COBOURG, CANADA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1844.

| Volume Vilil--No. 13.] |  |
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|  | joetry. |
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| Oh! for that sweet, untroubled rest, Like babe's upon its mother's breast, Or bird's upon its young; The heart asleep without a pain When shall I sleep the When shall I be as I have been <br> Upon my mother's breast, <br> erald green, <br> Lone in the meadow field and glen, And in my native wilds again? <br> The sheep within the fallow field, <br> The herd upon the green, <br> And pipe from morn to e'en; Oh! for the pasture field and fen! When shall I feel such rest again? <br> I love the weeds along the fen <br> More sweet than garden flowers, For freedom haunts the humble glen <br> Here prisons injure health and me- I love sweet freedom and the free! <br> The crows upon the swelling hills, The cows upon the lea, <br> Sheep feeding by the pasture rills, Are ever dear to me, <br> Because sweet freedom is their mate- Whilst I am lorn and desolate. <br> I loved the winds when I was young, <br> I loved the song which Nature sung- <br> I loved the woods, the gales, the stream, For there my boshood used to dream. <br> There toil itself was ever play, <br> Twas joy to think of dreams by day- The beautiful of seep <br> When shall I see the wood, the plain, And dream those happy dreams again? <br> THE NIGHTINGALE <br> This is the month* the nightingale, clod-brown, Is heard among the woodland's shading <br> The maiden hears, at eve, her lover's vows. <br> Dim rises from the grass, and half conceals <br> That dappled hides, I hear the nightingale, That the little blackthorn, springing steals <br> And still unseen, sings sweet. The ploughman feels The thrilling music as he goes along, <br> And imitates and listens, while the fields <br> ill their paths in dnsk;-to lead him wrong, <br> Write in Juce tuet |  |
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