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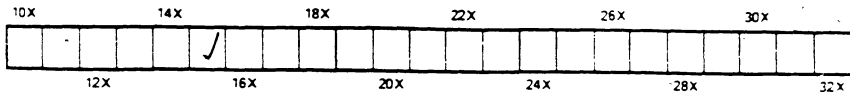
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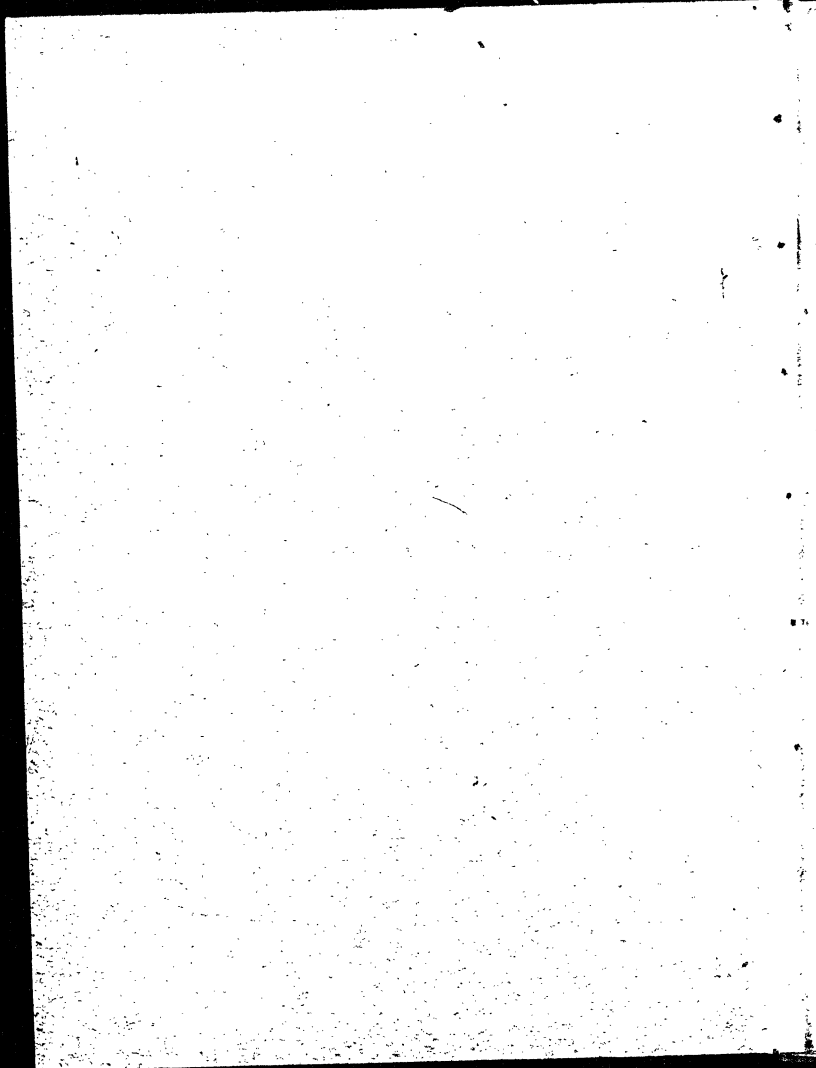
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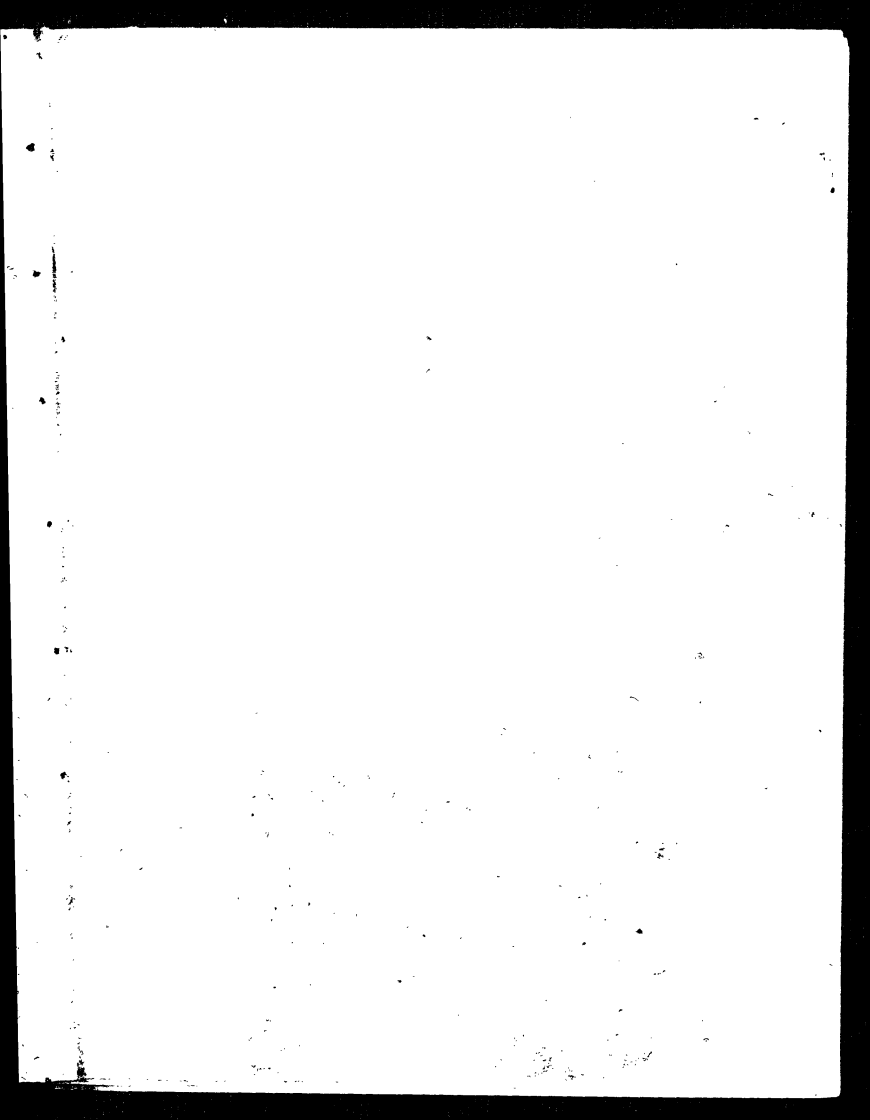
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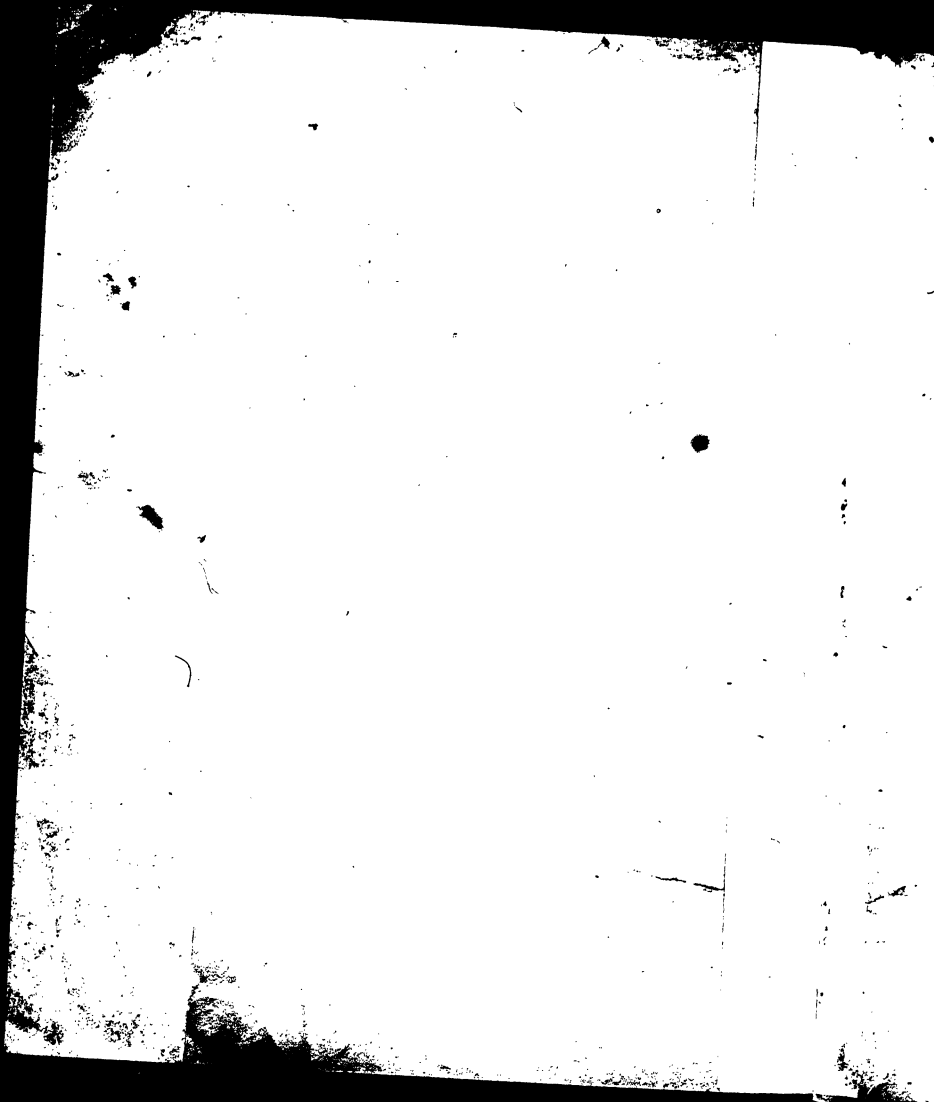


