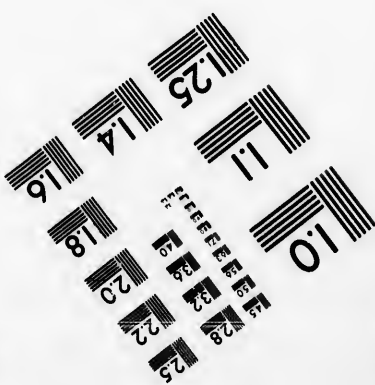
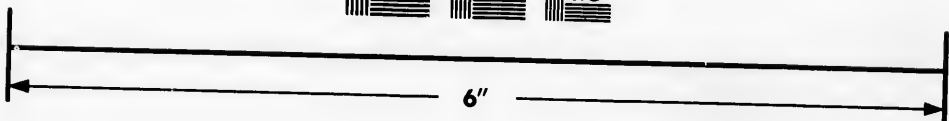
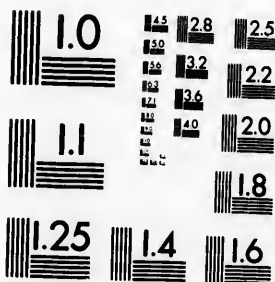


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

10
16
18
20
22
25
28
32
36

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10
11
16
18
20
22
25
28
32
36

© 1993

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

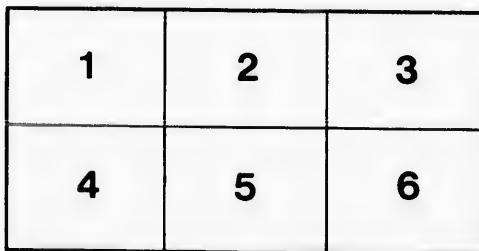
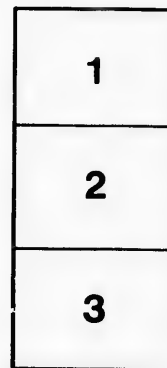
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

qu'il
cet
de vue
je
tion
ués

THE

4

Poet's Glance

OF

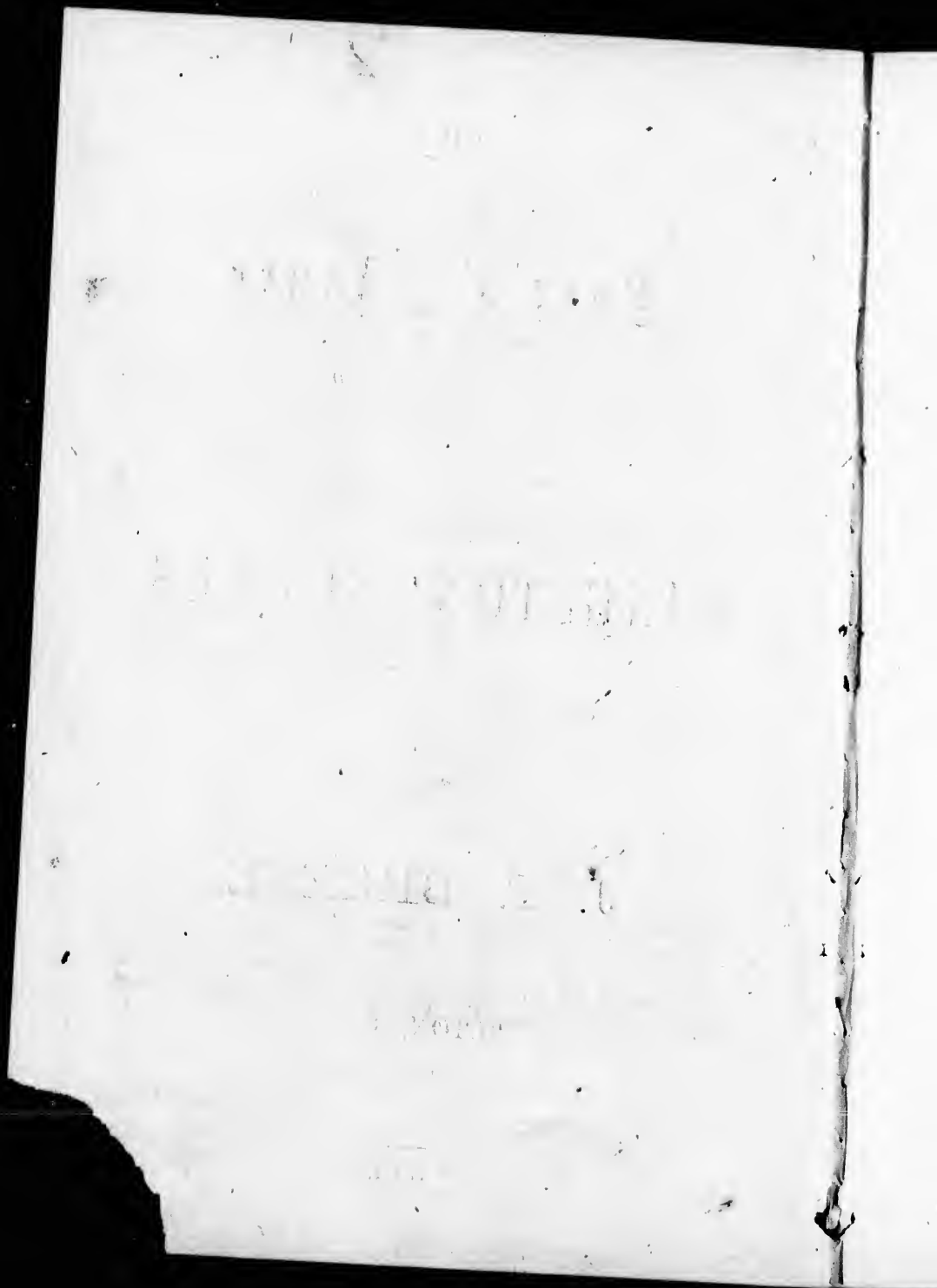
KINGSTON SCENES.

