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SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN AT MONTREAL.

I gaze on thee!
Path of a thousand streams, which, wandering, seek
A home, where ocean's mighty crested waves
Dash round the sea-god's car—the common bourne
Of the "wide waste of waters," and the sire
Of mountain cataract and sluggish pool—
Of fount and rivulet—of rain and dew! * * * *

Alone I stand,
With God and Nature, where the giant trees
Lift their strong arms in worship mute to heaven,
While the glad sunset woos their tinted leaves
To meet the kiss of even. All is still—
The waters, gilded with departing day
Reflect the purity above—around—
Or for a moment crest their mimic waves
With feathery spray, mocking ocean seas
When the wild winds run riot with the storm,
While ever and anon they calmly sink
In placid beauty into rest again,
And tiny barks, whose freight is love and youth,
Dance on the river's breast as though they joyed
In the glad hopes of this most jocund hour.

My heart is stirred
With thoughts tumultuous, when thus I gaze,
From the proud mountain's crest, on earth and sky,
And the wide range of forest, field, and vale,
While in its mighty course St. Lawrence bears
His sea-bound tribute on. Surpassing fair
Majestic stream, art thou! I love to trace,
As with a visioned eye, thy devious path,
Though solitary wilds, from that lone spot
Where first the gen'rous earth is oped to give
Thy babbling fount to Heaven. Methinks I see
Thy nameless brooklet, in its fated course,
Gathering its tribute from its kindred streams
Till, rich in borrowed power, it speeds along,
Father and king of waters. Anon ye sleep
On the broad breast of the untrodden plains,
In all the attributes of seas, save those
Which human lips bestow.

Thy shores are fringed
With gorgeous trees, that dip their pendant arms
In the cool waters, while beneath their shade
Disports the playful fawn. The mother deer,
Guarding the gambols of her much-loved young,

With timid ear erect, is watching there,
Lest danger come with stealthy footstep nigh.

The scene is one
My fancy loves to dwell on. Peace is there
While man, the spoiler, comes not! In the wild
And generous rangers of these forest homes
I trace a type of what our lot had been
Had not the sin of disobedience come
To chase our Faith away! But, ah! e'en here!
Where none whose ear hath ever drank the sound
Of Revelation, is the withering curse
"Written in sunbeams." On my senses thrill
The echoing shout of those whose sight is death
To the weak habitants of wood and wild.

Nearer the hunter's come—their yells awake
The sleepy echoes that so late reposed
In happy solitude—but methinks their cries
Break on my senses with the voice of song!—

The wild woods are ringing,*
With hunter and hound—
The fleet elk is flinging
The white foam around!
His broad chest is heaving—
In vain—we are near!
See, our keen shafts are cleaving
The heart of the deer!

Oh! none are so dauntless—so bold, or so free
As the braves of the forest—the warriors—as we!

For warring and hunting
Are games that we love;
With the free breeze around us—
The bright sky above!
When foemen are near us—
Our question is "Where?"
And we follow, for pastime,
The wolf to his lair!
Oh! none are so dauntless, so wild or so free
As the warrior whose couch is the turf or the tree!

Our fathers were mighty,
Their sons are as brave—

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