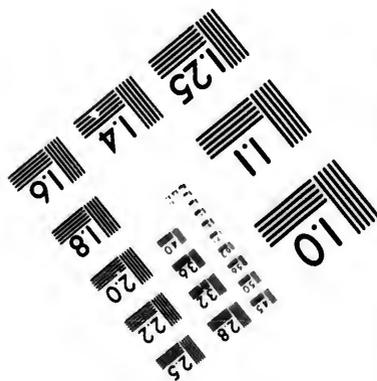
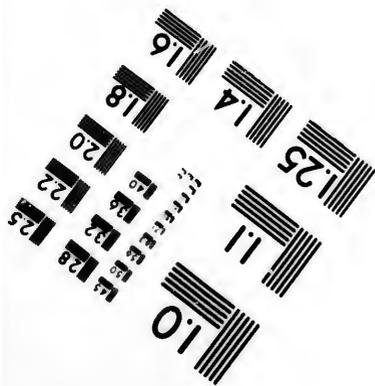
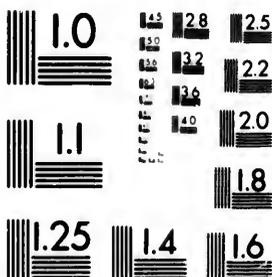


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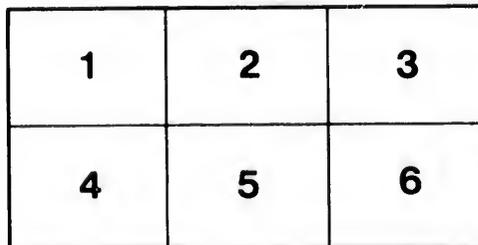
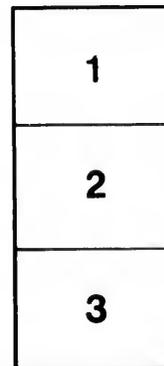
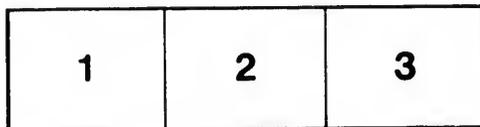
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RUSTICATING IN REALITY.

A
PIERIAN PARAPHRASE.

BY ALBYN.

"I'll point out to thee
in various lessons, some that may surprise."
—YOUNG.

HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SONS, BEDFORD ROW.
1873.

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RUSTICATING IN REALITY.

A

PIERIAN PARAPHRASE.

BY ALBYN. *pseud.*

Andrew *Shiels.*

"I'll point out to thee
in various lessons, some that may surprise."
*See William—YOUNG.
Chal Justice*

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SONS, BEDFORD ROW.
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4610 June 27 '19

TO
JOHN TEMPEST, Esq.

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Don-
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IS INSCRIBED

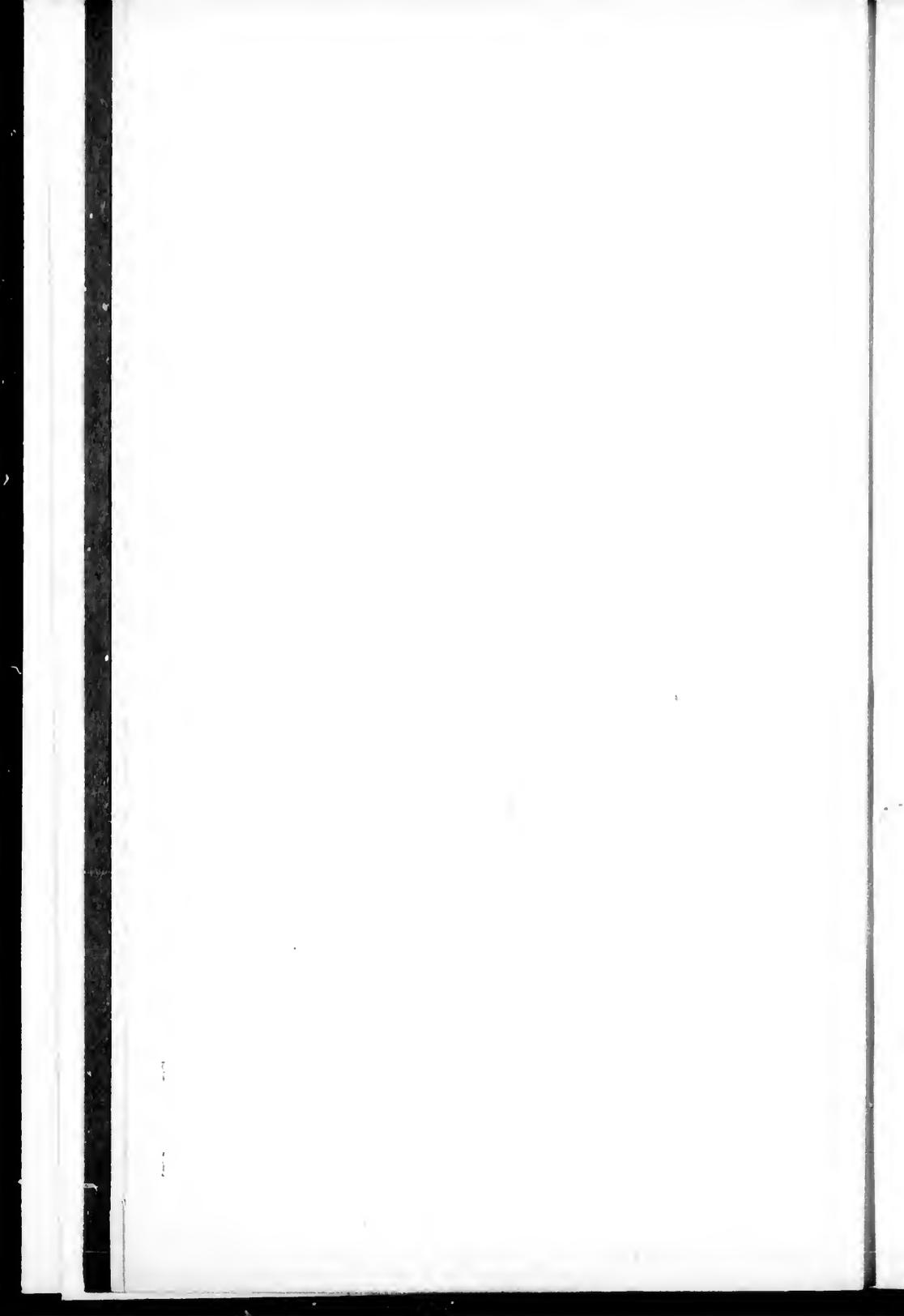
BY

HIS FAMILIAR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

DARTMOUTH, JULY 1873.