BY

J. T. BREEZE,

PICTON, C. W.

1864.



To John Creighton, Esq., Mayor of Kingston.

SIR,—

The undersigned begs, most humbly, the honor to dedicate the following pages to your Worship, in view, Sir, of those high endowments of mind, and those qualities of sterling worth that beam so lustrously in your Worship's character, and which have induced the public of Kingston to distinguish you as their Mayor, which office your Worship has so admirably filled. Long may you live to evince that inflexible adherence to right and truth that has characterized your mind, till all those noble qualities be called to shine in a world of ineffable bliss and purity.

I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your Worship's obedient and humble servant,

JAMES THOS. BREEZE.

KINGSTON, JULY 19, 1864.

TO THE READER,—

The author of the following pages would beg the reader's indulgence to the poem, inasmuch as he had only been in the City about three or four days to make his inquiries and complete it. If he has left any important things out of the work it was not designedly, but owing to either his lack of information respecting, or utter ignorance of them.

Yours truly,

J. T. BREEZE.

KINGSTON SCENES.

My seat aloft engaged in Kingston Hall,
Here sits supreme on this terragenous ball
An humble bard, as he sat once before
In old Saint Paul's superb, on England's shore ;
Where whisper galleries and aloud proclaim
Those hallowed thoughts we weaved in language tame,
Which we concealed from the world's eager ear,
But of't resort to tell some cherished here.
We breathed our thoughts in timorous words and low,—
But to surprise! they each resound below ;
React aloft to terrify the heart,
And cause it then with hallowed blushes smart.
This dome reminds our happy muse of days
When first her harp sent forth its humble lays,
And sang of love or other passions strong ;
That thrilled the breast, and burned then from my tongue.
Yea, 'mid those scenes, my soul in wondrous maze
Did cast around its wild and raptured gaze,
That brought new wonders on my timorous soul,
Where music dwells, and waves of passions roll.
Unlike the scenes of my bright childhood's hours,
These broke in awe upon my mental powers,
And touch'd the muse to kindle all her fire
That sparkled then upon her new-born lyre.

In scenes alike my wing may gently soar
O'er this sweet land, and all its lustre pour,
To honor all the wonders that arise,
And moves my breast beneath these silvery skies.
Nor deigns my muse to ask old Jove to shower
His gracious dew upon my mental power ;
His fallen throne and blasted ancient shrine
No aid can give to move this pen of mine.
I cry alone to heaven's eternal sire
My sacred song, and all my soul to inspire,

That I aright may wield my youthful pen
 To charm some hearts with music once again.
 Say first, my song, of this delightful place,
 How nature's store bestrewed in richest grace,
 And scattered glories with her generous hand
 In bright array around this happy land.
 How thick the isles that stud this silvery lake,
 Where billows roar, and wildest surges break ;
 That once a bard immortalized in song,
 And tuned his harp as with an angel tongue,
 And wrought a gem that evermore will shine
 Around their brow in lustre all divine.
 But why, sweet bard, forget the works of man,
 Whose wondrous powers do strive God's work to span,
 And labor on some monuments to raise,
 That Heaven may own, and mortal powers praise ;
 The contrast wide, infinite doth appear,
 'Tween days of yore when Indian Chiefs roamed here,
 And sued the frightened deer in agile race
 Through forest wide, and kept an equal pace ;
 And these bright days of art and mental power
 Which raise their heads and now so princely tower,
 And would dare climb to the eternal skies
 By Babel towers, that in like pride arise.
 Two centuries near, have swept across these shores
 Since Frontenac came paddling with his ores ;
 Four hundred men embarked in his canoes
 To affright his foes, and build here what he choose ;
 A massive fort, those days of strength and might,
 Where stealthy arms had always will to fight ;
 And lustre threw around the monarch's throne
 That Indian tribes may his great sceptre own.
 Those days were omens that threw shadows far—
 Forerunners then of the bright glorious star
 Which shone abroad these shores all to apprise,
 And promise fair this land to civilize.
 The growth of mind drew in its lengthened train
 The growth of all that's great on sea or plain.
 How wondrous are, beneath these spacious skies,
 These mighty domes which dazzle 'fore our eyes,
 That here remain as monuments of power
 To honor man, and mind for evermore.

THE TOWN HALL.

