MUSINGS ON GUARD

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Musings on Guard by Frank Felix

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FRANK FELIX

MUSINGS ON GUARD



MUSINGS ON GUARD.

Musings on Guard.

BY

FRANK FELIX,

CAPTAIN.



LONDON:
T. HATCHARD, 187 PICCADILLY.
1858.

250.9.73.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the accompanying Sketches on Guard indulges in the hope that there are fome readers to whom they may be acceptable.

Having found, during a lengthened fervice, the most cheerful occupation of time in composition, especially when alone on guard, it would be a great pleasure to him if he should succeed in inducing others to follow his example, and jot down their thoughts; for

"Idea is a shadow that departeth;

Speech is sleeting as the wind;

Reading is an unremembered passime;

Writing is eternal, for therein the dead heart liveth."

And how gratifying it must be to any Author to think that, after he has passed away, some gentle hearts may at times peruse his writings with pleasure, and think of him with affection.

FRANK FELIX.

Wellesley House, May 1858.

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THE WIDOW.

A Ballad of the War.

Bart I.

ı.

Where is my own papa, mamma,
He is so long away?
Say, will he soon come back, mamma,
And with us ever stay?
He said that he would soon come back,
That the war would soon be done;
When he pressed me in his arms, mamma,
And called me his own dear son.

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