

Before whose wrath they could not stand an hour,
Which only burns the hostile to devour ?

NIGHT SCENE.

Again nocturnal darkness veil'd the sky,
Whose shadows o'er the field of death are spread,
Where many a wounded wretch did groaning lie,
Surrounded by the dying and the dead,
Without a friend to soothe his hopeless bed.
There Landers slept, unconscious 'mongst the slain,
Till woke by prowling hogs, he raised his head ;
Courageous still, though stiff with cold and pain,
He tried to reach his friends, nor tried in vain ;
For now he longs to thrash his foes again.

By fearful terrors of the soul oppress,
Within their confines the invaders lay,
Driven to despair, they could not think of rest,
And mad with rage, like panting wolves at bay,
They dreaded, yet they long'd for break-of-day ;
For now they saw their fast approaching doom,
And all delusive hopes had fled away,
Leaving their minds in overwhelming gloom,
Which all their leader's guile could not illume.

To raise their drooping souls, thus spoke the chief :
" My brave associates, why so haggard seem ?
Why are your daring hearts so changed by grief ?
We have lost nothing which we can't redeem ;
For help will come with morning's earliest beam.
Then shall we put our vaunting foes to shame,
And make their short liv'd triumph as a dream,
While wond'ring nations shall extol your name,
The more we suffer yields more glorious fame."