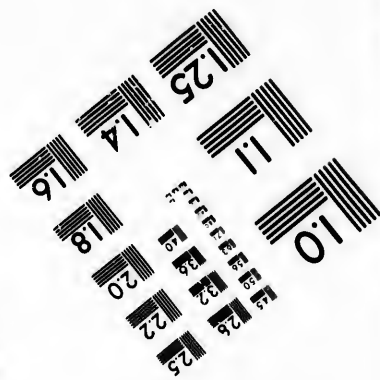
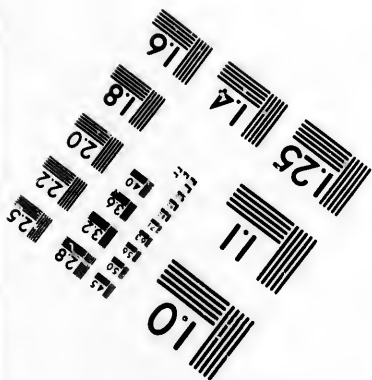
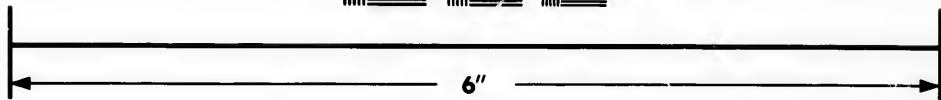
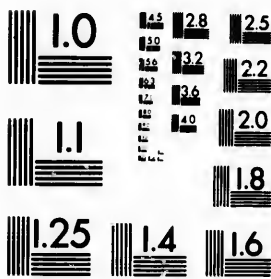


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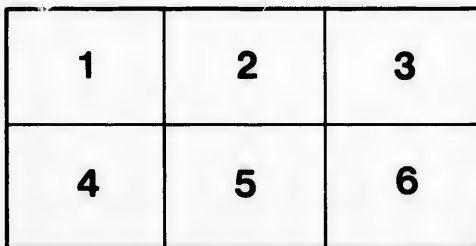
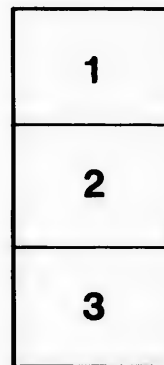
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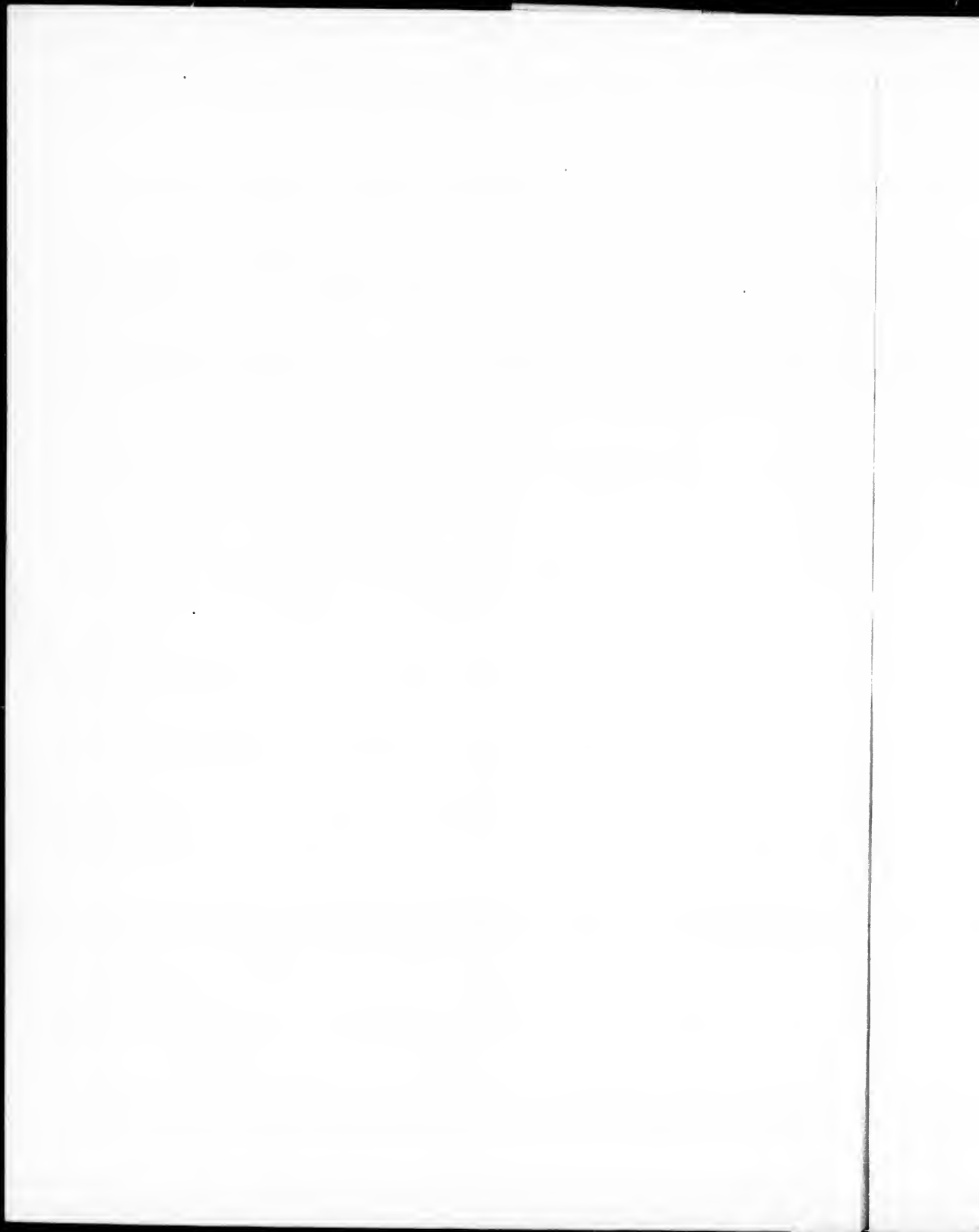
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FEAST & ST. ANNE



—: AND :—

OTHER POEMS.

BY

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

SECOND EDITION.



Montreal :

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL & SON.

1890.

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TO THE EARL OF DUFFERIN,—
TRUE FRIEND OF CANADA, AND WORTHY PATRON
OF EVERYTHING WORTHILY CANADIAN,—
THIS HUMBLE CONTRIBUTION TO CANADIAN LITERATURE
IS
(BY PERMISSION)
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY HIS OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

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THE FEAST OF SAINT ANNE.'

~~~~~

'Twas Summertime in Oonumahghee's isle,—  
That sentinel advanced of Canada,  
To watch what cometh from the Atlantic main—  
Which nomenclature meaningless, and mean,  
And uninventive, hath "Cape Breton" called ;  
But which, beneath the loving sway of France,  
The prouder title bore of "*Isle Royale!*"  
As meet domain, or residence, of kings.  
For Nature there has, with most lavish hand,  
Spread forth her treasures both of soil and mine,  
And driven to its haven-girted shores  
The exhaustless living wealth of teeming seas,  
Providing all which industry requires  
To minister to earthly wants of man.  
All meetly, too, is moulded and adorned  
The casket plenished with such priceless gems :—  
An isle whose variedly inviting shores,  
Firmly against the ocean storms embattled,  
Infold a very pearl of inland seas—  
Yet with a tide of ocean pulsating—  
With ample room, and scope, and shelter safe

To gather in the navies of an empire,  
And there manœuvre them in arts of war  
In all the calm security of peace.  
There broad, deep bays, with smiling bosoms woo  
The mariner, and not with treacherous face.  
There labyrinthine inlets, gemmed with isles,  
By overtopping promontories wind  
Far into the deep recesses of the hills.  
Where e'en the proudest bark that rides the main  
May moor herself amid the growing pines  
That spire as loftily as her tallest mast:  
The sinuous shores are ribanded with hills,  
Oft towering grandly with a mountain mien,  
Though clad in densest mass of greenery,—  
Oft bending gracefully to sweet, low plains  
Of swarded intervale, outspreading far  
'Twixt buttresses of deepest emerald,  
Or deep, wild glens, wherein the golden light  
Is strained through foliage most deliciously,  
Which woo the weary pilgrim of the world  
To find a haven in their solitudes.—  
It is a land of beauties exquisite,  
In lake and hill, dark glen and sounding shore,  
And is to worshiper of Nature's charms,  
A stately temple of a thousand shrines.  
The gorgeously attired Acadian June  
Had gathered up her multifloral robe,

And glided from the sight of smiling hills,  
In all her bridehood's sweetliness and grace ;  
And now July, her sister more mature  
And more voluptuous, in shady dell,  
Lay dreaming in delicious lassitude,  
By breathings soft of odorous twin-flowers fanned,  
Or feasting with fastidious daintiness  
On first-fruits luscious proffered to her taste.  
The fervid splendour of the Summer sun,  
That brightened all the shores of Lake Bras d'Or,  
Was tempered by the gentle breeze which swept  
Across the radiant deep from Barra Strait,  
And from the azure mountains North and West,  
And made a season all that sense could crave  
Of cheering sunshine and of grateful air,  
At Chapel Island, as that day drew near  
When all the children aboriginal  
Of all Acadia—mainland and isles—  
Are yearly wont, in that blest isle, to hold  
The Feast of their dear guardian, good Saint Anne.

In swarms of arrowy canoes they came,—  
Flotillas dancing o'er the wide Bras d'Or,  
And barks more ponderous, with sail and oar,  
Equipped and managed with the White Man's skill,—  
From many an Indian village near and far,  
The favoured of their frequent shifting homes,  
With names most musical in their soft tongue,

Though oft distorted into sounds uncouth  
In false refinement's blundering utterance,  
Or changed for nomenclature meaningless.  
From Malagwatchkit's mazy shores they came ;  
From where Benacadie and Eskasoni  
Are linked by hill and shore to deep Tweedmooge ;  
From W. gamatkook's stream of golden sands,  
Whykokomagh,—sweet nestling midst its hills—  
And Boularderie, and mountain-girt St. Anne's,  
And where, beneath Victoria mountains lone,  
Looks Ingonishe upon the ocean main ;  
And many another dell, and stream, and shore,  
To those dark natives of the soil most dear,  
In this last stronghold of their fading race.  
There, too, were gathered, though a scattered few,  
The dusky denizens from many a stream  
And antlered woodland of the neighbouring main,  
And from the bounteous isle Epaygooit,—<sup>2</sup>  
That seems to sleep upon St. Lawrence wave,—  
And yet more distant, whilom Micmac lands,  
From Richibucto e'en to Gaspé's shore.  
There come the old and young of either sex,  
From tottering dotard to the new-born babe,—  
All bent to keep the Feast of good Saint Anne,  
And still grave Council hold, as in the past,  
When deeds momentous waited on their words.  
But not alone the Tutelary Saint

And solemn conference on tribe affairs  
Attract this thronging, yearly pilgrimage;  
For on this bossy isle, ere while and long  
The sweet abode of solitude profound,  
With homely chapel bare of worshipers,  
Shall now be held a week's high holiday,  
When games, and revels, and barbaric glee  
Untiringly from morn to latest eve,  
Shall banish silence from these wooded shores,—  
Then let their tired reverberations sleep  
Till Summer and Saint Anne's Day come again.

Far other crowds, too, throng this Indian Fair,—  
Of grave, or gay, by curious impulse led,  
Or youthful love of novel merriment;  
Or of those moved by tender impulses,  
Who make of gay Saint Anne's Day pretext good  
For pleasant tryst beneath the greenwood tree.  
The homes of many neighbouring hills and glens,  
The fishing hamlets of far-stretching shores,  
The sprucer dwellings of more distant towns,—  
All added motley to the gathering crowd;  
And there, amid majestic even flow,  
Of Micmac converse, softly musical,  
Rang forth the gay, sonorous *Langue d'Oil*,<sup>3</sup>  
As heard in France a century ago,  
With lusty Gaelic gutterals—the tongue  
Which loves the name of Scotia, Old and New,—



Whilst English, mingling through the whole, was  
heard

Like drone of bagpipe with the chanter's air.

'Twas in the strangely chequered revel's height  
We beached our prow upon the Chapel Isle.—  
A student party we, full of young life,  
Though bearing many a labouring thought within,  
A company of not ungenial souls,  
Who'd pre-arranged, in these bright holidays,  
To explore, in all its charming secresies,  
This many-handed Golden Arm of the Sea,  
And—not to us the least of mysteries—  
Learn with what pomp these Indians celebrate  
Their Festival of Tutelar Saint Anne.

There, on that Bras d'Or-girded island's slopes,  
And scattered by near shore of fronting main,  
Encampment most incongruous met the eye,—  
Of tapering wigwams robed in birchen bark,  
With snowy tents of more pretentious air,  
And ruder shelter still of greenwood boughs,  
Fashioned in haste to meet a passing want,  
In clustering groups, or scattered wide apart,  
As may have pleased the errant dwellers' whim.  
Amid them all—around—on every side—  
The many-shaded votaries of Saint Anne  
Most sportively enjoyed their pilgrimage.

Its notes of merriment the bag-pipe screamed,

With deep unceasing undertow of drone  
Reverberating from the wooded hills ;  
The squeaking fiddle, fife, and tambourine,  
Were worked with energy, if not with skill,  
Accordeons shrilling notes in rivalry ;  
Whilst lads and lasses, light of foot and heart,  
Their pulses dancing, too, with Celtic blood,  
Footed the gladsome reel, all bouncingly,  
With might and main, as they would dance forever ;  
And oft, the admired of a crowd, was one  
With autocratic aspirations fired—  
Though ever with some rival doomed to cope—  
Who would eclipse the world at " Highland-pling,"  
Or other wondrous tanglement of step.  
The duskier dancers in their native style,  
With full-soled stamping beat of moccasin,  
Revolved in jerking pace their circle round,  
To music of their own loud, mingled whoop,  
Till meeting couples, on a sudden, whirled,  
With shouts of laughter wild, and long, and loud ;  
Or, waking to traditions of the past,  
Essayed to reproduce for White Man's ken  
The wild, fierce movement of the dance of braves,  
With brandishing of knife and tomahawk,  
And savage bounds, and fierce, soul-thrilling yells  
Which waken echoing terrors on the hills,—  
As wont their fathers when, in demon guise,

They sallied forth upon the path of war.

Yet other pastimes, too, beguiled the day:—  
The race of light canoe o'er placid lake,  
The nervous paddles flashing with quick light;  
The throngèd foot-race on the uneven sward,  
Where the lithe Indian, with pace of cariboo,  
Seemed flying from his own lank, streaming hair;  
The bronzèd urchins, in their scrimp costume,  
Competing, with keen eye, to shoot and win  
The frequent coin set up by generous hands,  
Amid the cheering cry and ringing laugh  
Most musical from mothers', sisters' lips;  
Whilst e'er the philosophical papoose,  
Tight-swaddled in his cradle set on end,  
Gazed solemnly on all the moving scene  
Unmoved, unsmiling, silent, as he were  
A mummy of the Pharaohs just exhumed.

There, too, the stalwart rustics from the hills,  
Contested keenly in athletic games,—  
To toss the ponderous caber, put the stone,  
Or throw the hafted hammers, great and small,  
Or other feats of nimbleness, or strength,  
Enlivening, to sound young-manhood's blood;  
Whilst ever laughter seasoned well the sport,  
And stingless jeer and jest, in divers tongues.

Three days had well nigh surfeited our taste  
For rude and semi-barbarous revelry,

Though varied oft by hours of calm delight,  
With sail careering o'er the bright Bras d'Or,  
Or roaming by its isles and sylvan shores,  
To learn what secrets they to Science yield,  
Or beauties tempting mimicry of Art.  
But now most welcome increase to our troop,—  
Arrival looked for long, with longing eyes ;  
For Alfred Vernon, with mother, sister, now,  
Threw a new radiance round our cheerful tent.  
The mother—one of Nature's queens—too rare—  
Who walk the world not knowing rivalry,  
As all unconscious of their magic sway ;  
Whose subjects never of rebellion dream,  
But seem to bow them to the gentle rule  
Whose winning inadvertently commands ;  
The illumination of her cultured mind,  
That happy blending, all proportionate,  
Of genius' many gorgeous, rainbow dyes,  
Which marks the stainless light of Common Sense.  
A freshness graced her womanhood mature,  
Like bloom of fruited peach, mayhap more fair  
Than e'en the splendour of its early flowers.  
And telling of ripe sweetness stored within.  
We all, with Alfred, felt, or claimed, a share  
Instinctively in her dear mother heart.  
Pauline, a glorious form of light and grace,—  
A full-blown flower, yet moist with morning dew,

Yet, flower-like, unconscious of her charms,  
Else veiling consciousness with artless art—  
Suggested all her mother must have been  
At her more tender age. A cultured mind  
Was hers, uptrained with all a mother's care,  
And bearing from that culture grateful fruit  
In sweet companionship of each with each.  
We looked upon her splendor as the sun's,  
Its source remote from reach of us poor youth,  
And made to glorify a basking world,—  
Not by one selfish soul to be absorbed.

'Twas on the very festal of Saint Anne's,  
And cabins poured their "reverend seigniors" forth  
To grave and solemn council; for, this day,  
Had they of all their tribe to choose a chief.  
In vain may I, unlearned, essay to tell  
What spake the orators political;  
But speeches, actions,—all were dignified;—  
These, courtesy with gravity combined;  
And those, harangues of eloquence subdued.  
The order of these Nature's gentlemen  
Was all unlike the ravening eagerness  
And clamorous spleen of white-skinned hustings men,  
And well might kindle blushes on the cheek  
Of those who boast the glories of our state,  
Yet play the villain and the knave beneath  
Our institutions representative.

Then, too, high, solemn mass was celebrate,  
As fitting the occasion and the day,  
With much of novelty, but less of pomp.  
The dark procession—led by vested priests—  
Of living remnants of a fading past,  
Each decked with all his barbarous finery  
In honor of the Saint and Festal Day,  
Wound slowly 'mong the straggling hillocks green  
And wended up the homely chapel aisle,  
With wailing chant, slow, melancholy, wild,  
As 'twere the death-song of a dying race.  
Yet so expressionless and dull their mien,  
That, if it veiled their sense of fallen state,  
Mayhap, too 'neath its blank indifference  
And listless gaze upon religious rites,  
As these were matters which concerned not them,  
They felt the presence of most holy things:—  
Be it not mine the puzzling task to reveal  
The secrets of the Indian's inner life.  
But now the day's solemnities are o'er;  
And forth the chapel pours its motley crowd  
To fire again the fitful *feu de joie*,  
With hunting-pieces charged for good Saint Anne,  
And hasten, with replenished will and glee,  
Anew to feastings, revelry, and sports,  
Now she whom we all fondly "mother" called,  
Who late presided at the simple feast

Of our own special, far-fetched company,  
From our marquee's most honoured seat, thus  
spake :—

“ My friends, you, doubtless, cannot but recall  
That when, last Christmas time, 'round my poor  
board,

And far from this most charming wilderness,  
We planned this pleasant Summer pilgrimage,—  
To meet thus, on this Feast Day of St. Anne,  
Upon this island of the grand Bras d'Or,  
To see, if aught, with what rare ceremonies,  
Or what of customs aboriginal—  
Though lapsing fast, 'tis said, into disuse,  
Like all pertaining to the Indian race—  
This holy day is honored, or still kept ;—  
Thus having planned, 'twas said—and all approved—  
That this our meeting were occasion meet  
For pouring forth of novel, native song ;  
That this our country's history, though young,  
Does many a high, heroic deed embalm,  
And many a thrilling tale of suffering,  
And of adventures marvellous and wild,  
Meet theme for most ambitious poet's lay ;  
That even now, our simple, daily lives  
Bloom forth their riches of unwritten poems,  
To charm us with the odor of sweet flowers,  
Would we but deign to gather and preserve ;

That, therefore, on this day and place of tryst,  
Whoever could and would—for all are free—  
Should here produce some ballad—epic lay—  
Or, at the very least, some simple song—  
But redolent of this our native land.  
I claim exemption from this minstrel task ; —  
Not that my days of poesy are past ;  
For poetry irradiates silver hair  
As well as sunny locks of happy youth ;  
And yet—I deem my years are meet excuse—  
I am perpetual audience. Who first  
Takes up the native minstrel harp ?—My son,  
On you I call to ope this court of song !  
Then Alfred, smiling as if half abashed,  
And with faint blush of modest diffidence,  
Yet rising soon to confidence and ease,  
With elocution neat and manly voice,  
Poured forth this sounding lay historical :—



## THE RENDEZVOUS OF D'ANVILLE.

FAIR smiles the morn o'er gay Rochelle,  
Beneath the cloudless sky of June.  
The flags, o'er town and citadel,  
Are dancing to the breeze's tune ;  
And dances, sparkles, too, the ray,—  
As flashed from joy's own rapid wing—  
Far o'er the bosom of the bay,  
With ocean throbbings pulsating.  
And well that haven's glowing tide  
May swell with rapture and with pride,  
So fair the burden that is borne  
Upon its breast, this breezy morn,—  
Such gallant ships those waters ride,  
A monarch's and a nation's pride.  
From Poitou, Normandie, Bretagne,—  
From every port along her main,  
Stern France these floating squadrons drew,  
In La Rochelle to rendezvous ;  
No fairer, stronger naval host  
E'er swept from gallant France's coast,  
Responsive to the trump of war,  
To bear her victory flag afar.  
And soon, beyond the Atlantic's roar,

On that New World's scarce trodden shore,  
Where forest-mantled Acadie  
Springs forth to meet th'embracing sea,  
    Shall thunders of that host be hurled ;  
For there the haughty Albion  
Unfurls her banners to the sun,  
And dares essay to curb th' advance  
To conquest of the sons of France.  
