

THE ENQUIRER.

77

MY FAVOURITE FLOWER.

With all the pageantry of phrase
Some eulogize the lily,
While some the rose and tulip praise,
With affectation silly;
But oh! the flower of my choice
Boasts use with beauty's power;
I'll eulogize with heart and voice,
The charming Cauliflower!

Like some great doctor's powdered wig,
With zone of green lard belted;
But sweeter still with fowl or pig,
Served up with butter melted!
Oh tender flower, much approved,
Gem of the festal hour!
My gums to press thy charms are moved,
Soft, luscious Cauliflower!

The garden's pride, the garden's boast!
Of culinary glory,
Long mayest thou grace the boiled and roast,
And shine in future story!
Oh, in season dry and hot,
Ne'er mayest thou want a shower;
Nor I, thy bard, to fill thy pot,
A thumping Cauliflower!

JERRY MANSELL.

THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE.

Blooming as youthful beauty rose the morn
Unclouded, as the ray of Hope's bright dawn
That gilds existence with its cheering beam
And calms life's torrent, to a placid stream.

So beam'd the day, in diamond brightness clear
Shedding its gilded rays, on wild Chaudiere
Whose Waters swollen to their utmost height
Roll'd o'er their rocky bed, as crystal bright.

The Foaming Spray, rising like fleecy smoke
Forth from the Gulf whose horrid dinning broke
The still calm of Nature's peaceful tone
Despotic monarch of a roaring throne.