

OLD FORT ERIE::; written in 1830.

from Courier Express: Feb. 12, 1851.

The waters are sweeping over the ruined walls
As sternly frowning in their dim decay,
They stand like the ancestral moulding halls
Of feudal chieftans long since passed away-
To tell the children of another day
The deeds of blood their hoary walls have seen;
To renovate from times o'erwhelming sway
The fading legends of each warlike theme,
Which on the crowded page of human history teem.

Along the lake the dusty evening flits
And softly mantles o'er the heights of stone;
Hiding the breach where ruin grimly sits
Exulting o'er the throne he thus hath won;
And I am standing on their top alone,
While'round the gathering shades of twilight fall,
And the low waves send forth their dirge-like moan
Above the sleepers . heath thy grassy pall
The shroudless brave who fell, when rang
the war's clarion call.
