

And thou, pale governess of night,  
 Ah! spare thy friendly ray--  
 To hover round us on the deep,  
 And cheer our lonely way.

Alas! how short are scenes like this,  
 How soon they fade away--  
 They're like the captive's dream of bliss,  
 Which flies with coming day.

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## ROBIN HARTREY:—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

### *Chapter 1.*

It was a bright day in June, the warmth of the sun, and the want of any breadth of shade, induced the repose so congenial to summer noontide. The sparkling Suir crept along its soft banks, the little ripples sent by the surges of the tide along the edges of the marsh, or the occasional gentle boiling round some small rocky promontory, reflected the sun's downward ray, as if so many diamonds floated on the stream—but out on its unbroken centre no mirror could more truly and calmly give the deep blue of the empyrean, or the dark green masses formed by the woods of Bellevue. The river was solitary as death, except at long intervals, some straggling boats floated lazily along, impelled languidly by a couple of oars most irregularly pulled. When these glided by like panoramic figures over the still scene, the stroke of the oar was heard distinctly, as a watch tick in a night chamber—and the occasional warbling of a flute, from some young performer—or the hearty laugh in chorus, told the parties to be city youngers, who, getting a boat as they could, were enjoying an excursion on their native stream—and from under the eye of parent or master, luxuriating in all the freedom and life which is so delightfully felt at this period of existence. In the neighbouring fields the cattle had crept close under the hedge for shade, or on the lawn to the left, many a picturesque groupe had collected under the elms and oaks which defied the meridian sun to pierce their thick branches; but not a low was heard, they lay or stood on the green carpet, quietly ruminating, and motionless, except in endeavouring to drive away the flies, which seemed to annoy them in sport. Scarcely a bird was heard, except a chance note from a goldfinch, delighted at finding itself among a bower of thistles; if a robin