

His parting look upon the wave,—
 Gone are the wonders of the woods,
 That filled thy primal solitudes;
 But thou, fair stream, shall murmur on
 When I with him and them are gone,
 When all who love and rhyme like me,
 Have poured their ardent strains to thee,
 From age to age with joy and pride,
 In light and music thou shalt glide;
 Nor woo a lover's partial eye,
 To prize thy waters more than I.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1861.

English Soldiers.

It has been the fashion of late for many to cast reproach on the martial qualities of Englishmen. The contemptuous phrase of Napoleon, "a nation of shop keepers," has become widely current, but Napoleon knew very well that an army of English Soldiers would have won him Waterloo. The truth is, that English Soldiers in the past have shown themselves to be more effective than those of any other nation, not excepting the army of Frederick the Great. During the seven years war, the battle of Minden was fought between the French on the one side and the combined English, Hanoverians and Prussians under Prince Frederick on the other. When the battle commenced, the English regiments which were by far the least numerically, were placed in the centre of the line of battle opposite to the complete force of the enemy's Cavalry. By some blunder, the work given to the English being done in a few moments, they were left without orders, when taking the matter into their own hands they decided to try their hand at the Cavalry. They advanced, the British Grenadiers pouring in the musket shot, firmly and steadily as the work of destiny. Amazed, the Cavalry made onset after onset in vain, and to make a long story short they were broken and routed at the point of the bayonet, a feat unheard of in the annals of war before. This won the victory for the whole army.

At another battle, disastrous to the English, fought early in the same war and between the same nations, when Cumberland, brave but brainless, commanded, there were deeds of valor performed by the English department of the army never outrivalled. The French were entrenched on heights. The Dutch regiments

stormed on the left, but as the fire was hot they dodged under some shelter and waited there for the enemy's fire to slacken. Meanwhile the English columns had charged on the right. They went on on up to the cannon, over the entrenchments, breasting the storm of war like, well like Britons. They poured out their musketry shot as steadily as machines. When their ranks were decimated, they closed up and forward! with smoke and thunder and death around and before. They meant to drive the enemy before them and they did, but where was the rest of the army? The Dutch or Hanoverians and German mercenaries were hiding from the balls waiting for a chance to charge safely. Meanwhile the British troops, having swept all before them, were at last surrounded and overpowered by numbers, having no reserves to support them and no simultaneous attack on the right wing of the enemy. Leaving out of reckoning Agincourt and Poitiers, etc., and confining ourselves to latter times, where will you find an army of trained English Soldiers which has not been victorious under possible conditions? It is admitted that Cromwell's Ironsides were the most invincible troops that ever bore arms. Without a doubt, they would have beaten the Spartans with their own weapons. There could be no braver Soldiers than those who fought at Inkerman and Balaklava. How about the American War of Independence? The Campaigns of that memorable time, the dreary scenes of Valley Forge where the patriot army fought and suffered, only show what the nature of a Briton is when he fights for the right, for those Americans were the veritable English, not the hired Hessians whom the old dotard on the Throne bought to butcher them.

If an English army cannot whip and drive from the field an army of equal numbers of any other people, other things being equal, than the past is no index of the Future.

Walter Raleigh's Sonnet on Spenser.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn, and passing by that way
 To see this buried dust of living flame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen