

The Duke of Kent's Visit to Niagara 80 Years Ago.

INVOCATION.

Ye denizens of cities, list, I pray,
To the rough measure of a sylvan lay;
Though one from foreign lands I bring,
'Tis not of courts,—a people rude I sing.

In Grecian classics, lands of old,
The heroic bard, as we've been told,
Was wont, with garland bays to think,
And from the sacred fountain drink:

What spot inspiring more to stand,
And drink the waters from your hand,
While Iris tips the rough rocks now,
And leaves are waving round your brow.

Look up and see yon gossamer span,
Work great as earth displays of man!
A sound disturbs the cataract's roar,
That sound the giant throbs before.

It's past; and silence as of yore
Reigns, ruler of the scene once more.
Improvements cease to intervene,
When cataract alone is seen.

Regard again a Fall whose power,
Exalted ages as this hour,
And will to future ages last,
As strong as now, and as the past.

Forget not ye who now in car,
Ride swiftly to the scene from far,
How hard it was of them the tread,
Who o'er this pleasant road first sped.

No vigorous shoot obstructs the way,
No wood's inhabitant strike with dismay,
Cleared all those terrors from the road,
O'er which in their reverse our fathers trod.

PART I.

DEBARKATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Long time laborious at the oar
Had toiled a crew who now no more,
With earliest dawn, with latest night,
Had stemm'd the stream with skill and might.

With pole to push and rope to tow
Up rapids, and swift currents go;
Escaped they have the tedious river,
Accompanied by its labours ever.

The summer past and nearly o'er,
The pleasant time of sun and shower,
Some misty days had hid the sun
As if his conquering season'd run.

And days resplendent do appear,
As brighter he'd the season cheer,
And then a crimson hue o'ercast,
As if that bright hue was to last.

But yet it is the hectic glow
That brightens loveliest—ere we go
Alternately, as joy and grief,
That comes before the fall of leaf.

Canadian youths in contest spend
Their time, and thus their manners mend.
Magazines nor novels they peruse,
But with the song themselves amuse.

Work over now, hours to employ,
Time to fill up and not destroy.
Recumbent they await the gale,
Impatiently to raise the sail.

A tasteful contest their repast,
And to the dark the strife doth last,
Then French Canadian boatmen sing,
And make the neighbouring landing ring;

Acadian youths in contest spend
The time, and thus their habits mend;
Milebean strains are their repast;
Late in the night their contests last.

Trav'lers on shore pleased umpires are,
While listening to the wordy war,
And then in contest they engage,
A similar strife of words they wage.

VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

The furs that warm us, and the lights that cheer,
We owe them both unto the land so drear,
Where whale and walrus through seas do roll,
That circle round the distant icy pole.

The wild moose fattens by the silent lake,
The timid *Lepus* browses upon the brake;
And there the trapper bold, all winter long,
By that white lake watches the beaver throng.

In hopes the winter o'er, well filled his barque,
He needs to watch no more white lake with borders dark,
But that returned upon St. Lawrence shores
May its cheerful waters see upon his gotten stores.

In storms without, while all within is joy,
No fears of want or care his peace destroy;
With many cheerful, happy friends to see,
Music, the jovial dance and revelry.

SECOND VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

Oh, from that dismal, dreary shore,
Keep me from journeying evermore,
Where gloomy swamps, with treach'rous ice,
Engulf the wight, beavers entice.

Where currents round the bays do flow,
With fields of sunken ice below,
No streams the tide of commerce bear,
To cities on its banks that are.

And when the sun upon the scene,
Less period gives the nights between,
We leave the rivers, swamps and fogs,
And not till then we find repose.

In song again the first makes his refrain,
I'm on the snow! I'm on the snow!
The blue above and white below,
And silence whoso'er I go.

My team well matched, I'm sure to beat
Any cariole I chance to meet.
Where I love to go, I'm on the snow,
I'm on the snow—I'm on the snow.

With cheerful bells,
Across the mountains, plains, and dells,
With fur robes warm, preserved from harm,
What care I whether it storm or shine?

