

And every good that honor could bestow
 Were freely given. While 'round thy skirts below
 The titled Lord, the knighted Sir or Esquire,
 Did welcome him around their family fire,
 And nothing saw except some spark of soul
 Betraying light throughout his vision whole;
 As gems in jet do shine the brighter there,
 That spark within may with that gem compare,
 He lent it free, thy grandieur to extol
 With all the fire of his poëtic soul;
 And now adieu, to lovely lake and shore,
 Thy beautiful isles which I may see no more,
 I print a kiss, and fondly say farewell!
 When wandering far I'll on thy glories dwell.
 Farewell! ye halls of beautiful Grecian pride,
 Farewell! ye towers that breast the billowing tide;
 O! fond adieu, ye glories of the lake,
 And every scene that did my song awake;
 Farewell! sweet youth, whose beauties win the heart,
 How can the bard from such sweet souls depart;
 Ye sons of law and learning, each adieu,
 I left a thought of fond regard for you.
 The Mayor, farewell! whose mild benignity
 Enchained my song and swelled my poetry,
 O! treat my song which flowed from a warm heart,
 Yea, treat it kind, it cannot do you hurt;
 But, peradventure may, some harp inspire,
 To sing to thee with deeper bardic fire.
 The bard may stray, as Byron stray'd before,
 Sounding his harp on many a distant shore,
 But says one truth, and after that, farewell!
 He loved thy shore and will thy glories tell,
 And trusts to meet thee evermore above
 To sing again in everlasting love.

NOTE.—Since the above was in print, the author having occasion to stay in
 Kingston a few days longer, wrote on every object of note in the City, to-
 gether with every person of celebrity, and not being able to print them in
 connection with this pamphlet he begs to state that he is publishing a volume
 on various subjects, and the remainder of this poem will appear in that book.