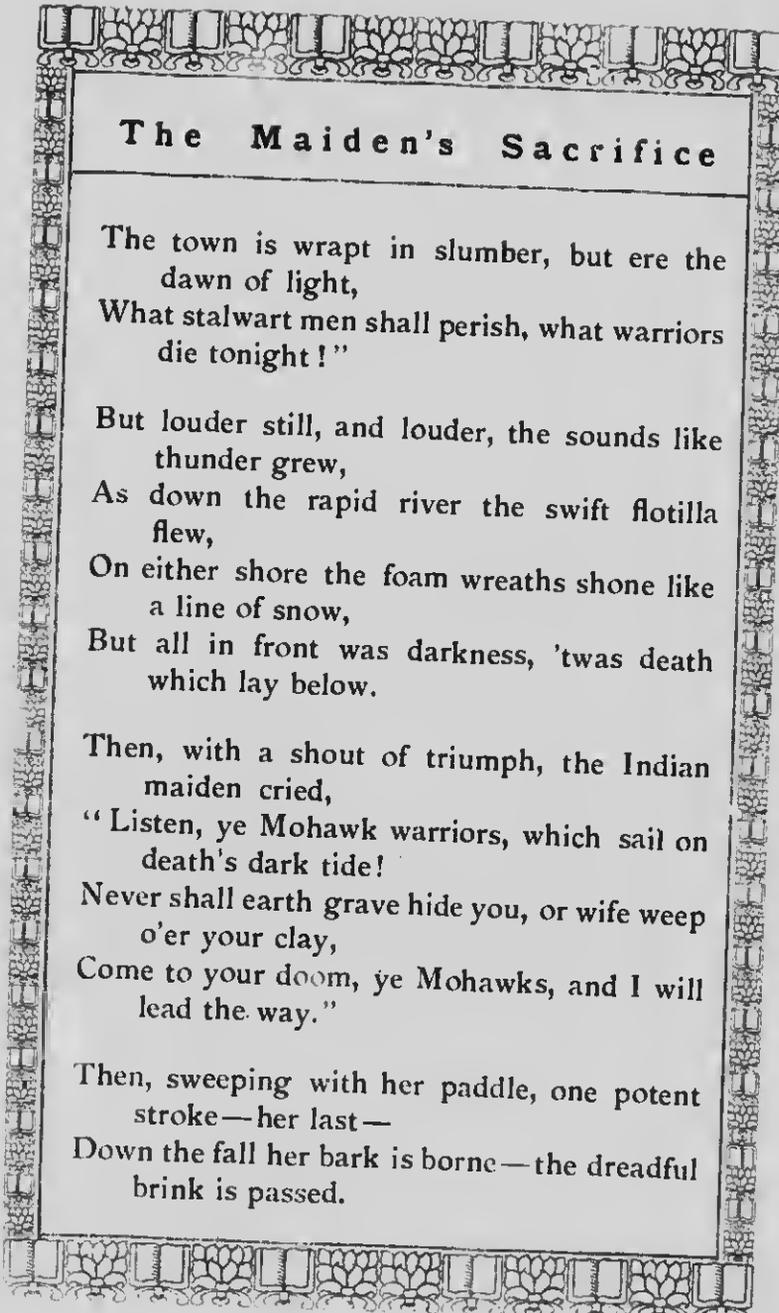
## The Maiden's Sacrifice

Hate filled each swarthy bosom, nearing the  
thrice doomed town ;  
Flow on, O mighty river, and bear the foe-  
men down.

But little cared the Mohawks, the wind might  
wail or sigh,  
The moon might hide her glory and clouds  
obscure the sky ;  
With hearts intent on slaughter, with  
thoughts on carnage fed,  
They toiled, and still before them the strong-  
armed maiden sped.

And now the Indian village lies but a mile  
below —  
A sound like muffled thunder seems on their  
ears to grow.  
What's that? "'Tis but a torrent," the  
Indian maiden replied ;  
"It joins the strong Wigoudi which here  
flows deep and wide.

"Speed on a little further, the town is now  
hard by,  
Your toils are nearly over and night still veils  
the sky ;



## The Maiden's Sacrifice

The town is wrapt in slumber, but ere the  
dawn of light,  
What stalwart men shall perish, what warriors  
die tonight !”

But louder still, and louder, the sounds like  
thunder grew,  
As down the rapid river the swift flotilla  
flew,  
On either shore the foam wreaths shone like  
a line of snow,  
But all in front was darkness, 'twas death  
which lay below.

Then, with a shout of triumph, the Indian  
maiden cried,  
“ Listen, ye Mohawk warriors, which sail on  
death's dark tide !  
Never shall earth grave hide you, or wife weep  
o'er your clay,  
Come to your doom, ye Mohawks, and I will  
lead the way.”

Then, sweeping with her paddle, one potent  
stroke—her last—  
Down the fall her bark is borne—the dreadful  
brink is passed.

## The Maiden's Sacrifice

And down the whole three hundred, with  
swift succession go,  
Into the dark abyss of death — full, eighty  
feet below.

And, many a day thereafter, beyond the  
torrent's roar,  
The swarthy Mohawk dead were found upon  
the river's shore.  
But on brave Malabean's dead face no human  
eyes were set —  
She lies in the dark stream's embrace, the  
river claims her yet.

The waters of five hundred years have flowed  
above her grave,  
But daring deeds can never die while human  
hearts are brave.  
Her tribe still tell her story and round their  
council fires,  
Honor the name of her who died, to rescue  
all their sires.

