



It was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
wild flowers bloomed—the wild bird sang on many a budding
spray—

Tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
and Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene;
then, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,
and scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their com-
rades arm,

bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault,
manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long-expected foe.

