

She boasts few records O' the past,
 Few deeds O' wondrous Fame;
 But Canada's the land O' hope,
 She yet will win a name;
 An' when her day's O' grandeur come,
 (By us they 'll no be seen)
 We trust her bairns will ne'er forget
 To haud their Hallowe'en.

.....

The allusion to the Atlantic Cable is particularly nice and there is something more than patriotic feeling in the concluding lines.

An' now anither link is forged
 That binds us to our hame;
 Th' Atlantic cable's tethered fast,—
 Despite the stormy main,
 An' ilka day the news is flashed
 The auld an' new world atween;
 It micht hae let us ken gin frien's
 Are haudin Hallowe'en.

.....

We may forget the bonniest face
 Tho' it smiled on us yestreen;
 But we'll ne'er forget our native land.
 Nor dear auld Hallowe'en

ROBERT G. HALIBURTON son of the late celebrated Justice HALIBURTON M. P. of Nova Scotia, (better known as the author of *Sam Slick*) has an undoubted claim to be classed among our Canadian poets. This accomplished gentleman has written more philosophy than poetry. But, I am far from saying that he is more a philosopher than a Poet. His merits in both capacities are beyond dispute, and will yet be more generally appreciated when he chooses to come more prominently before the public. The very titles of some of his works make it apparent how admirably his mind is adapted for philosophical research, and an attentive perusal of them will show that he has not meditated and enquired to no purpose. No doubt our Christian Faith instructs us as to the unity of the human race. But in these our days, there are not wanting men, and men pretending to science too, who do not accept the testimony of our sacred books. Will they alike reject the witness of all history,—of all antiquity? or, will they be able to set aside the reasoning and the conclusions deduced by such men as Mr. Haliburton, from the customs, convictions and practices universally prevalent in ancient as well as more modern nations? If it be found that there are Kalendars and Festivals, particularly "*The Festival of the Dead*," common to all nations, there are few who will deny that these extraordinary coincidences point to a common origin. It would be no great proof of science to pretend that there are no such things. Nothing will be further from the minds of truly scientific men, than to despise the researches of such a writer as Mr. Haliburton. But it is as a poet only, that I can at present consider this distinguished author. He has not, as yet, written much poetry. But, in what he has written quality makes amends for quantity. And besides, that public, which delights in fine octavos and respectable library volumes, has nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Haliburton has not given any of his poems to the public. And if I am now able to tell you anything about them, it is because I have been favored with a reading of a small collection of some charming compositions which have been printed only for private circulation. When these poems are widely given to the world, critics will discourse learnedly on their elegance, pathos purity of sentiment and correct versification. In the meantime, you may take my word for it, that they possess all these qualities. I shall not attempt to say with what delight I perused them, or how much I regret that they are not more numerous. But a writer who is so obviously endowed with the genius of Poetry, and who is skilled in the art of expressing his poetical conceptions with truly classic taste and accuracy, will not cease to seek the favor of the Muses, until they have placed him in the highest niche of the Temple of Fame. Mr. Haliburton was born in 1833, and may yet have time, (I for one most sincerely hope that he will), to compose a great poem,—an Epic that will do honor to our nascent Literature. The most fastidious critic could not require that, it should be more correct or more beautiful, than those lesser Poems, the secret of which I am communicating to you. There is no kind of verse that Mr. Haliburton does not handle with facility,—none that does not afford ready and apt expression to the inspirations of his muse. The stately numbers of Milton are quite familiar to him. He has used them to good purpose in his

most beautiful Poem "*Found Drowned*." The subject of this composition does not, perhaps, admit of the sublimity of Milton; but in pathos, it is certainly not inferior to anything that you or I have ever read:

FOUND DROWNED.

"Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world"

(*Bridge of Sighs.*)

Summer had fled. The autumn tints no more
 Could mock the dying forests. Dull decay
 Sat brooding o'er the sombre earth. The sky,
 Grown strangely drear, its azure mantle doffed
 For sad attire. Over the red sun rolled,
 Like wintry seas, clouds leaden hued, that merged
 The dark'ning Heaven. The fatal wind awoke
 Moaning as if from troubled dreams. The leaves,
 Like flitting spirits of past summer joys,
 Danced in the fleecy air, then sank to sleep
 In winter's cold embrace; while o'er the scene
 The floating snow its pallid mantle flung,
 Until the town's dark roofs, the sombre firs,
 The russet barrens crimson-flecked, grown pale,
 Fast faded from the view; and all once more
 Seemed pure as when the infant earth first woke—
 And wond'ring watched the dawn—save where black lakes
 Drank up the trembling snow-flakes as they fell
 Unnumbered, and still turned unto the sky
 Their greedy gaze, like monsters of the deep,
 That lurk amid the Ocean's foam, and watch
 With ever hungry eyes. Then jealous night,
 That with her shadowy mantle from the day
 Slow veils the wearied, slumbering earth, in haste,
 As if she feared a fairer rival, rushed
 Upon the tempest's wings. At intervals
 "All's well!" was borne upon the fitful gusts,
 That eddying swept the silent streets. The cry
 Seemed to excite the storm's wild revelry;
 And the snow madly whirled o'er hill and dale,
 Far over surging forests and bleak plains,
 Wreathing with hoary crown the writhing pines
 That strove with their tormentor, and in sport
 Wrestling with oaks that struggled in its arms,
 And groaned unheard. Again with muffled tones
 "All's well!" the watchman cried, and shiv'ring saw
 A form that struggled with the deep'ning snow,
 And wearily plunged on amid the drifts.
 He started as he marked the sullen glare
 That lit her sunken eye, the recklessness
 That dared the wintry tempest. She passed by;
 The wind still howled, and still the mocking sound
 "All's well!" re-echoed through the lagging hours.

.....
 The wind may rage without, yet round the hearth
 More closely draws the group. The merry chirp
 That cheers the farmer's fireside, is heard
 More blithely tuning its shrill melody,
 As though it strides with feeble strain, to vie
 With the loud moaning wind. Absorbed and still,
 A child with wonder in its earnest eyes,
 Hears oft-told tales beside its grand-dame's knee.
 Absent, and gazing on the glimmering fire,
 The father silent sits; yet oft he steals
 A tearful look at the long-vacant chair,
 That none is there to occupy, and oft
 The maidens still their mirth, lest it may break
 His mournful reverie. At length the clock
 Reminds him of the hour for prayer; then low
 He bows in supplication, and leads on
 The answering group of youthful worshippers:
 Now asking Heaven for blessings on the head
 Of those that journey far o'er land and sea,
 And in compassion to earth's erring ones,
 "To raise up them that fall;" but no voice adds
 Responsively, "Amen." With breathings hush'd,
 Each wond'ring strives to catch once more the sound
 Of the deep groan, that brought their prayer-winged thoughts
 From Heaven to earth again. They listen long:
 Hark! now it comes once more. No! 'Tis the moan
 Of the complaining wind. Again he kneels
 To urge the earnest prayer, and to invoke
 For each around a blessing from on high;