

Written for the Amaranth.

TO "CLARA."

In looking through "the Amaranth" for March,
I thought I missed "mine own familiar
friend ;"

And instituting, then, most rigorous search,
Slap from the coloured cover to the end—
To where old "Finis," solemn as a church,
Does to the book an air of coldness lend ;
I found not what I sought, and, tho' no swearer,
I out at once with "Hang it, where is Clara ?"

I would not give a fig for all the stories,
And poems which occupy the recent number :
Dears's beauty, and O'Rourke's fell glories,
Mac Murtagh's immortalities, might slumber
In Ossian, whence the tale of love and war is
Extracted from a mass of other lumber ;
I'm very sure no sinner like Dears
Would e'er have figured in a tale by "Clara."

I would not have you to suppose I speak
'Disparagingly of dear Mrs. B——n,
Who dates from that romantic spot, "*Long
Creek,*" [every wee hen—
Where "wood notes wild" are heard from
Where dying pigs most musically squeal,
And barn door fowls exalt their cackling wae,
Telling to Betty that their trouble's o'er,
That there's an egg where they were—in the
straw.

I merely mean to say that such narrations
Proceeding from a single lady's pen,
Would lay her open to grave imputations,
And horrify all modest *nice young men* ;
Who like (ah ! what a pity) those flirtations,
Which charity absurdly styles platonic, when
Insulted virtue calls me to prohibit 'em,
Believe me, I'll apply the scourge *ad libitum.*

But I must not indulge in such digression,
Which would, if persevered in, fill a volume
Full of soft nothings, like the House in Session :
I hope it's not a breach of privilege to call 'em
By such a name—but, dear me ! if the expres-
sion [solemn
Should be so construed by their wise and
Deliberative wisdom, lord ! how odd I
Would feel when Mr. Sergeant took my body.

He'd search for me no doubt, and when he found
My body, as commanded in the writ,
He'd find that body stretched upon the ground,
Which he might shoulder if he so thought fit.
I'd not oppose the warrant for a pound,
But yet I would not walk or budge a bit ;
He'd have to carry me to Mr. Speaker— [er,
I'm blessed, when we at rest, but he'd feel weak-

Than when we started from Saint John.—O
dear !—

I've been again digressing—well I never !
No matter—this one verse may go ; I swear
That it shall be the last, I must endeavour
To curb my Pegasus, inclin'd to rear ;—
In other words, I am so very clever,
That I must take a limit bond repressing
The muse's flight beyond all rule transgressing

Reverens a nos moutons—and so here goes
In praise of "Clara," though unknown to
Her features—if her eyes are like two sloes,
Her lips like coral blushing from the sea,
Her cheeks soft bloom red as the *cabbages*
Or any other well-worn simile,
Whether *un petit nez retroussé*, or a Roman
Or Grecian pair of *snuffers*, mark the woman

She's my ideal beauty, and the love
I bear my unknown goddess is as bright
As is the ray reflected from above,
Tho' the dark waters, shedding its pure light
Where lies some jewel in its wave washed glow
Flashing back splendor through surrounding
night ;—

Though all unseen the source of light may be
That ray unites them in strong sympathy.

And such is she to me—her's is the beam—
The intellectual ray of light, which reaches
Feelings long buried, till I scarce could deem
My lone breast harboured them. Like new
found riches
Enclosed by shipwrecked sailors in the seam
Of some old half-worn, tar-stained pair of
breeches ;— [stripping
Some landsman sees a corpse, and finds
The hidden treasure from the waist-band slip-
ping.

She must be beautiful—I see her now
Seated within her chamber's deep recess :
While genius sits enthroned on her brow,
And high thoughts temper her rare loveliness
She looks the novice musing on the vow,
And every vain thought able to suppress—
Her earnest gaze fixed on the starry throng
As tho' her spirit heard creation's song.

Oh bright one ! listen to the rugged muse,
Of him who now addresses thee, and de-
To take the humble offering, nor refuse
The tribute, tho' the casket may be plain—
The giver's heart is with it when he woos
The lyre's mistress in unworthy strain,
From the crushed flower the fragrance will arise
Responsive to the touch by which it dies.

St. John, March, 1842.