

Albion's fairest fields forsaken,  
 Shall delight my eye no more;  
 Nor mine ear the murmuring billows:  
 Rolling round her sea-girt shore.

Swift before the tempest flying,  
 Now we plough the foamy deep;  
 All I once held dear behind me!  
 Have I not then cause to weep?

But each sigh my bosom swelling,  
 E'er it rises is repress'd;  
 My Alcander is before me;  
 His kind care will make me blest.

Ocean's thunders roar around me,  
 Dread Canadian wilds before—  
 Ocean's waves shall not confound me;  
 I've a friend on yonder shore.

Whither do the fates command me,  
 Untried scenes of life to prove;  
 Yet I must not be complaining,  
 For it is th'award of love.

Woods and wilds shall not affright me,  
 They in vain shall spread alarms,  
 When Alcander is beside me,  
 Shall the wilderness have charms.

Love, O love! thou sovereign passion,  
 Sweetest monarch of the breast,  
 Whose'er obeys thy truest mandates  
 Is on earth supremely blest.

ELVIRA.



GUESTICUS, SANDY, FEE-PAW-FUM, THEODORE, and other articles are reserved for the next number of the Domestic Intelligencer. Space has not allowed of ABELARD this week.

The speech of the Honourable TORY LOVERULE and the proceedings at the meeting held on the 18th of December, for the suppression of laughing, are too long; if possible to be curtailed, their humour and genuine satire will entitle them to a place.

S. H. Wilcocks gives notice to such of his friends as may favour him with petitions to the Legislature, to engross, that it will be necessary to state if such petitions are designed to be presented for signature to the gentlemen of the ci-devant N. W. Co. in order that in that case he may disguise his hand-writing, as otherwise they will not sign, altho' they may have promised it, as was the case in a late instance; for they have a mortal antipathy to whatever comes from his pen, and are by no means shy of forfeiting their words.