

A SOUTHERN STATESMAN'S POEM.

[The following lines, by Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, won the warm praise of Lord Byron, and are the most lyrical stanzas that ever came from the pen of an American statesman.]

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die!  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as it grieves to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.\*

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

IN the evening of the evacuation of Fort George, several of the actors in the busy drama of the time were assembled in the great kitchen of Squire Drayton's hospitable house. It was no time for ceremony, so everybody met in the common living room. Captain Villiers called to bid a hasty farewell to the kind family under whose roof he had for several months abode as an invalid soldier, and especially to take leave of the fair young mistress, through whose care he had become convalescent. Neville Trueman had resolved to follow the retreating army, both to avoid the appearance of any complicity or sympathy with the invaders; and that, in the severe conflict which was impending, his spiritual services might be available to the militia, of whom a considerable number were Methodists, and to such others as would except them. Zenas had obtained his father's consent to volunteer for the militia cavalry service in this time of his country's need, although it left the farm without a single man, except the squire himself.

"The maids and I will plant the corn and cut the wheat, too," said Kate, with the pluck of a true Canadian girl. "We'll soon learn to wield the sickle, though you seem to doubt it, Captain Villiers," she went on, looking archly at the gallant captain, who smiled rather incredulously.

"Nay, I am sure you will deserve

to be honoured as the goddess Ceres of your country," politely answered the captain.

"I would rather serve my country in the present, than receive mythical honours in the future," replied Kate.

"We'll be back before harvest to drive the Yauks across the river, and get Sandy and Loker out of Fort Niagara," said Zenas. "Tom would gnaw his very fetters off to get free, if he wore any. But Sandy takes everything as it comes, as cool as you please. 'It was all appointed,' he says, and 'and all for the best.'"

"They will not keep the prisoners there," said the squire; "it is too near the border. Chauncey will likely take them off to Sackett's Harbour, and make them work in the dock-yards."

"They won't make McKay do that," said the captain; "it would be against his conscience, and he would die first. He is the staunchest specimen of an old stoic philosopher I ever came across. Under the hottest fire to-day he was as cool as I ever saw him on parade. As he stooped to raise a wounded comrade, a round shot struck and carried away his cartridge box. Had he been standing up, it would have cut him in two. He never blanched, but just helped the poor fellow off the field, when he was captured himself."

"It is something more than stoicism," said Neville. "It is his staunch Scotch Calvinism. It is not my religious philosophy; but I can honour its effects in others. It made heroic men of the Ironsides, the Puritans, and the Covenanters; but so will a trust in the loving fatherhood of God, without the doctrine of the eternal decrees."

"We must not delay," said the captain. "The enemy's scouts will be looking up stragglers," and after a hasty meal, he, with Neville and Zenas, rode away in the darkness, to join the rear guard of Vincent's retreating army.

They had scarcely been gone five minutes when a loud knocking was heard at the front door of the house, and, immediately after, the tramping of feet in the hall. A peremptory summons was followed by the bursting open of the kitchen door, when two flushed and heated American dragoons, one a cornet and the other a private, stood on the threshold.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the officer, somewhat abashed at the attitude of indignant surprise assumed by Katharine. "But is Captain Villiers here? We were told he was."

"You see he is not," said the young girl, with a queenly sweep of her arm around the room; "but you may search the house, if you please."

"Oh, no occasion, as you say he is not here. I'll take the liberty, if you please, to help myself to a slight refreshment," continued the spokesman, taking a seat at the table and beckoning to his companion to do the same. "You'll excuse the usage of war. We've had a hard day's work on light ration."

"You might at least ask leave," spoke up the squire, with a sort of

"An Englishman's house is his castle. An Englishman's crown is his hat," said the private, "We would not refuse a bit and sup, even to an enemy."

Glad of an excuse to detain the scouts as long as possible Kate placed upon the table a cold meat-pie, of noble

proportions, and a flagon of new milk. The troopers were valiant trenchermen, whatever else they were, and promptly assailed the meat-pie fort, as from its size and shape it deserved to be called.

"You know this Captain Villiers, I suppose?" said the dragoon subaltern at length; "I had particular instructions to secure his capture."

"Oh, yes! I know him very well," answered Kate. "He was here sick for three months last winter."

"And very good quarters and good fare he had, I'll be bound," said the fellow, with an air of insolent familiarity. "And when was he here last, pray?"

