

Like to a moose in the chase full blown,
Panting they stood ; and a Judas sold
Their hiding-place for a piece of gold.
And while scouts searched for us night and day
Jeanne telegraphed on at Sturgeon Bay.
Picture her there as she stands alone,
Cold, in the glow of the afternoon ;
Picture, I ask you, that patient wife,
Numb with fear for her husband's life,
When a sharp *click-click* awakes her brain
To life, with the needle-points of pain.
A message it was to Camp Pousette—
One that the half-breeds think on yet :
"Dubois' gang are in Rocky Glen,
Take a hundred and fifty men ;
Go by the next express," it said,
"Bring them up here, alive or dead !" . . .

"Go by the next express !" and she,
Standing there by the silent key,
Said it over and over again,
Thinking of one of Dubois' Men :
Thinking in anguish, heart and head,
Of him, brought up there alive or dead.
Save him, and perish to save him, yes !