

Fast down the craggy mountain range,
Who know not fear, nor time, nor change ;—
Unheeded lie they ghastly there,
Save those who in the defile lay
Beside the panther's fetid lair,
To feast the wheeling birds of air,
Or call the cougar from afar,
And wolf-cub, o'er their forms to war ;
While he who bore the name of fear,
All scornful hovered on their rear.

XV.

High t'wards the Zenith rose the sun
Ere ceased its peal that echoing gun,
And when the valley's base they won,
Confused and trembling all :—
The horsemen marshalled their array,
Closed firm behind their headlong way,
The re-united Tribes to stay,
And on them firmly fall :
Yet there no thundering bands pursue—
Nor rose on high the war halloo—
But midway up the mountain blue
A stately form was seen,
High on a cliff's o'erhanging brow,
To careless watch the route below,
Then calmly turn, with footsteps slow,
Behind the rugged screen.

XVI.

The Chieftain walked that mountain lone,
As one who naught of toil had known :
Relaxed his brow—his bearing free,
And steady beamed his tranquil eye,
Save when a glance of scorn it gave
At livid foeman's bloody grave.
Beside dark Asa's corse he found
The hunter's toil-worn, faithful hound ;
When soothingly he deigned to greet,
It crouched with meekness at his feet :
The mood of fury passed away,
With him who on the mountain lay ;
" Fleet loyal creature come with me—
" With man I war, and not with thee—
" Well did'st thou do their fierce behest—
" When were these limbs so sorely pressed ?
" Allegiance—truth—thy meek eye blands.
" And now I have not many friends !"