



ere where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
moss-green palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore—
ced by its circle they encamped, and on the listening air,
ere those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice of prayer.
erry and scout kept watch and ward, and soon, with glad surprise,
y welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies—
stalwart chiefs and forty 'braves'—all sworn to strike a
blow.

one great battle for their lives against the common foe.

