

without any thing occurring in the passage worth committing to paper, unless it be to record the striking contrast in our feelings in our passage *to*, and *from* England.

My sensations on first setting my foot once more on my native soil, were such as I have not power to describe. Tears gushed from my eyes, and had I not been ashamed, I should have kneeled down and kissed the earth of the UNITED STATES. I believe similar sensations, more or less, fill the bosom of every American, on returning to his own country from British captivity. It is hardly possible that I shall, so long as my faculties remain entire, forget the horrors of the British transports, and several scenes and sufferings at Dartmoor Prison: yet I hope to be able, before I quit this world of contention, to forgive the contempts, the contumely, the starvations and filthiness inflicted on me and on my countrymen, by an unfeeling enemy, while we remained in his power as prisoners of war, at Halifax, on ship board, and at Dartmoor.

RETURN we, from this gloomy view,
To native scenes, of fairer hue.
Land of our fires! the Hero's home!
Weary and sick, to thee we come;
The heart fatigued with foreign woes,
On thy fair bosom seeks repose.
COLUMBIA! hope of future times!
Thou wonder of surrounding climes!
Thou last and only resting place
Of Freedom's persecuted race!
Hail to thy consecrated domes!
Thy fruitful fields, and peaceful homes;
The hunter, thus, who long has toil'd
O'er mountain rude, and forest wild,
Turns from the dark and cheerless way,
Where howls the savage beast of prey,
To where yon curls of smoke aspire,
Where briskly burns his crackling fire;
Towards his cot delighted moves,
Cheered by the voice of those he loves,
And welcomed by domestic smiles,
Sings cheerly, and forgets his toils.