

necessary to sing the requiem of the bayonet. In the following sixteen lines are at least twelve distinct scenes, each worthy of the artist's brush and poet's song :—

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave.
Wave Munich;—all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet.
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Lochiel's reply to the Wizard is characteristic of the nation of warriors who boast of Scotia as their home. Call the Scotsman close, clanny and commercial, we may, but none can refuse to admit and admire his bravery. Scotsmen are ever in the thickest of the fray. Duty, cold