

POETRY

HOME.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

(From the Noyascotian.)

Home of the beautiful and brave,
My own—my father's home;
Small is the boon from fate I crave,
To find in thee a tomb;
My home—my home—I've never seen,
A dearer spot than thou hast been.
My loved—my native land,
Where Fortune scowl'd on me,
I yielded to her stern command
And wander'd far from thee;
From thee to 'scape her frowns I fled
And shelt'ed my devoted head.
Years—few and evil years,
Have tardily gone by,
Yet memory scarce their impress bears,
Save where they bring a sigh:
Though pall'd in many scenes of ill,
My heart was, ay, in Scotia still,
For other days are come,
Misfortune's hour is past,
Hope glides the paths of life—the same
Are gloomy to the last:
But fortune softens her dear face
And bids me come again to thee.
The little worth of fame—
To grace her poet brought,
A list the wreck of years—became
A distant dream—forgot;
But not one hour of fleeting time,
Have I forgot thee—gentle clime.
Home—what a pleasant tale,
In distant climes to tell;
Blest talisman to me unveil,
The secrets of thy spell;
Years vanished like a cloud from thee,
Appears like yesterday to me.
Thrice welcome happy day,
So often said my dreams;
Thrice welcome did I fondly say,
Not so in truth it seems;
Alas! my friends where are ye gone,
Am I a stranger left alone?
Companions of my youth—
My boon companions still;
Have ye—has Scotia aught to sooth
A heart that sorrows chill;
Yes—come and bid me welcome home,
Come—O my friends, my lover come.
Not one is left—not one,
That sigh'd to me Farewell!
And every relic there is gone,
I loved so long and well;
Unknowing and unknown to me,
Save yonder weeping willow tree;
Where is my father's cot—
The cot I called my own,
Ah me! it is a dreary spot,
And weeds have o'er it grown;
Time's countless chaplets there are seen,
Where youthful banquetings have been.
My grandsire's horologe,
A hieroglyphic zone,
That told the measure of the stage
Time made his transits on;
That, only that I now can see,
Of all that was so dear to me.
With eager gaze I sought,
Some one I left behind;
One that commingled every thought,
Where love's sweet tissues twin'd;
Alas! my father and my bride,
In death lay sleeping side by side.
The stream, the sylvan stream,
Still cleaves the flow'ry vale,
The twilight stars that on it gleam,
The summers' sun tide hail;
But nought around, above I see,
That ever seems to welcome me.
The broomwood copse, where oft
My truant limbs I laid;
The couch of moss so sweet, so soft,
Where Spring's first blossoms play'd,
All, all I lov'd when I was young,
With gloom and solitude are hung.
Ambition revelled there
With his unhallowed crew,
And some proud minion's princely lair,
Amidst the ruin grew;
Still that is home, her folded arms,
But ill conceal her widow'd charms.
Home of the beautiful and brave,
My own—my father's home;
Small is the boon from fate I crave,
To find in thee—a tomb;
My home—my home—I've never seen,
A dearer spot than thou hast been.

THE ASSAULT ON IVREE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

(From La Revue Française for March)

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and of Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle field of Marengo, had yet to surmount that first Alpine barrier which extends from St Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and skill the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of 4000 Austrian soldiers and twenty five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, and commanded by the three youngest but already most illustrious generals in Europe,—Massena, Lannes, and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the 25th day of May, 1800, ordered the division of general Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of defenders driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of adjutant-general H—, with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran, was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loopholes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in company of two battalions to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer equally distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his impetuous courage and ferocity soon forced his way at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H—, the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation opposed the entrance of the republicans, and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence the old gentleman aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once, and for ever, had it not been skillfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded veteran; he fell, and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the 15 years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale and distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair—

"Spare him, on spare him, do not take his life, for he is my husband, the father of my child."

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace of anger or pity, and then deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting on her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself pale and trembling under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican and exclaimed, "Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son."

