

Besides he knew his men were brave, tried veterans in the field,—  
 From Louisbourg victorious wave that seldom thought to yield:  
 And when the soldier knelt to tell how the foe it was that ran,  
 "So soon!" was all that feeble fell from the lips resisting pain.

"Send Burton," and he breathed again, "to check them in retreat,  
 "To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain, and make secure defeat:"  
 Alas! 'twas duty's last behest, in faintest whisper sighed,  
 For death his soldier-victim pressed and would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting, though his years had been but brief,  
 For he knew his deeds would joyous ring to soothe a mother's grief:  
 "Now God be praised," his last words came, "for happy do I die;"  
 And those around him knew his fame was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell of victory's glorious sheen,  
 That gilds the plain whereon he fell, to keep his glory green;  
 For his renown is England's might that finds her own the fame  
 Of those who death have dared in fight, for the honour of her name.

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With speed of light, as on the silvered plate  
 Of photographic art, the tints innate  
 On fancy's film, begrimed with battle-breath,  
 Group animate around the hero's death.  
 Across the gorse-clad plain, in dawn's faint light,  
 We still would see the prelude of the fight,  
 And breathless watch the panoramic view  
 Of red-array on battle-field anew.  
 Behold the invader's columns press the edge  
 Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge!  
 With nature for defence on further side,  
 The left battalion, steeled with veteran pride,  
 Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,  
 Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.  
 From neighbouring woods, a galling fire declares  
 The foe astir; and then the message nears  
 They're on the march,—a band to reach St. Foye,  
 While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.  
 At first, attack disturbs the British flank,  
 As tribute-claims it draws from every rank;  
 But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,  
 The aid desired for comrades wavering find,  
 While still their general's friendly voice rings out  
 To re-assure brave men with valour's shout.  
 And now we see, as fancy's freaks behoove,  
 In lights phantasmic, French and British move,