

And out of their dead hands a victory wrench,  
Will give to Stony Creek historic fame."

A cold, quick shiver through the maiden ran,  
As when they say, "One walks upon our graves,"  
It shook her for a moment's space, the while,  
The foolish superstition crossed her mind.

"My Basil!" said she, holding fast the hand  
That clasped her to his heart, and closer pressed,  
"Would that I were a man! one of 'The King's,'  
This night to march beside thee! It is worse  
Methinks for women to be left behind,  
To weep, and pray, and wait for tidings sad,  
While all the world without is glorified  
With victory—forgetful of the cost"

"My Amazon that would be!" he replied,  
With sunbeams on his lips. "Most worthy thou  
Of those brave German women, who of old  
Went with their men to battle, bearing gifts  
Of love to recompense, or words of blame,  
More dire than death, for all faint-heartedness!  
But I am most content and glad, to know  
My priceless jewels are all safe at home!  
But Isa! thou, perforce, wilt welcome me  
On my return to-morrow, famishing  
As any hungry soldier of The King's,  
Rewarding me as I may have deserved  
After the busy night work that shall be."

She tried to smile, but failed; as when the sun  
Whitens a mist opaque, without a ray  
That pierces through the blank and ghostly gloom,  
Her eyes filled fast, no glance of gaiety  
Responded to his cheerfulness. The fear  
Of some misfortune crept into her heart,  
And droned incessantly a dirge of woe.

Then rose they up to meet a messenger,  
A bold, blunt soldier, by the Colonel sent,  
To summon Basil to the camp at ten.

The man knew more than by his message came—

"If Captain Basil leads the forlorn hope,"

Said he, respectfully, with hand to brow,

"May I be one of them? the first of all

The hundreds who will volunteer with you?"

"You know more than a soldier should, I think,  
At least to speak of it!" and Basil smiled  
Good-naturedly. He liked the frank address  
Of manly men like this, who thus replied:—