

" Yet pestilence lurks in thy sweet smelling bowers,
And death o'er thy palaces, wide spreads his wings,
O give me dear Scotia, thy cool breeze and showers,
My country, with rapture my heart to thee springs.

" Far dearer to me is the snow-wreath entwining
Our hills, or the smooth glassy ice on our fields,
Than all thy rich groves, and thy gay plumage shining,
Than all the perfumes, thy bright orange-tree yields.

" But all is delusion, no more shall I viewing
My country, say proudly there's none like to thee :
My pillow with tears I am sadly bedewing,
My country alas I shall ne'er again see.

" Already I feel the grim monster approaching,
Already his venom is deep in my heart,
Upon my weak frame he has long been encroaching,
And my soul shrinks within me as loth to depart."

Thus faintly he mourn'd, and whilst on him was pressing
The hand of affliction, his thoughts were at home,
That land, where he erst had received every blessing—
Ah Windham ! from Scotia why didst thou ere roam ?

I've seen thee in life's lightest moments, when sorrow
Was banish'd our presence, nor dar'd to intrude,
When none gave a thought or a care of to-morrow,
When happiness seem'd o'er our path to be strewed.

I've seen thee 'midst beauty's bright circle adoring,
Thy mirth giving life to the smiles of the fair ;
But many a fair one thy fate is deploring,
And many a blue eye is dimmed with a tear.

I saw thee again my lov'd friend, ere forever
The green turf was piled o'er thy last place of rest,
From the world thou hast gone, but never, Oh never,
Shall thy mem'ry or form be erased from my breast.

E. O.

Halifax, 14th June, 1827.

TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA,

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM. (QUARTO) 1827.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is well known as a bold adventurer and an ingenious writer, and his hostility to the ruling power in British India still farther contributed to render his name familiar to the public. We shall say no more on the subject of his contest with the company, than that he defended himself with talent and spirit. He now appears before us as the narrator of the incidents of an extensive and remarkable journey ; and, as his accounts are both amusing and credible, we are confident that our readers will be pleased with the information

which we extract from his volume.

From Aleppo he directed his course to the Euphrates, and proceeded to Orfah (the Ur of the Old Testament,) where he was introduced to a Christian patriarch, whose hospitality was as friendly as his religious zeal was fervent. In his way he met with some Turcoman tribes. To illustrate the character of this race, he mentions a romantic story of "love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism," which, he says, was so well attested, that he firmly believed it.—"Two young persons of the same tribe loved