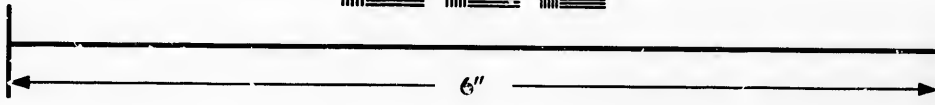
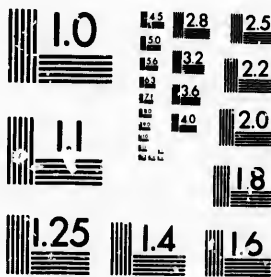


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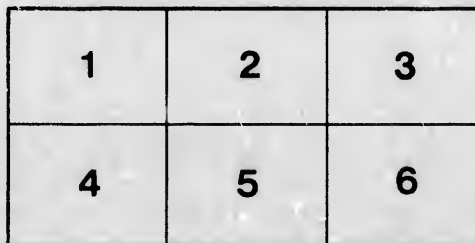
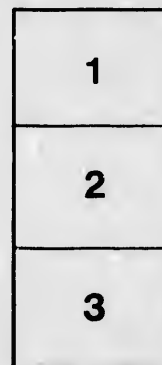
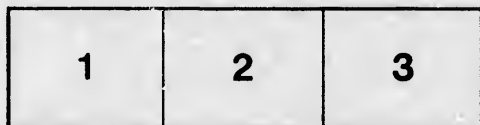
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VISITS
OF
Distinguished Personages

TO
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

DULY CHRONICLED

By JOHN LE PAGE.

"Some said, John, print it; others said, not so;
Some said, it may do good; others said NO." — BUNYAN.

CHARLOTTETOWN:
PRINTED BY HENRY COOPER, WATER STREET.

1869.

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Public Archives of Nova Scotia
HALIFAX, N. S.



INTRODUCTION.

THE principal object of the Author — if not the only one — in publishing the following pieces in their present form, is to make our Island better known beyond its own boundaries. It is notorious that, even in the neighboring Colonies, very imperfect notions are still entertained concerning the spot which Cobbett — for want of other information or from ignorance — denominated a sand bank in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is true we have not such privileges, in the form of mines and minerals, as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but we have agricultural advantages of which neither of these Provinces can boast, and a climate in many respects superior to both. To quote the words of the “Strong man of Rhyme:”

“NOVA SCOTIA may here, with unwonted delight,
See the sun, UNBEOGGED, shining peerlessly bright;
And New Brunswick acknowledge, enrapt with surprise,
Such a picture at home never gladdened her eyes;
And Canada own that a garden so green
As this in her travels she never has seen.”

For the purposes of agriculture, our Island is superior on the whole to either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and will compare favorably with any other part of the Dominion of Canada, while it is every year becoming more productive by a judicious system of scientific farming.

Perhaps no portion of Her Majesty's trans-Atlantic dominions presents a prettier picture to the eye of the voyager, on approaching it from the sea, than the landscape of Prince Edward Island. Although at a distance it appears rather low, yet on drawing nearer you perceive that the land is sufficiently undulating to give to the eye a picturesque and pleasing variety of hill and dale. Well cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings, generally protected from the north winds by groves of native spruce, birch, maple and poplar, adorn the coast-line both on the north and south side of the Island, along its entire length from the East Point to the West Cape. Near the centre of the Island a higher ridge of hills rises to the view and lends a more elevated charm to the prettiness of the prospect. The flourishing village of Pownal, in Queen's County, is situated at the base of the highest part of this range, which is cultivated to the top, and affords from the summit a view of the surrounding country, the beauties of which must be seen to be duly appreciated.

Charlottetown, the capital of the Island, is a pretty little city, of moderate dimensions, but rapidly increasing both in extent and commercial importance. In 1866 a fire occurred, which destroyed a large portion of the most populous part of the city. The burnt district has since been mostly rebuilt; the old delapidated tenements which were consumed having been replaced by buildings of a more sightly and substantial character. Hotel accommodation, which was until recently on a rather limited scale, has latterly branched out into very respectable proportions. Good houses are numerous enough to ensure both comfort and convenience, at a moderate cost, to all who are not too fastidious; while our climate in the summer is every thing that can be wished by invalids or others who might be disposed to leave the “Sultry South” during the

Regency of *Sirius*, and travel north in search of health or pleasure in a bracing atmosphere and more temperate region. All this, taken in connection with the facilities of *transit* afforded by the Island Steam Navigation Company, will, it may reasonably be expected, as our Island becomes better known abroad, occasion a large increase in the number of respectable visitors frequenting this gem of the water known as Prince Edward Island.

