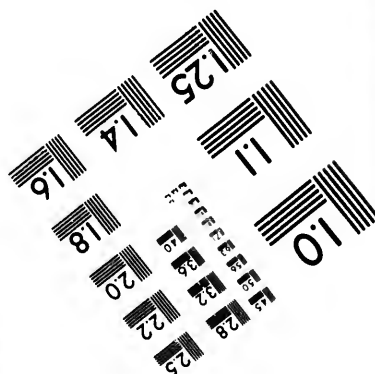
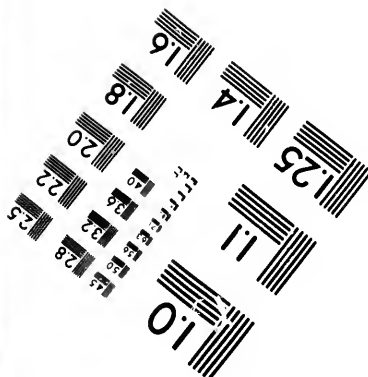
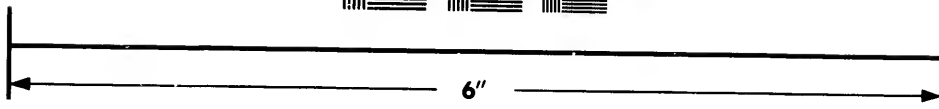
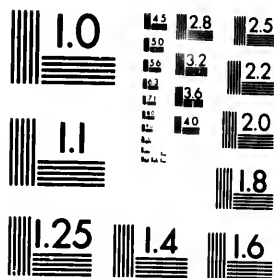


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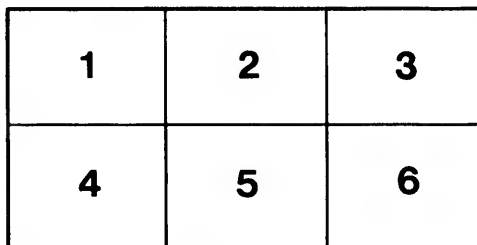
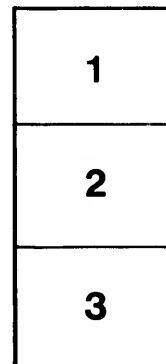
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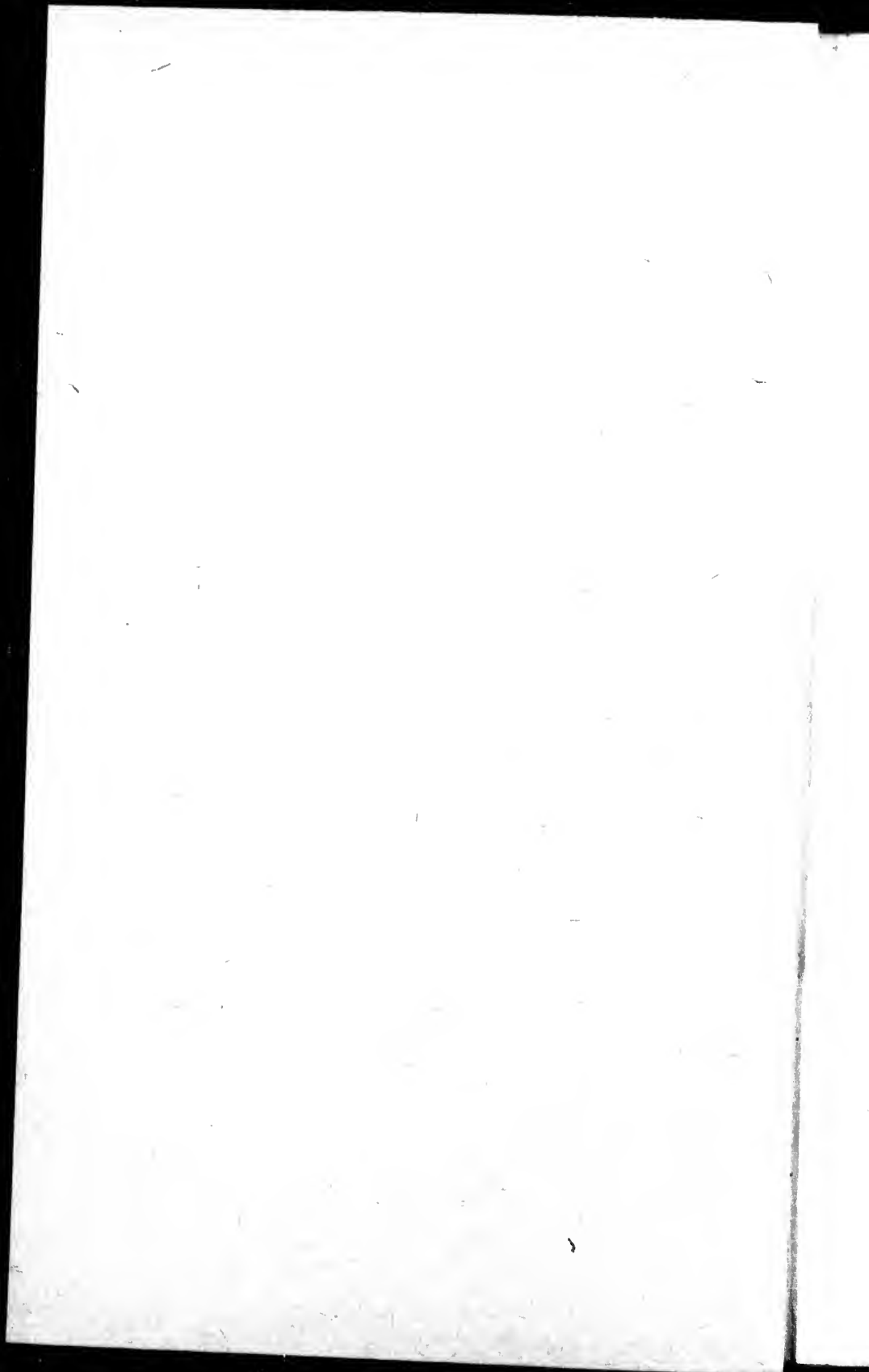
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REMINISCENCES

OF A SOLDIER.



CONSISTING OF POEMS, FRAGMENTS AND
SHORT PROSE PIECES ;

COLLECTED AND WRITTEN DURING THE MILITARY CAREER
OF THE AUTHOR.



Toronto:

ROGERS, THOMPSON & CO. PRINTERS, NEW STREET.

1843.

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DEDICATION.



TO MY MOTHER,

To you, dearest Madam, I dedicate the trifles composing this little Volume.

It is, alas, all I can offer in return for the many hours of grief and anxiety, my thoughtless and undutiful conduct has caused you—I know *you* will prize them, not on account of their beauty, but because they are the production of one, who, faulty as he has been, is still dear to your bosom.

It is probable, dear Mother, that we shall never meet on earth, but I trust to see you in that place where sorrow cannot enter.

Accept this tribute of my love, and believe me to be, dearest Mother,

Your affectionate,
though undutiful Son,
THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

It is generally the case for an Author in the beginning of his work, to state his reasons for intruding himself on public notice. And if it is necessary for an Author who is well known, and deservedly admired, to do so, how much more necessary is it for one nameless and unknown, and brought up in that sphere of life in which literature is little known and less attended to.

My reasons are simply these,—To amuse myself I took out my manuscript, and in looking over the contents tried to recall the several incidents that occasioned the production of each piece. What a scene presented itself—Events which had long been forgotten, and as I thought buried in oblivion, rose up in view, and again I found myself in that region of romance which at one time constituted my only world. I thought of my juvenile days, when every thing wore so bright an aspect, and life appeared one golden dream. While indulging in the reflections to which these meditations gave rise, a couple of friends entered, and taking up the manuscript, began to read some of the detached pieces.

What! exclaimed one, have you turned Author? I assured them the pieces in question had been written several years, and I was merely looking over them to amuse myself. Having perused the manuscript, they

strongly advised me to publish. I scarcely thought them in earnest, and for a long time withstood their arguments, but at length their persuasions overcame me, and here they are :—

I am not such a fool as to believe that the pieces deserve the flattery they lavished on them, but other friends to whom I have since shown them, concur in opinion that they are worth publishing, and in consequence I have sent them out to sink or swim, as public opinion may determine. Allow me to observe, that every piece, *except one*, has its history, and was written with about as much idea of being published, as I have of going to heaven in a coach.

The piece I allude to, "*The Cousins*," was written after reading a prose story in an old Magazine. The circumstances are there detailed, and I can claim no other merit than that of putting it in verse. The termination, though, I believe is different. If I remember right, in the original, Charles on finding his mistress dead, took orders, and spent the remainder of his life as a Clergyman. I thought it better to end his sorrows at once, and send him where he could enjoy her company for ever.

I hope the reader will bear in mind that these pieces were written during the toils and fatigues of a Military life, and some of them were composed hours before I could even get materials to put my ideas on paper ; such being the case, I hope the critic, if he should think it worth his while to use his learned pen in cutting up my humble endeavours will remember, this, and make every allowance his nature is capable of.

Such are the reasons, gentle reader, that induce me to come before you as an Author. I sincerely hope you will derive pleasure from the perusal of this little Volume, and if so, one of the chief wishes of my heart will be gratified.

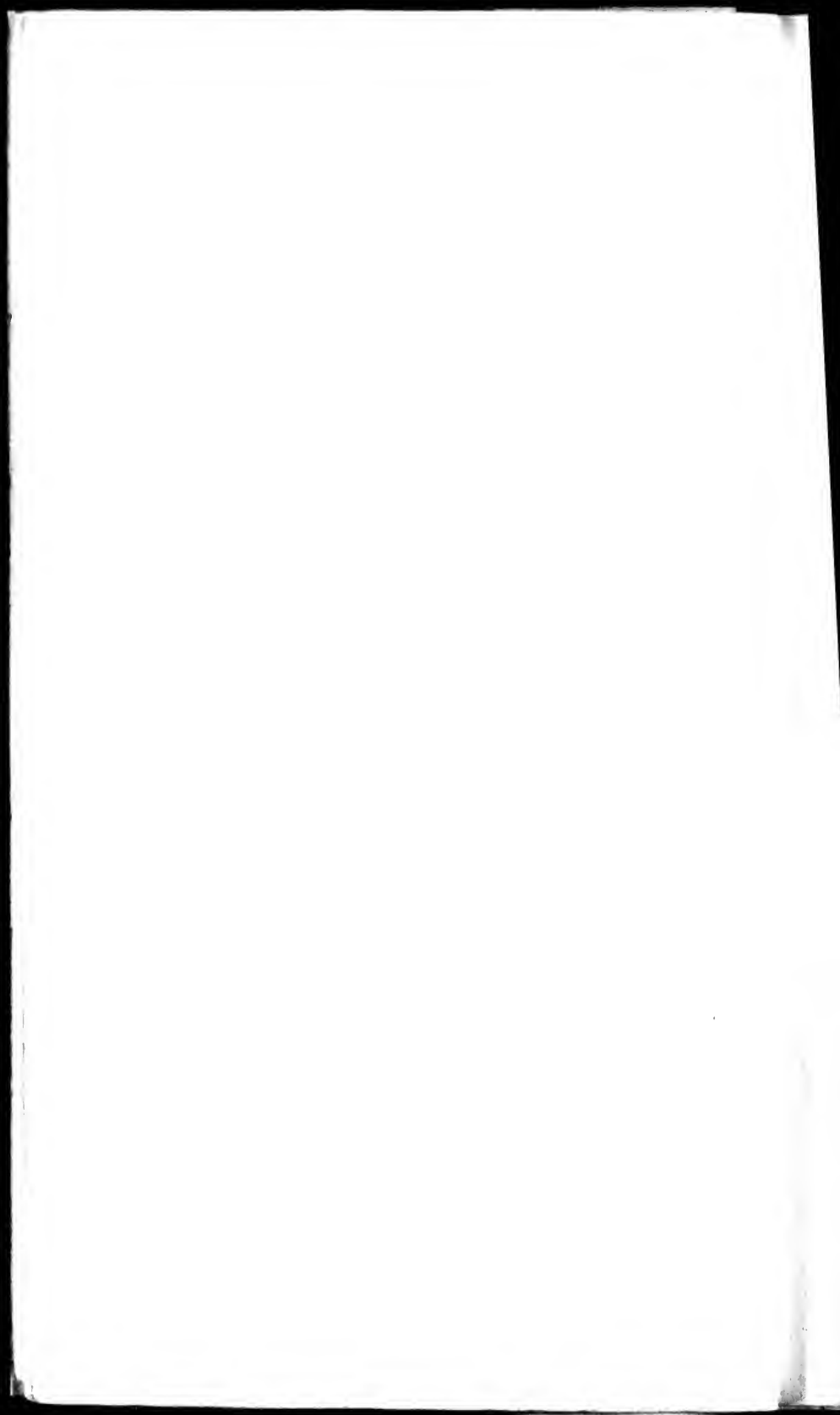
Wishing you health and happiness,

I remain, gentle Reader,

Your obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



POEMS.

THE COUSINS.

A TALE.

Upon the borders of a wood,
 Where violets breath'd around,
 A neat and lovely cottage stood :
 Where innocence was found.
 Helen and Charles (her cousin) they,
 Liv'd happy, innocent, and gay.

With more than cousin's love would he
 Weave garlands for her hair
 Of all the choicest flowers,—and she
 Would let him place them there ;
 As through the woodland they would rove,
 And every thought and word was love.

But soon misfortune's iron hand,
 Upon him heavy bore ;
 And he must leave his native land,
 For India's golden shore.
 At length arriv'd the dreadful day,
 That tore her long lov'd Charles away.

Her clasped hands and tearful eye,
 As he breath'd his last farewell,
 Bespoke the heart-felt agony,
 That only she could tell.
 She heard—she felt,—she saw no more,
 But lifeless dropp'd upon the shore.

From that sad hour, consumption's flush
 Was stealing o'er her cheek,
 And the bright and purple hectic blush
 Proclaimed how wan and weak.
 And as she view'd the evening sky,
 She knew—she felt—that she must die.

“Oh! take me to the walk,” she cried,
 “Among my fading flowr's,
 “My earliest wish, was to have died
 “Where pass'd my happiest hours :
 “Amidst the roses I have sown,
 “Shall my last ling'ring breath be drawn.”

They bore her to the shady bed
 She'd cull'd with nicest care ;
 Where thousand flow'rs around her shed
 Their sweetest fragrance there.
 And there beneath the clear blue sky,
 They laid her down at length to die.

Her face was pale, but one light blush
 Still linger'd on her cheek;
 And plainly told consumption's flush
 Had made her life a wreck.
 But still she wept not,—not a sigh,
 Disturbed the calm of that clear eye.

The sun was sinking in the west
 With streaks of golden red,
 And threw his bright and purple vest
 O'er Helen's leafy bed,
 While every flower around her threw
 Its fragrance and its richest hue.

“Ye hills and dales, a long farewell;
 “How rich, how sweet, how mild,
 “Your charms to me no tongue can tell,
 “For I am nature's child.
 “But still 'tis mournful to deplore
 “That I shall see your face no more.”

Her eye was bright, and round her head
 Shone a lovely mellowness;
 Such tints as Raphael lov'd to shed
 Round Virgin loveliness.
 Oh! she was beautiful, and fair,
 An angel's smile still linger'd there.

She faintly murmur'd "could I meet
 "My Charles—to bid one last farewell,
 "'Twould make this parting moment sweet :
 "But we shall meet where Angels dwell."
 She'd scarcely spoke,—a hand she press'd,
 Her lover clasp'd her to his breast.

Her face was on his neck—"sweet maid," he cried,
 "I've now return'd from war, and war's alarms ;"
 But 'twas too late, his Helen had expir'd,
 She died reclining in her lover's arms. [and I,
 "Oh ! Heavens," he cried, "she's gone—she's dead—
 Oh ! I have but return'd to see her die."

Say was it chance, or was it Helen's prayer,
 That brought her fond, her faithful lover nigh—
 From India's clime he'd flown, and he was there,
 To raise her drooping head, and close her eye.
 The form he lov'd so well was there,—but yet
 His heart felt bleak, and cold, and desolate.

The charm that bound him to the world was broke,
 Sever'd forever—Life to him was void ;
 But still he wept not—no, he never spoke,
 But listless wander'd to the sunny tide,
 Where—arm in arm with Heler—often he
 Had listen'd to the blackbird's melody.

'Twas plain his heart was broken ; but no sigh
 Escap'd his lips, save now and then by stealth ;
 No tear was ever seen to dim his eye,
 Until he sunk into the arms of death.
 One tomb contains the pair,—and shepherds tell,
 And show the spot, within the lovely dell.

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THERE IS A CHARM.

There is a charm around thee play's,
 Such loveliness divine :
 That while mine eyes enraptur'd gaze,
 I feel my heart is thine.
 Thy spells surround me as a charm,
 To try to break which were in vain.

I know 'tis wrong, and I have tried
 To tear thee from my heart ;
 But still thine image hath supply'd
 A pleasing, painful smart :
 That makes me feel, and deeply prove
 The pangs of hopeless with'ring love.

But meet me once, oh ! spare me one,
 From your round of happy hours :
 And let us rove once more alone,
 Through yonder shady bowers.
 And let me, dearest, ere we part,
 Press thee again to my throbbing heart.

'Tis better not, for I must go,
 Must wander far away ;
 To meet again where needlées woe,
 When I cannot—dare not stay.
 But spare one thought from your mirth and glee,
 On the wanderer in his misery. c

THE PROPOSAL.

Say you'll have me, dear Lady, you never will rue,
 Not once in the course of your life :
 I swear to be constant for ever to you,
 That is, when I've made you my wife.
 Shall I go to the Parson, or go to the Clerk ;
 Or get a quick license love ; ay !
 Say yes, and I'm off, whether daylight or dark,
 Yes, by jingo, I'll run all the way.

Dont say no, for Niagara's Falls are so near,
 And the current is rapid and strong :
 How dreadful 'twould be for to see me, my dear,
 Dash into the torrent, head-long.
 My bones would be broken, going over the fall,
 The same as a platter or dish :
 But the breaking my bones would be nothing at all,
 To the teeth of those damnable fish.

'Tis dreadful to think how those monsters do eat ;
 And worse that on me they would dine,
 Till gorg'd they'd be caught in the fisherman's net,
 Or otherwise hook'd on his line.
 And I shall be left lying snug in the mud,
 While a bit is left on me to eat :
 Tho' this to the fishes may be very good,
 I dont think it so much of a treat.

And when that they're pick'd my poor carcass so light,
That my bones are all falling in bits,
Look out, for at midnight I'll come to your side,
And I'll frighten you out of your wits.
Then say that you'll have me, I tremble to think ;
Oh do—I will ne'er be a rover :
Say no, and behold me at once on the brink ;
Oh! murder! I'm tumbling over.

OH YES, OH YES.

Oh yes, oh yes, I was to blame
 To think that thou could'st err ;
 Yet never for a moment I
 Could one to thee prefer.

I own my dear, that I was but
 The simple tool of those ;
 Who basely tried their utmost art
 To ruin our repose.

But time has pass'd, and now I know
 How much I was deceiv'd :
 From henceforth now thy every word,
 Will firmly be believ'd.

But oh forgive—for once forgive,
 The doubts that wrung this heart ;
 And with one generous word proclaim
 My pardon e'er we part.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

He scarcely touch'd the velvet grass,
 His heart was light and gay ;
 Far different his feelings were
 When last he pass'd that way.
 His sword hung lightly by his side,
 And banish'd was all care ;
 For he was now returning home
 To those he lov'd so dear.

He left his Fam'ly and his Home
 His count ry to defend,
 'Gainst England's blood ensanguin'd foes,
 He went his aid to lend,
 But now the Vict'ry 's nobly won,
 Peace is restor'd once more ;
 What joy he feels, again he sees
 His happy cottage door.

His way leads up the rocky glen,
 And well remember'd is
 The spot his own, his bonny Jean,
 Gave him the parting kiss :
 And promis'd to be true to him
 When he was far away ;
 He said he should return again—
 She long'd to see that day.

That wish'd for day at length arrives,
 And William he is there ;
 Upon the very spot where he
 Had left his Jeanny dear.
 She vow'd she would be true to him
 Let well or ill betide,
 And he has now return'd again
 To claim her for his Bride.

His Mother clasps him to her breast,
 Right welcome home is he ;
 And all within the lovely cot
 Is mirth and gaiety.
 He tells his tale—his Jeanny weeps
 At what he 's undergone,
 His Father's eye, with tears of joy,
 Smiles proudly on his son.

But now the soldier's toil is o'er,
 His happy home he gains—
 His Parent's love—his Jean's consent,
 Reward him for his pains.
 With garlands dress'd, to Church they go,
 Down by the river side,
 And Jean, the pride of Village Nymphs,
 Became young William's Bride.

TO MARY, SENT WITH A MINIATURE.

Tho' distant dear Mary, tho' now far away,
 You will ne'er be forgotten by me ;
 How blest was each hour, and how happy each day,
 That was pass'd, dearest maiden, with thee.
 What raptures were mine, when with you I could rove,
 Alone thro' the meadows or sweet shady grove.

Tho' the Ocean divides, and a dreary waste now
 Lies between me, and all I hold dear ;
 I shall never forget, dearest Mary, the vow,
 That you, blushing, exchange'd with me there.
 To my heart as I press'd you, what ecstatic bliss,
 Was mine when I first felt your soft honied kiss.

Then keep this, dear Maid, as a token from me ;
 That my love it shall never decay,
 And let it remind you, love, sometimes of me,
 When alas, I am far, far away.
 You have vow'd to be kind, you have vow'd to be true,
 My heart's fondest treasure, dear Mary, adieu.

THE PARTING.

Farewell dearest Ellen, oh why did I see,

Those angelic charms, and so soon have to part,
 Could I but stay with you, how blest should I be,

But alas I must go, and it breaks my poor heart.
 I shall think of these dearly lov'd moments for ever,
 Shall I ever forget thee, sweet Ellen, oh never !

Oh why did I see thee, dear Ellen, oh why !

Oh why was I doom'd thy sweet face to behold?
 Those hours of pure bliss will cause many a sigh,
 From the bosom to you that shall never be cold.
 In my heart firmly fix'd, you'll remain, love, for ever,
 Shall I ever forget thee, sweet Ellen, oh never !

I leave the fair Maiden, in sorrow to languish,

Perhaps ne'er again thy sweet face I shall see ;
 I leave thee, dear Maid, with my breast fill'd with anguish,

My heart had been light, had I never seen thee.
 From you lovely Maid, oh how hard 'tis to sever,
 Shall I ever forget thee, sweet Ellen, oh never !

COME OVER THE LAWN LOVE.

Come over the lawn love, the lily is dripping,
 And violets and roses breath sweet in the gale,
 The humming bird, proud of his beauty, is sipping,
 The dew from the wild flowers that bloom in the vale.

Come away, love, the sun is up high on the mountain,
 The hare bell and fox glove, are courting the breeze,
 The fishes are seeking the cool of the fountain ;
 The fawns too are seeking the shade of the trees.

Come away to the dower, there are sweets without num-
 'Thy bed shall be lillies and roses combin'd, [ber,
 The lark and the blackbird, shall soothe thee to slumber,
 And to shade thee, the myrtle and lilac entwined.

OH! BURY ME HERE!

Oh! bury me here, in this beautiful dell,
 'Neath this shady clump of trees;
 Where verdantly blooms the sweet blue-bell,
 As it bends to the evening breeze.

Where the robin will sweetly sing from the thorn,
 Where daisies are springing around;
 Where the lark and the black-bird will carol each morn,
 Where the primrose and lily are found.

Oh! how I should hate in a church-yard to sleep,
 With the grass growing rank o'er my grave;
 Oh! let me lie here, where the wild willows weep,
 By the side of this murmuring wave.

I could not sleep there, where that loud tolling bell
 Sends out such a deep, hollow sound:
 No! bury me here, in this beautiful dell,
 Where violets are breathing around.

Where spring's choicest flowers shall bloom round my
 grave,
 Where the nightingale's song is heard first,
 Nature free, and unfetter'd, around me I'll have—
 And there I'll dissolve with the dust.

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HOME, HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Oh, yes! the wild heron still swoops o'er the vale,
 And expands her broad wings to the fresh'ning gale;
 And yonder still sails, o'er the woodlands, the kite,
 As she circles around, screaming wild with delight:
 The school and the public, the church and the mill,
 As the day that I left them, are standing there still;
 Not a feature is chang'd in my dear native glen,
 Home, home of my childhood, I see thee again!

The old peasants, too, (as the younger ones play,)
 Beneath the old oaks chat the evening away;
 And maidens and swains gather flow'rs in the vale,
 While he breathes in her ear the soft amorous tale.
 But I've been a soldier, there's care on my brow,
 The once laughing youth can't be recogniz'd now;
 And even sweet Emma, the Rose of the Glen,
 Does not welcome me now to my home back again.

But I have been forth, clad in battle array, [day;
 I have watch'd thro' the night, I have fought through the
 I've been o'er America's mountains so bleak;
 And Spain's hot meridian has darken'd my cheek;
 I've leap'd the high barrier, I've dash'd through the flood,
 I have fought to the knees in the enemy's blood:
 I was scarcely a youth when I left my own glen—
 In the full bloom of manhood I come back again.

But who is yon maiden who sits so forlorn,
With a tear on her eye-lash, beneath the old thorn,
Where so oft in my young days, with Emma I've stray'd ;
Where I won the fond heart of my beautiful maid ?
Those days were delightful ; her hand clasp'd in mine,
She whisper'd I love thee, I swear to be thine :
Oh, Heavens ! 'tis Emma, the Rose of the Glen,
And she welcomes me now to my home back again !

TO MISS ELIZABETH D.

Farewell, dearest Betsy, fair Maiden adieu,
 Though cruel, though false and unkind ;
 Your remembrance so dear, will be long in my view,
 I shall cherish you long in my mind :
 Though you promis'd you'd always to me remain true,
 You've deceiv'd the fond heart that was constant to you.

Farewell cruel fair one, though far I may roam ;
 Rememb'rance will bring back the past,
 I shall think of those vows that you made me at home—
 Oh ! that such a short time they should last :
 You told me you lov'd me, dear Betsy, oh why ?
 Ah ! why did you leave me, false fair one, to sigh ?

But now it is past, and another has won,
 What I once fondly thought was my own ;
 Those endearing fond moments for ever are gone,
 Oh ! I wish I had never them known :
 Though cruel and false, as thou hast been to me ;
 I hope that thou ever wilt happiness see.

THE BROKEN HEART—A FRAGMENT.

The moon was shining brightly, and gilded with silver was the village spire, on a beautiful evening in September, as after a four years' absence, I once more entered my native village.

The sublimity of the evening, but ill accorded with the emotions I found rising in my bosom, as I passed by the dwelling of her I loved to distraction. Oh! Maria, thou wast then the bride of another.—I saw her pass by me in her bridal attire, attended by the ministers of the nuptial ceremony: A tall dark man was by her side; it was her husband. I would have spoken, but I could not:—I would have followed—I was nailed to the ground. I could not stir—Oh God! what were my feelings! And canst thou be happy Maria! she had thought me dead; and had that day given to another, the pledge she had once promised to me. Oh Heavens! what did I suffer—I stopped but one night in the home of my fathers, and, as I departed, I dropped one tear for Maria. Again I became a wanderer, and I sojourned for years with strangers in a foreign land. * * * *
At length I became tired of wandering, and again I re-

turned to my long abandoned home. Oh ! how changed. —My father was dead, and the cottage I had once thought to have been so happy in with Maria, had passed into the hands of strangers. There was none that knew me. The sun of foreign countries had darkened my brow—There was none to welcome me : I became a stranger in the home of my fathers. But still some fond hopes of Maria lingered about my heart. I passed by the house where I had last seen her, a blooming bride. The sound of revelry met mine ear, I stopped and listened—I heard music and dancing—A little boy sat at the door, who cried bitterly ; “ I have got another Mamma,” said the weeping cherub, “ but she loves me not.” “ And where is your first Mamma,” said I, taking his little hand in mine. He arose—and, wiping his eyes, mournfully pointed to the Church yard. Is it so ? thought I, and thou hast at length fallen a victim to thy husband’s cruelty. I will see thy grave—I will see the spot which contains all that I loved on earth. I went to the Church yard, I passed by the tomb of my ancestors, and I earnestly wished that I slept with them. I came to one solitary neglected grave—It was cover’d with weeds and nettles—It was Maria’s. I sat down by it, and I

plucked up the nettles that grew about it. I wept bitterly—and from that hour, I swore to adopt her orphan as my own. I kissed him as I had once done Maria. My picture hung around his neck—His mother had given it him, and charged him, if ever he saw me, to let me know how she prized it. Twas the gift I had given her, when we first plighted our vows. Thou sleepest in peace Maria—I would have cherished thee, I would have given thee my home ; and all the delight of my heart, should have been to please thee—but it is too late, all that I can offer thee now—is a Broken Heart.

