

A HOODITE.

To write, or not to write—aye, that's the thing !
 The "question" will not do—'tis hard to rhyme,
 Whether to common sense 'twill be a crime
 For me to attempt, in Poet's say, to sing.

To write, to write, to soar on "Fancy's wing,"
 And be the Pope and Homer of my days—
 But stop—let me not think of gath'ring bays,
 Before I plant the tree whence they're to spring.

Ah ! dire misgivings check my wish'd for flight ;
 Of plagiarisms I would fain keep clear,—
 A treacherous memory still makes me fear
 That what I've read I shall be apt to write.

When to my verse our Editor assigns
 A column, how shall I the charge withstand,
 If some pugnacious critic, pen in hand,
 Begins a fierce attack upon my lines ?

"A poet this ! his *fancy* truly *free* is,
 "Into each author's store by turns he breaks,
 "From Cowper's *Table Talk* his words he takes,
 "And makes Young's *Night Thoughts* furnish him
 ideas.

"A sacrilegious robber I declare,
 "From Gray's *Church Yard* he steals a verse
 away,
 "Here is a couplet from the *Tomb* of Gay,
 "The varlet even robs the *Grave* of Blair.

"Burns, Scott, and Byron ! I might name a score,
 "For none escape his plagiarising clutch,
 "From *Little's* poems he has taken much,
 "And it is plain he makes the *most* of *Moore*."

Some likeness in my offspring will be spied
 To some preceding Bard, alive or dead,
 Rhyme which perhaps *costs* me an *aching head*,
 They'll say I got *cost free* from Akenside.

The world's so full of verse, for room I'm stinted,
 For its poetic fields are so much trod,
 I scarce can put a *foot* upon the sod,
 But I shall tread on what's already *printed*.

What warrior's left unsung ? There is not one
 Of all our ancient or our modern great,
 Who wore or *crested* helm or *Epaulet*,
 From Alexander down to Wellington.

The Fair ! I love them and could praise them too,
 Alas ! they need not any praise of mine,
 For thousands have extoll'd their form "divine,"
 Their lips so *red*, their eyes so *black* and *blue*.

I fear to venture on descriptive lays,—
 Whole seas of ink have flow'd 'bout babbling
 brooks,
 And so much has been said of Nature's *looks*,
 There's not a *feature* left for me to praise.

Smooth streams still glide, and cat'racts always
 roar,—
 Where shall I find fresh tints to paint the sky ?
 Of winds that whistle and of Zephyr's sigh,
 Nought can be told, that's not been told before.

To try the comic strain were little good,
 For every *peg* within the English tongue,
 On which a pun or quip might once be *hung*,
 Has long ago been covered by a *Hood*.

Alas ! I fear my wishes will be blighted,
 "Oh ! for a spark of Shakspeare's soul of fire !"
 Unlucky thought ! for, consummation dire,
 P'raps with this sheet a *fire* will soon lighted.

I've done ! this *one* attempt to court the *Nine*,
 Is quite enough—it shall be first and last.
 Poetic hopes I find I must resign,
 And, reader, your *main* trouble now is past,
 For here behold I trace my *boundary line*.
 Sherbrooke, 20th April, 1840.

THE SUGAR BIRD.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THOU splendid child of southern skies !
 Thy brilliant plumes and graceful form
 Are not so precious in mine eyes
 As those gray heralds of the morn,
 Which in my own beloved land
 Welcome the azure car of spring,
 When budding flowers and leaves expand
 On hawthorn bows—and sweetly sing.

But thou art suited to the clime,
 The golden clime that gave thee birth ;
 Where beauty reigns o'er scenes sublime,
 And fadeless verdure decks the earth ;
 Where nature faints beneath the blaze
 Of her own gorgeous crown of light,
 And exiled eyes, with aching gaze,
 Sigh for the softer shades of night,

That memory to their dreams may bring
 Past scenes, to cheer their sleeping eye,
 The dark green woods where linnets sing,
 And echo wafts the faint reply,
 Ah, from those voiceless birds that glow,
 Like living gems 'mid blossoms rare,
 The captive turns in sullen woe
 To climes more dear and scenes less fair !

*This elegant bird is a native of Van Dieman's land.