

With ominous looks, as if apprized
 Of ill. Their fear was thin disguised,
 Their hardihood was paralyzed.
 He watched the group around the fire,
 He saw their fading hopes expire,
 He saw them shirk the problem dire.
 And then he saw a hero rise,
 And with an honest tone that tries
 No showy art of speech, surprise
 The group. With mind of grasp and scope
 He viewed the field and woke new hope.
 He rallied all their force to cope
 With the exigency. *He* would not swerve,
 Though danger loom, when called to serve:
 The threat of foe but whet his nerve;
 He spoke and moulded minds.

The fiend

From broken tones their project gleaned,
 Exulting that he found where leaned
 The tribal confidence: and screened
 By bush and mound he tracked his victim.
 Anon he lost him 'long the dim
 And tortuous path: anon with grim
 And savage glee got glimpse of him:
 And with rare eye and coolness gifted,
 Had oft his bow at pauses lifted
 For aim, when his victim shifted.
 No matter: he could bide his time,
 And accomplish the splendid crime.
 To highest office he would climb
 In his own tribe, if he but thwart
 The foes' designs with crafty art.

Now see him pause, or stoop, or dart
 From tree to tree, from knoll to knoll,
 Watching his victim's devious stroll.
 Had no boughs creaked to show he stole
 With feline tread? Had no loose stone
 Rolled down the bank? Had no bird flown
 In fright from tufted nest? Nor cone
 Been trod on? Had no branch whipt the air?
 He prowled with more than wonted care,