

At night the red glare of the homes which are burning,
The horizon imbues with a deep ruddy glow
Prayers and entreaties from women are spurning,
The Savages fierce, as they deal the death blow.

Speed the news! Speed the news! By couriers running
To the East, to the West, the North and the South!
Haste! Haste!! For your lives!!! The Indians are
coming—
To leave her doomed cot, the housewife is loath.

One look of regretful longing suffices
As fleeing they turn for a moment to view—
The homes which they made,—sad is the crisis,
Of life or of death, they now must pursue
Speed the News! Speed the news!! O'er lake and o'er
mountain,
Through forest and vale—the lone wilderness,
Arise brother men! Cost be not counting!
You will not refuse succor to those in distress.

Speed the news! Speed the news!! That the ocean
may bear it
By the ship's spreading wings to Albion's isle,
Lulled to false peace—that Britain may hear it
And crushing her foes, bid peace again smile.

The fierce dogs of war let loose from their leashes,
Have scented the blood of the furious fray,
From her lone eyrie, the eagle with screeches
Has poised on her pinions to strike at her prey.

'Twas silent all, for night intense
Had settled on the vast expanse
Of forest, lake, and river, where
The savage Indian had his lair.—

Alone was Glad^{ed}yn and distraught,
Oppressed with anxious care and thought.
He knew not when might fall the blow,
Impending, from his savage foe.

Thus musing sat he, whilst the glow,
From dying embers flickered low,
Whilst pussy purred for a caress
And rubbed her fur against his dress.