This summer (1869) we have been honored by the presence amongst us of several highly distinguished visitors. Rear Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy appeared off our harbor in the month of July, and after ascertaining the depth of the Hillsborough by sounding, brought the *Royal Alfred* to anchor off the wharf of Messrs. Peake Bros. & Co. He was received with all the respect due to his naval rank and high official position, regaled by the liberality of our public authorities, and also most respectfully saluted by *Paddy the Piper!* Scarcely had he left our shore, when Sir John Young, Governor-General of Canada, &c., attended by several members of his cabinet, arrived in our harbor in the *S. S. Napoleon the Third*. As the representative of Her Majesty in British North America, he met (as was meet) with a most cordial reception. A banquet was prepared at which the usual loyal toasts were drunk, and speeches improvised, the sum of the whole matter being that the Islanders left the entertainment deeply impressed with the idea that Sir John Young is a very worthy representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and that Sir G. Cartier, when he spoke with so much suavity of his willingness to annex the Dominion of Canada to Prince Edward Island, excelled, with the brilliancy of his French polish, the shine on the Irish blarney of Paddy the Piper himself.

But a more exalted personage than either of these, or, as Paddy would say, both put together, arrived afterwards, in the person of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, third son of our beloved Queen Victoria. The unshaken loyalty of our people was enthusiastically demonstrated by the reception given to this amiable young Prince, who after accepting our hospitality left us, followed by the best wishes of our entire population. *Paddy the Piper* attended his Levee at Government House. After elbowing his way with some difficulty, in "hoddin gray," through the aristocracy in black, he presented His Royal Highness with a copy of his address to Prince Arthur. This he condescendingly received, but has not yet graciously acknowledged, which shows either that the young Prince is not so good a judge of poetry as his brother, or, perhaps, was not so well advised as was the Prince of Wales in 1860.

The appearance of each of these illustrious personages was duly chronicled by the Author in a poetical effusion, under the signature of "*Paddy the Piper.*" The entire impressions of two of these pieces having been sold off, and the demand being larger than the supply, they are now reprinted, together with several pieces of a similar kind, written previously to celebrate the arrival amongst us of other celebrities, viz: Admiral Milne, in 1862; the Prince of Wales, in 1860; and Sir Wm. Fenwick Williams, in 1859, to which is appended the visit of "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the Tomb of Washington." They are published in reverse order, so that the last becomes first and the first last. Trusting that in this form they may meet the approbation of the **READING PUBLIC**, the Author takes the liberty of writing himself their

Much obliged and very obedient servant,

JOHN LE PAGE.

Charlottetown, 1st October, 1860.

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VISITS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

Visit of H. R. H. Prince Arthur William
Patrick Albert, U. G.

“What tnoh on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a’ that?
Gle fools their silks, and KNAVES THEIR WINE,
We dare be poor for a’ that!”—BURNS.

HAND the Pipes, Biddy dear, till I blow up a sound
That ’ill waken the echoes that slumber around !
Who is coming, Machree ! but a Prince o’ the blood !
The third Royal Prince that was here since the flood !
’Twould be strange, passing strange, then, if Pat
wouldn’t play

The best Irish air in his note-book to-day,
And from our green Island send up such a tune
As will charm the two ears of the man in the moon.

Blow the pipes for Prince Arthur—Prince Patrick,
I mean !

Third son of our Sovereign Lady the Queen,
Who, to Canada bound, touches here, I suppose,
To honor his grandfather, Kent, as he goes ;
For our Island is known in the annals of fame
By the popular sound of his ancestor’s name,

And by that PATRONYMIC, distinguished must be,
Among all other Islands and "Gems of the sea."

