

Stretch'd on the clay a soldier lay,  
 The cold, cold earth his pillow ;  
 Wounded, and musing on his woes,  
 To Heaven he pour'd his sighs—  
 And fervent pray'd that fate might close  
 His burning tortures in repose,  
 And seal in death his eyes.

When in the tempest of his grief  
 And heart consuming anguish,  
 To his lov'd home, his mind would roam—  
 And for its comforts languish ;  
 Thoughts of his fond, his tender wife  
 And all his children dear,  
 With whom had pass'd his happier life—  
 Secure from war's ferocious strife,  
 Oft forc'd the starting tear.

As thus the hapless warrior lay—  
 And lost in mis'ry—ponder'd,  
 A bloody train, who strip'd the slain  
 Across the valley wander'd ;  
 Women, or rather fiends of night,  
 Who shun'd the eye of day ;  
 But when the pale moon lent her light  
 Roam'd brutal o'er the field of fight,  
 Like savage beasts of prey.

And one of this remorseless crew  
 Observ'd the soldier wailing,  
 And heard his sighs and moans arise  
 In sorrow unavailing ;  
 Silent she stole along the shore—  
 A tigress from her den,  
 And in her red right hand she bore  
 A battle axe all crimson'd o'er—  
 With blood of murder'd men.

As near the wounded man she stood  
 And gaz'd his figure over,  
 (Thus high above the helpless dove,  
 The hawk is seen to hover.)  
 She wav'd the axe around her head,  
 No second stroke intending,  
 But ere its rapid course had sped  
 To strike the fainting warrior dead,  
 Her arm was caught descending.

Astonish'd ! quick she wheel'd around,  
 With furious impulse turning—  
 Her with'ring look, a soul bespoke,  
 With rage malignant burning.  
 When full before her on the strand,  
 The shadowy rock below,  
 She saw a lovely female stand  
 And view'd aghast, a youth whose hand,  
 Had stop'd the impending blow.

Baff'd the base assassin sunk,  
 Then o'er the soldier kneeling,

With tender air, gaz'd on the fair—  
 Wrap'd in tumultuous feeling ;  
 For in her tender arms caress'd,  
 Her wounded husband lay,  
 And as in wild confusion press'd  
 She held him to her throbbing breast—  
 She saw him faint away.

But they have borne him to his home,  
 Across the bounding billow,  
 And friendship's bland, and love's soft hand  
 Have smooth'd the warrior's pillow.  
 And in the ev'ning of his day,  
 Joy's beam hath warm'd his soul—  
 His wounds, his cares have fled away  
 As mists before the morning ray,  
 Their fading volumes roll.

And see yon gibbet on the rock,  
 With ev'ry wild wind waving,  
 Where wheel their flight, the prowling kite,  
 And vulture ever craving.  
 There whit'ning in the passing gale—  
 And moving to and fro,  
 The assassin's bones o'erhang the vale,  
 And trav'lers pointing tell the tale  
 And curse her as they go.



#### ANSWER TO QUESTIONS IN THE JULY NUMBER.

1st.—In the trapezium draw a diagonal, and let two perpendiculars drop on it from the opposite angles ; find a point in the largest side that will cut off a part, bearing the same proportion to it that the shorter perpendicular does to the longer. Bisect the longer of these parts, and it will be cut in a point, from which, if a line be drawn to the opposite angle of the trapezium, which is cut by the diagonal, the figure will be bisected.—Q E F.

2nd.—Divide the two opposite sides of the square into five equal parts, draw two lines from either of the angles, which will form two triangles, each having for its base two of these divisions ; they will of course be equal, being of the same altitude. Do the same on the opposite side—you will then have four equal triangles, and a parallelogram, equal to one of the triangles, being on half the base, and of the same altitude ; and therefore the square is divided into five equal parts, none of the sections being parallel either to the sides or diagonal.—Q E F.

St. John, July, 1842.

P. S—w.



MAIDENS in love are pensive—when they get married, they become ex-pensive.