FROM "WE MET." *

I saw him once again, again he look'd on me ;
 I could not bear his faded cheek—I wanted not to see,
 I strove to pass him by, but it was all in vain,
 And I was forc'd to see that eye, that once lov'd face
 again ;

But oh ! how alter'd was he now,—his eye had lost its
 fire,
 He once was all that Woman loves, that Women most
 admire
 "He swiftly pass'd by me, his sorrow to smother,
 "And he call'd me by name, as the bride of another."

I saw again that noble form, my once fond hope and pride,
 And he was gay and happy now, a girl was by his side ;
 To whom he told those tales of love, he once had told to
 me,
 Such scenes which once had been mine own, I could not
 bear to see,

Oh ! cruel was my Mother's care, which caused us to part,
 Divided me from him I lov'd, who only had my heart ;
 I flew to my chamber, my sorrow to smother,
 What anguish and pain, hast thou caus'd me,—my
 Mother.

* The above was written one evening, after hearing that beautiful piece called "We Met."—sung by a young Lady.

THE SOLDIER'S PARTING ADDRESS, TO HIS
MUSKET.

And must we part at last, my own brown Bess,
 Both seige and fight thou ever didst prove true in—
 I've often had none but thee to caress ;
 When wounded on the field of blood, and ruin.
 No hand to help, no succour nigh save thine,
 To guard from foes, which thickly did beset me,
 To part thee thus, it fills my eyes with brine,
 Dear gallant Bess, I never can forget thee.

When thoughts of home have sometimes cross'd my
 view,
 Thoughts, which in vain, I've often tried to smother ;
 I've turn'd to thee, and found thee ever true,
 I've held communion with thee as a brother.
 When woods and wilds we've tramp'd, the foe in sight,
 The marshy ground our only bed of rest ;
 I've laid me down, and slept secure all night,
 Knowing that in thee I could safely trust.

How many times brown Bess thou'st stood my friend
 From death and danger thou didst oft relieve me,
 The swift unerring ball thou oft didst send ;
 Dear Bess, I never knew thee to deceive me.
 And must I leave thee now ?—yes, we must part,
 My chief companion hast thou been for years ;
 To give thee up, it almost breaks my heart,
 The pang it gives me, witness by these tears.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Behold this sweet rose—'tis an emblem of you,
Like you, it is lovely and fair ;
See its beautiful tints, remark its fine hue,
As with fragrance, it scenteth the air.

So are you, dearest maid, ever pleasant to view,
Ever lovely, and happy, and gay,
Like the beautiful rose all are charmed with you,
You are sweet as the first flow'rs of May.

Mark its beautiful leaves as it hangs on its stem,
As it gracefully bends in the wind :
Spring's loveliest flow'rs, it does far surpass them,
It leaveth them far, far behind.

Like the rose Mary Anne, you all maidens outdo ;
In sweetness, in beauty, and grace,
All the charms of your sex, love, are center'd in you ;
Are beheld in your beautiful face.

TO THE HARP'.

Harp of my country, though sad *now* and tuneless,
 O'er thy wild plaintive strains, have I rapt'rously hung :
 Thy tones are, alas ! sunk and broken in sadness,
No more they enliven the children of song.

I sigh o'er thy chords, *now* bereft and forsaken,
 Neglectedly hung on the mouldering wall,
 Where *once* in wild echo's its music awaken'd
 The soul-stirring song, thro' the *now* ruin'd Hall.

It told of the chieftain, the deathless in story,
 The brave and the gallant, the hero in war,—
 As he fell 'neath the tyrant's blade, cover'd with glory,
 And sighed out his *last* breath beneath the cold star.

Now sad and neglected, forgotten, dishonour'd,
No more shall thy music my spirits enthrall.—
 With grief o'er thy fallen state, long have I ponder'd,
 Harp of my country, I weep for thy fall.

'THE MINSTREL, A TALE.

'Twas on a dark October night,
The wind blew piercing keen,
A Minstrel came, his beard was white,
And cold, he was I ween.

A stately castle stood hard by,
'Twas noble, grand, and gay :
The minstrel eyed it wistfully,
And to it bent his way.

The door he gains, the bolt's withdrawn,
To his repeated call,
And by the menial servants shown
Into the noble Hall.

A cheerful fire, and well stock'd board
Reliev'd the minstrel's care :
He took his harp, he tun'd its chords,
And play'd a lively air.

And then he'd change his tune and play ;
And as he play'd, he sung,
Of gallant Knights and Ladies gay :
Which he'd been oft among.

The Lady of the mansion heard,
 And listen'd to his lay :
 She sent her servant to the bard—
 To bid him come that way.

And when he came, she question'd him,
 If he could tell her right :
 How fared the young Count Leithrim,
 Her true and valiant Knight.

“ My Lady fair, where blows were rife,
 “ In camp, in tented ground,
 “ And foremost in the battles strife
 “ Young Leithrim e'er was found.

“ I mark'd his course, I knew him well,
 “ I never left his side :
 “ Yes, I was by him when he fell,
 “ He call'd me, e'er he died.

“ He charged me this ring to give,”
 The Lady heard no more,
 She could not hear such news and live :
 She sunk upon the floor.

“ Oh woe is me,” the Minstrel said,
 While from his face he tore,
 The whiskers grey, and flowing beard
 Which he so long had wore.

"Oh rise my Clara, rise he cried,"
As her sweet lips he press'd :
It is thy Leithrim by thy side
"That clasps thee to his breast."

She rais'd her eyes, "oh! where is he,
"I thought I heard his voice,
"Oh! where's my Leithrim, where is he?
"My own, my heart's fond choice."

"Clara, I'm here, no more I'll rove,"
Off threw the Minstrel's vest :
"You are" she cried "my own true love,"
And sunk upon his breast.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ENSIGN HOSTE,
43rd Light Infantry, who died in New Brunswick,
1837, aged 19 years.

Let the bugle breathe sweetly, but muffle the drum,
As ye bear the lov'd youth to his desolate grave ;
Ere ye lay him forever within the dark tomb,
Pay in full the last honours a warrior can have :
Place his helmet on high ; lay the sword by his side,
That his father, in parting, bestowed with a tear ;
" Let it never be stained with dishonour," he cried,
" Last hope of my age, in your glorious career !"

" You have drawn it with honour," the youth he replied,
" Be assured that your son will not sully his name,
With his father's last, best, honour'd gift by his side,
Nor doubt but he'll find out the pathway to fame !"
His mother in sorrow bestowed her last blessing,
While the tear of affection gleam'd bright in her eye—
Now kissing—exhorting—now weeping—now pressing
Once more to her heart her own beautiful boy.

He wandered away, but his young sun was setting
As sinks yon bright orb, 'neath the murmuring wave ;
His home, and his parents, and country forgetting,
In a wilderness land he has found a lone grave.
His mother may look through her lattice, and languish—
" Why tarries the child of my heart from his home !"
But who shall describe in her bosom the anguish,
When she hears that her son is within the dark tomb ?

Tell his father, the son of his promise is gone— [rust ;
That his sword was ne'er stained with dishonour's foul
We have pillow'd his head with a soft mossy stone,
And in tears have consign'd his remains to the dust.
Tread light on his grave, 'tis a soldier that sleeps,
Far—far from his kindred, his country, his home
Leaving country and kindred, and parents to weep,
The pride of their ruin'd hopes, wither'd and gone !

THE SOLDIER IN BILLETS.

“Bravo!” exclaimed Sergeant Creamer, addressing a young Hibernian, who had just finished his favourite ditty; “it is the best song I ever heard, and serves to drown the noise the tempest is making outside; it puts me in mind of the night we stormed Badajoz, only in place of hail, it rained bullets and grape. And well does your poor mother recollect it, for on that night your father received a shot that laid him on the ground in a twinkling. By the powers! Jem, said I, don’t lie there, for I thought he was only singed a little; but faith he was as dead as a herring, sure enough. Arragh, my poor fellow, says I, as I passed on, a sorrowful tale I’ll have to take to poor Marian; but I had no time to lose, as we were full in the range of the enemies’ guns, and they made it hot work enough for us, I’ll warrant you. But, howsomever, we took the town, and here I am, as hale and as happy as an old dog that has seen twenty-five years service can wish to be.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the young soldier to whom this speech was addressed, “well do I remember that fatal night, it robbed me of a kind father, and my mother

of an affectionate husband; and but for you, we would have been left without a protector. May the widow and orphan's blessing rest on you; may"—

"Nonsense," replied the good natured old Sergeant, (as the tears started to his eyes,) "I merely did my duty, and was not your father my companion and play-fellow, ever since I was the height of a bayonet? And could I do less than take care of his Marian and you? But we are not going to talk of obligations now; come push the glass about, and after I have given you a toast, you must sing the song I learned you in Lisbon. Come boys," said he, standing up and addressing the merry group of soldiers who were seated round the table, enjoying themselves with plenty of good ale and tobacco—"Come boys," he again added, "here's to all your healths, and may this day be the worst of our lives."

"Glory, Sergeant! glory, Sergeant!" was repeated from a dozen voices, as the veteran sat down after emptying his glass.

"With such a leader as Sergeant Creamer, I should like to see the enemy dare attack us," hiccupped

Corporal Smith, as he reeled to his seat nearly intoxicated, "and I again repeat, may this day be the best of our lives."

Here he was interrupted by a loud laugh at his expense, which made him half angry, but it was impossible to quarrel with the good-humoured faces he saw round the table, so after a few unintelligible efforts at explanation, he dropped off asleep.

"More power to you, Sergeant dear," shouted Mick Keely, another Milesian, who was seated on the other side of the table, "but you are the jewel of a fellow entirely; maybe, Sergeant, honey, you'll be after telling us how you got that scar across the eye-brow, and how you beat the two Frenchmen down the hill."

"Faith, Mick, and its myself that will tell you all about it, and by my soul, I shall remember it till my dying day. You see, I was on the right of the company—I was only private then—listen boys," he exclaimed to the company, who having made pretty free with the tankard, were getting rather noisy, "listen ye spalpeens" he repeated, raising his voice to a higher pitch. And order being restored, the veteran proceeded :

“I was on the right of the company, next the Captain on the advance over the Pine hill, the French were retreating before us in excellent stile ; till they came to a wood, where they determined to make a stand: some sharp firing commenced; but we followed them right into the wood, and there owing to the thickness, and number of the trees it was impossible to act together. We were ordered to fire the best way we could in skirmishing order. Me and Joe Good, who was my rear rank man, and one of the best shots in the regiment, had made our way considerably beyond the rest of the company, and on looking round, we found we were on a straight line with the enemy, on t' ir flank, and their right hand file was not more than eighteen or twenty paces from us. By the powers Joe, says I, what shall we do now? “I don't know,” says he, I suppose we had better fire and retire, “oh no” says I, that will never do, as the company will suppose we are cowards. “Easy awhile” says Joe ; do you see that tall fellow on the right? “I do” says I ; “watch” says he, how I'll make him jump. He deliberately fired, the Frenchman sprung up to an immense height in the air, and instantly fell dead ; the ball had entered his brain. This gave the alarm ; we were immediately surrounded, and to make a long story short, I was wounded and made prisoner, and poor Joe was killed.

I was given over in charge to two grenadiers, and marched in the rear of the column ; the English were advancing, and I had the mortification of seeing my own company in the full action, while I was an inglorious prisoner. I determined to regain my liberty or perish in the attempt. I accordingly watched my opportunity, and as one of my guards was handing to the other, a biscuit from his haversack, knocked him down, seized his firelock, and before the other recovered from his surprise lodged the contents in his body. The one I had knocked down was only stunned a little ; I was determined not to let him escape ; so I told him if he made any resistance, I would shoot him through the head, seeing he had no chance to escape, he quietly submitted, and I soon after joined my company and delivered him safe. Judge their surprise when instead of being myself a prisoner, they saw me return with the big Frenchman. I soon explained how matters stood, and had the pleasure of getting three cheers from my comrades ; and the thanks of the Captain, and he shortly after promoted me to Corporal."

Here the worthy Sergeant concluded amidst deafening shouts of applause, for though most of the soldiers had

heard the story before, and knew the particulars almost as well as the worthy Veteran himself; they were too courteous to let him believe they were tired of hearing him, and far too good natured to hurt his feelings by interrupting him. When therefore order was once more restored, Corporal Campbell arose, and after thanking the Sergeant in the name of the Company for the story of his exploits, proposed the following toast :—

“The Army and Navy of Great Britain, may they always be successful in a good cause; and never be employed in a bad one.”

“Glory my jewel, re-echoed Mick Keely, but you are your own mother’s son, any how! Now Corporal, honey, as you have been after thrating us with a bit of your own illoquence, persuade Harry Monson, to give us the song about the Tented Field. I never hear it Corporal dear, but I almost wish to be at the old sport again.”

“Ah do! Ah do!” resounded from all parts of the room, and the young soldier thus appealed to, commenced the following song :—

THE TENTED FIELD.

I love the field, the tented field,
 The lovely, glittering, tented field ;
 It is my pride, it is my joy,
 I love in the tented field to lie.
 What if a battle should chance to come ;
 We fly to arms by the beat of the drum.
 By the bugle's note we march away,
 Determin'd to die or gain the day.
 Though p'rhaps, I may fall, what's the use to sigh ?
 Then all is o'er, I can but die :
 If a troop of horse should o'er me sweep ;
 What matter, what matter, I should lie and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to lie
 Under a clear unclouded sky,
 I love to repose on a mossy bed
 With emerald green around me spread ;
 The clear blue azure of sky above,
 While thousand stars around me move.
 Their watchful round the sentries keep,
 From foes to guard us while we sleep ;
 Here never is heard the pensive sigh,
 No care or sorrow comes us nigh :
 Then the field,—the tented field, for me,
 For that is the place where I love to be.