Beneath my feet, in dreadful grandeur, lies
 Their spacious hall, the stranger's eye to apprise ;
 Of might, and power, and firmness to defy
 All foreign foes, and their pride terrify.
 It looks apace o'er the extended lake
 Where battling arms the soldiers weapons shake.
 Let thunders roar and cannon fragments fly,
 And lightnings glare to illumine the troubled sky ;
 Columbia's shore may, perhaps, be rent in twain,
 And earthquake shocks move the embattled plain ;
 Yet here, no fears can move this massive hall,
 Nor cause its stone or pillars vast to fall.
 They stand colossal, like that master mind
 Who roamed abroad those weighty funds to find—
 That raised on high its gracious front to view,
 In splendor great, and majesty so true.
 One flight of stairs will lead the stranger's feet
 To the right wing, where splendid paintings meet
 Of worthies once raised by degrees to power,
 And here embalmed in memory every hour.
 John A. supreme among those worthies stand,
 His graceful form and well projected hand
 Would quick transfer the poet's burning eye
 To Grecian shores, where the immortals lie ;
 Whose tongues of fire, and hearts of living flame
 Have left behind more than immortal fame.
 Our rising Greece may boast of eloquence
 Akin to that which swelled in floods from thence,
 And thine John A., or Alpha, first in fame ;
 Upon these shores where rings thine honored name,
 Let this thy shade tell the wide world apart
 Of thy vast power o'er the Canadian heart,
 And linger here a proof of all thy worth,
 O'ershadowing too thy various talents forth.

THE BARRACKS.

In front mine eyes in towering might do rise,
 Two Barracks strong, where watch their countless eyes
 Turning in pride, and betimes jealously,

To Northern States to find some enemy ;
 But quartered here they may defy the storm
 Now pending o'er that lovely land to alarm.
 Lord Russell's here, a veteran English soul,
 Their Lieutenant doth their wide range control,
 Inspiring deep true-love and loyalty
 To Britain's throne, that guards our liberty ;
 They gather gems to stud the Royal Crown
 That shines afar of lustre all its own.
 May benign heaven e'er bless our British throne,
 And our loved Queen who stands there now alone,
 Still to bemoan the loved one of her heart :
 Whom heaven, in love, bid from earth's scenes depart.
 To shine above in princely grandeur there,
 Mid joys perennial, no song can declare.

THE COURT HOUSE.

And here alike in wide dimensions rear
 A similar wonder 'fore the eye to appear,
 Its vast proportions towering to the sky,
 Lifting its noble brow to scenes on high.
 Spreading its arms to front the dashing tide,
 Their Court House grand in bloom of modern pride ;
 Six pillars rise, supporting its proud head,
 Where England's coat of arms in brass is laid.
 Where Horsey's mind of giant portions shined,
 With lasting fame around his name entwined ;
 Within its walls the tutored minds of law
 Do wonderings hosts by eloquence here draw.
 And plead aright, or peradventure, wrong,
 In gifted strains worthy some angel tongue ;
 Here intrigues, vast, unravalled one by one,
 And clouds disperse that hung when they begun.
 And justice laboring finds her clearest way
 From deepest gloom to light of moral day ;
 And praise divine is gained by talents bright,
 That brought the truth from dark Egyptian night.
 To light in power, to lustre all divine,
 Its heavenly truth in lasting glories shine ;
 They well may know the workings of man's heart.

Untread its twists mysterious each apart,
 And have rewards of amaranthine gain
 To bless their deed and all their laboring pain.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

My burning eye turned westward, on to gaze
 Whate'er may meet its vision's wild t' amaze,
 And saw there dwell upon the rising hill
 A College Hall that did my bosom thrill,
 In view of days I long'd to wander there,
 And its vast wealth of knowledge wide to share;
 Deprived of this, my soul turned back within
 Its own recesses, drinking knowledge in.
 Where thought fed thought, and taught it strength to grow
 With equal power to know what others know;
 No wonder then a thrill pervades my breast
 As gazing there where mental giants rest.
 Its name is dear to every youthful mind
 Whose powers were trained and by it disciplined;
 It polished bright, as well as raised their souls
 To angel grandeur that the truth controls.
 What could be done, it doth, to raise on high,
 Its generous powers, deep truths doth each supply
 That drink its streams to quench the thirsty pain
 Of every heart that tries these truths to gain;
 It only asks the aid and force of will
 With laboring thoughts the mental ground to till;
 But, what? it sows the truths of science pure
 In powers where they eternally endure,
 To bless the soul with wealth no thief can steal—
 No strength repel nor princely power repeal—
 No power can burn nor no catastrophe
 Can shake thy breast or fright this friend from thee,
 Its hand can bless though poverty may stare
 A monster grim, and thou its terrors share;
 Yea, it survives the elements of war,
 Of burning world when falls heaven's brightest star,
 And bloom immortal 'round the throne of God,
 There, there, baptized by Calvary's precious blood.

THE HOSPITAL.

Nor are those left who need compassions aid,
 But every care and love's devotion's paid
 By christian hearts on whom Christ's truth hath shone,
 Which power our hearts can touch, and that alone.
 Canadian hearts, like Christian England dear,
 Whose child thou art, wer't taught to shed a tear ;
 When human woe did meet thy tender eye
 Thy ready heart their wants did soon supply ;
 And here is raised the hospital, which name
 Means every good to poor and blind and lame ;
 These objects once of Jesus' gen'rous soul,
 And while on earth their deep wants did control
 By that divine benignity which said
 "The poor ye have alway" to ask for bread.
 This house doth stand a proof of Kingston's love
 To those commands given us by Christ above,
 Who left his throne man's wants once to supply,
 And deigned for us to suffer bleed and die,
 And taught us truths still sacred to his throne,
 And to that heart which bled for man alone,
 To teach ours bleed and mitigate the woe
 And sorrows grave that rise from sin below.

Watkins Wing.

Nor least will one, when Christ in glory 'l come
 To gather all his ransom'd children home,
 Stand by his side to take a bright reward
 For noble deeds done here for Christ the Lord ;
 Bestrewed o'er earth 'mid poverty and woe
 God's people are, with various wants below,
 But thy vast wealth, as some good steward should,
 Is freely given in love to them and God ;
 One thousand pounds, to thee an humble mite,
 Was given in love to build this wing aright.
 Then Watkins live, thy name by thousands blessed,
 And yet by heaven in everlasting rest.

THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.

A mile away from busy scenes of strife,
 Where clangs the noise of City's public life,
 Dwells by the shores of Cataraquei wave
 Where billows roll and gentle surges lave,
 A massive wall doth sweep in circle 'round
 The works of art that grace the solemn ground ;
 Bestrewed that wall with one-half dozen towers
 Where watchmen's eyes do guard through patient hours
 The scenes below that moves the poet's heart,
 And bids pure tears form out their sockets start,
 And wakes the breast with feelings deep within,
 As viewing scenes, the monuments of sin.
 Be tame, my muse, nor break in passions wild,
 Nor any strains but that of language mild,
 Here daily meet in dreadful contrasts wide
 Strong virtue's waves and sins malignant tide ;
 Here groan the hearts that foulest crime hath stained,
 And reap rewards deluded victims gained.
 Its central hall doth raise its dome on high,
 Pillowing in peace its summit in the sky,
 And happy too, unconscious of the woe
 Of human breasts that beat so swift below.
 It throws abroad its open wings so wide
 A solid mass that threats there to abide,
 Until no more will earthly prisons need
 Enclose man's guilt, or hide his sinful deed.
 The northern wing, the veteran Warden's home,
 All bright arrayed beneath the massive dome,
 On his aged brow the hand of time has wove
 Those garlands bright of pure and humane love.
 The poet's hand was grasped by a warm glow
 Which it betrayed, did through his spirit flow,
 But yet, those eyes have shades of firm resolve
 Revealing clear what powers within revolve
 To punish crime, that wisdom in his mind
 And vast experience would dictate and bind.
 Yet eye's that throne which he some day must face,
 And stand himself with all the human race
 Before that Judge, his office to resign,
 As worlds will fall and stars all cease to shine.
 Those massive wings that stretch the distant way

Have ample room to hold by night or day
 Eight hundred souls, that sins deluded power
 May hither bring to shelter any hour.

S. G. MURRAY, *Deputy Warden.*

And their's one heart my pen will proudly name
 Whose gen'rous soul is warm with living flame
 Of sympathies pure to the dejected poor
 As they depart and liberty secure.
 His hand is open always to supply,
 And always bless the abject sinner's cry,
 May heaven reward thy generous acts above
 When breaks the light of everlasting love.

DR. DIXON AND THE HOSPITAL.

And here beneath, your Dr. Dixon's care,
 The patient convicts every mercies share,
 And what man's heart for human woe can feel,
 When strength declines or human reasons reel,
 When friends of youth have all forsook and gone
 His noble heart can beat for them alone,
 When every aid that human skill can give
 The heart beats slow and they despair to live,
 He stays their friend whose profound sympathy
 Can reach them there drinking eternity,
 And point their heart to God's compassionate breast
 Where sinners may hope there for future rest.
 Through those dear wounds that open'd from his side
 When oozed the stream and swelled the purple tide,
 The deepest sins have here been once forgiven,
 And rebel man prepared in peace for heaven.
 This place adorned with beauties perfect style
 Accommodates below, in them awhile
 Two dozen souls, whose blasted health may twine,
 And lingering life beneath its shades repine ;
 Above, twelve more of beautiful rooms adorned,
 A prince may sue and kings would not have scorned ;
 Their windows hold sweet nature's flowers green,
 Their floors superb, and all transparent clean.

MR. MCKENZIE *Hospital Keeper.*

And through long hours the busy feet of one
 Whose kindest heart their confidence hath won
 By deeds of love and tender sympathy,
 That swiftly tread to hear their pitying cry.
 McKenzie, thou whose noble mind and heart
 To all their woe can'st feel a tender smart,
 And often fly their dying words to hear
 When billows roll as life's sins make them fear ;
 Thou lovest to soothe that lingering patient's breast
 'Fore death's strong arm commits them to their rest.
 Did'st thou not too forego some happy themes
 That roam thy brain, and haunt betimes thy dreams,
 As in those days when thou wer't young and free,
 When thy sweet harp charmed happy melody ;
 That harp's now hung, as Israel's son of old,
 On willow boughs, with strings of yellow gold ;
 But yet, thy heart can chime to the deep woe
 Thine eye beholds 'mid these dark scenes below.

MR. McINTOSH, CLERK.