THE
EMIGRANT,
AND
OTHER PIECES.

BY JOHN NEWTON.







THE
EMIGRANT,

AND

OTHER PIECES.

BY JOHN NEWTON.

HAMILTON:
J. ROBERTSON, PRINTER.

1846.

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P R E F A C E .

WHETHER Authors have some misgiving of the intrinsic value of their productions, and their consequent claim to public attention and patronage, and feel it necessary therefore to bespeak a favorable sentence on trial; or whether the thing is done merely to swell the book, I cannot well say; but, somehow, on taking up a new book, a *preface* is the first thing we look for; and I cannot see why I should be out of fashion in this respect. Mine shall not be very lengthy however. Instead (as is usually done by poets) of telling a long story about my not having had an opportunity of receiving a classical, or any other education, and thus entreating the reader to be blind to my faults, I will only just tell him, that I am as fully aware as he is that this is all fudge, and a little beneath my dignity. I leave these matters to his own discrimination: if he is fit to judge, he will judge of them by "*internal evidence*;" and, if he buy my book, and do not prevent others from doing likewise, his decision is of no consequence to me.

The few *Songs* at the latter end are some of a contemplated series on subjects arising out of the peculiar circumstances of the Country, and are expected to be acceptable to the bulk of the young people of Upper Canada, for whose amusement they are especially intended.

I may just observe, that the whole thing has been composed since about Christmas last, I not being aware, until then, that I possessed any of the germs of the Poet; and that there is more truth in what I hope is about to be read, than those not conversant with the political history of the working classes in England for the last fifteen years may be inclined to suppose. Whether I shall try my hand at the craft again, I am not quite certain: that depends on the manner in which this attempt shall be received by

—THE PAYMASTER.

JOHN NEWTON.

ST. ANN'S, NELSON, }
MARCH 14TH, 1840. }

HOWARD COUNTY

THE EMIGRANT.

WHILE other Bards, with learning rare and deep,
'Their pigmy ditties sycophantly sing
Of life refined, and conjure up in shapes
Fantastic, images unreal—I sing
Of nature wild, and aspect sternly drear ;
Of man, to-day with high-fledged hope elate,
The happiest of his kind,—to-morrow sunk
Immeasurably deep in an abyss
Of sorrow and despair,—anon, and soon,
Soaring aloft and laughing at his grief :
And thus alternate falling but to rise
Higher and still more high, until, at last,
He finds himself securely fixed above
The reach of poverty, with all its train
Of gnawing woe, both present and to come.

A subject this exhaustless, and replete
With interest deep and stirring event
When treated with th' experienced pen
Of one whose daily duties and his bent
Impel him to commit and battle with
The life and scenes which he describes.

Come, then, my Muse,—inspire me with a love
Of truth and human kind, wherever found.
Let not my fancy range beyond the clouds,
And wrestle with imaginary ills,
Or revel in ideal joys—be't mine
“Nought to extenuate, and nought to write
In malice ;” for, 'tis good I wish to do,
Nor fame, nor gain—mere phantoms—I pursue

John Hart in youth from anxious care was free,
Nor want, nor woe e'er felt. At twenty, John
Had scarcely heard that poverty and crime
Existed, and, much less, had he e'er tried
Their causes and effects to scan. In toil—
If toil to him, hale and athletic, 'twas—
And frolic, John alternate passed the day ;
At night no troubled dreams disturbed his rest.
Had John been more, or less, than human, he
Of bliss had seen no end ; but feelings warm
Had he, and did not see “where ignorance
Is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise”—wise he
Would be, and Anna wed, and taste the fruit
Of the forbidden tree, the knowledge tree.

As erst it was not now in toil, and rest
And recreation sweet, John passed his time ;
Labour he did, and hard, but then the cup
Of life was mixed with gall. He, for a while,

Battled and kept at bay most manfully
 'The constantly accumulating cares
 Inseparable from marrying in *haste*,
Where competition, in its thousand shapes,
Stalks o'er the land ; throwing its virus dire
 Through every vein of man's society ;
 Making his friends the bitt' rest of his foes ;
 Hypocrisy a garb of sanctity assume ;
 Giving the olive branch the boa's will
 And might ; converting into deadly hate,
 Or envy ill-concealed, fraternal love.

Thus Cain of old his brother Abel sléw,
 And Noah's sons their father ridiculed ;
 And Joseph's brèthren in their anger threw
 Into a pit, then sold to be a slave,

Him who with wisdom and discretion ruled.

Thus Pharaoh did destroy each first-born male
 Of those whose sire his forefathers did save

From death, and then of brick exact more *tale*.

Thus did the Jews their taskmasters annoy,
 And magic staves, and conj'ring tricks employ.

Thus Moses climbed high Sinai's Mount *alone*,

That he his laws might *chisel* upon stone ;

And thus his followers the molten calf did make,
 And thus in passion he his slabs of stone did break.

Thus David with a stone split big Goliah's head,
And thus when on the throne wished for peace
Uriah dead.

And thus did Solomon, the wisest of his day,
Become a fool, his "glory" to display.

Thus Alexander prowled the world o'er,
That we a heartless butcher might adore ;
And thus Demosthenes the golden cup did eye,
And thus Diogenes was huddled in his sty.

Thus Homer bawled his ballads like a clown,
And Virgil fawned that he might get his own.

Thus Cæsar with his gold secured his partizans,
And Brutus with his steel deranged all Cæsar's plans.

Thus Saul of Tarsus saw the lightning's glare,
And Peter in a sheet from Heaven got good fare.

Thus Constantinus at the flaming cross did stare
And thus Mahomet mounted Gabriel's mare.

Thus Luther Leo's Bulls refused to preach,
That to a pretty Nun he might Indulgence teach.

Thus Calvin got Servetus roasted well,
To save himself from a worse fate in H—ll !

Thus Cranmer granted what the Pope denied,
Securely to enjoy his German bride ;

And Cromwell thus a Puritan became,
That he a King might be in all but name.

Thus Bonaparte of freedom loudly raves,
And fights to make of half the world slaves.

Thus Owen, the Utopian, insists
That "grievous error in the world exists ;"

“That all is gross deception and deep ignorance,”
That good whene'er produced is but the “work
of chance.”

JOHN, then, was discontented, but, as yet,
He hardly knew at what. He had, 'tis true,
Been taught to read and write, and now he could
With tolerable ease his wages tell
In figures; beyond this point his mind
Was yet untutored: smarting now beneath
The goad of poverty at home, and keen
Reproach and haughtiness abroad, his mind
Began at times to feel its dormant power.
He now his former gay companions shunned,
And solitude when not at work he sought;
He felt most keenly, and he would have thought,
Had he material for thought possessed.

SNARL saw the state poor JOHN was in, and knew
This was the time a hearing to secure,
So, wily as a serpent, he began
His victim to instruct, or to allure.

Most truly we have reason to be vexed,
First with our parson, who, to-day for text,
Told us how “poverty well suits our state
Probationary here—it does create

Humility in the poor child of sin,
 And chastens him on earth that he may win
 A crown of glory and a seat
 Where only humble, quiet people meet."

And this from one who is so very meek,
 That to us worms he'll hardly deign to speak!
 All worldly honour he holds in contempt,
 Advancement and emolument despises;
 From vanity and vice he is exempt—
 Holier gets as in the Church he rises.
 Oh! I remember well when a poor curate,—
 He with me then would hold discourse and tell
 How he compassion felt for the obdurate,
 And warn them of their onward road to Hell.
 But since J. P. and Vicar he was made,
 And also member of a *Jockey Club*,
 He looks upon his business as a trade,
 And speaks of those things only in "*the tub*"—
 Nor to his class does he form an exception,
 As I would plainly shew you had I time;
 But that aggrandizement and dark deception
 Are foremost in their catalogue of crime,
 Is put beyond a doubt; and well they know it;
 In this small book, composed by *William Howitt*.
 Take it, and read it for your information;
 And here is *Cobbett on the Reformation*—

Peruse this; too. And now a kind adieu,
And may you fearlessly the truth pursue."

Those only who, like JOHN, have grown to man's
Estate before their intellectual powers
Have been aroused, can easily conceive
How specious argument to such a mind,
Is Gospel truth. JOHN, therefore, drank in all
He heard or read, with an avidity
He ne'er had felt before, nor ever thought
To question or suspect the truth of what
He learned; nor could he bear that others should
Presume to think him more enthusiast
Than those whose conduct he denounced with such
A want of charity. He was not now
Unhappy, though his poverty increased;
For he had learned t' ascribe his sufferings
To causes not within his own control,
And to believe himself an injured man.
This soothed his vanity, and raised him
High in his own esteem; he never went,
As heretofore, to Church, believing now
That he more holy was than those who were
Appointed to expound the best of books.

CHARL saw with pleasure that his seed
Had fallen on good ground, and let it grow
And fructify, a simple looker on.

10 But now the reaping time was come—he saw
That he must gather in the grain, and break
The ground for other seed, so thus began
To pour a draught into the willing ear,
Than predecessor far more sweet :—

Well, JOHN, my books I hope with care you've
read,
And that you see the truth of what I said.
Isn't it a mighty blessing to the nation
To have our morals tended by such nurses ;
To have our souls insured of salvation,
On simply giving up our keys and purses !
This matter now, however, 'tis no use
With you to argue, for, as well as I,
No doubt you see th' egregious abuse
Of what is wrongly called Church property.
Nor is it meet to nibble at *effect*,
If our condition we would try t' improve ;
For when in anything we see defect,
The *cause* we ought t' endeavour to remove.
Though monster in iniquity the Church may be,
And ought to be cut down to due dimensions ;
Perhaps before abusing it, we ought to see
What gave its wealth, and sanctions its
pretensions.
For howe'er first the Church arose, and grew
In wealth and strength, we need not now enquire.

Its ancient state we know the law o'erthrew,
And on its ruins raised one still higher.
The Law then gives, and it must take away
Whatever in Society's not right ;
Not only in the Church must it have sway,
But through all ranks must it assert its might.
But then to have the laws by all respected,
And have them willingly by all obeyed,
They must be framed by those by all elected—
Administered impartially when made.
But ere this happy state of things we see,
A mighty revolution must take place ;
Men must arouse from stupid lethargy,
And boldly meet th' oppressor face to face !

I could you shew how this is to be done,
But you will find it better treated far,
In the last number of the *Weekly Sun*,
The Poor Man's Guardian and the *Northern Star*.
Read these, and also read Bronterre's translation
Of the true hist'ry of Babeuf's Conspiracy,
Where it is shewn how an ill-used nation
Conspires from slavery itself to free.

I leave you now, hoping you soon to see
A member of our club—I may just mention
That much distinguished soon you there will be,
And sent ere long to th' *National Convention*.

An unexplored and wide extended field
 This speech exposed to John. The argument
 Which it contained little did he regard,
 For yet he was not skilled in inuendo dark ;
 Nor did his stock of reading yet extend
 So far as to enable him to test
 The truth of what had been advanced ; the books
 And papers lent him he did read, and learned
 That he was but a slave to men who were
 By nature only equal to himself.
 He could not controvert the premises
 From which this inference was drawn, for yet
 Mere *abstract* truth to him was *very* truth.
 He felt himself oppressed in common with
 The class to which he did belong, and, fired
 With what he thought philanthropy, resolved
 Himself and fellows to emancipate.

Ere now John's neighbours looked on him as but
 An honest, quiet, and industrious man ;
 Now he was seen t' assume a higher stand.
 At ev'ry popular assembly, he
 Was seen a leading star ; by earnestness
 And evident sincerity, his want
 Of gen'ral knowledge was supplied ;
 And his appeals, and home-spun argument,
 Were listened to with silence most profound,
 And never failed to stamp indellible
 Conviction on his auditory.

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Amazed, he saw himself, an ignorant,
Obscure, uneducated labourer,
A host of followers attracting, and
Wielding at will the minds of those whom he
Had looked upon as equals, and, perhaps,
Superiors, till now. He did not dream
As yet of turning his vast influence
To selfish ends, but more confirmed was he
In his belief that truth and justice did
Support his cause ; that error and deceit
His opponents did actuate ; and that
They were not so profoundly learned as he
Had formerly been taught them to suppose.
This notion soothed his pride and self-esteem ;
And now all knowledge but political
He utterly despised, and laughed at those
Who spoke of polite learning and the arts ;
Of natural philosophy he could
Not see the use, and those who spoke of it,
He designated natural idiots.
With Grammar 'twas a little otherwise.
Unable to combat his arguments,
And to disprove the stubborn facts which he
Adduced, his opponents would often gibe
Him on his want of acc'racy and ease
In language ; thus endeavouring to detract
Their auditors from th' kernel to the shell.
And if but to repel these puffs of air,

He now resolved to study carefully
 The principles and rules of his own tongue.
 Of quick perception, and reflective power,
 Attained by its late exercise, some strength,
 He quickly mastered Cobbett's Grammar, which
 He made his text and test book :
 Instances of error in Kings' speeches, Generals'
 Despatches, Bishops' charges, and the like,
 Much more congenial were to him than would
 Have been a slight dissection of his own
 Best speech.—Advantages far greater now
 He did perceive might be derived from this
 Accession to his stock of knowledge, than
 At first he contemplated, and, resolved,
 From a mere spouter he would take his stand
 Among that honourable and honest crew—
 The incorruptible conductors of,
 Or correspondents to, the pop'lar press.

Our hero now, delighted, saw a scene
 Disclose, wherein he was to play a part
 Most prominent. In speaking he had touched
 The heart, and admiration won of all who felt
 Themselves oppressed and despised—so by
 The sympathetic warmth and vigour he
 Displayed in print, throughout the land he soon
 The idol of his class became, and SNARL
 To th' letter saw his proph'cy verified.

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Success uninterrupted until now
 Attended JOHN's political career.
 But now his star seemed t' have attained
 Its highest altitude; for just when fame
 Her honours seemed inclined to lavish most
 Profusely on his head, reverses came,
 And dashed the dazzling draught to earth, and him
 Reduced to woe and want, more gnawing far
 Than e'er he felt before. Too honest he,
 And too successful and sincere t' escape
 The wiles of hell-born envy and deceit,
 His new associates knew well that he
 Would utter all he felt, and knew, too, well
 That they could make him feel what he
 Ne'er felt before—an inclination to
 Oppose the reg'lar course of law, by means
 Illegal, as the following address
 To his constituents will amply shew :

Ere now, my friends, have I essayed
 To tell how you and I are made
 To suffer ev'ry social ill.
 With your permission now I will
 The cause attempt again to shew,
 And afterwards instruct you how
 The evil to remove, and then
 Proceed to tell by whom and when.

The one great source of evil and of woe ;
Th' exalter of the great, degrader of the low ;
What to the wicked and the tyrant power lends,
Is ignorance—dark ignorance—my friends.
Some other causes there may be,
Which seem to have an agency
In our affairs ; ambition, hate,
Intemperance, and poverty,
By some are stated to be great
Promoters of our misery.
And so, perhaps, it is—and we
The catalogue I clearly see
Might lengthen to infinity.
Our list is short 'tis very true,
But then 'twere folly to pursue
It further—for our present use
It is sufficiently diffuse.—
The cause once found we easily
See and apply the remedy.

Political instruction, then, we need,
Would we be happy, and would we be freed
From tyranny and slavery.
By it to cope with knavery
We 're able, and, we better see
Our rights and wrongs, and understand
How those we must obtain, and free
Ourselves from these with a "high hand."

Our rights are but what Nature does confer,
 And she from Truth and Justice cannot err ;
 She tells us we are equal in her sight,
 And teaches us to spurn th' oppressor's might ;
 The galling yoke of tyrants she disowns,
 And teaches us to laugh at kings and thrones ;
 The only inequality that she
 Admits, or will allow, is in *degree* :
 'This is her law—" where e'er you merit find,
 Give honor and respect, if uncombined
 With guilt, mere rank, and riches disregard,
 And you will feel my full and free reward."

At present, my dear friends, 'tis but too clear
 That nature's law is disregarded here.
 Was it but acted on in this our land,
 We all the laws would make and understand ;
 Or (which would be the same) in making choice
 Of law makers we all would have a voice ;
 Or better did we rightly comprehend
 What best to our own interests would tend,
Intelligence would be the only test
 Of fitness in the voter, and the best.
 Our representatives would then you see
 Be men of wisdom and ability.

Here, then, my creed political you have ;
 Though short 'tis ample, and destined to save

Our country and the world from thralldom's chain.
 The germs of sacred truth it does contain ;
 And to oppose its progress it were vain ;
 Ere long all systems else must swell its train.
 Its points are *five*, and short and sweet withal,
 And we it do the People's Charter call ;
 Because the people's cause it advocates,
 And tyrants and their minions deprecates.
 The *first* point universal Suffrage is—
 The most repugnant to our enemies,
 But then to us decidedly the best,
 For had we it, we soon should get the rest.
 The *second* point no property requires .
 To qualify, or fit him who aspires
 To sit in Parliament. The *third* engages
 To pay the members reasonable wages.
 The *fourth* the voter puts behind a screen,
 Where he at leisure may his cards unseen,
 Examine, shuffle, throw. The *fifth* is meant
 'To give us yearly a new parliament.
 Henceforth then may this be the people's creed—
 It is so simple, " he that runs may read ;"
 It is so ample, no one it neglects,
 But from oppression every one protects.

Do you my friends, complain of unjust laws,
 The charter points you out the real cause,

Any ample remedy does then supply,
 If with its sacred dictates we comply.
 All ranks it levels—privilege divides,—
 For rich and poor it equally provides.
 Our unjust rulers therefore it denounce ;
 Conspirators and rebels us pronounce ;
 And threaten us with legal prosecution,
 Because we wish to mend the constitution ;
 Because we dare their deeds presume to scan,
 And advocate the “ natural rights of man.”

But shall we let base fear of man deter
 Us from asserting rights our nature does confer?
 Forbid it reason, and forbid it you,—
 Nature forbids it---I forbid it too.
 Let us shake off our slavish lethargy—
 With voice of thunder shout, *we will be free!*
 Our prayer is spurned, and laughed at our request,
 While satisfied with promises we rest.
 Nor must we dally—hear this truth sublime—
 “Procrastination is the thief of time.”
 This and another truth we all must know—
 “Would we be free ourselves must strike the
 blow !”

But soon, my friends, I will be with you, and
 Our plans of future procedure, I then

More fully will expound ;—at present I
Shall but observe—*the Charter we must have ;*
Nor longer supplicate like the poor slave.
The prayer must be changed to a demand.
Petitioning's of no avail—we'll try
Another kind of argument ; for when
Persuasion fails, the pedagogue well knows
There is but one course left—to come to blows
Which never fails due order to secure,
Nor will it fail the *Charter* to procure.

And faithful to his promise JOHN was seen
Heading a glorious pop'lar demonstration,
Intended to instruct, or awe the Queen,
And her Advisers teach to rule the Nation.
And Oh ! delightful 'twas to hear the speeches,
Which, on that ever-memorable day,
Were spouted forth—most forcibly they teach us
What very silly things great folks can say.
If from the moon one had but just descended,
With a “commission” like the Chevalier,
One would be led to think one's journey ended,
And offer each a “Billet” without fear ;
But being creatures of another ball,
Where things are judged of by another rule,
We never into vulgar error fall,
And look upon an idiot as a fool.

THE EMIGRANT.

We who are wise think all our fellows so,
And no allowance make for aberration ;
Thus if we rave, we to a prison go,
So not disturb the quiet of the nation.
Now JOHN, on this occasion, was too warm, [sion.
Warm with applause and what he thought oppres-
And said a word or two which gave alarm
To the Police, who took instant possession
Of poor JOHN's corpus—when he looked around
For aid, *not one of his applauders could be found.*
As from the watchful dog the straying flock will fly,
So JOHN's supporters from him now did hie ;
And left him to a dungeon, or worse fate,
As his reward for railing at the great.

To follow JOHN to durance vile, and trace
The changeful influence of adverse fate ;
To show how like a courtier in disgrace,
He was neglected in his fallen state ;
How he was charged with a grave offence,
And how he made a very lame defence ;
That he seditiously excited discontent,
In some of the liege subjects of the Queen,
And disaffection towards the government,—
The counsel said was but too clearly seen ;
But owned that youth and inexperience
Should be allowed to have due influence

In the amount of punishment to be awarded—
 Are things which further need not be regarded
 Suffice it for the present just to say,
 His head-strong warmth got time to die away
 'Tis true that still for liberty he yearned,
 But felt that it too dearly might be earned.
 He saw that Church and State reforming needed
 But saw that *home-reform* must take the lead,
 And then reform abroad *might* soon succeed.
 He saw "man's days of endless peace, which time
 Is *fast* maturing," might be sublime,
 But that an error it conveyed, and they,
 Before they "*came*," would make a slight delay
 And losing hope of home, and deeply stung
 With the vile conduct of his former friends
 And with a love of freedom nerved, and young
 Again at large, he o'er th' Atlantic wends.

And now awhile with tempered hope, we'll leave
 Our hero safe on board the "Liberty ;"
 Oft peering in th' horizon to perceive
 The distant shores of freedom and the free
 And for a moment step aside to see
 His politics fast changing to philosophy.
 Here is a scrap which he in prison wrote [*ledge* :
 On a blank leaf of *Pinnock's Guide to Know-*
 I may observe, this specimen I quote
 To show the prison was to him a college :—

The Guide to Knowledge ; aye, indeed, thou art
 guide, faithful and kindly, as the spot,
 to which thou guid'st th' oft wearied traveller
 so pleasant to the eye—potent and famed
 to all nations and at all times ; not as [woods,
 the guide who leads his hapless charge through
 briers and sloughs—thou ledest him through lawns
 and verdant fields, and ever and anon
 benignly shew'st the rich and living scenes
 to thy astonished charge, until, at last
 he stands transfixed with wonder in the plains
 of Knowledge, where reign joy and peace for aye !

We next shall see how his affection proved
 Invulnerable in his sad condition ;
 How his bereaved child unalt'rably he loved,
 When he himself seemed going to perdition :

Fare thee well my little dearie !
 Fare thee well my purest joy !
 We must part, but me each dreary
 Hour thy image shall employ.

'Tis not distance, 'tis not absence,
 'Tis not fate's sternest decree,
 'Tis not time—nothing can weaken
 That which binds my heart to thee.

Thou direct'st my every motion,
Though a thousand leagues apart ;
Thou divid'st each pure emotion—
Agitates and warms my heart.

Happy thou art yet unconscious
Of thy father's anxious care ;
All thy little joys and sorrows
Live and die as empty air.

But a time will come when thou too
Would'st the separation feel ;
Up, then, haste me nor be slow to
Mind my little Jamie's weal !

Arrived on the banks of Newfoundland,
Th' exciting portion of the voyage through,
His time began t' hang heavy on his hand,
And to amuse himself he took a view
Of his condition, and began t' indite
Whatever most his fancy did excite :—

Those whom business, fate, or folly
Leads to cross th' Atlantic wide,
And would shun grim melancholy,
On the Liberty must ride.

