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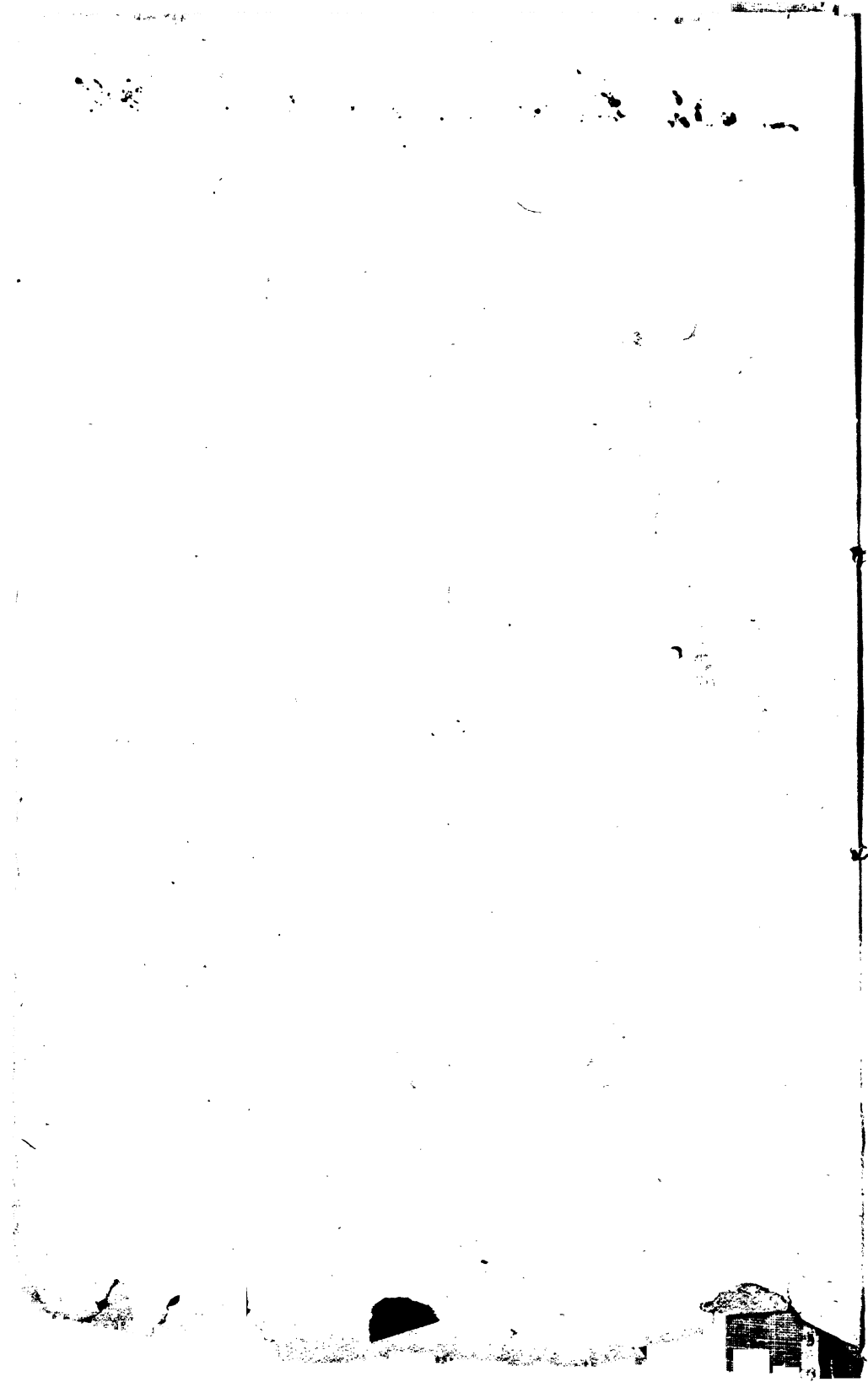
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*Reynolds*