Now France shall swoop that daring foe,—  
The prize that waits the victor's blow,  
    Dominion o'er the Western world.  
    Three score and ten th'Armada's tale :—  
Their liliated banners in the gale,  
They now but wait the last command  
To bound away from Gallia's strand.  
The ships, fast anchored in the tide,  
Now swaying, rearing, plunging, ride,  
Like steeds arrested on mid-plain,  
Impatient of the curbing rein.  
The host who throng his gallant fleet,  
Aglow with patriotic heat,  
Are eager for the fierce emprise  
Against the foe of centuries.  
The veterans of Ponthieu are there,  
Again the battle charge to dare.  
Their king's behest and glory's lure,  
From Fontenay and from Saumur,

Have youthlier bands of warriors pressed,  
Who proudly deem their fortune blest  
To bear the golden *fleur de lys*  
To lands beyond the Western sea.  
There, too, are seamen stout and bold,  
Who tales of mighty deeds unfold,—  
True sons of sires who cleft the main  
With Jacques Cartier and brave Champlain.

Lo, in the vanguard ship so tall,  
Of all the fleet High Admiral,  
La Rouchefoucauld the Duke D'Anville,  
With lofty step and frequent wheel,  
His pace responding to the train  
Of thoughts careering through his brain,  
And eyes suffused with rapture's light,  
Surveys his pomp of floating might.  
Of all this kingdom favoured peer,  
The leal, the brave, the debonair,  
The chosen of his king to win  
Lost Louisbourg, to France again.—  
To win? Ay, and avenge!—to lower  
Yon hated rival's lust of power,—  
Sweep England's flag for evermore  
From Canada and Acadia's shore.—  
See fiery D'Estournelle on high  
His pennant as Vice Admiral fly ;  
Here, veteran Pommeril ; and there,

The bravest of the brave, Jonquière,—  
A hero of hundred battles, he,  
In every land, on every sea.

New o'er Rochelle's life-teeming bay  
There speeds the signal: "Anchor weigh."  
Hark to the sound of clanking pawl,  
The loud command, the answering call;  
Now shake the clouds of canvas white,  
Like sea-birds pluming for the flight;  
Now climb the sails the tapering mast,  
And bend them to the swelling blast;  
Each ship before the welcome breeze  
Now heads away toward Western seas.—  
List to the cheery, loud "hurra!"  
"Vive la belle France!" and "Vive le Roi!"—  
For thousands 'tis the last farewell  
To sunny France—to La Rochelle.

Oh, dread is the tempest! Where late was the  
sky  
All cerulean and sunlight o'erarching on high,  
Now lowers a pall of deep Stygean gloom;  
And, darklier still, as if flying from doom,  
The clouds, wild careering and riven, are whirled  
Away to the bourne of th' infuriate world.  
The winds—oh, the winds!—how resistless—how  
frantic

They speed o'er the boundless, dark-scowling At-  
lantic!

From ice-fields of the North now rushes the gale  
And lashes the ocean with scourges of hail;  
And now from th' Equator it raves back again,  
And flings from its pinions the deluging rain;  
Whilst bellows the thunder, and lightning's red glare  
Illumines the cloud-cragged caverns of air.  
The great ocean, in wrath to its uttermost caves,  
Is upheaving in tumult of galloping waves,  
Each wave like a mountain by earthquake just riven,  
Now headlong to yawning abysses deep driven;  
And the spume of the billow is hissingly cast  
In the face of the ruthless and maddening blast.—  
Oh, dread is the tempest! The dark, raging main  
Once more seems resolving to chaos, as when,  
Ere the world was awakened from horrific sleep,  
The Spirit of God walked the face of the deep.

Where now that gallant, mighty host,  
Late sailing from Biscayan coast  
In daring quest of victory  
Afar on shores of Western sea?  
By storm unceasing beaten, battered;  
By wind, wave, lightning, crushed and shattered,  
That late proud fleet is rent and driven  
Towards every unwished point of heaven!

From morn till night, each trembling bark  
Flies lorn before the tempest dark ;  
From night till morn, that tempest's coil  
But brings worse terrors, adds to toil ;  
Week chasing week, relentlessly  
Still wars the gale on maddened sea.

Brave sons of France, ye fear no foe  
Of human form, nor hell below ;  
But ah, how may ye now assuage  
The dread Jehovah's wakened rage !  
No stern resolve upholds your arms  
To battle with the God of storms !

Now where, from far Antilles' shore  
And ice-bound crags of Labrador,  
The waves, rolled up o'er half a world,  
Are fiercely each on other hurled,—  
There wilder still the conquering gale  
Now wars, presaging drearer bale ;  
And here a remnant of that host,  
Long shivered, maimed, and sorely tossed,  
Still ken the lead of brave D'Anville,  
Beneath the mightier storm they reel ;  
Away the sail from splintering mast  
Is riven by the relentless blast,  
And fluttered o'er the foaming seas,  
Like thistle-down by Summer breeze ;  
And crunching waves and floating wreck

Sweep, fore and aft, each groaning deck ;  
Whilst men in vain essay to cry  
To God in their last agony.—

But what yon darker shades that loom,  
Low scowling, on the horizon's gloom?—  
Yon sea of foam—dread—white as death,—  
As if volcanoes boiled beneath?  
'T is Sable's Isle! Oh, Mother of Heaven,  
Now pray our sins may be forgiven!  
Dark Sable, terror's very home,—  
More dread than Norway's maelstrom!—  
On—wildly on! Oh, who now able  
To 'scape the ravening wolves of Sable?—  
Go ask the bleaching bones that pile  
The sands of yonder treacherous isle.

Morn smiles on broad Chebucto's breast  
The winds, the waves are all at rest ;  
And sweetly falls the golden light  
Adown each rounded, woodland height,  
Suffusing with a softer ray  
The mingled tints of leaf and spray ;  
For Autumn, with her thousand dyes,  
Now flaunts her glories to the skies.  
The damasked hills on every side,  
Surround Chebucto's placid tide.  
The trees along those shores may lave  
Their foliage in the mirror wave,

Or listen, where embowered on high,  
The ripple's softest melody,  
Or wavelet dancing on the sand ;  
But neither slope, nor dell, nor strand,  
Denotes that ever heretofore  
The foot of man hath trod this shore :  
On every hand, 'tis nature wild,  
Primeval, lovely, undefiled.

There floats now on Chebucto's tide,  
Slow drifting in from ocean wide,  
A ship—a spectre ship it seems,  
Or like one seen in noiseless dreams,  
With tattered sail and broken spar,  
As if escaped from direst war.  
This shattered wreck, all lone and lorn,  
Whose aspect flouts the smiling morn,  
Still bears, as erst in far Rochelle,  
The liliated flag of proud D'Anville.  
No cannons rouse the solitudes—  
The echoes sleeping in yon woods ;  
No thunder tones the Admiral greet  
Of welcome here from gathered fleet.—

Oh, wearily, wearily passeth each day,  
Here, on this glassy and silent bay,  
Watching and waiting wearily  
For ships that come not from the sea.—  
Where now that fleet—ten and threescore—



Which lately sailed from Aunis's shore?—  
Their gallant men, whose hearts beat high  
With a nation's hopes of victory?—  
That fleet so brave?—Ay, where? oh, where!  
That fleet is now with the things that were.—  
But, no; for still a stricken few  
Here gain the place of rendezvous,  
And, one by one, find long-sought rest  
On broad Chebucto's placid breast.—  
Some say a score; some, ten; some, seven  
In all, escaped the wrath of Heaven:  
What mattereth it? Bruised, tempest-tost,  
They're but the ruins of a host,  
Wreck of a nation's hopes, how lost!

Now, mark yon rowers, with feeble hand,  
Who sadly wend to pebbly strand.  
Slow bending to the oar, each man  
Is wildly haggard, gaunt, and wan.  
Each boat is a hearse; and the freight it bears  
Is the corpses of them that have ceased from cares.  
The dying may the dead enfold,  
'Neath greenwood tree, in shrouding mould.  
Though not in their own dear land, those graves  
Will be better than ocean's slimy caves.  
For grimly now, from ship to ship,  
Stalks Pestilence. With murderous grip,  
He dashes down the strong man's might,

O'ertakes the fugitive in flight ;  
His grasp the bravest heart appals,  
Who falls as meanest craven falls.  
The wildly glaring, fevered eye  
Adds terror to delirium's cry ;  
On every victim cankering sores  
Distend agape their noisome pores  
And bones obtrude through parchment skin,  
Plague-spotted, dark, and lank, and thin ;  
Whilst shrieks of anguish fill the air,  
With fainter moans of dull despair.  
In vain the tented hospital  
Is spread beneath the greenwood tall,  
Where softliest wakes the gentle breeze  
The soothing melody of trees ;  
For grasping, torturing, slaying still,  
Defying leech's healing skill,  
Revolting every loathing sense,  
Yet roams at large the Pestilence.

Now glides there in from neighbouring wild  
The Micmac, Acadie's own child.  
They come, all plumed and armed for war,  
In stalwart bands, from near and far,  
To join theirs to the might of France,  
And drive the hated English hence.  
For e'er since errant Poutrincourt,  
By Port Royal's delightful shore,

Resolved that there should be his home,  
Nor sought for fairer lands to roam,  
And patriarch-warrior Mambertou  
A convert to the cross did bow,  
Whilst all his nation, young and old,  
Were numbered of the Christian fold ;—  
Since then, whene'er the Micmac horde  
Has joined the hatchet to the sword,  
It was as France's firm ally,  
England's relentless enemy.

What rancorous fate, implacable,  
Hath led them to this charnel fell ?  
Why wondering stay they, silent, grim,  
To gaze at festering trunk and limb ?  
Ah !—now !—too late they haste away !—  
The Plague hath marked them for his prey.  
Confused they crawl to savage lair  
And crouching yield them to despair,—  
Not to lament, or moan, or cry ;  
But—Stoic to the last—to die.

On—on, with bateless virulence,  
Still speeds its march that Pestilence ;—  
From Canseau Cape to Port La Tour,  
From Isle Royale to Baie Chaleur,—  
Sachem, braves, and young and old,  
Perish in its rancorous hold :—  
Ne'er more shall Micmac's war halloo  
Strike terror to the listening foe.

What maddening thoughts now whelming roll  
O'er proud D'Anville's long tortured soul !  
All hopes—his own—his country's—crushed—  
No more!—his voice in death is hushed :  
He may not—cannot longer see  
This scene of wreck and agony.  
Now sadly booms the minute gun,  
To tell that his last sands have run ;  
And slowly o'er the breathless tide  
The line of boats funereal glide ;  
And list!—sad music, breathing low :  
It is the dirge of Rochefoucauld.—

Why gaze, with horror and alarm,  
These men upon that prostrate form ?  
That form, which now the sight appals,—  
It was their proud Vice Admiral's ;—  
Stabbed to the heart,—now cold as stone,—  
The blade that did the deed, his own :  
Thus—wrecked all hope—thus phrenzied fell  
The fiery, dauntless D'Estournelle.—  
Disease, storm, death, have done their worst  
For D'Anville's armament accurst.

'Neath broad Chebucto's land-locked tide,  
Where England's navies often ride ;  
In inmost haven's deepest cove,  
Dark mirroring the hills above,

On whose surrounding steep inclines  
Grey crags obtrude through bristling pines ;  
Deep down, beneath the gloomy wave,  
Behold a fleet's dark, dismal grave.  
Half buried in their oozy bed  
And 'neath the watery field wide spread,  
Where ever, ever writhe and squirm  
The snaky seaweed, slimy worm,  
Their rotting timber's cavern'd cells  
All crusted o'er with lifeless shells,—  
'Mid ponderous guns and wave-worn stones,  
There lie the hulks and scattered bones  
Of that proud fleet which sailed away  
From La Rochelle, that morn so gay,  
To wrest from England's braving hand  
Dominion o'er this Western land.—  
Floats daily now, 'twixt sun and sun,  
A sound these shrouding waters o'er;—  
It is the morn and evening gun  
Proclaiming *England's* power.

Where by Chebucto's Western strand  
Most gently upward slopes the land  
In terraces irregular,  
With shallow dingles here and there ;  
Whilst over all, for many a rood,  
Extends a variegated wood ;

Where birch and beech droop o'er the fern,  
As mourning o'er sepulchral urn ;  
Whilst spruce and fir give answering sigh  
To the aspen, whispering mystery ;—  
'Twas here (as old traditions tell)  
The sons of France by thousands fell ;  
Fell not by hand of mortal foe—  
The victims they of Heaven-sent woe.  
Here sleep they 'neath these shadows lone ;  
No cross, nor monumental stone,  
E'en marks the spot wherein they lie,  
Here, in their woodland cemet'ry :  
To this unconsecrated hill  
They followed the banner of D'Anville.—  
Hard by a queenly city towers  
Above Chebucto's swarming shores ;  
Its ceaseless hum and ring of trade  
E'en reach this wood's sepulchral shade :—  
The crowds its busy streets who throng  
All speak the *English* tongue.

From out Chebucto's midmost deep  
There rises grim an island keep,  
With bastioned rampart girt around  
Within the circling moat profound,  
And bristling cannon ready set  
Behind each frowning parapet,

To launch their thunders, dealing woe,  
 'Gainst every rash, approaching foe.  
 High o'er that fortress' seaward verge  
 There waves the banner of St. George.  
 This island once to D'Anville gave  
 A sad, and low and lonely grave.<sup>4</sup>  
 This fort, where *England's* banners flaunt,  
 Is D'Anville's monument.

All praised—of course—the well loved Alfred's lay ;  
 For we were not in humour critical,  
 Or feeling had for that fond tenderness,  
 Like love of mother for her new-born babe,  
 Which feels the poet for the cherished thoughts  
 That well in music from his laboured brain.

“What might have been,”—said Philip, silent  
 long—

“What might have been the after history  
 Of all this continent on which we dwell,  
 Had that same mighty armament of France,—  
 Which seemed invincible to human ken,  
 And made to crush by cumulative blows  
 And paralyse forever Britain's power,  
 Through every region of this Western world,—  
 Escaped the doom of storm and pestilence!  
 Not only failed that chargèd thunder-cloud  
 To hurl one bolt against the pre-doomed foe ;  
 'Twas fated e'en to maim the strength of France :

The Micmac nation, forest race allied—  
Of whom we've seen, this day, some withered leaves—  
Drew in from D'Anville's dying followers  
That which did only fail to annihilate.  
The Armada's fate is one of those which still  
Might stagger doubt in 'special Providence.' "  
" But, ah,"—here Madam Vernon interposed,—  
" Why speculate upon 'What might have been' ?  
Enough, while Time is thundering at our souls,  
To know what *was*, and *is*, and *is to be*.—  
Alas ! the visions of what might have been !  
Such perilous dreams oft bid the brain go mad."  
" Then I," said Philip, " in such poor ballad rhymes  
As my untutored art commands, will tell  
What *was*—in naught miscolouring history :—  
A simple tale of rarest heroism,  
And of a deed of darkest, foulest crime."



## THE HEROINE OF ST. JOHN.

---

'Twas evening time in Fort St. John ;<sup>5</sup>  
The cheering light grew less and less  
Above that habitation lone  
Betwixt the sea and wilderness.

A starry calm did brood o'er all,  
Beseeming Springtide's gentle birth :—  
Ah, well that evening I recall,—  
My last of peace, or rest, on earth !

And save where Ouangondy's tide  
Foamed fiercely through its craggèd gorge,  
Flinging the meeting waves aside,  
As in a headlong battle charge,

And filled the night with roaring sound,  
Re-echoing from the hills afar,  
A hallowed stillness spread around,  
O'er wood, and wave, and beetling scaur.

The ponderous gates were shut and barred,  
As ever at the set of sun ;  
The roll was called, and changed the guard :  
In truth that task was easy done ;

For small in number was the band  
That formed our little garrison,  
Beneath Madame La Tour's command,  
Within that fort so wildly lone.

But she—our gentle lady dear,  
Our pride, our glory, and our boast!  
Oh, she was good and brave, as fair—  
Her angel presence was a host!

The flash of her commanding eye  
Gave each man's arm the might of ten;  
And each would gladly death defy,  
Her sweet approving smile to win.

'Twas but two years ago—as now,  
Sieur La Tour was on the seas,—  
She fierce D'Aulnay did humble low,  
Who vainly sought this fort to seize.

For long this region's curse he'd been  
Though sailing 'neath the *fleur de lys*,  
To war on women, murder men,—  
A robber fell on land and sea.

From Fort St. John he soon withdrew  
Before our scorning, dauntless dame,  
With shattered bark and worsted crew,  
To gnaw his dastard heart with shame.

And now, as going her evening round,  
With all a sage commander's care,  
More lightly tripped she o'er the ground ;  
More gay than wonted was her air ;

For she had heard, with joyous mien,  
That on the tide of Baie Française  
A solitary sail was seen  
To brighten in the sunset rays.

She fondly deemed that coming sail  
To her a loved one homeward bore,  
Long absent, tossed by sea and gale,—  
The husband of her heart, La Tour.

For him her tender heart was brave ;  
She loved the very earth he trod ;  
He was her world, to whom she clave ;—  
She held her husband next to God.—

'Tis dawn ; but not such morning-tide  
As we had guessed the eve before :  
Armed ships within our harbour ride,  
And armèd men are on the shore ;

But these are not the ships, or men,  
That sailed with Sieur La Tour away :  
Ah, no ; their vengeful chief we ken,—  
Accurst D'Aulnay de Charnisé !

Now quick the drum is beat to arms ;  
We run the flag of France on high ;  
The battle-fire each bosom warms  
And adds a light to every eye.

And forth our lady chieftain came,  
All fearless from her chaste alcove ;  
But first she snatched from duty's claim  
One moment for a mother's love ;—

One moment pressed her darling child,  
And kissed its slumbers with a tear ;  
One moment more from warfare wild—  
She breathed a brief impassioned prayer ;

Then to the ramparts hied in haste,  
To personate her absent lord,—  
A baldrick o'er her swelling breast,  
And by her side a pendent sword.

With glowing cheek, and eye that gleamed,  
And voice forbidding all alarm,  
Yet graceful, beautiful, she seemed  
A warrior in an angel form.

Her greeting from our gallant few  
Rang cheerily on the morning air ;  
They felt it joy to fight anew  
For one so good, and brave, and fair.—

Now dark D'Aulnay a parley seeks ;  
Demands surrender of the fort !  
But, ha ! soon back his herald takes  
An answer fearless, prompt, and short :—

“Madame will hold this Fort St. John,  
As she has held it once before,  
Despite of every robber loon,  
For France and for her lord, La Tour.”

Then fiercely bellow D'Aulnay's guns :  
And fast the crashing shot they throw :  
The fire along our rampart runs ;  
We give the assailants blow for blow.

The booming shot, the smoke, the yell,  
The thunder echoing from the wood,  
Create the tumult of a hell  
Where late was calm and solitude.

Three days D'Aulnay's beleaguering force  
Assailed our fort with might and main ;  
To every wiie he had recourse,—  
To fail again and yet again.

In vain his fiercest cannonade ;  
The battle storm we backward rolled :  
In vain the attempted escalade ;—  
We held the fort and still would hold.

No craven cry our lady heard,  
    Though small our band and sorely pressed ;  
One soul our every action spurred,—  
    Her lion's heart in woman's breast !

Yet there was one—we knew it not—  
    With cankering heart amidst us there,  
Who ever some dark, hellish thought,  
    Deep hidden in his bosom, bare.

I may not guess what dream he veiled  
    'Neath traitorous soul's dark panoply ;  
But aye methought our lady paled  
    When Ponce La Foret passed her by.—

'Twas Easter morn.—A sudden cry!—  
    Our every heart a moment quailed :—  
“The guard!—quick—ho!—the enemy  
    Our ditch and parapet have scaled!”

Too true: a rampart's coin they'd won,  
    With skulking treachery for their guide ;  
De Charnisé himself led on,  
    With Ponce—the traitor!—by his side.

With one wild shout of “Vive La Tour!”  
    We dash upon their bristling van ;  
Where waves our lady's sword before,  
    Herself unscathed by fiend or man.

Our headlong charge the foe appalled ;  
They shrank ; they staggered—turned for flight ;  
D'Aulnay a parley loudly called  
And waved the craven signal white.

He vaunted his o'erwhelming force ;  
Our stout defence, he said, was well ;—  
Our longer strife would end in worse ;  
He offered terms most honorable.

Our lady viewed, with pitying eye,  
Her band toil-worn, diminished ;  
With heaving breast and deep-drawn sigh,  
She slowly, sadly bowed her head.

Our keys surrendered, arms laid down,  
We—penned and prisoned helplessly ;—  
Then dark and vengeful was the frown  
Of stern D'Aulnay de Charnisé.

That demon in a human form,  
Dark-soul'd, incarnate treachery,—  
Now swore, with loud upbraiding storm,  
The prisoned garrison should die.

Then laid his fiendish claw on me ;  
Said one life only he would spare ;  
That *I*, of all the doomed, should be  
My comrades' executioner ;

ht;  
Because, he said with mocking grin,  
    To reward the worthy was his pride :  
My zeal and courage he had seen,  
    When fighting by my mistress' side.

My mistress, too, herself should grace  
    The spectacle so passing fair ;  
He hoped a smile would wreath her face ;—  
    She should a hempen necklace wear.—

What demon, born of deepest hell,  
    My soul in that dark hour possest  
With frenzy irresistible  
    To bow to D'Aulnay's stern behest ?