And McIntosh, whose busy laboring mind
 Dispenses work of deep and subtle kind,
 And watches o'er the various wide affairs
 That tax the mind and wake important cares,
 And justice pure doth reign within his breast,
 While thus empowered, his conscience long may rest.

THE DOOR-KEEPERS.

And their are they who do here ably keep
 The prison doors, while countless numbers sleep,
 With powerful arms and massive nerve and will
 To keep the strong and stealthy convicts still.
 Old Scotia's Isle can boast of victories won,
 And so can they who claim to be her son.

MR. WHITEHEAD, *Store-Keeper.*

Here Whitehead's pen in swiftest motion flies,
 Devouring work that 'fore his vision lies,
 Who'll watch the merchant's goods with eagle eye,
 And 'gainst the wrong he would aloud descry.

ARCHITECT 1ST, CORNAL POWERS ; 2ND, MR. MILLS :
3RD, MR. COVERDALE ; 4TH, MR. HORSEY.

Here Cornal Powers, who first designed the plan,
Is with Mills gone their bright career is run,
And Coverdale who carried on the same
With firm resolve, and gained an honor'd name ;
But Horsey's here to climax the design,
And gain the wreath that 'round his brow'l entwine.

CLERGY—MR. MULKINS, PRO. ; MR. CONELARD, CATH.

Two Chaplain's here on Sabbath day do preach
God's living word. If happily they may reach
Some convict's heart, and point him to his God
Who'll wash his crimes in the atoning blood.
Mulkins defends the Protestant belief,
Directs their souls where they may find relief ;
And Conelard, whose heart can feel their loss,
In Catholic strains may point his to the cross.
Within those walls the Schoolmaster doth raise
The convict's mind to light of learning's rays ;
How good is God in thus disposing man
To give poor souls the welcome aid they can.

Two hundred hands and nearly fifty more
Do work at shoes till labors hours are o'er ;
The blacksmith too doth wield the hammers blow
In workman's style, his labor on must go
With those who cut the heavy rugged stone,
Uplift the blow and drop it one by one,
And also they who make bright furniture
That skill designs through distant time to endure.
O ! these firm walls present a sullen gloom
Where labor pays the record of their doom ;
And better far had crime not stained their hand,
Then could they roam at ease throughout the land.
Let these faint lines that reach the reader's ear
Alarm his breast and teach him God to fear.

THE ROCKWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM.

'Mid numerous scenes, with thousand thoughts that crowd
 The poet's brain, that swells of passions proud;
 Transferred away from thousand busy throngs
 His powers awake, and his proud harp prolongs
 Her happy strains on themes of ancient song
 Her happy strains on themes of ancient song
 Worth some brighter powers and nobler tongue.
 Goddess of art! I see thy wonders pour
 In majesty around this favor'd shore;
 Before my eye thy massive plains do lay
 Conceived by thought, that flings a lustrous ray
 Around the brow of Coverdale, whose name
 Should well be wrote in lines of gold for fame,
 And e'er transferred through distant time afar,
 Whose light doth shine like some bright glorious star.
 The hand of time has stamped upon his face
 Deep wrinkles o'er, and marr'd his youthful grace
 And travelling mind, in giving birth to thought
 Has mark'd his brow that is of furrows fraught;
 Though freshness beams yet throughout every line
 From his warm heart to move this pen of mine,
 He doth combine within his spacious mind
 Deep powers of thought and genius of a kind,
 That slow and sure, but well projected thought
 That stems time's tide as things of value ought.
 I gaze profound upon his master-piece
 Near shores where waves their gentle murmurs cease,
 I dash my boat against the murmuring tide
 And northward gaze upon its southern side;
 She lifts superb her towering head on high,
 Her glittering dome attempts to reach the sky,
 Talking with clouds that bend a listening ear
 To her proud dome that courts their presence here,
 And heaven's own hosts do bend to kiss her spire,
 And from its height would bend their pinions higher,
 And spurning earth do plume their golden wing,
 And tower away their happy song to sing.
 Its central hall presents a beautiful face
 Whose windows decked in all the modern grace;
 Its pillared door englass'd, shines to the eye
 Presenting forms of beautiful majesty;
 Its glittering windows barr'd by rich design

In size with glass that forms the window pain,
 For bars like prisons would their minds enrage
 Should they conceive they're there as in a cage.
 From centreing dome two wings extendeth wide
 Like feathered birds that love display their pride,
 If their gold wings can shed a lustrous hue
 To charm the eye and please our passions true.
 Each wing apace has thirty-eight or more
 Windows that light the traveller to the shore,
 Should some dark night their troubled bark o'ertake
 And struggling cry upon the stormy lake ;
 Were they all lit they'd guide the sailor's eye
 To shores where hearts would listen to their cry,
 And at each end two other massive halls
 In equal pride do rise their hugious walls,
 From hence project two other wings beside
 Of pondrous size, and rise in graceful pride,
 And heaven dare tell where—where this building goes,
 For I presume no human wisdom knows!
 Its size immense, and tells how great the plan
 Conceived in thought by that illustrious man
 Whose name will last and ring for evermore
 'Round these bright scenes blessed by its pebbled shore.
 Where fifteen more of similar windows gaze
 To please the eye and all our powers amaze.
 The central dome includes a cistern neat,
 In depth one yard across two dozen feet,
 Where evermore the Lake's pure water's thrown
 Projected there by powers of stream alone ;
 One hundred feet and twenty more beside
 These waters come above the levelling tide,
 And pour in pipes throughout the wide domain
 To quench their thirst or cool their brow of pain ;
 A Chapel too's enclosed within this wall
 Where glimmering mind may for God's mercy call,
 And guided right to seek that gilead balm
 Who'I pardon grant, and give an heavenly palm.
 Poor shipwreck'd man, the bard doth drop one dew
 Of crystal tear, if not of purple hue,
 And curse foul sin that ruined noble powers,
 And blasting bliss round this wide world of ours.
 Proud reason's law deserted her high throne
 'Mid passion wild in frightful aspects groan,