THE  
**RECLUSE**  
OF  
**NEW-BRUNSWICK;**  
OR,  
**HERMIT OF POINT LEPREAUX.**

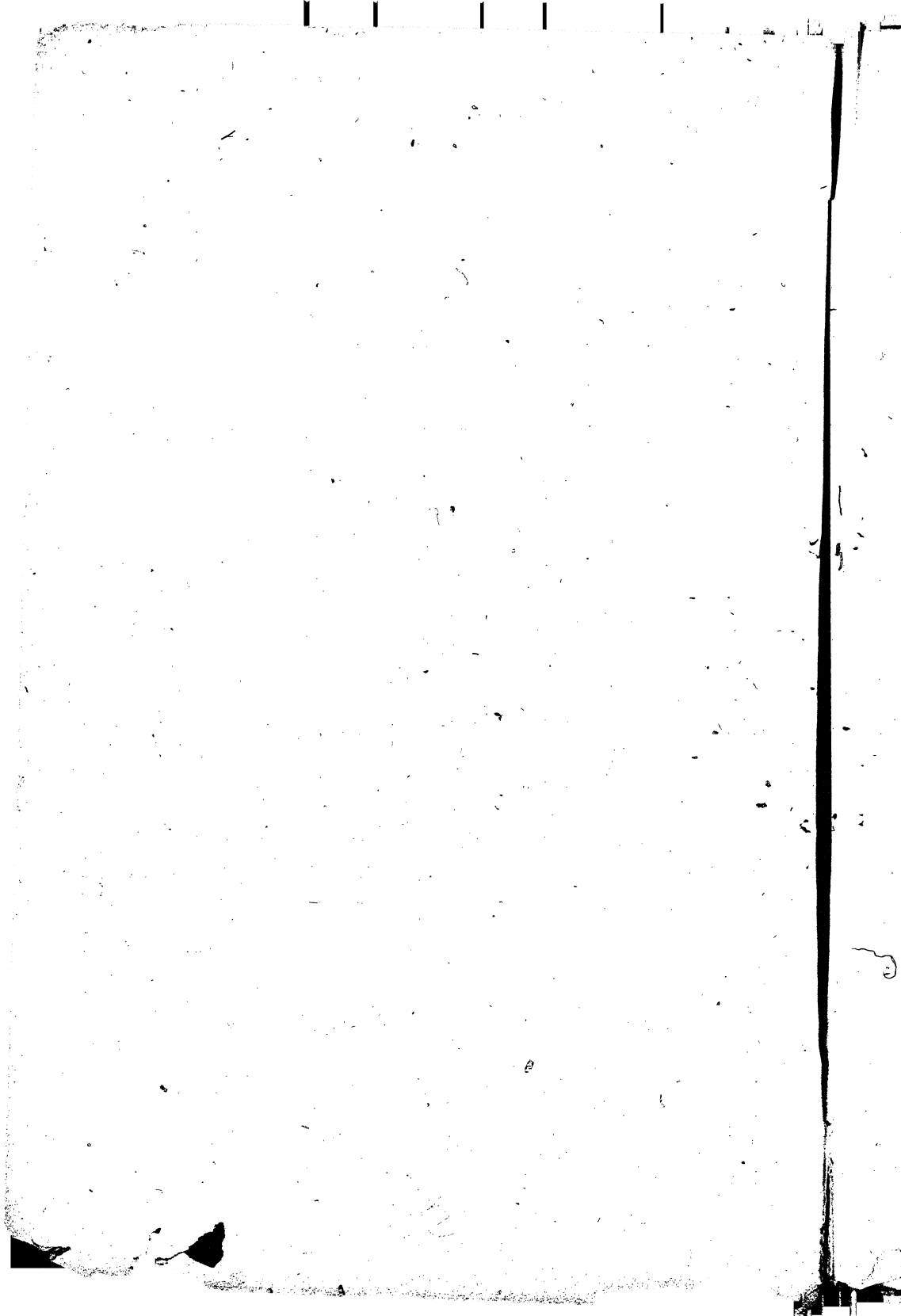
A Poetic Tale.

BY A NOVASCOTIAN,  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
CHARLOTTE COUNTY, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Be mine, to please my country and adorn my tale,  
With *truth* and *fiction*, such as truth itself would hail.  
*The Author.*

"And down his cheek the tear of pity roll'd—  
A tear so sweet he wish'd it not controll'd."  
*Author of "Early Recollections."*