CAN
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RUSTICATING IN REALITY.

A PIERIAN PARAPHRASE.

—
BY ALBYN.
—

As we review the curious catalogue
Of various items, in a varied life,
Can it be strange emotions should arise
Where pain, and pleasure nestle side by side,
Or, haply may their wedded symbols blend
In rainbow colours, come before the mind
And make impressions not to be effaced,
Of incidents that have familiar been
Long, long in mem'ry carefully confined.
Those duplicates of our departed years
Whether made welcome with a smile or tear
Show features fresh, and fascinating still
And each a sep'rate sanctity invests
For once indulgent; Time consents to spare
If any one—no matter friend or foe
Do injure us, even to an hundred times
And ever have one act of kindness done
That act,—tho' it may not obliterate
Insulting manner, or unmeasured words
(As some on rare occasions can attest
To more than satisfaction they have felt):
Yet only in our bosom finds a place
Hence is it, TEMPEST, that so prominent
Your name in "Albyn's" mem'ry looms so large
Tho' not the very earliest of his friends
Few of them have been so unwav'ring found
And so pre-eminent in his regard.
Now, on our part as some acknowledgment

This trifling token of a glowing heart.
 (Perhaps our last) we dedicate to you
 Tho' valueless unto the common herd
 Yet as a relic of no spurious kind
 It may be honour'd up at Montreal.

To thee, to thee my grateful pen awards
 This unpretending compliment in verse,
 If such a term the critics will allow
 To these effusions, bear our *nom de plume*
 If not ;—enjoy the Idyl as it is,
 And one by one the syllables rehearse
 We have no scales wherein to weigh our words,
 Nor erudition to select the best—
 Nothing indebted to the classic halls
 Where learn'd students wrestle into fame.

But little coinage Poets have to spare
 Beyond what gifts the Muses may bestow
 Of small account to vulgar souls they seem,
 And seldom useful are such assets found
 Save by consent in social circles pass'd,
 Unable at the present date to strike
 A balance sheet, or liquidate arrears.
 So for the deed, accept the will for once
 By our neglect, already made too long
 Upon forbearance weighty may become,
 Or blushes on our countenance create,
 As laziness indulgence may suggest.

We write for pleasure, less than to amuse,
 Nor is it only to amuse our aim
 Dimming our vision other objects loom
 Their appellations difficult to know
 Among the candidates that figure in
 Reminiscences of what erst has been,
 And all of them like shadows now appear
 By day awake, or in a dream by night,
 Discarded often but presuming still,
 They half retrieve the havoc time has made.

Forgetfulness, a virtue of the age,
 In character, a fashionable trait
 Does not to our accomplishment belong
 Nor is it any mercenary tie,

Nor is it selfishness on either side,
 Nor expectation of some future good
 Gave birth to, or has so attractive been,
 And fondly cherished in the long ago
 Those friendly feelings that we still enjoy,
 Tho' in opinions frequently diverse
 On where the phantom "happiness" abides,
 The city yours; the solitude is mine.

In all the grandeur that the clouds can give,
 The sun is wending slowly down the west,
 The sea is motionless; in calm repose,
 Balmy, and beautiful, the earth and air
 Give out perfumes unutterably sweet,
 No fancied nectar and ambrosia theirs
 The sweeter, that we can without regret
 Amidst the stern vicissitudes we taste
 Participate one pleasure unallay'd,
 Still sweeter if our pencillings conv
 To Tempest even a shadow of the scene
 As rustivating leisurely among
 The woods and wildflow'rs of his native land.
 (How much endear'd: or deep the exode thrill'd,
 When silently the severance was made,
 Repeated visits, scarcely keep conceal'd)
 Perhaps alone, and list'ning to the hymn
 The feather'd songsters warble as they wont
 To charm us in the "days of other years,"
 Or else secluded in some leafy shade,
 The sacred haunt of Minstrel and the Muse.
 And daring they would venture to intrude
 Except the humming-birds and chick-a-dees,
 That use the freedom as they flit along.
 They come unchallenged, and unchallenged go,
 Brief, but engaging always their address
 No guests but them may gain admission there.

It is the last, the loveliest day in June,
 And without unction either felt or feign'd
 Other than has been frequently enjoy'd
 In contemplation at the ev'ning hour,
 From our official services released,
 Where strife and tumult is day after day

Repeated with interminable zeal,
 As Plaintiff and Defendant fond alike
 To litigate a quarrel or a claim
 By practice made familiar how to *ban*,
 And careless of the difference between
 What fiction and veracity implies
 Make statements of the most conflicting kind,
 And each asserting on their solemn oath
 (Oaths have but little sanctity with them)
 What must be quite impossible is true,
 And neither of them sparing in the choice
 Of epithets, in Billingsgate unknown,
 Charges, and countercharges fierce and fast
 Come forth in torrents from polluted lips ;
 And what is worse, if any worse can be,
 On some occasions aspirants new fledged
 Just from the students trammels disengaged,
 All eagerness to exercise their tongues
 (Perhaps the brains, if any they can boast,
 Are for the present left in some saloon)
 Pretends to rectify what is amiss,
 Or reconcile absurdities too gross ;
 Then, then, yes then our sufferings begin,
 Then it is ours half stupified to sit
 And listen to a day's disturbance, made
 Ostensibly about a balance due
 Of five and twenty, or of fifty cents.
 But really as a rivalry in noise
 And nonsense of the most ridic'ulous kind,
 Sometimes commencing in a playful mood,
 Then by and by a little warmth creeps in
 An introduction unto harder hits
 The cut oblique, and then the cut direct,
 Opprobrious names and threatening attitudes
 That gain no prizes in the public schools,
 And censure more than commendation claim
 Are purposely omitted in our text
 Nothing to them is similar, except
 The ruffled plumage of two Bantam birds
 That have defiance at each other crow'd,
 So are their compliments and their replies

Not always over-courteously exchanged
 Till one or other foil'd, but furious still
 Leaves the arena in a towering rage
 Our curse, or providentially it may
 Be our contempt he has beside his fee.

