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A  
**T**ALE OF THE **S**EA,

AND

**O**TH**E**R **P**O**E**M**S**,

BY

**JOHN FRASER,**

(COUSIN SANDY.)

ILLUSTRATED BY

O. R. JACOBI,  
H. SANDHAM,

A. VOGT,  
W. L. FRASER.

OF THE SOCIETY OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

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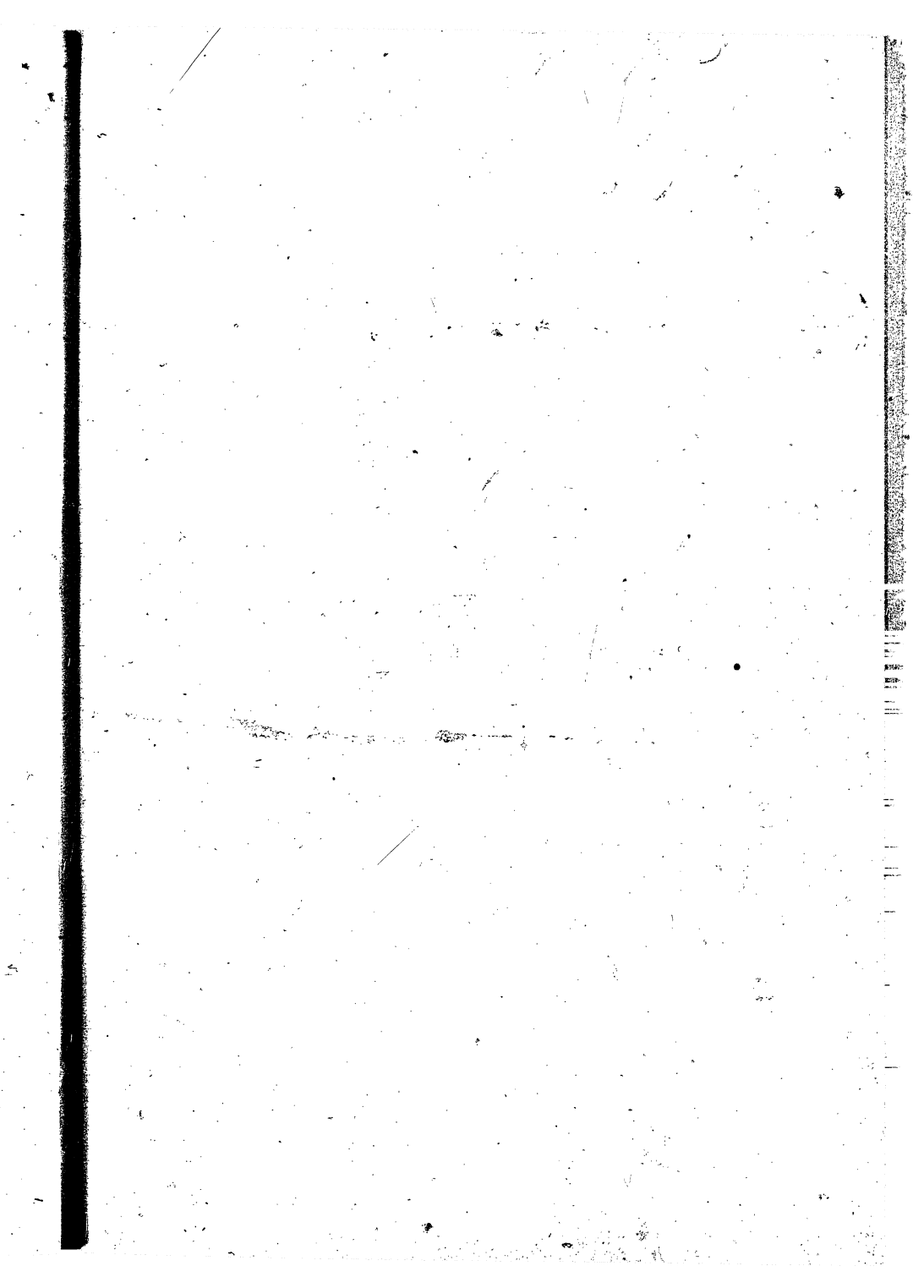
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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, by JOHN FRASER, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Drawn by</i>	<i>Engraved by</i>
1. (Frontispiece.) "The tub struck".....	A. VOGT.....	J. H. WALKER.
5. "William Blyth was a scape-grace".....	H. SANDHAM.....	J. H. WALKER.
8. "He'd seen sailors on shore, and out on the spree".....	W. L. FRASER.....	J. GOULDEN.
11. "He said, William, I think this impri- sonment queer".....	H. SANDHAM.....	H. SANDHAM.
12. "There's a hurricane coming, let's short- en sail".....	H. SANDHAM.....	J. H. WALKER.
13. "There's Bill and the tub gone overboard".....	H. SANDHAM.....	J. H. WALKER.
16. "For he was so tickled, he laughed out- right".....	W. L. FRASER.....	J. H. WALKER.
18. "And the moon shone aloft like a factory cheese".....	H. SANDHAM.....	J. H. WALKER.
20. "His spirit is out on the mountain bird- nesting".....	O. R. JACOBI.....	H. SANDHAM.
24. "Or she might have been thirsty and wanted to drink".....	A. VOGT.....	J. H. WALKER.
25. "And the cow ran away just like wink- ing".....	A. VOGT.....	H. SANDHAM.
27. "But was roused from the swoon by a beautiful Yankee".....	A. VOGT.....	J. H. WALKER.

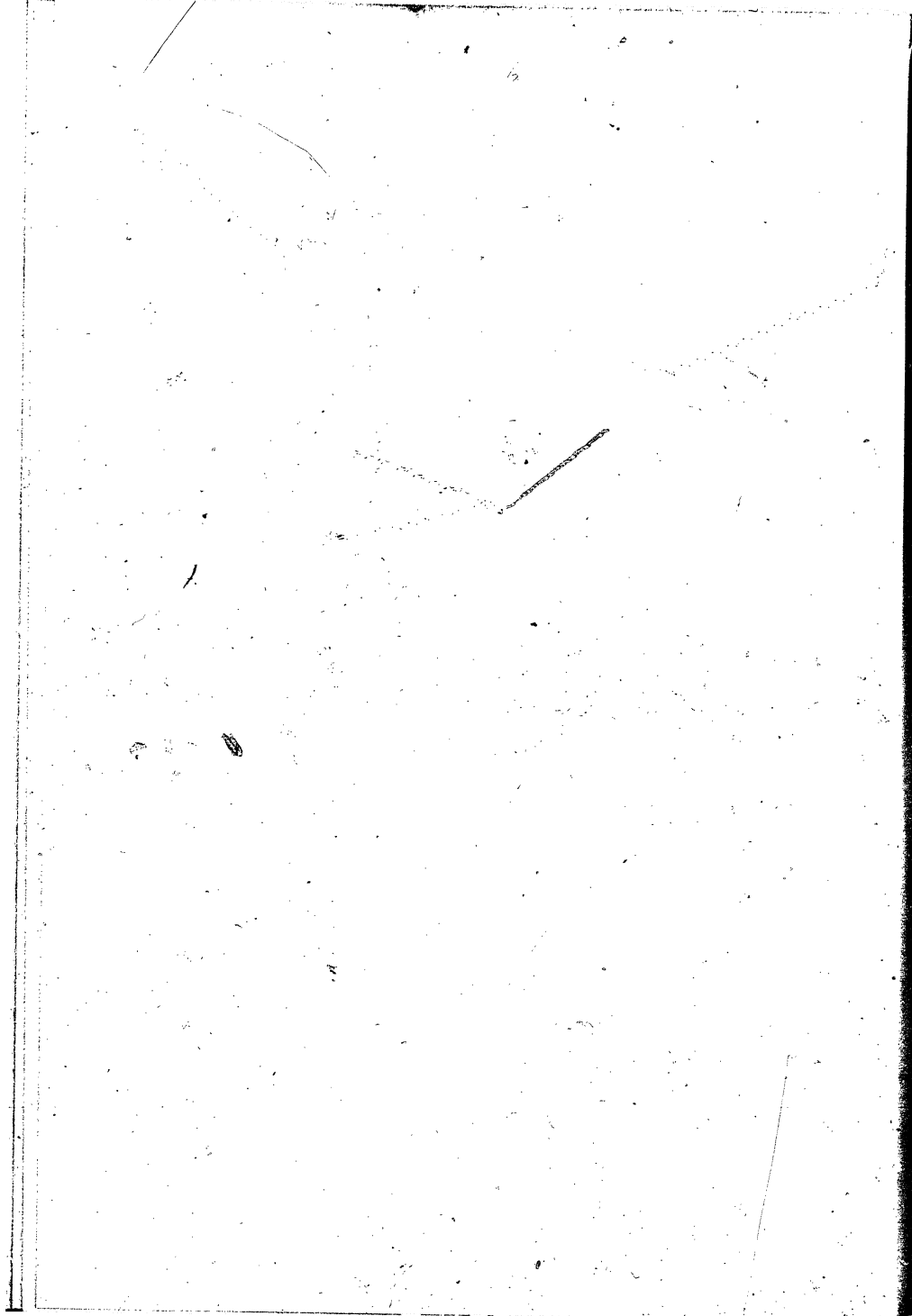
## PREFACE.

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If, in submitting the following poems to the public, the author were to make loud protestations of diffidence and importunate entreaties for lenient treatment, he would exactly conform to the established rules of preface writing. He prefers, however, to state in a few words, the circumstance which led him to the effort of which the principal tale is the result.

Some years ago, a stray waif floated in the British press,—for aught he knows it may have crossed the Atlantic,—which he thought exceedingly suggestive. He took occasion at the time to mention it to some of his literary friends in London as a good ground-work for an illustrated poem; but as no one has, to his knowledge, taken up the subject, he has ventured to handle it himself, in his own crude and imperfect way. He believes it is the first attempt in the way of illustrated versification in this Dominion, and if its short-comings stimulate others to more successful efforts in that direction, he will claim no higher merit than that of being the pioneer. The author tenders his grateful acknowledgment to the artists who, in the most generous manner, rendered their assistance.

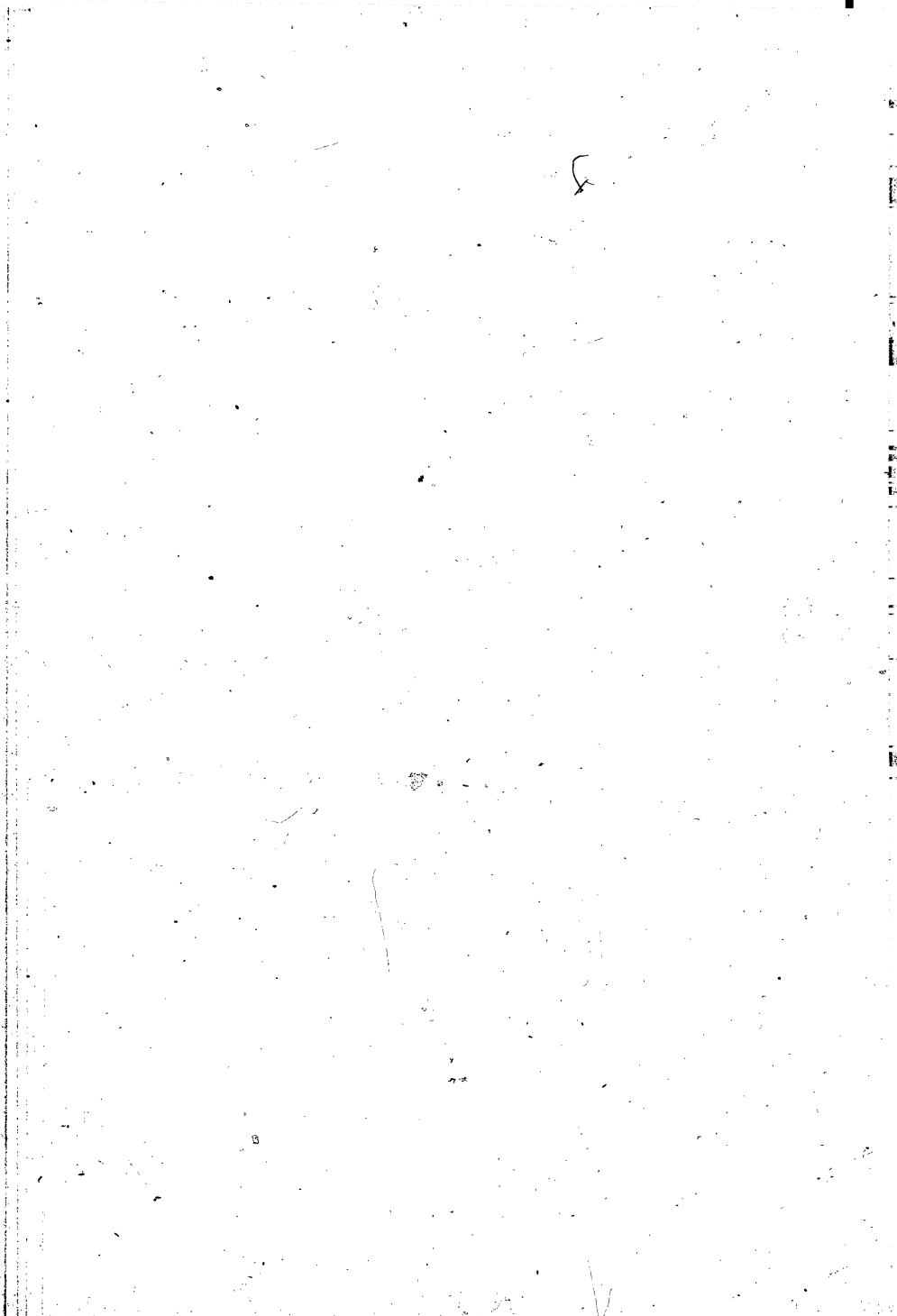
The shorter pieces, with some exceptions, have appeared in Canadian journals, and some of them have met with so flattering a reception as to induce the writer to believe that their reproduction in this form may not be unacceptable.





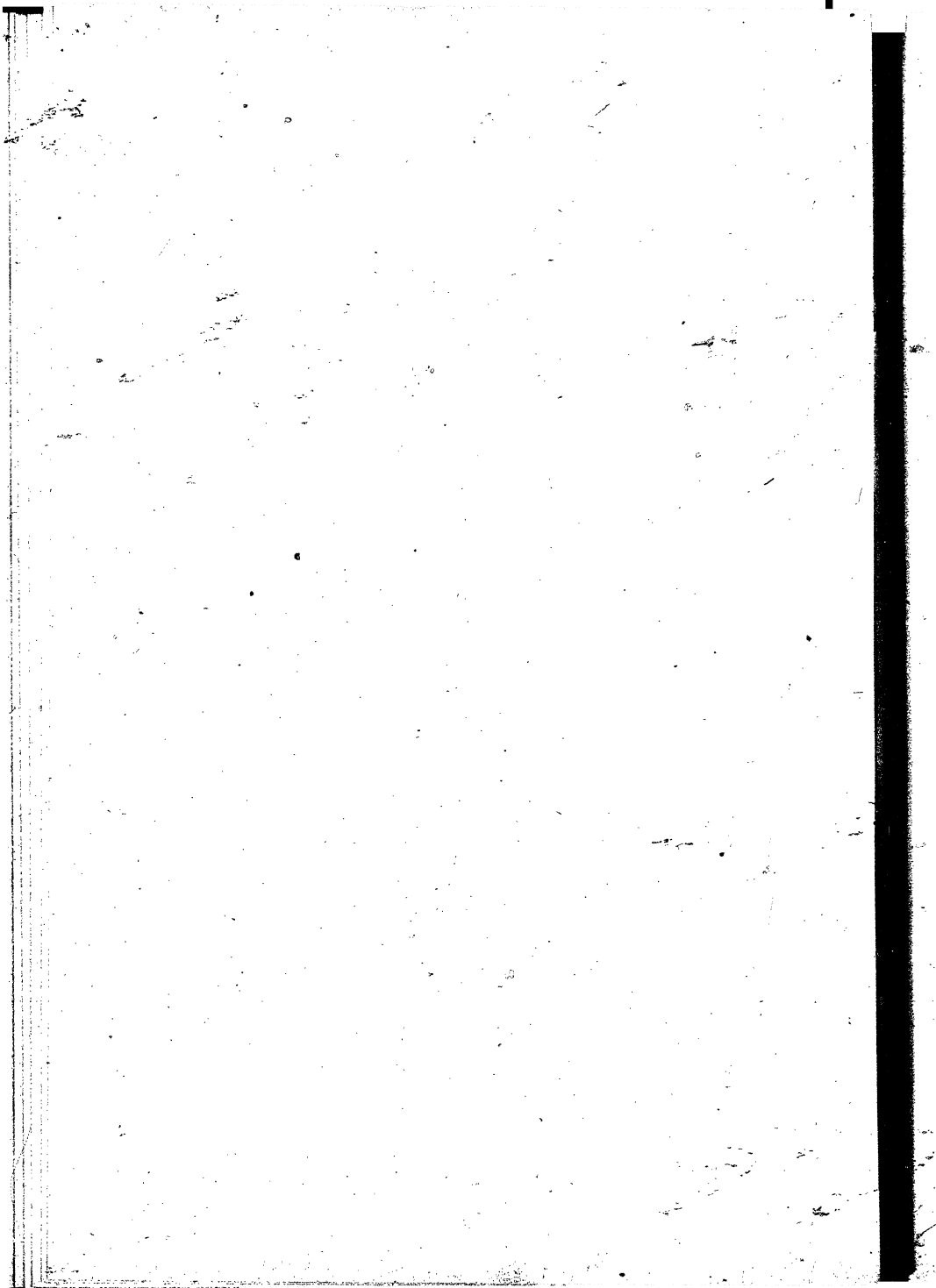
A TALE OF THE SEA.

William Blyth was a scape-grace,—as many boys are—  
Who with prudence and forethought was always at war ;  
His genius was active : I've heard, or have read,  
That his grandma was nervous ; his father was dead ;  
And his mother, released from connubial vows,  
Brought home to her dwelling a second-hand spouse,



A TALE OF THE SEA.

Who gave her a heart, somewhat hard and obtuse,  
In exchange for her furniture ready for use.  
Now William, like others, without leave would roam,  
And be absent when father-the-second came home ;  
So he of the step, which step-father should be,  
Said, "To save the lad's *morals*, we'll send him to sea."  
So his mother, his naughty inclinings to check,  
Had him bound to a nautical friend in Quebec.  
She gave him, at parting, a lock of the hair  
That he wore when a baby—'twas all she could spare ;  
And his grandmother gave him, to keep him from harm,  
A string of her blessings, as long as his arm,  
With a tiny bone instrument meant for depriving  
Of their lodgings small insects, to keep them from thriving  
And his step-father gave him, by way of a treat,  
A very grim smile that was meant to be sweet ;  
But our hero divined, what was meant by this fooling  
Was the saving of food and the cost of his schooling ;  
For he felt that his second-hand sire was transported  
At the thought of his ready-made son being exported ;  
Which brought Bill reflections, by no means benignant,  
And his indignance made him feel sad and indignant ;  
For he knew his half-father's affections were slim—  
He seem'd not the third of a father to him





A TALE OF THE SEA.

As he came with Bill's mother, to see him depart,  
With nought of remorse in his obdurate heart,  
Though he knew that the scene her emotions would stir,  
When the last link was snapt 'twixt his father and her ;  
And Bill would have observed, had he only known how,  
As the tug, with a sigh, took the vessel in tow,  
That freedom lived hence, and banishment here,  
As Kent's made to say in the play of King Lear.

Then he heaved a bitter sigh,

As the tear stood on his cheek,

And he bade them " ax " his eye,

With a half despairing shriek ;

He felt himself forsaken,

While thus drifting to the sea,

Like a tender leaflet shaken

From the life sustaining tree.

'Twas a blast of passion's trumpet, that fierce and angry  
scream,

An incidental vapour, from affection's pent up stream.

