

THE ENQUIRER.

SUN-SET.

Farewell bright Orb, again you sink to rest
In Ocean's car, borne gaily to the west.
Those roseate tints, spread o'er the ether blue ;
Those glowing rays, of more resplendent hue :
Those burnished beams by Heaven's artist wrought,
Those thousand forms, with which you clouds are fraught.
Are all the heralds, of thy short liv'd flight,
Precursors, of the chasten'd reign of night :
They swell the glory, of thy parting scene,
Like joys in death, when all within's serene :
Thus fade bright hopes, e'er chilling blasts destroy
The ripening harvest of our early joy.
Now sombre twilight, with her dusky train,
Enrobes the mountain, and bedew's the plain ;
The lengthening shadows, fall from tower and tree,
And night birds, hail their hour of liberty :
The fire-fly, wings its meteoric flight,
Vying in brightness, with the lamps of night.
And see, where stretch'd along the rocky shore,
The Indian fires, their sparkling lustre pour ;
While tawny groups, at each bright flame prepare
The nightly feast—or rest devoid of care ;
Now, pensive souls indulge in dearest joys,
And fancy's children carve their much lov'd toys ;
The tender lover woo's the bashful fair,
And labour's children, rest from daily care :
Mild evening, hallows the surrounding scene,
Clothing all nature in a garb serene.
Nought breaks the calm of this most peaceful hour,
'Tis silence ruling, with her soft'ning power,
Save, from yon vessels, humming sounds ascend,
And with the murmurings of St. Lawrence blend.
Or borne upon the fresh'ning breeze along,
The vesper bells, their hollow tones prolong ;
While gently passing o'er the full rob'd trees.
In mournful notes, is heard the evening breeze.
'Tis this lone hour, reflective souls most prize,
By fancy borne, above earth's dross they rise.
They pierce the veil futurity has spread,
Or, hold communion with the "mighty dead."

Quebec, Sept. 11, 1821.

V.

EPIGRAM.

On Mrs. M. — of —, a lady of 63 years of age, marrying a young gentleman, not 18 !

Hard is the fate of every childless wife,
The thoughts of wedlock tantalize her life.
Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done,
To chuse a child and husband, both in one.

NUBIPAR.

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