

Tense the Celtic tone and low, as the tale he told—
Visioning with human woe a ghostly ground of old,
Where England fought a Scottish foe till streams of
red ran cold.

"'Twas there a dastard held command, and haughty
gave his order

Unto the boyish officer, a wounded one to slay,
Riding they reined: no scene more grim on all this
tragic border:

Cruel the coward pointed where the suffering soldier lay.

"Ablaze with scorn, the young man turned, his army
leader facing—

'Am I a butcher?' scathed he—his honest blood
astir!

Two cleaving currents pulsed the air: the steeds flung
out their pacing:

O, pelt of hate! O, waft of balm! O, rescued
Highlander!

"And who was he with courage true, this traitor deed
refusing,

Won hearts upon that heath beside the comrade
smitten, prone?

'Twas fearless Wolfe, the generous, who faltered not
in choosing

His loyalty to Honor high—the best in every
zone.

"Think ye our kilted warmen march as dullards, un-
discerning?

Nor heed the measure of the mind that guides
their battle-sway?

Ah, mountain-bred and heathen-homed, glean well
their spirit-learning—

These—proudly—knew their General in far Que-
bec that day!