**SAINT JOHN, N. B.**  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
1842.

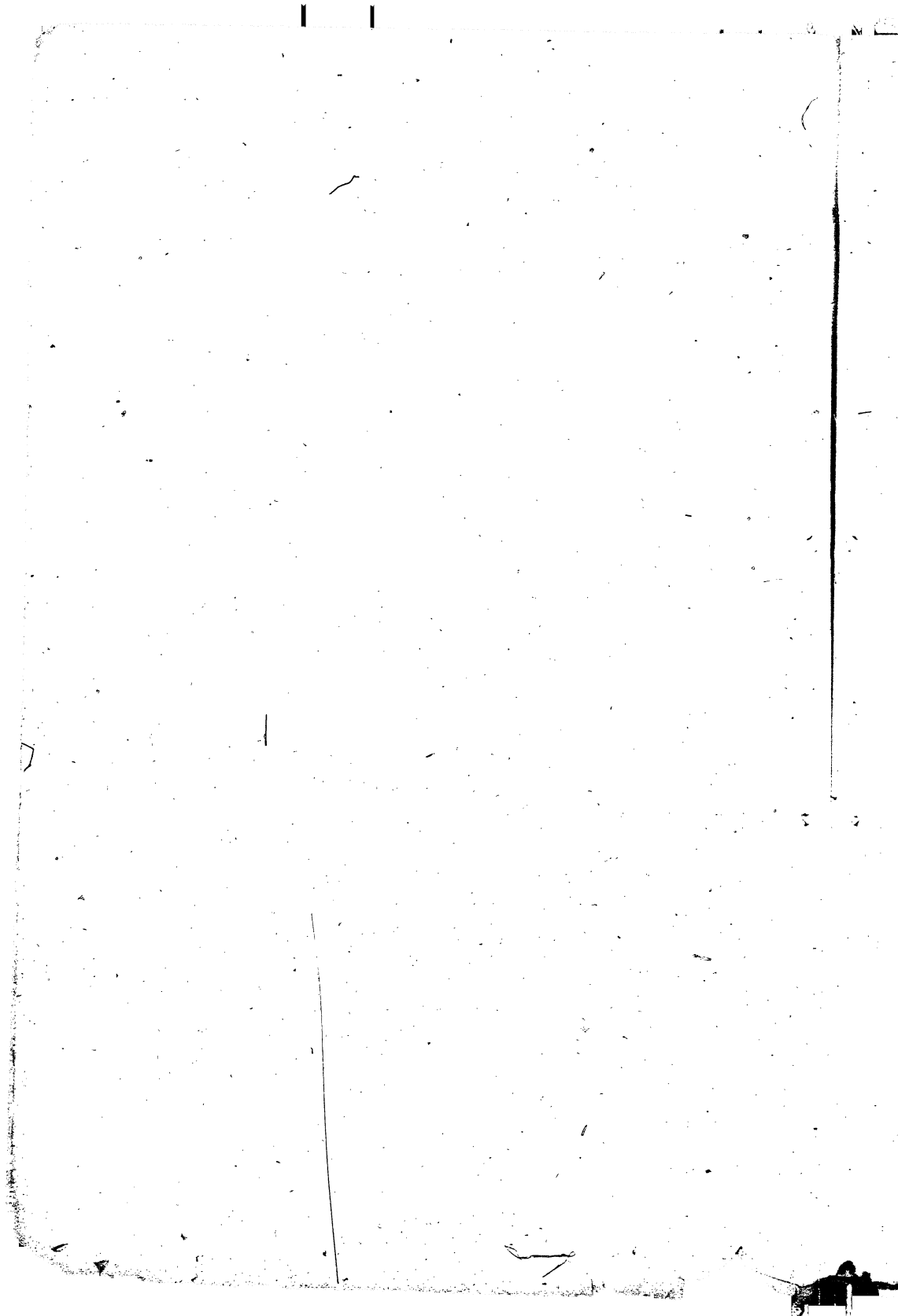


## **PREFACE.**

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THE Author of the following little work makes no pretensions to the attainments of the refined Poet—yet without arrogating to himself any thing of the classic minstrel's lays, he still candidly acknowledges, that he entertains the opinion, that he is not altogether a stranger to the inspiring muse; consequently he humbly hopes that the kind reader will, after a patient perusal, feel himself justified in coinciding with him in his opinion;—he also hopes that the subjects and characters introduced into the work will be found suitable for the purposes therein represented, and give the Author the merit of blending the “useful with the pleasant.”—To accomplish this desirable attainment, he draws his “bow at a venture,” humbly anticipating, that if he does not “hit the mark,” he may come so near it, that a generous-minded public will enable him to “fill his quiver with arrows,” so that he may send them winging their way with antidote for crime's pernicious bane.

**THE AUTHOR.**



THE  
**RECLUSE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK,**

OR,

**HERMIT OF POINT LEPREUX.**

---

DARK was the night, and *drear* the storm that rag'd,  
In which the elements appear'd engaged  
In unison, to fling destruction o'er  
The late calm waters and the slumb'ring shore.  
The vivid lightning would e'en now pass by,  
And, passing, mock the eagle's piercing eye!  
The fiery fluid from the vaulted sky,  
Would here and there in quick succession fly.  
And now the thunder peal'd tremendously—  
Thunder, 'bout which so many disagree!  
Some say, that "'tis God's voice in angry mood  
"For wickedness committed since the flood;"  
And others note it of "*volcanic* birth,  
'Struggling to free itself from out the earth!"  
Who's right or wrong, is all unknown to me—  
Suffice it, 'tis the work of Deity!

And, *revelation* speaks it "reserv'd in store,"  
 Annihilation's aid, when "time's no more."  
 And on this night its peals did roll  
 From *arctic* to *antarctic* pole!  
 Caught in the storm—benighted, and alone—  
 I weary walk'd, "unknowing and unknown"  
 To all, but unto that omniscient eye,  
 To whom's alike, the sea, or earth, or sky.  
 Thus went I on, 'midst the "pitiless storm,"  
 No friend to cheer me—nor a home to warm;  
 My tremb'ling knees almost refus'd their weight—  
 I felt that mine was an untimely fate.  
 Methought a light gleamed near my closing eye—  
 It pass'd away—I laid me down to die.  
 The "tempest-storm" unconscious o'er me rav'd,  
 Nor aught knew I, until, "you're sav'd! you're sav'd!"  
 Resounded in mine ears, and then I felt  
 A hand's warm pressure from a form that knelt  
 Beside me, while a soothing—trembling voice,  
 Whisper'd such words as made my heart rejoice.  
 "My friend, let nothing here afflict your breast,  
 No howling storm will here disturb your rest—  
 At perfect ease you here yourself may keep,  
 A brother's eye will watch you while you sleep."  
 "And where am I?" I audibly exclaimed,  
 "And who are you? yourself a brother nam'd;  
 Am I deluded by delusive dreams?  
 Or, is it real, as real to me it seems?"  
 "'Tis true—'tis real—'tis no delusive dream,  
 All's here indeed, as here to you does seem;  
 I found you, lifeless-seeming, near my cave,  
 I wept, and pray'd that God your life would save;  
 I pray'd until the sun refulgent shone—  
 When, lo! my pray'r was heard—I heard you groan!"  
 I look'd upon the speaker, and my eyes  
 Were fix'd on him with wonder and surprise—



