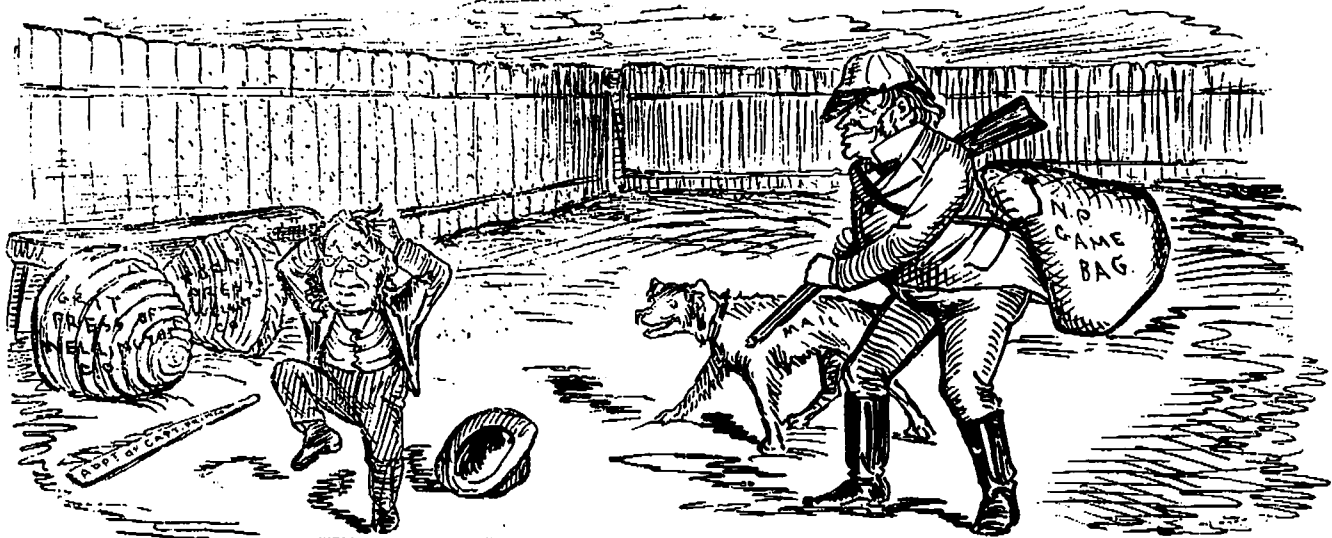


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**A Country's Gratitude.**

DAVY BROWN, AGED 95, A VETERAN OF WATERLOO, DIED IN POVERTY AND NEGLECT AT TORONTO, Nov. 1880.

I.  
Over the Don to the Prison Gate!  
The only refuge left at last;  
"A grateful country's" out of date,  
But "Black Maria's" team trots fast!  
Rogues! Felons! Thieves!—I think the squad  
Are scarce such mates as once I knew;  
But then, at ninety years and odd,  
What can a poor old soldier do?

II.  
I mind me how we fought the French,  
From field to field, in far-off Spain!  
Black wine! black bread! and dark-eyed wench!  
Are love and lost not hard to gain.  
When flashed the sun-rays like a sword  
The vine's dark-purple clusters through!  
Ah! those were pleasant days, but Lord!  
What now can your poor soldier do?

III.  
Or, when through claudering peal on peal,  
Charge follow'd charge, 'mid smoke and flame,  
And still Old England's lines of steel  
Stood as the dark squares onward came!  
I'm dead, yet once I heard the cheers  
That met the French at Waterloo!  
But that's gone by, nigh fourscore years,  
What now can your poor soldier do?

IV.  
When smitten sore our Colonel fell,  
We faced the gusts of leaden rain,  
And stood that day for England well  
To guard the colors and the slain!  
Now useless grown, and left alone  
Of all I loved and all I knew;  
For bread I ask—they give a stone!  
But what can your poor soldier do?

V.  
Once in his prison 'mid the wave,  
Our noblest foe, 'twas ours to guard;  
We knew him bravest of the brave—  
From freedom not by us debarred!  
Now I to prison too must go,  
Close herded with this feverish crew;  
But, why, sir? Bless me if I know!  
What did the poor old soldier do?

VI.  
Worn out and useless! yet 'tis clear  
This thing for which even I thank God!  
That when one gets to ninety year  
One can't stay long above the sod!  
'Tis England's might may still prevail,  
As when we won at Waterloo,  
I'll pray, as best I can—in gait—  
What else can your poor soldier do?

"Just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor, to a consumptive, "and you will never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the patient.—*Proof Sheet.*

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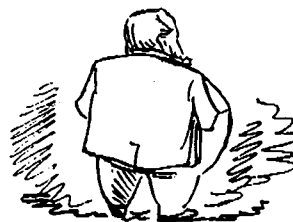


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