

POETRY.

Original.

THE FRANTIC PIRATE.

How grand it is when the lightning's whiz,
And the levin spirit loud,
With angry boom roars through the gloom
Of the tempest swollen cloud.

It soothes the pangs of my tortur'd mind,
When the ocean spirit raves;
And the sullen groans of the stormy winds,
Rush over the howling waves.

How calm I sleep when the billows sweep
In wrath athwart the sea;
And the night is dark and the tossing bark
Is heaving gloriously.

I love the music of the shrouds,
When they whistle loud and shrill;
And wildly drift the floating clouds,
O'er the iceberg's snow-peak'd hill.

I love the dirge of the mountain surge,
When it crushes on the shore;
Then fiercely reels and backward wheels,
With a wild unearthly roar.

It stills the throb of my aching head,
When the "battle shout" swells high;
Around me lie the ghastly dead,
And the balls like hail-stones fly.

It soothes my soul when flashes roll,
From the cannon's fiery mouth,
And the smoky fume creates a gloom,
Like the blue mists of the south.

On board the hostile ship I see,
I shout my "battle cry";
And stay till o'er her flag I see,
Our sable banner fly.

Then gentle as the meekest child,
I cast my brand away;
The fury of my shipmates wild,
With mercy's voice to stay.

But soon again a dismal train,
Of "wilder'd thoughts return;
And oft I pray my moulder'd clay,
Were in its silent urn.

A STUDENT JR.
York College, Jan. 1833.

Original.

TO C. M. D.

Yes! C. M. D., thy notes are sweet,
Unto the listening ear;
They speak of scenes with joy replete,
And to the heart most dear.

They speak of pleasure not unfringed,
With momentary pain;
But what can here on earth be bought,
Unmix'd with sorrows stain.

Thy tales are fill'd with fancy's strains,
And friendship sweet and true;
And fickle Love in golden chains,
Is sweetly bound by you.

Thy wood-notes wild are also fill'd,
With music's sprightly sound;
And pity's soothing accents gild
Thy tale of woe profound.

May changeless love thy heart inspire,
With sacred joys in view;
And virtue, love, all you desire,
Bind fast their fate to you. DONNA JULIA.

Original.

A SKETCH.

Others may talk of Scotland's green and bonny hills, her sweet and pleasant vales, where Burns's soul with nature held in symphony, gave birth to the sweetest strains of poetry, and pictured in simplicity alike the aspect of his native hills and rivers, and the manners of his countrymen; and where first the towering mind of Byron received the outlines of

its future genius. But I shall feel alike pleasure in anticipating a literary fame in Canada; I shall feel content to praise fair Canada! she likewise has charms of her own; her skies often clear and her evenings beautiful. It is indeed natural in man to feel an affection for the land of his birth—an accountable feeling of attachment for it, and melancholy regret at the prospect of leaving it. Were I to live in other lands, the joy I have felt at seeing the sun on a summer's eve, tumble in majesty into the west, leaving behind him a thousand varying tints and glowing colors on the pendant clouds, could never be forgotten. Nor the delight that has buoyed up my glowing fancy from the breathing the fresh and scented air from off the flowery plain, the fresh blooming grove or the new mown grass. Again, in my boyish rambles, what could efface the remembrance of the gratified feelings experienced in wandering near some fine shady grove at sun rise, to hear the mingled notes of our numerous songsters welcoming the rising orb of day, and to observe their gambols or busy care in collecting materials for their nest. At close of eve, how charming it is to hear the Robin's note and the whip-poor-will crying in some distant tree or grove his mellow note, which at first to some may seem unpleasant, but to a native it is both entertaining and agreeable. Although Canada has been said to be deficient in song birds, no one I think who has been an attentive observer of the woodland music of our forest, at morning and evening would persist in such a defamation.—Europeans are frequently apt to under-rate the liberty, character, and genius of the Americans, from a comparison with their own fame and advancement in learning. Some even go so far as to deny that we are endowed with the same genius. To such, however, as think so, I would only attach pity and spread the mass of history before them to wean them of their prejudice. The god of nature deals not out his bounties thus; he leaves it to every nation to work out its own fame and character. It is by the different degrees of industry and perseverance among nations that we are enabled to account for, their civilization and literary greatness. Degenerate Rome was famous once—her crumbling walls have often echoed to the voice of genius. Does the passing gale tell of the greatness of the once mighty and learned Babylon? or can the abject native point where she stood? Does the scorpion's presence, the drowsy bat, or the mournful owl speak of the brazen gates, the marble palaces, and the fallen glory of Africa's mighty Thebis? Where is the spirit of Grecian fame? Where are Zion's laurels? Will Britain last forever?—Who can say it? Columbia's land may smile with lore when Europe's laurels fade.

C. M. D.