

The writer of the following Verses, lays no claim to originality, or the favour of the Muses. The tantalizing nature of his occupation, (that of "chopping the mind into bits for babes") precludes the possibility of cultivating what small share of mental talent, nature may have allotted to him. If, however, he has succeeded in giving expression to any of those heart-stirring feelings which must, in a greater or less degree, pervade the breast of every son of the mountain, who has had the pleasure of perusing Wilson's beautiful and accurate delineations, of the manners, customs, and scenery, of his native land—all the purpose of his writing is accomplished. He has only to add, that the more immediate cause of his appearing before the public was the delay which took place, either in the printing or forwarding of the 10th number of the Canadian edition of "*The Tales of the Borders*."

Thrice welcome to my woodland cot,
Though long delayed, yet hast thou not
Neglected to appear at last,
Recalling dreams of days gone past.

Though far removed from Scotia's strand,
My oft-remembered native land—
Her fertile meads, and dewy dales,
I see in "*Wilson's Border Tales*."

Her beauteous maids and manly sons—
Her mountains clad with blooming whins—
Her level lawns, bedeck't with green,
Out-vieing "gold or jewels' sheen."

Her heroes who, in days of yore,
For freedom freely shed their gore,
Here, by a master-hand pourtrayed,
Are all before the mind arrayed.

'Tis sweet to bend th' enraptured thought,
On scenes, where youthful fancy wrought
In dreams, the schemes of coming years,
Where no grief-boding cloud appears.

On scenes, where op'ning manhood wove
The ardent lays of early love,
To some fair rustic maid address'd,
Whose sighs requiting love confest.

On scenes where flowed the social glass
"To friendship's growth" unequalled bliss,
When bosom cronies, tried and true,
Could e'en our griefs with joy bedew.

Whose sacred hours to Friendship given,
Fit emblems of the joys of Heaven—

When mind to mind, and soul to soul,
United rose 'bove earth's control.

Though now beyond the Atlantic's wave
In search of Fortune and a grave—
Though now from friends and home exiled
In far Columbia's sylvan wild.

Although within our social range
We see and feel all faces strange;
Although beneath, above, around,
Strange scenes our mortal part surround

'Mid all the changes of the earth,
We love the land that gave us birth—
No other clime, 'twixt pole and pole,
Can wrest our own land from the soul!"

Oh then declare the tribute due
To him, who can those scenes renew—
And make them o'er the soul return
"In thoughts that breathe and words th'
burn."

More worthy he, of patriot's name,
Than he who earns a warrior's fame—
More worthy of a laurel wreath
Than he who glory seeks in death.

And "*Wilson's*" name far famed shall be
Where'er the breeze of Heaven blows;
While Scotia's sons can sing his praise
In their own native, artless lays,

Long may he tread his native sod,
Esteemed by man, and blessed by God
And bid adieu to Earth's renown,
To find in Heaven a matchless crown.

Esquesing, Upper Canada, September 17th, 1839.

W. G. S.

*"Colum, non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt,"