Compassioned God, O! pity these in love,
 Haste! haste!! kind heaven to take each up above,
 Where mind will reign and nothing marr its peace
 Nor blight its joys when countless ages cease,
 But supercedes this world of sin and woe
 Such praise that will in heavenly accents flow.

ROCKWOOD HALL,

The residence of Dr. Litchfield, the Governor of the Asylum.

My muse again by other themes is fired,
 Some power descends, the harp's again inspired,
 The happy home of Dr. Litchfield here
 Disturbs its strings with every feeling dear;
 It sings of him deserving richer song
 From abler powers and far more classic tongue,
 Whose heart benign, sheds every virtue forth,
 So fails my song describe its utmost worth.
 Beneath his eye dwells minds whose ample store
 Of knowledge deep is drawn from founts of yore,
 The classic streams were drained in early youth
 By his vast powers that thirsted after truth;
 Beside this wealth, the gentle man so pure
 Beams gently forth, proud reason to allure;
 His manner pure, a Chesterfield would grace,
 With every virtue shadowing his face.
 Canadian minds, why! why! condemn as wrong
 The polished grace that falls from English tongue,
 Beneath may lie humility and grace
 That angels would in eager footsteps trace,
 And now my song thou cans't in full declare -
 Thou sawest them here in all their lustre glare,
 The scholar pure, the man of mind and truth,
 With every good increased from days of youth.
 The perfect friend of poor disabled man,
 Whose tears for woes and human sorrows ran
 With that pure gift and faculty of soul
 Who can divine the maniac to control,
 And I have proved his genial power o'er
 The maniac's mind amid their sorrows sore,
 His power will charm as with some magic wand,
 Whose spell may wonder thousands in the land,
 His gracious home, well founded on a rock,

'Mid woods that wave, and smiles at earthquake's shock ;
 Its beautiful front in majesty on high
 As some grand home beneath our English sky,
 With velvet lawns that passions may admire,
 Where roams some Lord or titled Sir or Squire,
 Listening to birds whose wings of every hue
 Chant happy songs with strains of music true.
 The poet stray'd with him around those walks
 Where th' muse took fire and caught those thoughts it talks ;
 And I may tell of power he had to chain,
 And win the heart, its confidence to gain,
 To make you feel you roam with such friend
 Whose manners charm, and grace here knows no end ;
 Beneath his roof the bard did happy sing,
 And soar aloft as on eagle's wing,
 And shared a part of hospitality
 That freely flows from his benignity.
 The muse would love to be employed to tell
 Of Rockwood scenes that would my poem swell ;
 But other scenes invite the poet's lyre
 Which yields to them that can its muse inspire.
 Dear Doctor live to bless thy fellow-man,
 And carry out thy well projected plan ;
 Already time bestrews around thy head
 Its numerous streaks of white or silvery thread,
 And when its hand will lay thy gentle brow
 Low in the tomb, and all its lustre bow,
 May angels then conduct thy soul away
 Where breaks the light of heaven's eternal day.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

From whence! from whence! thou Crystal Palace pure ;
 Whence thy four wings that doth the eye allure ?
 Did Grecian God's, as wandering in the sky,
 Drop thee by chance from their bright throne on high ?
 Thou stand'st aloof, unlike the homes of earth,
 With some pretence to own immortal birth ;
 The eye's enchained by all thy sparkling light
 That from afar is shewn in colors bright,
 And spreads abroad in all its wild array
 As birds of wings whose glorious hues display.

Beneath thy shade the poet's mental powers
 Do soar aloft to those celestial bowers
 Of Eden bliss, where gold and crystal pure
 Of heavenly worth shall evermore endure,
 If thou of earth the mind's celestial fire
 Expands itself and takes thee with it higher.
 O! is it so, these crystal wings of thine
 Delude my eye till they appear divine,
 Impressing mind that I am taken far
 To distant shores, where burns heaven's glorious star,
 That I forget that I'm in earth or heaven
 Where lasting joys are to each spirit given ;
 And were I here on some fine day of spring
 When bands may chime and juvenile voices sing,
 How would the bard around this spot rejoice,
 And join the song with an enraptured voice,
 And that fine power that dwells within his mind
 Convert the scenes to some celestial kind,
 And his young heart, until these scenes were o'er,
 Dream it were high on some celestial shore.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

The intrepid sons of that immortal mind
 Stored with deep grace and knowledge of all kind,
 Are here alert, seeking with steady eye
 The souls of men, for seats of bliss on high,
 Where burning truths that glowed in Wesley's soul
 In heavenly flame, and brilliant volumes roll,
 Where Gemley's mind so fraught with knowledge pure
 With the same truths their minds doth o't allure,
 And breaks of light of a celestial flame
 By which his sires gained their immortal name ;
 And Clarkson too, whose silvery language pores
 Some heavenly balm to fall on human sores ;
 Their beautiful Church all decked in work of art,
 'Round other scenes this fain would take the start,
 Raising on high its bright and sparkling spire,
 That towers aloft above all others higher.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Here Scotia's sons of giant mental power
 On learning's hill do rise their watch-guard tower.

