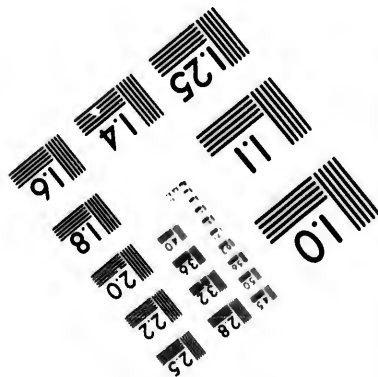
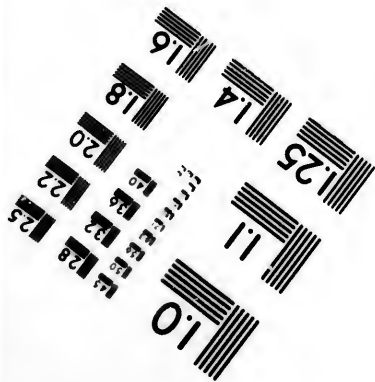
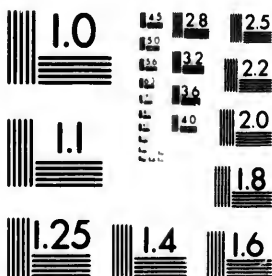


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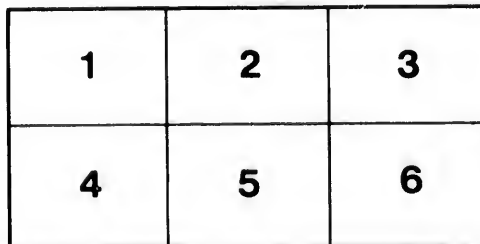
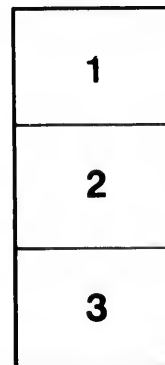
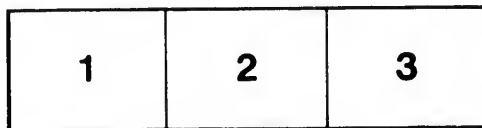
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# RUSTICATING IN REALITY.

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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.

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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.

1873.



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4610 June 27 '19

TO  
JOHN TEMPEST, Esq.

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*Don-*  
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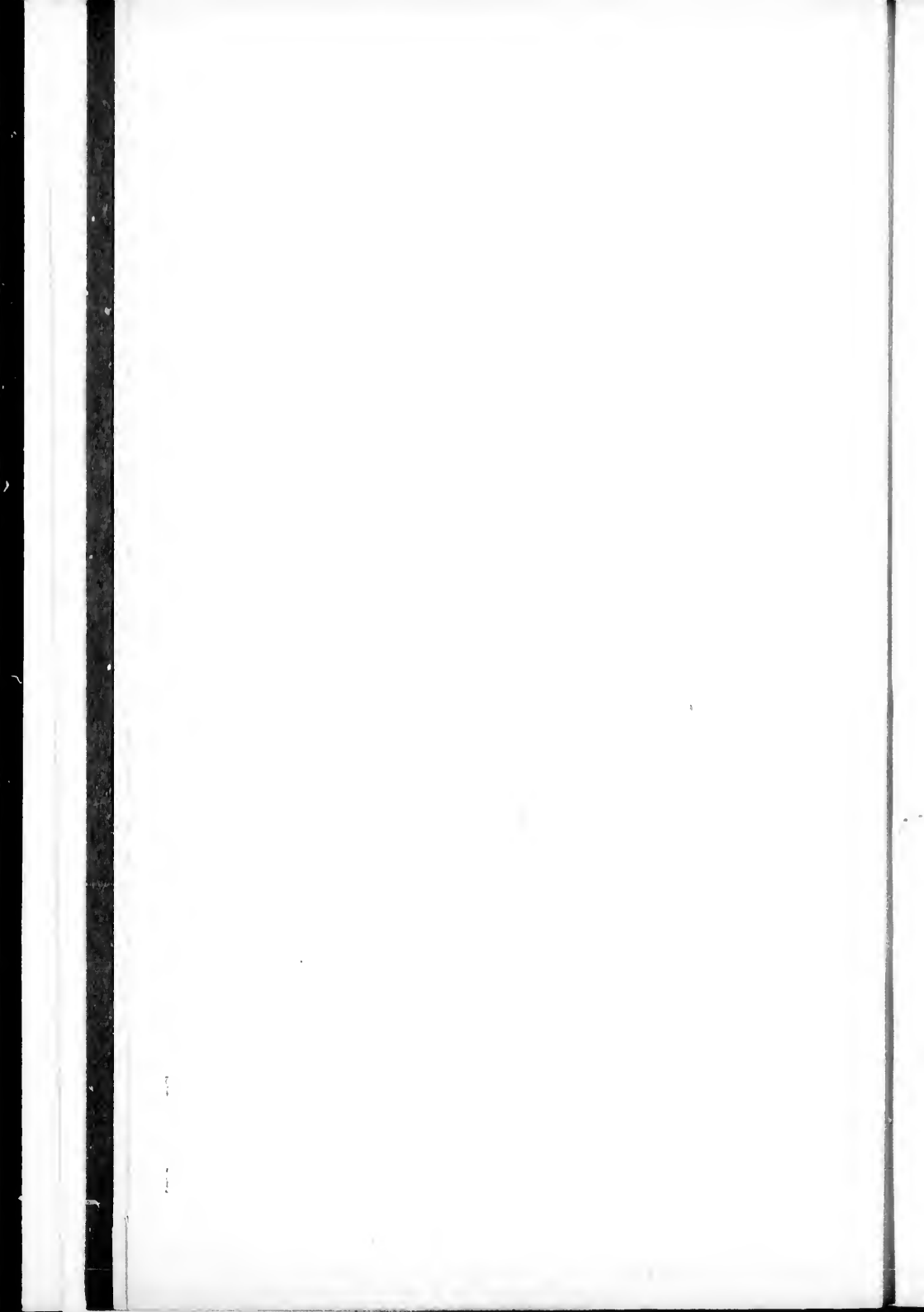
BY

HIS FAMILIAR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

DARTMOUTH, JULY 1873.

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# RUSTICATING IN REALITY.

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## 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 extasy 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 derision, 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  
 Description 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 glit'ring 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 successful 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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