

That for two years our hero's footsteps trod?
At length, beneath the gallant Howe's command,
He entered once again his native land.
The British met their foes in fight to join,
Near the blue, storied wave of Brandywine.
It was indeed a field contested well,
There many brave in either army fell;
But Britain triumphed ere the setting sun,
Yet Gabriel knew not of the battle won;
Before the noontide by a fate untoward
He sank, sore wounded by a kinsman's sword;
He knew not when they bore him from the spot
Where he lay weltering, to a lowly cot;
There, weak and racked by suffering as he lay,
His hot lips spake of naught but Margaret Clay:
Of the soft, shining lustre of her hair,
Her matchless eyes, her forehead broad and fair.
He thought an angel hovered night and day
Around his pillow, robed as Margaret Clay.
It was no angel, but a human form, —
Margaret's, still fair, though pale and sorrow worn
She nursed him, smoothed his pillow, laved his
head,
Till the fierce fever from his veins had fled;
And then in wedlock's solemn, holy bands,
Gabriel and Margaret joined their hearts and hands.
But soon the trump of war was heard again,
Calling its followers to the gory plain.
Through all that strife, forever varying, when