

POETRY.

SONG OF THE SEAMAN'S WIFE.

Wake, wake not the wrath of the slumbering deep,  
Ye faithless winds with your ruthless sweep,  
For my husband's bark is many a mile  
From the sandy shores of his native isle.  
Oh! raise not the "whited flakes of foam  
Till his footstep is placed on the hearth of home,  
Where his children are waiting to climb the knee,  
And list to his tales of the deep green sea.  
His life hath been still one of peril and pain,  
For its spring time hath passed on the billowy main;  
And oft when it raves in its fury, I fear  
That at last he will float on a watery bier.  
But grant me my prayer, and fill the sails  
Of his bounding boat ye favouring gales,  
Wafting him on ere the fitful boom  
Of the darkly death fraught tempest come  
And thou my God, whom the waves obey,  
Protect him still on his lonely way:  
For none, if he fail to come, can be,  
So kind or so dear unto us as he.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,  
Beneath it a soldier lying;  
The death wound came amid sword and pike,  
When banner and ball were flying.  
Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,  
By wet wild flowers surrounded;  
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,  
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.  
There were tears that fell from manly eyes,  
There was woman's gentler weeping,  
And the wailing of age and infant cries,  
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.  
He had left his home in his spirit's pride,  
With his father's sword and blessing;  
He stood with the valiant side by side,  
His country's wrongs redressing.  
He came again in the light of his fame,  
When the red campaign was over;  
One heart that in secret had kept his name,  
Was claimed by the soldier-lover.  
But the cloud of strife came upon his sky,  
He left his sweet home for battle;  
And his young child's lip for the loud war-cry,  
And the cannon's long death rattle.  
He came again—but an altered man—  
The path of the grave was before him,  
And the smile that he won was cold and wan,  
And the shadow of death hung o'er him.  
He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer—  
These are words that are vainly spoken  
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,  
Or the widow whose heart is broken.  
A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,  
Half hidden by yonder willow;  
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,  
But who died on his own home-pillow.

THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY.

DURING the eventful year of 1815, when the genius of Wellington rescued Europe from the splendid ambition of Buonaparte, I occupied a house in the High Street of Crevelt, near the Rhine. My husband, an army contractor, was engaged in such large concerns with the Prussian government, that he was continually from home, so that all domestic cares fell entirely upon me. I was sitting one morning quietly at work, when the sound of the drum, and immediately afterwards, military music, called my attention to the street; the fine — regiment, which subsequently so distinguished itself, and was literally cut to pieces at the battle of Waterloo, had just arrived, and was passing under my window. After admiring the noble, imposing appearance they again took up my work, congratulating myself that as the soldiers we had had in quarters were but just gone, none of these could fall to my share. We miscalculate, however, occasionally. About an hour afterwards, my eldest boy capered into my room. A long residence abroad had by no means divested me of my English notions. "Good heavens!" exclaimed I, glancing at the well known lillet in his hand, "how vexatious it is to have one's house thus eternally metamorphosed into a barrack!" "Well

how many have they favoured me with this time."

"Only one mamma, such a fine soldier; he let me carry his knapsack,—says I'm a fine little fellow,—and has promised that the king will make me his generalissimo one of these days."

"May his words be propetic," said I, "but I wish nevertheless, that he were at the top of the monument, or any where but here."

It was customary with us, when a regiment was likely to become stationary for any length of time, to take one private, and keep him during their stay, in preference to being free for a week or two, and then having three or four at once. One of the two who had just left us was a singular animal; he had performed sundry menial offices, for which, as he appeared rather "out of suits with fortune," I allowed him a small sum weekly, with which he manfully enveloped himself in clouds of smoke while the money lasted. After he had been with us about a month, it so fell out that in consideration of his industry, I upon his birth-day, saint's day, or some such grand occasion, enriched him with a crown piece; besides which, some other friends, knowing him to be an orderly young man, had likewise opened their hearts and their purses. The following morning he refused to work. I ordered him to be called. "They tell me," said I, "that you decline assisting as usual: have you taken offence at any one, or is it merely a whim?"

"Neither one, nor the other," answered he, standing like a statue, and staring me stupidly in the face, "my pocket is full of money, and I never condescend to work unless obliged to do it; I'm above that sort of thing: that's all."

The work stopped: the smoking went on flourishingly for nearly a fortnight; when my friend again presented himself upright as pike at the parlour-door.

"I will now resume my occupations if you please," said he.

"Certainly, but may I ask why you now condescend to make the request?"

"I spent my last centime this morning; pride is my delight only I love tobacco better."

Your feelings are wonderfully accommodating," said I with difficulty suppressing my risibility at the broad unmeaning caricature of a physiognomy before me, as well as the invincible *sans froid* of his manner.

"Very," he replied, without discomposing a muscle.

