

to avoid meeting with his enemies. They searched in vain for him, and were just embarking, when they observed the poor fellow coming towards them, but so emaciated and worn-out that they had difficulty in recognising him. He seemed hardly able to drag his wearied limbs towards them; and as he neared, to a low and plaintive air, he sang some verses, which detailed all the particulars of the late tragedy. He was immediately offered food, which he would not taste; reason had resigned its empire o'er his soul, and in a few hours after he expired. His remains lie interred on yonder hill, and the spot is visited to this day, by those of his calling who pass this romantic place. The verses he composed, the old voyageurs who have settled about the river still have in full recollection, and many often be heard emitting in song the same scene over again.

Bytown, October, 1845.

LIFE.

A fleeting, changing world is this of ours,
Its path now strewn with thorns, anon with flow'rs;
One moment clouds and darkness most profound,
The next 'tis light and sunshine all around.
Now hope, the bright-eyed seraph, cheers us on,
But quick she flies—her last faint ray is gone;
Despair with frowning brow usurps her place,
His sable wing effacing every trace
Of those bright visions she had raised so fair,
Till all is doubt, and fear, and trembling care.
Full oft the merry laugh of careless glee,
The gay outpouring of hearts light and free
Is chang'd even in its birth for grief's loud wail.
The face so flush'd with joy, turns ashy pale,
The sparkling eye suffused with sudden tears,
Oft, too, a moment does the work of years;
Wielding the weapon of some mighty grief,
It crushes all the heart, (oh! work how brief!)
Or with some long-desired blessing brings
A balm for rankling sorrows on its wings.
What is this world, then, but a feverish dream,
Where joy and grief alternate reign supreme;
Each for its own brief moment. Where the soul
Is longing ever for some distant goal
Still unattainable—till Death at last
Comes when least looked for, and the dream is past!

M. A. M.

Montreal, October 20, 1845.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE FRENCH.

By thee, on the sand of this shore,
Our ciphers in union were traced;
But the fugitive billows roll'd o'er,
And the writing was quickly effaced.
Yet this emblem of love, though so frail
That the water soon swept it away;
Not so soon, O thou false one! did fall
As the passion 'twas meant to display.

THE MOON.

The moon looks down from high,
And shines on the stumbling earth:
Oh! who can tell how many an eye,
Of sorrow or of mirth,
Looks up to the silent moon at night,
When on she moves in her silvery light.

But aye the moon rolls on,
And little knoweth she
How the sad spirit pours its moan,
When none but she may see—
How many an eye is sadly bent
On her lone path in the firmament.

O say, doth the cold moon know
How oft I have gazed on her,
And when storm-winds o'er my spirit blow,
How she its depths can stir?—
How she can speak to my inmost heart,
And joy and woe she can impart?

Say, doth the cold moon know,
How, on a wintry night,
The scene that best I love below,
I looked on by her light?
And, while a cloud upon me fell,
I sighed my long and last farewell.

And hath the moon forgot,
How, on the dark-blue sea,
I looked on her face, and mourn'd the lot
That parted my home and me?
And how, when fated far to roam,
I loved her for shining upon my home.

I see the moon to-night.
But other thoughts are mine,
Than when first the fair and glorious light
I watched of the calm moonshine:
The freshness of feeling for aye is fled;
Already I guess how feel the dead.

Well!—and upon my grave
The moon's faint beams will be;
And its rays will tinge the boughs that wave
Of the grim old church-yard tree;
Yet changeless and sweet, in the distant sky,
She will float in her serenity.

I love not, then, the moon,
For she doth not care for me;
She would smile alike on the spot as soon
Where my last long home will be.
Forgetting thee, as I am forgot,
Passionless moon, I love thee not!

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

Come, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant winter shade the scene;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And every warbler mourns his reign.

Yet what to me the howling wind?
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies:
Or what the cloud to me, who find
Eternal sunshine in thine eyes!