

They watched the ling'ring day expire
 And 'yon thin cloud 'rest of its fire:
 They watched the twilight wane,
 And with a sense of stifed pain
 Saw hill-slopes sinking into gloom,
 And night her silent sway resume.
 And nature, with their feelings blent,
 Awoke a dread presentiment.

He rose, and going to the verge
 Where oft he'd viewed the foamy surge,
 He thought he saw a skiff emerge
 And then shoot quickly back as if
 To hide behind a petty cliff.

"And whose can be that stealthy skiff?
 Can that be scout sent here to gauge
 Our strength, ere with us they engage?
 And yet what spy would risk the rage
 If he were caught— or on so small
 An island hope that he could crawl
 And yet evade the eye of all?

No spy would show so mad a zest."

She saw his gaze, as if possessed
 Of some suspicion, and prest
 His hand in hers, and tried to find
 What sudden cause disturbed his mind.
 He said his fear was undefined;
 'Twas but a shadow he had caught,
 And in his troubled mood of thought
 Fancied a man.

He soon forgot

The darting skiff: for now a plot
 Was shaping in a glowing dream:
 He strove to weave a subtle scheme
 And snare the foe, and leave a theme
 For Indian song. He burned to earn
 A name in lore, and then return
 And wed the maid. All ease he'd spurn,
 And even love his heart was stern
 To give a secondary place,
 Till crushed the league that dared menace
 His lusted and traditioned race.