

The story of the "Heroes of the Long Sault" has been admirably told by Mr. George Murray, B.A., F.R.S.C., in his celebrated poem, "How Canada was Saved."

Daulac, the captain of the fort, in manhood's fiery prime,  
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime;  
And sixteen soldiers of the Cross, his comrades true and tried,  
Have pledged their faith for life and death, all kneeling side by side.  
And this their oath, on flood or field, to challenge face to face  
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois—the scourges of their race—  
No quarter to accept or grant, and loyal to the grave,  
To die, like martyrs, for the land they had shed their blood to save.

Soft was the breath of balmy Spring in that fair month of May,  
The wild flower bloomed—the Spring bird sang on many a budding spray—

When, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm,  
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their comrades arm,  
And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of the Sault,  
Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long expected foe.

Eight days of varied horrors passed; what boots it now to tell  
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically fell?  
Hunger and thirst, and sleeplessness, Death's ghastly aids, at length  
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength;

The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more  
For the sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be o'er;  
Sure of the martyr's golden crown, they shrink not from the cross.  
Life yielded for the land they love, they scorn to reckon loss.

The fort is fired, and through the flame, with slippery, splashing tread,  
The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead,  
There, with set teeth and nostrils wide, Daulac, the dauntless, stood,  
And dealt his foes remorseless blows, 'mid blinding smoke and blood.  
'Till, hacked and hewn, he reel'd to earth, with proud, unconquered glance,  
Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of France!  
True to their oath, his comrade knights no quarter basely craved—  
So died the peerless twenty-two—so *Canada was saved.*



The Big Dam at Carillon, on the Ottawa.