

THE PASSING OF BROCK

(Battle of Queenston Heights fought October 13, 1812.)

(The author deems it opportune here to remark that the monument at Queenston Heights gives Sir Isaac Brock's age incorrectly. The inscription affirms that, when killed, he was in his 43rd year, whereas he was born on October 6th, 1769, being thus in his 44th year at the time.)

What hero's life has found a meeter end?
 Could Atropos more suavely wield her shears?
 Wolfe, Abercromby, Moore—still on their biers—
 Each with his martyr's bays, urged him to spend
 His dear blood Time-arked liberties to fend.
 Like one that, breakers nigh, the vessel steers—
 Awhile tense pivot of men's hopes and fears—
 Was he, tough limb, which Stress might break, not
 bend.
 Numbed every loyal spirit by dismay,
 When he fell, pierced—the dooming Valkyrs'
 choice—
 He, roll unmatched of strenuous, avid clay;
 Under whose charge the sheep-fold might rejoice;
 And who shall ever move the poet's lay—
 Free levies make upon Laudation's voice.

NOTE.—This and the preceding seven sonnet are, with a few verbal changes, reprinted from "Alfred the Great, and other poems."