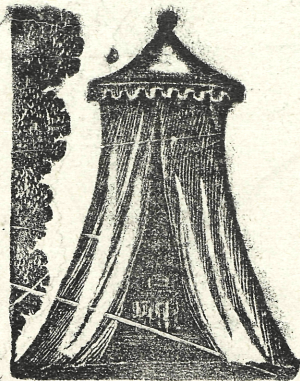


THE SHIP NIAGARA.

Hail! stately Niagara, pride o' the Sea,
 We hail thy approach with hearts full of glee,
 Thou art not come in anger or hostile array,
 But a peaceable mission hath brought thee to da,
 Each true British heart with friendship will glow,
 Meet each as a Brother, and not as a foe.
 Though for warfare desingn'd, may they guns never
 Till thy timbers decay, on Columbia's fair shore.
 But may commerce increase, and prosperity flow,
 May the white flag of peace, all others forego;
 May the bright star of liberty, beam o'er the World,
 And the banner of war, no more be unfurl'd
 May Columbia and Britain, now join heart and hand,
 Be the polestar of Nations in every land;
 May the old British Lion, reposing remain—
 And ne'er be arous'd from his slumbers again;
 See the Ships of both Nations together combineed
 In harmony quit for the duty assigned,
 And may the glide smoothly across the Atlantic
 And accomplish their task which is truly romantic
 The mighty Atlantic, that once filld with dread,
 The heart of each mariner, now on its beam
 Will repose; the famed cable enormous in length,
 May it never be mov'd, by the sea in its strenght,
 O'er mountains and valleys, o'er weed cover'd wrecks
 Where bones of each crew, may still bleach on the decks,
 O'er docks, reefs, and quicksand, in silence descend
 While old Neptune amus'd and its pathways defend
 And when 'tis completed, no matter the wheather,
 The two mighty Nations can converse together;
 The first shewall hear will be England ahoy!
 We hope you are well, and wish you much joy.
 (Triumphant achievement, the world's greatest wonder,
 May ages roll on, o'er 'tis river assunder.)
 Old England responds to the message that came,
 We are all pretty well, and we wish you the same.
 For ever record Washington whom Cob. Wallace ad
 In thrashing the corn he was not mistaken, [taken,
 By the aid of Old Erin on the 4th of July,
 The white flag of Freedom o'er Columbia did fly.
 The sons of blessed St. Patrick for ever noble, true,
 To Kings and Queens and Emperors, no matter what's
 their hue,
 hope the day will shortly come when they will clearly
 see,
 Their strength shall be employed to make their church
 and country free.



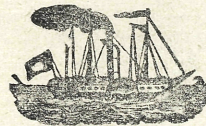
The Minstrel Boy.

Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 his ranks of death you'll find him,
 his sword he has girded on,
 his wild harp slung behind him.

of Song!" said the warrior bard,
 'all the world betray thee,
 word at least, thy rights shall guard
 faithful harp shall praise thee!"

Minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
 did not bring his proud soul under;
 harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 he tore its chords asunder;

did "No chains shall sully thee,
 thy soul of love and bravery!
 songs were made for the pure and free,
 thy shall never sound in slavery!"



Dark-lock-na-Garr

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses;
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
 If still they are sacred to freedom and love.

Set, Oselonia dear are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits, though elements war
 The cataracts foam instead of smooth flowing fountains
 sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

sought not my home till the day's dyming glory,
 gave place to the rays of the bright polar star.
 For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland dale.

Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;
 Clouds there encircleth the form of my father
 They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

