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The Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia,  
With the author's respectful regards.

# CANADA:

A BALLAD IN THREE PARTS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF DUFFERIN,**

K. P., G. C. B., etc., etc.

BY

**JAMES WHITMAN, B. A.,**

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

OF NOVA SCOTIA.

---

*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*—VIRGIL.

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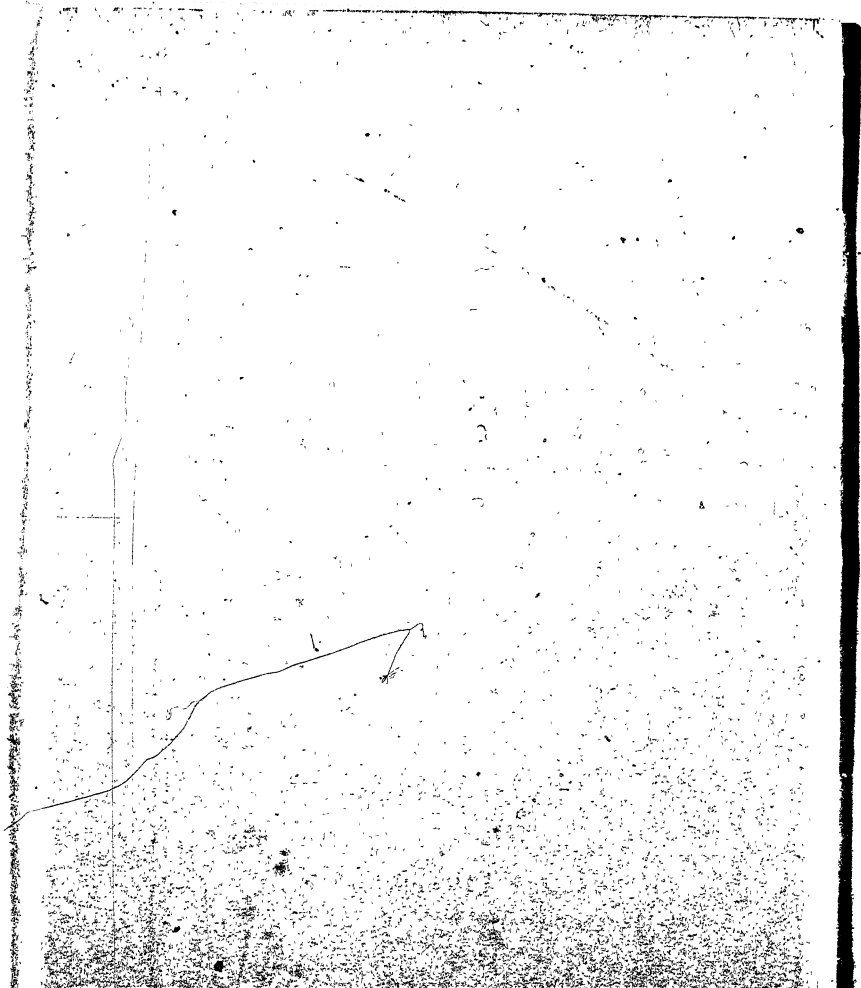
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA :

R. G. SMITH, PRINTER, 125 HOLLIS STREET.

1885.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

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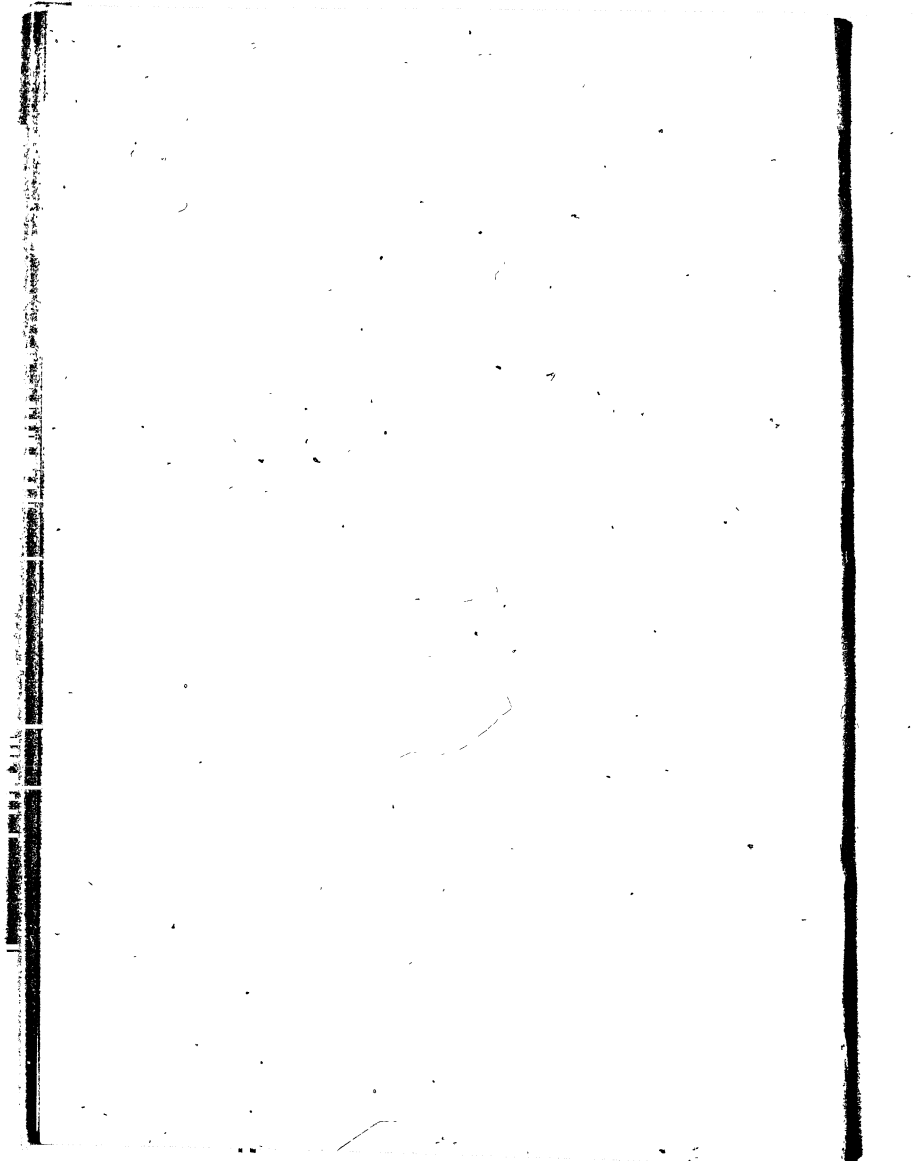
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—\*GANADA\*—