A stranger sav'd me from the rueful storm,  
 And one so strange, possessing human form;  
 His words likewise did my excitement raise,  
 He seemed a Patriarch of ancient days,  
 Whose long silvery locks and Jewish beard  
 Seem'd present proofs of what I read or heard  
 Of those before the flood, or even those  
 Who stood as priests where holy incense rose—  
 Pure worshippers of God! that sacrifice  
 Presented, swiftly rising to the skies.  
 I look'd again, my canopy was rock,  
 That safely stood amidst the tempest's shock;  
 No work of art adorn'd the rocky walls,  
 Nor aught within that admiration calls;  
 The simple rock in nature's plain attire,  
 Seem'd form'd for one, who'd from the world retire.  
 And, can it be, indeed, that I am where  
 A human being lives remote from care?  
 Remote from social intercourse with man,  
 Ere I depart, I'll solve this if I can.  
 These words the old man must have heard, for he  
 Said, "friend, I'll solve for you this mystery—  
 Aye, and I'll tell you much of Brunswick shore,  
 Of things unheard by any man before;  
 These eyes have seen what now this tongue reveals  
 To you, but much—aye, much it still conceals.  
 That I do live 'remote from care,' my friend,  
 Is true, and 'intercourse with man' did end  
 Long since, is likewise true, I feel it here!"  
 He press'd his breast, and then he wip'd a tear.  
 O for one ray of intellectual fire  
 To warm my brain and here my verse inspire!  
 Thou "sacred nine," who round Parnassus sing,  
 And quaff large draughts from the "Castalian spring,"  
 O let thy suppliant now on bended knee,  
 Receive thy aid—such aid as pleaseth thee;

Then, may I boldly strike my simple lyre—  
Perchance, 'twill live like some tall tow'ring spire,  
Its "little hour," or, rudely smitten down—  
In fragments lie neglected on the ground.  
Well, be it so, the work itself may find  
A kindred spirit to the builder's mind;  
Perchance, of greater art and wider fame,  
Who'll change it to a thing of diff'rent name,  
Still it may live, and from its fragments raise  
A something to exist, and merit praise.  
Now, my "advent'rous song" goes back to tell  
Of him, who, when I fainting; fainted, fell,  
And lay expos'd to die! such succour gave  
As quite restor'd and sav'd me from the grave!  
Of him I need not, for himself does speak—  
Wiping the "big tear" from his "furrowed check"—  
"Stranger, friend," (he thus to me began,)  
"I feel that you're my fellow creature—man,  
And 'bide you here within my hermit cell  
To hear my tale—for ere you leave, I well  
Do know this aged head of mine will be  
Quiet in death! 'tis no vain prophecy."  
Years have roll'd," (and then he gaz'd around.)  
"Yes, years have pass'd since shelter here I found—  
One half century, and one quarter more  
Have pass'd since first I trod New-Brunswick's shore;  
And, one century's quarter, less twice two,  
Had pass'd o'er me when that I bade adieu  
To parents, brothers, sisters, country, and  
The fairest flow'r that bloom'd in 'Erin's land.'  
Pardon the weakness of a 'poor old man,'  
For 'flesh is flesh,' resist it as we can;  
Pardon this weakness, for I here speak truth,  
When memory carries me back to scenes of youth,  
And flings the sombre veil of time aside,  
When youth in all its beauty, bloom and pride,

Is seen to win with fascinating art  
Such guileless art as captivates the heart,  
And makes the creature to the creature kneel—  
Ah! then we know how much the heart can feel.  
Thus have I felt aye, wonder not, I've felt  
As others have, at beauty's shrine I've knelt  
A worshipper! 'tis youth's delirious age  
To stray away, to dread a hermitage.  
Smile not, stranger! my words are words of truth;  
We little know while in the days of youth  
The ills of life—its snares and dangers drear,  
Or, if known at all, how distant they appear,  
And thus deceiv'd, to ruin madly steer.  
'Tis true, some shun those ills and smoothly pass  
O'er life's beguiling wave—but few, alas!  
So happy are, that will the warning take  
Of scripture's pilots, and follow in their "wake,"  
Until they gain the port of endless rest  
To be companions of the good and blest.  
And some are set apart by God's decree,  
To live a life of sweet austerity,  
And by experience sage instructed be.  
Such, am I here, and from this rocky nook  
I have been taught without the aid of book,  
Save one—'tis broad creation's ample page—  
'Tis this, with 'aid divine,' that makes me sage.  
Young, when I bow'd my head to enter *here*,  
With heart foreboding and desponding tear;  
The only being rescued from the wave  
That clos'd o'er ninety souls a wat'ry grave,  
I knew not then the arm that stretch'd itself to save!  
His mercy boundless, nor his bounty less—  
Like old Elijah in the wilderness,  
I'm fed with all that nature's wants require,  
By him who took him home on 'wheels of fire'—  
The *home* to which my longing hopes aspire.

Short is my stay on earth, but, ere I go,  
 I must fulfil my business here below;  
 What long's been lock'd up in my memory,  
 I am required to tell in part, to thee.  
 In part, I say, for only part is given—  
 The rest is chronicled in Heaven!  
 And, Heav'n alone will all the rest reveal  
 On that great day when nothing can conceal  
 The deeds of earth, (to man a 'sealed book,')  
 Yes, when the voice that once 'Mount Sinai shook'  
 Will then proclaim the deeds and destiny  
 Of mortals then with awful majesty!"  
 So spake the sage while his uplifted eye  
 Seem'd lit with hope and holy exstacy!  
 As some poor traveller absent from his home  
 Will homeward gaze and wish the hour to come—  
 The happy hour that there will give him rest  
 Where *home's* sweet joys conspire to make him blest,  
 Where all his ardent wishes, cherish'd, priz'd,  
 Are far—far more than amply realiz'd.  
 So gaz'd the aged *Hermit of Point Lepreaux*,  
 And look'd away from things of earth below  
 Towards the skies, "unutterable things"  
 Seem'd his, of whom my muse astonish'd sings;  
 Again he spake, and thus spake he to me—  
 "My time is short—my time is short with thee,  
 Attention give; but thrice revolv'd yon sun  
 Since that methought I saw a 'shining one'  
 Cloth'd with the robes of Heaven's most pure array,  
 Approach my cell just at the close of day,  
 And as he nearer came methought he smil'd  
 And said, 'be of good cheer, Heaven's favour'd child!  
 I'm sent to tell you that to you is giv'n  
 A work to do and then come home to Heav'n!  
 Within this week,' (so said Heaven's messenger,)  
 'Will come this way' a weary traveller;

