

A proof thou stand'st of Picton's inward love  
 Of progress, learning, and bright hopes above;  
 Long live thy sons, and all thy noble sires,  
 Who to high learning's height their breast aspires;  
 And from thy breasts may youthful souls be fed,  
 Who'll rise and call them bless'd when they are dead.  
 And centered here, the "Times" hath shelter long  
 Nor must her columns bright escape my song,  
 For she can sing herself serenely sweet,  
 Nor can the poet's wings fan to her height;  
 Sling on and shine thou beacon light of truth,  
 Inspire thy love to it in brilliant youth,  
 And bless our homes with lustre from thy star,  
 And send thy rays along our shores afar.

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### BLOOMFIELD.

Bloom may thy fields forever fair, abundant harvests may they yield,  
 Long as thy poet name shall bear remembrance of the bard, "Bloomfield."  
 O, may kind heaven begift thy soil with some immortal kindred soul,  
 Whose seraph strains of mental toil shall yet in bardic numbers roll.

That all the beauties that may lurk around thy quiet homes of love,  
 Be oft portrayed to praise the works of nature's God who reigns above;  
 Beauty and loveliness do play in many a form upon thy breast,  
 When summer's rose do bloom so gay, by nature's dews forever blest.

Thy moral ground affords some souls with beauty and loveliness more pure,  
 Which heaven's own silent grace controls that'll long around thy soil  
 endure;

The mystic chain of cordial love doth hold their friendly hearts in one,  
 Bound by a law from heaven above, whose hallowed rays fall from his  
 throne.

The copious dews of heavenly grace fall on the silent banded few,  
 They court the smiles of Jesus' face, whose glorious break on them anew.

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### A. I. CORKINDALE, ESQ.

I have much pleasure in inscribing the following Poem on the death of Mrs. Corkindale to her bereaved husband, who condescended in me when a stranger, assisted me in affliction, and to whom I am indebted for a great many favours. The solemnities of her death were too graphical in themselves to admit of their publication at the time; hoping