

## STANZAS,

saving from that common fate, of being  
 burn to light a cigar, "OCCASIONAL VERSES,"  
 read by Mr. James Montgomery, the Chris-  
 tian Poet, at the Sheffield Soiree, in honor of  
 the Royal Nuptials. Published in the Hu-  
 lar (N. S.) Guardian.

ur, unassuming flower of poesy,  
 save thee from a common desecration :  
 at well might light, in meek Montgomery,  
 a flame of just, and righteous indignation—  
 see this tribute of his loyalty,  
 Consign'd to such a shameful degradation,  
 royal wrath, well might Victoria frown,  
 this vile act, as treason to her crown.

watchful Guardian's columns could not  
 guard,

From outrage vile, the Royal Nuptials' song ;  
 or shield from insult, Sheffield's Christian  
 Bard ;

Nor save the royal pair so deep a wrong—  
 Sovereign and Poet share but low regard,  
 However flatter'd by a courtly throng—  
 what of these? whilst here I find, O shame!  
 the king of kings—the great Jehovah's name.

faceforward none may blame the grocer  
 dame,

Who wrap'd her snuff in leaves of an old  
 bible—

er give that subject an approbrious name,  
 Who calls his king a knave, altho' a libel—  
 line a trunk with Byron's works of fame,  
 Or roll up curls with Milton's were a foible,  
 or this, what punishment is too severe?  
 is well th' Attorney Gen'ral is not here!

faceforward let no Bard be such an ass,  
 To rack his brain for fame—a vain illusion—  
 however well he write, alas, alas,

His fame must wait his body's dissolution—  
 whilst yet alive, his works, like kindred grass,  
 May meet with fire, or snuff, or worse pol-  
 lution,

an this was doom'd to meet, each verse and  
 line,

lest modest Bard, Montgomery, of thine.

he who never wrote a word impure,  
 Nor rais'd a blush on modest maiden's cheek,  
 whose song divine should evermore endure,  
 The chaste, humane, the modest and the  
 meek,

treated thus, my muse, art thou secure?  
 Restrain thy tongue—no more presume to  
 speak ;

er let thy wounded feelings rise in war,  
 should thy poor fragment light a fop's cigar.

Although I ne'er have seen the author's face,  
 Strong ties unseen, a kindred spirit bind—  
 All bards are brothers—neither time nor space,  
 Can break the bonds fraternal, of their kind—  
 And, rescu'd now, from such a deep disgrace,  
 I'll safely keep this offspring of his mind—  
 This sparkling gem, this flower of beauteous  
 bloom,

May charm some eye when I am in the tomb.

St. John, 1843.

J. REDFERN.



VANITY.—We conceive Vanity, to be a species of *petty pride* by which humanity distorts its nature, and thus renders itself ridiculous to men of sense.

Of all the infirmities with which the human mind is afflicted, the disease of vanity is, perhaps, the most pitiable. Pride, although evinced on worthless pursuits, is, to some extent, tolerable, inasmuch, as it is occasionally a becoming, as well as an inherent quality of our nature. *Inconstancy* is a deplorable evil, inseparable from the human heart, and therefore partially excusable. *Intemperance*, when, through the weakness of the understanding, we suffer it to rule our reason, renders us, at once, objects, both odious and indelicate; yet, not utterly hopeless. But, alas! VANITY, that voluntary creation of a vitiated judgment,—the food of coxcombs; the lure of fools; and the ridicule of reason; surpasses them all,—because of its detestable insignificance—its abominable pusillanimity. What then, we inquire, is its effect? In what consists a competent remedy for this sad and pitiful disease of the human mind? Shall we grieve, because our nature submits to so dire a calamity? Shall we despond, because we possess no efficient panacea for the loathsome evil? Nay, rather let us *laugh* at the self-created victim of public derision, whose delight is nonsense, and whose surname is Folly;—bearing in mind the import of the experienced fact, that amongst the sons of vanity, *ridicule* frequently effects what the best directed *reason* too often fails to accomplish.

To him who is the prey of vanity, life is little better than the shadow of a dream. Observe the Hero, whom, alas! depraved taste, pampered by a vitiated judgment, has pronounced the most elevated and renowned of human characters;—what is he, but the mere *bubble* of a corrupt, debased, and unholy ambition; not less demoralized in principle than barbarous in occupation! What, we calmly ask, are the grand objects of his risks and pri-