

ginning of the piece is about the running away of Johnnie Cope's men :"—*

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“ Yet in that craven, dread-struck host,
 One val'rous heart beat keen and high ;
 In that dark hour of shameful flight,
 One staid behind to die !
 Deep gash'd by many a felon blow,
 He sleeps where fought the vanquish'd van,—
 Of silver'd locks and furrow'd brow,
 A venerable man.
 E'en when his thousand warriors fled,—
 Their low-born valor quail'd and gone,—
 He,—the meek leader of that band,—
 Remained, and fought alone.

* The following are the opening stanzas of the piece,—quite as obnoxious to criticism, I fear, as those selected by Walsh :—

“ Have ye not seen, on winter's eve,
 When snow-rack dimm'd the welkin's face,
 Borne wave-like, by the fitful breeze,
 The snow-wreath shifting place ?
 Silent and slow as drifting wreath,
 Ere day, the claus from Preston Hill
 Mov'd downward to the vale beneath :—
 Dark was the scene, and still !
 In stormy autumn day, when sad
 The boding peasant frets forlorn,
 Have ye not seen the mountain stream
 Bear down the standing corn ?
 At dawn, when Preston bog was cross'd,
 Like mountain stream that bursts its banks,
 Charged wild those Celtic hearts of fire,
 On Cope's devoted ranks.
 Have ye not seen, from lonesome waste,
 The smoke-tower rising tall and slow,
 O'erlooking, like a stately tree,
 The russet plain below ?
 And have ye mark'd that pillar'd wreath
 When sudden struck by northern blast,
 Amid the low and stunted heath,
 In broken volumes cast ?
 At sunrise, as by northern blast
 The pillar'd smoke is roll'd away,
 Fled all that cloud of Saxon war,
 In headlong disarray.”

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