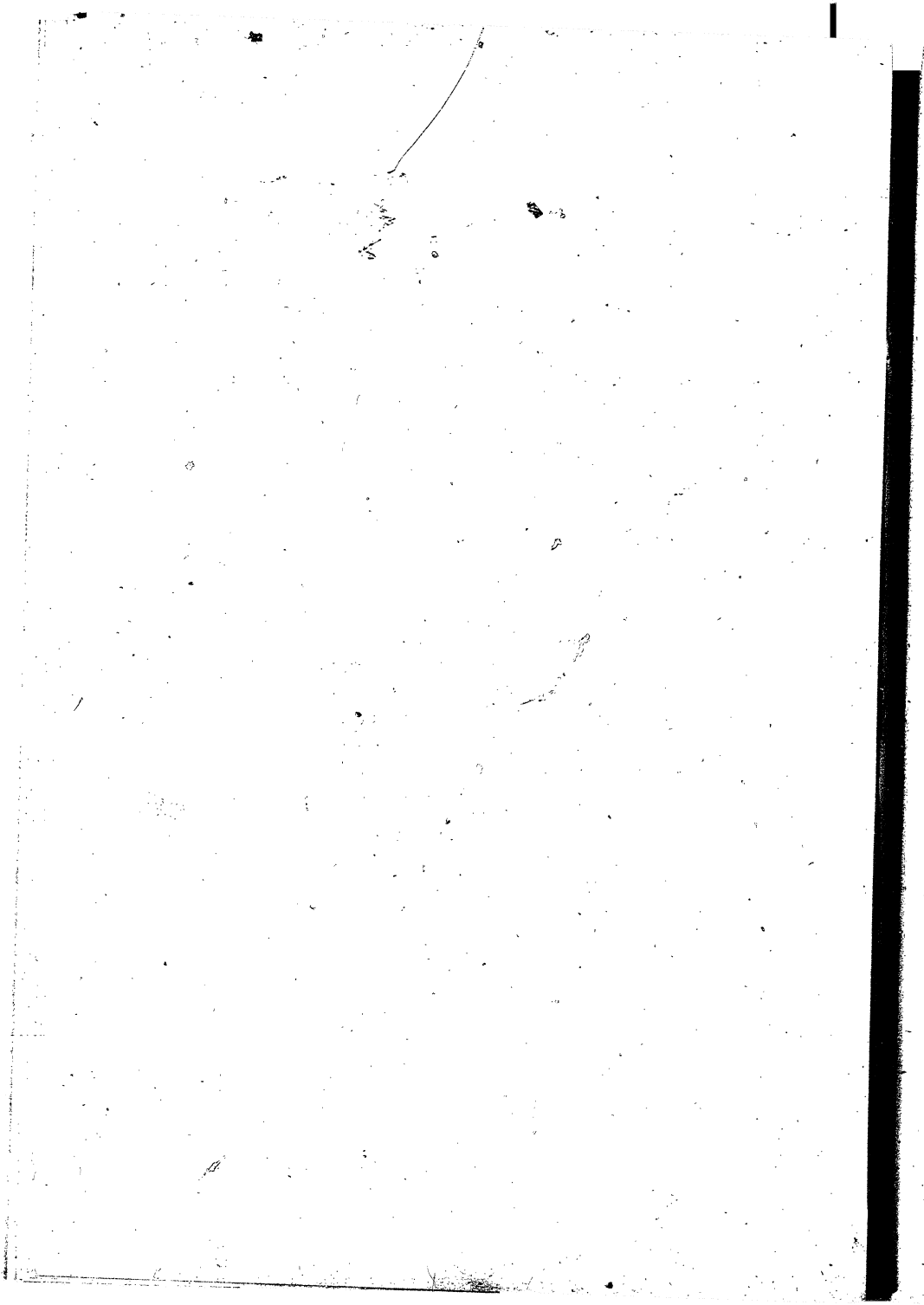
For he saw his mother suffer,

And he felt his mother's pain,

And he hated the " old buffer "

That had rent their loves in twain.

And the tear—she tried to kiss it

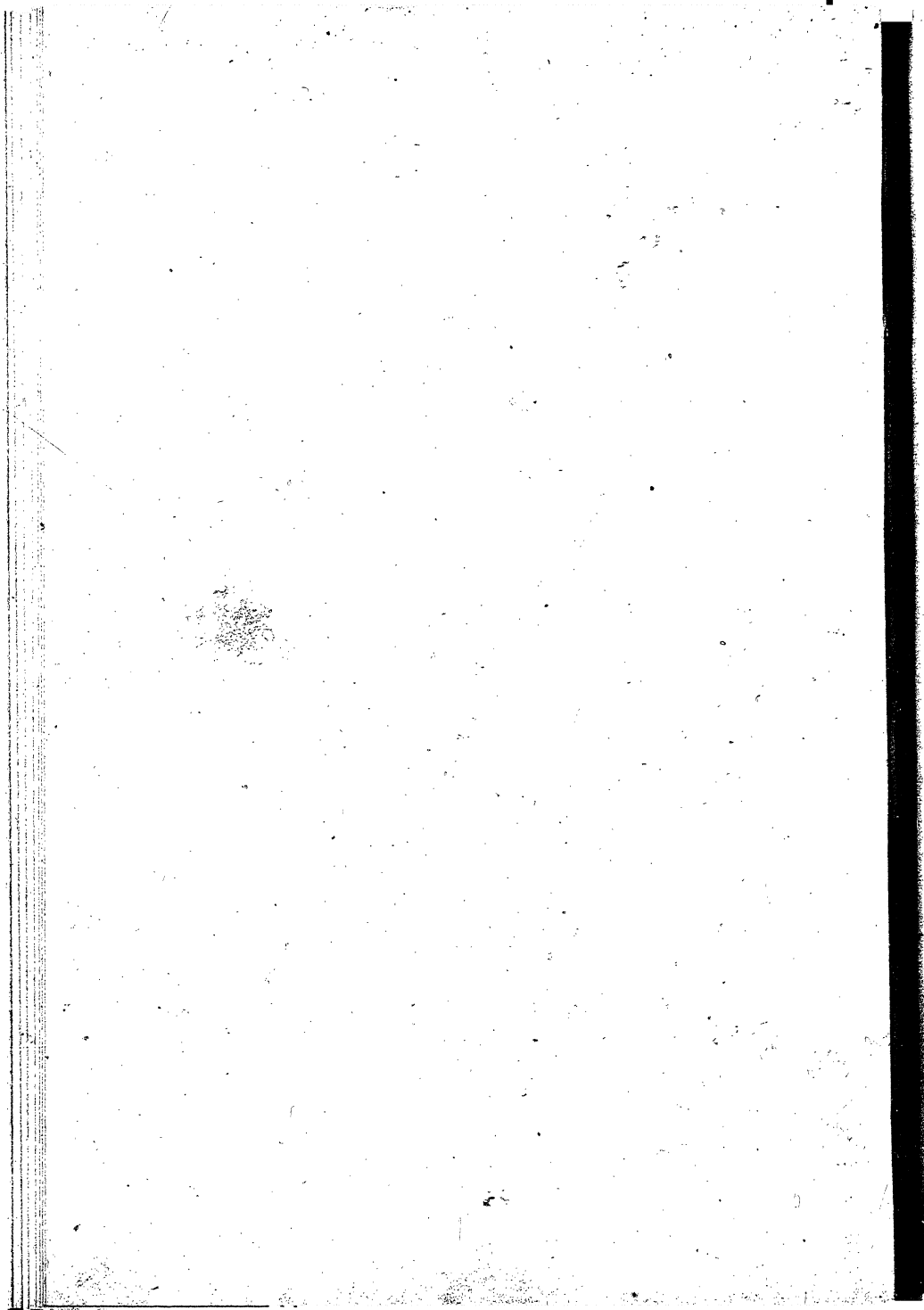


A TALE OF THE SEA.

From his flushed and flabby cheek,  
But he stoop'd his head to miss it,  
And he would not deign to speak.

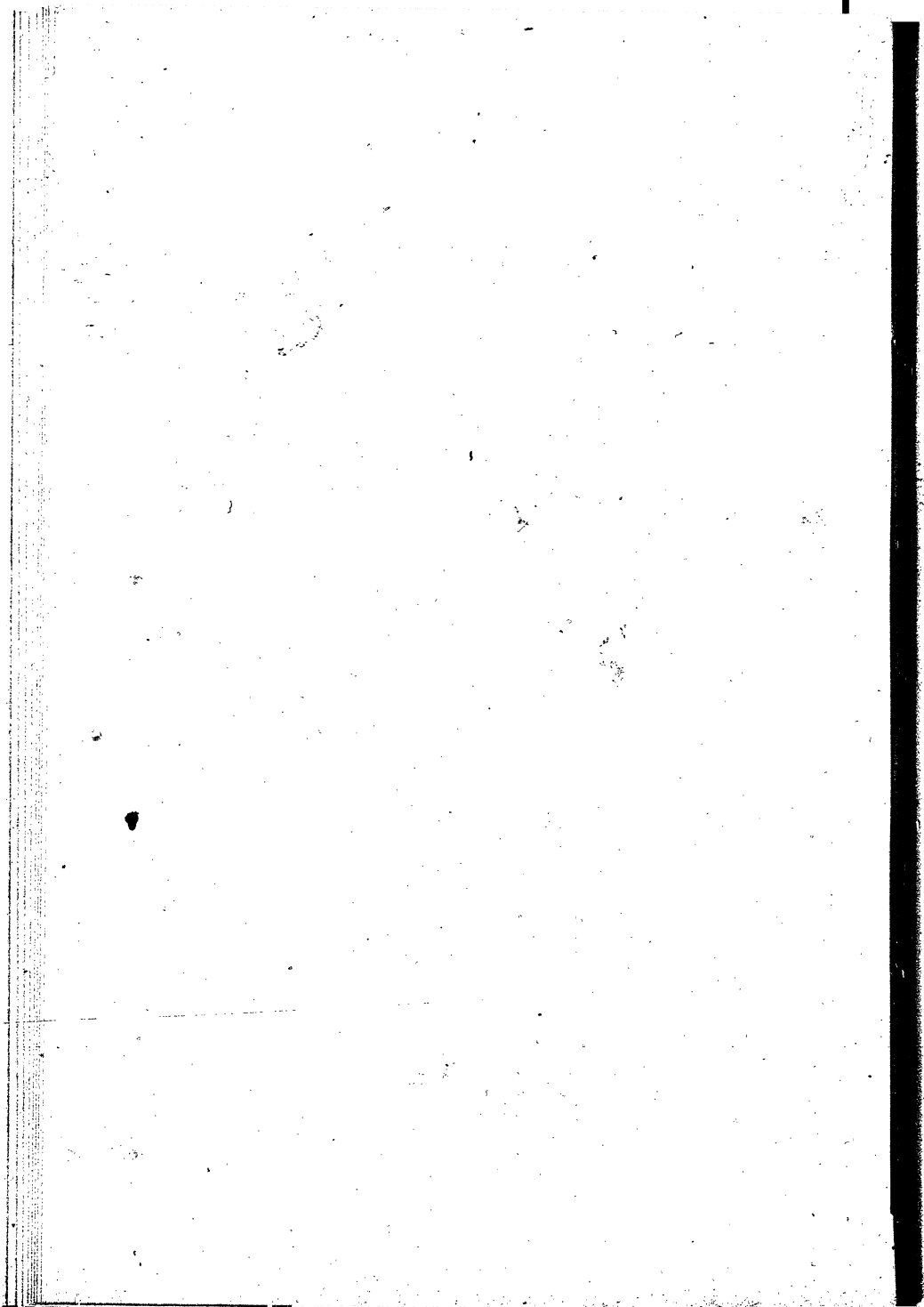


Now William's opinions on sailors, 'tis true,  
Were very much chang'd by his subsequent view ;



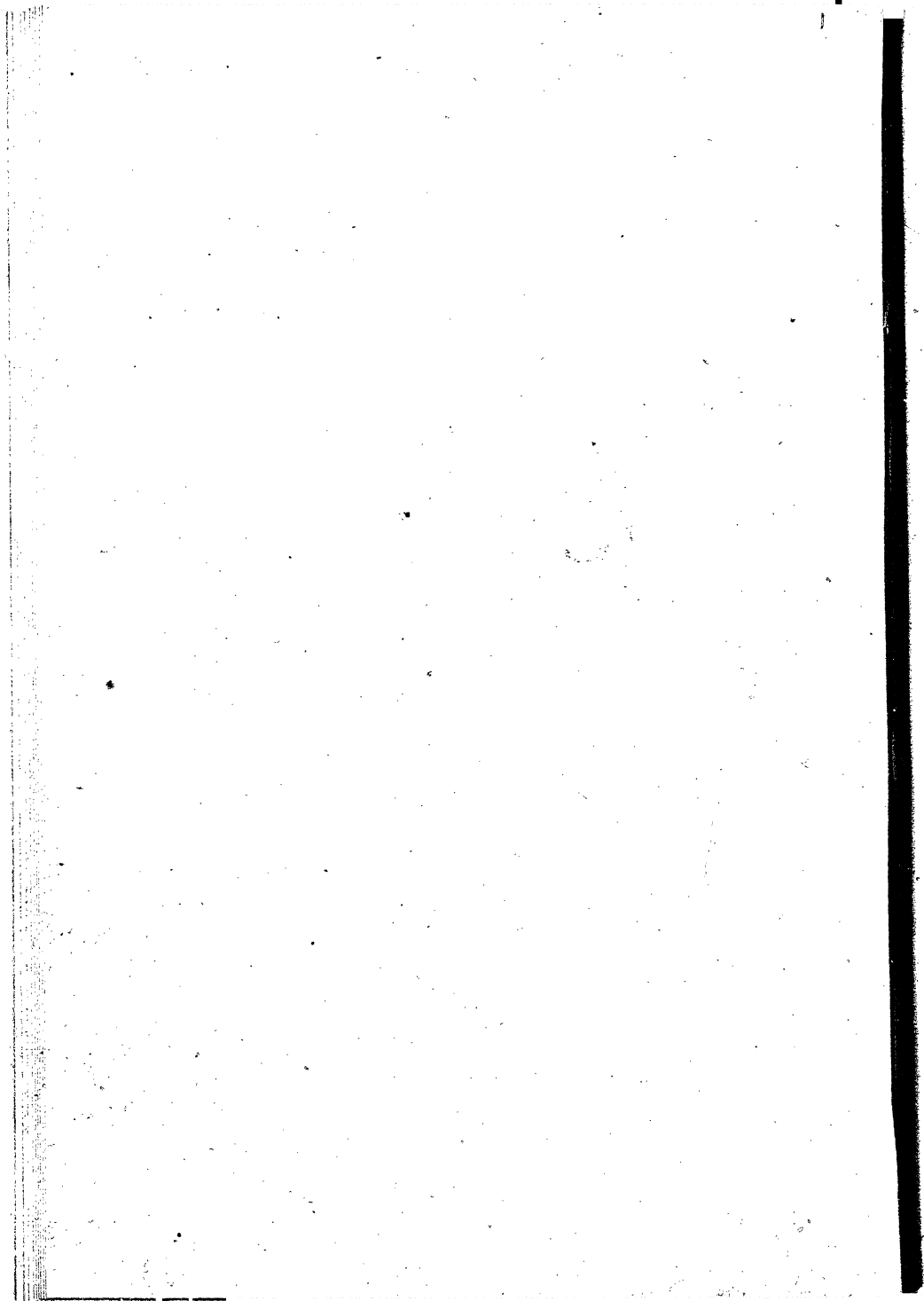
A TALE OF THE SEA.

He'd seen sailors on shore, and out on the spree,  
With pants loose at bottom, and tight at the knee,  
Hiring cabs for the nonce, and behaving so funny,  
And otherwise foolishly spending their money.  
He had seen, at the theatre, a tar raise a racket,  
With lots of white tape on the seams of his jacket,  
With very white "ducks,"—aye, as white as a sheet;  
With very tight shoes, upon very small feet,  
Calling landsmen "Land Lubbers," and "Swabs," and all  
that,  
Making love in sea terms, and cutting it fat,  
With a beauty made up of carmine and vermilion,  
In a movable cottage, or pasteboard pavilion,  
Where he bade her "heave too!" and "haul taut" and  
"belay,"  
With other sea jargon quite out of the way,  
Which the audience cheer'd, and accepted with glee,  
As 'twas novel, *recherché*, and smelt of the sea.  
So William resolved that, by hook or by crook,  
He'd come home to the stage, like the late Mr. Cook  
Who play'd at the Surrey in London, so fine,  
And all others outshone in the maritime line.  
Then he had been an actor himself, in a form,  
As a sixpenny wave in a canvas-made storm;



A TALE OF THE SEA.

And he prided himself on his acting as such,  
Although sacked for his rolling and pitching too much.  
So he put on a lot of theatrical airs,  
And was dancing a jig when the crew were at prayers.  
Now the captain, a pious and excellent man,  
To punish the sinner invented a plan;  
He looked on the act as a sin and a folly,  
But he could not rope's-end him, the boy was so jolly;  
He might even himself have done worse in his day,  
For, though pious, he still was a wag, in his way,  
Believing religion was never designed  
To banish all innocent joy from the mind.  
So at last he determined the boatswain to ask  
To have Billy confined in an old water-cask;  
Which was done when the barrel was cleared of its dirt.  
He was fed through the bung-hole, by means of a squirt.  
As the boatswain look'd on, 'twixt a squint and a leer,  
He said, " William, I think this imprisonment queer;  
I'm in trouble, and really it makes me repine,  
To see you shut up like our junk in the brine;  
To see a smart youth, though erratic and fickle,  
Confined in a cask, like a herring in pickle.  
The crew are in trouble, to see a bright boy  
Deprived of his freedom, for dancing with joy.



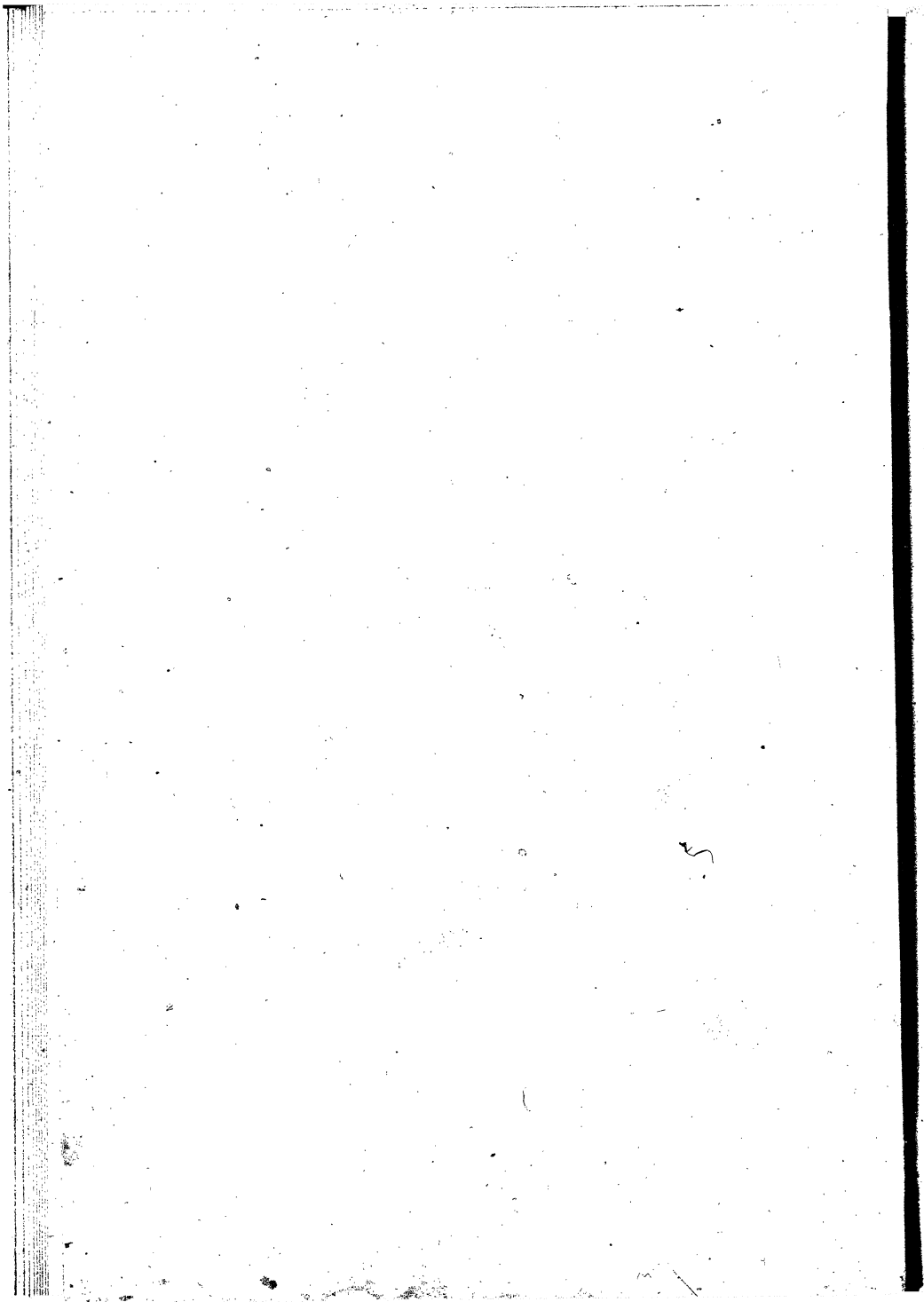


A TALE OF THE SEA.

