

Mark! from yon giant mount a war-drum beats,  
 A trumpet rings upon the morning air;  
 A glorious flag the quivering sunlight greets,  
 With blood-red cross and snow-white volumes fair:  
 'Tis thine, *St. George!* That war-worn banner's fold,  
 The victor o'er those lordly waves streams forth;  
 Thine the bold notes—thine Island warriors hold  
 The grave of Wolfe—the fortress of the North!  
 And proud defiance from its crest is hurl'd,  
 Where Britain's genius sits,—throned o'er the western world.

On speed the martial sounds, o'er wood and lake,  
 From fortress-rocks and garrison'd defiles;  
*St. Helens'* bids her sleeping echoes wake,  
*Fort Henry* wafts them through Ontario's isles;  
 And banners flash, and English music springs  
 From camp and fort along that fatal wave,  
 Where dread *Niagara's* giant thunder sings  
 His everlasting requiem for the brave—  
 And on, o'er *Erie's* sands, o'er soft *St. Clair*,  
 The same free trumpet rings, the red-cross flutters there!

Aye, 'tis a fair, a lordly heritage,  
 For British heirs by British valour won.  
 A youth predestin'd for a glorious age,  
 A spot for freedom's ark to rest upon.  
 And there bright memories come floating down,  
 Borne from the past on fame's least earthly chords,  
 Warning the children with the sire's renown,  
 Singing of crimson fields, of conquering swords,  
*Trafalgar's* wave—old *Runnimede's* fair sod,  
 How patriots bled for home—how martyrs died for God.

Where lurks the parricide whose impious hand  
 Britannia's standard from its height would tear,  
 And false to faith, truth, HEAVEN, AND FATHER-LAND,  
 Bow to some specious rag usurping there?  
 Woe to the craven statesman's plotting brain;  
 Shame on the perjurd soldier's dastard crest,  
 Who rends the "Ocean Empire's" proud domain,  
 Who drives the lion from the glorious west,  
 And leaves the children of the Isles a prey  
 To dark and hopeless strife, or worse than Vandal sway.

Land of the West! Before the minstrel's glance  
 Bright visions float magnificent and free;  
 Fair glories light the future's broad expanse,  
 And hope, wild prophet, sings—they gleam for thee.  
 Rise, eagle-wing'd and lion-hearted, rise,  
 Youth, strength, and freedom, nerve your upward flight;  
 Fix on the morning sun your quenchless eyes:  
 Trust to your stainless name, your children's might;  
 Thine be worth, genius, victory, splendour, praise,  
 Meet for a clime like thine, where flag, like England's sways.

Onward, fair clime! The holy arch of peace  
 Spans in its light thy green and smiling shore,  
 And golden plenty sheds her rich increase,  
 And hope and health their priceless treasures pour.  
 Rest, calm and true: should darker days be known,  
 Should foemen taint the freshness of thy sod,  
 Thine is the rampart of earth's mightiest throne,—  
 Thine the sure aid of freedom's watchful God.  
 Speed on! No mortal gives this high command,—  
 Stand by the patriot's creed,—"**FOR GOD AND FATHER-LAND!**"

TORONTO, December, 1840.

## ROAD-TAX ON WILD LANDS.

At a time when the curtain seems almost descending on the last act of the political drama of Upper Canada, as a distinct Province, it may not be an altogether unprofitable task to review somewhat of things gone by, as a guide in things to come, and among these to select for observation a subject not so much of party interest as of practical utility.

Of the difficulties of a first settlement in a new country most of our readers have a tolerably accurate idea. Those hardy pioneers who cut their way into the forest, and planted the first germs of civilization in its pathless wilds, as well as their immediate followers, who extended the settlement which the others had commenced, have in after years been rewarded for their original privations by the successful result which has generally followed their enterprising efforts. Where they found a wilderness, they see a fertile land—the howling of wild

animals has given way to the bleating of the flock and the lowing of the herd—the giant trees of the forest have disappeared, and their place is supplied by fields and pastures green. But the very conquest over first obstacles, the very success of industry and toil, has created wants before unknown, and has rendered necessary further changes and additional improvements, in order to the full enjoyment of the advantages which have been gained. The settler who at first laboured for a subsistence has now a surplus to dispose of. The superabundance of what is necessary to existence affords him the means of obtaining further comforts, or even luxuries, and he claims these as his reward for early privations, unwearied industry, and unconquerable perseverance,—He has, moreover, a rising family for whose sake he has borne the heat and burthen of the day, and to whom he is anxious to afford much