You are welcome, Prince Patrick, indeed to our shore,
Our hearts and affections, a thousand times o'er,
For the sake of your Mother, whose merciful sway
On the face of the earth, tens of millions obey!
"God save our good Queen!" yet again! and again!
In peace and prosperity long may she reign,
Just as long as our Island continues to be,
On the breast of St. Lawrence, "first gem o' the
sea."

That'll be a long lease, let your Highness depend,—
That's to say if the world doesn't come to an end;
But no prophet is Pat to foretell, I profess,—
It will last out our time if I don't miss my guess;
But, as long as it lasts, may our Rule be the same
On this Island that goes by your grandfather's name,
And the flag, that has braved both the battle and
breeze,
Always fly to defend us from harm on the seas!

Hurra! for Prince Patrick! the first o' his race
That has travelled the world with an Irishman's face;
With a roaring salute let us welcome the boy,
Who is Albert as well, and his Mother's own joy.
Just nine years ago—for meself wrote it down,—
We welcomed his brother, the Heir to the Crown;
Who acknowledged the compliment Paddy could pay,
An' meself houlds the letter he wrote 'till this day!

Hurra for Prince Patrick!—whose godfather true
 Was the ould "Iron Duke," an' an Irishman, too,
 Of the blessed ould stock (that belonged to the sod,)
 Who would fight for their country, at home or abroad ;
 And as long as the earth on its axis shall turn,
 So long, "with emotion," our children shall learn
 How Napoleon the First ran the length o' his chain,
 When he met the Great Duke upon Waterloo-Plain.

Hurra! for Prince Patrick! but let me remark,
 What a pity ye came when the day-light was dark,
 When our folk on the breast-work all loyal and true,
 Took to cheering your "luggage!" an' thought it was
 you!

'Twas amusing enough, an', bedad! I believe
 Your own Royal Highness would laugh in your
 sleeve,

At the blunder we fell in, when cheerin' our best,—
 Aye! an' Paddy the Piper as loud as the rest!

Such blunders and bulls will occur an' go past,—
 We rejoice that ye landed in safety at last ;
 But regret very much that in night's dusky shade
 Ye could not well admire the fine arches we made,
 With mottos all covered an' garlands quite gay,
 To plase the Prince Patrick when passing the way ;
 But you've seen them since that,—an' they're still to
 be seen,

An' they show you how Islanders honor their Queen.

I am sorry, my Prince, that your stay is so short,
 You will have slender chances for business or sport ;

But though brief on this Island your visit must be,
 Some things for amusement you'll certainly see,
 Of the sycophant genus, that always are sure,
 While they fawn on the rich, to impose on the poor,—
 When the Governor Young came to see us before,
 They would hardly let Paddy look in at the door!

But enough about them! I am dhry, anyhow,
 An' will drink to the whole Royal Family now,
 In a bumper of—fancy it Burgundy's juice,
 Worth a guinea a quart, for particular use,—
 For to honor the Prince, let it be understood,
 No vintage on earth could be any too good!
 In such generous wine—let me do it with grace,—
 "Here's to good Queen Victoria and all of her race,
 Hip! Hip! Three times three!"

Visit of Governor-General, Sir John Young.

"Hail, Excellency excellent!
 While others strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye?"—BURNS, slightly altered.

"Cead Mille Failt'," Sir John! to Prince Edward, I
 say—
 Sure I'm just after seein' Sir Rodney away!
 And "Failt'" again! from my heart and my tongue,
 To your beautiful lady, long may she keep Young!
 We heard you were coming! two guns made a noise!
 And before ye'd say "drum sticks" we turn'd out our
 boys,

In their fine regimentals of scarlet and blue,
A nice "Body Guard," to do honor to you!

Ye should see the gentry! in clusters and rows,
As thick in appearance as pigeons or crows,
On the top of the building where flags do be hung!
To get the first peep at the Governor Young!
But the day turn'd to darkness, and all looked forlorn
When they found ye could not come ashore 'till the
morn,
For "Napoleon the III." is much slower at sea
Than the "Princess of Wales" or "St. Lawrence"
would be.

That's before they attempted, for love 'or for spite,
In Confederation too close to unite;
And, however it happened, 'tis well understood
They have crippled themselves and done nobody good.
'Twas a "bad job, whatever!" and some will suppose,
In regard to the story, abroad as it goes,
There are Governments, too, which, like steamers at
night,
Would keep better asunder than hugging too tight!