The captain's in trouble, for being a barbarian,  
Not at all as a man,—as a disciplinarian.  
The clouds are in trouble, you see how they fly ;

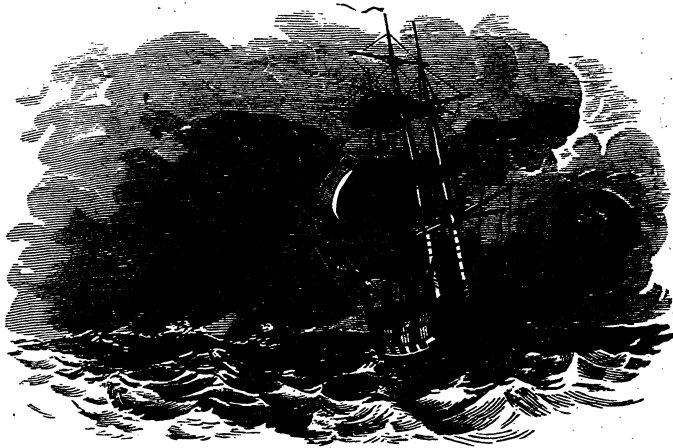


It rains,"—then said Bill, "They're beginning to cry."  
Then up the companion the rough skipper came,  
Captain Titmouse, the captain's euphonious name,

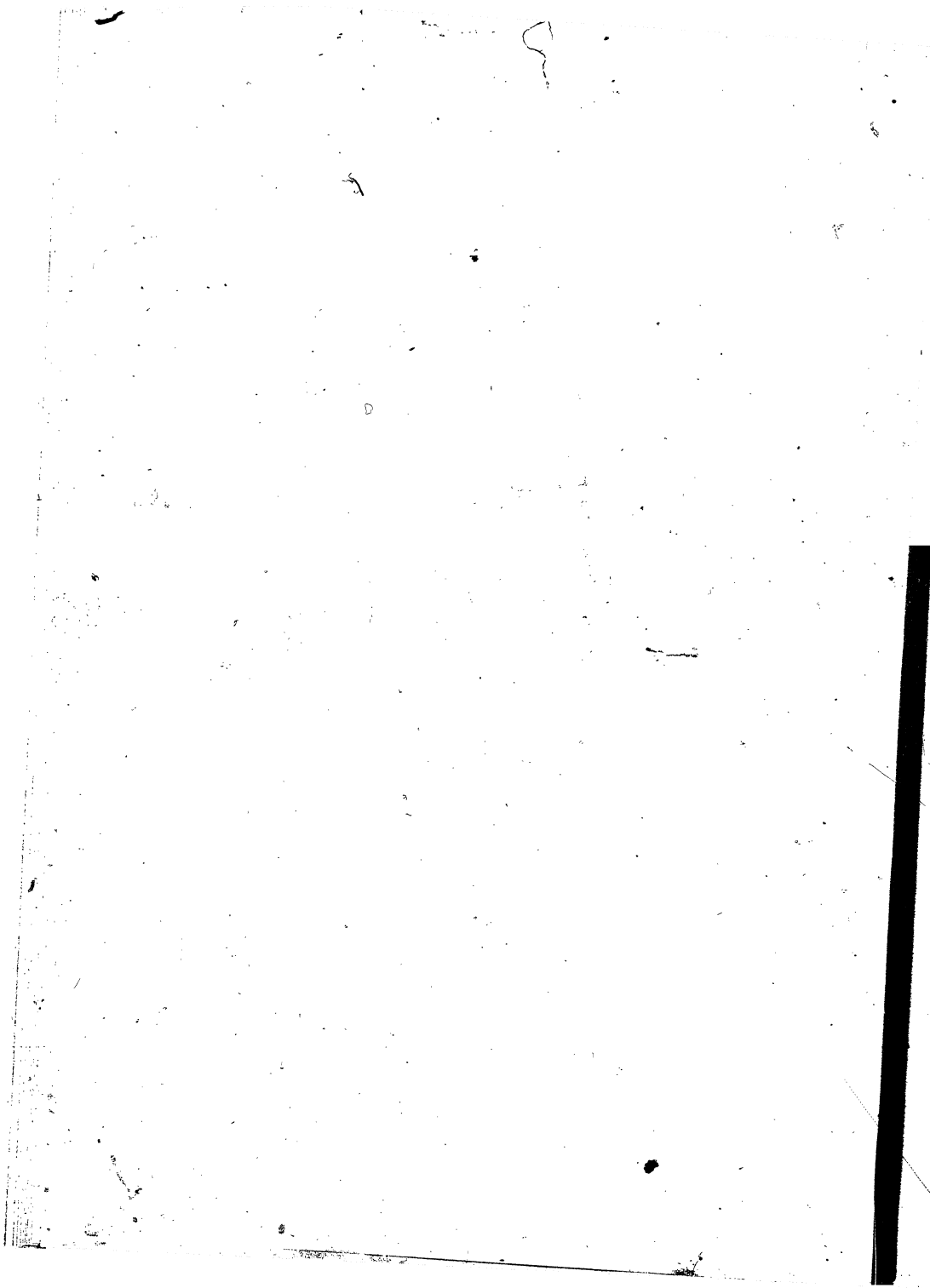


A TALE OF THE SEA.

And he said,—“Now, my hearties, be up and be doing,  
There's a storm in the offing ; Old Neptune is brewing ;  
I perceive by the yeast on our starboard rail,  
There's a hurricane coming, let's shorten sail.  
The clouds are surcharg'd, and the atmosphere thickens,  
There s commotion 'mongst Old Mother Cary's chickens.”



Then scarce had the order a moment been given,  
When from tremulous spars the new canvas was riven,  
And a wave cleared the deck of the vessel,—and she  
Like one half “ seas over ” rolled about in the sea.

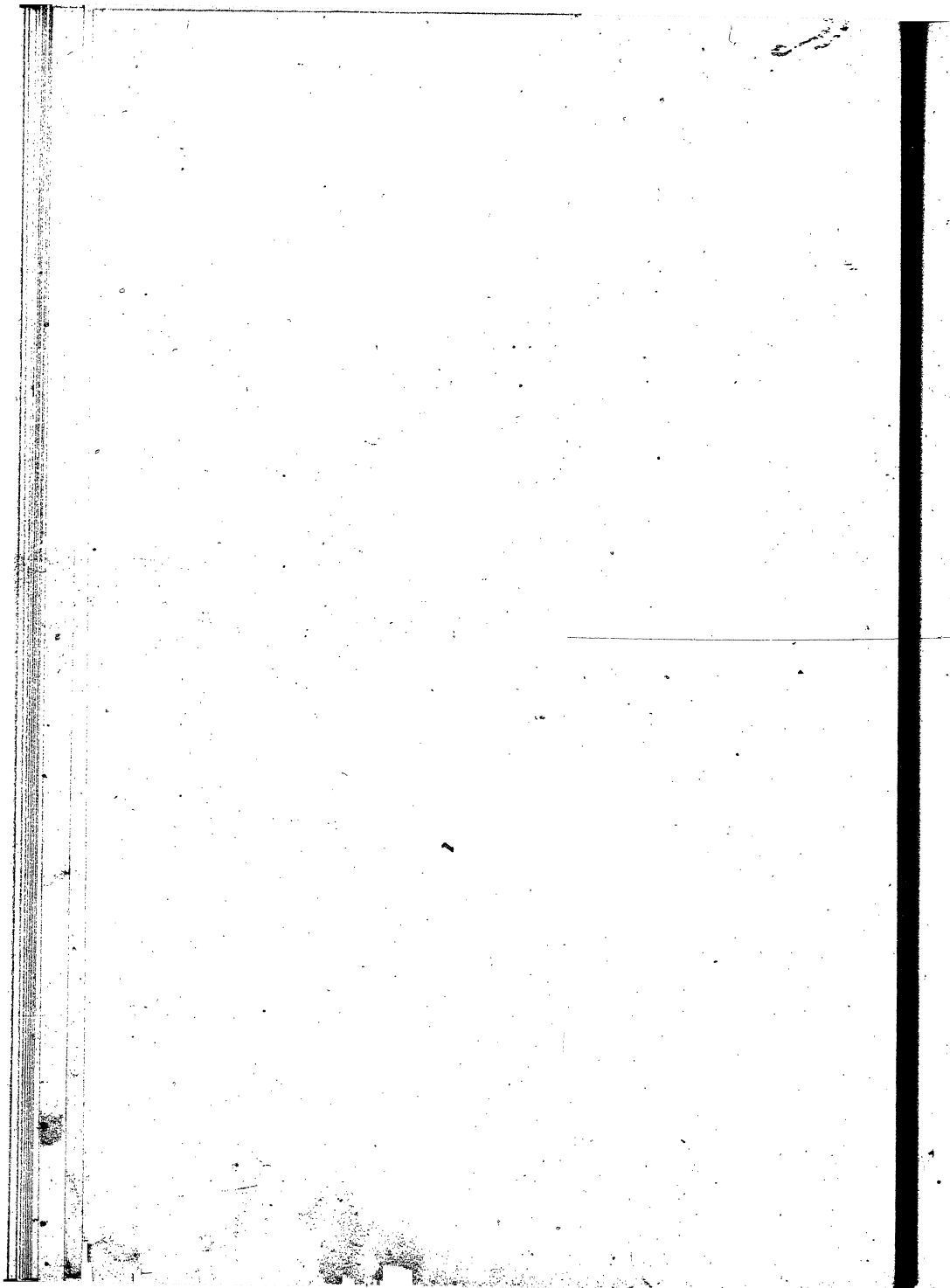


A TALE OF THE SEA.

Then a shriek was heard, and the boatswain roar'd

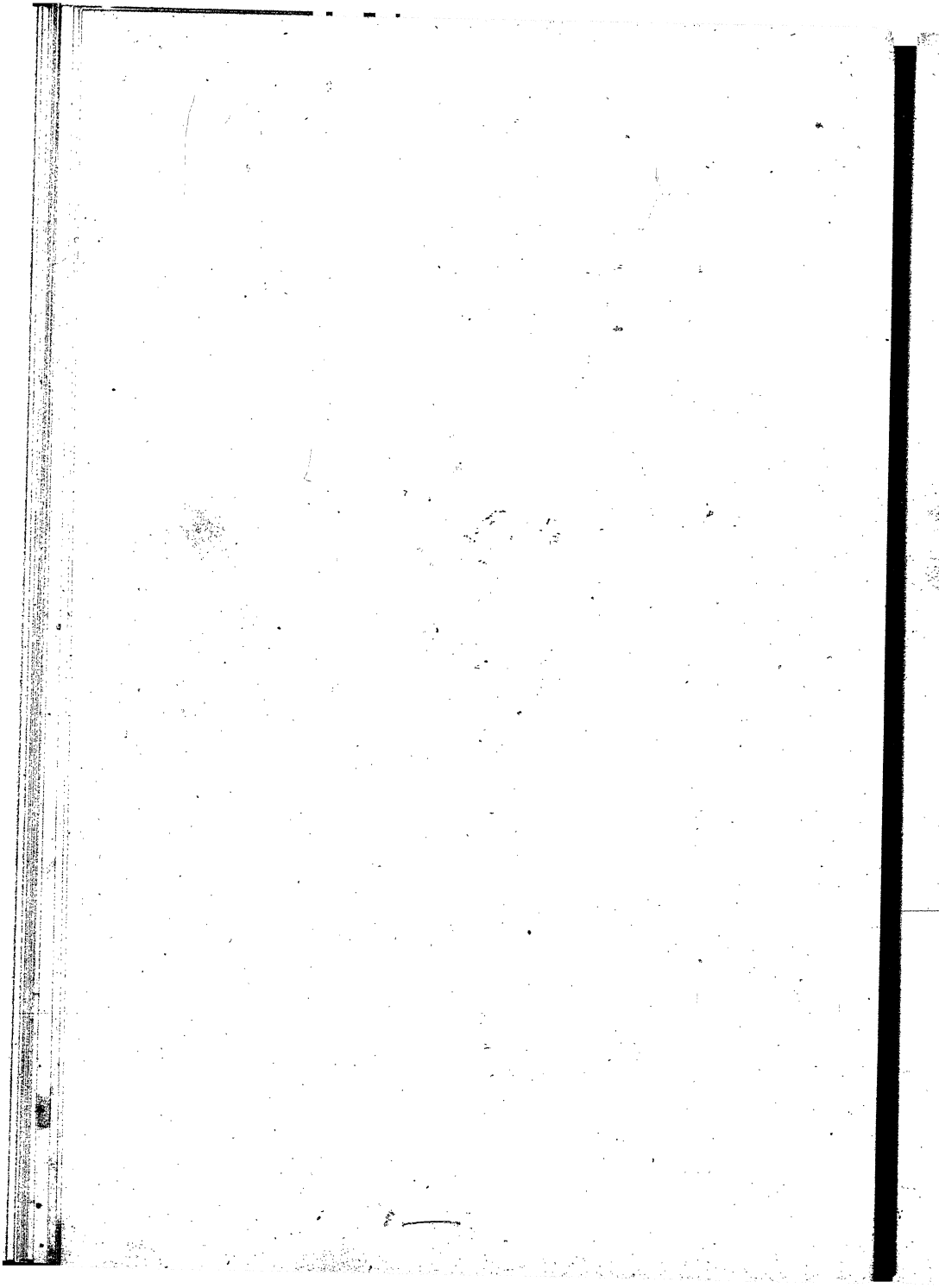


“There’s Bill and the tub gone overboard!”



A TALE OF THE SEA.

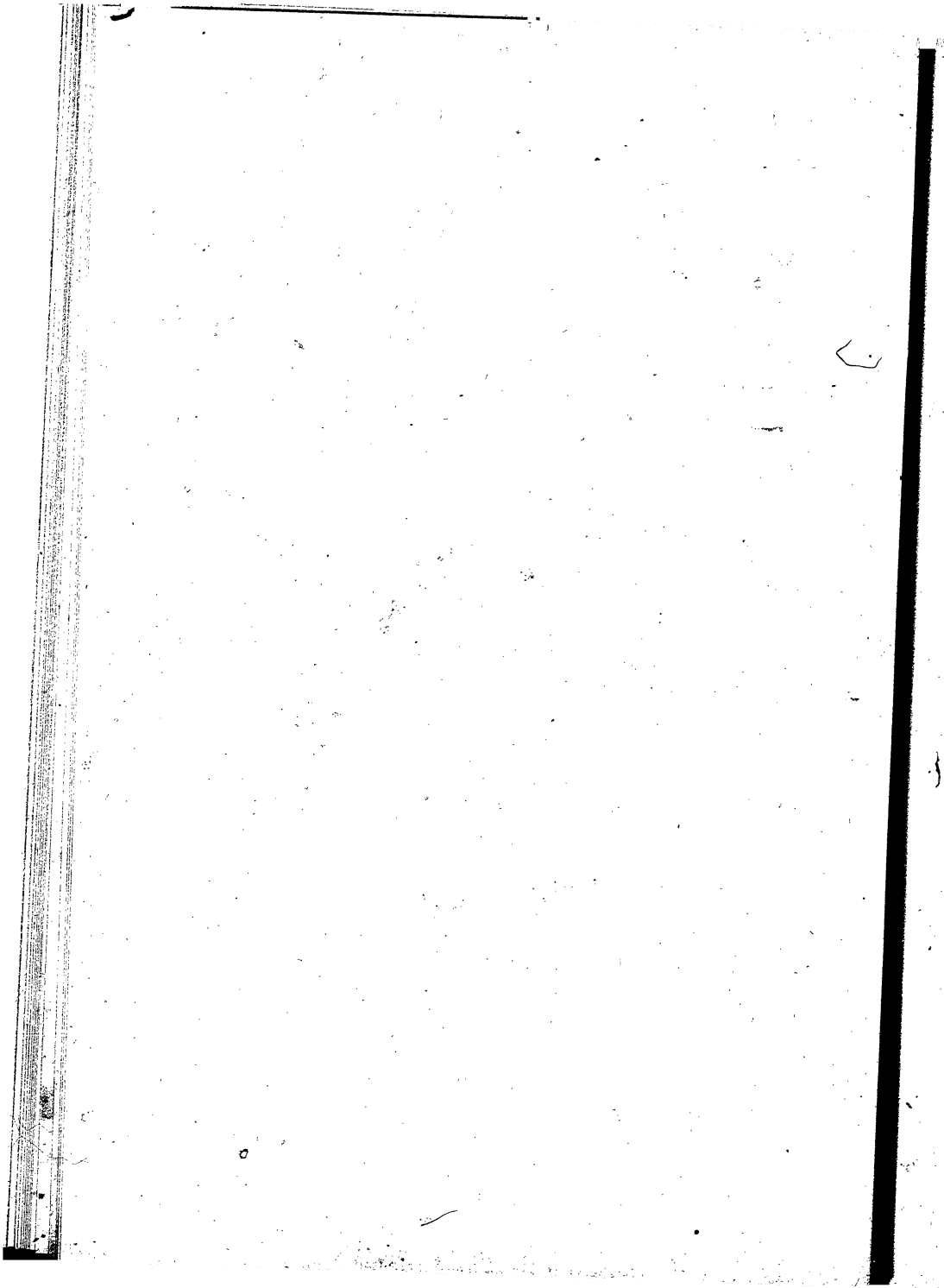
The shout and the shriek made the captain quail ;  
“ That tub ”, said the mate, “ sure has gone to the whale.”  
Though Bill’s chances were slim, his heart’s fortitude grew,  
While his castles of air were receding from view,  
Hope buoy’d him up that he’d yet reach the shore,  
But his buoy was like Hood’s buoy that floats at the Nore.  
And while his frail bark, like a cork on the ocean,  
Was playing the game of perpetual motion,  
By a dexterous movement, still keeping his eye  
On his one ventilator, he sighted the sky ;  
And his hand so elastic, so limber and young,  
Just fitted the orifice made for the bung,  
Which he used for a stopper, with exquisite care ;  
And he breathed through his fingers at intervals rare.  
Thus he traversed in safety the untrodden path,  
Till Boreas had ceased to exhibit his wrath ;  
And he offered a prayer, it was heartfelt and true,  
To Him who alone could the ocean subdue ;  
And he promised repentance, and vowed to reform,  
As men often do when they’re caught in a storm ;  
But was roused from his prayer by a ravenous shark,  
Who came to survey the contents of the ark ;  
And he licked his lips with a relish so sweet,  
As if he had said, “ let us look at the meat ;”





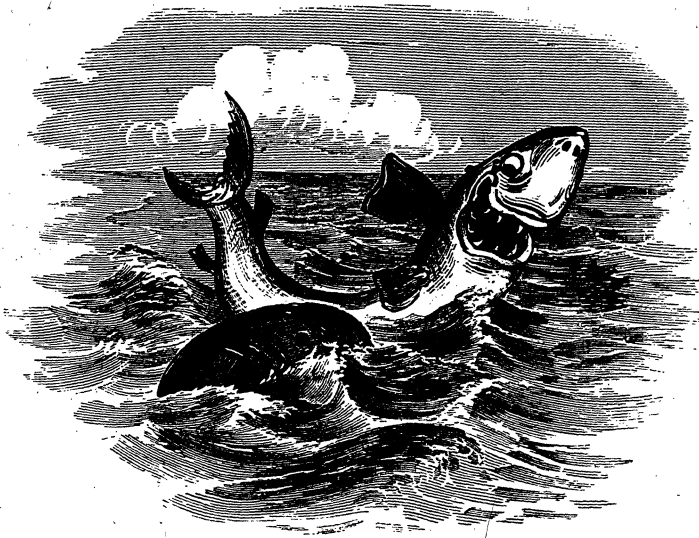
A TALE OF THE SEA.

And close to the bung-hole he placed his eye,  
And he gazed upon William provokingly sly ;  
When William, who thought that his life he might win  
From the shark, with his fore-finger tickled his fin,  
And the shark 'gan to smile, he was feeling so good  
That he almost forgot he was looking for food ;  
And he did not at all feel inclined to bite,  
For he was so tickled, he laugh'd outright ;  
And he wriggled about in a whimsical way,  
As if he would fain have said, " William, good day :  
You are really so funny upon the hole, (whole)  
'Twould be cruel to eat you, upon my soul.  
With a slap of my tail I could stave the tub,  
But I fear I could not resist the grub."  
He did not say this, but there's no doubt he would  
Have spoken in this wise,—that is, if he could.  
With a satisfied smile, he frolick'd so gaily,  
Which showed him a fish that was not very scaly.  
When he saw Bill's condition, he paused and relented,  
To prove that a shark's not so bad as he's painted ;  
And that even a fish, whose instincts incline  
To a human repast, may be had in a line.  
And the shark view'd the tub, as he sail'd through the brine  
As a drunkard oft looks at a tavern sign.



A TALE OF THE SEA.

But Bill fear'd, as he thought of the shark's constitution,  
That he yet might return just to "treat resolution."  
And he said, as he took his last look of the shark,  
"I wish I lay snug in some gentleman's park."

