

Athwart these plains, where armies erst have fought
 In short-timed strife, we still would glide in thought,
 To read heroic day-dream in the forms
 Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms,—
 To watch the flash that livid gleams on death
 While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.
 Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves
 That calls contending kinsmen to their graves?
 Are these the shouts of liberty that guide
 To slavery a budding nation's pride?
 Adown the hollow there may still be found,
 Near by an obscure pillar, helmet-crowned,
 The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,
 Within the sound of Montcalm's dying knell :
 'Twas yonder up the slope, in full array,
 While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,
 He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt
 Rush at the foe : 'twas here his great heart felt
 At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,
 Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

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Abreast the lines the hero fell, in the thickest of the fray,
 And he whispered near him not to teli, till victory crowned the day :
 As he lay upon the greensward slope, with anguish in his eyes,
 His soul still bounded, winged with hope, to grasp ambition's prize.

A patriot trained, his king he served : his courage never paled :
 Against his feeble body nerved, his spirit never failed ;
 If he felt his race its goal had found, for him was glory's gain
 In the hopes that still dared hover round his battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved in the dear old English home,
 And then again his longings roved to sift the cannon's boom :
 Will he die before the victory assured is in his ears,
 To sound the valedictory of his earthly hopes and fears ?

Ah ! no, for stands a messenger with tidings from the plain,
 Whose troubled smile is harbinger of joy repressed by pain ;
 For he knows his general's dying fast, whate'er the news he bears,
 And his heart, with sadness overcast, his zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,
 He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry :
 " Who runs ? " the general quickly said, though no fear was in his face,
 For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace :