

THE BALL ROOM.

The sun had sunk beneath the wave,
 And Ev'ning now her shadows gave,
 When forth the Rhymers bent his way
 To view once more Toronto gay.
 To win sweet pleasure's Syren glance,
 And seek her in the sprightly dance;
 The Ball room gain'd, with joy he stood,
 As gaily smiling Beales he view'd.
 * "What a rich scene is here" he cried,
 "What charming Maids, Toronto's pride."
 And soon the Music sweet resounding,
 To its notes responsive sounding;
 See the swains and lovely graces,
 Fly thro' the dance's thrilling mazes.
 O pleasure if thou wouldst controul,
 With Sov'reign sway, his heart and soul,
 'Tis when music's notes delighting,
 Love and DANCE their charms uniting,
 Then the Stoic quits the field,
 Bending with joy to thee he'll yield.
 Whilst round and round his eyes are straying,
 Each fair maid by turns surveying;
 He thought a pleasing Landscape's grace,
 Amongst the lovely groupe he'd trace,
 Of Stature tall and graceful air,
 Behold you mild majestic Fair,
 She may we term, a Lordly Tower;
 Two Myra's each a festive bower,
 So gaily plac'd in pleasing grove,
 The dear abode of smiling love.
 A shrine in that fair maid we see,
 When pilgrims come with bended knee,
 And Hermits from each lonely cell,
 To think of Heaven with Rosabelle.
 The rest we variously may call,
 Pacid here and there a rural Hall,
 Groves, fertile plains, and meadows green,
 In nature's gayest beauty seen.
 And when o'er groves, and lordly towers,
 Meads, fertile plains, and festive bowers,
 When o'er this landscape parting day,

* See Lady of the Lake - FitzJame's exclamation on viewing Lake Cathlamet, gave the idea of forming the Ball room into a Landscape.

Given
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 M.

St. 19