

## PENINSULAR SKETCHES,

&c. &c.

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### CHAP. I.

“ The boat across the tide flew fast,  
“ And left a silver curve behind ;  
“ Loud sung the sailor from the mast,  
“ Spreading his sails before the wind.

“ The stately ship adown the bay,  
“ A corslet framed of heaving snow,  
“ And flurred on high the slender spray,  
“ Till rainbows gleam'd around her prow.”

WRAPPED in my thick cloak, I peeped upon deck about twelve o'clock, on the clear frosty night of the 10th of November, 1812. My mind being fully engrossed with the recollection of those dear connections which I now for the first time was about to leave ; and my expectation being