The joyous sleigh ride still is mine.
My dogs I train to the gliding car,
I go where no intruders are.
Chorus—I'm on the snow, &c.

It is pleasant in winter time to go,
When the broad earth is clad with snow,
Upon the lake or pond's broad breast,
That like a creature is taking rest.

Tied by the bond of rigid frost,
While late it was with surges toss'd,
To bind on the feet the slippery skate,
Strike o'er its plain at a fearful rate.

To shoot far o'er the glassy ice,
And make with the skate the curved device,
Those who on earth do slowly go,
Know not the joys the skaters know.

The joyful flood that thro' the veins
Exulting throbs, as he upward reins,
Then away, away, by the sloping glade,
Or by the wood, with its darkening shade.

'Till tired of sport he homeward hies,
And looks on the world with kinder eyes;
Looks about him and up with grateful mind,
For an hour of pleasure so refined.

When the frost of age my limbs hath bound,
May I be in a snow wreath found;
For the snow to me a bed hath been
More soft than downy couch hath seen,
And spread the blue vault with riches o'er,
Than o'er had painted roofs before.

His opposing friend yet once again,
In praise of settlements awakes the strain,
And keeps the active contest on,
Touching the subject he's upon;
My thoughts are where I'd like to be
When the storms of life do visit me;
With a large stove warm, preserved from harm,
From dangers free, no more I roam,
For I'm at home, for I'm at home.

Battle the elements as they may,
I've left my wanderings many a day.
A storm may rise and the wind may blow,
What matter? I've nowhere to go.
Nowhere to go, no more I roam,
For I'm at home—for I'm at home.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

The camp fire sheds its ruddy glow,
Its shadow dances the trees among,
And all the west was fire below,
Translucent with the setting sun.

Two wanderers all pensive sat,
Their aspect towards the east they cast,
And then in mutual strains relate
Each to his fellow, 'plaints he cast.

Why did I leave my native strand,
This almost verge of earth to gain?
Why did I leave my pleasant land
To take this voyage o'er the plain?

The days pass by, weeks disappear,
And yet the distant verge the same,
Nor o'er associates appear,
Nor friend that I can call by name.

Why trusted I the siren's strain?
Why noticed I her treacherous beck?
Were dangers more not there to gain
Without enduring total wreck.

Could not his Majesty me give
A post worthy ambition's fire,
Where I in fields of marshalled foes
Could show the valor such inspire?

A savage oft with glistening eye
Around our watch fire nightly prowls,
Silently our state doth spy,
While distantly the wild wolf howls.

The foe who keeps you verge so tame,
My form this moonlight night will show,
And quickly by his steady aim
Shall lay my new flegged honors low.

Perhaps full sure his aim he'll give,
My sacrifices they will know,
In after ages I shall live
And Westminster a scroll bestow.

Perhaps a wound; the boon recall—
I shall from Majesty receive,
No joy so great—come, friendly ball,
Benumbed my frame no pain shall feel.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

One who had also viewed the scene,
In another light this answer gave,
One who had longer dweller been
Regarded it with thoughts less grave.

With you the memory of the past,
It's pressed thro' fragrant flowers,
The moss that clothes its broken walls
The ivy of its flowers
I love; but yet this scene
Presents a sight to memory green.
We've mountains and hills, but's to see them,
We've valleys and rivulets around,
Barrens and morasses but's to flee them,
Sunny hill sides ever abound.

The prospect you say it is gloomy,
For yet it recalls where we've been,
The country abounds, land is roomy,
And hope it will brighten the scene.

Through the dark wood's dome I love to roam
In a day serene and clear,
When all around no sight of man
Or his labours doth appear.

To skim along through the canopied woods,
Amid the brave old trees,
While their bare still branches stand aloft
Unmoved by a single breeze.

To sit me down on some mossy bank,
By the root of some time-worn tree,
And with his fellows around me there,
Converse most socially.

What time was it when ye commenced
Your leafy tops to raise?
What age was it when ye commenced
To pierce the azure skies?

Were centuries, three or four,
When you commenced to grow,
Did ye supplant some other stock?
Could speak ye, only know.