I had, in battle and in storm,  
    A thousand times confronted death ;  
But now—death wore a maddening form :  
    I shuddering breathed the craven's breath.

I did the deed I cannot name !  
    Oh, God ! that I should live to tell !  
I earned eternity of shame ;  
    I won the life that is a hell.

And she, dragged forth to bear D'Aulnay's  
    Curst master-stroke of torturing art—  
I could not—dare not meet her gaze,  
    Yet felt it burning in my heart.



No sound, no utterance, passed her lips,  
The while that awful deed was done,  
As if her soul were 'neath eclipse—  
Her beauteous form transformed to stone.

Then, with one long, loud, piercing shriek,  
That form upon the earth she cast.  
No more can D'Aulnay vengeance wreak :  
The heroine's heart has burst at last.

She sleeps by Ouangondy's tide,  
As sleep the good, the true, the brave,  
With those who for her fought and died,  
And with her found a happy grave ;

Whilst I—within my heart, a hell—  
Must still roam o'er the world alone,  
The story of my shame to tell,  
And mourn the heroine of St. John.

Pauline the ballad heard with flashing eye,  
Which told that in her bosom's gentleness  
The spirit slept of which heroines are made ;  
Then smiled her thanks for tribute paid her sex.  
"This ballad, too, suggests hypothesis,"  
Said Cuthbert. "Say not now: 'what might have  
been ;'

But had Madame LaTour but dared and died  
In station not obscure—in the eye of the world,—  
How would her fame ring down the aisles of time  
As worshipped memory! This '*would have been.*'

Her woman's name would brighten history's page  
With the Lucretias, Joans d'Arc, of fame ;  
For hers a heart all things to dare and do,  
When love and bounden duty waved her on ;  
Yet, even in our country's chequered annals,  
She, who so nobly battled, suffered, died,  
And sleeps 'betwixt the sea and wilderness,'  
Holds place unworthy of her virtue's due."  
Then followed rambling converse on "woman's  
sphere,"

The "intellectuality of sex,"  
The clashing theories of "woman's rights,"  
Which needless 'twere that I should reproduce.  
The sage conclusion, in which all concurred,  
Was this: that woman's task of life, like man's,  
Is, waiving rights, to dare to do, and do,  
With all the powers of her mind and heart,  
Whate'er the duty of the hour demands,  
Ignoring all cast-iron, social codes.

Augustin now caught up the note of song.  
A taciturn and sometimes gloomy youth  
Augustin was, who oft allotted studies  
Postponed for stolen draughts of mysticism  
From those who, of the old, or recent, times,  
Essay to draw the veil and formulate  
Upon the secrets of a spiritual world ;  
And thus the legend which he gave to verse  
Was colored with the tincture of his mind.

## THE HAUNTED OF PORT LA JOIE.

---

WHY doth old Marguerite shudder with awe  
In her ruinous home, here at Port La Joie,<sup>8</sup>  
    In the darkest hour of dreariest night ?  
Why dwelleth she here, so aged, alone ?  
What meaneth that smothered and tremulous moan ?  
    Why wander her eyes for an unseen light ?—  
    The distracted wind, like a hammer, falls  
With fitful blow on the old, rent walls,  
    Till they crack, and groan, and sway, and shiver ;  
Now the black volleys of maddest rain  
It hurls athwart the shattered pane ;  
    Now roars away like an ebbing river.  
There old Marguerite still crouches alone,  
On the broken floor, by the cold hearthstone,  
    And tremblingly signs the sign of the cross.  
'Tis not the terror of wind and storm  
That palsies her crouched and shrinking form ;  
That rustles her bleached and disheveled hair,  
As if Winter snow-drifts were eddying there :  
    Her dread is not earthly dread, alas !  
    A cold light over the cold room falls—

Through the fissured pane and the chinks in the  
walls,—

A ghastly glare from somewhere without,  
Brightening, and sinking, and swaying about :—  
Well Marguerite that dread light kenn'd—  
A lanthorn borne by a dead man's hand!—  
A sound of trampling!—distant—dull,  
Borne through the tempest's sudden lull;—  
A measured tramp;—it nearer comes,  
To the doleful beat of muffled drums.  
Stern words of command, too, Marguerite hears,  
In a tongue to recall other lands and years;  
Distinctly terrible all; they seem  
Like the sounds one hears in a nightmare dream,—  
Too low to waken the struggling sense,  
Yet laden with horror and woe intense.

In the earthly tempest's breathing time,  
On—on, like a Destiny, comes that tramp.  
And the drum's deep throb, and the dull, dead  
stamp.—

“Halt!—Front!—Load and prime!”—

That lowly tumultuous musketry rattle  
That catcheth away the listener's breath!  
More dread than the charge and the thunder of  
battle,

That muttering threat of the coming death,  
Like the warning sound of the fierce rattlesnake  
E'er its venomous spring from the covering brake.

“Make ready!—Present!”—in sepulchral tone.  
The cold light on the pane more bluey shone;  
Then a crashing, hollow, deadened sound,  
Like a chamber exploded beneath the ground;  
A smothered shriek and one long, low groan,  
Which tells that some awful deed is done;  
And the old house rocks, and door and sash  
Tremble and creak to the rumbling crash.  
Again through the surging storm is heard  
That thrilling, deep commanding word:—  
“Order arms!”—then a hollow thud,  
Like the falling clod on a coffin lid.  
That voice once more; and the ghastly light  
Has flickered and died in the gloom of night.—  
Again that slow funereal tramp,  
The muffled drum, and the hollow stamp,  
Slowly retreating, away and away,  
And th’ uproaring storm has resumed its sway;—  
And Marguerite’s prayer hath sunk to a moan,  
As she bows her head on the cold hearthstone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Full three-score years have come and gone  
O’er that skeleton house, there standing alone,  
Unenclosed and unsheltered, just without  
Where once there arose a stockaded redoubt,—  
A thing of the past by which France would awe  
The comers and dwellers at Port La Joie;—

Full three-score years since Marguerite  
First guided thither her weary feet,—  
Long weary years, and dreary abode  
For one of mortal flesh and blood.  
All Port La Joie will shuddering tell  
Of some awful deed that there befell ;  
Of unearthly sounds and sights to appal,  
In that lone old house, at even-fall ;  
Of doings that mingle with midnight storm  
To witness would curdle the life-blood warm.  
Like murderer's corpse on gibbet swaying,  
E'er unapproached by willing feet,  
All save the bravest heart dismayed,  
Is the dwelling lone of Marguerite.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis three-score years—ay, scarcely more,—  
Since Port La Joie's wide-winding shore,—  
As history and legend tell—  
Rang to the Micmac battle yell,  
What time a swarm of warriors swart  
Raved o'er the waters from Baie Verte,  
With all the quenchless hate inspired  
That dark Le Loutre's bosom fired,  
Allied with troops of France's crown,  
Led by Croisille de Montesson,  
Sweeping the English foe before,  
As tidal Fundy's foaming bore—  
Ensanguined wave by fury rid,—

Rolls o'er the sands of Cobequid,  
And sudden as that wave rolls back,  
Wreck-laden, on its scoured track,  
So fled the murderous Souriquois  
From sacked and pillaged Port La Joie.  
Yet did not Croisille's soldiery  
Back with their savage comrades hie,  
But staid to hold in garrison  
The post for which they'd fought and won.

But 'tis not England's late mischance,  
The triumph of the arms of France,  
Nor his own pride of victory,  
That brightens stern Croisille's dark eye ;  
Yet fierce the rapture is and grim  
Fate unexpected tenders him.

The cup of joy he now may quaff  
Foams with red vengeance deep and fell—  
With vengeance that might gladden hell,—

A joy to make the demons laugh.  
The master-passion of his soul  
At last hath stumbled on its goal,  
Long longed for, but desired in vain ;  
Long-brooding, rankling, raging hate,  
At last, he, to the full may sate ;

And he will do the deed of Cain !

The mockery of trial's o'er ;  
The judge hath sentenced Isidore

To death and to dishonoured tomb,—  
The traitor's and deserter's doom.  
With English prisoners just seized,  
Straight Isidore was recognized  
As one who France allegiance owes,  
Yet mingles with his country's foes.  
'Tis vain to plead that war's mischance  
Has thrown him 'mid the foes of France :  
Slim pretext e'er needs passions' thirst,—  
And passion phrenzied—at its worst—  
    To snatch the slaking cup presented :  
Dorante, all ravening, grasped his prey ;—  
One faltering hour might snatch away  
    The draught for which his bosom panted.  
The fettered prisoner's visage showed  
No suppliant in abasement bowed,  
    Sweet mercy's gift of life to crave :  
To scowling brows he flung back scorn ;  
Defiance, too, of hatred born,  
    The victim to his doomsman gave.  
Though all who saw the twain would swear  
One mother's womb that twain did bear ;  
    Yet neither spake the name of " brother " :  
As if their hate with life was bred,  
Through ages long inherited,  
    Each scowled his rancor on the other.—



Forth is the prisoner led to his doom,  
In the bellowing storm and the night's deep gloom ;  
Lest a merciful fate, ere the new-born day,  
May spirit the murderer's revenge away :—  
And 'tis not meet such a deed of dread  
In the light of heaven be consummated !—  
To his cold bed of death, unconfessed and unshriven,  
Still to one unforgiving, by one unforgiven,  
Beyond the redoubt and the stockaded yard,  
The prisoner is led by executioner guard.  
He hears the dull tramp of their funeral march,  
As already they trod o'er his grave's low arch,  
And the words of command,—deep, hollow, and  
hoarse—

To make of his manhood a quivering corse.—  
Now 'tis *Halt* and *Make ready* : the dark lanthorn's  
light

Flashes full on his face with its sickening glare :  
'Tis the face of a spectre, so terribly white,  
Evoked from the darkness and death-laden air ;  
Whilst the black rains upon and around him fall,  
As to wrap him already in funeral pall.  
He stands erect, with lofty scorn  
On curling lip, in flashing eye ;  
As he the gift of life would spurn,  
And held e'en death in mockery.

The last commanding word he hears—  
The last shall greet his mortal ears :  
'Tis given, and quick—a crashing volley—  
A sudden start—one moment's rally—  
He falls—with one convulsive shiver,  
The victim's soul hath passed forever.

In that one moment, of life the last,  
What far-drawn vision of the past  
Shot, with the bullet, through his brain ?  
And, by some secret sympathy,  
The gazing murderer's inward eye  
Knew all that vision's surging pain ;  
As if the intensity of hate—  
As love's excess draws mate to mate—  
Had made community of soul,  
In that dread ecstasy compelling  
Twain memories of thought and feeling  
In one tumultuous stream to roll.—  
The lightning flash of memory  
Recalled to murderer's, victim's eye  
A vision bright of lands afar,  
By castled banks of sunny Loir ;—  
Two brothers skipping o'er the lea,  
All happiness and lamb-like glee,  
With laughing eye and ringing voice  
To make e'en wrinkled care rejoice ;

Or, hand in hand, in graver mood,  
As if their linked brotherhood  
Begot too deep a tenderness  
For childhood's language to express:—  
Those brothers when maturer years  
Brought manlier sports, less childish cares,  
And passion's young and fitful flame  
A deep and fervid glow became,—  
Launched on that chaos called *the world*,  
And 'mid its myriad votaries whirled  
Through Pleasure's fluttering, dizzying round,  
In Fashion's grateful meshes bound ;  
Yet, still, 'mid every heartless crew,  
As brother dear to brother, true :  
Anon, within a lofty hall,  
The sunlight streams, through windows tall,  
Upon the twain, with faces pale,  
Bewraying, or portending, bale,  
With eyes—no longer softly bright  
With love-fraternal's gentle light—  
Bloodshot with rage and flashing fire  
Of deep, relentless, quenchless ire,  
And cursing lips, and writhing brows,  
Each pressing each with phrenzied blows,  
Till only a mother's wailing prayer  
Prevails a double life to spare ;  
The while a beauteous maid stands by,

With wicked smile and mocking eye,—  
A form whose wiles and witching grace  
Might win an angel from his place  
In Heaven; then leave him passion-tost,  
To writhe among the eternal lost.—

That maid, with smile so bitter-sweet,  
Yet may have once been Marguerite.

Gone is that vista through the past,  
Like meteor o'er the night sky streaming ;  
And one Croisille is past all dreaming :  
The other, overwhelmed at last  
With wakened love and fell remorse,  
Lies groaning on a murdered corse.—

A wretched shred of miscalled life,—  
Of inward torture, outward strife,  
And prayers that hissed with savageness  
Availed not for that bosom's peace ;  
When he and all his blood-stained band  
Were wrecked on Anticosti's strand ;—  
There knew the judgment meet of Heaven,  
To life's last desperation driven,  
In madness God and man defied,  
And on each other preyed and died.

\* \* \* \*

The name *Croisille* is heard no more  
On Port La Joie's now peaceful shore ;

Nor ever seen the flag of France  
O'er all that haven's fair expanse.  
But still there dwells a lonely one  
Within the precinct of the town,  
Whom fame connects, in untold ways,  
With mysteries of other days.

She seems a female anchorite :—  
Her rambling dwelling's weedy site,  
Hard by where stood the old stockade,  
Now long prostrated and decayed ;  
But whence she came, or when, or how,  
Not wisest gossips feign to know.  
Her lofty majesty of mien  
Might well become an exiled queen ;  
Her face, her wealth of silver'd hair,  
Are wrecks of beauty wondrous rare ;  
Her soft low voice, her gentle grace,  
The sweetness of her pale, pale face,  
Denote a soul sublimed, subdued,  
Yet still a bosom lacerated,  
A shrouded heart that ever bled,  
A grief pursuing and pursued ;  
And ever her dark, brooding eye  
Seems seeking visions far away ;  
And when her lips e'en wear a smile,  
It seemeth not the bloom of gladness,  
But complaisance's harmless guile,  
Or ev'n as if she smiled through sadness.

There dwells she lone, in humble weeds,  
 Immersed in prayers and pious deeds ;  
 And though her melancholy brow  
 And gentle voice, so soft and low,  
 Might seem to yearn for sympathy,  
 And tempt her mystery to descry,  
 Some numbing presence 'round her flung  
 Checks every curious, prying tongue ;  
 And there is sealed in every breast

    Some secret thought, some memory,  
 That will not—cannot be expressed,  
 Or known, but to the All-seeing Eye.—

And ever as the changeful years  
 She spent in penances and prayers,—  
 And e'er as Time his tremors shed  
 Upon her bowed and snowy head,—  
 And awful sights and sounds were known  
 To float around her dwelling lone,  
 More dark, and deep, and dread, became  
 The mystery clinging to her name,  
 Till speech was hushed and cheeks grew white  
 E'en at the name of *Marguerite*,

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Marguerite's last prayer is said ;  
 And she is numbered with the dead :  
 The secret of her life she gave  
 That greater mystery, the grave :

Whate'er her grief, whate'er her sin,  
'Tis all as she had never been,—  
Her life, her death, her name forgot,—  
The inevitable human lot!  
That lonely, rambling, dreaded pile,—  
Her solitary home erewhile—  
Hath disappeared from mortal ken:  
New generations of new men  
Have spread their homes, for many a rood,  
Around and o'er where once it stood.  
There rolls the busy city tide  
From early morn till eventide;  
And yet around that haunted spot<sup>9</sup> —  
Wherefore, unknown, or long forgot—  
'Tis said whene'er the cheerful light  
Has passed into the gloom of night,  
Then living men become aware  
Of presences that fill the air,  
Although unseen, yet felt with dread,  
As spirits of the unhappy dead;  
And hear unearthly sounds which thrill  
The bosom with an icy chill.  
But most when midnight storms prevail;—  
Then, 'mid the tempest's roar and wail,  
A light, as of a charnel lamp,  
Spreads 'round a fitful, ghastly glare;  
And then is heard the funereal tramp

Of armed men in the troubled air  
Coming—coming—steady—slowly,  
    Bringing the sense of a coming doom,  
And the muffled 'drum, so melancholy,  
    Beating the march that leads to the tomb ;—  
The command, not given by earthly breath,  
To the dead to renew the deed of death,  
    And the ominous rattle of musketry ;  
Then a gleam that is not the lightning's flash ;  
Then, hollow and deep, a volleying crash,  
    And a harrowing shriek goes up to the sky,—  
A shriek, as of a parting soul  
    Which murderer's hands have winged to flight,—  
A cry of more than earthly dole  
    That shudders through the gloom of night,  
Curdling that gloom with horror ;—then  
The midnight storm roars on again.

Augustin's legend evoked, amid its praise,  
Much talk of weirdly apparitions, ghosts,  
And presences occult, more like the strain  
With which we shade the gloom of Winter's night,  
Than suited to the glorious, golden light  
And laughing breeze of Summer afternoon.  
But chiefly Frank—"the dreadful child" oft called—  
The wit and wag of all our company—  
With new found gravity converse prolonged,



Affecting movement keen and awe profound  
At this wild tale of glamourie,—  
So guileless seeming 'twere difficult to guess  
If his emotion real were, or feigned.

“'Twould seem,”—here Cuthbert said,—“our  
friends have all

Eschewed, as burden of their numbered lays,  
What we, too rashly, ‘the tender passion’ call.  
Of Love, co-ordinate with passion’s self,—  
Which doubtless woke the first song of first of bards.  
As 't will the last of poet’s latest lay—  
Of Love itself, who can say aught that’s new?  
Yet will I tell a tale of faithful love,  
Adversity defying, sealed in death.”

BERTRAM AND MADELEINE,

A LEGEND OF PORT ROYAL.

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How sweet the Summer night o'er Port Royal !<sup>10</sup>  
From where uprears the sombre mountain wall  
Its rampart line against the Northern sky,  
O'er valley, stream, and bastion'd promont'ry,  
To nearer swelling of the Southern hills,  
Repose in ecstasy the evening fills !  
A tenuous vapor, born of sunset beams,—  
So thinly blue, reflected sky it seems,  
Or evening's breath suspended in mid air—  
Rests floatingly upon that valley fair.  
The haven's self, a sea of diamond light ;  
More brilliant in its rim of darkling night,  
Untroubled lies, not e'en by night-breeze kissed,  
But dimpling with the fulness of its breast,  
Flashing and sparkling, as if with beams its own  
Coruscant to outvie the westering moon.  
And through that fertile vale its stream adown,  
To fortress'd hill and little, clustering town,  
There floats the odor sweet of tedded hay,  
From fields that slumber since the sweltering day.  
Voiceless the night and soundless, saving where

A bell's low tinkle floats upon the air  
From distant fields where rest the dozing herd,  
Or cricket lonely chirping from the sward :  
With lighter step the sentry walks his round,  
As loath to mar the silence so profound.

Such calm, such perfect peace now reign around  
Port Royal,—Cape, and Bay, and bastioned mound,  
Imagination scarce can dream that e'er  
The demon, War, had raged through carnage there ;  
Yet o'er this lovely spot, first chosen home  
By either race beyond the Atlantic foam,  
Have Gaul and Albion for a century warred,  
As pledge of empire, victory's reward.  
No other spot in all the Western world  
So oft hath seen the battle flag unfurled ;<sup>11</sup>  
So often been the battering cannon's targe ;  
So oft the goal of headlong battle charge ;  
So often heard the Indian war-whoop dread,  
Or been by spoilers' ruthless hands bested ;  
So often borne, in war's alternate chance,  
The flag of England and the flag of France.

E'en now this fortress, late by England won,  
Is girt by toils to England's sons unknown ;  
And danger lurks in every neighbouring wood,  
Where all seems peace and silent solitude.  
For now within the coasts of Acadie  
There bideth one with ever watchful eye

To note whatever England's power befall ;  
Of all her foes the most implacable ;  
Heir of the daring, subtlety, and fire,  
As of the name and title of his sire,—  
That errant noble from the Pyrenees,  
Who chose a home beyond the Western seas,  
And scorning love-conventional's duress,  
Espoused a daughter of the wilderness ;—  
Whom Abeniqui and Armouchequois,  
The patient Etchemin, fierce Souriquois,  
Alike obeyed, to serve through flood and fire,  
To reverence his wish, to dread his ire ;  
Less France's subject than her firm ally,  
New England's dread, the scourge of Acadie ;  
A chief of Sachems chosen, yet no less  
The very tyrant of the wilderness ;  
Whose name, through years of blood, a spell had  
    been

To friend and foe—the Baron de Saint Castine.<sup>12</sup>  
He left, as chief, to rule his savage state,  
Heir of his own and of his nation's hate,  
To revel, like himself, in strife and slaughter,  
This son of Sachem Madockwando's daughter.

Where Dauphin river, opening to the port,<sup>13</sup>  
First laves the seaward glacis of the fort,  
A bark canoe slides down the oozy bank

All stealthily, 'mid grasses tall and rank,  
And takes the dimpling wave as noiselessly  
As wild-duck stealing from the fowler's eye :  
As noiseless, too, its solitary guide  
His paddle dips within the ebbing tide.  
Then Southward, close beneath the bank he steers,  
Lest some sharp sentry's eye, that seaward peers.  
The skiff across that shimmering path descry  
The lowering moon flings to his lightened eye.  
When slowly, softly passed the fort, away  
The lone adventurer speeds him o'er the bay ;  
With strong and rapid stroke the paddle plies,  
The light canoe, as waked from slumber, flies,  
The water skimming like the wingèd swift,  
When glancing downward from the Summer lift  
To brush, with feathered breast, the placid wave :  
The tide scarce seems the flying bark to lave.  