It is not marvellous that from such scenes
 Of every day occurrence, that we do
 Appropriate exemptions for a space,
 In sylvan shades to find a calm retreat
 Where nothing wranglesome, or wretched comes,
 And seek diversion in a diff'rent mode,
 Companionless, unless our pencil may
 As an accomplice in the very act,
 The meditations of our mind betray ;
 Whilst on excursions into airy thought
 Where human footsteps have no pathway found,
 And humau frailties are forbidden room.

No promptings from the Lawyers we have now,
 Nor from the City : tho' materials there
 Are plentiful ; we are in Dartmouth, where
 So many legends meagreless are found,
 With sprinklings of realities between,
 Some almost out of date, and other some
 That have no prestige, save one birthday yet
 And true or false, by cat'ers for the " Press,"
 Are made to flourish in Newspaper fame.
 But " know all men " ours is the Dartmouth where
 Canals are butcher'd, and so famed for " Skates,"
 Fashion'd and finish'd in a faultless shape,
 Nor ought superfl'ous in them can be seen,
 Nor wanting ; nathless curiously contrived,
 Nothing offensive to a taste like ours,
 Albeit no stranger to fastidiousness,
 Nor any margin for improvement left,
 The only perfect things that ever came
 Complete from the creative pow'r of man.

Just fasten on a pair some afternoon,
 What time the lakes appear like plates of glass,|
 So much the better if there should be two
 Well matched, a lady, and a gentleman,
 And by some evolution on the ice,

That leaves no doubt upon the skaters' skill,
 Made opportunely in a sportive mood
 By way of preface, ere you clasp her hand,
 And glide away insensible with joy,
 Just caligraph full in the lady's view.
 Tho' not facsimilies of "Staples'" style,
 But flexures of the most familiar kind,
 The question unpronounceable in words
 And mark what blushing evidence it gives
 Of the *denouement* that beneath it lies.

To the spectator, fixing on the skates,
 Seems in the twinkling of an eye to change
 A pond'rous piece of perishable clay
 To an ethereal being, on the wing,
 Whose eyes already have the distance done
 Tho' mute; a flourish of the hands confess,
 And ev'ry step of strong excitement tells
 How much of human happiness is there.
 Each movement exquisite in the extreme
 And to enthusiasts of the Albyn type
 Some conjuration must be present then,
 As floating, flitting, flying, to and fro
 Light as the fairies of a former age,
 (Nor wanting in one attribute of theirs)
 Still on the superstitious might impose
 So spectreish, and shadowy they seem,
 Apparently far more of air than earth,
 Whether they emulate the arrow's flight,
 Or, into sections subdivide the lake,
 Or in the twists and turns cotillion like
 With the surroundings of the chequer'd scene
 Is made a pageant of a pleasing kind
 In the performance difficult to trace,
 As darting in and out among the coves
 Couples engaged, and unengaged are seen,
 Or in half circles sweep around the capes
 By alder-bushes, hidden from the view,
 Which, if not sworn to silence could relate
 How courtships in their presence do progress,
 What burning syllables with fervour breathed,
 What epithets in living whispers told,

Till then the tongue unequal to the task
 Of uttering the fev'rishness that's felt
 But now embolden'd in the lone retreat
 It tells,—perhaps no unexpected tale,
 Invested with love's sanctities, besides
 Sounding delicious in a lady's ear,
 Imagined better than expressive now,
 In fancy has permission to abide
 Or, haply paralysed with rapture then,
 Or prodigal of bashfulness is seen
 To glow upon the crimson countenance,
 Or photograph'd in a bewitching smile
 By signs, or symbols the response is made.

Such pictures graceful as they do appear,
 In keeping observation on the rack,
 Gets pleasure with perplexity inwove
 As still new features in such freaks unfold,
 At times beginning where they seem to end,
 Yet vividly an extacy is felt
 Exhilarating in a high degree,
 If pride be pardonable, it is theirs
 That are accomplish'd in the Skating art.

Tho' the excursions often are prolong'd
 Unto exhaustion, *Belles* and *Beaux* alike
 They only give the appetite a tone
 To have such "larks" repeated o'er again.
 Not so the Poet,—quite another theme
 Upon his pencil has a prior claim,
 But, deems not meet now to apologise,
 Nor offer pleas for our erratic mode,
 Nor fabricate a plausible excuse
 To palliate the divergence we have made
 In rustivating, latitude is lost,
 No line, nor landmark in the vistas seen
 To show the precincts where our license ends,
 Or advertise us when to make a pause.

This seems an Episode ; tho' we admire
 The rich display of living gracefulness
 And female flourishes on "ACME" skates,
 What fascination in the attitudes
 What agile forms, what litheness in the limbs,

And the derneanour, blameless to the eyes
 Of captious critics, tho' severe inclined,
 The exercise of Skating can afford !
 But Skating now, as well as botch'd canals
 Is out of season in the month of June,
 And only for the unpoetic noise
 Of factory wheels that mingle with our verse,
 And from proximity almost too close
 Demand attention more than we can give,
 And half retrieving from the theft of time,
 Disastrous dreams that ended in dismay,
 As " Albyn " erst did prophesy would come,
 They had not here been uninvited guests,
 But in parenthesis read what is writ
 To while away a melancholy hour.

We write at home beside our hermitage
 Retired, not hidden from the public view,
 The scenery of that domestic caste
 That every day is in a village seen,
 Careless of suns and stars, so out of place,
 Nor much enamour'd of a cloudless moon
 As lending lustre to a line of ours,
 Or using Angels as expressly made
 For similies to figure in our verse
 Such outrages on common sense we shun,
 By modern poets frequently employed,
 Distinguishing,—if they distinguish ought—
 The difference of poetry from prose,
 Piling up pond'rous decorations on,
 Or crowding *in* the versicles they wreath,
 Forgetting, that similitudes suppose
 Discription wanting, and assistance claim
 From tropes and metaphors to give them aid,
 And not as useless ornaments to dim
 Or complicate whatever else is plain,
 Nothing can well be fancied more absurd
 Than the resemblances so often shown
 Between things lying open to the eyes,
 Poetic license courteously permits,
 And Angels! Spirits that are nowhere seen,
 Not less presumptive than unfortunate,

Such illustrations of the Attic muse
That scarcely on the credulous impose,
Whilst, censure from the critic's pen distils.

This afternoon returning from a stroll
Among the avenues in "Albert Park,"
An appellation readable in prose
But has no music for poetic ears,
We join'd a Lady who with languid steps
Was just beginning to descend the slope
That forms an entrance on the western side.
In the hereafter, (awkwardly enough)
What is for *Boulevard* or Broadway there,
A lovely girl, left motherless when young
In better days adopted as her own,
Eleven summers only she had seen
With laughing eyes, and interesting face,
Upon her arm an empty basket hung
Empty, unless some faded Mayflow'rs might
Another epithet than empty claim,
Clung to her side, and held her by the hand,
Not always so, her sole attendant then,
A branch of maple rich in mottled leaves
Sufficed for fan, and parasol to both,
And after greeting fashionably made
Much in our own discursive kind of way
Come slowly moving down the wretched road,
And scarcely knowing where the thing would end
Stood still at last and held discourse awhile.

In former years, when she was in full bloom,
We frequently had met, as strangers meet
Without advance, or recognition then
On either side; prosperity was hers,
(Nor was the Poet destitute of pride
None without peril might on it presume,
Among the boldest they were bold who did)
Hers too was health, and happiness besides,
Such happiness as finds nutrition in
A heart where folly in profusion grows,
But in an evil hour the bubble burst,
Now she is poor, and delicate, and sad,
And our positions altered, not reversed,

Brought into memory long forgotten days,
 Acknowledging in queries and replies
 The very slight acquaintanceship we had.

We claim no privileges here to repeat
 The various topics that we touch'd upon,
 Pleasing in part and partly painful too,
 Not purposely intended to give pain,
 But as a postscript to our interview
 She for a keepsake craved a *single page*
 Of some blank verse effusion from our pen,
 With an injunction that no love-sick tale,
 Nor superstition of uncertain date
 Should o'er the compliment a shadow cast,
 And added smiling as we said good-bye,
 "Nor gossip in a sewing-circle told."

Direct refusal,—our emphatic no,
 Might have sufficient for the purpose been,
 Of answering such delicate demand
 Just then less prudent than politely made,
 And pleas to urge were plentiful that might
 Rule out the application then and there
 We have not fancy now at our command,
 Vivacity no longer is our guest,
 Nor does the Muse fit entertainment find
 Imprison'd in this hermitage of ours,
 Nor is there any obligation binds
 To the performances stated or implied,
 But what we can by argument make void,
 And more than all, and fatal in the case
 (We own the truth, but write it with regret)
 The very cunning of our hand is gone,
 So apt to tingle when it touch'd a pen,
 To photograph the figure of some fool,
 Or stereotype duplicity in verse.

Stern, and forbidding as we may appear,
 Or find it needful sometimes to assume
 There is a vein of softness in our heart,
 Has never been hermetically seal'd,
 Nor ill to reach, the region where it lies
 Tho' force upon it has been flung away,
 But ever when necessity requires

Obedient to a gesture or a look,
 Tho' imperceptible it overflows,
 But shuns exposure where it can be seen
 In charities, in churches, and bazaars,
 Not always open to the public view,
 Yet by a secret sympathy has grief
 To the elixir always access found,
 Ev'n sighing bosoms and the tearful eyes,
 Feel influences they would blush to own.

It were as useless rumaging about
 To find another plausible excuse,
 As for a Lady in a group of friends
 To feign reluctance that she does not feel,
 And simper when to the Piano led,
 The idol of some idiot staring mad,
 Who stands enraptured o'er the strangled tune,
 Imagining it music that she makes,
 Then stamping feet, as well as clapping hands.
 A trashy tribute; finishes the farce.

There is a proverb, tho' it be not new,
 In memory visible as it exists,
 Bearing a maxim not to be despised,
 That valour often prodigally praised,
 Is only half an attribute; a kind
 Of bachelor, 'till to discretion wed,
 And has relationship to the advice,
 A very gem of thought, the old town clerk
 Of the Ephesians in an uproar gave,
 And (heathen as he was) we much admire,
 To wit, "that nothing should be rashly done."

It is admitted luck in leisure lies,
 But has not yet with laziness been found,
 This aphorism should not be forgot,
 Yet even with leisure time will not abide,
 And as the evening star already shines
 Avails it ought procrastinating, when
 We may at such a very little cost
 Indulge our foible, and Madam too,
 Not that the lady is exactly old
 Or even in dotage, or decrepitude,
 Tho' well advanced in the decades of life,

However frivolous appears her whim,
 Our counterfeiting conjuration may
 A coming sigh transform into a smile.

We nod! it is not singular in caste,
 But then the nod when made, is "Albyn's" own,
 And has a charm where it is understood
 Beyond what is expressible in verse,
 Not less effective than the signal gun
 Is to the Micmacs when their flimsy fleet,
 Are to the starting place in time convened
 To pull a race for some Dominion rag.
 Or *able* sovereign, more attractive still,
 One gold made current on a sliding scale
 Among the Nova Scotian serfs and slaves
 Trapanu'd and sold for "eighty cents a head,"
 To Canada by Tupper, Howe & Co.,
 The *other* Majesty; a glittering prize
 The head and shoulders of our gracious Queen,
 And both together tether'd in a tie
 More closely than the celebrated twins,
 The Chang. and Eng of Siamese renown,
 Naught then of "Stoic" in the Indian seen,
 All eyes alert, and open every ear
 To note the telegram that tells the start,
 And as the muzzle lightens with the flash
 Down dip the paddles in the waves at once.

Such the alacrity our nod attends;
 Unquestion'd, and unanswer'd, it can bring
 Before our eyes without a whisper breathed,
 What implements a Poet may require.
 The writing-desk, a pen, and foolscap sheet.
 These with the inkstand, and the lamp of course
 Completes the schedule of our stock in trade.
 And on our tripod, mute and motionless
 We wait to welcome the Pierian train.