Or do ye count by cycles?
Have periods passed along,
Since you began to raise your tops,
A broad and leafy throng?

Your sires were they above the ground
When Rome's primeval race
Commenced the arduous struggle,
Time's historic page to grace?

Speak, for your time has come at last
When down your race must cease,
For I have heard the axeman's ring
That makes your race give place.

Thus passed the time between them both,
Nor finished was the contest quite
To break the charm, each friend was loth
Till passed the evening into night.

The breeze now freshened, and other care
Attracts those who contesters were,
And to make ready all prepare,
And soon aroused, were all astrir.

EMBARKING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

St. George's pennant rises high,
For the first time in western sky;
As from the barge of voyageur,
Rapids all pass'd, and now secure
Steps one, who not afraid of danger,
More to the barge than brig a stranger.

Promptly the anchor up they hie,
The winds in favor quickly fly,
Swiftly passed by * Desalle's stone fort,
Once the explorer's famed resort;
Nor dreams of India filled the mind
By him, alas! too soon designed.
As the staunch vessel on ward flies,
What charming land before us lies,
"Prince Edward's" that, the guide replied,
Nor maps have yet that fact denied.

The day passed on, with it declined
The favor of the eastern wind,
At length the moon takes up her place,
Do neighbouring islets favouring grace,
Charming abode for chieftain's daughter,
Those trees among what grows from water?

The night breeze freshening from the land
Causes once more sails to expand,
An early morning dawns before
The barrier of an opposing shore,
The fleecy cloud slowly expands,
What country this? the *Prince* demands.

An eastern swell had raised the sea,
Which now the son of Neptune'd flee;
A ready barge their wants supply,
Soon up a quiet pond they fly.
A settler prompt as words arise,
A knowledge of the land supplies.
* Now Kingston.

† Toronto.

ORIGIN OF "SMOKEY HOLLOW."

Imposed you have, illustrious guest a task
To raise with feeble means oblivion's mask,
And of a country tell so illy known,
A settlement that but twelve years hath grown.

Hard is the task you lay, but then
The trials and the griefs of heroic men,
Relate of those who toiled this land to make,
For which their pleasant homes they did forsake.

To clear the woods and make of deserts wild,
A "forest desert" where the sun ne'er smiled,
A peopled country, ope'd to the expanse of heaven,
Filled with the bounteous fruits of Providence given.

And how of old when France's power
Arose in the north and towards the south did pour,
'Gainst whom? Up to our rangers then,
Secured the dark woods a band of venturous men.

How with each Scotia's hardy son,
The early contest seawards was begun,
Would favouring time allow to tell
What deeds of daring then befel.

Suffice it then, if from so great a theme
I take a humbler part, nor shame it deem,
To tell of a small spot and of a little band,
Who came and settled 'mong the first the land;
Perhaps enlarge and on the subject draw,
And tell of all we heard, or read, or saw.

In Mohawk's large and fertile vale,
A German race the flats assail,
Whose quiet habits you may trace
From traditions of the ancestral race;
Among the friends of Britain's fame,
A veteran band from eastward came,
And "Butler's Rangers" was their name.
Much has been said and more might still
Of what they've done both good and ill;
But lack the time, had I the will
Them to unfold, am therefore still.

Of all the land they took the pick,
Where twist high banks there runs this creek,
On chosen spot, foundations lays,
And each one's house together raise.

From deep woods towards un'customed skies
A hamlet's smoke doth quickly rise;
Soon in the wilds new scenes appear,
Where once the beach his top did rear,
Now levelled to the ground they are,
And the rich earth obeys man's labouring care.

When now the din of war is o'er,
And their hands no more imbrued in gore,
The quiet settled, raise large shoals of boys,
Whose simple lives replete with wild wood joys.

The old man settled down their life,
No more with trees they wage the strife;
But whether it was from huge fires raised,
Which caused the new ones to be amazed;
Or whether from their pipes, as some do say,
That from their door or chimney wends its way;
Be't as it may, the people gave the name
Of "Smoky Hollow," not without its fame.

The women spin to pass the day,
The children 'neath the trees do play,
And rural toil, with rural joy,
The cheerful time of all employ.

PART II.

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

With gracious thanks the *Prince* replied,
And tokens worthy, more supplied.
The eastern wind had changed to north,
Tossed were the billows in their wrath.

He who had steered upon the ocean
His ship, now felt the wild commotion
While buffeting opposing wind,
The light of day had ne'er declined,

When winding round a point once more,
Behold an opening in the shore,
Briefly conflicting waves oppose,
And then the crew did calm repose.

A greeting on the land they find,
To which they were not disinclined,
The hospitality of their host they test,
Nor are due honors spared their guest.

A friendly table broad is laid,
And dainties from afar displayed,
The forest did its game afford,
Rich venison crowned the ample board.

The friendly greeting had first shook,
The feast the royal toast partook,
The night with dance and cards dispose,
And daylight dawned before repose.

The morn had brought them from the fort,
Where e stored within its ample halls,
Spoils of the traders who there resort
For safety in its staunch stone walls.

Where naval men before resort,
In council grave the Governor sat,
Nor had the council raised yet,
Debating on the new Land Grant.

Nor they alone, the Indian band,
To meet their eastern friends resort,
Together with one heart and hand,
The title to their land support.

The Governor sat to say a word,
Respectful stood they all,
Completely still was every sound
In that debating hall.

You left your home and country,
The land where you were born,
The happy land of childhood,
Of manhood's early dawn.

The rock clothed grassy hills,
The waving corn grown plain,
Where nought reached you of the
Which now to you remain.

And well you summed the cost,
You would not bear the ready taunt
Nor brook, when all was lost,
To have the scornful finger cast.

Tory is he from old and young,
Expressed with laugh and jeer,
The thought that through your strong frames run
Was not the thought of fear.

Then to the wilds and to the stream,
Your precious charge you trust,
And look into the western realms
For the reward that's due the just.

Towards them and their dark isles then
You cast your troubled anxious ken,
And feeling that to keep you up
Ye need all—be vigorous men.

Butler, Johnson, with you I leave
Claus, Tenbroeck and Paulding too,
I trust in friendship you'll remain,
And each to all prove true.

Wait yet I fear my trusty friends
When all finished in our cause,
The difference of settlers
Oft will cause to break the laws.

Give ye my friends the Sheriff aid,
Regard ye his command,
The laws when made must be obeyed,
Then lend a helping hand.

Nor fear in want to suffer here,
For barges still will ply
Up every creek, up every pond,
Your wants they shall supply.

I now toward our new bourne tend,
Beverly, Fay, Jones with me,
Brant now, once Johnson's friend,
Our firm and staunch ally.

A shout arose from the brave band,
A shout that rent the skies,
And towards the chief who rose,
Alike were turned all eyes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DICKENS' complete works have been printed in twenty-four different American editions.

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries, is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues," she sang in the church choir. Two hours afterward, one tongue was found sufficient to scandalize four-fifths of the women in three counties.

MR. LUIGI MONTI, a gentleman who is about to give some lectures in Boston, is said to be the original of Mr. Longfellow's character of the "Young Sicilian" in the "Wayside Inn."

THE City of Milan has just decided on the erection, on the Piazza del Duomo, of a colossal statue of the late King Victor Emmanuel, in bronze, at a cost of 400,000fr. A competition amongst Italian artists has been opened.

"NEVER kiss a young girl if she doesn't want you to," says an article on the "Art of Kissing." But pretty often when a girl says she doesn't want you to kiss her is the very time that she does want you to; and you'd better take the benefit of the doubt.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved a tall maiden of infinite reach, who can always survey the top of your head and tell you when the part runs even, and send an arm up to light the chandelier without having to be lifted up to it.

Two thousand bottles of champagne, 1,000 of claret, 2,000 litres of punch, 2,400 litres of syrup and iced coffee, 4,000 cups of chocolate, 20,000 cakes, 20,000 sandwiches and rolls, 500 fowls, 400 partridges, fifty hams and 200 pounds of candy were consumed by the guests at Marshal MacMahon's Versailles *fete*.