Soon Biencourville's low isle <sup>14</sup> is left behind ;  
Nor e'er his arrowy course he once restrained  
Till sweeping round, 'twixt hills and woodlands tall,  
He floated on the tide of L'Original.<sup>15</sup>  
More softly dips the swift-propelling blade ;  
The wanderer courts the lofty shore's deep shade,  
And slowly follows up the narrowing gorge  
To where the stream's impetuous discharge,  
Rushing and brawling from the mountain side,  
Is lapped to slumber in the briny tide.

There lands the voyager, 'neath forest dark,  
And tenderly takes up his fragile bark,  
Conceals it 'mid the brush and branching ferns,  
Then towards the bosom of the hills he turns,  
With stealthy step, quick ear, and peering eye,  
And plunges 'neath the sombre canopy.

Who speedeth thus away from fort and town,  
To brave the dangers of the woods alone?  
And what the cause of this mysterious flight,  
Beneath the covering wing of silent night?  
'Tis Bertram, darling of the garrison  
Of Port Royal, than whom no braver son  
Of England, or her New World daughters true,  
E'er faced a foeman, or a weapon drew.  
With senses all alert and prescience keen,  
And ever loyal heart to serve his Queen;  
Mayhap too rash, e'er foremost in the attack,  
He e'en loved danger for the danger's sake;  
Yet spotless his honor as his sword was bright—  
He was the beau ideal of a knight.  
With ripened manhood's culture, he, in sooth,  
Still wore the form—had all the fire—of youth:  
That fire it is which tempts him thus to rove;—  
His steps are guided by the light of love!—  
That passion which has overmastered all  
That ever held the human soul in thrall,  
E'er since the world emotional's young prime,—  
As e'er it will until the end of time;

Melts hardest heart and maddens strongest brain ;  
Life's greatest bliss ; yet oft, alas ! its bane ;—  
With bond and free alike invincible—  
In gorgeous palace, as in lowliest cell ;  
Which bursts through chains and bars, and laughs  
with scorn  
At every warning thought of reason born ;  
Which mocks at danger, defying death—the grave—  
Perdition's self—the loved to win, or save.

Who glideth forth from wildwood-fashioned cell,  
At midnight hour, in forest's deepest dell ?  
With listening air, she now a moment stands :  
Near by, upon the ground, the smouldering brands  
Just flashing up a transitory glare,—  
A flood of splendor 'mid the darkling air—  
Reveal a maiden figure lithe and tall,  
The fulness of maturity withal,—  
More graceful form of perfect symmetry  
Ne'er charmed an artist's, or a lover's, eye.  
The dusky tint that overspreads her cheek,  
Enriching all its blushes, may bespeak,  
Or kindred to these wildwoods' native fair,  
Or long exposure to the sun and air.  
The deep, rich crimson of her parted lips  
May e'en the budding tamarac eclipse :  
Black as the night that spreads around, her hair,  
In linkèd braids, is ribanded with care.

There is refinement chisel'd in that face,—  
In every outline gentleness and grace ;  
Yet there is something in her lofty air  
Which says her fired heart will all things dare ;  
And oh, beneath the living, liquid light  
Of those dark eyes, now peering into night—  
'Neath all their witching, melting tenderness,  
Which now irradiates her anxious face,  
There slumber yet more active fires, which tell  
Of passions, wakened once, invincible ;  
By weal, or woe, alike intensified—  
A marching torrent, strong as Fundy's tide.

Her garb is that of daughters of the wild ;  
But such as civilization's cultured child,  
With tissues rich, but decoration chaste,  
Would deftly fashion to the eye of taste.  
From dainty moccasin to raven tress,  
She seems a Princess of the Wilderness.—  
But seems ? Nay, is ; that maid is Madeleine,  
The Sister of young Sieur de Saint Castine.

Her guard of dusky warriors lie around,  
In attitudes relaxed, upon the ground ;  
As e'er their savage wont, no watch they keep ;—  
Their mistress' eye alone hath banished sleep.  
'Tis not to list for step of prowling foe  
She wanders forth with noiseless step and slow ;  
'Tis not, with yearning breast, to gaze on high,  
Where sister stars are twinkling lovingly ;



'Tis not to list the note of whip-poor-will,  
That whistles lonely from the neighbouring hill ;  
And yet some impulse irresistible  
Her footsteps leads adown that woodland dell,—  
A moving shadow now amid the shade,  
Now lending radiance to moonlit glade,  
And pausing frequently with listening ears.  
At length a well remembered note she hears.  
As of a night-bird's low and lonely cry,  
But seldom heard beneath Acadia's sky.—  
It is the signal dear :—away, alarms !  
Now Madeleine is in her Bertram's arms.

    Their tale is one which hath been often told,  
In many a song and history of old ;  
As oft it will, while throbs the human breast,  
And love infatuated builds her nest  
Midst bristling thorns and venomous weeds of hate,  
The harsh world scorning and defying fate.—  
In time now past, for once had Bertram's star  
Proved inauspicious ; and he, by chance of war,  
Was taken in a treacherous ambushade,  
By hands of French and Abenaki laid.  
The exultant foe his wounded prisoner bore  
To that famed spot, by broad Penobscot's shore,  
Where Saint Castine, within his dreaded fort,  
Long held baronial, semi-savage court,

With many an errant son of French *noblesse*,  
And fiercer nobles from the wilderness ;  
Where chivalry with savagery combined,  
Each interpenetrating the other's kind.

There Bertram first saw Madeleine's dark eye  
And, seeing, knew he met his destiny.  
She saw in him the flower of soldierhood,  
And admiration fired her warrior blood ;  
She saw him prisoned, wounded, in sore unrest,  
And yearnful pity moved her woman's breast ;  
Soon ruth and admiration love bewray,  
As rain and sunshine bring the flowers of May.  
She tended him with kindest care and skill,  
A prisoner favoured, though a prisoner still ;  
His restless captors often came and went,  
On warlike schemes and desperate raids intent ;  
Yet Bertram staid, a captive and a guest,  
In Fort Pentagoet and Madeleine's breast.

There was a winning witchery in her grace,  
As of the maidens of her father's race,  
But with that unrestrained simplicity  
Which scorns the shallow arts of coquetry  
And gives to love untrammelled all love's due,—  
A heart all loyal, undefiled, and true,  
But welling up with passions deep and wild—  
Which proved the blood of Madockwando's child.  
She little recked that all who shared her blood

Held Bertram one of an accursed brood,  
Whom none of them, or theirs, could ever know  
As aught save their uncompromising foe.  
As little Bertram recked the lofty scorn  
With which his haughty kindred, gentle born,  
Would gaze on Madeleine, his dusky bride,  
His Indian Princess, and his bosom's pride.  
They both, ignoring all futurity,  
Lived in what is,—not for what is to be.

When Bertram was by late cartel restored  
Once more to wield his own and country's sword,  
Their parting glance concealed from others' eyes  
Their inmost souls' united agonies,—  
As 'neath unclouded face of trackless snow  
The winter torrent boils and raves below.  
For each a heavenly sun had set in gloom ;  
Yet madly each defied the seeming doom,  
And fondly hoped—nay, inly vowed amain,  
Their light of life and love *should* rise again.

No marvel 'twas that fearless Madeleine,  
The favoured sister of young Saint Castine,  
Should hold that restless brother company  
In roaming thus the wilds of Acadie ;  
For she with Saint Castine—both sire and son—  
Had oft before on expedition gone.  
Though cultured as became a baron's child,  
She loved the freedom of the forest wild :

She with a huntress' eye could draw the bow,  
And skillfully could guide the light canoe ;  
Well, too, the dusky warriors she could sway ;  
They loved her father's daughter to obey.  
Her message covert and mysterious sign,—  
Which keenest intellect could ne'er divine,  
Unless long used a forest life to rove,  
And tutored by the vigilance of love—  
Have guided Bertram to the secret dell  
Where now they meet with joy ineffable.

Vain task, beyond the eloquence of art,  
To paint the scene, when heart meets loving heart  
Long severed, still with danger girt around,  
But now as one in long embraces bound ;—  
The voice most musical, the long-drawn kiss,  
The twofold transports of commingled bliss,  
The fond caress whose thrillings never pall,  
The elysian atmosphere suffusing all :—  
Who e'er hath truly loved must truly know  
How vain the attempt its mad delight to show ;  
And ill as vain ; for e'er the bower of love  
Should to the world a sacred precinct prove.—

When,—Where,—and how were they to meet  
again ?—

Saint Castine might return—she knew not when.  
That brother—ever on a restless round—  
Had late departed,—first to Minas bound :

His movements were uncertain as the wind,  
And might to parts more distant still extend,—  
To rouse the Micmacs and dull *Habitants*  
To strike a blow for Acadie and France.—  
These *Habitants*—here Bertram caught the word,  
Were now forthwith to carry out the accord  
As pledged by Subercase, in written terms,  
When Port Royal succumbed to British arms,  
And he himself was one of armèd band  
Who, two days hence, and by express command,  
Should progress make along the Dauphin side,  
To enforce the rights by treaty guaranteed.—

A start—and silence instantaneous—hush!—  
A soft, low whisper, as of rustling bush ;  
The snapping of a tiny twig, so faint  
That scarce perceptible the sound it lent.  
Like statues twain, in silence long they stood :  
No further sounds disturbs the solitude :  
'Twas but some curious squirrel, or vagrant owl,  
Careering cautiously on nightly prowl.  
Yet lurking dangers may around them tend :  
Their hour of stolen ecstasy must end.  
In silence was their parting ; breast to breast,  
In true love's silent eloquence, they kissed  
Again and yet again, with lingering eye ;  
Then turning glided 'midst the gloom away.—

With anxious eye the maiden glances 'round  
Where lie her warrior guard in sleep profound :  
One dusky form that eye may seek in vain :  
The hours speed on, he cometh not again,—  
Fierce Loron, grim, and deep, and dark of soul,  
With danger ever in his sullen scowl.  
Now whither gone, by sudden mission prest ?—  
A dread misgiving fills her troubled breast.

'Tis day at Port Royal : from fort and town  
The morning mist, which, but an hour agone,  
Dawn-generated, like a silver fleece,  
Held all the valley in its close embrace,  
Is rent and lifted, floating o'er the hills  
And journeying to homes of distant rills.  
The Summer sun his golden splendour pours  
Along the Dauphin river's meadowy shores,  
E'en making visible the fervid glare  
That floats and trembles on the breezeless air,  
Till, o'er the simmering valley's still expanse,  
All life seems melted into breathless trance.  
The boats that on the yellow Dauphin ride  
Float gently upwards with the rising tide ;  
So faint the stroke the drowsy rowers make,  
That scarce a ripple follows in their wake.  
That little armament was blithe and gay,  
And rang with many a laugh and wordy play,  
When first, this morn, it sailed from Port Royal.

Though not oblivious of duty's call  
The armèd band that small flotilla bore—  
Of all the fort's brave garrison the flower,—  
Yet now the laugh, the jest, the tale, are done ;—  
E'en spirits most effusive, one by one,  
Have sunk in dreamy languor 'neath the blaze  
Of that high Summer sun's overpowering rays.

The boats are drawn within a brimming creek :  
A season brief of grateful rest to seek,  
All hands, oppressed by noontide lassitude,  
Make feeble haste to gain the inviting wood.  
The arms are piled ; accoutrements unbraced ;  
And all deliciously the coolness taste.  
In bowered grotts of deepest greenery,  
They lounge in straggling groups, composed and free ;  
More active some the craved refreshment bring,  
Or seek cool waters from the bubbling spring ;  
Whilst some, apart, alone, with closed eye,  
On fragrant ferns, or softest mosses, lie,  
To list the hot cicada, twanging shrill,  
Or soothing music of the tinkling rill,  
Or all the soul to revery release—  
To dreams of distant home, and love, and peace.—

A sudden roar, as of a marching storm !—  
Oh, death and terror, in most hideous form !—  
A rushing through the startled wood—a yell,  
As of a host of demons burst from hell !  
The rattle and the crash of musketry ;

And quick the shriek of dying agony!—  
Too well that Indian war-whoop dread is known:  
'Tis Saint Castine who leads the assailants on;  
And, fiercely bounding through the smoke and brake,  
With eyes aflame their burning wrath to slake,  
And brandished tomahawk, and vengeful cry,  
They hurl themselves upon their helpless prey.  
The flashing hatchet crashes through the brain;  
The gory scalping-knife insults the slain;—  
Like sudden whirlwind is the dreadful charge;  
Unchecked the savages their vengeance gorge;  
Surprised and stunned, their unarmed English foe  
Are vanquished e'er they scarce can strike a blow;  
To strive is hopeless and to fly is vain;  
Who either ventures mingles with the slain.

Yet still a scattered, struggling few there were  
Who fought with all the courage of despair;  
And there, with dauntless front, still Bertram stood,  
With red right arm and keen sword dripping blood;  
The gasping forms around him prostrate laid  
Proclaimed how well he bore that venging blade;  
Yet, tottering now and faint from many a wound,  
Assailant new in Saint Castine he found,  
Whose death-winged tomahawk is raised on high—

What sudden shadow flits o'er Bertram's eye?  
'Tis Madeleine who, like a flash of light,  
Glides through the dread turmoil and thickest fight; —;



With one raised arm the death-blow to arrest,  
The other clasps her Bertram to her breast:—  
“Stay, stay!— dear Heaven!— brother!— Saint  
Castine!

Oh, stay thy hand; and be this prisoner mine.”

The chieftain's arm drops harmless to his side:  
He stands, in sore amazement petrified:  
Brief time had he, in that emotion's storm,  
To call the chaos of his thoughts to form—

A puff—a flash, from yonder thicket where,  
With quenchless hate, dark Loron's eyeballs glare;  
Swift speeds the hissing bullet on its path;  
It bears upon its wings a double death:  
That missile, like the love they lived upon,  
Hath two quick throbbing hearts transpierced as one.

In that winged moment which, 'twixt life and  
death,

Recalled a life-time with a passing breath;  
When all the memories of past joy and pain  
Came quick careering thorough either brain,  
Experiences of struggling hopes and fears—  
The uprisen spectres of departed years;  
Unlike all else, such heavenly radiance shone  
O'er that brief past since blent their souls in one,  
That death no terror bore to either heart.  
Since, linked by death, they never more should part.  
One moment she in Bertram's eyes gazed on  
The dying love-light mirrored from her own,

And smiled, and murmuring,—“ 'tis well—'tis well,”—  
They tottered—closer pressed—and dying fell.

*'Tis well*, indeed !—to 'scape the trembler's  
doom ;

To see no horror in the gaping tomb ;  
To end, in one brief moment, dread and dole,  
Commingling life-blood as they mingle soul,  
And shun that dreary desert of the heart,—  
A life bereft of all life's dearer part ;  
The world and all its vanities to brave,  
And wed in peace, though wedded in the grave ;  
To live that changeless love that lives forever,  
And blends in one the gifted and the giver.

War's gory surges long have ebbed away  
From every shore and vale of Acadie :  
The Micmac's prowess, which had long bestrode  
The White Man's zenith like a thunder-cloud,  
Hath, like that cloud when all its fury spent—  
By suicidal lightnings gashed and rent,—  
Been rolled unheeded from the brightening sky,  
A waning shadow on the memory.  
Time's e'er-creating, e'er-destroying hand  
Hath made Acadia's self another land.  
Where erst were field and hamlet scattered wide,  
By many a river's fertilizing tide,  
Recalling quaintly to the ear and eye

An old Bretagne, Poitou, or Normandie,  
Another race have spread—another tongue—  
Unlike as from another planet flung ;  
And peaceful arts and labour's busy hand  
Have spread a brightening glory o'er the land :  
All, all is changed ; even spots most famed, no more  
Now bear the names which once they proudly bore.

And Madeleine and Bertram, side by side,  
Sleep the long sleep, hard by the Dauphin's tide—  
That placid sleep which never waking knows  
To life's corroding cares and torturing woes ;  
The violets, by Spring's first warm rain sent,  
Their oft renewed and lowly monument.  
The wind-harp, wailing through the chambered grove,  
Breathes o'er their grave the requiem of love ;  
And oft the maidens of the neighbouring vale  
Recount full tenderly their simple tale,  
And point, with melting eye and lowered breath,  
Where Madeleine and Bertram wed in death.

We all bewailed the lovers' piteous case ;  
But chief Pauline maintained, it was too sad  
That love so faithful thus should terminate,  
E'en though perturbèd in its fated course.  
" Ah, no ! " said Cuthbert, " their fate was typical.  
These blissful issues of which romancers tell  
Are merely pictures drawn by kindly art  
To win the gaze of sufferers forlorn

From dwelling ever upon dismal fact.  
Stern disappointment is the rule of life ;  
Our happiest thoughts are those we know in  
dreams."

"'Tis strange," said Madam, as in self-commune,  
" How often youth sees more of gloom in life  
Than darks the experienced eyes of wrecked three-  
score !"

Here Frank impressively attention claimed :  
Then, with most solemn mien and stirring tone,—  
Though with a roguish twinkle in his eye—  
He told this weirdly tale of Glamourie.—

## THE LAST WITCH OF SHUBENACADIE.

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TIME was, e'er Steam, with hands Briarean,  
And men whose faith is Nothing-arian—  
Which never mystery acknowledges—  
And Science, with its thousand ologies,  
And hot-house schools, and sapient colleges,  
Had scared from their propriety  
All Black Art and deft Glamourie ;—  
Ere fay and goblin had levanted  
From every weirdly den they haunted,  
Till even ghosts no longer stalk  
In ancient church-yard's weediest walk,  
Or, restive, nightly hover where  
Their murdered bodies are—or were,—  
In atmosphere of whitey-blue,  
As honest ghosts had used to do.  
They now, like morning callers, knocking  
(Familiarity quite shocking!  
Of that degree which breeds contempt,  
From which e'en sprites are not exempt)  
To let us know of their arrival ;—  
The latest "spiritual world's revival"

Discuss, or prate of joys and labours,—  
Or else talk scandal of their neighbours  
In heaven, or the other place,—  
And tell whose damned, or gotten grace.

Time was, then, even in this same land,  
We enjoyed our terrors at first hand.  
No pretext had we e'er to choose  
Consort with foreign bug-a-boos,  
Importing from beyond the seas  
And Old World sorcery-factories.  
We had them all, from *A* to *izzard*,—  
Ghost goblin, fairy, witch, and wizard—  
All home-bred here and native,—what you call  
The occult order supernatural.

Those *palmy* days—whate'er that means—  
Of errant elves and witching queans  
Nowhere produced a surer crop  
Of mischief from the devil's shop;  
Nowhere have oftener goblins reveled,  
Nor beasts domestic got bedeviled,  
Nor imps, by hell's dark guile polluted,  
For sinless babes, been substituted;

Nowhere did witch with more alacrity  
E'er mount her broomstick for a steed,  
And hie away o'er hill and mead,  
To hurry up some hellish deed,—  
Than by the banks of Shubenacadie.<sup>17</sup>

Now all this Dalton Moore well knew,  
And many a wondrous legend, too,  
Of ghastly deeds and witches' pranks  
About that river's haunted banks.  
Not that *he* dreaded mystic evil :  
He swore he feared not man, or devil ;—  
He had a secret of his own  
Would foil the most malicious crone  
That practiced under hell's diploma.  
But 'twas a secret he had won  
From a wandering Saint Crispin's son,—  
From County Clare—near Ballycroma—  
At Conley's tavern, one glorious night,  
When, after a doubly gallant fight,  
To prove their friendship was true-hearted,  
Brave Dalton stood a pint of rum,  
And, imposing oaths to keep it *wum*,  
The witch-specific Dan imparted.  
Yet Dalton, in his mildest mood,  
Was death upon the whole witch brood,  
And ever scorned, and jeered, and baited  
All scraggy beldams, whom he hated,  
Believing in his inmost heart,  
They practiced Satan's own Black Art.  
Most odious butt of his suspicion,  
His frequent wrath, and eke derision,  
Was Peggy Boan—oft forenamed "Granny"—  
Whom more than Dalton thought "uncanny ;"

For she was all that makes *the crone*,—  
Old, toothless, wrinkled ; dwelt alone ;  
In herbs and nostrums much she prided ;  
And when she wandered forth she guided  
Her steps decrepit with a crutch.—  
What more was wanted for a witch ?

*Scene* : nightfall by the river's shore ;  
There present, *solus*, Dalton Moore ;  
A caldron, empty, huge—some brands  
Still smoking on the pasty sands ;  
An agèd shallop, battered, scarred,  
Whose seams have just been newly tarred ;  
For Moore—good man—could turn his hand  
To work at sea as well 's on land.  
To him arrives old Peggy Boan,  
Just toddling homeward, quite alone,  
From cosy tea and clack at will  
With Goody Mason, back o' the hill.—

“ So, ho ! there ”—Dalton *loquitur*—  
“ You muttering old Jezebel,  
You've come to try some cursed spell  
Upon my schooner's new fit-out !—  
Your beauty 't would improve, no doubt,  
To paint it with this nice warm pitch,”  
He twirled his pitch-mop like a switch  
And made a savage “ poke ” at her.—



Good Lord ha' mercy! What is this?—  
Moore heard a most demoniac hiss,  
And in an instant nerveless sank ;—  
To all his senses all was blank.—

What next? Reviving with a shiver,  
He, wondering, found himself afloat  
Upon the rushing, roaring river,—  
And not on raft, canoe, or boat,

But in such devilish craft as never  
Till now e'er mortal went to sea in ;  
For, face to face and knee to knee in,  
With one he deemed the Devil's harlot,—  
In that huge caldron, late his tar-pot,  
He found himself.—Dread plight to be in !

