

Upon the deeds of those exalted men,
 Who, when the battle raged fierce, and when
 Friends and beloved companions fell around,
 Amidst the tempest of the soul, even then
 God-like divine compassion was not drown'd,
 But heavenly mercy glorious actions crown'd.

Can I forget the daring Landers'* name,
 Who death defied, and dash'd among his foes ?
 Who 'gainst him now direct their murderous aim ;
 But Heaven a shield around the hero throws,
 And when his ammunition fail'd, his blows
 Told fearfully on many a Yankee head,
 Till him a villain from behind o'erthrows ;
 Then the infuriate fiends upon him tread,
 And leave their bleeding victim there for dead.

Now to the heroes whom I have not named,
 And many more whose names I have forget ;
 But he who stands most famous 'mongst the famed
 Friend of humanity, I'll mention Scott,†
 A name the world shall call Forget-me-not,
 ‡ As long as fancy shall her throne maintain,
 Or medicine shall soothe the wretches lot,
 And bring relief to ease the bed of pain
 To friend or foe, a name without a stain.

The thundering cannon now the heavens rend,
 While through the air hiss, hiss, the fleeting balls ;
 On friend and foe the fatal showers descend,
 While friend or foe beneath their fury falls,
 And many a wounded wretch for mercy calls.

* Sergeant Major Landers of the 1st R. G. M.

† Dr. W. J. Scott, of Prescott, late Staff Assistant Surgeon to His
 late Majesty's Forces.

‡ In allusion to the great Sir Walter.