

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE LATE
BISHOP RICHARDSON.

No martial pomp, no muffled drum, no tattered colours trailing low,
 No solemn dirge, no booming gun, hints of the ancient well-fought
 foe

Whom he had met with dauntless front, while with a sailor's honest
 pride

He steered his barque, 'mid smoke and flame, o'er blue Ontario's
 heaving tide.

No fear had he of shot or shell, or of the yawning, hungry wave;
 His only thought, from foreign arms, his much loved native land to
 save.

Nor repined he at the soldier's fate, although so early maimed for
 life,

But with returning vigor, came again to join the fearful strife.

No veteran* of that sturdy band, who then obeyed his hearty call,
 Is mingling with the saddened throng, who follow now his funeral
 pall.

The brave, the true, who may survive, have vanished from our sight
 and ken,

And all the victories which they won, were nullified by weaker men.

But comrades in a holier war, true soldiers of a mightier King,
 Are here from well contested fields, and faithful, loving hearts they
 bring.

They've come, to gaze with lingering look, on that dear face they
 loved so well;

But ah! they miss the kindling eye, the smile where welcome used
 to dwell.

They miss that voice, so mild, so deep, which charmed them in their
 boyhood's days,

* One of Mr. Richardson's comrades on the *St. Lawrence* was present at his funeral, as one of the pall-bearers, but he was not with him at Oswego.