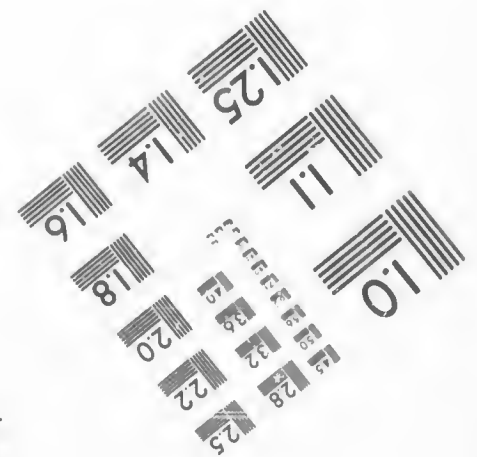
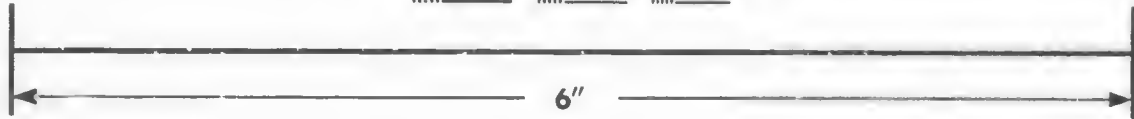
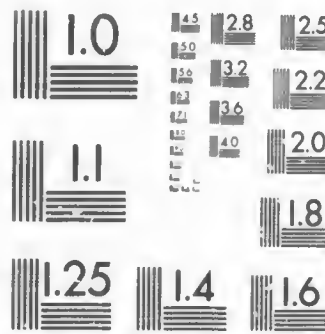


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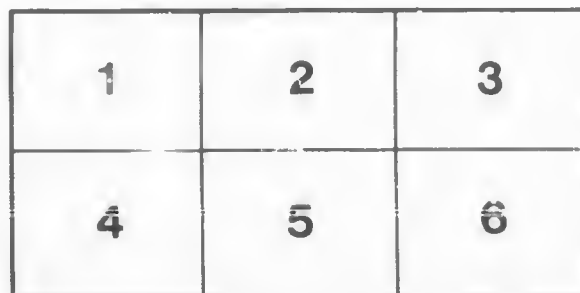
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ORIGINAL

LYRICS,

BY A

CANADIAN RHYMER.

TORONTO:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1856.



ORIGINAL

LYRICS,

BY A

CANADIAN RHYMER.

TORONTO:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1856.

DEDICATION

TO THE HON. JOHN ROLPH, M.D.M.R.C.S.,

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY FOR THE CO. OF NORFOLK,

THIS BOOK,

IS A SLIGHT EXPRESSION OF ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER AS A

MAN OF SCIENCE,

A Patriot,

AN ORATOR AND STATESMAN,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It is usual upon publishing a new book to introduce it to the readers by a preface, an introduction, or both; in the present instance the Author originally intended that his should be accompanied by an elaborate introduction, but upon a review of its contents he has come to the conclusion that they are scarcely deserving of even half a page of plain, honest prose. Then, it may be asked, why he should have thought of submitting to the criticism and opinions of others, what he himself has so mean an opinion of? Truly, this would be a rather difficult question to answer, at least in a satisfactory manner, and the easiest solution of the enigma he could think of would be, that he was instigated to the attempt principally through vanity: from an ambition of being thought an author, and a desire of seeing himself in "print." But it must not be inferred from this that he is given to "building castles in the air," or that he has formed extravagant expectations as to the success of the experiment. Not at all; if as many copies of his book are sold as will defray the expenses of the undertaking, he will think it "first rate," and he will be still better pleased if, subscribers upon getting their copies do not regret being "minus" the requisite "modicum of mammon." He has not written for praise, profit, or popularity,—but if, contrary to his expectations, his writings should be received with any degree of public favour, he would likely—at no very distant period—publish, or "cause to be published," another and larger volume, the worst piece in which will be equal to the best piece in this.

If any of the reviewers or critics should think this little book not unworthy of notice, and condescend to give an opinion as to its comparative merits or defects, the Author will

take it as a special favour. Authors are in general partial to their own productions, blind to their own faults; and there is scarcely anything which may so much benefit them as a just and impartial criticism of their writings, or it helps to show them what defects to avoid and what beauties to imitate. The Author of this volume does not aspire to the character of a poet, but he does lay claim to that of a rhymist: a character which he conceives the most ill natured critic would not feel disposed to deny him.

When the circumstances under which his book was written, his limited education, and almost total deprivation of hearing from childhood, are taken into consideration, he feels assured the sourest and severest critic would not "feel disposed" to treat him with any undue degree of harshness; but he would not on this account ask exception from censure, or that it should excuse his defects or palliate his imperfections. If anything is said, let it be the truth, however unpalatable, and he will endeavour to profit by it.

The Author would not neglect this opportunity of acknowledging Doctor Rolph's kindness and condescension in permitting the dedication of this volume to himself. In requesting permission, the Author was principally influenced by gratitude and esteem: gratitude for professional services received, esteem for his character as an individual; though the Author must be so candid as to admit that he was also influenced by another though less honourable motive—selfishness. He was desirous that his book should come before the public under the sanction of so distinguished a name. Pre-eminently distinguished as the the Hon. and learned Doctor is, the dedication cannot add the smallest iota to his accumulated honors—but if it cannot add to, it at least cannot detract from them. Long may the Doctor's voice be heard in the Legislative Halls of his adopted land; he richly deserves the thanks of every true-hearted Upper Canadian, even if for nothing else but his steady opposition to a domineering

Lower Canadian French influence in the Government Councils, which among other pernicious and arbitrary measures has levied, and still seeks to levy, heavy contributions on the pockets of the industrious Upper Canadian Protestant farmers,—to support and endow Lower Canadian Roman Catholic Priests and Nuns—than whom a more truly worthless and wicked race of he and she miscreants does not exist on the face of the globe. The Author takes honour to himself, that his ancestors were among the leaders of the glorious and gallant men who gave the deluded and degraded slaves and followers of their predecessors such a signal and bloody beating at the battle of the Boyne.

In conclusion, the Author returns his best thanks to those kind friends and others, who have seen fit to patronise him by becoming subscribers. Among those who have thus countenanced the undertaking, he has the honour of numbering the wealthiest and most respectable individuals in the Township: truly he feels much obliged to them. If it should ever be his fortune to "attain to anything creditable," they will have the satisfaction of reflecting that they were his patrons from the beginning.

JAS. ELLIOTT.

3rd Concession York, }
 May 7th, 1856. }

CANADA.

Fair Canada, my native land,
How my spirits thrill to think of thee;
Long may thy sons—a noble band—
Enjoy the blessings of the free—
For their watchword Liberty.

Undaunted, brave, and bold,
• First in the ranks of freedom stand;
Their honour pure, unswayed by gold,
True to themselves and their native land,
A loyal and a patriot band:

Ready to battle for their rights,
Their religion, and their laws;
With the sword that a tyrant frights,
The sword a patriot draws,
When fighting in his country's cause.

On thee, my native land, on thee
May a glorious future dawn!
Which e'en now minds prophetic see
The mists of coming time withdrawn,
'The future with the now as one.'

And long may prosperity attend
Thy onward march sublime;
To every glorious thing a friend,
Mayst thou lengthen out thy pime,
Engrave thy name on the golden roll of Time.

WHEN A POET WRITES FOR MONEY.

When a poet writes for money,
 His verses are but tame;
 If he writes because he's funny,
 I am sure he's not to blame:

But when Cupid, soft, invite him
 To wamble forth a song,
 And the proposition kind delights him,
 How the stanzas roll along.

Blind Cupid, cruel d——l,
 Although you are at times—
 I for one will count you civil,
 When you inspire the poet's rhymes.

Without thy aid, how timid
 His backward muse would be;
 How dull, and dead, and dimmed,
 His soul of poesy.

With thy bright lamp to light him
 On his way to Helican,
 No obstacles affright him,
 But he boldly hasteth on;

And luxuriate to satiety,
 In thy song-inspiring spring;
 And from thence a gracious gratuity
 Of glorious numbers brings.

Numbers that softly thrilleth
 The heart of maiden and of youth;
 Add their sanguine bosoms filleth
 With dreams of love, and hope, and truth.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A GIFT TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

As a small token of good will,
 This little gift I send;
 Accept it—I know you will
 Accept it from a friend:

And with it his best wishes take,
 For your future weal in life;
 With the hope, that you may make
 A model Mother, Neighbour, Wife.

And as life you journey through,
 May fortune smooth your path ahead;
 Grief, pain, and care your steps eschew,
 And all be roses where you tread.

And when, at last, life's journey's o'er,
 And you have come to die;
 May your ransom'd spirit soar
 To a better land on high.

S O N G .

Sweet maid of my heart, how my soul once delighted
 To muse upon thee, in the still hours of night;
 But now, oh! how dark! since my love you have slighted,
 Set light by my troth, by the faith I would plight.

O, were you less cold, or my heart were less tender,
 Less acute my pain and my anguish would be;
 Or if love, for my love you would responsively render,
 With what increased delight I would gaze upon thee.

Thine eye is as dark as the night raven's pinion
 Thy smile is as sweet as the dawn of spring morn;
 And both hold secure undisputed dominion
 O'er the love-stricken heart of thy lover forlorn.

Then, nor treat me with shyness, aversion, or coldness,
 To damp or to chill my affection for thee;
 Since I lack courage and natural boldness,
 And a warm lusty lover I never may be.

ON LOVE.

Love clears my heart of loads of lead,
 And makes my spirits buoyant;
 My heart grows light, my eye grows bright,
 And all my thoughts are joyant:

'Therefore to love, the pretty dove
 Most cheerily I'll chime it;
 A roundelay, or votive lay,
 How joyously I'll rhyme it.

Did I call love a pretty dove?
 Alas! how very stupid;
 Thus names to slight, is scarcely right—
 The proper name is Cupid.

A brisk wee boy, the lasses joy,
 Who always think him pretty;
 Surpassing fair, arch in his air,
 Ambrosial curls so jetty.

As thus 'tis wrote, in books of note,
 By romance and bard-made;

To draw him right, in shade and light,
Is, I'm sure, a hard trade.

A peevish pimp, the d——l's imp,
When not by ransom guided;
For he is blind, bear this in mind,
Nor let passion try to hide it.

BOLD SORRIE.

I have been told,
That Sam Gorrie
Is grown so bold
As to be

In love with
Some spunky dame,
And intendeth
To change her name.

This sure is queer,
I think it strange,
Yet must I fear
'Twill be a change

Scarce for the better,—
Much for the worse,
Old Hymen's fetter
May prove a curse.

He, even before
His "honey moon"
Is half way o'er,
May change his time:

Losing all relish
 For the nuptial chain,
 May hearty wish,
 But wish in vain,

That he again
 Were free as air,
 Devoid of pain,
 Devoid of care,

With heart as light,
 His hand as strong,
 And eye as bright
 As days are long.

But the dark side
 Of things I've view'd;
 His future bride
 Supposed a prude;

And now my muse
 Shall grow more kind,
 Nor always choose
 Thus fault to find.

The joys she'll reach
 Of married life,
 Confuse the wretch
 That scorns a wife:

But chief for him,
 Good Sam Gorrie,
 She scans dark, dim
 Futurity:

Through fancy's hall
 Doth thoughtful roam,

To sum up all
The joys of home :

With children, wife,
Together blends
Those lights of life,
A few good friends ;

A cottage neat
And snug within,
A calm retreat
From the world's din.

His pretty wife
Be neat and clean,
Not prone to strife
Or fits of spleen.

I WONDER HOW THAT BLIND BOY, CUPID.

I wonder how that blind boy, Cupid,
Could make me so uncommon stupid
As to think that I could win a bride,
When fate my hearing has denied ;
For though I had a barrel of cash,
Yet would the girls treat it as trash,
Unless I had good honest lugs,
Think me scarce fit to roost with bugs.
Then why should I have thought of sparking,
Or hope with girls to go a larking,
When scarcely one in any station,
Calling, trade, or occupation,
To like my phiz would take a notion,
Or feel a wish, desire, or motion,

To pay regard to my addresses,
 Or extend to me the love that blesses
 The poorest peasant in his sheiling,
 The magic power of love revealing,
 All his fiercer passions quelling,
 Making an Eden of his dwelling;
 For sure to love alone 'tis given
 To yield on earth some tastes of heaven.

SONG.

Fye, fye, for shame,
 You were to blame
 For being so rude unto the lasses;
 It was not right
 To act last night
 Like a man "in his cups" (or rather glasses).

Thus to behave,
 Uncivil knave,
 Will surely make the girls hate you;
 And if they do,
 Who'll care for you,
 Or how they speak of or ill "trate" you.

No one on earth,
 Though of royal birth,
 Could live beneath their detestation;
 And its not right
 That any slight
 Their good opinion—approbation.

Each man alive,
 Should ever strive

To gain their love and good opinion—
 For aye, act so
 That he may go
 Uncensured through life's short dominion.

A VALENTINE.

Nor "darling," "dear," nor "honeyed love,"
 "Gang to the deil," or the sky above,
 I do not care a sou for thee,
 And would not give a louse for thee;
 For I hold you even as cheap
 As the filthy things that creep
 Through your frowsy head at night;
 And oftentimes—O nasty sight—
 Are seen upon you face or clothes,
 Or sometimes perching on your nose—
 Upon that part of your "turnip snout,"
 Where its downward line shoots straighter out;
 Affording a convenient seat,
 But yet not a safe retreat;
 For often glancing in the glass,
 (Poor, trifling, vain, conceited lass,
 You spy the little fellow there,
 A thing too common for a stare;
 Straight you seize him, take his life,
 And make a widow of his wife.

ALREADY ENGAGED.

Already engaged unto a young man,
 Thus spoke a fair maid, whom once I did scan

With the eye of one, who her lover would be,
Now a reluctant farewell bright maiden to thee.

My bright visions o'er thrown
My dreams all unblest,
And hope itself flown
As a bird from the nest.

Yet hope may return, her lamp trim anew,
Bright visions again of love and of you,
May come to illumine my gloom shrouded mind,
And, oh! could I dream that you would be kind,

My visions would be
As a garden of flowers,
Or a tall spreading tree
In Eden, like bowers.

The phantom call'd care I'd give to the winds,
Leave groveling thoughts to groveling minds;
And soar to the clime of love and of light,
With pearls of song and beauty all bright.

LINES ON A PUP OF THE AUTHOR,

*Run over by a Train on the O. S. and H. R. R.,
August 19th, 1955.*

Thou wilt not, sure, my muse,
An humble theme disdain,
Nor to a little pup refuse
An elegiac strain.

A good and worthy pup was he,
And promised, very fair,
A large and noble dog to be,
Of strength and courage rare.

But cruel destiny, alas!
 Deceed a different fate;
 That he in puppyhood should pass
 Through Pluto's iron gate.

Before an "engine" did he urge
 The unequal race along
 Or else I had been spared this dirge,
 And melancholy song.

For vain was all his speed and strength,
 His utmost efforts vain;
 The engine reach'd its prey at length,
 And sever'd him in twain.

ZANY STANZAS.

Quoth, red hair'd Lizzy,
 Such a fool is he,
 It makes me dizzy
 To think about him.

His rhymes on Fanny,
 By far too many,
 Proves him a ziny;
 I scorn, I scout him.

Had a sense of duty
 In his mind a root, he,
 My sister beauty
 Would hardly plague so.

His rhyming bleather
 Jumbled together
 Like hard shoe-leather,
 Hurts Miss ——— so.

RED HEADS.

To a red headed lout
 I devote this short song,
 Tho' the thought I would scout
 Of doing him wrong.

Yet as he asked me to make
 A song upon him,
 I e'en for his sake
 Will yield to his whim.

Then attend me each boy
 Of the red-headed clan;
 I would also wish joy
 To each red-headed man.

But ahead with my song
 I'll try to proceed;
 Which (if its not long)
 You'll please me to read.

On the tablet of mind
 My hero I etch,
 Tho' only inclin'd
 His person to sketch.

Of the hue of his hair
 I've hinted before,
 So about it forbear
 To say a bit more.

And now for his eyes
 And also his nose;

(That good ones we prize
Is what everyone knows.)

His eyes—ah his eyes,
I think them too small;
Their hue not what dyes
Old night's darkest pall.

Nor yet such as would fit
The skies' highest arch,
When the sun nearest it
Doth joyously march.

But a colour, a shade
To match with his hair,
As if they were made
With it to compare.

His note bit of snout
(Almost like a "bill,")
From his face standing out
Seems to ask "what's your will."

From its root shooting out
Quite straight to a point,
Entirely without
A hollow or joint.

Well coloured his skin,
His mouth very good,
His lips rather thin,
His teeth a fine brood.

His shoulders quite square —
About six feet in height—

bid adieu to, now good bye to you too, farewell my hearty
 I fear this party; bit of a foible will make me liable to get
 mocked at, but not shocked at; the ridiculing of my toin-
 fooling; since it deserves it, so sadly swerves it, from sense
 and reason, it is naught but treason against rhyming
 manners, and poetic scanners would sure condemn it; for
 them it would be a bubble not worth the trouble of read-
 ing; such is my pleading, so hope you will pardon, nor
 press too hard on a sorry creature, whose every feature
 shows him a zany with sense scarce any.

A BALLAD ABOUT LOVE.

I've been asked by a friend
 'To write upon love ;
 To the request I attend,
 'Tho' a task it will prove.

For the subject is hard,
 Being foreign to me;
 Yet such my regard,
 Old swiller for thee.

I may not refuse
 The favour you ask ;
 E'en tho' you did choose,
 What my noddle will task.

So I straightway begin,
 My hum a drum rhyme;
 (To write is no sin,
 When I chance to have time.)

On love—yes on love,
 I am asked to write;

His power for to bear
At the smallest not slight.

And withal in his "build"
Inclin'd to be plump,
With a belly well filled
And a middling good rump.

Thus his person I've sketch'd
As well as I might,
Nor fancy one'd stretch'd
To fiction her flight.

Now this f—t of a song
I bring to a close,
And hope 'twas not wrong
Thus a friend to expose.

As "'twas only in fun"
This blether I've wrote,
And now as its done
It's worthlessness note.

A G I N G L I N G L E T T E R .

I reasoned brightly, but not rightly; I reasoned strongly, but reasoned wrongly; you would be pleased, for to be teased, by me 'bout cupid, how very stupid; this was in me, if love should win me; to react this folly to melancholy; may fate resign me for to entwine me; a wreath of yew tree, than which no tree is more baneful, thus a lesson painful, will experience teach me, a sermon preach me, never to be forgotten, until I am brought in prospect of dying, then when flying to other regions, all the bright legions of earth's beauties; blacks, whites and sooties, I'll,

But it only will prove
How the critter I slight.

For don't think I will praise
A little blind fool,
Whose strange wayward ways
Reason rarely will rule.

No—rather than write
To eulogize him,
A matron I'd slight
At a maiden look grim.

'Tis cupid himself,
Tho' a God he is styl'd;
He's a mischievous elf,
Mad folly's own child.

Blind, blethering, vain,
Bold, bothering thing,
'Tis trouble and pain
His presence will bring.

Far better to live
A brute here below,
Than the impy should give
An unpitied blow.

Still harder the case—
To be struck by his dart,
Than a butterfly chase,
Of what prompts the smart.

Yet could reason be brought
To take him in hand—
Good manners be taught,
How happy the land.

Wherein he would reign
 A monarch—a king,
 Of joys what a train
 From his rule there would spring.

Nor joys all alone,
 But benefits too;
 Unstained on his throne
 What wonders he'd do.

But here I suppose
 'Tis really high time,
 To bring to a close
 This stink of a rhyme.

And I hope you'll excuse,
 Should it chance to offend;
 As for me I don't chuse
 What I said to defend.

S P R I N G .

Come gentle Spring,
 And with thee bring
 Thy own promethean fire,
 For winter's pall,
 We fain would call
 His speedy death desire.

See robed in green,
 A nymph is seen
 Now nearer to approach,
 O'er winter's reign,
 And gloomy train,
 She doth each day encroach.

In smiles and tears
 She oft appears,
 Then wears a frowning face,
 While lightnings flash,
 And thunders crash
 To mar awhile her grace.

The flowers around
 Her path abound,
 And in her train appear,
 The little birds
 In sweet toned words,
 Proclaim that she is near.

Forevermore,
 They fly before
 Her earliest harbingers,
 And bush and tree
 Resound with glee,
 As this bright nymph appears.

The foals and lambs
 Around their dames
 Their graceful antics play;
 Alive and brisk
 With joy they frisk
 To meet the queen of May.

L I F E .

What is life
 But a dream,
 But a strife
 On a stream.

That ever goes
 'Gainst the wind,
 But rarely flows
 To our mind.

As its bubbles brief
 Rise or break,
 Mark joy or grief,
 The sceptre take.

'Tis passion rules
 The passing hour,
 And makes poor souls
 To own her power.

Then our thoughts be turned
 To brighter clime,
 Where ne'er is mourn'd
 The march of time.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF M. C.—

Poor woman at last
 Away, away, she has gone;
 Life's voyage is past,
 And she now maketh one,

Of the unnumbered host
 In the dark, silent land,
 Who have yielded to death's boast,
 And obeyed his command.

All men are but grass
 When before me they stand,

And o'er them I pass,
And they fade from the land.

The generation all
Must yield to my ire,
Before me must fall
The son and the sire.

The matron most grave,
And the maiden of bloom
Must sink to the grave,
Must sleep in the tomb.

A R E B U S .

A beast by the Arabs of the desert much used,
Another that is often maltreated—abused,
An implement by seamstresses and tailors employed,
The period of life when it least is enjoyed,
The thing of which Adam was form'd at his birth,
And the month in which Spring revisits the earth;
Place their initials right, as in order they stand,
And in a trice you will see the name of a land,
That justly is rank'd 'mongst the most favored of all,
That exist on the face of this terraqueous ball.

L A M B V E R S U S S H E E P .

There was once a maiden gay,
And doubtless also fair,
And Lamb the gentle name for aye
That this bright maid did bear.

It chanced that she the fancy took
 To change her name and state,
 And with this intent about did look
 For a good and proper mate.

And one she soon did find—
 Soon hymen did attend,
 And they were indissoluble join'd
 In union without end.

But it appears a happy life
 They together did not lead;
 But whether the fault was in the wife,
 Or the man I did not read.

And after she was married awhile
 An acquaintance she did meet,
 Who eyeing her with a smile,
 She thus her friend did greet.

Well, Sarah, I am glad to see
 That married you have got,
 And hope your husband may not be
 A glambler nor a sot.

When thus to her did soon reply
 With witty tongue the same;
 "Yes my friend, indeed have I,
 I say it to my shame."

And the thought of what I am
 Doth almost make we weep;
 For instead of being a lamb,
 I have made myself a sheep.

S P R I N G .
—

Again smiling spring returning
Doth warm me into verse,
With poetic ardour burning,
Her praises to rehearse.

And tidings of her advancing
Are brought by every gale,
While the fire from her bright eye glancing
Doth turn old winter pale.

And from his weak impotent hand
The sceptre soon shall fall:
Soon he shall turn and flee the land,
And no more be seen at all.

Soon shall spring the frozen river,
The ice-bound pond and lake,
From his iron grasp deliver,
And his fragile fetters break.

Soon shall the smiling earth be clad
In a robe of blushing green,
Nor trace of winter's doing sad
On her blooming face be seen.

The flowers they smile—around her path,
And at her bidding spring,
Not fearing man, dread winter's wrath,
Or frown most withering.

And feathered songsters caroling
On budding bush and tree,
To welcome thee—thrice welcome spring,
Pour forth their minstrelsey.

TO A YOUTH ON HER FATHER'S DEATH.

I see thee weeping maiden,
 I see thee weeping now,
 Thy eye with grief is laden
 And sadness on thy brow.

And well may'st thou be weeping
 For thy father is borne away,
 And his honoured form is sleeping
 Beneath a load of clay.

Yes, death hath thee bereaved
 Of a parent kind and good,
 And the hope to which you cleaved
 Has snap'd with fingers rude.

But if verse can soothe thy sorrow,
 Or mitigate thy pain,
 My muses aid I'll borrow
 To weave for thee a strain.

Sad along, and slowly
 Shall my muses numbers roll,
 As if some influence holy
 My feelings would control

Yet not all ting'd with sadness
 Shall my muses' numbers be;
 There may be cause for gladness
 To those who farther see.

Who by faith extend their view to
 A brighter, happier clime,
 When the soul has bid adieu to
 The storm of fate and time.

Thy father maiden is bidden
 Forever from thy view;
 He unto earth farewell has bidden
 To the world a long adieu.

Bidding adieu to things terrestrial
 Has his spirit fled away
 Upward far to climes celestial,
 Far beyond the king of day.

Yes, his happy spirit leaving
 Its dull lead of clay behind,
 And you blue empyrean cleaving
 On the pinions of the wind,

Has to brighter, better regions
 Wing'd its rapid, joyous flight,
 Escorted there by legions
 Of wing'd angels bright.

And sorrow there—or sadness
 Shall trouble him no more;
 But all is joy and gladness
 On that bright and happy shore.

There angel harps are ringing
 Out upon the balmy air,
 And redeem'd souls are singing
 Their Saviour's praises there.

Thy father may'st thou meet him
 In that bright land on high,
 In joy and bliss to greet him
 In realms beyond the sky.

ROMISH LEGEND VERSIFIED.

A holy man, one saint Edmund by name,
 All language obscene held in abhorrence and shame;
 And once on a time, when with his companions was he
 Their language impure and foul 'gan to be,
 When he left them straight way, if the legend tells true,
 And with people so vile would have nothing to do,
 When wonderful! as the saint did trudge home alone
 He met a "beautiful boy" who to him was unknown:
 When exactly as they each other's path would have cross'd
 The "boy"—he did stop and the "saint" thus accost:
 (While perchance up to him he his hand did extend,)
 "God save you my dear, my very good friend;"
 For awhile the saint stood in the deepest amaze,
 While the "beautiful boy" on his features did gaze,
 At length "who are you?" he pluck'd courage to ask,
 When the beautiful boy did assign him this task:
 "Cast your eyes to my forehead and words you will see
 That will tell you my name and high dignity;"
 To do this small thing the saint could not refuse,
 When lo! he read "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews:"
 Jesus Christ disappeared immediately then,
 And left our *good saint* the most joyful of men.

LINES WRITTEN IN A GRAVE-YARD.

The sun is brightly glowing
 In the distant west;
 The clouds around him showing
 A crimson-coloured vest.

And here alone I'm sitting
 In musing meditation;

A state of mind befitting
My present situation.

My thoughts have ceased to wander
And are fixed upon the tomb;
And I most sagely ponder
On its silence and its gloom.

I think of darkness and of rest,
And the sluggish gulf of both;
And what is, or what is not,
The state of being after death.