The Liberty, the Liberty, skips lightly o'er the wave,
 Swiftly bearing us along,
 Harmless joke and gleesome song,
 Drowning care, we all must share,
 Be us e'er so wise and brave.

fond of song of comic kind,
 Of endless fun and jollity,
 Sweet smells, loud yells—these you will find
 In *Steerage* of the Liberty.
 The Liberty, &c.

But if for wisdom and the wise
 You have a greater fancy;
 For gambling, drinking, midnight noise—
 Take *Cabin* on the Liberty.
 The Liberty, &c.

If Cockneys, blackguards, belles and beaux,
 In all their glee you'd wish to see,
 Pace to and fro, at evening's close,
 Or sit on *Deck* the Liberty.
 The Liberty, &c.

If broil or fight should you delight,
 Then you may in the *Galley* see
 Joe, Mike and Mate quarrel and fight
 Each day upon the Liberty.
 The Liberty, &c.

Th' inditing of this ditty at an end,
 Like other Poets ours longed for' applaúse,
 And offering its perusal to a friend,
 It was of course adjudged to be *sans* flaws.
 Most unaccountable 'tis there's no doubt,
 That man such an anomaly should be ;
 No sooner has he penance done, and out
 Of danger is of earthly purgatory,
 Than he forgets, as 'twere, not only that he fell,
 But what the cause of his declension was can't tell.
 So JOHN forgot that love of approbation
 Had lured him on too far in by-gone days ;
 That happy he'd have been in his own station,
 Had he not listened to the wily voice of praise.
 And now at the deceitful sounds of flattery,
 Again did thrilling pleasure fill his breast ;
 And whether right or wrong, no matter, he
 Believed what said, and could not rest,
 Until his hand he tried at his new craft—
 He left his friend—his friend left him and laughed.

Hail ye happy shores of freedom !
 Hail thou highly favored soil !
 We escape deep degradation,
 Woe, and ill-requited toil !
 Throbbing with anticipation,
 Soon the hopeful land to see ;
 All our hearts in exultation
 Bound, impatient to be free !

Young art thou in Independence,
 Yet how dreaded is thy power ;
 Tyrants tremble in thy presence,
 Fearing the approaching hour,—
 When humanity united,
 Shall equality proclaim,
 To the high and to the slighted—
 All shall know “ naught’s in a name.”

But the enemy we’ll conquer,
 And his power ever lay,
 Only when love universal,
 All man’s interests shall sway.
 And the day perhaps is distant,
 When this happy state shall be,—
 But we live for one another,
 And our children will be free !

His task now ended, like the foolish father,
 JOHN wished to show his offspring to the crowd ;
 And see the passengers around him gather,
 While he with pleasure reads to them aloud.
 It is needless to observe that the expected
 Quantum of praise was meted out by all ;
 That the loud *encore* was not neglected,
 But with alacrity he answered the call.
 No just promising—friends, if it will suit ye,
 I’ll sing the song to th’ tune of “ Isle of Beauty.”

Began again like a street ballad singer,
 Or parson at a Missionary Meeting;—
 The former bawls that you may “tip the finger;”
 The latter bawls that he may get good eating;—
 So JOHN now found that part of his existence
 Depended on what others had to give,
 And he of course could offer no resistance,
 To labour lustily that he might live;
 Nor did he dream of leaving off his work,
 Until he heard the shout “here is New York!”
 When instantly poor JOHN was left alone,
 To tune his pipes and modulate his tone.

Thou, kind reader, art perchance a preacher?
 Then in the exercise of thy vocation,
 Oft hast thou proved, poor man, a fallen creature,
 And sunk, by sin, the lowest in creation;
 And feeling sympathy for his condition,
 Exhorted fervently him to repentance,
 And thus escape a journey to perdition,
 And gain, at last, a favourable sentence;—
 And overcome with feeling for his state,
 Hast shouted lustily, and thumped, and wept,
 For very fear that he should be too late—
 Then found that *half thy congregation slept*.
 Or mayhap a proud pedagogue art thou,
 And often sigh'st that men should be such dolts

Not to see thy merit, and allow
 A little more for thy defects and faults ;
 And hurt much at the treatment of the father,
 The roguish urchin now begin'st t'assail
 With birchen argument, or wouldest rather,
 But to the desk art *pinned by thy coat tail*.
 Thou may be thou'rt in practice at the bar,
 And fond of flourishing thy cap and gown,
 Expecting soon to be a leading star,
 But art outwitted by a country clown.
 It is likely thou in love hast been, as oft
 We know those be who are a little soft ;
 And, innocent and unsuspecting, wast
 Pulled easily into a false security,
 But foundest in the end much to thy cost,
 Thy paragon a little lacked of purity.—
 When, reader, thou canst form a slight conception
 Of the sad plight our hero now was in ;
 For he to nature's law was no exception,
 But must atone for falling into sin.
 We heard though it is fashionable for poets
 To feel more keenly than most other men,
 And had not JOHN had something else to do, it's
 Likely he'd have sworn he ne'er would rhyme again,
 And either drown himself, like Tannahill,
 Or get well drunk, like Nicholson and Burns,
 Or take to cards, or any thing to kill
 Time and reflection—troublesome by turns ;—

As 'twas, he hardly felt this other blow,
 Before all hands were summoned from below
 To pass the Doctor, and their luggage shew
 To Custom officers ; who understand
 If you are sound and honest folks or no,
 And fit for strangers are in a "strange land !"
 This business at an end JOHN left the ship,
 Oblivious of his late reverse, to try
 To turn his dreams into reality, and sip
 The purging cup of dire experience dry.

And having got our hero safe on land,
 We soon will take him to his journey's end ;
 For I presume you all well understand
 How he his time and talents here must spend.
 His disappointment knew no bounds of course,
 When stern reality succeeded empty dreams ;
 For he, like most philosophers, the source
 Of human ill somewhat o'erlooked, it seems.
 He, like some others, sought the cause
 Of *social* happiness in *sounding* laws ;
 Nor saw where men are left alone to seek
 Their wealth and power as to them seems right,
 The strong and wicked must oppress the weak,
 And liberty and love give way to might.
 Hence of the joys of freedom JOHN soon tired,
 And in disgust with petty trick and fraud,

integrity and firmness now admired,
 And 'gan Britannia's greatness to applaud,—
 Most who, like our hero, spurn her sway,
 Soon yearn to feel again her fostering might
 Feel inclined with holy men to say—
 "Thy yoke is easy and thy burthen light."