Near to your cave you'll find him wretchedly  
 At break of day, and just about to die;  
 Each morning's dawn, until you find him—seek,  
 Then, raise his head, and words of comfort speak—  
 Taught by thy benefactor to be good,  
 I know with feelings of warm brotherhood  
 You will receive him, for a wise decree  
 For wise purposes sends him here to thee.  
 To hear thy tale ere life's pulse cease to beat—  
 Unto this end, will guided be his feet  
 Near to this spot, child of the good and blest!  
 Obey the word—to God you'll leave the rest;  
 Some things there are that cannot yet be told,  
 The time will come when fire which trieth gold  
 Will try those things!' he then before mine eyes,  
 Shook his bright wings, and flew towards the skies!  
 That you're the man whose ears my tale must greet,  
 Witness yourself, the angel's prophecy complete  
 So far, the rest will soon accomplished be,  
 Witness yourself, the Hermit's prophecy!  
 My time is short, and *much* I have to say,  
 Proceed I will, aye, that I will straightway;  
 And here I must revert to days of youth,  
 When I instructed was in ways of truth,  
 And by a parent's hand was weekly led  
 Where hungering souls with heavenly food were fed;  
 Taught by a faithful shepherd of the flock,  
 To build, not on the sand, but on the rock.  
 How 'Erin's sons' in holy cement grow  
 So strong; so firm, that nought can them o'erthrow.  
 How sweet the sabbath to the pious mind,  
 To dwell upon the theme my mind's inclined—  
 Its pleasures pure, and holily refined.  
 And though I've been located here for years,  
 The Sabbath peals still vibrate in mine ears,  
 And now my mind enjoys most sweet delight

To know that I'll meet ere Saturday night,  
 Friends of the Sabbath 'mid angels of light.  
 But my work to perform bids me proceed  
 With my tale—the land of 'mountain and mead' \*  
 Is still dear to my heart, dear even now,  
 'Though long's the time since a ship's gallant prow,  
 The 'wings of the wind' from Erin's loved shore,  
 Wafted far o'er the wave to return there no more.  
 On board of that fated ship I came here,  
 And often has roll'd the old Hermit's tear  
 When recollection would picture the scene  
 That transpired here on a Saturday e'en;  
 The groans and the cries seem still in mine ear  
 Of those who closed here their mortal career;  
 The pious, the gay, all, all sank beneath  
 The white foaming wave! not one escaped death;  
 But New-Brunswick's recluse, he's spared to tell  
 How God in his wisdom 'doth all things well.'  
 Of another ship I'm bidden to speak,  
 That proudly bore at her hight lofty peak  
 The ensign of England—old England's defence,  
 But doom'd to come here no more to go hence.  
 Dark, dark was the night, and fierce was the gale  
 When lightning's broad flash shewed me her white sail;  
 'Twas near to the land, too near to return,  
 She struck, and her fate too in pity I mourn;  
 A few of her crew, (not many indeed,)  
 By great exertion were saved from the dead;  
 The pilot was one—I heard his degree,  
 For the rescued reclined adjacent to me.  
 Set apart by a vow, a being alone—  
 I sat in my cave to the saved unknown;

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\* This quotation, (to the reader, who is acquainted with the  
 Geography of Ireland,) will be found to be equally applicable to  
 Erin, as to Caledonia.

I wept as I heard their heart-groaning wail—  
 I wept as I heard their heart-rending tale!  
 As they dwelt on the dire cause of their grief,  
 The loss of their ship, the loss of their chief,  
 By disregarding the Pilot's command—  
 The perils he knew to be close at hand.  
 'O had he attended,' (the pilot spoke,)  
 'To me, our *Plumper* of 'old English oak'  
 Would now be cleaving the wave of the Bay,  
 Perchance, embracing the fresh water \* spray,  
 Or placidly anchor'd—the voyage o'er,  
 With boats alongside to welcome the shore.'  
 Now morning's red dawn appeared in the sky,  
 And night's sable garb again was thrown by,  
 And from my abode I counted five men,  
 They descended the rocks and ne'er came again!  
 Not one week had pass'd, when to my surprise  
 Boats numerous came of different size,  
 Reflection to aid, ended surprise,  
 And thankful I wiped the tears from mine eyes—  
 ('Twas thus that I then did soliloquize.)  
 Ah! here is humanity coming to try  
 To rescue the dead from the spot where they lie,  
 To drop a tear o'er the wave-beaten breast,  
 And lay the 'poor stranger' once more at rest.  
 From the salt wave redeem England's brave men—  
 Tho' 'sons of the ocean,' return them again  
 To the earth's quiet bosom—'dust unto dust,'  
 Until the last trump shall summon the just;  
 And the dread sea shall likewise restore  
 The dead's scattered bones, to be so no more!  
 Anxious they seemed to my still gazing eye,  
 And I heard a shout that reach'd to the sky,

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\* Alluding to the fresh water from St. John harbour, which meets the salt water a short distance outside of Partridge Island.

