

The following lines were addressed to a sword seen hanging in a half-breed's house, in an Indian settlement some ten miles below Sault Ste. Marie. Enquiry being made, it was found that the sword had belonged to the grandfather of the French half-breed living there, and had been through all the campaigns of the great Napoleon.

Speak, and break your rusty silence, speak out with your iron
tongue,

Speak of mighty kingdoms humbled, and of glorious triumphs
won;

Tell me of the great Napoleon, how he led the arms of France,
Shattering all who dared oppose him, shivering bayonet, break-
ing lance,

Till urged on by boasting insults, by the victor's grasping lust,
English guns and English valour laid his banners in the dust.

Sadly, from its cankered scabbard, spake that iron tongue to me,
Like a voice from out the past, or like the murmur of the sea :

"Borne by a Breton soldier, to my master I was true,
From the parched Egyptian desert to the slopes of Waterloo;
I have seen the Sphinx far gazing o'er the yellow shifting sand,
Seen the Pyramids unmoved, stern, immeasurably grand;
I have tasted Austrian life-blood on Marengo's bloody plain,
Heeding not the cry for mercy: I was lifted high again
When our General, all victorious, took a sceptre for his own,
Looking scorn on trembling Europe from the Louis' gilded
throne.

But with all my power I faltered on a silver strip of shore,
When across the British Channel came the British lion's roar;
Wild my wrath, though unavailing, when I heard our ships of
war

Had been broken, vanquished, taken, in the fight at Trafalgar.