

That broke the cuirassiers at Waterloo,
 Firm, for the Iron Duke, as at review;
 The blood that bided cool that dread advance—
 The veteran, Old, immortal Guard of France
 Who charged, yet knowing well they charged in vain—
 If vain be death-contemptuous Glory's gain—
 Charged to end there th' emblazoned valour scroll
 That Fame can never utterly uproll;—
 Or so my Grandsire, Pierre Deschamps, would say,
 Old Pierre, who charged at Hougomont with Ney”.

In filial love he boasts his Gallic part,
 His half-French mother gave him half his heart;
 But Pierre of Waterloo is less his pride
 Than Pierre's Canadian grandsire, Jean, who died
 In seventeen-sixty, hard by Fort Levis,
 Where Pouchot's braves renewed Thermopylae.

There he, with scarce four hundred, held at stand,
 For nineteen days, stout Amherst's whole command,
 Eleven thousand, balked on ship and shore,
 Till Pouchot's muster fell to thirteen score.

“Militiamen remember,” Peter says,
 “Just habitants, like ours of later days,
 Farming their little clearings by the stream
 That floated Amherst down its August dream.—
 And who dare say the least among them all
 Was not a very Paladin of Gaul?
 Go to—our Canada from France retains
 A strain as staunch as pulses British veins!”

French, English, Irish, Scotch he reconciles,
 Boasts them alike, and with his boasting smiles;—
 “That's me—that's Canada—a fourfold flame
 Of mighty origins surrounds the name.—
 Lives there a man in all the land to-day
 Can wish one pioneering race away?