To the mysterious spirit land,
In musing thought I'm borne away;
And now by the dying bed I stand
To watch life's glimmering spark decay.

Yet not to view the horrid king
In all his terrors arm'd;
But to see him of his sting,
By religion's power disarm'd.

Death's but the warder of the gate,
That ope's to Paradise;
No other road ordain'd by fate,
That leadeth to the skies.

But, ah! the wicked, how will they
The dreaded thing behold?
Whom neither bribes nor prayers can stay,
Who careth not for gold.

And who alike impartial—all
His summons must obey;
He from lowly cot and city hall
His victim bears away.

The patriarch of a century
 And the infant of an hour,
 Are his subjects equally,
 Alike must own his power.

ANSWER TO A REQUEST.

Fair cousin, you've asked me
 To write you a song;
 That thus you have tasked me
 I wont say is wrong.

For I take as a favour
 That thus you request,
 And my "muse"—I will crave her
 To endeavour her best.

"Your muse.—have you got one?"
 (Perhaps you will say.)
 "Have you borrowed or bought one?"
 Come tell me I pray?"

Nay now, my dear cousin,
 You puzzle me quite,
 Scarce one in a dozen
 Would own I am right,

Should I boldly affirm I
 Am possess'd of a muse.
 Quoth one "I can't bear him, I"
 "An assent will refuse.

"Nor list to such nonsense,
 "For I think it is clear

"That he has scarce one sense
 "Who lends half an ear

"To the only Tom foolery
 "That jingling ass sings,
 "Who went little to school, or he—
 "Might have learnt better things. ;

BACHELORS PLAINT.

I'm pained to tell in rhyme,
 I'm in want of a bride;
 For I think it high time,
 E'er life's ebbing tide.

Shall sweep me away,
 Like a dream, from the stage;
 Into fading decay,
 And decrepid old age.

To search me around,
 For some bonny fair inaid;
 (If such may be found)
 On whom may be laid

Half the weight of my cares,
 Each prospect and plan;
 Which a wife mostly shares
 With her "lovin' out' man."

Then fortune, oh! smile
 On thy suppliant—me—
 Let me for a while
 Thy favourite be.

But first I'll portray
 The maid to my mind;
 With whom, if I may,
 I would happiness find.

Then fancy, pray lend,
 Thy magical power;
 And my muse please attend
 At least for an hour.

Conjure up to sight,
 Some buxom bright maid;
 In a garment of light,
 And of beauty arrayed.

Her complexion as fair
 As the new fallen snow;
 Her eyes and her hair,
 As dark as the sloe.

On her features a smile,
 Of such exquisite grace;
 As would a stoic beguile,
 Of the frown on his face.

Not in person more fair,
 Than in spirit she's pure:
 In mien, carriage, and air,
 Staid modest demure.

S O N G .

Of life I'm sick and weary,
 And I could wish to die;
 But would you be my Dearie,
 How great would be my joy.

Thy love would be a balm for—
 The various ills of life;
 And thy gentle word a calm for
 Its tumult and its strife.

My heart would thrill with gladness
 To the glancing of thine eye;
 And the spectral shade of sadness,
 From my gloomy brow should fly.

Then chill me not with coldness,
 Nor kill me with contempt;
 From such I have the boldness,
 To pray to be exempt.

WHAT FANNY* IS.

Fanny is old—would be thought young
 Fanny is bold—loose at the tongue,
 Fanny is proud—Fanny is vain,
 Fanny is loud—prone to complain,
 Fanny is tall—Fanny is slim,
 Fanny is all—frigid and prim.

**Not our Fanny.*

A LOVER'S ADIEU.

Adieu, adieu,
 Lov'd Maid, to you
 I bid thee now a long farewell;
 How hard to part

My stricken heart,
O'er charged with grief ah! let it tell

How keen the pain,
Of my burning brain;
Revolting thoughts of deepest gloom,
From pain and care
And grim despair,
I fain would hide me in the tomb.

But yet the fate,
That would await
My spirit in another state;
Doth stong deter,
And makes me bear
The ills of life however great.

And time a balm,
May bring to calm
My wounded bosom's keenest pain;
May yield relief
From care and grief,
And peace of mind return again.

A QUERY.

My good fair cousin Mary Anne,
Now tell me truly, if you can
Like a poor fellow like me;
Such a mean sorry shrub, that he,
Is scarcely fit to be a slave,
But by good fate he's not a knave,
A lying scoundrel, or a cheat,
But thus one's praises to repeat;

Is certainly a little wrong,
 And would look mean in any song.
 Tho' warbled by the greatest Bard,
 That ever claim'd a World's regard;
 And in a mean, a paltry poet,
 It is a shame—a child would know it.
 But here I'll leave this wandering strain,
 And to my theme return again.
 My theme, what is it? I've forgot—
 Not to be found by being sought;
 And so I'll try to do without,
 Tho' I scarce know what I'm about;
 With a clear sound head unblest,
 Yet I will aim to do my best;
 And calmly leave the rest to fate,
 Who, perhaps will make things straight.
 And by her aid I hope ere long,
 Quick to end this peurile song;
 Hope to find my missing theme,
 Hope to rouse me from the dream.
 Of a vapid wandering mind,
 Misty, dim, and undefined;
 My theme, ah! yes, I have it now,
 "Begonedull care," my bright'ning brow.
 My theme, O, plague o'nt let me see,
 I think twas rather a query;
 Yes, twas to ask you if you thought,
 My love, my friendship, worth a groat.
 My love, my friendship did I say?
 No, friendship take with love away;
 Away with love, away with cupid,
 For surely I am not so stupid,
 As to like him, or his blether—
 Or dream of hymen, or his tether.
 But yet to tell the truth in brief,
 If I was not so very deaf;

I think that I would get a wife,
 And taste the sweets of married life.
 But this a dream, I let it pass,
 Since life is vain, and flesh is grass;
 Why should we vex ourselves, I say
 Or care but for the passing day.
 Tho' this looks plausible in song,
 It is in practice rather wrong;
 For there is to man a duty given,
 By Him who made the earth and heaven.
 And as he does it ill or well,
 So shall he live in Heaven or Hell;
 Then let us try with all our power,
 So to improve each passing hour.
 That when to life we bid adieu,
 And earth is passing from our view;
 With a clear conscience we may die,
 And quit this world without a sigh.

SONG.

Blind cupid D—l
 Pray do be civil
 And let a poor dumb body be,
 Thy false beguiling
 And fraudful smiling
 Have plung'd my heart in misery.

But this thy nature
 Cross cruel "creature,"
 Full many a heart hast thou broken in twain;
 In hopes illusive
 And dreams amusive
 Who have indulg'd—indulg'd in vain.

But, now farewell O!
 Wee stinking fellow
 I'll try to drive thee far from me,
 For sense and reason
 Proclaim it treason
 That I should have aught to do with thee.

S O N G .

Excuse my offence
 My darling, my dearie O,
 That I acted sans sense
 Is certain, is clearie O.