Now to right twirling,  
Now to left whirling,  
With a dizzying, confusing, dumbfoundering motion ;  
Anon undulating,  
Whilst yet sinuating,  
Still wended its way the boiler towards ocean—  
Without paddle, or oar, as if by its own wish—  
Still wound its way through this infernal schottische.

“ Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho !  
Merrily with the tide we go.—  
My hour of doom  
Will soon have come ;  
But this might power is given to me :

My hour of doom  
Is not yet come—

One night for vengeance and for glee!"

Thus sang the beldam, Peggy Boan—  
Her song was laugh, and shriek, and groan ;  
Whilst in the caldron Moore and she  
Crouched, face to face and knee to knee.  
The devils' answering, laughing roars,  
From rocks and woods along the shores,  
Poor Dalton heard and shrank aghast,  
His soul with speechless dread o'ercast.  
He felt his very blood run cold,  
As on the cursed caldron bowled  
By gypsum cliff so ghastly white,  
From which poor ruined Maggie Knight  
Sprang headlong with her base-born child—  
Moore now could hear her shriekings wild ;—  
Beneath the crags of " Antony's Nose,"  
Above which e'er a death-light glows  
The night before, within its view,  
The All-destroyer strikes anew—  
Moore saw it glaring through the gloom,  
And knew his hour had well nigh come ;—  
Now round the point where, on the flat,  
Big Mick Malone and Charley Pratt,  
Fast clenched and mad with hate and drinking,  
In quicksands sunk and still are sinking ;—

Now past where youths and maidens seven,  
With songs and laughter mocking Heaven,  
Whilst on the flood all reckless borne  
Towards house of prayer, one Sunday morn,  
Heard not the tide-rips' angry roar,  
And were engulfed for evermore—  
But Dalton 'neath the eddying swell  
Can hear their awful laughter still ;—  
Now by the opening dell's low glade,  
With darkest fringe of beechwood shade,  
Where oft was seen—as 't is to night,—  
The spectre woman all in white,  
Slow gliding o'er the herbage damp,  
And in her outstretched hand a lamp,  
As if still seeking to discover  
A priceless treasure lost forever.  
Now Dalton felt his hair to bristle,  
The very death-chills 'round him rustle,  
As swept they past "The Eagle's Nest,"  
About whose crags and wooded crest  
The troops of ghosts, by violence made  
Within that headland's farthest shade,  
Return, in death's appalling form,  
And nightly awful rites perform.  
Again he sees Tom Moresby ride,  
On coal-black steed, the rushing tide,  
As when that madden'd wretch was seen,

In years long past, with fearless mien,  
Plunge boldly in from Maitland beach  
The far-off, facing bank to reach,  
And swore (so hoary gossips tell)  
He'd ride to "Black Rock," or to hell.

Still rolled the caldron on its way,—  
Now into Cobequid's wide bay.  
And aye the beldam mocked and mowed,  
And o'er poor Dalton jeered and crowed,  
And poured out, like a vengeful fate,  
The vials of her long treasured hate.  
Now skirting by the Mastown swamp,  
Moore heard, through night-fogs dun and damp,  
Tolling its own unearthly knell,  
The razed French chapel's ponderous bell,<sup>18</sup>  
Long buried,—lost beyond recall  
To longing eyes heretical.  
The caldron now drew near the bank  
Of slimy slopes and sedges dank.—  
A stranded privateer's old hulk,  
Hard by, upreared its hideous bulk :  
Moore saw, with breathless terror staring,  
The lights through rotting timbers glaring,  
And heard within the boisterous revels,  
As 'twere a feast of unchained devils,—  
The ghastly crew going through again  
Carousals off the Spanish Main.

On land again, lo Dalton Moore !  
 But cramped, bewildered, stiff, and sore.  
 The witch him by the foretop led :  
 She shook a bridle o'er his head,  
 With toothless grin and muttered curse,  
 And—presto ! Dalton Moore's a horse !  
 The hag sprang nimbly on his back,  
 And plied her crutch with many a thwack :  
 Away then bounds the enchanted steed  
 In furious haste—the Devil! hath need.

“ Here we go ! So merry, so merry !

Up and down, through Londonderry !

My hour of doom

Will soon have come ;

But this night power is given to me :

My hour of doom

Is not yet come—

One night for vengeance and for glee !”

Thus warbled again the old beldam her ditty,

To a discordant air which by no means was pretty.—

But how the old witch on her night gallop follow ?

First, Eastward away, over hill, plain, and hollow,

Past the stream—never after a river of fish—

Which is spelled *Chiganois* and is called “ Ishgonish ;”

But soon she diverged from this route ; and the cause  
 why,—

E'en the Devil himself would baulk at “ Slack's  
 Causeway.”<sup>19</sup>

Then up Debert river and down through The Follie;—  
For the steed it was dreadful ; for the rider quite jolly ;  
As the former was constantly thwacked by the latter,  
The crutch keeping time to the hoof's rapid clatter,  
Whilst the 'kerchief and hair of the witch streamed  
behind,

As the pace of her courser outspeeded the wind.  
Then away to Great Village, around and around ;  
And away o'er the hills and the plains beyond ;  
Up and down, about Port-au-Pique, river and shore ;—  
Rode the beldam accurst on her bale-bearing tour.—

But who can tell how oft she halted ?  
What sleeping homes her spite assaulted ?  
How oft she jerked the cruel bit,  
And from her panting courser lit ;  
Threw up the noiseless window sash,  
Or passed through key-hole like a flash ;  
To wreak her vengeance-breathing sin  
Upon the sleeping heads within ?

What terrific dreaming !

What children were screaming !

To say nothing of volleys of loudest blaspheming.

What coughs and what sneezes !

What pains and diseases !

As the witch her poor victims so variously teases

The cats miaule with madness ;

The dogs howl in sadness ;

All the milk in all dairies has turned into whey ;  
From each sty, fold, and stable,  
There uprises a babel  
Of woes inarticulate, wordless dismay.  
When the morning their hag-haunted owners had  
stirred,  
A pest there was raging through flock and through  
herd ;  
The dykes they were broken ; the marshes were  
flooded ;  
The fields of their fences were near half denuded :  
The country side never such havoc did ken  
Since the year of the gale,—eighteen hundred and  
ten.—

The witch is by the shore again ;  
Her steed is loosed from bit and rein ;  
Again that steed is Dalton Moore,  
But panting, foaming, bruised, and sore.  
The iron vessel, too, enchanted,  
Was there—just in the place where wanted.  
The hag plumped Dalton in :—away !—  
Again on Cobequid's wide bay !  
Away now to the Southern horse !—  
Again she metamorphosed Moore :  
From Burncoat Head the hag he carried,  
Who all the sleeping country harried,  
By Noel Bay, to Salter's Head ;—  
Nor here her task infernal staid.

Again the hellish craft is waiting :  
They now, the rising flood-tide taking,  
With speed anew when back from sea,  
Wind up the Shubenacadie.

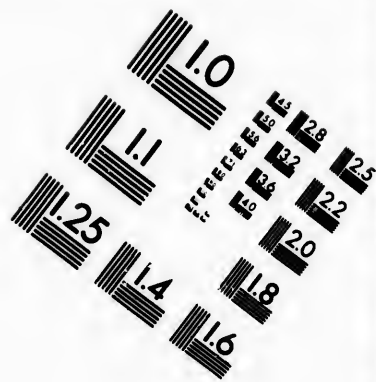
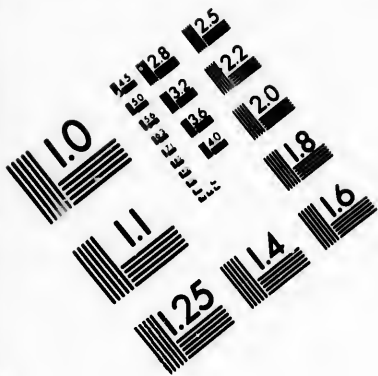
But how recount what woes attended  
That homeward trip? What vessels stranded ;  
What cables broken, anchors lost ;  
What boats capsized in tide-rips tost ;  
What lives to swift destruction hurried ;  
What cargoes washed away, or buried ;  
As sped the hag on tidal *bore*—  
So great was never seen before !  
And aye, as nearer home she wended,  
The witch's hatred grew more phrenzied ;  
Nor tongue, nor pen, can ever tell  
The horrors of each devilish spell  
She threw 'round all her hated neighbours ;  
Whilst ever to her hellish labours  
Must hapless Dalton lend a hand,  
Obedient to her weird crutch-wand ;  
Until man, beast, and bird, whether sleeping, or  
waking,  
All felt that the Devil his pastime was taking,—

But, list! a cock crows,—of morn's heralds the  
first :—

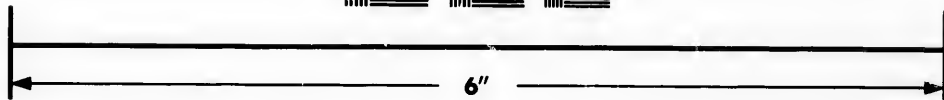
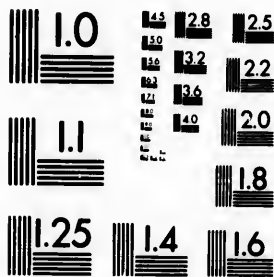
There's a crash—sure the Devil his boiler has burst







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There's a scream, harsh, unearthly—a brimstony  
smell,—

And a laugh that is very suggestive of hell.—

'Tis morn. Lo, Mistress Dalton Moore  
Walks searchingly the river's shore.  
She finds her husband there, alone,  
Exhausted, well nigh speechless, prone ;  
All splashed and smeared with mud and mire ;  
With swollen tongue and mouth on fire :  
His soles and palms all lacerated,  
As they on flint rocks had been grated ;—  
Was never mortal in such dismal plight  
Unless hag-ridden through the live-long night.—  
But what of his night rider, Peggy Boan ?  
No eye, save Moore's, e'er saw that ancient one  
Since that dread eve from Goody Mason's door  
She hobbled forth, as I have told before.  
She passed, but left a name which cannot die,  
As last, lost Witch of Shubenacadie.

Loud peals of laughter shook our airy tent  
When Master Frank his eldritch tale had told,  
Although Augustin wore an air of doubt,  
As he misgave his muse was trifled with.  
And much of playful banter passed around,—  
Of crown of bays to decorate Frank's brow,  
Or even—meanest mockery of all—  
To grace his essay with “a vote of thanks ;”

At which the youthful bard cried :—“ Hold !—enough !  
Derision’s riot could no further go.”

“ Who next will venture in the lists of song ? ”  
Asked Madam Vernon with a smile. “ All done ? ”  
Long silence was the answer ; till Pauline,  
The crimson light suffusing cheek and brow,  
Announcement made that thrilled our listening hearts :  
She, too, had dared to humbly court the muse,  
Though unambitious was her simple theme,—  
An unadornèd tale of girlish love.  
Then, purling in smooth numbers, soft and low,  
Her sweet voice wedding music to the verse,  
Flowed from her lips this tale of young “ Undine.”

## UNDINE,

### A DOMESTIC TALE.

---

WHEN Goddess Spring dissolves the icy chains  
Which tyrant Winter long hath bound on earth,  
Her fetters melting in sweet, pitying rains,  
And calls the prisoned streams in laughter forth,  
And decks in bridal splendour hills and plains ;  
Whilst airy choristers, with silvery mirth  
And sweetly mingling chorus, from the grove  
Sing their new song of liberty and love ;

And morning softly breathes a golden calm,  
All things suffusing with a happy thrill ;—  
Then through all human breasts there steals a balm,  
Their yearning hollowness with peace to fill,  
To soften care, to soothe each sobbing qualm,  
To banish e'en remembrances of ill ;  
Till, in sheer sympathy with Nature's bliss,  
We know a season of mild happiness.

Thus ever, like such morn of brightest May,  
Was young Undine's blithe coming welcomed  
Where,—sloping gently Southward to the bay,  
Begirt with hills and many islanded,  
Where come the Atlantic waves to romp and play,—  
Lay staid and worthy Arnold's neat homestead,  
Betwixt the wooded hills and sunny sea,  
Adorning both and nestling lovingly.

Her presence floated, to the charmèd sight  
    With motion which was music to the eye,  
Like noiseless splendours of auroral light  
    That nightly dance along the boreal sky ;  
The witchery of her smile, as sunburst bright,  
    Could soften even sorrow's deepest sigh,  
And melted round the tendrils of the heart,  
Disarming wrath and bidding care depart.

'Twas sweet to hear her bird-like carol trill ;  
    To watch the rippling of her golden hair,  
Like sunlight shimmering on the laughing rill ;  
    Her form of rounded litheness press the air ;  
To see her eyes, of softest hazel, fill  
    With tender light, or brooding shade, whene'er  
The flooding—ebbing colour on her cheek  
Foretold the words her honied lips would speak.

She fondly loved and was beloved by all  
    That breathed within—around her happy home ;  
The petted pasturers answered to her call  
    Whene'er she pleased the smiling fields to roam ;  
And troops of birds, with many a madrigal,  
    Around her glorious head would circling come,  
The bounty of her gentle hand to bless,  
Or court new pleasure in its soft caress.

The very flowers that grew beneath her hand  
    More sweetly seemed to lay their bosoms bare,

And odours breathed more exquisitely bland,  
Than ever flowers that ever bloomed elsewhere ;  
So lovingly their beauties they'd expand,  
As if they felt and owned a sister's care.—  
She was a sunny fount of happiness,—  
To all a blessing, blessed, and to bless.

A living freak of fortune was Undine,—  
A joyous mystery in this world of tears ;  
E'en in misfortune she had happy been—  
Most dread misfortune of most tender years ;  
For never had she father, mother seen,  
Or, seeing, knew not their last dying prayers :  
A tender babe she came to Arnold's home,—  
A welcomed waif borne on the wild sea-foam.

For once, when tempest swept the Atlantic main ;  
And ocean ordnance thundered on the shore ;  
And wave battalions, mad with rage and pain,  
With giant fingers cliff and ledges tore,  
Then broke in hissing wrath, yet rose again,  
As they would ceaseless rage for evermore ;  
Within the gaping bay's now foaming jaws  
A driving wreck was seen make sudden pause.

Brief time it wrestled there with rock and wave ;  
Then splintering sank beneath their crunching  
wrath.  
Meanwhile young Arnold, with companions brave,



Sped forth their bark from out the surf's white  
swath,  
With hearts resolved the periled ones to save ;  
And dauntlessly they dared the tempest's path ;  
Dashed back—again they strove—and yet again ;  
They reach the storm-washed ledge—too late!—in  
vain !

Yet not in vain ; for, on a wave's high crest,  
What seemed a tiny wicker cot they spied,  
Which lightly, as some birdling's downy nest,  
Did o'er the seething billows shorewards ride.  
In quick pursuit the gallant oarsmen pressed ;  
Soon Arnold drew the cradle to his side ;  
When from within, awakening with surprise,  
A smiling babe gazed sweetly in his eyes.

He bore the waifling to his sire's abode,  
Where she was nursed by mother's, sisters' love,  
As tiny claimant sent direct from God,—  
An errant angel dropped from realms above  
To whom they angel entertainment owed,—  
A little, lowly, Heaven-directed dove,  
Who from *her* ark miraculously sped  
When all the other inmates perishèd.

And she—whom they, as wave-born, called *Undine*—  
Grew up in beauty sweet and joyous health ;

Repaid their tender cares, as we have seen,  
With beaming love—'twas all her orphan wealth ;  
And every inmost heart she glided in  
By some unconscious, winning, witching stealth,  
As naturally as dawn displaces night  
And fills earth's bosom with a flood of light.

For never was she of the boisterous brood :  
In her life bounded less than seemed to float ;  
Her lightest joyousness was yet subdued,  
As it some trace of sadness did denote :  
And whiles she wandered forth in pensive mood,  
Low warbling with unlearned, heart-welling note,  
Or sat in placid dreaminess alone,  
As communing with a world was all her own.

Oft, too, she loitered by the lonely strand ;  
Mayhap to list that sweet soul lullaby,—  
The wavelets whispering music to the sand ;  
Yet would she gaze afar with dreamy eye,  
As if, beyond the waves, a distant land  
She sought with wingèd vision to descry ;—  
Perhaps, in thought's mirage to see that shore  
Whence she had come—could see and know no more,

Though in her sunny childhood's happy home  
Undine was loved, caressed by every one,  
She e'er as by some tender instinct dumb,  
To Arnold clung—his father's only son,—

And pattering by his side, the fields would roam ;  
Or, when the daily toil was o'er, would run  
And clamber fondly to his manly breast,  
To nestle there and find her sweetest rest.

There came a time she felt it were not meet  
To longer claim endearments as a child.  
Then from her heart there welled a love more sweet,  
That kindled into rapture when he smiled ;  
Which felt afar the coming of his feet,  
And heard his voice with bosom throbbing wild ;  
And Arnold knew it not : who ever knows  
The point of time when opes the budded rose ?

He all unconsciously her young love fed,  
Nor ever of her maiden fancies dreamed ;  
He deemed her still a child by whimseys led ;  
And, 'though grave, cold, and passionless he seemed,  
His youthful heart already wordless bled  
For one forever lost, and little deemed  
Undine the secret of his heart had known,  
Yet learned it through the love which filled her own.

She yearned to smooth the troubles from his brow ;  
And with the thought her girlhood passed away :  
She felt that she was all a woman now,  
To sooth, to comfort, and to love alway  
That manliest man, towards whom her bosom's glow  
Leaped forth and trembled with intensest ray ;

And would from that white bosom pour a balm  
To fill his aching heart with sweetest calm.

But secret love aye feeds upon the heart,  
    Though girt in silence by a frozen zone ;  
Scorns all the laboured witcheries of art,  
    And wills to win through magic all its own ;  
Holds even cankering doubt the better part,  
    Than live to know it lives to love alone :  
Undine's fond heart thus wrestled in the strife  
Whose hidden throes were sapping her young life.

A tender sadness o'er her soul was laid ;  
    The sunniest days all wore an aspect drear ;  
Her robins and boblinks, in sun and shade,  
    Poured forth their merriest notes to joyless ear ;  
In vain her pets' fond eyes—so seemed it—prayed,  
    In their dumb tenderness, her heart to cheer ;  
Her climbing flowers peeped through her window pane  
And smiled on her, but saw they smiled in vain.

Then Arnold's father died : then darker days ;  
    And miscreants, self-styled, "guardians of the law,"  
Who toil to bar the right and justice' ways,  
    Leagued with chicane to lay their hand—or paw—  
On Arnold's small estate ; with wildering maze  
    And meshes intricate to 'round him draw  
Such web of guile he would be glad, in sooth,  
To yield at last his money, life, or both.

And soon fair-weather friends their blandest smile  
    Chilled most respectably to icy stare,  
And found that Arnold was a man of guile ;—  
    His pride should have a fall—'twas right and fair.  
He but contemned the groveling pack, the while  
    He struggled bravely 'neath his load of care ;  
But still the wounded bosom's deepest scorn  
Is not the germ whence peace of mind is born.

Then sweet Undine, like a young giantess,  
    Robed in the dignity and light of love,  
Uprose to duty, veiling her distress,  
    Her idol's angel comforter to prove ;  
To cheer,—to brighten his heart's wilderness,—  
    The cloud of sadness from his brow remove,  
And thus essay, her Arnold dear to save,  
What one fond heart and little hand could brave ;

Long was the struggle, flecked with smiles and tears,  
    With care deep weighted—much of labour rude,  
And hopes half blighted, and depressing fears ;  
    Yet with some melody of interlude :  
Oft, too, and long, as in her childhood's years,  
    Undine would rest, in still, abstracted mood,  
As she some spell would find in thought profound  
To make her halting world move smoothly round.

One morn, she told to Arnold's wondering ear,  
    With lips all eloquent and beaming smile,

How she had had a dream, most strangely clear,  
Of treasure buried on the "Pirate Isle;"  
How it did often and again appear—  
Her sleeping vision of the brilliant pile  
Of treasure, which might make him happy, great,—  
With proudest of the earth to hold his state.

Much marvelled Arnold that the sage Undine  
Should be by such untoward fancies led;  
But she importunately oft again  
The tale renewed to which her thought was wed;  
She never on the "Pirate Isle" had been;  
Yet sure would know the treasure site, she said:  
So long she pleaded, Arnold thought 't were best  
To set her little anxious heart at rest.

Behold the twain upon the island lone  
Tradition says was once a pirate's den.  
Straight to an isolated boulder-stone,  
In grassy glade, unpausing led her ken:—  
It was the very spot her dreams had known;  
Beneath that stone the treasure lay; and then  
Stepped Arnold forth, with lever, mattock, spade,  
To lay the illusion which those dreams had made.

Impatient in her zeal, the gentle maid,  
In restless movement, and with fluttering breath  
Persistent, *would* put forth her feeble aid,—  
To her soft, lily hands, most cruel scathe;

And Arnold dug, and delved, and pry'd, and swayed,  
As he were sharing all Undine's fond faith ;  
Till from its base the ponderous boulder hurled,  
Revealed—the solid rock, old as the world !

Alas, alas, Undine!—now deathly pale  
That late flushed cheek and eager, hopeful brow.  
From her white lips there burst a sobbing wail  
Of heart-wrung anguish, wordless, faint, and low,  
Which told most eloquently how deep the bale  
Her bosom felt at disappointment's blow ;  
Then bending, trembling, tottering where she stood,  
Her tears gushed forth in one tumultuous flood.