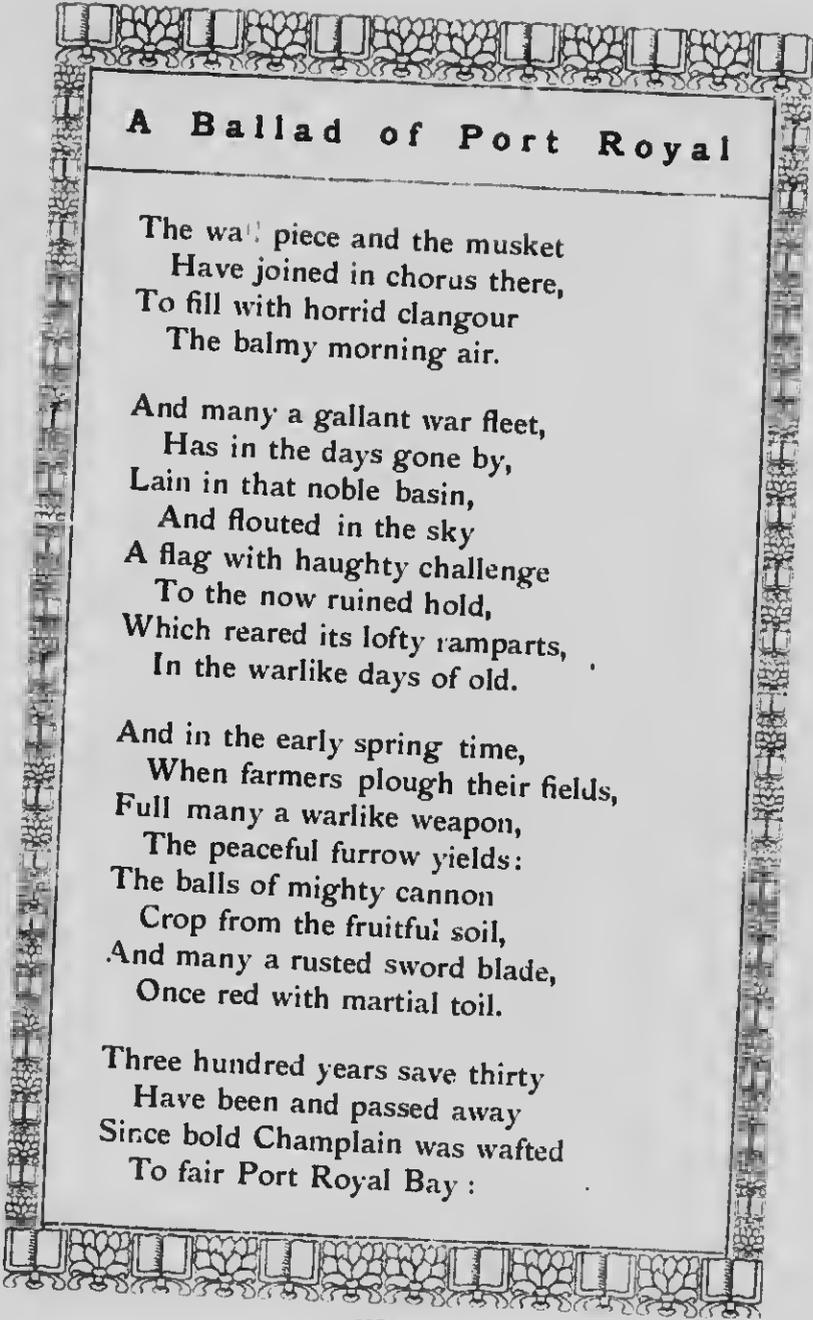


## A Ballad of Port Royal.

**F**AIR is Port Royal river  
In the Acadian land ;  
It flows through verdant meadows,  
Wide spread on either hand ;  
Through orchards and through corn fields  
It gaily holds its way,  
And past the ancient ramparts,  
Long fallen to decay.

Peace reigns within the valley,  
Peace on the mountain side,  
In hamlet and in cottage,  
And on Port Royal's tide ;  
In peace the ruddy farmer  
Reaps from its fertile fields ;  
In peace the fisher gathers  
The spoils its basin yields.

Yet this sweet vale has echoed  
To many a warlike note,  
The strife compelling bugle,  
The cannon's iron throat,



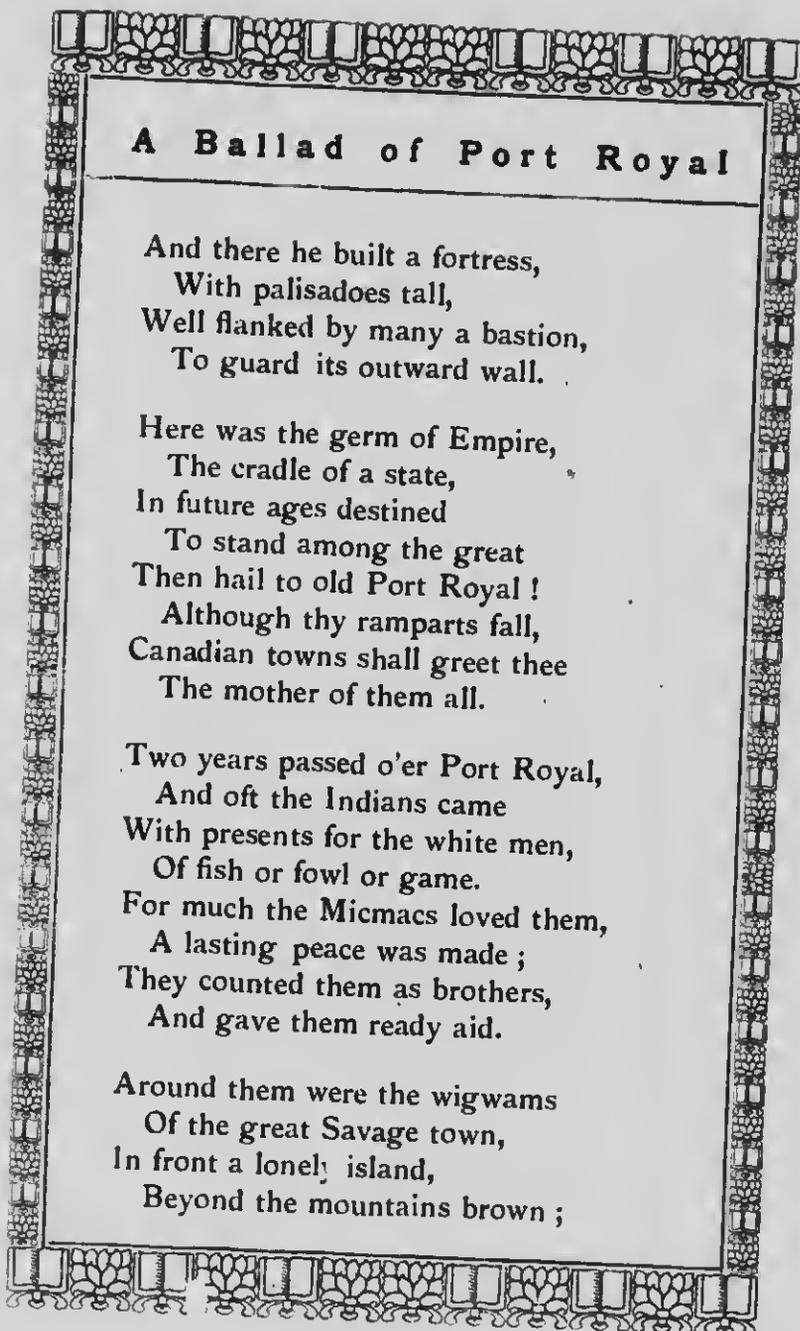
## A Ballad of Port Royal

The wall piece and the musket  
Have joined in chorus there,  
To fill with horrid clangour  
The balmy morning air.

