

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed Mary—
I see the spire from here;
But the grave yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' your strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake,
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darlin',
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!

From Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanege: including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, and sketches of the Indian Campaigns.

ADVENTURES IN ESCAPING FROM CAPTIVITY.

The 'Fortress' here mentioned is Chamblée, near Lake Champlain. The prisoners had been captured in the course of a foray into the American country, led on by Sir John Johnson, and they were left transiently at this station, until his return, which was rather hasty.

The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest

and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of their doors, while the residue was to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was, therefore, abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days the desired opportunity occurred, viz: on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guard, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that at a given point they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch, and sprained his ankle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick turned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible, but finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had been previously fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steele. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing at the race, and the speed of the 'long-legged Dutchmen,' as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain place at 10 o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly onward that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

Following the bank of Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after day-break on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the Fort. To avoid these he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and boy hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who he had heard were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited, also, by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. 'It is by such villains as you are,' replied the forester, 'that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.' The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that 'that was more than he could do.' The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

The man thereupon returned with his son to the potatoe field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise.—While in the house, he saw a musket, powder-horn and bullet-pouch hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition.

But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself, and join the ranks of the King, assuring him that his Majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he of course would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a Whig into a Tory fruitless, she then told him, that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods, she would furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the Fort next day; and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all soundly asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the Lake, under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle au Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air, as the moon beams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travel on foot. Nor, on landing, was his case more enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either—a long journey before him through a deep and trackless wilderness—it may well be imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily in 'thick-coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore towards Albany. During the first four days of his progress he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch—chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck setting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and feathers, than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him: but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise on his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness with no eye to pity, and no human arm to protect—he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake! Quick as a flash, with his pocket knife, he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life, to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the