

through six years. The number of subscribers to a journal like THE ANTIQUARIAN naturally can never attain to that of a newspaper, nevertheless we are confident that our roll may be largely increased, and with this hope we enter upon our labour of love, repeating our promise made six years ago, in our preliminary address :—

" It is not in our power to command success,
But we'll do more, deserve it."



THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED ON RE-VISITING THE RUINS OF THE OLD FORT
AT CHAMBLAY.

The weeds are growing
On this grey wall ;
Their tendrils throwing
O'er each lone hall,
Which thus decaying,
And lowly laying,
Tales are conveying
Of glory's fall.

Where are the brave now
Who once were here ?
All in the grave now,
All in the bier,
Fame nought avails them ;
No foeman hails them ;
No friend bewails them,
E'en with a tear.