I love the field, the tented field ;
For I was born in the tented field :
The green grass was my Mother's bed,
And heaven's high arch, her curtain spread.
I open'd my eyes midst battle strife,
Which I have follow'd all my life :
The first sound I heard was the cannon's roar,
My welcome to life, was the bugle of war ;
Since then I've liv'd a soldier's life :
Midst scenes of honour—daring—strife,
And when at length to death I yield,
It shall be it, it shall be in the tented field.

THE DESERTER'S HOME.

Say is it on the deep blue sea ;
 Where, perchance, his bark may glide ?
 As she skims the waters merrily,
 Or floats on the evening tide.
 Say is it there, that he can find,
 His long lost, absent—peace of mind ?

Oh no, for the laugh of merriment,
 That bursts from the gay and free ;
 As their course to home once more is bent,
 To him is misery.
 Cain's curse is on him here below,
 Disguis'd, but never ending woe.

Or is it in the peaceful cot—
 In safety he can dwell ?
 His wife and friends around the spot ;
 Their dearest welcome tell.
 Say has he then no cause to roam ?
 Oh tell me, has he found a home ?

Oh no, for the warm and fervent kiss,
 But feeds his agony ;
 He knows one hour could turn his bliss,
 To deepest misery.
 Could tear him from the peaceful hearth,
 To chains, imprisonment, and death.

Then is it on the mountain's brow ?
 That he content can find ?
 Midst storms and tempests—finds he now ;
 His absent peace of mind ?
 Say is he now secure from harm ?
 Does honor's glow his bosom warm ?

Oh no, dishonor's triple dart,
 Is still within his breast ;
 And rends each fibre of his heart,
 He still can find no rest.
 He thinks each man his guilt can trace
 In every feature of his face.

Then where's his home, oh tell me where ?
 If not within the dell ?
 Nor mount nor cot affords him cheer,
 Oh where then can he dwell ?
 When will he change his life's dark lot ?
 When will his misery be forgot ?

By good men scorn'd by all condemn'd,
 He sinks into the tomb ;
 His name and memory both contemn'd,
 The grave's his only home.
 His actions stain'd by that foul blot,
 He rests unhonor'd and forgot.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written during a very severe illness.

And must I die in this wild foreign land,
Far—far from all on earth I love most dear ;
My pillow smooth'd by no kind sister's hand,
No tender mother's voice my heart to cheer :
Consumption has for months been hov'ring near,
Mother I'm dying—that I feel too well ;
I heed it not—for self I do not care,
But who to thee, the mournful tale shall tell.

And yet how happy 'twould have been to die
In those dear arms that hush'd me oft to sleep ;
That wip'd the tear drop from my baby eye,
And bid me in lov'd accents not to weep.
And oh ! how much I wish that I could lie
Where all my early friends are sleeping round .
My father's mossy grave is there, but I
Shall sleep, far, far from that sweet spot of ground.

THEY THINK NOT MY HEART.

They think not my heart it is breaking,
 Because that they hear not the sigh
 From my bosom, in secret is stealing,
 They see not the tear in my eye.
 They think that my step is as graceful ;
 My eye is as bright as before ;
 They know not the anguish that's rending,
 Destroying my heart's inmost core.

They breathe not his name, and they think
 That I too forget with the rest :
 But they knew not his beauty and worth,
 They never were clasp'd to his breast,
 They have sent him across the wide main,
 And yet they think I can be gay,
 But I ne'er can know pleasure again,
 While he whom I love's far away.

They see me not weep, and they think
 I am happy, and gay as before ;
 They think that the music and dance
 The stream of oblivion can pour
 Over woes which will ne'er be forgot,
 O'er sorrows that's fading the bloom
 Of the face that once beam'd with delight,
 Though hastening now to the tomb.

THE HURRICANE.

How blest is happy England, lovely Isle,
 How mild her climate, and how rich her soil
 No noxious reptiles in her woods abound,
 No alligators in her rivers found.
 No raging beasts are to be found in her,
 To spring upon the unwary traveller.
 No serpent's deathly sting waits here to seize,
 Upon frail man, and make his heart's blood freeze ;
 No raging tempest does her forests rend,
 No hurricanes their dreadful influence lend,
 To hurl distraction on our lovely Isle,
 Here all is peace, all nature seems to smile.
 The happy husbandman his toil pursues,
 With pleasure his increasing harvest views ;
 And blesses fortune's gift, who placed him where,
 From wolves, or tigers, he has nought to fear :
 Content and happy he pursues his way,
 To join his heart's delight, by close of day ;
 The hearth swept up, the cottage clean and neat,
 She hastes with outstretch'd arms her spouse to meet :
 How happy they, to pain or care no prey,
 Domestic pleasures wait the close of day.
 Oh ! how unlike to Afric's barren land,
 With woods and wilds o'erspread, and burning sand,
 The raging storm is heard, the pelting rain,
 And worse than all, the dreadful Hurricane.

Here wait awhile, and let us take a view,
 Of its dread influence, see what it can do:
 It tears down forests, desolates the land,
 And hurls in mountains high the burning sand;
 Houses o'erthrows—no vestage does it leave
 Of where they stood, 'tis one wide, dreadful grave.

Behold the negro, hunting through the wood,
 By hunger press'd, to seek precarious food:
 At first he hears a rumbling, murmuring sound,
 He stops, and listens, cautious looks around;
 And hopes at first he nothing has to fear,
 But soon he sees the hurricane is near.

Again he turns his steps, towards home he hies,
 The rain in floods descend, the lightning flies;
 He presses on, his cottage to regain,
 His strength begins to fail, 'tis all in vain.
 The winds begin to rise, appall'd he sees,
 Uprooted, torn, the largest forest trees;
 He looks aghast, his mind benumb'd by fear,
 His thoughts are all of home, and those that's there.
 He thinks upon his wife and infant babe,
 His heart with horror fills, them he must leave;
 The lightnings play around him, drench'd with rain;
 He thinks of those he'll never see again.
 At length he sinks, despair on his bold brow:
 The hurricane is at the highest now.

He sees, he feels, this day will be his last,
 He hears his death knell in the horrid blast.
 "Nanette," he cried, "Thy face I'll see no more,"
 While bloody sweat bursts out from every pore.
 At length he lies exhausted on the plain,
 In death's deep slumber, ne'er to wake again.
 Long may Nanette await her love's return,
 Long may young Sambo for his father mourn,
 He'll ne'er return again their hearts to cheer,
 He'll never more see those he lov'd so dear.
 Of his fond father Sambo's now bereft,
 And Nanette is an hapless widow left.

Now to Arabia let us turn our eyes ;
 Behold her desert plains, her burning skies,
 Wearied and parch'd with thirst, and spent with toil,
 The Traveller pursues his way awhile ;
 Content he journies on, nor thinks, nor cares,
 Intent alone, preserving his rich wares.
 His camel's foot, on burning sand does tread,
 And the sun's rays dart scorching o'er his head.
 He knows his goods are safe, secure and tight,
 And thus he travels on, from morn 'till night.
 The merchant, unconcerned, pursues his way,
 Across those sandy plains, for many a day ;
 But if, perchance, the hurricane does rise,
 And wreaths of sand are carried to the skies.
 It then behoves him well to make all speed,
 To use the utmost caution he has need.

He wishes now some town was near at hand,
 For fear he should be bury'd in the sand ;
 His frighten'd beasts too, hurry on with care,
 And clouds of burning sand soon fill the air,
 The merchant anxious grows, and hurries fast,
 Each moment, more he fears, he looks aghast ;
 He cries " If Allah will but hear my prayer,
 And to the hurricane will say forbear ;
 When to my native town I come again,
 I'll never traverse more this sandy plain."
 But Allah's ear is deaf, the rising blast,
 Proclaims the hour of his redemption past.
 His camels, too, by burning sand oppress'd,
 Fall one by one—and by their driver left ;
 They can no more rise no more,—there's none to save.
 The winning sand, at length becomes their grave.
 The Merchant scarce can breathe, his eyes and nose
 Are fill'd with sand as staggering on he goes.
 He gasps for breath, his race is almost run,
 The remnant of his strength is nearly done.
 He sinks at length, on Allah feebly cries,
 Half mutters one short prayer, and groans, and dies.
 His merchandize, and baggage all are lost,
 Or, by the hurricane's dread influence tost,
 Are thrown about in heaps, from side to side,
 'Till all is lost in desolation wide.

Thus on the land it does its dangers shower,
 Now on the water, let us see its power.

The happy mariner content does ride,
Without alarm, upon the treacherous tide.
No danger does he fear, he's blithe and gay,
He loves to see the sporting dolphins play ;
He rides secure, with rapture views the sky,
And all within his breast is mirth and joy.
He leaves his native land abroad to roam,
Nor dreads the passing gale, nor coming storm.
He knows his ship is strong and well prepar'd,
For ocean's treacherous bosom nothing's cared.
His ship lies on the water, like a fowl,
He gaily laughs at the wild tempest's howl,
Danger and death, he knows he must endure,
But in his well rigg'd ship his trust is sure.
He gaily rides upon the treacherous deep,
The ocean braves, the harvest for to reap
Of foreign climes, of luxury and ease ;
For these he left his home, to cross the seas.
From pole to pole he sails, to every clime,
From Afric's heat, to Asia's skies sublime.
He sails the world all round, both heat and cold,
And dearth, and plenty's in his log-book told.
His life is ever varying, ever new,
But still he has always one great point in view,
'To serve his King, to guard his country's rights,
'To meet the foe in action he delights.
He counts as nothing, danger, death, or pain,
As long as he himself can glory gain.
'Though bred in danger, still his heart is warm,
Though distant from it, still he thinks of home ;

And forward looks to where the voyage ends,
 And he shall see once more his absent friends.
 The foreign business done, with joy are fraught
 The crew, when orders come to leave the port,
 And speed to happy England—they obey :
 They soon the sails unfurl, the anchor weigh.
 With pleasing thoughts of home each breast is rife,
 "She walks the waters, like a thing of life."
 Her pendant in the wind does gaily fly,
 And every hour brings Britain's shore more nigh.
 Still many dangers they've to undergo,
 Before the joy of seeing home they know.
 Rocks, shoals, and quicksands, breakers, dangers great,
 On every side of them doth lie in wait.
 But still they heed them not, all right they find ;
 The vessel, too, goes right before the wind.
 Such is the sea, when calm ; but now they eye,
 A flash of angry lightning in the sky ;
 The heavens, too, grow dark, and big with rain,
 The practic'd eye foretells the Hurricane.
 The dreadful thunders roar, the lightnings ny,
 The agitated waves roll mountains high ;
 The rain in torrents, pour, the winds arise,
 And soon the vessel's driven to the skies :
 Then down she sinks again—is lost to view,
 With terror fill'd is her affrighted crew.
 Alarm'd, her sails they furl, they light their load,
 The live stock, and the lumber, throw o'erboard.
 But all's of no avail, the lightning's flash
 Strikes down the main-mast with a dreadful crash :

And overboard it falls, with twenty men,
Who sink, alas ! and never rise again.
The Hurricane, comes on with double force,
They cannot guide, they let her take her course ;
The thunder louder roars, the rain down pours,
What pen can well pourtray those dreadful hours ;
Her hapless crew are driven to despair,
And cries of agony now fill the air ;
The affright'd sailors, to the rigging run,
And desperate grown, they fire the minute gun.
Their case is nearly hopeless, still they try,
Though darker, still, and darker, grows the sky ;
No ray of light is sent their hearts to cheer,
And black despair is pictur'd every where.
The ship drives round and round, no way she makes,
The long boat, too, from off the vessel breaks ;
The sea runs mountains high—she's wrecking fast,
And split to pieces, is her mizen mast.
Her rigging 's torn to atoms, every sail,
Is rent in shivers, by the dreadful gale.
Around she wheels, she strikes upon a rock,
Her crew, with horror, feel the dreadful shock.
They know not what to do, nor where to fly,
'Twould melt a heart of stone to hear that cry,
Of deep despair—of agony, and grief,
There's none to save, there's none to give relief :
She goes to pieces fast, alas, she breaks !
Above the blast is heard their dreadful shrieks !
No hand to give her aid, no arm to save,
Her hapless crew soon find a watery grave.

And nothing now is heard amid the strife,
 Save one poor wretch, who vainly strives for life !
 The angry waves he buffets, but in vain,
 He'll never see his native land again.
 He weak, and weaker grows, he's sinking fast,
 His frenzied cry is heard above the blast.
 'Tis all in vain, no help, no succour nigh,
 He sinks at length, with one half stiff'd cry.

Now all is hush'd and still, with fury spent,
 More mild and gentle grows the element.
 Its dreadful work now done, it calmer grows,
 And to its former channel soon it flows.
 Its treacherous bosom now is smooth as glass,
 But where are its poor victims gone, alas,
 They've sunk to rise no more, they'll ne'er again,
 With mirth and glee, glide o'er the watery main.
 They're now at rest forever, they'll no more,
 Wake from their sleep, to hear the cannon's roar.

Thus the dread Hurricane its power displays,
 In various shapes, in many different ways :
 Where'er it goes—destruction in its train,
 It brings on sorrow, misery, and pain.
 How blest is happy England, nothing there,
 From Hurricanes, they ever have to fear.
 Hail ! happy England, ever dost thou smile ;
 Greatest of nations, hail, thou lovely Isle.

TO WASHINGTON.

Hail, patriot hail, the nation's glory,
The brave, the great—the free ;
Thy name shall dwell in deathless story,
When there's nought but dust of thee :
Mankind shall scatter blessings o'er thee,
The tyrant dread, the brave adore thee,
Great chief of liberty.

THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear home, thou lovely spot farewell,
 Where all was mirth, and innocence, and joy,
 The sorrows of the heart, no tongue can tell,
 Save that which bids th' heart-rending words good bye.
 Farewell, dear fields, where I in childhood pass'd
 My happiest hours, no care or trouble nigh ;
 How oft I've wish'd they could for ages last ;
 But now I fear for ever they're gone bye.