Surprised and startled at this transport wild,  
He caught her in his gently folding arms :  
“ Undine ! Oh, why so madly self-beguiled ?—  
This strangest phrenzy fills me with alarms ;—  
Pray, think no more of this, my dearest child ;—  
No new calamity our quiet harms.”—  
“ No, no ; I am not now a child,” she cried,  
And started with new impulse from his side.

She stood erect ; all pallor now was gone,  
And deep carnation surged o'er neck and face ;  
A strange light 'neath her dewy eyelids shone,  
Half anger, yet subdued by tenderness ;  
And quick and sobbingly her breath was drawn  
From parted, rosebud lips all tremulous,

As from a passion which she could not speak,  
Though from the inward storm her young heart brake.

Then, in a moment, Arnold saw it all,—  
The love-born secret of that inward strife ;  
A thousand memories did that light recall,—  
Sweet intertwined through his and Undine's life :  
That moment, too, did all his heart enthral  
To that deep love linked with the name of *wife* ;  
For oft one ray of momentary light  
May wake to life emotion infinite ;—

As when the spark, from blow fortuitous,  
Alighted 'mid the powder's torpid grain,  
Evokes the flame explosive, tyrannous,  
Which for long years has latent slumbering lain.—  
“ Undine, there needs no paltering words with us,”  
He said ;—“ Come to these longing arms again :  
I love—oh, how I love thee !—Wilt be mine ?—  
My darling wife—my very own Undine ? ”

“ Oh, Arnold !—I am thine—forever thine ! ”—  
He strained her closely to his 'raptured breast,  
And gazed into her eyes' soft light divine,  
And burningly her lips and forehead kissed :—  
“ Oh, I deserve not that such love were mine ;—  
That I by those white arms should e'er be pressed  
Forgive me, dearest ; that I did not know  
This torrent frozen in my heart till now.



"Fool that I was! to grope 'mid sordid mire,  
 With paltry cares my bosom to distress,  
 And dream that in the heartless worldling's hire  
 Lay ever one true germ of happiness;  
 Whilst in thy silent love was all desire  
 Could have to light my blinded soul to bliss!—  
 Thy dreams, Undine, were of prophetic love;  
 For here indeed I find the *treasure-trove*."

Thus Arnold did a hidden treasure find,  
 As sweet Undine in love-taught slumber dreamed:  
 They trod life's journey with one heart and mind:  
 Their way a flower-strewn path they ever deemed;  
 Love, all subduing, made e'en fortune kind;  
 And wedded life with them was all it seemed,—  
 A long-drawn rapture, each irradiated  
 By that unclouded light the other shed.

When ceased the music of Pauline's soft voice  
 To drop its sweetness on the thirsting ear,  
 We each and all, by simultaneous vote—  
 Although we'd met not to contest for palms—  
 Decreed, and all effusively decreed,  
 Of all the day's new-blown poetic blooms  
 Hers was our gathered posy's fairest flower;  
 And straight resolved, as least of homage due,  
 To crown her Princess-Victor over all.  
 Then busy hands in haste the garland wreathed,  
 Of many a coil of Trailing Evergreen,

With tendrils of Linnœa intertwined,—  
Each tiny flower nodding 'neath the weight  
Of its delicious fragrance. Then Pauline  
Was laughingly enthroned and crowned ; whilst all  
Made humble court and bowed obeisantly,  
With words of homage met with smiles, till she,  
With wave of sceptre-fan of odorous fern,  
Declared the pageant ended. Her mother then :  
“ Hill shadows stealing over wide Bras d'Or  
Announce the near approach of coming eve,  
To close a day to me—I trust to all—  
Enjoyed, and long to live in memory,—  
One, let us hope, we have not lived in vain.  
I thank you, friends who, faithful to our scheme  
As pre-arranged, have cheered this day with song.  
May oft your native lyres be strung again !  
And now we separate for ways diverse :  
Our most delightful meetings end in parting,—  
The saddest of life's trials. Alas, this day,  
Like every other, ne'er can be renewed ;  
But e'er regretful parting leaves the hope  
Of meeting yet again. Be ours that hope.—

“ For you, Sir Faineant,”—here she bowed to me—  
“ On you the task I strictly do enjoin,  
That you our doings of this day record  
With true and faithful pen ; so, hereafter,  
We may from fading memory recall  
How we did keep this *Feast day of Saint Anne.*”

## NOTES.

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NOTE 1.—“*The Feast of St. Anne*”—page 7, line 1:—

The Anniversary Feast of *Sainte Anne du Canada*—the twenty-sixth day of July—as that of the Tutelary Saint of the Canadian Aborigines, is still the *great day* of the Indians. *Chapel Island*—so named from the Indian R. C. church erected upon it—is prettily situated just within the most Southern Arm of Bras d’Or Lake, and about seven miles from St. Peters, in the Island of Cape Breton,—or “Oonumahghee,” or “Isle Royale,” by which names it was respectively known by its aboriginal inhabitants and by its subsequent French occupants. This Chapel Island, with a tract of the opposite mainland, comprises one of the “Indian Reserves” of Nova Scotia. Here—and, the author believes, here alone, throughout the Maritime Provinces, if not throughout Canada—the Feast of St. Anne is still celebrated by the Indians of unmixed race—what remains of the once powerful Souriquois, or Miemac, tribe—with somewhat of its pristine *éclat*. The sports and festivities customary on the occasion are usually kept up for a week, or ten days, and are witnessed, or participated in, by large numbers of white-skinned visitors from the neighbouring settlements, and often from remote distances. It is said, however, that the occasion is celebrated with much less spirit and by a more meagre attendance, whether of devotees or spectators, than in earlier years.

NOTE 2.—“*And from the beauteous isle, Epayguît*”—page 10, line 18:—

“*Epayguît, or Epaygooit*”—Prince Edward Island. The meaning, as we are told, is: “It lies upon the water,” or “it floats upon the water;” and when used to designate that beautiful island, as it must have appeared from a distance, when wooded down to the water’s edge, was happily applicable, as the Indian names invariably are.

NOTE 3.—“*Rang forth the gay, sonorous Langue d’Oil*”—page 12, line 2:—

It is hoped that the mass of our readers will pardon an explanation

which may still be acceptable to a few. In former times, the whole people of that aggregate of communities, which are now collectively known as *France*, were distinguished and classified according to their mode of pronouncing the word which in its modern form is *Oui*—"Yes." Those of the North were designated "*Langue d'Oil*;" those of the South, the "*Langue d'Oc*." The latter expression still survives in the name of the most Southern Province of France. The sedentary population of the island of Cape Breton, and especially of its Southern section, consists mainly of people of French and of Scottish Highland descent; and both classes continue to use their mother tongue as the ordinary means of intercommunication with their own particular compatriots.

NOTE 4.—"*This island once to D'Anville gave*

*A sad and low, and lonely grave*"—page 34, line 6:—

The tradition is that the Duc D'Anville was interred upon George's Island, now mainly covered by Fort Charlotte, one of the principal defences of Halifax harbour. The main incidents of this most disastrous expedition are familiar to every reader of American history; although, as to details, great discrepancies exist between the divers accounts. The English accounts state that D'Anville committed suicide; but this is denied by the French. It is undisputed that D'Estournelle died by his own hand. Tradition—whether correctly, or not—still indicates that part of Bedford Basin in which a portion of the shattered fleet was sunk. There is a spot on the Western shore of the same Basin still called "*The French Landing*;" and it is believed that the encampment was in that immediate vicinity.

NOTE 5.—"—*Fort St. John*"—page 36, line 1:—

Fort St. John is usually supposed to have been on the right, or Carlton bank of the river St. John, near its mouth, and near what is now recognized as the head of the harbour of the same name. Such was the site of the fort occupied by D'Aulnay de Charnisé, years after the events referred to in the text; yet an expression of Denys—a very honest but not always very perspicuous writer—affords proof that *La Tour's* fort was somewhere nearly opposite "*Navy Island*," on what is now called the *Portland* shore of the harbour.

NOTE 6.—“———*Ouangondy's tide*”—page 36, line 9 :—

“Ouangondy,”—the Indian name of the river *St. John*.

NOTE 7.—“*Baie Française*”—page 38, line 6 :—

The “Bay of Fundy.” There seems no ground to doubt that the present name “Fundy” originated from the French of Port Royal and the Atlantic coast—speaking of the settlements of Minas, Chignecto, Cobequid, etc., as at the *fond du baie*—at the “bottom of the bay.” Their English-speaking—and not French-speaking—rivals caught the words *fond du* as the name of the bay.

NOTE 8.—“———*Port la Joie*”—page 46, line 2 :—

Such was the designation of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, under the French dominion.

NOTE 9.—“*And yet around that haunted spot*”—page 58, line 13 :—

Gossip Rumour still whispers—or *did* whisper, not many years since—of the spot in Charlottetown where, at the midnight hour, may yet be heard ghostly voices uttering words of military command, and the mysterious sound of the resulting evolutions.

NOTE 10.—“———*Port Royal*”—page 61, line 1 :—

It may be scarcely necessary to say that *Port Royal* was the former name of Annapolis Royal, which latter name was conferred—out of compliment to Queen Anne—shortly after the Peace of Utrecht (1713). Port Royal, or Annapolis, has the distinction of being the oldest *continuous* European settlement in North America, North of St. Augustine, in Florida.

NOTE 11.—*No other spot in all the Western world*

*So oft hath seen the battle-flag unfurled, etc.*”—page 62, lines [15 and 16 :—

To say nothing of unimportant hostile demonstrations and trivial affairs in its vicinity, Port Royal, or Annapolis Royal, has, in its time, sustained no less than *twelve* assaults. It was taken by force *five* times by the English: by Argal, in 1613; by Kirk, in 1628; by Sedgwick in 1654; by Phipps, in 1690; and by Nicholson, in 1710. It was by them abandoned, or restored to the French, four times: by Argal, in 1613; by Treaty of St. Germain, in 1632; by Treaty of Breda, in 1667;

and by Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697. It was unsuccessfully attacked by the English *three* times : by Col. Church, in 1704 ; by Col. March, in June 1707 ; and by Col. Wainwright, in August, 1707. It was unsuccessfully attacked by the French and Indians *twice* : in July, 1744, under the direction of Abbé de Loutré ; and in September, 1744, under Duvivier. It was taken, sacked, and abandoned *twice* : once by pirates, in 1690 ; and once by U. S. Revolutionary forces, in 1781.

NOTE 12.—“——the *Baron de Saint Castine*” —page 63, line 19 :—

Of the Barons de St. Castine—father and son—who fill so large a space in the Canadian, Acadian, and New England history of their period, Rameau (in his *France aux Colonies*) furnishes a graphic and admirably condensed account. He says :—

“One of their (the Abenakis’) most notable chiefs was a Bearnese adventurer, the Baron de Saint Castine,—a strongly marked type of the adventurer-colonists whom France was, about that time, throwing off into all parts of the world. A former captain of the Carignan regiment, which had just been disbanded in Canada, after the Iroquois war, the existence of a Military Colonist in that country had doubtless appeared to him too common-place and dull for his Bearnese temperament ; he had come then, towards 1670, across the mountains and through the savage hordes, to install himself among the rocks and rugged ravines where the Abenakis dwelt, and where he could enjoy the full satisfaction of a life of ambuscades, dangers, fighting, and pillaging. Brave, energetic, adroit in all bodily exercises, of an adventurous spirit, and ready in resources, he became, in a little while, the idol of his savage hosts. His reputation spread through the wilds, and he married the daughter of a chief. On his appeal all the tribes of Acadia and of the frontiers of New England used to take up the war hatchet and rally around his fort of Pentagoet, where he lived as a sort of Baron of the Middle Ages, with some daring Frenchmen who had attached themselves to his person.

“By himself alone he retarded the English colonization of those regions for fully thirty years. Every page of the chronicles of the New England Puritans of that period is filled with lamentations and imprecations against this daring and terrible freebooter. About 1708, he took his departure for France, to receive an inheritance which had fallen to him in his own country ; and he left his fort, his band, and the pursuit of

his expeditions, to the command of the eldest of the sons whom he had had by his Indian princess.

"This son showed himself the worthy successor of his father. Down to 1722, long after the taking of Port Royal by Nicholson and the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht, we find him courageously striving against the English. Cantoned in the basin of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, where he had brought the Abenakis together, he firmly held and pushed his positions into the English Colonies, according to the paternal traditions; but, whether lacking the skill or the audacious good luck of his father; or whether the English, once masters of Acadia, became afterwards too strong for him; they finished by surrounding him and taking him prisoner. Being so fortunate as to escape being put to death, he was either released by the English in Europe, or he made his escape; but he regained France, and arrived in time at Bearn, to inherit, in his turn, the succession which old Saint Castine, his father, had inherited, and which his decease had just now re-opened. This position could not, however, give stability to the vagabond disposition of this worthy son of an adventurous race; for, in 1731, we find him again with the Abenakis on the frontiers of Acadia; and it would not be astonishing if his descendants, or those of some of his brothers, had perpetuated the Basque line of the Barons of Saint Castine among the wrecks of their adoptive tribe."

The elder Baron de St. Castine married a daughter of Madockawando, or Matekwando, an Abenaki chief, and had by her several children besides the son who succeeded to his title. That son—Baron Anselm—was married, at Port Royal, on the 31st October, 1707, to Charlotte D'Amours, daughter of Louis D'Amours, Sieur de Chauffours,—one of the several brothers D'Amours, who held, under the French crown, extensive possessions on the St. John river and elsewhere in Acadia, and took a prominent part in the events among which they lived. Young Saint Castine's signature to the registration of his marriage (which is to be seen in the Nova Scotian Archives) is a very *gentlemanly* autograph, indicating his ability to handle the pen as freely as the sword or tomahawk.

NOTE 13.—"Where Dauphin river, opening to the port"—page 63,

[line 24:—

The Aboriginal name of what is now called Annapolis river was

*Touaubscoot.* By the French, on their first arrival in the country, it was called *L'Equille*, which name was very soon afterwards changed for *Dauphin*.

NOTE 14.—“*Soon Biencourville's low isle*——”—page 64, line 18:—

What is now known as “Goat Island” is named *Biencourville* in Lescaobot's map (1699) accompanying his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*—having been so named, of course, for Biencourt, the son of Sieur de Pontrincourt, founder of Port Royal.

NOTE 15.—“*The tide of L'Original*”—page 64, line 21:—

Known now by its English synonym of “Moose River.”

NOTE 16.—“*Surprised and stunned, their unarmed English foe*

*Are vanquished e'er they scarce can strike a blow*”—page [75, lines 14 and 15:—

“Many of those at a distance [from Port Royal] had not yielded to the English (in conformity with the terms of the capitulation of Subercase, on the 2nd of October of the preceding year—1710), and Captain Pigeon, an officer of the regulars, was sent up the river with a strong detachment to reduce them to subjection, and procure timber for the repairs of the fort. While in the performance of this duty they were surprised by a great body of Indians, who killed the Fort Major, the Engineer, and all the boat's crew, and took between 30 and 40 prisoners. The scene of this disaster is situated about 12 miles above the fort, on the road to Halifax, and is still called *Bloody Creek*.”—*Haliburton's Nova Scotia, vol. I., page 91.*

NOTE 17.—“*Than by the banks of Shubenacadie*”—page 81, line 27:—

The early settlers along the Shubenacadie and its vicinity were probably not more superstitious than their neighbours and contemporaries in many other parts of Nova Scotia. It has happened, however, that owing in part to the daring, even to the verge of recklessness, which was a characteristic of the people; in part to the prevalent dangerous occupations of many of them in connection with the extensive gypsum quarries of the vicinity, and in the extremely perilous navigation of a river and bay whose tides exceed in rapidity and maximum height those found anywhere else in the world, sudden and violent deaths were, in former times, almost astoundingly frequent. The effect of this upon the minds



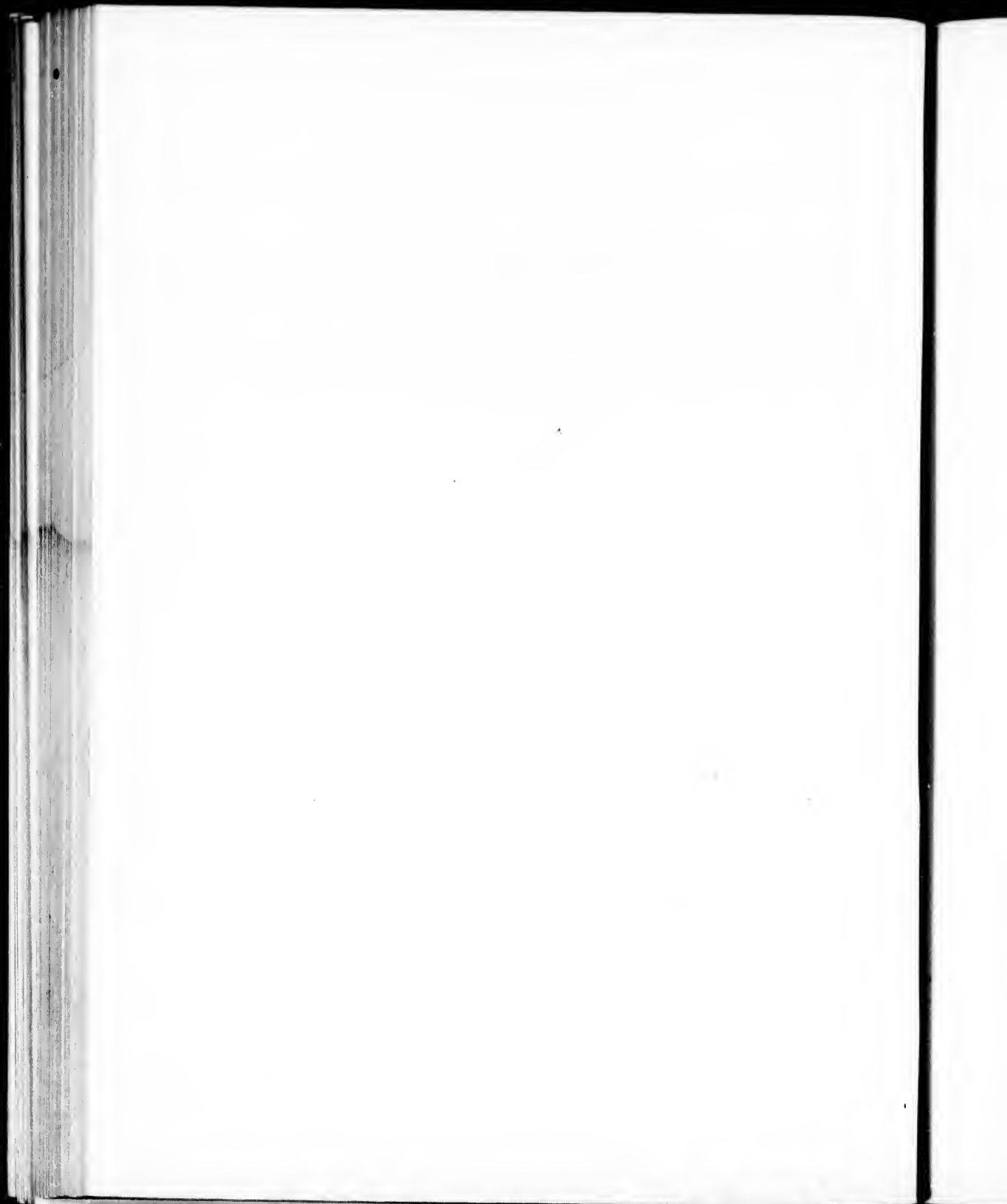
of the rude and, for the most part, illiterate forefathers may be easily conceived. Many spots were "haunted" by ghostly visitants,—possibly are so still; and the weirdly legends of the country side were numerous and startling. As for witches,—many persons still living can remember the lineaments of certain elderly dames who bore the dangerous reputation of being adepts in the Black Art, and of whose monstrous beliefs—some of them quite as objectionable as any attributed to Peggy Boan—many tales were told and believed.

