

in the desert. "I am a Roman," was the proud boast of a citizen of that stupendous Empire, that glory of the ancient earth, in the golden days of her boundless dominion, when the imperial purple flowed round her Trajans and Antonines, victors of the world. "Io sono Romano—I am a Roman," still breathes in temporary exultation from the wasted lips of some famished peasant of the desolate Campagna, yet proud of his being a dweller among the crumbling altars of the ruined City of the Seven Hills. Has not the prophecy of the Druid to the British Boadicea—

"Realms that Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew;
None invincible as they!"

been fulfilled seven-fold? And are there not millions now living, and tens of millions yet unborn, who with pride and inward joy can echo the boast of the ancient Romans, in proclaiming themselves subjects of an Empire as much nobler and more glorious than the colossal dominion of old Rome, as they are, and will be, individually superior to the rabid democracy of the Aventine, or the rough and venal mercenaries of the Legions. "I am a Briton." To our ears it has a rich and pleasant sound, and

bright thoughts of present excellence and national supremacy breathe in the echoes of those few words, and mix with the memories of a brilliant series of dazzling triumphs, such as the world had never known before, eclipsing all legends of past victories. May the hour be far, far distant when the lips of the brave Canadian will cease to pronounce them, or his heart cease to respond to their sound, combining as they do the essence of his political creed, the birth-right received from his gallant fathers, the inheritance for his own free children, the index of his duty, the watchword of his allegiance.

"The Queen of England is monarch over one hundred millions of men! With her the old Spanish boast is true—'On her dominions the sun never sets.' But the most illustrious attribute of this unexampled Empire is, that its principle is benevolence, that knowledge goes forth with it, that tyranny sinks before it, that in its magnificent progress it abates the calamities of nature, that it plants the desert, that it civilizes the savage, that it strikes off the fetters of the slave—that its spirit is at once 'Glory to God, and good-will to man!'"

Toronto, Dec., 1840.

THE UNITED PROVINCES.

"WESTWARD the tide of Empire rolls its way."

[BERKELEY.]

Blue skies and glorious forests! Life and light—

The downward rushing of a thousand floods,
The far-heard thunder of the torrent's might;
The free winds wrestling with the giant woods:
The fresh wild splendour of the spring-tide morn,
Sunshine and youth their golden treasures flinging—
The careless gladness of a heart unworn,
And hope's clear voice to chainless freedom singing,—
"From thy short annals dash one stormy page;
Toward the veil'd future gaze,—there lies thy heritage!"

The West! the West!—High theme for minstrel's lyre
Whose heart is fresh—whose glance is ONWARD cast,
Whom hope hath touch'd with her prophetic fire,
Who leaves to colder harps to sing the past.
The west! the west! Where Empire's course is speeding
To found broad realms—to rear her mightiest throne,
Where worth and strength to earthly fame are leading,
Where victory shall sound her boldest tone,
Where unborn glories with triumphant blaze
Shall dim the past's proud deeds, shall pale its flaunting rays.

Roll soft, blue waters of the "Thousand Isles":

Superior! calm thy ocean-giant's sweep!
Flash up, fair Erie, in the warm sun's smiles;
Gray Huron, wake thee from thy troubled sleep.
Hark! from the green old woods hoarse voices come,
The spirits of the solitudes are out:
Up waves and winds! Blue rush and sparkling foam,
Ring thro' the startled West the mingled shout
Of strength and gladness, the wild jubilee,
In which ye speak your might, the anthem of the free!

Roll on bright waves, along your swelling tide
No ruin'd fane, no dark dismantled towers
Gaze on your depths in melancholy pride,
To mar the freshness of your forest bowers.
Not yours the time-worn arch—the shatter'd dome,
The mournful loveliness of slow decay:
The splendour of the morning light's your home,
The fresh magnificence of opening day:—
Time o'er your land with baffled might has flown,
No works of man to fall—fair nature bow'd alone.