

The building of a magazine,
 The rolling casks and stores on shore,
 While emptied scow returns for more.
 For in the bay the steamer lies,
 Her hold full of miscellanies.
 (If so the term I may but use,
 Nor Lennie's stricter course abuse,
 For grammar is a thing I trow,
 I slightly heed, and little know
 More than sufficient for the time,
 Not parse each sentence, or each line.)
 Each week there's one, what anxious eyes,
 Look round the broken boundaries,
 To see if the "Chicora's" coming,
 Or the "Algoma" in the offing,
 Till nearer and still nearer grows
 The outlin'd form, more plainly shews,
 Until the gazer sees the name
 By which I hand them each to fame.
 The "Arctic" too, and others, then
 At times come in with stores and men.
 All else to excite our feelings fail,
 Save only those that bring the mail,
 These too will well remembered be,
 Thro' many a man's long history,
 And p'rhaps relate from sire to son,
 The story of an object won,
 A country with internal strife,
 Quell'd; quieted without a life
 Lost to the world save one and he,
 Perchance throughout the history,
 Of this new nation may have been
 The instrument of God; I ween
 For purposes, in wisdom done.
 Though one, has died and only one,
 We can't forget the course he ran,
 And left us but a murder'd man.