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French General, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; paleness overspread his features, and his limbs shook;

while Madame H—, as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the General with a single cry for vengeance!

The General raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same time, an explanation of the scene before him.

There was little need of words; the objects upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse, that female, upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon his left hand, he turned abruptly and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed,

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! what! murder in cold blood, an unarmed man—defenceless, a veteran, before the eyes of his wife imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one that feels he is lost—

"Be silent, sir," interrupted the general.

"I listen to no excuse, I admit no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me your sword, from this moment you are dismissed from the brigade which you have disgraced, from the army to which you are a stain."

"The Major raised his head with a proud fierce look.

"General," he said but with a voice that betrayed emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a fair trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it sir, and within an hour."

Then turning to the officers who accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them—

"Unite with me gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day, was passed by Madame H—, in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honours, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body: but now when the assassin had undergone public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her, there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when early the next morning, a French Aide-de-camp waited upon her with a request from the Commander-in-Chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of enquiry or remonstrance she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the Messenger of the General.

Led to the council chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H— found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom in after years, so many were to lose on battle fields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honour for which, they now were panting, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche, and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the General, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H—, he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment on the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk.

Madame H— began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception the silence that prevailed around her, all combined first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might afford a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum at a little distance startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the General, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below, the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look Madame," said he, in a calm, yet impressive tone; "the man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms, have condemned to death, for the assassination

of an Austrian in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment: then, glancing round upon the officers who stood near them he continued,

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell Madame! report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This General, at that time First Consul, was afterwards THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON!

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy indeed madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation!"

Two Cardinals objected to Raphael, the great master of the pencil, that in one of his pieces he had put too much red in the countenances of St. Peter and St. Paul. "Be not astonished at that my lords, I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church so badly governed."

A company of young people, says Lorenzo Dow, going to a tavern, one of them said, "I will ride there as Christ rode into Jerusalem." Instantly his horse started, ran a distance, and threw him against a log. He spoke no more until he died—which was next morning.

The abilities of man must fall short on one side or the other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down on your feet your shoulders are uncovered.

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow—to button up one cause of vexation and to unbutton another.

The following new mode of begging has been lately adopted by a negro at Lyme:—"Massa, I do not beg—I must not beg; please lend me a halfpenny, when I come again I will pay you back good Sir—if I can."

A man's nature runs, says Bacon, either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and utterly destroy the other.

Let a Woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature—yet if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

We are more afraid of shame than of sin. So vulgar minds hold their breath at the thunder which is harmless, but wink at the lightning which may be fatal.

We send our banished culprits to *Diemens' land*, and Sydney's *Cove*; the Greeks sent theirs to *Pity-us*.

A female in New York, whose house is infested with rats, has applied to the police for protection!!

TOASTS.—The Greeks—May they receive sauce from other countries, the better to enable them to pick the bones of Turkey with a good relish.

Old bachelors and old maids—a cold set—may they be toasted, till they are melted together.

In the reign of Mary, 1553, a barrel of beer, with the cask cost only sixpence; and four large loaves of bread were sold for one penny!

A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. You are right said the other, a lawyer cannot be too *barfaced*.

Truth can never suffer from argument and enquiry; but may be essentially injured by the tyrannous interference of her pretended advocates.

He who never courts solitary reflection, knows none of the pleasures of an intellectual being.

It would be far better for us to be a free nation of labouring peasantry than a nation of gentlemen wearing the chains of slavery, gilt by the gold of commerce.

The following riddle is said to be the last production of Sheridan's witty pen:—"Sometimes with a head, sometimes without a head; sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without either; and yet equally perfect in all situations!" Answer—a Wig.

A shopkeeper recommending a piece of silk for a gown told his customer, "Madam it will wear for ever. and make a petticoat afterwards."

CURE FOR THE HOOPING COUGH.—Dissolve one scruple of salt of Tartar in a gill of spring water—add 10 grains of Cochineal finely powdered; sweeten this with loaf sugar.