Whilst brooding o'er some buried episodes,
 Associated with our female friend,
 We are astonish'd at the vast amount
 Of human trifles, Time has not destroy'd,
 And the originals that gave them birth
 Their genealogies already lost;

(Ours too may be among the number seen,
 Albeit a Martyr dignifies the line)
 Crowds to oblivion long ago consign'd,
 But partially from observation kept,
 Salute us as we wander in the past,
 And to our presence throug unbidden guests ;
 Some, not a feature in their figures changed,
 Some, skeletons of what they erst have been ;
 And some that only visible appear
 Upon the edge of recollection seen,
 But still like memorandum notes retain
 Some incidents escaping memory's grasp,
 Not to be from forgetfulness retrieved,
 Hordes join'd to hordes, that for a lapse of year
 Without a label hidden out of sight,
 And difficult to be distinguish'd now,
 Make fruitless our conjectures to obtain
 What measure of ubiquity is theirs.

Some faculties belonging to us now
 Are found imperfect in our present state,
 We dream for instance, and when we awake
 Can frequently remember what is done,
 And said, and heard, but how at such a time
 Is memory employed ? Can it be double then ?
 Or how is it composed ? One part asleep,
 Another active found ! but found at fault,
 As oftentimes we see, and hold discourse
 With the departed, half a century dead,
 And tho' well known, it is from memory hid,
 Yet when awake are certain it is true,
 And a perception vividly remains
 Of the perplexities that we were in,
 Of difficulties various and vast
 That baffled ev'ry movement we would make.

Might not some learned phrenologist explain
 Or show us in a photographic shape
 The cause of all these aberations in
 Those wild excursions fancy undertakes,
 When slumber seizes on the human frame,
 And leaves the mind to ruminate at large
 In the conglomerate of things absurd,

Leaving, at least it often has left ours,
 Bewilder'd in extravagance extreme,
 Perhaps things might appear inviting then,
 And perseveringly pursued, but still
 Impossibilities that have no name.

So too, imagination, far and wide,
 Outstretching to infinitude appears
 As only in its infancy as yet,
 Including all that glorious "Milton" sung,
 And all the living portraits "Shakespeare" drew,
 The rich magnificence of "Spencer's" verse,
 And constellations "Scott" has made to glow.
 We look not now at the celestial heights,
 Where "Newton" soar'd, nor to the countless suns
 By "Herschel" in the empyrean placed
 Almost beyond what mortals comprehend,
 Tho' in eternity they may be known
 Among the commonest of common things.
 But aspirations exercising now,
 Half paralysed from the restrictions made
 At evening hours by the unletter'd muse.

Need we repeat such faculties as ours
 Are immature, tho' fitting for our State,
 And prominent, imagination looms
 Gigantic o'er some others we possess,
 With features of a fascinating kind
 Placed high in rank, but is a stripling still,
 And in another sphere it may assert
 The dignity to birthright that pertains
 Atoning then for errors now it aids,
 In modern days degraded to the task
 Of propping up pretensions unto fame.

That attribute which only God can give,
 And in all ages, either more or less
 By special favour to the sons of song,
 Has made it theirs, hereditary once,
 But often pilfer'd in the present day
 By Amateurs that take the rhyming itch,
 To lend a relish to their filth or froth,
 Or, it may be to gild the noxious pills
 Prepared by them to poison youthful minds.

More openly these brazen butterflies
 The Novelists with daring hands profane,
 Forbidding tho' the operation seem,
 Dissect the poet's pencillings to find
 In vulgar parlance, (more euphonious too)
 To *plunder* all the choicest, sweetest flowers,
 Or suck the nectar woven in his wreath.
 Distilling, and distilling it again,
 And fashioning it in another shape,
 In combs perhaps, such as the hornets make,
 Nor less destructive when with morals mix'd,
 As half the world will gape to gaze upon
 The verbiage in a flashy volume set
 Vilest of all the pestilences theirs,
 And impudently prefaces the theft
 With a pretence that it is something new,
 Albeit disgusting to the man of taste
 As the effusions of a prurient pen.

Take up the readiest Novel comes to hand,
 Beginning at the title page : read on,
 And if examined with a critic's eye,
 Before the second paragraph is closed,
 Imagination in a tawdry dress
 Disfigured for a purpose will be found,
 But found perverted from what Heaven design'd,
 The Author, pleased if for a single week,
 Or reading season the *brochure* should live,
 The figments are allow'd to give a zest,
 Or fev'rish pathos to a love-sick tale,
 Then be forgotten in the rubbish pile
 Of fictions : lost among ten thousand more
 Still-born, or strangled, or put out of sight,
 To make another generation room
 Inanimate but for the livingness
 Of poetry transmuted into prose.

The Patriarch Jacob saw in olden days
 (Tho' rather young to be a Patriarch then)
 But in a dream he saw a ladder set
 Upon the earth and reaching unto Heaven,
 On it the Angels travell'd up and down,
 But how employed, or, on what errands sent

Is unreveal'd, and useless to enquire,
 Tho' such conveniences are out of date.
 Imagination now supplies their place,
 On it the Poet soars from globe to globe,
 And in immensity's unbounded space
 Enjoys excursions measureless and vast.
 Where in a thousand years suns rise but once,
 And in another thousand set again,
 Whilst on a scale proportionate the stars
 And all the planets walk their ærial course
 To music of an origin unknown.
 And with a fascination far beyond
 The richest notes that organ ever gave,
 Tho' "Hagarty's" should be the master hand
 To rapture wakes the captivating tones
 When a *te deum* in his happiest vein
 Peals thro' the aisles magnificently grand,
 And makes the audience quiver with delight.

Imagination should be perfect here,
 It is for earthly purposes, and must
 Become annihilate, or thrust aside
 When Time itself expires, there is no use
 For it among the mansions of the blest,
 When all our fondest longings and desires
 Shall be far more than fully realized,
 Not even one aspiration unfulfill'd.
 Nothing to ask for or imagine then
 Its ministry for mankind at an end.