So JOHN to CANADA now wends his way,
 And, while he swiftly sails across the lake
 A visit to his scrap-book let us pay,
 And a selection from it let us take

"Weary and faint I am, come let us rest
 On ever-bounteous Nature here has set
 A mossy bank, whereon we may, at ease
 Recline, and, sheltered from the piercing
 Of yon great fiery orb, dispatch our
 Thoughts! that we should be ingrate to the
 Almighty Being, which o'er-rules the
 That stupendous oak, and hear the song
 Of chanting of the feathered tribes.—But, hark!
 I heard a sound, a grating, rattling sound
 Came from among yon shrubs and dwarfish
 A dreadful sight! a hideous monster reared
 His rav'nous jaws distended, and his fangs
 Waiting to deal out death—the monster coils
 But, hark! I heard a human voice, and see

A woman to her partner clings—and, ah!
The monster leaps, the woman falls, and shrieks!

And now the man as from a troubled dream
Awaking, wildly looks around; the truth,
The dreadful truth, rushes upon his mind;
And, stealing from his victim, he perceives
The fell destroyer, as if satisfied
T' inject into the human vein sure death,
Nor seek to feast upon a conquered foe.
With madness raging, now he reckless leaps,
And with his "heel bruises the serpent's head;"
Now gives the woman aid, and off the ground
Her lifts, conveys her to th' adjoining brook,
And bathes, with anxious care, the livid spot
Upon her hand; now prays; but ah! she dies!

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Our hero says he witnessed the scene
Which here he has endeavoured to pourtray:
The sun was hot, the sky clear and serene—
It was, in short, what we call a fine day,—
When he strolled forth with Nature to commune;
Forget his cares in meditative mood;
And try his jarring thoughts to put in tune.
Diverging, then, a little from the road,
He says what he describes came full in view:
With sweetest sound, and ever-changing hue,

A rattle-snake into its trammels drew
 A son of Mother Eve, and, although he knew
 Destruction waited him if he should stay,
 He could not leave the spot until his wife
 Expelled the charm—the price she had to pay
 For her kind office was, it seems, her life.

CANADA, JOHN HART then is set down,
 And singly and contentedly he lives ;
 Well-stocked farm has he now of his own,
 And independence near him he perceives.
 First he taught a school awhile, and found—
 “When house, and land, and all is spent,
 Learning is most excellent.”
 He possess and cultivate the good
 Were his great object and desire, and so
 Purchased a farm with his first means,
 He’d advise all emigrants to do.
 Politics. I think, that he now leans
 To *Toryism*, which is a little strange
 In one who was a Chartist of such fame.
 But often we our politics do change
 As we a little *stake* get in the *game*.
 He pretends it is philosophy,
 Which has produced his present sober vein ;
 Says a “little learning” made him high,
 As “drinking deep” has sobered him again ;

That he at first saw *truth* he must allow,
 But argues that *the truth* he did not see ;
 And to *the truth* alone we all must bow,
 For Nature knows but this equality.

The truth is always in the *present tense*,
 and also in the *mode Indicative* ;
 It is—"whatever *is*, *is right*"—and hence
 its essence is to be *executive*.

'Tis changeful as all nature is, and so
 Progress towards perfection is its aim ;
 And *to-day* we know, *to-morrow* cannot know—
 For *the truth* two seconds cannot be the same.

But *the truth* is future, and must ever be
 Potential and conditional 'tis plain ;

Bliss in the womb of dark futurity,

Whom attempts to grasp it must be vain ;—

Whom indeed, the *Universe* her *Laws*

Shall abrogate, and *all* return to naught.

How strange things there might be, God knows—

How strange things e'en now the world is
 In naught.

But things, then, as they are, he is content,

Though he oft recurs to former scenes ;

And is improve his generation bent,

But wishes so to do by Nature's means

Which seem to travel at a slowish rate,

And to condemn all violent commotion ;

Attempts to nature force can but create

Disorder and delay in their promotion.

THE EMIGRANT.

He seldom goes to Church still it is true,
And yet he never could be a Dissenter ;
Believing that *one* Church is quite enow,
When through its portals *all* may Heaven ent
As by his neighbours he is much respected,
So he is called to manage their affairs ;
A Member of the *Council* he's elected,
And hopes, ere long, to feel the joys and care.
Of Member of the *Provincial Assembly* ;
And as his thoughts he cannot well dissemble,
May then expect to see things managed betterly
At least he tells me so in his last letter.

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SONGS.

THE SLEIGHING SONG.

TUNE.—*Patrick's Day ; OR, Poor Dickey.*

Now, harness the horses, and let's have a sleigh ride
The day is so fine, and the sleighing so good ;
I see Billy prancing, and hear Neddy neighing
They are so delighted to get on the road.
Now bring out the skins, an armful of hay,
And lay them well into the box of the sleigh,
Then strap on the bells, Dick, and bring me the whip
And then smoothly and swiftly along we will skip
Sing fal de ral la ral, &c.

Now, Fanny dear, jump in, and fix yourself snugly
And tie fast your bonnet, and make warm your feet
Now pull on your mittens, and draw close your
cloak, dear,
And then you'll enjoy with a relish the treat ;
That you're so pretty, it would be a pity
That you should catch cold, and thus make your-
self sick,—
I pray you take care, dear, and then you need
never fear,—
More lovely still you'll return to your Dick.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

SONGS.

Oh, Dickey, you villain, I see you are willing
To have a ride too and your Fanny protect
Perhaps you are right, boy, then jump in aside
For I shall be heady ere long, I expect :
If youth is the season of love, there's no reason
That I, when an old man, should smother its flame
Then comfort each other, as sister and brother,
For 'twas to this end to the world we came.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Now, then, are you ready, for Billy and Neddy
Impatiently wait us with pleasure to fill ;—
Gee up, then, my darlings, go swiftly but steady
Nor stumble nor baulk going up or down hill
Well shod and well fed you are fleet as the wind
Poor Dandy and Sally you leave far behind,—
The whip never need for a word does control you
You're useful to me, and to you I'll be kind.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

THE RAISING SONG.

TUNE.—*The Boatie Rows.*

The Winter's passed, and Nature now,
Aroused from sleep, is seen
To doff her rigid garb of snow,
And don her vest of green.

SONGS.

The feathered tribes, with hope revived,
Carol their am'rous lays,
And animated nature all
Joins in a hymn of praise!

With pure delight the Farmer sees
His wheat the frost survive,
And to secure his crop with ease,
More room he must contrive;
Another barn, then, he must have,
A "Raising Bee" must make—
The gift of Providence to save
All proper care must take.