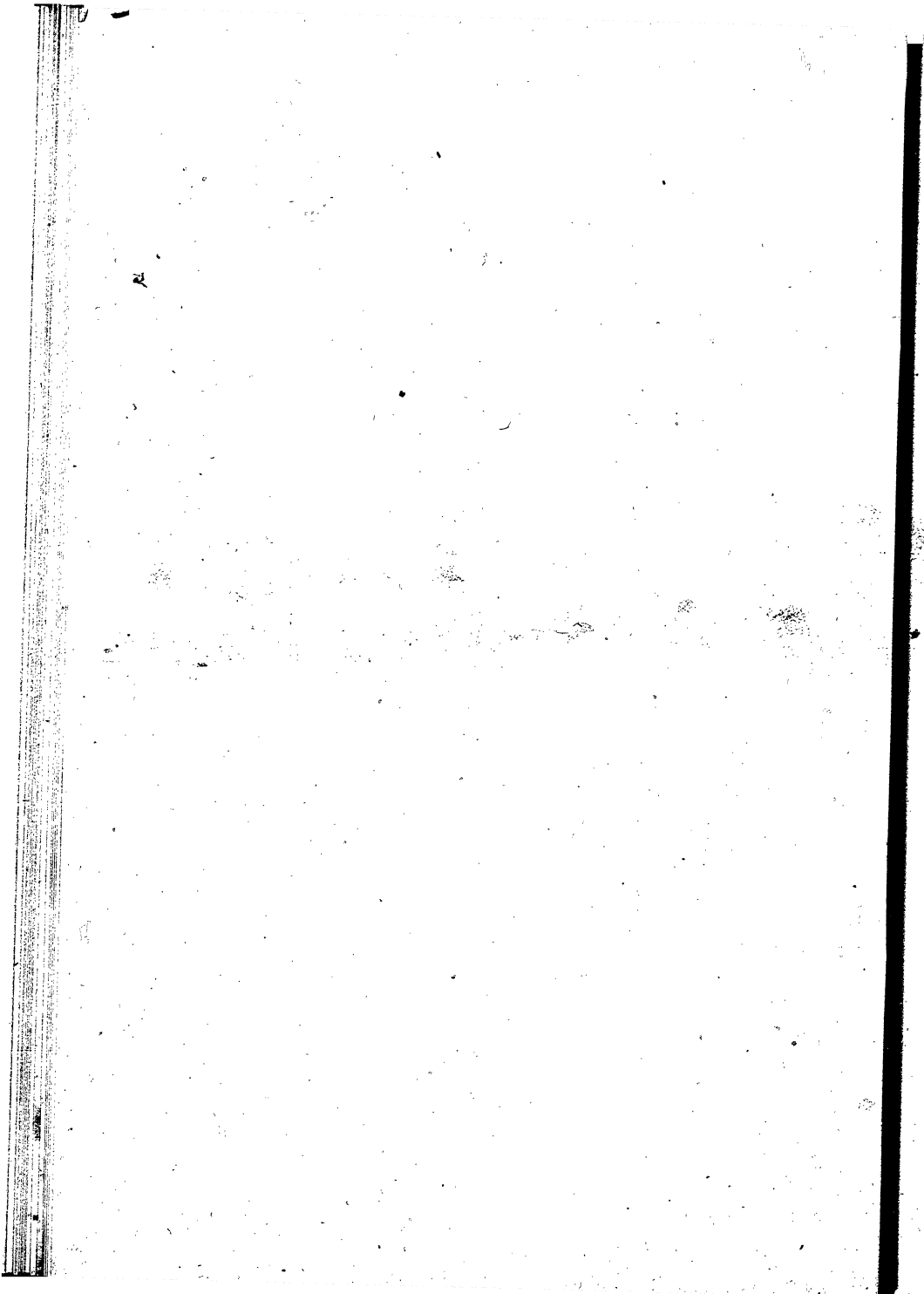


Now the billows were still, and likewise the breeze,  
And the moon shone aloft like a factory cheese,  
With a transparent rind all of burnished glass,  
Illumined with jets of invisible gas.

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A TALE OF THE SEA.

He was peckish, the voyage had his appetite whetted,  
But a voice seemed to say, "don't you wish you may get it!"  
There was plenty of water, but not any food ;  
And the water was rather too salt to be good.  
Besides, it was not the sea salt he required ;  
The " salt of the earth," was what William desired.  
And he wish'd that some fish of a kind disposition,  
Would assist him in this his forlorn condition.  
He somewhere had read of that fabulous story,—  
A story so old that it's time it were hoary—  
But the narrative told him in language so plain,  
That dolphins at times had been very humane ;  
That this fish on occasions was very officious  
In seconding shipwrecked mariners' wishes.  
And he wished they their goodness and prowess would tax,  
By taking him in to the shore on their backs ;  
But none of these very kind fishes came nigh,  
Perhaps they had some other fishes to fry.  
And he hoped against hope, like a jolly young brick,  
But alas ! hope deferred made the mariner sick,—  
For using the term " brick" I own to a pang  
For I borrow'd the word from the language of slang ;  
And against all such vulgar admissions I've striven,  
So I hope by my readers I may be forgiven,

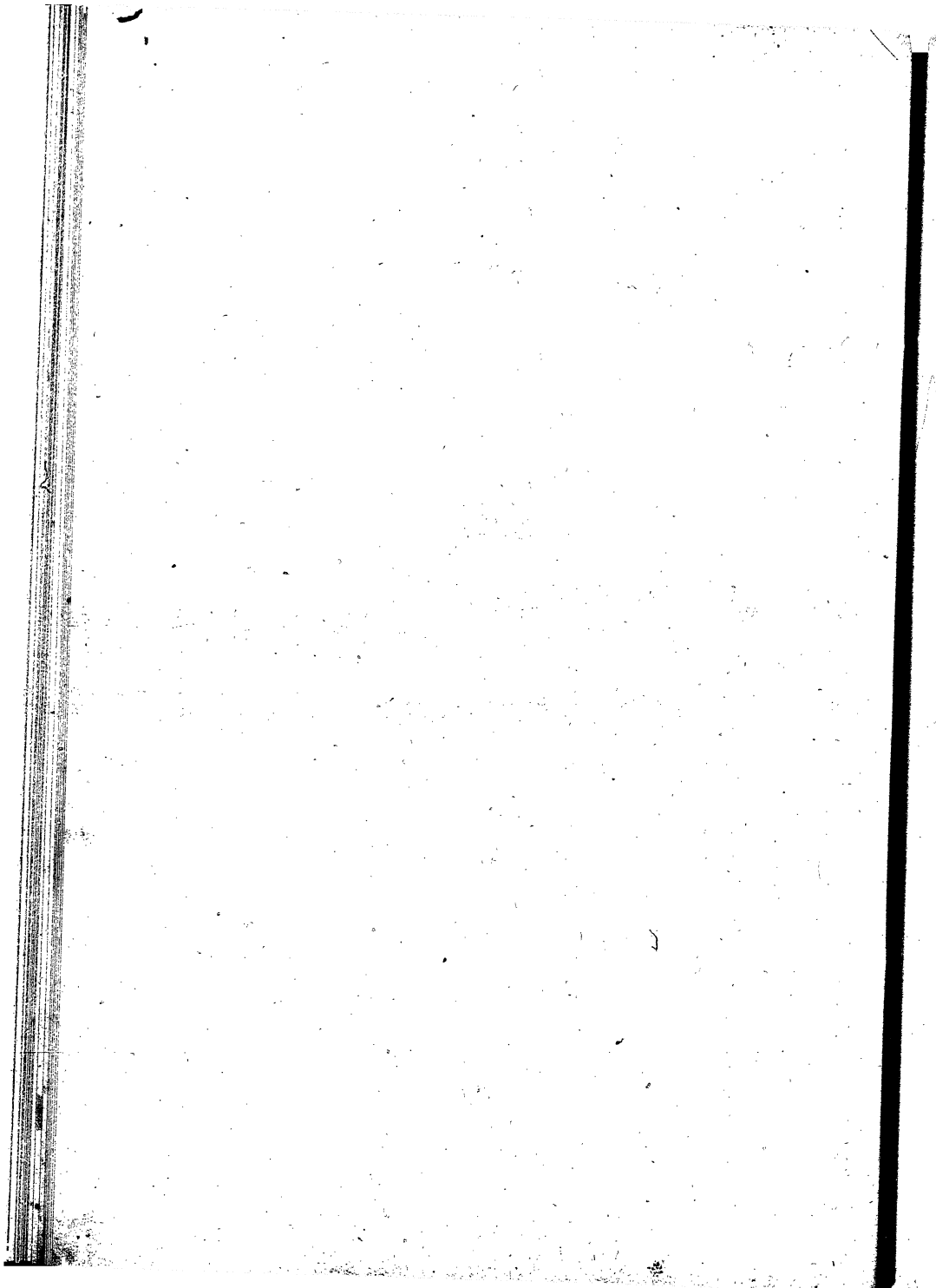


A TALE OF THE SEA.

As they've known others flounder in flights more sublime,  
For want of a figure to piece out the rhyme.  
With the blush of the rose on his cheek, fresh and young,



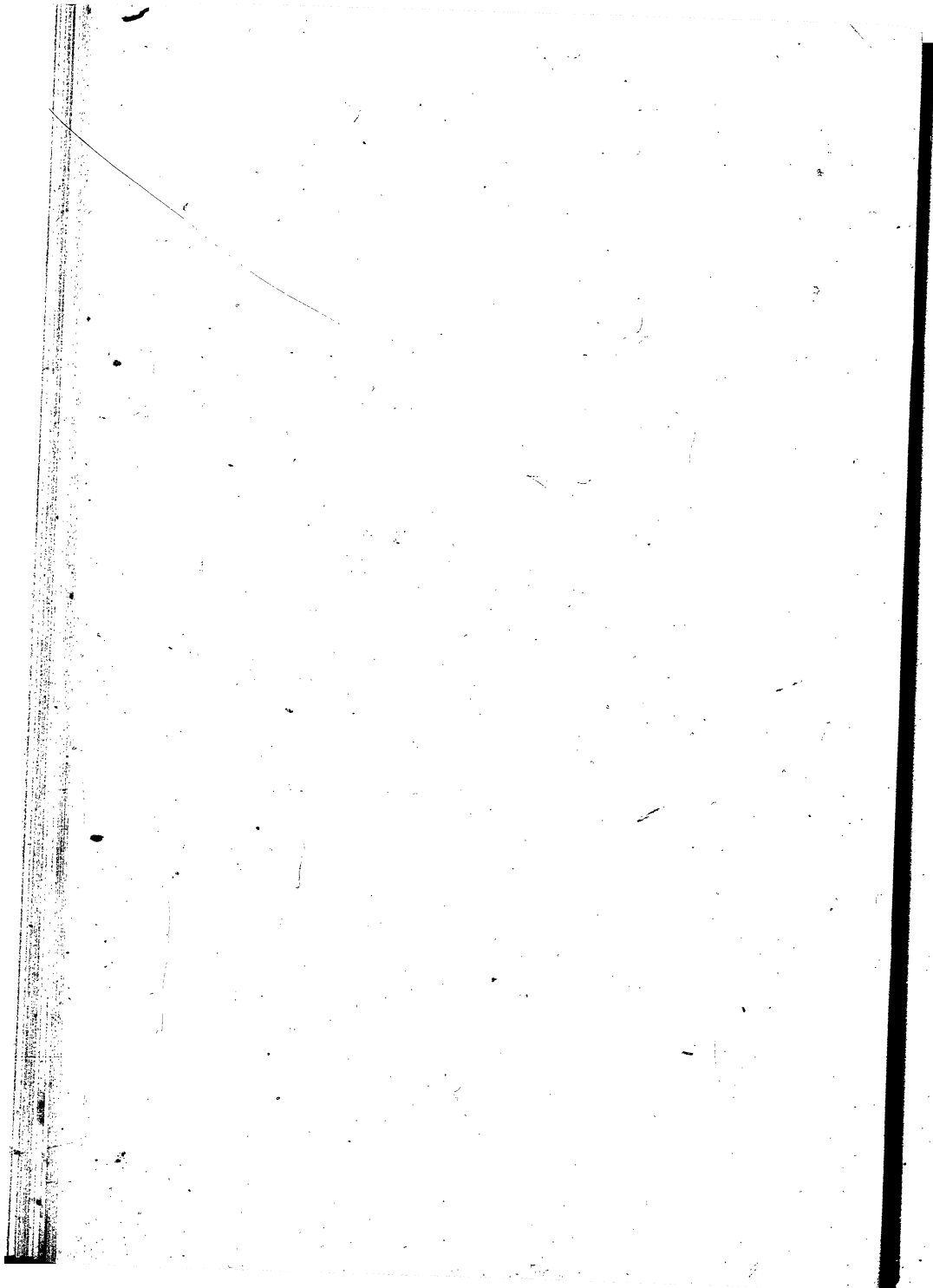
While the moonbeams were playing bo-peep through the bung-  
Hole, on a form young and fair, as he lay  
A study for sculptors, of genuine clay,—





A TALE OF THE SEA.

As he lay in his prison alone, and so lonely,  
The features were chiselled by God, and Him only ;  
And fresh from the Author of everything grand,  
The clay was original, not second-hand.  
There was juvenile beauty enough to delight  
The lady of any Canadian knight ;  
And her lord, if he had but an eye for the beautiful,  
And to youth in distress had a mind to be dutiful  
And to earn his spurs, had been put to his shifts;  
But our knightships are simply political gifts.  
But he wished, and he ventured to whisper a prayer,  
For his mother's once loving, and tenderest care,  
With the voice of an angel, to sing him to sleep,  
As fainting he lay on the fathomless deep.  
E'en the tempest suspended its power to destroy,  
For the elements felt for the fatherless boy ;  
And the stars whispered love, from their home in the sky.  
And the waves round his tub sang a soft lullaby ;  
And the surge soothed the embryo sailor to rest,  
Like a sport-wearied child, on its fond mother's breast,—  
I'm trying the sublime in this theme I'm pursuing,  
It's finer than I'm in the habit of doing ;  
It may introduce me to higher connections  
In a second edition of " Dewart's Selections ;"

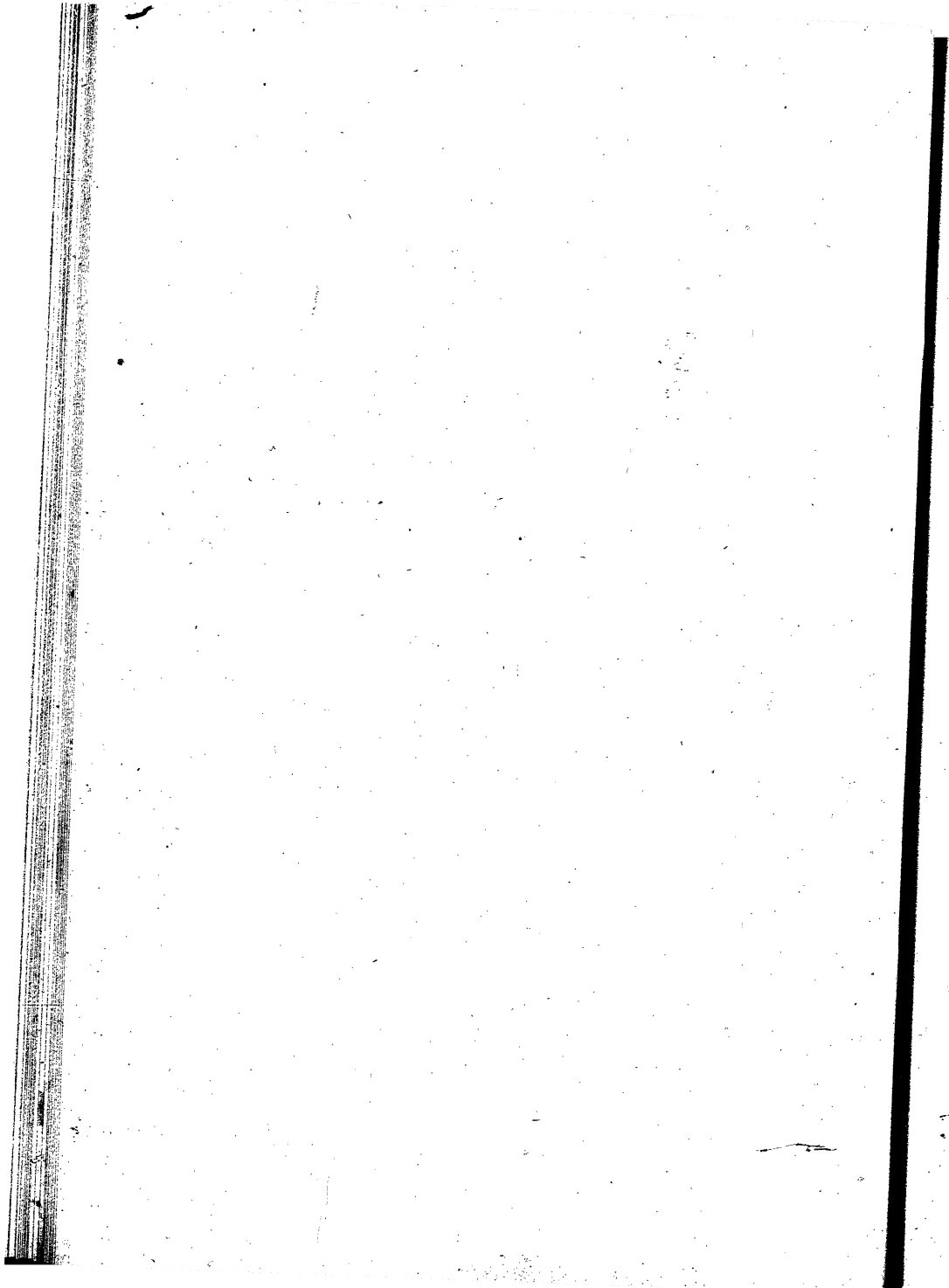


A TALE OF THE SEA.

When he shows his subscribers, by specimens true,  
All the wonders Canadian poets can do.  
In his very next volume he'll give me a nook,  
If I'll only consent to subscribe for his book.  
I digress, and the fact I must own and bewail,  
For it really has nothing to do with my tale.

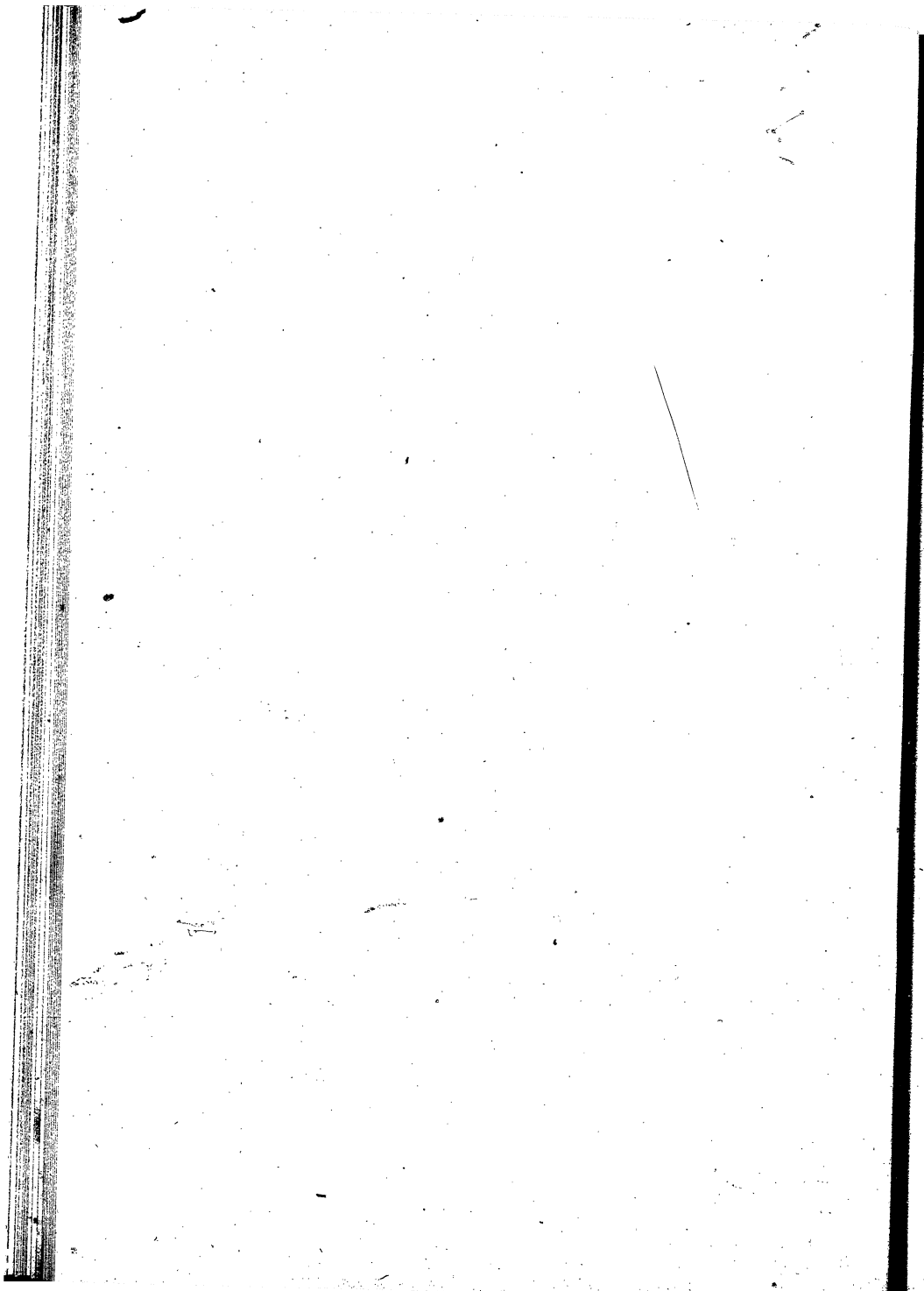


Well, our hero's asleep, and he dreams at his ease,  
Like a juvenile type of Diogenes,  
That his youthful playmates all come at his call,  
The boys that he played with in Montreal;  
And while his young limbs steep'd in slumber are resting,  
His spirit is out on the mountain bird-nesting;



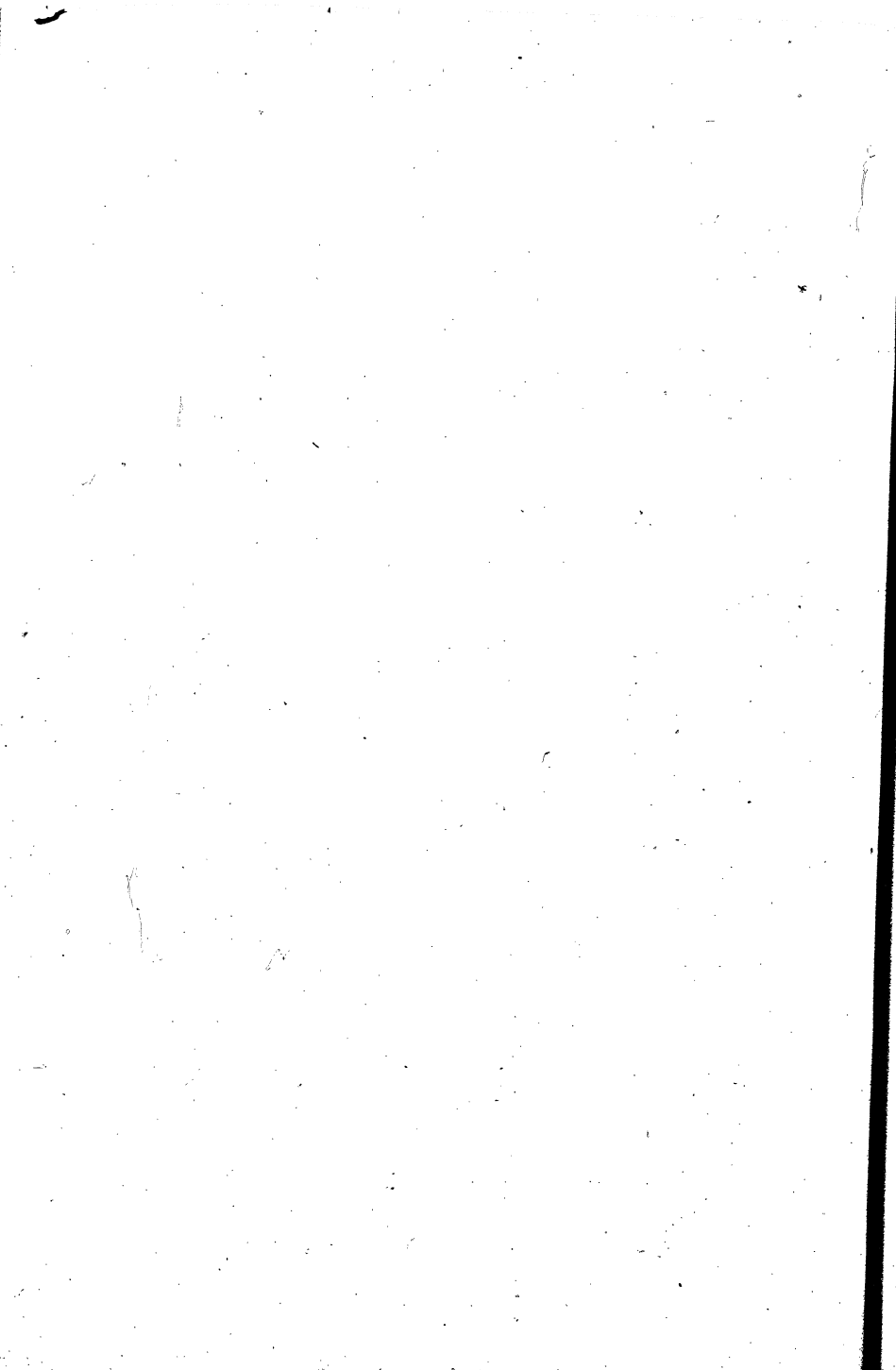
A TALE OF THE SEA.

And anon in exuberant fancy he feels  
Himself in Victoria Square with the seals,  
And watching the fountains, admiring their flow,  
As he looks at the clock that refuses to go.  
And he stares on the river so broad and sublime,  
There wasn't a flood or a "shove" at the time ;  
For of winter's endearments the river was clear,  
There were no "photographers" with cameras near,  
To paint with the sunbeams, these pictures so nice,  
Of the great inundations and mountains of ice,  
When the land to the water succumbs with dismay,  
And the fluid, for the time, has it all its own way,  
Intrudes into chambers, and rushes up stairs,  
And such visits they seem to think pleasant affairs,  
And they send home the "photo's" to let their friends know,  
That it's pleasant to live amidst water and snow,  
Though it leaves a miasma to nourish disease ;  
Through the freaks of those Upper Canadian seas,  
Where a man may see billows in threatening commotion,  
And be shipwreck'd a long way removed from the ocean.  
And the shore of St. Lambert loom'd out to his view,  
While his mother embraced him so tenderly true,  
And his faithful dog Toby was licking his hand,—  
When his tubular vessel went bump on the strand.



A TALE OF THE SEA.

Then he bawl'd through the bung-hole with terrible shout  
Like that starling of Sterne's, "O! I cannot get out."  
But no one came near him to set him at large;  
There was no gentle Haidee to take him in charge,  
And e'en had there been such an angelic creature,  
Of his face she could scarce have distinguish a feature,  
Or have told as he thus lay concealed from her view,  
If his eyes were of hazel, of black, or of blue;  
Nor yet, as he lay in the darkness immersed,  
If his nose were a Roman, or Roman reversed.  
But one thing she could tell without trying to guess,  
That the sound from the tub was a wail of distress,  
To rouse all her feminine instincts to duty,  
And pity, and love, irrespective of beauty;  
For woman a ministering angel was born,  
To succour the lonely, distressed and forlorn;  
She for this was designed by Heaven and the Fates,  
And was always on hand in that war in the States.  
But there, I must own, 'tis a humble confession,  
I have strayed from my subject by this brief digression,  
Which some may object to as all out of season,  
And not at all welcome in rhyme or in reason.  
Well, our hero was puzzled, and sadly perplex'd  
To think of the plan he should fall upon next;





A TALE OF THE SEA.

So he thump'd on the tub, a regular bumper,  
There never was known a more earnest tub thumper ;  
Though such pray for release from the world and its pain,  
William prayed to return to the world once again ;  
But the "cream of the earth" so select and so precious,  
Stick to life and its troubles with hold as tenacious  
As sinners with nothing, in prose or in metre,  
As a recommendation to holy St. Peter.  
A truce with this jesting, in language that's plain,  
I own that such jesting seems rather profane.  
Now in William's position he saw, at a glance,  
Of existence he had not e'en the ghost of a chance,  
When a cow that was grazing in that direction,  
And chewing the cud, it might be of reflection,  
Came up to the tub in that calm, stolid way  
Peculiar to cows that go out on survey ;  
'Twas a sort of a grim philosophical leer,  
As if she had said, "how the deuce came you here ?  
It may be of some dreadful story a link ;"  
Or she might have been thirsty and wanted to drink.  
Still she walk'd round the tub pursuing her study,  
Perhaps, 'twas to see if the water was muddy.  
When a mammoth and musical bluebottle fly,  
Relentless of heart and with blood in his eye,

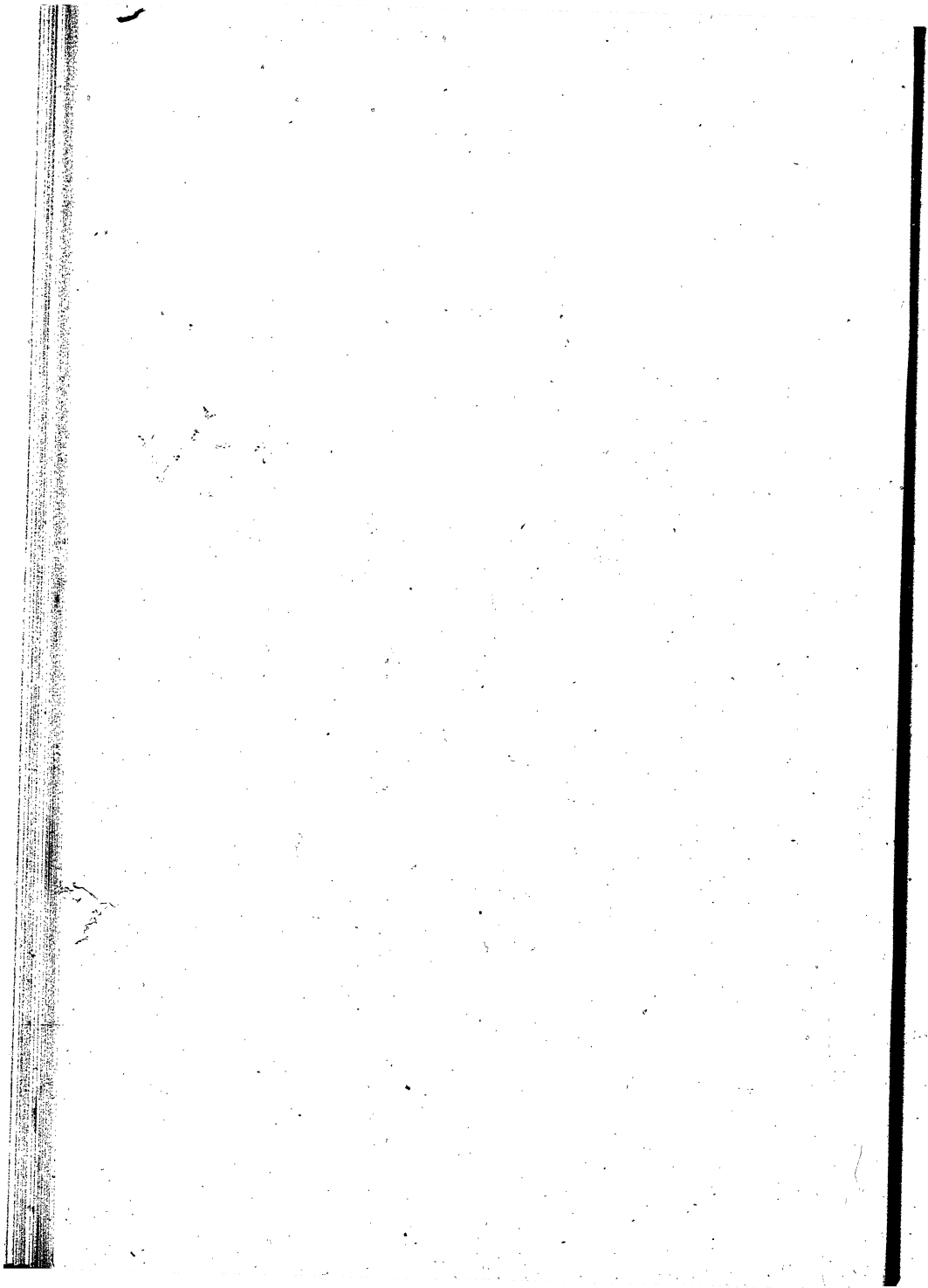


A TALE OF THE SEA.

Inserted his fangs in a delicate part  
Of the cow , and made the poor animal start  
With his rudeness, no blood-thirsty fly could be ruder,  
And she whisk'd round her tail to remove the intruder ;



When the tail on the tub, by a merciful roll,  
While returning at leisure slipped into the hole  
And was seized on by Bill, with an agonised pull  
Which made the cow feel that her tail made a bull.

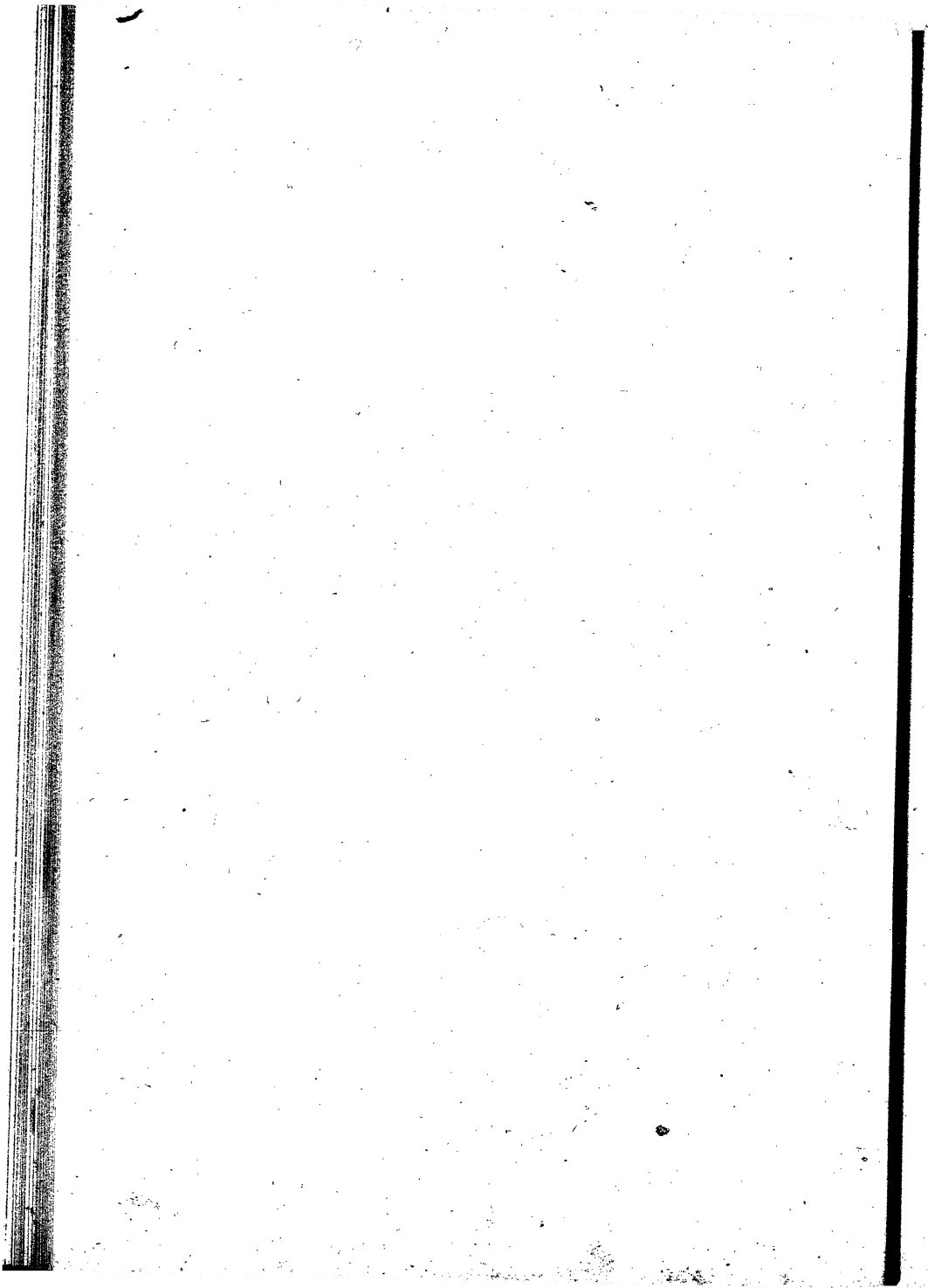


A TALE OF THE SEA.

Bill was powerful of fist,  
And strong in the wrist,  
And the cow ran away just like winking ;

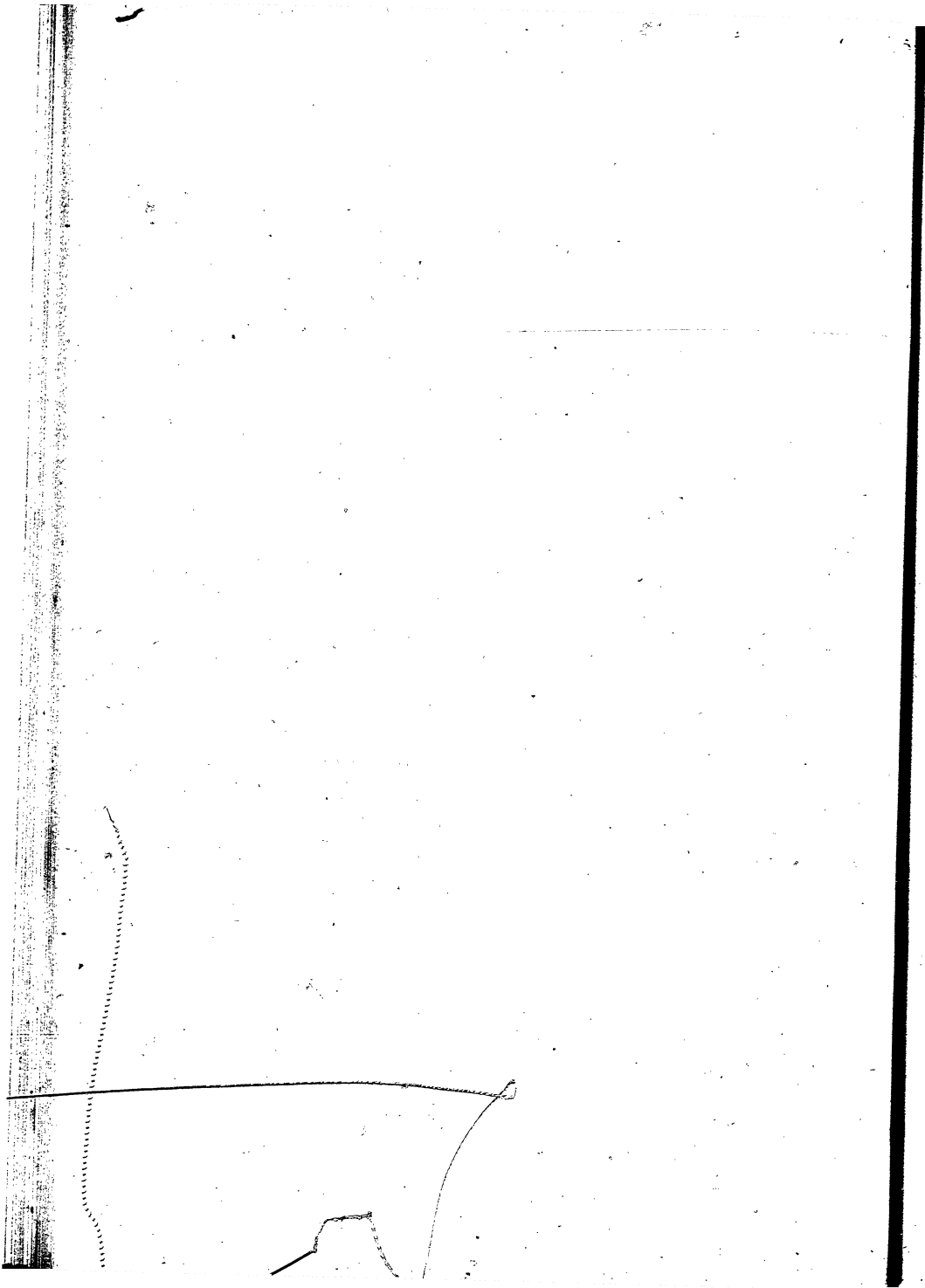


Said he, " I'm in luck  
And as blithe as a buck,  
For the cow has a master, I'm thinking."



A TALE OF THE SEA.