And many a gallant war fleet,  
Has in the days gone by,  
Lain in that noble basin,  
And flouted in the sky  
A flag with haughty challenge  
To the now ruined hold,  
Which reared its lofty ramparts,  
In the warlike days of old.

And in the early spring time,  
When farmers plough their fields,  
Full many a warlike weapon,  
The peaceful furrow yields:  
The balls of mighty cannon  
Crop from the fruitful soil,  
And many a rusted sword blade,  
Once red with martial toil.

Three hundred years save thirty  
Have been and passed away  
Since bold Champlain was wafted  
To fair Port Royal Bay :



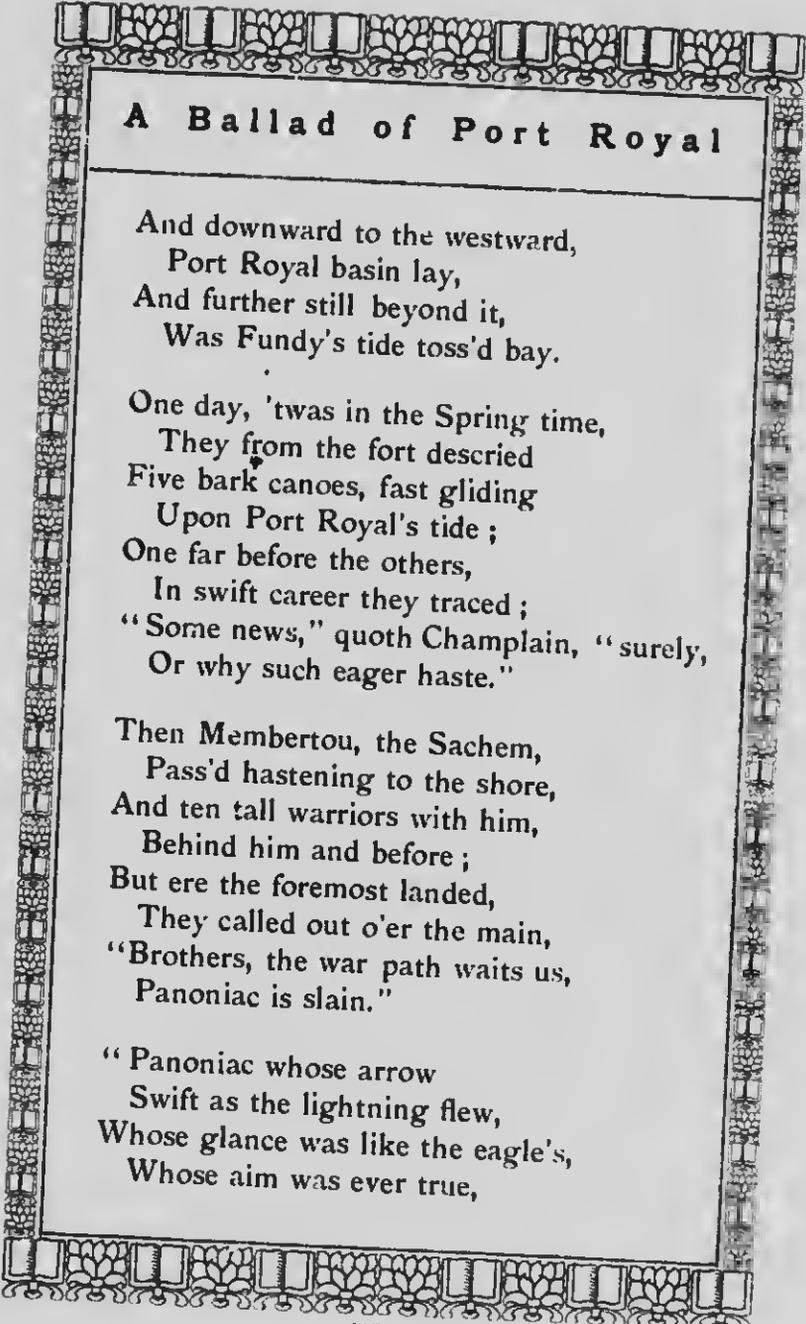
## A Ballad of Port Royal

And there he built a fortress,  
With palisadoes tall,  
Well flanked by many a bastion,  
To guard its outward wall.

Here was the germ of Empire,  
The cradle of a state,  
In future ages destined  
To stand among the great  
Then hail to old Port Royal !  
Although thy ramparts fall,  
Canadian towns shall greet thee  
The mother of them all.

Two years passed o'er Port Royal,  
And oft the Indians came  
With presents for the white men,  
Of fish or fowl or game.  
For much the Micmacs loved them,  
A lasting peace was made ;  
They counted them as brothers,  
And gave them ready aid.

