

The old love of the-olden time—like that
Which madly rent God's kingdom into twain,
When Israel rebelled and Judah stood!

PART FOURTH.

There was no reveillé of drums next morn,—
No enemy at Stony Creek—no camp—
But a wild wreck of all things that had been :
As of a great ship shattered on the rocks,
And strewn in fragments on the fatal shore !—
And all was flight that could fly of that host,
Through highways, by-ways—everyway in haste !
As when a roost of pigeons, at the dawn,
Breaks up with crash of wings, and streams away
In thousands all day long—so fled the foe !

The dead and wounded lay in lanes of blood
Where rushed the column of attack, and most
Where Basil led the forlorn hope. Dense groups
Of prisoners, with guns and colours furled,
Arose out of the dim light of the dawn ;
And in their midst the grey-haired Vincent stood,
With Harvey, leaning on their sheathed swords,
With chivalrous hands outstretched, and kindly words,
To greet the captive Generals* of the foe,
And soften thus the cruel fate of war.

Then looking keenly round him, Vincent said :
" I see not our brave Basil ! though his work
Is plainly visible on every side !—

No harm has happened him, I trust ! Who saw
Young Basil last ? Go quickly, seek and find
The bravest Paladin of all our camp ! "

Then rose a rumour low as rustling leaves,
Stirred by the South wind rising in the night :—
" Basil has fallen, wounded, in the dark !

Just as the camp was carried, he was seen
By every man the foremost of the ranks
That led the assault. Amid the hot melee
He must have fallen, no one yet knows where ! "

And so it was. But Basil had been found,
Even in the dark, by Isa, who had come
With woman's strength of purpose born of love,
Impelled by fears that seemed to cry with tongues
Prophetic of the evil that befell.

* Generals Winder and Chandler, both taken at Stony Creek.