

Working from the Author.

20<sup>th</sup> July 1872.

3

## THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

### PROLOGUE.

HOPE fills my heart, and will,  
Till ev'ry pulse that throbs, in death is still,  
So changing scenes will pass, until the last  
Of our short drama mingles in the past.  
We cannot see, or know the change to be,  
In the dark vista of futurity.  
Thus, while we live, the rain and sunshine fall,  
In fair proportion on the breathing all.  
When we consider all the streams that flow,  
Of human lifetimes, as they come and go,  
Flooding, then ebbing, ending in the same  
Relentless grasp of Death, whose very claim  
We cannot for a single moment shun,  
But pay his tribute each and ev'ry one.  
Some leave behind a mark of "how they ran,"  
A footprint to the family of man,  
While changing lives like mine, ah! who can  
say  
The good or evil of its transient day.  
It matters not—I'll even write the while,  
These quiet hours passing, to beguile,  
Relate a tale of truth, (without a fiction,)  
Of this RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Brave hearts are gather'd to the call,  
Strong arms are pressing round our flag,  
T'avenge a murder'd martyr's fall,  
Nor leave it e'en when 'tis a rag.