Farewell, ye hills, where oft my feet have trod,
 With dear lov'd friends that I may see no more
 Farewell, dear vales, where I have oftimes stood,
 Farewell, sweet woodbine's round my cottage door.
 " Adieu my son," my tender Mother cried ;
 " May heaven above protect my darling boy,
 " His duty and affection oft was tried,
 " He was my hope—my comfort—and my joy.

" But now he's gone, and I shall see no more,
 " That noble form, that oftimes bless'd my sight ;
 " No more he'll cross the threshold of my door,
 " He's gone alas into the murd'rous fight.
 My honor'd father too, by care oppress'd :
 " And must you leave us," was his only cry,
 By sorrow torn, he beat his aged breast ;
 " My son is gone, my bright—my own brave boy."

But who is she, beside the cottage porch,
 Celestial, beautiful, divinely fair :
 Next Sunday I had led her to the church ;
 Oh see ! she offers up for me a prayer,
 Farewell, sweet Ellen, source of all my bliss,
 Oft has thy image sooth'd me into rest ;
 And oft have I imprinted the fond kiss,
 On thy chaste lips, as leaning on my breast.

We vow'd we ne'er would part, oh ! my heart rends,
 To part for ever—no, it cannot be,
 Thou'lt still be dear to me, till life shall end,
 I love thee Ellen, love but only thee.
 Farewell, celestial maid—yes, we must part,
 This is the hardest trial I have got :
 Oh Ellen, you are mistress of my heart,
 Let me entreat thee, to forget me not.

Yes, we shall meet again at your fireside,
 We'll hear again Saint Michael's tolling bell ;
 And I at length, will claim you as my bride,
 Till then, my own dear Ellen, fare thee well.
 Sisters and Brothers, Friends, kind Ellen all,
 Throng round my Parents, circle, oh how dear !
 But I must now attend my country's call,
 Yes, I must breathe another atmosphere.

Though I must leave you now, I'll trust in Him,
Who always will protect me on my way,
To doubt his providence, would be a sin ;
And I shall sure return some happier day :
Dry up your tears, dear Parents, Ellen, Friends,
I hear my mandate, tis the tolling bell ;
Here now at length, our sweet communion ends,
And I must say those dreaded words—farewell !

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE 43RD REGIMENT,
OF LIGHT INFANTRY.

I leave you now, at length, old gallant Regiment,
 Compos'd of hearts as brave, as blithe and true,
 As any now in fort or other cagement,
 ' Mougst facings red or yellow, white or blue ;
 And tho' my joys have suffered some abridgment,
 My weak eyes glisten as I bid adieu :
 And surely cause have I for such emotion,
 Embark'd alone upon the world's wide ocean.

Well, I've embark'd, at length, but where to steer,
 Aye, there's the rub, the acme of navigation ;
 And yet, methinks, it matters little where—
 Not owning wealth, or name, or fame, or station :
 With gold, indeed, the coast were very clear,
 But now it wants a little calculation ;
 There *is* so many paths in which to cruise,
 That I am rather puzzled which to choose.

My boyhood was a dream, a waking vision,
 Of all that's brave, and beautiful, and bright ;
 My thoughts could come alone to one decision,
 One scene was ever present to my sight.
 But I must pick my words with due precision,
 Lest some harsh critic should my poem slight :
 To be a soldier was my utmost glory,
 For then, of course, I'd dwell in deathless story.

I thought to be a Hero—thought to be—

I thought, no matter what, 'tis over now ;
 Long years have past, and brought reality,
 I had much better far have held the plough,
 And been content where nature planted me.

Such dreams have left me, still I scarce know how ;
 Except that ten long years of information,
 In my ideas have wrought a reformation.

I'd read of Wellington, of Hill, of Paget,
 The last rhymes ill, but it must even do,
 I cannot find a hero's name to match it,
 And really what I'm telling you is true ;
 Besides you know it would not do to patch it,
 With any name whose owner's not true blue.
 I sing of those who in name and fame are hoary,
 Their country's pride, the nation's proudest glory.

Of Jarvis, Howe, and Nelson, Craddock—Moore,
 Names that dishonor's breath can find no spot in,
 With Clinton, Crawford, Picton, Bentinck, more
 Than ever will by England be forgotten ;
 And Britain yet has plenty still in store,
 When these I've named will all be dead and rotten,
 'Twas names and deeds like these, that form'd my
 dreams,
 But time has pass'd, and life's not what it seems.

And yet I do sometimes remember still,
 Those hours of happiness, and such they were,
 When fancy had her own unbounded will,
 Ere youth's bright moments were o'erdim'd by care,
 Of fancy's flights I have enjoy'd my fill—
 Of disappointments too I've had my share ;
 Now let me cast the balance—joy and pain,
 What have I lost, and what has been my gain.

I've gain'd experience, which I lack'd before,
 I've seen strange cities and still stranger men,
 Great lord's I've seen and general's near a score,
 And even a field marshal too I've seen ;
 Indeed I have seen one, not any more,
 And nought but truth shall ever guide my pen :
 Of course one is not many, but that one,
 Unrival'd stands—the gallant Wellington.

I've seen Lord Gosford, and Sir Francis Head,
 Whose policy some people thought was fine,
 Some almost worship'd him,—some wish'd him dead
 Or fifty fathoms deep in ocean's brine.
 And also Poulett Thomson, the chief head
 Of Radical reform in thirty nine.
 Sir Charles our present ruler too I've seen,
 A right good noble gentleman I ween.

I've seen Lord Durham with a great array,
 Of Admirals, Lords, and Generals, such a host
 With Ladies young, and beautiful, and gay,
 The reigning belles of many a bumper toast;
 The country ne'er before saw such display
 Which it will long remember to its cost:
 I've also seen the gallant Colonel Weatherall,
 Who at Saint Charles's, did the Rebels leather all.

Old Colbourne too I've seen, he's now a peer,
 His image in each loyal heart will shine;
 His policy was bold, distinct and clear;
 His talents good, tho' perhaps not superfine.
 His country's honor, was to him most dear.
 I've also seen the steamer Caroline
 Took from the Rebels; with but little slaughter,
 Dash headlong o'er Niagara's foaming water.

It was an awful tho' a glorious sight,
 To see the vessel dashing madly on
 O'er rocks and shoals and breakers black as night;
 Her yards—mast's—boilers, parting one by one,
 Till on the brink she shudder'd as in fright,
 One instant and the next went headlong down
 The boiling, roaring gulf, and one short minute
 Destroy'd the noble craft, and all were in it.

All these I've seen and many other things,
 Which if I pleas'd, I easily could prove,
 In various parts have been my wanderings ;
 Midst other perils too I fell in love,
 For hours I woke my harp's poetic strings,
 In other words wrote sonnets to my dove,
 To her I sacrific'd both time and duty ;
 But stay, I'll tell you how I met this beauty.

It chanc'd that I was walking on the sand
 One summer's afternoon, and near the shore
 A little skiff was running in for land,
 But ere it reach'd, it topp'd headlong o'er,
 I saw the accident, and with a bound
 Plung'd in to aid them, man could do no more :
 I seiz'd a lady, and to land I brought her,
 Half dead with fright, and dripping wet with water.

Her eyes were heaven's own blue, her cheeks 'twinn
 roses,
 Blended with lillies delicate and bright ;
 Her coral lips the seat were love reposes,
 Inlaid with rows of pearls so dazzling white ;
 Her breath the essence of spring's sweetest posies,
 She burst as does a sun beam on the sight :
 Her actions all so graceful, and her carriage—
 'Twould make the veriest Hermit wish for marriage.

Her neck was like the swan's, so high and fair,
 Of polish'd ivory seem'd her lovely brow,
 In flowing ringlets hung her auburn hair,
 Her fairy form before me's glancing now,
 Her silken eye brow's arch, so true and rare
 'Twould make an anchorite forget his vow,
 In learning too she would confound a sage.
 Although she was but eighteen years of age.

To see this beauteous creature was to love her,
 And yet it seem'd an almost hopeless task,
 To think that any mortal man could move her,
 It seem'd a kind of sacrilege to ask
 One so celestial round this world to hover,
 She seem'd to have nought earthly but the mask
 And such a joyousness was in her smile,
 'Twould charm a Martyr on the funeral pile.

And there she was, the young, the beautiful—
 Love's self embroidered in a mortal frame ;
 And then, besides, she was so dutiful ;
 Not slanderous self could sully her fair fame,
 To envy's shafts she was immutable,
 She shed such joy around where'er she came :
 Such charms and grace she had in each sweet feature ;
 In truth she was a very pretty creature.

And she'd had offers too, from some of those,
 Who rank, or think they rank, among the great,
 But love had never banish'd her repose,
 Or made her wish to change her maiden state ;
 She now and then led suitors by the nose,
 But condescension on her so well sate,
 That one sweet smile were worth a life of pain,
 And rapturous make the Captive hug his chain.

But to my tale—I bore her to her Mother,
 A fine old Lady, but with such a tongue !
 She'd sometimes with it kick up such a bother,
 You'd surely think all nature had gone wrong.
 I never in my life saw such another,
 She was the dread of all both old and young,
 She hurried off her daughter to repose,
 And then return'd to get me some dry clothes.

And then I took some brandy, just to keep
 The cold from out my bones, but ere I went
 I saw the Lady in a deep calm sleep ;
 With terror and fatigue, poor girl, quite spent.
 Her late companions both lay in the deep ;
 And as in rapture o'er her bed I lean't,
 Thank'd Heaven, that I had been the means to save
 Such youth and beauty from the gloomy grave.

And oh ! how kind she prov'd, perhaps she thought
Of that sad hour I bore her from the deep.
Her two friends,—when to land herself I brought,
Had perish'd and were taking their last sleep.
She vow'd to love me dearly—so she ought,
For who but I the harvest ought to reap
Of her sweet charms—most surely but for me,
She'd now been lying in the deep dark sea.

Enough of this—when I commenc'd to write,
'Twas just to bid my Regiment an adieu ;
I've wander'd from my first intention quite,
Nor can I now my first design renew :
Some future time, perhaps, if all goes right
I may the self-same path again pursue ;
Old gallant 43rd, I wish you well,
My heart is with you still, so fare thee well.

LINES FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON ON HIS
ENTERING THE ARMY.

Farewell thou dear, but still ungrateful boy,
Thou hast thy Mother's blessing on thy head,
Tho' thoughts of thee will cause me many a sigh,
For thee the pearly tear will oft be shed.

'Twas I, my own, my dear, my much lov'd boy,
That hung with rapture o'er each word you said ;
When sick or sad, thy Mother's aid was nigh,
To cheer thy heart and raise thy drooping head.

And tho' you leave me, I'm thy Mother still,
That e'er my love can change, do not believe :
Return my Son, return whene'er you will,
You'll find me ever ready to receive

And press thee to my heart as at this hour ;
Oh yes, oh yes, to me you'll still be dear,
May Heaven its choicest blessings on thee shower,
Although you cause me many a briny tear.

But go in peace my Son, I will not chide,
It is thy wish to leave us, be it so,
There's none to guide thee, and the world is wide,
May Angels guard my child from every woe.

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

The sun it shone brightly, the Knight he was gay,
 As he back'd his proud war horse he caroll'd this lay,
 Come open thy window fair Bertha to me,
 'Tis Edmund thy true love from over the sea ;
 But Bertha she heeded or heard not his call,
 And music resounded throughout the old Hall.

He rode round the wall with a frown on his brow,
 What means all this uproar, this wild clamour now ?
 Has Bertha prov'd false, and to some other Knight
 Bestow'd the fair hand that to me she did plight ?
 He leap'd from his courser, his bright sword he drew,
 And into the banqueting chamber he flew.

At the head of the table, by each other's side,
 Sat a Lord and a Lady, the Bridegroom and Bride,
 The Lady turn'd pale as her lover drew near,
 The Bridegroom too trembl'd thro' anger or fear ;
 The Knight he advanc'd, tho' he spoke not a word,
 But back to the scabbard he thrust his bright sword.

The Lady recover'd the first from her fright,
 To our nuptial feast, you are welcome, Sir Knight ;
 The wine cup is season'd, the banquet is spread,
 The brave Knight *Sir Edmund* shall sit at the head :
 My Husband, *Lord Percy* will greet you I trow,
 Come pledge me, Sir Knight, chase the frown from
 your brow.

Sir Edmund replied, while his lip curl'd with scorn,
I pledge not the wine cup to one so forsworn ;
I came to see *Bertha*, Northumberland's pride,
But not the *proud Baron of Percy's gay bride*.
Farewell, my *Lord Percy*, false *Bertha* good day,
And he leap'd on his courser, and gallop'd away.

THE RESCUE.

The Regiment in which Captain Wells served, was ordered from Dublin to Kilkenny ; with orders to enforce obedience to the martial law, which was then suspended over that beautiful City. Skirmishes with the inhabitants were frequent ; many lives were lost on both sides : and it was dangerous for a soldier to go out unarmed, or alone, as when he did, he was almost sure to be brought home a corpse, besides being mutilated in the most shocking manner. Consequently, little good feeling was entertained between the inhabitants and the soldiery ; and it is not to be wondered at, that the soldiers retaliated when in their power, and perhaps by needless acts of severity, contributed to widen the breach, which already existed between the parties. Hence the Gentlemen they were sent to protect, became more obnoxious to the lower classes than they were before, on the ground, that they were the prime occasion of bringing soldiers on them at all, and thus causing the desperate acts which were every day committed.

This feeling at length grew so high, that it was dangerous for any loyal Gentleman to leave home without a guard : and still more so, to live without a party of soldiers on his premises for their defence. Hence every house was converted into a barrack, every barn was used as a stable for the horses, and every hall was converted into a guard room, around which, the heavy footsteps of the sentry might be heard at all hours. But with all these

precautions they were frequently surprised by parties of the outlaws, the inmates all put to the sword, and the house burnt to the ground.

It was on the evening of a beautiful day in August that news arrived, of a large body of men being collected together about five miles from Kilkenny, near the house of Mr. Mordaunt ; a gentleman of large property, but who had become obnoxious by opposing, and finally triumphing over a Mr. Connelly, as member of Parliament for that county. As Connelly was a noted Jacobite, it was apprehended that Mr. Mordaunt was in danger ; and accordingly a serjeant and six privates were left to guard the premises. More could not be spared, as the demands on them were so numerous, that they could scarcely retain enough at Head Quarters, to keep that city in any degree of tranquility.

