

HAMILTON, AND OTHER POEMS—BY WM. A. STEPHENS.

To this neat volume, of which mention was made in our last number, we again refer, for the purpose of quoting from it a few passages, illustrating the "metal it is made of." The reader will observe that the descriptive power of the author has come fully into play—the extract being taken from the second book of the leading poem—Hamilton—and being introductory to the main portions of the author's picture. The whole has a "strikingly dramatic effect," and the scene depicted scarcely wants the pencil to place it before the eye. The terrible sublimity of the "Deluge" is a theme worthy of any pen—and the courage of our author, in grappling with it, was itself an earnest of his success:—

Down pours the flood, while earth's wide opening
womb

Pours forth a foaming deluge to entomb
Herself and offspring. See yon chieftain's brow,
How pale and wan! where is his courage now?
His voice of vict'ry and his eye of fire?
Gone with his army's fierce contending ire.
His foaming charger wildly tries to brave
The roaring flood, then sinks beneath the wave,
While dead and dying, mingling friends and foes,
Are swept away, as down the deluge flows.
Hundreds of brides that day had deck'd their charms,
To grace their proud, exulting bridegrooms' arms;
All stricken now with wild terrific wonder,
At that fierce flash and dooming earthquake thunder;
They sink aghast, all terror-blighted, wan,
Into the arms of nerveless, powerless man:—
All struggling now they sink beneath the wave,
In lock'd embrace, their bridal bed and grave;
While human agony in wildest power
Is heard where hills and forests vainly tow'r:
No lofty hill, or tree, or tower, can save,
Above them sweeps the overwhelming wave,
Which drowns their cry, and drowns the bellowing
roar
Of flocks and herds, whose feet can find no shore.
The eagle, tow'ring late on boldest wing,
Is screaming now, a drowning helpless thing,
The mighty lion, monarch of the wood,

His empire lost, is flound'ring in the flood,
As helpless now, and feeble in his pow'r,
As e'er was lambkin frighten'd by his roar.

True to his nature, see yon tiger grasp
A struggling infant with his latest gasp,
Swept with its mother on the raging flood,
His last fierce act to steep his jaws in blood.

A crowd of giants gained with efforts vast
Yon mountain's summit; 'twas their only, last
Wild hope of succour from the with'ring blast
Of God's tremendous anger, and while there
A troop of lions struggling from their lair,
Tigers and elephants, by instinct urged
To reach the ground that last would be submerged,
In wildest panic dash among the crowd
Of congregated giants, while aloud
Above the storm was heard the shriek and roar
Of trampled agony, wild floods of gore
From man and monster pour'd upon the ground,
Whilst terror, slaughter, madness, raged around,
And as they fought, the angry sky was riven,
And in full volume from the vault of heaven
A cat'ract rushes with o'erwhelming wave,
And man and beast are swept in one promiscuous
grave.

Thus perish'd all the tribes of earth and air.
All ended now their struggling and despair.

From the "miscellaneous poems" attached to the volume, we make the following brief selection, as shewing the author in a different walk. It will be read with pleasure:—

THE FAIRY AND THE DEW DROP.

The sunbeams changed to gem of light
A dew-drop on a flow'ret bright,
A Fairy saw the dazzling prize,
Which rivalled elfin beauty's eyes,
He touch'd the gem with magic wand,
Then took the di'mond in his hand,

Which, petrified by mystic power,
He bore away to elfin bower,
Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light
He found his own dear lady sprite,
And gave the gem—then snatch'd a kiss,
Tho' chid by pouting faery miss.

We cannot close our brief notice of this pretty collection, without congratulating the author upon his success, and expressing a hope that some of his future "hours of idleness," may be as pleasantly devoted to the entertainment of his friends, who doubtless are, the whole Province in which he resides.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

WE have to congratulate the city upon the recent establishment of one of these associations, which, under such or similar titles, have been so useful towards the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, in the various towns of the old and of the new world.

The gratifying and auspicious circumstances under which the labours of the Institute have been commenced, argue well for its future usefulness; and so general has been the kindly feeling expressed in its behalf, that time only is now wanting to render its usefulness fully equal to the warmest hopes of its most sanguine friends.

On the cover of the present number of the *Garland*, the reader will find a list of the office-bearers of the Institute—at the head of whom stands the Governor General of the Canadas.