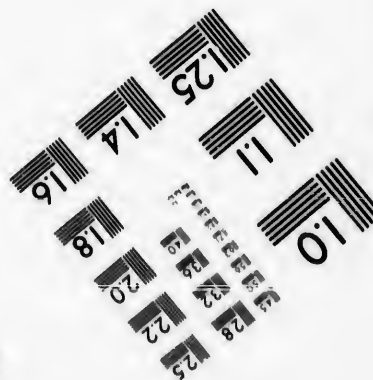
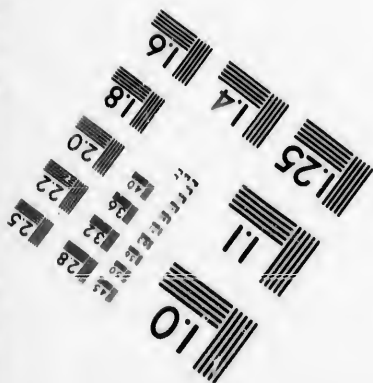
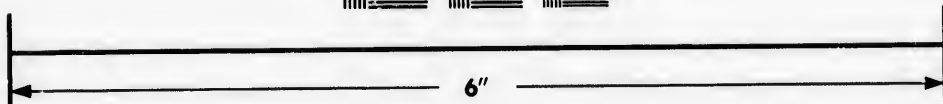
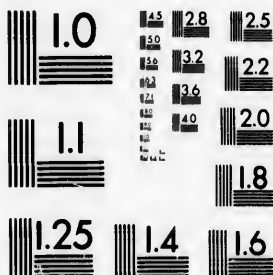


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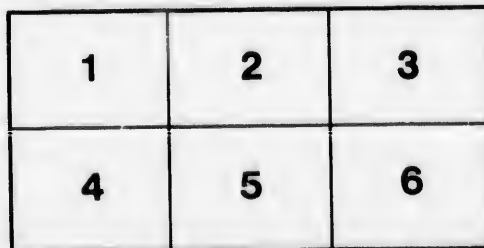
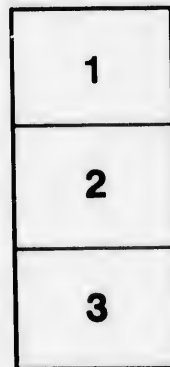
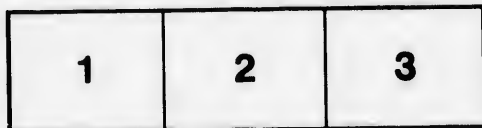
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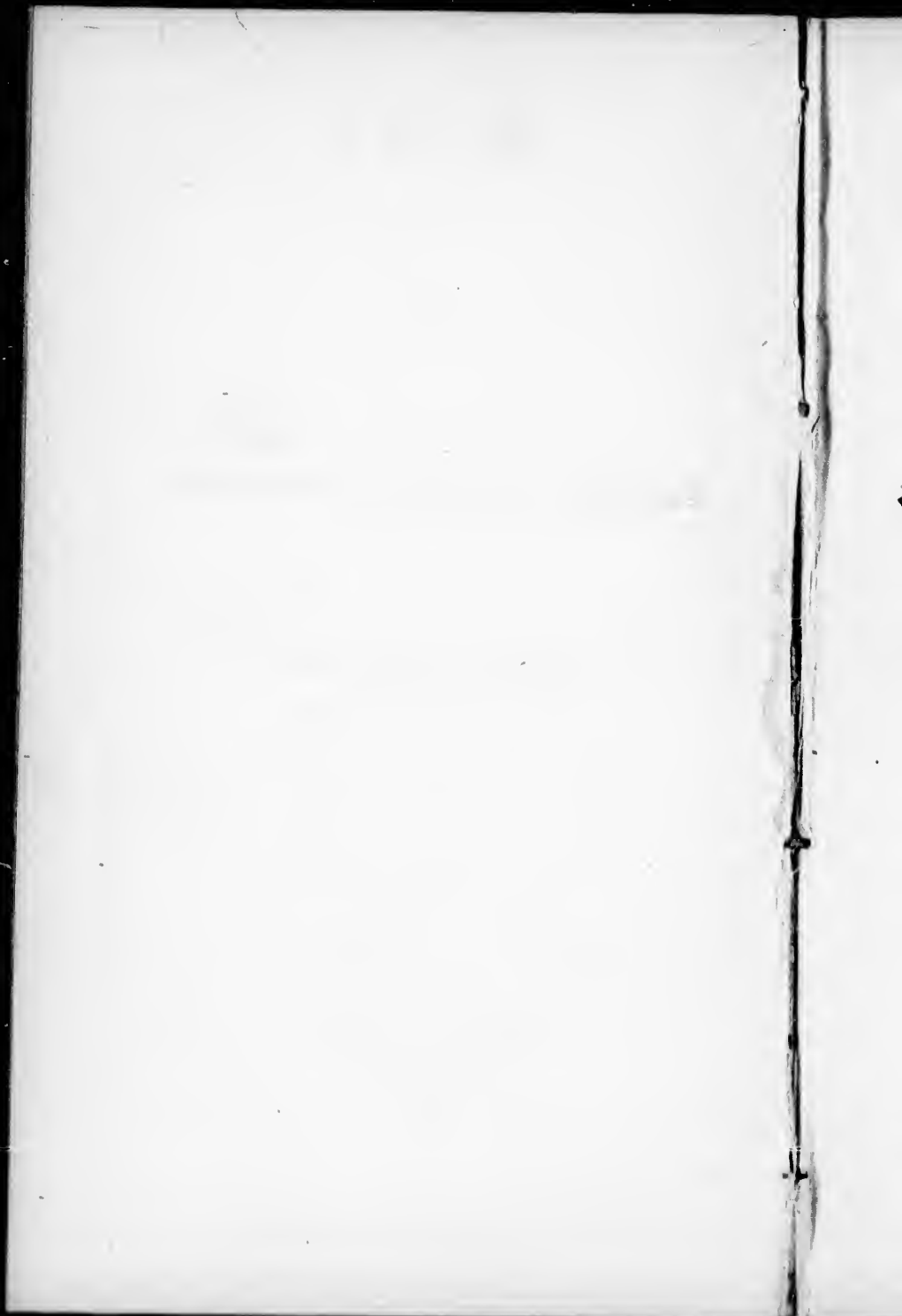
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P o e m s

BY

JAMES BRUGHENRIDGE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead—
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land."
SCOTT.

TORONTO :
PRINTED AT A. DREDGE'S
BOOK AND JOB OFFICE,
88 YONGE STREET.
1860.

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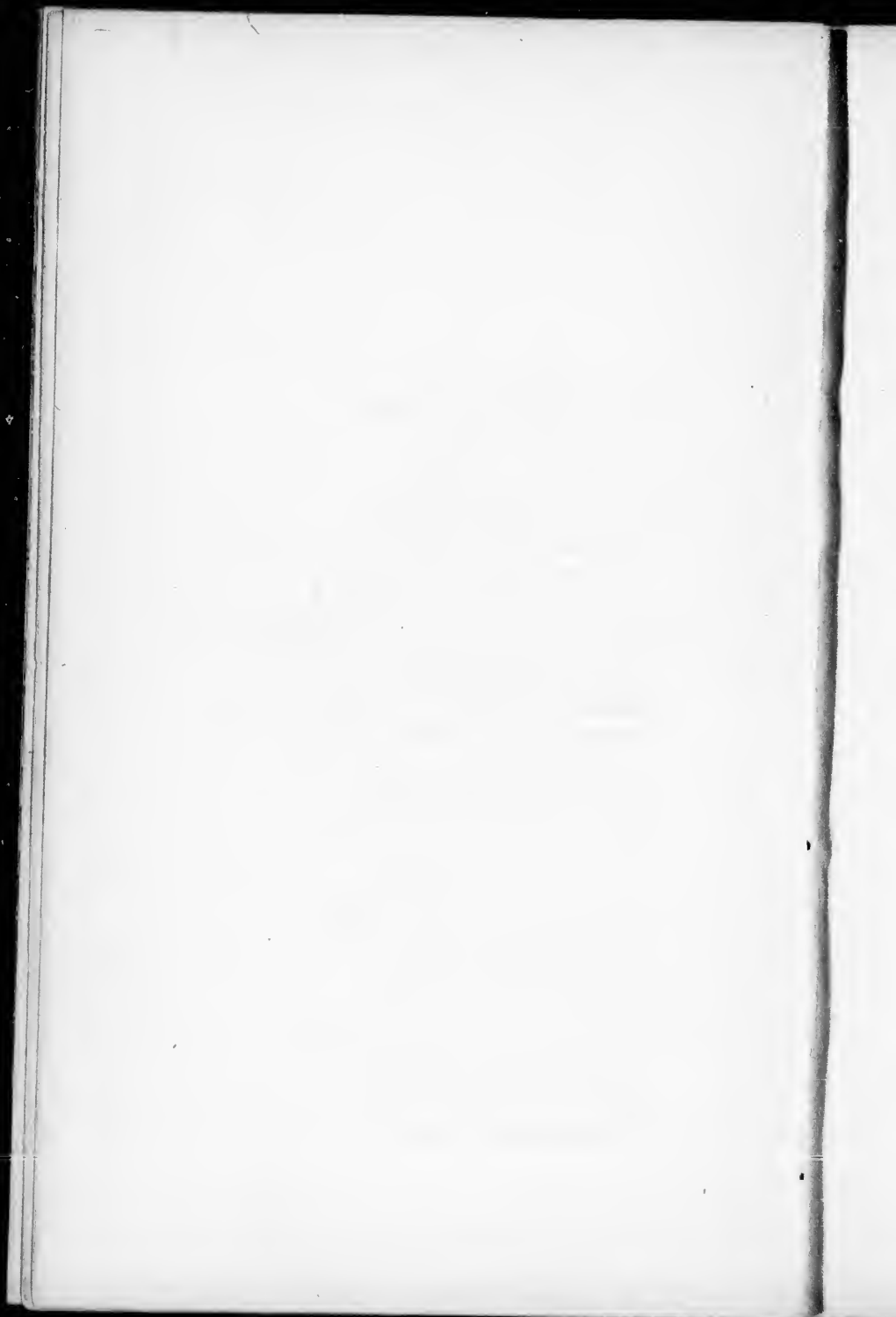
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DEDICATION.

—
TO THE
WORKING CLASSES
OF OUR YOUTHFUL COUNTRY, WHOSE PERSEVERING
INDUSTRY IS THE BEST GUARANTEE OF A
NATION'S WEALTH—WHOSE
PATRIOTISM IS THE BEST SAFEGUARD OF A NATION'S LIBERTIES—WHOSE
ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS ARE THE BEST SECURITY OF
A NATION'S HAPPINESS—
WHOSE REFINEMENT IS THE BEST CRITERION OF A NATION'S
SOCIAL POSITION—AND WHOSE MORAL WORTH IS THE ONLY TRUE
FOUNDATION OF A NATION'S GREATNESS,
THIS VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

66020



P R E F A C E .

When one presumes to write a book,
And slowly pens each column ;
'Tis customary to prefix,
A *preface* to his volume.

Men naturally wish to know,
Some little of the writer ;
It adds new interest to his work,
And makes his page the brighter.

Where was he born ? where does he live ?
What is his occupation ?
What hopes, what motives, or designs,
Prompt him to publication ?

What explanation can he give ?
What reason can he mention ?
Why he should for his writings dare,
To claim a world's attention.

The world is now too full of books,
That prove but useless lumber ;
And he is guilty of a wrong,
That adds unto the number.

Some say, the days are past and gone,
When Poetry should flourish ;
And little in this land of ours,
The vital spark to nourish,

PREFACE.

That Science has dispelled the dream,
 Of Fancy's fair creation ;
 And fact has now usurped the place,
 Of wild imagination.

Men have no leisure now-a-days,
 To sip poetic honey ;
 Such pleasures have all yielded to
 The rage for making money.

That this is true to some extent,
 There can be no contention ;
 But were true genius to appear,
 It *must* command attention.

A Poet whose seraphic strains,
 Would captivate all classes ;
 And wield a most gigantic power,
 To elevate the masses.

The faults and follies of his age,
 Unsparingly rebuking ;
 And honest, undesigned mistakes,
 As kindly overlooking.

The terror of the tyrant's claims ;
 Sworn foe to power despotic ;
 Unflinching friend of liberty,
 And feelings patriotic.

His country's honour to advance,
 His pleasure and his duty ;
 And paint her varied scenes in hues,
 Of bright poetic beauty.

Her honour she must seek apart,
 From scenes of carnage gory ;

True greatness must be built upon,
Her people's moral glory.

Ere Worth be found in places high,
To bud, and bloom, and flourish ;
Its precious germs in humble homes,
We first must kindly nourish.

By mild, attractive, pleasing strains,
The cot and palace reaching ;
All ranks and classes would be pleased,
And profit by his teaching.

Thus purify a nation's taste,
By dainties rare and pleasant ;
Inspire with feelings truly great,
The noble and the peasant.

And stamp the greatness of his soul,
On his own generation ;
And leave his works a legacy,
To his admiring nation.

If such a poet ought to be—
So truly great his mission ;
I do not, *dare* not hope to reach,
So noble a position.

Encumbered by the weighty cares,
Of constant occupation ;
Most of the following were penned,
In hours of recreation.

I've no apology to make ;
Because no special pleading,

Can stamp with merit and with worth,
What is not worth the reading.

And if no beauties can be found,
In this my first endeavour ;
Then let them sink in endless night,
To rise no more forever.

'Tis possible they may please some,
Whose taste and inclination,
Lead them to seek in poesy,
For pleasant recreation.

Their worth, (if any) in themselves,
Apart from me consider :
For saying ought about myself,
Excuse me, gentle reader.

STEWARTTOWN, Sept'r 1st, 1860.

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T

CONTENTS.

The Dying Soldier.....	13
Love.....	15
Thunder Storm.....	17
The Camp Meeting.....	19
Conjugal Fidelity.....	25
The Man who sent his Boy to School.....	27
The Frog.....	31
To a Widow.....	33
The Evening Walk.....	36
Long Sermons—a Dialogue.....	38
A Worthy old Man.....	45
Farewell to the Bush.....	51
“Woman's Rights”.....	55
Othello's Dream or The Horrors of a Guilty Mind.....	57
Ode to the Memory of ——.....	62
To the Prince of Wales on his Visit to Canada.....	63
Rambles of Fancy.....	66
Epistle to a Friend.....	75
A Farmer's Narrative of his own Experience.....	82
Domestic Happiness.....	95
One Million Pounds.....	97
The Sorrows and Sufferings of a Wheat Field.....	103
Speech at a Pic-Nic on Music.....	113
The Fop.....	122
Picking Raspberries.....	126
Passion.....	131
The Farming Life.....	138

Born Again.....	139
Lines written in a Melancholy mood.....	141
Glenwilliams.....	143
Song.....	147
The Deserted Lover.....	148
Verses to Miss L—— M——	150
Reflections of a Labouring Man.....	153
To a Comrade on going to Live in Town.....	155
On the Death of an Infant.....	157
Morning Prayer for a Young Person.....	158
An Unfortunate Woman.....	159
An Emigrant to his Friends at Home.....	162
The Slave to the World.....	164
The Miser.....	167
A. B. C.	169
Toleration. To S. T. L.	172
Olinthus or The Teacher.....	175
Woman	179
Temperance Speech.....	182
The Departed.....	190
Laziness.....	193
To the Trustees of School Section No. 6, Esquesing.....	196
A Pedestrian's Visit to Glenwilliams.....	203
Sabbath Desecration	208
On Seeing some Persons Laughing at Church.....	210
Verses on the Death of our Daughter Margaret, who died on February 6th, 1860.....	212
To an Infant Son	216
The End of the Journey.....	218
The Drunkard's Death-bed.....	219
The Mother to her Child.....	222
Lines to N——	223
On the death of Hugh Miller the Geologist.....	225
Nothing to do.....	227
The Committee on Public Lectures to the Inhabitants of S. and Vicinity	228
To a Friend on Emigrating to America.....	231
To the Children attending Erin Sabbath School.....	234
The School Teacher.	236
Ambition in the Struggle of Life.....	238

..... 139
 141
 143
 147
 148
 150
 153
 155
 157
 158
 159
 162
 164
 167
 169
 172
 175
 179
 182
 190
 193
 196
 203
 208
 210
 died on
 212
 216
 218
 219
 222
 223
 225
 227
 S. and
 228
 231
 234
 236
 238

CONTENTS.

xi

The Soul and the Body.....	240
On the Death of the Duke of Wellington.....	241
Solitude.....	242
An Honest Man.....	245
My first and last attempt at Skating.....	248
The Influence of Poetry.....	251
The Housekeeper.....	253
The Falls of Niagara.....	255



C
A
M
M
H
E
E
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P O E M S .

THE DYING SOLDIER.

On the broad field of death, where the wounded were lying,
And thousands were sleeping, to wake up no more ;
A gallant young soldier, lay bleeding and dying,
All mangled, and bloody, and covered with gore.

No balm for his wounds, no kind hand to restore him,
No cordial to sweeten his labouring breath ;
No kind heart to cheer him, no friend to weep o'er him,
But cold on his clay-couch, he struggled with death.

He heard not the crash of the armies contending,
He heard not the thunder, deep-rolling, profound ;
He heard not the shout of the victor ascending,
He heard not the wail of the dying around.

Kind thoughts of his home in his bosom awaken,
Embittered, alas ! by a sigh of regret ;
He thought of his mother, forlorn, and forsaken,
His fond loving mother, how could he forget ?

He tore from her grasp, for the land of the stranger,
With tears of affection he bade her farewell ;

With valour unshrinking, faced hardship, and danger,
And fighting for liberty, gallantly fell.

He saw her now left a poor victim of sorrow,
With anguish bewailing the loss of the slain ;
Not one ray of hope, to enliven her morrow,
No kind heart to pity, no hand to sustain.

"God bless her" he cried, "Thou who feedest the raven,
Give heed to the cry of the mourner distressed ;
O nourish her soul with the manna of heaven,
And guide her in peace, to the land of the blest !"

He thought of his Mary, bereft of her lover,
Awaiting in vain for his speedy return ;
The love of her childhood, is blighted forever,
Embalmed by her tears, in death's cold silent urn.

For all whom he lov'd he most ardently pleaded,
And breathed for their weal, an affectionate pray'r ;
The world, and its scenes, from his vision receded,
But he closed not his eyes, in the shades of despair.

As the cold dews of death, were apace stealing o'er him,
His soul was the seat of a permanent peace ;
He hopefully gazed on the prospect before him,
And hailed the approach of a speedy release.

He consciously felt that his sins were forgiven,
On the faith of the Gospel he firmly relied ;
His deep-rolling eyes, he turned upward to heaven,
Then closed them in slumber—and peacefully died.

L O V E .

True love is not a phantom charm,
Of fancy's gay adorning ;
Nor yet the fair, illusive dream,
That passes with the morning.

'Tis not the whirlwind-sweeping gust,
That stormy passion raises ;
'Tis not the false alluring glare,
That for a moment blazes.

But 'tis the gently beaming light,
That shines with steady brightness ;
And darts its rays into the soul,
Of pure unsullied whiteness.

'Tis not the momentary glow,
That dwindles into coolness ;
For 'tis the effusion of a heart,
Rejoicing in its fullness.

'Tis not a flickering, transient joy,
Of fitful, wild emotion ;
But 'tis the soul's transcendent bliss,
Vast, boundless, as the ocean.

'Tis not the product of a day,
'Tis not of man's invention,
A hand divine, has stamp'd it there,
And saves it from declension.

By gentle but resistless power,
Draws kindred hearts together ;

And bids us, in our fellow man,
To recognise a brother.

Those who would comprehend its power,
Need only to enjoy it ;
Life's troubles cannot quench the flame,
Nor death itself destroy it.

Though from the object of our love,
Death may us rudely sever,
Yet love itself, true, faithful love,
Must surely last for ever.

It forms the grand connecting link,
Between the child and mother ;
And is the principle that binds
The universe together.

It forms the chief ingredient,
In happiness supernal ;
And clothes in majesty and light
The throne of the Eternal.

THUNDER STORM.

See on the verge of yonder skies,
What huge colossal pillars rise,
Columns of ever growing size,
Stretch o'er the heavens.

Nature resigns her smiling bloom,
Thick clouds dispense a dismal gloom,
Nursing a tempest in their womb,
Fraught with destruction.

Creation struck with awe profound,
A solemn stillness reigns around,
Far in the west, with murmuring sound,
Groans the deep thunder.

The storm is coming on apace,
And strikes with awe the human race,
While man and beast, to some safe place,
Rush to find shelter.

The lightning flashes, blazes bright,
And thunders roll with awful might,
The earth affrighted at the sight,
Shakes to the centre.

The clouds are boiling as with heat,
The sky appears one flaming sheet,
And Nature in her wild retreat
Wakes her lone echoes.

Prostrating forests to the ground,
And spreading desolation round,

O'er mountain, valley, hill, and mound,
Sweeps the tornado.

The clouds discharge their liquid store,
And furious floods abundant pour,
Till mountain torrents, with loud roar,
Dash head-long onward.

O'erwhelmed with terror and dismay,
Man views the horrors of the day,
But sees amidst the gloom, one ray,
Beam in the distance.

The storm subsides, now yields despair,
Less vivid now the lightning's glare,
And thunders muttered in the air,
Die into murmurs.

A calm ensues ; all hushed to rest ;
And arched o'er yonder mountain's crest,
The rainbow shines, divinely dressed,
Bright pledge of mercy.

The clouds return, the conflict o'er
The raging tempest ceased to roar,
And drooping nature smiles once more,
Flushed with new beauty.

THE CAMP MEETING.

Hark ! what strains from yonder forest,
Rise upon the burdened breeze !
Pealing upwards, wafted heavenward,
Far beyond the towering trees.

'Tis the sabbath ; calm and tranquil ;
At this solemn hour of prayer,
Let us hie to yonder woodland,
And behold what passes there.

Crowds on crowds are pressing onwards,
Eager to behold the sight,
Deep in Nature's leafy temple,
Shrouded by the pall of night.

Busy, active, restless fancy,
Speeds the curious on his way ;
Till an eminence he reacheth,
That commands a full survey.

O what lofty grand ideas,
Through his mind successive flow,
As with wondering eyes he gazes,
On the glorious scene below !

Seems it not like an encampment,
Of the Israelites of old ?
But, O where the guiding pillar,
Sheathed in flames of fiery gold ?

Seems it not a hostile army,
Coming to invade the land ;

Big with conquest, bright in armour,
Target, helmet, shield and brand ?

Yes, they march on Satan's kingdom,
With the bible for their sword ;
Fight beneath Jehovah's banner,
And the slain, is of the Lord.

Thousands there of men and women,
Crowd around in mixed array ;
Seems not all that solemn splendour,
Something like the judgment day ?

Tents, that motley throng encircle,
Beacon faggots blaze within ;
Like what on the field of slaughter,
Is by midnight prowlers seen.

Overhead, the pine tree waveth
Proudly o'er the spreading beech ;
While the friendly maple, stretcheth
Out her folding arms to each ;

Twining o'er the sylvan bower,
Nature's canopy of green ;
While the glorious orbs of heaven,
Through the opening may be seen ;

Rolling on their winding mazes,
Sparkling gems of glorious night ;
While the moon to deepest forests,
Sends a wandering beam of light.

Hark ! the trumpet loudly soundeth,
Ringing forth a warning peal ;

Let us go, and with attention,
Hear the man of God's appeal.

Now a thousand voices mingle,
High the joyful strains they raise,
Till the very woods are vocal,
With their mighty Maker's praise.

Low they bend upon his footstool,
And pour out their hearts in prayer,
Till the accents of devotion,
Die upon the evening air.

Up he stands before the people,
Boldly for his God to plead ;
To declare his love and mercy,
And the guilty sinner's need.

But the sinner's heart is hardened,
Proudly it sustains the shock ;
And repels the sacred arrows,
Like an adamant rock.

But the herald of salvation,
Points to sin's avenging rod ;
Loudly calls to heaven for mercy,
On the soul estranged from God.

Hundreds from the crowd responding,
Groan a deep, and long "amen" !
Till the solitary desert,
Echoes back the sound again.

Some poor sinner, conscience smitten,
Sees his sins in dread array,

Rise before him like a mountain,
Intercepting mercy's ray.

Quakes his very soul for terror,
As he views his fiery bed ;
Sinai belches out her thunder,
On his poor devoted head.

And when vengeance hangeth o'er him,
And pale terror haunts his mind ;
Glad he is to fly for refuge,
To the Saviour of mankind.

But the heart, Oh, how deceitful !
Who can all its wiles reveal ?
Can it be that he's mistaken,
That it is unchanged still ?

Can it be that strong excitement,
Should deceive a mortal so ?
Was it but a gush of feelings,
Like the tides that ebb and flow ?

That 'tis so, in many cases,
Would be folly to deny ;
That 'tis always so, would doubtless,
Be unchristian charity.

Sermon ends, and now a season
Follows, of tumultuous prayer ;
All are heartily invited,
In the exercise to share.

Men and women kneel together,
And begin with God to plead ;

Each in personal devotion,
 No one seems to take the lead.

But anon, the scene gets stormy,
 Now their tones get loud and high ;
 "God have mercy" ! one exclaimeth,
 "Hallelujah" ! rends the sky.

"Heaven have mercy on the sinner" !
 "Jesus save me, ere I die" !
 "God be praised, for I am happy" !
 "Glory be to God on high" !

Louder still, another shouteth ;
 Smites his breast in wild dismay ;
 Down at last, he sinks exhausted,
 One more gasp—and swoons away.

Soon by kindly hands uplifted,
 By and by he groans, "amen" !
 Dreamed no doubt, he was in heaven,
 But awoke on earth again.

Some are sobbing, some are sighing,
 Mourning o'er their sinful ways ;
 Some rejoicing in the Saviour,
 Others, singing to his praise.

Round and round the crowd is thronging,
 Some do inly weep and moan ;
 Most behold with consternation,
 Others look with pity on.

And while many are ascribing
 Praise, to whom all praise belongs,

Some are jesting, cursing, swearing,
Others singing *nigger* songs.

But this stormy scene of chaos,
Closes to our wondering eyes ;
And that praying band of brothers,
Joyful, from their knees arise.

Into companies divided,
Now they to their tents repair ;
Where full soon, the hymn of gladness,
Rises on the midnight air.

Homeward let us turn our footsteps,
And reflect upon the scene ;
Time cannot efface the memory,
Of the wonders we have seen.

Men may differ in opinion,
Christians on one point agree ;—
Sinners' welfare, and God's glory,
Should be their desire to see.

Speed thy cause then, Oh, Jehovah !
When thy children seek thy face !
Thine, O, thine ! be all the glory,
Of the triumphs of thy grace !

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

How tender are the ties that bind,
Two loving hearts together !
How pure the joys of kindred minds,
United to each other !

Long cherished friendship's dearest tie,
The lapse of time may sever ;
And let those bands asunder fly,
But, O, forsake me never !

Revolving time will but more strong,
Cement our happy union ;
The stream of life we'll glide along,
Enjoying sweet communion.

The same shall be our humble fare,
The same our joy and sorrow ;
The prospect we will jointly bear,
That clouds, or gilds the morrow.

If happiness shall be our lot,
We'll share its bliss together ;
If fortune frowns, we'll murmur not,
Still happy in each other.

If storms shall rage, or billows rise,
On life's tempestuous ocean,
Our hopes, our fears, shall heavenward rise.
Sweet blended in devotion.

Should we be found, through toils, and cares,
Far e'er life's ocean driven,
2

We trust, old age, and hoary hairs,
Shall find us near our haven.

And when the time comes, that we must
Cross Jordan's swelling billow,
The ground of the believer's trust,
Shall be our resting pillow.

And when the gloomy tyrant, Death,
Shall in his arms enfold us,
When we resign our fleeting bench,
The same cold grave shall hold us.

When generations yet unborn,
Us with the dead shall number,
We mouldering in the silent urn,
Shall rest in peaceful slumber.

Till time, with marching pace brings round,
That great and glorious morning,
When the last trumpet's awful sound,
Shall thrill us with its warning.

Then we shall mount and soar away,
To realms of bliss and glory ;
And chant through everlasting day,
Salvation's joyful story.

Disease, or sorrow, death, or pain,
No longer shall us sever ;
For there we shall together reign,
In realms of bliss for ever.

THE MAN WHO SENT HIS BOY TO SCHOOL.

A farmer not ten miles away,
Thus hails his son one morning :—
John, you must go to school to-day
And please to take this warning.—

If it be true what I have heard,
Concerning our new master ;
You may as well be on your guard,
In case of a disaster.

Perhaps he is not quite so strict,
As said by busy rumour ;
But certainly if you get lied,
He'll see me in strange humour.

If he's implacably severe,
In his administration ;
He may expect, and have, I fear,
Some fierce retaliation.

For men, to truth and justice used,
Impatient of oppression,
Their children will not have abused,
For every slight transgression.

'Twas but a feature of the times,
Of darkness and of error ;
That stirring youths, from grievous crimes,
Should be restrained by terror.

The pedant then could lift the rod,
As often as it pleased him ;

And lift it fearfully he would,
When stormy passion seized him.

But in these days if he be fond
To take a bold position ;
We'll fix him, if he steps beyond,
The bounds of his commission.

As I intend to make of you,
A pretty decent scholar ;
'Twill cost you time, and labor too,
And cost me many a dollar.

For counsel you must look to me,
And follow my directions ;
Exert yourself, and strive to be,
The pride of your connexions.

That when I've nearly run my race,
And darkness round me gather ;
My worthy son may fill the place,
Of his respected father !

Three days a week at least, you'll go,
Unless 'tis stormy weather ;
And when we're busy, then you know,
You'll stay to help your mother.

You'll learn especially to read,
Without a stop or stammer ;
And not be cramming in your head,
Geography or grammar.

'Bout land ten thousand miles away,
Let men of learning wrangle ;

And grammar teaches one, they say,
His mother tongue to mangle.

For mathematics, and such stuff,
You need not care a button :
But you'll have reckonings enough.
Of pork, and beef, and mutton.

You need not care to understand,
Vagaries new from college ;
But gather with industrious hand,
A store of *useful* knowledge.

Who cares a fig, about the size,
Of continents and oceans ?
Right heartily I do despise,
Such vain, new fangled notions.

Such themes to men of idle brains,
Perhaps may be inviting ;
You take all necessary pains,
In ciphering, and writing.

Mind not those globes, machines and maps,
For rich men's sons intended ;
Just wasting time, that would perhaps,
Far better be expended.

Some have their children, knowledge wild,
From all those sources gather ;
And proud they are, because the child,
Is wiser than the father.

O what an age ! for something new,
Its ardour ne'er relaxes ;

What good does all such nonsense do.
Except increase our taxes ?

And now, my son, take this old slate,
And these few sheets of paper,
Your mother stitched when sitting late,
By that old blinking taper.

Remember then, you know your place,
And act with due decorum ;
Fear not to show your honest face,
When standing up before him !

But if the pedagogue, should with
Too many studies clog you ;
Or worse, if he in sullen wrath,
Should dare attempt to flog you ;

You just come home, and tell your tale,
The cause he had to do it ;
And your old father, without fail,
Shall make the villain rue it !

THE FROG.

Great songster of the pond and lake!
Prime monarch of the swamp and swell!
No joys could tempt me to forsake,
The glorious puddle where I dwell.
Here in the transport of my heart,
I chime a note for humble folk;
In all the grandeur of my art,
I croak.

Who dares usurp my free domain?
Mine own dominions, fair and bright!
Scene of my fathers' glorious reign,
I must maintain my legal right.
Think not that I a freeman born,
Can stoop to wear a servile yoke;
While freedom gilds my rising morn,
I croak.

And when the heavens as brass become,
And earth is parched, and cracked, and dry;
Then with my mate I must be dumb,
In dormant stupor senseless lie;
But when by fresh-descending showers,
To life and joy once more awoke;
With all my new-awakened powers,
I croak.

What were Canadian groves and woods.
Where little pleasing greets the ear;
What dreary wilds, what solitudes,
If my hoarse voice you might not hear.
Alas! they would be dismal bowers,

If no glad voice the silence broke ;
 'Tis thus to charm the weary hours,
 I croak.

Birds sing by fits and starts, at most,
 My music lasts the whole night long ;
 The best that Canada can boast,
 Who dares despise my humble song ?
 Some human fools would me annoy,
 My best performance sadly joke :
 They must forget—they sing for joy,
 I croak.

Ye lordly race, who scoff and sneer,
 Great though ye think yourselves to be ;
 O, would you my remonstrance hear,
 Then you would cease to laugh at me !
 Your growl is worse by far than mine,
 When dismal pangs your pleasures choke ;
 When sorrows mock your pride, you whine,
 I croak.

Thou plodding earth-worm, on whose face,
 Content was never seen to smile ;
 Claspings the world to thy embrace,
 And yet dissatisfied the while :
 What bitter anguish wrings thy soul,
 When all thy schemes dissolve in smoke ;
 In contrast to thy senseless growl,
 I croak.

TO A WIDOW.

The smile has departed that lighted thy brow,
When hope brightly gilded thy morrow;
A dark heavy cloud overshadows it now,
Full freighted with sadness and sorrow.

Thy beauty has faded, like vanishing beams,
We see on a mild summer's even;
The pleasures of earth thou hast found empty dreams,
Thy thoughts are now soaring to heaven.

Ah, well have I known thee, when no brow of care,
Informed me that fate seemed to lower;
I saw thee in childhood, admiringly fair,
Spring up like a gay summer flower.

And Nature abundantly showered on thy head,
Her blessings, thy person adorning;
Embosomed in virtue, each native grace shed
A lustre o'er life's rosy morning.

But little indeed thou appeared to esteem,
The addresses of persons above thee;
But yielded a soul of affection to him,
Who from a right motive could love thee.

Thine was not the love of a fluttering breath,
Of passionate blind admiration;
Ah, thine was a love, that was stronger than death,
And had in the soul its foundation.

But grief is the greater, if forced to resign,
The kinder the word that is spoken;

The stronger the chords of affection entwine,
The greater the sorrow when broken.

A day was approaching, a day long held dear,
Oft tasted by anticipation ;
With much to expect, and with little to fear,
You entered a time-honoured station.

And blessings, full store, were invoked on thy head,
To rivet the link of connection ;
Though long you had been as sincerely wed,
By fervent, soul-binding affection.

But short-lived, alas! are man's pleasures below,
The happiest moments of gladness,
Are too often followed by deep draughts of woe,
Or long, dismal seasons of sadness.

Ah, Mary! in vain thou didst fondly declare,
That thou from thy love couldst not sever ;
He is laid in the grave, coldly mouldering there,
And now you are parted for ever.

Ah, how you would list to his labouring breath,
With painful heart-rending sensation ;
And marking the rapid advances of death,
Directly refuse consolation.

Yea as he appeared to recede from thy grasp,
Thy love in proportion grew stronger ;
The pale sinking form, in thy arms thou didst clasp,
But ah, thou couldst hold him no longer !

Cut down like a flower in summer full blown,
Which lustre from heaven did borrow :

The sun of thy hopes, is in darkness gone down,
 Ah, when will day dawn on thy sorrow ?

Now often you visit the cold silent urn,
 Where calmly his ashes are lying ;
 And weep o'er the thought, that he cannot return,
 Till weeping is wept into sighing.

But futile the brightest achievements of art,
 To clothe in deep mourning the widow ;
 Thy virtuous grief has its seat in the heart,
 Which no outer garments can shadow.

The world little knows what is passing within,
 When softly the tear-drop is stealing ;
 What fearful emotions, what struggles unseen,
 And what a deep fountain of feeling!

But hush up thy sorrows, and dry up thy tears,
 And yield now in calm resignation ;
 The muse laments for thee, but still it appears,
 Some thought may afford consolation.

The ties that would bind us too closely to earth,
 In mercy asunder are riven ;
 For virtuous sorrow, is sure to give birth,
 To a longing desire for heaven.

THE EVENING WALK.

Far from the land where my forefathers slumber,
Far from the spot which I still call my home,
Far from the country I love to remember,
Thoughtfully musing, I silently roam.

Cloudless the sun in the west is descending ;
Evening approaches, serene, calm, and mild ;
Beeches and maples, are gracefully blending ;
Sweet is the fragrance, that scents the lone wild.

While in lone silence I pensively ponder,
Swift as an eagle I'm hurried away,
Once more, O, once more! with rapture to wander,
Where I in childhood delighted to stray.

Where the gay primrose, in solitude smiling,
Wastes its perfumes on the breath of the morn ;
Where rustic Nature appears reconciling,
In mutual embraces, the rose and the thorn.

Where the gay lark, as on wings of devotion,
Hails with a song the great ruler of day ;
Where the loud boom of a eave-digging ocean,
Dies on a faint-sighing echo away.

Where the clear streamlet, in numberless mazes,
Glideth along in its winding career ;
Deep in its bosom, reflecting the daisies,
That on its banks in profusion appear.

Where the bleak mountains, in triumph ascending,
Pillar o'er pillar, by Nature's rude law ;

Thrust their proud summits and with the clouds blending,
Strike the beholder with wonder and awe.

Where the sweet Sabbath's calm, time-hallowed morning,
Broodeth in silence o'er mountain and dell,
Till some faint echoes awake at the warning,
Ushered along by the church-going bell.

Once more I meet with each sister and brother,
And a kind father I still love to please ;
Once more I hear the sweet tones of a mother,
Gently and pleasantly float on the breeze.

Fondly I cherish each throbbing emotion,
Struggling to burst from its bonds and be free ;
But 'tis all fancy—a wide rolling ocean,
Parteth the scenes of my childhood and me.

Bright be the clouds that enshroud thy blue mountains,
Bleak though they be, they are gloriously bare ;
Clear be thy streamlets, and pure be thy fountains,
Fresh be thy breezes, and balmy thy air.

Far from the land where my forefathers slumber,
Far from the spot which I still call my home,
Far from the country I love to remember,
Thoughtfully musing, I silently roam.

LONG SERMONS.

A DIALOGUE.

Minister

Well, Mr. L——, have you been from home,
That to the house of God you cannot come?
I may be be wrong, but it appears to me,
Your face of late, I do but seldom see,
Where God is worshipped, where we sing His praise,
And where His children love to seek His face.

Hearer.

True, revered Sir, I readily admit,
That I too often leave an empty seat;
That 'tis my duty to attend, I know,
But never Sir, for fashion's sake I'll go;
If I can find no profit, I declare,
I'll stay at home and spend my Sabbaths there.
Once I attended regular, you know,
Although of late I do but seldom go.

Minister.

You said 'twas *duty* to attend the church,
But if your bible you will strictly search,
You'll find the Psalmist truthfully declare,
He found the highest satisfaction there.
Not a few hours to spend and then retire,
But to remain there, was his fond desire;
Exiled from thence, he longed again to see,
The light and glory of the sanctuary.
Once I'm aware, you duly found your way,
To where we worship God on Sabbath day,
From the good way that now your steps decline,
Perhaps a reason good you can assign.

Hearer.

Reason! I can no doubt, if you insist,
Or what is such in my esteem at least.

Minister.

Pardon me Sir, but I would like to know,
 The varied turnings of the subtle foe ;
 If it be something I can safely mend,
 You'll serve the purpose of an honest friend.

Hearer.

My reason then is simple, honest, plain,
 And one that argument can well sustain,
 And all your hearers on the point agree—
Your sermons Sir, are far too long for me.

Minister.

I've reasons sifted, turned them o'er and o'er,
 But such as that I've never heard before.
 A reason ! can it be a man of sense,
 Should make a reason of a sham pretence.
 Now, if you really loved God's house and day,
 Would a long sermon frighten you away ?

Hearer,

If I'm inclined to stay away at all,
 (And there are many such) you have no call,
 To speed me onward in my downward course,
 By tedious prayers and a long discourse.

Minister.

But are my sermons so exceeding long,
 A man like you, so healthy, stout and strong,
 Should weary so ; for my own part, I've thought,
 My sermons are all shorter than they ought.
 I find at least, arrange them as I may,
 I can't say all that I would wish to say.
 Occasionally after I get done,
 I feel as if I had not right begun ;
 I see so much to do, such crying need ;
 Of earnest, working men to sow the seed ;
 And in the work delighted, you can see,

The time at least seems very short to me.

Hearer.

You preach an hour; and though exhausted sore,
 You very often add a quarter more;
 Yea, sometimes half an hour; which time you preach.
 Rebuke, encourage, counsel and beseech,
 Till quite exhausted, and your hearers too,
 Waiting impatiently till you get through;
 As in the symptoms you can clearly trace—
 Yawning and gaping in each other's face.
 I like the fashion of the good old time,
 When more than half an hour was thought a crime;
 Pithy and short, but powerful and strong,
 They made impression that existed long.

Minister.

Ah, Sir, I fear your very heart is cold,
 And hardened as the Edomite's of old,
 "Detained before the Lord," in his own house,
 Glad to escape, and get your fetters loose.
 But on this point a question I'll propose,
 A simple answer will the subject close:—
 If on God's service here while we attend,
 An hour or two at most, we grudge to spend,
 How can we hope, when this frail life is past,
 To serve Him while eternity shall last?

Hearer.

A simple answer then, is all you ask,
 To give one, seems to me an easy task:—
 While in the body imperfection cleaves,
 To all we do, and sin its impress leaves.
 How oft when our desires would all oppose,
 Frail Nature calls for respite and repose?
 And to the call we must attention pay,
 Experience tells us, if we disobey,

That Nature's sober law we have transgressed,
 And Folly's bitter curse shall on us rest.
 The God of nature then, I understand,
 Does not of us such sacrifice demand.
 But in the blessed world of life above,
 Where all is glory, liberty and love,
 Our bodies glorified, our spirits clean,
 From all the impurities of sense and sin,
 With imperfection we are clogged no more,
 'Tis then it will be our delight to soar,
 Through all the boundless fields of joy and light,
 And serve Him in His temple day and night.

Minister.

Our souls would suffer, if our bodies lack'd
 Attention due; perhaps this very fact,
 I've too much everlooked; but if I thought,
 Our services were longer than they ought,
 For people's good, which I must keep in view,
 I would curtail them, as I ought to do.

Hearer,

Bear with me Sir, while in my simple strain,
 I try a little farther to explain.—
 Were my employ of sedentary kind,
 The case far different I would surely find;
 A tailor can with ease and comfort sit,
 While I am doing penance on my seat.
 I am you know, to labour hard inured,
 Thereby alone my living is secured;
 Throughout the week, with weary toil oppress'd,
 Then comes the Sabbath, blessed day of rest!
 The body calls for it, and why deny?
 It was appointed just for such as I.
 If to the house of God I find my way,
 Three hours at least, I must be pleased to stay;

To sit that time in peace, you may be sure,
Without a struggle, I can not endure.
I shift, and twist, and turn, and turn me o'er,
My limbs are aching, and my bones are sore.
Pardon me Sir, but I must say for one,
I have been tired, long ere you got done ;
And on the congregation looking round,
While few attentive hearers could be found,
I many listless, restless, could descry,
And so I thought they felt the same as I.
Another thing I would be bold to name—
How you can all the time attention claim.
For my own part, as far as I can see,
It is by far too long a stretch for me,
Perhaps you men of learning can apply,
With close attention, longer far than I.
A while at first, I hear you with delight,
And summon all my powers, and all my might,
To fix attention, hear all that you say,
And be the wiser when I come away.
But when perhaps you may be half way through,
Attention falters, and my purpose too ;
Henceforth, the mind in dormant stupor lies,
Or somewhere else, a hunting shadows flies ;
No matter how, in vain alas ! you preach,
I profit not by anything you teach ;
So what I hear at church, you plainly see,
Is not of lasting benefit to me ;
And thus I thought I were as well away,
And spend at home the holy Sabbath day.

Minister.

Not so—not so—'tis right you should go there,
To join with others in the voice of prayer.
Though I do not my duty right, you know,

God calls you there and 'tis your right to go.
 As to the substance of your argument,
 Perhaps you're right, at least to some extent;
 Some light you have upon a subject brought,
 Of which I never entertained a thought;
 And on the whole it may not be amiss,
 To give you shorter sermons after this.

Hearer.

Allow me then, dear Sir, as I think best,
 Some simple hints still farther to suggest.—
 A sermon then, in my esteem should be,
 So plain, and clear, that all could fairly see,
 The end, the object, and the thing in view,
 As plain and pointed, as it seems to you.
 The cuttle-fish, when danger is at hand,
 Has means of safety ready at command,
 Pours out his inky pigment all around,
 The floods to darken and the foe confound;
 And under covert of the dusky shade,
 From danger's path a safe retreat is made.
 Just so, some Preachers, tedious and obscure,
 No earnest tones attention to secure;
 Without arrangement, and without a plan,
 They wander everywhere—where'er they can;
 Barren of soul, the same thing o'er and o'er,
 To glorious heights, they cannot, dare not soar;
 To depths profound, they don't pretend to reach,
 And what they know, they know not how to teach;
 Their simple thoughts, by words completely drown'd,
 And sense is lost in labyrinths of sound.
 He who would interest his fellow men,
 Must think his subject o'er and o'er again;
 Weigh well his thoughts, by scripture test well tried,
 And search for illustration far and wide.

Not always harping on the same old string,
 Sometimes indulge a flight of fancy's wing ;
 And from the treasured heap of ancient lore,
 Bring home some relic to enrich his store ;
 All to illustrate, properly applied,
 The glorious theme of Jesus crucified.

Minister.

Some men of learning make a sad abuse,
 Some think that study is of little use,
 And preparation, but a useless art,
 Since God alone can reach the sinner's heart.

Hearer.

God works by means ; that is his usual way,
 And for a blessing on those means we pray ;
 The preacher, true, is but an instrument,
 The more need then, he should be eloquent ;
 His subject lofty, weighty, and sublime,
 His field not bounded by the shores of time ;
 Eternity gives grandeur to the theme,
 And God and man are parties to the scheme,
 That 'tis his duty to unfold to man,
 With all the eloquence and power he can ;
 Its vast importance, should his might awake,
 God's honour, and man's safety are at stake.
 An earnest, animated, warm discourse,
 Comes always home with energy and force ;
 And weight of matter in a small extent,
 Is sure to tell before its force is spent ;
 While tedious, long-spun sermons, lank and lean,
 With some good truths, but few and far between,
 The hearers move no more than lifeless stones,
 They want the marrow in their withered bones !

A WORTHY OLD MAN.

The dreams of our childhood are often effaced,
Like bubbles that float on a river ;
But some on my mind can distinctly be traced,
Till buried in darkness forever.

So tossed on life's ocean, we numbers can find,
Whose journey of life well nigh over,
With scenes of their childhood, still fresh in their mind,
Around which their thoughts love to hover.

'Twas in a lone spot of my dear fatherland,
Far famed for sweet valley and mountain ;
Embosomed by hills, a rude dwelling did stand,
Along side a clear gushing fountain.

I loved it ; but not for the beauty it showed,
Nor for the gay landscape connected ;
But simply because 'twas the humble abode,
Of one whom I loved and respected.

The battle of life he had manfully fought,
He sought a sweet spot and he found it ;
The very place wore, as I certainly thought,
A halo of stillness around it.

Time's furrowed impression his countenance bore,
His hair in white ringlets was streaming ;
A deep-toned expression his features still wore—
His eye with intelligence beaming.

The pleasures of sense were to him but a dream,
Because he found in them no pleasure ;

The wealth of the world was but dross unto him,
Compared with a more lasting treasure.

He loved his old bible; its truths to diffuse,
Was often his joyous employment;
Its old-fashioned pages to read and peruse,
Was his never failing enjoyment.

His partner in life, his delight and his stay,
Had crossed Jordan's billowy waters;
And left him alone, in life's vanishing day,
With four sturdy sons, and two daughters.

The farm his sons managed with prudence and care,
(For farming was their occupation;)
Hard-working and poor, they had little to spare,
But they were content with their station.

His conduct inspired them with reverence and love,
With fatherly care he watched o'er them;
He charged them to seek for direction above,
And set an example before them.

He taught an old precept, the world cannot learn,
The precept—to love one another;
Its force and its beauty, they well might discern,
So often enforced by their mother.

His smile was their pleasure, his word was a law,
That all hesitation decided;
A sense of his wisdom inspired them with awe,
And over their plans he presided.

O happiness, thou art no vain empty sound,
Where the altar of love is erected!

By him in good measure, thou surely wert found,
Whom neighbours beloved and respected.

My father and he, were companions indeed,
Their dwellings were nigh to each other;
And many an hour slipped away in full speed,
When pleasantly chatting together.

O those blesse'd moments I'll never forget,
When freed from my day's occupation,
I off with my father would joyfully set,
To listen to their conversation!

The hearty, "come in"! I delighted to hear,
By which we were cheerfully greeted;
The family all busy; one there, and one here,
Around a huge turf-fire were seated.

All rugged and healthy, and hearty and hale,
And idleness honestly scorning,
The eldest was busy repairing a flail,
To thrash out his corn in the morning.

The second had harness beside him, I knew
He just had been stitching together;
And now he was putting a patch on his shoe,
And trying his skill upon leather.

Another was making a trap to catch mice,
The wires he ingeniously twisted;
And when he was puzzled, the father's advice,
His natural shrewdness assisted.

The youngest was equally taxing his skill,
And o'er his invention was poring;

Contriving to make an enormous wind-mill,
To frighten the crows with its roaring.

Ingenious the whole of them certainly were,
They made their own ploughs and their harrows ;
Their boots and their shoes they could make or repair,
As well as their carts and wheel-barrows.

And on the one side, where the light brightly shone,
The women were spinning or knitting ;
And close to the lamp, with his spectacle on,
The father was quietly sitting.

For oft for the family good he would read,
When round the bright hearth they would gather ;
The book or the paper was now laid aside,
To converse in its stead with my father.

It was not the gossip, or news of the day,
They seldom so far condescended ;
But time they said passed always lightly away,
When pleasure and profit were blended.

Delight in the patriarch's eyes would then beam,
As if it had been his employment,
Whate'er was the topic, whate'er was the theme,
To make it a source of enjoyment.

His mind had been properly trained in his youth ;
Not by a first-rate education,
But by a stern purpose to search after truth,
By habits of strict observation.

Of books he had read a good deal in his youth,
And what they contained, well digested ;

And like every diligent searcher for truth,
Romances and novels detested.

Thus early in life he had carefully stored,
A fund of the best information ;
And from that provision, enough could afford,
To enliven a proper occasion.

His wordly experience—a pretty good age—
A natural good inclination,
Had made him to many, a seer and a sage—
He was so in my estimation.

His words were like rivets forced into my brain,
So cordially did I believe them,
That there to this day they as clearly remain,
As when I at first did receive them.

Rocks, shoals and quick sands, he said, numberless lay,
In life's stormy voyage before me ;
But O to consult a true map of the way,
How earnestly he did implore me !

By tempests, he said and by furious storms,
I would on life's ocean be driven ;
“ Let faith bear thee onward, 'mid fears and alarms,
And steer for the glorious haven.”

The pangs of that moment, what language can tell,
From friends and from kindred to sever ;
To bid him I loved, a reluctant farewell,
Farewell too, most likely for ever !

With tears in his eyes, he took hold of my hand,
These few words to me thus addressing :—

“Seek God every morning, acknowledge His hand,
And may the Lord grant thee His blessing.”

In sorrow I turned, but I made no reply,
For I was o'ercome with emotion ;
He noticed the tear as it fell from my eye,
And well understood my commotion.

And days, months and years have since hurried away,
And time its fleet moments is winging ;
But the words that I heard on that sorrowful day,
Still seem in my ears to be ringing.

Hence learn the importance in dealing with youth,
Of guarding full well each expression ;
The mind duly fed with the maxims of truth,
Will never forget the impression.

Adieu ! noble worthy ! thy journey's nigh o'er,
Thou'lt soon pass death's opening portal ;
And O may we meet on that heavenly shore,
Where love flows unbounded, immortal !

FAREWELL TO THE BUSH.

All hail ye sylvan shades !
We meet again once more !
A grandeur now thy gloom pervades,
Unknown to me before.

Not as in days gone past,
We at this time do meet ;
Perhaps this visit is my last,
Unto thy wild retreat.

Those scenes can I forget,
Or ever disregard,
Where I have toiled, where I have sweat,
Where I have laboured hard.

Oft I have joy'd to see
The sun sink in the west ;
Then from the yoke I would be free,
To lay my limbs at rest.

I've been delighted too,
To see the trees come down ;
To mark what industry can do,
What joys its labours crown.

The dreary, barren waste,
Becomes a fruitful field ;
And by the hand of labour dress'd,
Does rich abundance yield.

It renders labour sweet,
When I those fields survey,

That once had been the safe retreat,
Of howling beasts of pray.

Here I have loved to stray,
In pensive solitude:
And soothe the fleeting hours away,
In meditative mood.

To hear the gentle breeze,
Play with a rustling sound;
Or roaring on the sturdy trees,
Be heard for miles around.

To mark the budding spray,
In solitude to spring;
And nature willingly obey,
The cheering voice of Spring.

And in the falling year,
To mark the falling leaf;
Fit emblem of this life's career,
So checkered, and so brief.

Here I would spend my days,
From proud ambition free;
And still pursue my simple ways,
O Nature! still with thee.

But Duty calls me hence,
And I obey her call;
Confiding in that Providence,
That marks the sparrow's fall.

From folly, sin, and shame,
God can preserve the soul;

And to the glory of His name,
Can all events control.

Stern labour is a school,
For those the yoke who bear,
Of valuable lessons full—
Of pleasure, and of care.

Gives strength and vigour true,
To bear the ills of life ;
And patient perseverance too,
To conquer in the strife.

The strong, the brawny arm,
And oft the genial heart ;
With kind and generous feelings warm,
To act the manly part.

The cheerful glow of health,
That labour oft ensures,
Is worth far more than all that wealth.
For any one procures.

Full many hardy sons,
That have the burden borne,
Now rank among earth's honoured ones—
The best, the noblest born.

Farewell then, honest toil !
Whate'er my fate may be,
May Heaven withhold her genial smile,
When I'm ashamed of thee !

Ye rural shades, farewell !
No more my sounding voice,

Shall the pervading gloom dispel,
Or make the woods rejoice.

No more my axe's sound,
Shall sleeping echoes wake;
Nor tenants of the woods be found,
Their coverts to forsake.

Now rustic life, farewell !
Without the least regret;
My memory shall cherish well,
What it can not forget.

Joys pleasant heretofore,
I willingly resign ;
And if they be enjoyed no more,
May purer joys be mine !

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

The world is turning upside down,
By that strange creatue, Woman !
Far too ambitious to be held,
By laws divine or human.

See here, ye gentry ! doff your hats,
And do her every honour ;
Before her bend your stubborn knees,
And gladly wait upon her.

"Lay down your arms, proud man," she cries
"How dare you make resistance ;
To us alone, to us you owe,
The pleasures of existence."

Her golden reign is now at hand,
Behold the model nation,
Whose great affairs are managed by
The Queens of the creation !

One sallies out to fight the turk ;
One pleads ; another preaches ;
One splices up a broken limb,
And millions wear the breeches.

Ah mortal, art thou siek at heart—
Send for her ; and I dare say,
Her gentle hand will give a dose,
'Twill make you cry for mercy !

Her preaching will be suited well,
To make us all the wiser :

Her first attempt will be to prove,
St. Paul a poor adviser ;

Because he warns us, with the sex
Too freely not to mingle ;
And worse—prefers to wedded life,
The joy of being single !

O what a world ! give her the power,
What hubbub and commotion !
What banners flying—ribbands tossed,
Like bubbles on the ocean !

Rejoice ye hopeless maids, rejoice,
Because the day approaches,
When woman's reign shall wipe away,
Your sorrows and reproaches.

One law at least shall come in force—
Fear not, 'twill not miscarry ;
Then hear it, O ye batchelors !
You'll be *compelled* to marry.

ATHELLO'S DREAM,
OR
THE HORRORS OF A GUILTY MIND.

Atthello's laugh was loud and long
When with his kindred clan ;
And many thought (but they thought wrong)
He was a happy man.

Renowned for fancy, fire, and wit,
And keenly pointed jest ;
Some poured their offerings at his feet,
And called him truly blest.

But oft amid th' enraptured scene,
Of pleasure and delight ;
He felt a consciousness within,
That something was not right.

The horrors of intestine war,
He strove in vain to shun
Conscience arraigned him at her bar,
For something he had done.

In solitude he dared not stay,
No peace he there could find ;
A kind of terror night and day,
Appeared to haunt his mind.

When forced to walk abroad at night,
How awful his alarms !
For fancy conjured to his sight,
Horrid shapes and forms.

The graveyard, and the haunted church,
Half drove him to despair ;
His microscopic eyes would search
For horrid spectres there.

He'd enter a suspicious room,
With many a fear and doubt ;
With glaring eyes explore the gloom,
And come back-foremost out.

One night at midnight's silent hour,
When all 'tis thought that's good,
Is hushed to rest ; and evil powers,
Are said to stalk abroad,

He sat—his mind o'ercast with fear,
And superstitious gloom ;
Alone—no human soul was near,
And in a lonesome room.

The winds sighed mournfully about,
Nor moon, nor stars were seen ;
And all was dark and drear without,
But still more drear within.

The dying embers on the hearth,
Shed a pale, sickly glare ;
A ghostliness unlike to earth,
All things appeared to wear.

The hourly ringing of the clock,
That hung upon the wall ;
Seemed to awake at every stroke,
The echoes of the hall.

Close by the fire Athello sat,
Foreboding something ill;
Sometimes the purring of the cat,
Would make his blood run chill.

Still more afraid the more he tried,
His ghostly dread to quell;
Nay almost jumped from out his hide,
Though 'twere the tongs that fell!

But hark!—is that a noise he hears?
He lists—with labouring breath;
Stares with his eyes, and sets his ears,
To hear the sounds of death.