Around them were the wigwams  
Of the great Savage town,  
In front a lonely island,  
Beyond the mountains brown ;



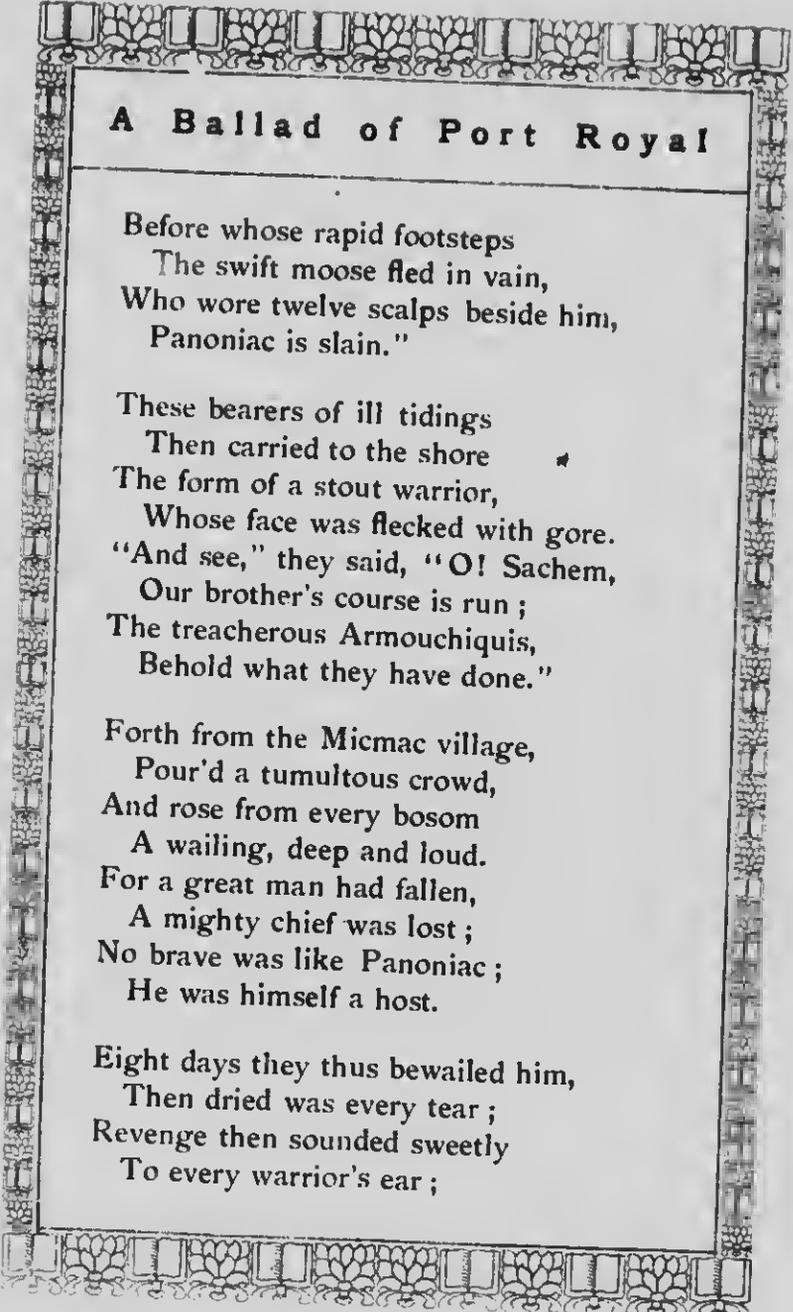
## A Ballad of Port Royal

And downward to the westward,  
Port Royal basin lay,  
And further still beyond it,  
Was Fundy's tide toss'd bay.

One day, 'twas in the Spring time,  
They from the fort descried  
Five bark canoes, fast gliding  
Upon Port Royal's tide ;  
One far before the others,  
In swift career they traced ;  
"Some news," quoth Champlain, "surely,  
Or why such eager haste."

Then Membertou, the Sachem,  
Pass'd hastening to the shore,  
And ten tall warriors with him,  
Behind him and before ;  
But ere the foremost landed,  
They called out o'er the main,  
"Brothers, the war path waits us,  
Panonic is slain."

"Panonic whose arrow  
Swift as the lightning flew,  
Whose glance was like the eagle's,  
Whose aim was ever true,



## A Ballad of Port Royal

Before whose rapid footsteps  
The swift moose fled in vain,  
Who wore twelve scalps beside him,  
Panoniac is slain."

These bearers of ill tidings  
Then carried to the shore  
The form of a stout warrior,  
Whose face was flecked with gore.  
"And see," they said, "O! Sachem,  
Our brother's course is run ;  
The treacherous Armouchiquis,  
Behold what they have done."

Forth from the Micmac village,  
Pour'd a tumultous crowd,  
And rose from every bosom  
A wailing, deep and loud.  
For a great man had fallen,  
A mighty chief was lost ;  
No brave was like Panoniac ;  
He was himself a host.

Eight days they thus bewailed him,  
Then dried was every tear ;  
Revenge then sounded sweetly  
To every warrior's ear ;

## A Ballad of Port Royal

The elders called a Council,  
And, in a circle round,  
The warriors of the nation  
Were seated on the ground.

Then Membertou, the Sachem,  
Arose, and thus he said :  
"Warriors, our souls are sadden'd  
Our brother's blood is shed ;  
The white wolf of the forest,  
Dreads not the feeble deer,  
And who is there among you  
That ever fled in fear ?

"We drove the bloody Mohawks  
Towards the setting sun,  
The Hurons fled before us  
When strife had scarce begun ;  
The treacherous Wabenaki  
Halt by the Scoudac's tide,  
The Etchemins, our neighbors,  
Have once our prowess tried.

"As snow melts on the hill side,  
When brightly shines the sun,  
As ice wastes on the river  
When Winter's course is run,

## A Ballad of Port Royal

As wither'd leaves are driven  
When Autumn winds are high,  
The murderers of Chouake'  
Before our might shall fly.

"Our brother's spirit calls us,  
I hear his voice today,  
It calls on us for vengeance,  
And shall we not obey?  
Old as I am and broken,  
With wars and wounds untold,  
Once more I'll wear my war paint  
And lead you as of old."

Then round that swarthy circle  
Each tomahawk was raised ;  
Upon his every gesture,  
Intent each warrior gaz'd ;  
And when the Chief was ended,  
Down on the wigwam floor  
Each tomahawk was fiercely dash'd  
In savage sign of war.

Then over all Acadie  
The stirring tidings pass'd ;  
From every side the warriors  
Came pouring fierce and fast.

