

Half-undistinguish'd by the naked eye,
 Low at my feet, in pigmy semblance, lie!
 Onwards—whilst not a shade intrudes between,
 Expands the area of the checquer'd scene; 20
 All that Creation's rural sceptre yields
 The bloom of vales—the garniture of fields,
 All that of Beauport's crops—of Orlean's charms
 Majestic Lawrence circles in his arms;
 All that the wood primæval, nature's child, 25
 Spreads o'er the rocky steep of vesture wild;
 These fill the void; whilst Alps on Alps arise,
 And bound the prospect to our wearied eyes.
 Yet still the mind—imagination's cell—
 On scenes, which pall the senses, loves to dwell— 30
 Calls up reflection's ever-roving train—
 Links every thought in one successive chain,
 And as those thoughts in Fancy's realms we lose
 Gives birth to song, and consecrates the Muse!
 And yet on thee, no classic wreaths await, 35
 To swell the annals of an ancient state;
 But long and dreary was the night that spread,
 It's Chaos, Lawrence, o'er thy oozy bed!
 In vain the shore, where *now* th' industrious hand
 Of labor glows, and animates the land; 40
 Then free-displaying it's abundant breast
 The plowshare w'ed, and sought to be caress'd;
 In vain the Cedar ting'd the perfum'd gale;
 And stately Pines wav'd on the upland dale;
 In vain the Maple wept her sweets around, 45
 And fruits spontaneous melted on the ground;
 There nought was heard throughout the lengthen'd shore
 Save the dull Bear's reiterated roar;
 There the sleek Elk with bounding spirit rov'd,
 The shaggy Buffaloe majestic mov'd; 50
 The Mammoth, hugest in the brutal train,
 Towr'd to the sky, and stalk'd across the plain,
 Drank the discolor'd river from it's bed,
 And shook the mountains at his every tread.
 (Sole suicide, save man) the crested snake, 55
 Rattled her folds and rustled thro' the brake;
 The

NOTES.

Ver. 38. Genesis, I. 2.

Ver. 55. The Rattle Snake has been known to bite *itself* when in danger.