

Fight on ye brave ! but who shall know,  
 Or where to aim th'uncertain blow,  
 Or whether bleeds a friend or foe,  
 To stain the wreath of victory ?

Ceased has the fight's tremendous roar ;  
 The cannon's thunders peal no more ;  
 But death's dark harbinger hangs o'er  
 The battle's utmost boundary.

Charge, charge, amain! the bugle sounds ;  
 At once the clashing steel resounds ;  
 And forward, fierce, each foeman bounds  
 To boldest deeds of chivalry.

Hard pant the combatants for breath,  
 While bloodier grows the blood stain'd heath,  
 And gloomier yet the work of death,  
 Deep veil'd in night's obscurity.

To glory rush, ye brave, rush on !  
 Seize, seize the laurel ! lo ! 'tis won  
 The vanquish'd yield— the work is done  
 Huzza ! the shout is victory.

Sunk is the beam of midnight low ;  
 The fires of death have ceased to glow,  
 But morn, a bloody field shall show,  
 Along thy banks, Niagara !

His silent stand the watchman takes,  
 Or by his wounded comrade wakes,  
 Whilst the last groan of misery breaks  
 Oft midst the dying soldiery.

Ne'er saw these fields so fierce a fight  
 Since first this flood, with rapid flight,  
 Majestic, from his giant height  
 Roll'd thro' his rugged scenery.

And while his cloud-capt surge shall pour,  
 May his deep thunder-voice no more  
 Be mingled with the battle's roar,  
 Along his steep declivity.

ERIEUS.

Flamborough West, July 1816.

These lines (altho' a little altered since then by the author,) appeared first in the "Gleaner," an Upper Canada paper. The same motive which weighed with me for the insertion of the *Stanzas written in prison* in No. 19, namely the probable preservation of them longer than in the transitory sheets of a news-paper, are adduced by Erius