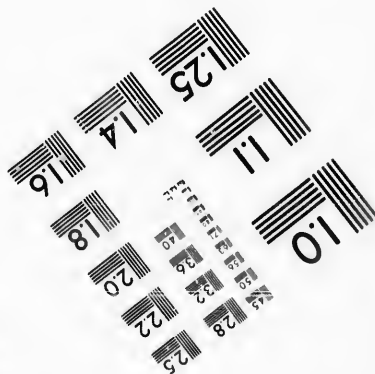
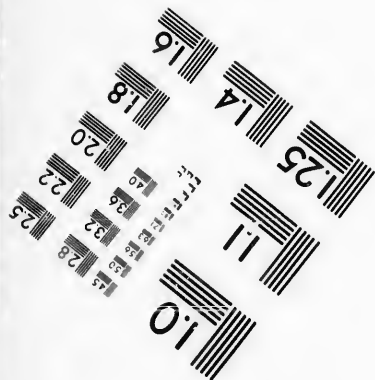
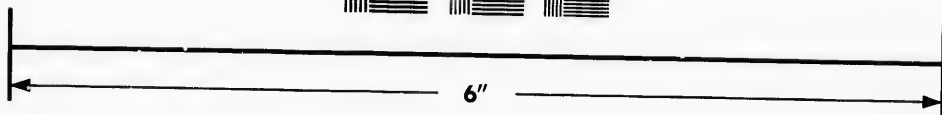
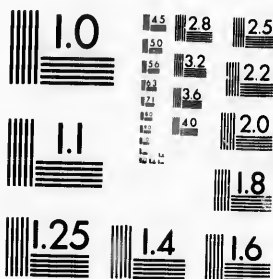


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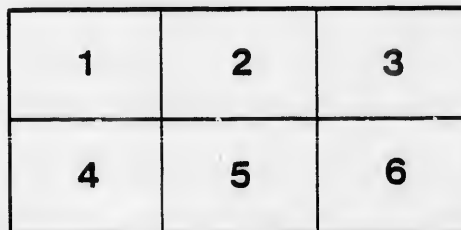
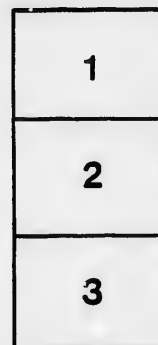
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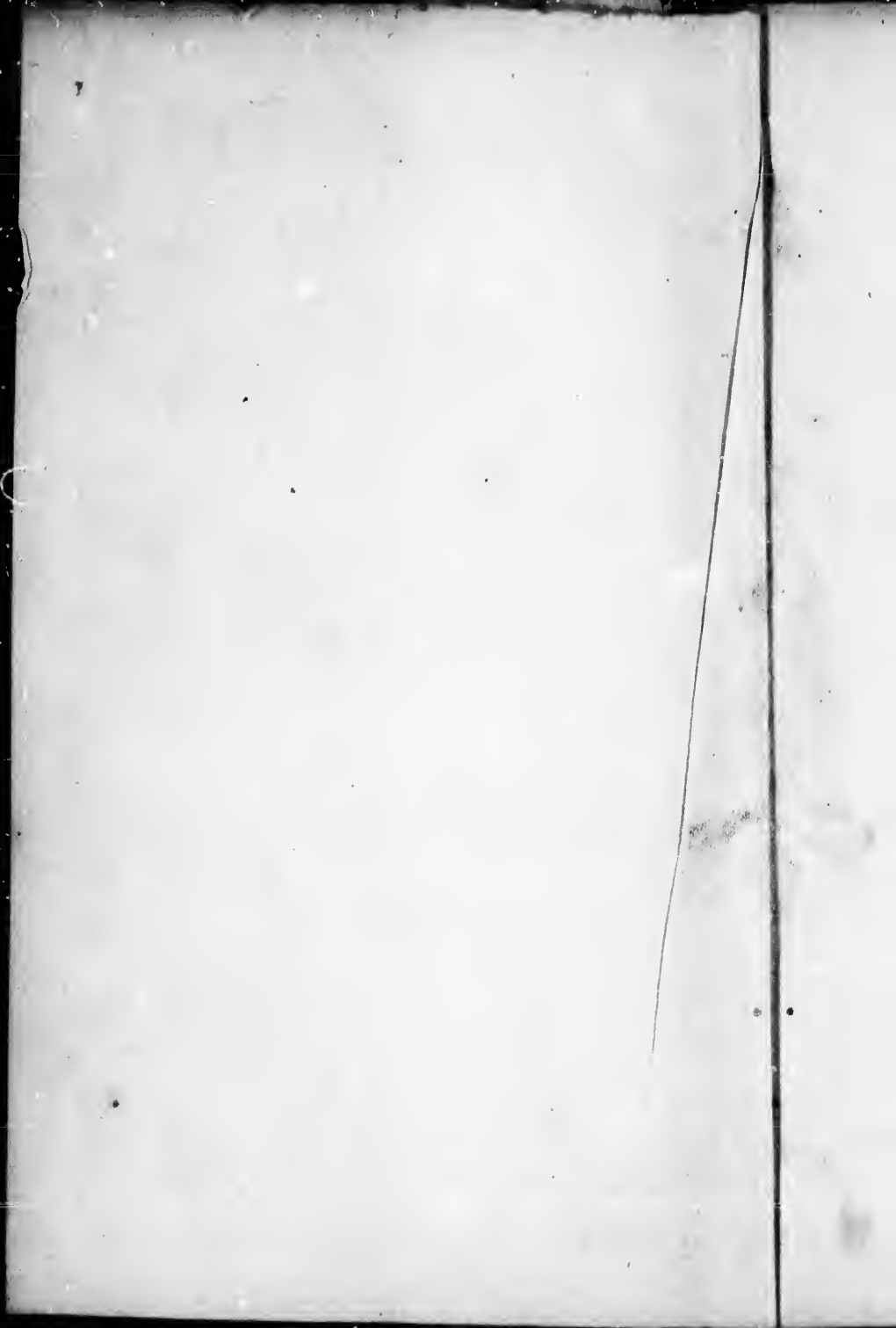
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ORIGINAL POEMS.

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ORIGINAL

POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

In three Parts.

By A. J. WILLIAMSON.



TORONTO:

PRINTED BY W. J. COATES, KING STREET.
1836.

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JU

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR FRANCIS BOND
HEAD, KNIGHT, &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

As the readiest way I have to mark my
admiration of your character, I take the liberty,
without permission, to offer you my little book.

It is a small matter, SIR, but *when you shall
have nothing else to do*, you may light upon
something in it that will amuse you.

I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Respectfully,

Your Excellency's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CITY OF TORONTO, }
JULY 30, 1836. }

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P R E F A C E .

A GREAT portion of the following work has been already ready before the Public, and to judge of the treatment it has met with, has not been much relish'd. To tell the truth, I don't much enjoy myself now, although I had pleasure in the hope of accompanying the writing of it: As it is, I have presented it to the Citizens of Toronto, chiefly, as the last shift that a poor devil has to keep him from despair, and I only wish it was better for their sakes.

A. J. WILLIAMSON.

JULY, 1836.

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ORIGINAL POEMS.

Sacred.

PART I.

AN "*UNBELIEVER'S*" PRAYER.

Low in the dust, Omnipotence !
I bow before thy throne ;
In sorrow for each dire offence,
My head or heart hath known.
In secret I appeal to thee ;
Vain-gloriously decried
By many a seeming Pharisee ;—
Humility my pride.

O! shut the world out from my sight ;
Its wild distracting glare,
But robs my spirit of the might,
That should ascend with pray'r.

And let imagination reach,
 The shadow of thy form ;
 That aw'd submission may beseech,
 Attention to a worm.

With gloomy doubts and fears imbued,
 My soul to earth is chained ;
 I cannot reach thee as I would,
 By worthlessness restrain'd.
 Yet, O ! midst this intestine war,
 Thou know'st that I'm sincere ;
 And, tearful, seek a pilot star,
 From Folly's rocks to steer.

With lowly fervor at thy feet,
 As now I nightly pray ;
 For pardon from the Mercy-seat,
 On errors of the day :
 And morning never shines on me,
 But I invoke thy smile ;
 And sacrifice a heart to thee,
 That would not walk with guile.

Is not one ray of light divine,
 Commission'd from the sky ,

On my benighted path to shine,
 In pity,—O ! Most High ?
 God ! help me in mine hour of need,
 If, erring, I pursue
 The phantom of a baseless creed,
 And cannot trust a new !

Thou know'st my supplications, spring
 From no unworthy dread,
 Of a destroying Azrael's wing,
 Dark hov'ring o'er my head ;
 And that calamity hath wrung,
 But patience from my soul ;
 Though it hath well nigh been unstrung,
 Beneath thy chast'ning dole.

I said to my afflictions, come,—
 Since at thy hest they came ;
 The whirlwind burst, but I was dumb,
 Or glorified thy name.
 Lord ! if this be self-righteousness,
 'Tis thou the heart must scan ;
 Job, in the day of his distress,
 Had no relief from man.

Am I ungrateful, Lord! to thee,
 That, yearning for thy love,
 See not thy face as others see?
 Oh! light me from above!
 Grant me in promises to trust;—
 In hopes,—else hopeless—given,
 Then welcome *torture* in the dust,
 Father who art in Heav'n!

ANOTHER.

Trusting a Being, whose pure eye,
 In pity deigns to scan;
 From yonder bright and starry sky,
 The miseries of man:
 One who, with soul-subduing grief,
 Full wearily hath striv'n;
 Looks from the cold earth for relief,
 Appealingly to Heav'n.

When I do pray as taught to pray,
 The will alone sincere,

Hopes that the tame orison, may
Perchance attract thine ear.
 But *here*, where mock'ry were allied
 To madness, oh ! declare !
 My spirit seeks thee far and wide :
 Where art thou, God ?—oh ! where ?

Impute it not to me a sin,
 That worldly thoughts intrude,
 With me, thy sacred courts within,—
 The flesh is not subdu'd.
 Nor that I consecrate aright,
 Tho' awful fools condemn,—
 The diamond in the rough to-night,
 To-morrow smooth for them.

That I am sinful I confess ;
 Yet—fellow-worms may smile,
 Derisive, so thou pitying bless—
 Not vilest of the vile.
 Tho' frailties mark the paths below,
 Where'er my footsteps tread ;
 Sure, 'tis not from the heart they flow,
 But, fondly, from the head ?

If impious in this darling thought,
 Oh ! suffer that I flee,
 The fearful spell some pow'r hath wrought,
 Inimical to thee ;—
 For, *what am I* to earn the wrath
 Of evil, but as one
 Who of thy shade a gleaming hath,
 That darkly lights his span !

I ask not worldly riches, Lord,
 Nor worldly honors crave ;
 Shine faintly on the *mystic* word,
 That triumphs o'er the grave.
 That this is selfishness I *feel*,
 But, Mighty God, they say
 Eternal wo ! eternal weal !—
 How shall an atom pray ?

With deep humility I own,
 I merit not thy grace;
 CREATOR ! if for this alone,
 Oh ! hide not aye thy face.—
 O !—Silence, wild, affrighted ; *hears*
 Eternity begun :—
 My God ! on thee I cast my fears ;
 Ev'n let thy will be done !

PERPLEXITY.

Why am I thus cast down, my soul ?
 Why aches my weary head ?
 Am I too vile to be made whole,
 For all that I have read ?
 Sure there's a righteous God above,
 And can I be deceived ?
 Does he prefer my *fear to love* ?
 Would He be *thus* believ'd ?

How runs the invitation ? Ask :—
 To you it shall be given :—
 So saith the Book of books ; a task,
 As it is said, of Heav'n !
 Have I not *fervently* desired,—
 Nay, *kiss'd* the sacred rod ?
 Sacred in seeming ; and aspir'd,
Humbly, to walk with God ?

Have I not *wish'd*, at least, to act
 According to his will ;
 And found it doubtful ? Is the fact,
 More than illusive, still ?

Is it that frail mortality
 May seek him to excess ?
 Can there be such anomaly,
 As *over* righteousness ?

INSCRUTABLE ! Look down on me.
 And listen to my prayer :
 Make me to look with *love* on thee,
 For this is all my care.
 I'm weary of this wretched plight,
 Unknowing where to fly ;
 And *loathe* the damn'd unequal fight,
 With *hidden* Deity !

INCIPIENT ASSURANCE.

I would laud thee, O, Lord !
 In the garden or wild ;
 And would cherish thy word,
 As a mother her child ;
 But my head will rebel,
 And my heart is unstrung ;

And a bridle too fell,
Is thy hand on my tongue.

I would sing to thy praise,
An imperishing song ;
But the spirit decays,
That should urge it along :
For the world and the flesh,
Are at war in my brain :
And the tempter his mesh,
Interweaves with the strain.

I would love thee and fear,
As in gratitude bound ;
And be ever sincere,
As thy mercy is found :
But the shadows of doubt,
Are too oft in the sky ;
And I wander about,
In fatuity.

Oh ! why have I droop'd,
At the pool, as of old ;
When the Angel hath stoop'd,
On his pinions of gold !

But that faith hath been crush'd,
 At the moment of birth ;
 By a tumult that rush'd,
 Of exasperate earth !

I cannot address thee,
 With fervor and power ;
 As my soul would confess thee,
 In shine or in show'r :
 But the will may be taken,
 In lieu of the deed ;
 Till thy spirit awaken,
 A mightier creed.

