

The soldier-poet's description of the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, in the same poem, are very fine. We quote :—

“ When Russia's despot sent his millions forth,
His mean, hereditary, voiceless slaves,
Like icy torrents loosened in the north,
That bear destruction on their seething waves,
They onward came ; but serfs are little worth
Opposed by freemen, and they sank in graves
Which he, and such as he, did make beside
The Alma's ever memorable tide !

“ Again at Inkerman he hurled them back,
And stood triumphant on the awful field
When night o'er carnage hung a shadow black,
And headlong ranks in conflict wildly reeled,
'Mid scenes of horror that the soul would rack
With thoughts of anguish, he did firmly wield
The sword of justice, nor did sheath the blade
Until the tyrant shrank aback dismayed.”

The evening wanes and the wind becomes colder. The sun has sunk to rest behind the hill, and to while away the hour the solitary sentinel sings :

“ The battle was all over,
And murky clouds of night
Come quickly up to cover
The gore-encrimsoned height
Of Inkerman, where thousands lay
In death's unwaking sleep :
And dogs that tore their reeking prey
Howled o'er the dismal steep ;

“ When Raymond, sorely wounded,
Laid down his throbbing head
To die, while night winds sounded
Their dirge above the dead.
He felt his life go from him
With every feeble breath—
His heart grow cold, his eye grow dim,
Beneath the hand of death.

* * * * *

“ And tell her the last pray'r he sighed
To God's eternal throne,
Was for his long forsaken bride
In Erin left alone.

“ Oh ! now have mercy on me, God !
With feeble voice he cried,
As, falling back upon the sod,
The wounded soldier died.”

The *Fall of Quebec* is grandly sublime :

“ Soon on the shore the marshalled squadrons stand,
And high above them looms the fortress proud
In awful silence, threat'ning, stern and grand ;
Around its batteries hung the grayish cloud
Of morning, then the trumpet sounded loud
From guard to guard along the leagured wall,
While the invaders up the mountain crowd,
And form the ranks to their commander's call,
Presenting there a front that nothing could appal.”