

talent, he commiserates the mouse "whose nest was closed up with the snow," and who knew not where to look for comfort in such a predicament, he execrates the unmanliness of a Grenadier who bayoneted the "wee tim'rous beastie," and describes the convicted looks of the caitiff when he cried out, shame, on his cruelty.

Meadows. A brave soldier is ever tender-hearted; the ferocious, and those fond of ferocious sports, are the readiest to turn in the field of battle, and the least to be depended on in any situation after the first fever heat of their fury is over, they are mere automations, kept in their place by fear and habit, not principle. While each conscientious and kind hearted warrior, is a living sword in the right hand of his Commander.

Placid. "The soldiers address to his Knapsack" dwells with pride on its once brilliant appearance, and laments its total ruin. It has also some sly hits of affectionate good humour; the author says:

"When filling thee up with costly stuff, I often gave thee a crack,
But you took your revenge with straps of buff, while riding on my back;
For seven long days I bore thee about, for a breach of Martial Law,
For pulling thy proper furniture out, and filling thy belly with straw.
Brilliant and black was thy once bonny face, my only chest and store;
We have lingered together for many a pace, but I never may carry thee
more."

The concluding lines have more pathos than could be expected on such a subject:

"He took the old Kit in his hands, his heart with grief was wrung,
He formed the graine to a pipe-clay dish, and the straps on a new one hung.
The soldier ha' been in foreign climes, he ne'er was much troubled with self.
But it turns 'is heart on long pastimes, as he views the old dish on the shelf."

Meadows. Touches of true feeling and genuine poetry rather coarsely expressed. I can well appreciate the pleasure which the soldier can receive from the formation of such professional verses, and his triumph in the Barrack room from their recital. How many sources of the humorous, the pathetic and the sublime are left unworked; your author gives a good hint—what for instance could be better subjects in the hands of a wit than—thoughts on the worn out pen of a poetaster—lines on the old wig of a superannuated Judge—on the faded bag of a briefless Lawyer—an Elegy on a thumped-to-death pulpit cushion—an address to the once demure face of a retired Physician—and a multiplicity of such themes, formed of the odds and ends, the tails and top-knots of civilized life. What have you next.

Placid. A piece similar in subject to the last, but greatly superior I think, in its pleasing and pathetic flow of simple ideas.

The Prisoner's address to his Looking-glass, while on George's Island.

"I'll hold thee up my chrystal star,
Thy moon-shaped face shines calm and clear;
I'll place thee by this iron bar,
And view each scene that's passing here."