

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAM.

—
 "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the Battle.
 —

I.

On Abram shone nor moon nor star,
 Yet quickly gathered from afar
 The rushing tide of ruthless War,
 In all its pomp and revelry.

II.

Beneath the canopy of night,
 The Sons of Britain in their might,
 Prepared to die or win yon height,
 And passed the word—"Our Ancestry!"

III.

Dark rolled Saint Lawrence's stormy wave!
 The woods, the vales—each rock and cave,
 The hills and Montmorenci gave
 An echo like artillery.

IV.

On—on! ye freest of the free,
 Though swift the stream and rough the sea,
 Who would not die for liberty,
 E'en midst this night's obscurity!

V.

Cape Diamond's passed; now on the strand,
 In silence, chief and vassals stand:
 Fast from each scabbard flew a brand,—
 "Up—up the mountain rapidly!"

VI.

No sooner thought, than said and done;
 Those were no hearts the fray to shun,
 And o'er the height, like orient sun,
 They stood in glorious panoply!

VII.

Now from the vale below advance
 In hurried pace the hosts of France:
 Their banners wave—their armour glance,—
 All long to meet the enemy.

VIII.

Ah! ere yon orb, with fading ray,
 Shall gild the closing scenes of day,
 These hostile bands, in fierce array,
 A tale will tell of agony.

IX.

But hark! the signal now is given:
 The air with warlike sounds is riven:
 Each footman rests his cause on heaven:
 Mark—mark his eye of bravery!

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X.

As wave meets wave upon the shore,
 So deepens fast the combat's roar:
 High is each arm, and deep in gore,
 The field is red and slippery.

XI.

Yet onward—onward, press the brave;
 Around them flags opposing wave:—
 "Our country or a glorious grave!"
 Is shouted high and cheerily.

XII.

And now the pibroch's mountain tones
 Are heard amid death's dismal groans:
 They fire Old Albyn's fearless sons—
 Woe—woe, to France's chivalry!

XIII.

They think on Scotia's hills and glades:
 They whirl in air their tartan plaids—
 In blood they dye their dauntless blades;—
 Saint Andrew!—their's is victory!

XIV.

But over whom, so pale and cold,
 Dares death his sable ensigns fold?
 Alas! 'tis Wolf—the good and bold:
 His life's blood gushes rapidly!

XV.

A veteran at the warrior's side
 The glorious issue saw, and cried
 "They run!"—the sinking hero sighed,
 "Thank God!—I die contentedly!"

D. C.

A SENSIBLE ARRANGEMENT.

A worthy gentleman, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated person returning from the garden. To prevent the occurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach*.

If a person has a great knack a finding out seats of legerdemain, you may pronounce him a blockhead. I never knew a clever man who was worth a farthing at detecting such tricks.

The most honest gourmands are decidedly the English; they talk of the subject with profound gusto, and may be said to have studied the philosophy of eating more deeply than any other nation in Europe.