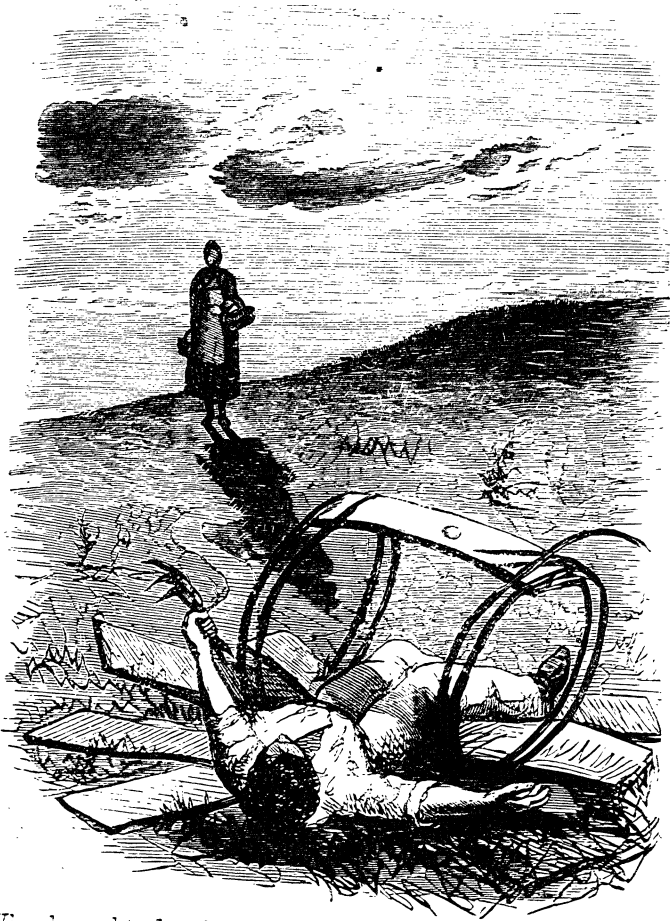
When her speed 'gan to fail,  
He then pinch'd her tail,  
And she gave all her cow-mates the double  
He knew cows, like men,  
Run home, that is when  
They get themselves deep into trouble.  
But William's courage fell,  
If the cow had far to run.  
The tail began to swell,  
And he felt himself undone.  
Hope whispered in his ear,  
To escape he could not fail ;  
He now began to fear  
Hope gave a flattering tale (tail)  
If the tail filled up the hole,  
It would stop his respiration ;  
This filled his anxious soul  
With a chilly perspiration ;  
The tub struck,—and he was sav'd,—  
Against a friendly tree ;  
With a blow the tub was stav'd  
And Bill at last was free!!!  
Like a withered spring blossom exhausted he lay,  
And enjoyed his freedom by fainting away ;



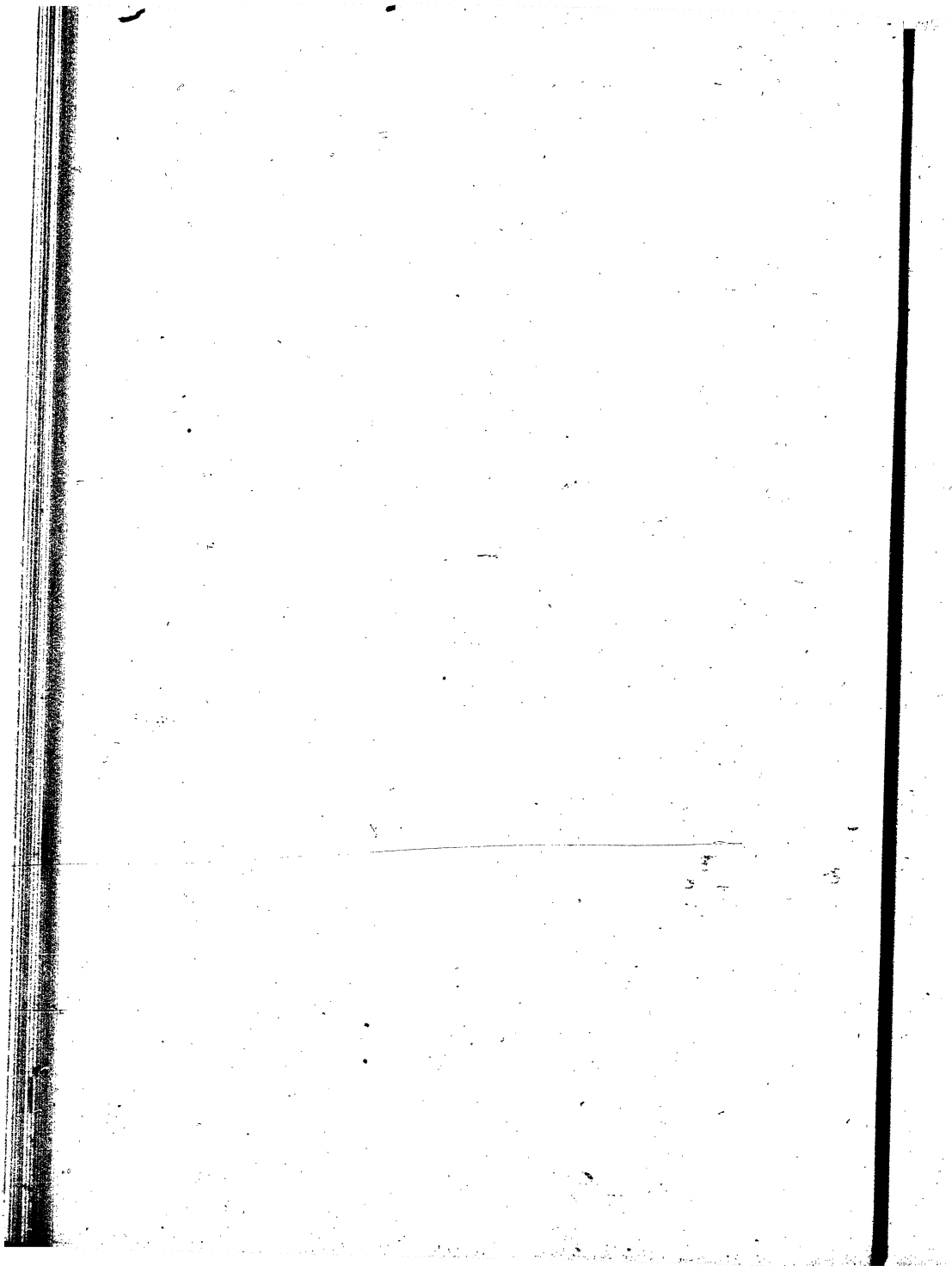


A TALE OF THE SEA.

But was roused from his swoon by a beautiful Yankee-

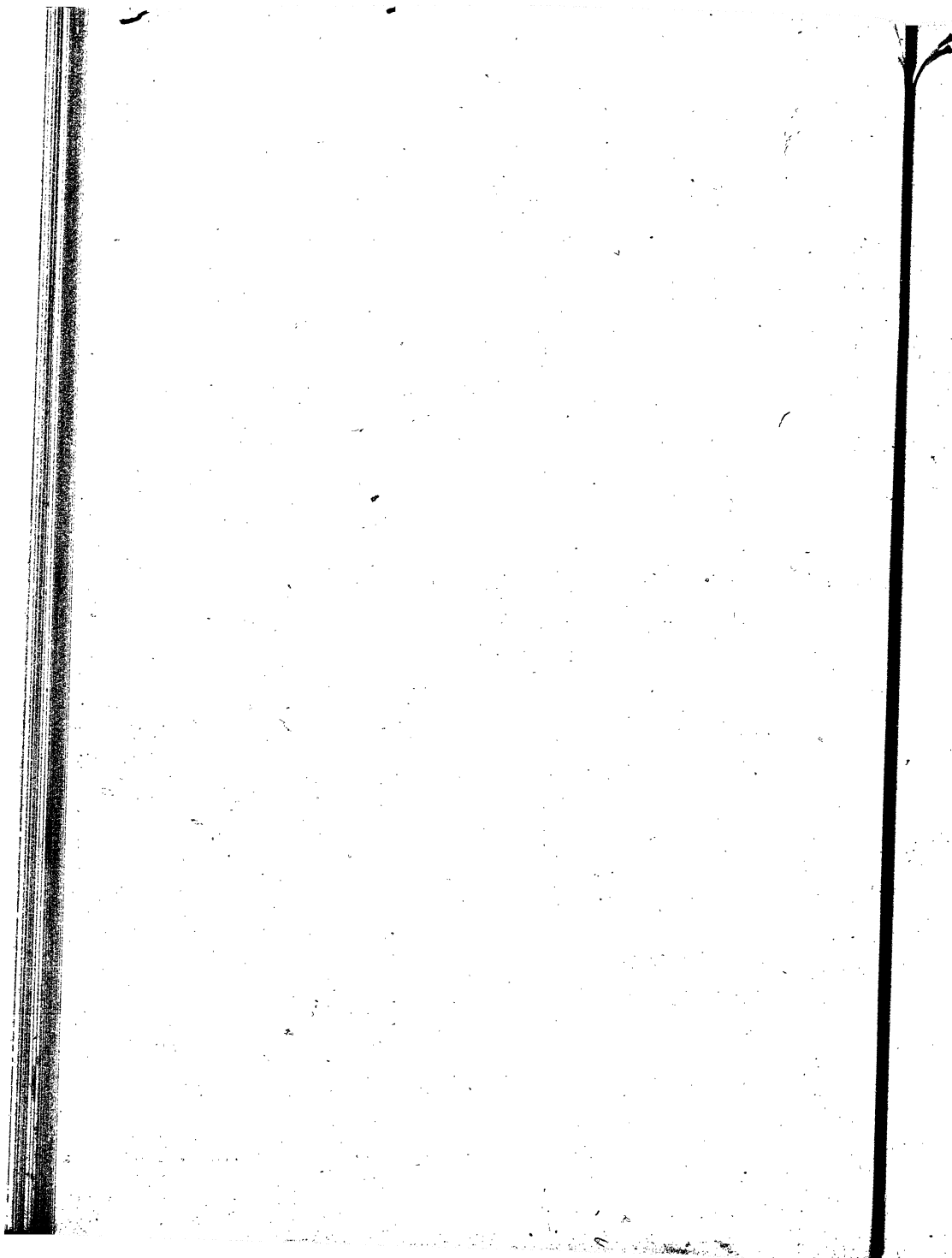


Who brought dough-nuts and tea,—it was genuine Twan-  
kay—



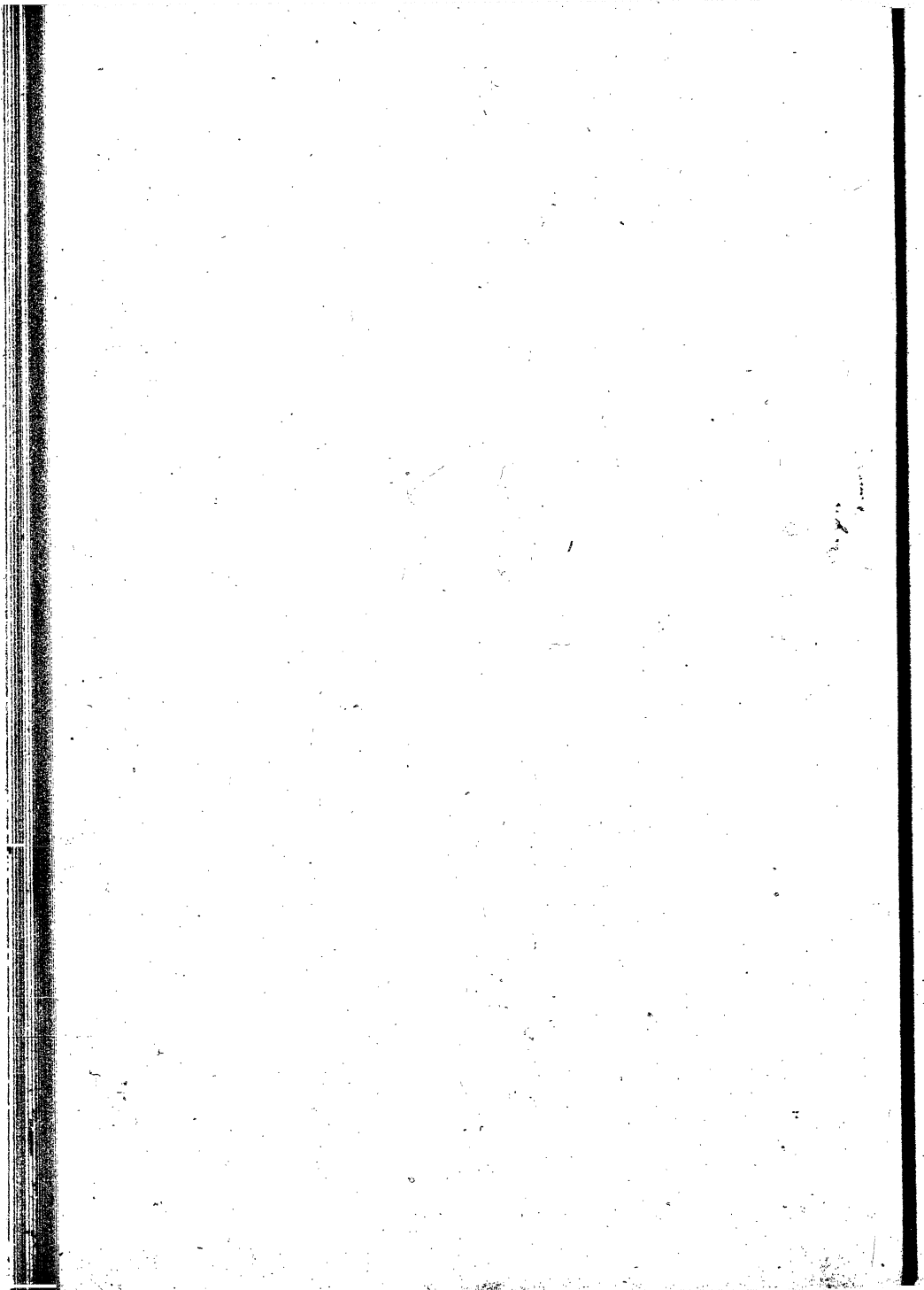
A TALE OF THE SEA.

She had bright eyes, and tresses of auburn hair :  
No painted Madonna was ever so fair ;  
And her hair hung in lustrous ringlets adown  
Her snowy white neck, and the hair was her own,  
Which I'm free to confess is a great thing to say,  
And was much to her credit at that time of day,  
And her cheek's vermilion tinct far outrival'd the rose,  
And she had a slight drawl through a classical nose.  
Ah! she was a sweet model of pure Christianity ;  
An angel of light in the garb of humanity,  
And that garb of the Saxony's best superfine,  
What her countrymen term " the real genuine." .  
Bill was charmed, and concluded, with some show of reason,  
That to her annexation could never be treason.  
As she bent her small figure with more than urbanity,  
And as William was partial to female humanity  
In brief, and not to imperial measure,  
The size of the gem added zest to his pleasure.  
The Psyches and Venuses all of us prize,  
But there's no speculation in those stony eyes.  
But this one, beyond the mere tint of the skin,  
Had harmony, peace, love and mercy within,  
As he look'd on admiring, bewildered and faint,  
It was beauty that no mortal artist could paint ;



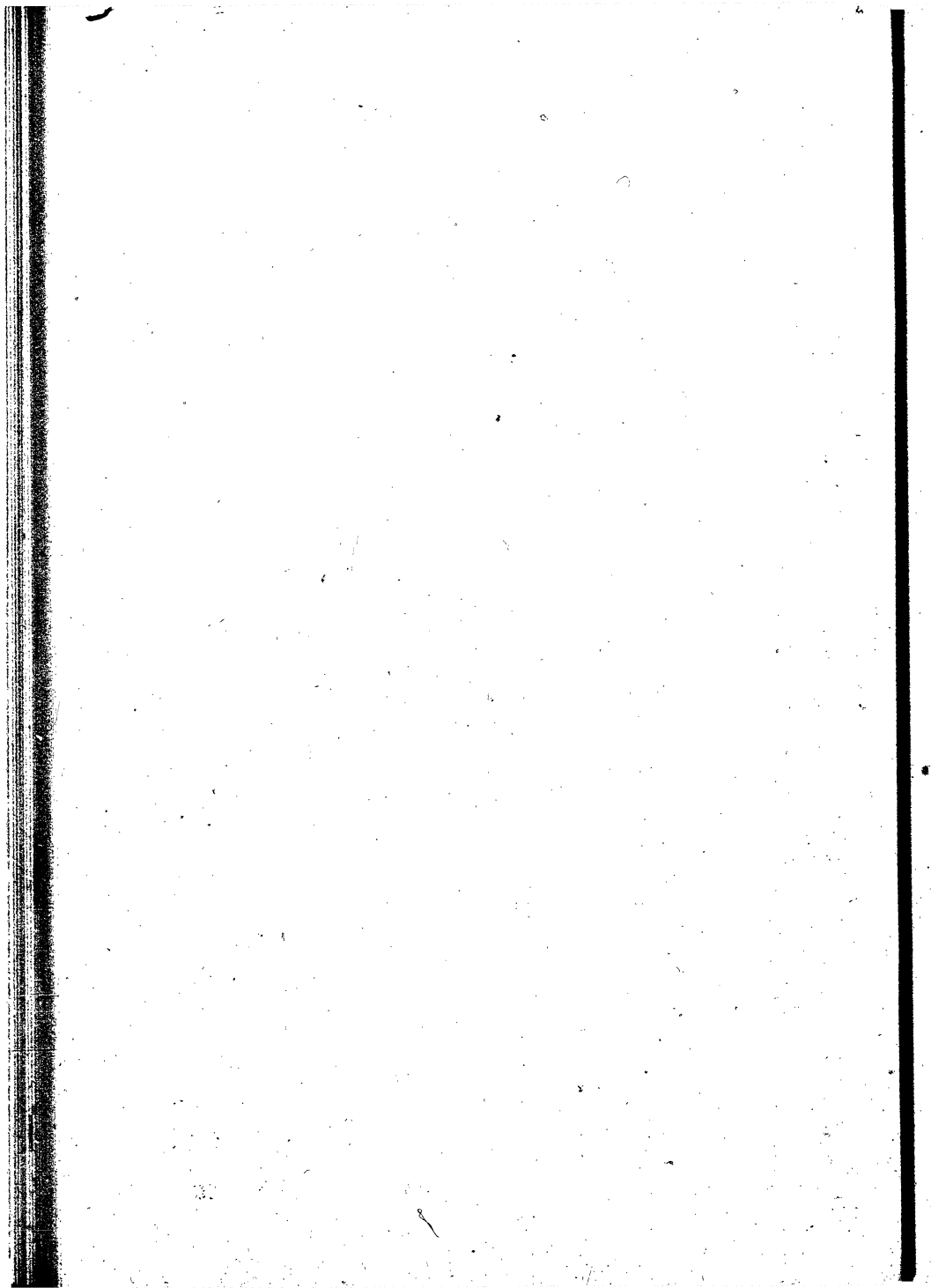
A TALE OF THE SEA.

'Twas the rose bud in embryo, tender and new,  
For the rose had not opened out full to the view,  
A beauty that any young eye would adore,  
That had not seen a beauty for some time before.  
It was beauty that none but a Stoic would trace,  
And not perceive mind in the juvenile face.  
And the lad's recent sufferings had made him heroic ;  
For he wasn't by nature a boor or a Stoic.  
And she said, as she gazed on the scene of distress,  
" We will fall on a plan now to fix you, I guess,  
And I'll stay with you here ; but if you would rather,  
I will have you removed to the house of my father,  
And my mother shall tend you ; pray, smile if content,  
For I guess we rule here by the people's consent."  
Then a smile, faint and feeble, he tried to display ;  
He was laid on a litter and taken away.  
She nursed him with care and perhaps may have kissed him,  
For the shock had upset both his mind and his system.  
And he spoke incoherently, with this remark,  
" I hope when I die you'll be kind to the shark."  
And he laughed in a sort of hysterical glee,  
Saying " that shark was a very kind fish once to me,"  
And he said with a tremor, his voice seem'd to fall,  
" Though cruel, she was a kind mother withal."



A TALE OF THE SEA.

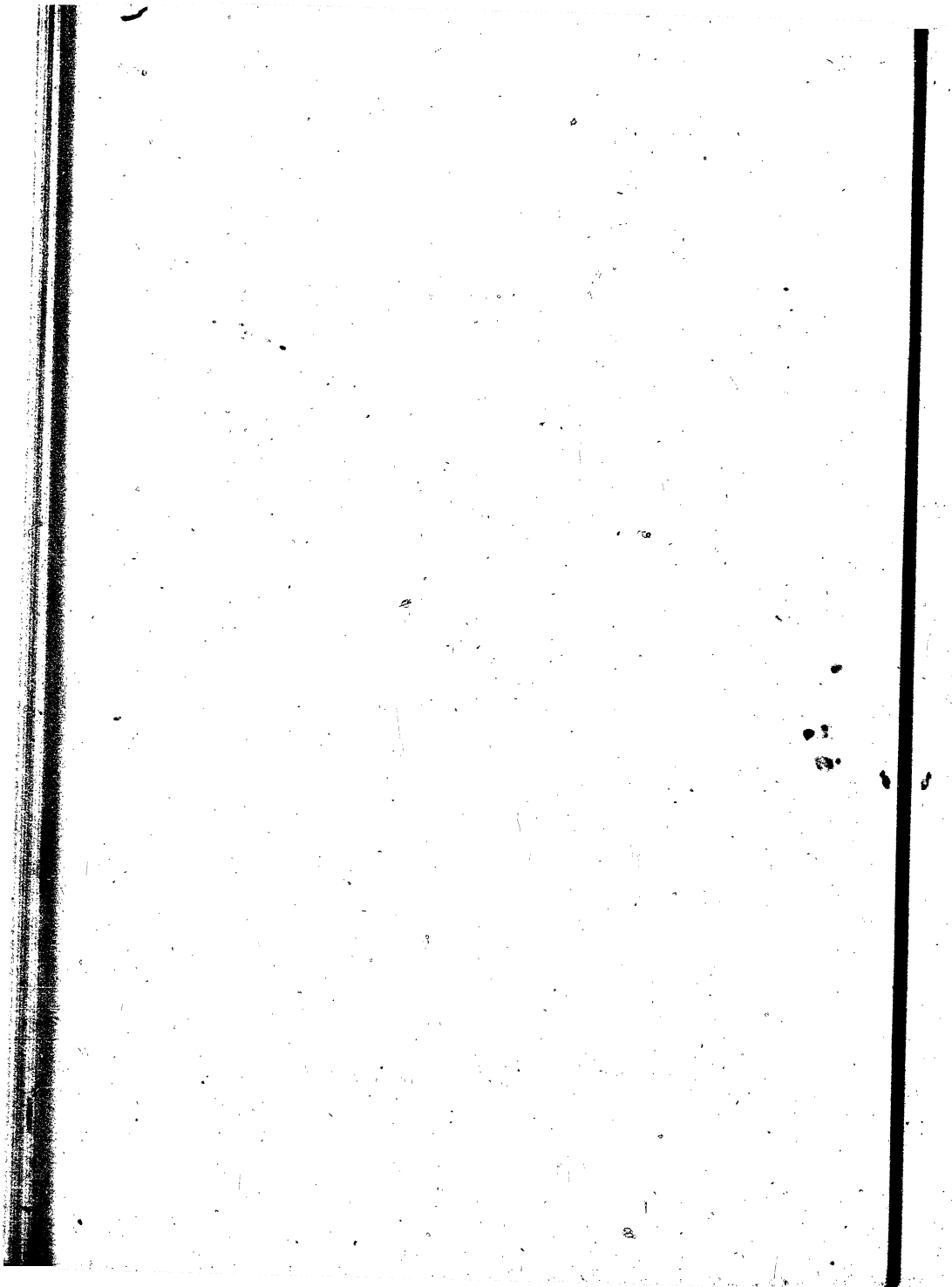
When he spoke to his father they seem'd to be bickering,  
Then she touched her piano,—it wasn't a Chickering ;  
And she played a soft air, and his fancy took wing,  
The delirious invalid ventured to sing.  
The tones were so tender, the accents so pure,  
That, to her, not the song of a seraph was truer.  
And she smooth'd his lone pillow with sympathies large,  
And she spoke not, she moved not, but thought of her charge,  
With a nature so tender, old Lear calls it " hefted,"  
Till raving delirium and sickness had left it.  
And he thought his young nurse, as he gain'd convalescence,  
Of goodness and truth was the very quintessence.  
And at times, as he gaz'd on her features serene,  
He would think she was Longfellow's Evangeline,  
Who evokes so much feeling from so many hearts,—  
He had read that she wander'd about in those parts.  
But was roused from his reverie to find her a real  
Material beauty and not an ideal.  
And he dreamt, as thus faint and enfeebled he lay,  
While the clouds of existence seem'd fading away,  
That the bright sunny moments were destined to come,  
When her exquisite smile would illumine his home.  
For boys have such dreams, as a youth I have known it,  
In excellent health, but they don't like to own it.





