

THE
RECLUSE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK,
OR,
HERMIT OF POINT LEPREUX.

DARK was the night, and *drear* the storm that rag'd,
In which the elements appear'd engaged
In unison, to fling destruction o'er
The late calm waters and the slumb'ring shore.
The vivid lightning would e'en now pass by,
And, passing, mock the eagle's piercing eye!
The fiery fluid from the vaulted sky,
Would here and there in quick succession fly.
And now the thunder peal'd tremendously—
Thunder, 'bout which so many disagree!
Some say, that "'tis God's voice in angry mood
"For wickedness committed since the flood;"
And others note it of "*volcanic* birth,
'Struggling to free itself from out the earth!"
Who's right or wrong, is all unknown to me—
Suffice it, 'tis the work of Deity!