

"Now, you the Abenakis hold obedient to your call,
And I a still more vengeful horde of braves at Montreal;
These to our fierce Algonquins joined will make a force full strong,
If with our French to lead we send our Montagnais along.

"And mark, Monsieur, the English force now on the coast of
Maine
Is bound to distant La Cadié, where it will sure remain
Until to take Port Royal's fort it makes one more essay,
And De Brouillan's assured defence will its return delay.

"Thus weakened, their defensive line along the whole frontier
Affords convenient entrance to attack them in the rear.
Now is the time to strike for Christ, his Church, and King Louis!
Send to the rendezvous your men; I start for Ville-Marie!"

Then back and forth the summons swept, sped by the bells' loud
clang,
And through the forest far and wide the cornet's clarion rang.
Painted in hideous guise and plumed, the lithe-limbed Indians flew,
Some up the stream, with whoop and scream, paddling the swift
canoe;

Some up the trail, — the highway some, where, foot and cavalier,
The flower of New France fell in, and rank to rank drew near.
Oh, 't was a fearful sight to see this motley army, led
By Vaudrenil, with the Sieur Beaucourt, lieutenant, at the head,

When drew Vaudrenil his sword, and said, "O son of Aubert's line
This blade I hold in my right hand I freely place in thine!
Thou know'st thy duty, — nor for age, nor sex, nor pity spare;
Take captives as De Rouville did, if thou canst well forbear, —