To gaze abroad, and watch what form the foe
 May yet attack God's truth as long ago ;
 Their hand uplifts the mighty weapon word
 That bow'd strong hearts by this all conquering sword,
 And struck with might, the infidel withdrew,
 To own its power to be divinely true.
 Their house of God is sacredly enclosed
 Where nature's charms are daily their imposed ;
 God's servant too, a lovely home they give,
 Where he and all his family do live ;
 But mourn, my song, that now no more doth swell
 The gifted thoughts that from his tongue of't fell ;
 Yea, those sweet lips that poured on them the dew
 Of heavenly grace in language mild and true,
 It silent lies within the pallid tomb
 Which throws around his home a solemn gloom,
 His mantle fell on Inglis, who doth wear
 Its sacred folds, and doth God's truths declare,
 May his career be bright and lustrous too,
 And feed Christ's flock with heavenly pasture true.

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

JOHN CREIGHTON, Esq., MAYOR.

Kind heaven let fall upon my mental power
 Thy gracious dew to move my song this hour,
 And ope my eye to read those virtues bright
 That shine supreme in characters of light
 Upon thy noble front and tow'ring brow,
 That claims my strains of inspiration now,
 I name the Mayor, whose various virtues move
 Upon the mass to gain their heart's of love ;
 Whose firm resolve, whose industry and strength
 Of moral force have gained all hearts at length,
 To raise on high those virtues into power,
 Where they may bloom, and in new lustre tower,
 This said, may move some kindred minds to deeds
 Within whose breasts may lie celestial seeds,
 That by degrees may raise those towers on high
 To thrones aloft, to light the moral sky,
 And where may shine their noble powers of mind

To scatter light of intellectual kind,
 The world improves, it eyes the moral worth,
 And would let shine those noble virtues forth
 To prove its love to dignity and truth,
 Reward the powers of struggling minds of youth
 Who break their way by firm resolve along,
 Whose deeds are loved and praised by angel's tongue,
 They honor too, those lustrious parents dear
 Who early trained their mind to never fear
 Nor falter aught in climbing to that fame
 Of value, more than an immortal name.
 Accept, dear man, this tribute of my song,
 Deserving praise from a more gifted tongue ;
 Long may'st thou live, those virtues mild to shine,
 Till moved to bliss and glory all divine,
 Where virtue towers on that perennial shore,
 And shine in bliss with God for evermore.

Mr. CHARLES SANGSTER, THE POET.

And Kingston list around thy sacred shore
 The son of song aloft to heaven did soar,
 And wander'd far beyond the humble bound
 Where roams thine eye across heaven's dome around,
 He breaks apace God's palace to survey,
 Where roam the stars and Hesperus away ;
 His well-winged muse hath passed the milky way,
 And worlds on worlds, to heaven's effulgent day,
 Where God in bliss ineffable doth shine,
 Where stands the throne and burns the eye divine,
 Lighting that world where thrones of millions fall,
 And God in Christ is crowned there Lord of all ;
 Before which throne, in angel lustre rise
 That seraph form which ravish'd mortal eyes,
 But passed away into that "silent land,"
 And there remains among that cherub band
 Waiting awhile to see death's arrow fly
 To pierce his breast, and fetch his soul on high,
 Where "silent land" will be a land of song,
 Where gifted souls so dear, bloom ever young,
 And all their power in their full orb will shine
 Reflecting lustre 'round the throne divine.

MRS. PROF. WEIR.

And here, perchance, may dwell that kindred soul
 Within whose breast strong waves of passions roll,
 Beneath a mind o't kindled by their fire,
 That thrills the harp and sounds th' aolian lyre,
 And happy sung in strains that reach'd the throne,
 And Majesty did bow her powers to own ;
 Whose angel song stole o'er that royal breast,
 And hushed its woes, and caused its sorrow rest,
 And Britain's crown and sceptre moves to hear
 That song divine that falls from Mrs. Weir ;
 The music heard feel deep upon the soul,
 Where troubled waves of dreadful anguish roll,
 It hushed those storms as did the voice of God
 Genesert's pool and winds that rush'd abroad.
 Thy royal mind, in silent hours, will roam
 Across the sea to view her happy home,
 And twine betimes around that beautiful mind,
 Where happy thoughts do roam of various kind,
 So full of fruit that hang in yellow hue,
 Right full of sap, made ripe by heavenly dew,
 In fancy then will pluck again that bough
 That in life's spring casts forth its snowy blow.
 Sweet harp divine, nor stay thy happy lay
 Till heaven may shine on thee immortal day,
 Then sing aloft with that eternal throng
 Blooming in beauty that's forever young.

