

THE OWL.

Soon, soon from that height shall the hero be hurl'd !
From thy rocks, 'Torres Vedras, the knell has rung out ;
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire ;
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt,
'That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.
'There's a gathering of clouds like the on-coming night,—
'There are fragments detached from the footstool of Might !

Hear the cries of the victims that fell on the field !
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend ;
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,
Is forced, for a moment, in spirit to bend.
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review ;
Thy huts, Quatre-Bras, have heard the famed word,
That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo !
The last stroke has fallen, and vanished the light ;
There are ruins and gloom 'round the footstool of Might !

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'The speck in the ocean has sunk from his view,
He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow ;
He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew
The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow !
His glory is gone like a dream of the night,
His name may survive in the annals of fame ;
But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,
And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.
Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,
That rest not their strength on the Pillars of Right.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

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