I long for the hour,—
 Like a pitiful dove
 From its mate in the bow'r,—
 That shall herald thy love :
 And would sacrifice *all*,
 A dull world can bestow ;
 To be clad in thy pall,
 Of immaculate snow.

Come ! come, my Redeemer !
 Thy glory's at stake ;

If I am a dreamer,
 Who—who is awake ?
 I've suffer'd, repented,
 Aspir'd to be thine ;
 And thou hast consented,
 Oh! yes! to be mine !

MAN'S INSUFFICIENCY.

Amidst the world's abusive mocks,
 And soul-subduing guile ;
 The heart may bear a thousand shocks,
 And still affect to smile ;
 How vainly ! for it must be cast,
 Nay, *beaten* to the dust at last !

The pride of Birth, of Wealth, of Pow'r,
 In all their gorgeous hues,
 May triumph, as they do, their hour,
 And Heav'n and Earth abuse ;
 But He who loosens binds as fast ;
 And shall He not avenge the past ?

What wretched sophistry uprears
 An altar to the wind ;
 Inconstant as the hopes and fears
 Of undirected mind :
 Nor feels within the agent blast
 A master spirit, firm and fast ?

Range upward, Skeptical, bestride
 Imagination high ;
 Suns upon burning suns whirl wide—
 The lost immensity !
 A wild'ring sacrifice—how vast !
 Fir'd by the living **FIRST** and **LAST** !

In awe descend ;—and, wonder, o'er
 The rayless deeps extend,
 Infinity atomic, pore—
 To mighty meanness bend ;
 Then, shrinking, inly overcast :
 Go, hide thee, if thou can'st, aghast !

A *mote* in yonder sun-beam—*falls*—
 A lesson to the ear
 Of anxious wisdom, that appals ;
 But, **Wo** ! thou wilt not hear !

Nay, heav'nly truths in thunder cast,
Are mock'd by vice at vain repast!

How wond'rous, that Omnipotence
Should suffer things of clay—
Vile, measureless incongruence—
To say his bidding, nay!
How long will the forbearance last,
Thou great TO COME, who ART and WAST?

Hush!—He who cannot lie hath sworn,
Yon fearful mote shall quell,
In its dark fury, scoff and scorn,
Tho' counter-link'd with Hell!
Ye who depend on him stand fast:—
The terror-stricken shrieks his last!

ADDRESS TO OMNIPOTENCE.

“Let us come boldly to the Throne of Grace.”

Lord! let thy spirit guide my pen,
And patient let me be,
Till I unfold thy ways to men,
As I am taught of thee;

For patience only can fulfil,
 However love may dare ;—
 Then, let the pow'r attend the will,
 Thou Answerer of Pray'r.

Thou know'st that humbly I implor'd,
 A portion of thy grace ;
 Before I knew thee for my Lord,
 Or blest thy smiling face ;
 And know'st, that from my inmost soul,
 I from the world withdrew ;
 And bow'd submit to thy controul,
 As in that grace I grew.

What, then, was my ambition, God!—
 O! Father! and O! Son!
 As I *beseech'd* thee for the rod,
 Against "Thy will be lone?"
 Was it for riches, honors, or
 The pageantry of Fame?
 Or was it to be fitted for
 The preaching of thy Name?

Did I not in my early day
 Of penitence, implore

Thy mercy upon *all* astray,
 And, suff'ring, seek for more ?
 Did I not beg for strength, to bear
 The sins of all my kind ?
 And in my agony, declare
 That I was far behind ?

Behind in suff'ring to my Lord,
 To whom I would succeed ;
 And who, according to thy word,
 Was " crucified indeed ?"
 Thy word, communicated *then*—
 As man to man would speak,—
 When first I spoke *with* thee, and when
 I felt thee on my cheek ?

O ! God of mercies, in that hour,
 How all my sorrows smil'd !
 How melted I beneath the pow'r,
 That kiss'd me as a child !
 And fondly bade me dry the tears,
 That wash'd my sins away :—
 No :—not for thine eternal years,
 Would I have bid them stay !

All this thou know'st ; but, for the sake
 Of others I appear,
 The seeming liberty to take,
 Of questioning thee here ;—
 For Man will have it that thy ways,
 To *his* conception bow ;
 Unmindful that thy spirit sways,
 The everlasting *NOW!*

In Moses and the Prophets, he
 Distinguish'd not thy hand ;—
 Thy Son himself that made him free,
 A stranger in the land.
 If this can hardly be believ'd,
 Lo ! 'Truth is still the lie :—
 What in the green tree was achiev'd,
 Is working in the dry !

For that my youth was thrown away,
 On idle dreams and vain ;
 My manhood, too, must shun the day,
 Or wear the mark of Cain.
 As if Omnipotence, that call'd
 The Universe from nought,

Had shorten'd his right arm :—enthrall'd
The miracles of Thought.

O! with a thought my life unclos'd,
And weary it became ;—
A thought my wretchedness expos'd,
Another wrought my shame.
A thought begot repentance dear,
A thought salvation spoke ;
And one proclaims a father near,
To bind the reed he *broke*.

Yes! I must by *example*, shew
These minions of the soil,
That all the grace to thee I owe,
Is not forbidden spoil :—
To hide, or haply to reveal
The villain—wo is me !
And, stamp'd with thine infernal seal,
Thou damn'd hypocrisy !

For that I cannot quote thy laws,
In antiquated phrase ;
Where mem'ry only wins applause,
Or guilt securely plays.

I cannot be inspir'd of thee,
 Altho' my words declare,
 In all their wide variety,
 That I am glory's heir !

Thy Book is truth, and so is *mine* !
 Do'st thou not tell me so ?
 Do'st thou not breathe in ev'ry line,
 Dictating as I go ?
 And shall I hesitate to tell
 The wonderful decree,
 That fashion'd from a thing of Hell,
 A King and Priest to thee !

Was Paul elected to the work,
 By apostolic mime ?
 Or Him that still directs the stork,
 Upon her wonted time ?
 And wherefore should not mine address,
 Co-sacred from on high,
 Be measur'd with a like success
 In thee, Posterity ?

God of a thousand worlds ! the Sire !
 And thou, Redeeming Son !

As I proceed, do thou inspire ;
 I would not walk, but run.
 Did'st thou not bid me ask for *all* ?
 And at my earnest pray'r,
 Bid me look upward to the wall,
 And read the writing *there* ?

Did'st thou not bid me hush my fears,
 And clasp me to thy breast ;
 In *oceans* of delicious tears,
 That would'nt be repress'd ?
 And *strive* to make me read aright,
 The nature of my kin
 To Thee, in frailty's sore despite,—
 Too dark as yet within ?

How calm, at yon enchanting tryst,
 Beneath the full orb'd moon,
 I drank the tidings, " thou'rt the *Christ*,"
 And begg'd a final boon ;
 That Satan and his wretched crew,
 Once conquer'd by my arm ;
 Might be created fair anew,
 And bolted out from harm.

Yes! and ye promis'd it ;—no doubt
 To soothe a yearning mind,
 Or for a reason not made out:—
 But, Father! thou art kind!
 Sure! 'tis enough to *hide thy face*,
 Forever from the stray!
 They trembling own thee,—shed thy grace:
Not punishment always?

“There's no redemption after death!”
 Oh! sinners, hear the cry!
 Can ye not in a world of breath,
 Find one repentant sigh?
 The “visionary” that ye scorn,
 And buffet in your vein,
Knows ye had better ne'er been born,
 Than slight the mercy slain!

When growing in thy favour, Lord,
 I better understood,
 The mystic, multifarious word;
 And all pronounc'd it good.
 Thou call'dst me Peter, and so well
 Would'st build upon the rock,

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That all the burning gates of Hell,
Should not prevail to shock.

Thy promise I exist upon;
Review me from on high:
Wilt thou deceive a trusting son,
And hold him up, a LIE?
If any fault in him thou see,
Let it be straight out-riv'n;
On Earth he will not second be,
Nor less than that in Heav'n!

THE SECOND ADVENT.—1.

The Lord of glory sheds his rays abroad;
The mighty and magnificent to save;
Bathes in effulgence all that heav'nward plod,
And wakes the ling'ring sleepers in the grave.
Come, ye forgetful, ye ungrateful brood,
Bask in the shadow of my radiant wing:
Can ye forget the shelter that withstood
The wrathful tempest of your sorrowing?

How long, O faithless ! will ye scorn my cry ?
 How long provoke my patience with your crimes ?
 Think ye my justice, hood-wink'd, hath no eye,
 To penetrate the mystery of your climes ?
 False reasoners ; know, Omniscient, I discern
 The bolted treasons of your prison'd thought ;
 That, trumpet-tongued, shall one day surely learn,
 To speak in thunder of the ill it wrought.

Wake, ye that sleep in sin's accursed snares ;
 Rouse the electric spark of light divine,
 That, pent up in your bosoms, unawares
 Shall burst, the Hell else, that hath rag'd in mine.
 Flee, flee the terrors of the wrath to come ;
 Compassionate your souls that never die ;—
 If I be *false*, the risk is worth the sum
 Of a hot tear, and a repentant sigh.

Now is the time, th' accepted time for all ;
 Reject the proffer'd mercy and ye sink :—
 From this proud eminence, O ! what a fall !
 And will ye riot on the dreadful brink ?
 Omnipotent ! have mercy ! only thou
 Can'st snatch the fearful maniac from his ways ;

Breathe, breathe conviction on his boastful brow,
And check the frenzied ardour of his gaze.

Whisper in pity that he look on Him
Who died, that he might live, a death of shame ;
That saint nor angel ; higher seraphim ;
Can save him, wretched, from eternal flame !
If warn'd by thee, Beneficent, he scorn
Thy promises and threat'nings, wear the *Crown* ;
Better for him that he had ne'er been born :
He cumbereth thy garden—cut him down !

THE SECOND ADVENT.—2.

The Lord of Creation in judgment returns,
To purify gold from the dross ;
Submits to disgrace, and in agony burns,
A second defeat of the cross.

Accus'd of a league with the demons of Hell,
In perfect submission he lies ;
Assur'd that a light on the villainous spell
Is about to descend from the skies.

Ye few that have cherish'd him, walking in gloom,
 The hour of your triumph is come ;
 Your Captain exults over Death in the tomb ;—
 The arch-Desolator is dumb !

The gold of the wicked shall melt in their hands,
 The idols of brass and of clay,
 With all the refuse of their pride, as the sands,
 Shall be cast in the furnace to-day.

Be bold in his might, and rely on his word,
 The spirit of truth is abroad ;
 And the with'ring contempt of a crucifi'd Lord,
 Shall appear in the glance of the God !

A CHRISTIAN ADVICE.

“ Do this and live.”

Would, dearest Father, I could shew—
 What words, alas ! shall never—
 How great a share of bliss they know,
 That, rising from a night of wo,
Feel they are thine forever !

How shake they off their doubts and fears,
 How breathe a purer air ;
 How beautiful the world appears—
 The gloomy, erst—the vale of tears—
 The heritage of care !

Fain would I show the Infidel,
 The riches of the place ;
 Even to the heav'nly bosom-swell,
 When it hath got a tale to tell
 Of *whisper'd* righteousness !

But, ah ! he will not learn of me,
 The vict'ry to achieve ;—
 He will not put his trust in *thee* ;
 He will not try *humility*,
 And what can I, but grieve ?

What *is* humility ? 'tis *not*
 With vice or filth to walk—
 To chime with ev'ry tinkling sot,
 That dares humanity to blot ;—
 And *burn* that he may *talk* !

No, Arthur,—soon to be mine own,—
Ponder my words aright !

Go to your chamber; be alone—
 You need not let the thing be known—
 And *sigh* for heav'nly light!

Fling settl'd phrase and *form* of pray'r,
 For this once to the wind :
 Give God—oh! recollect—the care,
 Of time and place—and give him, there,
 Your *heart*, and *soul*, and *mind*.

Remember, Arthur! *all* your heart;
 Let *nothing* interfere,
 To rouse *you* to an active part :
 Let *thought*, *word*, *deed* : *art* or *no art* :
 Have freedom—GOD IS NEAR!

And—mark me—when you look for Grace,
 Tho' you *confusion* find,
 You cannot wander from the place,
 Where God *may* shew a smiling face ;
 Have patience,—you are *blind*!

Art sorry for a wretched act,
 Committed in the shade?

Repentant tears attest the fact :—
 Oh ! Arthur !—henceforth be exact ;—
Your peace with Heav'n is made !

FREE GRACE.

Heir to the Promises or Death ?
 Conceiv'd and born in sin ;
 My purest pray'r a guilty breath,
 And wither'd hope within.
 Say, shall I on the mountains cry,
 To hide me and my grief ?
 Or shew the hills an aching eye,
 For pardon and relief ?

Come, heavy laden, unto me,
 And I will give you rest !
 Oh !—*Lord !* I cannot go to thee,
 With this polluted breast.
 My stubborn and rebellious heart,
 Refuses to obey ;
 And wills to choose the better part
To-morrow, not to-day.

Still—tho' thy sins as scarlet be,
 They shall be white as snow;
 Or, crimson'd with iniquity,
 They shall be wool to know.
Believe that I can pardon them,
 And freest grace receive :—
 Lord ! *Lord !* at once you may condemn—
I cannot e'en believe !

Be comforted, my erring child ;
 Sincerity so sore,
 A Father never yet beguil'd :—
 Go thou and sin no more.
 I look on mine anointed's face,
 Delighted turn to thee ;
 And find reflected all the grace,
 He won thee on the tree.