"About half-an-hour ago," said Kate, knowing that by this time he must be beyond pursuit.

"Zounds!" cried the trooper, springing to his feet, "why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you did not ask me, sir," said the maiden demurely, while her black eyes flashed triumph at her father, who sat in his arm chair stolidly smoking his pipe.

With an angry oath, the fellow hurried out of the house as unceremoniously as they had entered, when Kate and her father had a merry laugh over their discomfort.

Next morning the troopers appeared again, in angry humour. "That was a scurvy trick you played us last night, old gentleman," said the elder.

"No trick at all," said the squire. "I hope you were pleased with your entertainment? Did you catch your prisoner?" he asked, with a somewhat malicious twinkle of his eye towards Kate, who was in the room.

"No, we didn't; but we came upon the enemy's rear guard, and nearly got captured ourselves. But you'll have to pay for your little game, by liberal supplies for Dearborn's army."

The staunch old loyalist, who would willingly impoverish himself to aid the King's troops, stoutly refused to give "a single groat or oat," as he expressed it, to the King's enemies. It was "against his conscience," he said.

"We'll relieve you of your scruples," said the officer. "I want some of those horses in your pasture to mount my troop of dragoons," and going out of the house he ordered the half-score of troopers without to dismount and capture the horses in the meadow. The men, after a particularly active chase, captured three out of six horses. The others defied every effort to catch them. The troopers threatened to shoot them, but the cornet forbade it, and ordered the squire to send them to head-quarters during the day—a command which he declined to obey. Such were some of the ways in which the loyal Canadians were pillaged of their property by their ruthless invaders.

The squire, indeed, demanded a receipt from the officer for the property thus "requisitioned."

On board of a North River (New York) steam-boat an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about a communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is—ah! steam is—eh! ah!—steam is steam." "I know that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

GRANDPA'S PET.

THE following incident from the *Detroit Post and Tribune* will remind our readers of Dickens' story of Little Nell and her grandfather:

When one of the trains to this city came in at midnight a few nights ago an old man was found sleeping in one of the seats.

"I say, old man!" yelled the conductor, "get out of this; do you hear? This is Detroit. If you've got any friends they'll be hunting for you."

"Where's Gracie?"

"Who?" asked the conductor, recovering his official voice.

"Little Gracie—grandpa's little pet! I brought her with me. Is she there?"

"I guess he is not wide awake yet," said the curious passenger. "Suppose you help him to his feet."

Conductors are expert in helping people to their feet, and this one was no exception to the rule. He took the old man by the coat collar and stood him up, but he sat down the next moment limp and motionless. Just then a depot-hand came in.

"The baggage master wants to know what you're goin' to do with that little deal box over there. He don't want any of that kind left over, and there's no direction on it but 'Gracie.'"

"That's her!" said the old man, and he stood up feebly. "Take me there. We're going a long journey—Gracie and me; a long, long journey, but it don't seem as if I knew the way right clear."

They took him into the depot and laid him on one of the benches, and put his carpet bag under his head, but still he trotted for his "little Gracie—his pet," and at last they consoled him by telling him she was resting, was asleep and must not be disturbed.

The little "box," with "Gracie" written upon it in leaf-pencil, was safe enough with the other "freight," and the old man slept peacefully at last. Some kind soul threw a rug over him near morning, and asked him what train he was waiting for, but all the answer he made was a feeble "Thank'ee; call me at sunrise. We're going a long journey, Gracie and me."

He was called at sunrise by a voice that none may refuse, and when a flood of rosy light shone into the dreary room he was up and away—gone on his long journey. Only the worn out body was there, and the next day it was laid away with "little Gracie," in the stranger's lot in Mount Elliott, unknown, yet possibly in as "sure hope of a glorious resurrection," as if marked by thirty feet of monumental clay.

An English artist tells of a little girl who for the first time in her life was taken into a great church with rich stained glass windows. She gazed at them spell-bound by their deep, splendid coloring. Just then the organ began its solemn notes and the little girl turned to her mother and exclaimed, "Listen, mamma, listen to the window speaking." "I am reminded of this," says the artist, "almost as often as I see early glass. It impresses me always, as the music of the organ does, with its dignity, its richness, its remoteness from everyday life. They seem to strike the same deep chord."

\* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher; a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.