It is a noise; and louder still,
It echoes through the halls;
Reverberates with solemn peal,
And shakes the gloomy walls.

Louder and worse than all, he hears,
The most unearthly sound,
That ever greeted mortal ears—
Immortally profound.

Convulsed with awful terror now,
Each hair stood like a stake;
Chill horror sat upon his brow—
His very soul did quake.

Half dead with fear, he stood aghast,
And in that awful hour,
Conscience, that gave him little rest,
Received tenfold more power.

Yea, in a moment, as it were,
 His crimes in one great mass,
 Appeared before him, and did stare,
 Right in his guilty face.

Crimes long forgot, crimes present, past,
 In twinkling of an eye,
 All meet him fearfully at last,
 And vengeance is their cry.

That cry of vengeance pierced his soul,
 By fearful anguish riven ;
 It seemed to vibrate to the pole.
 And echo back to heaven.

Eternal justice now appeared.
 In its most awful form ;
 And he, alas ! was ill prepared,
 To meet the coming storm.

Accursed of God—adored by some,
 Who his companions were ;
 Mad devils now he thought were come,
 To drag him to despair.

And hark ! what falls upon his ear ?
 It is the shriek of woe,
 Ascending in its mad career,
 From dismal shades below !

But, oh ! what bursts upon his sight ?
 He sees—what does he see ?
 A horrid spectre, grim as night,
 It speaks, " I'm come for thee" !

He gave a shriek—he gave a roar,
A most unearthly yell ;
Lifeless with terror, on the floor,
He in a moment fell.

Again the horrid figure spoke,
And made a dash at him ;—
But in the struggle he awoke,
For lo ! *it was a dream.*

The dismal horrors of the night,
Began to fade away ;
As gladdening beams of joy and light,
Adorned the rising day.

But deep this truth impress'd his mind—
Indelibly impress'd :—
*A guilty soul, can never find,
The sweets of peace and rest.*

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ———.

Calm be the slumbers of the dead,
No more by wordly cares oppress'd ;
And hallowed be her humble bed,
For she is gone to rest.

Her morn was fair ; her sky was bright,
In orient smiles of beauty dress'd ;
But human hopes are quenched in night,
For she is gone to rest.

The brow of anguish and despair,
Her gentle hand in kindness press'd ;
And breathed a sweet consoling prayer—
But she is gone to rest.

Her voice was gentle, sweet, and mild,
For virtuous love dwelt in her breast ;
Despair evanished as she smiled—
But she is gone to rest.

Calm and resigned, those ills she bore,
By which the soul is oft distress'd ;
Faith viewed the distant peaceful shore—
Now she is gone to rest.

Too fair for earth ; she's left us here ;
Her sacred memory be bless'd ;
Let love embalm the falling tear,
For she is gone to rest.



TO THE PRINCE OF WALES,
ON HIS VISIT TO CANADA.

Hail! noble prince! Victoria's son!
"God save the Queen"! long may we sing!
But when her glorious race is run,
We joyfully shall hail thee king.

Hail! scion of a noble stock,
Still flourishing and green and gay,
When dynasties, and sceptres rock,
Or haste to ruin and decay.

Hail! heir to Britain's mighty throne,
That long the crash of time has stood;
Wide as the world is its renown—
Beloved at home, and feared abroad.

Hail! pledge of long felicity,
To us and millions far and wide;
A nation's vows are pledged to thee—
Our country's joy, and hope and pride.

And while in thee our trust we place.
Be to our rights and welfare true;
Be worthy of thy name and race,
And worthy of thy country too.

Great in those qualities of mind,
That fit thee for thine honoured place;
Thou'lt be a blessing to mankind,
An honour to the human race.

Then far above the pride of birth,
Thou wouldst on high exalted be;
The charms of great and sterling worth,
Would knit our souls in love to thee.

We bid thee welcome to our land—
Come, test our feelings deep and strong;
We tender thee a brother's hand,
And greet thee with a joyful song.

Our party strife we'll hush to rest,
And all unite, like men of sense,
To entertain our royal guest,
And honour thee, most noble prince.

Come, see the country of the brave,
Homes of the loyal and the true;
Come, see our golden harvests wave,
Where once the lordly forest grew.

Come, hear the notes of gladness swell,
On summer's even, sober, mild,
Where once was heard the savage yell—
The war-whoop of the Indian wild.

Come, see our cities, young and fair,
Fresh from the forest bosom start;
Canals and railroads everywhere,
And works of science and of art.

Come, hear the great Niagara roar,
Imbibe the spirit it awakes ;
Or stroll by Eric's lovely shore,
And eye the beauty of our lakes.

Come, see our legislative halls—
Scene of strange speeches and strange sights ;
Where champion after champion falls,
In battling for our honest rights.

Come, see our institutions too,
Where learning thrives, and genius soars ;
And where, in accents strange and new,
The muse her song of gladness pours.

While freedom triumphs, we shall sing,
And highly prize what we possess ;
And when we shout, God save the *King!*
Thou wilt not blight our happiness.

Hear then the shouts that rend the air,
The wildly rapturous huzza ;
Now swelling high—now spreading far,
In softened cadence dies away.

Pleased with our bright and sunny skies,
Pleased with the warm attachment shown,
We know that thou shalt highly prize,
This jewel of thy future crown.

God grant thee long and happy days !
A people glorious and free !
Prosperity's triumphant blaze !
Prime monarch of the earth and sea !

RAMBLES OF FANCY.

Warbler! repair to thy bower,
Hush! there's a respite for thee;
Night, with a garment of magical power,
Mantles the land and the sea.

Locked in sleep's drowsy embraces,
Dormant the carcass lies;
Reason unhinged, the mind dreamily chases,
Bubbles and forms as they rise.

Now in a garden of flowers,
Feasting the organs of sight;
Now in the midst of elysian bowers,
Basking in sunny delight.

Then with the dart of the lightning,
Cleave through the vibrating air;
Sweep over regions for centuries whitening—
Landscapes delightful and fair.

High from a mountain deserying
Rivers meandering flow;
Echo and silence, confusion and sighing,
Sleep in the valley below.

Now in the sparkling fountain,
Beauties reflected behold;
Viewing with rapture the sunny-bright mountain,
Skirted with crimson and gold.

Hence to the verge of the ocean,
Round to the uttermost pole;

Silence eternal prohibits commotion—
Billows forget there to roll.

Time with a lengthy wand measures
Days as they tardily run ;
Winter secure of his iron-bound treasures,
Smiles at the sight of the sun.

Forth from his armoury glancing—
Sped by his northern breath—
Huge icy warriors, o'er the waves dancing,
Big with destruction and death.

Hence to the burning equator,
Region bespangled with flowers ;
Where the divine, and benignant Creator,
Blessings abundantly showers.

See what profuse vegetation !
Monstrous, luxurious, and rife ;
Forest and river, plateau, and plantation,
Swarming and teeming with life.

Tigers crouch deep in the jungles,
Lions roam free at their will ;
Chieftain with chieftain for some trifle wrangles—
Slave hunters plunder or steal.

Sisters are parted from brothers—
Youthful and happy and gay ;
Children are ruthlessly torn from their mothers—
Sent o'er the billows away,

See the gigantic palm waving
Gently her fan-shaped leaves !

Hark! 'tis the sound of the cataract raving—
Borne on the burdened breeze.

Lo! what a cloud, big with terror,
Fleeces the sun of his light!
Blackness, destruction, despair, and pale horror,
Robed in the vesture of night.

Beasts of pray staggered with wonder,
Quake in the den where they dwell;
Wolves in reply to the bellowing thunder,
Mutter a hideous yell.

Mowing the forests like stubble,
Hear the tornado rave!
Turrets and palaces dance like a bubble,
Tossed on the stormy wave.

Floods by the hurricane driven,
Prone to the thirsty land;
Torrents poured out of the windows of heaven,
Deluge the burning sand.

Deep in his gloomy seclusion,
Pale is the hermit with dread;
Whirlwinds of wrath, are poured out in profusion—
Dashed on his shaven head.

Heavenward in trembling devotion,
Rolls in despair his deep eye;
Smiling beyond the aerial commotion—
Sees a faint gleam in the sky.

Hushed—is the muttering thunder,
Quenched—the aerial fire;

Clouds by the hurricane riven asunder,
Back to their mansions retire.

Phœbus in glory transcendent,
Pours in a volume of light ;
Darkness, and Horror, her ghostly attendant,
Flee to the regions of night :

Now to the field of false glory,
Gleaming in redness afar ;
Butchers of mankind, warm-reeking and gory,
Riot in murderous war.

Lo ! what a cloud o'er it hovers !
Frowning in wrath o'er the foe ;
Blushing with shame at the madness of brothers,
Slaying each other below !

Hark ! as a brief introduction,
Solemn the war-trumpet peals ;
Soldiers in earnest prepare for destruction—
Courage is staggered and reels.

Engines of death clothed in terror,
Open their mouths not in vain ;
Scatter around devastation and horror—
Cover the field with the slain.

Vain is the arm of the mighty,
Whirlwinds of wrath to defy ;
Helmets and shields, howe'er ponderous and weighty,
Splintered—as arrows they fly.

Hear the loud shout of the victor,
Laying his murderous arm bare !

Merciful heaven ! where is the protector ?
Where sleeps thy vengeance ?—O where ?

Mark the warm, red gushing torrent—
See what wide gasping for breath ;
Tears of pale agony, mix with the current,
Bound to the ocean of death.

List to the groans of the dying !
Souls from this world taking flight :—
Pile above pile of dead carcasses lying—
Fancy recoils from the sight.

Now to the deep rolling ocean,
Launched on its billows of blue ;
Viewing the home of bright hopes with emotion,
Quickly receding from view.

Where does the hurricane slumber ?
Hushed are the wild winds asleep ;
Monsters of ocean, in infinite number,
Sport in the billowy deep.

Light is the heart of the seaman,
Riding elate o'er the wave ;
Fearless and strong, with the soul of a freeman,
Carols the song of the brave.

Lo ! from the breast of the ocean,
See a dark pillar arise !
On it the seamen, with gloomy foreboding,
Fix their experienced eyes.

Pillar still pillar pursuing,
Weave a deep garment of gloom ;

Portents too true, that a tempest is brewing,
Pregnant in nature's wide womb.

"All hands aloft" ! to his station,
Each in an instant repairs ;
All is put right, and with self-preparation,
Each for the struggle prepares.

His knife—and his rope are all ready,
To lash himself fast, if need be ;
One sweeping billow may launch him full speedy,
Deep in the fathomless sea.

Dash—comes the sweeping tornado,
Tearing the ocean to spray ;
Where now the oath, and the reckless bravado ?
Chased by pale terror away.

See the masts bend like slim willows !
Twisting like green summer boughs !
Gallant the old vessel rideth the billows—
Deeper, still deeper she ploughs.

Wave after wave dasheth o'er her,
Threatening to be her sad doom ;
Fearful, O fearful, the prospect before her—
One raging ocean of foam !

What ! is the hurricane shifting,
From whence it issued before ?
Yes, and the vessel is rapidly drifting,
On a wild rock-girded shore.

Vain is the skill of the sailor,
Useless his prudence and care ;

Every exertion results in a failure—
 Courage gives way to despair.

Mad, worse than mad is the notion,
 On human aid to rely;
 Call on thy God, from the depths of the ocean—
 "Breakers ahead"! is the cry.

Crash—'tis the vessel is driven,
 Fast on a low sunken rock;
 Part of her timbers asunder are riven,
 By the sheer force of the shock.

Hark! the death shriek is ascending—
 Some are swept off by the wave;
 And for a few moments wildly contending—
 Sink—to a watery grave.

"Ho! for the long boat brothers,
 Lower it down from the deck"!
 In jumps the nearest, obliged to leave others,
 Clinging to part of the wreck.

Now on the billow they hover,
 Now they are nearing the shore;
 Just a few moments—the danger is over.
 Or the death struggle is o'er.

Once—they descend the deep valley,
 Once—the waves summit they reach;
 And the mad ocean with one mighty volley,
 Launches them—safe on the beach.

Torn by the wild waves asunder,
 All on the wreck are no more;

And the wild breakers in accents of thunder,
Dash their remains on the shore.

Hushed now the fierce winds to slumber,
Calm are the waves on the coast;
And the vexed ocean in sorrowful murmurs,
Sings a low dirge o'er the lost.

'Tis midnight—but no eye is sleeping,
In that lonely cot on the shore,
There for their loved one, are watching and weeping
Hearing the wild tempest roar.

And in that neat humble dwelling,
God alone counteth the tears;
Fearful the thoughts in their bosoms are swelling,
Struggling with hopes and with fears.

Hear, O thou merciful Father!
The cry of the fatherless hear!
Storms, fearful storms of affliction now gather—
There's sorrow there deep and sincere.

The mother's heart wringeth in anguish—
The widow's in tearless despair;
The sports of the children now mournfully languish,
The grief of old age too is there.

No joys can dispel that deep sadness,
No smiles can that household put on;
No more you can hear the loud anthem of gladness,
The head of the household is gone,

In place of affectionate greeting,
And joy at his happy return;

To those whom he loved, O how fearful the meeting !
His pale corpse all shattered and torn.

Did man know the trials before him,
No doubt he would sink in despair ;
This heaven wisely hides ; and when trials come
o'er him—
Gives also the courage to bear.

This world is a state of probation,
Each heart knows its own trials best ;
And if in this world we had no tribulation,
Then heaven could not be a rest.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Dear John it makes me almost cry,
O what a world we live in !
Our best professions are a lie,
And we are all deceiving !

When such as we so many years
In friendship linked together ;
Should so forget, as it appears,
All memory of each other.

The world, the world, must have its share,
All other thoughts displacing ;
We find ourselves a life of care,
Its painted bubbles chasing.

The friendship of life's golden age,
Is simple, guileless, ardent ;
But tossed about on life's rough stage,
Alas ! our hearts get hardened.

When Self begins to bear control,
The germs of love are stunted ;
The noblest feelings of the soul,
Are petrified, or blunted.

When bowed before the idol Self,
We venerate no other :
And barter everything for self—
Body and soul together.

A grasping energy appears
Instinctively to seize us ;

Get wealth ! be rich ! by sighs or tears,
For nothing less will please us.

We buy, we sell, we plant, we build,
Try every speculation ;
Sole chance on life's great battle field,
Success—or degradation.

O for the pure and holy fire,
On youth's high altar burning !
To purge out the impure desire,
Of curs'd ambitious yearning !

But hold—perhaps I'm too severe ;
When viewing man's condition,
Pray what can he accomplish here,
If he has not ambition ?

Nothing ! say you, and so say I ;
No motive to impel him,
It costs him not a tear or sigh,
Though others should excel him.

And if we estimate the worth
Of such by observation ;
He's but a cipher on the earth—
A tax upon creation.

A monstrous folly some display,
In choosing a profession ;
They hang upon it as their stay,
Nor dream about progression.

Reason alone should guide a man,
In making a selection ;

Then let him do the best he can,
To bring it to perfection.

Nature points out the path to go,
If we could only guess it ;
Some aim too high, some aim too low,
And both as truly miss it.

Though I should never write or sing,
Make me a sober thinker ;
Far rather than a silly king,
I'd be an honest tinker !

Some parents, with parental force,
But with no penetration,
Chalk out their children's future course,
Despite their inclination.

What gross absurdity ; and yet
Few think what they are doing,
May cause them bitterest regret,
And be their children's ruin.

Suppose my father were a lord,
A ruler in the nation ;
Designing I should bear the sword—
Buys me a situation.

What can I do ? I must obey,
I cannot be untoward ;
Although not born to kill and slay—
By nature formed a coward.

So to the battle field I'd go,
To bravery a stranger ;

To turn my back upon the foe,
And run away from danger.

The battle field in such a case,
Is surely not my station ;
Yet I might fill some other place,
With honoured reputation.

Are there not mortals in the world,
High on the throne of power ;
That should be from their highnesses hurled,
Ten thousand furlongs lower ?

And do we not some others find,
Whose actions we admire ;
Whose lot we wish had been assigned,
As many furlongs higher ?

Sometimes the king should be the slave,
The merchant should be sailor ;
The ploughman leader of the brave—
The parliamenter tailor !

But we may talk of that and this,
Until our breath's expended ;
For while the world, is as it is,
These things can not be mended.

And though as wrong I do not hold,
A title to inherit ;
If honours can be bought with gold,
What then becomes of merit ?

But if we're what we ought to be,
That is, content and humble ;

I own I cannot see that we,
Have any cause to grumble.

If we are honest upright men,
No doubt we'll be respected ;
If we are hypocrites—what then ?
Why, that we'll be detected.

If we are not what we assume,
Nor fit for our position ;
The fact is, that mankind will soon
Detect the imposition.

If we are men of worth, I grant,
Our claims will be regarded ;
And all the honour that we'll want,
Will freely be awarded.

For what have we to do with fame ?
Our own heart's approbation,
Is worth more than though we could claim,
A whole world's admiration.

And yet how greedy of applause !
We spare no time nor labour,
To taint or falsify the cause,
That yields it to our neighbour.

Ah Envy ! hide thy hideous form ;
How many sad recitals,
Could prove thee but a canker-worm,
That gnaws the human vitals !

O what a world ! we groan beneath
A load that might us smother ;

Dear me ! we scarce have time to breathe—
One thing and then another.

When trifles are exposed to view,
Love to them is begotten ;
Straightway they are attended to,
And things of worth forgotten.

Like butterflies, we spend the hour,
When days are bright and sunny ;
And roam about from flower to flower—
But never get the honey.

In chase of pleasure, e'er aware
We lose, and then lament her ;
And fierce remorse our vitals tear,
Where conscience turns tormentor.

Of peace and happiness bereft,
We quickly see our error ;
One single spark of virtue left,
Serves to increase our horror.

Upon the course we have pursued,
Ourselves pronounce the sentence ;
And nothing less can ease the load,
Then bitterest repentance.

Within, a something us reminds,
We have insulted heaven ;
And peace can never fill our minds,
Until we are forgiven.

Then dawns the morning of our day,
That radiates our sadness ;

And tears of anguish pass away,
In smiles of joy and gladness.

'Tis then indeed that we reform,
When grace divine is given ;
And every action we perform,
By borrowed strength from heaven.

Then mercy smiles upon our way,
Hope every burden lightens ;
And doubts and darkness flee away,
As our horizon brightens.

And through a vista long and clear,
In happy vision seeing,
The terminus of life's career,
The era of our being ;

We cheerful down life's stream will glide,
Peace flowing like a river ;
Till launched upon that boundless tide,
That hides our doom for ever.

These hopes, dear John, be yours and mine,
To such as we the're given ;
And may the power of grace divine,
Prepare our hearts for heaven.

A FARMER'S NARRATIVE OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

[The following story constitutes the genuine history of hundreds of farmers in the north and west of Scotland: This being one of my earlier productions the reader will agree with me in thinking, that it has more truth than poetry.]

It was in a delightful spot,
Of Caledonia's far-famed isle;
That once had been my humble lot,
To plough the land, and till the soil,

At twenty-four—I mind it well,
Possessed of every youthful charm;
My father bade this earth farewell,
And I succeeded to his farm.

So then to farming I inclined,
And farming was my native bent;
No ill forebodings filled my mind—
I had no care, but pay the rent.

Both late and early at my work,
Bound, if I could, to make it pay;
I oft was up before the lark,
And long before the break of day.

And when the sun sunk in the west,
And brought my labours to a close;
Exhausted nature needed rest,
And then how sweet was calm repose!

My youth and vigour thus were spent,
An honest livelihood to gain;

The care and toil I underwent,
I little dreamed were all in vain.

From day to day, from year to year,
I struggled on to pay the rent ;
But still more hard it did appear,
The more anxiety I spent.

Cold, wet, and dreary summers came,
My crops were small and poor in kind ;
Low prices too ; was I to blame,
If I should fall somewhat behind ?

Our Landlord was a man—in fact,
Just like most others of his kind ;
The rigid sum he would exact,
And out you if you fell behind.

Not that I mean to charge his Grace,
With all my troubles and my cares ;
For he knew nothing of my case—
His *factor* managed his affairs.

And he like other little men,
Who well their own importance know ;
Was so delighted, now and then,
His great authority to show.

All knew him haughty and severe,
No one his clemency besought ;
In his dread presence to appear,
Has cost me many an anxious thought.

For when that dreaded day would come,
On which we used the rent to pay ;

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How he would wrench the stated sum,
And would admit of small delay!

Yea, sometimes yet, I think I see,
The haughty and contemptuous frown;
How he would scorn the like of me,
As a poor, low-lived, rustie clown.

And we poor tenants at his bar,
Would stand appalled our fate to know!
As if his breath could send us far,
Into the pit of endless wo!

Who dared to act a manly part?
Meet scorn with scorn, and pride with pride?
Alas! each manly, noble heart,
That scorned to creep, had crossed the tide.

And such the ease will always be,
Till freedom breaks the clanking chain;
The mind unfettered then, and free,
Its independenee will regain.

It will not stoop then to adore
A man for wealth, or lofty birth;
Undoubtedly will value more,
A man for real, *moral* worth.

But to return—with anxious care,
From year to year, I struggled on;
But nought was for me but despair,
For every ray of hope was gone.

No sooner did my master know
That my affairs became so bad;

Than he, like a relentless foe,
Sequestered every thing I had,

And soon it publicly was told,
That I insolvent had become,
And all I had was to be sold,
To pay up the indebted sum.

But one thing—though I had been poor,
My Stock had always been complete,
And that I always hoped as sure,
The just demands of debt to meet.

The day of public sale arrived;
And I dejected and depressed,
Beheld myself of all deprived.
That ever I had once possessed.

When ascertaining the amount
Of what my whole effects came to,
I found when squared with my account,
It covered more than what was due.

Just at this juncture, I would say,
Let all this simple lesson read:—
When man becomes the spoiler's prey,
No limits can be set to *greed*.

For he was not content to claim
What I had owed him of the rent;
While one bare farthing did remain,
He swore he would not be content.

My house he did examine well;
And when he spied out a defect,

His wits were set at work, to tell
If it was caused by my neglect.

And hedges, ditches, fences too,
That long had fallen to decay;
For what would almost make them new,
I every farthing had to pay,

Law for each action he might show,
And screen himself by that fair plea;
But thus to skin a mortal so,
Could never, never, justice be.

Thus cast upon the world wide,
Of every earthly stay bereft;
And for dependents to provide,
Without a single fraction left.

But though reduced to that extreme,
Did that my happiness destroy?
Ah, no; there is a secret stream,
Of never-failing, heart-felt joy.

It gave me pleasure to reflect—
Though want did stare me in the face—
No sloth—no criminal neglect
On my part brought me to disgrace,

And thus in conscious innocence,
How cheerfully I could submit,
To what an all-wise Providence,
For my disposal had seen fit!

I fancied, after proper thought—
Two schemes presented to my view;

And to a sad dilemma brought,
The one or other had to do,

To earn my bread by servile toil,
By patient and industrious hand ;
Or leave my native, lovely isle,
And venture to a foreign land.

The former I was loth to do,
If I could find a better way ;
The latter had its dangers too,
And what had I, the cost to pay ?

I had relations then who trode,
America's far distant west ;
And when my hopes were turned abroad,
To them a letter I addressed.

And unto them though far away,
I humbly stated all my case ;
Harassed with rent, unfit to pay,
And humbly asked for their advice.

It happen'd well ! just on those days,
A letter I from them received,
Which gave to Canada great praise,
Though little of it I believed.

And more than that, they money sent,
Enough my passage out to pay ;
And bade me take the money lent,
And cross the sea without delay.

My object then was plain to all—
To honest friend, or ruthless foe ;

Through hardship, danger, great, or small,
I firmly was resolved to go.

But ah! how did the thought create,
A feeling of sincere regret;
Alas! thought I, hard is my fate,
And sad the tear it does beget.

Acquaintances I've here secured,
Whose love is twined around my heart;
Whose friendship has from youth endured,
And must we now for ever part?

O Scotland! must I now forsake
Thy lovely vales, and towering hills;
Thy shady groves, thy silvery lakes,
Thy naked rocks, and flowing rills?

To leave old Caledonia's strand,
To bid adieu to Scotia's shore;
The beauties of my native land.
Most likely to behold no more!

Far in the regions of the West,
To tread an unfrequented wild;
Perhaps by social joys unblessed—
From human intercourse exiled.

By day and night pursue my way,
By weary, anxious toil; and then,
To dwell with howling beasts of prey,
And what is worse, with savage men.

To toil beneath a scorching sun,
To shrink before a wintry blast;

And when life's latest sands have run,
There lay my weary bones at last !

Such were the notions that I had,
Such were the thoughts that filled my mind ;
No wonder then, my heart was sad,
To leave my native land behind.

The time arrived—I stepped on board,
A large and splendid sailing ship ;
And the Almighty's care implored,
We launched upon the stormy deep.

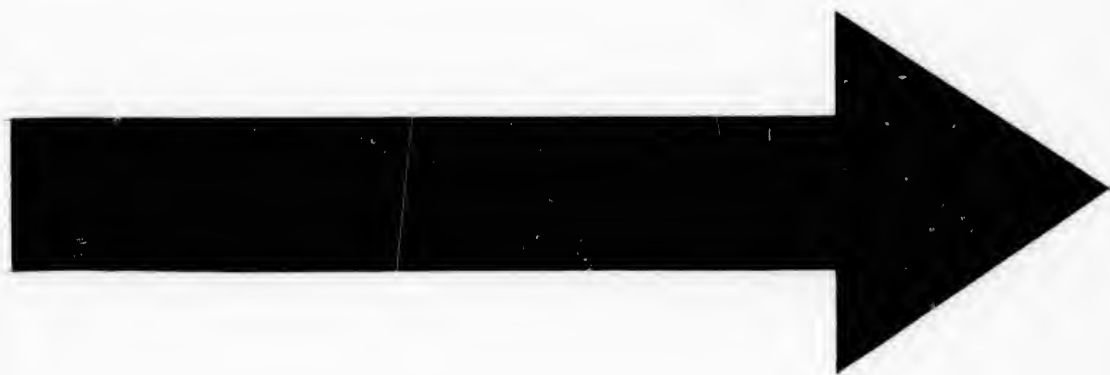
Four weeks had quietly glided by ;
One morning as I lay in bed,
I was awakened by the cry,
“Awake ! awake ! there's land ahead !”

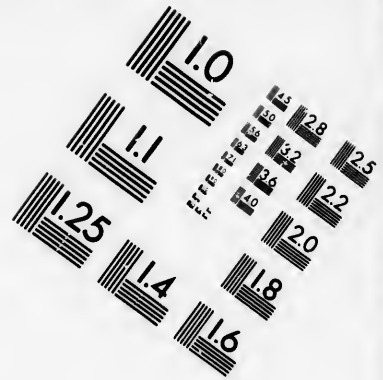
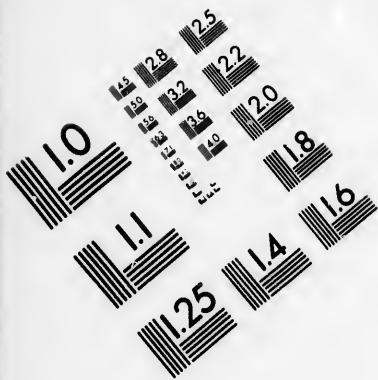
I hastened up to get a sight,
Of that great land I journeyed to ;
The morning was serene and bright,
And nothing to obscure my view.

Far as the vision of my eye,
A pleasing prospect could sustain ;
Wide stretched along the verging sky--
All seemed one vast extended plain.

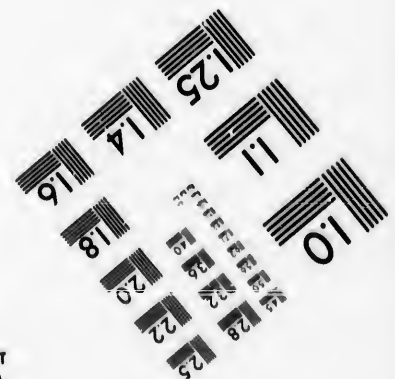
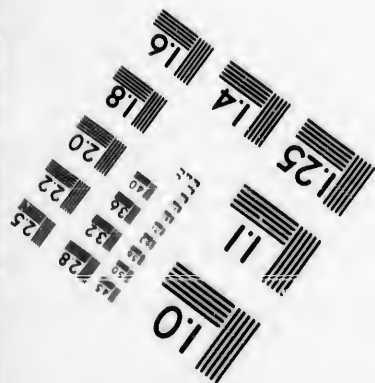
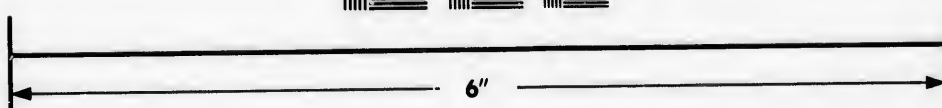
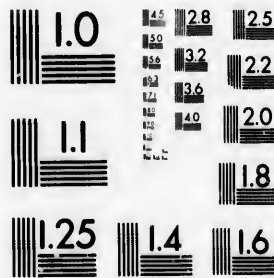
A sylvan scene fair to the eye,
Leaves gently quivering in the breeze ;
While here and there, I could descry,
White houses peeping through the trees.

