

Sad, tho' th' exhausted genius of the storm
 In the dense clouds should veil his slumbering form,
Shivering with ne'er a stove to keep him warm ;
 Sad, tho' his voice be hush'd o'er sea and isle,
 When, from the work of wrath he breathes awhile,
He, like the angry viper, bites the file ;
And sad, O sad,— 't is thus the asses bray,—
 When, as the tints of Autumn fade away,
 The viewless hand of ruin and decay,
 Flings o'er the misty lake and sombre hill,
 Sepulchral silence, desolate and chill,
Enough us, with blue devils, all to fill.

Yet cease ye fond regrets ! that vainly rise
 For lovelier evenings past, and brighter skies :
And here Tom Tan would swear, Goddamn my eyes !
 Hark ! from the stillness of nocturnal gloom
 Unearthly tones of soothing music come ;
For see, Tresillian, breaking from his tomb ;
 'T is 'Hope th' enchantress !' rising doubly bright
 From shades that vanish at the glorious light
Blazing from verses of the doughty knight ;
 She sings that absent spring will soon return
 To grace with flowers her renovated urn ;
Like butter, nonsense into rhymes to churn ;
And tell—what no one ever heard before,—
 Brief is the space ere winter's reign be o'er,
 When earth shall smile in verdure as before.(3)
 But, ah ! there is a winter, dark and drear,
 That changeth not, with nature's changing year ;—
(But this, you scarce will understand, I fear,
Tho' beautifully metaphors here roll.—)
 Hope cannot gild the gloom of its controul—(4)
 The cheerless, chill, December of the soul !
 A mockery of life,—a living grave,
 Deep, dark, and sluggish (5) as th' Asphaltic wave !
And so concludes this melancholy stave.

(3) We are doubly obliged to Tresillian here, first for informing us that Canadian winters are very *brief*, and secondly that when spring returns we shall see the green fields again ; a sight which his patrons wanted to deprive me of during the remainder of my life.

(4) "Hope gilding the gloom of a wintry controul," is certainly a most wildly beautiful metaphor, if one could but understand it.

(5) Here a grave, besides being deep and dark, is said to be *sluggish*.—The image of th' Asphaltic wave, again betrays the thievish disposition of Tresillian, who has plundered this from my poet in ordinary, S. H. W. in whose parody on the *Man of Ross* (Vol. II. p. 38) the *falsa imago* of that character which appeared last year in the person of Mr. Chisholm, is likened to

A sinful black DEAD SEA without a shore.