

IX.

He sees a City there :—the blazing forge,
The mason's hammer on the shaping stone,
Great wheels along the stream revolving large,
And swift machinery's whirl, and clank, and
groan,
And the fair bridge that spans the yawning gorge,
Which drinks the spray of Chaudiere, leaping
prone,
And spires of silver hue, and belfry's toll,
All strike, like fifty knives, the red man's soul !

XI.

Wide the arena of the naked space
Where broods the City like a mighty bird,
And the Red Spectre from his rock can trace
Her flock of villages, where lately stirred
The bear and wolf, tenacious of their place,
And where the wild cat with her kittens purred ;
Now, while the shades of eve invest the land,
What myriad lights flash out on every hand !

XII.

The dead day's crimson, interwove with brown,
Has wrapped the watcher upon OUSEAU Rock,
And o'er him hangs bright Hesper, like a crown,
As if the hand of Destiny would mock
His soul's eclipse and sorrow-sculptured frown ;
Thick as wild pigeons, dusky memories flock
O'er the wide wind-fall of his fated race,
And thus he murmurs to his native place :—

XIII.

"Our woods are gone, slain by the white man's
hand,
And piled in heaps to glut his fiend of fire ;
The coward ox has bowed to his command
And bore the slavish yoke through snow and
mire,
And far away—I scarce can understand—
Rush fiery buffaloes as if in ire ;
Dragging strange wigwams o'er an iron path,
Which soundeth like a far-off tempest's wrath.

* Wa-wa.—*The Wild Goose.*

Some of the above stanzas were published in Ottawa in 1858.

C A S E.

'Howe'er it be—it seems to me—
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

TENNYSON.

IF you search through the whole south of Eng-
land, or indeed a much wider range, it would be
very difficult to find a more pretty, compact, little,
ancient city than C—, with its venerable
market-cross in the centre, and diverging avenues,
named so rightly after the points of the compass,
and its four quadrangles made by the intersection
of the streets. Its cathedral, where beauty
atones for the absence of vastness, and the fine
remains of old ramparts, planted with rows of
trees seemingly as old, throw a look of verdant
freshness on the time-stained buildings and quiet
thoroughfares. Indeed, the faint strangers find
with C— is its quietude. Once a week, on
market-days, the tradespeople seem to wake up
to the propriety of airing their shops by setting
open the doors, and slightly renovating the
windows ; and the young traders put on their
smartest clothes and smiles, and talk of being
busy. When the short-lived excitement of that
time is over, they all seem to doze away until, in

XIII.

Here dwelt within the compass of my gaze,
All whom I ever loved, and none remain
To cheer the languor of my wintry days,
Or tread with me across the misty plain,
A solitary tree, the bleak wind strays
Among my boughs, which moaningly com-
plain ;
Familiar voices whisper round and say,
Seek not to find our graves ! away ! away !

XIV.

The sire who taught my hands to hold the bow,
The mother who was proud of my renown,
On them no more the surly tempests blow,—
How little do they heed or smile, or frown,
The Summer's blossoms or the Winter's snow !
With them, at last, I thought to lay me down,
Where birds should sing and wild deer safely play,
And endless woods fence out the glare of day.

XV.

Friend of my youth, my Wa-wa* Height, adieu !
No more shall I revisit thee, no more
Gaze from thy summit on the upper blue,
And listen to the Rapid's pleasing roar ;
I go, my elder brother, to pursue
The Elk's great shadow on a distant shore,
Where Nature, still unwounded, wears her
charms,
And calls me, like a mother, to her arms."

XVI.

He ceased and strode away ; no tears he shed,
A weakness which the Indian holds in scorn,
But sorrow's moonless midnight bowed his head,
And once he looked around—Oh ! so forlorn !
I bated for his sake the rockless tread
Of human Progress,—on his race no morn,
No noon of happiness shall ever beam ;
They fade, as from our waking fades a dream.

MONTREAL.

due order, market-day comes round again. The
cathedral chimes echo musically through the
tranquil streets, and even the little urchin, going
to or from school, are far more staid than in other
places : they hear their own voices so plainly,
that in the shadow of the cathedral, and amid
the cloistered arches, a sort of hush falls on them,
and keeps them in check until they are past the
old lime-tree avenue and in the breezy fields, and
then it is noticeable that most of them look back
with an air of defiance, and shout so lustily that
many maiden ladies of our city, startled by the
distant noise, are wont to speak most gloomily
of the rising generation, and wonder what the
world is coming to. There is, however, one
characteristic of C—, even more marked than
its quietude, and on which its inhabitants greatly
pride themselves. It is a most select, exclusive
city—none of your upsetting modern notions
about 'universal brotherhood,' and 'nature's
gentlemen,' and the 'nobility of worth or talent ;'