Before me, smoke I saw arise,
Up curling in its high career ;





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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And spires unnumbered pierced the skies—
Without a cloud, so bright and clear.

But to describe that lovely scene,
How impotent is all my skill !
Though many years now intervene,
I see it plain before me still.

Doubtless, the pleasure it inspired,
Could partly to this cause be traced,—
That any scene may be admired,
Compared with the wide ocean's waste.

And this will just explain as well,
Why pleasure never felt before,
Is felt by those, who then inhale,
The balmy odours from the shore.

Is this the land at last, I cried,
Which Fancy pictured out so wild ?
My ill forebodings all had fled,
And I at once was reconciled,

The dangers of the sea were o'er,
When anchored safe in New York bay ;
And glad to safely reach the shore,
I farther still pursued my way.

O'er rivers, forests, lakes, and plains,
My route I carefully did trace ;
Till after all my toils, and pains,
I safely reached my destined place.

Each varied incident since then,
Is not my object to unfold ;

Each honest man can well attain,
The same position I now hold.

I laboured hard at first a while, -
And by that means myself sustained ;
And through some years of patient toil,
An independence I have gained.

Though once if I the rent could pay,
I thought my prospects fair and bright ;
I've now a farm, which I can say,
Is my own indisputed right.

To cultivate it as I please,
To work it just as I think fit ;
To raise a crop of corn or pease,
Of oats, of barley, or of wheat.

No longer to be dispossessed,
At a capricious tyrant's will ;
Obsequious wait his high behest,
Or his revengeful ire to feel.

I pass not sleepless nights of wo,
Premeditating on my fate ;
I covet no man's lot below—
I envy not the rich or great.

I live not for ambition's sake ;
Vain are the hopes she does inspire ;
An honest living I can make,
And that is all that I desire.

My children are not now compelled,
To wander on a foreign shore ;

And I myself in bondage held,
To meet with them again no more.

What joy it gives a parent's heart,
To see his offspring placed around !
What pleasure from that source apart,
Can in the callous world be found ?

My vague ideas of this land,
Were all unfounded and untrue ;
The comforts of my fatherland,
I can enjoy in this place too.

Of social pleasures we can taste,
Which unto many are denied ;
By every fond endearment bless'd—
Unmixed by ostentatious pride.

I rarely hear a savage howl,
That would produce the slightest fear ;
Nought but the solitary owl,
In midnight silence I can hear.

And as for savage men, the're none,
That by that name I'm free to call,
Save some stray Indian with his gun,
And he is harmless unto all.

Surrounded by the lonely wood,
I offer up my fervent prayer :
Here I can humbly worship God,
Free from distracting worldly care.

Some discontented here I see ;
No state is wholly free from cares :

Methinks they would contented be.
If my experience had been theirs.

There is one thought that gives me pain,
And it is one I may express:—
How many honest men remain,
In Scotland still, in dire distress.

Industrious, careful, hard wrought men,
Who toil, and strive, with ceaseless care,
To earn their scanty bread; and then,
Contempt, and cruel scorn to bear.

Their strength and vigour they engage,
To feed some worthless, lordling's pride;
And then perhaps in helpless age,
Be cast adrift on life's rough tide.

O Scotland! when wilt thou be found,
To slack thy overbearing reins?
The prowess of thy sons is bound,
By the most cruel, servile chains,

Thy sturdy sons from thee are torn,
Who might have been thy flower and pride;
Far o'er the raging billows borne,
To earn that bread thou hast denied.

And welcome to our western clime,
Their native vigour to put forth;
And may the testing march of time,
Annex a tribute to their worth.

Such men indeed are just the stuff,
Our heavy timbered lands to clear;

There's room enough, and land enough,
And peace, and joy, and plenty here.

For my own part, I bless the day—
Yea, I have reason to rejoice,
That when I crossed the stormy sea,
I did make Canada my choice.

Here—till this transient life shall end ;
Here—till its toils and turmoils cease ;
Here—may it be my lot to spend,
My few remaining days in peace !

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

—
 “ *Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise, that has survived the fall.* ”
 —

Bless'd words of the Poet, how charming! how true!
 They bring a sweet feeling of joy;
 But 'tis to be feared, that 'tis only a few,
 That “bliss,” as he calls it, enjoy.

Y^e powers above, that in kindness and love,
 Make the welfare of man your regard;
 Wherever I roam, may it ne'er be my home,
 Where the sound of contention is heard.

The wife of my bosom—my unbiassed choice—
 My comfort, my hope, and my stay;
 More noble, more *human* to make thee rejoice,
 Than take all thy pleasure away.

A villian—a savage—a monster—a fiend,
 If I for a moment would dare,
 With gloomy forebodings to torture thy mind,
 Or blacken thy soul with despair.

The ravings of passion not promptly suppressed,
 Nor less, the vile clamours of strife,
 Are murderous arrows, that aimed at thy breast,
 Destroy all the pleasures of life.

My unceasing aim should be always to prove,
 A friend and a husband to thee;

A word of unkindness to one I should love,
Were guilt in the highest degree.

I do not expect thee, as multitudes do,
Devoid of a flaw or defect;
We all have our failings; and many or few,
We frailties at least may expect.

Too often indeed there is reason to grieve,
A something to cause us regret;
But charity would every trespass forgive,
And more—would as often forget.

The troubles of life—every burden and care,
The lot of poor mortals below—
Its joys and its sorrows, we jointly would bear,
And taste of their sweetness or woe.

For thee I would labour with courage and art,
For thee I would patiently toil;
And thy ever-loving, affectionate heart,
Would lighten my task with a smile.

Wherever I'd wander. wherever I'd go,
My heart from thee never would roam;
The charms of the world I would gladly forego,
For the peaceful enjoyments of home.

ONE MILLION POUNDS.

I asked a friend of mine, once, if he knew,
 Had he one million pounds, what he would do.
 "Do!" he replied, I'd build a mansion fair,
 And all that's grand and lovely I'd have there;
 My splendid equipage, embossed in gold,
 Would charm the eyes of all that would behold;
 Couriers like lightning, would my errands run,
 And vie in splendour with yon flaming sun;
 I'd live luxurious as an Eastern king,
 Mirth, festive mirth, throughout my halls should ring;
 And crouching menials, with ambitious zeal,
 Obsequious wait upon their master's will:
 Feast, sport, and banquet each alternate day,
 And merrily sing time and care away:
 Rejoice, and revel o'er the sparkling wine,
 On beds of eider, gloriously recline!"

I asked a care-worn miser, if he knew,
 Had he one million pounds, what *he* would do.
 The creature started, and in strange amaze,
 He turned on me, his wonder-stricken gaze;
 Joy sparkled in his deep and sunken eye,
 Like gleam of sunshine, when the storm sweeps by.
 From his demeanor, I at once averred,
 That I had hit upon a secret chord,
 Untouched by power of eloquence or art,
 That sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart.
 Deeply he thought, and yet no answer made,
 But rising up, "now follow me," he said.—
 Right in the corner of a gloomy hall,
 And close beside the cobweb garnished wall,
 An iron chest, that looked like days of yore,

Massive and strong, lay on the solid floor.
 What it contained was precious to be sure,
 By heavy lock, and ponderous key secure.
 Towards it now he cast a wistful eye,
 And while I anxious gaped for a reply;
 With all the energy of stern despair,
 "Do!" he replied, "Behold! I'd put them there!"

I asked a frugal and industrious swain,
 Who strove an honest livelihood to gain,
 And by economy, who did succeed,
 To save a little for more pressing need.
 His tender offspring, happy, young, and gay,
 His present joy, and soon his only stay;
 His constant care to train them in the road,
 That leads to honour, glory, and to God.
 To such a one the question I addressed—
 How he would now, one million pounds invest.
 "For my own part," the honest man replied,
 "For riches, power, or wealth, I never sighed;
 But had I such a sum, perhaps I would
 Provide a little for my children's good;
 Though in what manner best, I cannot tell;
 But one thing sure, I'd educate them well,
 Give them a start beginning life no doubt,
 Then let each follow his own devious route;
 Retain a part to banish human fears,
 And soothe the current of declining years;
 And when I'd go the way of all mankind,
 I'd not be sorry to leave all behind."

I asked an active, and ambitious man,
 A zealous bumpkin of the farming clan,
 What he would do, was he just now possessed,
 Of such a sum, as mentioned to the rest.
 "Do!" he replied, "I would not hesitate,

To purchase neighbour J——'s estate ;
 For he is in the way of all around,
 Just like a stump—a cumberer of the ground ;
 Call me a fool, sir, if I would not be,
 A wiser and a mightier man than he."

I asked a simple man, whose little mind,
 Just at the door, could full provision find ;
 To distant worlds, who never soared away,
 But lived quite happy on the passing day.
 To him, my question sent no thrilling glow—
 "Do!" he replied, "I'u sure I do not know."

I asked a student, who with hungry look,
 Sat pouring o'er the pages of his book,
 His visage lean, his coat alas! threadbare,
 Showed, as for cash, that he had none to spare.
 "Me!" he replied, "my object is, I own,
 For solid learning, to acquire renown ;
 For this alone, I every nerve would strain,
 All other objects, are to me but vain.
 The miser's treasures, so intensely sought,
 Compared with knowledge, are not worth a thought ;
 His lordship's palaces, possessions vast,
 What are they all, if his own mind's a waste ?
 The giant conqueror, with laureled brow,
 Before whose sword, kings, potentates must bow,
 If he's a savage, what avails his power ?
 He's but the bugbear of the passing hour.
 The mighty monarch, whom vast tribes adore,
 And whose dominions stretch from shore to shore —
 His short-lived dignity, his power is vain,
 Cursed with an empty, and unfurnished brain.
 Void of that wisdom he so much must need,
 And if in knowledge, he does not exceed
 An honest artisan of humblest class,

What is he better than a crowned jackass?
 With all the advantages that rank can give,
 The silly mortal has not learned to live.
 Not so with him, whose one gigantic mind,
 Can sway a generation of mankind;
 By powers Hereulean, hold a nation bound,
 While shouting myriads, loud his praise resound;
 The world his audience; his dominion spreads,
 Where'er the foot of man enlightened treads;
 Nor wanes his power with the passing day—
 Race after race, shall own his potent sway;
 Age after age, perpetuate his fame,
 And homage pay to his immortal name.
 Now, your one million pounds, my honest friend,
 Would just be means by which to gain an end;
 'Twould place within my reach, a precious store,
 Of modern science, and of ancient lore;
 Enable me, my studies to pursue,
 With brilliant triumph, smiling in my view,
 The best instruction that the world can give,
 I would be proud and happy to receive;
 And stern of purpose, I would push my way,
 To higher honours, and a brighter day."

I asked a man unfortunate in life,
 And whose existence, was incessant strife,
 With varied ills, of long and drear array,
 That thronged around, and thick bestrewed his way.
 Honest his heart, and stern of purpose too,
 But notwithstanding all that he could do,
 He found himself, though not without regret,
 Sadly involved in deep and hopeless debt.—
 "Me!" he replied, "it fires my soul with joy,
 To think that liberty, I could enjoy;
 Again be free! released from that great load,

That weighs me down to earth's sepulchral clod !
 Give me as much as would my debts discharge,
 For ever free me from *dishonest* charge,
 And peace restore unto my troubled breast—
 With all my heart, sir, you might have the rest."

I asked a man, of philanthropic mind,
 Who laboured for the welfare of mankind ;
 Pitied the ignorant, the base, the rude,
 Contrived, and planned, how he might do them good ;
 And in his large, warm heart, could find a place,
 For every piteous object of distress.—
 "One million pounds !" "I would be glad," said he,
 "Were that enormous sum consigned to me ;
 Free as it came, as freely it would go,
 Among the sons of misery, want, and wo.
 The homeless wanderer, and the poor out-cast,
 Would share my bounty while the sum would last ;
 And for the honest, suffering, starving poor,
 Helpless, and homeless, I would bread procure ;
 I'd soothe the afflicted, dry the widows tears,
 And ease the burden of declining years ;
 My bounties scatter free as balmy air,
 And barricade the path-ways to despair."

I asked a man of God, who burned with zeal,
 To know, and do, his heavenly master's will ;
 The gospel trumpet blew, till all around,
 Rejoiced, or trembled, at the potent sound ;
 Whose actions, words, and bearing, on the whole,
 Proclaimed he knew the value of a soul.—
 "Do !" he replied, "the sum though great or small,
 My Master's cause deserves, and claims it all ;
 My Master's cause—to man with blessings fraught,
 To help it onward, is a glorious thought !
 I'd spend it all to swell the joyful sound,

Till all the sleeping myriads around,
 Would feel the weight of sin's accursed load,
 Awake, arise, and call upon their God!
 The truth would send beyond wild Ocean's roar,
 Plant Zion's standard, on a foreign shore;
 Proclaim to Brahmin, Hottentot, Hindoo,
 A glorious message, wonderful, but true;
 Tell Greenland fishers, in their huts of snow,
 Of that great stream whence living waters flow;
 And South Sea cannibals, in carnage red,
 The precious blood for them on Calvary shed."

I asked a Christian, humble, honest, poor,
 Who trusted God, for bread and water sure;
 His coffer empty, and his wallet scant,
 Yet never absolutely brought to want;
 Thankful he was; his neighbours envied not;
 But lived contented, with his humble lot.—
 Judge my surprise, when, having deeply sighed,—
 "One million pounds! 'twould ruin me"! he cried,
 "'Twould make me proud—my happiness destroy,
 And blast the fairest fruits of humble joy;
 Make my responsibility the more,
 Create desires, where I had none before;
 And form new appetites, perhaps which I
 Could never innocently gratify."

My queries ended; and I fairly thought,
 This was the wisest answer that I got;
 The difference, he rightly understood,
 'Tween seeming benefits, and real good;
 This humble Christian, I may safely call,
 The best philosopher among them all.

THE SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF A WHEAT FIELD.

O sad is my state, I am wretchedly poor :
 In sore destitution for want of manure !
 I'm feeble, exhausted, and weak is my breath—
 Fast drifting to ruin—nigh starving to death !

How changed from the time when in ages gone past,
 I proudly was sheltered from winter's rude blast ;
 When from my fair bosom, the giant oak sprung,
 Whose arms in the tempest delightfully swung !

The great noble elm raised its branches on high,
 The low-spreading beech tree, so fair to the eye ;
 The more graceful maple, with many a fine tree—
 A mighty, magnificent vesture for me !

But man, lordly man came, and called me his own,
 The might of the spoiler was presently shown ;
 For by the stern axeman, as blow followed blow,
 My long-cherished pride was laid prostrate and low.

Of all my wild grandeur now totally shorn,
 The stumps from my bosom all ruthlessly torn,
 The summer sun scorches my poor naked breast,
 And nothing to shield me, from storms from the West.

When first the plough turned up my young virgin soil,
 How well I repaid all the labour and toil !
 The crop how luxuriant ! how glorious the yield !
 How happy the farmer that owned such a field !

And so, thought the farmer, how can I refrain,
 Last crop was so good, I must try wheat again ;

And this time, I yielded as much, if not more,
An excellent sample, as good as before.

And so I well might, I was hearty and strong,
For I had lain idle, and fattening long ;
The leaves of the forest, grown withered and sere,
Dropt off to enrich me for many a year.

Thus many a crop of wheat healthy and strong,
I cheerfully yielded ; but ere very long,
My strength and my vigour began to decay,
For all my rich substance had melted away.

My master, indeed, thought it wonderful strange,
The wheat should thus fail ; so he made a slight change ;
And pease, oats, and barley, successively raised,
And with my fine hay crop was certainly pleased.

But how did *these* grow ? well, the reason was plain,
Some elements still, in my soil did remain ;
And those that were left by the wheat crop behind,
Well suited a crop of a different kind.

All good in their place, and for cattle so nice,
But wheat was the thing that would fetch him the price ;
And cash he must have, every nerve he must strain,
To try and compel me to give wheat again.

But weeds grow luxuriantly, prosper and thrive,
To root them completely, how will he contrive ?
He ploughs me in summer, 'tis thus it is done,
And roasts them alive by the heat of the sun.

And when this is done, a good crop to secure,
Perhaps he will give me a taste of manure ;

And thus he contrives, though perforce it is true,
To yield him it may be a good crop or two.

But who does not see, that when ploughed up with care,
The best of my vapours escape in the air ;
And though of my weeds I am ridden complete,
The more I am ploughed up, the poorer I get.

I'm now so reduced, that all labour is lost,
Of ploughing and sowing, I don't pay the cost ;
And as for my master, so scanty his pelf,
I vow and declare, he's as poor as myself.

And yet after all he keeps scratching away,
Still hoping, (false hope,) I'll do better some day ;
The wrong he is doing me, he cannot see,
No rest for the wicked, at least, none for me.

My master complains, I'm so flat and so low,
That when heavy rains come, some parts overflow ;
The best of my soil, thus no profit can bring,
For wheat in those parts, is killed out in the spring.

He also complains, as indeed he well may,
I'm so hard to work, for I'm stiff heavy clay ;
A good heavy shower, keeps me wet for a week,
In drought, I dry up in the sun like a brick.

My master's old horses are only half fed,
Poor things ! they work hard for their morsel of bread ;
He sells all he can—he has payments to make ;
And when the spring comes, they are as poor as a rake .

Three sons has the farmer ; not all very smart ;
Though two of them fitted to act a good part,

In any profession ; perhaps to surpass—
The other as stupid, and dull as an ass.

“Now John,” said the father, “it never will do,
To make a poor, prosy, clod-hopper of you ;
You must be a lawyer, so keen, so acuto,
'Tis just the profession, that you will best suit.

And William, no doubt, a good doctor would make,
So skillful, so prompt, any measures to take ;
He likes the profession ; besides it is said,
At few other callings, more money is made.

But then, you perceive, that my means are but small,
But little indeed, I can help you at all ;
But if you push onward, right valiant and strong,
I'll borrow some money to help you along.

But Donald, so high, of course, need not aspire,
Indeed, I believe, that he has no desire
To change his profession ; and all will allow,
That he is just fitted to follow the plough.”

Then hear, all who think this arrangement the best,
Against such injustice, I loudly protest ;
The brightest, the ablest, must something else be,
And leave the dull blockhead to cultivate me !

This monstrous mistake, that so many commit—
One source of my ruin, my shame, and regret—
Would not be so common, if men would but know,
Some talent is needed to plough and to sow.

Nay, search the whole range of professions all through,
What nobler than mine, could a mortal pursue ?

Or what one requiring more vigour and zeal ?
Or giving more scope for ingenious skill ?

Away with the notion—'tis false and unsound—
That wealth in my culture is not to be found ;
He knows me but little, who ventures to say,
That labour or skill, is on me thrown away.

No wonder, that some should on farming look down,
When it is abandoned to every dull clown ;
No wonder, so many are wretched and poor—
They use not the means a good crop to secure.

But lo ! here comes Donald, with his silly team,
Now then, I must turn my attention to him ;
Along he comes creeping, so pleased and content,
To tear up my bosom, his obvious intent.

He looks at his plough, with a dull careless air,
He sees that it somehow is out of repair ;
To put it in order, he does not know how,
So just as it is he commences to plough,

And down the first plunge to the beam very near,
Anon, skims the surface in lightsome career ;
A slim narrow furrow, he's now turning o'er,
Anon, turns a foot, or a few inches more.

Now puffing, and blowing and sweating all o'er,
Both horses, and ploughman, are tired and sore ;
Now out, and now in, and now fast, and now slow,
They make horrid work, to be sure, as they go.

But look at that man, who is now passing by !
He stops—up the furrow, he's casting his eye ;

His loud laugh is heard bounding over the field—
The like of such ploughing he never beheld.

My surface thus skimmed so uncommonly slight,
The best of my substance has ne'er seen the light ;
My ridges uneven ; and each one besides,
As low on the back, as it is at the sides.

O shame on such treatment ! O when will it stop ?
Miraculous, if I could thus give a crop !
I cannot, and *will* not, as I did before,
Unless proper treatment, my strength does restore.

My soil, battered down by the fall heavy rains,
Is sheltered, while snow as a covering remains ;
But down the frost pierces, when it is all gone,
And has an effect that few calculate on.

My soil is so stiff, and so wet, and so cold,
'Tis hard for the wheat to retain a good hold ;
When keen biting blasts, beat again, and again,
'Tis hard to retain its vitality then.

What lives to the spring, is so puny and weak,
So tempting to insects for plunder that seek ;
The weevil, the midge, or the Hessian fly,
Then comes in good earnest, its fortune to try.

But O my old master ! take sober advice,
I can be made fertile, and mellow and nice ;
I yet would repay you, for all you have lost,
Instead of your scorn, I would then be your boast !

And first you must make me so thoroughly dry,
No pond on my surface should venture to lie ;

By properly ditching, and covering with care,
You'll dry me completely, and let in the air.

And you must immediately get a good team,
Away with those scarecrows—a shame to be seen!
In good heavy style must my ploughing be done,
To bring up my treasures in sight of the sun.

And get a good ploughman, who can with all ease,
Make proper shaped ridges, as straight as you please;
For turning in midst of the land, I declare,
Is sheer waste of time, that you have not to spare.

Good seed, rightly sown, and put in, in good time,
And harrow in too, a good coating of lime;
To heave up my earth, make it open and warm—
The wet and the cold would then do little harm.

So mellow and open, I always would keep,
'Twould then be so easy to plough me up deep;
Stern winter would less my rich treasures despoil—
The germ would maintain a good hold of the soil.

And further, the lime to the straw would give strength,
To carry a head of a much greater length;
The grain more abundant, more plump, and more round,
And better in quality too, would be found.

When cattle are poor, then will vermin abound;
But when they are fat, they will rarely be found;
With wheat strong and healthy, 'twill also be true,
That insects will spoil it far less than they do.

Thus lime would compel me, if properly tilled,
The best of my treasures quite freely to yield;

But if my fertility long would endure,
I must now and then have a coat of manure.

For that is the way to restore me again,
What I have expended in straw and in grain :
A man cannot live without something to eat,
No more can I give, if I nothing will get.

A proper rotation of crops, I maintain,
Is very essential, my strength to sustain :
The reason is plain, why rotation is best—
For change is refreshing, sometimes it is rest.

And then in due season, I must be sown down,
For that is the way my good treatment to crown ;
And out of sheer gratitude, I would display,
A plentiful crop of magnificent hay.

And pasture me then for some three or four years,
And I would forget all my wrongs and my tears ;
The rest, all the vigour of youth would restore,
And I would be gloriously fat as before.

And O what a contrast, to what I am now !
I do not raise pasture to fatten a cow ;
For one with another, seems trying a race,
To pick from her neighbour, a stray blade of grass.

Then cattle with joy, through my pastures would stray,
Contented, and happy, and sportive, and gay ;
As fat as you please ; their coats glossy as silk ;
Their udders distended, with plenty of milk.

“Well now,” said the farmer, “I’ve heard you all through,
All that you have stated, is only too true ;

But of the ill treatment, you justly complain,
I trust you will never have reason again.

But at the same time, it must be understood,
I thought I was doing the best that I could;
My father thus taught me; at least I am sure,
I only was doing what he did before.

But if he thus acted, I very well know,
That could be no reason, why I should do so;
As for the improvements that you now suggest,
I honestly own, that they seem for the best.

And now I will pledge you my word as a man,
To put them in practice as soon as I can;
And if I be ruined, you need not repine,
You gave me the counsel, the blame will be thine."

I'll run all the hazard; indeed there is none;
To stay as I am, I am only undone;
You might have known better, if you had but read,
What men of great skill, on the subject had said.

But reading, indeed, was no pleasure to you,
You never had time—you had so much to do;
Their views and their notions, for you had no charm—
You never once thought, they could help you to farm.

But since you have promised my system to try,
Its mighty advantage, you'll see by and by;
Then farming will cease to be what it is now—
A dull, slavish calling, to follow the plough.

Your cattle may then take a prize at the show—
Roots and grains, of the very best kind I will grow;

Their excellent quality too, will command,
The very best price that is got in the land.

Then yours is the duty of means to make use,
But be it remembered, I'll nothing produce,
Unless Heaven's blessings, on me shall descend—
Then pray that the means may accomplish the end.

Then I will become your delight and your joy;
Your tongue in my praise, you will freely employ:
And often remember my counsel to you,
When you are grown wealthy, and rich as a Jew.

SPEECH AT A PIC-NIC, ON MUSIC.

MR. CHAIRMAN,

I'm glad to meet so many here,
 In this delightful bower ;
 In joyful, harmless merriment,
 To spend a pleasant hour.
 The gracious Father of us all,
 Has with his blessings crowned us ;
 Well may delight inspire our souls,
 When all is gay around us.

But what sir, would you have me say ?
 On what great subject dwell ?
 To please this happy smiling throng,
 And profit them as well ?
 My own experience of pic-nics,
 Has honestly suggested,
 That of all irksome, hateful things,
 Long speeches are detested.

For on occasions such as this,
 We bid adieu to care,
 And with each other laugh and chat,
 Free as the balmy air.
 And when the youthful, beaming eye,
 With stolen glances glisten,
 To tedious, prosy, dull harangues,
 They cannot wait to listen.

Intemperance is a hackneyed theme
 The ground so traversed o'er,
 You cannot light upon a spot,
 But has been trod before.

So often grasped by abler minds,
 I cannot dare to choose it;
 But offer you some simple thoughts,
 Upon the power of music.

My memory is not the best;
 My speech be what it may,
 In spite of all that I can do,
 Some words will slip away.
 So here it is, in black and white,
 Most likely I may need it;
 Then you'll excuse me gentlemen,
 If I should partly read it.

Music! what words can paint thy charms?
 Thy potent influence show?
 To cheer the drooping heart of man,
 And mitigate his wo?
 What human tongue can tell its power?
 Its mighty influence measure?
 When music vibrates to the soul,
 Ecstatic thrills of pleasure?

The baby but a few months old,
 Bright in its mother's arms,
 Whom nothing else has power to please,
 Yields to its soothing charms.
 Its little ear so nicely tuned,
 To sweet harmonic numbers;
 Its tiny voice in chorus joins,
 Then softly, sweetly slumbers.

Who does not love to hear a band
 Of merry children sing?

It makes us all feel young, to hear
Their notes of gladness ring.
Enjoyment, happiness, and love,
Are stamped on every feature ;
And thus they cultivate full well,
Good feelings, and good nature.

There's something in a woman's voice,
That captivates the heart ;
More sweet, when musical its tones,
Than all the charms of art.
But when poured out in joyous song—
In wild harmonious swelling,
It melts the heart in tenderness,
And sublimates the feeling.

See Jenny Lind ! o'er human hearts,
A magic queen she reigns ;
What thousands hang upon her lips,
Enraptured by her strains !
She wields a mighty power for good ;
To man a blessing given ;
For music elevates the soul,
And makes it more like heaven.

Behold ! yon raging maniac bound
With fetters firm and strong !
No power can soothe the raving soul,
Except the power of song.
Like David's harp on Saul of old,
By some sweet charm mysterious,
It brings a ray of gladness to
The raving and delirious.

When weary and our spirits low,
On the decline of day;
How powerful a simple tune,
To chase fatigue away.
A faithful pastor once I knew,
Who, tired sore on Sunday,
Recruited his exhausted strength,
By fiddling on Monday.

And when old age comes creeping on,
And death is drawing nigh,
Music brings joy into the heart,
And rapture to the eye;
The feeble songs he now can raise,
Songs often sung in sadness,
He'll soon exchange, for nobler songs,
Of pure, unbounded gladness.

Would not devotion be, to most,
A cold and cheerless thing,
If in the transport of the heart,
They were forbid to sing?
But let ten thousand voices join
In songs of adoration;
What glorious wings to bear on high,
The loftiest aspiration!

Far amid Scotia's rugged hills,
That overlook the main;
Two lads set out one morning fair,
A seaport town to gain;
Bare legged both, with greater speed,
To reach their destination;
The distance proved more lengthy far,
Than they made calculation.

Night coming on, they foolishly
Left the frequented path ;
And stretched across a shorter way,
O'er a wild moorland heath ;
Their feet all cut, and bruised, and sore,
The blood was freely streaming ;
And in the distant thunder cloud,
The lightning's flash was gleaming.

Still on they plunged ; the night grew dark,
The storm came on apace ;
They reached a wood, and shelter sought,
In that dark, lonely place.
Groping—a little to the right,
A good hay-riek discerning ;
They nestled down among the hay,
To wait for day's returning.

In those days Superstition reigned,
And bound the servile mind ;
The supernatural, the wild,
Could ready credence find ;
Traditions wild, of lonely moors,
Their youthful spirits daunted ;
And dreams of strange unearthly things,
Their wakeful fancy haunted.

But hark ! a sound rides on the storm,
Plaintive and sweet, and slow ;
Now rising high above its roar,
Now sinking soft, and low.
There must be human voices there,
Those joyful accents ringing ;
Amid the storm's nocturnal wail,
Their sacred vespers singing,

And so it was ; for just hard by,
In shelter of the wood,
All unobserved by them till now,
A shepherd's cottage stood ;
And now preparing for their rest,
From that lone humble dwelling,
Was heard the grateful song of praise,
High on the tempest swelling.