NOTE 18.—“*The razed French Chapel's ponderous bell*”—page 87, line [15:—

In the most Eastern section of what is now the township of Londonderry, Colchester county, the French population of Cobequid, previous to the General Expulsion in 1755, had a church of the dimensions of 100 feet by 40 feet—probably the largest in Acadia; and from this fact the village formed by their successors around its site has ever since been called “Masstown.” This church is said to have had a large and fine bell which, it has been supposed, the French, at the time of their expulsion, had buried surreptitiously in a neighbouring morass. The early English-speaking settlers made many and fruitless searches for this bell

NOTE 19.—“*E'en the Devil himself would baulk at Slack's Causeway*” [page 88, line 28:—

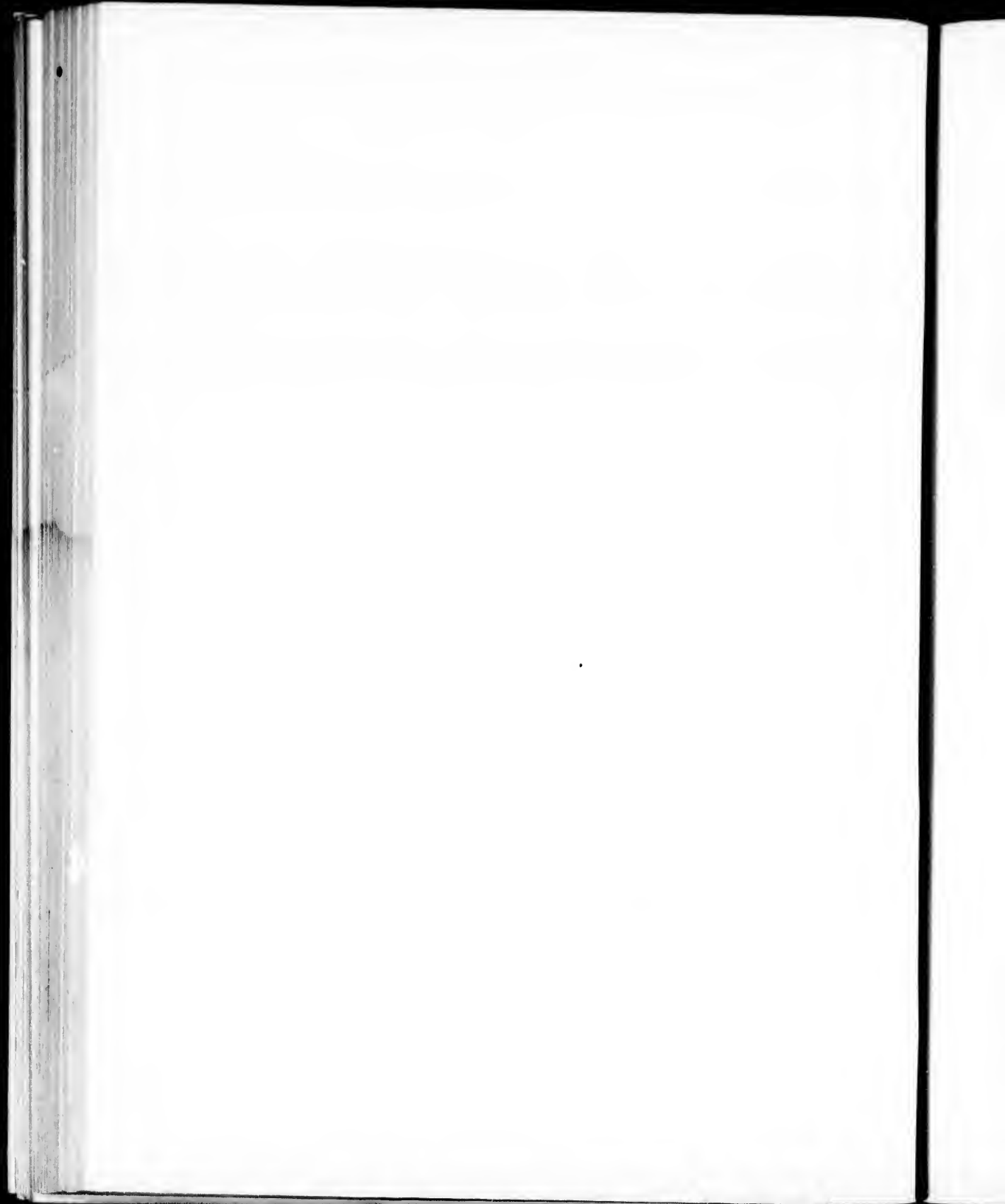
To the *unlearned* in the topography alluded to in this witch-ride, it may be mentioned that, in former times, “Slack's Causeway” designated a vile and much dreaded section of the high road between Truro and Londonderry which was the scene of many mishaps,—ludicrous, vexatious, disastrous, and even tragical.



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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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## THE FOREST.

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Oh, the Forest forever! the Forest for me!  
I would dwell in the Forest, so pathless and free,  
Afar from the haunts of the spoiler, Man;  
Where Freedom, in primeval pride,  
Roams ever with gigantic stride,—  
As ever since the World began;  
Where flows in its triumph the fetterless river,—  
Unstaying, resistless, onward forever,  
Like the march of Time through Eternity;  
And the thousand-fold hills from their splendours of  
green  
Shake the undulous light, like the gloom and the sheen  
On the mountain waves of a frozen sea.

Oh, the Forest forever; the forest forever!  
When Morning comes, like a silent river,  
From the gush of her orient, golden fountain;  
And a million leaflets flutter and dance  
With joy, o'er the wide and living expanse,  
As her smile breaks forth on the blushing mountain.  
The music that heralds her triumphal march,

As she calmly treads 'neath the towering arch  
Of bowers framed by Jehovah's hand,  
Is the warbling song of a thousand rills,  
And the anthem that swells o'er the leaf-clad hills  
When the Zephyr awakes her empyreal band.  
Then Nature bounds forth from a dreamless sleep,—  
Not like frail mortals, to pine and weep,  
But smiling in beauty, and freshness, and love  
As first she woke when, ages gone,  
Ere Man himself had seen the dawn,  
Her smile first beamed on Eden's grove.

Oh, the Forest forever! how sweet its shade  
When Noon on the dreaming hills has laid  
The glories of a sunny sky ;  
And with noiseless step the leaf-shadows dance  
O'er a golden floor, when the sunbeams glance  
Through the foliage opening far on high.  
No sigh then ruffles the lake's calm bosom,  
Though kissed by the bending Viburnum blossom,  
As she sees her loved image reflected there.  
Save where his fitful song of love  
The wren pours forth from green alcove,  
No whisper breaks the sweltry air.  
Rests everywhere a holy spell,—  
On glimmering glade, and shady dell ;  
The host which God alone can number,

Save for their own breath's odorous kiss  
By each other fanned, are motionless,  
And seem to toy with wooing slumber.

Oh, the Forest dark, how grand its gloom !  
When over all Night's sable plume  
Droops heavily and silently.  
When darkness upon darkness mass'd  
O'erarch one cavern,—column'd, vast,  
Outstretching to infinity ;  
Where naught relieves the hue of night  
Save where a wandering moonbeam's light  
Throws on the ground a watchfire's glare,  
Or, stealing down some dead tree's corse,  
Upraises grim a snow-white torse  
Outchiseled from the darksome air ;—  
When the aspen whispering on the hill,  
And the far-off note of the whip-poor-will,  
And the muttering brook's soliloquy,  
And the moody owl's fitful whoop,  
And the soaring night-hawk's sounding swoop,  
But mark the still's intensity.

The Forest—how joyous ! when its life current  
mounts  
Sweetly upward from Mother Earth's mammary  
founts,  
When over the world the Year's Morning beams

And its countless pulsations, soft murmuring,  
Make music such as the angels sing  
    To childhood when smiling in innocent dreams.  
Then, with placid life exuberant,  
Each wakened spray grows radiant  
    In smiles of happy-tinted flowers,  
And breathes upon the passing airs,  
In odours sweet, its silent prayers  
    To Him who sends the sun and showers ;  
And birds, in rainbow-coloured hosts,  
Once more returned from far-off coasts,  
    In love's delight forget to roam ;  
Whilst fluttering round their native haunt,  
With tranquil ecstasy they chaunt,  
    In chorus sweet their " Home, sweet home."

The Forest—oh, gorgeous its myriad dyes,  
When Autumn the rainbow has plucked from the skies  
    And scattered it wide o'er the leafy pavilion,  
Till the radiant hills are flooded in glory,  
Ever changing—verdant, hoary,  
    Russet, golden, and vermilion.  
O'er all there floats an amber mist,  
As if the very light that kiss'd  
    The wildwood caught its mingled ray ;  
The while the listening air hears tell  
Each whispering leaf its last farewell  
    As down it floats from parent spray.



The air but seems ethereal balm,  
That laps the soul in dreamy calm  
    Where solemn thoughts with joy are blended :  
We cannot feel that Death is there :  
But, sweetly smiling, Nature fair  
    Sinks to her rest, a gala ended.

The Forest wild ! I love it still,  
When Winter, earth, and lake, and rill,  
    Has bound in adamantine chain ;  
When every spray is crystal'd o'er  
With gems of ice—transparent, hoar—  
    By silver thaw, or freezing rain ;  
And mile on mile, o'er the dazzling expanse,  
These diamond pendants sparkle and dance,  
    And ring to the breeze like tiny bells ;—  
Or when the loud crash from the frozen brake,  
Or the booming moan of the prison'd lake,  
    The terrors of Winter storm foretells ;  
And the winds, with the hissing snows before,  
Sweep the lorn hills with circling roar  
    Till the wildwoods wave like a storm-lashed sea ;  
Whilst the swaying pines toss their arms aghast,  
And wrestle amain with the whirling blast,  
    And moan in their fitful agony.

Oh, the Forest forever ! the Forest for aye !  
In the Forest I'd live ; in the Forest, die :

I'd wend to its coverts lone and deep,  
And there by the soothing breezes fann'd,  
As they swept through the pines and maples grand,  
I'd woo at last the eternal sleep ;  
And o'er me spread for a funeral pall  
Be the tinted flowers and leaves that fall  
From my couch's fluttering canopy ;  
The while no sadder requiem  
Than the wood-thrush's morn, or evening hymn,  
May float above me where I lie.

MY SHANTY IN THE WOOD.

---

AWAY, away, to the wildwood's shade,—  
From cankering care and wearing toil ;  
Away, away, from the clang of trade,  
From the heedless crowd, and the town's turmoil,  
I hie to my own sweet, lonely dell,  
Far, far away from the worldling brood,—  
To thy lowly roof that I love so well,  
My own dear Shanty in the Wood.

No bubble fashion mocks me there  
With changing iridescent glow ;  
Nor wealth displays its vaunted glare,  
To tantalize with fleeting show ;  
But there's the pomp of wildwoods grand,  
There, Nature in her kindest mood,  
With beauties from a generous hand  
Has wrapped my Shanty in the Wood.

No skillful pencil may I need,  
To deck with costly art my walls ;  
Nor tone of pipe, or string, or reed,  
Reverberant through sounding halls :  
For there the soul with beauty thrills,  
Although those piny walls are rude,—

Such glories from the pictured hills  
Surround my Shanty in the Wood ;

And from a thousand warbling throats,  
Attuned to love's delicious spell,  
The very soul of music floats  
Adown each odour-wafting dell ;  
Anon the deep Æolian lyre,  
In chorus with the murmuring flood,  
Sweeps fitfully, a hymning choir,  
Around my Shanty in the Wood.

There spreads the myriad-leavèd tome,  
That teaches best what man can learn :  
Tranquillity there finds a home,  
Afar from jealousies that burn ;  
And though, removed from Luxury's haunt,  
Its board is spread with simplest food,  
I deem the scowls of sullen Want  
Will shun my Shanty in the Wood.

Then come, my Love, and wave behind  
The envious glance, the slanderer's tongue :  
In these fond arms protection find  
From crouching guile and bolder wrong ;  
And I, in thy love-lighted eyes,  
Shall find all else there needs of good,  
To make an earthly paradise  
Of my sweet Shanty in the Wood.

## BE OUR EMBLEM THE LILY.

---

[Divers suggestions have been made as to an *emblem* for the Dominion of Canada. Why not the lovely White Water-lily (*Nymphaea Odorata*), so widely and generally abundant within the Canadian borders, and one of the hardiest, most beautiful, and sweetest flowers that blooms?]

BE our emblem the Lily,—the sweetest, the fairest  
Of all flowers that bloom in Canadian clime ;  
Ever smiling with joy when the sunlight is clearest,\*  
Yet appalled by no tempest, nor blighted by rime·  
Then hurra for the Lilies !  
The Lilies of Canada !

That Lily's sweet odour wafts o'er our Dominion,  
From Columbia's deep valleys to bleak Labrador ;  
From the bourne where Our Future shall wave her  
broad pinion,  
To lake, stream, and tarn by the dim Arctic shore.  
Then hurra for the Lilies, etc.

As she dances afloat on the soft-rippling waters,  
And unbosoms her charms to the light from above,

---

\* The Lily, whilst expanding its snowy petals to the fullest extent under the bright sunshine, folds them closely together during the night. It even remains closed, or partially so, during the day time when the sky is deeply overcast.

May she emblem the beauty and grace of our daughters,  
And their purity stainless to glances of love.  
Then hurra for the Lilies, etc.

In their dear native soil, like the Lily deep anchored,  
May our sons ride defiant in face of the blast ;  
If e'er transiently shadowed, with heart still un-  
cankered,  
To re-brighten with joy when the night-cloud is  
past.

Then hurra for the Lilies, etc.

When our Land of the Future is halo'd with glory,  
And her children with might and with honour are  
bless'd,  
May the voice of the trumpet proclaiming her story  
Be as sweet as the gale which her lilies have kiss'd.  
Then hurra for the Lilies, etc.

Then let us with Lilies our banner emblazon,—  
The sweet-breathing Lily with bosom of snow ;  
And be ours the country wherever we gaze on  
The waters adorned where our own Lilies grow.  
Then hurra for the Lilies, etc.

## HURRA! HURRA! FOR NORLAND!

---

[It may be as well to explain that the following "Song for the Times"—republished from the Halifax *British Colonist* newspaper of the date appended—was written at a time when the British North American Provinces—now the Dominion of Canada—were evidently on the eve of being invaded at various points, by formidable bodies of "Fenians," organized, armed, and drilled in the United States. It was also written under the apprehension that those Provinces, the union of which was then about being consummated, would collectively be named "Norland." The stanzas were set to music which was adopted as the March of the 11th Regt. of Halifax County Militia, which battalion the author had the honour, at the time, to command.]

MEN of Norland, draw the sword,  
Set your households all in order ;  
See, there comes a rabble horde—  
A storm-cloud darkens on our border.  
Come, man your guns, true Norland sons  
Of sires famed in battle story ;  
Strike home, strike home ; a time has come  
To fight for freedom and for glory.

### CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're staunch and steady.  
Hurra ! hurra ! for Norland !  
Let foemen come : they'll find us ready.  
Hurra ! hurra ! for Norland !

From Lake St. Clair to Newfoundland,  
Hark! the bugle sounds "Assemble;"  
Up! defend your native land,  
Be not *you* the men to tremble.  
Recall the fight on Queenston Height;  
Remember Stadacona foreland;  
The glorious fray at Chateauguay,  
In the bloody, brave old days of Norland.

CHORUS. True Norland men, etc.

On Erie and Ontario's shore,  
'Midst Niagàra's\* ceaseless thunder,  
Where broad St. Lawrence rapids roar,  
Meet greeting give these birds of plunder.  
Meet them beside the St. Croix tide,  
By bosky banks of Ouangondy,  
Acadia's strand, in Rupert's Land,  
Or on the foaming waves of Fundy.

CHORUS. True Norland men, etc.

With sword, and gun, and shot, and shell,  
Then come on, Godless, reckless raider.  
We'll let our children's children tell  
How met the Norland men th' invader.

---

\* Notwithstanding recent custom to the contrary, traditional pronunciation and euphony alike demand that Niagara should be accented on the penultimate syllable, as it necessarily must be in the text.



No bandits vile shall e'er defile  
The freedom-sacred soil of *our* land ;  
Then, foemen, hear,—by all that's dear,  
We'll stand, or fall by our loved Norland !

CHORUS.

True Norland men, we're staunch and steady.  
Hurra! hurra! for Norland!  
Let foemen come: they'll find us ready.  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN AND NORLAND.

March 26, 1866.

TO THE WOODTHRUSH.

---

THY song, dear bird of solitude,—  
Most musical that charms our wood,—  
    Its sweetness trilling,  
    From full heart swelling,—  
How soothing to the heart in saddest mood!

At dawn, remote from twittering throng,  
So lovingly thy notes prolong  
    Their greeting benison,  
    In cadenced chanson,  
It seems that light of morning breathes in song.

At eve, from tallest piny spire,  
Still bathed in beams of westering fire,  
    Thy fitful chanting,  
    In notes enchanting,  
Wells forth like melody from heaven-strung lyre.

Now ripingly the warblings flow  
Thy whole rich diapason through;  
    Then upwards tinkling,  
    Like silver clinking,  
Thy vocal bell announces changes new.

All thirsting for thy music-rain,  
We drink the all too fitful strain,  
    Each transient ending  
    Our rapt ears bending  
To hear that silvery voice mount up again.

Yet ever seems thy song to know  
The thrill of half-forgotten woe,—  
    A plaintive gladness,  
    Or joyous sadness :—  
The very poet of the woods art thou ;

And sit'st alone most near the skies,  
Apart from gaze of earthly eyes,  
    In self-communing,  
    Yet often tuning  
Thy voice to murmuring of memories.

Oh, would thy poet's lot were mine ;—  
'Midst racking thoughts and cares malign,  
    Life's toils to slacken  
    And joys reawaken  
In sweet heart-gushings exquisite as thine.

## GOLD-MINERS' SONG.

---

AIR : *Pull away cheerily.*

HO, ho! for the clamour  
Of stamp, drill, and hammer!  
Come, join in the chorus, all, stalwart and bold,  
Swing your strong arms amain, boys;  
Strike home and again, boys,  
Till the mine yields its tribute of glittering gold.

List, list to the thunder  
From the dark caverns under!—  
Aha! 'tis a music to gladden our hearts.  
Again—deeper, louder—  
How the rock-rending powder  
Upheaves from earth's bosom the gold-laden  
quartz!

CHORUS : Then, ho for the clamour, etc.

Now, come, let us carry,  
From the well shattered quarry,  
The riven gangue and metals up to the light.  
Then haste—pan and cradle;  
Quick the pure water kadle;  
Let us see if Fortune cheers us with a favouring  
“sight.”

CHORUS : Then, ho for the clamour, etc.

Hurra! here's no deceiving;  
For "seeing is believing,"  
And seeing we laugh at the proverb so old:  
No doubt mars our pleasure  
When we find the real treasure;  
For Gold, although glittering, is *e'er* known as Gold.  
CHORUS: Then, ho for the clamour, etc.

Next, the pebbled rock scatter we  
In the huge iron battery,  
Where the steel-shodden stampers make thun-  
dering din.  
The amalgam so precious—  
To the eye how delicious!  
For the furnace each granule, oh carefully win!  
CHORUS: Then, ho for the clamour, etc.

Now, the ingot is fashioned,  
What new thought impassioned  
Lights our vision through vistas of hours to come?  
The remembrance, beguiling  
Our cares and our toiling,  
Of our parents, children, wives, and our sweet-  
hearts at home.  
CHORUS: Then, ho for the clamour, etc.

## I WOULD DWELL BY THE SHORE.

---

I WOULD dwell by the shore of the sounding sea ;  
For there I ever breathe more free,  
And a rapturous joy my bosom thrills  
When I seaward gaze from the lifeless hills.  
I can never the sense of solitude know  
Where the tidal surges come and go ;  
And I feel a companionship dear to me  
In the living waves of the restless sea.

Those waves now bound to the waiting strand,  
With outstretched arms and murmurings bland,  
Or playfully leap in the face of the sky  
To tumble in boisterous revelry ;  
And now in mountain ranks they come,  
On tempest march, with crests of foam ;  
But moving ever to melody  
Are the restless waves of the sounding sea.

The gloom of the sombre forest hills  
With a loneliness the bosom chills ;  
And dirge-like sound the solemn winds,  
As they sweep the lyre of moaning pines ;  
But grandly joyous the eternal roar  
Of billows dancing to the shore :

It mocks the thunder's fitful glee,—  
That surging din of the breaking sea.

The ocean prairie, rolling wide,  
Is gorgeous in its Summer pride,  
And, from its bloom of myriad dyes  
Wafts dulcet incense to the skies;  
But brighter far than prairie bloom  
Is the sparkling wave, with wreaths of foam;  
And sweeter than garden breath to me  
Is the bracing gale from the briny sea.

There's beauty where the winding river  
Its mighty flood rolls on forever;  
A charm in thunderous waterfalls  
Delights the eye it yet appeals:  
More beautifully grand the sight  
When the billows rise in their splendid might,—  
Their awful, mad immensity,  
When they leap in wrath from the frantic sea.

Let others joy in the bounteous plain,  
With its smiling fields and its golden grain;  
Let others in tuneful idyls tell  
Of the flowering vale and the bosky dell;  
But I never can dwell in the joys of home  
Afar from the view of the briny foam:  
Oh, there is the home most dear to me;  
And I pine for the shore of the glorious sea.

## SERENADE.

---

STARRY light is palpitating  
Through the bosom of the sky ;  
Breathlessly the grove is waiting,  
Listening for the breeze's sigh :—  
Gentle evening woos to love.

Aspen leaves are all a-tremble  
To their own love whisperings ;  
Joyous fire-flies bright assemble,  
Borne on their love-lighted wings :—  
Lovely evening woos to love.

Odours from a thousand flowers  
Breathe their trancing sweets around,  
Mingling with the unseen showers  
Which bedew the jewelled ground :—  
Sweetest evening woos to love.

All of earth, and air, and ocean,  
Rest in love's voluptuous spell,  
Silent with that deep emotion  
Utterance can never tell :—  
Silent evening woos to love.



Dearest, sweetest, loveliest blossom  
Blooming 'neath the sky of night,  
Take me to thy pearly bosom,  
Throbbing with intense delight,—  
'Passioned throbbings wooing love.

There, oh, fondly, happy-sighing,  
Clasp me warmly to thy breast;  
Whilst I kiss thee, fainting, dying,  
Ever closer—closer pressed,  
In delirium of love.

EVER TO THEE.

---

EVER to thee my fond heart yearneth,  
With longing 'kin to agony ;  
Ever to thee my rapt eye turneth,  
Its vision filled with ecstasy :  
My being is suffusèd with a spirit borne to thee—  
Ever to thee ; ever to thee.

When by thy side, those fair arms twining  
Around my neck and panting breast,—  
Then for all else I cease repining,  
And in thy bosom find sweet rest ;  
Whilst the throbbing of that bosom says : “ come  
hither unto me—  
Ever to me ; ever to me.”

When o'er the world's rude way I'm driven,  
Weighed down by many a carking care,  
Fondly I dream of a waiting heaven—  
A heaven on earth with thee to share ;  
And a spirit follows after to recall me back to thee—  
Ever to thee ; ever to thee.

