

'This way or that, 'tis mortal pain;
By man, or by his maker slain.

His paddle now aside is thrown;
He grasps a weapon longer known;
A brother's gift, ere Dugald sought;
'Thy wilds Columbia! even in thought.

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'Though long and loud—the rifle's sound
By that dread waterfall is drown'd;
The eye, the bullet's course can tell,
Where innocent of life it fell;
It struck the paddle as it play'd,
And snapt the handle from the blade;
The splinter with the Indian lay—
The better portion floats away!

Dugald regains his tiny oar,
And tries his chance for life once more.

Alas! the rapids' dreadful scope,
Leaves scanty room for Dugald's hope:
For now within the whelming flood
Sweep the pursuers and pursu'd.

Now Dugald! thy good paddle ply—
Henceforth, no foe thy strength shall try,
Save the strong floods—the Indians sweep
Like seabirds o'er the stormy deep—
Their distant brother ere too late,
Sees and avoids his comrades' fate;
Whilst they resolv'd, meet death's dread form,
'Their souls a portion of the storm!

As the huge engine's ceaseless play,
Drives some lone vessel on her way,
So true so constant and so strong,
The settler urg'd his craft along;
One moment, on the flood he gains,
The next, he lies as held in chains:
But ah! his strength is doom'd to fail,
He sits exhausted sad and pale;