

Then smile, dearest, thus, while you whisper farewell !

One kiss, love, and then, to the battle away !

Oh, hark ! how the trumpets impatiently swell,

And a thousand hearts leap the proud call to obey.

We cannot better conclude these remarks than by appending the following song, written some years ago by Mr. J. H. Willis, of Quebec, accompanying it with the enthusiastic preface of the author :—

“ Could the reader, by any happy stretch of imagination, fancy himself for a moment one of a hearty crew of dandy-amateur blue jackets, all right good fellows and true,—not a spoonified biped in frame or fashion among them, and pulling away handsomely in a trim built ‘ varmint craft,’ over the deepening azure of the splendid bay, spreading its magnificent expanse before the cannon covered ramparts of the city of the rock, in the delicious summer twilight, and just too, it may be, in that exquisite and shadowy hour, when the evening gun, from the lordly citadel, booms sullenly, but not unmusically, over the slumbering waters, and an early rising moon is touching wave, and tower, and tree, with a mellow and silvery light—and the fair things of earth and heaven around seen wrapt in the misty and mystic hues of Paradise—and looks of loveliness that are never gazed upon but to be worshipped, are near ; then, then indeed, may be felt a partial sympathy with the excitement under which these lines were produced.”

Hark ! comrades hark !—the evening gun,

(Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily,)

Booms from the land at set of sun ;

(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)

Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon

Ripple the wave of the silvery moon ;

Happy we be,

Fearless and free,

Pulling away o’er the moonlit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might,

(All pull readily—pull, mates, cheerily,)

Looks that we love are here to-night,

(Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily,)

Our boat, like a sea-bird, skims swiftly along,

To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song ;

Hearty we be,

Merry and free,

Pulling away o’er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at best hold landmen cheap,

(Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily,)

Beauty smiles on sons of the deep,

(Pull, boys, steadily—away cheerily,)

And beautiful eyes, let them say what they will,

Beam ever brightest on blue jackets still ;

Happy are we,

Jovial and free,

Pulling away o’er the heavy sea.

Merrily when we reach the shore,

(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)

Cups we’ll drain to the lads of the oar,

(Pull, boys, steadily—pull away cheerily ;)

And frolic and fun shall be ours, till we

Are bounding again o’er the dark blue sea ;

For happy we be,

Fearless and free,

Pulling our boat o’er the moonlit sea.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT’S
DEATH.

The wail of woe from Scotia’s strand,

Is wafted o’er th’ Atlantic main ;

It speaks the sorrow of the land—

Wherever heard, creating pain,

It tells that genius vast hath flown,

And left the sphere of its renown.

Mute hangs the Harp at Abbotsford,

Still is the voice that sung so well ;

The Minstrel hand that touched the chord,

Lies cold, alas ! in Drybro’ aisle.

Grief breathes in sighs o’er moor and glen,

A farewell to the best of men.

All nature mourns—plaintive and shrill,

The dirge-note’s warbled ’mong the trees,

The flowerets droop—grief swells each rill

And anguish, moaning, fills the breeze,

Both high and low in sorrow bend

Wailing such excellence should end.

In song, romance, historic page,

In painting lofty scenes or low—

Still ’twas the wonder of the age

How he imparted nature’s glow ;

But cold, alas ! is now the hand,

That wielded thus the magic wand.

Though none so much e’er said or sung,

As gifted Scott of Abbotsford ;

In age—in manhood—e’en when young,

He ne’er penned immortal word.

Enjoying now his high reward

Is Scotia’s Universal Bard.

In after times they’ll wish to know,

And doubting ask in every clime ;

Did such vast streams of genius flow

From one small fount ? so short the time

He took such precious gifts to pour,

From his prolific, mental store.

When fortune frowned, he ne’er repined,

But bold withstood misfortune’s shock ;

And drew on his gigantic mind,

For treasure from its copious stock.

Alas ! such deep and lengthened drain,

Life’s tenements could not sustain.