Oh! had the element of education been
 My heritage, how much at evening hours
 I could the pleasing privilege enjoy
 To sit beneath the spreading chestnut's shade,
 (All else that bears the epithet of mine,
 The ruthless insects labour to destroy
 Especially where promises are made
 Early of foliage and of fruitfulness)
 Beyond the reach of over-anxious thought,
 And for amusement mingle with my verse
 Emotions that spontaneously arise,
 And the mind's eye bewilder or delight,
 Or the illusion vanish from the view

To be succeeded by another flash.
 A flash, perhaps remembrance sweeps aside
 Or overwhelms beneath a sombre shade,
 Or haply hides behind a humid eye,
 And like to some Eolian harp ill-tuned,
 May feel the pathos, but the discord own
 Of joy and grief preferring equal claims,
 Tho' uninviting, welcome when they come,
 Nor sent away without a heavy sigh.

Not unlike one who has not learn'd to swim,
 And into ocean leaping at a bound,
 With no provision for a safe return
 May, when he rises to the surface find
 The perilous position he is in.
 Imposing most the overwhelming waves
 At once acquaintanceship takes place between
 His folly and himself perchance ere then
 The veriest strangers, but familiar now.
 Familiar now, but now it is too late,
 The fatal plunge has been already made,
 And human aid may not avert his doom.

Not quite as dangerous, but as rashly done,
 The bold attempt that Albyn has assay'd,
 As mounted on Imagination's wing
 Axious to carry with him to the skies,
 If not the earth, at least the atmosphere.
 Forgetful of the office it performs,
 And fretting that no resting place is found
 For vain enthusiasts that may wander where
 Meteors, and comets are in Chaos kept,
 For systems having no beginning yet.
 Nor paths appointed for their special use
 And knows no syllables his pen can frame,
 Fit to describe the dazzling splendour seen,
 Or awe intolerable to be borne.

Reclined beneath the shadow of a tree,
 That thrice alas, year after year has been,
 Delapidated in the Autumn gales
 Of branches, and of beauty rudely shorn,
 Put canopies us with the limbs that's left,
 Than its, no other sympathies are ours

Companionable to a thing like me
 That has been wantonly tossed to and fro.
 No stranger to vicissitudes in life,
 Or the bereav'ments Death remorseless makes,
 Calamities that more than once have drawn
 The Poet's sighing, and the chestnuts' sough
 Into condolence of a mournful kind.

Amidst the silence of a pause in thought
 As if the very quiver of the leaves
 Shook too much feeling into fancy then.
 A breathing almost audible we heard
 Or seemed to hear, in accents soft and sweet,
 Like the fond music of a lover's song,
 At gleaming warbled in a distant grove,
 Acknowledging the joy some rural swain
 Is nursing from the smile of one he loves,
 Unconscious of the pleasure it awakes—
 Not less delightful to the child of song
 The revelation then to him convey'd,
 Albeit till now from over-curious ears
 It has been kept in memory embalm'd.

“ More happy far O Albyn is thy meed,
 What Agur prayed for is already thine,
 The golden mean, without the golden age
 May be as much as mortals can endure ;
 Here in this quiet hermitage how sweet
 To own the pleasures of domestic bliss.
 The sanctities of love and friendship too,
 And sympathies like sunlight to the soul
 That make impressions never to be void.
 An enviable lot on earth is yours
 By thee there is so little to desire
 And better still, so little to deplore
 The chestnut tree ; a paradise at eve,
 Where contemplation can be entertain'd,
 And where content a fav'rite is become
 Nor hope is held a stranger when among
 The guests familiar with the Muses' haunt.

Untroubled with an over curiousness
 In miniature to copy the sublime,
 Or in poetic numbers pencil down

The mysteries of illimitable space
 In regions where imagination roams,
 Selecting barb'rous substantives required.
 (Not always found pronounceable at best
 Accent and emphasis alike unknown
 And polish'd only by repeating o'er)
 For telling motion, magnitude or speed,
 Of continents that float beyond your reach,
 Or calculate impossible details
 Of density or distance from this globe,
 With no results to justify the toil."

Far other task, apparently has been
 By circumstances to our pen assign'd,
 For shadowing the leanings of our love
 We gather up what gifted ones have miss'd
 In living landscapes, and sequester'd scenes,
 Where nature claims to rusticate at will,
 Or in the noonday comes for calm repose.
 What time the songbirds fold their wings awhile
 Nor audible the music that is made,
 As lazy brooks move noisily along,
 Tho' often proud to play the Minstrel's part
 And babble out a ballad of their own
 Even "Pero" though for playfulness inclined
 Seems reconciled to stretch himself at length
 Among the grass, or sit with drooping ears,
 And of such silence question with his eye—
 Not even a whisper in the lapse is breathed,
 But ev'ry leaf is speechless with delight,
 Or if enjoyment burdensome be found
 How glad to have some plausible excuse
 To cultivate acquaintanceship with toil,
 Or greet the wretched with a gracious smile.

Deem not the Poet's pilgrimage has been
 All of it sunshine or all summer days,
 Or pass'd unmingled with corroding care,
 With anguish and excruciating pain,
 And such vicissitudes as come uncall'd,
 Not more expected, than unwelcome made,
 Nor felt their riddance to be any loss,
 Whether intruders with a hostile frown
 Or visitations Providence allow'd,

Or dignify'd with appellations meet,
 To neutralize those of a milder caste,
 As accident, misfortune, or mistake
 That stir the temper, or distract the mind,
 And oft auxiliar circumstances gave
 Significance more savage to the shaft,
 That found a passage to the Poet's heart.

O do not deem his lengthen'd lease of life,
 Tho' far extended and extending still,
 Has been undisciplined in sorrow's school,
 Nor grudge exemption now from want and woe,
 That Heaven by special favour has bestow'd
 On nature's nurseling in declining years,
 But rev'rently and with profound respect
 Acknowledging the giver and the gift,
 Yet would this world and all that it contains
 Be utterly found wanting as a bribe,
 To have life's drama acted o'er again.

