

Ere wholly ceased the battle, Isa knew  
 Basil had fallen, and without a thought  
 Of her own danger, bearing in her hand  
 A lighted fackel,\* plunged into the wood  
 Through which had streamed the conflict ; sought and found  
 Beneath a barberry, that still hung red  
 With last year's corals, like fresh gouttes of blood,  
 Her hero lying in his gore. His head  
 Rested upon the knee of that brave man,  
 Who begged to follow him in the attack.  
 His eyes, whose glances had so thrilled her soul,  
 Were closed like sleep ; for he awaited death  
 With quietness, as throbbed his life away,  
 Unconscious of the world and all its pains.

The man was vainly trying with rude hand  
 Of a rough soldier, yet with tenderness,  
 To staunch the scarlet stream that would not stop ;  
 And through the darkness called for light and help,  
 Till Isa heard him, and thus Basil found.  
 The maiden gave a gasp of pain,—one such  
 Comes in a lifetime only ; when a stab  
 Of worse than death strikes home, and still we live.

She knelt transfixed, but cried not for her pain,  
 For noblest natures only inly weep ;  
 And kissed the pallid cheek that seemed to her  
 To turn as if half conscious she was by.  
 With trembling hands, yet firm, she closed the wound,  
 And rent her garment's softest lawn to bind,  
 And sent for instant help—a litter—men  
 To bear it, with the burden of two lives—  
 Her own and Basil's, to the nearest tent.

Help came at once—good help ! men of "The King's"  
 And officers begrimed with powder. They  
 With pity as of woman's tenderness,  
 Laid Basil on the litter. Shoulder high,  
 They bore him softly, safely to the camp,  
 While Isa walked beside them, watchful that  
 No stone to stumble at lay in the way.  
 And Vincent came, heroic Harvey, Brant—  
 And all "The King's" looked on with softened eyes,  
 As he passed through the ranks, amid the guns  
 And captured flags that dropped in sad salute  
 Before the dying hero of the fight,  
 Before the gentle girl, whom many knew  
 Betrothed to Basil, and each head was bared

\* A torch made of thin strips of hickory bark tied together—so called in the Niagara District.  
 The word is German