Dearest, oh, be to me, then, ever,  
As now, my life, my soul of joy;  
Let doubt's disturbing tremors never  
Thy golden confidence alloy.—  
Then hither to my arms and *thy* yearning let it be,—  
Ever to me; ever to me!

## EXPATRIATED.

---

FAREWELL !—my Native Land, farewell !—

Yes ; I must seek a foreign shore :  
These parting accents are the knell  
Of hopes now dead for evermore.—

As, gazing on a woman fair,  
And marking every feature there  
The model of ripe loveliness,  
A child, with yearning tenderness,  
Who claims that form a Mother's,  
Sees that to him her breast is snow ;—  
For him no love illumines that brow ;  
The pride of her own beauty born,  
Is met with unconcern, or scorn ;  
Her smiles are all for others ;—

Thus ever my adoring eyes  
Have dwelt on thee, fair Mother Land ;  
Thus now I feel thy loveless guise,—  
The wave repellant of thy hand.

Thy glory, fame, prosperity,  
Have ever been most dear to me—  
Nay, they have been my very own.  
I've striven, toiled— yea, wept and prayed,

That Heaven thy young career might aid,  
And glorify thy mountant throne.  
And what though weak my efforts proved ?  
The travail I'en for thee was loved ;  
The heart that strove was thine alone.

I've had ambition,—it is true ;  
And hoped I might not vainly sue  
A humble seat in Fame's bright hall ;  
But oh, the wish was dearest far,  
My name might dwell a burning star,  
Though dim, on *thy* grand coronal.  
I would not pass the stranger's gate ;  
Nor crave I glory—covet state,  
That must be won in other lands,  
Towards thee my holiest thoughts have sprung ;  
In thee I've lived, to thee have clung,  
Nor guerdon prized from foreign hands.

Alas ! no patriot's meed is mine :  
My brow no wreath will e'er entwine ;  
No cheering smiles, my toil approve.  
A homeless lone one lingering here,  
Without e'en peace, or rest to cheer,—  
Men know me not and do not love.  
To win the heart-sick labourer's wage,—  
The sordid pangs of want t' assuage,

Now must I leave thy frowning shore.—  
For thee I g' dly would have died ;—  
E'en this last solace is denied.—  
Farewell, farewell, for evermore !

UNA.

---

THROUGH the wail of dead years' dirges,  
O'er the ghastly-crested surges  
Of the dark and troubled waters of the melancholy  
past,  
Ever memory is turning,  
With a sweet and saddened yearning,  
To a far and golden, morning isle, ere yet with gloom  
o'ercast :—  
Ever memory heart-aching  
Still gazes on that sunny shore where sorrow's waves  
are breaking.  
Ever brighter, ever clearer,  
Ever lovelier and dearer,  
Seems that distant, sunny region of the morning time  
of life,  
As around me shadows gather,  
And I'm driven fast and farther,  
Surging onward, wending tomb-ward, o'er the world-  
ling waves of strife.  
Still and ever doth remembrance  
Revive the hope that Heav'n must be, to shadow  
thus Heaven's semblance.

Floating through that visioned morning,  
E'en its happy light adorning,  
Lo, a sweet and gentle spirit in a form of maiden fair ;  
With a melody of motion,  
Ever, to my trancèd notion,  
Bearing sweetness where she listeth, like an odour-  
laden air,—  
Melting in celestial raptur  
The heart her love enfolds in unpremeditated capture.  
Is she woman, or an angel,  
Who, with voice of an evangel,  
Breathes music of sweet comfort to the sorrow-laden  
breast ?  
Towards whom the wildest passion  
Ever victor Love could fashion  
Is chastened by her pureness to a sweet and holy zest ;  
And the phrenzy of emotion,  
Reflected from her heart, becomes a heavenly devo-  
tion ?  
Now, behold her light step coming,  
Like the spirit of the gloaming,  
Her eyes' sweet light that beameth love like yonder  
evening star ;—  
Coming, by the river margin,  
Where the Spring's first flowers burgeon,  
To trysting place, by placid pool, below the crimson  
scaur,



Where the stream its noisy fleetness  
Is staying, hushing,—as to list her voice's silvery  
sweetness.

Now in decked and scented bower,—  
Sweetest bud of fairest flower,—  
Now in cot, or hall, or chamber, or amid the throngs  
of men,  
To my memory it seemeth,  
That sweet presence ever beameth  
Upon my raptured soul, which drinks the light yet  
thirsts again :  
Ever with me is that presence,  
In form, or spirit, charming life with a sadden'd angel  
pleasance.

Banished every care and sorrow,  
Dreaming glories of each morrow,  
I revel in the blisses of the sweetly certain *Now*.  
Even pain, the sense that wringeth,  
Charmèd compensation bringeth ;  
So healing thrill her tender words, her hand upon my  
brow ;—  
Fondly, fondly memory lingers  
O'er the gentle touch mesmeric of those slenderest of  
fingers !

Clouds my morning vision darken—  
Black and ominous—and hearken !

Their cavern'd depths roll out the thunder-notes of  
 coming doom.—  
 Days all happy sunshine marring!—  
 Agony of ceaseless warring  
 With the dark, relentless destiny that sideth with  
 the tomb!—  
 Rent a bleeding heart asunder,—  
 The better part engulfed for aye death's bitter  
 waters under!—

Are we parted then forever?  
 Angel UNA, shall I never  
 Again drink in the tender smile that bathed thy  
 love-lit eyes?  
 Was the love each other given,—  
 Pure as 't were a loan from Heaven,—  
 In thee extinguishèd in thy last earthly agonies?  
 When thou passed'st Death's dark portals,  
 Was thy light of life eclipsed by glory of th' immortals?

Is this why I vainly waited,  
 When by ruthless Death un-mated,  
 The fulfillment of that promise tendered with thy  
 dying breath?  
 When, to soothe the pang of parting,  
 Thou didst say thy spirit, darting  
 Upon Love's lightning pinions from beyond the sea  
 of Death,

Oft and surely—Heaven consenting—  
Would visit me on earth again in loneliness lamenting ?

Or doth thy spirit fondly hover  
Still around thy earth-chained lover,  
Suffusing with thy presence 'though unseen to mortal  
eyes ;  
And, with daily growing frequency,  
Tracing up the tangled sequence,  
Lead back his thought to dwell upon these tender  
memories,—  
Fittingly his spirit weaning  
From all remembrances of earth which have least  
heavenly meaning ?

Only know I,—moaning dirges,  
And the restless, sobbing surges  
Of the dark and troubled waters of the melancholy  
past,  
E'er my memory are turning,  
With a fond, regretful yearning,  
To that glorious, golden morning time, too soon with  
gloom o'ercast :—  
Ever gaze I, with heart-aching,  
Upon that early strand of life where sorrow's waves  
are breaking.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

---

SLEEP on, sleep on, thou tiny thing,  
    Encradled in thy innocence.  
What blest repose thy slumbers bring—  
    Unconscious joy to every sense!  
Not softer breathes the budding rose  
    When evening breeze forgets to kiss ;  
Nor sweeter that budlet blows  
    When fondling sunbeams wake to bliss.  
Sweet emblem of humanity's young dawn,  
    Sleep gently on.

The dews that gem thy stainless brow  
    Were never wrung from heart distressed :  
These crystal drops, that roseate glow,  
    But note thy energy of rest.  
Already that last lingering tear,  
    Of babe-hood's little troubles born,  
Has fled thy silken lashes there,  
    As flee the tears of sunny morn ;  
And now thy joyous dreams call up a smile  
    So sweet the while!

Now, happy sighing, closelier pressed  
 Thy latest, dearest, treasured toy;—  
 Fast fold it to thy yearning breast,—  
 A little miser in thy joy!—  
 And dream again what wealth of love  
 Thou bearest for that senseless thing;  
 What tender cares thy bosom move;  
 The “only grief-in-play” they bring;  
 Then curl thee closer in thy birdling nest  
 And happy rest.

Oh, must that infant loveliness  
 Be destined home of grief and pain;  
 And tuned thy heart-strings to distress,  
 Till they forget a joyous strain;  
 That guileless brow be gashed by care;  
 Those cheeks, with tearful furrows grooved;  
 Those lips bewail, in dark despair,  
 That ever thou hadst lived and loved?  
 Oh, sweet, unconscious now to eyes that weep,  
 Still gently sleep!

Alas! mayhap thy little heart  
 May harden in this frozen world;  
 And thou may'st choose the demon part;  
 Thy destiny, to ruin hurled;

Those dimpled fingers, nerved to crime,  
Do deeds which innocence appal ;  
Till thou becomest the loathed of time,—  
Detested, hated, scorned by all.—  
Oh, better far engulfed in Death's dark river !—  
Sleep, sleep forever !

## AT JHANSI.

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"IT is all true about Frank Gordon. He, Alick Skene" (Capt. Alexander Skene, 68th Bengal Native Infantry), "his wife, and a few peons, managed to get into a small round tower, when the disturbance began"—(on the 8th of June, 1857, when the local Mahometan authorities, with the aid of the mutinous Sepoys, massacred, with the usual atrocities, all the Europeans, including women and children.) "The children and all the rest were in other parts of the fort—altogether 60. Gordon had a regular battery of guns, also revolvers; and he and Skene picked off the rebels as fast as they could fire,—Mrs. Skene loading for them. The peons say they never missed once, and before it was all over they killed 37, besides many wounded. The rebels, after butchering all in the fort, brought ladders against the tower, and commenced swarming up. Frank Gordon was shot through the forehead and killed at once. Skene then saw it was of no use going on any more; so he kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself."

"Incidents of the Mutiny." Extract from a private letter from the *Illustrated London News*, September 5th, 1857.

They come !—relentless as Destiny !  
They come, like waves of a midnight sea,  
And, like those waves on rock-bound shore—  
Hark, to the deep and savage roar !  
On !—on they come, a madden'd host,  
By inborn phrensy wildly toss'd.  
Each dark face, darker with hatred's scowl,  
Breathes the tiger's lust in the tiger's howl.  
They are drunk with dying heroes' breath,  
As vainly they gave themselves to death,  
And with babes' and mothers' gentle blood ;  
Yet gasp they still, as the starv'd for food,  
Their swarthy arms all crusted o'er  
With streak and clot of human gore.

Now all through Jhansi, fort and town,  
Of English hearts there beats not one ;  
And rampart, street, and cantonment,  
Are strewn with corpses innocent.  
All—all are gone, save three alone,  
Escap'd to this small tow'r of stone,—  
A husband, wife, and friend—but three  
Against a countless enemy.  
In arms two gallant brothers, they  
Had fought through many a bloody day,—  
Had hunted many a jungle drear  
In comradeship, unknowing fear.—  
And lo ! their well prov'd battery  
Might charm a hunter's—soldier's eye ;  
Its every deadly weapon well  
Past triumphs of the chase could tell ;—



But ah,—great Heav'n!—'twere better far  
 With monsters of the desert war,  
 Than yonder howling throng defy,—  
 Insatiate still with butchery;—  
 The fiercest monsters of the wild  
 Can only kill—have ne'er defil'd.—  
 And she, that fair young English wife,  
 Still quick to all the sense of life,  
 Though deathly pale, no plaint, or tear,  
 Betokens aught of craven fear;  
 No panic tremors o'er her come,  
 Precursors of a coming doom.

Still raging come the countless crew,  
 With hastening tramp and wild halloo.  
 Already see their eyes' fierce glow'r,  
 As press they on that window'd tow'r.—  
 Now, rifle—quick!—The aim was well!  
 One Paynim soul has sunk to hell!  
 Another and another falls,  
 But naught their headlong rage appals;  
 More fiercely howl the baffled host,  
 And fiercelier press the 'leaguer'd post;  
 The while from that volcanic tower  
 The bullets shriek in deadly shower;  
 Nor falls one shot but wings to death  
 A traitor in the throng beneath.—  
 And thou, true wife and woman fair,  
 'Tis thine the lightnings to prepare—  
 To charge anew each rifled bore,  
 With deft expertness quick and sure.

Her ready hand no moment lingers ;  
 Swift fly those nimble, slender fingers ;  
 And ne'er more dexterously they hied,  
 When to some toilet task applied,  
 In peaceful days, in dainty bower,  
 Than now within that hell-like tower.

On,—on they come, with shriek and blare;  
 More fiercely near their eyeballs glare.  
 Oh, faster still the rifle ply!  
 Be firm the hand and true the eye!  
 The scaling ladders mount the wall,  
 And up the thronging murd'ers crawl.—  
 Revolvers!—Swords!—Dash back the host!—  
 A moment more and all were lost!—  
 One hero falls.—Is wounded?—Slain!  
 The husband and the wife remain.  
 They feel the panting Sepoys' breath—  
 But not the doom more dread than death!—  
 She springeth to his outstretch'd arms ;  
 Nor wail, nor cry, his nerve disarms :—  
 “ One kiss, fond dearest—'tis our last ! ”—  
 One thought for England—friends—the past.—  
 Two rapid shots from his right hand ;  
 They, closer press'd, a moment stand ;  
 Then slowly sink—they fall—and see !—  
 Unsever'd still—thank God, they're free !

## A REMINISCENCE.

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WHERE two stately, waving maples  
Carol softly to the gale ;  
Where the smoothly swarded upland  
Gently slopes to intervale ;  
Where a spring of purest water,  
Gushing from its pebbly bed,  
Wanders forth by grassy margins,  
All by vagrant fancies led,—  
'Mid the alders now and elders,  
Dimpling now the placid pool,  
Where the wild-duck promenading  
Proudly breasts the waters cool.—  
Lo, there come two joyous children—  
How they skip, and lilt, and bound —  
As he guides his little sister  
To the treasures he has found ;—  
Only wild strawberry blossoms,  
Sometimes too a violet,  
Or the buttercup so golden  
In its grassy saucer set :  
Surely never other flowers  
Were so lovely, any where,  
As these firstling of the Springtime  
Which they fondly gather there.

Then he tells her wondrous stories  
Of these Summer harbingers,  
Till his every feature gladdens  
In the eloquence of hers.—  
Alas! too soon that sister slept  
Beneath the flowers she lov'd to see!  
Too long that brother hath bewept  
A sweetly mournful memory!

## THE VALENTINE.

---

WHAT sends to me the lover's queen?  
'Tis jesting sure she must have been.  
    A living, smiling Valentine !  
    An angel, baby Valentine !  
Yet staring with astonish'd e'en,  
As wondering what it all could mean.  
    A coaxing, cooing Valentine,—  
    A purring, wooing Valentine ;  
Everybody's fondled pet,—  
    To me a laughing Valentine,  
All love and frolic ; never yet  
    Was such another Valentine !

Still, she *would be* my Valentine ;  
No rival's eye should on me shine ;—  
    She will'd it like a little queen,—  
    This Valentine, my Gwendoline.  
Airy, fairy Gwendoline,—  
Laughing, chaffing Gwendoline,—  
    At morn or eve, in rain or shine,  
    An ever cheery Valentine ;  
Now dancing, now in kitten play,  
    Or mock solemnity of mien,  
Still bright'ning all, the live-long day,  
    My little, loving Gwendoline.

Then ever *be* my Valentine,  
My once wee pet, dear daughter mine.  
    Though laid aside the baby ways,  
    Be still, unto my end of days,  
A true and tender Valentine,—  
A lovely, loving Valentine,—  
    My purest-hearted Gwendoline!  
    My sweetly-temper'd Gwendoline!  
And long I hope that thou may'st be,—  
    As says my heart that thou hast been,—  
A life-long comforter to me,  
    My Valentine, sweet Gwendoline.

FAREWELL BLUE HILLS OF COBEQUID.

---

FAREWELL, blue hills of Cobequid—  
Thy rippling streams, thy flashing tide,  
Farewell, far-rolling garden mead,  
In glinting splendours prank'd and dyed.  
How oft, as now, with raptur'd eye,  
I've gaz'd, in days long past, on thee,  
And told, in childhood's happy sigh,  
Thou wert a paradise to me.

To me no spot in all that scene,  
By sunlight kiss'd, where shadows lie,  
Remains unlinck'd to sacred pain,  
Or tender thrill of memory.  
There I, in wanton mirth, have laugh'd;  
Have joy'd in toils of mimic strife;  
Youth's purest luxuries have quaff'd;  
And felt a rapture ev'n in life.

A long procession wends its way  
Adown the valley, sad and slow,—  
A living stream of memory,  
In solemn silence all, they go.  
Ah, there is Friendship's tender smile;  
And there, the beaming eye of Love;  
That gath'ring throng of life erewhile—  
All fades to sight at yonder grove.

Oh, not Ambition's witching dreams  
    To wear the garland of renown ;  
Not that keen restlessness which seems  
    Of wanderers' innate nature grown ;  
Nor all the wealth of gems and gold  
    In caverns of Aladdin hid,  
Might lure me from thy tender hold,  
    Oh, loveliest vale of Cobequid !

Yet Destiny, with iron arm,  
    Doth drag me hence, afar from thee ;  
Henceforth for me thy every charm  
    Is but a sadden'd memory.  
I cannot, would not, hide this tear,  
    As slowly, sadly fades the view :  
Oh, scene of all on earth most dear  
    To me, I sob a last adieu !

September, 1880.



## CANADA.

---

SOUND the note of rejoicing from trumpet and horn ;  
For this day to the family of nations is born  
Our Canada ;

Let the thunders awaken to tell the old earth  
How we joyously welcome this travail-less birth  
Of Canada.

Let the bonfires blaze from the hill's highest crag,  
And unfurl to the breeze the yet spotless young flag  
Of Canada !

While the people, exulting with shout and with cheer,  
Proclaim to the listening nations how dear  
Is Canada !

Blessed child of a glorious parentage,  
Born into the world in its brightest age,  
No deluge of blood does thy young life immerse  
Nor stamped on thy brow is a mother's curse :  
All untrammelled thy limbs by the cankering chains,  
The harrowing toils and the numbing pains,  
Which systems at war, in the gloom of the past,  
Have over thy suffering sisterhood cast :

Thou art free as the wind o'er thy prairies that blows,  
 And strong in the vigour that hourly grows ;  
 No burden impedes thy triumphant career ;—  
 All, all of thy Mother's that thou mayest share,  
 Is the glory that brightens her history's page.  
 Say : what wilt thou do with this heritage,  
 Oh, Canada ?

Reposing there on thy Northern throne,  
 With thy free-born air, so proud and grand,  
 Thy bosom begirt with a golden zone,  
 And an ocean kissing thy either hand ;  
 Is thy crown not already irradiated  
 By the beams from the sun of futurity shed  
 May never that lofty and stainless brow  
 With the blush of shame in confusion bow,  
 Nor the voice of the future recall with scorn  
 The promise of this thy natal morn,  
 Fair Canada !

Wilt thou blazon forth on the scroll of time  
 A proud record of thoughts and of deeds sublime ?  
 Be warned by—but not to imitate—  
 The errors and crimes of a world effete ?  
 Shall the rule universal that governs thy land  
 Be, not the contrivance by impotence planned,—  
 A chaos of fiction, or error, deceit,  
 Where Anarchy's smile is Society's cheat ;—

But the law, e'er evolving to infinite years,  
And which lives in the music of numberless spheres,  
Developing ever what best is in man,  
And ignoring the creed of Humanity's ban ;  
Whilst ever in Civilisation's advance,  
In the vanguard shall quicken thy brightening glance,  
Till the sorrowing nations their tumult shall cease  
To partake of thy glories of dignified peace,  
Brave Canada !

Or foredoomed is that beauteous form to be  
Of most loathsome of human things the prey,  
Who, sneering at patriotism's filial ties  
And all things regarding with bestial eyes,  
Would abase thee to grade of the prostitute,  
And thy name, and thy fame, and thy honour pollute ?  
Shall the reckless empiric and impudent fool  
Presume o'er thy splendid Dominion to rule,  
And punily wise whilst viciously daft,  
Go aping old wiles of exploded state-craft,  
In an endless procession, forever the same,  
With "reform" but the change of a factionist name ?  
Shall a verminly host of corruptionists crawl  
O'er the face of thy loveliness, fouling it all,  
Till their carcasses, gorged with the tide of thy life,  
Make the stench of pollution where sweetness was rife ;  
Whilst their poison, cast back in thy nurturing pores,

Marks their trail centipedal with festering sores,  
The spume of a leprosy raging beneath,  
And making thy life one long, lingering death ?  
Shall the knave sanctimonious and smooth hypocrite,  
All the while, on thy breast, like an incubus sit,  
To mock thee with tales of the Heavenly Will,  
And tell thee thy woes are inevitable ;  
Till the wise of thy children—most loved of thy  
heart,—

Away from the sight of thy wretchedness start,  
In despair at thy ruin, and blushing with shame  
At the blight ignominious that clings to thy name,  
Poor Canada !

Let our songs of rejoicing be toned with the prayer,  
That thy future may brighten a record more fair ;—  
For that prayer will react on the uttering Will,  
To uplift, to expand, and intensify still.  
May thy sons, with due mete of their dignity rise,  
To wrestle, like men, with their destinies ;  
Put away childish things ; self-reliant and bold,  
Drawing lessons of truth from the lore of the old,  
Yet seeking forever intensified light,  
Rear thy empire proudly in wisdom and right ;  
And ever their glories ancestral advance,  
With more than the splendours of England and  
France ;

Till thy banner of peace and of progress unfurled,  
Shall blaze in the van of a happier world ;  
Whilst thy generate millions, through ages unborn,  
Shall honour with pride thy Nativity Morn,

Dear Canada !

July 1st, 1867.