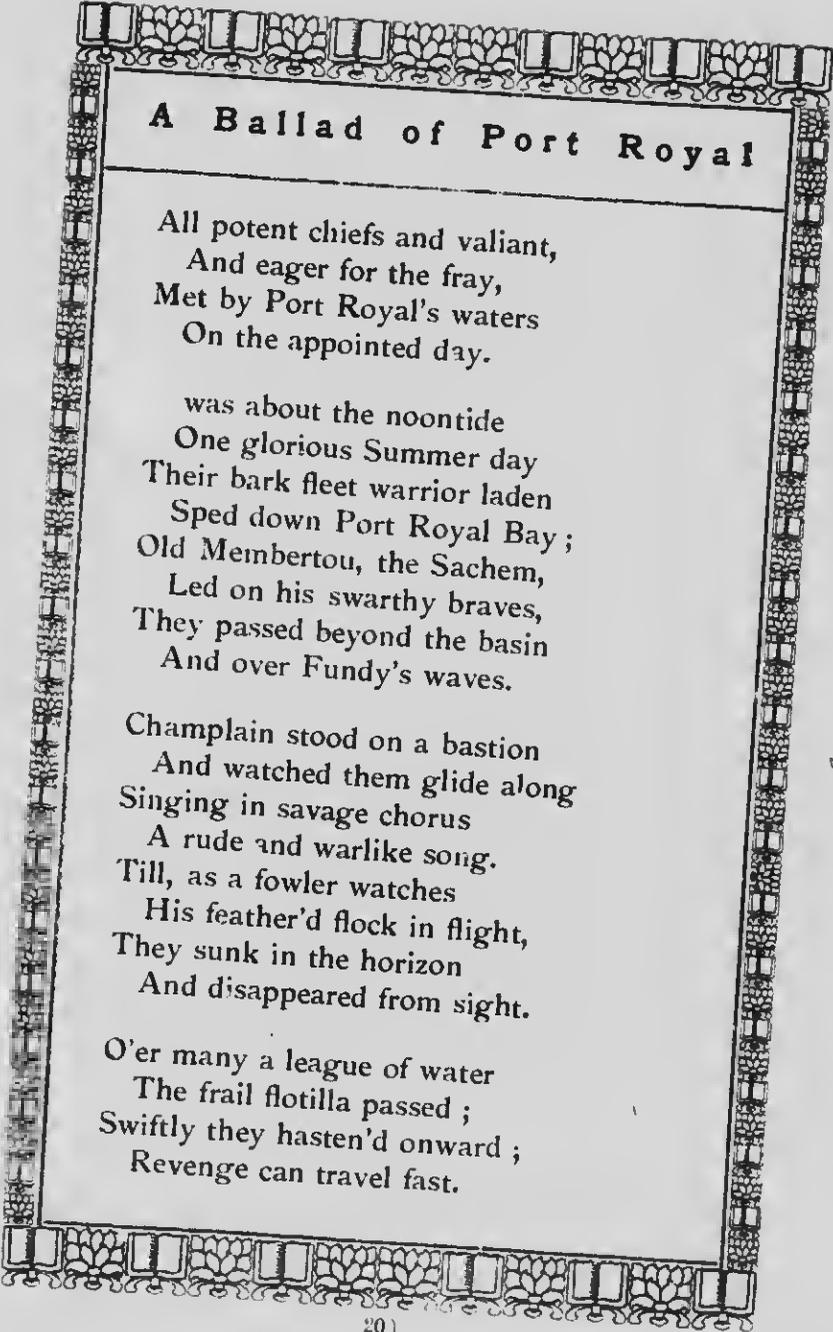
## A Ballad of Fort Royal

They came from distant Gaspé,  
From Richibucto's stream,  
From where the swift Nepisiquit  
Rolls in a silvery gleam.

From Canso's stormy waters,  
Chignecto's meadows wide,  
From the broad swift Wigoudi,  
From old Chebucto's tide ;  
From every Micmac village,  
Forth came its warriors true,  
To fight against Chouaket  
With aged Membertou.

Till round that Chief were gathered  
Five hundred warlike braves,  
Each one renown'd in battle,  
Each fierce as ocean's waves ;  
With tomahawk and war club,  
And scalping knife came they,  
With bows and flint tipp'd arrows,  
In paint and feathers gay.

The young chief Membertouchis,  
Chikudun tried and bold,  
Stout Algimou the fearless,  
And Saugus sage and old ;



