

## **Battle of the Alma.**

BRIGHT o'er the ripp'ling Alma,  
The autumn sunbeams shone  
On martial hosts—on glittering steel,  
And battlements of stone,  
Where the haughty Russian Menschikoff,  
In his arrogance and pride,  
Reposing in his fancied strength,  
Our Allied host defied.  
Ho! ye warriors of England,  
Ye martial ones of France,  
Will ye to yonder battled heights  
With fearless step advance.  
Hath the sting of death no terror  
For veteran ones like thee,  
Or are those northern bondsmen weak  
To combat with the free?  
“Are they weak?”—No, they are mighty,  
By their conquests far and wide,  
From the Danube to the Volga,  
And along the Caspian's side.  
They are mighty by dominion,  
Yet like bullock's yoked in span:  
They knew not one true impulse  
Which should animate the man;  
They know not of those sacred rights  
Ye justly prize so high,  
For which a freeman hopes to live,  
A freeman dares to die!  
Then up ye noble warriors,  
Ascend the bristling height,  
And let the serf and despot feel  
The terrors of your might.  
Ye shall not sleep forgotten,  
If ye fall in conflict dire;  
Your deeds shall live as if inscribed  
On monumental spire,  
For nations—millions yet unborn  
Shall tell your might and worth,  
When freedom's power is owned and loved  
Around th'enfranchised earth.

*Sackville.*

C.F.

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