CALVARY.

Lo ! sinners repentant, your triumph is nigh ;
 The standard of calvary gleams in the sky ;
 The grave is defeated, and Death, with his sting,
 Lies prone in the dust to a crucified King.

The clouds that o'ershadow'd your visions of old,
 Are bright in the sunshine of silver and gold ;
 The bubbles of earth and of ocean are o'er,
 And their madd'ning accost shall arrest ye no more.

The pipe and the dance have succeeded to strife,
 And harmony beams in the op'ning of life ;
 The veil of your sorrows is rent and away,
 And your eyes are a light in the glory of day.

The mountains shall clap as they bend to your lays ;
 The valleys resound in a tumult of praise :
 The rocks shall rejoice in the fervor of song,
 And the wilderness echo in gladness along.

Hosanna ! to Him that hath conquer'd, afar,
 With mercy and might in his coronal star ;
 He comes in the pow'r of his wrath to declare,
 That vict'ry is lost to the Prince of the air.

Behold him ! ye chosen ; the Way and the Door !
 Your shepherd returns, and the fold is before :
 The treasures of earth are with Dives out-driv'n,
 But yours in the garner eternal of Heav'n.

THE 15TH OF MAY, 1834.

Day rose in gloom and rob'd in snow,
 Strove upward for a kindly glow,
 And faintly smil'd at noon ;
 Then, struggling downward, caught the ray,
 And plung'd in crimson clouds, away
 From terror, and the moon.

So fares it with the christian knight ;
 The shield of Faith unbent for fight,
 And worldly armor on.
 Till Heav'n directed, he withdraws
 From sin's accurs'd and damning laws :—
 To thee, my dearest Son.

Then, fearless, to the strife he turns,
 The world and its delusion spurns,
 And, lo ! the lights of Fame !
 Fame, that the lofty mountain snows
 Of Thibet, in their cloud repose,
 Might well reflect in vain.

There is a sun,—how bright ! how far !
 That angel thought can mend nor mar,
 High o'er the arch of time ;

That shines in unreflected light,
 Too dazzling for created sight,—
 Ineffable ! sublime !

Clogg'd with the efforts she reveals,
 Imagination backward reels,
 Upon a kindred soil :—
 Hopeless, to penetrate the veil,
 Where cherub imperfections fail,
 Exhaust, in the turmoil.

Great God ! direct us here below,
 The source and fount of all, to know
 The needful of thy plan.
 Still guide us in the sacred path,
 That leads us scatheless from thy wrath,
 And hallows us as ONE.

SUBMISSION.

'Tis vain against the pricks to strive.
 The verse will not run free,

That, humbly, Lord ! I would contrive,
 In reverence to thee.

Well ; good it seemeth in thy sight ;
 And good it needs must be ;
 Or now, or never more to write,
 'Tis thine to govern me.

Obedience to thy high command,
 In all we say or do,
 Thou hast exacted at our hand—
 An easy lesson, too.
 For in thy saving strength we feel,
 A munerary balm ;
 A soft'ning, sturdier than steel,—
Inexorably calm.

So sinks the ocean at thy hest,
 Beneath a breathless sun,
 Transcendant type of holy rest,
 In trembling faith begun.
 O ! let me ever thus abide,
 The workings of thy will ;
 Where'er I go, whate'er betide,
 And find thee gracious still.

HYMN.

Sing to the praise of God !
The wonderful, the great ;
Whose awful and prolific nod,
A thousand worlds await !

The chariot of the sun,
The glorious orb of day,
As his commands, benignant, run,
Wheels on its burning way.

At night, the placid moon,
And starry radiance, milu,
Shed on the earth his silent boon,
To soothe the weary child.

The darkness and the storm,
The sunshine and the calm,
Alike are fashion'd into form,
His terror or his balm.

Let Ocean, Land, and Air,
With loud hosannas ring ;

And heav'nly harps the burthen bear,
 In thunder to their King

To Father and the Son,
 And Spirit, one in three,
 And three in one be honor done,
 To all eternity.

ANOTHER.

How holy is the Lord !
 To magnify his name,
 Let Seraph's brighter pen record,
 The characters in flame !

How merciful in might,
 A humbl'd world shall know,
 When hidden wounds are brought to light,
 And Mara's waters flow.

How terrible in ire ;
 The lightning's in his path,

Tell in a storm of with'ring fire,
The scorners of his wrath.

Call! call upon him now!
Ye doubters, rend the sky!
Bend! *bend!* ere ye shall vainly bow,
In hopeless agony!

Oh, God! in pity, hear
The wretched sinner's wail;
Or hide him in that day of fear,
When Heav'n and Earth shall fail!

SICK AT HEART.

Oh! weary, weary is my soul,
Of this uncertain world;—
Sick of a race without a goal,
Or one by *Fancy* whirl'd;—
But now conversant with the skies,—
The "Holy One" proclaim'd;—
And now, beset with fantasies,
Unfitting to be nam'd!

Are *all* the lovely visions, that
 My fervent spirit saw,
 On yon etherial Arrarat,
 In mock'ry to withdraw ?
 And those that sooth'd my aching heart,
 Upon a lowly bed—
 Returning Reason at her part—
 Hallucination fled !

Oh ! bright and beautiful they were,
 And heav'nly true they seem'd ;—
 Henceforth belief, however fair,
 Be never more esteem'd.
 A broken spirit yields its trust,—
 Despairs, that would adore :—
 Dust am I, and return to dust,
 And who shall tell us more ?

FAVORITE LINES.

Written on the Lake Shore at Cobourg.

My FATHER !—the endearing word,
 Swells in my bosom's core ;

How like a wounded weary bird,
 I wish my flight were o'er !
 My lowly flight in nether skies,
 Afar from light and thee ;
 Save only such as starry eyes,
 Dim shadow unto me.

'Tis hard to say yon orb is dim,
 For glorious is its shine ;
 But then the eye of Seraphim,
 Before thy face divine !
 And O ! *that* face, my Father, God,
 Eternal ; and the goal :—
 The clod, the clod, the weary clod ;
 Oppressive, binds my soul !

GOD IS HERE.

Again, unhappy mortal, bound
 To shame the rising morn ;
 Inebriate on unhallow'd ground,
 To work thy Maker scorn ?

What have I done, that thou should'st be,
The enemy thou art to me?

Do'st thou not know me, wretched one,
The author of thine all?
The lord of this indulgent sun,
That shines upon thy fall?
Think'st thou, if I did wish thee guile,
That he to bid thee hope, should smile?

Do'st thou believe, that all the pain
Thou suffer'st, hath no sign,
Thy madd'ning folly to restrain;
And force thee to be mine?
Lov'st thou the laughter or the glee,
That drugs thy cup of irony?

If ever thou did'st, weary, rest;
If pain'd, did'st find relief;
If sorrowing e'er, in hope wert blest;
Or joy'd in absent grief:
The care, the woe, a lesson shew'd,
To prick thee to the peaceful road.

There's not a thought within thy breast,
An action in thy frame;

Of which I am not all possess'd,
 Despite thine evil claim.
 Read as I bid thee, take *mine* eyes,
 And henceforth study and be wise.

Come, would'st thou look within the veil,
 Behold the veil withdrawn ;
 A God and Father holds the scale,
 Nor fear him thou, nor fawn.
 As thou wouldst have thy neighbor do,
 'Thou in his stead, that course pursue.

How can'st thou look, the reason scan,
 For life when thou *wilt* die ?
 Can'st truth expect from God or Man,
 In barter for a lie ?
 Who damns the proud in their own trust,
 Still swears he will protect the just.

Who can be just ? Thyself !—the whole
 Of the first Adam's race !
 The second Adam purg'd the soul,
 The *third* hath fix'd its place.
 The sparrow's fate is link'd with thine,
 And chain'd to the eternal shrine.

What tho' the task be somewhat hard,
 Thy former self to chide ?
 What if a wanderer ill-starr'd,
 My wrath on thee abide ?
 What if thou diest ?—'tis my decree ;—
 " Come heavy laden unto me."

Go to, avoid the serpent sting,
 That all too oft hath slain ;
 The sun with healing on his wing,
 Entreats thee to refrain.
 There's fearful mock'ry in the glass,
 And death, and horror—let it pass !

Return to thy neglected home,
 Thy widow'd help-mate cheer :
 In ignorance no longer roam,
 But take thy judgment here.
 Be patient underneath the rod,
 And triumph—**THOU HAST MET THY GOD !**

GIVE ME A TONGUE.

Mine own dear Lord, if I have found,
 That favor in thy sight ;
 That grace with which I would abound,
 That triumph in thy might :
 That hour for which I've sigh'd and sung :
 Give me, Omnipotent, a Tongue !

How shall a head and heart like mine,
 So full of this sweet fire ;
 So eager in thy praise to join,
 Still languish with desire ?
 Still with a barren love be wrung ?
 Give me, Munificent, a Tongue !

Lo! in my envious ears, the gift,
 Incessantly proclaim'd ;
 Thy merest children lisp, and lift
 Their gratitude unsham'd.
 While I, the mark'd of old and young,
 Want common utt'rance—give me Tongue !

Have I not seen thee in thy strength ?
 Commun'd with thee above ?

Hath not my spirit, been the length,
 Of universal love—
 Half fault'ring whence creation spring?
 Unutt'able,—give me a Tongue !

Give me to tell repentant earth,
 That, wet with mercy's tears ;
 She wins, absolved, a second birth,
 The end of all her fears.
 That ev'ry harp in heav'n is strung,
 To grace her welcome—give me Tongue !

Give me to guide the tender feet,
 To no *revengeful* shrine ;
 Commission'd from the Mercy-seat,
 Let all their guilt be mine.
 Oh ! by the cross on which ye hung,
 My slander'd God, give me a Tongue !

Give me to dry the widow's tears,
 The orphan heart to cheer ;
 To speak of God, as God appears ;
 To me, divinely dear.
 Give me to tell them how he clung,
 Heart-broken to them—Give me Tongue !

"Forgive them, Father!—ah! they know—
 They know not what they do!"
 I claim to follow thee below,
 And say forgive them, too.
 Remember! *now* thou art among
 Thy mercies infinite—Oh! Tongue!

He **MUST** forgive—the **FIRST AND LAST**,
 Is tortur'd by their wail;
 Till th' last agony be past,
 Almighty strength must quail.
 Eternal God! let me be stung
 To madness quite,—but give me Tongue!

"GOD SHALL BE ALL IN ALL."

Oh! hast thou not an equal pen,
 Wide o'er this earthly ball;
 To mould my thoughts of thee to men,
 Thou dearer far than all?
 Hath love, Omnipotent, no pow'r,
 To dissipate the haze,

That clouds my spirit in the hour,
That it would paint thy praise ?

Can spirit not with spirit join,
To force the sluggish brain ;
Beneath an energy divine,
To weave an angel strain ?
Must flesh and blood forever boast,
Of conquest o'er a soul ;
And triumph that the Holy Ghost,
Still bows to its control ?

Oh ! all my hopes on this fair earth,
By the Eternal giv'n ;
And dearer hopes had never birth,
Beneath the arch of Heav'n :
How would I sacrifice ye all,
For pow'r to frame one lay ;
Freed from the dull depressing thrall,
Of this despotic clay !

Wake, God of Truth, put on thy strength ;
Prove the imbecile lie,
That fetters thee to length and breadth ;
And *substance* will deny.

Make me the agent of a song,
 That shall at once unfold,
 The glories that to Thee belong ;—
 MATERIAL——it is told !

ONE FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD.

One fold, one shepherd—Be it so ;—
 Still God above, be God below :
 And, as I seek, thy joys to prove,
 The realms of everlasting love ;
 Let me be at thy footstool known,
 No pleader for a dastard throne :—
 Too rich in *any* grace divine,
 That wisdom shall award as mine.

But if, in all thy wide domain,
 One little spot shall yet remain ;
 Untenanted by things of sense,
 That never knew thy providence ;
 And if a better be not found,
 O'er the lone garden to be crown'd ;

Then, Lord, let that my portion be,
And send the unhappy all to me.

TRIBUTE TO WHOM TRIBUTE IS DUE.

Oh ! Thou to whom I surely owe,
This sunshine in my breast ;
This truly holy, happy, glow,
Of more than mortal rest.
How is it that a sense serene,
And redolent of bliss ;
Breathes only in a verse so mean,
And valueless as this ?

'Tis peace—yet not the promis'd "peace
The world cannot destroy :"
Doth not *Thy* happiness increase,
As others share thy joy ?
What were the diamond more than jet,
With all its light divine ;
Set in a kingly coronet,
And—buried in the mine ?

Oh ! I have dar'd, and fondly dare,
In language to convey ;
Some foretaste of the sinless fare,
Of an eternal day.
And this much will be read by some,—
The once *forbidden* tree,
Hath chang'd—and, wond'rously, become
The TREE OF LIFE to me.

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ORIGINAL POEMS.

Sentimental, &c.

PART II.

INTEMPERANCE.

A PRIZE POEM.*

“Let not thy heart decline to her ways ; go not astray in her paths.”

'Tis night. The zenith holds a lonely moon ;
Pestif'rous vapours hang upon the hills ;
Guilt stalks the wold in her congenial noon,
And phantom terror all the prospect fills :
Save where Religion's calm and holy ray,
Lights up the gloom in yonder cottage grey.

A fiend on iron pinions beats the air,
Exulting in the victories of crime,

* I was confined to “not less than thirty lines, nor more than sixty.”

O'er gentle virtues fated to despair ;
 And blooming hopes long wither'd ere their
 prime.

Hath Satan spurn'd his adamantine bounds,
 And hither wander'd in his fiery rounds ?

I question'd the dull spirit of the stones,
 Who mock'd th' insulted majesty on high ;
 And I was answer'd by a thousand groans ;
 A thousand echoes shudder'd in reply :—
 “ The mad inheritors of this expanse,
 In this their Deity,—INTEMPERANCE.”

Leander sued,—A youth to fortune bred,
 And fairest promise,—Irene was won.
 Fruition smil'd upon their nuptial bed,
 A teeming annual blest them with a son.
 A feast in course to honor the young heir,
 Begot reverse :—INTEMPERANCE was there !

With lightning-speed, the rubicon o'er pass'd,
 Of fair propriety ; Leander flew,
 From vice to vice on ev'ry idle blast,
 In quest of pleasures where they never
 grew :—

HE lurks amid the TAP's unholy gloom :—
Irene where ?—Interrogate the tomb !

No earthly laugh upon the wind is borne ;—
Unhappy maniac !—woe for reason's throne :
Her guiding sceptre of its virtue shorne,
Man erring wanders, darkly and alone.
What dire misfortune aggravates the lot,
Of poor humanity in this sad blot ?

Misfortune answers, *I* am not to blame,
To Justice yield the punishment of crime ;
“ The accursed thirst of gold ” provok'd the
Game,
I warn'd him of the precipice in time.
But ask INTemperance, she can truly tell ;—
He lik'd *her* counsels, follow'd them and—fell !

What fearful shriek assails the startl'd ear ?
What horror bursts on the affrighted eyes ?
Lo ! Murder scowls in yonder coppice sear,
And Rape exults as ravag'd beauty dies !
What demon urg'd to deeds of such a dye ?
“ Truth quiv'ring points,—INTemperance is high !

Who hath not heard of Altamont the gay,
 The fascinating, fortunate, and young?
 Who hath not heard of Altamont astray,
 The victim of a brothel-syren's tongue?
 INTEMP'RANCE found him a rap't nation's pride;—
 She left him outcast and a—*Suicide!*

Come thou Religion in thy robes of light,
 The conqu'ring banners of the Cross unfurl'd;
 Expel the dark fiend from the aching sight,
 And give repose to a repentant world.
 In mercy come, ere drunkenness efface,
 The last faint image of a God-like race!

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE M'KENZIE, ESQUIRE
 Late of Kingston, U. C.

Gone to the courts above!
 Exchang'd the mock'ry of an earthly bar,
 On terms of love!
 Well—God be prais'd! another burning star,
 Shines out above!

Ye had no triumph, Plague :—
 He found no terror, in thy darkling nod.
 Oblique and vague,
 Loom out and threaten ;—all the sons of God,
 Spit on thee, Plague.

Bright spirit ! one behind,
 Whose love was passing woman's, yearns to be,
 Like thee refin'd.
 Did ye not look on him, and grieve, that he
 Was left behind ?

Oh ! this is fondness, quite :—
 Your lamentation ceasing to annoy,
 On that blest night ;
 Grew heav'nly pity mingled with your joy,
 And, God requite !

Be thou my angel, George :—
 The messenger of love, and joy, and peace.
 Till, in the gorge
 Of mortal desolation, I decrease,
 To increase, George !

My dearest friend, farewell !
 Ye but have gone to supper with the lamb,
 Earlier, to tell
 Your boundless gratitude ; while, here *I* am—
 Oh ! fare thee well !

TO INFIDELITY.

O ! Infidelity !
 Throw thine unholy scoffs for once aside ;
 Awaken thee :
 Did'st never have a hope, that, gratified,
 Pointed to where the soul was satisfied ?

Did'st never know,
 The ample fulness of a bosom's choice,
 Absent from woe ?
 Nor hear, in opposition to thy voice
 Despairing, one that inly said rejoice ?

Did'st never feel,
 The mild effulgence of a vernal night,

And balmy, steal
 O'er thy rapt sensibilities ; nor plight,
 Thy fond remembrance to a scene so bright ?

Did'st never hear,
 The sigh of maiden modesty, proclaim
 A passion near ;
 That for its object only had *thy* name ?
 For its sweet adoration but *thy* fame ?

Hast never known
 The hand of friendship, in an hour of dread
 Link'd in thine own ?
 Nor ever fed on a moist eye, that shed,
 Its holy influence o'er thine aching head ?

Hast never frown'd
 On hideousness ? Frown on, frown on ;
 Till thou hast crown'd
 Young reason o'er again ; and the loves gone.
 In sadness from thy 'nighted heart, their throne,

Thou *hast* been blest,
 And therefore *may'st* be blest again—been curst,

And hast confess'd,
The fallacy of hope :—Thou hast been nurs'd,
In sweet forgetfulness ; or last, or first.

And now at fault,
The acme of true wisdom ; Ignorance—
How lame and halt,
In all but thine own nothingness !—at once
Condemns, rejects, and flings thee on thy
CHANCE!

And *what* thy chance ?
The pow'r acknowledg'd, at whose merest
nod,
Systems advance—retard ;
And men presumptuous, devious plod,
To its eternal rectitude—MY GOD.

Then, Infidelity,
Throw all thine ill-directed scoffs aside ;
Awaken thee :—
Give God thy hopes and fears, whate'er be-
tide,
And all else may be doubted and defied.

WINTER.

A SERMON VERSIFIED.

I.

Rude tyrant of the year, stern Winter comes,
 And o'er the landscape sheds a gloom profound;
 Apt season for us all to count the sums
 Of moments wasted; grave, to look around,
 And learn from Nature whither we are bound.
 Dead and disfigur'd, the fast falling leaves,
 Submit their sapless wrecks to the hoarse sound
 Of his wild requiem; that which man receives,
 In guise of grief, conducts him to the ground,
 With all the pomp of art; here natural wail is found.

II.

The hills are grey, that yesterday were green :
 The oaks are wither'd like the hopes of age ;
 Stripp'd of their gaudy foliage they are seen,
 Breasting the tempest, shudd'ring to engage,
 And now uprooted by its fearful rage.
 Strewn with the mighty desolation, earth
 Groans her sad lesson to the tardy sage:—

Her annual lesson from her earliest birth,
 And iron-penn'd on brazen hist'ry's page :—
 "Successful strife with Time, no mortal strength
 can wage."

III.

With firm determin'd pace the hour comes on,
 When all the pageantry of life shall pass ;
 Alike the victor and the vanquish'd gone !
 Alike the lov'd and hated,—flesh is grass.—
 The proudest names on monumental brass,
 Shall yield their ostentation, as the rust
 Of each succeeding age, devours what was
 But dust at first, and must again be dust.
 Of nature's works, there is no fav'rite class ;
 All hurrying sweep to Death—an undistinguish'd
 mass.

IV.

How little, then, our petty feuds and hates,
 Seem in the average of this vast decay ;
 How vain in us to anticipate the fates,
 And throw our little all of life away !
 Ah ! let us well improve the passing day,
 Live in unbounded charity with all,—

For we have need of it as well as they ;—
 And we shall meet the universal call,
 With lighter hearts and better, to display,
 Where winter never clouds, bright spring's eternal
 ray.

SPRING.

I.

Featly perform'd the merry task of Spring,
 The green leaves quiver on awaken'd trees ;
 Again their fragrance the gay flow'rets fling,
 In emulous profusion to the breeze :
 And listen to the humming of the bees,—
 The tiny robbers, the delicious cheats ;—
 Pilf'ring the nectar from Titania's pease,
 And levying tribute from unnumber'd sweets,
 To provender their palaces of ease,
 Ere burly winter come, their energies to freeze.

II.

The feather'd songsters have obey'd her voice :
 Th' electric voice of spring—and in full choir,
 Bid nature in her inmost caves rejoice,
 At the unveiling of her vestal fire. [mire
 The hills and dales, the groves and streams ad-
 The renovated lustre of their dyes ;
 And all in lively gratitude aspire,
 To bloom, to flow, and fasten on the skies,
 Their varied looks of love ; that might inspire,
 Unhallow'd unbelief, with similar desire.

III.

The husbandman hath promise from the soil,
 Of golden interest in return for care ;
 And hope hath whisper'd with her wonted smile,
 Lean thou on me and we shall mock despair.
 Though prodigal of wealth she's bankrupt ne'er ;
 Witness the buoyant step, the beaming eye,
 The voice of gladness, and the genial air
 Of youth and loveliness, where she is nigh.
 Hope smiles on solitude and it is fair ;
 She breathes on agony and the physician's there.

IV.

The magic of her wand,—of Spring the wand,
 Hath melted all the links of Winter's chain ;
 The genius of the waters lifts his hand,
 And all is bustle o'er his wide domain.
 The FIRE-KING's at his Alchemy again,
 By STEAM transmuting stocks and stones to gold ;
 The winds of prejudice have rag'd in vain,
 And having bluster'd till their tale is told,
 Now feebly let, or follow in his train :—
 Hail ! to thee glorious STEAM, victor o'er earth and
 main !

V.

Wake, saith the Spring, and enterprize upstarts,
 Shakes his wide pinions, and outstrips the wind ;
 His banner'd trumpets rouse the slumbering
 And industry and perseverance, find [marts,
 Dame Fortune in the wake he leaves behind.
 Health ! I invoke thee ; breathe thou but on me
 A few short summers, and the sun n'er shin'd
 Upon a climate where I will not be,
 A courting that same lady till she's kind ;
 Or pent in Labrador, or the farthest Ind.

VI.

Be, saith the Spring, and straight the loves of
earth,

Shoot from the ashes of the past-away ;
Deck'd in the laughing comeliness of mirth,
And all the radiance of an eastern day.

They ARE, unmindful of the hest DECAY,
That groan'd upon their birth. If one might
crave,

Without impiety, who would not pray
For a long respite for them from the grave ?

But ah ! the fairy visions will not stay ;
They fade ev'n in my verse, they wither in my lay.

VII.

Yet, ye were welcome, Spring, and now fulfill'd
Your ever gentle task, why fare ye well ;
To other realms ye pass, where, winter-chill'd,
Young hopes must flourish as ye weave your
spell,

And joy, like ours, their morning dreams to tell:
Would I went with thee, were it but to hear
The soul-enchanting music of thy spell ;

And yet, approving Helen should be near,
 Or my young heart, I fear me, would rebel,
 And neither love thy voice, nor seek with thee to
 dwell.

TO SPRING.

I.

Spring? Welcome! Welcome! fascinating maid;
 Of Age the solace, and of Youth the queen.
 In all thy laughing loveliness array'd.
 Thrice welcome! Nature, weary of the spleen,
 To grace thine advent dons her freshest green.
 Ambrosial perfumes fill the wanton air;
 And Flora, buoyant at thy joyous mien,
 Culls the pied garland for thy golden hair:
 While o'er thine iv'ry shoulder's polish'd sheen,
 Snatching a coy embrace, arch frolic peeps un-
 seen.

II.

And thou *art* come again! and young Delight,
 And beaming Rapture, gambol in thy train;

And ruddy Health, in Hypo's wan despite,
 Leaps on the hills, and riots on the plain.
 The rivers, drunk with ecstasy again,
 Dance in thine influence, doff their glassy cloaks,
 And sweep their teeming burthens to the main.
 The lakes are laughing too, and all provokes
 Rous'd Industry, to break his brittle chain,
 Full in foil'd Winter's face, now grappling him in
 vain.

III.

Who doth not love thee, Spring? The child of
 Song?

His rapt eye holds thee, and thy varied charms
 Blend in his dreamy smile—a fairy throng—
 As on a sunny spot, that fancy farms
 For the freed soul, from earth and its alarms.
 O! thou art lovely, passing all beside;
 Ripe, blushing into life from Winter's arms,
 As light from darkness; or a blooming bride,
 From the embrace of Age. My bosom warms
 To look upon thy face—a balm for mortal harms.

IV.

And yet there are, who, dismal, gentle Spring,
 Thy virgin blandishments repel with scorn ;
 As if to smile were treason to Heav'ns King,
 And virtue lov'd the darkness, not the morn.
 O ! why should weeds like these, be, rank, up-
 borne,
 Upon the flow'ry breast of life's parterre ?
 Why should an aspect cynical be worn ?
 Why should hypocrisy obliquely dare ?
 Ingrates avaunt ! Live friendless and forlorn ;
 Of mild humanity's indulgent beams self-shorn.

V.

Give me the man—the racy wish was thine,
 Inimitable Sterne—who'll gaily quaff,
 Of virtuous pleasure, till his eye-balls shine ;
 Be pleas'd he knows not why—nor cares ; no
 chaff
 Of a lean harvest ; no deceptious draff.
 A soul congenial in the walks of life ;
 Among the roughness, an unyielding staff.
 So blest, Spring will pervade the heart, tho' rife

Be storms without.—D--- the morose riff-raff,
I'd hate—if I *could* hate,—a man that *will* not
laugh.

VI.

Excuse me Spring, I read an anecdote,
Which, with your ladyship's permission, I
Will iterate ; *let it not be forgot.*

A certain saint—whose surname, by-the-bye,
Begins like mine—was ever known to sigh,
And, during a long life, not once to smile.

Being question'd of the wherefor and the why ;
“ I'm *on a razor's edge,*” he said, the while ;

“ *Heav'n upon this side, Hell i' the other eye,*
And balancing to fall !” 'Tis horrible, by--by—

VII.

Spring ! *thou* art cheerful, wherefore should not
man,

Child of the same Omnipotence, be gay ?
Thou wert not form'd to frown at, though the ban
Primeval, robb'd thee of some beauties stray,
And made thee changeable, like pleasure's ray.

Whate'er be side, *I'll* worship at thy shrine,
 And scan thy loveliness while it is day.
 Bright emanation of a light divine,
 All should be happy with thee, while they may;
 Virtue hath but one creed,—'T' enjoy is to obey.'

VIII.

Farewell, I'm tir'd of writing of thee, Spring ;
 The joys of Paradise itself, did pall,
 'Till curiosity had ta'en its fling,
 To prick on contrast,—bad enough to all.
 A *certain Gentleman*, too, had a fall,
 Averse to *toujours perdrix*, I opine ;—
 A ticklish subject this,—and so I crawl
 To the corner of my paper, and resign
 The prosecution of this lengthen'd scrawl :
 Farewell, dear Spring, farewell. Ah ! me this
 ruthless drawl.

JOHN SIMPLE.

A TALE.

“I hate humbug, and would eschew that cant and fanaticism, which are at present tainting extensive portions of society, as sincerely as I venerate and wish to cultivate a spirit of sober, manly and rational piety.”
 —*Dicry of a London Physician.*

Young Simple was a Grocer's Clerk,
 His christian name was John ;
 And up was he to ev'ry quirk,
 That Grocers love to con.
 For wetting sponge, tobacco, snuff,
 And eke baptizing rum,
 Or sanding sugar just enough ;
 His equal is to come.

His master, Rufus Deacon was,—
 Familiarly call'd old,—
 Whose daughter, Sue, a buxom lass,
 Was worth her weight in gold.
 Old Deacon liking well his parts,
 And Deacon's daughter, Sue ;
 John played, and won the king of hearts,
 And queen of diamonds too.

A litter of young Simples tall,
 Soon sprouted like their Pa' :—
 The boys I mean, the girls were all,
 The image of Mamma :—
 Old Rufus soberly interr'd,
 The will without a flaw,
 A golden *plum* on John conferr'd,
 To gild the griefs of a'.

O ! Fortune ! tell me how it comes,
 That never comes to me ?
 A truant stray of all the plums,
 Are shaken from thy tree ?
 Perhaps my modesty's at fault,—
 But turn we to the tale,
 Which must not thus inglorious halt,
 At ev'ry fruitless wail.—

Now *Mister Simple*, who but he ?
 From Scripture got the lore ;
 That talents ten at usury,
 Full soon become a score.
 Accordingly his funds were brought
 Conveniently to nurse ;

'Till *cent per centum*, fast as thought,
Came chinking to his purse.

Here was a chance for happiness,
In riches if it be ;
But Simple wanted "saving grace,"
A saving man was he.
His conscience prick'd him once or twice,
His early pranks anent ;
And so, to "Meeting," for advice,
And Medicine, he went.

A party, "Grace and Glory" cramm'd,
Poor Simple took in charge ;
Who kindly told him he'd be damn'd,
With all the world at large.
The only loop-hole for escape,
From Satan and his crew ;
So narrow was, that scarce an ape,
Could fairly wriggle through:

Yes, Heav'n a needle's eyelet was,
A dromedary he :
Whose hump must quarrel with the pass,
Till squeezed by poverty.

But, the burthen of his *sinful* wealth,
They cheerfully would share ;
 A precious soul's e-*tar*-nal health,
 Was worthy all their care.

Then Oil of Grace for rusty locks,
 On backward heav'nly doors ;
 Was manufactur'd by their flocks,
 And sold in saintly stores.
 Ineffable its virtues were,
 He could n't choose but buy ;
 And turning oft the key of pray'r ;
 A gate *might* open fly.

But still, fruition was the Lord's ;
 The tender plant to speed,
 Must vainly strive, as Paul records,
 Unless *He* blest the seed.

Thus, Simple, lectur'd for the nonce,
 Submitted to despond ;
 And many a day his addle-sconce,
 Fanatic lesson conn'd :
 Till sin was fairly on her back,
 And all his earthly wits,

Exchang'd for a redeeming knack,
At *Epileptic fits*.

Now mark the consequence;—his doors,
Became a thoroughfare,
For all the holy rogues and ——,
That chose to snuffle there.
In vain poor hapless Susan pled,
For privacy at home;
The world is *His*, the husband said,
And let Him take the dome.

But this arrangement talley'd ne,
With Master George and Joe's
Ideas of propriety,
As ye may well suppose.
Remonstrance on remonstrance fair,
On bootless errand sped;
Till, for their pains, the luckless pair
Were disinherited.

The girls assum'd their brothers' fray,—
Matilda, Anne, and Sue,—
Which soon became their own, for they
Were alienated too.

This fill'd the mother's martyr-cup,
 Full bitter, to the brim ;—
 She quaff'd the with'ring portion up,
 And *humbly* look'd to HIM !

They buri'd her, and joyfully,
 The "Dying Christian" sung !
 Oh ! the Devil take Hypocrisy,
 And blister'd be her tongue.
 Give Treason to convulse the earth,
 Bid Rape and Murder slay ;
 Thou *sniv'ling* Hypocrite stand forth ;
 Thou'rt deeper damn'd than they !

'Twas "glory ! glory ! glory !" now,
 In parlor and in hall ;
 And triumph sat on ev'ry brow,
 But his that fed them all.
 A remnant of humanity,
 Still linger'd in his breast ;
 That superstitious vanity,
 Had never sooth'd to rest.

In vain they prate of heav'nly joys,
 His lip indignant curl'd ;

He thinks upon his noble boys,
 Thrown friendless on the world.
 And, haply, wand'ring cold and bare,
 His peerless daughters three ;—
 Oh ! bitter his reflections are,
 And *bitter* may they be !

Yet still, the phantom " grace to save,"
 Came ne'er a whit the nigher ;
 Tho' thousands John the *heathen* gave,
 To keep *them* from the fire.
 And eke, to aggravate his lot,
 His leading Banker fail'd ;
 And then his *temper*,—whose would not,
 On ev'ry hand assail'd ?

John rav'd, and storm'd, and *swore*, that wood
 Had lost its self-control ;
 'Neath *half* the poundings *he* had stood,
 To sanctify his soul.
 A righteous judgment, said a friend,
 Hath lighted on the Goat ;
 John thought as much, and so, to mend
 The matter,—*cut his throat.*

Now, ponder well, ye Grocers' clerks,
 The moral of my tale :—
 Where snuffing superstition lurks,
 There 's mischief in the gale.

LIFE.

What saith Philosophy of Life,
 In wisdom and experience rife ?
 "'Tis, as the lights of Ages teach,
 A long Disease, and Death, the Leach."

Hath INFANCY, that seems address'd
 To the last drop in Hebe's breast,
 Imbib'd disease? encounter'd care?
 Or sorrow'd at a fount so fair?
 The idiot eye that upwards turns,—
 The eye a mother's smile that spurns,—
 The lip compress'd,---the scream of ire,---
 Impotent rage, and wild desire ;—
 Might to the questions minister ;
 For, truth is truth, and such things are.

It vegetates, a weed of dole ;
 It breathes, a thing without a soul ;
 Blind to its wants, to others' blind ;
 A stranger to its kindred, kind ;
 And favor'd most, consign'd to tears,
 An aching week of lengthen'd years.
 And this is health ?—'tis gall, 'tis gall ;
 Or poetry or prattle all !

Turn we the eye on envied YOUTH,
 Unveil'd before the glass of Truth ;
 And what a hideous form is there,
 To worship with admiring stare !
 Dissimulation, malice, feud ;
 Impiety, ingratitude ;
 Lust, av'rice, the desire of change,
 Invidious hatred, and revenge ;
 Each vice imagin'd, and confess'd
 Indigenous to human breast ;
 Alternate rules in that dark form,
 Trick'd and bedizen'd for the worm.
 If these be health's indubious signs,
 Whence hath disease her figural lines ?

Pass we a few precarious scenes,
And AGE, the crisis, supervenes.

O, sick, and sickly at the strife,
The weary soul recedes from life ;
Faint turning as for once to cast,
Sane scrutiny upon the past.
But all a wilder'd maze appears,
Of sterile hopes, and blasted years ;
All bleak and bare, no verdure nigh ;
No green spot for the glazing eye :—
Then breaks the heart, and the last breath,
Yields up the malady to Death !

Thus saith Philosophy of Life,
In wisdom and experience rite ;
But Faith a holier lesson reads,
And heav'n-ward from the cradle speeds.
May all with her unwearied trace,
The thorny paths to righteousness ;
Secure that seeming ills are sent,
Redemptive—not in punishment.
So may religion also teach,
Life's a Disease, and Death the Leach !

ANOTHER.

YOUTH, like the sun in an eastern sky,
 Smiles on the Landscape that meets his eye ;
 And like a flow'r in its early time,
 Blooms in despite of a with'ring clime.
 Sorrow falls on his heart, like dew
 On the sensitive plant that would shrink from view ;
 So light that each trace of its transient stay,
 The morning zepher will brush away.

MANHOOD prides in his boasted pow'r,
 Like the gorgeous sun; in his noon-tide hour ;
 And the stately oak is an emblem rare,
 Of the strength and the beauty concentr'd there.
 Revels elate in his lordly breast
 Joy ; and beams on his ample crest,—
 Like the hectic flush on the brow of fever,
 That glows ere health be gone for ever.
 All is change in this world below :
 Whether of joy or whether of woe.
 As follow the shadows on hist'ry's page,
 So MANHOOD and YOUTH must give place to AGE.
 Then is life like the glimmering ray,
 That gleams last in the wake of departing day ;

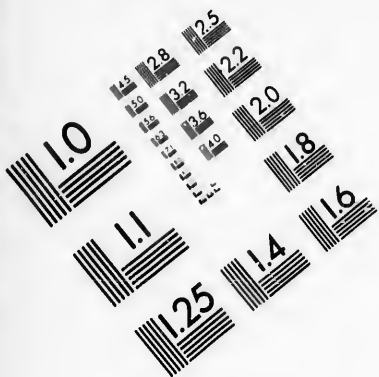
Ere the storm-fraught clouds from the dark north
 sweep,
 And obscure its faint shine on a shudd'ring deep ;
 Till it fades on the eye, like a worsted sprite,
 And is lost in the gloom of impervious night.

THE GRAVE.

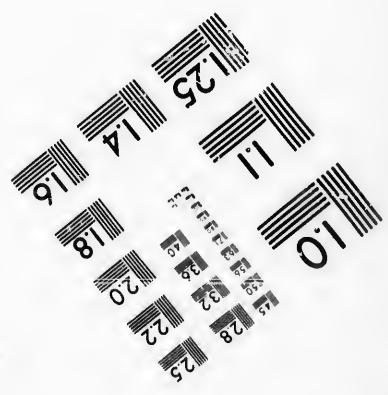
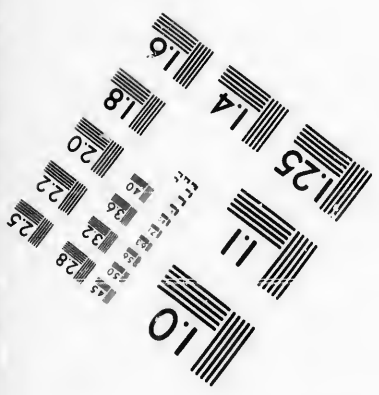
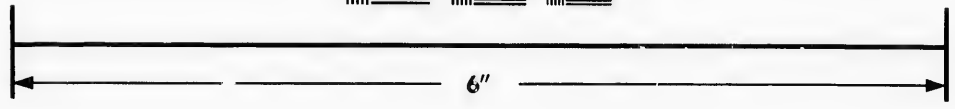
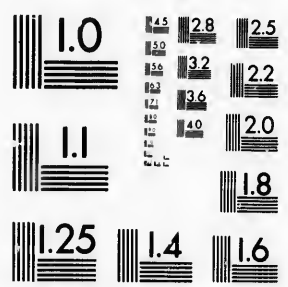
What is the Grave?—The world replies,—
 A loath'd and lonely spot ;
 Where foul and fair commingled by,
 Dishonor'd and forgotten lie,
 In pestilential rot.
 The young, the old ; the rich, the poor ;
 The dastard and the brave ;
 The tyrant white, the captive moor ;
 The vicious, and the virtuous doer ;
 Abeminate the Grave.

What is the Grave ? A voice from Heav'n
 Arrests the ear of Faith,—
 A bed of peace for care o'er striven ;
 A haven to the tempest-driv'n ;





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A gate that leads *from* Death.
 The virtuous on pollution's tide,
 In living streams shall lave ;
 When vice shall with oblivion bide,
 And none but the arch-homicide,
 Shall occupy the Grave.

THE MAGICIAN'S INVOCATION.

Ye beautiful beings in earth and air,
 Come to the Being that made you fair ;
 Come in your loveliness, come in your pride,
 From your wand'ring homes to your chieftian's
 side.

What have you seen in your wand'rings, say,
 In the mild blue night or the gorgeous day ?
 Where are the sprites that have wrought you harm
 Which of the minions must I disarm ?

Where are the pow'rs in immensity,
 That have frown'd on the loves so dear to me ?

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Ye rave, ye rave, ye pitiful things,
 In your viewless hopes and imaginings ;
 Ye never can reach the immaculate rest,
 That is found in the heart of Infinity's breast,
 For if one of you ever that spot could see,
 'Twere night to the Universe, sweets, and me.

Hie, hie ye away to your unseen groves,
 Unseen by the essence of grosser loves ;
 And diffuse in your passage this news from him,
 To whom you are dear as the seraphim ;
 That ere long ye shall all be as fast and free,
 As your rainbow natures are fit to be ;
 And that all the evil that mars the day,
 For ever and ever shall pass away.

TO MRS. W.

I.

To thee, who, of all, I love dearest on earth,
 With anguish and wretchedness torn,

I turn from the orgies of dissolute mirth,
 And *thou* wilt not treat me with scorn.
 Thy bosom, of virtue the beautiful site,
 Must grieve at the follies I share ;
 And sigh that I often impair its delight,
 But there cannot be treachery *there*.

II.

Betray'd by the friends in whose faith I repos'd,
 Neglected by those I esteem ;
 To the sneers of contemptible folly expos'd,
 And the scoffs of the prudent that *seem* ;
 The mis'ries that poverty heaps on my head,
 And the with'ring suggestions of care,
 Are all in thy glance of affection unread,—
 Oh! there cannot be treachery *there*.

III.

Condignly *I* suffer—the sins of my youth,
 With int'rest revert on my age :
 But what hast *thou* done thou meek symbol of truth
 To be writ in this terrible page ?

Where'er through Eternity destined to roam
 I enter on bliss or despair ;
 For *thee* there must be a felicitous home,—
 There cannot be treachery *there*.

TO THE SAME, IN ABSENCE.

When I think on the terrible change of our lot
 What we *are*, what we once us'd to be ;
 The pulse of my heart beats insuff'rably hot
 And yet, dearest, I grieve but for thee.
 I took thee from wealth and from friends that did
 weep,
 As they prest thee in grief to their hearts ;
 And that bade me their treasure religiously keep
 From the frowns of the world and its smarts.
 Oh ! fondly I clasp'd the dear gift in my arms
 And to cherish it fervently vow'd ;
 And my life at this hour to protect thee from
 harms,
 Would be joyfully, gladly bestow'd.

Can I think of the years of unsullied delight,
 That our loves have so blisfully spent,
 Nor repine at their cruel and desperate flight,
 And the bitter reverse we lament ?
 Can I think on the fate of our dear little boys,
 To poverty doom'd and disgrace—
 Ah ! not to *disgrace*, when misfortune annoys !—
 And let happiness beam in my face ?
 Can I think of the hopes we so tenderly nurs'd ;
 All rebel, ungrateful, and fled ;
 Nor deem thee a martyr to marriage ? accurs'd
 For the sins which should light on *my* head ?
 Can I think of all this, among strangers the while,
 That suspiciously look on my garb,—
 Now faded and worn, like my heart ;—and yet
 smile ?

O ! too deeply hath enter'd the barb !
 But to Him that can temper the wind to the lamb
 All my loves and my cares I bestow ;
 He only can read the lone thing that I am,
 And the weary extent of my woe !
 Farewell ! I can never behold thee again,
 Till unfetter'd from Poverty's thrall ;
 How long or how short in her fangs I remain,
 Is but known to the Knower of All

LINES,

Written on the Death of my youngest Boy, who was
 accidentally drowned in the river Moira. at Bellville,
 August 22nd, 1833 ; aged one year and eleven months.

How mute expression slumbers
 In the stillness of that face :
 Where the hue of death encumbers,
 All but innocence and grace.
 The eye that us'd to beam in it,
 The lip and cheek, that told
 Of pleasure's purest dream in it,
 Are spiritless and cold.

The waters ! O, the waters !
 Have been cruel in their wrath ;
 'Tis the coward wolf that slaughters,
 The gay lambkin in its path
 But the wisdom of Omniscience
 Can alone define its laws ;
 We feel the hard conditions,
 But we cannot see the cause.

On that pallid brow we doted,
 As we curiously descried,—

Or in fondness thought we noted,—
 Future bravery and pride.
 And we dreamt of laurell'd honor,
 In the pathway of his fame ;
 All unmindful of the Donor,
 Till in Majesty He came.

No more shall we discover,
 In those lineaments, a trace
 Of the father or the mother,
 Weeping sadly in their place ;
 Nor of brothers who are straying,
 The young russet fields across ;
 And to-morrow will be playing,
 All unconscious of their loss.

The pageantry is over,
 The enchantment could not last ;
 Yet mem'ry long will hover,
 O'er the beauty that hath pass'd.
 And the humbl'd heart will borrow,
 Resignation from above ;
 Till it fling away its sorrow,
 In the vicinage of love.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I said, as I shook off the slumbers of night,
 Mid the sun-beams my chamber adorning ;
 Each day follows fast on its ancestor's flight,
 Looking bright in the beams of the morning.
 And thus, I exclaim'd, like the morning I smil'd,
 When playful youth led to the bow'rs,
 Where pleasure the moments of sorrow beguil'd,
 And crown'd my young head with her flow'rs.

But soon will the face of this dawning serene,
 In the vapors of ev'ning be clouded ;
 Its redolent beauties but dimly be seen,
 And at length in the darkness be shrouded.
 So I, when the measure is fill'd of my woes,—
 For with grief I have met and have striv'n,—
 Shall descend to the tomb, where I long to repose,
 In the hope of awaken in heav'n.

TO C. W——, Esq.

Itered from a Letter, written on Lake Superior, to a
Friend, in December, 1816.

I.

The days are gone when social mirth,
To Bacchus and the song gave birth ;
When joyous we the hours beguil'd,
And sorrow at our meetings smil'd.
Light then our hearts, and free as air ;
Far banish'd ev'ry thought of care.

II.

Now sad reverse, each friendly breast,
Of dreary absence mourns the test ;
I, mid the maze of lurking harms,
Far distant thou in Scotia's arms.—
O ! love the genius of that shore,
She's gen'rous as in days of yore.

III.

No more the ev'ning shades invite,
The coming of a festive night ;

No longer smile the fleeting hours ;
 Time's alter'd locks, now sullen low'rs.
 With grief I turn to moments gone,
 When, smooth, his chariot wheels slid on.

IV.

Yet, tho' remembrance would prolong
 This burthen of a sorrowing song ;
 The heart should wear a high and,
 And view the past with grat.
 Nor less, that beaming hope p
 A kindred lapse of brighter days.

V.

What are we, that in thankless strain,
 Of idle measure we complain ?
 Let hunger and relentless thirst,
 And danger, be encounter'd first.—
 Oh ! many a brave and noble brow,
 Are writhing in their graspings now.

VI.

How many a hapless wretch but sees,
 Despair in "seasons such as these ;"
 By poverty and sickness, thrown
 Wide on a heartless world and lone !
 We that have health, strength, food and fire,
 Should turn to them and check desire.

VII.

While others yield to discontent,
 And idly grieve for time mis-spent ;
 Or suffer envy to destroy,
 The bosom's peace they might enjoy ;
 Let us be cheer'd by ills eschew'd,
 And by the past and present good.

VIII.

Or if we grieve, then let us grieve,
 That others *need* what we *receive* ;
 Our worldly comforts not a few,
 Nor least the friendly knot we do.

This absense, then, should e'er we meet,
Will make that meeting doubly sweet.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

My little boy ;
Delightful pledge of an increasing love,
That cannot cloy ;
I welcome from the hallow'd fount above,
Thy spirit, Boy.

In His dear name,
That careth when the hapless spirit falls,
I bless, and frame
A vow, to teach thee, humble, early calls,
Upon that name.

Enchanting task,
By Him to guide thine infant lips in pray'r,
Prattling, to ask
Thy daily bread, and his unceasing care,
That loves the task.

The wond'rous grace,
 That gives thee life and immortality,
 Beam in thy face ;
 And, God, O, never let my child deny
 That sov'reign grace !

Shield him, and guard,
 ' Mid the temptations of a sinful strife ;
 And then reward,—
 Not his desert,—but over frailties rise,
 Thine own regard.

And us, the blest,
 In this and many a loving kindness shewn ;
 Forget not—best
 Of friends and fathers, leave us not alone,
 And we are blest.

ENIGMA.

Have mercy, Byron.

Far in obscurity, bounding on night ;
 Past, present, and future contain it ;
 The second of stars, we behold it in light ;
 And the comets, eccentric, maintain it.
 The earth and the atmosphere hold it secure,
 Though the midst of the water's its dwelling ;
 And long as the wings of the tempest endure,
 'Twill be found against silence rebelling.

In the lightning it speaks with an eloquent voice,
 Though it lisps in the terrible thunder ;
 Thy torrent, Niagara, hath bellow'd it twice,
 Like a turbulent vassal, to wonder.
 In regions chaotic, 'twas fearless enough,
 Though the first of the *shy* in creation ;
 And the firmament, *sever'd*, without it, were stuff
 To evolve you a *strong resignation*.

'Tis the first and the last in a tumult of strife ;
 A stranger to peace though in quiet ;

In the heart of existence unsettled in life,—
 'Twere *pity* truth once to deny it.
 'Tis in ev'ry thing, nothing, and rules over Time,
 Who when tir'd would be angry to scout it ;—
 But, patience, I tire of this pit-a-pat ryhme ;—
 It would be I myself, if without it !

TO MISS H——,

ON HER DANCING IN THE CHARACTER OF A
 SAILOR BOY.

I own a feeling all too bright
 For language to define ;
 A sense of exquisite delight,
 Around this heart of mine.
 Pure as a spotless thought it is,
 And sweetly its control ;
 In gentle maiden loveliness,
 Shines mellow on my soul.

Oh ! who that saw thee yesternight
 Make sacred every joy,

That floats about the fancy sprite
Of a celestial boy ;
Shall ever after doubt that love
Is surely dwelling here,
In light that rapture might approve,
E'en in her holiest sphere.

I cannot give the feeling birth,
And born, it were in vain .
The intellect of grosser earth
Would kill it with disdain :—
But I, for it hath made me blest,
Will its fond debtor be,
And keep it in my faithful breast,
In memory of thee .

TO

ORIGINAL POEMS.

Miscellaneous.

PART III.

ACROSTIC.

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING THAT HE WAS
GOING TO PUBLISH A BOOK.

Gustavus ! Saunders, are ye fu',
Exhaust o' a' discretion ?
Or has that tap yer noddle noo,
Run gyte wi' its gyration ?
" Gaun just to *screeble* for a trade !
Experience to direct ye !"
Man, ye war better at a *spale*,
An' this wi' a' respect t' ye.
Come, ye're a POET :—O, the wheem !
Kiss haun's wi' *Scott* an' *Byron* !

Eh! My! see how *we* apples sweem!
 Na, Sirs! we're no aspirin'!
 Zoun's!—pit na sic a desp'rate rung,
 In idle neives to bang ye;
 Except ye want the cordie sprung,
 Expressly twist' to hang ye.
 Sma' thrift atten's the pliskey sure,
 Queer things to manufacture,
 Upsettin' *usefu'* in the stour:—
 It's out o' a' char-act-er.
 Reflect,—it's no impertinence,
 Effront'ry or the like, noo;
 Bespeaks a wee yer better sense,
 An' warns ye frae the *dyke* noo.
 Rede, tho' ill-far't, is by the wise,
 Respeckit for its creed, man;
 In poozhun-toads a jewel lies,
 Secreted i' the head, man.
 Then, Saunders, let the Muses gae;
 E'en shaw the jauds yer tail, man,
 Rare tho' they haud their barren brae;—
 A' roses, but nae kail, man.

 Thus ye may mak' a shift to live,
 Like ither fouk—nae dafter—

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An' pour yer water in a sieve,
 Wi' idler haste hereafter.

ACROSTIC.

TO THE REVEREND,

The heart, dear Sir, and not the Muse this time,
 Howe'er imperfectly it weave the lay,
 Of thee decoys a portion into rhyme,
 Mayhap to muse on at a future day,
 A grave memento of the friend *away!*
 Some simple recollections rise sublime,
 Call'd from the misty dells of mem'ry's clime.
 Ask yonder sun now sinking in the west;—
 Muse,—he hath shone on Homer,—both are set.
 Posterity on—on, will view their rest,
 But whose sleep will be final? 'The sun's debt,
 Exacted tardily, can he forget?—
 Lest the deep gloom, now settling o'er my breast,
 Light heavily on thine, farewell thou **BEST.**

ACROSTIC.

True to his trust, a faithful shepherd's care,
 High, to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, for mercy cries
 On a confiding flock, and melts in pray'r:
 Mutely responsive, holy echo sighs,
 And with a long, long aspiration,—dies.
 Save them, O, Lord! in pity deign to spare;
 Christ, in thy mercy, shield them from despair!

A small, still voice is breathing—"Peace to thee,
 My worthy servant; and, for which ye came,
 Peace to thy charge repentant, ever be."
 Be with his spirit; glorify thy thy name,
 Emmanuel! put his enemies to shame!—
 Lord! yet have pity on the scorners, too;
 Like thine, alas! they know not what they do!

ACROSTIC.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY HUGHES, ESQ.
 Sometime Editor of the Canadian Courant.

Where is the hope of faithful hearts?
 In friendship's sacred chain?

Link after quiv'ring link disparts,
 Lest the first curse be vain.
 I mourn for one would bend nor bow,
 And bore th' anathema till now.

Mild, learn'd, ingenuous, ardent, free ;
 His soul was in his smiles ;
 Effusive as his charity,
 Nor fraught with hidden wiles.
 Remember him, ye who remain,
 Ye'll ne'er look on his like again.

His piety was not a show ;
 Upon Misfortune driven,
 Grief, though it laid the *mortal* low ;
 Hale, gave the *immortal* Heav'n.
 Except ye live and die like him,
 Seek not the abode of Seraphim.

ACROSTIC.

TO T. S——, Esq.:

The tribute failing of its bent,
Respect it still for the intent.

To him who on the wounded man,
Had mercy by the way ;—
Of old the good Samaritan ;
My *neighbor* of to-day :
A grateful rhymer here bestows,
Such tribute as a poor head knows.

Sweet were thy use, Adversity,
Like sun-shine to the blind ;
If friendship thus were aye to be,
Compassionate and kind,
Empiric Priests and Levites then,
Rebuk'd, would aid their fellow men.

SONG.

TUNE,—“*Oh! dear, what can the matter be.*”

Ye maidens that sigh and bemoan
 Your hapless condition; be free,
 Let nature within you alone,
 And listen to her and to me.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh! dear, what shall I do?
 We shall be married, I promise ye,
 Lovely ones listen, I woo.

Your person should ever be neat,
 Your drap'ry as fair as may be;
 And seldom look down at your feet,
 If you aim at a husband like me.

CHORUS.

Your jewels of silver and gold,
 Nay, diamonds and pearls I would see;

They only set off the pure mould,
Of a dear little bosom to me.

CHORUS.

Your speech as your thought should be
The virginal sweets of the bee, [chaste ;
Are not more delicious in taste,
Than purity's lip is to me.

CHORUS.

On Fops ye must never look down,
For trifling with such is the key,
To shew you the heart of a clown,
In the light that it flickers to me.

Oh ! dear what will become of ye ?
Oh ! dear, what shall I do ?
Now we are wed as I promis'd ye,
Lovely ones, bill as I coo.

O ! for a soar with the Lark ;
The flow'rs in the garden are free,

To blossom and bloom as they—hark!
 There's somebody singing to me.

Oh! dear, what will become of me?

Oh! dear what shall I do?

Faithless, are these what you promis'd me?
 Fairest and dearest, Adieu!

SONG.

TUNE,—“*The Ewe Bughts.*”

Will ye go to the far fields of ether,
 Sae calmly serene an' sae blue?
 Oh! waefu' the warld's a deceiver,
 That hauds frae a hame sae true.

Hear the voice o' Elysian temptation,
 Steal o'er ye like music at sea;
 An' slight na' the dear invitation,
 For a' that a fause warld can gie.

Ye that are lane an' forsaken,
 Put aff the auld night as ye may;

Gae sleep, an' forever, awaken,
 To bathe in the ocean of day.

SONG.

TUNE,—“*Johnny's Grey Brecks.*”

O, chastely gleams the light that plays,
 Aroun' the flow'rs that time has ta'en,
 On grassy knowes an' flow'ry braes,
 An' her that wauks their smile again.
 Tho' she that lent them half t'air shine,
 Was fause—O, fause as fair to see ;
 When I had a young heart to tine,
 Her seeming truth was truth to me.

CHORUS.

But tell na me that nature low'rs,
 Tho' passin' clouds obscure the scene ;
 'Tis after sorrows quick'nin' show'rs,
 That mem'ry wears her freshest green.

Tho' pure affection's early beam,
 Wi' errin' tenderness astray ;
 Fa' fondly on a faithless stream,
 The banks redeem the heav'nly ray.
 An' tho' their verdure's no sae sweet,
 The charm that gilded it away ;
 It glows in reminiscent light,
 Far sweeter than reality.

CHORUS.

Then tell na me that nature low'rs,
 Tho' passin' clouds obscure the scene ;
 'Tis after sorrow's quick'ning show'rs,
 That mem'ry wears her freshest green.

 DINNA TRUST IN LOVE, LASSIE.

TUNE,—“ *Saw ye Johnny commin'.* ”

O, dinna trust in luvè, Lassie ;
 Hae nae dealings wi' him ;
 Foul an' fause he'll prove, Lassie ;
 Infant tho' ye see him.

The siller tongue an' bashfu' air,
 May tell ye I belie him ;
 But a'-thing is nae gude that's fair ;
 Flee the traitor, flee him, Lassie,
 Flee the traitor, flee him.

Flow'rets fresh an' rosy, quo' she ;
 Fairy han's to pu' 'em ;
 I' my bow'r sae cozy, quo' she ;
 Ilka day I'll strew 'em.
 There he can lie an' sweetly daut,
 The willin' heart I gie' him ;
 There's blessin's i' the verra thought !
 What-for should I flee him? quo' she ;
 What-for should I flee him ?

Rude's the night an' dreary lassie ;
 Winter win's are chillin' ;
 Whar' gae ye sae weary, lassie,
 In a night sae killin' ?
 "O love," she said, an' spak' nae mair,
 " Puir maidens gin ye see him ;
 Seek mercy in a teeger's lair,
 But flee the traitor, flee him, quo' she ;
 Flee the traitor, flee him !"

O! WHA CAN TELL THE BAULK AN'
SHAME.

TUNE—"Sandy o'er the lea."

O! wha can tell the baulk an' shame,
A youthfu' heart may dree ;
Wha fondly lea's a gladsome hame,
O' foreign joys to prie.
Yet aye we see the sunny days,
O' youth negeted shine ;
An' mem'ry left to speak their praise,
An' at their loss repine.

O! they're a' flow'n, flow'n,
An' they're aye flow'n frae me ;
But I'll ne'er forget their loveliness,
Until the day I die.

Experience gain'd an' hameward turn'd,
To scenes o' early love ;
An' bent to cherish sweets ye spurn'd ;
An' never mair to rove :
'Tis hard to meet a stranger face,
Domestic in the ha' ;

An' noo ye fin' that happiness,
Is never mair to daw'.

O! it's wrang, wrang, repinin';
For the sun that's set to me;
But I'll ne'er forget it's shinin',
'Till the happy day I die.

O! wad some pow'r o' heav'nly truth,
On Charity intent;
Wi' glowin' pencil paint for youth,
The blessin's o' content.
Then disappointment wad be less,
The Harbinger o' wreck.
An' hame wad be a paradise,
An' fewer hearts wad break,

But it's vain, vain abidin',
The river's flight to see,
It's aye, aye, glidin',
An' forever mair maun be.

THE WARLD'S A SPECIOUS SHEW
THEY SAY.

AIR—" *Dainty Davie.*"

The warld's a specious shew, they say,
Wi' nought substantial in't but wae ;
And syne the farther down we gae,
 The nearer Cloutie's bruastane.
On upward wing we canna steer,
What's passin' i' the starns, to hear,
But may be they like us hae sweer
 Probosces on the grunstane.
'Tis wisdom then to prize the hour,
That flings enjoyment in our pow'r,
The neist may rain a murky show'r,
 An', presto, a' our fun's ta'en.

O! wha that sees the blushing rose,
Her fragrance to the morn unclose,
Wad turn him whar the upas throws,
 It's deadly airs around him?
An' yet there be wha haud it true,
'The rose was made that man might rue,
An' yeilds its witchin' scent an' hue,

That hidden thorns may wound him.
 O, the wit o' man is no sae snell,
 When simple bodies like himsel,
 Wi' paradoxes, get the fell
 Permission, to confound him.

An' see yon lassie gath'ring flow'rs,
 Like Flora in her fairy bow'rs,
 The graces, or the laughin' hours,
 Might envy weel sic blossom.
 She's a' deceit in word and deed,
 Quo' they o' foul suspicion's creed,
 An' damn'd is he whase achin' head,
 Seeks solace on her bosom !
 O, *curses* on the heartless boors,
 Wha slander heav'n's eternal pow'rs,
 An' threep that man maun live on sour,
 Whan siccan sweets enclose him.

The juicy grape at eve supplies,
 A nectar in our nether skies,
 That brightens a' affections dyes,
 An' elevates decorum.
 Yet weary fa' 't, as changes ring,

Our wine they say 's a fiery spring,
 Whare drouthy sauls that dip the wing,
 Get scalded in *terrorem*.

But, scald or nane, lat hist'ry toll,
 Has man reform'd sin' Noah fell ?

Ay, what says Solomon himsel' ?
 E'en—push about the jorum !

While Flora scents the balmy air,
 An' beauty waves her gou'den hair,
 An' Bacchus has a drap to share,
 In spite of gouks that rave in't,
 Lat's drink "The warld wi' a' its whim !"
 Sae fill the bumper to the brim,
 May a' confusion light on him,

That winna pledge the brave in't.
 There's naething like the present hour,
 That flings enjoyment in our pow'r,
 The neist may wauk an etna stour,
 An' pleasure find a grave in't.

WEARY WATER.

TUNE.--“ *Dainty Davie.*”

An unco bee has stung the age,
 Yer temp'rate sumphs are a' the rage,
 Wha sen' their sauls a pilgrimage,
 To rive their craps wi' *Water.*
 At Ferintosh the Tinklers boke ;
 At Brandy, Rum, and Wine, they choke ;
 E'en Nappy gies the nerves a shock ;
 There's nought gaes down, but *Water.*

CHORUS.

O, weary *Water's* a' the cry,
 Water, Water ; Water, Water ;
 Het or cauld, or wet or dry,
 There's nought goes down but *Water.*

Our auld forbears aneath the sod,
 To comfort wal'd anither road ;
 The flow'ry gate, that Noah trod,
 An' Sol. the Imperator.
 No o, would-be saints, a precious fry,

O' mum'ry an' hypocrisy,
 Wi' tykes o' Newfun'lan' maun vie,
 To reach the jad' by water.

CHORUS.

The lang cadav'rous phiz compare,
 The fishy e'e. an' caun'le hair,
 The puckert snout, an' sneevlin' air,
 Wad scuuner a Lavater ;
 Wi' rosy cheek, an' bosom leal,
 Wi' e'e o' fire, an' front o' steel,
 Whar honor bright has stamp'd her seal ;
 You've *Steemilus* an' *Water*.

CHORUS.

Example rules, the proverb tells,
 O'er precept cauld, an' aye excels
 An' we might tire wi' parallels,
 A folio commentator.
 We count it fame to join a crew
 The bauldest hist'ry ever knew,
 Wha thought nae sin in getin' fou
 O' ony thing but *Water*.

CHORUS.

The times are changed, an' sae are we,
 Gin we subscribe to sic a gee ;
 But intellect may march for me,
 The grumphish innovator.
 Lat custom immemorial shine,—
 A bumper toast in rosy wine,—
 “The usages o’ auld lang syne,”
 An’ deil confoun’ the water.

O, ill befa’ the eidant cry,
 Water, Water ; Water, Water,—
 Weet yer whistle when its dry,
 Wi’ ither stuff than Water.

SONG.

TUNE,—“ *Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut.*”

I.

Auld Scotia hills they live in sang,
 An’ Albin’s chalky cliffs sae free ;
 An’ Erin wi’ her tantrums, lang
 Has drain’t the walls o’ Poesie.

We hae nae Byrons, Burns' nor Moores,
 To chant her praise as it should be ;
 But tact or nane, the *will* is ours,
 Sae here's a stave for CANADIE.

II.

She has nae ancient fame to boast,
 A wee bit bairn on nature's knee ;
 Tho' *some fouk* ken it to their cost,
 Whan ruffl't she can scart a wee.
 And yet, its no a trade she likes ;
 She'll aye lat be, for fair lat be ;
 Yer grunsom' an' yer feghtin' tykes,
 Lord keep awa frae CANADIE.

III.

She canna vaunt o' diamond mines,
 Golconda, or Brazil like ye ;
 She canna rear Italia's vines,
 But feint for a' she cares a flea.
 Her tow'rin woods, an' hills o' airn',
 Can charm frae roun' an' yont the sea,
 Her wale o' *playthings* for the bairn ;
 An' *barley* thrives in CANADIE.

IV.

Her skies a kinder temper wear
 Than ither climes', that vaunt sae hie ;
 As witness a' her corn an' bear,
 That feed their starvin' progeny.
 An' mair betoken, a' disease
 Aneath them springs frae idlety ;
 The *Doctor* only pines an' dies,
 For want o' wark in CANADIE.

V.

'Tho' young in years, she grows apace ;
 A cent'ry mair, an' syne ye'll see ;
 Amang the nations sic a face,
 'll no be dasht by contumely.
 Then Albin's, Erin's, Scotia's sons ;
 A bumper toast, an' fill it hie :—
 'While Lowrie' to the Ocean runs,
 Prosperity to CANADIE.

O, LASSIE COME THOU O'ER THE SEA.

TUNE.—“ *The white Cockade.*”

O, Lassie come thou o'er the sea,
 Ne'er wince at the auld wife's prophesy,
 She may weel spae dool wi' a drappie in her e'e,
 But ye'll ne'er see a dowie day in Canadie.
 We hae green hill sides, an' the sun shines clear,
 On the trout fill'd burns at their feet, my dear ;
 An' abune an' aroun' we've a thousan' trees,
 Sae merry i' the music o' the was'lin' breeze.

She havers sair o' the red man's wrath,
 O' the bears an' the wolves i' the wild wood-path ;
 O' the snake-strewed glens, an' the deuce kens a',
 But she maunna fright my bonnie lassie black's
 her fa'.

I've a white washt cot, an' a barn out by,
 Whar the wild fawn herds wi' the hame fed kye
 An' a garden to smile at yer ain sweet care,
 Whar the modest little mignonette scents the air

She says our winter's lang an' cauld,
 An' that frost keeps man an' beast in fauld

But the jingle o' the sleigh-bells drowns her *lees*,
 We are a' fun an' frolic at the winter *Bees*.
 An' mony a leal heart changes ha',
 As it sweeps wi' its mate o'er the crunchin snaw.
 An' is wed an' is sped an' as blythe as ye please,
 While the oaks o' a cent'ry in bonfires bleeze.

Then lassie come thou o'er the sea,
 To yer ain true hame i' the wast wi me;
 Ne'er heed what the blear't auld witch may spac,
 She's aye spyin' clouds in a clear summer's day.
 Ye maun come, ye maun come, see the gray day
 daws ;
 An' the half daft pennon in the east win' blaws ;
 She is won, tho' for Scotia the tear's in her e'e ;
 O, hey ! for the bonny woods o' Canadie !

O, WHY FAIREST, WHY ?

TUNE.—“ *How stands the glass around ?* ”

O, why, fairest, why
 Thus doff the garb of loveliness ?

Why, fairest, why
 Bid so much beauty die !
 Ah ! fling pride by ;
 Enchanting is a dovelike dress,
 In low born or high.
 Trust me and try ;
 The proudest Noon delighteth iess,
 Than Eve's mild sky.

O, prone, sweet one, prone,
 Tho' youth be to insanity ;
 Prone, sweet one, prone,
 Fair reason to dethrone ;
 Virtue alone
 Can dignify humanity,
 When wild youth's flow'n ;
 Then let pride groan,
 In the cold halls of vanity ;
 Heartless and lone.

But come, dearest, come ;
 That smile hath won the muse again.
 Come, dearest, come,
 That tear hath made her dumb.

The hearts are numb,
 That cherish not repentant pain,—
 Unsteel'd like some,
Her's must succomb;
 Or lonely wake the cygnet strain,
 Of martyrdom.

O, FAIR WAS THE BOW'R.

TUNE.—“*My lodging is on the cold ground.*”

O, fair was the bow'r I form'd, love;
 And deep in my heart for thee.
 Where care had never storm'd love;
 If thou had'st been true to me.
 Yet, tho' thou wert false, love,
 My blessings be ever on thee;
 For the beautiful vision that's past, love,
 Must ever be dear to me.

'Tis hard that the season of bliss, love,
 To me should bring sorrow and pain;

And the sweets of thy faithless kiss, love ;
 To torture my peace should remain.
 Yet, tho' thou wert false, love,
 My blessing be ever on thee ;
 For the beautiful vision that's past, love,
 Must ever be dear to me.

HONOR AND GLORY.

TUNE.—“ *Laddie lie near me.*”

Sir Victor to battle hied,
 Knighthood adorning ;
 Plumes on his crest of pride,
 Flaunting and scorning.
 Scorning, scorning ;—flaunting and scorning ;
 Sadly his noble bride,
 Smil'd in the morning.

Eve' on the battle field,
 Cravens a flying ;—
 Bleeding on broken shield,
 Plumeless and dying ;

Dying, dying ;—plumeless and dying ;—
Never more glaive to wield,
Victor is lying.

Maud with dishevell'd hair,
Frantic beside him ;
Gasping, invokes despair,
Madly to chide him.
Chide him, chide him ;—wild to deride him ;—
“ Honor ye found him fair,
Thus have ye dy'd him.”

Morn again wakes the freed,
Sate with glory ;
Chivalry pats his steed,
Champing and gory.
Gory, gory ;—champing and gory ;
Victor and Maud unheed,
Minstrel and story !

WHEN I WAS IN MY YOUTHFU' PRIME.

TUNE,—“*John o' Badenyon.*”

When I was in my youthfu' prime,
 I had nae little pride ;
 I though na courtin' was a crime,
 An' sought me out a bride,
 I wal'd amang the higher dames,
 That made sae great a shaw ;
 Fan' little guide but gouden names,
 An' sae I boo'd awa'.

I neist essay'd the learn'd ancs,
 An' now but it was rare ;
 Their rattlin' tongues o' en's an' means,
 Made birsles o' my hair ;—
 Lat causes an' effects gae free,
 To warsle as they fa' ;
 'The Lockes, in petticoats, for me.
 Gaed hirplin' to the wa'.

The warldly-wealthy syne I tried,
 Tho' I had gear enou' ;

But ostentation here defied,
 An honest pride to sue.
 Their diamonds, forc'd upo' the sight,
 Tho' brilliant an' fu' braw,
 War' no the lamps a hame to light,
 Sae I forsook them a'.

The cottage neist, wi' doubtfu' air,
 I tested for a wife ;
 An' lighted whiles on beauty there,
 Ingenuousness and life ;
 But affectation aft'ner gied,
 Puir modesty a thraw ;
 Conceit an' ignorance to speed,
 Had ither gouks to draw.

At last by chance, an' unbesought,
 A lassie took my e'e,
 That gied a beggar rev'rend thought,
 'Twas a' she had to gie.
 I bargain'd for the pity sweet ;
 The gaberlunzie sta',
 Her heart—I feel it near me beat,
 My blessin's on its ca'.

TO PUNCH:

O! Punch! what art thou Punch? a *rum* com-
 pound,
 Of foe-ingredients, curious to define:—
 A liquid ambiguity, renown'd,
 Strong, weak, acidulous, and saccharine:—
 A pure antithesis, untaught at schools,
 But soon familiar once “beyond the rules.”

O! Punch! what art thou Punch?—another Muse;
 Th' eleventh—a Poet's mistress in the tenth—
 How brave! to stand in old Anacreon's shoes,
 Inspir'd by *thee* in thy collective strength:
 What verse immortal might not *then* be sung,
 When scurvy *wine* grows racy on the tongue!

O! Punch! what art thou Punch? prompt anti-
 dote
 To pois'nous care, the precious gift of Reason;
 Who stigmatizes all thy vot'ries quote
 In thy behalf, against *her* empire treason:—
 Her ladyship's a model of politeness
 In this assumed regard—but this is triteness.

O! Punch! what art thou Punch? a gay deceiver;
 Scarce do thy roses bud ere they are sear;
 Night smiles and thou'rt a fairy-vision-weaver;
 The morning dawns, and lo! thy sequent cheer,
 Doubtful identity, and the vile screws,
 Of rascal headache, nausea, and the blues.

Nay, thou'rt accused of selling golden dreams,
 To wretched poverty for her last shilling;
 This were a grief indeed "o'erpassing seems,"
 And cretes not to be appeas'd by killing:
 Ah! bitter lot, to probe futurity
 With frequent hope, to be deceiv'd and die!

Light clouds obscure the lustre of the sun;
 These afterclaps impinge on thy renown;
 Cannot *one* hour with wit and thee be won,
 At less expense than *twenty* with a clown—
 And *self*, that clown, in eminent degree,
 Indebted for his dignity, to thee?—

'Tis very like ingratitude, my Punch,
 To tumble mortal "from his high estate,"
 For sheer devotion:—Who'd ambrosia munch,

The penalty impos'd an addl'd pate?—
 Be less imperious in uncouth exaction,
 Or thou'lt be dish'd by the cold water faction.

O! for the fervor of an eastern clime ;
 The burning sands of Afric', and the doom
 Of roasted Riley—lion of his time ;—
 O! for the sultry breath of the simoom ;
 To find enjoyment where he, hapless, sought her
 In icy cold, incomparable Water.

But Water claims not thine attention here,
 In desultory paragraph my muse ;
 Thy present theme exhausted, thou may'st clear
 Thy throttle, and give echo to abuse
 Her licence, if she will, with thy wrapt lays,
 'Till she grow hoarse in pristine water's praise.

'Tis Punch demands the remnant of thy song,
 Mellifluent, and sinking to its close ;—
 So Philomela sings the woods among,
 And sweetly wearied, nestless to repose ;
 And so the cygnet—but this wont apply ;—
 The muse is sleepy, *not* about to die.

And so good night my Punch,—a long good night;
 Thy merit's but equivocal I find;
 For tho' thy spells oft summon young delight,
 The cur remorse is never far behind.—
 'Tis ever thus, in mock'ry sad are born,
 And vile propinquity, the rose and thorn!

TO CUPID.

Ho! Cupid thou urchin, thy mischief engage,
 Revenge me this once on the cause of my pain,
 And the down on thy lip shall be stubble with age,
 Ere I condescend to invoke thee again.
 By the side of yon brook that runs prattling along;
 As all other brooks, in thy realm, have a trade;
 A shaming the birds with her matinal song,
 Thou wilt find, to thy grief be it spoken, a maid!
 Fly, Imp of despite, on this redolent gale,
 Th' exuberant glee of her bosom control;
 Strike deep at her *heart*—if she has one—nor fail;
 To waken the music of *grief* in her soul.

Fly! tell her I lov'd her ; she car'd not for me ;
 And tell her, I hate her for this in return :—
 But ah ! do not kill her, 'twere cruel to see,
 The fairest assemblage of charms in an urn.

LINES.

Come back, come back, ye beautiful things,
 That lent to the joys of my youth your wings ;
 Come back in your loveliest colors and hues,
 That were steep'd in the light of Castalian
 dews,
 Too bright, it would seem, in this world to
 stay ;—
 O ! can I have lost you forever and aye ?
 Bright, beautiful truants, return from the past :
 Ye come, and I'll hold ye while time shall last ;
 For I'll twine ye henceforth to each delicate
 flow'r,
 That a poet e'er saw in his dreamiest hour ;

Or the spirit that gave him your sweets to see :
All hail ! to my beautifull back to me '

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Reject not thou the graver mood,
Tho' idle joys surround ;
And press that mis'ry's understood,
In all that looks profound.
A Hood, a Butler, may succeed,
To banish lighter care ;
But, if the heart be sick indeed,
Send Locke or Newton there.

MODERATION.

I covet not my neighbor's grounds,
His houses, horses, hawks, nor hounds ;

Nor would I rob him of his wife,—
 The curse and canker of his life ;
 The man-servant, the maid, and he,
 May go to Jericho for me ;
 A modest line my wishes bounds,
 I want but—£20,000.

EPIGRAM.

A la Joe Miller.

Quo' Tom to Ned, or I'm a Jew,
 That look o' Sal's has pierc'd me thro'.
 It *sarves* you right, was the reply,
 You saw she had a *gimlet eye*.

ANECDOTE VERSIFIED.

A wag at King Fum's Coronation,
 At Westminster, purchased a seat ;
 A friend at his lug took occasion,
 To ask what he paid for the treat.
 Six guineas, he answered, record it ;
 The veriest gander in town ;
 For the king, who can better afford it,
 Comes in, as you see, for a *Crown*.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS.

Whar' Pope and Byron, baith hae fail't,
 What impudence ! Ay, faith, I'm nail't.

My wee, saft, winsom' darlin'
 Inmate o' this wastet frame ;

Thou'rt tir't o' a' this snarlia',
 An' fle'st, to seek anither hame.
 Turn't out o' thy snug hadden';
 Strippet o' ilk dud o' claise;
 Whare *noo* wilt thou rin a gadden?
 Wha'll here noo thy pointet says?

TO MISS —.

Dear girl, some quarrel with your lip,
 And hint that you have much to spare;
 To still their clamor, let me sip,
 The rich and ripe luxuriance there.
 Permit me, dearest, thus to shape
 Thy loveliness, to others' taste;—
 Nay, then, there's virtue ev'n in rape,
 Where so much beauty runs to waste.

TO THE SAME ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Though I but offer thee a rose,
Whose fragrant tints decay ;
It gaily bloom'd where zephyr blows,
So late as yesterday.
And while so cheer'd, a fairer flow'r,
Ne'er scented air in sylvan bow'r.

'Tis friendship's emblematic gem,
Tho' few its worth may Prize ;
Untimely pluck'd from fost'ring stem,
The beauteous object dies.
Then near thy heart let the poor flower,
Find shelter in its with'ring hour.

ON TIME MIS-SPENT.

'Tis pain to reflect at the close of the day,
 On the valuable moments, we thoughtlessly
 spurn ;

Yet to-morrow shall pass us neglected away,
 And we'll sigh and lament that it cannot return:

But a day hastens on shall arrest this career,
 Of folly perverse, from the future to borrow ;
 A last sun shall set, and shall close a last year,
 And a last check be drawn on the hopes of
 to-morrow.

 EPIGRAM.

Gin Argus had sic fouth o' e'en,
 A *hunderd* gates war eas'ly seen :

Mair strange it seems that Lucky Sma',
Shou'd leuk as mony ways wi' *twa*.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A light step in a giddy dance,
With now and then an am'rous glance ;
A soft squeeze of the hand or two,—
Equivalent to how d' ye do,
Or what a lovely girl thou art,—
Hurl'd pell mell at a lady's heart ;
Will force it, in despite of fate,
In three days to capitulate.

ANOTHER.

Maugre the sophistry of schools,
The world's so full of motley fools,
That if you would n't see an ass,
Keep *home* and—*break your looking glass.*

TO A NEW BORN INFANT.

FROM THE CHINESE.

You come in tears, a piteous flow,
Surrounding smiles to reap :
So live that you may smiling go,
While all around you weep.

FINIS.

