

These chiefs and more, that time would fail to tell,  
Beside vast legions that unnoted fell ;  
To guard the *Press* or mingle in the fray,  
Concenter'd stood in terrible array—  
Death in their front and ruin in their rear,  
And like a fiend, beside them stood despair ;  
Grim, ghastly, lean and horrible to view,  
Her lips grew pale, and mutter'd Doodledoo,—  
Nor to oppose this hostile furious band,  
Did the Recorder weak or helpless stand.  
To join the war and in the triumph share,  
With "Doodledoo," "Sebastrau" did prepare ;  
The car triumphal each in turn ascends,  
Sure Death on that, and Victory this attends.

Like some fair cloud amidst the black'ning storm  
Next milder "Fabius" show'd his friendly form.  
As streams of lightning bursting from the skies,  
Indignant feeling sparkled in his eyes,  
And flashing shot a lustre on the shade  
Where lay Modestus in close ambuscade.—  
Against his foe a triple line he led,  
His foe defared to new ambush fled ;  
But Fabius follow'd, and he fled in vain.  
In glittering armour such as poets feign,  
(Of varied texture exquisitely wrought,  
The gods' array when they with devils fought,)  
Of danger reckless and of vaunting free,  
Yet more relentless than the Mede's decree,  
He caught his victim, weaken'd by despair,  
And sacrific'd him to the shade of BLAIR.

As when the huntsman from the mountain brow  
The dim deer eyes far in the vale below ;  
With the shrill horn a long tantara sounds  
And for the chace collects the scatter'd hounds.  
The hounds, the hunter, and the bounding steed  
Swift as the wind along the mountain speed :  
Although dire omens th' result foretell,  
They ride o'er cairn, and mound, and rock, and dell ;  
And eager all (for all alike are vain,  
The proudest honors of the hunt to gain)  
To urge the course and join the murthering chace,  
That fame might not them in the sylvan race,  
Till lost in triumph at th' approaching deed  
(For each in fancy sees the victim bleed,) 'Tis hurry, hurry to the destin'd spot  
And rock, and steep, and danger are forgot.—  
Ahl sad reverse ! the awful huntress sate  
With frown severe, and unrelenting hate.