

## II.

Ah! surely, ne'er was known a happier scene :  
The maid, the harvesters, the sky serene ;  
When hark! that yell! the red man's war-whoop wild!  
Is slain or seized each swain in toils beguiled  
Of savage hordes that spread destruction round,  
The harvest field a ghastly battle ground!

How fares that lonely maid? The wild man's eye  
Through bowers umbrageous could her form descry.  
Enough. Flash after flash her life blood seeks.  
In vain. Her safety Heaven's protection speaks.  
And yet not safe. An Indian fierce pursues  
Hard on her track. The opening gate she views,  
Its threshold treads, when, lo! is rudely grasped  
By savage hand her flowing robe. Unclasped  
'Tis borne away. The portal prompt affords  
Retreat and safety. Ward ye! Indian hordes!  
"To arms! to arms!" the rescued maiden's cry,  
"To arms! to arms!" the echoing walls reply.

And now that slender form in war's array  
Alone the rampart mans, all aid away!  
With speed the cannon's charged, is heard its boom,  
Proclaims each sound a fated red man's doom.  
So bold, erewhile, the affrighted Indian band  
For shelter flies. No shelter is at hand.

Behold! responsive to the cannon's roar,  
With speed of lightning, to Saint Lawrence shore,  
Hastens a warrior troop. Now falls the foe,  
Their best and bravest in the dust laid low.  
The rescued harvesters with loud acclaim  
Delighted hail their fair deliverer's name.  
Long will it live. No time can e'er efface  
Its matchless glory. Aye, as speed apace