

## A FORLORN HOPE.

A RECOLLECTION OF BADAJOZ.

BY ALLASTER.

"I say, you must have the best disciplined troops in the army which you maintain for the service of their country."

WELLINGTON IN PARLIAMENT.

Bagpipes sang '*\*cha-mi-tu-lill,*' and the fair-haired men  
came out,  
With eyes like skies, when bonny Juna looks merrily  
about;  
And hearts, like heaving billows in their deep and surging  
might,  
Swept forward in stern majesty to grapple with the  
fight,  
They were men—who every moment charged each  
moment's precious breath,  
They were "bairns o' Celtic mithers"—they were men  
who look at death.

There might be thoughts of other lands—of blue and  
heathery hills,  
Of dark and glassy sleeping lochs, and low melodious  
rills,  
But they rose but for a moment—they were cast away  
in scorn,  
The belted plaid held nothing to degrade them or to  
mourn.  
They were bairns o' Celtic mithers that that could  
whistle out their breath,  
And look with bounding bosom on the ghastliest front  
of death.

There might be wafted fragrance "frae the bonnie, bonnie  
broon,"  
But it warned them, like a native seer, to hail the hour  
of doom;  
That to shrink was like the "Black Monteth" to dree  
a weid of guilt,  
To think that "mithers' milk was vain" and honour was  
unfelt,  
But the belted plaid was over them—the answer was  
made low—  
The "Bodach" called for us—we are willing—and we go.

A tale too, of the lark, that sings so sweetly o'er the  
lake,  
Might carry back the faithful heart for childhood's  
yearning sake.  
It might brood through blessed minutes "o'er the land  
sae far awa,  
The least an' the kindest that their ain e'en ever saw."  
But in their mountain loyalty they sank their ancient  
troth.  
Ne'er be it said that plaided Gael forgot the soldier's  
oath!

\* "We return no more,"—a coronach of the Alpin or MacGregor family. It is frequently chanted by trains of Highland emigrants when leaving the straths of Lomond. Like the Swiss with their Ranz-des-Vaches, they have many pathetic airs that might bespeak a return to those "Homes and beds of heather," but, unlike them, they have a hard landlord and a cold welcome to forbid it.

They thought not of the wail must rise o'er one peace-  
hallowed glen,  
When they muttered out the slogan and strode forth  
like martyr men;  
They thought not of the silence that would fall upon the  
shieling,  
Nor the ashes strewn upon the fire of woman's fervent  
feeling.  
They went as men who dare the worst—at honour's  
"sacred bode,"  
And in vict'ry's bloody banners rest with freedom and  
with God.  
Glen Hulahan.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY SAMUEL R. CARNELL.

Time's waves dashing on tow'rd's eternity's ocean,  
May bear every fondly loved object away,  
But 'twill live in the heart, till each tender emotion  
Is softened, made holy, in memory's ray.

When Summer again wears her beauties and treasures,  
And blossoms hang perfumed and fair on the tree,  
How sadly my heart will remember old pleasures,  
And the bliss it has felt as I've gazed upon thee.

I shall think of thee often when evening descending,  
O'er mountain and flood, does its beauty impart,  
And when night in its stillness, soft influence lending,  
Wakes the chords of deep feeling which dwell in the  
heart.

I shall think of thee often, thou loveliest, dearest,  
Nor forget thy sweet face on a far distant shore,  
A dark cloud may pass o'er the sky when 'tis clearest,  
It has been so with me—I shall see thee no more.

I must bid thee farewell, a sad farewell forever,  
Gad I might dream must fade, and be broken its spell,  
And thine eyes, oh! those eyes! with their soft light may  
never  
Beam one joy o'er my path. Fare-thee-well, love!  
farewell!

## APATHY.

There is a curse,—the direst of all those  
Which gather o'er our life;—it is to bear  
All that should grieve us without grief; to wear  
A heartless calm, a loathsome peace, when woes  
Are dealt unto us largely; vile repose  
Usurping the blank soul: while hope and fear  
Alike forsake us, and the natural tear  
No longer from the heart, like life-blood, flows.  
This only do I dread: from this alone,  
O Fate, defend me! though it be my doom,  
To writhe, ere long, beneath a scourge of steel,  
Shield me from horror's worst—the heart of stone.  
Whate'er the ills that are as yet to come,  
Grant me the power their keenest edge to feel.