



QUEBEC GAZETTE.



First of January.

TIME wings its flight, and ages onward roll,
 And each remove increases History's scroll;
 Each era gives to mighty Deeds a birth,
 Enrolls new Names amongst the Sons of worth.
 Fair Science o'er the world her lustre pours,
 Illumes each Pole, to each unfolds her Stores;
 No longer chain'd to fanes, or classic ground,
 In every Land her Temple now is found;
 Her shrines midst burning Sands or frozen plains
 Her Children rear, and offer votive strains.
 What spread the light that Science round us throws?
 What spur'd the Breast where Patriot ardor glows?
 Where live the actions of the good, the brave,
 When Death consigns them to the common grave?
 The Press presents them to a future age:
 They live again in History's glowing page:
 There, models sculptur'd by the Hand of fame,
 They offer subjects for the highest aim.
 The Press unloos'd the bands that Science wore,
 Outstretch'd her Pinions and first bade her soar;
 To every clime where beams the god of day,
 The Press conveys her lustrous cheering ray!
 The * MODERN DESPOT's meteoric reign,
 That deluged Nations with the crimson stain,
 Who living, aim'd at universal sway,
 Dethron'd and Captive, joined his kindred clay
 He, through the Press shall live in History's page,
 Ambition's land-mark for a future age.
 And that ill fated branch of Brunswick line
 Who claims the Tear we drop at Pity's shrine;
 The Press may yet her Innocence disclose,
 Or veil her faults with her unnumbered woes.
 Thus have we ventur'd to our Patrons kind,
 To paint the pow'rs the press has o'er the mind,
 And through its medium we would dare essay
 To speak our thanks in this our untaught lay,
 First, for our Country, where we can enjoy,
 A Freedom guarded, source of sober joy;
 And not venality, impels our Muse
 To own the good DALHOUSIE's hands diffuse;
 Long may Canadian shores such worth retain,
 That builds in every heart its sacred fane.
 And ye our Patrons, may no harm or evil
 E'er cross your lives, so prays the PRINTER'S DEVIL,
 Thus do we pray, and thus we pay our Debt
 As semi-weekly on *livre la GAZETTE.*

* Buonaparte.

HYMNE A ALBION.

Sur l'Air de Clitandre.

LEVE ta tête altière,
 Noble Reine des Mers;
 Vois devant ta bannière
 Se courber l'univers;
 L'Africain redoutable
 Trembler à ton seul nom,
 Et l'Indo plus traitable
 Craindre ton pavillon.

Oni, ta seule présence
 Fait fuir tes ennemis;
 Tu parles de vengeance,
 Et tu les as soumis.
 Ta voix seule s'oppose
 A la fureur des flots,
 Et Neptune compose
 Avec tes matelots.

Vois tes flottes heureuses
 Concentrer dans tes ports
 De nations nombreuses
 Les immenses trésors;
 Joindre à l'Or de Guinée
 Les perles d'Indostan;
 La vigne fortunée
 Aux cannes du Couchant.

C'est pour toi que l'Aurore
 Fait naître les rubis,
 Et le Cathay s'honore
 De filer tes habits.
 Tu tires de Surate
 Les plus riches effets;
 Tidor, Banda, Ternate
 Assaisonnent tes mets.

Errant loin de son trône,
 Végétant sans éclat,
 Louis vit sa couronne
 Sur le front d'un Soldat.
 Il implore ton aide,
 Tu parois et soudain
 L'usurpateur la cède
 A ta puissante main.

Ah! c'est assez de gloire!
 C'est assez de lauriers!
 Fille de la Victoire,
 Modère tes guerriers.
 Dépose la cuirasse,
 Et mets le casque bas;
 Que l'olivier remplace
 Le glaive des combats.

Alors ton Prince auguste,
 Comblé d'ans et d'honneur,
 Sera contre l'injuste
 L'asyle du malheur.
 Pour nous, tandis qu'en maître
 Il juge entre les Rois,
 Nos délices sont d'être
 Fidèles à ses lois.