Her gallant commander's certainly found,  
 So thought I from the loud rapturous sound ;  
 And I ardently wished that his brave crew  
 Would all be regained to rest with him too.  
 Each day in succession I saw the same,  
 Boats of all sizes from east and west came ;  
 And frequent loud shouts seemed to animate  
 Them all as one—who did there congregat ;  
 An eager spectator some days I'd been,  
 When all my fond hopes were blasted one e'en ;  
 A guard of foot soldiers, arm'd with firelock, \*  
 Accout' red for war approached the rock,  
 The rock of my home—this same where I dwell,  
 And as they came near these words from me fell,  
 (By his words, no doubt, he had the command),  
 " My lads, remember ! and now understand,  
 That all *specie* found you'll guard for our King !  
 Ne'er mind the dead ! 'tis the gold that's the thing—  
 Much has been found and conveyed to the shore"—  
 They passed along, and I heard him no more.  
 My evening's devotion at this hour o'er  
 I sadly waiked to the wave-beaten shore—  
 And near the soldiers myself did secrete,  
 To mark what should follow from my retreat ;  
 A person approached quite near to the spot,  
 His words while I live will ne'er be forgot ;  
 The broad, setting moon, its latest gleam played  
 O'er the wave and the rock, and showed me arrayed  
 In soldier's dress—one well stricken in years,  
 Who sat unseen near me, then said with tears,  
 " And I am compelled to watch o'er cursed gold—  
 While he is dead near me, I'll ne'er behold ?  
 O brother ! O brother ! I'll ne'er see you more—  
 My dearest brother who 's drown'd near the shore !

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\* A term used by the soldier for musket.



And, "ne'er mind the dead"! my officer said  
 So heartless, unfeeling, that I'm afraid,  
 He's brave without mercy—nor human woes  
 Disturb his bosom with sorrows throes !  
 Not one has been found of the ship's brave crew—  
 The "Gold is the thing!" ah! cheering anew—  
 "Duty calls," said he; and he weeping withdrew.  
 And here, my brother, you may clearly see,  
 That by the coat we cannot judge rightly;  
 Both soldiers they are, but how different  
 They are in their word, and in sentiment!  
 Not learning or wealth do at all times give  
 Pre-eminence—mark this well while you live.  
 'Tis the 'poor in heart' that is 'rich in faith,'—  
 They are 'wealthy and wise,' so Scripture saith—  
 And, note how the Captain and his brave crew,  
 Regardless were left 'neath the sea-wave blue,  
 While the gold and the silver anxiously  
 Were sought for there indefatigably !  
 And, a few, purloined from the salt-wave's breast—  
 What still keeps all but their conscience at rest.  
 And if chance should point them to this, my LAY,  
 It begs to remind of a *judgement day*.  
 Now, to you I must other things disclose,  
 Of man's foul deeds, of misery and woes.  
 And of virtuous acts by mortals done,  
 For all are not vicious beneath the sun;  
 Wonder not if I of the City speak,  
 'Though secluded here, the 'news of the week'  
 Almost weekly comes to my unseen ears—  
 What the Hermit don't see, yet the Hermit hears.  
 You have heard of (perchance seen,) the fires there,  
 Perchance mingled with the Citizens where  
 All seemed to engage with heart and with hand  
 To save the City—the stay of this land.  
 Even then the vile wretch—incendiary's tool,

Artfully taught in iniquity's school,  
 Was the first to quench, apparently—  
 The destruction commenced for robbery ;  
 Perchance his agents, deep learn'd in fraud's lore,  
 Like hawks for their victims hovering o'er—  
 To pounce on their prey—with villanous eyes  
 Would watch for the signal, then seize the prize.  
 To obviate this, the Hermit tells thee  
 Let a place of deposit provided be,  
 A guard stationed there of trust-worthy men,  
 Affording protection 'till the owners again  
 From it there, (tho' promiscuously thrown,)  
 Will ascertain and recover their own.  
 And all found taking a different way  
 'By police prevented from going 'stray,  
 Will give their burden to a 'guard at the door,'  
 And thus by old precept—'make all things sure.'  
 Thus spake the Hermit, and then he confess'd—  
 That "present fatigue required him to rest ;"  
 A short time elapsed and then he began—  
 "It grieves me to speak of man's treachery to man,  
 But yet, it is needful to bring to view,  
 What may prove to be a beacon to you,  
 And others likewise may steer from the stream—  
 Themselves and their all again to redeem.  
 Here, as I've stood upon this rock-bound shore,  
 I've heard the tale of woe, time o'er and o'er—  
 The passing vessel would the tale repeat,  
 I'd weeping hear it as mine ears 'twould greet—  
 How manhood's strength, aye, and how youthful bloom  
 Alike destroy'd, were cast into the tomb !  
 The weeping mother of her son bereft,  
 And, strange ! her babe a heartless mother left ! \*

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\* A lamentable fact which occurred lately, and, but a few miles from the author's residence.