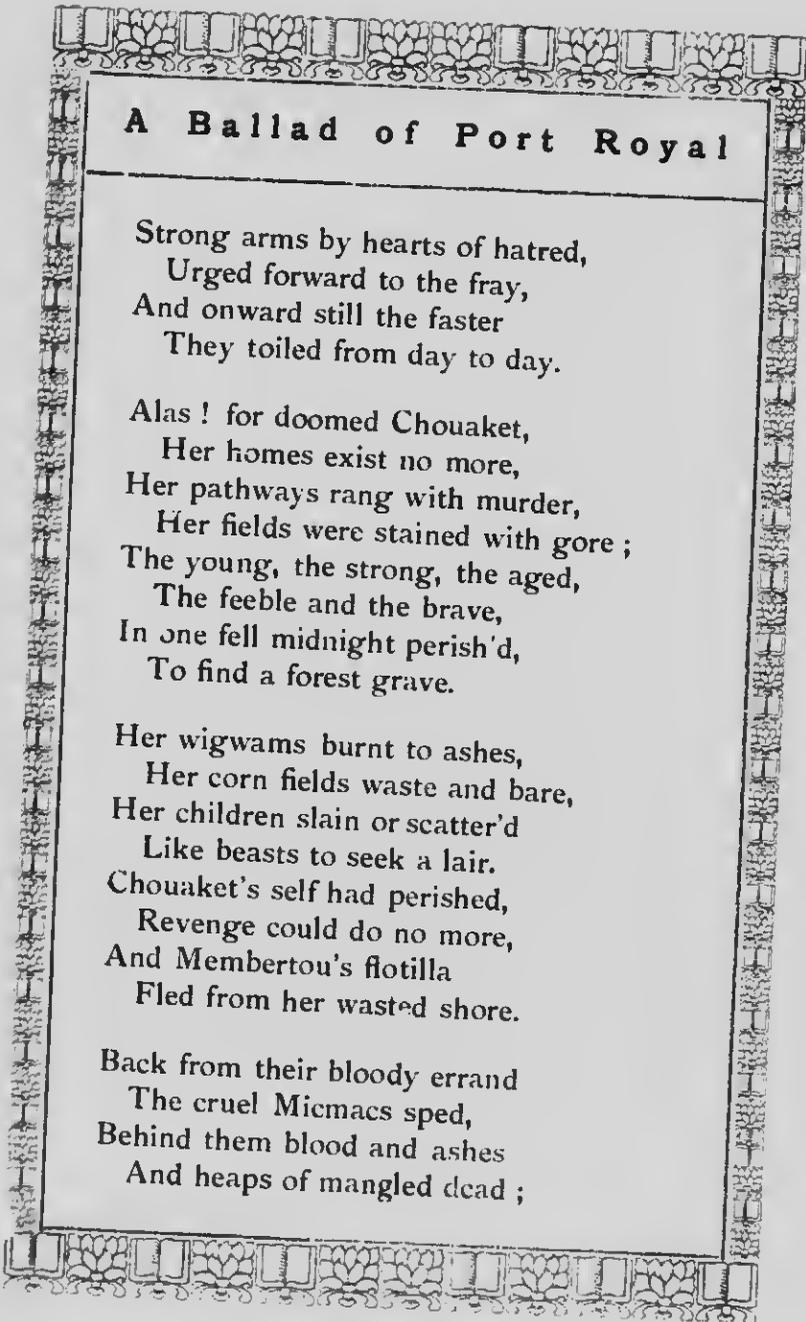
## A Ballad of Port Royal

All potent chiefs and valiant,  
And eager for the fray,  
Met by Port Royal's waters  
On the appointed day.

was about the noontide  
One glorious Summer day  
Their bark fleet warrior laden  
Sped down Port Royal Bay ;  
Old Membertou, the Sachem,  
Led on his swarthy braves,  
They passed beyond the basin  
And over Fundy's waves.

Champlain stood on a bastion  
And watched them glide along  
Singing in savage chorus  
A rude and warlike song.  
Till, as a fowler watches  
His feather'd flock in flight,  
They sunk in the horizon  
And disappeared from sight.

O'er many a league of water  
The frail flotilla passed ;  
Swiftly they hasten'd onward ;  
Revenge can travel fast.



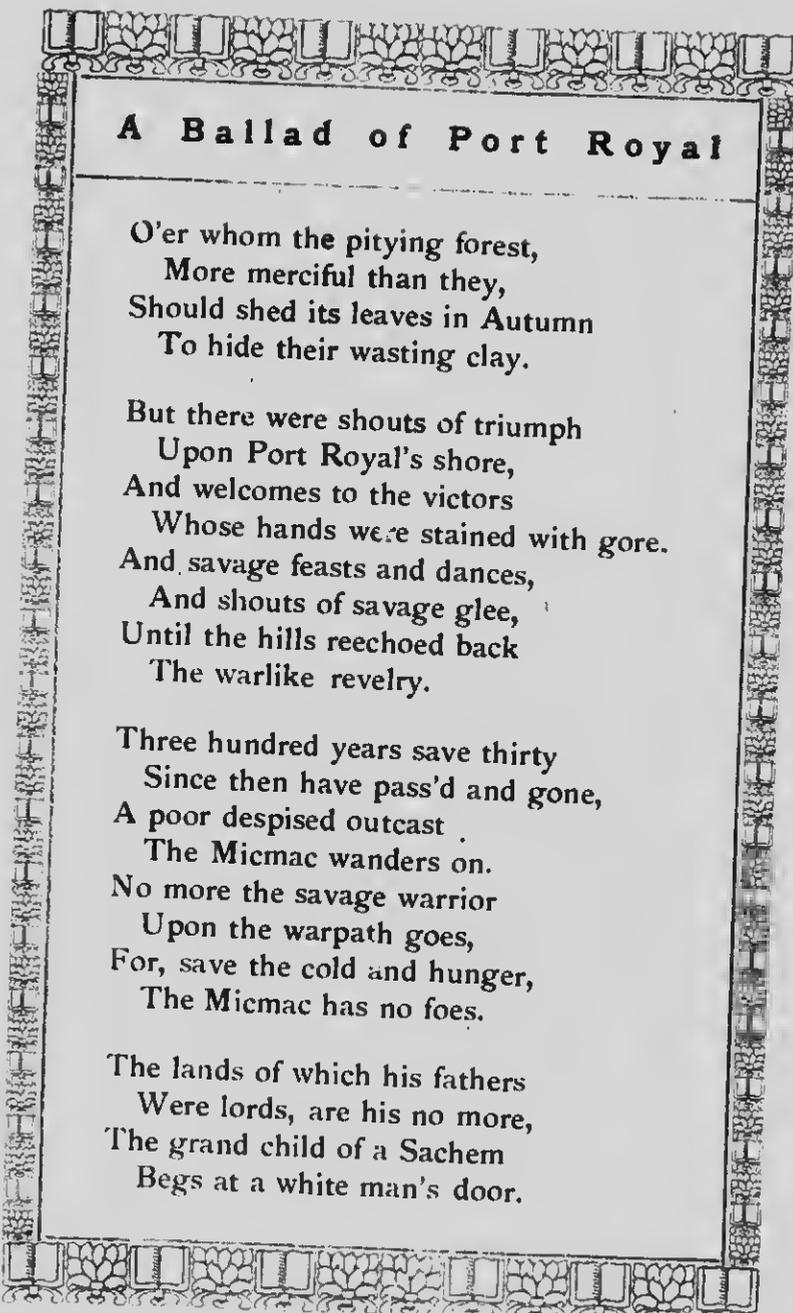
## A Ballad of Port Royal

Strong arms by hearts of hatred,  
Urged forward to the fray,  
And onward still the faster  
They toiled from day to day.

Alas ! for doomed Chouaket,  
Her homes exist no more,  
Her pathways rang with murder,  
Her fields were stained with gore ;  
The young, the strong, the aged,  
The feeble and the brave,  
In one fell midnight perish'd,  
To find a forest grave.

Her wigwams burnt to ashes,  
Her corn fields waste and bare,  
Her children slain or scatter'd  
Like beasts to seek a lair.  
Chouaket's self had perished,  
Revenge could do no more,  
And Membertou's flotilla  
Fled from her wasted shore.

