

These solemn words at end, sadly they came
Towards the traitors' camp, where in the sky
Two eagles wheeled above the low fire's flame
Waiting to seize their prey. La Salle's quick eye
Noted this sign of death, then angrily,
Firing his gun, he called to one who stood
On guard for news of Moranget. Reply
Was made in tones that boded nothing good;
Then hastening on La Salle was lured within the
wood.

Crouch'd in the reed-like grass, their savage hate
Still unappeas'd by the bright, dolorous flow
Of comrades' blood, the hideous traitors wait
With weapons train'd upon the man they know
So well, once leader, now their helpless foe.
Their moment comes: two shots the death pro-
claim
Of the inflexible La Salle, brought low
In the full flower of his deathless fame,—
The foulest crime in all New France's deeds of
shame!