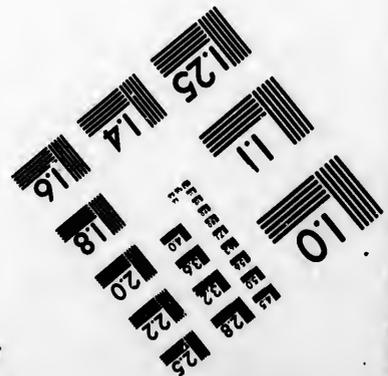
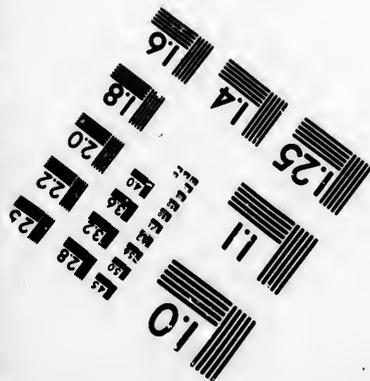
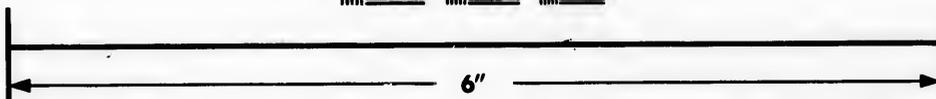
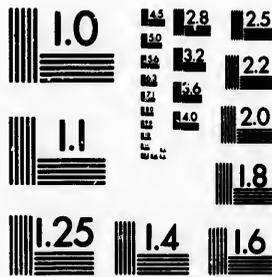


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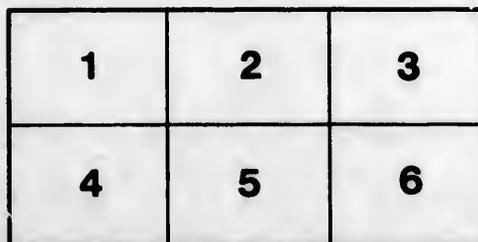
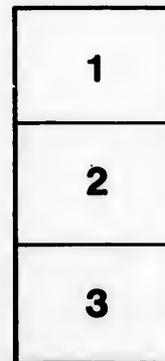
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*San Poetry.*

# POEMS

BY

RICHARD F. MATTHEWS.



1866.

Dawson & Bro., Book & Job Printers, Richmond Street,  
LONDON, C. W.:

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1866

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# POEMS.



## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Welcome, again, Victoria's day!  
We saw the dawn in the eastern way,  
Dispart its starry screen ;—  
And we hail'd it, with a loyal lay :—  
Bear it, oh breeze, o'er the deep and spray,  
Unto our gracious Queen !

Welcome, again, our holiday !  
Nature appeareth in fair array,  
Blossoms and birds between ;  
Canadian sons and daughters gay,—  
And the old that watch the children play,  
All, all, love England's Queen !

Welcome, our Queen, thy natal day !  
Should it overcast, and weeping stay,—  
Such as is seldom seen !  
It were shade of that December day,  
That glooms thy May, while thy people pray—  
Lord, raise our stricken Queen !

### DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Born August 26th, 1819 ; Died December 14th, 1861.

Watchers beside the bed,  
Pale anxious watchers too !  
Every tread is still'd :  
The whisperings are few ;—  
Silent with woe they see,  
Nor love, nor skill, can stay,  
Cold death from stealing life,  
Through that mysterious way—  
Ah ! sorrowful they see,  
But yet they would not say,  
Great England's Queen is come,

Unto her darkest day !

\* \* \* \* \*

As shuts the outer door,  
 When those we love are gone,  
 So suddenly we feel,  
 That we are left alone :—

But call we them in life,  
 And they will hear our voice,—  
 And come—and go—and come,  
 For then there is a choice !

But 'tis not so in death !  
 Once pass'd that outer door,  
 What call from love or wealth,  
 Can bring them as before ?

They lay the dead in state,  
 And drop the burial tear,  
 And crape the palace halls,  
 But ah the grief is here !

\* \* \* \* \*

No more his princely form,  
 Good mother, Queen, and wife,

Will by thy side appear,  
Thro' all thy earthly life ;

No more that husband fond,  
Thy joy thro' happy years,  
Will council in thy rule,  
Or share thy hopes and fears ;

No more that father kind,  
And virtuous and wise,  
Will for his children's weal,  
By deed and word advise ;

That brilliant light went out,  
Too soon it left thee lone,  
But brighter is it now,  
Beside a brighter throne !

\* \* \* \* \*

To her, a type of thee,  
Blest King of Kings be near !  
And with thy angels guard,  
And thro' thy comforts cheer—

'Till watchers from the skies,  
Shall with her Albert come,

When earthly watcher's say,—  
“The good Victoria's home!”

**A WELCOME TO ALBERT EDWARD,  
PRINCE OF WALES.**

Come forth! for a Prince is near,  
Remote from his regal hall;  
Uprear ye, the arches high—  
Upraise ye, the welcome all!

\* \* \* \* \*

True heir to an honour'd throne,  
Good son of a goodly Queen,  
Bright hope of an empire great,  
We twine thee the evergreen!

We tell, to thy mother's heart—  
We tell, to thine own heart too—  
We tell, that Canadian's far,  
Are still unto Britain true.

Bright shineth the sun—we're glad!  
And thousands are here to greet,  
And beautiful eyes expect,

The light of thy glance to meet !

And the Red man's Chieftain's come,  
From his leafy hunting ground ;—  
And the freed-man, son of Ham,  
Awaiteth to swell the sound ;

And the Celt and Saxon raise,  
The cheer that has ever thrill'd,—  
When they dash'd thine England's foes,  
And triumph'd on wave and field ;

A happy Canadian race—  
A happier people none !  
Gather'd by forest and lake,  
Have welcom'd Victoria's son ;

We see thee but for a while—  
We never again may see !  
But a prayer from our forest home,  
Ascendeth to day for thee ;

And when in a coming time,  
The diadem decks thy brow,  
Be the love and glory thine,  
That circles thy mother now ;

And when the historian writes  
Thy reign in a future age,  
Inscribed on the scroll of kings,  
May it be a glorious page !

## IN MEMORIAM

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN,**

Assassinated April 14th, 1865.

Lo ! where the murder'd Lincoln's laid,  
Weeps the unshackled slave ;  
So would the good of every grade,  
Lament beside his grave !

And there dishevell'd freedom bows,  
With pallid cheeks—and wet ;  
The wreath she braided for his brows,  
Upon his coffin set.

The strife was o'er—the field was won,—  
When heaved his honest breast,  
With love for all beneath the sun,  
In death he bowed his crest !

But then, his acts through ages must,  
 Adorn his nation's fame ;  
 He well fulfill'd his lofty trust,  
 This king without the name !

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

United, as sons of Hibernia, to day,  
 To honor the saint of our nation ;  
 Will he, who is dwelling in regions of light,—  
 Who walk'd through our country in garments  
 of white,—  
 And sought to direct our fore-fathers aright,  
 Accept our renew'd veneration ?

Uniting as lovers of Ireland again,  
 In this free-born province Canadian :—  
 Remember we fondly, that green island home,  
 Where good Brien reign'd, and where virtue  
 could roam :

When learning and grandeur, erected a dome,  
 And Ireland was great as a nation ;

As thus we revisit our own native land,—

st,  
 As on her past glory we ponder,—  
 There's a page oppressive, we fain would forego:  
 A harrowing chapter, that makes the heart low;  
 A record of ruin, that darkens the glow:  
 And sadly our spirits would wander ;

But let us not brood at this time o'er regrets,  
 Or linger amid desolation :—  
 Let the hearts of the Irish that felt not affright,  
 On Waterloo's field, where the eagles took flight,  
 Still gleeful in peace, as courageous in fight,  
 Rejoice on this happy occasion !—

aright,  
 Rejoice, that whilst forced to abandon their homes  
 Tho' to far distant lands they were hurl'd,  
 Fair genius to children of Erin belongs,  
 On fields and in forums, in learning and songs,  
 And great is their name notwithstanding their  
 wrongs,  
 Through the range of the civilized world !

Thus broken and scatter'd, the light of that Isle,  
 Erst bright in one centre of glory,—  
 Diffuses its fragments, like stars o'er the sea :—  
 And could they be gather'd in one galaxy,—

Their cluster, this moment, more brilliant  
 would be  
 Than that that was dash'd from her story;—  
 Then let us, mid beauty, and music, and light  
 Ingredients that gladden forever !  
 Harmoniously mingle—and be it our pride,  
 (Though detractors malign, and religions divide  
 To cherish that Island far-over the tide,  
 And still, for its honour, endeavour.

1865.

### PILOT'S SONG.

There is a shore (we soon will near),  
 A free Canadian shore;—  
 Be dry the tear—begone the fear,  
 There's better days before !

There's better days, for open'd wide,  
 Is there a welcome door,  
 To you, from lands beyond the tide,  
 Oppress'd, depress'd and poor.

A healthful, land, by vale and hill,  
 And rich in fruitful store :—

Go ! fell its forest, toil and till,  
And suffer want no more !

There cedars rise, and pine trees wave :  
It is the Maple Clime !  
With evergreen for wreath and grave,  
If we with honor climb ;

A land we never will despise,  
Though snows and frosts are there,  
For happy hearths, and clearest skies,  
Will never nurse despair !

And long, thereon, may peace abide ;—  
Oh ! be the day afar,  
When by its lakes and woodlands wide,  
Resounds the din of war !

Our foster home, we'll love thee on,  
Thou hast our dearest ties !  
And when thy pioneers are gone,  
May noble sons arise --

To spread thy fields, to guide—defend,  
And keep thy name as bright,  
As Heaven would have it to the end,  
“The Home of Truth and Right !”

## DEZJARDINS.

Groans of the dying, on north winds are flying  
 Where are they, the aged, the youthful, the  
 gay?

(Ah! Heaven unfold, thy wide portals of gold)  
 Their spirits, together, are passing away!

Lovely at morning—unshadow'd by warning:  
 How hopeful they were, at the rising of sun!  
 But night overspread, finds them shatter'd and  
 dead,

And their travel on earth, forever is done!

Mourn with a mother, a father, a brother—

A sister, and wife, who for Zimmerman grieves  
 Ah! bitter they weep, for the wreck of that steep  
 Bescatters their hopes as the tree of its leaves

1857.

## TRIBUTE TO OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

We hail the glad tidings, that tells us, " 'tis done!"  
 And that science a signal achievement has won!

While flash'd is the message beneath waters  
 that wave,  
 'er the wreck, and the rock, and the mariners  
 grave.

We hail the glad tidings, so worthy the cheer !  
 Of the sage, and the cynic, prince, pauper and  
 peer ;  
 Let the cities illume, and the chimings resound,  
 For the ends of the earth in conjunction are  
 bound !

We hail the glad tidings that closes us near,  
 In communion, again, with the distant ones dear :  
 Where words like the whisper of spirits will  
 come :

While the mirage of fancy reminds us of home.

We hail the glad tidings, let ocean not quake,  
 As it takes to its bosom this mammoth sea snake,  
 For its hisses are greetings of nations that will,  
 Overspread the wide earth, with their peace  
 and good-will !

We hail the glad tidings :—continue to span,

And ascend to thy zenith oh genius of man !  
 Until ocean, and earth, are obstructions no more  
 And thy spirit, untrammel'd, eternal shall soar !

1858.

### WRECK'D HUNGARIAN.

That face of deep, how placid it is laid !

At eve, beneath the tranquil summer sky : —  
 Where mingled rage of tide and tempest made  
 Their dismal death, and hush'd their sinking  
 sigh :—

\*Their dismal death ! who look'd for lengthen'd  
 life :—

And kindly welcome, on Canadian strand :—  
 But parted all, amid the breakers strife,  
 And disembark'd upon a spirit land !

1860.

### HOME.

A spot that's dear to mem'ry yet—  
 A spot we never would forget,

---

\* Marcus Talbot, Esq., M. P. P. for East Middlesex, and newly wedded wife, perished with the Hungarian.

man !  
no more,  
all soar !

No matter where our foot is set,  
That spot is home !

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The good old roof that shelter'd us,  
The loving arms that circled us,  
The tender hearts that throbb'd for us,  
Within that home ;

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!

There pray'r was heard, and God was prais'd :  
And there a warning voice was raised,  
Lest any child should be debased,  
And sully home.

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.

Tho' other faces may be there, —  
Tho' alter'd looks that place may wear, —  
Yet still unchanged will mem'ry bear,  
The thoughts of home.

A radiant shrine, it gleams between,  
The shades of life, like star at e'en : —  
And in its light again is seen,  
The hearth at home.

What sadder thought than this to soul, —  
That they (the dead) beneath the knoll,

Are dead forever,—death the goal,  
And all of home ?

But wait my soul ! for bye and bye,  
When thou wilt rise, and flesh will die,  
Then they will give thee welcome high,  
To heav'nly home.

### SPRING.

Spring is a season bright :  
The first-born of the year :  
A stripling in the field,—  
It grows a conqueror ;  
Fetters the wind, and breaks the frost—  
Retrieves for earth what autumn lost.

Spring is a busy time :  
The husbandman must plant,  
The land that yields his wealth,  
That lifts him over want :  
And trust to heav'n, for sun and rain,  
To fill his fields and barns again.

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Spring is a hopeful time :  
 There's summer when it goes :  
 Autumnal time is grand,  
 But winter glooms its close ;—  
 When skies are dark, and winds are cold :  
 And death-like snows are o'er the wold.

Oh never fail to come,  
 Thou sweet endearing time !  
 But meet us constant on,  
 'Till in the spirit eline,  
 We spring to life that never knows,  
 The anguish of declining close.

### FLOWERS.

Who loves the flowers—who loves them not ?  
 Beside the palace and the cot,  
 They climb, and bud, and blow ;  
 They fringe the forest, stream, and fen :  
 They crown the rock, adorn the glen :  
 God's handiwork they show !

Who loves the flowers ? the king of day :

They perfumed on his summer way,  
Each day he journey'd on :  
He kiss'd their beauties as he went :  
And when he sank, and day was spent,  
They felt a friend was gone.

Who loves the flowers? the summer's night,  
Besprinkling them with dew drops bright,  
Refreshing bulb and leaf :  
As tears of mother on a child,—  
A fading one, that look'd and smiled,  
Nor thought they fell in grief.

Who loves the flowers? those transient things—  
Those butterflies with damask wings,—  
That taste their nectar's sweet :  
And flutters as an angel does,  
About the mortal form he loves,  
For paradise more meet.

Who loves the flowers? the painter does :  
That paints the lily and the rose,  
To bloom in winter morn.  
The poet has them in his brain,  
And there they ever fresh remain,  
His numbers to adorn.

We love the flowers!—admire the flowers!  
 They twine among our childhood hours :  
     They tint the happy past ;  
 Within our books their leaves we get :  
 On brow of beauty they are set :  
 And by our graves will blossom yet,  
     Companions to the last.

### FOREST TREES.

Trees of the forest—stately trees,  
 Your branches rustled in the breeze,  
     And moan'd beneath the blast :  
 Your leaves that grew in summer sheen,  
 With wintry winds have scatter'd been—  
     Still ye are standing fast.

Trees of the forest—ancient trees,  
 We count your age by centuries—  
     Not three score years and ten !  
 When we, erect, beneath your shade,  
 Lie deep, as roots, below the glade—  
     You'll screen the living then.

**A CHARACTER.**

There liveth a man —he appears like a man !  
He is stalwarth, and healthy, and red :  
He look'd glad when I gave—but go for to crave,  
And the smile from his visage is fled !

His coffers abound : he has houses and ground :  
And more will he get if he can :  
But he'll never have bliss, while wanting, in this,  
The benevolent soul of a man !

**TO THE MOON.**

Sister of Earth, silvery white,  
To fulness grown :  
Present, to radiate the night,  
In zenith throne :  
No pillar of cloud—no eclipse nigh :—  
Thy glory distinct in azure sky.

Over the hyrst (so silently !)  
We saw thee climb :  
Paling the vane while solemnly,

Toll'd vesper time :  
Paling the face of lover and stream—  
Gliding, unruffled, beneath thy beam.

Queen of the night, shining upon,  
All sea and land :  
Since first thou rose, in ages gone,  
At God's command :  
Untarnish'd, as yet, tho' long between  
The mist and the storm—how chaste thy  
sheen !

Many a face was turn'd to thee,  
In days of old :  
Myriads, again, thy light shall see,  
When we are cold :  
And be they lofty, or be they low,  
They will look, and think, and come, and  
go.

### A REMINISCENCE.

The old church bell—I loved its tones,  
For they were sweet on sabbath day !

As to the old gray church's porch,  
 I went the way ;  
 And when I near'd its ancient arch,  
 The old church bell would seem to say,—  
 'Tis well, to come—to come, when young,  
 To praise, and pray !

The old church bell gave lively tones,  
 To summer air, on bridal day ;  
 As to the old gray church's porch,  
 They went the way ;  
 And when they near'd the cluster'd arch,  
 The old church bell then seem'd to say,—  
 She whom, thou hast, will light, thy home,  
 Be glad, to day !

That old church bell had solemn tones—  
 Had solemn tones, on burial day—  
 As past that old gray church's porch,  
 He bent his way ;  
 And as he view'd the open grave,  
 The old church bell then seem'd to say,—  
 She's gone, sweet one, she stay'd, not long  
 To bless thy way !

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**EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES 1st.**

Brought forth to die, in front of bitter foes,—  
 Unhappy Charles, (notwithstanding woes,)  
 So king-like looks as to the block he's led,  
 Relenting ones breathe blessings on his head.  
 His calm, but melancholy, face surveys,  
 His subjects round, who once proclaim'd his  
     praise,  
 United now with regicidal band,  
 To shed his blood, and him for traitor brand.  
 The headsman stands by where the king must  
     bow,—  
 Yet hopes that monarch for a tiar'd brow,  
 Where no confusion shall the glory dim :  
 Or prison-walls again environ him.  
 He gives his glittering George to prelate by :  
 He doffs his royal cloak, and kneels to die :  
 Lays his bared neck upon the block of oak :  
 Uplifts his arms, the signal for the stroke :  
 The flashing axe descends—life's spark is sped !  
 From foes and griefs, the martyr—king is fled !  
 No use ! to raise his bleeding head on high,  
 And tell to them, " they saw a traitor die :"  
 The tide of loyal love flows in again :  
 Cromwell would check its flow,—-but all in vain !

## RICHMOND.

City encircled by the valient dead,  
 Who fell assailing, and defending thee ;  
 Whose kindred blood by vale and rill was shed :  
 While Liberty deplored the strife to see.

City, where Southern prowess highest rose :  
 Where Lee, for years, roll'd back the battles  
 tide :

Where fell brave Hill, where Longstreet hurl'd  
 his foes,  
 And Stonewall Jackson 'neath his laurels  
 died.

Boast not ! ye Northern victors—cheek delight,  
 Be silent ! cities, where no brand has fired—  
 Think on the waste, the rapine, and the flight—  
 Let Southern valor ever be admired !

They heard it not ! that shout triumphant, loud—  
 They witness'd not ! their spires and homes  
 in flames :  
 By which, at length, o'ermatch'd, their spirits  
 bow'd :

But time retains their more than hero names !

## CHRISTMAS.

We know thou'rt come, old Christmas time !

The bells fling out a merry chime,

Aloft the gray church tow'r ;

Earth's canopy is spangled bright,—

The hyrst and down snow-mantled white,—

The clock has told the hour.

There's welcome for thee, Christmas time,

In hut, and hall, of ev'ry clime,

How many will rejoice !

The children waken'd ask for thee,—

And bloom beneath the holly tree,

Will court and kiss its choice.

Sing out, ye bells, and mortals sing,

'Tis the birthday of a King,—

A King all kings above !

Whose stars illumine the flitting night,—

Whose throne is built beyond their height,

From whence he came with love—

Sing mortals ! imitate the strains,

That swept of old o'er Beth'lem's plains,

When shepherds heard the sound—  
When angels caroll'd in the sky—  
When Peace, Good Will was heard on high,  
And glory shone around !

Oh ! Peace, good will, of Heaven born,  
Reverberate this Christmas morn,—  
Pervade enlighten'd man ;  
Inspire him in his transient stay,  
To love his fellow while he may,  
And lift him when he can.

Ring out ! and while the Yule log glows,  
And day, and year, approaches close,  
And twilight's shadows fall,—  
Comes voices, with the fitful blast —  
Goes faces, in the shades that pass'd,  
Of some we would recall

To mind—for they are not of earth !  
And yet, they sing a Saviour's birth,  
In clearest, sweetest lay,—  
Where festive seasons never end,  
Where friend goes out no more from friend,  
But Christmas ev'ry day.

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friend,

# S A C R E D .

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## JEPHTHA'S VOW.

Jephtha's daughter—Jewish maiden,—  
Brightest of the virgin band !  
Fair as flow'r in sinless Eden,  
Tended by an angel's hand.

Stay thee, stay thee, Jephtha's daughter,  
Do not cross thy father's way—  
Tho' victorious, in the slaughter,  
He has vow'd a vow to-day !

Vow'd to offer God oblation,  
Of the first that he shall meet  
When he seeks his habitation—  
When his foes are crushed complete—

Ah ! she knows not, on she goeth,  
While the red sun sinks to rest,  
And its crimson glory gloweth,  
O'er her pure and loving breast.

Why has Jephtha homeward hurried,  
After breaking Ammon's pride ?  
Does he fear his child is flurried,  
Lest her warlike father died ?

Turn thee, turn thee, Jewish Chieftain,  
Hast forgot that fearful vow ?  
Turn thee, turn thee, valiant Chieftain,  
Ah, too late to turn him now !

“ Who, ah who, is this advances ?  
Is my child the first to come ?  
With her timbrel tones, and dances ?  
Woeful, woeful, welcome home !”

Rent, the warrior, his raiment :  
Told her fate, and heard her say,  
“ Slay me sire, if Heav'n's the claimant !”  
While upon his breast she lay.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she wail'd upon the mountain,  
And two moons had wax'd and waned,  
Jephtha cleft the purple fountain,  
And her lovely life was drained.

Spring-time saw the virgins gather,  
By the mount, to mourn her doom ;  
But her rash, and lonely father,  
Had no child to strew his tomb !

**BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT  
DOWN AND WEPT."**

PSALM CXXXVII.

Hebrew captives by the deep,  
For Jerusalem they weep.  
Dark the river rolleth by :  
Dark above the sullen sky  
Dark the towers rising near :  
Dark the eye that sheds the tear.  
String is silent—strain unsung :  
Harps are on the willows hung,

Sway'd beneath the bending bough—  
Moved, but not with music now !  
But like her whose sunny hair,  
Lifted is with passing air,  
Tho' of pleasure, not a part !  
Stirs the sorrow burden'd heart.  
Do not aggravate their wrongs !—  
Do not ask for Zion's songs !  
How can they be glad and sing,  
Dragg'd to bondage with their king ?  
How can they accord you mirth,  
You that razed their shrine and hearth ?  
Can they sacred song begin,  
In an atmosphere of sin ?  
But behold a daughter fair  
Takes her lyre from willow there :  
Sweetly sings, and sweetly plays,  
Song that cheer'd in better days ;  
Zion there is praise of thee,  
In that thrilling melody !  
Babylonians catch the strain :  
Heads that droop'd uplift again :  
And the captor wonders why,  
Tears are standing in his eye.

## PSALM CXXXIX.

Could I in the gray of morning,  
While the world in sleep is held,  
Soar above the range of planets,  
With the lightning wing impell'd,  
Cleave me—on, through space and air,—  
Yet beyond me, God is there !

When I weary'd of my flying  
Trembled in the lofty height,—  
And with dazed and swimming vision,  
Sank and found a softer light,—  
Resting, faint, on floating sphere,  
Hand of God upholdeth here !

Could I sit within the tempest  
(Gather'd in the scowling sky)  
Witnessing the rack that rends it,  
As it rolls and flashes by—  
In the crash—the gloom—the glare,  
Wrath of God, is symbol'd there !

Or descend to dark perdition,—  
Where despair and hell are one,—

Where they fain would quench existence,  
Tho' they live and suffer on,—  
While above their wail I hear—  
“ God is just, in judgment here ! ”—

Yet 'tis not in flaming vengeance,  
I would, thee, my God behold !  
Come, as father to his offspring—  
Clasp me, in thy mercy's fold !  
Let me see thy face of love—  
Radiant in thy Heav'n above.



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tence,

## RECOLLECTIONS OF OCEAN.



Some thousand miles, from that attractive land  
Explored by Cartier, and his daring band :  
Endear'd to multitudes of later day,  
Safe-pass'd the perils of the wat'ry way :  
Beyond stagnation, and 'mid enterprise,  
Possess'd of what their native land denies ;

Where maple-trunks monopolized the ground,  
The happy homes, and fertile fields abound :  
The learning hall, and holy temple where,  
The wild-man roam'd, and savage beast had lair:  
Beneath clear skies, pure liberty is bred,  
And rankling bigotry must be as dead !

\* \* \* \* \*

In southern Erin, is a burg, the same,

Erst famed for yew-trees, whence it hath a name

\* There Cromwell halted, winter'd, sheath'd the  
sword,

That carved the Irish, while he praised the Lord;

And left forever—tho' no grief was given,

When he, in spring-time, sail'd from Youghal  
haven.

Rides bark at anchor, too remote from land,

For friends, on shore and snip, to offer hand:

That welt of water (narrow tho' it be)

Dissevers, now, from some we ne'er may see!

While iabent barges, 'twixt the pier and ship,

Bear back the moisten'd eye, and quiv'ring lip;

All sail unfurl'd—the ship is free for flight!

The welcome eurus fills her pinions white:

Her dripping shallop lifted in, to rest,

And placed, as child, upon a mother's breast—

Too small—too frail, that waste of deep to  
plough,

---

\* Youghal opened its gates to Cromwell August 1649; there the "Protector" established himself in excellent winter quarters; and in the subsequent spring embarked on the frigate "President," which bore him from the Irish shores.

th a name:  
eath'd the

Where surges, mighty, swamp the proudest  
prow.

the Lord:  
given,  
a Youghal

We're sailing out the harbour—on the right,  
Extends the beach, beyond the scope of sight :  
The little stone-spired church, beyond the stile,  
Appears so peaceful ! that we pause awhile ;  
And think that they, within its grave-yard lying,  
Are pass'd the range of grief, and dread of  
dying.

m land,  
ffer hand:  
e)

We pass the bathing-box, and fisher's skiff :  
The villa, built for health, high up the cliff :  
The nets and shingles, on the dimpled sand :  
The slope where lovers saunter'd hand in hand,  
Where we recited, sang, and walk'd at night,  
And saw the stranded wreck, and headland  
light.

may see !  
and ship,  
v'ring lip ;  
flight !  
white :

And while I mused, did one in question say,  
Hast seen those scatter'd persons o'er the way—  
High-perch'd, on ledges, where they drink and  
read,

s breast—  
f deep to

Or watch the porpoise sport, and sea-gull feed ?'  
Ah ! (said another) thus they would not do  
Had they the hue, and health, possess'd by you.'

c 1649 ; there  
winter quar-  
n the frigate  
s.

“ Their lives are wasting—tho’ they still will  
think,

(Like others sickly) that they will not sink :  
And in this manner, would their health repair,  
Imbibe salt water, and inhale salt air :  
Better than doctor’s drugs (I argue still)—  
They save by units, but by hundreds kill !”

“ But in the land beyond us (he went on)  
The med’ine system, is a wondrous one !  
There they invent, and vend, a thousand cures,  
All sworn to end the ills that flesh endures :  
And I make marvel if that people have  
Occasion for a sexton, or a grave !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark crags, that cluster in their strength beside,  
They stand the ideal of endurance tried—  
And steadfastly, for ages, have withstood  
The force of ocean, in its fiercest mood ;  
Lo ! the spent wave, in sullenness retires,  
Its wrath, like snow-drift, on the rock expires.

\* \* \* \* \*

Throughout that night, was heard a sickly din,  
From double-berths, with five-score mortals in :

And pity on the nether-ones distress,  
 If they o'er-head had not arrived at rest ;  
 Groans, oaths, and pray'rs, made racket thro'  
 the night—

And some made threats but were too sick to  
 fight !

And yet I slept, for slumber, kind attendant !  
 Deserteth not humanity dependant ;  
 When overworn with care, or pain, or grief,  
 Her downy fold affordeth sweet relief :  
 In dreams, she charms and opens spirit life :  
 In death she terminates the earthly strife.

\* \* \* \* \*

A portly Portsmouth Captain, full o' glow—  
 Methinks most Captains I have known were so !  
 Altho' austere in duty to command,  
 For those distress'd, he had a heart and hand—  
 Careful for all committed to his keeping—  
 In hour of danger, never drunk, or sleeping !

\* \* \* \* \*

He sits :—his right hand wraps a stumpy pipe—  
 Of tars Trafalgar—take him for a type !  
 Head-piece, tarpaulin, slanting on his crest :

A canvas smock, eclipsing shirt and vest :  
 Gray, red, rotund, the sea-cook Jasper Cooper,—  
 Intruders bluffs, and curses like a trooper !

His sons are seamen, Jasper, Jack, and Joe :  
 But where they are, Heaven knoweth—he don't  
 know !

One certain point to which his love may flow,  
 Is where his Betsy dwells in Biakely's row :  
 Alone, and old, but glad because this trip  
 Will be the last he'll take on any ship.

\* \* \* \* \*

That Sabbath morn, on ocean, pass'd away.  
 More tranquil wears the evening of the day :  
 Close-by a berth, where shadows 'gin to grow,  
 Out-reads a young man to his mother low :  
 The book before him, is the one that speaks,  
 Of Him, whose Sabbaths bless the toiling weeks.

And as he read, for one that loved his voice,  
 And loved that book, which was her early choice,  
 Others in berths, across from where he sat,  
 Attentive grown, had ceased their silly chat,  
 And mark'd the words, that never fail to find,  
 Respect from those, unprejudiced in mind.

The light, 'tween decks, departed with the day,  
 And night unspangled had resumed her sway ;  
 The book is closed, in which the young man read,  
 And now, with praise begun, he lifts his head,  
 And sings of him, whose mercies may be found,  
 On land, and sea, to their remotest bound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon the deep, the full-red setting sun  
 (Like fiery ball from mammoth galleon gun)  
 Flameth, the ocean's placid breast afar—  
 Flushes, our rocking craft from hull to spar—  
 Flashes, the steers-man's hat, like burnish'd steel,  
 And he a Hector, by his chariot wheel.

Behold! they say, and gaze'em as they sign—  
 While far away (we see the dark outline)  
 Like vessel's-keel, within the crimson hue,  
 The ocean monster rushes rapid through :  
 It marks its way, with white and curling crest,  
 And seems to chase the sun behind the west.

\* \* \* \* \*

But look we now, the day's last gleam is gone,  
 And moonless night, and blackest, cometh on :

As sable executioner draws nigh,  
When friend, the fondest, gives the last good-  
    bye ;  
Astern the ship, the darker shadows creep ;  
Lonely we float, upon the dismal deep.

Sultry the night, and clouds the stars o'er-flood.  
Our pores are pent, and laggard is the blood,—  
But when the reel commenced, and whistler  
    play'd,  
High merriment o'er man and maiden sway'd.  
The captain took advantage of the calm  
And mark'd the log-book, smoking his meer-  
    chaum.

The shipmen mingle, and the groups are gay :  
The dance gives place to vocalistic lay—  
To song, full sweet, that loudest plaudits won—  
To strain that left relief when it was done ;  
The florid tar with curling chesnut hair,  
Caroll'd this ditty, to a plaintive air—

Jessie loved a handsome sailor—  
    Jessie dwelt in cottage home,—  
But her thoughts with him would wander,

Far upon the ocean foam—

Yes, she loved her darling Willie—  
 And he loved her, fond and true !  
 Dark his eyes—and dark his curls,  
 Falling on his jacket blue.

Jessie wore a golden token,  
 On her taper'd finger white :  
 Often did she gaze upon it,  
 With her eyes so blue and bright ;

Willie had a locket golden :  
 In it was her flaxen hair :  
 Ever as he look'd upon it,  
 Thought of her that put it there.

Sad, was Jessie, when they parted :  
 Willie press'd her to his heart—  
 By the gate—before the garden,—  
 Slow, and sorrowful, to part.

Jessie watch'd him, with his bundle,  
 'Till he turn'd the little lane :  
 And her heart within her whisper'd—  
 “ Will he ever come again ?”

Jessie's home o'erlook'd the water:  
Often did she feel affright,  
When she heard the ocean storm,  
In the midst of dismal night ;

Ne'er did she forget the prayer,  
Ere committing her to sleep,  
For her sailor, young and daring,  
Yet in danger on the deep.

Once, she thought she heard him tapping,  
At her chamber window pane :  
Heard him say, in cheerful whisper,  
"Jessie, I am home again !"

Long, she watch'd his vessel's coming :  
Pray'd she long, and hoped alone ;  
'Till her heart became despondent ;  
And her rosy cheeks were gone.

But he never, never, never !  
Came to claim her for his bride ;  
Willie perish'd with his vessel ;  
Jessie heard it, pined, and died.

\* \* \* \* \*

A central speck are we in leagues of space,  
With azure sky and water face to face :—  
Nor isle—nor sail, to break the circle's sweep,  
High heaven above, beneath the ocean deep ;  
Almighty wonders in the depth and height—  
And pigmy man's astounded at the sight !

Oh vast uncertain ocean ! peaceful now  
As sleeping giant with unwrinkled brow :—  
But ah ! what tyrant turns that visage takes  
When all the anger of thy nature wakes ;  
What mandate stills thee ? can entreaty save  
When thou art whelming to thy deepest grave ?

Man vaunts he ruleth thee—tho' broken o'er,  
Thy bottom, are his armaments of yore :  
Within thy caves, and on thy mountains steep  
His scatter'd treasures :—there his loved one's  
sleep :  
While dense above them, and with ceaseless roll,  
Thy volume rises, hides, and mocks control.

And on thy placid surface, what am I ?  
As on the sleeper's face the insect fly —  
But I am more ! my soul those heights would  
scale—

Explore this depth—and study its detail ;—  
 Would still with wonder and inquiry go,  
 Until the great Original I know.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mirthful tars are squatted at my feet :—  
 Repairing sail and splicing cordage neat ;  
 Between the hind-most hatch and cabin-door,  
 On deck as bright as cleanly house-wife's floor :  
 Lowly associates these tars and sail,  
 Dangled o'er death whilome in midnight gale :

Absent is one companion of the group—  
 The Portugee that angers in a swoop :  
 The burly tar with dark-red tassel'd cap,  
 Who maketh mirth at others worst mishap :  
 Who kill'd, one day, the sprightly cabin cat  
 Only for sleeping in his cast-off hat !

He said “poor puss !” and coax'd the kitten near,  
 And clutch'd its loins, and donn'd a horrid leer :  
 And bulged the life athro' the creatures eyes :—  
 And bent his ear to hear its latest cries ;—  
 Made haste, the mate, but was too late to check,  
 Dead was the cat, and flung upon the deck.

\* \* \* \* \*

tail ;— When day was breaking Mrs. Harvey died :  
 go, When fled the mists she cross'd death's dreaded  
 tide :

\* When dawn'd the day had she that day begun,  
 Indimm'd by night, ungovern'd by sun ;  
 Noon-tide, and female hands, with needles bright,  
 Had work'd her shroud and laid her out in  
 white.

No sea-board usage, yet a case was made,  
 In which, full gently, William Harvey laid  
 His lifeless mother—whom he'd hop'd to make  
 Happy abroad for all her kindness sake,  
 But who was then where better things had  
 place,—

And Heaven's reflection linger'd on her face.

As by the dead he sits—dejected—dumb,  
 The fondest recollections crowding come,—  
 Looms to his mind, the happy school-boy day,  
 When she would cheer him on his early way,—  
 Bid him not fear the rival should he meet—  
 Whisper to hasten home for something sweet !

Her tender care, in later life again,  
 When fever's-fires upmounted to his brain :



And Harvey's voice the deep responses gave  
To what was read of life beyond the grave.

The coffin's raised, and o'er the deep suspended—  
Smooth brimful deep ! the latest rite is ended :  
Slowly they low'r as sleeping child to rest,  
Cleft are the guys—the deep disparts its breast,  
Sank was the sun, as down the casket sped,  
To find a place among the ocean dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soundly I slept—(as was my wont to do)  
Calm was the night—and calm my conscience  
too—

But lull and storm will close connection keep,  
And storm ruled madly on the midnight deep,  
Beat down our vessel on her wale of oak —  
Then, from a vision of green fields, I woke !

To hear the sailors hurried tread on deck :  
The clanking gearing as they strain and check :  
The captain's voice commanding fast and hoarse :  
The hissing surges thro' the hatches course :  
The good ship struggling in the ocean's strife,—  
And groaning, deeply, as a thing of life.

'Tis hard athwart the slipp'ry deck to go !  
 The starboard side so high ! the other low :  
 This line deep-sunken in the wet abyss —  
 'Twixt life, and death—what steepest precipice !  
 Shrill cries of children blend with parents groans,  
 And words of home commingle with their moans.

The trembling inmates of the upmost tier  
 Tenacious grasp the frame-work in their fear ;  
 Along the line the stanchions loosen hold :  
 The ballast rumbles in the vessel's hold :  
 Stout-hearted men to calm the timid tried,  
 While trunks and runlets choked the larboard  
 side.

And half-clad mortals hurried to and fro,  
 Lights flared, unsteady, on their looks of woe :  
 Embraced, in tears, the sister and the brother :  
 The wife and husband lock'd to sink together :  
 And the fierce swearer, of a sunny day,  
 Kneeling apart, the loudest—first—to pray !

The sailor's foot-fall ceases mid the roar :—  
 To save their vessel—they can do no more !  
 Full-taut each brace—close-gather'd ev'ry sail,—

All timbers naked to the wave and gale.  
Higher the billows mount, and dashing o'er,  
Drenches the daring crew unto the pore.

Fiercer the hurricane its fury hurl'd  
As tho' 'twere baffled at the canvass fur'd  
And with vex'd fury on the warping spars  
Would whelm the hopes of the enduring tars—  
And thro' the toppling rigging, and the din,  
Scream a wild dirge, as ocean took 'em in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before they bring him forth—methinks 'tis he!  
But as they come I quickly turn to see:—  
Ah yes! — the same!—his head and chest are  
bare—

And both are cover'd with dark-wiry hair:  
That tatter'd shirt, upon the swarthy wight,  
Denotes the struggle of the previous night;

His bearded chin rests on his brawny breast:  
His hands bound back with rope that girts his  
waist:

He scowls each side—far out upon the wave,  
As tho' some fiend, in league, would come to  
save;

Between the sailors, doggedly, and slow,  
He reach'd the hatch and stepp'd to pass below:

'Not there!' the captain loudly cried 'not there!  
By here I want him, here, and not elsewhere!  
Started the murd'rer then to break him loose:  
Grasp'd him, the seamen, and exclaim'd—'no  
use!'

Hurried him then—for he would not be led—  
To where the vessel's-deck with blood is red—

Why force me here? he cried—while flash'd  
his eye—

Again he questioned—but got no reply!  
And passengers 'tween decks, more curious  
grown,

Tho' not enquiring fain they would have known;  
And the ship's-cook (unalter'd in attire)  
Listen'd intent, while gazing at the fire.

Slowly the ocean is resuming rest,  
As rage subsiding in a human breast—  
The wild-swoop past, the desolation done—  
The anguish left, tho' provocation's gone;  
A spar and cross-tree in that beryl-cave,  
Tells that the deep last night has giv'n a grave.

From cabin comes another—but he's dead !  
 Borne by the seamen —and with measured  
 tread :

Their chief-mate brave (on land so lately wed  
 To her that dreamt last night that she was led  
 Unto the altar :)—lo ! his curls so fair—  
 And the death-wound—upon his breast—see  
 there !

The sun, that struggled, burst a misty screen,  
 And for an instant shone upon the scene :—  
 Gilded the hollow's of the yawning main—  
 Embay'd the dead-man while there fell a rain :  
 And then, as deepest-mourner shunning gaze,  
 It met a cloud, that wrapp'd its ambient rays.

“ Confront the victim and the Portugee !  
 Bind them, with breast to breast, immediately !”  
 Commands the Captain :—while the second-  
 mate,

With stout companions, by the main-mast wait :  
 Who bring the living and the dead together :  
 And 'gin to leash the one unto the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

As dead they lay (the living and the dead):

A brace of coil uniting feet and head :  
 Then waved a hand unto the vessel's lee :  
 Then sway'd the body's to the furrow'd sea:—  
 Then, stern, the captain gave the word—' away !'  
 And out they flung them on the ocean spray ;

Down sank the twain: uprose a something then—  
 'Twas not the buoyant bodies of the men !  
 It cleft the wave—and horrified we saw  
 The monster-head, the bristling teeth and jaw !  
 Down plunged the shark, in hurry to be fed,  
 And soon the ocean, green, was crimson red.

\* \* \* \* \*

Newfoundland banks ! and many voices say,  
 Uphasten we to see—but where are they ?  
 In seaman's hand a saim-wrapp'd globe of lead,  
 Late drawn from water, trace their shingled bed,  
 Hidden are they 'neath fathoms of the sea—  
 The divers—and the fishes eyes may see !

Orion shines o'er the extent of tide :  
 Loungers and anglers crowd the vessel's side :  
 Glass-like the deep and look we left or right  
 Dark hulls are many 'neath their wings of white ;

On deck the silv'ry fishes, freshest caught,  
Uneasy are as fish from water brought ;

The freckled sky, in white and jazel blends :  
The ambry air, to warmth oppressive tends :  
The scant-clad emigrant may bask him now—  
God's sun-light comes—can any disallow ?  
Distinction none with king and beggar here—  
Same sun—moon—star-beam, and expanse,  
and sphere !

\* \* \* \* \*

From out the deep the waning moon arose.  
Before the springing breeze the good ship goes.  
At midnight hour contracted Cynthia's rays,  
From throne more lofty, o'er the water strays :—  
But what is that, in dazzling brightness drest,  
Like Neptune's throne before us in the west ?

An iceberg fronting full the lunar light,  
From base to crest irradiate to sight :  
" Hard to the helm !" awhile we are alarm'd—  
Chill'd,—and astounded—yet we pass unharm'd !  
The pale beams dappling o'er its meltingsides,  
As on resplendant thro' the deep it rides—

Bright to the moon as cuirass to the sun :

Sombre behind where glimmer it had none :  
 As spirit bursting from its prison'd state  
 Becometh radiant nearing heaven's gate ;  
 A taper'd shadow follow'd in its wake,—  
 As tho' the darksome tomb thro' which it brake.

First of its kind we saw—it pass'd away !  
 To meet the sun and shine beneath its ray :  
 To float in blackest night and then, perchance,  
 When tars unwatchful lie in slumbrous trance,  
 To rend their vessel on the chilly wave,  
 And hurry them into a boundless grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Saint Lawrence gulph ! the pilot is our guide :  
 Behold the land—how eagerly descried !  
 Aided by telescope, distinct, we see  
 The isle of Anticosti on the lee :  
 Its scatter'd trees like sentinels in green :  
 But man, nor beast, nor dwelling could be seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Come bear a hand, and tell,” (the seamen said)  
 “That tale unto us after which to bed.”  
 “Yes” said the shipman, (with the locks of gray)  
 “Since song I gave none, I may not say nay !”

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When he shrugg'd, and laid his hands in fold,  
His tale began : and this was what he told :

One night in June, now twenty years ago,  
I was a sailor on the bark King John :  
As on that ancient sea, becalm'd we lay,  
We heard the British tattoo sweetly play—  
Perceived the lingering odours borne o'er  
From bending branches, on the Barb'ry shore ;

The midnight watch—but it was witching bright—  
Never look'd upon so bright a night !

The round moon rode in sky without a cloud :

The stars were vieing in the azure shroud :

The water smooth as molten silver shone :

The dolphin's back was golden and was gone.

But suddenly, tis black as velvet pall !

As tho' the hand that made had darken'd all

With 'vengeful haste:—and left a world in gloom

To grope and tumble to eternal doom ;

We chafe our eyes, interrogate our mind—

Is it a fantasy ?—or are we blind ?

We tread, like burglars, on the blacken'd deck :

Betimes we stumble, yet complaint we check :

With aspen hands have we the bulwarks caught  
 Trying to look beyond the murky vault ;  
 No breath of air to cool the throbbing brain  
 All sultry stillness in that dark domain !

Until suspense is startled by a cry—  
 (Blent in an instant with a lullaby)  
 As of an infant child that instant born—  
 As of a youthful mother left forlorn—  
 Hushing her offspring to a quiet rest,  
 While sorrow woke her own distracted breast

We gazed—and listen'd—ah ! what do we see  
 So like a boat, and floating silently ?  
 Nor distant forty fathoms on the tide,—  
 Sans sail, sans oars, sans occupant to guide :  
 But light within it shining, as it glides,  
 Thro' eye-like holes inserted in its sides—

'Tis vanished !—no ! for look we see it now—  
 Close floating by us, at the starboard bow—  
 Down glance we on it, horror ! what a sight—  
 I seem to see it as I tell to night—  
 That coffin ! and upon its lid, in light,  
 The age—and death—and name of Mary Blyte

And waiting,—as tho' we would lift it in—  
 But who would dare, tho' he a world might win?  
 Began my hair to mount—my knees to smite—  
 And one, beside, prostrated with affright :  
 And in an inky sea we sink as wreck,  
 Until the coffin floats unto the deck ;

As cattle for the slaughter, we in fear,  
 So closely huddled, can our throbbings hear :  
 Between the hatchway and the capstan where  
 The coffin rests, its lid upraised in air :  
 The case disclosing, by its spectral light,  
 A female figure laid in purest white :—

Her eye-lid's seel'd, as tho' in sweetest sleep  
 Dream-led, she wander'd o'er a flow'ry steep  
 To where, from cottage, voices bade her ' come!'  
 To where were kindred—and to what was home :  
 And while the welcome's and caresses guile,  
 Her placid face is stealing on a smile :—

Her hair correctly parted, waved and brown  
 As ling'ring leaf, ere autumn sun is down :  
 Drawn, curtain-like, each side a forehead fair  
 As parian tablet, pure beyond compare :

Her cheeks, rotund, indimpled with a print,  
As tho' each shaft from envy left a dint ;

No signet of the tomb upon the mouth,  
Full-red the lips as bulbul of the south,  
And scornful to the cold embrace of death  
In curl disclose the brilliant—even teeth.  
Beyond the rounded chin and mouth arose  
The graceful outlines of a grecian nose.

Nor is she solitary laid to rest,  
A cherub child is nestled to her breast—  
As tho' that angel that beheld her weep  
Was there, and shared the long sepulchral sleep  
And her round arms close-clasps it to her heart  
As tho' twere comfort to the troubled part.

Amazement tempers terror for a spell,  
Much more of Heav'n about her than of hell!  
But why appeareth she unto us here ?  
Who knows of her ? who can the myst'ry clear ?  
Tarry's it long as rest between the lash  
Again we're startled, there's a heavy splash !

“Some one leap'd overboard !” they rush'd and  
cried—

Which way? the larboard—or the starboard  
side?"

prose the coffin as if wing'd it flew—  
then plunging in the deep was lost to view—  
lifted a spray that mounted high alone  
at moon and stars—and all the gloom was  
gone!

fast as the darkness rush'd arose a gale  
that ridged the deep, and scream'd thro' ev'ry  
sail:

All hands to furl!" so loud the captain spoke—  
heard:—and springing unto duty—woke!  
But while I slept, and dreamt, that moon-lit tide  
Received the body of a suicide.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grosse Island, lo! and bark and brigantine  
Are anchor'd by, detain'd in Quarantine:  
A purgatory, wet, where vessels stay  
Until their pestilence is purged away:  
And there are those that bear the sickly token—  
They lack pure air—their timber ports are open.

Comments, and sad, immediately were made,  
As we those floating hospitals survey'd,

\* Of suff'ring thousands who a year before  
 Contagion stricken languish'd on this shore:  
 They died uncounted, were interr'd in heaps—  
 And nought to tell us where a kinsman sleeps—

A few days more—only a few days more!  
 And we debark upon the destined shore:  
 As thoughts of separation came to mind  
 Ill feeling fled, and left but feeling kind:  
 Even the ship, we first could not abide,  
 Felt like a home to which affection tied—

How well for man that he can thus arrange his  
 In all the changes that in time o'ertakes him:  
 You may dethrone, imprison, and exile him—  
 Yet even then, what simple thing beguiles him!  
 The conqueror of kings, the giant mind  
 In dungeon with a mouse may solace find!

\* \* \* \* \*

The corant ended—the musician tired  
 Too suddenly for lissome ones that gyred!  
 Yet few made wonder, for the whistler's lip

Wind-dried became, for lack of liquor sip.  
 Whereat the Pilot, rank'd a singer rare,  
 Avroll'd these verses to a stirring air :

There is a shore (we soon will near),  
 A free Canadian shore;—  
 Be dry the tear—begone the fear,  
 There's better days before !

There's better days, for open'd wide,  
 Is there a welcome door,  
 To you, from lands beyond the tide,  
 Oppress'd, depress'd and poor.

A healthful land by vale and hill,  
 And rich in fruitful store :—  
 Go ! fell its forest, toil and till,  
 And suffer want no more !

There cedars rise, and pine trees wave :  
 It is the Maple Clime !  
 With evergreen for wreath and grave,  
 If we with honor climb ;

A land we never will despise,  
 Though snows and frosts are there,  
 For happy hearths, and clearest skies,  
 Will never nurse despair!

And long, thereon, may peace abide:—  
 Oh! be the day afar,  
 When by its lakes and woodlands wide,  
 Resounds the din of war!

Our foster home, we'll love thee on,  
 Thou hast our dearest ties!  
 And when thy pioneers are gone,  
 May noble sons arise--

To spread thy fields, to guide—defend,  
 And keep thy name as bright,  
 As Heav'n would have it to the end.  
 "The Home of Truth and Right!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Hopeful we ride with wind and tide to-day:  
 Homes of the French Canadians fringe the way—  
 Small in the main, yet they are trim and clean  
 Linner'd in red, and white, and blue, and green

Their gables shadows to the westward flung,  
For like the child at play the day is young.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cascade by where the gallant Montcalm won,  
Argent thy pendants to the June-day sun ;  
Clear, cool companion of green earth and trees,  
Scatter'd in diamonds with the passing breeze,  
Confused and tossing in thy beaten bed,  
As struggling mortals ere they glide ahead ;

Descending, and descending, ever bright !  
And fresh as blessing from the throne of  
light—

Waking with melody the midnight hour—  
Defying winter and its icy power—  
Niagara so great, and thou so small—  
But thou art lovely, Montmorenci Fall !

\* \* \* \* \*

Beside Quebec we ride at eventide :  
Beside its heights, which lifts a Briton's pride !  
Beside Quebec, where Frenchmen wear a share  
Of martial glory from the struggle there :  
And unity outroots that ancient feud,

For which the bravest dyed its wold with  
blood—

Sleep, sleep, Montcalm—soldier of peaceful  
name!

Tho' train'd to triumph for thy nation's fame—  
Tho' Mars' upturn'd thy urn with bursting  
bomb,

How still thy slumber now in convent tomb!  
And French and British stand to guard thy  
grave,

And equal tribute pay unto the brave!

Britannia's banner flutters o'er the height,  
Unfurled by Wolfe on that September night,  
When he had scaled the crest with silent  
breath,

And forward press'd to victory and death  
On Abram's plains: where from his hero's blood  
Beside old England's rose upsprung a Bud!

\* \* \* \* \*

We cast the anchor 'neath an angry sky,  
Red-laced with lightning that appals the eye:  
While fitfully the sultry wind sweeps by,

with  
And hurriedly the bargemen shore-ward ply :  
The cross of George beneath the heavens black,  
Like wing of angel gored from demon's hack ;

peaceful  
Is battle by those heights again begun ?  
ame—  
No, no ! the Highland soldier would not run  
rstring  
To screen his bonnet, bayonet, scarlet coat,  
omb !  
If charge was telling on the bugle's note :  
rd thy  
He flees to cover from the pelting show'r,  
But seeks not shelter where the pellet's pour.

From point to point athwart the lightning's  
gleam :

ht,  
From cloven clouds the rain in torrents stream :  
night,  
The deluged rigging to the deck is dripping,  
silent  
Like weeping ones that cannot pent their  
weeping :

ath  
While o'er the river rolls the thunder car,  
s blood  
Its wheels on flames, its echoes sounding far.  
Bud !

\* \* \* \* \*

y,  
How lonely did the ship and sailors look !  
he eye :  
When I my latest glance unto them took—  
y,  
Look'd down her figure-head, and seemed to  
say

“ Forsaken are we since ye ceased to stay !”  
Glance grew to gaze, I scann'd her fore and  
aft,  
And loved her more than all that river's craft !

She never brought an emigrant again !—  
Traversed no more that vast Atlantic main :  
She founder'd homeward bound with timber  
laden,  
But site and time from human ken is hidden :  
The wave she braved from year to year before,  
Gulph'd her at last—hides her for evermore !

Down in her hold the monsters of the deep  
Will hatch their young, and thro' her hatches  
peep ;  
Over her rotting ropes the sea-weeds creep,  
And droop like willows where the seamen  
sleep ;  
And Nereids with their streaming tresses come  
To gaze on sons of ocean gather'd home.

THE END.

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