"I comprehend this case," said I, with all the gravity I could muster; but as you have made me your debtor for this useful lesson of practical philosophy, go and fill your tobacco box from that jar yonder; a trifle like this will, I presume, make no alteration in your present intentions?"

"None at all," replied he, as greeting me *a la militaire* he wheeled right about and disappeared.

The fellow had just departed, when the new arrival was announced. In Germany every respectable house has one or more apartments appropriated exclusively to the military, quartered from time to time upon the inhabitants. Our soldiers' room was on the side of a court-yard at the back of my house: passing through it in the evening I was much struck by perceiving a remarkably fine youth at the door; his figure was tall and graceful, his appearance uncommonly interesting, and his countenance overshadowed by the deepest melancholy.

"I perceive by your lillet my friend," said I, "that you are likely to be the inmate of that room for some time, and shall make a point of giving orders for your comfort and convenience, for which I must request two favours in return: first that you will keep regular hours; and secondly that you prohibit the visits of your comrades: this last I must particularly insist on, because as the master of the house is absent, any irregularity would be particularly distressing."

"You shall have no cause for complaint, madam," replied the young soldier, respectfully placing his hand upon his forehead; your commands shall be punctually obeyed.

This private remained in our house during the stay of the regiment; he seldom quitted his apartment excepting on duty, and appeared to be one of the best young men I ever saw, his only recreations were reading or playing with the children. I frequently saw him with the youngest on his knee, and others standing round, at which times I would now and then stop and speak to him, when his answers evinced good sense and education; so that like a true daughter of Eve, my curiosity was not a little roused to discover what could have plunged so interesting a being into such hopeless despondency; for in that he never varied; every one in the house became charmed with his gentle disposition and obliging manners; but every effort to dispel his gloom proved ineffectual.

"Well Frederick," said I one day, stopping at his door, before which he was standing, "the order for marching is I understand issued, and we are to lose you; it is no fat-

terly to say you will be much regretted here especially by the children."

"You are kindness itself, madam," replied he: "I have experienced nothing else since my entrance into this house, where I have been as happy as one under my circumstances could be."

"It is true," observed I, "that a soldier's life is attended with many and great deprivations; but it is at the present moment rather *mal a propos* for reflections of this nature, when your services will shortly be in request?"

"I did not allude to personal inconvenience," replied he; nothing on that subject could possibly have occurred to me here: my meaning was, that I am too unfortunate ever to experience happiness."

"May I ask the cause of your affliction?"

"You are good in interesting yourself so far, but my trouble although heavy for me to bear, has little in it worthy of your attention."

"Let me judge of that," I replied, "I only wish it were in my power to be of any service to you."

"You cannot madam: hear, and convince yourself. When a boy at school, I formed the closest friendship with a youth of my own age; we grew up together, and were as brothers. About four years ago it was that we first became acquainted with Annette L—; and from the first moment I saw I loved her: judge then, what must have been my feelings, when my friend confided to me his passion for the same object, and finished by declaring he should never marry her happy unless she became his wife. My attachment was then in its infancy: known to no one but myself. I resolved to make every effort to conquer it, and from that hour absented myself—

After some time she yielded to the entreaties of both families, and gave her promise to marry Carl at the expiration of three months. Then it was that my regarding her as the betrothed wife of my friend, and considering myself therefore safe, I imprudently ventured to enjoy her society again. The consequence was that my love smothered but not extinguished, revived with redoubled force, and every effort I made to subdue so hopeless a passion, served but to add fuel to the flame!"

"At this crisis the conscription for the expedition to Russia was put in force: Carl drew one of those fatal numbers which forced him from his home, his happiness and love! How shall I tell you madam, that he shared the disastrous fate of so many other victims of the usurper's boundless ambition and perished on the frozen plains of Russia! To describe my despair at his loss would be impossible; you will have some idea of it, when I tell you that even the passion which had so long consumed me seemed hushed, and every feeling but that of sorrow, buried with my friend in his untimely grave. I left home for some time. Change of scene obliterated the edge of grief: I returned, and found Annette in all the pride of youth and beauty. Her undisguised joy at our meeting, as well as many other circumstances, bade me hope I should not address her in vain, yet still I was restrained by scruples of conscience relative to my departed friend; her charms overcame them all, and but a short time since she had only received me as her destined husband, but confessed that it was she she loved from the first, but partly from pique at my sudden coldness, and partly in compliance with the earnest wishes of her friends, she had consented to marry Carl.— Judge of my transport! we were shortly to have been united: but vain hope! it would have been too much bliss for mortal man: I am called upon to fight for my country.— She can never now be mine."

"Do not say so, do not think so Frederick," replied I: "rouse yourself now, and do your duty: you will doubtless meet again and under happier auspices."

"I shall have no more occasion for these," said he, without noticing my last remark, further than by snaking his head mournfully and pointing to a trunk inside his room, containing part of his wardrobe, "I shall assuredly never want them, so I had better give them away."

"No, do not do that, they shall be taken care of: you will be glad of this addition on your return."

A tear that had long trembled in his eye, dropped on his manly cheek.

"I shall never return," said he; "a sad and sure foreboding tells me I have seen that beloved girl for the last time; and gracious God! who shall break the news to my widowed mother!"

"Banish these gloomy thoughts," replied I; "look at your comrades; every one has doubtless bidden adieu to some one most dear to them; yet they're all in life and spirits, burning with impatience to encounter the enemy: a pretty figure we should cut here," continued I, endeavouring to divert his thoughts, "if all our champions were to give way to despair: you know what Crevelt has to expect should the French return."

"I hope I shall not disgrace my regiment," said he colouring highly. "No! if the remembrance of my poor mother, and adored love, unnerves me for the moment, the sight of the enemy will strengthen my arm, and

the recollection of my departed friend, make it fall like thunder upon the foe."

His eyes flashed fire as he spoke: and as he raised his arm "to suit the action to the word," I thought I had never beheld so fine a figure, nor any thing comparable to his attitude.

"To night, Frederick," said I, "farewell I shall take care of your clothes: mind you apply to me as soon as possible, for we shall be very anxious about you."

"I am most grateful," replied he; "my road homeward lies direct through here: if I live without fail you will see me; but if after the battle you do not, conclude I am no more: have the goodness then, to give those things to any one in want of them; and do my memory the justice to be convinced I have done my duty. Heaven bless you madam: farewell!"

I turned from him to conceal my emotion and retired to my apartment, pondering over the complicated miseries of war. Two hours afterwards, the — regiment, in all the pride of military glory, beating of drums and waving of banners, marched out of Crevelt in high spirits, eagerly looking forward to the wished for moment that should bring them in sight of the enemy.

At length we heard that the battle was raging with violence, and had been eagerly expecting news the whole day. Carriages and caravans were in readiness for the immediate conveyance of the women and children to the banks of the Rhine, and the flying bridge (the great ferry boat so called at Dusseldorf,) and boats waiting to convey us over, in case the French should prove victorious, who too well knew would, in that case, lose no time in taking summary revenge. Towards evening, our feelings, our terror, became almost insupportable; yet midnight approached, and still we were in the most dreadful uncertainty. The streets were thronged: old and young, rich and poor, were all assembled, and eagerly looking that way from whence our doom was to arrive. Just after twelve o'clock, the gallop of a horse was heard in the distance: instantaneously all was silent and breathless expectation—it approached—the courier, covered with dust, came in sight, spurring his foaming horse through the gates, thrown wide open for his reception, and darting with the swiftness of an arrow towards the Town Hall, he glanced at the dense multitude awaiting his arrival, threw his cap into the air, and loudly shouted "Wellington! and Victory!"

Oh! magical, electrical sounds! Even now, at this distant period, the High street of Crevelt rises clearly as then, to my view the crowd, the fearful agitation, the momentary silence, the breathless concert, and (*Abus ushered in*) the name of Wellington, impressed on my mind for ever.

What pen could do justice to the tumultuous scene that followed: all ranks were levelled, as nothing was seen or heard but mutual congratulations and demonstrations of joy. No one at that moment thought of the many and dear relatives in the scene of action; or, if they did, flattered themselves their friend, their brother, their son might have escaped. All private feeling seemed absorbed in patriotic zeal; and no one without the blush of shame, could have confessed, or even felt himself an egotist in such a cause.

The first burst of joy had subsided: security had taken place of terror, and anxiety advanced with fearful steps towards the abodes of those whose hopes and pride lay stretched upon the field of Waterloo! Notice was given to all who lived in High street that a long train of carts with the wounded, would pass through in a day or two; and we were requested to provide brethren their refreshment, linen for their dressings &c.: the surgeons round the neighbourhood being in requisition to attend. Besides which, the humane inhabitants of Crevelt had strewn the town from one end to the other thick with straw, to mitigate, by every attention, the pain of the unhappy sufferers, five or six of whom were brought into my house. In vain my good old doctor, who had attended us for six years, endeavoured to prevail upon me to leave the window; in vain did he represent the bad effect such sights must have on nerves like mine. I watched every cart, searched every pale deathlike countenance, and had even the sick list brought for my inspection. Poor Frederick! he was not amongst them, nor ever after did we hear his name mentioned. He was one of the many thousands who dropped into oblivion on that eventful decisive day: whose humble history no pen (save this feeble sketch) shall commemorate—whose sacrifice no historian shall record.

Some months afterwards, when every hope had vanished, I opened Frederick's trunk, and delivered up to an object of charity, the SOLDIER'S LEGACY.

ON HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love  
To see the stars of evening glow,  
So tranquil in the heaven above,  
So restless in the wave below.  
Thus heavenly hope is all serene;  
But earthly hope how bright so'er,  
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,  
As false as floating sea's fair.

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