

O'er Fancy's glass another shadow flits,
Which shows a bolder aspect than the gay
Impassioned votaries of Nature wear.
Mark his majestic port, his eagle eye,
The stern erection of his haughty brow,
Partially shaded by the snowy plumes
That lightly wave and wanton in the breeze.—
Is this a pensioner of hope?—Is this
A dreamer of wild dreams?—All eyes are turned
To gaze upon him, as with measured step
The weaponed warrior slowly passes by.—
Oh, this is one of War's tremendous sons,
Glory's intrepid champion: his stout heart
Leaps, as the war-horse, to the trumpet's sound,
And hails the storm of battle from afar.
He loves the press, the tumult, and the strife,
Where horror holds the gory steeds of death,
And slaughter hews a passage for the brave!—
He too is an enthusiast!—his zeal
Impels him onward with resistless force,