

civil war, when the opposing armies were camped within rifle-shot of each other, just previous to the battle of Fredericksburgh, a brave young Irish soldier, Captain D. J. Downing, of the 97th New York Volunteers, whose thoughts (even on the eve of that bloodiest battle of the war) were with the old land that he loved with a devotion never surpassed by that of any of her children, gave vent to his pent-up feelings by singing this, his favorite song at the door of his tent. At the conclusion of the first verse, the refrain was taken up by his comrades in the immediate vicinity, from them it spread along the lines of the Union Army, rolling along from regiment to regiment, and from brigade to brigade, until the echoes of the hills at both sides of the river sent back the shout of "Ireland, boys, hurra!" But this was not all, many an Irish heart throbbed beneath the coats of gray that guarded the grim ramparts of Marye's Heights, and the sound of the familiar old air, coming across the river, sent them leaping into the exiles' throats, until, with moistened eyes and burning brain, they took up the chorus and sent it reverberating back again to their brothers in blue. So passed the early part of that night. The weary exiles retired to rest, many of them in this their last sleep on earth, murmuring in their fitful slumber the refrain which still rang in their ears—"Ireland, boys, hurra!"

This song, which is one with a noble Irish refrain, full of pathos, abandon and home love, and which gives full expression to the heart-felt feelings of every Irish exile on this continent who fills his "Patrick's Pot" to the dew-old land, and to the friends he left behind him, is very appropriate for Irish Canadians; we therefore publish it for the benefit of our readers who will be toasting the old sod, as we all hope to do on this blessed Patrick's night:

## SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

*Air—We'll never get drunk again.*

Deep in Canadian woods, we've met,  
From one bright island down;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave this shanty small,  
While fades the Autumn day,  
We'll toast Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
We'll toast Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,  
The new ones and the old,  
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,  
Enlarged some fifty fold.

But take them all, the great and small,  
And this we've got to say:—  
Here's dear Old Ireland!  
Good Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
Here's dear Old Ireland! &c.

We know that brave and good men tried  
To snap her rusty chain,  
That patriots suffered, and martyrs died,  
And all 'tis said in vain;  
But no, boys, not a glance will show  
How far they've won their way—  
To free Old Ireland!  
Loved Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
To free Old Ireland! &c.

We've seen the wedding and the wako,  
The patron and the fair;  
The stuff they take, the fun they make,  
And the heads they break down there,  
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pilla-la,"  
And a thundering "clear the way!"  
Here's gay Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
Here's gay Old Ireland! &c.

And well we know in the cool gray eves,  
When the hard day's work is o'er,  
How soft and sweet are the words that greet  
The friends who meet once more;  
With "Mary Machree;" and "My Pat!" 'tis he!  
And "My own heart night and day!"  
Ah, fond Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
Ah, fond Old Ireland! &c.

And happy and bright are the groups that pass  
From their peaceful homes, for miles  
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,  
When Sunday morning smiles!  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel  
When low they kneel and pray.  
Oh, dear Old Ireland!  
Blest Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
Oh, dear Old Ireland! &c.

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
And we never may see again  
The dear old Isle where our hearts are set,  
And our first fond hopes remain!  
But come, fill up another cup,  
And with every sup let's say—  
Here's loved Old Ireland!  
Good Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!  
Here's loved Old Ireland! &c.

## EARTH WITHOUT HEAVEN.

BY LADY GEORGIANNA FULLERTON.

"Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"  
Bid the wild lawless winds obey your will;  
Preach to the storm and reason with despair,  
But tell not misery's son that life is fair."

KIRK WHITE.

No, do not tell misery's son that life is fair  
to others, while it is so deeply sad to him, unless  
you can speak to him, at the same time, of  
that other life where all will be compensated,