Glad were the youths, to taste the sweets,
Of humble Highland cheer,
And sleep beneath the shepherd's roof,
Without a doubt or fear.
The kind good lady washed their sores,
Caressed them like a mother ;
Convinced them too, that singing psalms,
And kindness go together.

And music rouses fearful high,
The feelings of the slave ;
And wakes to deeds of bright renown,
The ardour of the brave.
The soldier's valiant heart may quail,
When for the strife preparing ;
But music wakes his courage high,
To deeds of awful daring.

The pibroch's swell, in ancient times,
Had power beyond belief,
To wake the clansmen of the north,
To rally round their chief.
And on the fierce embattled plain,
Where horrid carnage revels ;
The stormy music of the drum,
Makes soldiers very devils.

A Frenchman and a Scotchman met,
 On London streets afar ;
 The Scotchman had a violin,
 The Frenchman a guitar.
 Musicians both ; with other's skill,
 They soon began to meddle ;
 The Frenchman lauded the guitar,
 The Scot upheld the fiddle.

Bring me together, said the Scot,
 Men from my native clime ;
 I'll make them cry, and sing, and dance,
 In twenty minutes time.
 Done ! said the Frenchman ; and in haste,
 He sought and brought together,
 A goodly number, lately from
 The country of the heather.

The violinist, serious, grave,
 Discoursed with solemn grace,
 Of home and kindred far away—
 Friends longing to embrace.
 One left his sweetheart sad behind,
 One lately lost a brother ;
 And one had longing thoughts of home,
 And wished to see his mother.

"O happy days for ever past !"
 Each heart in sadness said ;
 Then came the slow, the solemn tune,
 In memory of the dead.
 Out came the handkerchiefs ; 'twas vain,
 To hide the gush of feeling,
 Beyond control ; for down each cheek,
 Tear after tear came stealing.

"But how can we be always sad,
And mourn o'er those away,
When joyous scenes invite us on,
And all around is gay?
Then here's a tune to auld lang syne,
There's pleasure yet before us;
Come boys"—the tears were dashed aside,
And loud they swelled the chorus.

The player now, with all his might,
With all his magic art,
Played up a tune that sent a thrill,
Of pleasure to the heart.

"Now for a good Scotch reel my boys,"
And up the whole tribe jumping,
They danced, and leaped, till they were sore,
With stamping, and with thumping.

If such be the effect on men,
What must it be on brutes?
And that it has effect on them,
No living man disputes.
The horse, so timid, prone to start,
To look, to fear, and wonder,
Will dare to face the cannon's mouth,
And brave the battle's thunder.

A war horse, who in younger days,
Some better times had seen,
Became reduced; his humble task,
To keep the pavements clean.
But when the band came out to play,
He loved it, and he showed it;
For off he'd be to join the ranks,
By his old dung cart loaded.

And where's the man, I dare to ask?
Or where's the little child?
That does not greatly love to hear
The warblers of the wild?
The lovely tenants of the grove,
In happy song delighting,
That makes our green, and fragrant bowers,
So pleasing and inviting.

All nature gay abounds in song,
And music fills our earth;
The morning stars together sang,
At its triumphal birth.
There's music in the stormy wind,
O'er earth's fair bosom driven;
There's music in the stormy sea,
And music too in heaven.

We might upon this subject dwell,
For length of time untold;
And not exhaust the glorious theme,
Or all its charms unfold.
But lest my speech should greatly swell,
Beyond all due dimension;
I now will bid you all *good by*,
With thanks for your attention.

THE FOP.

You empty goose!—just tell to me,
What you do pride yourself upon,
That you despise, as all can see,
Your neighbour John ?

What makes you toss your silly head,
And cast such a disdainful eye,
And with accelerated speed,
Go snuffing by ?

Is it because as we all know,
That you have got a better coat,
And making thus a little show,
Become of note ?

But while each hair is rightly set,
With all the nicety of pride,
Just let me ask, do you forget
The man inside ?

Man! did I say?—the world wide,
Acknowledges that you declare,
That as for any one inside,
There's nothing there.

You idiot! do you suppose,
You can with all your vain pretence,
Your babbling on the world impose,
For common sense ?

All that you know is on your tongue ;
The rest lies quietly on your shelf ;

Yet you're a wondrous man among
Fops like yourself.

When will we see you as you are ?
As such, but few have seen you yet ;
You think you can deceive us far,
But don't forget,

The world will soon pull off the screen,
That seems to hide you from our view ;
For it is world enough to skin
The like of you.

Pray, where did you get all the brass,
That on your fingers we behold ?
Do you intend to make it pass,
For sterling gold ?

Is it a clue, will you explain,
Which the unwary eye may catch,
That leads to that enormous chain,
That holds your watch ?

No doubt but you would frighten crows,
So wildly barbarous and uncouth,
With that enormous bush that grows
Around your mouth.

It says to every passer by,
"Here's something worth your while to see ;
For pity's sake, do not deny,
One look at me."

'Tis just a sign above the door,
You carry everywhere you roam,

That says, "The *man* if here before,
Is not at home."

You look as frightful as you can;
Strange whim peculiar to your class;
If hair alone, would make a man,
Then you would pass.

Now hear me sir, you silly fool,
And profit by my grave advice,
Or else the shafts of ridicule,
May smite you thrice.

Attempt to make no vain display,
Appear just what you really are,
And then perhaps the world will say,
You're better far.

While mixing with your fellow-men,
Just pass unnoticed if you can;
Instead of *fop*, the world will then,
Call you a *man*.

POEMS.

PICKING RASPBERRIES.

'Twas on a fair autumnal morn,
When Nature smiles to please ;
When ripened fields of yellow corn,
Waved gently in the breeze ;
A youthful party mustered strong,
All bent on pleasure seeking ;
Determined all, that jovial throng,
To go a berry picking,
For fun that day,

Each one was furnished with a pail,
And high they were in hope,
That none of them should surely fail,
To fill it to the top ;
The gentlemen were dressed as fine,
As if they went to meeting ;
The ladies, in their crinoline,
Were not too well befitting,
Their work that day.

Packed in a carriage, thick and close,
They chatted with good will ;
And now and then triumphant rose,
The merry laughing peal.
Their destined place still far away,
In outline dim appearing,
They drove like fury on their way,
And o'er the road careering,
They went that day.

Reined up their steeds in gallant style ;
Bound them with due dispatch ;

And travelled on about a mile,
To reach the berry patch.
The place was wild, supremely wild,
And rugged were the passes ;
Tremendous rocks, all rudely piled,
In rough, unshapen masses,
Were seen that day.

Flanking the mountain's rocky side,
A scanty wood was seen ;
Some lofty pines, in lonely pride,
With quite a gap between ;
Their neighbours prostrate on the ground,
Were laid one stormy morning ;
And there they were, still to be found,
With all their brush adorning,
Their tops that day.

There brambles, prickly, thick and long,
In wild luxuriance grew ;
And weaving the rough brush among,
They hid it quite from view.
The raspberries, so ripe and sweet,
Looked lovely and inviting ;
Among the loaded boughs to get,
Was certainly exciting,
To youths that day.

So at it then, our party went,
No time was to be lost ;
Each tacitly with the intent,
To try and have the most.
As each chose his, or her own way,
They could not stick together ;

But as the moments slipped away,
They wandered from each other,
Alone that day.

Yet all within the reach of call,
If any call they heard ;
But they were very busy all,
And did not speak a word ;
Though none of that delighted host,
Their safety never doubted ;
Yet Liza, fearing to get lost,
"Halloo! where are you?" shouted,
Aloud that day.

"I'm here," Theophilus replied,
"Come here, Miss Parker, do ;
Here is a fine place by my side,
And berries plenty too."
"I will,"—and on a log in haste,
With some exertion scrambled ;
One foot incautiously she placed,
And down the slope she tumbled,
Head first that day.

She shouted at her utmost voice,
And all in reach alarmed ;
They feared, from the tremendous noise,
She might not be unharmed.
Theophilus to the rescue flew,
Pail in his hand he carries ;
But on his back before he knew,
Falls flat ; and all his berries,
He lost that day.

John, seeing his unseemly plight,
 And hearing Liza call,
 Came bounding on with all his might,
 Through brambles, brush and all.
 For obstacles were nought to him,
 Himself, nor clothing sparing ;
 Right dash he comes against a limb—
 His costly broad cloth tearing,
 In shreads that day.

But Liza was not hurt at all,
 As you may easy guess ;
 She only got a dreadful fall,
 And tore her muslin dress.
 And Mary hung her head, and blushed,
 When anything was spoken ;
 Her crinoline was sadly crushed,
 And all her hoops were broken,
 In bits that day.

But all alike, they did not care,
 Since none their plight beheld ;
 So down they sat, just where they were,
 And fairly roared, and yelled.
 The scene so strange, grotesque, and wild,
 Was long remembered after ;
 The cloth boots torn—raspberries spilled—
 The shouts and roars of laughter,
 So loud that day.

Some lost the whole of what they had ;
 Some had not much to lose ;
 And some theirs squandered, (just as bad)
 With lavish hand profuse.

With love to the delicious fruit,
 Another was besmitten ;
 And as they did his palate suit,
 The most of his had eaten,
 All up that day.

All unobserved by them till now,
 Dark clouds obscured the sky ;
 Huge massive piles, came floating slow—
 A thunder storm was nigh.
 And ere the foremost in the crowd,
 His dark suspicions uttered ;
 Far in the dark, and lurid cloud,
 The distant thunder muttered,
 In wrath that day.

To make for home with greatest speed,
 They now were much inclined ;
 And in their carriage they agreed,
 They might some shelter find.
 But by the storm, full soon they were
 Completely overtaken ;
 'Terrific was the lightning's glare—
 The rocks and hills were shaken,
 In fright that day.

The rain in torrents now came down,
 And shelter they had none ;
 To bear it all without a frown,
 Was anything but fun.
 Their whole appearance, with the scene,
 Was certainly in keeping ;
 All saturated to the skin,
 Clothes torn, and soiled, and dripping,
 With wet that day,

Their sorrows were not ended yet,
Their team broke loose erewhile ;
In search of something good to eat,
Had wandered half a mile.
Now carefully it must be sought—
'Twas no use getting angry ;
They could not go till it was brought,
Though tired, and cold, and hungry,
They were that day.

Right glad to reach their home at last,
And this at least were taught :—
The lessons we remember best,
Are those most dearly bought.—
O thou great devotee of fun,
Who home in grief returnest !
Know what in folly is begun,
Is sure to end in earnest,
Upon some day.

P A S S I O N .

What misery poor mortals give themselves,
 When every trivial thing that comes their way,
 Perchance by accident, or otherwise,
 Arouses every dreadful feeling in their souls,
 And hurls them on in Passion's foaming tide,
 To perfect madness—Desperation's brink!
 Forgetful of their interests and themselves,
 They raise a suicidal hand against their life,
 Condemn themselves to real torture now,
 And curse themselves to never ending wo.

A moment past, perhaps the storm subsides;
 The sweeping whirlwind drives in smoke away;
 The raging elements again turn calm;
 And peace and harmony once more return.

What after all has been the moving cause
 Of such a great commotion; like to tear
 The very clouds with burning wrath apart,
 And set the passions as on fire of hell?
 Perhaps a trifle, not worth while to name;
 A casual occurrence unforeseen;
 A something, no one could perhaps prevent;
 Or, grant it, if you please, just the reverse,
 Will Passion remedy the evil done?
 Will it repair the loss that is sustained?
 Or, does it give the mind the least relief,
 To wreak its vengeful ire without restraint,
 On the unhappy victims of its wrath?
 To breathe malignity, as from a source
 Of rank pollution, boiling up its dregs?
 To thunder curses on the passing breeze,
 Or mutter them as madly in the heart?
 Why then indulge the diabolic train,

That kindles such a fire, and such results?
Why not at once begin to quell the storm,
When darkening clouds begin to gather round?
Set every moral power of the soul,
To crush the latent evil in the bud,
To stand the coming shock with patience mailed,
And gain a conquest greater than of war?

O triumph worthy an immortal soul!
O victory, worth more than gold can buy!
Rebellious lusts into subjection brought,
Bound in the fetters of severe restraint,
To burst their bonds, and bellow forth no more!
Reason secured on her triumphal throne,
And harmony throughout her wide domain;
The noble dignity of mind sustained,
Peace the result, and pleasure the reward!

THE FARMING LIFE.

I am an humble peasant,
I live remote from strife ;
And O how sweet and pleasant,
To lead a farmer's life !

Scenes of worldly grandeur,
I may not behold ;
But where'er I wander,
Nature's charms unfold.

Every blooming flower,
Every budding tree,
Every shady bower,
Has its charms for me.

Fields in Autumn waving,
Glorious do appear ;
Tempests dark and raving,
Have music for my ear.

But 'tis a life of labour,
Of cares and troubles too ;
Depending on one's neighbour,
In farming will not do.

With careful preparation,
I plough the rugged sod ;
In joyful expectation,
I cast the seed abroad.

Planting, weeding, hoeing,
I must not forget ;

Reaping, binding, mowing,
Makes a person sweat.

Chopping, cutting, slashing,
Toils a person more :
Stumping, ditching, thrashing,
Till my bones are sore.

Buying, trading, selling,
Nothing runs to waste ;
Raising up a dwelling,
Suited to my taste.

Killing, skinning, flaying,
As it pleases me :
Gaining, losing, paying,
I'll not idle be.

December's chilling breezes,
I stand like any Turk ;
And though it snows or freezes,
I must be at my work.

Patiently enduring
Summer's scorching heat ;
I must be securing
Something for to eat.

Sometimes my crops are wasted.
By cattle, storm, or flood ;
My prospects then are blasted,
Hope blighted in the bud.

If good success attends me,
I value what is sent ;

Whatever Heaven sends me,
I am therewith content.

To many a helpless creature,
I am an honest friend ;
For on the God of nature,
I do myself depend.

To speak in moderation,
I'm master, servant, lord ;
And to my occupation,
No man can say a word.

No big, purse-proud ascendant,
I slavishly adore ;
For I am independent,
And could I ask for more ?

To all my privileges,
I fully am awake ;
In rivers, roads, and bridges,
An interest I take.

If public voice request it,
I lay aside my cares,
To be more interested,
In popular affairs,

Though pride and ostentation,
I heartily abhor ;
An honest reputation,
Is worth the toiling for.

My weary day's employment,
Ends with the setting sun

And then my night's enjoyment,
Is instantly begun.

Illumined by a taper,
When light of day is gone ;
I snatch up my newspaper,
To see what's going on.

What mighty perturbations,
Shake the unstable world ;
If empires, kingdoms, nations,
Are into ruin hurled,

How people's rights are mangled,
To clear a tyrant's way ;
How Liberty is strangled,
Beneath despotic sway.

How rulers levy taxes ;
How mankind thirst for gold ;
If Slavery relaxeth
Her spirit-crushing hold.

How wonder-working Science,
Sweeps on with bold career ;
Sets distance at defiance ;
Brings foreign nations near.

And in the swift progression,
Of science and of art ;
I wish my own profession,
To bear an honoured part.

I notice what advices
From foreign nations come ;

I mark the current prices,
And calculate the sum.

The politician's treasure,
Not all my care engage ;
I often dwell with pleasure,
Upon some Christian page.

To see how true Religion,
Sustains old age and youth ;
How many a distant region,
Receives the word of truth.

If Vice and Superstition,
Progress, or retrograde ;
About the world's condition,
If any thing is said.

The Heathen to enlighten,
If any thing is done ;
If pagan darkness brighten,
Before the Gospel sun.

I drop each human column,
In which I take delight ;
And with the Sacred Volume,
I finish for the night.

In it my sweetest pleasures,
And pure enjoyments lie ;
And to unfading treasures,
I lift my thoughts on high.

S T A N Z A S .

The lilac may blossom, the piony may bloom,
And Nature delightfully smile ;
The breeze may be charged with the richest perfume,
The heart melancholy the while.

In vain, in her beautiful garb she appears,
In vain she exhibits her charms ;
No joy fills the mind, brooding over its fears,
And conjuring up its alarms.

The loveliest beauties that Nature unfolds,
In darkening colours are dressed ;
Unless the rude fears of the mind that beholds,
Are silent, or hushed into rest.

When something is pleasantly saying within,
That all is enjoyment and peace ;
Then groves, hills, and valleys, and mountains of green,
Are decked in the garlands of bliss.

BORN AGAIN.

“While care-untroubled mortals sleep,
And dream their fears away;
Why should I wake to pine and weep,
To wrestle, watch, and pray?

Are they most happy, who can dare,
The power of God most high?
Are they, who feel no weight of care,
More happy-bless'd than I?

Who eat and drink, but never think,
Where they are drifting to;
Contented on the awful brink,
Of everlasting woe?

But oh! those anxious thoughts of mine,
By which my soul's distress'd!
When will the beams of mercy shine,
To give me peace and rest?

Mercy has hid her smiling face,
And spurned my earnest prayer;
Alas! is there no hiding place,
To shield me from despair?”

Thus mused L——, as he lay
Awake upon his bed;
Time wore but heavily away,
And sleep affrighted fled.

With bitter tears, his couch bedewed,
Wrung from a soul distress'd;

And when his awful sins he viewed,
His soul could find no rest.

He tried to find relief in prayer—
He mourned, he wept, he sighed;
And with the ardour of despair,
“O help me Heaven,” he cried.

“Look up faint soul,” a voice replied,
“And know I can forgive;
Thy Saviour see! for thee he died,
Behold! believe and live!”

Bright as those glorious beams that shine,
When thunders cease to roll:
So beamed a ray of light divine,
On his benighted soul.

Hope took the place of racking fears;
Praise did his lips employ;
He wept forth penitential tears,
But they were tears of joy.

The storm-lashed waves had ceased to roar,
And all was calm and mild;
The clouds were gone; the conflict o'er;
He wondered, wept, and smiled.

As man anew formed to disclose
A wise Creator's plan,
L——, from that bed arose,
A new created man.

His hopes, and his desires are new;
New, what he sees and hears;

And other prospects rise to view,
Beyond this vale of tears.

A sacred peace pervades his mind,—
Serene, secure, and mild ;
His heart subdued, his will resigned,
And Heaven is reconciled.

LINES WRITTEN IN A MELANCHOLY MOOD.

The playful fish that swims the sea,
The gamboling lamb upon the lea,
The chirping bird upon the tree,
All seem so glad ;
And why should I dejected be,
Mournful and sad ?

Can't I rejoice as well as they ?
May I not jump, and frisk, and play ?
May I not laugh, and sing, and pray,
With sweet employ ?
Or raise my voice in some such way,
To show my joy ?

They dread not stern affliction's blast ;
They mourn, or grieve not for the past ;
No dark foreboding glance they cast,
And then relent ;
But dine on nature's rich repast,
And are content.

But man, with reason for his guide,
In folly's mazes steps aside,

Or swept in pleasure's whirling tide,
Still lower sinks ;
Till dark affliction mocks his pride,
And *then* he thinks.

The puny creature of a day,
Dependant on the solar ray,
The call of nature must obey,
From dust it springs ;
Its Maker's goodness to display,
It chirps and sings :

But man with an immortal soul,
That will exist while ages roll,
Designed to soar beyond the pole,
To brighter skies ;
Sojourning in this earthly hole,
Laments and sighs !

GLENWILLIAMS.

Awake! ye drowsy sons of sleep,
Your cheerful toils renew;
Now morn impearls the shaggy steep,
In glittering drops of dew.

Behold! the king of gladness shines,
In radiant glory bright;
And peeping o'er the branching pines,
Soon fills the vale with light.

Delightful vale! how calm, how still,
How sweet is thy repose!
When summer decks the sylvan hill,
And paints the blushing rose!

There Virtue decks her grassy seat,
In majesty profound;
And smiling in her calm retreat,
Sheds peace and love around.

There Vice its hideous head must hide,
Its hated sway resign;
And pompous show, and silly pride,
Go somewhere else to shine.

There Common Sense can show its face,
And fearless come to view;
And honest Worth assert its place,
And be respected too.

The little urchins flock to school,
In school-boy smiles arrayed;

And view, reflected in the pool,
The deep embowering shade.

The Credit like a glassy snake,
Meandering in its pride,
Rolls on its waters to the lake,
To mingle with its tide.

Here sending from its copious store,
The gently flowing rill ;
Exulting in its dashing power,
To drive the whizzing mill.

And there, with less impetuous haste,
Its limpid waters run ;
Reflecting from its gilded breast,
The glory of the sun.

And yonder, over brushwood leaps,
Unnoticed and unknown ;
O'er pebbly beds—down shaggy steeps,
It sweetly murmurs on.

How changed, when raised to foaming wrath,
The mountain torrent raves ;
And dasheth onward in its path,
With prone devouring waves !

Sweeps every barrier along,
That would its journey steer ;
And mocks the fury of the strong,
To curb its high career !

The stranger stops to hear it roar,
And see its billows roll ;

And feels a joy unfelt before,
Enkindled in his soul.

Delightful vale ! high over head,
The fires of heaven may glow ;
And doleful desolation spread,
When all is calm below.

The furious forest-mowing gale,
May widely spread alarm ;
While gently vibrates in the vale,
The music of the storm.

Now even smiles ; and all is peace ;
How sober is the calm !
Soft zephyrs fan the moveless trees,
Surcharged with spicy balm.

Now on the bosom of the stream,
The sportive fishes play ;
Forth steps the angler, it would seem,
To fish the hours away.

And from the worldly-minded ranks,
Forth steps the loving pair ;
To wander on the grassy banks,
And snuff the balmy air.

The moon in peerless majesty,
Peeps through the branching trees
And strung to notes of harmony,
All nature smiles to please.

But other themes their lips employ ;
Spell bound by other charms,

They taste the sweets of present joy,
 Unsullied by alarms.

While fancy paints scenes bright and fair,
 Of future love and peace,
They gladly to their homes repair,
 To dream of future bliss.

Delightful vale! here I could dwell,
 And here delight to stray;
Life's gayer scenes could bid farewell,
 And sing my cares away.

But other scenes remote, appear
 To beckon me to rove;
And must I leave a vale so dear,
 To harmony and love?

Life's dubious course has many a twist;
 And ere I reach its goal,
I may explore the boundless west,
 Where ample rivers roll:

I may ascend the barren steep,
 Or tread the sea-worn cave;
I may be cradled on the deep,
 Or ferried o'er the wave.

But far remote, or safe at home,
 'Mong wild, or savage men,
I still shall say, where'er I roam,
 I dearly love the Glen.

SONG.

Swiftly the silent hour,
 Passes away ;
 Down by yon leafy bower,
 Love, let us stray
 Mild summer's heat is glowing,
 Gently yon rill is flowing,
 Softly the breeze is blowing,
 Come, come away.

Rich fading beams of even,
 Smile on our way ;
 Flowers dipped in dyes of heaven,
 Tempt us to stray ;
 Hark ! love, the bees are humming,
 See ! nature gaily blooming,
 Richly the air perfuming—
 Come, come away.

There we shall banish sorrow,
 Fling care away ;
 Hope brightly gilds our morrow,
 With smiling ray ;
 False friends may scorn and slight us,
 Love shall the more delight us,
 See ! waving boughs invite us,
 Come, come away.

Hark ! how the birds are singing,
 Perched on each spray ;
 Wild flowers gaily springing,
 Fair as the day ;
 With heaven's archway o'er us,

With vocal groves before us,
Come let us join the chorus,
Come, come away.

THE DESERTED LOVER.

All ye in whom a ruthless tale,
Can sympathy awaken ;
Come hither now, with me bewail,
For I am now forsaken !

She whom I loved, yea, and love still,
With love that ne'er was stronger ;
Has left me now, with her good will,
And she is mine no longer !

O could I think, could I suppose,
That she would ever leave me ?
O could I think, could I suppose,
That she would thus deceive me ?

For once I thought that she was mine,
And mine my dearest only ;
But now life's vale I must decline,
In solitude so lonely !

I never can, I do believe,
Forget her altogether ;
And when I have no heart to give,
I dare not wed another !

No more shall mirth, no more shall joy,
To my heart be returning ;

For sorrow shall my days employ,
I'll spend my days in mourning!

I'll go and find some desert place,
Where none shall me discover!
No human eye shall find a trace,
Of the deserted lover!

Yon stately oak with foliage gay,
Its lofty arms extending—
Yon glorious sun, from day to day,
Shall hear my groans ascending!

Ye scenes of joyous day—farewell!
No more shall ye deceive me;
And welcome grief's sequestered cell,
For death shall soon relieve me!!

VERSES TO MISS M—— L——.

Respected maiden, wilt thou bend,
In modest condescension ;
To give the wishes of a friend,
A moment's kind attention ?

I offer you no flowing strain,
Of foolish adulation ;
But still I trust my humble strain,
Shall meet your approbation.

Two years have now rolled away,
Since first I had the pleasure,
Of being with you I may say,
Acquainted in some measure.

How oft in scenes of harmless mirth,
Since then we have united ;
With sober joys, of solid worth,
We greatly were delighted.

Those days are gone ; their joys are o'er,
But we shall not forget them ;
And if they be enjoyed no more,
We truly may regret them.

Days may depart with steady pace,
Years follow in succession ;
But lapse of time can not efface,
The strongly marked impression.

But oh ! how little yet is known,
Of life's succeeding stages !

For changes legibly are shown,
Inprinted on its pages.

Thou steppest out amidst the dew,
Of life's auspicious morning;
The glowing tint, the brilliant hue,
Thy features fair adorning.

But Beauty's charms will fade, I ween,
When summer is declining;
But virtue is an evergreen—
Its beauties ever shining.

Its culture now thy care engage;
The tender blossoms nourish;
And in the winter of old age,
They brighter still shall flourish.

And long may they survive the storm,
Of every adverse power!
And never may the canker-worm,
Destroy the blooming flower!

May every glow of love you feel,
Flow in the right direction;
Till warped close, and closer still,
In bands of pure affection.

Soon may thy joys be centered in
A husband's fond embraces;
No longer to remain unseen,
Thy merits, and thy graces.

May Fortune lend her golden power,
To keep you independent;

And Happiness through every hour,
Thy faithful, close attendant.

Prepared the ills of life to meet,
With fortitude majestic ;
Thy home the ever happy seat,
Of social joys domestic.

And ne'er may time upon thy cheek,
The grief-worn wrinkle furrow ;
Nor that fair countenance bespeak,
The inward reign of sorrow.

Whate'er your lot is doomed to be,
May you adorn your station ;
And glide across life's troubled sea,
With honoured reputation.

May all the charms of peace and love,
In every step attend you ;
And may the powers of heaven above,
From every ill defend you.

May all the bliss that mortals know,
Within this vale of tears,
Felicitate thy life below,
And bless thy happy years.

And when the hour of death is nigh—
By joyous hopes attended,—
Thy bosom heave its latest sigh,
And life's frail breath suspended—

You leave the changing scenes of time,
Which cares and sorrows foster ;

To blossom in a fairer clime,
With pure, unsullied lustre.

REFLECTIONS OF A LABOURING MAN.

Yon setting sun, his course has run,
And bids me toil no more;
Another day, has passed away,
And all its cares are o'er.

The shades of night are drawn around,
I gladly light resign;
My weary limbs in sleep profound,
I peacefully recline.

Here, from the labours of the day,
I find a loved retreat;
Here I can dream my toils away—
O sleep! to me how sweet!

While those in fortune's lap caressed,
Lie rolling on their beds,
And quiet sleep and balmy rest,
Forsake their aching heads;

Fain would they wish to be like those,
Who toil, and strive, and sweat;
Who calmly now enjoy repose,
And all their woes forget.

O happy is the poor man's lot!
For when his labours cease,

His cares and toils are all forgot,
And he reclines in peace.

Thus to St. Paul's philosophy,
I cheerfully assent :—
Whate'er in life man's lot may be,
Still he may be content.

Some source of joy to all is given,
To cheer their life below ;
Such are thy gifts, indulgent Heaven,
And such thou dost bestow !

TO A COMRADE ON GOING TO LIVE IN TOWN.

Adieu! then, dear comrade, adieu!
You go to reside in a town,
Which may be more pleasant to you,
Than the drudge of a labouring clown.

No more shall the rural retreat,
Re-echo the sound of thy voice;
No longer is nature's wild seat,
The scene of thy sensible choice.

No more shall the tall spreading oak,
By the strength of thy arm be laid low;
No more at thy powerful stroke,
The trees of the forest shall bow.

Farewell! then, rude nature's gay bloom,
A life of retirement, adieu!
But mark—in the life you assume,
Temptations will spring up anew.

There falsehood, dishonesty, strife,
And other devices are shown,
That in the seclusion of life,
Are almost entirely unknown.

But may there mid folly and crime,
Thy virtue untarnished remain;
And in future annals of time,
Thy honesty challenge a stain.

In each enterprise I am sure,
I wish you abundant success;

A competent portion secure,
I hope you will live to possess.

The hum and the buzz of a town,
Henceforward you always shall hear;
And time, as the seasons go round,
Shall dance by in lightsome career.

