

## THE BEAUTIES OF BELLEVILLE.

### Its Scenery.

Transferred from the shade of affection and love,  
I wander where instinct dictates me to rove,  
Having drank of its goblet, in a City, whose towers  
Had claims on the Poet's high wrought mental powers,  
Demanding that homage, that genius to art,  
Should render, in viewing her wonders apart.  
Thy shadow, kind City remains on the soul,  
With many dear object it there may enroll ;  
I left thee, and waved thee a happy adieu,  
To print my proud footsteps in Belleville anew.  
Sweet Ville, I hail thee with heart of no guile,  
I ask but to court thy fair beauties awhile.  
And should, peradventure, some theme round thy shore  
Perchance touch the lyre, or move its strings o'er,  
My heart, the great store-house of music and love,  
Would bid them in power and melody move,  
And stamp immortality on my proud song,  
Which all thy wild beauty would aid to prolong.  
Sweet Ville, thou art but a youth in thy pride,  
Just leaving thy boyhood round this sweet silver tide ;  
The laurels of battle adorn not thy brow,  
No glories enwreath it with amaranths now,  
No ancient pedestals do rear on high,  
Their head proudly pillowing its front in the sky ;  
No castles that wear the deep stamp of proud time  
Are here, claiming a place in my rhyme,  
Thou hast shaken the shaggy old dress thou did'st wear,  
Which the wolves of thy forest did aid oft to tear ;  
Unbearing that beauty which nature bestrew,  
And clouds of the heaven bend to kiss with their dew ;