

## LEGENDARY.

### THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the South, which they call Merrimack.” — SEUR DE MONTS, 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale; \*  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his flood;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agioochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, “The Smile of Heaven,” †  
Tributes from vale and mountain side —  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,

\* The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of “Admiral of New England,” made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

† Lake Winnipiseogee — *The Smile of the Great Spirit* — the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
 And weapons brandishing in air,  
 He gave to that lone promontory  
 The sweetest name in all his story; \*  
 Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
 Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters —  
 Who, when the chance of war had bound  
 The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
 Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
 Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
 And fondly to her youthful slave  
 A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! — the yellow light no more  
 Streams down on wave and verdant shore;  
 And clearly on the calm air swells  
 The twilight voice of distant bells.  
 From Ocean's bosom, white and thin  
 The mists come slowly rolling in;  
 Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
 Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
 While yonder lonely coast-light set  
 Within its wave-washed minaret,  
 Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
 Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers! — I have stood  
 Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:  
 Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
 Along his frowning Palisade;

\* Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

Looked down the Appalachian peak  
 On Juniata's silver streak;  
 Have seen along his valley gleam  
 The Mohawk's softly winding stream;  
 The level light of sunset shine  
 Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;  
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;  
 Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,  
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee!  
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
 The unforgotten swell and roar  
 Of waves on thy familiar shore;  
 And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
 And quiet of his lonely room,  
 Thy sunset scenes before him pass;  
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
 The loved and lost arose to view,  
 Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
 Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
 Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
 Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
 Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
 Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;  
 And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
 More near, some dear familiar face,  
 He wept to find the vision flown —  
 A phantom and a dream alone!

## THE NORSEMEN.

[Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.]

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!  
 A relic to the present cast;  
 Left on the ever-changing strand  
 Of shifting and unstable sand,  
 Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
 And beating of the waves of Time!  
 Who from its bed of primal rock  
 First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?  
 Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
 Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream  
 Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:  
 From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
 The circles widen to its shore;  
 And cultured field and peopled town  
 Slope to its willowed margin down.  
 Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
 The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,  
 And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
 Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
 And voices from the wayside near  
 Come quick and blended on my ear,  
 A spell is in this old gray stone —  
 My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change! — The steepled town no more  
 Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;  
 Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
 Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud!  
 Spectrally rising where they stood,  
 I see the old, primeval wood:  
 Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
 I see its solemn waste expand:  
 It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
 It arches o'er the valley's rill;  
 And leans from cliff and crag, to throw  
 Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
 Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
 Flows on, as it will flow forever!  
 I listen, and I hear the low  
 Soft ripple where its waters go;  
 I hear behind the panther's cry,  
 The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
 And shyly on the river's brink  
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark! — from wood and rock flung back,  
 What sound comes up the Merrimack?  
 What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
 The light spray from each rushing prow?  
 Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
 Bowed to the waves the straining mast?  
 Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
 Of Thulè's night has shone upon;  
 Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
 Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
 Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
 Lessening through driving mist and spray,

Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!  
 Onward they glide — and now I view  
 Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;  
 Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
 Turned to green earth and summer sky:  
 Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
 Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
 Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
 Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
 I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
 The sound of smitten shields I hear,  
 Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
 To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;  
 Such lays as Zetland's Skald has sung,  
 His gray and naked isles among;  
 Or muttered low at midnight hour  
 Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
 The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
 Has answered to that startling rune;  
 The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,  
 The light Frank knows its summons well;  
 Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
 Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
 And swept with hoary beard and hair  
 His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past — the 'wilderer vision dies  
 In darkness on my dreaming eyes!  
 The forest vanishes in air —  
 Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;  
 I hear the common tread of men,  
 And hum of work-day life again:  
 The mystic relic seems alone  
 A broken mass of common stone;

And if it be the chiselled limb  
 Of Berserker or idol grim —  
 A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
 The stormy Viking's god of War,  
 Of Praga of the Runic lay,  
 Or love awakening Siona,  
 I know not — for no graven line,  
 Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
 Is left me here, by which to trace  
 Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
 This glance upon its darkness cast,  
 My spirit bows in gratitude  
 Before the Giver of all good,  
 Who fashioned so the human mind,  
 That, from the waste of Time behind  
 A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
 Can summon the departed forth;  
 Quicken the Past to life again —  
 The Present lose in what hath been,  
 And in their primal freshness show  
 The buried forms of long ago.  
 As if a portion of that Thought  
 By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
 Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
 The frozen solitude of Death,  
 To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
 To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
 To whisper — even when it seems  
 But Memory's phantasy of dreams —  
 Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
 Of an immortal origin!

## CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

[In the following ballad, the author has endeavored to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quakers, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order, which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at *Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. — *Vide Sewall's History*, pp. 225, 226, G. Bishop.]

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise  
to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the  
spoil away,—  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful  
three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His hand-  
maid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison  
bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale  
gleam of stars;

In the coldness and the darkness all through the  
long night time,  
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early  
rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept  
by;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the  
sky;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which  
seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the  
morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in  
my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for  
and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from  
the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the  
shrinking and the shame;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to  
me came:  
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked  
murmur said,  
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy  
maiden bed?"

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and  
sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant  
street?"

Where be the youths, whose glances the summer  
Sabbath through  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's  
pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? — Bethink thee  
with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm  
bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads  
white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee  
kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laugh-  
ing boys are broken,  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are  
laid,  
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunt-  
ers braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden! — by crazy fancies  
led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure  
and sound;  
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and  
sack-cloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things  
divine,  
Who rail against the\* pulpit, and holy bread and  
wine;

Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the  
pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in  
their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee? — a sadly toiling  
slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage  
to the grave!  
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless  
thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh! — ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble  
Nature's fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing  
tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in  
silent prayer,  
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak! — that Thou indeed  
wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-  
shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe  
of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies! — for the peace  
and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit  
melt;

When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language  
of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts  
depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sun-  
shine fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my  
lonely cell;  
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward  
from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of  
passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was  
open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street  
I passed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared  
not see,  
How, from every door and window, the people  
gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon  
my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs  
grew weak:  
"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her  
soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare — the weak-  
ness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in  
morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering  
words like these:

"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven  
a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over  
all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit  
waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall  
of rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear  
lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work  
on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and  
grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed  
and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the  
land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready  
ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and  
scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of  
silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit  
spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the  
meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the  
weak!

Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones — go turn the  
 prison lock  
 Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf  
 amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a  
 deeper red  
 O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of  
 anger spread;  
 "Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest,  
 "heed not her words so wild,  
 Her Master speaks within her — the Devil owns  
 his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the  
 while the sheriff read  
 That law the wicked rulers against the poor have  
 made,  
 Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood  
 bring  
 No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning  
 said:  
 "Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this  
 Quaker maid?  
 In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's  
 shore,  
 You may hold her at a higher price than Indian  
 girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again  
 he cried,  
 "Speak out, my worthy seamen!" — no voice, no  
 sign replied;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind  
 words met my ear:  
 "God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl  
 and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying  
 friend was nigh,  
 I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his  
 eye;  
 And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so  
 kind to me,  
 Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of  
 the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver — pack with coins  
 of Spanish gold,  
 From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of  
 her hold,  
 By the living God who made me! — I would sooner  
 in your bay  
 Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
 away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their  
 cruel laws!"  
 Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the peo-  
 ple's just applause.  
 "Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
 Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver  
 sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half  
 way drawn,  
 Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate  
 and scorn;



Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in  
silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmur-  
ing in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of  
soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed  
his parchment roll.  
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the  
ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well  
released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept  
round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me  
go my way;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of  
the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the  
hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed  
beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of  
the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and  
woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of  
the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all  
praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His hand-  
maid free:

All praise to Him before whose power the mighty  
are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the  
poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twi-  
light calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the  
grateful psalm;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the  
saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter  
told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty  
men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand  
upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and  
devour:

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart  
be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of  
praise be clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to  
save!

## FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.\*

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

\* Polan, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot River to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried —  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide —  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.\*

'Tis done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen tree stands up unbent —  
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place  
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

O! long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head —  
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn under-tone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

\* The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. François.

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed —  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer!\*

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound —  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!  
Great Nature owns her simple child!

\* The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present." — Williamson's *History of Maine*.

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known —  
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan —  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban  
The spirit of our brother man!

1841.

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ST. JOHN.

[The fierce rivalry of the two French officers, left by the death of RAZILLA in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE, inheriting from his father the title of Lord DE LA TOUR, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John's River, was a Protestant; DE AULNEY CHARNISY, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition, conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparring. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: "*Father, forgive them.*" LA TOUR received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by DE AULNEY, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo. 1647. Lady LA TOUR defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, DE AUL-

NEY stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady LA TOUR languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.]

"To the winds give our banner!  
Bear homeward again!"  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour\* had look'd  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell,  
But the men of Monhegan,†  
Of Papists abhorr'd,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

\* The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

† The isle of Monhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine.