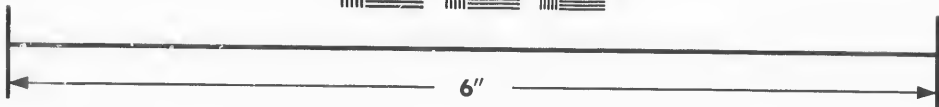
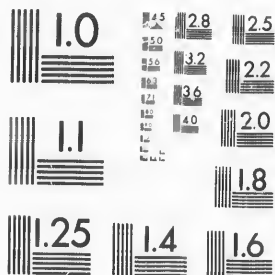
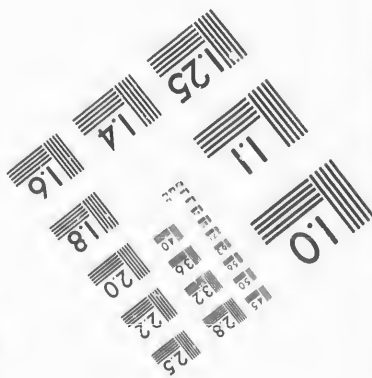
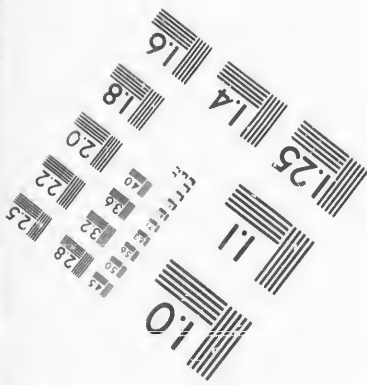


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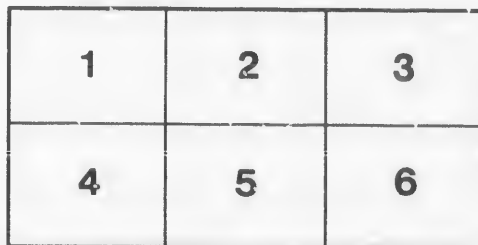
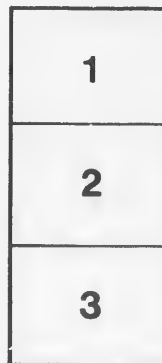
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THE
WOODLAND WARBLER ;
A VOLUME OF
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
POEMS AND SONGS,

By ANDREW LEARMONT SPEDON.

I am nae poet in a sense,
But just a rhymer like by chance,
An hae to learning nae pretence,—
Yet what the matter ;
When e'er the muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

BURNS.

Montreal :

PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, 38 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

1857.

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PREFACE.

IN submitting this little volume to the perusal of an enlightened public, the Author feels a diffidence in hazarding the attempt, arising from a consciousness of its meagre fancies, and defects in uniformity of sentiment and expression, and thus incur upon himself the charge of presumption for intruding upon the world; but I do not publish it with the hope of fame,—such a hope would be presumption; nor is my mind flattered by any sanguine expectation of its favorable reception. I confess that it is more in compliance with the solicitations of a few favored friends, than from any display of genius or high opinion of its merits, that I now for the first time venture before the public under the title of an Author.

I do not presume to assert that I have wandered from the common path of genius to the more exalted regions of Parnassus, or gathered undiscovered laurels from the fields of nature; yet, if in them a similarity of sentiment or expression with other writers exist, it must have arisen from a similarity of feeling rather than from any attempts of plagiarism, or the labors of a servile imitation.

In compliance with the wishes of a few friends, several of the minor pieces have been inserted in the "Montreal Transcript" during the past year. It is since then that I

have entertained the idea of publishing this collection of my "Forest Rhymes," and mustered up sufficient fortitude to meet the public, and await the consequence.

Many of the minor pieces were written several years ago, and at different periods, and appear in their original garbs, with the exception of a few amendments, while copying them for the press.

They, and many others now lost through negligence, or committed to the flames, were written merely to give expression to a restless fancy, or divert the mind in the sober moments of youth amid the toils and sorrows of a Forest Life.

The loss of an earthly parent in my younger years blighted all my anticipated prospects of receiving a liberal education and advancement in society, and left me to struggle against the hapless vicissitudes of fortune, and debarred me from mingling with the noisy world, or wandering beyond the leafy limits of the horizon that bounded the Forest Landscape.

In the winter of 1852, that sad calamity befel me, (described in the Poem, entitled *The Author's Misfortune*), and disabled me from following my former occupation, and so enfeebled my constitution, that health and hilarity have never been restored.

Thus have I lived and sung in the dreamy silence of solitude for years, and whispered to the listless winds the feel-

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ings of a melancholy spirit, that has held sweet fellowship with the Muse,—Gentle Goddess of Nature!—Bright Angel of my Soul and cherisher of my Hopes! She it was who first touched the silent chords of congenial sympathy, and inspired them to breathe the feelings of my heart. She it was who enlightened the hovering shadows of my soul, and raised it from the depths of despondency, when the cold, unfeeling heart of the world breathed sullenly upon me, and wasted me at intervals through the flowery regions of an earthly Elysium, and taught me to sing of Nature's beauties and of Nature's God.

Should this, the elder offspring of my rural genius, meet with the approbation of its readers, I may at some future period present them with something of a more novel and interesting nature ;—

When study, like a miner's implement,
Has dug down deeper for the richer ore.

To my Patrons, and the Public in general who have subscribed, I return my most heart-felt acknowledgments with a heart fondly beating to please, and which shall ever beat in remembrance of the kindness they have at this time conferred upon

THE AUTHOR.

St. Jean Chrysostome, English River, C. E.,
July 22nd, 1857.

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THE WOODLAND WARBLER.

POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

Not titles, treasures, nor distinguish'd birth,
The marble statue, nor the letter'd stone,
Make men illustrious when they leave the earth;—
'Tis virtue, truth, and gen'rous deeds alone,
For which heaven rears her monuments of worth.

Alas! and is my parent friend no more?
And has his spirit left its mortal clay?
Or is it but a dream that's hov'ring o'er
This lonely hour of dim, departing day?

When all seem hush'd in nature's soft repose,
And calmly sleeps the fragrant breath of heaven,
As if the earth had ceased to feel its woes,
And all the sweets of peaceful bliss were given.

Alas! he's gone,—a sudden change indeed,
And these sweet scenes can lend me no relief;
Have I no friends to sympathize in need,
Or breathe to them my unexpected grief?

A mother's trembling voice implores me now
To be her earthly hope and future stay,
To soothe her woes and cool her fever'd brow,
And gently wipe the falling tears away.

All, all within these dim and dreary walls,
 Seem wrapt in gloom as if my loss they felt,
 The old floor murmurs as my foot-step falls,
 Like muffled sounds from some sepulchral vault.

Here stands his vacant seat,—a dismal void,
 And here's the "big ha' bible," dim with age,
 His fav'rite book, with which he oft employ'd
 His mind, to muse upon its sacred page.

No more shall he reprove my sinful heart,
 Nor nurture it with tender care and love,
 Nor warn me of the world's deluding art,
 And prompt my soul to brighter worlds above.

No more I'll feel when sickness dims mine eye
 His gently pressing hand upon my brow,
 Nor greet his soothing tones of sympathy
 Which seem to breathe in silent whispers now.

I fancy still I hear his lips in prayer
 Breathing the accents of his fervent heart,
 Imploing God for his protective care,
 And every needful blessing to impart.

Methinks I see in yonder starry dome
 His spirit hov'ring on the wings of light,
 As if he gazed upon my joyless home,
 And watch'd my steps along this "vale of night."

If 'tis religion that secures the spirit
 Immortal life in bliss beyond the tomb,
 That high and hojy sphere he doth inherit,
 Where death and sorrow never shed their gloom ;

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Nor can the cold, green turf forever hide
 His virtues,—heaven has register'd each one ;
 His deeds were noble ;—thus he lived and died,
A man of virtue, and a friend of man.

REFLECTIONS ON MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

Ye dreams of my boyhood how much I regret you,
 Unload your memory dwells in my breast,
 Tho' sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you,
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess.

BYRON.

The scenes of my school-days appear
 The brightest that mem'ry can give ;
 Tho' chang'd in my nature by years,
 Unchang'd in remembrance they live ;
 Tho' fancy may visit those scènes,
 I know that my wishes are vain
 To feel what my bosom has felt,
 And be but a school-boy again ;

Yet, still will I cherish in thought,
 Those visions my fancies reveal,
 As I by their precepts was taught
 To know that the bosom can feel ;
 I loved,—but I loved not in vain,
 My Mary was faultless and fair,
 Our joys, and our sorrows, and pain,
 We felt as if each had a share.

How irksome was time and my task,
 When Mary was absent a day,
 But sweetly the moments flew past,
 When she was in school or at play ;
 When her delicate hand was in mine,
 How gently her fingers I prest,
 I felt the blood warming my veins,
 And something astir in my breast.

For her I have gather'd the flowers,
 The best that the forest supplied,
 And cherish'd our hope-promis'd hours
 With that which the present denied ;
 When homeward retraining from school,
 While others diverted with play,
 We've rambled unheeded before,
 Or loiter'd behind on the way.

No longer I join in the throng,
 Nor mingle my voice in the fray,
 Nor aid in the chorus of song
 That echoed around in the play ;
 E'en should I return to such scenes,
 My bliss would be wholly denied,
 For all my companions are gone,
 And changed are my feelings beside

 HYMN.

Oh ! Thou who rul'st with all control
 The boundless fields of space,
 To thee I humbly lift my soul,
 To seek redeeming grace.

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How oft have I transgress'd thy laws,
And nature's paths prefer'd,
Nor strove to check the sinful cause,
When conscience' voice was heard.

How fain to shun thy sacred truths
Upon thy hallow'd day,—
To meet with other foolish youths,
And seek delight in play.

Or, from the gospel-truths of hope,
Within thy temple dome,
To give my wand'ring feelings scope,
Or wish I'd been at home.

But do thou, Lord, my prayer hear,
My many sins forgive ;
Renew my heart, make me sincere,
And teach me how to live.

O come to me! the Saviour cries,
Thy sins shall be forgiven,
And thou shalt see with clearer eyes,
The glorious truths of heaven.

ON SEEING A SPARK FLY FROM THE FIRE.

Alas! thou little brilliant gem,
How beautiful wert thou ;
Soon hast thou span'd thy meteor-course,
And where's thy glory now.

Thou wert too bright to linger here,—
 Too free to be confined ;
 Thy vanish'd light has left a black
 And beamless speck behind.

Ah ! human life, thy end is dark,
 Tho' bright thou mayest appear
That vital spark, *this* lifeless speck,
 Are but thine emblems here.

ON SPRING.

I feel a soul-reviving power,
 A charm of love and mirth ;
 I see new beauties rising from
 The desert-fields of earth.

I see the trees with smiling buds,
 I hear the warblers sing ;
 I see the herbs, and infant flowers,
 From nature's bosom spring.

What can this be that cheers my soul,
 With charms so fair and sweet ?
 There seem a joy, a hope, a smile,
 In every face I meet.

Can it be earth's primeval form ?
 Or fancy's favor'd dream ?
 Hark !—nature speaks in mingled tones,—
It is the vernal scene.

Yes, spring has come, I hear the hum
 Of insects on the wing ;
 Rejoicing earth proclaims the birth
 Of this,—a new-born Spring.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF
HER BROTHER.

"In vain physicians strive to save
Themselves or patients from the grave ;
In vain we court the doctor's art,
To ward off death's unerring dart ;
For as death came by Adam's fall,
So death must be the lot of all."

Allow these simple strains of mine,
Which sympathize with grief,
To mingle with those tones of thine
That seek a heart's relief.

No more thou'lt see thy brother's form,
That cheer'd a sister's heart ;
No more thou'lt hear his genial tone,
Unfailing love impart.

His image oft will haunt thy mind,
Like some departed bliss,
For which in vain you seek to find
In such a world as this.

A parent's wish, a sister's love,
Combined with human skill,
Can not recall him from above,
His vacant place to fill.

But may the mem'ry of his love
Still soothe thy sobbing heart,
Until your souls unite aboye,
And never more to part.

Then weep no more, since all your hopes
 Assure his bliss above ;
 Thy tears are but the mortal drops
 Of thine immortal love.

Why should we grieve if death displays
 The love that God has given,
 To call the soul that's fit to praise
 His hallow'd name in heaven.

For God has nobler gifts above
 Than he bestows on earth,
 Where spirits bask in beams of love
 Of an eternal birth.

No mortal tongue can e'er express,
 Nor time can ne'er destroy,
 The glorious scenes of paradise,
 And soul-transporting joy.

Then wipe those tears which dim thine eyes,
 And cool thy fever'd brow ;
 Thy loss is his eternal prize—
 He dwells in glory now.

And if thy life like his be spent,
 Death shall thy sorrows end ;
 Thy spirit then shall mount on high
 To meet thine absent friend.

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ON THE SNOW-SHOWER.

How gently the snow-flakes descend to the ground,
Like a thousand white butterflies dancing around ;
Or, that angels were gathering the incense of flowers,
And seating their bloom on this world of ours.

They drop like the manna-shower falling from heaven,
And teach us the lesson all nature has given,—
That God rules creation with wisdom unknown,
And sends us those blessings we claim as our own.

As the year circles 'round on its axis of earth,
His wisdom, His glory and power issue forth ;
In the depths of the seen and the unseen He dwells,
Nor is he seen less in the snow-flake that falls.

From His all-seeing eye flash the lightnings of heaven,
And his voice thunders forth from the blast as 'tis driven ;
His smiles are the beams that transcendently shine,
Enlight'ning the halls of his wisdom divine.

Thus nature is proof of His infinite skill,
As the laws of His power coincide with His will ;
And the hand that made all made the undying soul,
And His breath is the life that exists in the whole.

How gently the snow-flowers are falling to earth,
As pure as the soul at its primeval birth ;
But purity dwells not on earth without stain,
And like man they dissolve to the dust soon again.

ON THE DAITH OF AN AULD TOPER

If death was nothing, and nought after death ;
 If when men died they ceased to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,—
 —————Then might the drunkard
 Reel over his full bowl; and when 'tis drained,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bug-bear, death.

BLAIR.

Ye Bacchus sons, whan ye forgather
 In drouthie ciubs, to drink thegither,
 Mourn for yer hapless friend an' brither,
 An' cantie cronie,
 Sin' daith has nick'd the life-spun tether,
 O' drunken Johnnie.

Some three-score nicks upo' his horn
 Could tell the year that he was born,
 His hatched phiz auld age had worn
 An' furrow'd brow,
 Time's harvest heuk had barely shorn
 His wither'd brow.

Faith man he'd monie a hearty yokin,
 Wi' ither cantie cronies smokin,
 Owre whisky stills and sto'vps, to sloken
 Thair drouthie stamachs,
 An' de'il-like rantin, singin, jokin,
 Owre cheese an' bannocks.

Weel crecsh'd wi' auld Scotch yill an' toddie,
 He'd strut like some wee doctor bodie,
 An' ser' as weel as onie howdie
 In countra places,

Syne doose them aff wi' swats an' crowdie,
To suit thair cases.

He'd screed you aff a thousand sketches
'Bout heather ghaists an' moorland bitches,
Black girnin hags, an' heighland witches,
Seen i' the gloamin,
On broom sticks riden, or in ditches
Cursin an' foamin.

His lengthen'd speeches oil'd wi' grammar
On ethics, politics an' glammor,
Wad gar a sainted preacher stammer,
In kirk or college,
An' quell a nation's noisy clamor,
Wi' reason'd knowledge.

His rantin, rhyming gab is closed ;
Nae mair his deeds will be exposed ;
His rotten lung were heart'ly dosed
Wi' daith's dumb jallop,
That sent him whaur he's now reposed,
In bickering gallop.

His brither worms will be mistaken,
That for a hogoo lang were craiken,
For faith thae'll fin' but little bacon
Upo' his carcass ;
A nobler feast thae wad been makin,
Were he a marquis.

Sae mourn in weeds yer mould'ring mammoc,
Each mason free, an' wood mechanic ;

He ne'er will chow anither bannock
 O' hame-spun breid,
 For now he roosts in daith's dark hammock,
 Amang the deid.

A fearfu' havoc daith has made
 'Mang Adam's sons o' ilka grade,
 Sin' first he lairnt the wylie trade
 To stap thair wizands,
 An' sen them thro' the dark arcade,
 By scores an' dizzens.

Tho' fowke be purg'd, an' pill'd, an' plaister'd,
 Till baek an wame be bloteh'd an' slaister'd,
 An' saul an' body pain'd an' pester'd
 Wi' drugs an' tisie,
 Baith quacks an doctors soon are maister'd
 Wi' daith's ain physie.

Whan daith draws out his murd'rin' cuttie,
 Then rins auld ginnin grim-faced clootie
 Wi' monie a diel an' prentice sootie,
 Like some auld proctor,
 To tak awa' his weel-earn'd bootie,
 Frae daith an' doctor.

But Bacchus, that auld farran porter
 That carries 'roun the bowl an' mortar,
 Maks monie a life some towmonds shorter
 Wi' alcoholic;
 Syne sens them to some ither quarter,
 To cure thair colic.

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THE TOPER'S ELEGY.

He lang made cases for the deid,
 But wanted ane himsel' at last,
 Whan daith had snapt the vite' threid
 That held his saul and bod, &c.

Enclosed in death's dark, dormitory room,
 Is he, whom time had ripen'd for the tomb ;—
 Who tried to shove along the PLAIN of life,
 And GROOV'D his season'd TIMBER to a wife ;
 He SQUAR'D his honesty with gen'rous heart,
 And MEASUR'D wealth, but ne'er SAW'D off a part ;
 He GAUG'D his friendship by the RULE of writ,
 And FRAM'D his falsehoods when no truth would fit ;
 He worship'd Bacchus as his God and Devil,
 And d—d the knaves, but never prov'd uncivil ;
 But death soon NAIL'D him tightly to his doom,
 And made his PLUMB a LEVEL in the tomb :
 Thus I have PAINTED him from foot to head,
 But time will VARNISH him among the dead.
 No sculptur'd stone points out his earth-bound cage,
 To swell his mem'ry to a future age ;
 He toil'd his lengthen'd years into a day,
 And earth at last received his well-worn clay.

TO THE AUTHOR'S FAVORITE.

My fancy was like Noah's dove,
 Forth from its native ark it flew,
 But found no place to rest its love,
 Until it found a place in you ;

Whose soul imparts a balm for woe,
 And dries the damp of sorrow's tears,
 And makes the inward feelings glow,
 When sick'ning, sad despair appears.

Love is an angel of the skies,
 Why not an angel here below ?
 In friendship's form too oft it flies,
 And keeps the balm it should bestow ;
 But mine was like the vernal rose,
 It early bloom'd upon the tree.
 And as its balmy incense 'rose,
 'Twas freely all consign'd to thee.

No nightly fear e'er sway'd my mind ;
 No rugged paths my feet could stay ;
 But over hills and dreary wilds,
 To thee I ever found my way.
 Love braves the coward's greatest fear,
 Tho' howling ghosts around him play,
 And gilds the darkest shades with light,
 And gently smoothes the roughest way.

When virtuous hearts by love are join'd,
 The purest joys its feelings give ;
 A heaven is center'd in the mind,
 To teach its vot'ries how to live.
 If some true heart should yet enjoy
 Those charms I fondly would call mine ;
 May heaven entwine the sacred tie,
 And earth's best blessings e'er be thine.

Should heaven assign my future lot
 To fairer climes, and beauty's charms,

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Wilt thou my darling be forgot ?

No, never while my bosom warms ;
 But live thou shalt in mem'ry's home,
 With each love-scene that now appears ;—
 To whisper back with hallow'd tone,
 And smile amid the mist of years.

Then take this wreath of written love,

Which kindly now I offer thee,—
 That when in distant lands I rove,
 Thou fondly may'st remember me :
 These lines may yet in future years,
 Recall the smiling scenes of yore,
 And catch thy sorrow-falling tears,
 When my fond heart may beat no more.

ON WINTER.

Now Winter frowns, and blows his bitter storms,
 Where lately smiled the Summer's loveliest forms.

Oh ! where are those seasons of sunshine and shade,
 And all the gay beauties they lately display'd ?
 Alas ! they've expired with their gardens of bloom,
 And nought but their shadows are saved from the tomb.

The soft, soothing voice of sweet nature is dumb,
 And stern, seowling winter in triumph has come ;
 He raves in the tempest, and frowns from the clouds,
 And wraps up the earth in his sky-woven shrouds.

He binds up the rivers, the lakes, and the streams,
 And the sun stares aloof with its dim, struggling beams ;
 Short-lived is the day with its dark, mingl'd light,
 And engulf'd in the storm is the long howling night.

The forest unwillingly shrinks from the blast
 That leaves not a leaf to remind of the past ;
 The snow-beaten boughs are with icicles hung,
 And the winds whistle now where the choristers sung.

Earth's beauties lie dead 'neath the tyrant who reigns,
 And the landscape in bleak desolation remains ;
 The beasts of the forest have fled to their caves,
 And the snow-birds exult in the tempest that raves.

The woodman now toils 'mid the forest of snows,
 And the trees yield themselves to his steel-beaten blows ;
 The woods echo back to the teamster's rude sound,
 As he drives thro' the depths of the snow-cover'd ground ;

And hark to the bells as the sleigh-riders go
 In their skiffs o'er the white-billow'd ocean of snow ;
 Like sea-fowls they skim o'er the icy-girt waves,
 And dread not the path that the cold winter paves.

The rich may enjoy what their wealth can supply,
 And fear not the tempest that howls in the sky ;
 While poverty lies on a snow-cover'd floor,
 And mock'd by the winds as they enter its door.

Of the hardships of winter that feelings endure,
 The greatest are felt by the wretched and poor ;
 The smiles of sweet summer their mis'ry may cheer,
 But poverty shrinks in the age of the year ;—

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Then spurn not the poor and neglected who roam,
 The helpless, and friendless, without any home ;
 But speak to them kindly, assist them to live,
 And God will repay us the bounty we give.

 ON SNUFFING THE CANDLE OUT.

Life is like a burning taper,
 Wasting on towards its close ;
 Soon 'tis vanish'd in a vapor,
 None can tell where then it goes.

The night was dark,—my taper burn'd
 With melancholy light ;
 I gazed upon its wasting form,
 That lived to die at night.

Beneath no bushel was it placed,
 Nor set upon a hill ;
 And yet the **LONGER** that it lived,
 It grew the **SHORTER** still.

In trying to curtail the top
 That idly hung about,
 I did it so incautiously,
 I snuff'd my candle out.

I tried to blow it in again
 With animating breath,
 But found my blowing all in vain
 To bring it back from death.

'Twas chaos then,—and darkness reign'd
Beneath the cloud of night ;
I sat and mused with gloomy mind ;—
My subject being “light.”

Ah ! emblem of the human life
Deprived of moral wit ;
Man cannot lengthen out his light,
But he can shorten it.

The wretch who tires of living here,
Then blows his brains about,
In death's dark shade will see his light
Was snuff'd untimely out.

He who is flamed by passion's breath,
Whose deeds best shine at night,
Draws down the icy hand of death,
To quench his burning light.

The man who kneels at Bacchus' shrine,
Where demons reel and shout,
Increases but that waste of life,
That runs his candle out.

The fool who risks his precious life,
In danger's hour, for fame,
Alas ! may find his boasted skill
Put out his kindling flame.

Untimely death in every clime,
Thus grimly stalks about ;
Man lifts his rash incautious hand,
And snuffs his candle out.

Life, like the light, is varnish'd then,
We know not where it flies ;
Perhaps it lingers in the shades,
Or shines beyond the skies.

VERSES.

My life's as varied as its years,
As full of light and shade ;
Its verdant landscape that appears,
As liable to fade.

My love is like the blushing rose
That greets the dewy morn ;
Perchance its lovely leaves enclose
Some undiscover'd thorn.

My hopes are like the infant morn
That fills its void with light ;
And ere they fill, how oft, how soon,
They vanish from my sight.

My joys are like the meteor's form
That thwarts the ev'ning sky ;
I scarcely view their sparkling charm,
Ere they in darkness die.

My feelings, like the sensitive flower,
Shrink from the slightest touch ;
'The world's cold heart, with selfish power,
Has tantalized too much.

My youthful friends I truly loved,
 And found no friends like those ;
 But short experience since has proved,
 That friends can turn to foes.

Friendship is but a fickle plant,
 Tho' roots uphold its form ;
 Its stem may by the blast be bent,
 Or crush'd beneath the storm.

There is more friendship in the flowers
 Than 'n the human heart ;
 They breathe their incense in the bowers,
 And mutual smiles impart,

And there is friendship in the stars,
 And in the rolling spheres ;
 They shed on each their kindling beams,
 Thro' nature's endless years.

You moon that wings her mystic flight
 Beneath the starry isles,
 Lends to the earth her kindred light,
 And earth returns his smiles.

How blest would human nature rise,
 Triumphant o'er its woes,
 Could man to man in faithful trust,
 Their feeling hearts disclose.

Then like the sun's transcendent rays,
 That gild the darkest night,
 They'd shed th' glory o'er the earth
 With beams of heavenly light.

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CAMPSIE GLEN.

(Written by request of a young Lady, shortly after her arrival in America.)

Old Scotland's glens and heathy hills,—
Her shady walks and murm'ring rills,
My fancy loves to ponder o'er;—
They never seem'd so dear before.

All hail to thee, Scotland, thou isle of blue mountains,—
The land of my sires, and the home of my youth;
Where wisdom and valor arise from their fountains,
And mutu'lly blend with religion and truth:
Tho' sever'd from thee by the wide-rolling ocean,
My love to thy bosom I ever shall len';
But thy brightest of visions inspiring emotion
In hallow'd remembrance, is sweet "Campsie Glen."

Oh sweet lovely glen! so romantic in nature,
Thou beam'st with the lustre of life's golden years;
Tho' dim to expression is each beaming feature,
All bright in the picture of mem'ry appears:
I've barter'd thy beauties, unequal'd in grandeur,
For these rugged woodlands o'er mountain and fen;
But sleep-dreaming fancy in night's gloomy chamber
Recals forth in vision my sweet "Campsie Glen."

How oft have I roved o'er thy stern, rocky mountains,
To gaze on thy valley of wonders beneath;
And drank of thy streams and thy cool-water fountains,
And cull'd from thy roses a love-plaited wreath.

From the green-shaded boughs of thy coverts impending,
 The birds to thy beauty their music did len',
 While clear, pebbled streams o'er thy rocks were descending,
 And echoed the wonders of sweet "Campsie Glen."

The hawthorn adjoin'd to thy beauty its blossom,
 And lent its sweet balm to the breath of the vale ;
 While Spring in its grandeur sublimely dis-bosom'd
 The glories that Summer delights to inhale ;
 And when in thy clothing of Winter adorned,
 If nature is mighty and wondrous,—'twas then ;
 Thy falls to a thousand of figures wert formed ;
 Tho' chang'd in thy garbs thou wert still "Campsie Glen."

Shall I ever forget thee, thou palace of pleasure ?
 Whose grandeur outvies the fair beauties of art ;
 Thou, emblem of Eden, I'll hoard as a treasure ;—
 Thy beams of enchantment encircle my heart.
 How oft o'er thy carpet in Summer's sweet gloaming,
 I've rambled with pleasure, thy beauties to ken ;
 And now thro' the wild, western woodlands I'm roaming,
 But find *nae* a spot like my sweet "Campsie Glen."

TO LOVEENIA.

The business of my life is love,
 Its pleasures are its poetry.

Can I, a rude and simple swain,
 Enchant you with my rural strain,
 Self-taught by nature's power ?

Whose life is doom'd to rugged toil,
In nature's wild, ungenial soil,
And thou its only flower.

Dost thou believe my feelings true ?
Which breath'd in faithful love to you,
Who gave these feelings birth ;
When met beneath the "trysted tree,"
Whose very name is dear to me ;—
The sweetest spot on earth.

Thy presence is my vernal rose,
Whose charming smiles my bliss compose,
And all around have charms ;
Thine absence is its cruel thorn,
That pains my soul from night to morn
With dreams of love's alarms.

No earthly thing could satisfy
My mind, or love-lit rolling eye,
If banished from thy charms,
And life would seem a wither'd leaf,
Hung to the tree of love-born grief,—
A vietim to the storms.

Should fortune ever rule some hour,
To give to Hymen Cupid's power,
To join our mutual Love ;
May sweet contentment's bliss be found,
And our united souls be crown'd
With blessings from above.

THE WOODLAND WARBLER.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I love thee still, sweet lovely isle,—
 Thy very name inspires my heart ;
 Tho' other lands as lovely smile,
 None seems so beautiful as thou art.

O ! this is not my native home,
 It has no flowery charms for me ;
 My Scottish isle, and dear loved soil,
 In beauty smile beyond the sea ;

Yet, cherish'd mem'ry here inspires
 My heart to love its native earth,
 Where still my fancy-spirit lives,
 To bless the land that gave it birth.

'Twas there my fathers fought and bled
 To break oppression's tyrant laws ;
 And there their blood they freely shed,
 For freedom's rights, in freedom's cause.

And may that spirit of my sires,—
 That nobly paved its path to fame,
 Arouse in me its living fires,
 When justice seeks my country's claim.

Still may that land of love and worth,
 Be freedom's home, where dwells the brave,
 While thorn and thistle crown its earth,
 And on its hills the heather wave.

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All hail to thee, my native isle,—
 In every land thy glories shine;
 Ne'er shall this rough, Canadian soil
 Inspire, like thee, this soul of mine.

No heathy hills around me bloom,—
 No flowery glens, and mountains blue,
 But forest-wilds in shades of gloom,
 Is all the landscape I can view.

This rugged soil, this restless toil,
 Shall ne'er induce me to remain;
 But may my fortune kindly smile
 To see my "native home" again.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER DEPARTURE
 FROM THE FOREST.

Farewell sweet admirer of nature's delights,
 As departing thou art from these rude rural sights
 In the land of the forest, the flower, and the shade,
 Where nature, tho' wild, is in grandeur display'd;
 Where the rude peasant toils for a scanty subsistence,
 And earth issues forth in its varied existence;
 Where the bees scent the flowers by their wasted perfume,
 And taste of their sweets, but deflower not their bloom;
 Where the songsters exultingly chant in the trees,
 And the green leaves are fan'd by the wings of the breeze;
 Where the rude, reckless storm in its fury is driven,
 And deep-rooted trees from their strong-holds are riven,
 And the tall stately ash by the lightning is shatter'd
 And the green leaves around in the forest lie scatter'd,

And torrents of rain from the dark clouds descending,
 While the howl of the blast with the thunders is blending.
 'Mid scenes such as these in their native-born grandeur,
 Thy footsteps and fancy delignted to wander,
 And revel around in their glories, to find
 A balm for the heart, and a feast for the mind ;
 And trace in the woodlands, the insect, and sod,
 The beauties of nature and wisdom of God.

Thus I hope you have cull'd from a forest as this,
 The flowers of affection and laurels of bliss,
 To wreath 'round the links of your life's golden chain,
 And bloom with delight till you come back again.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE AUTHOR'S
 BIRTH-DAY, AUGUST 21st.

'Tis autumn, and the smiles of morn
 Play gently o'er my thoughtful brow,
 While o'er the dewy fields I roam,
 To breathe my annual feelings now ;
 The fleet-wing'd messengers of day,
 Dissolve the vapors of the night ;
 Earth 'rises in her radiant robes,
 To greet the ærial king of light.

A few short months ago, and earth
 Was bursting forth with vernal bloom ;
 A thousand beauties issuing forth
 With melody and rich perfume ;
 And all seem'd full of joyous life,
 As if the vital breath of heaven
 Had breathed as first upon the earth,
 An ! Eden's sweets again were given.

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Then Summer came with genteel grace,
 With glory and meridian powers,
 In verdant robes, fringed 'round with lace
 Of richest bloom, and full-blown flowers :
 She, smiling came, with pearly gems
 Of dew-drops hung around her hair,
 Warm with the life-blood in her veins,
 Breathing thro' all her fragrant air.

Now Autumn 's come in time-worn garbs,
 With mellow fruits and golden fields ;
 Tho' meagre in external charms,
 Rich with the bounty nature yields :
 The birds that hop't from bough to bough,
 And sung their merry morning lay,
 Fortaste the cheerless future now,
 And plume their wings to fly away

Then Winter comes with falt'ring steps,
 With with-r'd brow and sunken eyes ;
 He breathes a poison from his lips,
 And Autumn struggles, groans, and dies :
 Beneath his death-cold feet lie crush'd,
 The wreck of flowers, and faded bloom ;
 Earth's noblest grandeur, and its charms
 Lie buried in their snow-built tomb.

Thus ends the whole,—the same like scenes
 Roll on successively thro' time ;
 A few of them fill up our void
 Of life, in earth's unfavor'd climate.
 Life's spring is flush'd with rainbow hues,
 And smiles sport 'round its radiant sky ;
 The young heart revels 'mid its joys,
 And chases sunbeams as they fly ;

It sees not time's forboding ill,
 Nor dreams of darker hours in life ;
 Its joys are real,—unhoped-for joys,
 Not gather'd from the world by strife :
 Day after day glides on,—the scenes
 Seem bright, but soon a gath'ring shade
 Of sadness, steals o'er life's sweet dreams,
 And dims th' impression spring has made.

Life's stern realities are felt,—
 Its purest joys are mix'd with ill ;
 The flatt'ring hopes that cheer'd it on,
 Are spectre forms deluding still.
 Then why should life be trifled here,
 Whose seasons swiftly pass away ;
 To-morrow's self may ne'er fulfil
 The surest promise of to-day.

The follies of departed time,
 Doth but a sad reflection give ;
 Amazed, I start,—too true, I find,—
 Procrastinating still,—I live.
 While life with time has grappled here,
 Too oft in folly's paths I've stray'd ;
 And conscience tells with trembling fear,
 That *vice hath often virtue sway'd.*

TO A MOSQUITO.

Now greater swarms of insects rise,
 Than ever drank Egyptian blood ;
 I only wish their ancient sires
 Had all been drown'd in Noah's flood.

Begone, thou little bizzzen thing,
 Thus flitt'rin on thy paughty wing ;
 How dar'st thou here unsheath thy sting
 To me,—a giant ;
 Guid faith I'll mak thy noddle ring,—
 Thou bold defiant.

Dost thou imagine I'll loot thee ?
 To mak thysel a part o' me ;
 Gae whaur ye will, yer sure to be
 A tort'rin pest,—
 A guid-for-naething ill-bred flee,
 An' drunken beast.

See hoo ye gar the grazin cattle
 Rin tae the reek, wi' pith an mettle,
 As if thae had a burnin nettle
 Aneath thair tail ;
 An' neither man nor beast can settle,
 Whan ye prevail.

Even runkie'd grannies fidge an' claw,
 As maist tae rive tnair serks in twa,
 When e'er thou set'st thy speeder claw
 On thair auld hides ;
 An' restless youngsters girn, an' thraw
 Thair yeukie sides.

At e'en when fowke wad fain maun sleep,
 Like some wee-rogue, yer vigils keep,
 An' 'neath thair claes ye'll slyly creep,
 Or 'i thair lug ;
 And there ye'll feast, an howk as deep
 As flae or bug.

I wad na like tae murder thee,
 But if again ye'll visit me,
 By troth " Miss Kitty " ye shall see,
 I'll sned thy wings,
 And hing yer painchies up tae dree,
 For fiddle strings.

A FRAGMENT.

Tho' nature shapes a thousand forms
 Around the earth and sky,
 And paints them in her loveliest charms,
 To please the gentle eye ;—

Tho' spring returns with blooming flowers,
 To consecrate the year ;
 Tho' summer breathes in sylvan bowers,
 And in bright robes appear ;—

The fairest form, the loveliest shade,
 Are soon to death consign'd ;
 But there are charms that never fade,—
 They dwell within the mind.

'Tis virtue's soul of heavenly birth,
In modest garbs array'd,
That lends to life exalted worth,
And charms which never fade.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

If from the well-fill'd purse distinctions rise,
And man becomes superior to himself,
Such men and marks of honor I despise,
And spurn those knaves who only live for self:
Man, selfish man, becomes a sordid fool;
Humanity by him is seldom felt;
Pride freezes up the feelings of his soul,
That all the fires of hell can never melt.

How strange an animal is man,
And one of many kinds,
How diff'rent are the lots of them,
As various are their minds.

One's born to shine in fortune's smile;
Some grasp at all they can;
While others daily drudge and toil,
To feed their brother man.

Oh! how inclement is the sky
Of penury's frigid clime,
Whose stern realities deny
The summer-smiles of time.

Unpitied cries of deep distress,
From countless cells are borne ;
While thousands rant in raptur'd bliss,
Unmindful of the morn ;—

Who pamper life with sumptuous fare,
And soft in down repose ;
While millions lie with buttocks bare,
And feed on scanty brose.

How few there are who sympathize
With nature's craving need,
To wipe the drops from sorrow's eyes,
The hungry soul to feed.

The niggard's heart is but the shrine
Wherein his idols lie,
He hears the slightest chink of coin,
Yet deaf to mis'ry's cry.

The tyrant's rigid heart of steel
Heeds not the suppliant's cries,
But smiles to see his victims feel
The stripes which he applies.

The flutt'ring fop who bows to hark
To flatt'ry's pois'ning air,
Would spurn to stoop beneath his mark,
To hear a beggar's prayer ;

And honor'd knaves feel much too proud
To condescend, to give
A dying orphan in his shroud,
The smallest help to live.

Base-born presumption robed in gold,
 Gilds fashion's highest show ;
 And pedant fools are oft extoll'd
 For what they do not know ;—

While poor, neglected genius shrinks
 Beneath the critic's lash,
 And in its native shade it sinks,
 And all for want of CASH.

'Tis wealth that gives the man his weight,
 Altho' his brains be light ;
 And while he holds his golden bait,
 A thousand fish will bite.

A purse has more effective force,
 Than moral worth and wit ;
 It cures the worst disease, of course,
 If there's a cure for it ;

It magnifies the vilest knaves,
 , And hides their greatest flaws,
 And keeps its countless, toiling slaves,
 To fill its pamper'd maws.

Thousands would into dangers run,
 Some CASHO's life to save,
 While few protect the helpless one,
 Who sinks in penury's grave.

When nectar-sweets enrich our flowers,
 We have our humming friends ;
 But summer-guests desert our bowers,
 When nectar-season ends.

And those who were our truest friends
With pride will tell us, how
A lack of golden lustre ends
Our equal friendship now.

Heaven meant distinctions to divide
The varied human race ;
But why should riches, pomp, and pride,
Assume the highest place ?

While moral worth and honest hearts,
In men of common sense,
Are reckon'd but imperfect parts,
If wanting worldly pence.

Not only in the richest robes,
The purest passions dwell ;
Virtue can shine as well in rags,
Tho' in a beggar's cell.

Riches have but an earthly name,
A name that earth has given ;
But virtue seeks a higher claim,
Immortalized in heaven.

TO A FIRE-FLY.

From nature's depths her living fires arise,
 As if a thousand twinkling gems of light
 Had issued from the heavenly skies,
 To shed their lustre o'er the shades of night.

Wee bonnie twinkling gem o' night,
 An' simmer starlet sparklin bright,
 As on thou steer'st thy mazy flight,
 An' nightly flings
 Thy living beams o' mystic light,
 Frae 'neath thy wings.

To thee, fair nature's insect-queen,
 I dedicate my mid-night theme;
 Thou'st roused my soul-poetic dream
 Wi' thought sublime,
 Till frae my lyre its numbers gleam
 In native rhyme.

Not in the bleezin light o' day,
 Canst thou thy gifted beams display:
 Hadst thou been form'd to sleep away
 Thy night unseen,
 Thy genial, sun-surviving ray
 Would ne'er hae been.

The varied insect tribes we see
 That flitter owre the flowery lea,
 Ken not thy nightly reverie
 'Mid beams o' light,
 Or, aiblens thae might envy thee,
 Thy lamp o' night.

THE WOODLAND WARBLER.

In leafy cribs, or cells o' clay,
 Now sleep these busy tribes o' day,
 Whilst thou thy Maker's works survey,
 Ilk shadow'd hour,
 Thysel a medium to convey
 Creative power.

Deep in the wild uncultur'd swamp,
 'Mid noxious vapors, low and damp,
 Thro' out the day thou dost encamp,
 An' sweetly sings,
 Till night has lit thy phospher lamp,
 Fan'd by thy wings.

These rugged wilds, tho' dark an' drear,
 Whan gloamin's mirky cluds appear;
 Thy little lamp o' light can cheer
 Their ghastly shades,
 An' banish night's imagin'd fear
 That here pervades.

The bee for future want prepares,
 And those whac toil hae equal shares;
 While waspish friv'lites, void o' cares,
 Enjoy life's hours;
 An' butterflees wi' foppish airs
 Flirt 'roun the flowers.

But thou wi' philosophic light,
 Can span the mirkest maze o' night,
 An' in its depths o' chaos, write
 Thy brilliant name,
 And grave wi' hieroglyphic light,
 Thine Author's fame.

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Whan dark my night o' sorrow seems,
 Bedim'd by life's perplexin schemes,
 May hope emit its flick'rin gleams,
 To cheer my speed ;
 For life without its native beams,
 Is dark indeed.

May I, like thee, thro' life's dark maze,
 Devote my talent's feeble rays,
 That I may here my Maker praise,
 For what he's given ;
 As nature's boundless sphere displays,
 Him, God of heaven.

 UNDECIDED LOVE.

Yes, I have felt what I have learn'd to prove,
 A long divided, undecided love,
 Which two fair forms with equal power controll'd,
 And smiled like angels when my love I told.

For years alternately between the two,
 I kept my time, my love, and promise true ;
 But they impatient grew against their will,
 And left me just as undecided still.

If mormon laws had been establish'd here,
 I might have had the *two*, instead of *none* ;
 Perchance, I yet may buy my love too dear,
 If I should wait until I love but *one*.

While youth is still my favor'd friend and guest,
 A single love may cause a double life ;
 If not, I'll say *a batch'lor's life is best*,
 And none can say *I ever thrash'd my wife*.

TO A YOUNG COMPANION, A SON OF VULCAN.

Between twa fires o' heat an' cauld thegither,
 Scorch'd at ae end, an' freezin at the ither,
 There Vulcan plumes Apollo's flaming pinions,
 An' Genius soars thro' fancy's fair dominions.

The toilsome day is at a close,
 An' night her shading mantle throws
 Owre field an' forest clad in snows
 O' cauld December;
 An' wearied nature seeks repose
 In Morpheus' chamber.

The eerie wins loud whistling blaw,
 An' driftin 'roun the fleecy snaw;
 While musing by the chimlie wa',
 In rhyming clatter,
 I clerk my ideas as they fa',
 To fill my letter.

My Muse, puir thing, seems roosted sairly,
 While Pegasus is tired out fairly,
 An' toil, an' care, baith late an' airy,
 Hae crazed my noddle,
 That a' my wit is worth but rarely,
 A rusty boddle.

'Mang dub an' mire I still maun haurel,
 Like some auld, bliin-besotted carl,
 An' stagger thro' this groosome warl
 To live respected,
 An' bide its bitter bite, an' snarl,
 An' yet neglected.

Tho' bred 'mang nature's rugged crew,
 To wield the aix an' haud the plew
 Whaur tow'rin forests greet the view,
 Baith wild an' drear,
 An ne'er see naething strange or new
 Frae year tae year.

Yet still I love to court the muse
 That revels 'roun these rugged views,
 To paint them in thair native hues
 O' earth-born grandeur,
 An' ilka pleasing thought diffuse,
 Whaur e'er I wander.

Nae selfish pride or power inspires
 My soul to cherish ill desires,
 Or feed ambition's hellish fires
 To light my way ;
 I seek the little life requires
 Frae day tae day.

My wish is nae for rowth o' gier,
 To live like pamper'd prince or peer,
 But just enough thro' out the year
 O' short existence ;
 Weel clad wi' health an' honest cheer,
 An' heaven's assistance.

An' tho' I'm doomed to labor still,
 May fortune yet my wish fulfil,
 To get an education skill
 In usefu' knowledge,
 To tout my trumpet up the hill,
 Frae nature's college.

Alas ! man's ill-divided fate
 Gies some puir chaps a wretched state,
 While life is pamper'd by the great,
 Past moderation ;
 Lank, hungry wames for morsels wait,
 In curst starvation.

Losh, man, it gies my heart sic rugs,
 To see hoo some infernal bugs,
 Scarce equals to the filthy hogs
 That grunt in gutters,—
 How thae'll pu' decent fellows' lugs,
 An' spurn thair betters.

An' how the purse-proud fool's respected,
 While poor but honest men's neglected,
 The monie a human joy restricted,
 An' dainty dinner ;
 While selfish knaves are aft elected,
 To seats o' honor.

Oh ! why should such distinctions 'rise,
 Whan man on brither man relies ;
 The poor man crawls, the rich one flies
 On golden pinions ;
 Yet, closely link'd by nature's ties,
 In a' dominions.

But Sandie, lad, dear honest chield,
 Mae ay ye hae a couthie bield ;
 Fraught wi' the fruits that nature yield,
 To grace yer biggin ;
 Fit far or near to gang a-field,
 In braid-claith riggin.

Tho' Vulcan-like ye thump an' thunder,
Till ain an' smiddie ring an' dunner,
An' tellin tales, yes, monie a hunder,
 In hame-spun measure,
Gars gapin gomerals girn an' wonder
 Wi' perfect pleasure.

Yet ilka leisure hour that passes,
Ye maun devote to speel Parnassus :
Tho' foppish fools an' senseless asses
 Condemn sic pleasures,
Thy heaven-born genius far surpasses
 Thair brainless treasures.

Still may Apollo tune yer lyre,
An' nature's sel yer muse inspire,
To wing thy youthful genius higher
 To meet reward ;
Meanwhile I'm yours wi' prompt desire,
 THE FOREST BARD.

ON THE DEATH OF A. McD, OF NORTH GEORGE-TOWN, CHATEAUGUAY.

TO WHOM THE PRECEDING EPISTLE WAS WRITTEN, AND WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD CORRESPONDED FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

Alas ! and is he dead ? my favor'd friend,
And loved companion of my happiest hours ;
Our mutual hopes and joys are at an end,
And o'er my soul a death-like shadow lowers.

Hush'd is his voice that tuned the Scottish lyre,
And breathed his feelings in extatic song ;
Cold is his heart, whose animated fire,
Was warm in friendship and the social throng.

Tho' life's ambition sketch'd his path of time,
Earth's follies seem'd to him an idle dream ;
The land of passion was his genial clime,
And nature's depths his ne'er exhausted theme.

Where shall I find the sweets of friendship now,
Congenial feelings, and exalted worth ?
Not in my tears and sighs of nurtur'd woe,
Nor in his lifeless form of mould'ring earth.

He is not dead, 'tis but a change in life ;
His spirit lives beyond the verge of time ;
Heaven took him from this little isle of strife,
To tune his genius to its native clime,—
'To paint celestial truth and majesty sublime.

FEMININE DECEPTION

As paint that hides the rotten part,
To please and cheat the eye,
So treach'rous art oft gilds the heart
Wherein hell's poisons lie :
Time will disclose the secret flaw,
And test the vile deceit ;
But oft the slightest scratch will show
The unexpected cheat.

Yes, she was fair, surpassing fair
In outward form and grace ;
My very soul seem'd plac'd in her,
It was so sweet a place.

She had no vain assuming art,
No out-side pomp nor show,
No flatt'ring tongue, nor false-like heart
Where lustful passions glow.

An angel seem'd her earthly guide
Thro' life's deceitful way ;
Nor were her gentle smiles denied
To cheer by night or day.

Her faultless charms, and they alone,
Attuned my bosom strings,
To breathe to her the sweetest tone
That pure affection brings.

In striving still to please this "Fair,"
My heart out-leapt its bounds ;
I touch'd a base-note in the air,
Which brought discordant sounds.

Her then-awakened tongue was loud
 With accents wild and free ;
 The devil drove the angel out,
 And hid her charms from me.

I see no virtue in her now,
 No claim to truth above ;
 Her grace and beauty sprung, I vow,
 Alone from partial love.

Ah ! who would think *that* " angel fair "
 Conceal'd the blackest art ;
 Her lips that breathed the purest air,
 Reveal the vilest heart.

 VERSES.

Love should be like yonder sun,
 Sending off both heat and light ;
 Not a senseless, selfish thing,
 Dark and cold as winter night .
 Outward charms should be admired,
 Not caress'd by folly's pride ;
 Virtue's gifts should be desired ;
 Modest prudence woman's guide.

Whilst Eden's king o'er nature reign'd
 In pleasure's sweet repose,
 Congenial love ne'er warm'd his soul,
 Till earth's fair queen arose ;

Then infant love exulting sprung
 Their mutual joys to weave,
 Man felt its power and blest the *Day*
 That brought the hallowed *Eve*.

Sweet as the flowers that stoop to kiss
The crystal, rolling streams ;
Pure as the hearts which claim'd its bliss,
Were all love's peaceful dreams.

But ah ! that unsuspected scheme
That stain'd the world with ill,
So much defaced its heavenly form,
It seems disfigur'd still.

Love sway'd by folly, calls to aid
The magic powers of art,
To fascinate with borrow'd charms,
The feelings of the heart.

The flatter'd hopes of cherish'd love
Their noblest aims resign,
When pride displays its fading gifts
At fashion's mirror'd shrine.

Not living beauty's sculptur'd charms
In wealthy robes attired ;
Nor pride in fancy's fashion'd forms
Alone should be admired.

The cultur'd mind, the virtuous heart,
Where love and truth combine,
Are more substantial charms for life,
Than those where follies shine.

Can woman's gifted soul believe
That pride can bliss impart ?
Can flattery's honeyed lips deceive
Her unsuspecting heart ?

THE WOODLAND WARBLER.

Alas ! too oft the treach'rous soul
 Her fondest hopes allure ;
 And pride aspires to beauty's gifts,
 But these are not secure.

Inhuman is that wretch of earth,
 Whose base designing power
 Would e'er delude such noble worth,
 And taint the virgin flower.

Oh ! would that true congenial love
 Reside in every heart,
 As heaven design'd that woman should be
 Man's nearest, dearest part.

Unfinish'd man can never taste
 The joys of life, so sweet,
 Until he's found the RIB he lost,
 WHICH MAKES THE MAN COMPLETE.

 THE SLUGGARD.

Hark ! how that lazy wretch of life complains,
 Since his desires have over-reach'd his gains ;
 Astonish'd why such favors fall to some,
 And his expected stores have never come ;
 And wond'ring at the shortness of his day,
 When he has slumber'd half of it away.

You is the sluggard's dungeon lair,
 And these his meagre grounds ;
 A grov'ling nuisance centers there,
 And wretchedness abounds.

Lo! there he's now, 'tis morn to him,
Tho' noon-day in the sky;
His tatter'd garments dangling 'round,
As if he's going to fly.

The sun would be a wondrous sight
Had he but seen it rise;
One half of day he joins to night,
And hides it from his eyes.

His eyes appear like muffled orbs
That shrink from nature's light;
Himself a Morpheus clad in rags,
A scare-crow of the night.

No chimney guides the clouds of smoke
That slumber in his cell;
Light seems afraid to enter in
Where darkness loves to dwell.

Its walls are interlined with moss,
A refuge for the rats;
Its glassless windows once of use,
Are stuff'd with brimless hats.

His bed, his blankets, and himself,
Have lost their former charms,
Yet are the thriving nurs'ries of
A thousand living swarms.

A palsied pot, a crippled chair,
A table made to rock,
A "Morpheus Mug" both large and rare,
Make up his household stock.

His fingers serve for knife and fork,
His dishes are his paws ;
Yet, thinks it quite a toilsome work,
To move his hungry jaws.

His phiz has nearly lost itself
In matted grease and dirt,
And to expel the growing filth,
Applies his tatter'd shirt.

He needs no liquid to his hair,
No phials of perfume ;
He has his share, and some to spare,
Enough to scent a room.

In wild and sad disorder now,
External nature lives,
His fields but seldom greet the plough,
Yet yield what nature gives.

His fences lie a total wreck,
His garden frowns with weeds,
His trees the caterpillar's home
On which it lives and breeds.

If nature form'd him for a world,
'Twas surely not for this,
As toil preserves the life of man,
His comfort and his bliss.

Ambition pesters not his brain,
With deep or idle schemes ;
The world may shout, but all is vain,
To rouse him from his dreams.

The bat might lend the snail its wings,
 And still it could not fly ;
 The reason lies within itself,
 'Tis not inclined to try ;

It loves more dear its slimy shell
 Than labor's honey bowers,
 And dreams not of the winter's storm,
 Nor yet of darker hours.

Thus idle, sad, necessity
 Will soon exhaust his store,
 And sloth will starve his life to death,
 If he won't work for more.

THE AUTHOR'S LAMENT.

I've sought for pleasure in the giddy throng,
 In midnight tales, in revelry and song ;
 But all these objects echo back the sound,
That no real joy in them is ever found.

Back to the scenes of happier hours,
 Like Noah's dove, my fancy flies,
 To cull from childhood's hallowed bowers—
 The leaves of life's departed joys.

The varied year can ne'er supply
 Those vernal charms the past possess'd,
 Tho' vanish'd now, I cherish still
 Their treasured mem'ries in my breast.

A strange enchantment from that past,
 Still circles 'round home's sacred walls ;
 And countless scenes like spectre-forms
 Start life-like from the old school-halls,

Where wisdom drew the mazy crowd
 To cull her leaves from day to day ;
 Where joyous hearts with rapt'rous shouts
 Rush'd out to join the noon-tide play.

Then swiftly mov'd our active limbs
 To run the racer's measur'd grounds ;
 Or climb the trees within the grove,
 That ech'd to our mingled sounds ;—

And link in close companionhood
 At morn and evening's leisure hours,
 To gather wild-buds from the wood,
 And strew our winding paths with flowers ;—

Or, in the winter's wild domain,
 To plunge amid the drifted snow ;
 Or skim along the icy plain
 And hazard danger's depths below ;—

O'er those past scenes of happy days
 My fancy loves to linger still ;
 But ah ! the voids which death has made,
 This dreary world can never fill.

Such scenes alas ! now mock my joy
 Since life no gifts like those can bring ;
 And from the founts of promised bliss
 The streams of bitter sorrow spring.

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My life embitter'd is with toil,
Its days are spent in sorrow's pain ;
The sun that rose to cheer its soil,
Alas ! is now eclipsed again.

Tho' born beneath a kinder sky,
And nurs'd by hope's propitious smiles,
Still I am lower'd and toss'd on high
By heaven's decrees, or fortune's wiles.

Hope, disappointment, pain, and woes,
Are all I find this world can give,
Yet I must here contend with those
That I, like others, still may live.

Fain would I break the tyrant chain
That binds me to this rugged soil ;
But fate usurps o'er freedom's claim,
And dooms my life to endless toil.

I find those friends indeed but few,
With whom to cheer life's lonely hours,
To share my joys, my hopes, and fears,
And blend my soul's congenial powers.

I envy not the rich man's bower,
Where pomp and outward glory beam ;
I seek not honor, wealth, nor power,
To cherish hope's delusive dream ;

But long for some sequester'd spot,
Where health and peace delight to reign,
With heaven to bless my happy lot,
And earth return her smiles again ;

Where social friends whose genial hearts
 With truths of virtuous wisdom shine ;
 And find some sweet congenial soul
 In whom I might embosom mine.

Some glim'ring rays from hope's bright dreams
 Still hover round these darken'd skies ;
 And life surveys the opening scenes,
 And counts their phantoms as they rise.

Then why, my soul ! shouldst thou complain
 If providence alone is pleased ;
 If 'tis my lot, I must remain
 Till I by heaven shall be released ?

VERSES TO ———.

As fades the leaves in Autumn's shade
 When Summer breathes adieu ;
 So will thy outward beauty fade,
 For it is mortal too.
 There is no blossom on the flower
 But what is doom'd to die ;
 There is no beauty in the bower,
 But with the dust must lie.

External beauty fades away,
 All nature tells us so,
 But virtue's charms know no decay,
 They more divinely grow :
 Thy fairest beauty rises not
 From outward form alone,
 Thou hast that loveliness of soul,
 To art and pride unknown.

Oh! may no venom'd reptile crawl
 Among our sylvan bowers,
 To blight the joys of cherish'd love;
 That bloom like Eden-flowers ;
 And may we cherish every thought
 That faithful love employs,
 That we may know that life is fraught
 With virtue's purest joys.

A NIGHT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE; OR, THE
 AUTHOR'S MISFORTUNE.

BY BREAKING THROUGH THE ICE ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, WHILE CROSSING
 WITH HIS TEAM FROM MONTREAL TO LA TORTUE, FEB'Y. 17, 1852.

Short-sighted man with all his boasted skill
 Lives on the dim uncertainty of fate ;
 Time's future depths with life's eventual ill
 Are dark indeed for him to penetrate ;
 Yet, mortals live on speculative dreams,
 And from the future half their pleasures borrow ;
 To-day they frame their life-concerted schemes,
 Themselves and all may lie a wreck to-morrow.

The sun had left the western sky,
 Its beams were fading on the view,
 The naked winds were bustling by,
 And clouds more dark and wilder grew ;
 When from the city homeward bound,
 I started with my stately team,
 And faced the storm that threaten'd 'round,
 To cross St. Lawrence' frozen stream.

On wings of speed my coursers flew
 To reach La Tortue's distant shore ;
 Ere long, the fleecy tempest blew,
 And darker shades still gather'd o'er ;
 No pathway sign was there to guide
 My course athwart the icy plain ;
 I strove to reach the other side,
 But found my efforts all in vain.

Some lonely star, or glim'ring light
 With feeble glance allured mine eye,
 And fill'd my soul with rapture bright
 To feel that safety's sign was nigh.
 Oft when we dream that danger's flown,
 And feelings swell with joys, elate,
 Our strongest hopes are prostrate thrown—
 O'erwhelm'd by unsuspected fate :

Thus, while I deem'd my danger past,
 The treach'rous bridge beneath us crash'd,
 Its icy jaws abruptly gasp'd,
 And down my horses headlong dash'd.
 I flew to snatch them from their fate,
 And bared my hands to break their chains ;
 The pavement broke beneath my weight,
 I, sinking, grasp'd the bridle reins.

I clung for life on death's dark verge,
 But with mirac'lous power regain
 The verging ice, while deeply merged,
 My horses plung'd, and strove in vain.
 With trembling voice I shriek'd for aid,
 The winds responded to my call ;
 Aghast I stared, I sigh'd, but, ah !
 The yawning gulf absorb'd them all.

Upon its brink I shiv'ring stood,
My heart with deep emotions heaved ;
I gazed upon its dreary void,
And from my lips these accents breathed—
“Farewell, my team ! no more I'll curb
Your willing heads, and stately forms,
Alas ! no more we'll toil and trudge
Thro' summer heat and winter storms.”

Wrapt in the horrors of my fate,
'Mid the rude storm and frozen waste,
In hopes to find some shelt'ring hut,
Those dreary wilds alone I paced ;
But my bright hopes were dim'd with gloom,
They only shone to mock my woes ;
It seem'd as if I sought my tomb
'Mid shoals of ice and drifted snows.

Bewilder'd, lost, 'twixt life and death,
Strange fancies revel'd in my brain ;
And pausing oft with stifled breath,
I gazed, then hoped, and strove again.
At length I spied a dubious form
Of something house-like thro' the shade ;
My pulse beat quick, my bosom warm'd,
Nor were my wearied steps delay'd.

I almost wept with joy at last,
To find my hopes thus realized,
And felt as if my woes were past,
But fancied forms are oft disguised ;
With transport wild I hail'd its walls,
And ran to greet its open door,
And found within but empty halls
With glassless lights, and snow-clad floor.

Thus disappointment chill'd my heart ;
Almost of every hope bereft,
The ashes from its hearth I stir'd,
But not the slightest spark was left :
My wearied limbs I there reposed
Where other hearts were warm'd before,
And happier ones, perhaps, disclosed
Their social joys in days of yore.

My trembling frame with cold and grief,
Forbade me there a lengthen'd stay ;
And still resolved to find relief,
I onward trudg'd my weary way
Along the wild and dreary shore,
Where shatter'd ice like mountains rose,
And rapid streams with mournful roar,
Disclosed themselves thro' mantled snows.

The whirling drift was sifting thro'
The leafless boughs of lonely trees,
While howling winds were piercing, too,
My vital system, doom'd to freeze ;
Yet, I consoled my mind that He
Who guards those trees amid the storm,
And nurtures them to smile again,
Would also shield my feeble form.

With firm resolve I struggled thro',
And travers'd o'er those rugged lands,
Applying oft the healing snow
To warm my cold, uncover'd hands.*

* My hands were bare during the night, as I had lost my mitts while endeavoring to extricate my horses.

But all attempts were tried in vain ;
 For after all my travel'd toil,
 The self-same hut appear'd again,—
 And I upon a lonely isle !

When all my schemes were tried in vain,
 And fate had dull'd my helpless soul,
 I there resolved to stay till dawn,
 And trust myself to God's control :
 That prison-hut became my home,
 With heavy steps I paced its floor
 To feed the vital warmth within,
 And muse away each wearied hour :—

“ Oh, Solitude ! how poor thou art !
 If this is all that thou canst give
 To cheer the sad, bewilder'd heart,
 And aid the life that strives to live :
 What signifies this lonely isle,
 Tho' I should here its monarch reign,
 While nature's woes I'm doom'd to feel,
 And cannot break my icy chain.

“ While thousands sleep on downy beds
 And taste of sweet oblivion's dreams,
 Must I this wretched prison tread,
 Where neither hope nor mercy beams.
 Am I assign'd a Crusoe's doom,
 Or see my happy home no more,
 But, hark ! a voice, does Friday come ?
 From Caugnawaga's Indian shore.”

Thus, fled my muse, fled at the scands
 Of some rude mastiff on the shore ;

But there was sweetness in its tones,
 Such as I never knew before.
 Exhausted nature droop'd at length,
 As Phœbus ting'd the eastern sky ;
 Faint, weary, sad, I prostrate sunk,
 And wish'd that I might quietly die.

Then came a dreamy feeling o'er
 My soul, fantastic shapes arose ;
 Wild phantoms flit and pass'd before
 Mine eyes, and lull'd me in repose ;
 And wafted on some cherub's wing,
 Methought I'd reach'd that happy spot
 I call'd my home, where pleasures sprung,
 And all my sorrows were forgot.

A mother's smile there banish'd woe,
 My bosom warm'd with triumph'd mirth ;
 I felt as I was wont to do
 Around the warm and cheering hearth ;
 There unmolested friendship reign'd
 In peaceful joy with blessings stored;
 Affection every heart sustain'd,
 And comfort crown'd the bounteous board.

As change the actor's tragic scene
 To some horrific form at last,
 So chang'd this life-homantic dream
 To the cold tragic of the past ;
 And o'er that icy gulf I hung,
 Its waters bubbling from the deep ;
 With death-like grasp, for life I clung,
 And shrieking, burst the bonds of sleep.

With wistful orbs I gazed around
 And fancied all a vision still ;
 But life's realities were found
 With every thought of present ill.
 Benumb'd with cold, fatigue, and woe,
 I scarce could move my palsied frame ;
 Embosom'd life was throbbing slow,
 To nurse its nigh-extinguish'd flame.

The sun he smil'd that frigid zone,
 And smil'd upon the glacier'd shore ;
 None knew but God what I had known
 Since I had seen that sun before.
 O'er Monkland's isle* the City spires
 Were glitt'ring with the morning smiles,
 While curling clouds from cheerful fires,
 Arose along the shore for miles.

But I thro' dangers struggled still—
 With stiffen'd limbs and frozen feet,
 Like wounded soldier in his mail,
 Who from the battle seeks retreat.
 At length I gain'd the welcomed shore
 With frozen limbs, and feeble powers,
 With haggard looks, and ghastly form,
 The sad result of sixteen hours.

To thee, my God, all praise I breathe,
 Whose mighty arm so strong to save,
 Has snatch'd me from the jaws of death,
 An icy tomb and watery grave.
 When frenzied fever shook my brain,
 Thy fingers cool'd my burning brow ;
 Nor have I cried to thee in vain,
 Thy strength'ning hand sustains me now.

* Nun's Island.

HOME.

'Tis not the beauty of the scene alone,
That makes a home the loveliest spot on earth ;
'Tis friendship's mystic ties, the joy of years,
And scenes made sacred by remembrance.

There is a bliss we love to feel,
There is a hope that cheers our hearts,
And friends in whom we can conceal
The varied feelings life imparts ;
These are not rear'd in foreign climes,
Nor found in fancy's specter dome,
They dwell not in the treasured mines,
But in a home, a happy home ;

Where a fond mother's tender heart
Breathes forth her soul enliv'ning powers,
And where a father's gifts impart
A blessing on life's passing hours,
Enchantment from its golden roof
Around our cherish'd mem'ries roam,
And absence swells with tenfold proof,
That earth can give no place like home.

The poor exile condemn'd to toil,
Dreams of a home he rever sees,
His joys have left their native soil,
His sighs are on the swelling breeze.
The sailor dreams of vanish'd forms,
While he out-rides the raging foam ;
The warrior 'mid the battle-storms,
Still thinks of his dear native home.

The culprit in his gloomy cell,
Held by a nation's iron chain,
Weeps for the home he loved so well,
Sighs for the past, but sighs in vain.
The orphan, once his parent's pride,
And now a wand'rer doom'd to roam,
Finds not on earth and ocean wide,
A spot like his once happy home,—

But fond remembrance loves to greet
The phantoms of his early years,
While life's successive changes meet
With mingled joys, with hopes and fears.
Yon noary head, by hapless fate,
A drunken out-cast doom'd to roam,
Finds that the world when 'tis too late,
Denies to him a happy home.

When health forsakes its kindred soil,
Or helpless want or woe appear,
'Tis then that home's propitious smile
Alone our drooping souls can cheer.
Where e'er our wand'ring footsteps range,
Where e'er our fancy prompts to roam,
Experienced truth of clime and change
Has furnish'd yet no place like home.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN DICK'S
THEOLOGY

Who e'er reviews these pages must admire
In them the light of heaven's refulgent fire,
That glides in golden streams along its course
To waft religion to its heavenly source.

Religion's fire can warm the sinner's heart,
Awake its powers, and magnify its love,
Temper its springs, and rectify each part,
And light the soul to brighter realms above.

Yes, 'tis religion that dispels the gloom
That hovers 'round a wretched world as this,
Until the spirit soars beyond the tomb,
To heavenly beauty and immortal bliss.

LOVE.

Pure love, like Luna, lends its light
To cheer us thro' earth's mystic maze ;
'Tis life's bright star, supremely bright,
Yet, dazzles not with falsive rays .
But impure love, like fatuus' fire,
Allures the soul's excited hope
To mazy wilds and mud-land mire,
And there in darkness left to grope.

First love is like the opening flower
That gently hides its blushing face ;
It smiles in some secluded bower,
And spreads its charms with modest grace ;

While bloom of blighted love expires
 By him whose frowns were smiles before ;
 Its flutt'ring leaves but fan the fires
 That burn within its faded core.

The heart which feigns to love the fair,
 That it might grasp a treasured store,
 Will soon unmask a monster there
 Beneath the borrowed garbs it wore ;
 And beauty's love is but the hue
 That sparkles from the painted clay,
 Whose vital warmth soon bids adieu,
 When love's external charms decay.

How blest indeed is virtuous love,
 When mutual hearts divinely glow ;
 It culls its blessings from above,
 And builds an earthly heaven below.
 Enduring love is diamond like,
 It stands the touch-stone's rigid test ;
 'Tis life's rich jewel, and the gem
 That sparkles on an angel's breast.

TO CYLINDIA,—A VISIONARY SCENE.

Love is the opium I employ
 To court the queen of Somnus' tower ;
 Life is a dream, and dreams are joys
 In Lethe's sweet elysian bower.

'Twas Christmas eve, the cheerless clouds
 Had veil'd the winter sky ;
 And snowy billows rear'd their heads
 As winds were hurrying by :

Reclining o'er the cheerful fire,
I sat in silent mood,
And mused upon the closing year,
In dreamy solitude.

Ere long the winds that howl'd around
Had hush'd me in repose ;
I heard no more the jarring sound
That from the tempest rose.
Thus wand'ring to the world of dreams
In evanescent thought,
I saw the ever-changing scenes
With which this life is fraught.

I stood and gazed upon the forms
That rose to greet my view ;
At once, as if by magic art,
A giant mountain grew.
Unnumber'd swarms of human life
Were thronging 'round its base,
While countless groups upon its sides
Still sought a higher place.

A mighty temple rose on high,
Adorn'd with golden spires,
Reflecting sun-beams o'er the sky
As from a thousand fires.
While these I view'd in thoughtful mood,
And eager to pursue
The busy throng that strove along
To gain the highest view.

An angel form in radiant robes,
Approach'd me where I stood ;

Her head was crown'd with laurel-wreaths,
Cull'd from her native wood.
I saw her irresistless charms,
And felt I knew not how ;
With manly heart, I tried, but fail'd,
To form a graceful bow.

Hail, " Son of Genius," hail, " she cried,"
To these immortal lands ;
This is the glorious hill of fame,
Where wisdom's temple stands.
My name is " Venus," " Fancy's child ;"
Wilt thou go up with me ?
Yes, heaven-born angel, whisper'd I,
I'll mount on high with thee.

Its height and steep bewilder'd me,
Still I pursued her track ;
Its sides were strewn with human skulls,
A sad and dismal wreck.
On, on she cried, still persevere,
The last may yet be first ;
We soon shall taste the Aonian spring,
To quench our burning thirst.

At length thro' many a toilsome hour
The mountain top we gain'd,
Oh what a glorious view ! methought
'Twas " Paradise regain'd."
We bask'd beneath Parnassian beams,
And wreathed our heads with flowers ;
We made our couch of laurel-gems,
And revel'd in the bowers ;

We roam'd amid its ancient groves,
 And found its "golden caves ;"
 We wander'd o'er its fields of death,
 And view'd the "Poet's graves."
 'Tis there the "Sons of Genius" lie,
 Who sought a deathless name,
 'Tis there they rest, and so shall all
 Who grasp immortal fame.

There lie the Sons of Rome and Greece,
 And those of every clime ;
 There sleep the *living* Bards who *died*
 In every age of time.
 Oh what thinks I is earthly fame
 When here we find a grave ;
 Man tho' he soars is mortal still ;
 His life he cannot save.

What signifies the sculptur'd stone,
 The vault, or metal bed,
 Or flatt'ring words of epitaphs,
 To those already dead.
 Time mocks those monumental piles
 That mark the gifted name,
 "And years on years will crumble down
 To bury earthly fame."

The temple seem'd a monarch's dome,
 With ancient classic halls ;
 Ten thousand mottoes were engraved
 Upon its marble walls.
 Along its gorgeous galleries
 Unnumber'd portraits hung,
 Of nature's fame-exalted sons,
 The gifted, old and young.

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We enter'd in its inner hall,
 Before Apollo's throne ;
 A glorious shout of welcome rose,
 That shook the " Temple dome."
 The glorious shout was but the blast
 That roused me from my dream ;
 The temple was my " Forest Cot,"
 And you the " Angel-Queen."

 AN ACROSTIC.

J ustice from heaven o'ertook the flight of sin,
 O pen'd a gulf and plung'd its soul therein ;
 N o light illumed that gloomy, death-like cell,
 A nd in a beast this soul was doom'd to dwell,
 H id in a world ; but not in heaven, earth, nor hell.

I n fearful silence lay this guilty heap,
 N one saw it but those eyes that never sleep.

T hen conscience smote this soul with dreadful force,
 H er gloomy horrors rose from its illegal course,
 E merging from them fiend-like stings of black remorse.

W hen nature's wheel had three rotations ran,
 H eaven heard repentance groan within this soul of man,
 A nd prayer resound thro' every trembling vein ;
 L o heaven-born mercy with her outstretch'd hand,
 E jected this degraded soul to earth again.

AN ANSWER TO A SARCASTIC SATIRE.

That wretch who sneeringly would call me fool,
And censure without cause his brother man,
Must feel the weighty bolts of argument
That I unsparingly will hurl down
Upon his branched birth of insolence.

Rouse, rouse up your dull drowsy soul,
And shake off its somnical fetter,
To answer your name on the roll,
Denied by your counterfeit letter.

Who gave you the license to scribble,
And ridicule truth and my title?
It seem'd as if sent from the devil,
It smelt'd so sarcastic and vital.

Bombastical trash I condemn it,
The sweepings of Belzebub's palace,
That darken'd my lights for a moment,
And blew like Egyptian malice.

Losh, man, I'm surprised at the stuff
You've smuggled away from your brain;
Had you only manured it with snuff,
Your noddle might something contain.

You censure my merits of taste,
And deem me unfit for my college;
Condemning my system, at least,
In searching the bible for knowledge.

You laugh at polygamy's truths,
And boldly proclaim that I teach them;
Yet such are your text and its proofs,
And saint-like you blabber and preach them.

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For all sorts of methods you've used
 To rouse up old Hymen from slumber,
 And had he complied when you choosed,
 You might have had Solomon's number.

But heaven forbid that such fools
 Should cherish such black prostitution,
 To tarnish the fairest of souls
 With dregs of the vilest pollution

Since Allus and Jeffy your scribe
 Have censured my system and rules,
 Perhaps they may join with your tribe,
 And rear up a college for fools.

Then sound your loud trumpets of brass,
 I heed not your insults and slander;
 Such heads may be found on the ass,
 Such brains in the head of the gander.

THE DEVIL'S POET LAUREATE - A SATIRE.

That man who makes himself another's fool,
 Makes wise men blush with modesty of mind,
 To see the image of a heavenly soul
 Defaced with vanity and vulgar deeds;
 And tort'ring language with contemptuous tongue
 That ne'er was form'd to blab licentious thoughts,
 Nor chorus folly with fantastic grins.

A pigmy poet, proud of flatter'd fame,
 Who deem'd all human brains beneath his own,
 On other's faults had tried to raise his name,
 And censured man to make his dogg'rels known.

As wisdom eyed him from her kingly throne,
A bubbling pest which none but fiends could rule,
To old king Nick she made her purpose known,
And bribed him to remove the tyrant fool.

So when Nick came to deal the fatal blow,
He found his lordship in a poet's cell,
Condemning others to the shades of woe,
With censure's sharp sareastie rhymes of hell.

Nick was so pleased to find so smart a scribe,
That he resolv'd to patronize the crime,
So crown'd him "Poet-Laureate" of his tribe,
To write hell's viet'ries from the depths of time.

He, proud to draw a volume from his head,
With giant skill conceived to give it birth,
That he might live and breathe in it when dead,
But, lo! it died before it came to earth;

His soul had sought ambition's high demands
Presumption strove to disenthroned the king,
He censured hell, and curs'd its royal bands,
And dropt the quill he'd pluck'd from Satan's wing.

Then rose the fiery fiends in fierce array
And plung'd him 'neath the dark tartarean wave,
Then kick'd him out, and burnt his effigy,
As dupe, as traitor, and as tyrant knave.

No more his voice was heard in Hede's hall,
On earth its echoes faintly died away;
And he has learn'd that man is doom'd to fall,
When blind presumption seeks ambition's way.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FROM
ENGLISH RIVER.

Dearest child, tho' thou must leave me,
Love for thee shall still remain,
Tho' our parting now does grieve me,
Hope foretels we'll meet again ;

When midst other scenes you wander,
In the far and western climes,
Still in silence will I ponder
O'er the dreams of bygone times.

Foreign scenes may peace restore you,
Cheer your heart and crown your bliss ;
Other minds may there adore you,
Few you'll find as true as this.

Ne'er forget these friends, oh ! never ;
Claim a kindred with the past ;
Hallowed scenes of English River,
May they with your mem'ry last.

Tho' your hopes may be increasing,
Tho' your pleasures others share,
Give your friends your fervent blessing,
Leave me what you have to spare.

Sad indeed will be my feeling,
While I view thy vacant place ;
Mem'ry still will be revealing,
Scenes the mind will love to trace.

Ere we part, perhaps forever,
Take this wreath of Cupid's flowers ;
Think upon your ardent lover
In your lonely silent hours.

Then farewell my lovely "Venus,"
 Breathe thy blessing back to me ;
 When that distance lies between us,
 Present may we ever be.

A HYMN OF NATURE.

Where e'er I turn my wand'ring eyes,
 The wondrous works of God appear ;
 I see him in the earth and skies ;
 I see him in the rolling year.

Tho' tongues describe, and pencils paint,
 The beauties of his matchless skill,
 Their liveliest colors are but faint ;
 Their finish'd forms imperfect still.

There is no limit to his will,
 No imperfection in his laws ;
 He works with unassisted skill,
 Nor does he act without a cause.

The useless weeds, the vilest worms,
 For some design he did produce ;
 And earth assumes its varied forms,
 That man may shape them into use.

He placed his artist in the skies
 To paint his works with every hue ;
 And in celestial robes comprise
 What none but nature's God could do

He breathes to life the slumb'ring sod,
 And shapes it in a thousand forms ;
 He whispers from the silent clod,
 And thunders in the warring storms.

He rolls the earth upon its wheels,
And leads it 'round its solar course ;
Diurnal nature thus reveals
The annual bounties of its source.

He does not shut his treasure-doors,
'Tho' many close their mouths on prayer,
But daily spreads his bounteous stores,
And freely gives to all a share.

His power the changing year displays,
But changes not his vast designs ;
Man only counteracts his ways,
And darkens where his glory shines.

No new design he issues forth,
Nor changes what he has design'd ;
His schemes are of eternal birth,
As changeless as his changeless mind.

His parchment is the boundless space,
His alphabet the orbs of light ;
Eternal wisdom they embrace,—
The truths of his stupendous might.

He there embodies his designs,
And binds them with eternal chains ;
All that he changes or combines,
His ne'er-unerring power sustains.

Ere earth assumed its solid crust
Its atoms may have travers'd space,
Perchance some broken sphere whose dust
Had buried some preceding race.

God only alters to impart
The truths of his unalter'd plan,
Nor tried he to improve by art,
His wisdom in creating *Man*.

Shall man deny that primal cause
When every thing proclaims its powers
That govern by unerring laws,
In other orbs as well as ours.

Why need we soar to distant spheres
To disannal the skeptic's faith,
When God in every speck appears,
And breathes in all his vital breath.

How feeble is our boasted fame,
Imperfect is our greatest skill ;
We grasp at earth's immortal name,
And find ourselves but mortals still.

Our wild imaginations rise
To raise us higher than we are,
And tho' we soar among the skies,
We can't control the lowest star.

God's wisdom is a light that shines,
And dazzles our imperfect view,
Yet, still we know from his designs
What we are here required to do.

Eternity shall demonstrate
And solve with mathematic skill,
The deepest problems of our fate,
And harmonize them to his will.

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Each deathless, heaven-directed ray
 Emerg'd from the celestial clime,
 To animate a speck of clay,
 And measure here a span of time,—

Perhaps on seraph's wings may rise
 Beyond the dreamless sleep of death,
 To soar among the boundless skies,
 And praise its God with every breath.

NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS AND FOREST
 GLIMPSES.

Time's shadow falls upon life's dial-plate,
 And tells of the elapse of measured life.

Man, when uncivilized,
 Lives in as rude a state of native life
 As the wild forest and the savage beast,
 And knows no change but that which nature brings.
 ————— But man, when civilized,
 Lives on the undulating air of change,
 And mind and matter on congenial terms
 Go hand in hand with Progress at their side,
 While Enterprise with firm and steady step,
 And Art and Science as its faithful guides,
 Stalks on and upward with gigantic strides.

Among the shades of time's revolving sphere
 The night has usher'd in the infant year,
 Whose morning smiles amid the lingering shades,
 And bustling hum the busy world pervades,
 While thronging crowds a thousand visits pay
 To bless their friends and greet the New Year's Day.

Joy seems to hold its universal reign,
 And love and friendship every heart sustain,
 While hope expands her sun-enlighten'd skies,
 And fancy brightens as her prospects rise ;
 As if indulgent heaven this day design'd
 To share his bounties and to bless mankind.

But, ah ! among the joyful sounds we hear,
 The tones of mis'ry grate our list'ning ear,
 And grief and anguish breathe their fever'd breath
 In gloomy chambers, and on beds of death,
 While life's dark shadows linger on their way
 And cloud the brightness of the joyful day.

Ah ! many a tear now dims the brilliant eye,
 And many a bosom heaves the mournful sigh :
 The drunkard's help-mate, widow'd of her joys,
 Mourns o'er the hopes his thirsty soul destroys ;
 The orphan cries to soothe his sad'ning pain ;
 The felon's woes increase his cumb'rous chain ;
 The frantic maiden mourns her hopes beguiled ;
 The weeping mother grasps her dying child ;
 The suff'rer groans upon his loathsome bed,
 And faithful friends lament their hallowed dead ;
 While hoary age shrinks from its four-score years,
 Draws the long sigh, and wipes the trickling tears.

Like fleecy clouds that veil the noon-day sky,
 And o'er the fields their fleeting shadows fly ;
 As dimly on life's sunny skies appear
 The varied forms of the departed year,
 Whose flitting shadows o'er our mem'ries run,
 And blend our past and present into one.
 This day unveils the scenes of vanish'd years,
 Our former joy and woe, our hopes and fears,

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Our blighted schemes and half-experienced joys,
United hearts, and disunited ties ;
The life-like forms of death-departed ones,
Their radiant smiles and sweet endearing tones ;
And absent friends who blest our social cheer,
And shared our mutual joys the last New Year.

Still shall we cherish in our faithful hearts
Those varied feelings which the past imparts,
Nor can the ceaseless waves of time efface
Those mirror'd scenes reflection loves to trace.

Thus, as we view life's varied scenes of time,
Review the rising changes of our clime ;
The modern nursling of a barb'rous age,
Involv'd with myst'ry in tradition's page,
Sprung from the womb of desolated times,
The royal standard of our western climes,
Once nature's field of stern inhuman strife ;
Land of the tomahawk and bowie-knife ;
Land of the bow, which savage skill display'd ;
Land of the wigwam and t' e forest shade ;
Land of the barb'rous tribes, whose reckless deeds,
Whose bloody wars, whose customs and whose creeds
Lie buried now in nature's barren womb,
Their father-land, their birth-place and their tomb.

A few uncultur'd acres circumscribe
The last sad remnant of its warlike tribe,
Whose spectre-shadows like themselves give place
To the bright prospects of our mingled race—
Whose giant efforts struggled hard to gain
The rich advantages we now sustain :
Thus, every nerve by rigid toil was strain'd,
And energy our enterprise sustain'd,

While nature call'd her hardy sons of toil
 To clear her forests and improve her soil,
 Where hidden treasures in profusion lie,
 The daily wants of mankind to supply.

No selfish motives mov'd us to obtain
 The worthless trash of individual gain ;
 We shar'd our toils in mutual brotherhood,
 " For private virtue and for public good : "
 Tho' much arose our progress to retard,
 Industry has secured its own reward,
 And art and science, by our toiling hands,
 Have spread abroad, and beautified our lands.

Thus, opening prospects meet prophetic view,
 And cities rise where rugged forests grew,
 Whose busy thousands hold their rightful claim
 To wealth and honor, friendship, rank and name,
 And send their products to earth's distant lines,
 And draw the produce of a thousand climes.

Genius adorns with architectival skill,
 Our " Island City " * and its " Forest Hill,"
 Where nature's rich, perennial gifts combine,
 And blend their beauties with the grand design.
 She stands the vast " Emporium " of our climes,
 And culls her treasures from these prosp'rous times ;
 Where trade a thousand varied wants sustain,
 And commerce holds its transatlantic reign ;
 Where wisdom beams, and energy pervades,
 To fling their glories o'er the ling'ring shades ;
 Where science aids its vot'ries to explore
 The hidden treasures of its ample store,
 Its golden keys unlock a thousand doors
 That man may feast upon its bounteous stores.

* Montreal.

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Where "Great St. Lawrence" rolls, but not in vain,
Its mighty stream to greet th' Atlantic main,
And bears along from distant climes and shores,
Unnumber'd vessels with luxuriant stores ;—

Where science stretches forth its powerful hand
To span those waters with metallie band,
And rears its massive pillars from the deep,
To mock the frantie surges as they leap,
To crush the ice-bergs tow'ring mountain high,
And stand when countless ages have roll'd by.*

Now coast and country, ocean, lake and stream,
Advance our progress by the aid of steam,—
(*Prolific source of universal good,
Stronger than man, and yet by man subdued,*)—
And sister cities, fields and forest lands,
Unite our int'rests with metallie bands,
O'er which the thund'ring fleet-horse monsters run,
And blend our products and ourselves in one.
There man has also taught th' electric fire
To wing his thoughts a thousand miles on wire ;—
Quick as the light'ning cuts the trackless sky,
Uniform'd, unheard, and unperceived they fly.
And thus, tho' distant, short'ning time and space,
As if mankind were speaking face to face.

But while from these we cast a backward view
Upon the scenes our forest-settlers knew,
So strange a contrast startles from between,
We almost wonder if such things have been.

And ask, where's now, within the forest shade,
The bark-roof'd hut necessity had made,

* Victoria Bridge.

With moss-stuff'd walls, one window and a door,
 The roof its ceiling and the earth its floor ;
 A few rude stones its chimney and its hearth,
 Where back-logs burn'd and vapor issued forth
 Thro' countless chinks, and on the vagrant breeze
 In graceful columns climb'd the shadowing trees ?
 No costly furniture its grandeur form'd,
 Nor fashion's pageantry its walls adorn'd ;
 No architectiv skill its form design'd ;
 Room, kitchen, parlor, all in one combined.
 There, man his first rude home and shelter found,
 From savage beasts that nightly prowld around ;
 His joys unvaried as his wants were few,
 And yet from nature, nature's joys he drew ;
 And there he toil'd amid the giant wood,
 And summer suns and winter blasts withstood,
 And less'ning labor with his daily toil
 He reap'd the first-born harvest of the soil ;
 And as he toil'd his bright'ning prospect rose
 From cherish'd fancy, and from scenes as those ;
 Before his eyes in hopeful dreams he sees
 A thousand phantoms stalk among the trees,
 That turn his forests into fields of grain,
 And shower profusion o'er the golden plain,
 And rear a home where joy delights to reign.
 From him, the savage brute and barb'rous man,
 Back to the depths of wilder nature ran ;
 To him the forest in submission bow'd,
 And rose on fiery wings, a smoky cloud ;
 By him the stagnant pools received their force,
 And circling waters chang'd their native course ;
 Thus, nature smiled thro' beauty's lovelier hue,
 When from her face her ancient veil he drew.

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And there, along the winding forest-road,
The weary wood-man bore his corn-meal load—
(From some rude village, or some busy mill,
Which man had fashion'd by his rude skill,)—
Perhaps the burden of a score of miles
While half a week beneath its weight he toils
Thro' forest dangers, and thro' dark arcades,
Where savage monsters growl behind the shades;
And lights his guiding torch when day retires,
Or stands a sentry at the mid-night fires;
Still pressing on thro' hardships such as these,
And guides his pathway by the blazon'd trees,
He finds his home and hungry ones at last,
And shares the pleasures of the sweet repast.

There wander'd also thro' the dreary wild,
The "Fores; Pilgrim," "Nature's studious child,"
To hang celestial sun-beams o'er those shades,
And tell that God those very depths pervades;
To clothe the mind and ornament the heart,
And teach from nature wisdom's noblest art;
To bid the soul from grov'ling passions rise,
And point its path to scenes beyond the skies;
And thus to manhood, hoary age, and youth,
Unlock the gospel cabinet of truth
Whose beauties brighten in perennial bloom,
Adorn this life and live beyond the tomb.

And there the lazy post-boy linger'd on his way,
To rest his budget and prolong his day;
Then runs along the shortest path he sees,
And marks his progress by the well-known trees.

There, jogg'd the bull-cart with its slow ox-team
Forced by the blue-beech rod instead of steam,

To draw the trav'ler o'er the rugged waste,
Thund'ring o'er stubs and stones at snail-coach-haste.

But those dark shadows of the forest earth,
And those rude scenes of nature's elder birth,
Lie in the thick'ning shades of other years,
And from their ruins a new world appears.

How vast a change impress the human mind
Since art has labor'd to instruct mankind
How to remove from now-enlighten'd climes
The disadvantages of ancient times,
When human thoughts by uncouth signs were known,
Engraved with iron pens on wood and stone ;
And scribes were learn'd the hieroglyphic skill
To daub their sheep-skins with the grey goose-quill :
For such kind nature made the sheep and goose,
But man condemns them now for little use,
Since art has form'd with deep ingenious skill,
Thé type, the paper, and metallic quill.
Now tatter'd clothes in newer forms arise,
As useless ragæ are useful in disguise ;
And that which cover'd once our infant brain
May now our thoughts and sentiments contain ;
While fragments of some wedding-gown impart
The rich effusions of an amorous heart,
And viler scraps assume a diff'rent name,
In form unlike, in substance still the same,
And to the world in genteel forms, diffuse
Some Poet's feelings, or some Printer's news.

How bless'd are we since Faustus' skill design'd
The vast vehicle of the human mind,
And universal messenger that brings
Its volumes gushing from a thousand springs :

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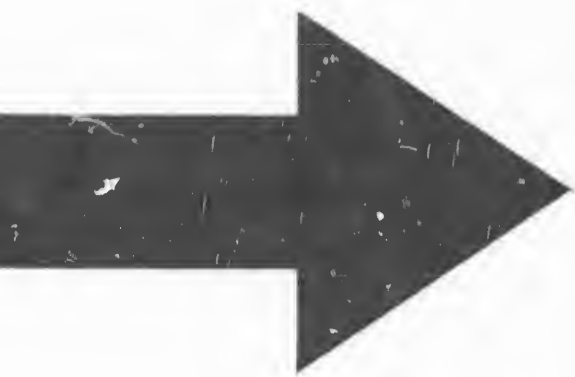
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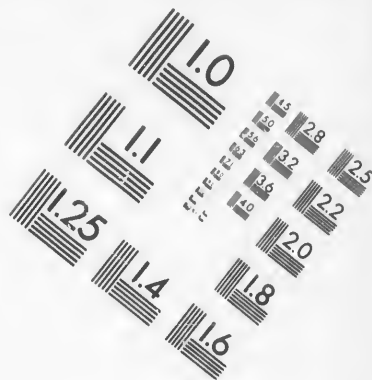
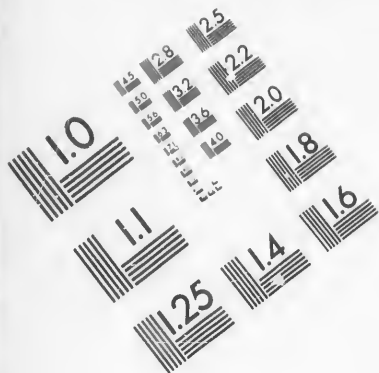
'Tis this unfolds the human mind to scan
The universal works of God and man,
Daguerreotyp'd on time's historic page
From earth's creation to the present age,
And thus to rising generations tell
What empires flourish'd and what kingdoms fell ;
What monarchs reign'd, what dynasties prevail'd ;
What heroes conquer'd, and what warriors fail'd ;
What tyrants triumph'd o'er a people's groans ;
The crash of nations and the wreck of thrones ;—
Of science' progress, and of climes explored ;
Of tribes divided, and of claims restored ;
Of bards, of warriors, architects and sages,
Who lived and died in time's six thousand ages ;—
Of ancient columns crumbled with decay ;
Of sculptur'd marble moulder'd into clay ;
Egyptian beauty, and Corinthian grace,—
Of gorgeous cities doom'd to leave no trace,
Now slumbering 'neath the ashes of their name,
Where once they rose to grasp eternal fame.

'Tis this that yields to man unbounded wealth
More pure and richer than the miser's pelf,
And lends enjoyment gold can never buy.
That lives and cheers when friv'lous pleasures die.
'Tis this that tells the " when," the " where," the " how,"
Of what was once, of what is really now ;
And leads the busy world into our head,
And makes our minds familiar with the dead.

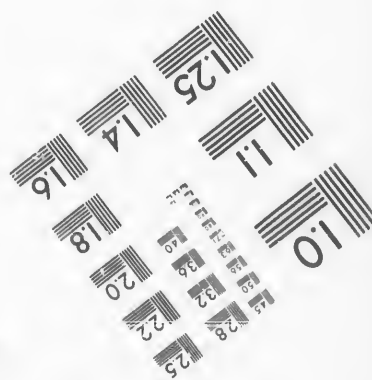
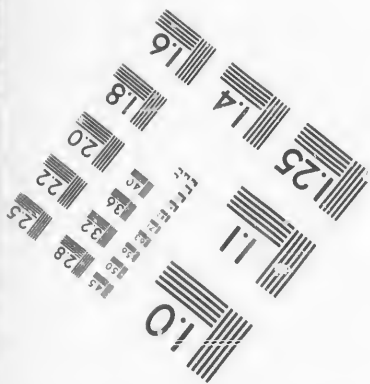
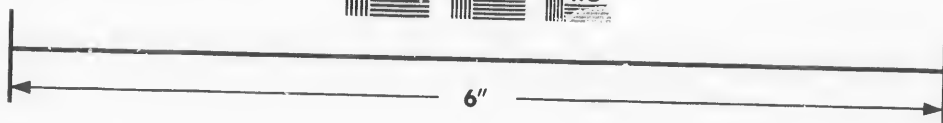
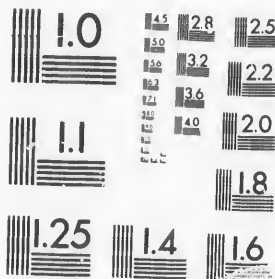
Thus, soul-immortal genius here survives
Its human actions, and its useful lives,
And down to future generations run,
Blending the Past and Future into one ;
While unborn millions rise to greet its pages
Undim'd by change, and undefaced by ages.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
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Nor these alone, the typo-powers diffuse ;—
 They send their fleet-wing'd messengers of news,
 Like gentle showers to renovate the minds
 Of millions whom a mutual int'rest binds
 In fellowship,—whose mystic bonds are chains
 That hold the freedom which our world sustains.
 They give to man a microscopic view
 Of what is passing, and of what is true ;—
 Of nations tott'ring on their tyrant thrones ;—
 Of Russia cripp'ling on her broken bones ;—
 Of Britain's power that help'd the hapless Turk ;—
 Of France exulting o'er her murd'rous work,
 Whose crimson bow rests o'er the Eastern Star
 Of "Peace Proclaimed," and Men made Free by War ;—
 These and a thousand other things express
 The golden powers of the prolific "Press,"
 That wheels its ample treasures to our door,
 And makes us wiser than we were before.
 Tho' far advanced our infant country seems ;
 Tho' bright indeed her varying prospect beams ;
 Tho' wisdom's book its opening leaves display,
 And progress holds a universal sway ;
 Tho' our fair cities hold a legal claim
 To sense, and merit, freedom, art, and fame,
 Accomplish'd grace and cultivated mind,
 By wisdom model'd and by taste refined ;
 A native darkness seems to hover still,
 O'er many minds of genius, strength, and skill ;
 And many a rural district lies in shade,
 Tho' struggling beams its native depths pervade ;
 The hov'ring mist eclipse the rising suns
 Whose golden lustre into darkness runs,
 Where ignorance with superstition reign,
 A shadowed substance,—nothing but a name,
 And dark as chaos, tho' with feelings fraught,
 That scarce know further than what instinct taught.

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Yet, knowledge beams,—these rugged wilds can tell
 Where nameless worth and noble genius dwell,
 Obscured in solitude,—chain'd to the soil ;
 The "Souls of Friendship" and the "Sons of Toil,"
 Who nobly struggle to support a name,
 And shed the truths which Worth and Wisdom claim.
 Then 'rouse, ye slumb'ring sons, your souls empower,
 Expel the shades that o'er your country lower,
 Till wisdom hold her universal reign,
 And justice' laws an equal right sustain,
 And Mind expand 'neath heaven's propitious smile,
 To bless your Homes, your Country, and your Toil.

 BLANK VERSE.

ON THE DREADFUL DISASTER WHICH OCCURRED MARCH 12, 1857, BY THE
 LOCOMOTIVE AND PASSENGER TRAINS BREAKING THROUGH A BRIDGE
 OVER THE DESJARDIN CANAL, GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY,—
 ATTENDED WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The steam-horse-monster flaps his iron wings ;
 Jove's thunder belches from his brazen lips,
 And Vulcan's breath dilates his fiery lungs ;
 His frantic brains emit their smoky wrath,
 And lend an impulse to his metal nerves,
 That counteract the center-force of earth,
 And send him flying on his wonted course ;
 A train of pond'rous chariots at his heels,
 Like Mars' proud phalanx rushing on to battle.

Swift as a wild-dove flock in early spring,
 That courses thro' the airy element,
 So fly these stately chariots o'er the plain,
 Thro' vales and mountains, rocks and forest-wilds,
 With all their precious freight of human lives
 Of varied age, mind, rank, and usefulness,

From the sweet babe that nestles at the breast,
To him who peers thro' venerable old age.

Varied the means from which they seek recourse
To cure the crippled moments as they pass ;
To smoothe the roughness of the shaky cars ;
To cheer the dull monotony of scene,
And lend a relish to the sense of feeling.

Now conversation's powers are hard at work
To give expression to the naked thought ;
While silent fancy like a conjured ghost
Stares all around with half-unconscious eye,
Or peeps behind the curtain of the past.

The child is prattling on its mother's lap,
While the loved parent, in responsive tone,
Smiles on the little darling of her heart,
And in her fond caress, with gentle touch,
Impresses on its cheeks the stamp of love.

The blooming virgin, with a joyous soul,
Thro' fairy-lands, or earth's elysium, roves,
And thinks on some fond favorite of her heart,
And dreams, perhaps, of years of promised bliss

The lover, with some fair one at his side,
In all the joys of pride and loveliness,
Whispers the warmest feelings of his soul,
Nor deems the moments long, nor spent in vain,
That yield such joy, and near them to their homes.

Some think of farewell-friends and sever'd ties,
Made sacred by their absence for a while ;
Others, returning from a distant tour,
Think time lags heavily and the cars run slow,

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To bring them to their waiting friends and homes,
Where love-bound hearts with deep emotions swell.

————— There in his cushion'd chair
The banker dreams, and counts his fancied gold ;
The parson's mind with richer treasures fill'd ;
The merchant deep in speculative thought,
Dreams of the golden harvest of his toil ;
While the well-dress'd man of three-score-years
Peers thro' his crystal orbs, and views the scene.

At this bright moment of undreaded fate
An awful crash is heard, terrible as death,
As if earth deviated from its path,
And crush'd its pond'rous axle 'neath its weight.
The fleeting phalanx is abruptly check'd ;
The bridge breaks down, a fearful gap is ope'd,
And every bosom throbs with instant fear,
And shudders at the unsuspected shock ;—
'Tis but a moment's work,—oh ! dreadful work ;
The cars are hurled precipitately at once
With all their fatal load of noble souls
Down, down, into the yawning gulf beneath,
And in one dread confusive mass, lie wreck'd.

As fancy harrows up the dreadful scene,
I shudder at the ghastly horrors of
That awful shock of fate, that fatal leap
Into the dark and fathomless abyss of death.

Youth, beauty, and the finely finish'd form,
There lie a shapeless mass, one common wreck
Of broken limbs, and death-distorted looks.
The dead lie hush'd, and yet their staring orbs
Tell of the shock of their affrighted hearts,
When the sad horror pierced their vital souls,

The wounded groan, and writhe in all the shapes
 Of bitter-biting agony, and grasp
 At all within their reach with maniac hand,
 As if they sought the aid of sympathy
 To soothe their tortures and their frantic souls.

The tidings fly, men's souls are horror-struck ;
 The very air seems wrapt in melancholy gloom ;
 And every whisper breathes the dismal tale.
 'The strong in heart rush forth to extricate
 The dead and wounded from their gloomy cells ;
 While trembling thousands fly towards the scene,
 Suspicious of the fate of kindred friends.
 That may be mingled with the ruinous mass.

The air groans heavily with the stifled sobs,
 And piteous cries of wild distracted hearts,
 Whose orbs tho' swimming in a flood of tears,
 Appear to pierce the very depths of death,
 Yet scarce can recognize their death-doom'd friends.
 Recoiling nature creeps within its folds,
 And shudder at the dread catastrophe
 Of grim, unsightly shapes, and ghastly forms
 Extracted from their excavated tombs.

Sad sight indeed, yet, sadder to those souls
 That mourn their loss, eternity has gain'd,
 And seek relief amid their bitter pangs,
 To fill that vacancy earth cannot fill,
 They need no motto to awaken grief,
 No relic to revive their memories ;
 Time cannot wash away their stains of woe,
 Nor fill the wrinkles of remembrance.
 If men's emotions were by instinct moved,
 Without the magnet of reflective thought,

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And like the brute unreasonable and wild,
 Feel but the sorrows of a few short days,
 Then might the feeling soul forget its pangs,
 The bubbling humors of its grief dry up,
 And the long sigh be but a thing that was.

----- But memory,
 That vital cherisher of past events,
 Fans up the sparks that nestle in their ashes,
 And feeds its quenchless fire with its own thoughts.

Tho' there be hearts that nature taught to feel
 For those who mourn the loss of kindred friends,
 Whom the grim-faced messenger of fate
 Hath summon'd hast'ly to the Dark Unknown,
 So common are those incidents of life,
 So much enwoven with its very acts,
 That sorrow's surface shade is soon rub'd off,
 And man forgets to feel his neighbor's woes.

Shall man the essence of mortality,
 Whose life is based upon a fickle state,
 And walks upon the verge of death,
 Live still unconscious of his dang'rous path
 Along the dark uncertainty of time?
 Man's life is limited by nature's laws,
 Tho' thousands struggle to out-reach their bounds,
 How many cease by some incautious act
 Ere they have reach'd their measured posts of life.
 But death is sure to all, come when he will;
 Prophetic warnings tell us to prepare
 In time, for in our bright career of life,
 Amidst our friends and merry-making feasts
 And soul-unthinking revelry and song,
 His meagre hand may write upon our walls
 The hieroglyphic emblems of our fate,
 And time forbid one moment to reflect.

He spreads his nets upon life's common path,
 And blind unthinking mortals fall his prey ;
 Even in the busiest actions of their lives,
 This treach'rous world deceives men's souls
 With false delusions and unthinking dreams ;
 To make the most of time some live it twice,
 And living to be wiser die but fools ;
 While others, heedless of the busy world,
 Sleep in the shadows of their feeble souls,
 Nor dreams of death until that monster comes
 To rouse them from their drowsy couch of life.

The hoary-headed man of many years
 Who totters on the very brink of life,
 May boast as safely of to-morrow here,
 As the gay and giddy youngster at his games,
 Who never dreams of spectres at his heels,
 To chase him to the charnel vault of death.

Time, like the ceaseless streamlet, glides away,
 And life sails down its current to the tomb ;
 Sad are the wrecks that lie along its shores,
 Crush'd by the undermining rocks and shoals,
 That blind incautious mortals dash'd upon ;—
 Yet, these are dally warnings, and are meant
 To prove essential to our slumb'ring souls ;
 To rouse them from the chaos of their dreams
 To think on death and dark eternity ;
 To draw our virtue from the heavenly skies,
 To point the immortal beauty of the soul,
 And to discourse sweet fellowship with God,
 Before the cold unfeeling hand of death
 Extinguishes our little lamp of life,
 And total darkness shuts the final scene,
And naught but dumb mortality remains.



SONGS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

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SONGS, &c.



MY FOREST HOME.

My cottage stands in the forest shade
 Where the rustling leaves are stir'd,
 Where the murm'ring bee and wild-bird sings,
 And the wolf's long howl is heard.
 Where once the squaw had her snow-built hut,
 And the Indian used to roam,
 Are now the dreams of my life-long years,
 And the scenes of my forest home.
 Oh! the old log-hut in the wild-wood shade
 Is my dear old forest home.

'Twas there I play'd in my boyish days,
 Thro' the bright and the joyous hours,
 And blythely roam'd thro' the forest shade
 To gather the wild-wood flowers ;
 'Twas there I knelt at the holiest shrine
 Of nature's transcendent dome,
 And whisper'd the joys of a youthful heart,
 That breathed in my forest home.
 Oh! the old log-hut in the wild-wood shade
 Is my dear old forest home.

'Twas there I met with my youthful friends,
 And shared in the festal joy,
 And dreamt of the pure and happy scenes,
 That the future years destroy ;

Or hark'd to the merry tales of old
 Of those who were wont to roam ;
 Or mourn'd for the dear and hallowed ones
 That pass'd from my forest home.
 Oh ! the old log-hut in the wild-wood shade
 Is my dear old forest home.

And still will I love that dear old home,
 For sake of my earlier years,
 Whose holy affections entwine my heart
 With all that the past endears ;
 Had I the earth and its boundless stores,
 And the wings of light to roam,
 I ne'er could find such a hallowed spot,
 As that of my forest home.
 Oh ! the old log-hut in the wild-wood shade.
 Is my dear old forest home.

BREATHE AGAIN.

Breathe again the hallowed strain
 Friendship softly whispers here ;
 Happy hours the soul empowers,
 Social friends and comrades dear ;
 Here's repose amid our woes,
 Here's a path bestrew'd with flowers,
 Hope beguiles our care with smiles,
 Life forgets its toiling hours.
 Breathe again in softer lays,
 Such as those that warm the heart;
 Sing of other friends and days,
 Since we've met, and ere we part.

What endears remember'd years,
 Makes the past for ever new ?
 What inspired our former joys ?
 Nought but friends, and friendship true.
 Who should know our joy and woe ?
 Who the power of pity lends ?
 • Who in strife will cheer our life ?
 None but few and faithful friends.
 Breathe again in softer lays,
 Such as those that warm the heart,
 Sing of other friends and days,
 Since we've met and ere we part.

 THE INVITATION.

Bonnie spring has come again,
 Wafting forth the balmy breeze
 Ovre the mountain, wood and plain,
 Breathing in the budding trees.
 Nature hails the vernal queen,
 Wi' her hum and miustrel-lays,
 In her robes o' russet green,
 Flowery fields, and sunny braes.

Come, my lassie, let us gang,
 Nature's graceful form to greet,
 Revel wi' the joyous thrang,
 Whisper love in rapture sweet,
 Gather flowers frae blooming braes,
 Twine a wreath for Cupid's shrine,
 Bask beneath the genial rays,
 Mutual love wi' bliss entwine.

Ilka thing invites us forth,
 Novelty inspires the scene,
 Beauty smiles frae parent earth
 In her lovely coat o' green.
 Could we baith forever dwell
 In an Eden such as this,
 Brightest prospects e'er would tell
 Thou had'st crown'd my earthly bliss.

HOW BLEST WAS I.

How blest was I when first I knew
 That angel form I loved to view,
 With whom in love I long'd to live
 And share the joys that love would give.

How blest was I if ever blest
 When first her rosy lips I prest,
 That breathed the incense of her heart
 To cheer my soul and ease its smart.

How blest was I whene'er I prest
 Her heaving bosom to my breast,
 That breathed affection's hallowed tone,
 To beat responsive with my own.

Her sparkling orbs of living light,
 Like sister-stars divin-ly bright,
 Revolv'd in silence to impart
 The artless language of her heart.

Tho' love's experience told me this,
 That present love makes perfect bliss,
 Now absent love is love in pain
 When mutual bliss is sought in vain.

THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT FOR ME.

I love to roam amid the flowers
That breathe the fragrant air ;
I love the summer's sylvan bowers
When all around is fair.
I love to greet the morning sweet
The rising sun to see,
But sweeter far than all these are
The moonlight night for me,
Oh ! the moonlight night
The stars so bright,
With heavenly light,
The glorious sight,
The moonlight night for me.

I love to rove amid the grove
When in its robes of green,
To pluck the forest's fairest flowers
That kiss the crystal stream ;
But sweeter still by moonlit rill
To me my "love" unseen,
For like an angel, she appears
Beneath the silvery beam.
Oh ! the moonlight night,
The stars so bright
With heavenly light,
The glorious sight,
The moonlight night for me.

I love to meet those happy friends
Whom social ties endear,
Within my home, my dear old home,
Where hallowed scenes appear.

The lighted hearth, the harmless mirth,
Away from fancy flee
When by the light that shines so bright,
The rising moon I see.

Oh! the moonlight night,
The stars so bright
With heavenly light,
The glorious sight,
The moonlight night for me

I love to trace the vaulted space,
That blue and boundless sea,
Where every star, tho' distant far,
A blissful world may be.
To those bright themes in moonlight dreams,
My thoughts enraptur'd flee ;
Tho' earth may bind the mortal part,
The musing spirit is free.

Oh! the moonlight night,
The stars so bright
With heavenly light,
The glorious sight,
The moonlight night for me.

SONG.

I love not the Bloomers of fashion,
 Roll'd up in their trappings of pride,
 Who try to replenish with dressing
 What nature has truly denied ;
 Such charms are but trifles to fancy,
 Compared my " sweet dearie " with thine ;
 So give me your hand now my lassie,
 And say that thou only art mine.

My bosom, thine image hath cherish'd,
 And planted its tenderness there,—
 My heart its affection hath nourish'd
 Tho' mingled with sorrow and care ;
 No maiden hath tainted its blossom,
 Nor shall I its honors resign,
 If truth's sweetest tones to my bosom
 Shall whisper thou only art mine.

Like Adam I'm under the sentence
 That doom'd us the sons of the soil,
 Thou only canst lighten my penance,
 And breathe a sweet blessing in toil ;
 Thine image would brighten my cottage,
 And bliss and contentment entwine,
 If thou would'st but welcome my dotage,
 And whisper thou only art mine.

Thy soul it resembles the blossom
 That summer has lent to the rose,
 Its balm can restore to my bosom
 The pleasure that virtue bestows.
 I love thee, sweet virgin, I love thee,
 Without thee I ever would pine,
 There's nothing I prize here above thee,
 Then answer, thou only art mine.

MY AULD DUDDIE CLAES.

My heart was aften sorry whan it rather wou'd been glad,
'Twas naught but wretched poverty that made my times so
bad,

For I was poorly spending the best o' a' my days,
And I couldna gang a courting in my auld duddie claes.

My coat was worn by time an' toil, till it was a' threid bare,
An' as my breeks gat duddier, I clouted them the mair ;
My boots wer jist like midden-creels, tho' thae'd seen better
days,

An' I was a rugged callant in my auld duddie claes.

My hat it wasna water-proof, an' it had lost its snoot,
It loot the rain in freely, for it couldna keep it oot ;
It might hae been a hive for bees, but 'twas a skep for flaes,
An' it was the rugged crowner o' my auld duddie claes.

Altho' I lived in poverty wi' toil an' care opprest,
Love form'd a strong existence within my throbbing breast,
And on some lovely lassie it darted forth in rays,
But I couldna think to woo her in my auld duddie claes.

The dandie lads an' gentry fowke, I envied not their state,
I never wish'd to pant aneath the burden o' the great,
But a' that e'er I wish'd for, was to see some better days,
An' to get some ither cleadin than my auld duddie claes.

But luck in weel improving time wear'd poverty awa,
An' I gat dress'd in braid claes jist in the fashion braw ;
My heart rejoiced in raptures whan I saw better days,
An' 'twas ther I went a-wooing in my braw Sunday claes.

An' whan I near'd the cottage where my bonnie lassie dwelt,
My heart begoud to flutter 'roun, uneasy-like I felt,
While Mary blushing smiled wi' joy, an' stood in great amaze
Whan she saw her bonnie laddie in his braw Sunday claes.

I LOVE THEE,—YES, AND I'LL LOVE THEE.

The silvery moon in the azure skies,
 And the clustering stars above me,
 That sparkle bright like the lover's eyes,
 They silently whisper,—“ I love thee.”
 By them I vow at love's holy shrine,
 With the angels of Cupid around me,
 That thee I love with a love divine,
 For the ties of nature have bound me.
 I love thee, yes, and I'll love thee,
 Tho' love was a seraph's claim,
 And angels would hover above me,
 Wert thou but to whisper the same.

Thine image is mirror'd in fancy's eyes,
 Reflecting love with a holy charm ;
 And oft in the heat of my extacies,
 I grasp to embrace thy magic form.
 And phantoms form in the fairy dance,
 And the mystic spell is above me,
 To hail thee, queen of the promised lands,
 While fondly I whisper,—“ I love thee.”
 I love thee, yes, and I'll love thee,
 Tho' love was an angel's dream ;
 And as long as my spirit will move me,
 I'll sing of my fairy queen.

Ambition toils for a deathless name,
 Alluring hope with her phantom toys ;
 But mutual love has a nobler aim,
 It soothes the soul with its social joys.
 The stars will fade with the morning light,
 And the glorious moon above me ;

But "Venus" will shine with that fadeless light
 That brighten'd my bosom to love thee.
 I love thee, yes, and I'll love thee,
 Tho' love is a mystic dream ;
 And as long as my spirit will move me
 I'll sing of my fairy queen.

 MY AULD FIRE-SIDE.

I love to sing o' ither days
 That mem'ry fondly loves to greet ;
 I love to muse on former joys,
 An friens wi' whom I lov'd to meet
 Within my dear auld cottage home
 That neither boasts o' art nor pride,
 But wears the charms, o' vanish'd years,
 That beam aroun its "auld fire side."

There childhood play'd its joyous games,
 And every pleasing hope was mine,
 That still infuse in mem'ry's dreams
 The sweet enchantment o' lang syne.
 'Twas there I knew a mother's love,
 A father's care that did provide ;
 There kind companions nightly met,
 And blythely cheer'd the "auld fire-side."

There oft I've mused in silent mood
 Whan ithers lay in Lethe's bowers,
 While crickets chirpt their warmest notes—
 Companions of my mid-night hours.
 Whan winter's evening shades appear'd,
 An blust'ring storms on tempests ride,
 How blest was ay our social cheer,
 Whan gather'd roun the "auld fire-side."

An monie a form now hid in earth
 Hae circled 'roun its cheering blaze
 To lend their love to friendship's mirth,
 And tell the tales o' ither days:
 Dear shall it be to mem'ry still,
 Tho' life thro' higher prospects glide;
 An future years shall yet reveal
 The changes o' my "auld fire-side."

 SONG TO CYLINDIA.

Tho' malice with her treach'rous tongue
 Our bosom'd joys o' love had stung,
 And envy's lips her venom flung
 Between thy love and mine;
 Again the sweets of love return,
 Like Phœbus to the summer morn,
 And brighter still its fires shall burn
 Between my love and thine.

A secret something still inspires
 My soul to feed those living fires,
 Reflecting from love's golden spires
 Thine image back to me;
 And you fair moon that gilds the skies
 As on her heavenly course she flies,
 Still bids my musing thoughts arise
 To dwell along with thee.

Tho' distance change the hills we view
 From summer's green to sky-lit blue,
 It cannot change my love for you,
 Where e'er my lot may be;

And while my life by love begun
 Shall 'round its living orbit run,
 Thy beauty brighter than the sun
 Shall still encircle me.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH TROOPS
 FOR THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Oh! heard you those deep-vaulted echoes that thunder'd
 From the bleak Russiar hills in the land of the foe?
 'Twas the voice of the Czar as his thousands he number'd
 To crush the bright hopes of his combatants low.

Or, heard you that din in responsive commotion
 As it swell'd on the breeze from Britannia's proud isle;
 'Twas her brave loyal sons as they rose with devotion
 To face the wild foe on a far foreign soil.

They go, valiant ones, with their banners unfurl'd,
 The young and the noble, the gifted and brave,
 To vanquish the tyrant, and tell to the world,
 That Britain's strong arm is yet mighty to save.

Oh! hark to those soul-lashing billows of sorrow
 That burst from the hearts of the dear-sever'd ones;
 The love-plighted maidens no comfort can borrow
 From the mother's wild bosoms that sigh for their sons.

As the green leaves of nature are nipt from the forest
 By the rude breath of summer that sweeps it along;
 So many brave ones whom affection hath cherish'd
 Shall fall in the carnage of war's mingled throng.

Then mourn, Britain, mourn for your life-valued heroes
 That have gone to the death-field of slaughter afar;
 May the strong arm of heaven empower them to conquer
 That "grim king of terrors," who heads on the war.

"AULD LANG SYNE."*

O why should friendship be forgot
 Or we its gifts resign,
 Sin' there's nae friens, nor joys on earth,
 Like those o' auld lang syne :
 Tho' monie a sad'ning change we've seen
 O' why should we repine?
 We'll tune our chanter pipes again,
 And strike up "auld lang syne."
 " For auld lang syne, my frien,
 For auld lang syne ;"
 We'll tune our chanter pipes again
 To auld lang syne.

Aft hae we rambled 'roun the braes
 Whan nature's sel was fine,
 An blythely wander'd i' the woods,
 The wild-wood flowers to twine ;
 Or woo'd,aneath the "birken tree"
 Wi' lassies brow an fine,
 Dress'd i' the claes our grannies made
 In years o' auld lang syne.
 In auld lang syne, my frien,
 In auld lang syne,
 Dress'd i' the claes our grannies made
 In auld lang syne.

Our youthful friens, like autumn leaves,
 Hae faun in every elime,
 While we've been spared by providence
 Up to the present time :

* In this song the Author has attempted to imitate Burns, but not with the slightest pretensions to compete with him.

Tho' grief an' care oppress our hearts,
 O why should we repine?
 There's ay that ruling power aboon
 That blest us in iang syne.
 " In auld lang syne, my frien,
 In auld lang syne ;
 There's ay that ruling power aboon
 Sin' auld lang syne."

Tho' loss o' friens an' monie a change
 Hae damp'd our mirth sin' syne,
 Yet we maun toddle on thro' life,
 An' bless the power divine ;
 Sae here's a health to friendship now
 That still our hearts entwine,
 An' here's to friens bairn far an' near,
 And here's to yours an' mine
 " For auld lang syne, my frien,
 For auld lang syne ;
 An' here's a health to you an' me,
 For auld lang syne."

BATTLE OF ALMA.

When France and England's martial hosts
 Had cross'd the ocean's wave,
 And disembark'd on Russia's coasts,
 The battle storm to brave ;

Lord Raglan led his gallant band
 To meet the stubborn foe,
 St. Arnaud's force was close at hand
 To lend the helping blow.

The Russians eyed the "Great Allied,"
And shun'd the threaten'd fights;
A shell or two they cowardly threw,
And fled to Alma's heights.

The hostile force pursued their course
To Alma's rugged banks,
Where Russia pours her fiery showers
Of grape-shot thro' their ranks.

Tho' thundering cannons roar around,
And deadly missiles fly,
Still on the dauntless heroes rush,
To conquer or to die.

But Russia holds the vantage ground
And pours her torrents still,
Which check the fierce and fiery troops
That swarm beneath the hill.

Yet louder still the storm resounds
And men fall thick and fast,
Like forest leaves when falling 'round
By some untimely blast.

Then Raglan's thund'ring cannons come,
And pour their deadly showers;
The Russians reel, but muster still
Their overwhelming powers.

The gallant troops are still repul'd,
And still regain the field,
But Campbell with his highland clan
Determines not to yield.

And on they dash, and stab and slash,
 As heroes stern and true ;
 The Russians feel the force of steel,
 And highland valor, too.

Now glitt'ring arms unstain'd before
 Assume the crimson hue,
 While standard flags, tho' torn to rags,
 Are held by heroes true.

With rugged nerve, and dauntless heart,
 The storm was nobly braved,
 Till on the heights of Alma's hill
 The royal standards waved.

Before the powers of heroes' arms
 The conquer'd Russians fled,
 And left behind their wounded ones,
 And many hundred dead.

Ah ! many a brave and noble son
 That day at Alma fell,
 And countless millions, yet unborn,
 Their valiant deeds shall tell.

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ON THE BANKS OF THE SWEET ENGLISH RIVER.

How cheerless and dreary the landscape appears
Where lately the glory of summer pervaded ;
The trees are emblossom'd, and still they look drear,
The roses are blooming, and yet they seem faded.

O, tell me ye groves, and ye woodlands I love,
That proudly exult in the gifts of the giver,
Why frown ye so sadly while musing I rove
Along the green banks of the sweet English River.

From the depths of my bosom a murmur is heard,
That echoes in sadness where joy once pervaded,
Like the sound when the blast leaf of summer is stir'd
By the dark-heaving breeze when the forest is faded.

'Tis my bosom alone that is cheerless and drear ;
These scenes are as bright and as beautiful as ever ;
'Tis the absence of one to my heart ever dear,
That darkens the scenes of the sweet English River.

Ah ! here is the arbor, but where is the flower
That shone in the grove when the shadows pervaded ?
And here is the wreath that she wove in the bower ;
But, alas ! she has gone, and its beauties have faded,

And here is the bosom that whisper'd its love,
But where is the heart that has seal'd it forever ?
Alas ! it has gone, and distracted I rove
Alone, on the banks of the sweet English River.

Flow on gentle stream 'neath thy leaf-spangled groves,
And blossom ye beauties of nature o'ershaded,
That fond hearts united may whisper their loves
Where the once-cherish'd hopes of my bosom lie faded.

And still 'mid thy green-bosom'd woodlands and blossom,
 Her soul-cherish'd image shall haunt me forever ;
 Nor time cannot blot from my grief-rippled bosom,
 The scenes on the banks of the sweet English River.

THE AULD WIFE'S TEA.

Let us never seek relief
 That the world winna spare,
 Let us never think on grief
 Whan our heart-strings are sair,
 But we aften seek the balm
 That the world canna gie,
 Whan the auld wifie's charm
 Is a wee drap o' tea.
 O, a wee drap o' tea,
 An' a wee drap o' tea,
 Whan the auld wifie's charm
 Is a wee drap o' tea.

It 'enlivens up her heart
 Whan 'tis sinkin doun wi' care,
 An' it brings the charms o' health
 Whan her auld head is sair ;
 it revives the love o' friens
 Wi' the pleasures it can gie
 Whan the auld bodies meet
 Owre a wee drap o' tea ;
 O, a wee drap o' tea'
 An' a wee drap o' tea,
 Whan the auld bodies meet
 Owre a wee drap o' tea.

Then thae'll crack about the wars
 An' the wonders thae hae seen,
 An' a thousand ither things
 O' the places thae hae been ;
 An' o' monie happy days
 That the present canna gie,
 An' think nae ane's like thirsels
 Owre a wee drap o' tea,
 O, a wee drap o' tea,
 An' a wee drap o' tea,
 An' think nae ane's like thirsels
 Owre a wee drap o' tea,

SONG.

TO THE CRIMEAN HEROES OF THE 39TH REGIMENT, ON
 THEIR ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL, JUNE 28TH, 1856.

AIR :—" *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

Welcome, heroes, true and brave,
 Ye who spurn'd a coward's grave,
 Ye who fought and bled to save
 Freedom's rights and royalty.

Ye, who shared our bloody fights,
 Quell'd your foes—maintain'd our rights—
 Inkermann's and Alma's heights
 Witness'd well your bravery.

Ye who vanquish'd Russia's powers,
Crush'd her bulwarks, sank her towers,
Welcome to this home of ours,
 British hearts of loyalty.

Tyrant Russia dreads thy name,
France is proud of equal fame,
Turkey stamps thy rightful claim,
 Britain smiles victoriously.

We have spurn'd the tyrant's sneers,
We have shar'd your hopes and fears,
We have bath'd our hearts with tears,
 Now we shout triumphantly.

On our heights our banners wave,
Loyal hearts with ardor heave,
Shouts of welcome to the brave
 Echo back responsively.

TO A YOUNG COQUETTE WHO WISHED TO
KNOW IF SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.

You ask if you are beautiful,
Then judge from my reply ;
Go,—ask your shadow in the glass,
It knows as well as I.
If it should answer, yes, thou art,—
A falsehood, I exclaim ;
But should it speak the negative,
Our answers are the same.

A FRAGMENT.

The meanest wretch who walks the street,
If such you ever chance to meet,
And he politely bows to you,
Hurry not by with self-conceit,
But with a gracefulness discreet,
Show him your sign of manners too.

A SIMILE.

As morning beams of spring disclose
The infant blossoms of the rose
Bathea in the sweet and balmy dew ;
So health from slumber's soft repose,
Along our veins profusely flows,
And lends to life its vivid hue.

VERSES.

I ask'd the old, the wrinkled maid,
 That ask'd if I was married,
 Why she so long above her head,
 The parasol had carried.

To keep the *sun* off her she said,
 In case ho'd paint her yellow ;
 Why, Miss ! said I, that *son* indeed,
 Must be a bold *old* fellow.

To sport with such a fine *young* maid
 Whom kings might envy rather ;
 Excuse me, sir, she bowed and said,
 I thought you was his *father*.

STANZA.

Why boast of beauty ? 'tis but painted clay ;
 A well-proportion'd form framed for decay ;
 A radiant face that wears an angel's smile ;
 A sprightly eye that sparkles to beguile.

Such pamper'd charms, what do they signify ?
 Strike at their roots, and every leaf will die ;
 But clothe the mind—its beauties never fade,
 And like the rose they'll breathe when life's decay'd

WRITTEN IN ALBUMS.

To know we must sever,
It saddens my heart ;
It may be forever,
Perhaps that we part ;

Tho' friendship and fortune
Your footsteps attend,
In years of the future
Remember your friend.

What deep emotions stir my heart,
With friendship's mystic spell
When e'er I think that we must part
And breathe to each farewell ;

And when that we are placed apart,
May friendship draw us near,
To breathe the feelings of the heart,
Originated here.

Take this as a wreath of the friendship of youth,
Which fancy hath cull'd from the green-bowers of truth ;
It claims what the soul of a true friend can give,
And hopes for long years in your album to live.

Other scenes may be wafted on time's swelling breeze,
Whose brightness may shadow the noon-light of these ;
If then in your album this tribute may be,
These times may be felt with remembrance of me.

A VALENTINE.

DEAR MISS,

Direct *mis*-fortune not to me
 In case I *miss* my way ;
 Tho' I may seem a-*miss* by thee,
 I *miss* yca every day ;

But should I *miss* you in the list
 Of *misses* that combine,
 My wish would be that you had *miss'd*
 This *mis*-sent valentine.

Your's—*Mis*-ter E.

VERSES TO A VAIN COQUETTE.

Praise not thyself, weak-minded one,
 Thy cherish'd follies teach us what thou art,—
 A bubble swelling in the morning sun,
 To please the eye, but doth no good impart.

Thou seem'st to make mankind thy servile props,
 And spurns thy *betters* with a high disdain,
 But thou, like shrubs upon the mountain tops,
 Without *them* thou mightst strive to rise in vain.

ON AN OLD COBBLER.

Old Crispen hammer'd to his *last*
To keep the *sole* and *body* fast,
And shaped his skill in every shoe
In hopes to gain a *foot* or two.

But while he *wax'd* the *thread* of life,
In hopes to raise another *foot*,
Unwelcome death exchang'd his state,
And gave to earth his *all* in *boot*.

ON AN INNKEEPER WHO WAS BURNT TO DEATH
BY SPIRITS.

His *spiritual* magazine so long perfumed
By *spirits* now is totally consumed,
Which doom'd his *spirit* to the *spirit-cell*
Where burning *spirits*, with his *spirit* dwell.
What signifies to him his treasured dust
Since death and mammon mock his *spiritual* trust ;
The *spiritual* truths of *spirit* he denied,
Yet *lived* by *spirits*, and by *spirits* died.

Death lurks in all things earthly that exist,
And life in motion is but death at rest ;
Even in blooming health's remotest cells,
He, like the canker worm, unnoticed dwells ;
There knaws the siken fibres of the heart,
That binds the spirit to the mortal part.

STANZA.

How many a man in wedded life,
Lets go the *bridal* reins,
To please his sweet, endearing wife,
When ever she complains :
But soon he finds the power he gave,
Has chang'd his life-reviver ;
For *he* becomes the wretched slave,
And *she* the negro-driver.

THE PRINTER'S PARODY.

Breathes there a soul so void of common sense
Would cheat itself for sake of a few pence ?
Lives there a man so hard, or poor, who needs
To make his neighbor pay for what he reads ?
Or, is there one so mean as would refuse
To "*pay the printer,*" tho' he takes the news ;
If such there are, go mark their actions well,
No generous feelings in their bosoms swell,
They live as paupers on themselves and neighbours,
And d—n the printer when they've read his labors.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG MAN ON THE
EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR HIS
NATIVE LAND.

There is an isle, a lovely isle,
Girt by the swelling sea,
Whose leafy hills and mossy vales
Are ever dear to me.

'Tis there the verdant Shamrock grows
In all its mountain pride ;
There blooms my lovely Irish rose
"Down by the Shannon side."

'Twas there I left my Mary dear,
And wander'd o'er the sea,
To find beyond some brighter sphere
For that sweet girl and me.
To better life's uncertain lot
I've rambled far and wide,
But cannot find a sweeter spot
Than on the Shannon side.

The woodman boasts of every charm
His native forest gives,
And in some hut of ruder form
In sweet retirement lives :
Not all the charms his forests wear,
Nor yet his girls beside,
Could chain my restless spirit here,
Far from the Shannon side.

This heartless world disturbs my breast,
 Its varied ills I see ;
 The night that brings the weary rest,
 Can bring no rest to me.
 I'll hie away to Erin's isle,
 To crown my darling bride,
 And in some sweet seclusion dwell
 "Down by the Shannon side."

I'll breathe farewell to Canada,
 And to Columbia's shore,
 Whose forest scenes extending wide
 I ne'er shall visit more.
 The winds have fill'd the spreading sails,
 The bark is on the tide,
 That brings me home to Erin's isle,
 And to the Shannon side.

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THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WRITTEN BY
THE AUTHOR WHILE ON A VISIT TO
MONTREAL, SEPT. 8, 1857.

[On the burning of the steamer *Montreal*, June 26, 1857,
while on its way from Quebec to Montreal, by which up-
wards of three hundred persons were lost, chiefly Scotch
emigrants from Glasgow, by the ship *John M'Kenzie*.]

Away, away the stately steamer flies,
And leaves the busy scenes that crowd the shores,
Her wheels are plied, her steamy columns 'rise,
And swarms of human beings throng her floors.

Away she flies, nor fears the waves that leap
And lash with fury 'round her fetter'd sides,
And like a fowl that skims the crested deep,
She sweeps along with bold majestic strides.

How sweet the lovely summer landseape seems
That girts the shores St. Lawrence proudly laves,
While from the west the aerial monarch beams,
Whose countless diamonds flash upon the waves.

Yes, there were eyes that gazed upon those scenes,
And hearts that swell'd responsive with the view,
Whose souls were cherishing a thousand schemes,
In yet's anticipation only knew.

And there were those who'd left their Scottish isle,
And many a kindred heart to sigh and weep;
To seek new homes upon a foreign soil,
Had braved the dangers of the mammoth deep.

There, cherish'd friendship rose on fancy's wings,
 And breathed upon the evening's playful breeze ;
 There, childhood gambol'd thro' its mazy rings,
 Or fond'y twined around its parents' knees.

There, youth exulted in its blooming pride,
 And wove its fancies in bewilder'd dreams ;
 There, age and manhood chatted side by side,
 And from their feelings drew a thousand schemes.

As when bright summer crowns the landscape's form
 Some unexpected tempest clouds the sky,
 Whose lightnings flash, and sweeping torrents storm,
 Till nature's scenes in sad confusion lie.

Thus changed the scene,—an awful change ensues,
 " Fire," " Fire " is echoed thro' the startled crowds,
 While from the timbers 'round the massive flues,
 The fiery streams gush forth in smoky clouds.

Man's efforts fail to check the furious flame
 That threaten danger and destruction round ;—
 " To shore," " To shore," the passengers exclaim,
 But merc'less Rudolf heedeth not the sound.

Wild shrieks of startled horror burst aloud,
 And frantic hearts express their hapless woe ;
 Friends seek their friends among the wilder'd crowd,
 And rush like raving maniacs to and fro.

The captain runs to save his cowardly soul,
 The steersmen fly like furies from their post ;
 The burning steamer left to its control,
 Is headlong dash'd upon the rocky coast.

* Captain of the Steamer *Montreal*.

A boat is lower'd upon the lashing waves
In which incautious mortals headlong leap ;
Alas ! 'tis overwhelm'd with all it saves,
And down they plunge into the fatal deep.

The fiery storm still sweeps along the deck,
And drives its subjects to the merc'less waves ;
Some cling for safety round the ruinous wreck,
While many sink to find their watery graves.

Good God ! how shocking must that sight have been
To mortal eyes,—too much for tongues to speak
The dread real'ties of that awful scene,—
The death-like struggle and the drowning shriek.

The husband strives to save his sinking wife ;
The frantic mother grasps her drowning child ;
The youth attempts to save his parents' life,
And plunging mortals shriek with horror wild.

Had holy angels gather'd round that spot,
They might have groan'd the sympathetic sigh ;
Even tried to save the infant from its fate
Ere it had learn'd that life is doom'd to die.

Oh, gracious heavens ! extend thy saving powers,
To snatch the helpless from that dismal wreck,
Where living cinders fall in fiery showers
And scorching flames burst forth from either deck.

Aid comes at last, but almost comes too late,
The waves have wash'd their victims in the deep ;
Yet, comes to snatch a number from their fate,
Who struggle still around the ruinous heap.

The waves roll on, the deadly struggle's past,
The smould'ring ashes of the wreck still gleam,
The evening sun retires behind the west,
And night's dark shadows close the fatal scene.

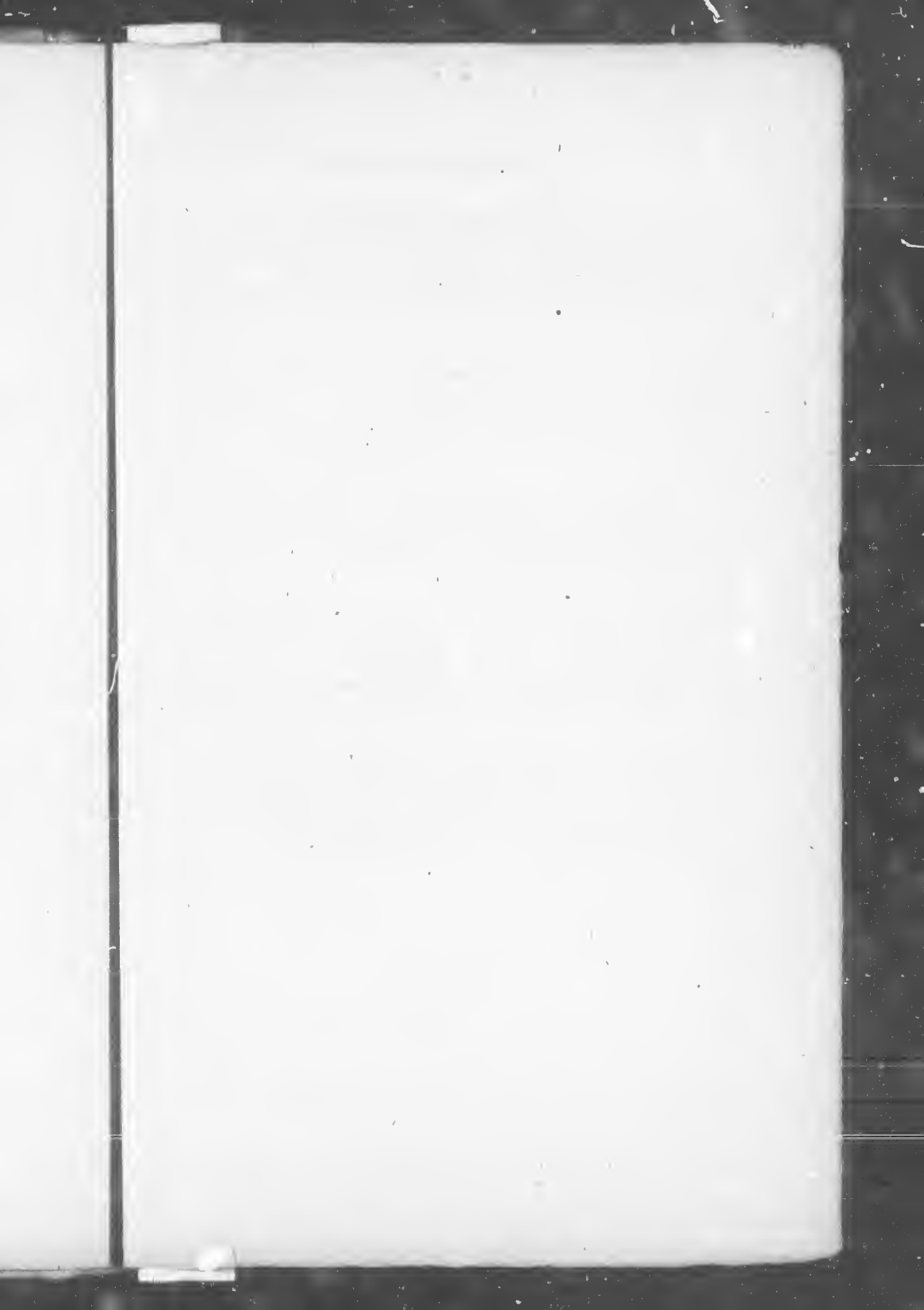
In many a heart the bitter pangs arise
When death-divided friends are seen no more,
Parental sorrow bursts in tearful sighs,
And orphans weep upon a foreign shore.

The restless spirit mourns its hopes beguiled,
And shrinks with startled horror from the sight;
Reflection's chainless spirit wanders wild,
And startles phantoms from the caves of night.

Inglorious Rudolf ! mortal murd'ring wretch !
A Cain's curse is stamp'd upon thy brow,
The very earth and heavens condemn thee such,
And hell itself detests thy friendship now !

Yea, from the dead, within thy demon cell,
Ghosts will arise to haunt thy restless dreams,—
To scorch thy conscience with the brands of hell,
And plunge thy spirit in tartarean streams.

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