

That warrior bird—how his bold eye gleam'd,
When an empire's crown from his head was
torn, [morn.
And the proud wing pluck'd of its pride that

He rides—he rides, through the serried ranks!
And the dead are piled by his charger's flanks;
Where'er the squadron's charge is met,
By rattling shot, or bayonet,
That grim huntsman speeds in his path of fear.
With the mercy hall for a pioneer.
He lifts up his arm, and an eye is dim—
His sword is dropped from the palsy'd limb;
He lowers his lance, and the lines are shorn,
Like the mower's grass, or the reaper's corn!

There was a gathering in the still midnight,
For a soldier lay by his watch-fire bright,
And saw neath the beam of the pale moonlight,
With measured tread from the slaughter'd dead,
An army marching on;—
Tramp, tramp! to the beat of a phantom drum,
With corselets of white ivory, they come!
The bright stars peep through their visors pale,
The night air creeps in the jointed mail;
The cavalry ride in the foremost rank,
And the sabres clash on each hollow shank;
Some clutching a brand in the gristly hand,
And some a sever'd bone;—
Tramp, tramp! through the hours of the live-
long night,
Troop after troop—'twas a wonderous sight,
And they grinned as they journeyed by,
At that sample of poor mortality.
There were forty thousand skulls, I ween,
With the eyes scoop'd out and the joles so lean:
They file away in their conquerors' path,
And the name of that leader is—*Death!*
Oh the vulture filled his ravenous maw,
Where the *Eagle* play'd with the *Lion's* paw!

St. John, December, 1841.

EUGENE.



THE CHOLERA SUMMER:—"It was an awful crisis. The cry of 'the Plague!' had been so long silent in the Western world, that our terror of that fearful scourge was become a matter of almost forgotten tradition; and modern physicians are so babaroned and be-knighted,—wear so many Orders and issue their own with such an air of omnipotence,—that, under shelter of the College, one had begun to fancy oneself immortal. Yet at the announcement of this fearful malady,—this death of agony and disfigurement,—the College itself grew white as its own magnesia,—confessed its ignorance—and implored the aid of Parlia-

ment to enlighten its understanding and its measures. * * The rich became suddenly solicitous about the state of the poor: not because rebuked by the approach of judgment to come, but because misery was supposed to be the nest-egg of this brood of death. A family in one's neighbourhood was a serious consideration. The little blue we had thought only disgusting when the result of cold and hunger, became implement of destruction when connected with the Cholera.—The very beggarwoman asked alms of us, might approach us with malice prepense.—There was infection in tatters; and she had evident intentions of assassinating the man of twenty thousand by collapse, the sickly infant in her arms an accessory before the fact. We were terminated, however, that the indigent should not work their wicked will. In foreign countries, the populace rose in many where the Cholera prevailed, protesting the authorities had poisoned the cisterns wanted to kill off the superfluous population. In England, the rich arose, (in England always the rich who rise,—in parliament elsewhere!) and protested that the lower classes wanted to Cholera them in cold blood. But with the aid of magistracy, they were enabled to put down this diabolical attack as the Times used to call such things when in the habit of calling names. They washed the cottages,—they flannel-petted the old women,—they inflicted worsted stockings over the barelegged,—they drenched starving poor with mutton-broth, they fed the hungry with good things.—Blankets forced upon the inmates of hovels by the aid of dragoons, and the Riot Act was read over some wretched hamlet refused to be clothed and fed. If any one of our English artists had possessed a spark of genius might have designed a better parody upon Heinrich's Dance of Death (which those who do not admire at Basle, have seen in the ceilings of Hollar,) showing forth the Great Example of Great Britain, beguiled into the virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by the influence of the Cholera Morbus; a Marquis terrified by lavishing chaldrons of coal,—a Duchess struck into a dispensation of fleecy horses,—a Baronet convulsed into an emission of white flannel."

Rich and Poor.—The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this, the former caters to his pleasures, and the latter when he can get