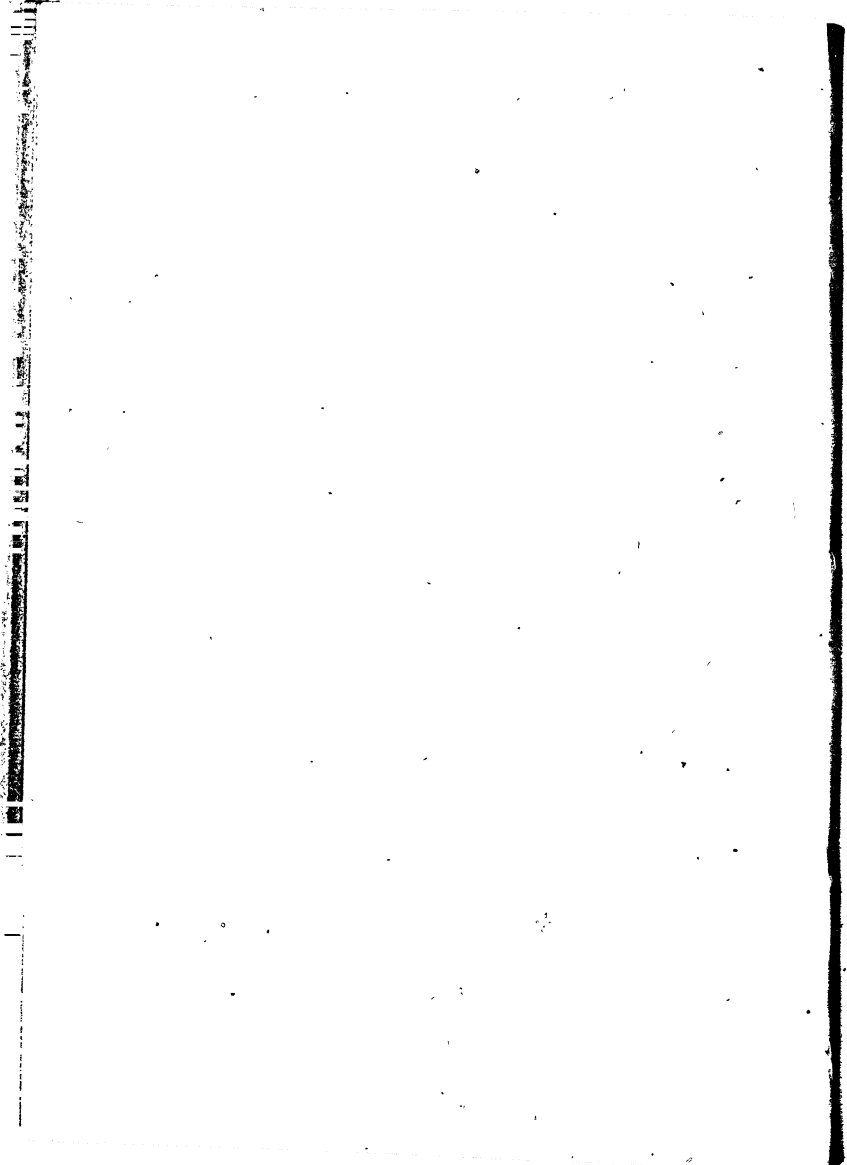




Versifiers in modern as in ancient times, have sought their patrons, which may excuse the author for so prominently presenting the name of a Peer whose truly noble qualities, high literary instincts and well-won fame as a diplomatic statesman shine so superior to any accidental aid of rank, that, in the language of one of his *now* fellow Peers, it may truly be said :

“How e'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good ;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

—TENNYSON.





# "CANADA," A BALLAD.

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BY JAMES WHITMAN.

---

## —PART I—

While erst un-nam'd, St. Lawrence roll'd his  
waters to the sea,

The red man roam'd upon their banks in like stern  
majesty ;

His wigwam, in the dewy eve, sent up its curling  
smoke,

And in the light of happy morn his peaceful  
slumber broke.

Bathing his brown limbs in the sun, whose rising  
spirit drew

His upward prayer along its rays to heaven's  
cerulean blue—

“Great Spirit hear,” he said, “my wish to send  
us plenty food

For small papooses all and squaw, while me go  
hunt the wood.”\*

Then throwing what remain'd of robe upon his  
birch canoe,

He, plunging in the sparkling wave, its crystals  
backward threw.

But suddenly a tremor seiz'd those limbs that  
ne'er had quail'd,

---

\*Indian diom.

And clammy sweat, with icy chill, that iron frame  
assail'd ;

“ Great Spirit, what is that ?” he cried, “ far yon-  
der on the sea,

Like mighty bird with stretching wings and flying  
fast to me ?”

Back ! back to shore, his brawny arms struck  
their imploring course,

And beck'ning to his busy squaw—with stammer-  
ing tongue and hoarse—

By gestures and outstretching arm he made her,  
frightened, see

The cause of his white-lipp'd alarm—the winged  
mystery.

\*Most day they watch'd the growing sail come  
flapping o'er the deep,

And, crouched in voiceless wonder, saw the image  
on them creep,

Till evening brought it to the vale where reared  
their lowly cot,

When lightning flashing from its side, like swift  
harpoon, was shot,

While folding up its mighty wings. Then loud  
tremendous roar

Re-echoed thunder from each cleft along the  
river's shore.

From out their hiding place came forth the forest  
children dumb,

In terror "whispering with white lips"—"Beh old!  
Great Spirit come!"

---

\*Indian idiom.

And, trembling on the pebbled beach, awaited  
still, to hear

What the Great Spirit more would say—now,  
unto them, so near ;

When lo ! a small white vision, from the larger  
one, they saw

Fly forth with foaming crest along, and bound  
upon the shore,

Like Hiawatha's pale canoe from heaven in days  
of yore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Approaching—men of warrior mien make signs  
for them to come

And take the proffer'd offerings into their pointed\*  
home ;

---

\* Alluding to shape of Indian wigwam.

But, fearful of the strangers' gaze, and "gifts  
brought from afar,"

The Indian, turning to his camp, cries "NADA!  
CA-NA-DA!"\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Fear quell'd at last, and friendship crown'd with  
quaffing of the cup,

From calumet, in fumes of peace, their vows to  
heaven went up,

When suddenly a pale-faced man sang forth in  
lofty song—

Rememb'ring this was that Saint's day—"Saint  
*Laurent ! Saint Laurent !*"

---

\*Said to be indian for "Nothing ! nothing here !"

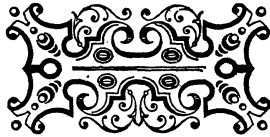


And ever to his dying hour, when other red-men  
throng,

The Indian, pointing to the stream, cries—“*Laurent!* *Saint Laurent!*”

And all the white men on the earth, this new discovered star

Among the nations of the world, proclaim fair  
CANADA!



## -PART II-

The flowing tide of years roll'd on, unnumber'd,  
to the sea

Whose tideless wave engulfs all time in  
blank ETERNITY;

And faces pale, like autum leaves, grow thick  
upon the strand

Once peopled only by the race of the red Indian  
band;

While vessels, from the mighty deep, in fleets the  
river fleck,

And waken, with saluting roar, the fortress of  
QUEBEC!