An unwean'd babe, fling to its father's arms  
 Another too, possessing prattling charms;  
 Nor aged mother, nor kind husband's love,  
 Nor lovely babes sufficient ties do prove—  
 To keep the woman in her quiet home,  
 Ah! no, she chose a vagrant's life to roam!  
 Alas! this tale's no fiction—'tis too true,  
 It's known to many, mayhap it is to you;  
 O may fair woman from such warning take,  
 And ne'er the 'path of duty' e'er forsake—  
 'Tis virtue's star propriety directs,  
 Look to that star, 'tis that which vice detects.  
 And, furthermore, my still attentive friend,  
 I must explain what brings untimely end  
 On manhood's strength, aye, and on youthful bloom—  
 What drags them wretched victims to the tomb.  
 Go to the 'grog shop's door,' and there you'll find  
 A man to knowledge and to reason blind;  
 Not always so—his Maker largely gave  
 Him of those gifts, but ah! to *rum* a slave,  
 He drinks his death, and finds a drunkard's grave!  
 Just like Socrates with the 'hemlock's juice,'  
 He 'takes the cup' tho' death is in its use!  
 Not like Socrates does the drunkard die—  
 'Delirium tremens' his philosophy."  
 "Thou sage old man, I'd know if we can't pass  
 With friends of ours a social single glass?"  
 The sage old man with intellectual eye  
 Looked full on me and made me this reply—  
 "One glass, and then the sixth will come in haste,  
 The only remedy that is—is not to taste."  
 I bowed my head, my heart did acquiesce,  
 He said "be sure you shun the man who'd press  
 You strenuously to drink, he's not thy friend  
 Tho' seeming so, and such he'll prove in end.  
 Another evil spreads its baneful wings

From Brunswick's shore to where 'old Erin' sings  
 Her disaffected strains! (my wounds won't heal  
 Until the balsam's given—repeal! repeal!)  
 This evil's sore, and ships of lofty sail  
 On the Atlantic's wave echoes its wail;  
 Poor emigrants deluded from their home  
 Are greeted—'Paupers! why hither do you come?  
 Go choose your road, go, choose it east or west—  
 No succour here, nor aught to give you rest.'  
 The 'morning's dawn' and 'evening's shade' may see  
 Those homeless wanderers most wretchedly  
 Plodding along—unpitied and forlorn,  
 While marriage pledges on their backs are borne,  
 With scarce a garment on but's rent or torn!"  
 The Hermit's utterance failed, he could not speak  
 Until he wept awhile, and wiped his cheek.  
 He then resumed, and I affected heard  
 And treasured up his every word—  
 "There are my friend, tho' strange it may appear,  
 Those who suffer thus almost every year  
 From 'Erin's Isle,' deluded o'er the waves,  
 Sometimes indeed provided watery graves,  
 Or brought in, (all but fetters,) worse than slaves!  
 There's much connected with this wretched trade,  
 But I'm forbid, (for so the spirit said,)  
 To speak the rest; the subject now must change  
 To something's less of woe, but not less strange.  
 Remote from man—remote from politics,  
 No stigma on your laws I can affix;  
 But yet defects are manifestly known,  
 And such as must be totally o'erthrown;  
 The patching trade will but entail a curse,  
 New patches on old garments make them worse.  
 And first your 'education act' demands  
 A probing from disinterested hands,  
 For, if not interested—prepossess'd

Are some for some, and this must be confess'd,  
 Is't fair, is't just, the teacher who maintains  
 A family should reap no other gains  
 Than a young female from a sitting room,  
 More fitting for a spinning wheel or loom?  
 Training, statute labour, taxes, all are paid  
 By the male teacher, but exempt the maid  
 Who sips her tea at home, and when at school  
 Can teach the misses curtseying by rule.  
 The spelling book's her teachings minus part,  
 The 'sampler' is the 'sample' of her art;  
 I cannot frame your laws, but, this I say,  
 Forty pounds 'twixt the two, I would this way  
 At once divide, and let it changeless be—  
 Fifteen the miss—twenty-five the master's salary.  
 Perhaps when I am gone, some friend of right  
 Will urge it home and bring it to the light.  
 Again my subject changes, for I find  
 A something else impress'd upon my mind.  
 Have you not seen a spider's web catch flies?  
 Perchance a butterfly now proves a prize;  
 The gilded thing is sure a tempting bait,  
 Once caught, the spider issues forth elate  
 And fastens on it with relentless hold,  
 So with the person that possesses gold,  
 If once he's caught within the lawyer's net,  
 He there may writhe—but out he cannot get  
 Until, as 'tis in scripture truly said,  
 By him the 'very utmost farthing's paid;  
 The poor man, like the despicable fly,  
 Receives a bite or two, then's left to die,  
 Or grated in, a prey to want and cold,  
 Makes restitution there for want of gold!  
 'Tis true indeed, that, 'tis not always so—  
 There are exceptions to be found below,  
 Be careful then to find and mark the man

Who does within his sphere the best he can,  
 That will not swindling take, nor meanly act,  
 Nor pledge his word, and then his word retract;  
 Scorning to wrong, or in the least deceive  
 Such men as those with open arms receive.  
 There's some I know who smile but to betray,  
 And set their traps to catch you on their way  
 With fair prolific words to lead astray—  
 Of such be careful and aware alway.  
 Yet, the profession's honourably good,  
 Tho' oft disgraced by some of knavish blood;  
 No 'Court of Chancery' in their guilty breast,  
 They live and die unpitied and unblest!  
 Not so the man who pleads for the distressed,  
 He's valued here and Heaven gives him rest.  
 I know of one deep skill'd in knavery,  
 His name is \* \* \*, to tell is forbidden me—  
 He lives where 'mills' to him proximate be.  
 Not like the 'miller' who takes part for toll,  
 Whate'er you leave with him he takes the whole;  
 His 'light complexion' marks no deeds of light,  
 His deeds, dark as the darkest shades of night.  
 Again my subject changes to the breath  
 That far exceeds a pestilential death!  
 'Tis the proud scoffer of religion's ways,  
 And those who weekly meet on sabbath days,  
 God's mercies to recount, and sing his praise.  
 And when my friend from here that you do go,  
 You'll find this man six leagues from *Point Lepreaux*;  
 No consort's love his daily comforts spread,  
 He eats alone a thankless Deist's bread.  
 Sometimes a rustic youth does seek his door,  
 And lays his 'bag of yarn' upon the floor—  
 The yarn and warp consigned unto his care,  
 He soon assails the youth concerning pray'r;  
 The christian's creed to his astonish'd ears

