



*When I behold the ancient city,
Guarded, moated, fortified.
With the August sunlight streaming,
Over town, and tower, and tide.
Proudly o'er her fortress floating,
Over moat and bastioned wall,
Waves the flag that long has listened
To old England's bugle call.
At my feet the lettered granite
Carved in characters of flame,
Shows to men the deeds that cluster
Round a Wolfe and Montcalm's name.*

—RILEY.