I do' know, I am sure, if they're right or they're wrong,
The world turns around, we shall know before long;
But your Honor's two ears sure no longer I'll bore
About Boats that would sink were they not run ashore.
At a time like the present, such matters, you see,
Are beneath the attention of you or of me;
But as you pass on, moving round in your sphere,
'Tis the business of Paddy to welcome you here!

How are you, Sir John! an' 'tis how have you been?
 I'm tould you sit there in the room of the Queen,
 Who sent you to Canada (Irish although),
 To be "King of the Castles" wherever you'd go
 In the Provinces round! God bless Her, She saw
 An' she knew you were fit for it—Erin go Bragh!
 May her Majesty always be ready to smile
 On her brave loyal men of the Emerald Isle.

I hope that, Sir John, ye'll be happy while here,—
 'Tis a beautiful country at this time o' year!
 An' a bountiful harvest is promisin' now,—
 Tho' 'tis cowlder in winter we all must allow.
 But my countrymen here—an' they're every where
 strong—

Are axin' meself what has brought you along!
 An' bedad I can't tell!—if I may be so bould!
 I suppose you don't wish us "left out in the cowl'd."

Hurra for ould Ireland! that same would be kind;
 "Ye would not go to glory and leave us behind,"
 But hundreds of Irishmen, sooner by far,
 In summer an' winter would stay as they are.
 'Tis the truth I am tellin'! perhaps they're not wise
 To be stuffin' their ears an' be shuttin' their eyes,—
 Not to listen to rason! tho' trath must be tould,
 Nova Scotia would rather "be out in the cowl'd."

But enough of that theme,—arrah musha, bedad,
 Forgive me for swearin'!—but wasn't I mad,
 To be tould, yesterday, that our wisecraes here,
 That feted Ben. Butler with champagne and beer,

And a rostin' hot dinner, by government votes,—
 Not to mention the loan of umbrellas and coats,—
 Were sending our Governor-General away
 Without any Dinner or Public display!

'Tis well that they changed their intention in time,
 Or I'd blow them all up with the breath o' me rhyme,
 Sky high in the clouds, like an airy balloon,
 To ate a cowld bite with the "man in the moon!"
 And again on this Island they'd never be seen,
 With their niggardly notions, insultin' the Queen
 An' the Governor Young—but we've made it all right,—
 John Murphy's our man for a Dinner to-night.

An' I hope you'll enjoy it—meself won't be there,
 For Biddy an' I have an ocean of care
 With the childer at home ; but there I've a drop
 O' the Irish potheen ! an' bedad, ere I stop,
 I'll drink all your healths,—Sir John ! here's to you,
 An' herself that is younger and prettier too !
 May the blessing of Heaven be yours till ye die,
 Then a better inheritance up in the sky.

And a full flowing bumper to Colonel McNeill,
 (Me wife's maiden name !) who by dint o' his steel
 Won the "Cross o' Victoria," which long may he wear,
 Of the "Colonsay House,"—but meself does n't care
 If he's Scotch or he's Irish, so long as he's good,
 That's a "sine qua non," and must be understood :
 For the Irish and Scotch, when they're good, I declare
 To your Honor, Sir Jchn, can't be beat anywhere.

Visit of Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy.

Long life to you, Admiral ! that's what I say,—
 'Tis meself that's delighted to see you to-day,
 And the big Royal Alfred, complete for the wars,
 Laying off the Queen's wharf in her top-gallant spars,
 With the mator flag flyin' that braves in the breeze
 All the foes of our Queen on the face of the seas,—
 And will brave them, as long as their noses they show,
 'Till the Marlborough cocks ar'nt able to crow.

I'm tould that yer Honor, when off in the sound,
 Was afraid to run in lest the "Flag Ship" should ground,
 An' ye left the big Ironclad anchored outside,
 To cast a reflection on Hillsborough tide.
 But the Hillsborough tide—arrah ! listen to me—
 Sure the Hillsborough tide is the pride of the sea !
 Which in all North America cannot be beat,
 Having water enough for the whole English fleet.

