

Trunks, cribs, whate'er can make defences good,
Are piled against the bars that still are true,
Despite the efforts of the howling crew.
This done, the gun is seized—the Father fires,
Chance guides—a groan—one bleeding wretch expires.

Again he loads, again a savage dies—
Again the yells upon the welkin rise,
Hope half persuades that till the dawn of day
The fierce besiegers may be kept at bay.
What scene so dark, what stroke of fate so rude,
That Hope cannot a moment's space intrude?
But soon he flies, for now an Indian flings
Himself upon the roof, which loudly rings
To every stroke the polished hatchet lends;
The bark which bears him, to the pressure bends,
It yields—it breaks—he falls upon the floor—
One blow—his fleeting term of life is o'er,
The settler's axe has dashed his reeking brain
Upon the hearth his soul had sworn to stain.
Fast through the breach two others downward leap,
But, ere they rise, a knife is planted deep
In one dark breast, by gentle Woman's hand,
Who, for her household, wields a household brand;
The axe has clove the other to the chin.
But now, *en masse*, the shrieking fiends leap in,
Till wounded, faint, o'erpowered, the Father falls
And hears the shout of triumph shake his walls.
The wretched Mother from her babe is torn,
Which on a red right hand aloft is borne,
Then dashed to earth before its Parent's eyes,