

She toiled all day through marsh and mire,
Prepared still more and worse to face.
To reach in time her destined place.
Her strength decreased as time went by,
The sun went down in western sky,—
No dwelling near, no friend, no food,
Deep darkness fell on that great wood.
Though distant wolves began to howl
Though hoarsely screeched some gruesome owl,
Though thorns at times her flesh would tear,
Though startled deer seemed wolf or bear,
Though wounded, weary, hungry, hot,
Brave Laura Secord faltered not.
Her task could brook of no delay,
It must be done by break of day.
She just had passed, o'er fallen trees,
A swollen stream, on hands and knees,
When lo! to crown the worst she feared
Quite near the bank a blaze appeared,
While painted natives all around
Sprang up like deer that hear a sound.
As savage chief pale Laura spied,
"White woman want?" he fiercely cried.

"Fitzgibbon's camp! Please show the way.
I must be there by break of day."
The chief made signs that he would lead,
So seeming foe proved friend indeed.
Fitzgibbon warned, his guards were spared
The fate by foes for them prepared.
For ere the next day's setting sun
These three-score men had fought and won,
And from an ambush captive led
All Boerstler's force that were not dead.
(*Enter De Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay.*)
De Salaberry, honored friend,
Will you this tale of war extend,
And briefly sketch, without delay,
Your own brave fight at Chateauguay?