

THE RELATIONS OF THE INDUSTRY OF CANADA WITH THE MOTHER COUNTRY AND THE UNITED STATES, &c., &c. Edited by Henry J Morgan, Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society, and author of sketches of celebrated Canadians, &c.

Our review of this book is thrust out of this number for want of space. It will appear in our next issue. In the mean while, we may say that

the volume deserves a place in every Canadian library.

OUR READERS will observe that in this month's issue we have added to our usual size the following four pages, containing an "Ode on Shakespeare," by Mr. Heavysege, which has already been published in several of the Montreal papers. No apology is required for this, as from Mr. Heavysege's well-known celebrity as a poet, combined with the great importance of the subject to which he has on this occasion dedicated his genius, and the lively interest which every one must take in anything connected with it—it is desirable that it should be preserved in some more enduring form than the columns of a newspaper are capable of providing it with. The Ode, which has been carefully revised for insertion in our pages, it will readily be perceived, is as worthy of the occasion in commemoration of which it was written, as it is of its author's well-deserved fame.

### O D E .

By C. HEAVYSEGE.

*Read at the Shakespeare Ter-centenary celebration in the Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday the 23rd April*

When England, in the gathering years,  
Torn by intestine wars too long,  
Her rival roses drenched with tears,  
And drooping their compeers among;—  
Lying dripping, wet with civil gore,  
Drawn from their cups by native darts;—  
When anarchy from shore to shore,  
Had driven the ploughshare of sharp wrong  
Deep in the rich alluvial loam  
Of those indomitable hearts,  
Contending 'midst our island home;—  
When civil wounds, in after years,  
Were healed, and, from her foreign fears  
Delivered, joyful-breasted, strong,

She, by Heaven's grace,  
Found time and space  
To pile her late opposing spears,  
And bring the harvest home of song,—  
To take her pre-appointed place  
In poetry amongst her peers:

When soft and slow,  
In numbers low,  
As zephyrs blow;  
Or loud and strong  
As ere the high-topped mountain hears,  
She should attune her native tongue,—  
Draw from her language mighty gong  
The fabled music of the spheres:—

When he whose birth  
Should glorify our Isle, the Proud Sea Queen,  
And lend to earth

Its greatest spirit clothed in mortal mien;  
Event sublime,  
Fixed from Eternity,

And silent following in the suit of Time:  
When he should come,  
Whose genius, as a new, rejoicing sun,  
Quenching the fixed stars and slow retiring moon,  
Should cause to pale the lights of classic Greece,  
And dim the splendours of Augustan Rome;—

When he whose name  
Should be the synonym of Fame,  
Enduring as the heaven's frame;  
To whom Renown

Should give this globe as an enduring crown,  
Make earth become,  
Each zone a circling tier for him to wear  
O'er his eternal eyes and bright brows never bare;  
Even as should a dazzling diamond dome,  
Poised in the crystal ocean of the air,  
With silver music of the crispad foam,  
Refulgent rise and dwell for ever there.

When he should as a sign appear,  
Upon the set, the sacred year,  
Awhile to stay,

To spend a day,  
A passing Pilgrim on his way  
Unto that bourne

From whence no traveller doth return,  
To tell the tale of that mysterious clime  
Wherein, unshorn

Of his broad beams, he sits in a perpetual prime;—  
Sits the chiefest of his race,  
Paragon in pride of place,

Strength and beauty in embrace;  
Pinnacle of Empyrean height,  
Living orb of living light;  
First of those whose fame must shine,  
The limited, illustrious line,

That rules in thought's serene abodes,  
The mind's majestic demi-Gods;  
Stars that differ in degree,  
Genius' glorious galaxy,  
Each crowned with his peculiar beam,  
Yet one confessed to shine supreme  
Amongst them, in that fulgent zone—  
One dazzling, all excelling Throne;  
That was, and is, and is to be,  
Beyond compare, beyond degree,  
And, our own Shakspeare—that were thee.

Hail! August Shade, Imperial Power,  
To whom in this ovative hour  
We draw in awful reverence near,—  
Approach with love akin to fear.  
Assembled twixt these narrow walls,  
Wherein thy silent influence falls  
We claim thee as our joy, our pride,  
Our benefactor, friend, and guide.—  
As pious sons with souls sincere,  
Their father's memory revere,  
So we would now award the whole,  
The homage of the inmost soul;  
The treasury of the time-paid mail  
Swell with the mite of our, "All Hail!"  
With our "All Hail!" would swell the cry  
That unto us seems sweeping by  
In steady gale, in half-hushed storm,  
Whereon proud rides thy radiant form.  
As Jove once rode the shining spheres  
Thou ridest now the rolling years.  
The rolling years, that low rejoice  
With solemn hum, like his huge voice,  
Henry Niagara heard afar,