

"But let no laggard invalid nor helpless babe delay
The course of vengeance; for, look thou! three friars, sent to say
The mass and shrive our faithful sons, I now put under thee;
So, ere the savage brains the babe, let it baptized be!"

Then, with a hundred stanch canoes for easy transport made,
Silent and grim the army passed into the forest's shade;
O'er the lake's bosom, up swift streams, through strait defiles,
its way,
Like a huge python's sinuous trail, devious and hidden lay.

Meanwhile the English garrisons, from sea to last frontier,
Had kept strict watch, though knowing not the enemy were near.
At Deerfield fort a sentry saw, approaching from the wood,
A stranger in French uniform, who fired his gun, then stood.

"Halt! Who goes there?" aloud the sentry cried, and called the
guard.

"Or friend or foe, until ye speak step not another yard!"
Grounding his gun, and with his hand saluting, then spake he:
"*Pas ennemi, moi! mais Protestant, Huguenot, et bon ami!*"

"Open the gate," the captain cried, "and bring the stranger in!
If proved a spy and traitor, he shall suffer for his sin;
But, peradventure, he be sent an angel from the Lord,
He well deserves the choicest fare our scanty means afford.

"So bind him now as prisoner, and guard him night and day
Until we hear and verify whate'er he has to say!"
Smiling, the man held forth his limbs for manacles and gyves;
"Ay, put me to the test," he said; "I come to save your lives.