

## THE FAIRY HARP.

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It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a'long unmeasur'd tone  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

It was I think, sometime in the month of August, 181-, that, by especial command from Head Quarters then at Montreal, the flank companies of a Provincial Regiment were detached to a particular station on the Lower Canada frontier, and were reinforced by a large band of Indian warriors from the St. Francis village, which joined them on the route to their destination, and who were to assist in the construction of a block-house and other means of strengthening their position. This was situated on the bank of a small river that emptied its tributary stream into the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, the passage of which was to be commanded by the intended fortification; and being in the heart of a deeply wooded country, thinly settled at the time, and entirely destitute of the benefits derived from the smoothing hand of civilization, it was far from agreeable to military men, habituated to, and just emerging from the glittering gaiety and pompous routine of a crowded camp; a