Back from their bloody errand  
The cruel Micmacs sped,  
Behind them blood and ashes  
And heaps of mangled dead ;



## A Ballad of Port Royal

O'er whom the pitying forest,  
More merciful than they,  
Should shed its leaves in Autumn  
To hide their wasting clay.

But there were shouts of triumph  
Upon Port Royal's shore,  
And welcomes to the victors  
Whose hands were stained with gore.  
And savage feasts and dances,  
And shouts of savage glee,  
Until the hills reechoed back  
The warlike revelry.

Three hundred years save thirty  
Since then have pass'd and gone,  
A poor despised outcast  
The Micmac wanders on.  
No more the savage warrior  
Upon the warpath goes,  
For, save the cold and hunger,  
The Micmac has no foes.

The lands of which his fathers  
Were lords, are his no more,  
The grand child of a Sachem  
Begg at a white man's door.

## A Ballad of Port Royal

Yet even in a Micmac  
Some pride of race remains,  
To cheer his savage bosom  
And lighten misery's chains.

Some memory of the past time  
Which, like the fire's spark,  
Illumines for a moment  
Though all around is dark,  
His father's ancient glories  
Shed light upon his way,  
Like the last flickering sunbeam  
Of the declining day.

To these he clings as fondly  
As misers to their gold,  
And in the forest wigwam  
The much lov'd tales are told.  
So still this old tradition  
From sire to son, they tell  
Of Membertou, the Sachem,  
And how Chouaket fell.



## Aubrey.

**T** WAS after Ivry broke Mayenne's and every Leaguer's lance ;

And Henry sat at length secure upon the throne of France ;

A little fleet set sail from Dieppe to cross the western main,

De Monts he held the chief command, with him was bold Champlain

And many a gallant gentleman from Paris and Rochelle,

And Poutrincourt from Picardie and Biencourt as well ;

Enough to form a Colony, for in that motley throng

Were artizans and soldiers brave, and peasants rude and strong ;

And learned Huguenot ministers, and priests from Aquitane,

And Aubrey Pere, a wanderer, from the pleasant banks of Seine :

A u b r e y

All eager to behold a land to Europe long  
unknown,  
O'er which a strange romantic veil of mystery  
was thrown.



Four weeks they sped with eager sail before a  
favoring breeze,  
Westward their brows were pointed still across  
the unknown seas ;  
Bright skies, fair winds, a broad expanse of  
sea on every side,  
But not a sail to cheer their souls, as on and  
on they glide ;

And many a longing eye was turned towards  
their distant home,  
And many a heart in secret cursed the thought  
which bade it roam.  
At length on the horizon dim a cloud-like  
line appears,  
And here and there a rugged crest a bolder  
summit rears.

Acadie's rocky coast uplifts its dark form to  
the sky ;  
Loud roar the waves upon the shore, the  
white spray leaps on high,

A u b r e y

O'er rocks on which the sea had dashed since  
time's first hour began,  
Destined to rend in after years the noblest  
works of man.

Onward they sail and Fundy's Bay expands  
to either shore,  
Never had European keel parted its tide  
before.

All things were strange, the sea, the land, the  
forest stretching wide,  
Stranger than aught their eyes had scanned  
the swiftly flowing tide,

Nature, attired in brighter hues than in their  
own fair land,  
Appeared to bear a nobler front and a more  
bounteous hand.

O'er summer seas they swiftly pass with  
spirits light and gay,  
Their vessels part the dark blue waves of still  
St. Mary's Bay.

The anchors cast, the boats are manned, they  
reach the silent shore,  
Never had foot of white man trod that  
unknown shore before—

A u b r e y

Near sixty centuries had sped since the  
Creation's birth ;  
But what had all time's changes wrought  
upon this spot of earth ?

With eager feet the wanderers haste to range  
the forest wide,  
They wonder at the grand old trees which  
rise on every side ;  
New flowers and birds arrest their eyes, new  
scenes their thoughts employ,  
Their laughter echoes through the woods and  
all is mirth and joy.

Aubrey had strayed far from the rest, and  
like a curious child,  
Unconscious of the passing hours, he wan-  
dered through the wild ;  
Nor thought how far his feet had strayed,  
until the sun's last ray  
Glared like a watch-fire in the West and  
passed in gloom away.

Then stricken with a sudden dread he turned  
and backward ran,  
He shouted loud, the forest mocked the lost  
and lonely man.

A u b r e y

Help! help! he cries for help in vain, who  
in the midnight dark  
Is swept into the seething sea, from the swift  
flying bark;

And Aubrey in the pathless wood, dark silent  
as the grave,  
Seems lost as one who helpless sinks beneath  
the boistrous wave.

Small hope for him whose feet had strayed in  
that Acadian land,  
No white man for a hundred years again  
might touch its strand,

The wolf upon the wanderer's corse its hunger  
there might sate,  
A few white bones alone would tell his dread  
and mournful fate.

While thoughts like these perplexed his mind  
despairing down he lay,  
And darkness spread its sable plumes like a  
raven's o'er the day,

And dark despair with constant voice still  
whispered in his ear,  
"There is no hope but death for those who  
rashly wander here."

A u b r e y

But looking up as captive looks from out his  
prison bars,  
Dotting the darkening sky above he saw the  
glittering stars,

And brightening o'er the broad expanse of  
Heaven's lofty dome,  
They cheered his eyes and calmed his soul  
with happy thoughts of home,  
For often in his youth he watched from his  
chamber window high,  
That constellation, seven starred, climbing  
the northern sky ;

The Galaxy a golden stream flowing through  
fields of gloom,  
Like the pathway of the blessed souls to their  
home beyond the tomb :  
Tho' lost and lone the sky seemed still  
familiar as of yore,  
And watching it he sank to sleep beneath the  
forest hoar.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Brightly the morning sun arose and lit up  
wood and glen,  
As Aubrey woke from joyous dreams to  
misery again,

A u b r e y

Hungry and faint he ranged the wild, but  
vainly sought the shore ;  
And vainly paused with listening ear to hear  
the wild waves roar.

The forest brought no sound to him except  
the dreary sigh  
Which came forth from its topmost boughs  
as the sudden breeze went by.  
At length with looks of joy and hope the  
weary wanderer stood  
Beside a tiny little stream that murmured  
through the wood —

He drank its tide, he bathed his brow, he  
bent in prayer his knee,  
And said, "Heaven make this stream my  
guide — 'twill lead me to the sea."

\* \* \* \* \*  
At last he stands upon the shore and strains  
his eyes in vain,  
Across a sea which seems as wide and bound-  
less as the main —

This is indeed another sea and not the narrow  
bay  
In which the fleet he vainly seeks secure at  
anchor lay ;

A u b r e y

'Tis Fundy's waves which darkly roll before  
the lost one now,  
And as he looks his cheeks grows pale and  
anguish clouds his brow.

Alas! he cries in bitter grief, "what hope is  
left for me,  
"Must I but perish by the shore of this  
strange restless sea?"

Seventeen long weary days have passed and  
Aubrey wanders still,  
His food the shellfish from the shore, his  
drink the sparkling rill.

Lean visaged and like tottering age bent  
down by weight of care ;  
For he has lived in these sad days a life-time  
of despair.

His steps are feeble now and slow, his eyes  
begin to fail  
From weary watching day by day to see a  
friendly sail ;

On the horizon once he deemed he saw that  
blessed sight,  
'Twas but a sea-gull's wing that skimmed the  
blue wave in its flight ;

A u b r e y

And sudden joy was changed to grief, and  
cheerfulness to care,  
For promised blessings unfulfilled but deepen  
men's despair.

Hunger and pain have done their work, his  
race is nearly run,  
And hope dies daily in his breast with every  
setting sun.

Down on the beach he sank at length and  
gazed upon the sand,  
His thoughts were wandering far away unto  
his native land ;

The summer sun was gliding down low in  
the western skies,  
Weak as he was he scarce could hope again  
to see it rise.  
And thinking thus as there he lay beside the  
cheerless shore,  
He turned his eyes towards the west to gaze  
on it once more ;

When lo! a shallop's sail appears around a  
point of land,  
And lightly skims the placid sea a stone-  
throw from the strand,

A u b r e y

And, at the sight, strange joyous thoughts  
rise in his bosom's core  
And nerved him with a sudden strength where  
weakness reigned before —

He rose and down the beach he ran to catch  
the boatman's eye,  
And shouted long and took his staff and  
waved his cap on high.  
They hear him, see him, he is saved, the  
steersman's answering hail,  
Comes sounding landward as in haste he jibes  
the swelling sail.

Shoreward the shallop's bow is turned, it  
grates upon the sand  
And eager friends and shipmates grasp the  
helpless Aubrey's hand,  
And not a heart in all the fleet but gave a  
joyous bound,  
When Champdore brought the thrilling news  
that Aubrey had been found.



## Latour.

**O**F all the gallant Frenchmen whose  
names and deeds endure  
In old Acadian annals, the greatest  
was Latour.

Son of a Huguenot father, husband of  
Huguenot bride ;  
He clung still to the ancient faith in which  
his grandsires died.

While yet a simple school-boy unto this land  
he came ;

Little he thought what stirring tales would  
gather round his name :

That here before his life was spent 'twould be  
his lot to know

Misfortunes great and triumphs grand —  
success, care, joy and woe.

Five years he dwelt with Biencourt among  
the Micmac braves,

Whose wigwams were on Restigouche and  
hard by Fundy's waves.

L a t o u r

None followed up more keenly the Mohawk  
foeman's trail :  
The grim old warriors loved him, altho' his  
face was pale.

He built a potent fortress beside that harbor  
deep,  
Thro' which the broad and strong St. John  
flows with a mighty sweep.  
Down from the fall's great rapid the river  
rushes free ;  
It doubles round a point of land and turns  
towards the sea.

A bow-shot off, an island divides the racing  
tides,  
Whose current for a thousand years has  
frayed its rocky sides ;  
But bold would be the swimmer, and strong  
his arm and sure,  
To venture o'er the narrow strait and cross to  
Fort Latour.

The Danube's tide is sluggish, slow is the  
Severn's stream,  
Compared to this swift current ; it passes like  
a dream.

L a t o u r

Yet still the ancient rampart a rugged front  
uprears,  
Tho' this strong tide hath sapped its base  
more than two hundred years.

Strong were its earthen bastions, its palisades  
were tall,  
Heavy and great the cannon that frowned  
above the wall ;  
And bold and true its soldiers, all men of fair  
Rochelle —  
Stout Huguenots who knew no fear, but  
loved Latour full well.

But none within that fortress, tho' tried in  
many a fray —  
Sons of the gallant men who fought on Ivry's  
bloody day —  
Possessed more dauntless courage to dare or  
to endure,  
So kind and yet so brave a heart, as the wife  
of Lord Latour.

Her father was a noble — last of an ancient  
line,  
Which civil strife had stricken as the light-  
ning blasts the pine.

L a t o u r

Her grandsire fell at Ivry, charging by  
Henry's side,  
When the last onset broke their ranks and  
quelled the Leaguers' pride.

Cruel and fierce was D'Aulnay; he held  
Latour in hate:  
His fort was at Port Royal, and there he  
dwelt in state.  
High o'er that ancient river its gloomy  
bastions rose,  
Scowling defiance upon all who dared to be  
his foes.

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.

L a t o u r

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 anwer : " I built these  
earthen walls :

I will not basely yield them, altho' king  
Louis calls.

In this rude land a soldier holds, by his  
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 vessels sweeping across  
the Bay,

L a t o u r

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.

L a t o u r

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.

L a t o u r

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 ;

L a t o u r

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,  
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 hlessed  
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.

L a t o u r

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  
hushed 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.

L a t o u r

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.

L a t o u r

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 fear to cure —  
Bore on her lofty mainmast the banner of  
Latour !  
Bold D'Aulnay from his flagship, 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 ;

L a t o u r

And homeward was the watchward, as the  
puissant blast  
Careened 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 ships of England have met  
him on the main ;

L a t o u r

And the long beleaguer'd fortress is deck'd  
with banners gay,  
For Latour has marked his victory with a  
festival to-day:  
And were the potations in the grape's  
red juice and pure,  
To the fair and noble lady and the triumph of  
Latour.