Receives abuse—indignant now he hears;  
 But, ere he goes, his cherish'd faith gives way,  
 Compunction or despair is his another day—  
 By his delusive reasoning led astray.  
 Then, if it must be, let the parent go  
 And save the child from all a Deist's woe;  
 But better far another 'loom' go seek  
 Than go where scripture's foe such words do speak.  
 Again my tale does change, and I must speak  
 Of one that's pious once a week;  
 The sure criterion by which to know  
 The self-made saint from other folks below,  
 Six days her neighbours does defame, condemn,  
 The seventh rise to lecture the men,  
 Small faults to which mankind is ever prone,  
 Are magnified ten-fold with whinish drone,  
 And every sect is wrong but her's alone.  
 Visions and dreams form basis for her faith  
 The superstructure raised—in holy wrath  
 She quotes the 'gospel of good news' in ire,  
 And scares the timid with her tale of fire!  
 Not like the fire which Sampson tied between  
 Poor foxes' tails, but such as ne'er was seen  
 On earth! the sabbath past, her piety  
 Is changed to scandal—her name's hypocrisy!  
 Although not pleasant, 'tis a needful task  
 To drag her to the light, and there unmask  
 The aged dame, that all may plainly see  
 A vile heart 'neath a face of sanctity.  
 When blind zeal from plain truths thus derogates,  
 And the 'christian church' in wrath execrates,  
 Straying far from a good matron's station,  
 Preaching life to some—to others sure damnation!  
 Let then the bible still your pilot be,  
 To guide you from the sea of misery.  
 The 'Maelstrom' of despair, in which have fell

Too many victims—I have known some well,  
 But, they are gone, and others yet will be,  
 I fear, engulfed in the calamity;  
 Fanatic's tongues like 'poisonous adder's hiss,'  
 Smile to betray, to kill, like Judas, kiss.  
 Beware O youth! the vortex is at hand,  
 Then still be sure to keep a self-command;  
 The prating creature of delusion's school  
 You'll then with pity see to be a fool.  
 As such regard her, then you need not go 'stray,  
 But still keep on the true—the 'good old way,'  
 Your exit peace, your life an endless day.  
 Another subject now could occupy  
 My time indeed, it is theology,  
 A most momentuous subject, 'sacred theme,'  
 No visionary, wild, delusive dream.  
 O dear religion! which alone imparts  
 Substantial joys to men of virtuous hearts:  
 Consoling boon, be ever with this friend  
 Of mine, comfort and shield him to the end."  
 So spake the Hermit, and again he said,  
 "Have you not in the holy scriptures read  
 That there are those commissioned to proclaim  
 Salvation to mankind thro' Jesus' name;  
 And all so vile that would not credit those,  
 Would disregard a saint if one arose  
 From the dark grave! so tell mankind  
 To seek a gospel guide of pious mind,  
 And cherish him, the preacher wise and good  
 Who feeds your souls with Heaven's refreshing food.  
 Have you not felt delighted as you've heard  
 The sacred sound and treasured every word?  
 When sorrow chafes, then peaceful, quiet, feel  
 And own that 'he who wounds, alone can heal';  
 The perturbed spirit calm, the anguished mind  
 Relieve, and be, tho' sore chastised, resign'd.



Have you not seen a weeping husband's woes ?  
 His bosom heaving with deep sorrow's throes,  
 His lifeless consort 'neath the sable pall,  
 Mourn'd for by him, lamented too, by all ?  
 The 'house of God' is entered, and 'tis there  
 The preacher loves to offer up his prayer.  
 The 'balm of Gilead' is in scripture found,  
 And he applies it to the mourner's wound ;  
 The preacher wipes his eyes and then proceeds  
 To prove that death's the fruit of man's misdeeds ;  
 And all must die and leave this earthly sphere,  
 (There is a home of joys more pure and clear,)  
 This mortal part in faith resign to clay  
 To rise immortal on some future day.  
 And parted friends will there no parting know,  
 But walk the 'golden streets' where death nor woe  
 Can e'er approach ; but holy, happy bliss  
 That's for the good ; with comfort such as this  
 The preacher heals the husband's wounds and sends  
 Him home relieved among his faithful friends.  
 And now my friend I soon will take my leave  
 Of earth and you, but do not for me grieve ;  
 I'm going home, my father wills it so,  
 Take this, 'tis all I have to give below ;  
 Its colour, emblematic of the wear  
 Of angels, will remind you that 'tis there  
 I am, (be faithful to your sacred trust.)  
 There is a place, they call it Pennfield, friend,  
 And one lives there to whom I wish to send  
 The 'manuscript' traced by this aged hand,  
 And much it does contain of Brunswick's land.  
 What, tho' this breath of mine must it conceal,  
 The Hermit's manuscript will all reveal ;  
 Tell him to send it soon to every youth,  
 That it may be, (what 'Boaz' was to 'Ruth,')  
 A cherished friend, to see him lose no time,

One part is prose, the other part is rhyme.  
My work's now done, yours is now to do,  
I'm going home, my brother man adieu."  
He "stretched his hand and gave the parting sign"  
And died, such death as his I pray be mine.

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