

THE TERROR

Their forces muster thick and fast, they sweep along in
fiendish glee—

The spirit-army of the past, of Blackfoot, Stoney,
Swampy, Cree.

The plowed-up bones of ages gone—they call across the
haunted plain,

The essence of a spirit drawn from Savagery's speech-
less pain—

Of flint, and dirk, and scalping-knife and white men dy-
ing in despair—

The settler slain beside his wife—and little tufts of
baby hair!

The walls are feeble—hark!—and thin; they barricade
the soul in vain

Where ghostly faces leer and grin and flit athwart the
window-pane;

The Night is crouched against the door—the swelling
Terror rushes in—

The echo of my forty-four is idle answer to the din.

“Aha, Aha! You hear that sound?” You fool! 'twas
but your crazy shriek;

When dead men populate the ground what boots a
living man to speak?

Aha! 'tis good when men are dead; 'tis very good when
red blood flows;

So place the muzzle to your head and touch the trigger
with your toes—

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