

Address to the American Flag.

The following by the profound "Squ. sh," of California, "a man no less distinguished for the profundity of his thought than the pleasing humor of his wit," was "Staddled up whilst a setting onto the Plozy fence, watchin of the American Flag waving from the top of the liberty pole, and a tueling off of his crackers now and then." Who can read it without imagining himself standing in his revolutionary sire's regimentals signing the Declaration of Independence, or contemplating the taking and sacking of the British capital single handed?

Oh, mighty rag! Oh, booteous peeso of Kloth!
Mad up of red and blew stripes,
And stars painted on both sides—
All hale! Agin I'm sittin in the umbrajus
Shades, and admirin of thi grandier,
And suckin into my elust the gentle zeffers
That ar holdin yu out well in onto
Strate. Great flag! When I shet
My ise and look at ye, and think
How as when you was little, and not much
Bigger than a small peeso of kloth, and
Almost as tender as a shete of paper, yu
Was kartied all thru the revolushan.
Ary wor, and have some few times since
Held up yer hed with diffidly, and
How tremejus yu are now, I feel
Just as if I should bust and spil around, and want
To git down off the fence, and git shot,
Or stabd, or hit on the head with a stick of
Wood, or hung, for my kuntry,
Proujus bunner! Wouldn't I smile to see
A Chinaman, or a smaol onmacheerilised
Furriner undertaik to pul you down!
If a Chinaman I would slai him, and kut
Off his kew, and hare it off in tuim?
Before I'd see a slit torn in thee or the sakrelegus
Hands of a fo kuttin yu up into bulli-
Pachin, I'd brace mi back agin a waul (or a
House, or a fence, or a board as it mite be)
And site, and strike, and skunwl, and
Kick, and bite, and tear me close, and
Loose me hat, and git hit on mi hed and
On my leg, (hard,) and akrost the smaol of
Mi bak, and fall down, and git up
Agin. And kontinair the struggle for half or
Threer qwortors of an hour, or until I gott
Severely wounded.
Terrific emblem! how proud yu look,
And how almighty sassy yu wair round
A snappin, and kickin, and skarin of horses;
I spose your almost tarin to git into a
Fite with somebody, and satisfy your kar-
Niverus dispersishan by eatin up a hole nashun!
Grate flag? I don't no witch makes me feel
The most patriotic, yu or the Fourth of July;
Yu aint made of the same kind of stuff, although
Sublym and terrible to contemplant.
But I klose, and wair my last adoo,
However trying to mi feelius it may be,
And git down off the fence, for already the
Sharp pints of the pickets begin to stick me
And make me skringe and litch about,
And thretten to tar mi klose and make me holler.

THE QUIET NOOK,

Ottawa, 1st April, 1857.

MR. EDITOR,—

Allow me to make known to you master Harry Greenwood—a very old friend of mine—and in past days, a frequent contributor—in sporting matters—to the old "Spirit of the Times." Harry is a superb fellow—the very soul of honor—a keen sportsman—and a sincere friend. I have just received from him, the following—which you will oblige me by publishing in that part of your valuable paper devoted to field sports.

Harry is not only a sportsman, but a soldier of scientific attainments. He is at present attached to the corps of Instructors of

musketry to the British army, and as far as I can learn, has earned no small share of fame, in doing his most in repairing our soldiers for brilliant services in the field.—He has also very kindly offered his services as a military correspondent of your paper, and, if I may judge from his present position and dates—a more valuable one could not be found.

With this introduction I shall leave him and his in your hands to be dealt with as he deserves.

Yours very truly,

FRED; ELMSLEY

Editor Military Gazette,
Ottawa.

FALCONRY IN IRELAND.

AN AFTERNOON WITH CAPTAIN S——'S HAWKS.

It was on one of the finest days that we had seen during the past winter that I found myself, at half-past 1 o'clock, trudging along as rapidly as a somewhat impaired breathing apparatus would permit, towards the "Carrier Boy" where Captain S—— had notified his intention of flying his hawks at magpies. The weather was unusually clear and bright—the roads in tip top order for walking and everything looking as gay as the season would allow.