Proud soldiers, gay, with martial tread fair maid-  
ens lead in dance ;

And countless lilies white display the *Fleur-de-lis*  
of France—

“The chosen home of Chivalry ! the garden of  
Romance !”

Great statesmen, foster'd near THE THRONE, long  
ruled the Indian sward,

Where martyr'd soldiers of The Cross had preach'd  
their risen Lord ;

Foul war may blacken other climes, and harrow  
other soils,

But broad *St. Laurent* rolls between New-France  
and such turmoils :

While, perch'd upon her eyrie, like an eagle from  
the sky,

Quebec frowns down upon the foe, with proud,  
defiant eye!

\* \* \* \* \*

Wolfe caught the glance; then flashed it back  
upon entrench'd Montcalm—

These scal'd (the diamond ridges o'er re-echoing  
wars alarm),

Both heroes, dashing 'mid the fray, each thought  
the field was won;

Each sank in death at close of day, calm as its  
setting sun,

Fame's brightest rolls—their names entwined—  
MONTCALM and WOLF—display;

Years only light fresh aureoles around their  
mould'ring clay!

Though the triumph of OLD ENGLAND'S arm thus  
shook out to the sky

The red cross of ST. GEORGE to float where THE  
LILY used to fly ;

For aye may French and English sons, sworn  
friends unto the death,

Their native land, united, hail with every living  
breath !

And ever make, against the foe, one holy, common  
cause

To guard the sacred treasure of their FREEDOM  
and their LAWS !

And if the tyrant of the NORTH, or REBEL RED  
conspires

To raise their blood-stained hands against the  
birth-land of our sires,

May every son of CANADA, should his lov'd  
country call,

Rush fighting fierce for MOTHER LAND and, need  
be, for HER fall !

Although with pallid brow in death, his lips cheer  
for the QUEEN,

And BRITAIN'S ENPIRE—like of which THE WORLD  
has never seen !

Around—attending angels wait his last expiring  
sigh ;

Then bear, heaven-aureole-crowned, his patriot  
soul on high !

## —\*PART III\*—

“Peace hath her victories as war,” and peace hath  
conquered now,

The fertile plains of CANADA, by the triumphs of  
the plough :

Once houseless mates, with foodless babes, upon  
her virgin soil,

Have found a shelter and a home, where bread  
rewards their toil :

And Commerce, on exploring track, extending  
yearly, brings

Vast throngs of husbandmen to fill the wombings  
of the Springs.

To pilgrims in the wilderness, each hearthstone  
lighted new,

Unfolds the paradise of home with paradise of  
view.

And corn, and grain, and forest trees, the harvest-  
bearing river,

While summer smiles; floats onward, onward,  
ever—

To help to shelter and to feed the toiling ones at  
home—

The pledge of food, and honest work, if hither-  
ward they come!

No caste of gilded pedigree abashes manly brow;  
But honest sweat—than coronet—behind the  
furrowing plough,



Wreathes purer jewels round the brain whose  
labour doth instil

The bosom of our MOTHER LAND with fructifying  
skill.

No musty parchments foul with age, or fouler far  
with crimes,

Doom children of our soil to dwell in sickly,  
crowded climes—

While EARTH'S broad acres laughing lie, beneath  
the golden sun,

Wooing the loving touch of toil, their fruitful  
breasts upon ;

And rank, worth wearing, is as free to all, as is  
the wind—

The rank which bears the stamp of God—THE  
PEERAGE OF THE MIND!

The acorn to the oak hath grown, and now  
strikes out its root

In broad and deep'ning strength of hold—  
BRITANNIA'S proud offshoot!

And long may BRITAIN'S oaken germs, trans-  
planted o'er the sea,

Preserve in CANADA the life of BRITISH LIBERTY!

While foremost 'mid the roll of names, which  
help'd to usher in

The NEW DOMINION'S dawning days stands that  
of DUFFERIN!

*Eidolon* not, soon vanishing, like borealian fire;

Nor sudden meteoric light; nor flame from pagan  
pyre;

But cut in crystal'd thoughts that tune the chords  
of memory's lyre!

\* \* \* \* \*

The GROWING NATION, may it prove—DOMINION  
OF THE GOOD!

And ever stand, in coming years, where  
BRITAIN always stood—

The foremost in the cause of right! upholder of  
the truth!

The nation which, in growth of years, grows in the  
strength of youth!

Then we may cry, with hopeful voice, unto the  
heavenly powers,

For blessings on our Native Land—"THIS  
CANADA OF OURS!"