A TALE OF THE SEA.

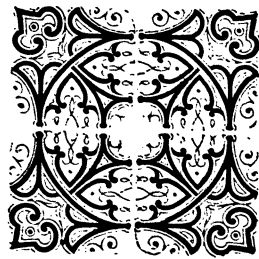
E'en girls have such dreams, at least, it so said is,—  
I never was much in the secrets of ladies,  
But of her's whom I took, and it's true to the letter,  
"For better, for worse," and I found it all better.  
Bill mended apace, though he sometimes would sigh,  
As he bask'd in the light of that lustrous eye,—  
An eye that could kill or could cure with a stroke ;  
An eye that could whisper, yet never once spoke.  
But I dare not describe all their various doings,  
With the slight premonitions of billings and cooings ;  
And how Bill, as he mended, grew reckless and bolder,  
And wished that he were but a year or two older ;  
And how his young nurse tried her feelings to smother,  
When she kissed him, and sent him away to his mother :  
And how he, with the prospect of future enjoyment,  
Saved his cash while he work'd at a useful employment,  
To buy him a home one enchanting and sunny—  
It wasn't in greenbacks but Canada money.  
Though a showman once offered a very large sum  
For his hire, he to all such entreaties was dumb ;  
And he told him, with dignified pride in his glance,  
That his story was real and not a romance ;  
And he said he would not through the country be led,  
To stand to be stared at for so much a head.



A TALE OF THE SEA.

And he added, with fire in his accents so bold,  
That his sufferings he never would coin into gold ;  
But remark'd, in conclusion, while making his bow,  
That, if he desired, he might have the old cow,  
He would find her in one of the New England States,  
With her owner, near Boston, in Massachusetts.  
Where he in due time went to claim his sweet bride,  
When she quite contented smiled, blush'd and complied :  
And the twain were made one in heart, feeling and nation,  
An excellent way to promote Annexation.





## THE OLD ELM TREE.

---

This old tree was a native of Stanstead, in the Eastern Townships, and stood on the most elevated spot,—so said that traditional individual “the oldest inhabitant,”—between Boston and Montreal. In the autumn which preceded the winter in which the following lines were written, the tree gave indications that were anything but re-assuring to the poetical portion of the population. The following spring revealed the sad reality that it had “ceased to climb.”

Hail to thee! joy to thee! blithe old tree!

Thy gnarled and lofty, leafless form  
And voiceless trunk proclaim with glee,

Thy strength and thy will to brave the storm;  
The sun is awake, and in robes of gold  
Thy topmost branches are livingly roll'd.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

Fame's trump hath not blazon'd thy pedigrec,

Thy birth and story remain untold ;

Mystery clings to thee, brave old tree!

With thy glist'ning helmet of molten gold :

While thy stalwart arms with power expand,

Festooned with ice by a snowy hand.

Thy youthful friends all have fled the scene,

And the joyous robin's roundelay

No more is heard by his plumèd queen,

On the sapling maple's leafy spray ;

And thou, alas ! hast ceased to climb,

Cherished tree of the olden time !

The settler's axe hath spared thy stem,

And 'mongst thy boughs still beauty lingers,

In many a sun illumin'd gem,

Unscathed by Time's effacing fingers ;

And lightnings flash and storms o'erwhelm,

But still thou art firm, old monarch elm !

Thou'st seen a race to thy youthhood strange,

Which made thy cumbrous fibres start ,

Thou hast seen the face of nature change,

And the scalping warrior depart ;

THE OLD ELM TREE.

New echoes awake the flowery lea,  
To the milkmaid's artless minstrelsy.

The fragile wigwam's now no more  
Sheltered by solemn, stately pine,  
With walls of bark, and grassy floor,  
And curling smoke in the sun's decline,  
And the stricken squaw has ceased to rave,  
In accents wild for her slaughter'd brave.

Thou hast seen the intrepid pioneer,  
Through cheerless, sombre forests roam,  
Through tangled swamps and deserts drear,  
To plant his lone and pathless home ;  
And thou his sinking heart would'st cheer,  
Old landmark to his log-hut dear !

Rising in giant proportions grand,  
Towering with high and heavenward might,  
From Massawippi and Magog's strand,  
To cheer the weary wanderer's sight ;  
No wonder, then, that thou should'st be  
To his offspring still a sacred tree.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

Time-honoured lord,—affection-crowned  
King of an ancient dynasty,  
Thy ancient home is hallowed ground,  
Fit theme for fervid minstrelsy;  
And wandering childhood clings to thee  
In love,—thou patriarchal tree !

The grand-dam with the glazed eyes,  
The wan and weary, wasted sire,  
In animated mood arise,  
Exhibiting their wonted fire,  
The mention of thy honoured name  
Re-animates and feeds the flame.

Thou silent watcher of the past,  
Mute witness of the changing scene,  
Of all thy brotherhood the last  
Lone monument of what has been,  
The past and present blend in thee,  
Affection's hallowed, hoary tree.

What seer had told when thou wert young,  
And verdure clothed thy lissome boughs ;  
And wanton breezes round thee sung,  
And forest children breathed their vows



THE OLD ELM TREE.

Beneath thy shade, that thou, forlorn  
And lone, would'st brave the winter storm?

Yet still amid the storm's fell rage,  
Nor ever stooping with fear or care,  
Thou lookest around in ripe old age,  
On signs of progress everywhere;  
And receivest in thy day's decline,  
Homage from men of another clime.

Men of a stalwart, daring band,  
Whose sires had one day dared to flee,  
From tyrant men in their fatherland,  
In a distant island o'er the sea;  
And they vanquish'd giant Nature drear,  
The axe alone for their sword and spear.

Men who, with noble daring, made  
Yon wilderness a garden fair;  
Where unremitting toil has spread  
A smiling landscape, rich and rare,  
With blooming valleys, plains and hills,  
Cascades and currents, lakes and rills.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

Not dotted with gaols and regal halls,  
Where witless lords in ermine shine,  
Where tinsel splendour's glare appals,  
While striving toilers crave and pine ;  
But gladsome homesteads fill the land,  
And honour's badge is the horny hand.

No village poor-house mars the scene,  
Where th' poor receive their dole with scorn,  
With famished infants, gaunt and lean,  
And babes from their frantic mothers torn ;  
But mirth permeates like a sunlight gleam  
In a waking, wandering mid-day dream.

Still holy Nature's silken cord,  
Binds hearts to thee in mystery strange,  
Thou aged tree that heavenward soar'd,  
To see the onward, upward change ;  
And thought proclaims that thy work is done,  
Thy pulse is still, and thy sands have run.

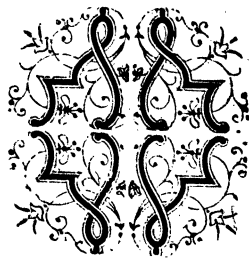
But ling'ring hope with a tearful eye,  
Yet looks through glimmering prospects dim,  
For signs of life 'mong thy branches high,  
And wonted power in each giant limb.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

And methinks I hear the soft breeze sing  
'Mid thy rustling leaves in the coming spring.

And glowing Nature's magic charms,  
    'Mid summer insects' cheerful hum,  
Give strength and power to thy brawny arms,  
    For many a blithesome day to come ;  
While lovely Magog's flowery lea,  
Exhales its dewy fragrancy.

But if thy heart has ceased to beat,  
    With strong pulsations as of yore,  
Then *look like life*, we'll bless the cheat,  
    And love thee better than before.  
Good-bye—thou still shalt honoured be,  
While memory holds, thou waning tree !



MONODY ON THE OLD GUM TREE.

---

Farewell! hoar and lonely watcher,  
    Silent witness of the past ;  
Death has laid his wasting fingers  
    On thy aged trunk, at last.  
Towering in thy regal splendour,  
    Climbing Heavenward high and higher,  
Loved by every maid and matron,  
    And revered by son and sire.

Link betwixt the past and present,  
    Remnant of a by-gone time,  
All thy early friends have left thee  
    In thy solitude sublime.  
Long hast thou withstood the tempest,  
    And defied rude Boreas' breath ;  
Now alas! among thy branches  
    Lurks the chilling hand of Death.

MONODY ON THE OLD ELM TREE.

Spring's sweet voice no more shall cheer thee,  
With her life inspiring sound,  
Clothing all thy limbs with gladness,  
On that spot of hallowed ground.  
Yet, though all thy boughs are lifeless,  
And thy aspect dull and drear,  
As in life all hearts have loved thee,  
Death has made thee still more dear.

Then farewell, departed monarch !  
Though a bare and barren thing,  
Shorn of all thy living glory,  
Where the breeze scarce deigns to sing :  
Still we love thy rigid features,  
And thy name shall ever be  
Mingled with our home affections,  
Stanstead's honoured, sacred tree !

## THE HEROINE OF THE RINK.

---

Och! what are you good for, young Biddy McSheen?  
You are bright as the dawning, and fairer, I ween,  
Your cheek's like the rose-bud and swater are none,  
And your eye's like the dew-drop that sparkles thereon.  
But why should I tell you this often tould tale,  
When I know by your ways that yourself knows it well?  
O you slide like a fairy and skate like a queen,  
And that's what you're good for, young Biddy McSheen,

There is one would be proud wid yourself for his bride,  
Were the world all a rink and his home but a slide,  
And your nate rounded ankle, so dashing and bould,  
Would warm up his heart when the weather was coud.  
Thin your smart jaunty hat, wid the feather so tall,  
That sits so bewitching on yon huge water-fall,  
Bedizened wid spangles, as if it were frozen,  
Makes you good to be look'd at, but not to be chosen.

THE HEROINE OF THE RINK.

Och! you're gay as a snow-bird when snow's on the ground,  
But we can't have the snow, darlint, all the year round,  
And whin soft zephyrs whisper and flowers are in bloom.  
We can't have a rink in our little back room.  
Whin the violets are winking their eyes at the sun,  
And lambkins are frisking and rivulets run,  
You'll be longing for winter, that you may be seen  
In that could dirty rink, fairest Biddy McSheen.

Moreover, I'm thinking its only befitting,  
That wives should know something ov stitching and knitting;  
And dancing, though coupled wid flirting and prating,  
Is quite as religious and moral as skating.  
'Tis the genuine metal that flashing appeals  
To the heart;—not that metal that rings in your heels  
In the rink, where such freezing,—such wheezing appears,  
That Cupid can't come without risk to his ears.

Whin Nature's asleep 'neath her blanket ov snow,  
And the mercury's freezing some "thirty below,"  
And the river can't look on the sun though it wishes,  
And the ditches and dams are too could for the fishes.  
Thim you're off wid the skates to create a sensation,  
Inspiring young hearts wid a could perspiration;



THE HEROINE OF THE RINK.

Have a care, frigid beauty, in playing your part  
You may by some chance catch a cold in your heart.

It's moral and modest, and may be conjanial  
By the fire to be talking ov prospects hymaniel,  
Wid your lover to bask in the light ov your eye,  
And to drink the pure balm ov your musical sigh ;  
As he longs for a something more precious than money,  
Your smile in his home thin so warm and sunny.  
Thin lave skating to slide, my adorable queen,  
And be good, to be loved for a *wife*, Miss McSheen.





BOTH SIDES OF THE ORGAN.

---

The auld Scottish Kirk, in the matter o' praise,  
Is growin' ashamed o' her auld fashioned ways ;  
An' her new-fangled members a plan ha'e devised  
For ilka bit Kirky to be *organized*.

They're at war wi' the earnest an' auld orthodoxy,  
Ower lazy to sing, so they worship by proxy ;  
To auld Nick wi' the mongrel music, I ween,  
My heart's no in tune wi' the singin' machine.

The strains that gaed up frae the mountain and muir,  
Frae our brave Scottish worthies an' martyrs, were pure ;  
But the breath o' the bellows has caus'd a sensation,  
An, the *organ* may yet cause *dis-or-jan-ization*

Whan I list to the " Kist fu' o' whistles," I feel  
That a blast frae the pibroch wud answer as weel,  
For the drone an' the chaunter tae Scotlan' are dear,  
An, a spring on the bagpipes our speerits wud cheer.

BOTH SIDES OF THE ORGAN.

While they gather the baybees we'll hae a strathspey,  
Will the minister chide us? Hech! that's no his way;  
It's a slicht innovation, but then gin we chuse it,  
An' "pay for our whistle," gude faith, we may use it.

On the harpin' o' David their claims they advance,  
But the royal sauntfegs, didna scruple to dance;  
Sae our lads an' our lasses may do it as weel,  
An' think it no sinfu' to hae a bit reel.

---

Our brave Scottish Kirk, in the days o' her youth,  
Grew strong in the faith, while proclaimin' the truth;  
An' though hunted ower muirlan' an' mountain an' brae,  
She keepit the Claverhouse bloodhun's at bay.  
She had no muckle skill o' her enemies' ways,  
So she had her ain way o' perfectin' her praise;  
Whan she met for her worship in cave an' in quarry,  
The organ would no be that handy to carry.

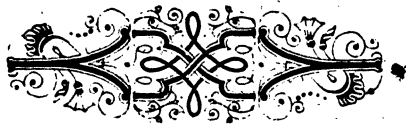
For conscience an' country she drew the claymore,  
An' waded to freedom, thro' streamlets o' gore,  
An' though passion an' prejudice may be were rife,  
Wi' our honest forefathers wha joined in the strife,

BOTH SIDES OF THE ORGAN.

They bequeathed us fair freedom to think, an' say we,  
Their bairns, ha'e had time to forget an' forgie,  
An' there's nae frownin' bigot has power noo to skelp us,  
For singin' our praises wi' music to help us.

Gin the auld Covenanters were here in the clay,  
They would shrink frae their modern type in dismay;  
For the chiel wi' a sour sanctimonious mug,  
Wha never was blessed wi' a musical lug,  
To hear his ain gruntin' will always be cravin',  
Weel, his *soul is sae sma'* that it's scarcely worth savin',  
He would smo'r a' the lavrocks that sing in the dell,  
On purpose to grunt a' the music himsel';

He would strangle the flowries that daur to be blowin',  
An' stop ilka burnie that sings as it's flowin',  
An' arrest the sweet voice o' the forthcomin' spring,  
An' silence a' nature to hear himsel' sing.  
Gin the win' o' the bellows is blawn by the deil,  
Sure the twang o' the pitch-pipe is sinfu' as weel,  
But the bigots may stop a' their windy confusion  
I' the Kirk, for the Organ's a foregone conclusion.



MUSINGS ON THE CHAUDIERE.

---

On the Chaudiere, one day choosing  
To roam by its active shore,  
I moraliz'd in my musing,  
'Mid the sound of the cataract's roar.  
And I roam'd in imagination,  
'Mong the haunts of savage men ;  
Ere the tramp of civilization  
Resounded through forest and fen.  
And I said to the giant river, as leaping and plunging it  
ran,—  
“ Great is the power of Nature, subdued and controlled by  
man.”

MUSINGS ON THE CHAUDIERE.

When the knife of the savage was rooted  
    To the hilt, in the fatal affray,  
And the wolf and panther disputed  
    For empire, dominion and sway ;  
And the loon and the whipporwill sounded  
    Their note, in the vast solitude,  
And the night-hawk, and owl once abounded,  
    To nurture their unfledged brood.  
But a change has come over the spirit of the ancient forest's  
    dream,  
And they utilize the labour, of this roaring, plunging  
    stream.  
And I saw there a colony founded,  
    Along the once desolate shore,  
And the ring of the hammer resounded,  
    To drown the dread cataract's roar;  
And the "crib" in its rushing glory,  
    Descended with sullen scud ;  
And the voyagers laugh'd at the story  
    Of dangers by forest and flood.  
And the men with the brawny arms, who warred in the  
    peaceful strife,  
Said, " This is the triumph of labour, and not of the warrior's  
    knife.



MUSINGS ON THE CHAUDIERE.

And the savage has fled from our boundry,

He has shrunk with a timid dismay

From the mill, and the forge, and foundry,

And the wigwam has faded away.

For men of a kindred nation,

In whose veins is commingled our blood,

On the Chaudiere have taken their station,

And have tamed this once terrible flood."

And Labour said, "These are the monarchs, that the hopes  
of the million are on,

When the craft of the Statesman has faded, and 'Knights'  
and 'Companions' are gone."

Then a figure so lithesome and youthful,

Appear'd to my awe-stricken view ;

And his bearing was earnest and truthful,

As born to command and subdue.

And he rais'd his great arm, so athletic,

Saying, "I'm labour personified,"

And he added, in accents prophetic,

"My dignity *still* is denied ;

Though my 'scutcheon is bright and untarnish'd on my story  
there rests not a stain ;

*They* may scramble for worn out titles, but *I'm* lord of the  
forest and plain."

MUSINGS ON THE CHAUDIERE.

And he look'd on this new scene of action

With a feeling of laudable pride,

And his breast heaved with true satisfaction;

While he strove his emotions to hide,

And he said—as he stood in his glory,

With limbs bronzed and tann'd by the sun,

“ Though simple and brief is my story,

All this and much more have I done.”

And I dreamt, as I gazed in mute wonder on the scene, ah!  
so hopeful and fair,

For thoughts are the dreams of the future, still the Spirit of  
Labour was there.

And while thus in a maze of reflection,

I stood by the dark rolling tide,

I look'd by the spirit's direction

On the boom, and the raft, and the slide.

And he said, “ Here my power is prevailing.”

And he smiled with exuberant glee

As the primeval forest was sailing

By piece-meal away to the sea.

I awoke from my day-dream delighted, as I gaz'd  
on the prospect so fair—

And the phantom of labour receded, but his substance and  
spirit are there.

WE'RE ALL GOING HOMEWARD.

---

We're all going Homeward,  
And going to be amused,  
For we love the Scarlet Lady  
Whom we have so much abused ;  
With our wrappings and our trappings,  
And our quarrelings at home,  
We may not like to own it,  
But we're all going to Roine.

That simple humdrum worship,  
Without parade or fuss,  
May please our great Creator,  
But will not do for us ;  
With our dressings and confessings,  
In our vestments white and red,  
And our candles on the altar,  
To light the sun to bed.

WE'RE ALL GOING HOMEWARD.

To our ancient Roman mother,  
We're returning every one,  
While our rearguards are snarling  
At those who lead the van.  
With excitements and delightments  
To please the eye and ear,  
Our Sundays shall be holidays,  
Our merry souls to cheer.

When we shrank from "the old beldame"

Affecting to be fretting  
For her sins, we never meant it :

We only were coquetting.  
Her mummeries and flummeries  
Are not so very hollow :  
When the clergy lead the fashion,  
The laity should follow.

Our churches must be finer,—  
Let not the timid start,  
For what can be diviner  
Than the grand old plastic art,  
Abounding and surrounding us,  
Like our brethren at Rome ?  
And we'll have a small St. Peter's  
And a Vatican at home.

WE'RE ALL GOING ROMEWARD.

If the alabaster cherubim  
Will for our sins atone,  
We'll worship architecture,  
Our gods shall be of stone.  
We'll be grander as we pander,  
To fashion as we go ;  
It may be pantheistic,  
But then it won't be *Low*.





MY HOME O'ER THE SEA.

---

I'm no gaun to greet, nor to dwine and complain,  
An' fin' fau't wi' the warl whan the wyte is my ain ;  
An' while trudgin' through life, though I meet wi' hard rubs,  
(For-I never could gather up gowd frae the dubs)  
Though for mair warl's gear I'm aft tempted to sigh,  
Yet I've comforts and pleasures that gowd canna buy.  
Though 'mid sunshine an' shadow my prospects may be,  
I am aye thinkin' lang for my hame o'er the sea.

