

SUMMERS' POEMS.

My Forest Home of Childhood.

Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats.
—Pope.

Nor muse nor monarch's seat, nor storied halls
Knew that wild forest that my boyhood knew :
The pioneer's log house, with bark-clad walls,
Was most magnificent, and they were few.

Such was our forest home—my mother dear
Again in memory sweeps its spacious hearth;
My father, wearied with his toils severe,
Rebukes his noisy children's evening mirth.

Or in a martial mood, I hear him tell
Of famous Waterloo, or Trafalgar,
Or how the victor and the vanquished fell,
Wolfe and Montcalm, or other scenes of war.

'Twas winter when we entered this abode,
And thither we were borne upon a sled
Drawn by a yoke of oxen, and the road
Was where our father's pilot footsteps led.