MR. FRANZ STABE, *Music Teacher.*

My muse would brood o'er such a soul as thine,
 Where music dwells in power almost divine,
 And feels the fire that burns within thy soul
 Fall on my own, where kindred passions roll ;
 Then swell my song in strains that angel's chime
 As human thought breaks forth in mortal rhyme,
 Thy master hand that swept along the lyre
 Becomes sublime as thy breast gathers fire,
 May not some band from the celestial shore
 Steal down betimes to hear thine anthems pour
 Their new-born strains upon the impassioned breast
 Akin to song in worlds of blissful rest,
 If so, wilt thou when songs of earth will die,
 And earth's proud harps in crumbling ashes lie,

Wilt thou, I ask, while with us here below
 Seek happier songs of Jesu's love to know,
 That thou this gift in heaven may yet employ
 Where swell the songs of everlasting joy.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Around the shade of thy projecting wall
 Dwell sires and sons of such as Robert Hall,
 Or Dr. Watts, whose towering soul no mind
 Its utmost bound can fathom or yet find.
 Yet here are they with mind as pure and good
 Preaching the truth that lead men to their God.
 Fenwick, whose powers and principles of mind
 From a hallowed light of some angelic kind,
 He loves those truths his ancient fathers bought,
 Teaches them here as veteran preacher's ought.
 I know these truths, my mother's able soul
 Engraved them deep within my powers whole,
 And in their light the poet's early days
 Were spent in bliss beneath their hallowed rays,
 And though his mind has other thoughts of power
 He fondly turns to days of childhood's hour,
 And all the heart doth rise to love those men
 That taught the muse her first faint thoughts to pen;
 He gladly hails the walls that tower on high
 Climbing in pride and grace toward the sky;
 When finished here, may Fenwick's happy mind
 And sweetest soul, its gracious virtues find,
 To bless again through distant year's afar,
 And shed the light reflecting from his star.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—REV. P. GRAY.

Here Scotia's son would cease effect to cause
 And search so deep the principles and laws
 Which govern God in his projected plan
 To save a world of foul rebellious man,
 He lifts those truths and principles divine,
 In graphic stroke he makes their glory shine,

To awe the mind and bow with eloquence
 Our powers of heart by floods that fall from thence,
 He'll take you far in past eternity,
 Unravel truths that hang mysteriously,
 And ope them plain to th' enchanted ear
 That we may know and learn that God to fear.

REV. MR. WILSON.

Here Wilson too, from the sweet emerald Isle,
 The stranger's hand will grasp with happy smile,
 And lead those sons that from its shores do come
 To God's own house, and make them feel at home,
 Where those old truths that sounded ever dear
 Are heard anew in all their freshness here,
 To bless the heart and to illumine the mind
 With gracious truth, celestial in its kind,
 His ample love and missionary soul
 Doth labour on throughout these suburbs all,
 If happily he may pluck some burning brand
 And guide his soul to the celestial land,
 And builds the Church around the country far
 To honour Christ, the bright and morning star,
 The presby'try do look and in him find
 A servant true in labours of all kind.

THE POET'S ADIEU.

To thy bright shores the humble poet came,
 No hopes beguiled, nor thirsted he for fame,
 But left his muse free to dictate his song,
 And pen bright thoughts in labor on his tongue;
 No emblems pure, of pride or power had he,
 No jewelled gold to shine refulgently,
 Nor titled name to introduce to thee
 His lineage long, or whence his pedigree;
 No outward charms that could attract thy face
 To cause thy love to pour on him its grace;
 But yet! thy homes were freely made his own,
 Thy tables spread with bounties overflown,

And every good that honor could bestow
 Were freely given. While 'round thy skirts below
 The titled Lord, the knighted Sir or Esquire,
 Did welcome him around their family fire,
 And nothing saw except some spark of soul
 Betraying light throughout his vision whole;
 As gems in jet do shine the brighter there,
 That spark within may with that gem compare,
 He lent it free, thy grandieure to extol
 With all the fire of his poëtic soul;
 And now adieu, to lovely lake and shore,
 Thy beautiful isles which I may see no more,
 I print a kiss, and fondly say farewell!
 When wandering far I'll on thy glories dwell.
 Farewell! ye halls of beautiful Grecian pride,
 Farewell! ye towers that breast the billowing tide;
 O! fond adieu, ye glories of the lake,
 And every scene that did my song awake;
 Farewell! sweet youth, whose beauties win the heart,
 How can the bard from such sweet souls depart;
 Ye sons of law and learning, each adieu,
 I left a thought of fond regard for you.
 The Mayor, farewell! whose mild benignity
 Enchained my song and swelled my poetry,
 O! treat my song which flowed from a warm heart,
 Yea, treat it kind, it cannot do you hurt;
 But, peradventure may, some harp inspire,
 To sing to thee with deeper bardic fire.
 The bard may stray, as Byron stray'd before,
 Sounding his harp on many a distant shore,
 But says one truth, and after that, farewell!
 He loved thy shore and will thy glories tell,
 And trusts to meet thee evermore above
 To sing again in everlasting love.

NOTE.—Since the above was in print, the author having occasion to stay in
 Kingston a few days longer, wrote on every object of note in the City, to-
 gether with every person of celebrity, and not being able to print them in
 connection with this pamphlet he begs to state that he is publishing a volume
 on various subjects, and the remainder of this poem will appear in that book.