An' now ye are in, you'll be as welcome as May,
 Yourself and your sailors, as long as ye'll stay,
 For the sake of — God bless her ! — and, — whisper,
 while here,
 You'll get plenty to ate and to drink, never fear ;
 And the brave, jolly sailors, eight hundred or more—
 If they're in it—why then, let them all come ashore,
 In their clane turn-down collars, the nautical style,
 Admiral Milne did the same when he came in the Nile.

For we all love the sailors,—but, Admiral dear,
 In ould Neptune's name is it true what I hear—
 That on board of the big Royal Alfred last night
 Ye had splendid divarsion, swate music's delight,
 Discoarsed by the Band of the Ship, and bedad
 All our girls and your officers dancin' like mad?
 A Rodney! to give in his Flag Ship a ball
 And not to send "Paddy the Piper" a call!

I was puzzled entirely, as well I might be,
 Why no ticket was sent from Sir Rodney to me,
 An' I thought, at the first, I was slighted foreby,
 Or because I was Irish "you did not apply;"
 But it does n't much matter, now mornin' has come,
 For Biddy an' I had divarsion at home;
 I suppose you forgot us—an' so let it be—
 You'll have plenty to mind without thinking o' me.

But long we'll remember the hour and the day
 That ye opened the bully big Ship, any way,
 For the Public to look at, an' Alfred her name,
 Call'd after that Saxon of notable fame,
 Who wasn't much made of, himself, so 'tis said,
 When the ould woman bate him for burnin' the bread—
 What a fine thing is larnin' to have in the brains,—
 Sure 'twas Alfred you know that demolished the Danes.

And in this fine Ship, arrah! Rodney me joy,
 'Tis yourself ought to make the Queen's enemies fly!
 If they came within range, and yourself to let roar—
 Wisha! wouldn't the Yankees be off from our shore!
 Where they come every Summer in swarms, like the bees,
 To stale the fine fishes that spawn in our seas;

An' they're at it so long ! be the pipers and powers,
The Claims Alabama are nothin' to ours.

But never mind spakin' o' Yankees, you see
There's Peace with America—long may there be,—
Let us look at your Ship, her diminsions to learn,
She's round in the bow an' she's round in the stern,
An' the great armour plates that she carries are full
Ten or five inches thick round the whole of her hull ;
Then her big heavy guns ! an' no wonder if she
Should roll a good bit in the trough of a sea.

Hurra ! for the ould English Flag,—always new—
We love to behold it, the “ red white and blue,”
The delight of our friends and the dread of our foes,
And the symbol of Honor—abroad where it goes ;
May heaven defend it wherever it flies,
A signal of safety to gladden our eyes ;
In freedom's front ranks may it always be seen,—
Hurra ! for ould Ireland, and God save the Queen !

But 'tis time I heave to, for my distance is run,
Let me frame but a toast and a wish, I'll be done ;
A Health to the Admiral, Health to the crew,
The Officers, Middies and blue jackets too !
May the flag of the “ Alfred ” long float in the breeze,
A terror to such as do ill on the seas,—
And her brave-hearted men ! be it stormy or fair,
When “ England expects,” may they always be there.

Visit of Admiral Milne.

Brave Tars who Britain's rights maintain,
Who sentinel the deep ;
As over Neptune's wide domain
A wakeful watch you keep ;
Our pride in peace, defence in war,
Of stalwart heart and hand ;
We greet you, every honest tar,
With welcome to our land.

Then three times three for Britain's Queen,
My countrymen, in style,
And three to greet her gallant men,
The Heroes of the Nile.

The Heroes of the Nile may claim,
From ancient Egypt's shore,
A name that, linked with Nelson's fame,
Will live forevermore ;
Tho' fifty years have roll'd away
Since Nelson ceas'd to toil,
Hearty and fresh we greet to-day
The Heroes of the Nile.

Then, &c.

Hearty and fresh—aye, men that would,
If I can judge aright—
Behave as well as Nelson could,
If called like him to fight ;

"England expects,"—that signal plain,
 Again our foes would foil;
 England cannot expect in vain;
 From Heroes of the Nile.

Then, &c.

What though our country may compete,
 Before the time is long,
 With Russia's new, unsunken fleet,
 Or France's navy strong,
 Or Yankee gunboats, ironclad,
 We of Prince Edward Isle
 Will trust our lives to Britain's flag
 And Heroes of the Nile.

