

A century has God allowed
 None other, since the days He gave
 Unequal fortune to the brave.
 Comrades in death! you live to share
 An equal honour, for your grave
 Bade Enmity take Love as heir!



Ditch and Ramparts.

Illustration No. A shows one of the ditches, with its ramparts on either side. The low wall at the end near the small house closes the ditch, at a place where the cliff drops steeply down in a rocky escarpment to the river.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
 The loops of plunging foam that beat
 The rocks at Montmorenci's feet
 Stab the deep gloom with moon-lit rays;
 Or from the fortress saw the streams
 Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams;
 White shone the roofs, and anchored fleet,
 And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
 Pale hosts of sleeping Marguerite.

