

**SALLY SIMPKINS' LAMENT;
OR, JOHN JONES' KIT-AT-ASTROPHE.**

BY TOM HOOD.

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middlin haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trousers blue!
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own
But now a shark must share!
But let them pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effecting in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me.

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost can't walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is
A shark just snaps away a half,
Without a quarter's notice."

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist."

"But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

The Veterans of 1812.

It was in a deeper sense than Mr. Burdand has ever used the word, a "happy thought," to vote \$50 000 for the surviving warriors who took part in the campaign of 1812 and the two following years. The calculation was five times too small, and each man received only twenty dollars. We hope the full sum will be made up by another vote. Not that the old soldiers grumbled at the amount. They seemed well content; what they valued was the recognition; nor need we be surprised that they were ready to seize the opportunity to recount their exploits, and to show how fields were won in those days of wilderness, before railways and breechloaders, when nobody dreamed we should send rifle teams to Wimbledon, and the most prophetic soul had no touch of intuition, to body forth for him, the coarse importance of the railway magnate. It is through rheumy eyes they look upon the present; the adventures and perils of sixty years ago are for them vivid as ever. Over those scenes time's curtain can never fall. They bring with them a breeze of power, a thrill of youth, the rainbow light of hope. We could have wished that some of our photographers had preserved for us one or more groups of the venerable heroes. All were necessarily old. Some were bowed. Others were erect, and bore their ninety years as if the burden was light. Some had grown prosperous. Fortune had been less kind to others. But all were glad to have their services acknowledged, and it exhilarated the heart of them to greet and grasp the hands of companies in arms of long ago. Samuel Clements, eighty years of age, formerly of Crook's Flank Company, who was present at Queenstown Heights, who fought under the solemn stars at Lundy's Lane, would have made, as he told with uplifted finger how he saw Brock fall, a

good central figure for a historical picture. Perhaps even now one of our artists may assay a group such as we suggest, and give us a picture which would have for Canadians as much significance, as Miss Thompson's "Roll Call" has for those whose fathers and brothers and sons fell in the Crimea.

On the 11th inst., the York Pioneers and other patriotic institutions will celebrate the sixty second anniversary of Chrysler's Farm. We live in an age when anniversaries are overdone, when many seek distinction not by deeds, but by talking about the deeds of others, when energy is apt to exhaust itself in sparkle and froth. But the deeds of 1812-14 can never pass from men's hearts while Canada is Canada. It is good to recall them; they are bracing and tonic; there is a helpfulness in the thoughts of them, in this hour of transition, when the nation is struggling from a period of base motives, sordid ambitions, and paltry inspirations, into one of wider horizons, and broader lines, and freer air. From whatever point of view we regard the part played by Canada in those years, it is calculated not merely to win the sympathy, but to challenge the enthusiasm of the most balanced mind. The struggle was an unequal one; all the right was with the weaker side, and not the least of the valour. The United States had a population of eight millions, though it must be remembered they were not united on the invasion of Canada, and that two great States not only held aloof but protested against the wrong; our whole population did not exceed three hundred thousand. With a handful of regular troops we had to defend a frontier of 1,700 miles, menaced by powerful armies at three critical and vulnerable points. What wonder if there was a momentary sinking of heart when war was declared? But it was momentary. The people of the Lower Province, the U. E. Loyalists, the sturdy Canadian yeomen, the militia, all justified their claim to Brock's praise. They showed themselves loyal and brave, mindful of their obligations, instinct with the courage, and strong with endurance of brave fathers. Volunteers flocked into the garrison towns, and, in default of guns and swords, pressed the peaceful implements of husbandry into the service of war. There is no mood, however solemn, in which we cannot look with complacency on the little bands repulsing a cruel and impolitic invasion. In their hands the sword was something more than an instrument of justice; it was drawn with the choicest blessings of Heaven, and wielded with the force of sacred passions. The defender of his country does not fight for plunder or renown: he is not thinking of stars and crosses; he is no soldier of fortune; no knight errant doing wanton battle in the name of a fantastic honour. He is fighting for home, for the mother who nursed him, for the wife who makes the starlight of his dwelling, for the child who lisps his name, and is impatient at his absence. When the trumpet calls him, these things sweep across his fancy, and he is aware of a sublimed strength, and conscious of an unwonted fire; he feels as the ancient felt in supreme moments of battle, as though the immortals fought beside him, and gave him the victory. And when, with weary hands and heavy eyelids, he sinks into repose, the infinite solace, which belongs to self-sacrifice, is around him, like hovering wings.

It was appropriate and useful that our Government should have given the survivors of 1812 reward and recognition. It is not that they have thus repaired the short-

comings of the Imperial Government: Canada shows herself aware of her responsibilities, and sensible of her obligations. The people of England cannot be blamed if the important events which at that time took place on the rivers and lakes of Canada, amid forest shadows and opening margins, received from them but scant attention; a just view has been neither so common nor so emphasized, as is desirable, amongst ourselves. It would be hard to expect men to turn their gaze from Moscow in flames, from Leipsic and the great Napoleon's beaten columns, from the moving spectacles of the Allies entering Paris, and the master of the world a prisoner in a petty island, to Queenstown, to Burlington Heights, to the glorious struggle at Chrysler's Farm, to the victorious twenty fifth of July at Chippawa. Yet though on a smaller scale than those which studded Europe with memories of wasted valour, our fights had a greater influence on the future; they had in them the seeds of things. We have lived to see a revolution in the Foreign policy of England, and an Anglo-French alliance with a Napoleon ruling at the Tuilleries. But during night upon three quarters of a century Canada has advanced steadily towards the goal of a national existence.

Nor were our campaigns poor in individual heroism, or wanting in the picturesque. As long as Canada has a history and a name, so long will the story of Mary Secord walking twenty miles of wilderness, in danger from savage beasts and more savage men, to warn Fitzgibbon of an intended surprise on the Beaver Dam, be told. When in our national gallery of the future, miles of canvas attest the progress of Canadian art, no picture will compel more attention than Brock erect in his canoe leading the way to battle at Detroit, or the same gallant captain, shouting while the fatal lead whizzes to his heart, "Push on the brave York Volunteers." The tenacity of the two privates of the Forty first who kept the bridge in the western marshes, though these swell the mass of undistinguished valour, stirs the heart as surely as the heroism of men more fortunate in renown. We have no space to recapitulate all the episodes which illustrated the successive campaigns. But a hundred feelings forbid to leave unmentioned Tecumseh, shaming by his determination the timid Proctor, or later, telling him to have a "big heart," or still later, falling, like a hero fighting to the last. There was wanting to us no form of suffering; war was brought to our hearths; we tasted the bitterness of devastation and defeat as well as the dear bought joys of victory; and though larger fields threw ours into the background, all these want is a Tacitus, in order to emerge into due prominence.

Whatever in any way redresses the injustice which the chances of war deal out to the undistinguished mass, appeals to every pulse of fairness and gratitude in the human heart. In war thousands of heroes fall in order that one man, and he may even chance to be a coward, shall cover his breast with stars. If on no other ground but that of antagonism to the wrong of fate—the cruel inequalities which time cannot redress—it was a good thing to give some recognition, though tardy and small, to our veterans. But this had other advantages, which were probably undreamed of, by those who first moved in the matter. We are taken from an actual atmosphere of hollowness into one of reality; and as watching some of the great commotions of nature lifts us from petty cares and imparts to the