Then, &c.

We'll think of Frobisher and Drake,
 Nep's "champion shots" of old;
 Of Duncan, Nelson, Howe and Blake,
 And Collingwood the bold;—
 Who, without "Armstrongs," swept the sea,
 Their enemies to spoil;
 And brave as those of old would be,
 The Heroes of the Nile.

Then, &c.

Why not? their energies to try,
 The British cocks are game:
 Stir but their blood,—it ranges high—
 The mercury's the same;

Insult their Queen or Country dear,
 Old England dare revile,
 And soon a good account you'll hear
 From Heroes of the Nile.

Then, &c.

Then welcome British tars ashore,
 Both Officers and men ;
 We never saw you all before,
 And never may again.
 But while you follow duty's call,
 May Heaven upon you smile,
 And shower down blessings on you all,
 The Heroes of the Nile.

Then three times three for Britain's Queen,
 My countrymen, in style ;
 And three to greet her gallant men,
 The Heroes of the Nile.

Visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,
 11th August, 1860.

SIR ;

I am commanded by the Prince of Wales to thank you for a copy of verses which you have been good enough to write on the occasion of H. R. Highness' visit to this Colony, which he has perused with much pleasure ; and to state, also, that he has much pleasure in giving his sanction to your including the lines in question in your forthcoming volume.

I have the honor to be,
 Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed)

R. BRUCE.

Major General.

To John Le Page, Esq.

LET acclamations loud and long
 Ring o'er our hills and dales !
 God save the Queen, our loyal song,
 And bless the Prince of Wales.
 Where thousands press to see his face,
 The foremost place we claim,
 This beauteous Isle, our dwelling place,
 Records his Grandsire's name.
 Then let us first our homage pay,
 As rightfully we claim,—
 We hail the brightest star to-day
 In Edward's arch of fame !

God save the Prince of Wales ! encore !
 In patriotic style,—
 We love the "Heir Apparent" more,
 Because we love our Isle :
 Our lovely Isle, so fair to see,
 So near the fount of fame !
 We'll sing its praise with greater glee
 For bearing Edward's name !
 And let us first, &c.

But still a finer chord we wake,
 To sound the praise we mean,
 We love him for his Mother's sake,
 Because we love our Queen—
 Our gracious Queen, may she receive
 The best that heaven bestows ;
 And long in health and splendor live,
 The envy of her foes !
 And let us first, &c.

Where despots rule with iron rod,
 Regardless of the right,
Their vassals must obey their nod,
 And tremble at their might ;
But where Victoria's flag is seen,
 There Liberty must grow,
And loyal hearts that love their Queen,
 Spontaneous homage show.
 And let us first, &c.

God save our Royal Queen ! once more !
 And Albert at her side !
And choicest blessings freely pour
 On all her empire wide.
Still may her arms victorious be
 On every battle plain,
And, as of yore, triumphantly
 Her navy sweep the main !
 And let us first, &c.

No fear that Britons will be slaves,—
 That England's sun will set :
Britannia long has ruled the waves,
 And long shall rule them yet.
On every deck a gallant crew
 Stand, prompt for peace or war,
Another " Spithead Grand Review,"
 Or second Trafalgar !
 And let us first, &c.

Hail ! England's Queen ! in matron state,
 Fit subject for our songs ;

Whose power our rights can vindicate,
 Or soon avenge our wrongs.
 And hail! the Prince of Wales! her son,
 Pride of the parent stem :
 The Heir to England's lofty throne,
 To Britain's diadem !
 And let us first, &c.

Then let us sing, till echoes ring,—
 This Prince of high degree,
 When Heaven sees fit to order it,
 Our future King may be !
 And may the power above confer
 Selectest gifts Divine
 Upon the House of Hanover,
 And Brunswick's Royal line.
 And let us first our homage pay,
 As rightfully we claim,—
 We hail the brightest Star to-day,
 In Britain's arch of fame !

Visit of General Sir William Fenwick Williams.

“Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!” — SCOTT.

HAIL to the hero immortal in story !
 Honor'd of Britain and favor'd of Mars,
 On to Prince Edward he comes in his glory,
 Hail to the gallant defender of Kars !

