

"I could not rest till from the grave
'Twas given me to warn and save,
My peace is that, my joy shall be
When thou has won the victory."

Her accents seemed to die away,
In distance, to his strange dismay,
Whilst in her stead fierce faces bent,
Upon him, murderous, intent.

Wild whooping seemed to fill the air
With cries and agonized despair,—
Gladyn, aroused, sprang to his feet,—
The night was silent and asleep.

No sound broke on the solitude,—
On stream, or lake, or mournful wood.
Almost oppressive the repose.—
When suddenly a cry arose.

That cry, significant to him,
Meant a surprise in morning dim,—
The garrison aroused from asleep
Sprang, armed, their savage foes to meet.

The fort is ready for defence,
And expectation is intense,
Waiting for the onset, still
Expectant of the signal shrill,
For the assault, Oh, the suspense
Which inactive hangs upon
The heart, 'ere action is begun!
Nerves to utmost tension strung!
Heart beats numbered one by one!
The soldier harder draws his breath,
He fears—but 'tis defeat, not death.
It wants an hour 'ere rise of sun
When through the fort a movement runs.
The soldiers tighter grasp their guns,—
For dusky forms are seen advancing,
This one whooping, that one dancing,
Whilst like a wave, which from the sea
Rushes foaming, landward going,
Before the hurricane loud blowing,
So the braves impetuously
Leave the covert of the woods