The information was brought by one of the men stationed there, who had with much difficulty made his way through the rebels, dressed in a carter's frock ; and from their threatening looks and gestures, he was afraid an attack on the house was meditated : and if so, it would be impossible to hold it out against them, as there were at least eighty, or an hundred men, and the whole, including Mr. Mordaunt and the servants, did not amount to more than twelve, and even these could not be depended upon.

Matters being in this extremity, it was judged expedient to send a reinforcement : and accordingly Captain Wells and a party of forty men were sent off instantly, with orders to take up any suspicious persons they might find, and not to quit the premises of Mr. Mordaunt, till tranquility was restored.

The party proceeded at a rapid pace, but with the utmost caution, until they arrived within half a mile of the place of their destination ; when firing became audible, and a man came running to them at his highest speed. Every firelock was at the ready, and every bosom throbb'd with ardour, to fly to the relief of their besieged comrades. The man that was advancing, and who proved to be the sergeant of the party stationed at Mr. Mordaunt's, was covered with blood, his hair was sing'd off his head, and his whole person bore evident marks of his having been in a fire.

"They have burned the house," exclaimed one of the men, as the flames were now seen ascending and throwing a red dusky light on the wild and rugged outline of mountain and forest, that intervenc'd between them, and the place of their destination.

"It shall light us to revenge," shouted the men simultaneously ; (as their leader had ridden on to speak to the sergeant, who had fallen evidently through fatigue,) "remember Jack Adams, cut them to pieces, and for every stab they gave him, sacrifice a rebel."

•Forward—double march” was given in an excited tone of voice, by their Captain, as he quitted the sergeant, who after uttering the words—“ O’Donnell,—Miss Mordaunt,—Dunnore !” fainted away.

They were now in quick motion, and a few minutes brought them to the scene of action, guided by the flames, which were now rising rapidly, and nearly enveloped the whole building.

Here and there a shot was fired, now and then a shaggy head was observed at the angles of the building, and the owner of it after deliberately firing his piece, ran away to join his companions. who could be distinctly seen by the red glare of the flames, marching in a body on the road for Dunmore.

The sight was awfully grand ; on one side broken ground, interspersed by one or two lonely cottages, the whole bounded by a large wood met the view. Again on the other side, hills upon hills met the eye, till they were enveloped in the clouds, while ever and anon, the majestic Nore, gliding like an eel, broke on the sight, as it meandered between two mountains, or was again lost to view in the dark outline. In front appeared the road leading to Dunmore, which, as the light fell upon it, made as visible as noon-day. Fern in full bloom, and here and there an alder or ash, skirted the way, and lent a peculiar wild and rugged appearance to the scene, which the rough

and uncouth figures who were traversing it, did not in the least tend to lessen.

The first appearance of the building sufficiently indicated the ferocious disposition of the rebels. On reaching the spot, the Captain's first impulse was to pursue the fugitives, his second to endeavour to save the house. He therefore instantly placed a line of sentinels around the building, to prevent any that might attempt to escape; while with the remainder he sought to extinguish the flames. But he found on examination he could do nothing, as the wretches had filled up the well, and cut the pipes of the water engine to atoms; and not content with that, they had hamstrung, or otherwise mutilated every living creature of the brute species that they found on the premises.

Seeing nothing could be done to save the building, he was preparing to pursue the fugitives, when he thought he heard a groan, and in another moment was certain he heard a voice shout to him from above. On looking up he observed a head put out of the window of the second story, and the poor fellow seeing they were friends, frantically called for assistance.

In a moment the captain was on the stair-case, and guided by the cries, reached the apartment of the prisoner. Bursting it open, he found himself in a chamber with a gentleman, who lay extended on the floor, to all appear-

ance desperately wounded, but who was nevertheless bound hand and foot ; and the man whose cries had providentially brought him to the rescue, he was also bound, but not wounded, and had managed to crawl to the window, on the approach of the soldiers. After having securely bound, the wretches had left them to be consumed in the fire of their own dwelling.

The gentleman proved to be Mr. Mordaunt ; the first words he uttered, after he had been unbound, and conveyed down stairs, were " Oh my daughter, they have taken away my daughter ; Oh Heavens will no one save my daughter ? " And tearing his hair, he sank into a state of insensibility.

" I will save her or perish," exclaimed the Captain, as he hastily collected his party together ; and leaving four of them to attend Mr. Mordaunt, he hastened to pursue the rebels, accompanied by Mr. Mordaunt's servant as guide.

The rebels were about seventy in number, but of these not above half were armed, and that not regularly. But to make up for their want of discipline, they were commanded by that daring outlaw O'Donnell, and what they were deficient of in skill, they made up in ferocity and determination. They were proceeding deliberately on the Dunmore road, headed by O'Donnell, by whose side

rode a lady in the deepest affliction: guarded by two sturdy countrymen, who ever and anon as they looked on her, repeated some coarse and brutal jest, which happily for the lady, she did not understand.

They were proceeding down the narrow defile which led to the cave of Dunmore, when a man ran up, and announced to O'Donnell, that the soldiers were pursuing them, and were close at their heels.—“How many of them” enquired their leader in a careless voice? “Fait, an’ I think there are a hundred of them, at least,” replied his informer, “they are coming up as fast as a Proctor after his tithes, the red coated thieves.”

“We must to the cave then” exclaimed O'Donnell, and as if by inspiration, the whole party instantly quickened their pace.

Captain Jewel, shouted another, advancing from the way they were going, the red coats are through the haggart, and in a few minutes will gain the pass, “Oh! say you so shouted O'Donnell, quick, quick, to the cave gain the craggy pass, or all is lost. To you Reagen, I give the charge of Miss Mordaunt, use her well, and guard her well, for if she escapes, by the soul of O'Donnell, thou diest the death,” and with a look of ferocious determination, he drew his sword and placed himself at the head of the band.

The whole party now pushed on at a rapid pace, and had nearly reached the opening which led to the pass, when they were saluted with a volley of musketry, which laid several on the ground, and by the noise of the discharge, proved that the body was considerable—In fact the Captain and twenty men, had (guided by the servant of Mr. Mordaunt) passed the haggart, as before stated, and arrived at the pass just in time to intercept the rebels,—who now disheartened, and terror struck, did not know what to do.

Not so O'Donnell, he knew by the discharge of the musketry, that the pass was blockaded, and turning round attempted to retreat the way he came. Sword in hand, he rallied his followers, and endeavoured to cut his way through the other party of soldiers, who had pursued them on the road they had themselves taken, and were close at their heels.

With the rage of a demon he had nearly accomplished his purpose, dealing death and destruction at every blow. He had nearly gained the open country, when he was arrested by the fall of Miss Mordaunt, who terror-struck at the confusion around her, could bear no more, but uttering a loud scream, dropped from her horse lifeless.

The Captain and his party, in the meantime, were not idle. They had fought their way nearly over the pass

again to join their comrades, shooting or cutting down all that came in their way : for the rebels totally circumvented, and not knowing the numbers that were against them, suffered themselves to be cut down almost without resistance.—Never showing mercy, they asked none ; and such was the rage of the soldiers, that had it been asked, it would have been denied : to such a pitch had they been wrought up, by seeing the bodies of their comrades in the burning house ; who had not only been slain but mutilated in the most barbarous and shocking manner.

“ You are mine, Lady,” exclaimed O'Donnell, as he stooped to assist Miss Mordaunt, “ you are mine, and the powers of hell shall not wrest you from me.” “ You lie, false cut-throat, for know here stands the man that will wrest her from you,” replied the Captain, who had flown to the spot, on hearing Miss Mordaunt scream, “ turn villain and defend yourself.”

“ Ah !” shouted O'Donnell, as he sprung on his feet with a look of the most ferocious revenge, “ take that minion, for attempting to thwart the O'Donnell :” at the same time making a blow with his sword, which, but for the agility of our hero, would have decided the combat at once.

They both set too in earnest, and, notwithstanding the agility of the Captain, the superior skill and gigantic strength of the outlaw, would have declared the victory

in his favour, had not a ball which whistled by the ear of Captain Wells struck O'Donnell on the temple, and laid him a corpse at his feet. He never spoke, but with a dreadful groan, breathed his last.

The rebels seeing their leader fall, gave themselves up to despair, and a few minutes decided the victory. Calling his men together, they secured the prisoners, Reagan among the number, and marched them to head-quarters. Taking with them Miss Mordaunt, who had recovered from her swoon. They then joined her father who was now sensible, and the whole party proceeded in safety to Kilkenny.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHN M'GARRY, OF THE
FOURTH ROYAL IRISH DRAGOON GUARDS, WHO
SHOT HIMSELF AT CORK, AUGUST 5, 1834.

Thou hast gone rash youth, thy Maker for to face,
Thou hast rush'd unbidden to that unknown place,
From whence there's no return, no tongue can tell,
What bliss or misery has thee befell,
I know thy life was one wide scene of woe,
Perdition seize the man that made it so,*
When thy dear home thou left, thou could'st not see.
The train of misery in store for thee.
Thy heart was noble, generous, and sincere,
And well did merit what we give—a tear,
And but for one base wretch, thou still would'st be,
With comrades brave and generous, kind and free;
From spleen and malice thou was not exempt,
Thy manly spirit could not brook contempt,
Thy generous heart was broken by insult,
Thou could'st not bear it, death was the result,
But still thou should'st have staid, nor rush'd uncall'd
To shades of endless night—that unknown world;
Thou should'st have staid on earth awhile, to see,
What favors fortune had in store for thee.
The wretch who caus'd thy ruin, might have fell
Into disgrace, and then all had been well,

* The person alluded to, was a Serjeant who took every means of annoying McGarry, and to whom the rash act of McGarry was mainly attributed.

Thou would'st have then been happy, kind and gay,
 But as it is, thou hast thrown thy life away,
 The grief thy parents feel, no tongue can tell,
 Thou wast their hope, McGarry, fare thee well.

LINES FROM A MOTHER ADDRESSED TO HER
 SLEEPING INFANT.

Rest thee my baby, sweet infant, sleep on,
 No sorrow disturbeth thy rest,
 All the evils of life may my darling boy shun,
 May peace ever dwell in thy breast.

Rest thee my angel, sleep thou in peace,
 'Tis thy Mother who watches her babe,
 To protect thee from harm, she never will cease,
 She will nourish the life that she gave.

Sleep on my fond babe, and may every care,
 Be hush'd in thy sweet little breast,
 That thou'lt ever do well, is thy fond Mother's prayer,
 Then sleep on my babe, go to rest.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

Farewell, dear old England, old Albion, farewell ;
 Thy white cliffs disappear from my view,
 Far from thee I'm borne by the ocean's proud swell,
 With sorrow I bid thee adieu.

I gaze on thy shores, almost lost to my view
 In the fast falling shadows of night ;
 As my way o'er the ocean's dark bed I pursue,
 Thou dost swiftly recede from my sight.

Farewell to thy mountains, thy verdure-clad plains,
 To thy dales, to each daisy-clad hill ;
 Though, perhaps thy lov'd shores I shall ne'er see again,
 I shall always remember thee still.

Land of my fathers, I bid thee farewell,
 The country of freedom and power :
 The anguish I feel no mortal can tell—
 I shall never forget this dark hour.

Farewell to thee, England, no longer I see
 The loveliest spect on the earth ;
 Farewell to thee, loveliest isle of the sea,
 Farewell to thee, land of my birth.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER REQUESTING
THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES FOR HER.

You ask for some verses Miss B——, I now send them,
Mark well their import, be assured they are true ;
When you've read them, of course, if you please, you may
 rend them—
As you like, they are yours, they were written for you.

I thought you an angel, I lov'd, I ador'd you,
 I thought, and I fondly wish'd never to part,
But now that I know you, alas I must scorn you,
 I know that you have not that thing call'd a heart.

Your blandishing smiles thrown so artful around me,
 Made me think thee too good and too pure to deceive ;
But you've broken the spell for an instant that bound me,
 And woman again I can never believe.

And now, fare thee well, nor let memory waken,
 Those highly prized moments so soon to depart ;
When my faith in your vows and your love was unshaken,
 But 'tis past, and your image I've torn from my heart.

If I meet you again, it must be as a stranger,
 As one, the first time of my life I had seen ;
Not a look, not a word, not a sigh shall endanger
 To others the knowledge of what we have been.

