

For now my race is ended, I shall rise
 To soar sublimely through the azure skies,—
 From sphere to sphere my wayward soul shall roam,
 And vast immensity shall be my home ;
 And when I see her o'er my grave repine,
 With zephyrs' wings I'll soothe my Emeline.

THE VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE.

Farewell to thee, comrade, thy marching is ended ;
 No more wilt thou join in the ranks of the brave ;
 For now by thy mourning companions attended,
 We see thee consigned to the Volunteer's Grave.

When the pest'lence of Treason was raging around us,
 And threaten'd invasion, united each hand,
 That would join in the ties of affection that bound us
 To the Throne of our fathers till death should disband.

And Death hath discharged thee, the first of our number,
 From the blast of whose mandate there's nothing can
 save ;
 But soft be thy pillow, and sweet be thy slumber,
 And green be the grass round the Volunteer's Grave.

ERRATUM.—In the 16th line of the Preface, for “ What is not,
 is not,” read “ What is writ, is writ.”