About two miles from the Barracks, the Cork road winds round the eastern foot of Cairn Ternua and to the left the country sinks into a wet-tish bog of rather circumscribed dimensions, rising again at the distance of half a mile or so into those beautiful undulations which are so characteristic of this lovely county. The boy rejoices in the appellation of the "Carrier," and being a pretty sure find for two or three magpies, we were very sanguine respecting some good sport. The meet promised to be a large one, for not only were the gentlemen gathering fast, but a very fair sprinkling of ladies had made their appearance, as well as a perfect army of small boys, whose aid in hunting up the "mags" proved most efficient. As I arrived within view of the bog I noticed a hawk upon the wing and presently descried the beautiful quarry sculking in a thorn-bush below. A wild scamper across the intervening meadow brought us all to the sanctuary of the devoted victim, and the poor "mag"—in mortal terror of its winged foe—almost suffered us to lay hands upon it ere it quitted its retreat. It flew at last, however, and on the instant every throat lent its aid to swell the cry of *haw—hawk—hawk* as a warning to the falcon. None was needed by the noble bird, for swift as the lightning's gleam it descended from its airy height and struck at the unlucky "pic." "Mag," however, possessed a considerable amount of presence of mind and as the falcon swooped he dodged her beautifully, and once more took refuge in a bush. In an instant the hawk was in the air again and the crowd rushed forward to drive the magpie from his cover. A second, a third, and a fourth time the same process was repeated, the falcon swooping gloriously and the "pic" as often dodging her, with singular and successful skill. The fifth essay was doomed, however, to be the fatal one; the "mag" was either exhausted or had lost his wits through fear and persecution, for he failed in his usual expedient and fell beneath the talons of the noble hawk.

Where to find another bird was now the question. None had been seen and we were almost beginning to despair when a peasant in an adjoining field threw up his arms and shouted at the top of a mighty pair of lungs the slogan "*haw—hawk—hawk*." In a moment we were all making the best of our way in the direction which he indicated; S—— leading with a fresh hawk upon his wrist. We had to cross the road and consequently two of the sod-topped stone walls so plentiful in Ireland, but by dint of scrambling, climbing, and tumbling, all the pedestrians were soon on the safe side of the second one; not so the mounted folks however; the majority of whom were riding frantically about in search of gaps, though there were one or two—to their credit be it spoken—who cleared the stones in true Sporting style; the English horses leaping clear and the Irish nags scrambling like cats up one side and down the other of the obstacle. A wide meadow now lay before us and away we went helter-skelter towards its remotest corner where, some one, with greater power of vision than the common, had discovered the lurking "mag." A minute or two and we had accomplished the intervening space, and there—sure enough—sat our black and white plumed friend, hiding, as usual, in a thorn-bush. As luck would have it there was not another tree or bush within at least a hundred yards, and there was every prospect of "mags" skill in dodging being fairly tested. By the judicious use of sundry sticks in close proximity to his "magship," the wary bird was forced to trust himself upon the wing; the hawk was unhooded—flown, and almost before we could look round, we heard the *swish* of her wings, and the merry tinkle of her bells as she descended with the speed of an arrow on her prey. A prolonged *who—whoop* proclaimed that the swoop had been a fatal one, and announced to those, who were not near enough to see; the victory of the falcon.

Another bird was found and killed in the space of half an hour, and thus ended an afternoon's rattling sport.

HARRY GREENWOOD.

Fermoy, March 10th, 1857.

DIED,

At Fraserfield, Edwardsburgh, on Wednesday, the 1st instant, COLONEL RICHARD DUNGAN FRASER, aged 75 years.

The following General Order issued a few days before his death, shows the estimation in which he was held by his Sovereign:—

Second Battalion, Grenville.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel;

Major Dunham Jones, vice Richard D. Fraser, permitted to retire retaining his rank.

His Excellency the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief cannot permit Lieutenant Colonel Fraser to retire from the command of this Battalion without recording his sense of Lieutenant Colonel Fraser's long and meritorious services in the Militia of the Province.—Lieutenant Colonel Fraser served in the late war with the United States at the capture of Ogdensburgh, and at the battles of Chrysler's farm, &c., and the Governor General has much pleasure in bearing testimony to his services on these and other occasions.

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