Now see the neighbours gather round,
Their willing aid to lend;
For he who kind and true is found
Will never lack a friend.
Now hear the axe laid to the tree,
Re-echo far and near;
And listen to the mirth and glee,—
The "heave oh!" and the cheer.

Now round on round the logs are laid,
As if by magic raised;
The bulls and skids must now be made,
The corners must be praised:

SONGS.

For young the axe-men are, and hale,
And their importance feel ;
With nervous fear they never quail,—
With dizziness ne'er reel.

The building up, the feasting done,
With hearts as light as air,
The young in earnest have begun
To dance away all care.
The going to the bottle passed
The exhilarating bottle passed,
Their pleasure knows no bounds ;
Forward one glance they never cast,
While e'er the music sounds.

THE HARVEST SONG.

TUNE.—*Ye Banks and Braes.*

The wheat is ripe, the reapers come,
With cradle and with rake in hand ;
With gladsome hearts they leave their home
To accept the bounty of the land ;
Which always yields a rich reward
To industry, and skill, and care,
If His ^{God's} commands we do regard,
And freely with the needy share.

SONGS.

^{1. 6th line}
 The bottle passed, the whetting done,
 The golden ear falls to the earth ;
 The magic binding is begun,
 Amidst a burst of boist'rous mirth ;
 The cradlers swiftly sweep along,
 Exerting all their strength and skill ;
 The binders, last among the throng,
 Bring up the rear with right good will.

^{song}
 Excited now with pride and drink, *
 The jest and song have died away,
 And each is emulous to think
 Himself the master of the day :
 With nerve well strung with health and love,
 JOHN quickly passed the leader by ;
 And long ere Sol had ceased to move,
 The palm to him none could deny.

To JOHN than vulgar shout more dear,
 Was the applause Ellen did give ;
 Till then his hope was mixed with fear
 That for another she did live ;—
 But when with throbbing heart she came,
 And kissed with fervour wild his brow,—
 He knew that she too felt a flame
 Which only those who love can know.

SONGS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

SUNG AT A SCOTCH HANSEL-MONDAY PARTY.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Sync.*

Another year has glided by,
And we each other meet,
Again to strengthen friendship's tie,
In social converse sweet.

May we each other comfort give,
May peace and joy abound ;
May harmony reign undisturbed—
No jarring string be found ;

While we our cares forget a while
In mirth and jollity ;
Nor while we thus an hour beguile
Think it frivolity ;
For life's chequered scene at best,
And like the ocean's wave,
When most disturbed most seeks for rest
So we the silent grave.

And this is true philosophy
T' enjoy life while we can ;
By snatching at its joys we try
To lengthen out its " span ;"
Which else a gloomy vale of tears, ;
In truth it were, my friends ;
But thus regret, nor hopeless fears,
Disturb us when it ends.

Then may we often meet again,
 To celebrate this day,
 With hearts attuned afresh by love—
 That love which wo'nt decay
 Until our latest breath we draw ;
 We shuffle off this coil,
 And we submit to Nature's law,
 And rest from earthly toil.

 THE MAID OF THE TWELVE.

And SENE.—*As lonesome I wandered along the Sea shore.*

Hlonesome I wandered along the Twelve Creek,
 With ke it I meandered a resting to seek ;
 Joy miring its wildness, the day took a flight,
 And lo d evening in mildness, soon ushered in night.
 The Soon ushered in night, &c.

ousd from my revery by a loud wail,
 To Josadness I heard a sweet Maid's touching tale ;
 Wa, Johnny !" she cried, " though thou art unkind,
 Till thnconstancy thou in me never shalt find.
 Tha Never shalt find, &c.

But wh ! wretched, most wretched, and truly forlorn,
 And y heart with deep anguish within me is torn ;
 He kn Whilst thou with th' embrace of another art blest,
 Whic rom sorrow, keen sorrow, I never find rest."
 I never find rest, &c.

With deepest compassion my heart overran,
 I stepped up to her and thus I began :
 " Sweet maiden thy tale of distress I did hear,
 " And offer to comfort thee, and thy heart cheer
 And thy heart cheer, &c.

" Thy constancy, beauty, and sweetness combine
 " Deserve a true lover, and one thou shalt find ;
 " My heart, then, is yours, and here is my hand,
 " My fortune and services you may command."
 You may command, &c.

The maiden was soothed, and wiped her tears,
 Away we both moved, and banished our fears ;
 To church the next morning, at day-break we went
 And each now adoring, we never repent.
 We never repent, &c.

"THE SACRED BOWER."

Oh ! Anna, I remember well
 When my young heart first felt thy power,
 And when I dared my passion tell
 Within this ever-sacred bower !

SONGS.

Oh ! how my bosom throbbed, my brow
T With keen anxiety did burn,
'Afraid to hear the withering "no !"
A I with disdain thy passion spurn !"

T But when instead of a repulse,
Thy bosom heaved, thy eyes gushed tears,
i And, yielding, fell into my arms,
With fond embrace to drown my fears !

No tongue can tell, no pen portray,
T The load from off my heart removed ;—
think e'en now I hear thee say—
" Oh long and dearly have I loved !"

oft lingering near this sacred spot,
V Long happy years flit through my brain ;
Vows oft repeated—ne'er forgot—
Recur with their first force again.

come, then, my Anna, let us stay
Within our old retreat awhile,
And muse on the approaching day,
When we shall both rest near yon pile.

SONGS.

THE OLD SETTLER.

TUNE.—*Jolly and True Hearted Fellow.*

Here we are dear Anne, and the long struggle o'er
With plenty and comfort at last ;
Our toils and our hardships are ended for ever,
And now we may laugh at the past:
Whilst thou with thy knitting beguilest the time
I will seat myself snug by thy side ;
Together the up-hill of life we did clime—
Its decline then shall not us divide.

All our children are grown, and all married, b
Betty,
And she too will soon be a wife ;
For she is so kind, so accomplished, so pretty.
That keep her we could not for life.
But what need we care since they're happy, do we
And are near us to smooth our gray locks ;
For we can advise them, and warn them, and te
How we toiled when we were young folks.

How that wide-spreading plain, where the lambkin
now gambol ;
The spot where our dwelling now stands ;

SONGS.

36

Tell those beautiful walks where at evening we
ramble,

Declare how to industrious hands

The forest will yield, and become fruitful soil :

And those cattle, so numerous and sleek,—

Claim the reward of our care and our toil,

And the kindness of Providence speak.

As time glides away, let us laugh with the gay :
 console the afflicted and poor ;

Let our plenty withhold, when fatigued and cold.

Let no stranger approach our door :

But thus when our days shall be numbered, and we

Be called hence to the regions above,

Our minds from remorse for the past shall be free,

And in calmness rejoin those we love.