

Ye solemn train prepare the funeral song,
 For I must go, to shades below,
 Where all is strange, and all is new—
 Companion to the airy throng,
 What solitary streams,
 In dull and dreary dreams,
 All melancholy, must I rove along ?

To what strange lands must Shalum take
 his way !

Groves of the dead, departed mortals
 trace ;

No deer along these gloomy forests stray,
 No huntsmen there take pleasure in the
 chase ;

But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
 That ramble through these visionary glades ;
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees de-
 pend,

But sickly orchards there
 No fruit as sickly bear :

And apples a consumptive visage shew,
 And withered hangs the hurtle-berry blue.
 Ah me ! what mischiefs on the dead at-
 tend.

When bring a stranger to the shores below,
 Where shall I brook, or real fountain
 find ?

Lazy and sed deluding waters flow—
 Such is the picture of my boding mind !
 Fine tale, indeed they tell
 Of shades and porling rills,
 Where our dead fathers dwell,
 Beyond the western hills :

But when did ghost return his state to
 shew—

Or who can promise half the tale is true ?

I, too, must be a fleeting ghost—no more—
 None—none but shadows to these man-
 sions go :

I leave my woods—I leave the Huron
 shore—

For emptier groves below !
 Ye charming solitudes,
 Ye tall ascending woods,
 Ye glassy lakes, and prattling streams,
 Whose aspect still was sweet,
 Whether the sun did greet,
 Or the pale moon embrac'd you with her
 beams—

Adieu to all !
 To all that charm'd me where I stray'd,
 The winding stream, the dark frequented
 shade ;

Adieu all triumphs here !
 Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
 Adieu the hill's verdant bill,
 And last, the trees, and skies—farewell,
 For some remote sphere !

Perplex'd with doubts and tortured with
 despair,

Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?
 Nature at last these ruins may repair,

When death's long dream is o'er, and
 she forgets to weep :

Some real world once more may be assign'd
 Some newborn mansion for th' immortal
 mind !

Farewell, sweet lake ! farewell surround-
 ing woods ;

To other groves through midnight
 glooms I stray,

Beyond the mountains, and beyond the
 floods,

Beyond the Huron-bay.
 Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me
 low,

My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
 The cheerful bottle, and the venison store ;

For long the journey is, that I must go,
 Without a partner, and without a
 guide.—

He spoke ; and bid th' attending mourn-
 ers weep :

Then closed his eyes—and sunk in endless
 sleep.

S O N N E T.

TO TRANQUILITY.

[By W. H. Reid.]

TRANQUILITY, balm of the toil-
 worn breast,

Oh say, where now at ease thou sit'st
 reclin'd,

Fann'd by the balmy whispers of the
 wind,

Where Peace and Innocence alone's ca-
 res'd !

Still art thou seen upon the mountain's
 brow

Ere breaks the mist from the translucent
 tide,

And heard blythe chaunting to the
 delving plough ?

But baneful luxury, and modern pride,
 Have now the sweets of rural life deny'd,

To swell the city of enormous size,
 Where pleasure fades upon the sickly
 brow :

Ah me ! what plaints for thy lov'd bo-
 som rise,

That never, never shall their wish obtain
 Till death, undreaded, chills the breast of
 pain.