I shall meet you unmoved, aye, as calm as the statue
 Pygmalion made ere he warmed it to life ;
 Let your conduct be ice, be assured mine shall match you
 Nor sigh for to see thee another man's wife.

~~~~~

LINES WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF  
 NIAGARA.

All hail to thee, thou mighty mass of water,  
 Niagara's Queen, old ocean's proudest daughter ;  
 Kingdoms have grown and perish'd—new began—  
 And those too ended, yet how brief a span  
 To thee, still rushing on a world's great wonder ;  
 Thy rainbow still as bright, as deep thy thunder  
 As when, in days of yore, the red man came  
 To bend the knee in rev'rence at thy name.  
 But now how chang'd, that race has pass'd away ;  
 The forests' gloom has given place to day ;  
 And civil cultivation, teems around  
 Where once alone was Indian hunting ground ;  
 But thou art still the same, no eye can trace  
 The slightest change in thy majestic face,  
 And swift shall be thy current, loud thy roar,  
 Till worlds shall cease and time shall be no more.

## VALENTINE.

How lovely, how charming, how sweet you appear ;  
Not Venus herself has so graceful an air ;  
Your cheek shames the rose, love, and heaven's own dye  
Can't compare in its tint to thy laughing blue eye :  
And sweet as the violet that blooms in the south,  
Is the fragrance exhal'd from your dear little mouth—  
Your teeth are like pearls, set in beds of sweet roses,  
Where love and the graces, and beauty reposes.

Had I you, love, I'd envy no other one's lot  
In thy presence, dear maid, all the world is forgot ;  
Nor riches, nor fame can such pleasures supply,  
As the simplest glance of thy love beaming eye.  
Like a bright summer's eve, may your life pass away,  
Breathing sweetness around as the first flowers of May.  
One arm round your waist, love, your lips press'd to mine,  
What bliss would be mine, my own sweet Valentine.

## OH YES, I WILL BEAR IT.

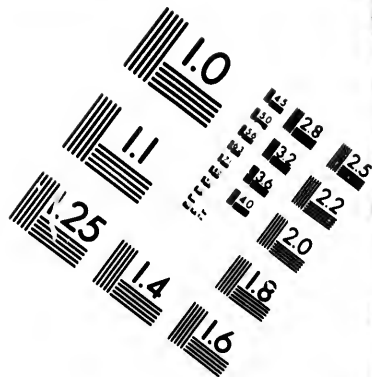
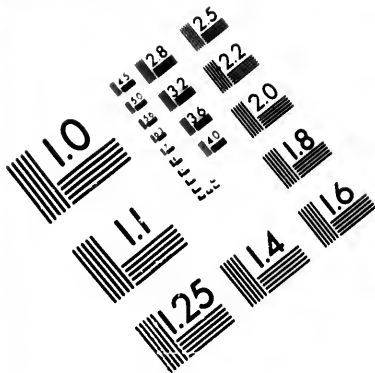
Oh yes I will bear it—I will not complain ;  
 Not a sigh shall be heard from my breast ;  
 She never shall know that it causes me pain,  
 Or that it is pleasure to see her again ;  
 She shall think that my heart is at rest.

She never shall know it—be still thou weak heart,  
 Nor throb when thou hearest her name ;  
 Nor remind me so often thou feelest the smart,  
 We have met the last time, now for ever we part ;  
 Henceforward I am not the same.

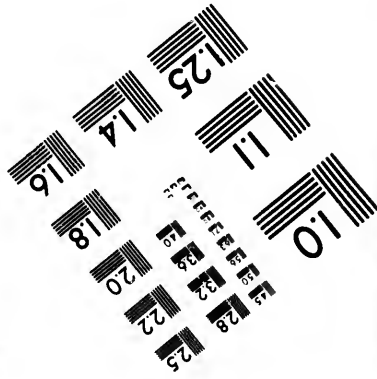
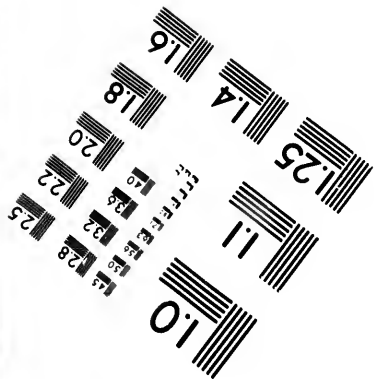
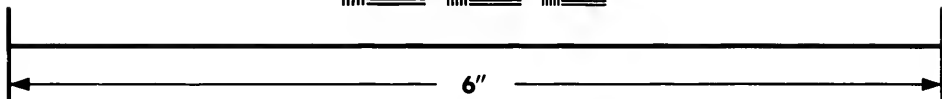
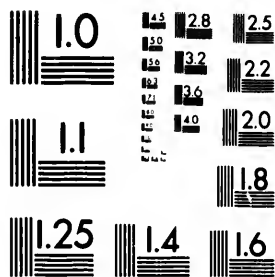
We have parted for ever, yet why should I sigh,  
 Oh! no, let me rather be gay ;  
 She was false, she was faithless, her beautiful eye,  
 That seem'd to be color'd with heaven's own dye,  
 Was languishing but to betray.







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## I KNOW 'TIS PRESUMPTUOUS.

I know 'tis presumptuous, dear maiden, but still  
 I cannot my feelings suppress ;  
 In vain I have tried my emotions to quell,  
 But in spite of me still they transgress—  
 And in twilight, and noon, and the dark shade of night  
 Pourtrays thy sweet image, dear angel of light.

To say that I love thee, dear Mary, would be  
 But to tell thee not half what I feel ;  
 I revere, I adore thee, I live but for thee,  
 Oh if once at thy feet I could kneel.  
 'Tis such pleasure to see thee, to sit by thy side,  
 Then what bliss would be mine could I call thee my bride.

But no, I can never, thy beauty and grace  
 Will attract richer lovers than I,  
 For who could behold that angelic dear face,  
 And to win its sweet mistress not try.  
 Then how can I ask thee to leave thy dear home,  
 To a far distant land with a soldier to roam.

Oh ! no, I would have thee secure from the storms  
 That to-morrow might burst o'er my head ;  
 Nor have thee subjected to those dire alarms  
 That oft flit round a Soldier's bed.  
 No, may peace be thy portion, contentment thy lot,  
 When the war-broken Soldier has long been forgot.

And when that your lovers are swarming around  
In circles so happy and gay,

And when to your fond one you offer your hand,  
May he love like the one far away.

He riches and honor, and wealth may impart,  
May he give what alone I can offer—a heart.

But fare thee well, Mary, a distant land soon  
May divide me from all I hold dear ;

My destiny I will encounter alone,

May thine eye ne'er be dimm'd by a tear.

When I hear of your welfare, my bosom will swell  
With rapture and pleasure—fare well, fare thee well.

## TO MARIA.

Oh! the days are gone that my heart could cheer  
 With love's ethereal lightness ;  
 When all my day dreams were of thee,  
 And all was hope and brightness.  
 Tho' such day dreams as those I shall never more see,  
 Dear, dear to my mem'ry they ever will be.

Oh! the days are gone, and will never return,  
 That my heart was light and gay ;  
 From thy fond longing arms I'm reluctantly torn,  
 I wander, alas! far away.  
 Tho' from thee, Maria, I'm now doom'd to sever,  
 Shall I ever forget thee? my love! oh! no never.

Oh! the days are gone that my fancy wove  
 Such pictures of my fair ;  
 When each sigh that was breathing around me was love,  
 E'er my brow was o'ershadow'd by care.  
 From sorrow and care, love, and pain we were free—  
 Oh! such days of pure bliss I shall never more see.

Oh! now those days are for ever past,  
 And my heart's oppress'd with pain ;  
 Our happiest hours flew by too fast,  
 They'll never return again.  
 We were happy, my love, we were happy and gay,  
 I shall think of those moments when far, far away.

## THE POLISH WARRIOR'S DEATH.

Beneath an oak he lies—his throbbing heart  
 Beats feebly—his fiery eye grows dim.  
 No more in Poland's cause he'll take a part ;  
 The agonies of death flit over him.

Young did he leave his home to join the cause  
 Of his lov'd land, to prove himself her son ;  
 He ever was the foremost in the wars,  
 And many a battle by him has been won.

But now his course is run, no more will he  
 Lead on to battle those who lov'd him well ;  
 No more his troops lead on to victory—  
 The next shot fired will be his funeral knell.

“ Oh ! bear this ring,” the dying warrior said,  
 “ Oh ! take this token to my Nina dear ;  
 She'll keep me in rememb'rance when I'm dead,  
 Perhaps drop on my lonely grave a tear.

But no, my grave will be far, far away,  
 Far, far from her whom I so dearly lov'd ;  
 was in hopes once more to see the day,  
 And to my dearest angel fondly prov'd

How much I lov'd her, but it cannot be.  
 Tell her I thought of her,” the warrior cried,  
 “ Tho' her sweet face I never more shall see,  
 Nor claim her, as I promis'd, for my bride.”

He rais'd his dying head, at length, to take  
 One last look at the beaten enemy :  
 They were retreating fast down by the lake :  
 He saw his cause had gain'd the victory.

“ They are retreating, yes, we'll still be free :”  
 A smile was on his brow—“ Pursue !” he cried,  
 I die content, we've gain'd the victory,  
 The battle's won”—he droop'd his head and died.

~~~~~

TO A YOUNG LADY,
 On presenting her with a Rose,

Behold this sweet rose, see in splendour it vies
 With the loveliest flowers of the field ;
 What a pity it is it so very soon dies—
 Cast out under foot, to be trod on, it lies ;
 Alas ! that to death it should yield.

See its beautiful tints, remark its fine hue,
 As it gracefully hangs on its stem—
 In beauty and scent 'tis an emblem of you ;
 That you're innocent, lovely, and sweet it is true,
 But roses—you far surpass them.

Though the rose charms the eye, to the senses impart
 An odour delicious, 'tis true ;
 'Tis you, dear Maria, that touches the heart,
 It is you, lovely nymph, that inflicteth the smart,
 I can only be wounded by you.

THE BATTLE.

On retiring for the night, Captain Mordaunt, could not but reflect on the changes he had undergone within the short space of two years. Two years since he had started from his home, to struggle in a world with which he was altogether unacquainted, and wide and boundless as it was, without a friend (save those he had left behind) on its troubled bosom. He now saw himself far advanced in the list of his country's bravest defenders, and could number among his friends the noblest and best blood in the Country.

He thought of the happy hours of his childhood, and of the time when with Ellen by his side, he would stray to the neighbouring woodland, and seated on a bank of violets listen to the song of the blackbird : and he sighed to think it could return no more.

"Where is she now?" he involuntarily exclaimed, "perhaps even at this moment she is thinking—talking of me. Yes, this is the hour," he continued, opening his tent and looking on the broad moonlight, "this is the hour that she promised to look at yon bright luminary, and then to remember our vows of inviolable fidelity," and, taking out his tablets he composed the following couplet :—

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Shine on, shine on, bright evening star,
 On me thy rays are beaming,
 Thou shalt be my beacon when afar,
 When her I love is dreaming.

I love to gaze on thy radiant rays,
 As you trace your course on high ;
 It puts me in mind of other days,
 When her I lov'd was nigh.

Shine, shine bright star, on my own dear land,
 The land of the brave and free ;
 Perhaps at this time, her eyes like mine
 Are viewing thy radiency,

Oh ! shine more bright, for this is the hour,
 She promis'd to look at thee ;
 From lattico or tower, or woodbine bower,
 And then to remember me !

“ Yes Ellen,” he exclaimed, throwing down his tablets,
 “ I shall yet return to claim your promis'd hand ; together
 we shall again stray to the woodland, and there with our
 echildren at our feet, and those we love around us, shall be
 happy, oh ! how happy.”

It is impossible to say how far his anticipation of the
 future would have carried him, had he not been disturbed
 by the report of a musket, and presently the alarm that
 the French were advancing and had already driven in the
 outposts, was circulated through the camp.—

In an instant he was at his post, and assembling his
 Company, waited for orders from the General of the
 division.

The moon was shining brightly, and the wounded men
 that were constantly brought to the rear, sufficiently indi-
 cated, that they were still sharply engaged in front.

They had still no orders to engage, and were standing under arms, when the General and part of his staff rode quickly up the defile.

"We must retreat," he exclaimed to the Colonel, "send three Companies to the front to assist the advanced guard, and keep the enemy in check till we cross the bridge. I will give you notice by a sky rocket when that is effected, then follow with all the expedition you may."

During these brief orders the men had remained in great anxiety, they had no sooner received orders to retire than discontent was depicted on every countenance. Almost always victorious, they thought it disgraceful to retreat under any circumstances, and murmurs as they reluctantly fell into column of sections to retire, were more than audible.

It was with much alacrity that Captain Mordaunt, supported by Captains Kenyon and Somerset with their respective Companies received orders to advance and cover the retreat of their comrades. Pushing on, in double quick time, they every moment approached nearer to the scene of action. Peals of musketry were incessant, and the cries of the wounded asking in vain for assistance made the scene truly heart-rending. Advancing with all the celerity in their power, they advanced to where the battle was raging hottest. Posted on a small eminence that commanded a ravine, which led to the open country, they found about fifty men; who out of one

hundred and twenty, who had been left to guard the pass, alone remained: the rest had fallen. The advanced guard of the enemy had already possessed themselves of the inferior heights on the opposite side the ravine, and but for this timely reinforcement, would soon have made themselves masters of the heights possessed by the British, as from the heights they occupied though inferior to the position of the British, they were able to do great execution.

Captain Mordaunt having briefly stated to the officer he found in command of the post, the orders he had received from the General, threw out a line of skirmishers along the cliffs, and opened such a galling fire on the enemy who were thickly crowding to gain the pass, that they instantly drew back and for a few minutes retreated to the shelter of their former position among the cliffs, on the opposite side the ravine.

The moon was now shining in full splendor, and the scene it exhibited was beyond description. Here and there interspersed among the craigs appeared a British soldier with his musket to his shoulder, taking aim at the dense mass on the opposite heights, or crouching behind the beetling rocks to avoid the leaden tempest that the enemy plentifully showered down on them whenever a head appeared in sight. In the centre, and dividing the two parties was a deep ravine, in winter a rapid torrent, now dry and difficult of descent; at its entrance were placed about sixty men, and nothing could approach them

from the opposite side and live. Many and various were the attempts made to pass, but ere they were half-way over, the well directed fire of the British made them hasten back again, or leave their bodies in the ravine which their repeated attempts was fast filling up. Still the havoc of death increased, and whenever a head was for a moment seen above the cliffs, it immediately became a target for a hundred bullets, and it soon became evident that the British, brave as they were, could not hold out much longer, as the enemy were at least ten to one.

Many were the anxious glances cast by the party in the direction from whence they expected the signal to retire, but without success. "I wonder," exclaimed Somerset to Captain Mordaunt, as for a moment they paused to look around them, "I wonder what can have detained them so long, the day is now dawning in the horizon, and in another hour not a man will remain alive, they ought to have gained the bridge an hour ago." Here they were interrupted by a messenger from Captain Kenyon, to inform them that the enemy by making a detour to the right, had thrown a body of men across a small channel, and that a few minutes would place them on the spot where his company were vainly endeavouring to drive them back, but that it was impossible long to retain the post against the numbers that were approaching. Thus appealed to, Mordaunt drew together what men he could spare from the ravine, and advanced to the relief of his friend. Kenyon was engaged with more than ten

times his number, and the enemy were fast surrounding him on all sides. In a moment Mordaunt sprung across the chasm, and with the quickness of lightning fought his way to the side of his friend, followed by Somerset and his faithful band. For a few minutes this spirited reinforcement seemed to turn the fortune of the day. Backed by their followers they fought like tigers rather than men. Each stroke descended with the velocity of lightning, and each well directed thrust was the sure harbinger of death. At length Captain Kenyon fell, and the efforts of the enemy were redoubled. At that instant a rocket was seen ascending high in the air, and as it burst left a train of the most beautiful sparks behind it. "See the signal, retreat while you have yet a chance left,"—feebly exclaimed Captain Kenyon, "it is all over with me, but you may yet regain your cliff in safety."

