

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day :
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea :
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside
Doltaire's—but something in it pierced me that night, and
I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said :

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the
tide carrying us in to shore ; and down from the dark
heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who
said in French that we were provision-boats for Mont-
calm : these, we knew, had been expected ! Then came the
batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same ex-
cuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore.
No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's
tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we
twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I
pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped be-
side a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and
drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark
at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at
the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our
careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows
came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came
tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it
stayed ; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed
freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked
loudly, and we lay still ; but hearing nothing above, we
pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.