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Awake Ye Bards.

Awake ye bards ! your harps employ,
And tune men's souls to love and joy,
Awake ! awake your strains sublime,
Ye heralds' of a better time ;
The world grows weary of its wars—
Weary of all its feuds and jars ;
Weary of all its strife insane,
O'er never ending lust of gain—
Weary of all this pent up woe,
Which threatens soon to overflow
In deluges of bloody rain,
And bring old chaos back again ;
Then oh ! let love your harps inspire,
And fill men with celestial fire,
Ye masters of the living lyre.

Awake ! and with your songs illumine
The dreary wastes of midnight gloom,
Where many a noble spirit pines
In dungeons and Siberian mines ;
And cheer those tillers of the soil
That cliques and syndicates despoil,
And spite of the astonished earth,
Strangles a Province at its birth ;
And to the list'ning world proclaim,
Despite of all this sin and shame—
Despite of Fraud's inhuman gains,
The Heart still builds love's holy fanes—
Despite of souls of little worth
Love's still a dweller on the earth.

Then oh let Hope inspire your song !
For tho' the weary night is long,
The gloom at last shall pass away,
The dark night dapple into day,
The rivers, yea ! of blood and tears—
The sorrows of a thousand years,
Have not appealed to Heaven in vain,
But witnesses on earth remain
Whose voices ring through earth and air,
And are proclaiming ev'rywhere
That dark oppression's reign is o'er,
That she shall curse the world no more ;
To Freedom's loud and ringing blast
The sons of toil aroused at last.
Shall Sir John and his tools o'er cast ?
And that the hour approacheth when
The sword shall perish by the pen,
And Love reign in the hearts of men.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XI.

THOUGH this story is supposed, and is intended to deal with the adventures of our friends in America, still it must be conceded by every right-thinking person, that, before those adventures can take place, it is highly essential that the four gentlemen who are to be the heroes of them, should first reach the land of promise whither they are bound. They have not done so yet, nor will they for fully five days more, so that that time may be passed in recounting still further episodes, not only in their daily lives on board ship, but in those of some of their fellow passengers.

Half the voyage, then, had passed away, and all the cabin passengers felt very much better than they did a few days ago, and put in an appearance with great regularity at meal times, and between those pleasant periods, disported themselves on deck or in the grand saloon, or, (a very favorite resort) in the smoking cabin, where several choice spirits would daily congregate, though our friends, with that cold taciturnity towards strangers, so

characteristic of the true born Englishman, rather avoided these social gatherings and kept themselves aloof, preferring to listen to the expression of the profound thoughts of Mr. Bramley, the poetic utterances of Mr. Crinkle, the solemn and edifying remarks of Mr. Coddleby, or the sporting reminiscences and sanguine hopes for the future of the dashing Yubbits, and they were not often to be seen in any other company than their own. The last named gentleman, having fully recovered from the effects of the strange indisposition from which he had suffered so severely on the first day on board the "Chinaman," now burst forth like some brilliant butterfly and promenade the deck attired in a nondescript dress, which, whilst it retained a dash of the sportsman, was intended to be something unmistakably nautical, though the *tout ensemble* was highly suggestive of piracy and the death's head and marrow bones.

He assumed a rolling gait that was calculated in his own mind, to impress any beholder with the fact that his home was on the bounding billow, and that when his foot was on the deck, it was where Nature intended it to be : his telescope and he were inseparable companions, and as he rolled along with his assumed sea-dog swing in company with the more sedate Bramley, it must be confessed he presented a very dashing and imposing appearance indeed.

Of course, on board a steamer of the "Chinaman's" size and tonnage, it was to be expected that there would be a large number of all manner of people amongst the cabin passengers, as was, indeed, the case ; and amongst these people there was one who not only caused Mr. Crinkle to entirely forget, for the time being, the charms of the fair Julia Swoppetts, but who effectually disturbed the serenity and peace of mind of several other susceptible young men who chanced to be her fellow-passengers.

As may be surmised this person was a young lady, by name Miss Alice Moffatt, who, after a visit to several friends in England, was returning in charge of Captain Braceman, the commander of the steamer, to her parents in Canada : and having been confided to the gallant captain's care, she regarded him, to a certain degree, as her temporary father, and invariably sought his advice when anything perplexed or troubled her.

She was a very pretty brunette, of about eighteen, and was tacitly acknowledged to be the belle of the "Chinaman's" saloon, by all except certain other young ladies, and there were many on board, who felt in some measure disposed to dispute that title with her. It will be allowed by the reader that there must have been *some* charm about her when it is stated that Mr. Yubbits, himself had been heard to declare as his opinion, that she was a "dem'd fine girl," and to assert that "he had half a mind to go in for her himself," but as the young lady had been detected in the act of ridiculing Mr. Yubbits' style of walking the deck and carrying his telescope, that gentleman had refrained from "going in for her," and had prudently stayed out. Be that as it may, it could not be denied that her appearance on deck was invariably the signal for all the young men who happened to be there, to rush to her side and to overwhelm her with their well-meant though jealous attentions.

Certainly Miss Moffatt was a flirt—she appeared to be a born coquette—and undoubtedly she had ample opportunity on board the "Chinaman" for all the flirtation she wanted. For the first day or two, that is to say, after the general convalescence had taken place, every young man amongst the passengers seemed to be distracted about the changeable Miss Moffatt, but before thirty-six hours