Start'ling this clause adopted in our Creed,
 To worldlings and the men of wealth may seem,
 Anxious to live at least a thousand years,
 No matter what affliction they endure
 In all the term embittering their choice,
 Even if their souls should be the premium paid,
 And scarcely less surprizing it will sound
 Unto the righteous over-much and those
 Who only use religion as a mask,
 And when convenient put it off and on,
 Subservient to accomplishing their ends,
 Consisting less of a profession made
 Than what to them costs nothing—sighs and groans
 Adding, perhaps, upon the Sabbath days
 Observances to catch some careless eye
 Or to be more effective; length of face,
 A thin device but for distinction kept
 Between them and the openly profane.

The purse has been the best criterion found
 In measuring the souls of saints like these,
 Unerring, that thermometer can tell
 The tone and temper of the human heart,
 With all the variations high and low,

Even to the longings that it entertains,
 However carefully kept out of sight
 Or represented by a sickly smile,
 A coin still current in the Courts of Law,
 But among Christians questionable now.

Christians of modern date to eyes like ours,
 Are things of rather complicated kind.
 We know of one, a specimen unique
 From Halifax, not quite an hundred miles
 Or half the distance would be more correct,
 (But let the readers as they may incline
 Narrow the distance to a smaller space,
 And fancy the location where they will)
 In all that constitutes the very type
 Of Pharisee;—a countenance demure,
 Some character of piety his pride,
 But frequently discounted at a loss
 And when begun, which was not very oft
 Could make a prayer of prodigious length,
 Not always unexceptionable felt,
 Phrases, and paraphrases intermix'd,
 Parentheses most awkwardly stuck in
 To paragraphs repeated o'er and o'er,
 Words sometimes meaningless, and sometimes vain,
 Taken at random, not as fitting best,
 And flung together in a shapeless mass
 Whilst his petitions tho' in stereotype,
 If known at all were by conjecture known
 Only, prosperity and length of days
 In the confusion loom'd up large enough,
 And never in the peroration miss'd
 "With any other blessing *could be spared*"
 As he considers greed, if not a vice
 At least a very scandalous affair,
 And in society almost a crime,
 Altho' his censure would be lost on those
 Who keep their own, and get what else they can.
 Such his performance, part in whispers said,
 And part in tones terrifically loud,
 No key or cadence in the human voice
 From highest treble, to the lowest base,

The scale inverted, ill-vested too
 But never willingly merciful made
 To aid his utterance and tho' very odd,
 It pleased the audience where it was rehearsed.
 None quarrell'd with his manner or his mode,
 And criticism would be cast away
 Upon the half a talent he possessed,
 But with more wealth than competence requires
 Tho' never lavish'd upon him had been
 That sumptuous fare the Scripture has condemned.
 (At least in it no commendation finds)
 Associate with extravagance in dress,
 That stifle aspirations after Heaven—
 Courteous in manner, prosp'rous in his trade,
 And if not happiness, its twin, content
 In his domestic circle could be seen,
 Nor less convincing evidences show'd
 His neighbours and acquaintances, how fair
 The standing in society he holds.
 One Sabbath Day (Oh! will it be believed)
 That Sabbath was communion Sabbath then,
 Among the flock when as to them seem'd meet,
 Were celebrating their Redeemer's love
 And erst the subject of our verse had been
 A worshipper among the Brethren there,
 But now abandoning that hallow'd place,
 A span of horses, and a splendid Sleigh
 Had more attraction for the simple fool,
 And for a drive along the Truro Road
 The man's Religion if not cast aside
 On this occasion has been left behind.
 But looking past the peril of his soul
 We start to know how pleasantly he paid
 Six Dollars for his two or three hours sin—
 Another phase of character was shown
 The Sabbath next, that day was set apart
 To advocate the "Missionary" cause,
 And gather in pecuniary aid
 To send the gospel into heathen lauds,
 And if we must the naked truth relate,
 This piece of piety could only spare

A Single Cent ! ! Yet who in Dartmouth doubts
 That such a man is not a christian now.
 If measured by the royal standard "fruit"
 Would "*Mene Leckei*" not be written here ?

The stream of Life glides smoother, sweeter on
 Amidst vicissitudes that gather round
 Occasionally, to retire and dwell
 Within a world our own, a world of thought,
 A world wherein tranquillity is found
 And passions that offend are left outside,
 Where fragrance more than earth can give is ours
 But present only when the Poet's there,
 Just as a maiden blushes overwhelm'd
 With joy to meet her lover unawares,
 And then embarrass'd with too much delight
 Acknowledgment unbidden blunders out,
 Forgetful of what etiquette requires,
 Whilst deeper colour in her countenance
 The palpitatings in her mind confess.

The rapture such, and the deliciousness
 That Albyn frequently luxuriates in
 Whilst rustivating in some rural scene
 Where songbirds pour their symphonies divine.
 Nor less in silence that assembles there
 What time the concert in the distance dies,
 And wearied leaves in listening attitude
 Upon the maples motionless become
 Then is there something words can ill express,
 Felt—exquisitely felt by him alone,
 'Though ever irksome unto vulgar souls,
 Nor seldom is the vestibule recross'd
 Void of reluctance what time duty calls
 To mingle with the multitudes again
 Whose sympathies—if such to them belong,
 Do bear the character Policemen bear,
 Invisible when they are wanted most.
 Mere sensual indulgence their delight,
 Nor higher aspirations they enjoy—
 Fresh from a purer latitude, we look
 With sad astonishment upon their choice
 Ah ! if they knew the standard that is ours,

Some exhibitions would be diff'rent made,
 Or, in another aspect advertized
 Nor to the sensitive day after day,
 Persistingly their appetites expose.

For half a century our Location's been
 Within the City, or a suburb nigh,
 And in that cycle, brief when it is past,
 Three generations vanish'd out of sight,
 Three generations of men in their prime,
 The willing victims of licentious lives
 Remember'd only, if remember'd now
 For some extravagancies they could boast
 Above the boon companions of their time
 Of such, one city of the Dead is full,
 Another more capacious filling fast
 Of the disciples that they left behind.
 Dead to persuasion, to remonstrance deaf,
 Deaf to the anguish in a father's heart,
 Deaf to the meltings of a mother's love,
 Blind to the blush that burns upon the face
 Of a fond sister, where a smile should be,
 And blind to blanks in their associates made,
 That like themselves did hasten to fill up
 Void spaces in the cemetery seen.
 They grudged to see unoccupied, aware
 Debauch already has made sure to them,
 Nor stipulates to make a long delay.
 Foreclose the mortgage and a transfer make
 So marble tablets may hereafter show
 Where fast young men are hidden out of sight.