"Never," replied Mordaunt, "never will I leave you to perish, while I have a sword to wield for your delivery." "We could not, if we were so inclined" coolly observed Captain Somerset, "for see," pointing to the cliff, "the pass is already in the hands of the enemy; but we can at least perish nobly. Courage boys," he exclaimed to the handful of men who still continued fighting round him; and again their exertions seemed more than mortal. Scores lay heaped around them, but the enemy at that moment crossed the ravine, and opened a fire from above that bore down all before it. In an instant Somerset went down, and uttering the words "my poor mother," expired at Mordaunt's feet. In five minutes not a man

remained. Captain Mordaunt had been slightly wounded before, but the last volley was irresistible, he reeled round twice, dropped his sword, and fell on the body of his friend.

Day broke in all its splendour, and great was the disappointment of the French on discovering that the enemy had escaped them. The first thing they turned their attention too, after satisfying themselves that the English had crossed the river, was to bury the dead and remove and assist the wounded.

The scene that presented itself to the eye was terrible in the extreme, here and there among the rocks lay the body of a soldier, who remained in the same position in which he had met his death, or tumbling over a precipice lay in a mangled mass at the bottom. Nearer the ravine the bodies were thicker, but at its mouth they were innumerable, for more than half way over, it was almost impassable. French and English lay together, their bayonets transfixed in each other's bodies, and their countenances even in death, breathing that defiance they had so hotly maintained while living. Further on, not an Englishman was to be seen; but the heaps of French that covered the ravine plainly showed the destructive fire of their enemies ere they could gain the pass. But the spot upon which Mordaunt fell, baffles description, all the heights immediately surrounding the channel were densely covered with bodies, but the channel itself presented one crowded mass, matted together, the bodies lay in one commingled heap.

Such was the scene presented to the eye of the French commander as slowly riding round the field of action, the different parts gradually unfolded themselves to his view. He was a fine martial looking figure, and his luxuriant and dark curling locks, gave a peculiar pleasing though commanding expression to his face. "Brave fellows," he exclaimed "you nobly sustained your part; and the tear of a soldier shall at least water your grave. See them interred honourably," said he to an Aide-de-Camp who attended him, "friends or enemies lay them in one grave; I will myself attend as chief mourner men so brave and gallant deserve an honourable tomb."

The bodies from among the cliffs were hastily collected very few were found alive; for the closeness of the contending parties made nearly every shot prove mortal. The bodies from about the channel next attracted their attention, and here if possible, the work of death was more certain than among the rocks, and the General beheld with a feeling of regret, body after body borne by to take its place in the capacious grave already made by their surviving comrades.

He had counted upwards of five hundred of his own, and nearly two hundred of the enemy; of his own seventeen officers had fallen, but of the enemy very few had been discovered, and those of inferior rank. To his question of where they could be, he was answered that several of them were observed gallantly fighting deep in the channel, that they were removing the bodies

from thence, and if they discovered them among the number, they would immediately send him word.

The channel was nearly emptied when a scene presented itself that excited the pity and surprise even of the by-standers, among whom was the gallant general himself. On removing the bodies the figure of an officer was discovered, resting on the shoulder of a soldier whose left arm while life remained, had sustained his body against the weight of those who fell around him, and when bereft of motion, had evidently sunk with him in his arms. The officer still breathed; it was Captain Mordaunt, and to the affectionate solicitude of his servant he owed his life;—near him lay Captain Kenyon still alive, though insensible. They were instantly removed to the sick tent, and had every assistance rendered them, and in a few hours their captors had the satisfaction of seeing them restored to sensibility. They were treated with great kindness by the general and his staff, and after a few months' captivity, were exchanged for French officers and again joined their own gallant regiment.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING CORK, FOR AMERICA.

Farewell proud Cork, where once O'Conner's reign
 Was held extended o'er thy wide domain.
 Thy deeds of high renown the poet sings,
 Thou chief of cities, once the seat of Kings.
 Thy castles now are raired, but on their site
 Can still be trac'd the scene of many a fight ;
 Their mouldering ruins still proclaim the tale,
 How murd'rous cannon swept the peaceful vale,
 And delug'd o'er the plain with human blood,
 Where once neat, lovely, cottages had stood.
 A Strongbow felt your power, your scorn, your hate,
 And well he earn'd his unlamented fate ;
 A Raleigh too, who rul'd with sovereign will,
 Soon, soon, found out, you were unconquer'd still,
 And Cromwell, he who play'd the royal game,
 Found, here his battles, he'd to fight again.
 Thy sons were ever brave, for many an hour,
 Did they contest the hated tyrant's power,
 And when at length thro' treachery forc'd to yield,
 Left many a bloody token on the field.
 Daughters of Cork, farewell, your lovely eyes
 Surpass the lustre of Italian skies,
 For ages fam'd for beauty, wit and grace,
 And you at least, are no degenerate race,
 A foreign land awaits me, p'rhaps no more,
 'Twill be my fate to reach your lovely shore.

But should I e'er return, or should I not,
 Dear, lovely Cork, can never be forgot,
 Oh no! where'er I go, where'er I be,
 I still shall love, I still shall think of thee!

SHE'S FALSE I KNOW.

She's false I know,
 Well, let her go,
 No breaking heart is mine ;
 I cannot sip
 Her nectar'd lip,
 But waiter, bring some wine.

And as I quaff
 The juicy draught,
 Around the goblet flowing,
 Not e'en her eye
 In tint can vie
 With the sparkle thou'st bestowing.

TO MISS ***, ON HER MARRIAGE WITH MR. B***.

Oh yes, the die is cast, and now I go,
 To distant and to foreign lands unknown;
 This cup was wanting to complete my woe,
 I've deeply drank of sorrows all my own.
 But what's this world, a wilderness at best,
 A dreary wild and desert place for man,
 And if some spot affords a little rest,
 He's hurried from it e'er it has began.

I once had hopes, oh! yes, how bright the rays,
 Unclouded did life's sun appear to me,
 What bliss, what pleasure mine, alone to gaze,
 Or trip it in the moonlight, love, with thee.
 I've watch'd thee in the hall, the bower, the grove,
 And in the dance have caught thy lovely eye,
 But had not courage to declare my love,
 Save in the zephyrs of some passing sigh.

There is a spell around thy lovely form,
 Enchants, bewilders, and transfixes all
 Who under it's seraphic influence come,
 Who gets entangl'd in thy syren thrall.
 Thou wast my idol, and at times I've thought,
 'Twas no idolatry to worship thee,
 And given kingdoms, could it but have brought
 One smile alone from those bright eyes on me.

They tell me you are happy, be it so,

I could not see thee smiling like the morn
On others, it would but increase my woe,

My faithful bosom has enough been torn,
Then to a distant country let me fly,

And hide my grief—what's England now to me,
Since all I lov'd on earth is lost, oh why ?

Remain to add to my deep misery.

Another in these arms, that is a sight

I cannot, will not, dare not stay to see,
My youth is clouded by eternal night,

No gleam of sunshine now can break on me.

And when my heart is broken, let her know,

How dear, how much I lov'd her ;—tell her this,

That he who so ador'd her here below,

Regards her still, from realms of endless bliss.

THE PILGRIM.

Say, Pilgrim, say, where goest thou ?

Oh why in such a haste ?

'Tis better to renounce thy vow,

And this world's pleasures taste.

Good cheer abounds, here's women, wine,

And costly viands rare,

Then turn, stay with us, all is thine,

Come in, and take a share.

Go, view the summit of you hill,

'Tis dreary, wild and bleak,

The path unnumber'd dangers fill,

Then come, with us partake.

Nor further on thy dangerous way,

Come, banish every care ;

The feast awaits, no longer stray,

Turn in, and tarry here.

"I go, young man, you ask me where,

And why in such a haste ;

And why I will not tarry here,

For to enjoy your feast.

I cannot—'tis my Father's will

That I must onward go ;

He bids us mortals ne'er stand still

In this wide world of woe.

Your mirth, your women, and your wine,
 Too soon will pass away ;
 I seek my Father's love divine,
 Which never will decay.
 Yes, I must onward o'er that hill,
 Must pass that trackless waste ;
 My home it lies beyond it still—
 'Tis heaven—my resting place.

oooooooooooooooo

I WOULD LOVE THEE.

I would love thee midst sun beams, or regions of frost,
 Midst ocean's dark billows, on wave tempest toss'd ;
 Tho' the blackness of night, or the breaking of morn
 Tho' the sharp pangs of poverty—bitings of scorn :
 No matter what spot on this wide world I'm cast,
 Thy image alone I'd retain to the last,
 And ere from the body my free'd spirit flew,
 One moment 'twould hover to bid thee adieu.

Or if happier prospects should visit the scene
 Of my bosom's proud lord, you would still be the queen,
 Earth's costliest treasures or honors so rare,
 Alone would be welcome that you might them share
 Their grandeur or state could no joy give to me—
 I would turn from them all for one kind look from thee
 And as to my bosom I press'd thee, my dear,
 Would wish for no pleasure but what center'd there'

THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

"Air—The Cruiskeen-laun."

Hark ! hark ! the city bell,
 How loud its tones do swell,
 It seems to shake the old church spire,
 Hark ! hark ! the dreadful shout,
 What can it be about,
 Oh ! Heavens 'tis the cry of fire—fire—fire,
 Oh ! Heavens 'tis the cry of fire,

The Engines onward roll
 Until they reach the goal,
 Each moment to the danger pressing nigher ;
 The gallant Captains then
 Call aloud unto their men
 Come my lads, and let's give battle to the fire—
 fire—fire,
 Come my lads and let's give battle to the fire.

Mr. Beard, chief Engineer,
 And his mates are also there ;
 'Tis impossible their courage to tire—
 Play away now, number two,
 Steady, steady, that will do ;
 Play away lads, we'll soon master the fire—fire
 —fire,
 Play away lads, we'll soon master the fire.

Captain Mills of number one,
 With his company dash on,
 Regardless both of mud and of mire ;
 And numbers four and three,
 Swear behind they will not be—
 In their efforts to extinguish the fire—fire—fire,
 In their efforts to extinguish the fire,

And not only Firemen,
 But their sons are active then,
 Their fathers daring deeds do them inspire :
 And with their own Paul Pry,
 They work most gallantly ;
 Midst the smoke—din, and bustle of the fire—
 fire—fire,
 Midst the smoke—din, and bustle of the fire.

Who are they upon the roof !
 They are surely fire proof,
 The flames scarce can make them retire ;
 With axes in their hand,
 'Tis the Hook and and Ladder band,
 They are working in the midst of the fire—fire
 —fire,
 They are working in the midst of the fire.

The carters too with speed
 Try the mettle of each steed,
 Bringing water as the Engines require,

Until the orders come
To take the Engines home,
For at length we have conquer'd the fire—fire—fire,
For at length we have conquer'd the fire.

I must beg pardon of the Captain and members of the Paul Pry Engine, for neglecting to mention them in the Firemen's song, when it was first published in the Herald. I beg to assure them it was quite unintentional, I suppose it must have been on account of the gallant Paul Pry's being so small, that my memory overlooked *them* when mentioning the other companies. I have done what I could to remedy my negligence, and I trust they will forgive me.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. WIER, 32ND REGT.

Who was murdered by the Rebels at St. Denis,
near Montreal, in 1837.

What is that, that so mournfully swells on the gale,
That so drearily sounds on my ear ;
A procession appears, 'tis a funeral knell,
More solemn and sad, than the deepest ton'd bell ;
'Tis a soldier that lies on the bier.

Thou art far from thy country, far, far from thy home,
Thy bones in a foreign land lie ;
No hand of thy kindred shall s rev o'er thy tomb
The lily, the rose, or the violet in bloom,
Or breathe an affectionate sigh.

Thy warning was short, the assassin's fell hand,
Cut thee off in the midst of thy prime,
Sore mangled, and slain by the murderous band ;
The scum of all nations, the scourge of the land ;
The outcast of every clime.

No mother, no friend, no relation was nigh,
To pillow thy sore mangled head ;
No brother was near to receive thy last sigh ;
No tear of soft pity was seen in the eye
Of the wretches around thy death bed.

fire—fire,

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and I trust

Though far from thy home, from each dearly lov'd friend
 Thou shalt sleep in the midst of the brave ;
 Each true loyal heart shall its influence lend,
 On the head of thy murdere's destruction to send,
 And we'll give thee a soldier's grave.

~~~~~

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a present of a Book, called the life of Miss  
 Wharton, or the Coquette.

You remember me calling you once a coquette,  
 And the name I'm afraid will apply to you yet ;  
 In the small book I send you each page will explain,  
 The life of a coquette, Miss Wharton, by name.  
 Forgive me Eliza, nor think me too rude,  
 If again with this sort of advice I intrude :  
 I speak as no lover—that time has gone by,  
 I can now mark unmov'd the bright glance of that eye,  
 That once could such rapture, such pleasure impart,  
 Such ecstatic bliss to my fond, faithful heart !  
 But tis past, and no more can its influence lend,  
 Such day dreams of bliss, no, I speak as a friend ;  
 I know you have beauty, an angel might sip  
 The dew sprinkled fragrance that hangs on thy lips ;  
 Or a man at the torture forget for awhile  
 His pangs as he witness'd thy bland witching smile,  
 Coquettes may be graceful, and lovely, and fair,  
 But the great charm is wanting—the heart is not  
 there.

Pray read this small book, mark each character well  
 A coquette's sure fate it most surely does tell ;  
 Believe me what Mr. J. Boyer would be  
 To Miss Wharton, George Spencer would fain be to  
 thee.

Be advized dear Eliza, oh ! take him pray do,  
 That no Major Sanford may cause you to rue ;  
 And believe me to be, Miss, 'till life it shall end,  
 Although not a lover, your most sincere friend.

## THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

The roar of the water,  
My wild slumbers break,  
The spray of the ocean,  
Lights on my wan cheek.  
The finger of death,  
Is upon my cold brow,  
His cold chilly dew damps  
Are over me now.

Home, pleasure, and friends,  
That once made life so bright,  
Are now fading away  
As a dream from my sight.  
And thou fondly lov'd one,  
So spotless and gay,  
O'er my slow beating heart  
Thou art losing thy sway.

I lov'd thee, while health  
Lit the fire of my eye,  
And thy name shall be breath'd,  
Dearest, on my last sigh.  
And e'er darkness and shade,  
O'er my fond spirit fell,  
It would linger one moment  
To bid thee farewell.

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