

And aged Faber, glory's own, sits by his vacant board,  
In room of trencher and of cup there lies his bloody sword ;  
While on his breast, a sacred badge, is bound the fortress key,  
That relic of Old Wittikind, when Saxon ground was free.  
He sits, and like an ancient Scald, his lofty accents peal,  
Clear as a night call on the sea, o'er that grim feast of steel.

"What, ho ! my brothers, we have oft in louder wassail met,  
This hall is not a churchyard, Sirs, nor are ye statues yet !  
What though upon our goodly board the stately haunch is missed,  
And the dusty goblet passes by our faithful lips unmiss'd.  
Why should we mourn o'er buried hopes, with others in the bud ?  
We'll have a rich carousal yet—our banquet shall be blood !

"Why turn such wistful glances on the lone chair by my right ?  
The dame that wont to grace it hath a loftier seat to-night !  
But I mourn not, though a pleasant light from out my soul hath fled,  
A prisoner hath burst her chain—my gentle wife is dead !  
Hush ! no time for vain tears,—O ! Friends,—for brother, child or wife,  
While the crested 'Stone of Honour' stands, our holiest tie of life.

"There *was* another, ye would say, aye that is deeper woe,  
How could my sapling rear her head and the parent oak lie low ?  
My swan upon the waters ! still I hear thy dying strain,  
That spoke of love when love was o'er, and hope when hope was vain.  
Oh Elschen—my young daughter—Beauty's purest ocean pearl !  
My soul is dark because of thee—my fair Suabian girl.

"My sons, with their beloved swords, are buried where they fell,  
In the foremost trenches of renown, by purple waved Moselle.  
I am the last of all my race !—that sacred blade alone,  
Is left to hew a bloody path to the grave where they are gone.  
Enough for me on earth to know my glorious destiny,  
To breathe my last on 'Honour's Stone,' beneath my native sky.

But let us shew these scum of France, we fail not though we bleed,  
They sought the Eagle's nest to prey, like vultures let them feed !  
Heave the cannon to the rampart—flash the weapon from the sheath,  
Let them see the wounded Rhenish boar has still got iron teeth.  
We shall consecrate our sepulchre with blood and blood alone,  
And fall with honour, like our sires, on 'Honour's Sacred Stone.'"

Montreal, 8th March, 1847.

MR. EDITOR,—Having now completed my short series of descriptive "Ballads of the Rhine," if you thought I would not incur an imputation of vanity by assuming the old fashioned privilege of a Dedication, I would, with your kind permission, inscribe it, with sentiments of admiration and respect, to

THE SOLDIERS OF THE 93RD HIGHLAND REGIMENT,

whose example of "rare good conduct," and a manly deference for the obligations of society, will not be forgotten among the future hospitalities of Montreal.

Yours, &c.,

A. L. PICKEN.