Alas! for them; no contemplation theirs,
 No joyous moments in sequester'd haunts,
 Where Nature in her loveliness is seen
 Array'd in beauty, that the summer gives,
 Where revelling and riot is unknown.
 Nor do the vicious, or the vain intrude
 To bring pollution with their presence there,
 But the Pierian nymphs with bland address
 Welcome the innocent to their abodes,
 And unsolicited their steps attend
 Or bid them banquet in their leafy bowers,

Balmy and blissful more than language tells.
 Upon the Dartmouth steamboats, crowds that cross
 The harbour to and fro hear ev'ry day
 Or, almost ev'ry day a long harangue
 Or disquisition on that tortured text
 "Man is a selfish animal," if true
 (The adage always has been doubtful held)
 Tho' not our Creed, we candidly admit
 An implication, when it comes our way,
 Of being rather partial to the phrase
 But own it only applicable when
 In leisure hours we write to please ourselves,
 Hence if our paraphrase be wanting found
 In modulated, or in picture lines
 In similies, or syllables sublime
 And scholarly equipments of the age,
 That do the Epics and the Odes adorn
 Of Thomson's, Cowper's, Milton's matchless verse,
 And in a Magazine, or a Review,
 Subjected to some captious Critic's sneer,
 Who measures by an arbitrary rule
 We claim exemptions on that patent plea.
 Gifts never should be valued overnice,
 But venture not with a presumptuous hand
 To stretch a line and set our signet on,
 The heights and distances that are between
 A classic Author, and an Amateur
 Distinguish'd less by fortune than by fame,
 Some faults inherited in both are seen,
 Besides peculiar failings of their own,
 And startled by the legacies they left
 What paths they trode would carefully evade,
 Quite satisfied through literary wilds
 Where ferns and flora courteously combine,
 And shady lanes to wander all alone.
There we among the rocks and streams, and flowers
 Content, and happiness once counted myths
 Realities in Rusticating find.
 Ours is no dream of wild imaginings
 Without location, and without a bound,
 For Kings to quote or Courtiers to rehearse—

Nor picture of the pleasures Hope invests,
 Nor mistiness o'er memory that presides
 Or fev'rishness such as afflicts the minds
 Of vain enthusiasts in poetic throes,
 Where stolid trifles are the premium paid
 To see their shadows photograph'd in fame.

We only pencil memorandum notes
 On tablets such as accident supplies,
 Perchance the margin of a caucell'd writ,
 Or a subpœna that is out of date,
 Or envelope, if one should come to hand,
 Or even a sliver from a slatèy rock
 If on it dots be visible when made.
 Whatever may a reference retain
 Of things imposing as we pass along,
 And in accordance with a dim idea
 Once fondly cherish'd but discarded now,
 To give them shape and fashion by and bye,
That by and bye must be already past
 As symbols neither faint nor few advise,
 And here they are in native nakedness
 The quaint and curious in our Cabinet,
 Just flung together, in confusion flung.
 Some disarranged, and dislocated some,
 But not the less original and lend
 To us the pleasures in the present found.

Could poetry like wine improve by age,
 A copy of this paraphrase engross'd,
 If kept in manuscript for ten decades
 At public auction might a premium bring
 More priceless in an Antiquary's eyes
 Than the inscription on an useless coin
 (A beggar scarcely would stoop down to lift)
 Time has been long employ'd in blotting out
 Or, any crude memorial of the past,
 No matter what; provided it be old.

The vitriol drops distilling from steel pens
 And spued, or spouted out by parrot tongues
 In youthful days however acrid felt
 Make faint impressions on a head bleach'd white
 Beneath the discipline of fourscore years,

A veteran of no mercenary caste
 Alike prepared in passages of arms
 To take a tilt, with visor up or down,
 With treach'rous Ally, or a hostile lance
 As hypocrits and helots can attest,
 Or dash aside the dagger of a knave,
 And let the sunlight thro' his carcass shine,
 Or leave him labell'd like a bale of goods
 And pillory his profile to make sport.

Should honour claim a compliment unkind,
 We pitch a pebble playfully within,
 The bold aggressor's crystalline abode
 Nor fuil of touching on a tender spot
 Tho' hid below where sevenfold darkness lies,
 And seven years silence secrecy secures
 Even certain gentlemen famed for long robes,
 That with our fancies are familiar grown,
 Such allegations care not to dispute
 Since some of them we ~~sacrificed~~ and skinn'd *Sacrificed*
 For having rashly our acquaintance made,
 Deem it convenient not to cross our path
 Lest on their lips a blister might find room.

In case some technical objection rise
 To our adoption of a legal phrase,
 We would evade the consequence and write
 We finish here; instead of "*we rest here,*"
 Considering the company we keep,
 Considering the *pros* and *cons* we hear,
 Considering the vapouring we see,
 Considering the rhetoric display'd,
 Considering the censure we digest,
 Considering our aptitude to learn,
 Considering the allegations made
 And the rejoinders; casuists alike
 With disquisitions in which we engage,
 Who could suppose the quantity so small
 Of legal verbiage mingled with our verse.

We finish, coming from a restless pen
 Does something like a paradox appear,
 But only is a formula or myth
 A challenge, if not spoken yet implied

And much in vogue when a harangue is made
By gentlemen who flaunt a flowing robe
More vulgarly denominated "gown,"
A petticoat would not be out of place
On some of them to say the very least.
Spindles and distaffs too instead of "briefs"
Might be becoming in their equipage,
Adepts already in the spinning trade
Altho' their yarns wove into common sense
Might be a fabric of a flimsy kind—
Sufficient for our purpose now to read
In a parenthesis, we finish here
Until it be distinctly understood
Which of the poem pages we have wrote,
May be by Madam most appropriate deem'd,
More logically which of them we'll give,
And as the Grecian kalands may arrive
Before her fancy, or our own be fixed,
Nor is there any stipulated time
Set, when the presentation shall be made
On due consideration it is meet
That our poetic labours finish here.

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