See your suppliant kneeling,
 And begging so fain;
 That you banish each feeling,
 Of dislike and disdain.

Excuse him—forgive him,
 But this single time;
 And tho' few may outlive him,
 If he commits such a crime.

A second time over,
 May he lie in the dust;
 And feed upon clover,
 Till his body grows rust.

With a witch may he ride,
 At night to the moon;
 On her broom stick astride,
 Think a saddle a boon.

And "the man with his sticks,"
 Not welcome him in;
 But give him some kicks,
 Not "a quartren of gin."

S O N G .

One my muse doth bid me woo thee,
 And I may not his asking slight;
 And so I make request unto thee,
 That thou would'st a song indite.

Sing the graces of a maiden,
 Blooming, beautiful, and bright;
 By nature's lavish hand array'd, in
 Beauty, as in a robe of light.

Paint her, sketch her, draw her finely,
 With all the art that thou hast got;
 Make her smile and look divinely,
 Killing hearts just like a shot.

Give her curling locks of hair,
 Of the ebon hue of night;
 Let her face be snowy fair,
 And her eye be starry bright.

Let the rose and lilly blend,
 On her soft and damask cheeks;
 An opening rose a simile lend,
 To her lips, whose silence speaks.

Her mein, her form, be grace itself,
 So buxom light, and aerial;
 A most bewitching, killing elf,
 An e'thereal fay or fairy all.

FULL OFT BETIMES.

Full oft betimes
 In writing rhymes
 I take a deal of pleasure,
 Tho' poor the verse
 That I rehearse
 So sadly out of measure.

But yet if love
 My pen should move
 I'd hope to write more briskly,
 My humdrum song
 Would jingle along
 More airy light and friskly.

As for my muse
 Who will refuse
 To own that she can jingle,
 But only this
 True worth you'll miss
 That with her verses may not mingle.

JINGLETTS.

O bone—young crone, I moan, I groan
 For thee alone,
 So bright, so tight, so light, who'd slight,
 Not me I'll own.
 I'd prove, I'd love, my dove above
 Each she I've known;
 Appear, draw near, come here my dear
 And be my own,

That we, will be happy, you'll see,
Will soon be shown.

To while—awhile
Of tedious time,
I write this slight
Small piece of rhyme.

To you I do
Inscribe the same,
And hope to grope
My way to fame.

For I will try
Inspired by thee,
To pen, what men
Might like to see.

Each thought unsought,
Shall come with ease;
A tongue well hung,
Scarce fails to please.

United and plighted
To my bonny sweet bride,
I'd grasp her and clasp her
Unto my heart side.

Carress her, and press her,
And kiss her again;
And love her forever,
With affection most fain.

A LACONIC LOVE LETTER.

Getting tired of a single life,
 I fain would get myself a wife,
 To try what's in another state,
 And would you link with mine your fate;
 Become my own bright blooming Bride,
 To cross with me life's surging tide.
 (Love's sun shall warm its waters cold
 And Hymen strew its sands with gold,
 Your answer will decide my fate,
 And it in fear I now await;
 Subscribing myself with love most fervent,
 Your most devoted humble servant.

SONG.

O why should I be thus bothered by love?
 O why should I care for the plague of a thing,
 Or what wayward fate my mind should thus move?
 To meddle with what has such a sharp sting.

I feel but the pain, I taste not the joy
 Of the passion that holds man 'neath its sway;
 O for a prescription its power to destroy,
 Or else its empire did last but a day.

Then would I rejoice, and my spirits would be
 As light as the breath of a mild summer eve,
 And as bright as the look of the sun on the sea
 When a blink of his eye its ripples receive.

And sorrow and care to the d——l I'd send,
 And feel as a man from harsh bondage reprieved,
 With a calm, steadfast mind to my duties attend
 From the fetters of gloom and of Cupid relieved.

To an individual whom the author inadvertently offended
by saying something which she construed into a hint that he
thought her older than she wished to be thought.

Sweet Peggy, o'hone,
Bright gentle, young dear,
My impudence I moan
Most grievously here.

Almost groan—almost sigh
For what I have done,
And wish 'twas no lie
To say it " 'twas in fun."

But "forget and forgive,"
Your pardon I crave,
Then as long as I live
Won't I pray fortune to save

Your detectable head
From a hated grey hair
But jet black instead
Grow plentiful there.

Yet should a few come,
Unwelcomed, unasked,
I may not be dumb,
But be it my task

To inform you where
To get a great cure;
In the "dye for the hair"
You'll find one I'm sure.

Again, should a tooth
Give signs of decay,

As (to tell you the truth,)
It certainly may.

To the Dentist quick speed
A new one to get:
He'll befriend you in need,
Even to a whole set.

ON AN OLD MAID.

She will die an Old Maid,
An old maid she will die sir;
She will fly an old maid,
Away to the sky, sir.

Astradle a broom,
Or rather broom stick;
When chill night's perfume
Would turn a pig sick.

As seen by the moon
Or the light of the stars,
On her besom the croon
The night-wanderer "scares."

As she rideth serene
Through the moon-lighted cloud,
Like a ghost that is seen
Wrapt in a thin shroud.

And civil Old Nick
Behind her is riding,

Astride on her stick;—
How swift they are gliding.

But here I will leave
This strange apparition,
Which did existence receive
From vagrant imagination.

'Twas fancy alone
That painted the "creature";
For sure never was known
Such a queer thing in nature.

In the brain of some poet
It first had its birth;
Who felt tempted to show it,
One of the wonders of Earth.

FANNY AND WILLY

Sweet Fanny for William
Has a liking—young crone,
Sighs she,—“Ah how ill I am
When you leave me, my lone.

How I would be delighted
To spend life with thee:
Then your faith—be it plighted
To love and to me.”

But Bill for her pleading
Doth care scarce a pin;
Not caring nor heeding
Her affections to win.

Yet, close—persevering
 To love's gentle star;
 She has little fearing
 He would its influence mar.

But hopes he will yet yield
 To its calm and gentle sway,
 And its influence feel
 At no distant day.

I'm told that the sparking
 Is all done by herself;
 But this is Envy's barking—
 Away with the elf.

Is it possible he could
 Slight such a bright maid?
 Or is it possible she would
 Of a rival be afraid?

No—away with the nonsense,
 Away with it all:
 Would a man with even one sense
 Entertain it at all.

In years she's so tender,
 Her mind is so strong;
 Her waist is so slender
 And her purse is so long.

Then her exquisite beauty
 How vain would I sketch:
 But be it my duty
 To confound the sad wretch

Who would scorn to
 Yield to her charms;

Sure was she not born to
 Bless a lord's arms.

Then do not be chary,
 Dear William, my friend;
 Nor loiter nor tarry,
 But to fortune attend.

While she asks you to listen
 To Love's silver voice,
 Should not your eyes glisten
 When she bids you rejoice

In the love of a maiden
 Of such exquisite charms,
 Then why be afraid in—
 Enclasping your arms.

