



They spring to land—a wilder brood hath neer appalled the
sight—

With carbines, tomahawks, and knives that gleam with baleful light;
Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and broidered deerskins
hide

The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed.
Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them as they
bound,

With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around—
Then, swifter than the wind they fly the barrier to invest,
Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have started from a nest.