It's no that I'm flytin wi' this happy land  
That teems wi' abundance on every hand,  
For the birds, ye maun ken, that in autumn tak wing,  
Return wi' a sang to their hame in the spring.  
Gin I were a bit birdie, I'd sing o' her rills,  
Her bee humming gardens, an' heather clad hills,  
An' her gowan spangled glens, where the lavrock wi' glee  
Sings his sang so elate in my hame o'er the sea.

MY HAME O'ER THE SEA.

Whaur the snowdrop an' primrose glint out through the  
snow,

An' the bonnie blude wallflower adorns the wa'

An' the lintie an' robin pour out each his lay

To his ain wee bit wife on Valentine's day.

Whaur the black-bird and mavis the echoes awake,

An' the goldie an' bullfinch pipe out on the brake.

Whaur the sweet hawthorn blossom an' hum o' the bee

Gar me wander in dreams to my hame o'er the sea.

It's the land o' the hero an' martyr, where men

Have unsheathed their bright claymores again and again,

To contend for their freedom wi' patriot glow

An' never have learn't to succumb to the foe.

Frae ice-bound Kamschatka to stormy Cape Horn,

Each heart loves the spot where its owner was born :

But mine is the land o' the brave, bold, and free,

Which gars me feel proud o' my hame o'er the sea.



## BURN THE WATER FA'.

(Lines suggested by a late treatise on Natural History.)

---

Eh, Maggy, ye're a winsome, an' a weel faeured sonsie queen,  
An' I ken ye'll no be angry, whan I tell ye what I mean,  
But a neebor tauld me yesternicht, an', oh, it was a blow,  
That ye had an' active family, ye didna care to show.  
I maist forgat the teachin's o' my minister an' Bible,  
I felt sae much like throttlin' o' the author o' the libel,  
On a lassie wi' a record, eh! as pure 's the driven sna',  
Whan he answer'd sae provokingly, *she wears a waterfa'*.

Then surely you'll agree, Meg, gin reason ye will summon,  
That ilka maid's in danger o' bein' thocht a family woman,  
At least she'll be suspekct o' the fac', I mak, nae doot,  
Then wear your ain bricht ringlets, lass, an' burn the water  
spoot.

BURN THE WATER FA'.

You ken that Jammie Tamson, wha in himsel's a host,  
Says, beauty unadorned is aye adorned the most ;  
Noo those filthy hairs apparent, will maybe gav' you claw,  
Then tak' an auld man's word, Meg, an' burn the water fa'.

Gin't be vāin to paint the lily, or to gild refined gold,  
Or improve fair Nature's handy work by any classic mould,  
It surely maun be wrang to smoor the heed wi' foreign thatch,  
An' our pure an' peerless lassie, be *brocht up to the scratch*.  
Oh! I see no blushing maidens wi' their timid glances noo,  
For the weicht o' that fause ba' behind, keeps a' the face in  
view ;

They're tethered by the heed ye ken, like owsen in a sta'  
Then burst thro' fashion's trammels, Meg, an' burn the waterfa.'



MODERN BEAUTY.

---

If once more I were young, as I never shall be,  
And from all matrimonial fetters were free,  
With the wide world before me, and going to begin,  
I would marry a woman as ugly as sin.  
Though I married one lovely and ripe as a quince,  
But then I think that may be thirty years since  
And her cheek was, *to me*, like the rose; and I ween  
That I look on her now as a bright ever-green.  
And I'm proud of my mate, both at home and abroad,  
She is painted by Nature;—yes, painted by God.  
But she's an exception, and one of the rarest,  
Well! sages say crows think their own, are the fairest,  
And then she at *home* might perchance make a stir,  
With, I might have done worse, when I mated with her.

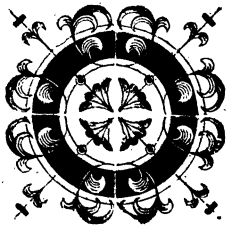
MODERN BEAUTY.

Well, I'd marry a woman whose features were grim,  
With cheeks pale and flabby, and eyes rather dim,  
And her nose thin and sharp as a cheesemonger's knife,  
And her body with all due proportions at strife,  
And her hair all as stiff and as red as a carrot,  
And her voice just as harsh as the voice of a parrot.  
Although this, you may guess, would not be my ideal,  
Yet there would be some comfort in all being real ;  
And as painting and padding would fail to improve her,  
She would just be the thing for a sensible lover.  
When to rest and retirement I chose to repair,  
I should know there would surely be all of her there—  
I should know, and such knowledge one's comfort increases,  
That my joys of the day were not crumbling to pieces.  
At night, when the gloss of the raven had flown  
From her head, with the curls that were never her own,  
And the teeth that outrivalled the ivory's brightness,  
Were left on the stand to exhibit their whiteness,  
And her eyes, not eclipsed in far famed Barcelona,  
Had borrowed their lustre from fell belladonna,  
And that lovely hue that her cheek was adorning,  
Must by rouge be renewed when she dressed the next morning,  
And that fine rounded figure, that caught all my heart,  
Was well supplemented by trickery of art,

MODERN BEAUTY.

And the fulness and bloom to which fancy attaches  
Such value, was made up of paint, "shreds and patches ;"  
That she would not always be watching the movements  
Of fashion, and making external improvements,  
Till Time's stealthy fingers crept in unawares,  
And made it expensive to keep up repairs.  
For late revelations make plain the conclusion  
That "Beauty for ever" is all a delusion.





A DEVIL'S MATCH.

---

The devil one day,—so the story relates,  
Left his home, or one of the Southern States,  
On President Johnson to make a call;  
And then he came northward to Montreal.  
He thought (for some one had told the news),  
'Twas an excellent place to extend his views,  
The Churches were by some strange fatality  
All confined to one locality.  
Where the rich, in exclusive enjoyment slake  
Their thirst at the fountain; the devil may take  
The poor, who must keep aloof from the few,  
If they can't pay the price of a costly pew.  
He "arrove," as the Yankees would say, to be sure,  
Like a gentleman on a professional tour.

A LUCIFER MATCH.

As he did not have any printing done,  
The press hadn't puffed him before he'd begun.  
So he went to his work with an appetite furious,  
A genuine devil and not a spurious  
Fiend, in the dress of a modern swell ;  
And he showed he had studied the character well.  
And he look'd (for his smile was so warm and sunny),  
Religious for love, and not for money ;  
For the notion of recompence he resented,  
To show himself not so black as he's painted.  
When he went, on a friend to make a call,  
A slave-owner friend, near Beaver Hall,  
The Church of Messiah he cast his eye on,  
And he looked aghast at the Church of Zion  
And the Baptist Church, there cheek by jowl  
With St. Andrews ; then he consigned his soul  
By the most appalling oath which he swore,  
To the pit where 't had gone to long before,  
And he tremble'd, and bent like a bruised reed ;  
He was flabbergasted and couldn't proceed.  
When he heard of five more in Dorchester street,  
He thought it prudent to sound a retreat.  
And to Griffintown straight did he repair,  
But found there were two or three churches there,



A LUCIFER MATCH.

And he felt a terrible check to his plans  
When he saw the Catholic Church of St. Ann's ;  
Still he thought he wasn't quite left in the lurch,  
For he didn't see *one* Presbyterian Church,  
And although he eagerly gazed around,  
There were few of the "unco guid" to be found ;  
But he feared he would find them, more's the pity,  
Where money is made, in the heart of the city.  
He looked in St. Paul's and then on McGill,  
Notre Dame and St. James's, with devilish skill,  
He look'd in the air, he look'd on the ground,  
But there wasn't a Scottish Kirk to be found.  
Then he wriggled his tail with terrible glee,  
Saying, "They've left the poor Scotch to the devil—that's me,"  
And he laugh'd aloud, and he shook his feathers,  
Till his hoofs burst through his Spanish leathers ;  
'Twas no easy job to conceal his tail,  
For he tore his pants on a pavement nail,  
And his narrative strange he wished to withhold,  
He was not disposed to "a tale unfold."  
But an incident here occurred to show,  
That the devil had still a mortal foe,  
For a vigilant priest had got on his trail,  
And caught a glimpse of the tip of his tail.

A LUCIFER MATCH.

For the priests have detectives all around :  
To guard from the foe their chosen ground,  
And he raised with the fiend, a horrible splore,  
As Saint Dunstan had done some time before.  
They were hopeful the devil had had his day,  
But they found there was still " the devil to pay,"  
For they smelt a very strong sulphurous smell,  
And from the Cathedral came out pell mell,  
As if they were earnestly bent on slaughter,  
And frightened him off with *holy water*.  
Now, wherever Old Nick may perform his feats,  
It won't be in St. James's and Dorchester Streets,  
And whoever the devil shall prowling catch,  
He must go to the priests for a LUCIFER MATCH.



MAY WE NO HAE A GAELIC PROFESSOR ?

---

May we no hae a professor to teach the bairns to speak  
The bonny Gaelic language, mair classical than Greek,  
An' aulder far than Hebrew, an' weel ye may believe,  
That Adam spak' in Gaelic to his ain bit wife Eve ?  
An' she, puir sinless lassie, on his honeyed accents hung,  
An' taucht her wee bit bairnies their ain sweet mither tongue ;  
An' English was na thocht o' ,indeed it's no a fable.  
But came wi' the confusion o' tongues, lang syne at Babel.  
A noble Highland Chieftain contrackit for the job,  
Wha hired to be his foreman a low bred English snob,  
Wi' twa or three Irish Fenians, wha did the work dislike,  
An' so introduced confusion an' caused the men to strike.  
This Chief was Ossian's father, an' used to fish for cod,  
An' taucht the Gaelic classics weel before he gaed abroad ;

MAY WE NO HAE A GAELIC PROFESSOR ?

He tried hard to reclaim them, frae ignorance's fetters,  
But they wouldna' mind their Gaelic, for they didna ken their  
letters.

McHomer was a Scotsman, an' born on Isle-o' Sky,  
An' gin ye dar' to doot it, I'll shew the reason why :  
A modern poet describes him,—an' eh, it gars me smile;  
As the blind old Bard (ye mark me) " O' Scio's Rocky  
Isle."

He drop'd the Mac frae Homer, whan forced to beg his breed,  
Which he thocht was so degrading, it wasna bonny feed  
[*bona fide*],

Thus the land o' his nativity, he managed to conceal it,  
A Highlandman wont beg his breed—gin he can only steal it:  
A professor we maun hae to teach this ancient lore,  
Though we ken the jealous lowlanders will raise a fearfu'  
splore :

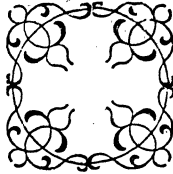
We could hae taucht the English, but here occur'd a hitch,—  
We couldna send a Highlandman for fear he'd catch the itch.  
A professor o' the bagpipes we really mean to hae  
Put in to a' our Colleges, an' gin they canna play  
The reel o' Tullochgoram, a' minor sounds to droon,  
They'll may be gar them skirl a bit to keep our hearts in tune.  
They may talk o' their pianos, their organs an' guitars,  
To compare them to the pibroch whaur is the man wha dar's?

MAY WE NO HAE A GAELIC PROFESSOR ?

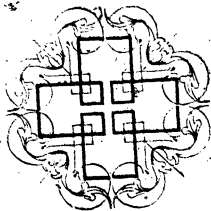
Auld Orpheus was a piper, and a Scotsman too forby,  
And when he played the slogan, eh! the muckle deil focht  
shy.

Then we'll hae an Erse professor, an we'll hae a Gaelic chair,  
A Glengarry chiel shall sit in it wi' shanks baith lank and  
square,

An' we'll teach our ancient language in ilka District School,  
An' gin they winna pay for't, faith, we'll hae a three-legg'd  
stool.



2



A REMINISCENCE OF THE PENIAN INVASION.

---

Blood an' ouns, an' blood and t'under  
We—Fanyans, made a blunther  
Whin we prick'd the British Lion,  
Och! he proved himself a scion,  
Ov the ould blood t'irsty shtock,  
And was firm as any rock.  
Whin he show'd his warlike face  
He made us Fanyans quail,  
Though he shmok'd the pipe ov pace  
Till we throd upon his tail.

The equipment ov our band  
Was the best, new second-hand,  
And our army was a crew  
Ov malignant thrayters, throe  
To their bloody insthincts; and  
Wid a dash ov So'th'ran ruff'ans,  
And other ragamuff'ans,

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FENIAN INVASION.

And the mighty Sweeney  
Wid his foine Damascus sword,  
The maim'd and shattered Sweeney  
Was the captain ov our horde.

Oh! we hurled a bould defiance  
At the strong hell-hound alliance,  
Ov the Saxon and the Celt,  
And we made their courage melt;  
But it melted into power,  
And made us curse the hour.  
The result was thin, by jabbers,  
We were nearly slaughtered quite!  
Thin we t'rew away our sabres,  
And clear'd wid all our moight.

Ochone! Ochone! Achree,  
We were much too dhrunk to flee,  
Or aven to put a tax on  
The hated Anglo-Saxon,  
For in midst ov war's alarums  
The Yankees stole our arums;  
And our cohorts were dismay'd  
Whin British pluck was tested,



A REMINISCENCE OF THE FENIAN INVASION.

And the mighty Sweeney pray'd  
To have himself arrested.

True we only took perforce  
One auld backwood farmer's horse ;  
But the spalpeen, he refused  
A'en to let his back be used,  
Although some would fain have thried  
To be passengers inside ;  
But ingress there was none,  
Though we tried to cut our way  
For our cavalry on one  
Kap'd his rithers all at bay.

Wid our prospects getting dusky  
We sould our arms for whiskey,  
And thin to end the bother,  
We fought wid one another ;  
And the young hot valiant Pats  
Like the ould Kilkenny cats,  
Would have spilt aech other's brains,  
But in that were doomed to fail ;  
Yet this narrative remains,  
And thereby hangs a tail (tale.)

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FENIAN INVASION.

President Roberts of the Irish Republic wants a marthyre. Mr. Lynch, one of the Fenian victims of his own temerity in Toronto goal, wrote to the President whose reply was in substance, that he hoped the Canadian Government would hang him, or some one else, to give something like *eclat* to the movement.

You're a victim, Dear Lynch, and I feel so like banging you,  
Bad luck to their souls; so they're not to be hanging you!

We're in want ov a victim, your life pray don't study man,  
We must have a marthyre and that a rael Irish one.

Give your life for ould Ireland, your Gin'ral's commanding you,  
The funds ov the orther, och bedad, is demanding you,  
Whin you're dead, while we live, we will always be praising  
you,

And a bust from the funds we will surely be raising you.  
Hurl defiance, like a brick, at the vile hated Saxon crew,  
'Twill do good to the funds if they'll take but one life or two,  
It's Ireland's best blood that is ather haranging you;  
Thin do us the favor to let them be hanging you.

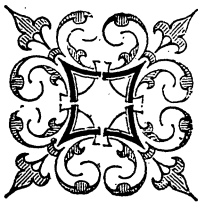
Fitzgerald and Emmet, just think ov their daring, when  
Their pluck was a caution to all galliant Irishmen!

Your ancesthers died, (you're the last of that rebel crew,)  
For the good ov their counthry, and faix' they deserv'd it too.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FENIAN INVASION.

Thin be hang'd, my dear b'y, and the deed will shed radiance  
On our arms whin our cohorts attack the Canadians;  
Thin we'll plunder our dupes wid both ase and convanience,  
And dhrink pace to your sowl wid the funds ov the Fanyans.





THE SONG OF THE SUGARING.

---

The sun has arisen, and crimsoned the snow  
On the tops of the mountains and valleys below,  
From his throne in the azure he smiles, and with glee,  
Is bidding the frozen up brooklets be free.

He peeps through the woodlands, all leafless and still,  
And kisses with gladness the brow of the hill ;  
And the life blood is coursing both rapid and free,  
Through the bountiful veins of our own Maple Tree.

Grim winter's receding, and joy-giving spring  
Sends red-breasted robin again on the wing,  
Then up ! to the labour give your adhesion ,  
Ah ! 'tis charming to reap the first fruits of the season . . .

Hie away to the forest ! to sugaring away !  
The time has arrived for the yearly foray ;  
We warred with intent, but no malice have we,  
We love, prize and cherish our bountiful tree.

THE SONG OF THE SUGARING.

The blood of the maple this day shall escape,  
Ah ! it's dearer to us than the blood of the grape.  
In our homes it can ne'er be the mother of sorrow,  
Nor cheer us to day while it frets us to-morrow.

Then urge on the team, for the work has begun  
The forest spreads out its nude limbs to the sun ;  
The woodpecker's tapping both eager and fast,  
For insects to furnish his early repast.

We gather the sap amid sunshine and snow,  
And while toiling and boiling our hearts overflow,  
To think that we're free from vile slavery's stain,  
And drain from the maple instead of the cane.

Our wives and our children shall join in the sport,  
And young men and maidens attend Cupid's court  
In the grove, where the youthful affections shall glow,  
While the young ones make candy on top of the snow.

Then let our rejoicings reach Heaven's high throne,  
Who gave us to reap where we never have sown ;  
And though God in His infinite mercy doth reign  
We here are the masters of forest and plain.

A SCOTSMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS WIFE.

---

Hoot awa Tammy ! though scant is yer geer,  
Wi' health and wi' strength, man, there's naething to fear,  
There's a Providence watches the sparrows that flee,  
An' there's gow'd for the gatherin' on this side the sea.

We hae nae lords or dukes; wi' their pedigrees teuch,  
Though some o' our gude folk are lordly eneuch ;  
Yet once on a time, though they noo strut and stare,  
Their fathers, or them, had nae muckle to spare.

We hae few tithes or taxes, or poor rates, ye ken,  
An' our statesmen are no vera scholarly men ;  
They say (while ignoring their Goldsmith's of course),  
That the Pope gae Bluff Harry, frae Kate a divorce. \*

\* This was said by a member of the old Legislative Assembly.

A SCOTSMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS FREEN.

That Shakspeare the idol o' civilization,  
Was a drunkard at times, an' a shame to the nation \*  
An' that Milton was daft, an' his laurels hae faded  
An' we swallow a' this, as our lawgivers said it.

Sae tak' comfort, freen Tammy, and dinna be sad,  
Here our muckle larnin' will no mak' us mad ;  
So try to grow rich, an' you mix wi' the best,  
Without even manners, or learnin', or taste.  
Sell rags by the remnant, or cheese by the ton,  
But dinna sell butter or tea by the pun' ;  
An gin ye mak' oot weel on they sorts o' wares,  
Pass yer father in silence, an' gi' yersel airs.

Ape the great folk at hame, tho' ye canna do't weel,  
There are few to detec' ye—they're maist like yersel' ;  
Teach yer bairns 'gainst labour, as vulgar, to rave,  
An' thus spit wi' contemp' on yer grandfather's grave ;  
Hae yer swarrys an' parties, ye canna dae less ;  
Never min' gin ye dinna ken weel fu to dress.  
An' vote buke-lore an' larnin' insipid an' flat,  
An' ye'll be a Colonial aristocrat.

\* Said in a speech delivered by a "member" at the Tercentenary of Shakspeare, at the Crystal Palace, Montreal.



## BLIND JOE.

---

The subject of the following poem is a blind fruit pedlar, resides in Waterloo, Eastern Townships, to whom the inhabitants are very kind.

Sightless worker, shut for ever  
Out from the light of day,  
Still toiling in darkness drear,  
No beautiful thing thy soul to cheer,  
Thy staff for thy guide and pioneer,  
Groping thy lonely way.

Up to thy work with the rising sun,  
Feeling his glad some rays,  
While he gilds the tops of distant hills,  
And anon the blooming valley fills,  
Flashing among the dancing rills,  
Chasing the morning haze.

BLIND JOE.

Hie to the school with thy load of sweets,  
Where infant spendthrifts run,  
And early schoolboys' eyes are bent  
On thy path-way with bright looks intent,  
Eager to spend the hoarded cent  
Ere school-hours have begun.

No transient glance is for thee vouchsaf'd,  
Of fair Nature's visage gay,  
As the river flows thou hear'st the swell,  
And inhale the garden rose's smell  
While the foxglove rings his purple bell  
For clouds to clear away.

Thou hast never seen the lambkin skip,  
Adown the green hill-side,  
Or seen the sire with affection wild,  
Clasping his blooming, peerless child,  
While the mother gaz'd with joy unsoil'd  
And fond maternal pride.

Thou hast never seen the golden fruit,  
Ripening on the tree,  
Or the tiny blooming daisy sweet,  
Yield to the pressure of thy feet ;

BLIND JOE.

Or true and trustful lovers meet  
At e'en, from toil set free.

And yet, perchance, some gentle voice  
So musical and clear,  
May have woke to life some dormant part,  
Chasing the gloom from out thy heart,  
And made thy loneliness depart,  
While thrilling on thine ear;

And revealed to thee one fairy form  
All perfect though unseen;  
And roused a sense of beauty there,  
Like we feel when we dream of angels fair,  
Or in Eden's bower the spotless pair,  
Ere sin had entered in.

God shapes the breeze to the shorn lamb;  
His mercy wills it so;  
So may kindness make thy darkness less,  
As thy virtues bud amid distress,  
And flowers bloom in the wilderness;  
Then smile on poor "blind Joe."