

out a thankful acknowledgment of the great favour and mercy of God to us, in the wise conduct given unto his honour the Lieut. governor, both in the management of the war, and also of the treaty of peace. May the comforts and rewards of a faithful administration remain to him for ever; and the happy fruits of peace unto these provinces. FINIS.

*The following Lines were written by Mr. Thomas C. Upham, "a N. Hampshire poet," on the occasion of a visit to the place of Lovewell's Fight.\**

Ah! where are the soldiers that fought here of yore?  
The sod is upon them, they'll struggle no more.  
The hatchet is fallen, the red man is low;  
But near him reposes the arm of his foe.

The bugle is silent, the war-whoop is dead:  
There's a murmur of waters and woods in their stead  
And the raven and owl chant a symphony drear,  
From the dark waving pines o'er the combatant's bier.

The light of the sun has just sunk in the wave,  
And a long time ago sat the sun of the brave.  
The waters complain, as they roll o'er the stones,  
And the rank grass encircles a few scatter'd bones.

The names of the fallen the traveller leaves  
Cut out with his knife in the bark of the trees,  
But little avail his affectionate arts,  
For the names of the fallen are grav'd in our hearts.

The voice of the hunter is loud on the breeze,  
There's a dashing of waters, a rustling of trees;  
But the jangling of armour hath all pass'd away,  
No gushing of lifeblood is here seen to day.

The eye that was sparkling, no longer is bright,  
The arm of the mighty, death conquered its might,  
The bosoms that once for their country beat high,  
To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

Sleep, soldiers of merit, sleep, gallants of yore,  
The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er.  
While the fir tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,  
The tear drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.

\* Taken from Farmer and Moore's Col. I, 35.