Fame thro' the nation
 Bespeaks him ovation—
 Loudly his merits and movements declares,
 To do him honor, then,
 Shout, all my countrymen,
 Hail to the gallant defender of Kars!

Here's no impostor of artful intention,
 Striving our homage undue to provoke,
 Blowing large bubbles of elapty pretension,
 Bursting in air but to vanish like smoke;
 History names him,
 England proclaims him
 Worthy of honor—return'd from the wars—
 To do him homage, then,
 Shout, all ye Islandmen,
 Hail to the gallant defender of Kars!

First of the brave, he, by heroes surrounded,
 Strong as a lion—undauntedly bold,
 Held a position where perils abounded—
 Menac'd by famine and threaten'd by cold.

Frankly his enemy
 Honor'd his bravery:
 Writing despatches to him of the Czars,
 What says the Russian Chief,
 General Mouravieff?
 "Brave is the gallant defender of Kars!"

Rouse thee, my muse! and with praises reward him,
 Loudly in pæans his welcome prepare;

Honor, Prince Edward, be thine to accord him,
 Worthy the badges of Honor to wear ;
 Long may the olive bough
 Wave o'er the hero's brow,
 Peace be his portion—return'd from the wars,—
 And, all my countrymen,
 Shout, 'till it rings again,—
 Health and long life to the hero of Kars !

Visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the
 Tomb of Washington.

A M E R I C A ! fair shall thy history be,
 L o n g shall thy proud Eagle spread over the free !
 B r i g h t records are thine in the annals of fame,
 E n s t a m p e d with the signet of Washington's name !
 R e n o w n must be thine ; and the portion of all
 T h a t strike off their fetters at Liberty's call !
 E n s h r i n e d in the hearts of the wise and the good ;
 D i s t i n g u i s h e d in death by simplicity's mood ;
 W o r t h rests at Mount Vernon ! America weeps,
 A n d h a l l o w s the ground where her Washington
 sleeps.

R e p o s i n g immortal ! to millions so dear,
 D e a t h hardly can boast to have conquered him here.
 P e a c e, wrapt in her mantle, sits watching, and far
 R e p e l s from the spot the proud spirit of war !
 I n b a s s tones of grief sounding mournfully near,
 N o t e s solemn fall sadly on Royalty's ear ;

C an Albert unmov'd hear the dirge of the brave?
E nough!—he uncovers at Washington's grave.
O n history's page of the past we have read,
F or freedom America battled and bled;—
W ar sounded his blood-sprinkled trumpet around,
A nd wild Revolution awoke at the sound!
L ong struggled the brave in the terrible strife,
E ach blow was for freedom, for country, for life!
S hall Liberty triumph?—the sequel we see:
A "star-spangled banner" waves over the free!
T hat banner was Washington's cynosure bright,
T hat showed to Old England America's right,—
H e lived to maintain it, —now nobles agree,
E ntombed, there is not a more noble than he.
T he noblest must come to "earth's narrowest room!"
O bserve but that group at the Patriot's tomb;
'M id fashion full-blown and festivity gay,
B y the glare of the lamp and the light of the day,
O n! on, they have sported!—a galaxy bright!
F orgetting the past in the present delight,
W hile viol and lute have proclaimed their advance,
A nd quicken'd their steps in the maze of the dance.
S ee! now they have come to the shrine of the dead,—
H ow changed is their manner! how altered their tread!
I n view of the sepulchre gayety flies,—
N o place that for trifling where Washington lies!
G reat Britain concedes the respect which is due,—
T he son of her Queen, and her noblemen too,
O bserving, in silence, mortality's doom,
N ow stand all uncovered at Washington's Tomb!

Conclusion.



My task is done ! and now the Muse,
Kind friends, must ask of you
Who may this little book peruse
A frank and fair review.
The simple verses, unrefined,
Of "PAT" the Irish boy,
Were penned in haste, and not designed
To meet the critic's eye.

With confidence I send them forth,—
May Fortune be their guide,—
And let them go for what they're worth
Upon the Public tide.
And even should these verses fail
The critic's ear to charm,
And do no good, I'll go their bail,
They'll do but little harm.

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