

"The slaves and gold of Africa, sweets from the Caribbees,
All fish from Maine to Newfoundland, and oil from Arctic seas;
And from beyond Good Hope the wealth of Mocha and Bombay,
Muslins and spice from Malabar, and silks from far Cathay.

"Their flocks' abundant fleeces yield their looms a full supply;
Their herds are fat with pasturage forced by a genial sky;
Their gardens and their fertile fields with slightest culture give
Such rich returns the indolent may comfortably live.

"Though thus enjoying affluent ease the men of Boston hold,
Unpitying, for the gallows chained, Baptiste, our sailor bold,
And scores of captive daughters and devoted sons of France, —
Enslaved, denied the holy mass, and spurned with impious taunts.

"Hear now my oath, Saint Joseph, thou, the patron of our land!
I swear to hunt these heretics with sword and flaming brand,
From mountain unto river, and from river to the sea,
And of their blood and bones to make a holocaust to thee!"

Then Beauharnois addressed he: "What does my brother say
To marshalling our forces for the sanguinary fray
This hour? Time will not serve us, should we halt or linger on;
Our farmers need to gather crops when summer's heat is gone.

"Bleaker the route De Rouville found, who out of Deerfield bore
Full forty scalps of fifty killed, and prisoners six score;
E'en now Montigny's fifty braves, with only five white men,
Have left Pascomuc's smouldering walls a reeking slaughter-pen.