The chance of life and death in his commands.

As he assigned the duties of the night To each and all, with carefulness, and gave The post of honour, as of danger, due To Basil-whom the General fitly called, "The bravest Paladin of all 'The King's,"-To Basil gave, to lead the forlorn hope: Thrust forward like the spear-point of the march, Forbidding all, on pain of death, to speak, Before they reached the enemy; then strike; Strike home at once, in every vital part! And seize his guns, and storm his startled camp As with a hurricane's resistless might! Proud of the post of honour, Basil bowed His thanks to his commander, and retired. While one explained to him-"how that same day, Resolved to risk no life except his own, Bold Colonel Harvey,\* in a farmer's garb, Driving an ox-team, with a load of hay, Had visited the camp at Stony Creek, Explored its strength and weakness, and laid down A plan for its destruction; and, to-night, The General says, 'the bold deed must be done.'" And it was done! A gallant feat of arms. Not looming large in story; but a stroke, As daring and decisive as the best Man ever struck for country and for King. A great two-handed blow that freed the land, And made, thenceforth, all hope of conquest vain. Not mine, of choice, to tell of war's alarms, Of battle's carnage, of the woods, strewn thick With men shot through and through, or gashed with steel, Or in the furious onset pinned to trees, With ruthless bayonets and left to die. While shouts of soldiery, and Indian yells From Brant the younger, emulous of his sire, Leading his Mohawks racing to the fray,

But a divided destiny—the rust

Commingled fearfully with roll of drums, And trumpets' blare, and rallying cries in vain, And cheers of victory, and groans of death. Nor will I; but in pity sigh to think, The blood of friend and foe like water spilt, Was thick with kinship—alien in nought

And rancour of those evil days that broke

<sup>\*</sup> Afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick.