

V.

But "love adds two"—for reader think the number,
 Of melancholly visages you meet,
 Heedless of earthly din—as lifeless lumber—
 Where'er you pass along a well lin'd street,
 In our good City:—think of those who slumber—
 Beneath the clod, whereon men tread their feet;
 Cut down in life's young prime, and the presumption,
 That half, perhaps, or more died with a love consumption.

VI.

Aye, think of this:—and if you have a heart,
 (Or young or old) I pray you guard it well,
 From the assault of bright eyes,—and the dart
 Of wonder working—Cupid, cruel, fell,
 Barbed and keen pointed, to inflict a smart
 Which, 'twere in vain here to attempt to tell,
 The anguish—but this much I can assure ye,
 That many thousand songs will never cure ye,

VII.

Or draw the nail out—I suppose you'd have it,
 By way of keeping up the metaphor.
 What is a metaphor?—But "*gutta cadit*"—
 I stated somewhere back—why, or what for,
 Or what—need not be told—tho' if you crave it,
 Vide Canto first, verse tenth. Oh, I abhor
 These niceties—how much sooner and how ample—
 I think my poem a most excellent ensample.

VIII.

—I love to wander, at the set of sun,
 The fair S. Lawrence's flowing stream beside,
 Now watch her smoothly limpid waters run,
 Then list the gurgling, rippling, rolling tide,
 Or view the proud ship—her long voyage done—
 Safe into port, with look majestic ride,
 And furl her unfurl'd sails—her anchor cast,
 Heedless of future, or of dangers past.

IX.

I love to contemplate the dawning night,
 When darkness sinks by slow degrees around;
 Just so age steals upon the mental sight,
 And leaves the intellect in sorrow bound!
 To watch pale Luna's trembling light,
 When first she breaks upon night's deep profound:
 Her rays are brilliant, but evanish soon,
 And tell all changeable and fickle as the moon.