Round her soft swelling bosom,
 Or her delicate waist:
 Who acteth thus, shows him—
 Devoid of all taste,

Devoid of all feeling,
 True, gentle, or kind,
 To spectators revealing
 A hard granite mind.

Then why should you scorn her,
 Or her affections disown,
 Since such graces adorn her
 As are despised by none.

From the Monarch who reigneth
 O'er a kingdom so vast,
 To the beggar that plaineth
 'Neath a chill wintry blast,

There's none but find pleasure
 In the solace of love.
 For sure 'tis a treasure
 That from heaven above

Was bestowed upon mankind
 To cheer this dull life;
 And surely none can find
 Aught so good as a wife.

If she's only a real one,
 Of her worth not a doubt;
 And I'd beg, borrow or steal one
 Before doing without.

I HAVE BEEN WARNED ABOUT THE LAW.

I have been warned about the law,
 Should I write about Miss Fanny:
 But really I don't care a straw
 For such threatenings—all or any.

No—I do not care a pin
 Not a single pin about em;
 Such fears would be a sneaking sin,
 And so I scorn—I scout em.

Yet do not think I hate the law,
 Or that I do despise it;
 There's not a man without a flaw
 But who should highly prize it.

Yet such a law was never made,
 As would check a deaf boy's singing,
 E'en tho' upon a poor old maid,
 And withal a little stinging.

And those who talk about the law
 Do hardly know what they are saying;
 In vain they think that all their jaw
 A whit shall stop my muse's playing.

They might as well at any time
 Try to face a locomotive,
 As seek to curb my muse's chime,
 Be it satiric or votive.

LINES IN MEMORY OF _____.

Stern death grim porter of the grave,
 What can from thy grasping fingers save ?
 Can riches bribe, or stay thy hand,
 Power make thee yield to a command ?
 Can Surgeon's art or Doctor's skill
 Evade thy dart, make void they will ?
 Can youthful spirits, youthful bloom
 Save their possesor from the tomb ;
 Shall beauty cause you to relent,
 O turn aside they fell intent ?
 Can learning, wit, or wisdom save,
 Their favored owners from the grave ?
 No, all must tread the gloomy road,
 That leads to Pluto's drear abode ;
 The young, the old, the grave the gay,
 Mild and severe must thee obey,
 The wee raw red infant of an hour,
 Is just as much beneath thy power,
 Is just as much subject to thee,
 As the phatriarch of a century.
 Yet I mourn nct the common fate,
 Since all must meet it soon or late.

But one alone, the young the gay,
 Who early passed from earth away.
 Who while her spring of youth was green,
 And life to her a joyous scene,
 Was summon'd by the King of Terror,
 To pay for Eve and Adam's error.
 How sad to think her virgin bloom,
 Was only ripening for the tomb ;
 And that the opening beauties bright,
 Should be consigned to shades of night.
 Her sorrowing friends while o'er her bier,
 They drop the sad, salt, silent tear ;
 Felt o'er their hearts a gathering gloom,
 Musing upon her early doom.
 Yet, tho' she slumbers in the dust,
 'Tis not forever—so we trust,
 Since Jesus died, lost man to save,
 A ray of light shines through the grave ;
 Religious hope and joys illumine
 The dark recesses of the tomb.
 Hope's finger pointing to the sky,
 Tells of a brighter land on high ;
 A holier and a happier clime,
 Beyond the storms of fate and time.
 And thither has her spirit fled,
 For tho' she's number'd with the dead,
 She only died that she might live ;
 For death a crown of life doth give,
 To all who serve their Lord below ;
 And when they quit this "vale of woe,"
 Their happy spirits soar above,
 To a land of light, a home of love.

WRIT IN A BOOK THE GIFT OF A FRIEND

If at these lines you will look,
 They will plainly make known ;

That he who gave this book,
Was good Mister McKone. .

His name, it is James,
Yes, brave Jemmy McKone;
One of Erin's own names,
As by Mac., this is shown.

And my gratitude here,
I fain would express;
Not a whit less sincere,
Tho' in such a strange dress.

For thy gift I here thank thee,
The favour I own;
And 'mong my friends would I rank thee,
Good Mister McKone.

LINES ON A MOTHER'S DEATH—WRITTEN
FOR A YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND.

“Hush ! silence all, my Mother's lying
On her dying couch ; oh, woe is me,
Tho' 'tis my Mother that is dying,
Mine is the pain, the agony.

Anguish keen my heart-strings thrilling,
To see her there so cold and pale,
Heart choking sighs my bosom filling,
Oh ! could prayers with fate prevail.

Mine would surely save my Mother,
From the dreaded dart of death ;
Or if for one he'd take another,
For her I would resign my breath.”

Cease fair maiden cease they grieving,
 Each wrong improper wish recall ;
 But firmly trusting and believing,
 Upon His love who died for all.

Cast your eye beyond the limits
 Of this earth's contracted sphere,
 Free thy soul from what would dim its
 Perceptions keen while grovelling here.

And on the wings of thought ascending,
 With intently rapid flight sublime;
 Faith, hope, and love assistance lending,
 Thou shalt view a brighter clime.

Far beyond the last faint twinkle,
 Of the glorious, golden sun,
 Or the farthest stars that sprinke,
 Old night's sublime empyrean.

A land of light of joy and glory,
 Love's native home is there,
 The brightest dream of song or story,
 May not with its realities compare.

To that bright and radiant region,
 Is thy Mother's spirit bound ;
 Escaping ills, that here, a legion—
 Do frail humanity surround.

Then cease fair maiden, cease thy weeping,
 Since all is order'd for the best ;
 Thy Mother is not dead, but sleeping
 Sleeping where no ills molest.

Try to join her ransomed spirit,
 In that far off golden land ;

Eternal glories to inherit,
At they Saviour's footstool stand.

AN INVITATION TO ATTEND A "LECTURE
ON PHRENOLOGY."

Haste one and all,
Both great and small,
For to attend the lecture;
Of Mister Brogues,
You dirty rogues,
And permit him to inspect your—

Cranium bumps;
Or else your rumps,
Will pay for it severely,
With many a kick,
Or stroke of stick,
He'll murder you or nearly.

Therefore take heed,
And duly speed,
To hear the learn'd lecturer!
But ere you do,
I'd caution you,
That you don't neglect your hair.

Rid it of lice,
Then comb it nice,
With the skill and taste of a hair-dresser;
But use no oil,
Least it should soil,
The lily hands of the Professor.

M———E HO !

M———e, ho !

M———e, go

And wash you clatty hands, Sir,
Go, haste be quick,
They stink us sick,
'Tis cleanliness commands, Sir.

And is it right,
That you should slight,
The dictates of this duty !
No, it is not,
You dirty sot,
Altho' you are no beauty.

