

POETRY.

ORIGINAL VERSES.

THE EXILE.

O Scotia dear thou'rt still my home,
Tho' far from thee I'm doom'd to roam,
Tho' from thy hills I'm forced to part,
Yet still thou'rt dearest to my heart.

Yes! still thou'rt dear unto my soul;
Tho' oceans wide between us roll;
Tho' from thy glens and mountains blue,
Yet still my soul to thee is true.

Yes! still my heart beats true to thee,
Tho' I thy shores ne'er hope to see;
Tho' now I tread Columbia's strand,
Yet still I love my native land.

Yes! still my native land I'll love,
Tho' I from thee must ever rove;
Tho' from my home and friends so kind,
Yet still thou'rt present to my mind.

Yes! to my mind thou'rt present still,
Tho' far from Cotrick's heath-clad hill;
Tho' from thy winding fairy streams,
Yet still I see thee in my dreams.

Yes! tho' I'm from thy hills and dales,
Thy wimpling burns and flow'ry vales;
Yet to these vales, those hills and burns,
My enraptur'd fancy oft returns.

Yes! still my enraptur'd fancy strays,
Mong' flowers and brackens on thy braes;
Tho' all these scenes I view no more,
Yet still I sigh for Scotia's shore.

Yes! still for Scotia's shores I sigh,
For Scotia's winds, and Scotia's sky,
Yes still that sky, those winds and shores,
My broken heart their loss deplores.

Tho' hope, sweet hope, to man so dear,
Oft whispers in my raptur'd ear—
"Your native land you yet may see,
Howe'er so distant you may be."

There's something still forbids that thought,
Tho' I to cherish it have sought;
There's something still, to me does tell,
That I have ta'en my LAST FAREWELL.

W.

SELECTED VERSES.

EVENING.

Sweet is the hour when Evening throws
Her dusky shades o'er hill and dale;
When pearly dew-drops deck the rose,
And fragrant odours fill the gale;
When all below and all above,
Breathe but the harmony of love.

But while I view the grateful scene,
And all around seems blest,
Yet feel the throbbing heart within,
The agonised breast;
Feel that remorse, that grief, despair,
Are and have long been inmates there.

I fly the scene; 'tis not for me,
That nature's choicest beauties bloom;
Others may gaze with ecstasy,
I fix my glance upon the tomb;

Where the heart that is broken, the soul that's forlorn,
Drinks the cup of oblivion, and forgets how to mourn.