We are launched in the midst of the stream,
So now let us do what we can;
Remembering, life is a dream,
The longest when past but a span.

Whatever is now our employ,
Let our actions be balanced by truth;
And O, may it then be our joy,
To remember the God of our youth!

Adieu! then, dear comrade, adieu!
You go to reside in a town;
May it be more pleasant to you,
Than the life of a labouring clown!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Thou art gone loving child ! all thy sorrows are ended,
 Thy sufferings are over ; thou sleepest in peace ;
 Thy spirit set free, has in triumph ascended,
 To bloom in the mansions of unmingled bliss.

Thou art gone loving child ! we no more can behold thee,
 Thy smiles are departed, thy beauty has fled ;
 And Death's icy arms are outstretched to enfold thee,
 But sweet is thy rest, in thy cold narrow bed.

Thou art gone loving child ! thou hast left us for ever,
 And left us alas ! in the bloom of thy years ;
 So suddenly called—ah ! 'tis trying to sever ;
 We embalm thy remembrance in sorrowful tears.

Thou art gone loving child ! but we would not recall thee
 Through life's checkered scenes for a season to roam ;
 Perhaps from the evil foreseen to befall thee,
 Thy Father in mercy has summoned thee home.

Thou art gone loving child ! to find higher enjoyment ;
 To taste the pure sweets of celestial delight ;
 To join in the seraphim's song thy employment,
 Arrayed in the garments of unsullied white.

Thou art gone loving child ! but in hope we consign thee,
 To slumber a while in the cold silent grave ;
 In calm resignation, we humbly resign thee,
 To Him who but claimeth the blessing, He gave.

MORNING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

Again, O God ! the morning light,
Thou causest me to see ;
In safety through the by-gone night,
Thou hast preserved me.

Throughout the changes of this day,
Be thou my guardian still ;
Preserve me in thy holy way,
And keep me from all ill.

Kind, and obedient, may I be,
And always speak the truth ;
And freely may I yield to thee,
The service of my youth.

O teach me in my youthful days,
To fear thy holy name !
And keep me from the fatal ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.

Help me, O Father ! so to live,
That when I come to die,
This sinful world, I'll gladly leave,
To dwell with thee on high.

AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

Wake O sympathetic feeling !
Sorrows false thou oft hast mourned,
Truth, sad truth I am revealing—
Simple, plain, and unadorned.

Cold December's blast so chilling,
Fields and forests had made bare ;
Rivers, lakes, and plains congealing,
Into iron every where.

One sad day had nearly ended,
As stern winter can unfold ;
It had come full well attended,
With a bitter biting cold :

Day had gone, as if preceding,
A more dismal night to come ;
When, behold ! a woman pleading
For a light to guide her home !

She from head to foot did shiver ;
Every frozen limb did shake ;
And her trembling lips did quiver,
For her heart was like to break.

Why poor creature thus exposed,
To the bitter piercing cold ?
And the cause was soon disclosed,
Tales of grief are easy told.

As the tears in plenty flowing,
Her pale cheeks down-trickling ran,

Agony internal showing—
Thus her story she began :—

“Sad, alas! is my position,
Pale and shivering as you see;
But my present sad condition,
Is not all that grieveth me :

For my husband base has left me,
Forth, I know not where, to roam;
And he has of all bereft me,
That compose a happy home.

If his conduct, base and senseless,
I will venture to dispute,
Then on me, weak and defenceless,
He'll retaliate like a brute.

Not a stick our hearth supplying,
Not a bit of bread to eat;
And my starving children crying—
Crying unto me for meat.

Ah! what heart, how hard soever,
Could endure those piercing cries,
But would do its best endeavour,
To redress their agonies?

Thus necessity compelled me,
Forth in quest of bread to go;
Thus it is you have beheld me,
Struggling through the frost and snow.

Night, me now has overtaken,
Through the woods I have to go;

O! if grief can pity waken,
Grant a light my way to show?"

Imagination, canst thou fable,
With thy pity kindling glow,—
Fancy, picture out if able,
A more dismal scene of wo.

Hardest lot of all that's human,
Seems to me beyond dispute,
Is a young and virtuous woman,
Chained to an inhuman brute.

Left in sorrow and privation,
On to struggle with distress;
He perhaps, in dissipation,
Plunges, riots to excess.

Frowns, and scolds, and threats unceasing,
Life no pleasure can impart;
Every senseless act increasing,
Till at last he break her heart.

Wake, O Law! thy iron sinew,
Justice now unsheath thy blade;
Such a case, in my opinion,
Loudly calleth for thine aid.

AN EMIGRANT TO HIS FRIENDS AT HOME.

Far beyond the wide Atlantic,
Where my thoughts do often be ;
'Mid old Scotia's hills gigantic,
Lives a people dear to me.

Father, mother, sister, brother,
Where shall I the theme begin ?
Happy once we lived together,
Now the ocean rolls between.

With you, joys I have partaken,
Joys, I shall not soon forget ;
Freely I have all forsaken,
Nor do I the change regret.

Though from my remembrance perish,
Days of anguish, grief, or care ;
Fondly shall my memory cherish,
Scenes that are engraven there.

Though no longer you may view me,
In your midst so kindly set ;
Anxious thoughts no doubt pursue me,
Though I careless may forget.

For a parent's heart retaineth
All its tears, and griefs, and sighs ;
And its ardent love remaineth,
When his child's affection dies.

But can ever I forget you ?
Or your yearning love despise ?

Or when trials do beset you,
Shall I fail to sympathize ?

No ! I venture to say, never !
Till the sands of life are run ;
Time or distance, cannot sever,
Hearts that friendship has made one.

My best wishes I can send you,
Which I do with heart-felt joy :—
May kind Providence defend you,
From all ills that peace destroy.

May the lamp of love burn brightly,
In your sweet and happy home ;
Smiles of joy by day, and nightly
Dreams of brighter days to come.

When you all rejoice together,
And unite in social glee ;
Or converse with one another,
Need I ask, *remember me*.

For I know that corresponding
To the feelings I express,
Every heart is now responding,
To the tone of my address.

But no more—the contemplation,
Would give sadness to my strain ;
Then adieu ! each dear relation,
Till we all shall meet again.

Yes, we hope to meet together,
When you cross the mighty sea ;

Father, mother, sister, brother,
What a meeting that will be!

THE SLAVE TO THE WORLD.

Behold the man whose sole delight,
Does from the world arise ;
See how he grasps with all his might,
To catch the golden prize!

He rises with the dawn of day,
Nor care nor labour spares ;
But wastes his very life away,
In deep corroding cares.

He ventures for ambition's sake,
And if he does succeed,
Each paltry fraction he can make,
Is treasured up for need.

The comforts that the world imparts,
How eagerly he seeks !
And from the fulness of the heart,
The mouth as freely speaks.

But talk of more important things—
Talk of a world to come,
The source whence pure enjoyment springs—
He instantly is dumb.

Perhaps he heaves a mournful sigh,
As much as if to say,

These things are good ; and I'll apply
To them some future day.

I would not tread the downward road,
Or unto ruin rush :
But I've not time to serve my God,
As well as I could wish.

Let worldly themes again unite,
How quick he will revive !
His eyes will sparkle with delight,
And he is all alive.

Minutely he will sketch to you,
What is already done ;
And tell you what he means to do,
Is scarcely right begun.

From patient toil, or want of sleep,
He will not now recoil ;
For by and by he hopes to reap,
The fruit of all his toil.

The darling idol of his heart,
The *world* is all his care ;
No other object claims a part—
It reigns supremely there.

His hopes, his fears, his toils and pains,
Upon its toys are placed ;
While his neglected mind remains,
A dreary barren waste.

As unproductive as the sound,
That rumbles through the vale ;

As dark as Jonah ever found,
The belly of the whale.

The plaint of woe ; the tale of grief,
Are vain to him addressed ;
No project to dispense relief,
Has ever warmed his breast.

But go—I envy not his case,
Envy ! not such as he !
Let *pity* rather take its place,
For pitied he should be.

He may be rich, he may be great,
Him I will envy not ;
If things of greater worth or weight,
Are slighted or forgot.

While objects of immortal worth,
Within my reach remains ;
I would not bind my soul to earth,
For all its sordid gains.

THE MISER.

Poor man ! have you not eyes to see,
That you are but a fool at best ?
On this—all men of sense agree :—
Wealth never makes a mortal blest.

And yet with deathless nerve you clasp,
The rust-eorroding, useless store ;
And with a horse-leech ardour grasp,
And cut and carve, and seratch for more.

Tell us you care-worn looking wretch,
While con-science tells you, you are right—
How much true pleasure gold can fetch,
To those who make it their delight ?

Does not thy countenance declare
To all by whom it can be seen,
That happiness has no place there ?
That hopeless misery re'igns within ?

Then why thus spend your hapless days,
Worn out by fear, suspense, and doubt ;
Mad on your foolish, senseless ways,
And growling your existence out ?

A tear of pity for distress,
Rolled never down your withered cheek ;
Your cheerful gift has never blessed,
Those luckless souls that mercy seek.

Ah, no ! how could you think to part,
With what has cost so very dear ?

A penny lost ! 'twould reach your heart,
And there would canker for a year.

Poor narrow soul, condemned to dwell,
Within thy prison house of clay !
When shalt thou burst thy gloomy cell,
And fly to other realms away ?

Grasp, miser, grasp thy paltry dust,
If it be all thy soul does crave ;
Death comes—then part with it thou must,
To lay thy body in the grave.

Will it afford thee much delight,
When issues forth the stern decree :—
Thou treasure-heaping fool, this night
Thy soul shall be required of thee ?

A. B. C.

Well, surely I have been a fool,
 A teacher's stormy life to brave;
 The teacher of a common school,
 Is just a prosy plodding slave.
 No wonder that my head is grey,
 Who would not cross and crabbed be,
 That's doomed to teach, from day to day
 The A, B, C?

But I suppose I need not growl,
 Who does not toil and trouble know
 Begone, vain discontentment's scowl!
 'Tis silly to be grumbling so.
 What will not time and patience do,
 In climbing Learning's thorny tree?
 So we begin, as all must do,
 With A, B, C.

Bright symbols of a glorious art;
 First steps upon the rugged stair,
 That leads the young aspiring heart,
 To reach the tree of knowledge fair:
 To treasures vast of human lore,
 To boundless wealth, a golden key,
 How wonderful! how great the power,
 Of A, B, C!

Young Intellect's first exercise;
 First struggle in a cause sublime;
 Huge mountains of stupendous size,
 For youthful genius to climb;
 Some creep along from A to Z,

From Z to A, while others flee
 And some have all things in their head,
 But A, B, C.

'Tis foolish—nay, 'tis cruel too,
 In principle and prudence wrong,
 To send—as many parents do,
 Their children when so very young;
 At home they find them in the way,
 And so they pack them off to me,
 That I may teach them how to say,
 The A, B, C.

Poor little things! how can they know
 The mysteries of form and sound?
 They first distinguish C from O,
 Because the O is wholly round;
 Thus step by step, ground still they gain,
 From E to F, from F to G;
 Still lessening the wide domain,
 Of A, B, C.

The vowels are not hard to get,
 If they could keep what once they knew;
 No wonder that they should forget,
 When P so much resembles Q:
 But now a smile lights up his brow—
 Triumphant smile of conquering glee;
 No wonder, he has mastered now,
 The A, B, C.

And who can tell where he may halt;
 Still on—and on—and on—the same;
 Fresh conquests will his name exalt,
 And place it on the rolls of fame:

For many a great and mighty man,
Whose fame has spread o'er earth and sea,
His humble course, at first began,
With A, B, C.

First lisplings of a nation's tongue,
Soon after its auspicious birth;
If it aspires to rank among,
The honoured nations of the earth:
Rude Barbarism's greatest foe;
The strongest weapon of the free;
And tyrants well the power know,
Of A, B, C.

Far be it then from a disgrace,
With patient, plodding diligence,
To teach the young and rising race,
The elements of sound and sense:
Of laying the foundation right,
All men the vast importance see—
What were our world without the light,
Of A, B, C?

T O L E R A T I O N .

TO S. T. L.

Proud son of wisdom I bear in mind,
And carefully remember,
That thou art but of human kind,
One solitary member.

You claim a right to think and act ;
Believe me, so do I sir ;
And what to you is seeming fact,
To me—may seem a lie sir.

Allow me then, the right to search,
For truth, on truth's dominions ;
And let us see the ground, on which
You build your strong opinions.

And first, I pray you to take note—
Though man has strangely wandered,
We have, for every wild dispute,
A sure unerring standard.

That you are right, if you contest,
And I as strong deny it,
We'll bring it to the sacred test,
And there sir, we can try it.

Safe on this standard we rely,
In all our great transactions ;
But tell me sir, does it apply,
To our minutest actions ?

No doubt, from principles laid down,
Truth may at times be gleaming ;

But many texts are dark, you own,
Then who will fix the meaning?

One meaning may be clear to you,
And ably you sustain it;
While I may take a different view,
And just as stiff maintain it.

And if with your superior light,
We fail to come to gether;
I'm just as likely to be right
As you, or any other.

On points essential we agree;
And though few men are stiffer,
On minor things, I think that we
May innocently differ.

For since so many things are left,
To man to be decided;
No wonder that mankind are rift,
And wofully divided:

For sure a shrewd observer finds,
What is by none disputed,
That as our bodies, so our minds,
Are unlike constituted.

Our views, in some respects may be,
Wide as the poles asunder;
That we should on all points agree,
Would be a mighty wonder.

What would with pleasure you entrance,
To me might be put vapid;

And what would suit *my* taste, perchance,
To *you* might be insipid.

Your tastes, and pleasures, you pursue,
With honest aim sincerely ;
And right you are ; the same I do,
Then why blame me severely ?

What if I should, in your esteem,
Shun wisdom's shining portal ?
Why note it as a senseless whim,
Of your poor fellow mortal ?

Far-sighted man ! you'll grant at least,
That I'm a human being ;
Then of my ways the fruit I taste ;
With my own eyes I'm seeing.

This liberty you claim yourself ;
For this, you toil and labour ;
Then why, you narrow-minded elf,
Deny it to your neighbour ?

But I will do as I think fit,
For no one do I care sir ;
And you with all your self-conceit,
Condemn me, if you dare sir !

O when will foolish mortals learn,
To bear with one another !
And to regard with kind concern,
The feelings of a brother ?

OLINTHUS OR THE TEACHER.

Olinthus was a noble youth,
Of honest, manly features ;
He loved the golden gates of truth,
And loved his fellow creatures.

His noble mien bespoke a power,
Of which he never vaunted ;
That showed in danger's trying hour,
True fortitude undaunted.

His brow erect, showed he could bid,
An angry world defiance ;
Exhibiting in word and deed,
A noble self reliance.

To stamp his influence on mankind,
Ennobling and effectual,
High moral sentiments combined,
With powers intellectual.

But he was young, and seemed to be,
Unconscientious of his powers ;
Though miser-like, he busily
Employed his leisure hours.

He seemed to have a distant dream,
Of honest reputation ;
But oh ! he saw 'twas hard for him,
To get an education.

An education, he averred,
Exalts, refines the creature ;

He loved the honour it confers,
Upon the human nature.

To get it, he might truly own,
Was his sincere desire ;
And teaching was a stepping stone.
To get at something higher.

But though he some day hoped to reach,
A more exalted station ;
He most sincerely loved to teach,
And liked the occupation.

He felt it an important place ;
And he who nobly filled it,
Possessed a power that few possess,
If he would rightly wield it.

As gentle winds, the tree incline,
By mild incessant straining,
The prowess of immortal minds,
Was influenced by his training.

With skillful hand he trimmed aright,
The budding Understanding ;
And watched with pleasure and delight,
Young Intellect expanding.

With approbation fanned the fire,
In youthful spirits glowing,
To cherish, treasure, and desire,
The seed that he was sowing.

Instructed them to seek to drink,
Of Truth's celestial fountain ;

Nor wondered, though they oft should think,
The atom was a mountain.

Each child committed to his care,
That walked with circumspection,
Could fairly calculate to share,
A place in his affection.

But while in friendship's happy hour,
The sword of justice rusted ;
The needed balance of his power,
He carefully adjusted.

His right to exercise control,
He never once relinquished ;
And yielded to no stubborn soul,
Until completely vanquished.

To please all parties, well he knew,
In vain might be pretended ;
But what was right he strove to do,
Whoe'er might be offended.

And though for peace and friendship's sake,
He hated disagreeing ;
When truth, and duty were at stake,
He feared no human being.

But stood like yonder massive oak,
When furious storms are pendant ;
Opposed to clouds of dust and smoke,
A spirit independent.

His business required, he felt,
A vast amount of patience ;

And so, with calm composure dealt,
With troubles and vexations.

He never sighed for sweet repose,
When difficulties faced him ;
But higher still his spirit rose,
As troubles closely pressed him.

And to his purpose, day by day,
He kept with close adherence ;
Still onward, further pushed his way,
By patient perseverance.

For those who scramble up the hill,
Experience has recorded ;
That steady perseverance will
In due time be rewarded.

Olinthus found the maxim true,
Success at last has crowned him ;
He's reached a height attained by few,
Where honours thick surround him.

He fills now a distinguished place,
Up to his highest wishes ;
A blessing to the human race—
An honour to the species !

Success to those who courage keep,
When obstacles annoy them !
And when they well-earned honours reap,
Long, long may they enjoy them !

W O M A N .

O woman ! whosoe'er thou art,
Possessed of woman's nature,
And gifted with a feeling heart—
Thou art a noble creature !

What hardened mortal that enjoys,
A woman's fond caressing,
And counts it not among his joys,
Nor thanks heaven for the blessing ?

'Tis his to face a world of care,
With many things to pain him ;
'Tis hers, each joy and grief to share,
And cheerfully sustain him.

Dejected, weary and cast down,
She oftentimes must find him ;
But never tells him with a frown,
To leave his cares behind him.

The cheering smile that lights her face,
So sacred and so holy ;
Eradicates each gloomy trace,
Of solemn melancholy.

In happy times—in prosperous gales,
She is a safe adviser ;
In days of sadness, if he fails,
His truest sympathizer.

He tells her of the gloomy fears,
That cloud the coming morrow ;

Her sympathy his spirit cheers,
And mitigates his sorrow.

“Dear partner of my life,” he says,
With tenderest emotion ;
“Thou reckest not for idle praise,
Accept my heart’s devotion.

What were I, were it not for thee,
And thy sweet charms unfailing ?
A downcast child of misery,
My wretched lot bewailing.

The weary burden of my soul
Is gone, I know not whither ;
Were I alone to bear the whole,
’Twould crush me altogether.

I find, when through the world I rove,
Its friendship’s base and rotten ;
But in the arms of wedded love,
My troubles are forgotten.

Then should I blast thy fairest joy,
Through wicked, wilful blindness ;
Or all thy happiness destroy,
By harshness or unkindness ?

Forgive me, if in hasty wrath,
I ever should reprove thee ;
Methinks the hardest wretch on earth,
Could not forbear to love thee.

To thee each joy that I possess—
To thee I owe each pleasure ;

Thou fill'st my cup of happiness,
With overflowing measure.

O Thou who art love's sacred source !
O spare us long together !
To journey down life's dubious course,
Confiding in each other.

And when on Jordan's bank I stand,
And view the swelling billow ;
Grant that her own sweet tender hand,
May smooth my dying pillow.

And when by fell relentless death,
We are asunder riven ;
O may we part in certain faith,
To meet again in heaven !

And till revolving days or years,
Her with the dead shall number ;
O may she hallow with her tears,
The spot where I shall slumber !"

TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN :—

Methinks I hear some person say :—
 You fame or fortune seeker,
 What brought you here? it cannot be—
 You're not a public speaker !

I come for honour or applause ?
 No sir, I flat deny it ;
 A speaker ? no ; but one who has
 The audacity to try it.

Indeed I have not much to say ;
 But I have just reflected,
 That surely from the like of me,
 There is not much expected.

If you expect a speech, you must
 Give time for cogitation ;
 'Twas at the eleventh hour, I just
 Received your invitation.

To-day, I've tried in haste to fling,
 Some rambling thoughts together ;
 Strung them like beads upon a string,
 All hanging on each other.

A man looks well if neatly dressed,
 Though sense should be a wanting :
 Just so, to a poetic taste,
 Are measured lines enchanting.

And painting executed neat,
 Defects and failings hideth:
 When words are musical and sweet,
 The impression long abideth.

To stir the soul, had we the power,
 We might be well contented;
 But could we also charm the ear,
 Our influence is augmented.

Then to our fellows if we will,
 Good service we might render;
 But that implies might, power, and skill,
 To which I'm no pretender.

My verses roughly are compiled,
 Mayhap mistakes abounding;
 And my ideas are as wild,
 As the wild woods surrounding.

But truce apologies; no more—
 They cannot mend the matter;
 So to our speech, then leave the floor,
 For one 'twill please you better.

Of old king Alcohol, I was
 A lawful subject born, sir;
 I was obedient to his laws—
 I sometimes took a horn, sir.

A very slave; yet strange to say,
 Sought not to break my fetter;
 Was quite contented with his sway—
 In fact, I knew no better.



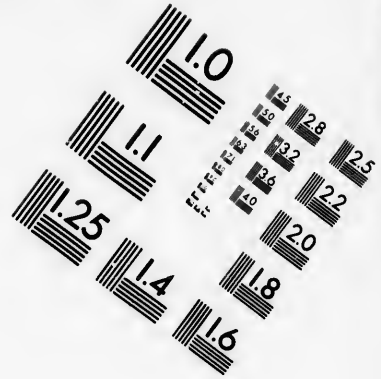
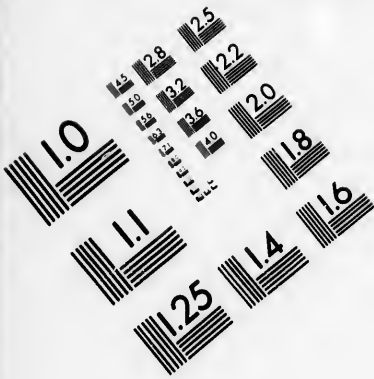
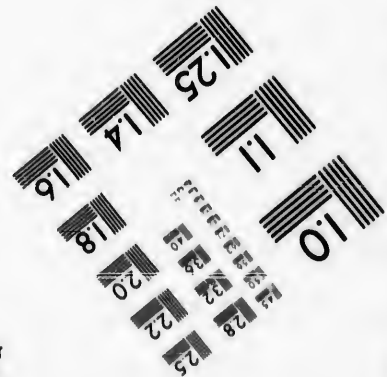
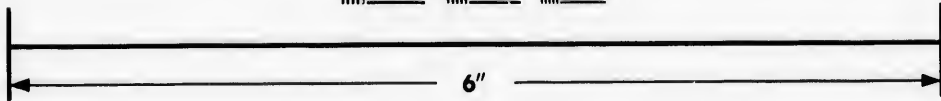
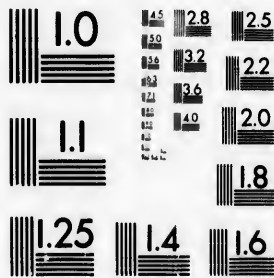


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Though in his service I confess,
I held no lofty station ;
Yet still I served him more or less,
In my own situation.

Nay, had rebellion broken out,
And wildly flamed around me ;
His majesty would have no doubt,
A loyal subject found me.

For though his deeds of darkest stain,
I shuddered at rehearsal ;
I questioned not his right to reign—
His power was universal.

Far as the joyous lark could wing,
Aloft his airy pinion,
That cruel bloody tyrant king,
Usurped as his dominion.

And there with arbitrary sway,
He held in degradation,
Those subjects, who to him did pay,
Their servile adoration.

One man he tells to beat his wife,
And straightway he obeyeth ;
Another prompts to take the knife,
And he his neighbour slayeth.

Another shows the shortest way,
His time and wealth to squander—
O that I could denounce his sway,
In terms of loudest thunder !

For groans, and tears, and grief and wo,
His kingdom did environ;
He ruled, as many too well know,
As with a rod of iron.

'Twas thus not many years ago,
There seemed no disaffection;
But soon the world began to show,
Some signs of insurrection.

A few their voices nobly raised,
Against his reign of terror;
But all of them were stigmatized,
As advocates of error.

And chief among the rebel crew,
Full organized their manner,
The Sons, to Temperance ever true,
Displayed a hostile banner.

A wonderful reform was nigh,
The trump of war was sounded;
And there, ye raised your standard high,
And boldly rallied round it.

You seemed to be prepared like men,
To meet no enemy coldly;
Ah! what a haudful you were then,
To take the field so boldly!

When first the news of your revolt,
Had reached my callous ear;
I was amused at the report,
I laughed the news to hear.

'Twill do, thought I, for those who drink,
From habit deep implanted ;
But as for me, I will, I think,
Just take it when I want it.

With every epithet of shame,
You more or less were branded ;
While many loudly did exclaim,
That long you would not stand it.

Old Alcohol had reigned so long ;
So firm was his position ;
And his great army was so strong,
To quell all opposition.

And more than that sir, I was told,
By his more favoured minions,
That all of you were bound to hold,
Some mighty strange opinions.

Some secrets that could not be told,
To one not owned a brother ;
And other rites designed to hold,
The whole of you together.

I failed at first in my attack,
On your intrenched position ;
And nought on which I could fall back,
I ceased my opposition.

But neutral I could not remain,
Both sides still sought to arm me ;
And weighing which had better claim,
I joined the rebel army.

Nor do I now regret my choice,
I love the cause most hearty ;
And sometimes too, I raise my voice,
To animate our party.

I've now escaped the tyrant's thrall,
To honour no aspirant ;
But I'll contribute to his fall—
Down with the bloody tyrant !

And while we must maintain our laws,
Sometimes by hot disputing ;
Some other nobles in the cause,
Are busily recruiting.

And in our ranks there many are,
Throughout their wide dimensions,
That are as useful in this war,
As we of loud pretensions.

In all we are no feeble band,
Sprung up into existence ;
Our potent foe we can withstand,
And offer some resistance.

Our foe's whole strength may not avail,
To quell the insurrection ;
But then he may our ranks assail,
By some internal faction.

But let us all go hand in hand,
And keep our troops in order ;
And surely we may apprehend,
Small danger from that quarter.

'Tis not a despicable power,
With which we are contending;
His soldiers are in every tower,
And valiantly defending.

He has a fortress here and there,
But some so much forsaken,
That if we credit what we hear,
Some forts are almost taken.

And shall we now our march impede,
Or make a peaceful treaty?
Ah, no, we forward shall proceed,
We yet shall take the city.

Then let us move in phalanx deep,
And while we chant the chorus,
In songs of triumph we shall sweep,
The enemy before us.

We shall not stoop to compromise,
Nor terms of mercy tender;
For nothing less shall us suffice,
Than free and full surrender.

But do we fight alone? if ask'd,
The fact, sir, is astounding;
From north to south, from east to west,
Rebellious arms are sounding.

And soon we may united be;
And thereby rendered bolder,
O'er mountain, valley, stream, and sea,
We'll chase the great slave-holder.

Then we'll obey another king,
Before whose mighty power,
The armies Alcohol can bring,
Will perish in an hour.

That King whom every man should serve,
Will grant us his protection ;
Provided that we do not swerve
From His all-wise direction.

With courage then let us proceed,
And take a bold position ;
He'll grant us everything we need,
Both arms and ammunition.

We shall not therefore cease to fight,
Nor quit the field inglorious ;
Until our foes be vanquished quite,
And we shall be victorious.

THE DEPARTED.

He's gone ! old Mammon's trusty slave,
 Though of the human race by birth ;
 He's paid the debt that nature craves,
 And gone the way of all the earth,
 Poor man !

Fell death has cut his prospects short,
 And terminated his career ;
 Reluctantly he closed his eyes,
 And bade farewell to all that's here,
 Poor man !

Society laments him not,
 She never mourns a churlish knave ;
 No faithful friend deplores his loss,
 Or drops a tear upon his grave,
 Poor man !

Self was his God ; and through a pair
 Of selfish spectacles he saw
 The actions of his fellow men,
 And in the best could see a flaw,
 Poor man !

He worshipped Self ; and how some men
 Could traverse mountain, sea and land,
 To do their fellow mortals good,
 He never yet could understand,
 Poor man !

Benevolence ne'er shed her smiles,
 Upon his withered wrinkled face ;

He struggled long—he struggled hard,
But death would not resign its prize ;
And soon, alas ! too soon for him,
On other scenes he oped his eyes,
Poor man !

No smile lit up his dying face,
By visions of a brighter day ;
No joyous strains from other worlds,
Nor angels beckoned him away,
Poor man !

With trembling and reluctant step,
He passed o'er Jordan's swelling stream ;
But from the shadowy land beyond,
No tidings can be heard of him,
Poor man !

He's gone ! gone where ?—Ah let him sleep,
In peace beneath the quiet sod,
Till the Archangel's dreadful trump,
Shall summon him to meet his God,
Poor man !

L A Z I N E S S .

Dear me! I wish I were a lord,
That I might do just what I please;
'Tis good for them that can afford,
To take their ease.

