

Once more upon Ecarte's waters
 They sought the big tent and head quarters,
 Where Nelson had been left, the lone
 Commandant of the garrison.
 A bowl of gravy soup that night
 Restored their pristine forces quite,
 Added to which, hot rum and water
 Filled them with fresh desire for slaughter;
 For obstacles seem overcome,
 By him who is inspired by rum;
 Altho' the ardor of the night,
 Is often cooled by morning light.
 And when next day they did examine
 The chances of a feast or famine,
 Upon a strict examination,
 These were in favor of starvation:
 No sago soup—no maccaroni
 Were to be had for love or money;
 Besides, the powder magazine
 Was empty as the soup tureen.
 'Twas hard to feel the day was come,
 When they must leave their forest home,
 But stern realities reveal
 Sad truths which we would fain conceal;
 And the same camp ground where of late
 In evening festival they sat,
 Is dreary now, and desolate.

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The trio thought it would be fine
 To cross the country in a bee line,
 Tho' twenty-seven miles or thirty,
 Are apt to make one tired and dirty,
 Where mud adhesive holds one's foot back
 And every step is a fresh boot-jack;
 Yet, they in tolerable plight,
 Arrived in Chatham town that night,
 And to conclude—next morning's train
 Conveyed the party home again.