But if you do,
You'll surely rue,
The evil consequences !
The girls respect,
Who would neglect,
Not one in his right senses.

No dirty drone,
Was ever known,
To win much favor from good lasses ;
They think the men,
Impure, obscene,
Are only fit to herd with asses.

And they think right,
In the same light,
Myself would view the filthy fellows ;
Would have them made,
Sons of the trade,
Of him who blows the blacksmith's bellows.
Then hasten John,
Use soap upon.

Your unclean and filthy fingers;
 Water enough—
 And rubber rough,
 Will sure remove the dirt that lingers

Upon each palm,
 Or else I am
 Extremely wrong in my conjectures;
 This rhyme is spun,
 'This duty done,
 So I hope you won't neglect yours.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

Lord I think with disdain
 On the deeds I have done,
 See with anguish and pain,
 That the course I have run.

Doth certainly lead
 From salvation and Thee,
 And therefore I plead
 For thy mercy to me.

Then hearken, O Lord,
 To a poor sinners prayer—
 And thy mercy accord
 Ere he sinks in despair.

To my sorrowing heart
 Send peace from above,
 For the fountain Thou art
 Of light and of love.

Then attend to my call,
 Hear my piteous cry,
 Save, Lord, or I fall
 Ah! whither shall I

For succor now run,
 If not unto Thee—
 Help, Lord, I'm undone
 If Thou aidest not me,

Be my Saviour and friend
 In each dark trying hour;
 Let thy Spirit defend
 From the Evil One's power.

Then my voice I will raise
 To my heavenly king,
 And forever his praise
 With gratitude sing.

THE GROG SELLER'S SONG.

Thrice welcome here, brave gallant lads,
 How your true friend's heart it glads
 To see you here,
 Where good strong beer,
 Real brandy and prime whiskey
 Will maké the night
 Pass swift as light,
 While we grow high and frisky—
 We'll laugh and drink,
 We'll f—t and st—k,
 We'll yawn and wink,
 We'll sing and think
 We were but born to sing and drink,
 Th. quickly pass
 The frothy glass,
 And pledge each other round, lads—
 Nothing on earth
 Like social mirth,
 May any where be found, lads,
 Retreating here,

And meeting here
 Each dear true-hearted cmony :
 You'll think yourselves
 Most blest of elves.
 Eat least while you have money,
 Then a health to king rum
 I will pledge in this glass—
 The D—-l may come
 But the D—-l he'll pass.
 The son and the daughter,
 The cadet and scabby a—e,
 May feast upon water
 Till they show but a shabby a—e,
 Then here's for good liquors, boys,
 Pour it down quicker, boys.
 See the bright wine in its ruby tints glowing,
 Drink, and drive care away,
 What can gloomy thoughts scare away.
 Like rosey red wine, in a bumper o'erflowing,
 And truly I'm thinking, boys
 The pleasures of drinking, boys
 Are the brightest and best this earth can afford,
 Though some half crazy fools,
 Bred in cold water schools
 From the ship of lifes' pleasures would throw
 o'er board.
 But we heed not their cry
 Nor care for their blether,
 In vain would they try
 With enactments to tether.
 The right of a man
 His palate to please, sir,
 Let them do what they can
 Our rights for to seize, sir.
 I guess they will find
 They are "catching a tartar,"

'Their labour and wind
 For their pains they but barter.
 If permitted, I ween
 We would answer the rogues, sir,
 With arguments keen—
 With the toe of our brogues, sir.
 Cry—"down with the Maine-Law
 Or any insane law,
 That would in drinking deny a man what he chooses;
 Such despotic tyranny
 Would provoke Old N—k's irony,
 And he who favours it but a watery-brain'd goose is.
 But true-hearted and brave,
 To our colours we'll stand;
 From such a law we will save
 Our own noble land.
 Send to the D—I away
 Each half crazy fool
 Who would wish for the sway
 Of such a tyrannic rule.
 Then snugly here
 We'll sit and sneer,
 And bid the fools defiance;
 For on ourselves
 Despite the elves,
 We have a firm reliance.
 We'll sit and smoke,
 And crack our joke,
 Or else we'll tell a story:
 How on a night
 In a tavern-fight,
 We won immortal glory.
 Or sing a song,
 To speed along
 The lazy negro hours.
 With a full glass

TO A

* TH
 Author
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* M

We let time pass,
 And reck not of his powers;
 And while we sing
 The room shall ring.
 The ceiling echo o'er us;
 And brasen lungs
 And tireless tongues
 Shall join to form our chorus;
 Since such my boys,
 Are tavern joys.
 Shall they be done away with
 No, surely no
 This may'nt be so,
 Your landlords you will stay with;
 Then quickly pass
 The frothy glass,
 And pledge each other round, boys,
 No joy on earth
 Like social mirth
 Can any where be found boys.*

TO A FRIEND* WHO REQUESTED A "SONG
 ON HIMSELF."

My good friend, Harry,
 To tell you true,
 I was fain to tarry
 With the song on you.

* The foregoing must not be taken as an expression of the Author's sentiments, but rather as an attempt to caricature what he fancied might be the sentiments of others. The Author has put it down as it came from his "rhyming mint" with very little alteration or correction. This remark applies to almost every piece in the volume; as he prefers making new songs to mending old ones.

* Mr. Henry Duncan, second son of William Duncan, Esq.,

Till something funny
I might nope to find,
'Tho' for love nor money
Would I feel inclined.

For to be bitter
Or severe on you,
Yet my muse's twitter
Must needs be true.

She'll say you are a
Fine handsome boy,
That you're not chary
Too proud or coy.

That you have spirit
To resist a wrong,
A lad of merit
Good feelings strong.

Frank, cordial, hearty,
Kind and sincere,
Dupe to no party,
Slave to no fear.

On thine every feature
Impressed we see
What a noble creature
A man may be.

But here supposing
It is high time

of York, the largest landed proprietor in the Township, and who the last election but one contested the Reeveship with Mr. James, and was only defeated by 3 votes. But he will have better luck another time should he care to try, as he is by all odds the more proper person.

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D.

To think of closing
This feeble rhyme.

I hasten quickly
Unto an end,
My verse so sickly
Tho' for a friend.

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ERRATA.

- Page 10, line 5, for invite read invites.
“ “ “ 18, for helican read helicon.
“ “ “ 21, for luxuriate read luxuriates.
“ 13, for Sorrie read Gorrie.
“ “ line 17, for must read much.
“ “ line 26, for time read tune.
“ 14, “ 21, for reach read sketch.
“ 18, for 1955, read 1855.
“ 29, line 7, for indissolluble, read indissolubly.
“ 30, “ 23, for man read more.
“ 31, for youth read Young Lady.
“ 32, line 1, for bidden read hidden.
“ 34, “ 8, for both read leth.
“ 39, “ 5, for revolting read revolving.
-

NOTE.—The reader will please observe that, owing to a mistake in printing, page 22 is where 23 ought to be, and *vice versa*.