I cannot see how it is right,
That some should live in grandest style,
And roll around with great delight,
While others toil.

Sit up at night long as they please,
All glorious with punch or wine;
Then in the morning take their ease,
And sleep till nine.

But me—a sorry lot is mine,
I wonder that I am alive;
For I must be in bed at nine,
And up at five.

My weary limbs will sometimes ache;
I hate indeed to rise so soon;
If left alone, I would not wake,
Perhaps till noon.

And though I may be well or sick,
My daily task has to be done;
But Sunday pays for all the week—
I lie till one!

The fact is, I am toiled to death;
Indeed my bones are aching now;

Hard to sustain this flickering breath,
All must allow.

O Adam! see what thou hast done!
Sad fate of thy poor plodding race,
To toil beneath a scorching sun,
By sweat of face!

Friend Scott will think I am behind,
I promised his *account* to pay;
But how can I make up my mind,
To go to-day?

That *grist* should be attended to;
Our flour is done, I heard them tell;
But let me see—next day will do,
Perhaps as well.

“Come master, ere the barn we fill;
I fear we’re hauling in too soon;”
I cannot see it John, until
The afternoon.

“Say husband! will you mend this gate?
It only wants a nail or two;
You know my dear, how much I hate,
To trouble you.”

More wrong than that you must allow,
It wants to be all nailed up tight;
You see I have not time just now,
To fix it right.

That’s always been the way with me,
From this to that, perpetual run;

And yet my work I plainly see,
Is never done.

There's neighbour Selden, stout and young,
He takes things cool and easy too ;
And yet he gets as fast along,
As I can do.

"Say ! you must some more wood prepare,
We've burned the last of that old box."
The're chips enough I guess, out there,
To roast an ox.

You hard old lounge, you're like a brick,
I'm sure this is no pleasant bed ;
A pillow ! Jane ; here put it quick,
Beneath my head.

I dont feel well at all to-day,
My stomach a strange uproar makes ;
My lungs do not quite freely play,
And my head aches.

Some laugh ; but if they felt as bad,
As I do, when I grunt and groan,
I doubt not, but they would be glad
Of leave to moan.

My clothes are heavy, I declare ;
'Tis burdensome for me to speak ;
My beef—a load I cannot bear,
I am so weak.

I feel so utterly done out,
I cannot tell right how I feel ;

I cannot bear to move about,
But just lie still.

And drowsy feelings o'er me steal,
My eyes I cannot open keep;
Jog on vain world then, as you will!
I'll have a sleep!

TO THE TRUSTEES OF SCHOOL SECTION No. 6,
ESQUESING.

GENTLEMEN:—

I've long been a scribbler of verses of rhyme,
In this way improving spare fragments of time;
A first-rate amusement, and one I'm inclined
To believe well adapted for training the mind;
To give it a taste for the just and the true,
A sense of the lovely, the grand and the new;
An exquisite pleasure, nought else can inspire,
Where dwells the least spark of poetical fire.
Sometimes though I fear that my verses are rough,
And sometimes, alas! mere doggerel stuff;
Yet if I believe what my flatterers tell,
Sometimes in real beauty, and worth, they excel.
Be this as it may, be it false, be it true,
I have penned a few thoughts, and addressed them to you,
With this requisition, that you will betimes,
Just carefully ponder these few simple lines.

To you is committed a serious trust;
With fostering, fatherly care to adjust
Educational interests, weighty, complex,
And fraught with importance in many respects.

The hope of our country, the pride of our land,
 Are deeply indebted to your guiding hand ;
 The progress, the welfare of our rising race,
 The dignity, honour and pride of this place,
 Are lodged by the people, in your honoured hands,
 And due care, and trouble, and labour demand.
 Your onerous duties aright to discharge,
 Becomes an important, a serious charge ;
 Of needful improvements at once to approve,
 And all kind of drawbacks for ever remove ;
 In works of progression, with zest to engage,
 Keep up with the spirit and zeal of the age,
 With liberal sentiments, watch o'er affairs,
 And be always willing for needful repairs,
 And use your great powers with prudence and sense,
 Always careful to save every useless expense.

All this would be easy, were this all to do,
 But I trow you have found the reverse to be true ;
 For School Sections furnish abundance of those,
 Who chiefly delight to contend and oppose ;
 They are perfectly satisfied just as they are,
 Of needful improvements, they know not, nor care ;
 In short, you may manage things, just as you may,
 Provided the've little or nothing to pay ;
 But if you will dare to attempt a reform
 Involving expense, then prepare for the storm.
 The dark clouds then gather full thiek in the north,
 And fierce indignation comes bellowing forth !
 Then patience is needed, for it is no use,
 To oppose this wild torrent of wicked abuse ;
 For all this commotion will vanish in smoke,
 While the bulk of the people stands firm at your back.
 The hurricane passes, the storm hushed to rest ;
 And soon people see that 'tis all for the best ;

When calmly they judge, and compare with the past,
Then liberal policy triumphs at last.

'Twas thus with yourselves; and you well may be proud,
That after commotions so fierce and so loud,
Despite opposition, contempt, ridicule,
Prosperity shines on the Stewarttown school.
The house is capacious, ample and large,
Insuring the health of our innocent charge;
Both teachers' departments one eye can all scan,
And every good teacher admires the plan.
So far then successful, shall we now oppose
All further improvements? or shall we suppose,
We have done enough, and will hence do no more,
But let things jog on as they did once before?
Such thoughts, and such feelings, I humbly opine,
Are as far from your minds as they can be from mine;
For I am convinced, you are willing to do
Far more than your office requires of you;
To raise up the school in this our little town,
To the highest possible pitch of renown.

I then take the liberty thus to suggest,
Some further improvements to add to the rest.
Far be it from me to encourage expense,
Extravagant outlay, a burden intense;
For real prosperity, I understand,
With rigid economy, goes hand in hand.
But shall we regret any labour or zeal,
That proves we are fit for the places we fill?
The expense—would be little or nothing at all,
The improvement—apparent to great and to small.

The love of the beautiful deeply is placed,
In the nature of man; as may plainly be traced,

In the often exhibited, earnest desire,
 To surround him with what is designed to inspire
 Ideas of elegance, beauty and grace;
 By art's bright achievements, or nature's sweet face.
 Just look at an old crazy house, if you please,
 Without any beauty, divested of trees,
 Fast hasting to ruin's oblivious goal —
 How sombre the feelings that creep o'er the soul !
 We turn in disgust some sweet object to find,
 Whereby to refresh and to comfort the mind.
 If such the effect on the mind of a man.
 The effect upon youth, you may guess if you can :
 Surround them with objects, wild, wasteful and crude,
 And so will their minds be rough, vulgar and rude ;
 Surround them with objects neat, chaste and refined,
 Then expect a proportioned result on the mind.
 Thus speaketh Philosophy, and there are few
 But know by experience, that she speaks true.

Now what are our schoolhouses for the most part ?
 Divested of ornament, elegance, art,
 Cold, cheerless, forbidding, and gloomy of air,
 No wonder, if children should hate to go there.
 The premises round, are a wild, barren waste,
 So hideous, distorted, outrageous to taste,
 That one might suppose, 'twas a place set apart
 For idiots to ramble, and madmen to sport.
 It should not be so, and now let us discuss
 How easily this may be mended with us.

There is plenty of play ground to all good intents,
 Exclusive of what is enclosed by the fence ;
 The fence wants repairing, though trifling the cost,
 And each little gate again hung to its post ;
 And thus both departments securely enclose,

So that straggling beasts could not put in their nose :
 The park is divided, each party alone,
 The boys and the girls, could take charge of their own.

I would dig all the sod over early in spring,
 When the frost has departed, and gnats on the wing ;
 And down through each centre, would make a nice walk,
 Where children or strangers might ramble and talk !
 And dry, pleasant footing could well be secured,
 By a few loads of gravel, so easy procured ;
 And all round the outskirts would plant pleasant trees,
 Whose arms would delightfully swing in the breeze ;
 The maple, the balsam, the fir and the pine,
 The rosebud, the lilac, and creeping wood-bine.

Then each narrow section divide into squares ;
 Each parcel, the object of one pupil's cares ;
 One plot to belong to each girl of fit age,
 In this pleasant task, who should choose to engage ;
 To raise her own flowers, to weed, and to hoe,
 To watch them expanding, and help them to grow ;
 Admire their colours, rejoice in their bloom,
 And pluck them betimes to inhale their perfume.

Then each would be proud of her own little spot,
 And guard her plantation, and water her plot ;
 Put forth her endeavours to make it the best,
 In neatness, variety, elegance, taste ;
 And this emulation, this love to excel,
 Would be so exciting, would please them so well,
 Beget a fine taste for the lovely, the pure,
 A taste that would last while the life would endure
 And wield a good influence, act a good part,
 In refining the feelings, and warming the heart ;
 Afford recreation, more healthy, and good,

Thou wild stupid frolics, rough, boorish and rude.

In the course of instruction, I'd then have the power,
 To show them the various parts of a flower :
 The bright sparkling glory, the neat little gem,
 The stamens, the stigma, the style and the stem ;
 The pistils, the anthers, the pollen, the seed,
 The parts so essential, the species to spread ;
 The calyx, corolla, of every bright hue,
 The bee's little store of mellifluous dew.

'Tis morning—the wind blows direct from the south,
 The schoolhouse is crowded, and full to the mouth ;
 The heat is oppressive, and sickly in there,
 So the windows are hoisted to let in the air ;
 The flowers are expanded, the roses in bloom,
 Then comes in the breeze, fully charged with perfume ;
 When teacher and children are worried and spent,
 How reviving the odour, how sweet is the scent !
 How cheering a cordial, the sweet zephyr brings !
 There is joy on its bosom, and health on its wings.

'Tis summer—the dew is still fresh on the ground,
 The boys are disporting, and playing around,
 The girls in the garden enjoying the hours,
 In weeding, and trimming, and training their flowers ;
 The morning is balmy, delightful and cool,
 And lo ! a strange visiter comes to our school.
 We greet him a welcome, and after some talk,
 We take a joint stroll down the neat gravel walk ;
 The trees have now grown to a good handsome size,
 And cast their green branches athwart the blue skies
 Nigh meeting atop, what a beautiful glade !
 How pleasant the vista, how cooling the shade !
 The leaves aloft flutter, when summer wind blows,

And the brisk little robin sings up in the boughs.
But hark ! what a humming note falls on the ear ?
'Tis the humming bird telling us flowers are near,
Of every variety, strange, rare, and new,
Of every complexion, and every hue.
The stranger looks round on this beautiful maze,
Astonishment beams in his rapturous gaze ;
How fine are the feelings, the scene can inspire !
He lingers, he gazes, he stops to admire ;
He is highly delighted with all that he sees,
And makes the enquiry, Who are the Trustees ?

A PEDESTRIAN'S VISIT TO
GLENWILLIAMS.

Glenwilliams is a pleasant place,
And more than I have said it ;
Reposing on the pine-clad banks,
Of the meandering Credit.

The leafy branches o'er the stream,
With vernal zephyrs quiver ;
Or vibrate with the sullen roar,
Of that dark rushing river.

The mountains rise on every side,
To guard the happy bower ;
And save it from the stormy blast,
That drives the hissing shower.

How grand the view, yon height to take,
The post of observation !
Rude Nature in her wildest freaks,
Demands our admiration.

But ah ! the works of human skill,
Though fair, must own defection ;
There's always some dark spot to mar,
The model of perfection.

The nicest rhyme that e'er was spun,
Has some unseemly sonnet ;
The fairest portrait ever drawn,
Has some dull touches on it.

So, wo betide the happy Glen,
When April rains are pouring ;

And headlong down the mountain's side,
The angry floods are roaring!

'Twas but a day or two ago,
I paid the Glen a visit;
But who can fancy what I saw?
No one, until he sees it.

The mud—and there was no escape,
Poor me! for I was walking;
But to describe how deep it was,
Alas! 'tis no use talking.

Strange time indeed, when lack of beef,
So many boast so loud of,
Was something, that for once, at least,
The spectre might be proud of.

The fleeting shadow steered his way,
His bony pinions poising;
And by the heavy laden clown,
Went on his way rejoicing;

While Corpulence ploughed on his way,
Sick of the task assigned him;
Anon² looked back—for he was loth
To leave his heels behind him.

See how he ploughs his zigzag course,
And side for side exchanges!
'Tis only changing bad for worse,
For deeper still he plunges.

But now he perches on a³ stick,
Another step—and stumbles;

O'erbalances—and in a trice,
Down in the puddle tumbles.

Again he rallies on dry ground,
Glad he has found the bottom ;
And to escape another slough,
Upon a log he's got him.

And now he makes a desperate leap,
To get at one that's higher !
But lo ! falls short and backward falls,
Headforemost in the mire.

“ Help ! neighbours help ! for mercy's sake ! ”
With furious voice he bawls out ;
But no one heeds ; so by and by,
On hands and feet he crawls out,

And in good earnest seeks his home,
In a most desperate hurry :
As worried as he had come through,
The siege of Londonderry.

But now the children come from school,
In zigzag-twist decorum ;
And here the pedagogue himself,
Comes driving all before him.

He takes the way that he thinks best,
The way that most entices ;
And practises in his own style,
Gymnastic exercises.

He thinks—and what a serious thought,
To either saint or sinner—

How hard to wade through mud and mire,
To gulp a hasty dinner.

He would as easy grope his way,
Through miles of conic sections;
And makes as many awkward twists,
As algebraic fractions.

I leave him calmly to reflect,
How useless mathematics,
To tell when roads like these shall dry,
By laws of hydrostatics.

While I shall wind up my remarks,
By shaping out a question,
And back it up with what I think
A very good suggestion.

Then why—in such a woody place,
That logs in fact encumber—
Where you can scarcely stir a foot,
With piles of rotting lumber—

Why not a sidewalk neatly make,
Along the main street border?
That passengers could move along,
In decency and order.

I'm sure the cost would not be much,
And people in their senses,
Would certainly not grudge to pay,
Their share of the expenses.

And then just think the good 'twould do,
This little reparation;

My feelings kindle at the thought—
'Tis past all calculation.

The young, the fair, the blooming girl,
That seldom ever goes out,
Could walk abroad ; but as it is,
How can she set her nose out ?

She then could take the morning air,
And—'tis no false assumption—
If delicate, 'twould mend her health,
And may be, cure consumption.

And she whose fondness to be seen,
Both storm and sunshine weathers,
Would have a most delightful chance,
To show her gaudy feathers.

And here, the love-besmitten youths,
Might nicely go parading ;
And bless their stars that they had not,
Through quagmires to be wading.

And here, the newly married pair,
Might arm in arm go walking ;
And give the gossip-loving tribe,
A splendid chance for talking.

Each resident of that dear spot,
May add his observation ;
At present, I will leave the theme,
For their consideration.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

Is this the day of sacred rest,
 To mortal pilgrims given ?
 Is this the day that God has blessed,
 To cheer our path to Heaven ?

Is this that heaven-lent privilege,
 That Christians may enjoy,
 As a delightful, sacred pledge,
 Of never-ending joy ?

Is this the day on which the mind,
 Set free from earth-born care,
 Repose and sacred peace should find,
 In joyous praise and pray'r ?

Rejoice my soul ! in peace enjoy
 The blissful season given ;
 Delightfully the hours employ,
 In intercourse with heaven.

But hark ! what means that merry peal,
 That bursts upon my ear ?
 Is it the spirit-stirring thrill,
 That God delights to hear ?

Ah, no ! 'tis what the bible calls :—
 The noisy crackling sound
 Of blazing thorns, that quickly fall
 In ashes to the ground.

'Tis but a blast of Folly's gale,
 That soon shall pass away ;

In reason's ear, the dismal wail
Of pilgrims gone astray.

Is this alas ! the highest source,
Of rational delight ?
The fleeting joys that strew the course,
Down to the gates of night ?

What brings these people here to-day,
That crowd on every hand ?
Is it to pass the time away ?
Is this a Christian land ?

Have they a home ? a day so sweet,
And no enjoyment there ?
That they must with their neighbours meet,
To talk, to gape, and stare.

That true enjoyment they have none,
Their drowsy yawns bespeak ;
Their topic, ever and anon,
The gossip of the week.

If pleasure they at all do find,
That pleasure they must know,
Is pleasure of the basest kind,
The lowest of the low.

Alas ! the fear of God is gone,
That from much ill restrains ;
Religion is a thing unknown ;
The shadow scarce remains.

Heralds of sacred truth we send,
To every distant shore ;

Our energies abroad we spend,
And heathen at the door.

ON SEEING SOME PERSONS LAUGHING
AT CHURCH.

Light hearted wretches ! what has brought you here,
To mock Jehovah in His sacred house,
To tread His hallowed courts with guilty feet,
To trample on His worship, and profane
The temple where His sacred presence dwells ?
With minds unhonoured by one serious thought,
With hearts as earthly as the earth itself,
Souls filled with vanity as light as air,
How can you join the hymn of praise to God,
That mounts in triumph to His sacred throne ?
How can you lisp His praise whom you deny,
A place in the affections of the heart ?
How can you say "amen," to the desires,
That rise on wings of faith from many a heart,
Filled with devotion, gratitude and love,
Who feel no need of blessings from on high,
Who find no pleasure at a throne of grace ?
How can you be partakers of the joy,
To God's true worshippers so often known,
When by His presence He delights their souls,
And makes them joyful in the house of prayer ?
Yes, ye may sit beneath the gospel sound,
The tones of merey ringing in your ears,
And slight the invitation to partake
Of living streams, that shall forever flow,

For airy bubbles sailing with the wind,
Adown the stream that leads to endless death.
But say poor thoughtless wretches, will you laugh,
When that great angel, the Apostle John
Saw with a rainbow on his head, clothed with a cloud,
Shall place one foot on earth, one foot on sea,
And swear by Him that made the heavens and earth,
That time with you shall be no more ?
Say, will you laugh, when Gabriel's trump shall sound
And wake the sleeping tenants of the tomb ;
When this earth to its very centre shakes,
The sun in sackcloth clothed ; the moon become
As blood ; the stars of heaven fall to the earth,
As when a fig tree casteth her untimely figs ;
When with deplosion loud, the heavens depart,
And suns and systems to oblivion hurled ;
When elements shall melt with fervent heat,
By universal conflagration seized ;
When from a thousand faltering tongues shall rise,
The cry of horror, anguish and dismay :—
Hills cover us ; rocks hide us from the face
Of Him who sits on the eternal throne,
And from the Lamb ; because the dreadful day
Of His great wrath is come, and who shall stand ?

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER MARGARET,
*Who died on Feb. 5th, 1860, Aged Three Years, One Month
and Twenty-three days.*

Ah me! the burden of my song,
Is sad and sorrowful, I ween;
Was ever love so pure, so strong,
So sorely tried as ours has been?

Come then, O muse! thy magic art,
Can strike a solemn note of wo!
To ease the burden of the heart,
And give the feelings easy flow.

But language fails; what's felt in part,
Can but by language be expressed;
Thoughts that would melt the hardest heart,
Come crowding from the awful past.

Maggie! thy name to us so dear,
Such fond remembrances awake!
Flow on thou sympathetic tear,
We pour thee freely for her sake.

Our first-born pledge of mutual bliss,
'Tis hard indeed with thee to part;
Our joy, our hope, our happiness,
The precious treasure of our heart.

Sweet as the rose that scents the morn;
Fair as the lily's pleasing dye;
We little thought that thou wert born,
So soon to wither and to die.

MARGARET,
One Month

Who could forbear to love the child ?
So meek, intelligent, and wise ;
So sweet, affectionate and mild,
And *goodness* beaming from her eyes.

A favourite with old and young ;
They loved her most who knew her best ;
Her praise on every stranger's tongue—
Our love can never be expressed.

And oh ! how pleasing to reflect :—
Than all beside she loved us more ;
She'd throw her arms around our neck,
And fondly kiss us o'er and o'er.

She'd run to meet me come from school,
All joyous smiles, and youthful glee ;
And with a heart of gladness full,
Say, " Pa, take Maggie on your knee."

But when pale sickness laid her low
Her lips by fever parched and dry,
Then Ma must wipe her clammy brow,
And guard her with a mother's eye.

She suffered long ; but meekly bore,
Her growing illness week by week ;
Nay when oppressed, and pained, and sore,
Would meekly say, " poor Maggie's sick."

She loved to sing ; its soothing charms,
She fully seemed to understand ;
And sweetly say mid death's alarms,
" Ma, come and sing the happy land."

But now stern Death is near at hand ;
 Thy countenance of livid hue ;
 Thy sufferings now must shortly end,
 And bid to earth a last adieu.

The dreadful struggle comes at last :
 Ah me ! how hard a thing to die !
 Such fearful anguish rends thy breast,
 As brings the tear-drop to thine eye.

And consciousness has fled ; perhaps
 Thy voice we may not hear again ;
 Though "pa" and "ma" are on thy lips,
 In wild delirium of pain.

She brightens up, so mild, so meek—
 "Dost thou know ma, my darling one ?"
 She makes a faint attempt to speak,
 But ah ! the power of speech is gone.

But oh my heart ! convulsions wild,
 Assail the trembling house of clay—
 Spare us, O God ! O spare our child,
 And let her pass in peace away !

Hush, O my soul!—pardon our sins ;
 Our hard, our murmuring thoughts of Thee ;
 Such agonies are but the means,
 To set the longing spirit free.

But ah ! what means that starting tear,
 Now trickling down thy sunken cheek ?
 It bids to those you love so dear,
 The fond farewell thou canst not speak.

Farewell ! dear Maggie, then we part,
Haste, haste to joyous realms away ;
Farewell ! once more farewell ! we part,
To meet in the eternal day.

Her strength still ebbing we behold ;
Her pulse is feeble, weak and low ;
Her eyes are glazed, her feet are cold,
And death is fast approaching now.

A slight convulsion shakes her frame ;
More short and frequent is her moan ;
Hark ! angel spirits now are come ;
One long drawn sigh—and she is gone.

Praise God ! that we poor sinful worms,
Should thus be honoured by the Lord ;
Our darling safe from life's rude storms,
And in the port of glory moored.

Too gentle for the storms of time ;
Too fair for earth ; too good, too wise ;
Transplanted to a fairer clime,
To bud and bloom in paradise.

We feel our loss ; yes deeply feel
The void created in our breast ;
Forget her ? no ! for memory still,
Re-lives, and dwells upon the past.

Now safe from sorrow, sin and pain,
She needs no more a parent's care ;
Nor would we wish her back again,
But hope and strive to meet her there.

We'll visit oft her little grave,
When lilies spring, and roses blow ;
When tall long grass luxuriant waves—
And think of her that sleeps below.

Thus shall she live ; although for aye
Her name has perished from the earth :
These simple lines may serve to be,
A faint memento of her worth.

TO AN INFANT SON.

Ah ! tiny little stranger,
How short thy earthly day ;
Maternal love or kindness,
Could not prolong thy stay.

Just peeped upon our world,
Cold, chilling to the view ;
Then turned thy back upon it,
And bade us all adieu.

We hailed thy birth with gladness ;
We welcomed thee with joy ;
We part with thee in sadness,
Our darling little boy.

We watched thy last convulsion,
List to thy struggling breath ;
We marked the livid paleness,
Of fast approaching death.

We saw life's latest struggles,
Throb in thy little breast;
Thy pains, thy sorrows over,
Now thou art gone to rest.

Farewell! why should we murmur
Against high heaven's decree?
He knows what's best, what's kindest,
For us as well as thee.

And yet 'tis hard to lay thee
Deep in the silent urn;
And add the sad reflection,
That thou wilt not return.

A silent tear descending,
Bedews thy little grave;
Farewell! in our remembrance,
A place thou long shalt have.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

Life's journey now is o'er,
Its toils and troubles past;
And safe on Canaan's blissful shore,
I've entered heaven at last.

Borne o'er life's stormy sea,
By faith's supporting rod;
And wafted where I longed to be,
The bosom of my God.

Farewell, my hopes and fears,
Farewell, my groans and sighs,
Farewell, my toils, farewell, my tears,
God wipes them from my eyes.

No change of day and night,
No time to haste away;
But floods of everlasting light,
Still pour eternal day.

No sin to mar our joy,
No agonizing pains;
Praise is our ever new employ,
And love unbounded reigns.

Arrayed in garments white,
And pure without a stain;
And beaming with celestial light,
With God Himself we reign.

O raptured, blest employ!
O pure unsullied bliss!

O boundless floods of thrilling joy,
That never more shall cease!

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH-BED.

O heaven! is there no rest for me,
From agonizing pain?
Is there no soothing remedy,
To cool my burning brain?

A scorching fever burns me up,
And soon shall lay me low;
O must I drink this bitter cup,
Deep to the dregs of wo!

These pains I could endure though worse,
With peace of mind secure;
But oh! the anguish of remorse,
I tremble to endure.

To cast a glance on days by-gone,
The thought I cannot bear;
My suicidal hands alone,
Have hurled me to despair.

My wife—I shudder to reflect—
My once beloved wife—
I broke her heart; and in effect,
I took away her life.

My children—wretched and forlorn,
Have left me here to die;

And curse the day that they were born,
Of such a wretch as I.

Companions of my mad career,
Of riot and excess,
I cannot—*do* not wish you here,
To deepen my distress.

The sun of happiness arose,
On my horizon bright ;
But soon alas ! my prospects close,
In never-ending night.

What have I done ? what have I done ?
How have I spent my days ?
Too late, alas ! my course is run,
Too late to mend my ways.

This body given me by God,
I've madly sacrificed ;
I tremble now beneath the rod
Of justice long despised.

Steeped deep in vice, my noblest powers,
But sped me to the tomb ;
Soon o'er the Drunkard's grave, shall flowers
By tears unwatered bloom.

This life and all its wretched scenes,
I now must bid adieu ;
One breath perhaps but intervenes,
When new ones burst to view.

O time misspent ! in endless pain,
My folly I'll deplore ;

O for a life to live again !
O for one moment more !

But I may drop each wish and prayer,
I've earned my dire reward ;
My hopes are swallowed in despair,
And Mercy's gates are barred.

When this frail body turns to dust,
O that my soul could die !
Deep in corruption's urn to rust,
And there eternal lie !

But 'twill not mingle with the sod ;
This wretched hope denied,
How shall I meet an angry God,
A Deity defied ?

Inexorable justice hath
Now sealed me in despair ;
Eternal, O eternal wrath,
For ever doomed to bear !

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Sleep on, sweet babe, O sleep!
Thy smiles serenely play :
O that I could but weep,
My painful thoughts away !

Sleep on fair one, sleep on,
And take thy peaceful rest ;
Thou hearest not the groan,
That rends thy mother's breast.

Sleep on, my darling child,
And soft be thy repose ;
The anguish of a heart beguiled,
Thy wretched mother knows.

Sleep on, my hope, my stay,
My solace in distress ;
My joy and grief each day,
But shall I love thee less ?

Sleep on, my darling boy,
Ah ! thou art not aware,
Thou shalt not long enjoy,
A mother's tender care.

Cast on a callous world,
Without an earthly guide,
It may be headlong hurled,
In Ruin's dreadful tide.

O Thou who rul'st above !
If Thou prolong his breath,

Plant in his heart thy love,
Or close his eyes in death!

L I N E S T O N——.

The upstart may struggle to merit attention,
And love to her foibles essay to beget ;
And giants of genius may tax their invention,
To flatter the beauty, and praise the coquette.

But N—— believe me, you save me the trouble,
For flattering speeches, but little you care ;
If beauty be all—it is but a vain bubble,
That after a time will explode in the air.

This world in a sense, is a world of gay fairies ;
Too often we dance to their soul-stirring tune ;
The current of fashion continually varies,
And tempests prevail at the changing monsoon.

Allured by the glare of what passes for pleasure,
We pant for enjoyment, with bliss so replete ;
And sell all we have to make sure of the treasure,
And find it alas ! but a phantom—a cheat.

Ah ! youth is delusive—its prospects deceiving,
Though smiles may adorn the first rising of day ;
Time passes along with his sickle, just leaving
Those founded on truth, which can never decay.

Too careless sometimes where we place our affections,
We vow and we promise, and mean to fulfil ;

But after a time we form other connexions,
The love of our youth has grown callous and ehill.

The heart so deceitful, how can it be trusted ?
When vivid impressions thus vanish away ;
Ah ! cannot its motions be nicely adjusted,
To glow with fresh ardour—but never decay ?

The love of our youth by our judgment directed,
Is disinterested, devout, and sincere ;
O let it not languish, but save and protect it,
And cherish it still by a smile or a tear !

The world then may frown ; but amid all its changes,
Thy love shall remain while thy life shall endure ;
The heart may be wretched that constantly ranges,
Fear not, for thy pleasure, thy bliss is secure.

ON THE DEATH OF HUGH MILLER,
THE GEOLOGIST.

Wonder, O earth! at the ways of Jehovah!
Read here a lesson in fear and dismay!
Gone to the spirit world—sudden, appalling,
Swept in a whirlwind of madness away!

Ah me! what horror beclouds the last struggle!
Reason at last from her eminence hurled:—
Just as the sun in the hurricane's bosom,
Buries those beams that enlighten a world.

