



A Nightingale in the Camp.

THE men before Sebastopol !
A more heroic host
There never stood, in hardship
And in peril, at their post.
The foremost of those warriors
Twere a famous thing to be !
And there the first among them goes,
If thou hast eyes to see.

Tis not the good Lord Raglan,
Nor yet the great Omar,
No, nor the fierce Pelissier,
Though thunderbolts of war,
Behold the soldier who in worth
Excels above the rest ;
That English maiden yonder
Is our bravest and our best.

Brave men, so called, are plentiful :
The most of men are brave.
So, truly, are the most of dogs,
Who reckon not of a grave :
Their valour's not self-sacrifice,
But simple want of heed ;
But courage in a woman's heart
Is bravery indeed.

And there is Mercy's Amazon,
Within whose little breast
Burns the great spirit that has dared
The fever and the pest.

And she has grappled with grim death,
That maid so bold and meek :
There is the mark of battle fresh
Upon her pallid cheek.

That gallant, gentle lady
The camp would fain review ;
Throughout the chief escorts her with
Such honour as is due.
How many a prayer attends on her,
How many a blessing greets !
How many a glad and grateful eye
Among that host she meets !

Now goes she to look forth upon
The enemy's stronghold.
O damsel, when its story shall
In after times be told,
When not a stone of that thieves' den
Shall rest upon a stone,
No name shall with its memory
Live longer than thine own :

Among the world's great women
Thou hast made thy glorious mark ;
Men will hereafter mention make
Of the with Joan of Arc :
And fathers, who relate the Maid
Of Saragossa's tale,
Will tell their little children, too,
Of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