Feared he to launch on the fathomless ocean?
Feared he to plunge in the dark unknown tide?
Faith kept its hold of his glorious Redeemer,
Safe on His merits alone he relied.

Reason unhinged, but where were his affections?
Where they for years had been nourished so well;
O be his last words remembered for ever!
"Dear, dearest Lydia, and children, farewell!"

Is there a mind so devoid of emotion,
As to find nothing to trouble it here;
Beats there a heart where no sympathy wakens;
Gleams there an eye can refuse a sad tear.

Who shall explore now our earth's secret recesses?
Who shall Creation's old records adjust?
His work but half finished—O Science lament him!
Thy mighty expounder is laid in the dust!

Tears for the dead; yes, Truth sadly demands them,
Where is the champion to fight for her now?

Great in his strength he went forth to the battle,
And in the field was the chieftain laid low.

Christian! thou well might'st be proud of thy brother,
Fearless the cavilling sceptic he faced;
Proved to the world beyond all contradiction,
The finger of God in the rocks can be traced.

Behold, O philosopher! proud in thy wisdom,
Religion and Science harmoniously blend;
And linked to the one, a true friend to the other,
His name to posterity far shall descend.

Man praises man, says the christian poet,
Absurd panegyric is relished by few;
But shall any plea be allowed to deter us,
From paying that tribute to genius due?

But while we mourn, as it well does become us,
One brilliant star sudden plucked from our skies;
May we not hope—in the glorious future,
Light after light on our world shall arise?

Genius! take courage, though humble thy station,
One ray of hope in the distance appears;
What was our hero?—a journeyman mason!
Witness his exit—a world is in tears!

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do—O nothing to do!
 How often I've wished to have nothing to do!
 No burdensome, wearisome toil to pursue,
 How happy the man who has nothing to do!

I longed for release from incessant employ,
 I counted the days with a feeling of joy;
 The prospect still brightened as nearer it drew,
 How glorious the time to have nothing to do!

To have a few weeks to spend just as I please,
 To seek for amusement, or lie at my ease;
 With former companions, old friendship renew,
 And better than all—to have nothing to do.

The time at last came, and behold I was free!
 Begone weary labour! no more oppress me!
 And little I dreamed, for as little I knew,
 That I would soon tire to have nothing to do.

At first disappointed, as you might well know,
 For time jogged along so exceedingly slow,
 That more discontented, I day by day grew,
 And simply because—I had nothing to do.

I was out of my element, nothing could please,
 And Laziness haunted the pillow of ease;
 I sighed for the day that my toil would renew,
 For sure I was tired to have nothing to do.

Hail then honest labour! no more I'll complain,
 Of plenty to do, while my health will remain;

Eternally plodding is toilsome 'tis true,
 But curs'd be the wretch that has nothing to do.

Look hither ye idlers, ye good for nought tribe,
 And for your disease a sure cure I'll prescribe,
 Some honest employment, some calling pursue,
 And shake off the misery of nothing to do.

Man was not created to trifle his time,
 To waste his existence, to growl and repine,
 And while the world stands, it will still be found true,
 He will never be happy with nothing to do.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC LECTURES,
 TO
 THE INHABITANTS OF S— AND VICINITY.

Look here! ye prosy plodding race,
 You good-for-nothing worthless crew,
 We vow it is a foul disgrace,
 To live with you!

Ye indolent, ye slothful tribe,
 Contented lovers of your ease,
 What doctor can a cure prescribe,
 For your disease?

What more can your committee do,
 On your behalf we boldly ask?
 But as regards support from you,
 A thankless task!

Our public Lectures in the Hall,
 Designed expressly for your good,
 Are free to you, are free to all,
 As lectures should.

We furnish wood to heat the Hall;
 At our expense 'tis bright and clear;
 And then we say to you and all,
 Just come and hear.

"But oh!" say you, "'tis such a toil,
 That hateful staircase to ascend,
 'Tis wearisome, in such a style,
 An hour to spend.

And then at night if we go out,
 Our feet and hands are like to freeze;
 So we prefer to lounge about,
 And take our ease.

In fact, we have so much to do,
 So busy every night you know,
 So much engaged are we, 'that few
 Find time to go."

O yes, you all find time to go,
 If there is any chance for fun,
 Some wondrous sight, some pompous show,
 Then you can run.

Or if some great, some wondrous man,
 From Y——, or other where,
 Excuses won't detain you then—
 You'll all be there.

If common men, when duty calls,
A lecture for your good prepare,
Then they may speak to empty walls,
For all you care.

You care for nothing but yourselves,
And who is going to care for you?
Lay up your books upon your shelves,
Till moths eat through.

You need them not; 'twould be a sin—
Fling all their treasures to the winds,
Nor let the light of knowledge in,
On your dark minds.

When lecture nights again return,
You better never mind to go,
You might perhaps some few things learn,
You do not know!

Then stay at home you worthless lot,
We plead the cause of truth no more;
Instruction you have valued not,
Though at the door.

TO A FRIEND ON EMIGRATING TO
AMERICA.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

I.

Dear friend to you these lines I have address'd,
To prove the deep regard I feel for you ;
Accept these lines, that friendship docs suggest,
Ere to thy native land thou bid'st adieu :
Alas ! that I must now believe it true,
That thou wilt cross the Atlantic ocean wide,
And to a distant land thy course pursue,
There with industrious labour to provide,
That living, which thy native land, has unto thee denied.

II.

When on departed scenes I cast my eye,
(And scenes they are, I shall not soon forget,)
How many are the times that you and I,
Have kindly parted, and have kindly met ;
What unfeigned sorrow will the thought beget,
That they are now for ever at an end ;
If I reflect, it must be with regret,
Whene'er I have an idle hour to spend,
That in thy exit, I have lost a neighbour and a friend.

III.

Thus it has been with me in days gone past,
Once I had friends that I could count upon,
But like yourself they feared misfortune's blast,
They shrank afraid, and one by one are gone :
Once more I'm left entirely alone,
No longer social pleasure can I find,
In dreary solitude I'm left to mourn,
How they are gone, and left me nought behind,
Except the more enduring charms of a contented mind.

IV.

While I the circumstances may deplore,
 That force thee to abandon all that's dear ;
 To part with friends, perhaps to meet no more,
 To drop the filial or fraternal tear :
 Yet still why wish to tarry longer here,
 To sigh, to labour, and to toil away ?
 You forward glance, and nought but prospects drear,
 Without one beam of hope's enlivening ray,
 To guild the gloomy prospect, of life's future day.

V.

Let noble fortitude sustain thy heart,
 When now about to take thy final leave ;
 And do thou act a manly, noble part,
 Though foes should censure, and though friends should
 grieve :
 But let no foolish thought thy heart deceive,
 To think no danger lieth in the way,
 Trust not to what thy courage can achieve,
 For power divine can every fear allay,
 And still the terrors of the mind, though death should
 round thee prey.

VI.

And when embarked upon the ocean wide,
 Nought in the view but the extended skies ;
 While tossing to and fro upon its tide,
 Though storms should hover, or though billows rise ;
 May never slavish fear within thy heart arise,
 Though tempests agitate the foaming wave ;
 Far, far beyond its howling, fix thine eyes,
 And all its terrors thou wilt boldly brave,
 Sustained by the sublime support of hopes beyond the grave.

VII.

And when arrived upon a foreign shore,

There own the hand that brought thee safely through ;
 And His Almighty aid again implore,
 Thy toilsome journey further to pursue :
 And thou to sweet experience shalt find it true,
 Though dangers should arise on every side,
 If thou with confidence canst look unto
 Almighty Goodness, as thy only guide,
 That calmness shall possess thy heart, and peace with thee
 abide.

VIII.

And when thy weary journey time has stopp'd,
 And fixed thy home far in the distant West ;
 Whatever course of life thou mayst adopt,
 That course which candid prudence may suggest ;
 May every honest scheme be greatly bless'd,
 That may in future life thy powers employ ;
 May all the many ills be hushed to rest,
 That frail humanity so oft annoy,
 That with a joyful heart thou mayst the sweets of life enjoy.

IX.

And never may Misfortune's surly blast,
 With sullen wrath thy after life assail ;
 May never adverse clouds thy sky o'ercast,
 Nor Ruin sweep with wide destroying gale :
 But while thou journeyest through this life's dark vale,
 Mayst thou enjoy prosperity's full blaze ;
 But never may its influence entail,
 Remorseful pangs upon thy future days,
 Nor yet unfit thee to engage in everlasting praise.

X.

In fine, do thou but act a conscientious part,
 Though fortune's wavering tide should ebb or flow ;
 Maintain the smile of an approving heart,
 And then the stream of life will sweetly flow :

And as you with that stream shall hurried go,
 Until that all important hour draws nigh,
 When thou must bid farewell to all below—
 May all thy hopes be firmly fixed on high,
 Then shall thy glorious orb of life set in a cloudless sky.

XI.

And now dear friend, I bid a fond adieu !
 And though impossible now to decide,
 If I'll be privileged to meet with you,
 While winds shall whistle or while waters glide :
 Yet by this cheering hope we will abide—
 Should we be far o'er life's rude ocean driven,
 Its storms, its billows, we shall safely ride,
 And have to us the glorious prospect given,
 Of entering with flowing sails, the blessed port of Heaven.

TO THE CHILDREN ATTENDING
 ERIN SABBATH SCHOOL.

Expressive of sincere regard,
 Your Teacher says, farewell !
 A word on earth though often heard,
 Unknown in heaven or hell.

There is a God you have been taught,
 A God that reigns on high ;
 O children ! have you ever thought,
 The soul can never die.

That when your ashes in the tomb,
 Shall mingle with the sod,
 Your souls shall hasten to their home,
 The bosom of their God ;

Or sink in dismal realms below,
In fiery flames to lie ;
And suffer in the pangs of wo,
The death that cannot die.

O happiness so little sought !
O wretchedness untold !
Just pause and think ; one serious thought,
Is worth a world of gold.

A heaven of glory offered you,
When earth and seas are flood ;
And o'er a raging gulph below,
Suspended by a thread.

O may these terrors and alarms,
Denounced from heaven above,
Drive you for refuge to the arms
Of everlasting love !

Secure within their wide embrace,
When threatening tempests form ;
Your souls possessed of joy and peace,
Could smile upon the storm.

Farewell ! and if we do not meet,
Till life's gay scenes are o'er ;
I'll meet you at the judgment seat,
When time shall be no more.

O may we then in triumph go,
To reap that great reward,
Which God has promised to bestow,
On all who love the Lord !

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

Toil, Teacher, toil,
How great is the work to be done!
Toil, Teacher, toil,
Thy labour is only begun.

Toil, Teacher, toil,
The twig is entrusted to thee;
Try, teacher, try,
To make it a beautiful tree.

Toil, teacher, toil,
The charge of young spirits is thine;
Watch, teacher, watch,
And mar not the essence divine.

Toil, teacher, toil,
We wish you a hearty God speed;
Work, teacher, work,
For that is the way to succeed.

Toil, teacher, toil,
Thine is a noble employ;
Strive, teacher, strive,
To make it thy glory and joy.

Toil, teacher, toil,
Let thy soul and thy purpose be strong;
Bear, teacher, bear,
With slander, injustice, and wrong,

Toil, teacher, toil,
Mid clouds by the hurricane riven;

Bold, teacher, bold,
Fear only thy Master in heaven.

Toil, teacher, toil,
Though tempted, tormented, and cross'd ;
Stand, teacher, stand,
Like a patriot firm at thy post.

Toil, teacher, toil,
Encourage the generous youth ;
Guide, teacher, guide,
The soul that is grasping for truth.

Toil, teacher, toil,
Let the soul of a hero be thine ;
Have, only, have,
A lofty, a noble design.

Toil, teacher, toil,
A power thou possessest for good ;
On, teacher, on,
And wield it aright for thy God !

AMBITION IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

On life's turbid ocean just launching a-
And o'er its deep waters careering ;
With no settled purpose, or object in view,
I scarcely know where I am steering.

Some wafted along by a favouring gale,
To follow their track have consigned me ;
Some vic with myself, crowding on every sail,
Some lag in the distance behind me .

But those gone before are so near out of sight,
That dim in the distance I view them ;
Has Nature endowed me with power and might,
With raptured success to pursue them ?

Ah ! were I to do so, a fool I would be,
My course I would soon have to alter ;
The huge rolling billows on life's troubled sea,
Would cause resclution to falter.

But taking for granted, that to my desire,
I were in the struggle successful ;
Is anything in the estate I admire,
So envious, happy, and blissful ?

Then shall I conclude that it is my best plan,
To exercise great self-denial ;
And firmly resolve, that I'll do what I can,
And put all my strength to the trial ?

Triumphantly spread every sail to the wind,
And plough through the waves on life's ocean ;

Determined to leave every rival behind,
And strain every nerve for promotion ?

And ere the bright laurels of conquest be lost,
Make shipwreck of every sensation ;
Determined to purchase at whatever cost,
The bliss of a great reputation ?

O perish forever, such peace-blighting aims !
I freely to others resign them ;
And if not entirely relinquish their claims,
At least in due compass confine them.

O for a lone spot on some desolate shore !
With some scattered beauties to charm me ;
Where wild surging billows around me might roar,
Divested of power to harm me.

O that I might yet in some sweet valley dwell !
Some cordial endearing employment ;
Where I might in happiness tell life's short tale,
And taste the pure sweets of enjoyment.

THE SOUL AND THE BODY.

What is the frail body to some so enticing,
For shape and construction so many extol?
What is the frail body, some are idolizing,
If 'tis the abode of a grovelling soul?

No more I'll admire the loveliest dwelling;
No more shall I value the fairest abode;
But ponder the spirit it may be concealing,
That spirit once stamped with the image of God.

What values the finest symmetrical features,
If not to unfold the Almighty's good plan?
The soul is the noblest part of His creatures,
The soul is the light and the life of the man.

Go, see yon poor mortal, in sickness declining,
Who seems but to live on the verge of the tomb;
In brightness and glory, his soul may be shirring,
While others around are in darkness and gloom.

It may be his spirit delights in exploring,
The recondite wonders of yonder bright sky;
Beyond human reason, far, far may be soaring,
And loves to contemplate the glories on high.

Delightful employment! for such was created,
Its Maker's ineffable name to adore;
And such the employment that yet shall await it,
When all that is earthly, and time is no more.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He's gone—he's numbered with the dead,
 His victories are o'er;
 He who to battle, armies led,
 Now leads them forth no more.

He who undaunted, undismayed,
 The rage of war did brave,
 Now in his turn is humbly laid,
 Within the silent grave.

Though long and brilliant his career,
 His race at last is run;
 His country now may drop a tear,
 O'er deeds of valour done.

Though nations trembled at his name,
 And laurels decked his brow;
 Though placed upon the rolls of fame,
 Does that avail him now?

And such is fame—alas its fate!
 'Tis but a fleeting breath;
 The great and mighty, soon or late,
 Must humbly bow to death.

Then let me fight, not for renown,
 Nor for an earthly prize;
 But to secure a better crown,
 Unfading in the skies.

S O L I T U D E . .

O Solitude ! all lonely as thou art,
 I love thee dearly in my inmost heart ;
 From vain commotions, and contentions free,
 My soul finds pleasure and repose with thee.

If life is but a battle, then let those
 Formed for the contest, who disdain repose,
 Gird on their armour, grasp their glittering shield,
 Fearless, undaunted, march unto the field,
 Rush to the combat where the glory lies,
 Grapple with the danger, and secure the prize.

Honour, wealth, and glory, rich and gay attire,
 May be the multitude's supreme desire,
 May prompt the yearnings of the giddy throng,
 And keep unhallowed fires raging strong,
 Till human life, like one vast, surging sea,
 Foams, whirls, and boils in awful misery—
 Who would not dash aside the tear of wo,
 The peaceful charms of solitude to know ?

O Nature ! how I love thy silent shade,
 In thine own simple majesty arrayed !
 A noisy world's commotions unmolest,
 The calm composure of thy tranquil breast ;
 The azure heavens behold thy rich array,
 Fanning thy bosom, zephyrs gently play,
 And on their wings in triumph bear along,
 Thy spicy odours and the warbler's song.

O how I love those ample rolling plains,
 Where Solitude enthroned in stillness reigns !

Cheer with their prospect the admiring eye,
 And spread their verdure to the glowing sky ;
 The eye that tires with roaming everywhere,
 May well repose in peace and pleasure there ;
 The harmless flocks that graze the verdant plain,
 Enjoy the freedom of their rich domain ;
 Luxurious live, and peacefully enjoy,
 The simple elements of bestial joy.

O how I love the deep and silent glen,
 Embowered in bushes, far from haunts of men !
 Where the lone hermit might select his cell,
 And from the world in deep seclusion dwell ;
 Where the sweet warbler on the bending bough,
 Might build its nest secure from ruthless foe ;
 Where the faint zephyr as it passes by,
 Sweeps down the valley with a murmuring sigh ;
 Where balmy sweets, and gales of fragrance blow,
 And the clear streamlet murmurs deep below.

O how I love the rugged mountain's heath,
 The rocky summit and the towering cliff !
 When all is silent, tranquil, and serene,
 And sacred majesty pervades the scene.
 O Solitude ! most dreary and profound,
 Thou reign'st securely mid the hills around ;
 Yet even there, with prospect dark and drear,
 The thoughtful soul finds something still to cheer :
 The mountain torrent as it bounds along,
 Swells nature's rustic, unembellished song ;
 And sweeping over deserts drear and vast,
 There's even music in the wintry blast.

In majesty outstripping all the rest,
 Yon lofty mountain rears its purple crest,

Towering in triumph to the glowing sky,
 Till lost in ether to the wondering eye.
 There Echo slumbers in her dewy nest,
 Till bellowing thunder breaks her tranquil rest ;
 There the gay plover and the lone curlew,
 Blend their bright plumage with pervading blue ;
 There the proud eagle builds her nest on high,
 And safely dwells a tenant of the sky.

Let those who love the busy scenes of strife,
 Bear with the tumult and the jar of life ;
 In some sequestered shade my lot I'd choose,
 Though not a hermit or austere recluse ;
 In sweet retirement I'd spend my day,
 There I would dwell, there I would love to stray ;
 Nature, my close attention would engage,
 To trace her features, read her ample page,
 See wisdom infinite diffused abroad,
 "And pass from nature into nature's God."

The mind apart from all that would annoy,
 Might range through nature with delight and joy ;
 The fading flower, the withering verdure scan,
 And in them read the destiny of man ;
 See them in beauty clothe anew the plain,
 And learn that sleeping dust shall rise again ;
 Then turn to heaven with more admiring eyes,
 Mark the mild grandeur of the ample skies,
 And far beyond, where faith supports the sight,
 Discern unnumbered mansions clear and bright,
 Formed for the just, in the eternal day,
 When all this earthly fabric melts away !

AN HONEST MAN.

An honest man ! if such there be,
 Go search the swarming mass around ;
 Inspect their ways, and prove to me,
 That such a mortal can be found.

Go search ; but you may search in vain ;
 You may find many a man of worth ;
 But honesty without a stain,
 You will not find upon the earth.

Hold—hold—say you, I'll find you one,
 He keeps a store in L——— ;
 If there are such beneath the sun,
 He surely ranks 'mong honest men.

He buys as cheap as any man,
 In kind—of such as he can boast ;
 In selling—does the best he can,
 To make a little more than cost.

If prices rise, or prices fall,
 Whate'er is just, you'll find him do ;
 And if he get a chance at all,
 Be sure he gives it unto you.

One thing I can affirm at least :—
 Send you an infant to his store,
 And send the money in his fist,
 He will not charge a copper more.

All that I readily admit,
 And such you honesty may call ;

But does he practise no deceit ?
Or is he honest after all ?

Just to the very store you name,
I found my way some time ago ;
If want of cash be any shame,
Then I had none, and told him so.

However I had credit good,
With other men as well as he ;
I asked his charge ; he said he would
Make it one dollar unto me.

And it was worth just that amount,
For I had bought the like before ;
What did he do ? in my account,
He charged me just *one quarter more*.

But that was a mistake, say you,
Ah, yes ; but on the proper side ;
And mark you, I can prove it true,
'Twas so with other things beside.

Here goes a man of good address,
To give your honest man a call ;
He offers him just such a price,
Or else he will not buy at all.

He grumbles hard to sell so cheap,
But hates to have his custom lost ;
Tells him the secret close to keep,
And lets him have the thing *for cost*.

Another man of different cast,
Goes in to make a purchase too ;

Takes him for granted, honest, just,
As he appears to be to you.

He pays the cash and nothing says,
But bears his purchased goods away ;
Nor dreams that he one fraction pays,
More than another man would pay.

Your honest man good notice takes,
And when he does so *simple* seem ;
Whenever he a purchase makes,
Of course, he lays it on to him.

Now, if you have the brazen face,
Such shaving, *honesty* to call ;
The less of it that we possess,
The better 'twill be for us all.

MY FIRST AND MY LAST ATTEMPT
AT SKATING.

'Tis winter, the weather is keen, calm, and clear,
The snow brightly sparkling, the cold is severe ;
While comfort we seek at a good fireside,
There is skating, a first-rate amusement outside.

In the papers we get, among other things said,
The pleasures of skating are finely portrayed :
'Tis health and enjoyment, 'tis good exercise,
And first-rate amusement for him who but tries.

Just under our window the river is wide,
And quite a good stretch to the opposite side,
And being well frozen, smooth, slippery as glass,
'Tis just the right place for good skaters to pass.

And sure enough there, the whole length of the day,
There are plenty of boys briskly skating away ;
And when the long nights are clear, sparkling and nice,
Then gentlemen try their good fortunes on ice.

But as for ourselves—well, to tell you the truth,
We never had learned how to skate in our youth ;
But this we will say, we would treat him with scorn,
Who should venture to hint we were too old to learn.

The fact is, we had a good share of conceit,
That we could well steer both our limbs and our feet ;
And lest some good neighbour our skill should deny,
We made up our mind on some evening to try.

So down to the river we hastened with joy,
Two shillings we gave to a lump of a boy,

For the loan of his skates; and thus furnished complete,
With the help of a friend lashed them on to our feet.

So out in the river away we did go,
Like a tall slender sapling we swung to and fro;
But confidence failed us; feet up in a trice,
And down in a moment we came on the ice.

Just then a rude urchin flew by like a blast,
"Halloo limber legs!" he screamed out as he passed;
So up on our feet in a moment we got,
And after the fellow we went like a shot.

One skip to the west, and anon to the east,
At every endeavour our speed was increased;
But whack! we came down like a fother of lead,
And raised a huge bump on the back of our head.

Now very much tamed by defeat and by pain,
And neat as a saw-horse we crawled up again:
Ashamed to be beat, though our body was sore,
We made up our mind for to try it once more.

So now to the right and the left we did wheel,
And managed ourselves with the best of our skill:
But plague on our legs for they would not obey,
For each one now took its own different way.

Though crooked our journey, though awkward our gait,
Thus onward we strode at a terrible rate;
When lo! we came down neither handsome nor nice,
With a terrible souse on the cold glassy ice.

A friend now beholding my terrible plight,
Came up to assist me with generous delight;

POEMS.

He offered to take me in tow like a boat,
If I would hold on by the tail of his coat.

Ahead went our leader, right valiant and bold,
But made a quick turn, I relinquished my hold ;
And down I came this time right flat on my nose,
Out spurted the crimson in streams as I rose.

I pulled off my skates, and I made for the shore,
I vowed and declared I would never skate more ;
My toil and my trouble were totally lost,
And I sat down in sorrow to reckon the cost.

Two shillings for skates, and my trowsers all tore,
My body with aches and with bruises all sore ;
Perhaps for a month scarcely able to walk,
And worse, be a subject for jest and for talk.

Now all you good lovers of pleasure or sport,
Of skating, or any good game of the sort,
Take a warning from us, the result you have seen,
And count the expenses before you begin.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

TO A FRIEND.

The Muse—now put imagination to the stretch—
 The Muse, in condescending mercy to her slave,
 Has laid her magic hand upon the lyre,
 That long has slumbered in its musty cell,
 And touched those chords that vibrate to the heart,
 The sweetest music to a mortal ear.

But I must needs admonish thee O friend,
 To keep thy mathematic claws of this.
 The Muse is sacred; an immortal ghost,
 That has survived the ruins of old time.
 She smiled benignant on the human race,
 When mammon's sons were sunk in deepest gloom,
 And mother earth was stained with human gore.
 She waked a patriot feeling in the breast,
 And urged the champion in his bold career,
 To conquer or to set his country free.
 Her name is linked with freedom. She disdains
 To curb her pinions, or to grub the earth,
 To yield to serfdom, or to be a slave,
 Without a mighty struggle to be free.
 And where her influence is truly felt,
 She lays a sure foundation, paves the way
 For elegance, and art, and things of taste,
 To follow smiling in her happy train.

But here, alas! who would not heave a sigh?
 How ruthless poverty has often been
 Her hapless lot; and almost crushed to earth,
 Her wearied powers could scarcely rise again.
 How often doomed to tread the humble vale,
 In deep obscurity; where scarcely known,
 She sung her artless notes, and warbling wild,

Attuned her music to the wintry blast,
Or the wild cadence of the measured wave.

I ask you sir—and it is worth a thought—
If in these fortune-hunting times of ours,
When every thing is measured by the rod,
Of selfish policy; is it the time
To put this wonder-working Muse to death?
Is all the sustenance she needs, to prompt
Her flight beyond the lowest depth of prose
Consumed, and nothing left but husks?
Have all the wilds of fancy been explored,
And every scattered flower been gathered in?
I fancy not. And if the Muse had charms,
For poets and philosophers of old,
And raised the minds of the aspiring Greeks,
Heathens although they were, to such a pitch
Of elegance and art, as makes the world,
Down to this day their genius admire;
May not her influence in our own day,
Be also used, and with as good success,
To raise our souls above those vain desires,
That actuate too much our puny minds,
And make them more conversant with the skies?
To mount betimes on sweet devotion's wings,
And soar beyond this little earth of ours,
And calling Science to our aid, range through
Immensity's illimitable void,
And through Creation's bounds direct our flight,
To Him who sits on the eternal throne?

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Up in the morning blithe and gay,
Her wonted task resuming ;
Nor idly sleeps her time away,
When rosy morn is blooming.

Noiseless resumes her glad employ,
Of putting things in order ;
And comfort, happiness, and joy,
Abundantly reward her.

All systematic as a clock,
No hubbub or commotion ;
No pleasures shattered by the shock
Of passion's wild explosion.

No stormy tones when aught's amiss,
Of furious resentment ;
All calm and still, domestic peace,
Seems wedded to contentment.

In her arrangements, everything
Has its own place assigned it ;
So that when haste and hurry ring,
She knows just where to find it.

No wild disorder triumphs here,
And there no rude profusion ;
Though friend or stranger should appear,
No bustle or confusion.

Smoothed by her gentle hand, all wears
The pleasant garb of neatness ;

And one would think her dwelling shares
Her own peculiar sweetness.

The cheerful young ones round the hearth,
Are governed by affection ;
And 'mid their frolics and their mirth,
Yield to her wise direction.

While in their little plays they learn
To bear with one another ;
In tones of tenderest concern,
All lisp the name of *mother*.

Her influence is felt by all,
Each household member feels it ;
And if she deals reproof at all,
They shrink before she deals it.

I wondered where her power lay,
Its source my care demanded ;
I watched her motions day by day,
And now I understand it.

A Christian she pretends to be,
And is what she professes ;
And as her day is, so you see
Her strength from heaven increases.

Thus day by day, she shadows forth,
In her domestic region ;
An exhibition of the worth,
Of practical religion.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Roar—roar—thou mighty torrent, roar !
Thou prince of nature's wonders !
Tremendous as the stifled roar,
Of seven united thunders.

Roll on, ye waters, proudly roll ;
Till near the margin sweeping,
In solemn calmness o'er the steep,
Headlong sublimely leaping.

The eye grows dim ; tumultuous thoughts,
The musing mind bewilder ;
From giddy heights come tumbling down,
Whole tons of molten silver.

There—rolls in one great liquid mass,
And here—in fragments riven ;
Down to the dark abyss below,
With lightning speed is driven.

Down, down it ploughs its steaming way,
Deep in the centre toiling ;
Now heaving to the surface comes,
Wild, foaming, smoking, boiling.

Rude birth-place of the vapoury cloud,
That shrouds the cascade over ;
On whose fair bosom lovely arcs,
And rainbow-fragments hover.

Gigantic rocks, and cliffs sublime,
All grand beyond conception ;

Wild angry floods; and sheets of foam,
That baffle all description.

Here—like a statue I would stand,
And gaze with speechless wonder ;
Till thoughts like giant mountains rise,
To tear my soul asunder.

Here—doubtless the wild savage stood,
Lost in deep contemplation ;
Imbibing with thine awful roar,
The loftiest inspiration.

Lives there a man beneath heaven's vault—
A heartless, soulless creature ;
Who can, without emotion view
This peerless scene of nature ?

Come here, ye proud, and dare with it,
Your puny strength to measure ;
And learn the matchless might of Him,
Who formed it of His pleasure.



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